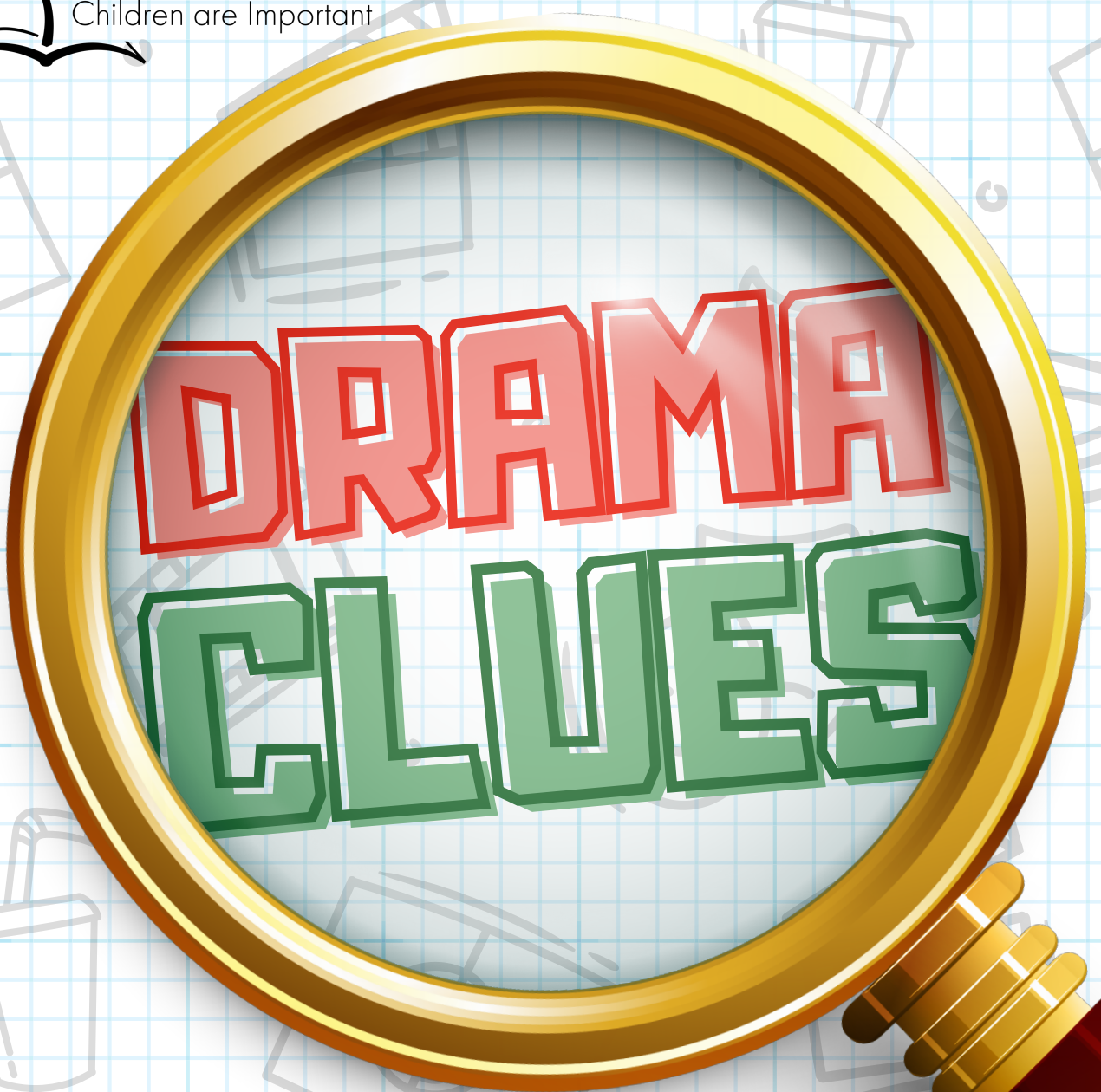


Equip & Grow
Children are Important



DRAMA CLUES

BOOKLET FOR THE TEACHER

Drama 1

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Soldier: Honey, you would not believe the day I had, I just barely made it out alive!

Wife: I told you not to go out there, but you wouldn't listen.

Soldier: Yeah, well you were right, but my dear, you were not there you could not have known what was going to happen.

Wife: Where is my father's sword?

Soldier: [whispering] I left it in the camp at Ephes Dammim

Wife: Well, big time soldier, you just march right back down Shaaraim road and go get it back.

Soldier: I can't. They will kill me.

Wife: Well if you don't, your chances don't look too good here either.

Soldier: I know you are angry, but I am not going back for your father's sword.

Wife: [Sigh] Why don't you take Huge or better yet, his big brother with you if you are too scared.

Soldier: I can't. His brother is dead. We lost.

Wife: [drops mixing bowl and it shatters and bread flour goes all over the floor] Oh, honey, what happened?

