Pride Before a Fall©

Message: This comedy shows that there is a fine line between pride in a job well done and pride in our own abilities and accomplishments, who we are. When pride starts to rule our lives we may be in for a fall . . . emotionally, spiritually, and sometimes even physically.

Bible Reference: Proverbs 16:18

Cast: 3

could be male or female

Set: none

Costumes: Tracy wears coveralls

Props: paint can and paint brush

Time: 8

Script:

Tracy comes on stage, carrying a paint can and paint brush, mimes painting, pauses, smiling, proud of his work

Lynn comes on stage, sees, Tracy, speaks

Lynn: Hey Tracy, what you up to?

Tracy: About five – ten, (or Tracy’s actual height).

Lynn: No, not how tall you are, what you doin’?

Tracy: Oh me? Can’t you see, Lynn, painting this wall. (looks at the “work” and smiles proudly) Looks awesome good, if I do say so myself.

Lynn, looks, nods head in approval:

Does for a fact, looks like you done good. Church is gonna look real good by the time you are finished, Tracy!

Tracy: Well, thank you Lynn, I think it’s important that we keep up appearances here at Churchill Meadows, (or name of church), I mean it is our place of worship, after all.

Lynn: For sure, and if we . . .

Richie comes on stage singing loud and off-key, doing a kind of dance

Richie: M I crooked letter, crooked letter I, crooked letter, crooked letter I . . .
Lynn: Whatever are you yowlin’ about Richie?

Richie, *hurt*: What do you mean yowlin’? I will have you know, Lynn, that there was the centerpiece of our church’s new ID package!

Tracy: ID package?

Richie: Identification package, what people know you by. All businesses have an ID package and I figure our church oughta have one too. Now where was I? Oh yah, M I crooked letter, crooked letter I, crooked . . . .

Lynn: Will you cut that out Richie?

Tracy: I don’t exactly know what the M I . . . whatever . . . means, but anyhow . . .

Richie, *beaming with pride*:
   It’s like M I S S, you know, S, as in crooked letter . . .

Lynn: I hate to be the one to break this to you Richie, but that was like, kinda, already taken, by Mississippi actually.

Richie, *angry*: Mississippi stole my ID package?

Lynn: Appears so, . . . about two hundred years ago actually.

Richie: I am real hurt. . . . Think maybe we could trade them a couple of Ice Dogs draft picks . . . or the whole Maple Leafs hockey team?

Tracy: My guess is that ice hockey isn’t a real big thing in Mississippi.

Richie: Seems like the Maple Leafs would fit right in then . . .

Tracy: Ummm, anyhow, I gotta get back to my painting.

Richie: Careful, remember what happened to Pastor Nate, *(or name of youth pastor)*.

Tracy: Pastor Nate?

Richie: You know, Nate, the youth pastor.

Tracy, *annoyed*:
   I know Nate is the youth pastor, but what happened to him?
Richie: Bad banged up arm is what.

Tracy: Oh, sorry to hear that . . . anyways, gotta get back to my painting.

Lynn: How did youth pastor Nate get a banged up arm?

Richie: Same as Tracy here, painting.

Tracy: Pastor Nate banged up his arm painting?

Lynn: Dangerous stuff that paint!

Tracy: Go on with ya now! How you figure anybody’s gonna get a banged up arm from just painting?

Lynn, thinking:
Yeah, doesn’t seem like painting should be real dangerous, what caused Pastor Nate’s banged up arm?

Richie: Pride.

Lynn: Pride?

Richie: Pride.

Tracy: How could pride cause Pastor Nate to get a banged up arm?

Richie: Well see, Pastor Nate was painting his name on his office door.

Lynn: Seems like a normal thing to do.

Tracy: And not real high risk either.

Richie: Hard work that, painting his name on the door. Pastor Nate, he got real tired of standing, got hisself a stool for to sit on.

Lynn: Stools are good things for to rest a guy’s weary bones.

Tracy: And still not real dangerous.

Richie: Pastor Nate he painted his name there on his door, nice like. And right below he painted . . . “Youth Pastor”. And that’s where the pride set in.

Lynn: Don’t seem real pridelful, putting your name and your title on the door.
Richie: Well, fact is, Pastor Nate, he didn’t let well enough alone, putting “Youth Pastor” there on his door. . . . he went . . . too far . . .

Tracy: Too far?

Richie: Yep! Pastor Nate he painted . . . “Youth Pastor . . . Extraordinaire”.

Lynn, shocked: Pastor Nate did go too far!

Richie: Yep, “Extraordinaire” . . . that’s a mighty long word, and here’s Pastor Nate sittin’ on his stool, reachin’ way over to get at the last letters . . . . Next thing you know, there’s Pastor Nate on the floor with a banged up arm!

Tracy: Wow, poor Pastor Nate! That’s terrible!

Richie: Actually, it's Biblical.

Lynn: Biblical?

Richie: Biblical.

Lynn: How so?

Richie: Pastor Nate should have known he would hit the ground.

Tracy: He should have?

Richie: Straight out of Proverbs Chapter 16 is what! . . . Pride goeth before a fall!

Tracy: I think right now is a good time for me to get back to painting.

Lynn: Best watch out for pridefulness Tracy.

Richie: For sure don’t want you gettin’ all banged up too.

Tracy points off stage

Tracy: Oh look, there goes Pastor Nate now, what say you two go take him for a cup of coffee down at Tims?

Lynn: Sounds like a good thing to do.

Richie: Him bein’ all bruised up and all, see ya around Tracy!
Lynn and Richie go off stage, Tracy goes back to painting, steps back, looks admiringly at work

Tracy: Looking mighty fine, mighty fine, I do say so myself!

pauses, thinks, frowns

Tracy: Not pride, not pride at all, just kinda. . . well, pride I guess.

makes a few touch-up strokes, walks off stage