Soldier: I told you it was weird. We were camping down at Ephes, you know by Socoh. We had them cornered for like a month and Beef's big brother would go out each day and challenge them to fight and was mocking them real hard. It got so funny that we weren't even wearing our armour out, we would just go out and watch him make fools of them. I left your father's sword in the tent so I wouldn't lose it.

Wife: In the tent? Speaking of the tent, did you bring the tent back?

Soldier: No.

Wife: Harrumph, what are we going to use for camping this year?

Soldier: Honey, nobody has a tent anymore, or a sword, I was lucky that I was as fast as I was. Just be glad that I made it home, not many did.

Wife: Well, welcome home. We will manage somehow. I missed you.

Soldier: I missed you too

Drama 2

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Detective: Get a picture of those footprints, this looks like set number 5.

Tech: Ok, I have the 2 sets of men's prints over here. It looks like they were running.

Detective: Then we have boot prints over there, looks like they were standing guard, look at how much dust they worked up.

Tech: These look really small. They must have been 2 ladies, maybe 3, moderate build.

Detective: [looks over and notices another print] What about this one, the print looks really big it starts from [looking around] from [looking around] tech???

Tech: Yeah? [Looking up from camera]

Drama 2

Detective: What did I tell you about contaminating the crime scene?

Tech: [gulp] That if I did it again I would get fired?

Detective: Did you work over here yet?

Tech: No.

Detective: Think really hard, did you walk over here, look over here, or even think about the dirt over here?

Tech: No, I promise!

Detective: If you weren't over here and I wasn't over here then how did a great big set of footprints like that [pointing to big footprints] just touch down in one place and nowhere else?

Tech: the ladies look like they may have been carrying something.

Detective: Yes, but not something really big like that, they were carrying something small like these little bottles and rags.

Tech: Well the running men could not have carried anything that big.

Detective: I don't understand it. I have a pair of bare foot prints that walked out of the cave but not into it. Those running men prints, the pair of boot prints, then those huge prints that appear out of nowhere and walk over to that huge rock.

Tech: Must have been that earthquake last night. The garden really looks well maintained though.

Detective: What did you just say?

Tech: The garden looks well maintained?

Detective: No, before that...

Drama 3

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Captain: I need to file a report.

Coast Guard: Ok, here are the standard forms for reporting unusual occurrences. Which form do you need?

Captain: Man overboard.

Coast guard: ok, were you able to recover him?

Captain: No sir, we were not.

Coast Guard: How was the weather? Were you caught in that awful storm?

Captain: Yes sir, it just about took us all.

Coast Guard: Ok, did you lose your cargo too? If you lost cargo and personnel you can fill out this one form.

Captain: He was a passenger.

Coast Guard: Oh, ok, you will have to fill out this additional form so we can notify the deceased's family, did he have any personal effects?

Captain: Well sir, I am not exactly sure he's dead.

Coast Guard: Well, you lost him at sea in that awful storm didn't you?

Captain: Well, yes, but it was kind of at the very end of the storm.

Coast Guard: Did you try to go back for him?

Captain: Well, he kind of... disappeared before we got to him...

Drama 4

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Police: Excuse me sir, my partner and I would like to ask you a few questions.

Pedestrian: Sure officer, what is this about?

Police: We have received a report about a hit and run on the highway last night.

Pedestrian: Oh dear. You know, that is why I try to never travel those highways alone. You officers are spread too thin, and the highway is just crawling with those bandits.

Police: [Looking at his partner] I didn't say anything about bandits, did you?

Police 2: No, I sure didn't.

Police: How did you know they were bandits? Can you give account for where you were last night?

Pedestrian: Sigh, I was visiting my family in the nearby city of refuge, and last night I walked home so I could be to work this morning.

Police: Ah, so you were on the highway last night?

Pedestrian: Yes sir.

Police: Did you see a man about 180cm tall, medium build, dirty rotten scoundrel looking guy beat up on the side of the road?

Pedestrian: No, well maybe, I may have seen something but I didn't really get a good look at him.

Police 2: [Pulls out notebook and makes a note]

Police: You didn't see him, or you didn't want to see him?

Pedestrian: Look, I have to be ready, I am on call for work and I can't afford to get involved. What if they called me up to serve? Who knows how long it would be before they called me again.

Police 2: Ha ha ha ha. He didn't want to help, because he might have been called to serve, ha ha, that's funny, so were you called?

Pedestrian: Nevermind that, That is not important.

Police: That's all I have for questions. If I need you can I call?

Pedestrian: Anytime, I would be happy to help.

Police 2: [Looks at Pedestrian in disbelief]

Drama 5

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Police: Excuse me. Madam?

Madam: Yes officer?

Police: I have a few questions I would like to ask you.

Madam: Anything for a nice handsome officer like you.

Police: Er, um, yes, well, I am wondering if you saw anything the night before the second announcement.

Madam: You mean across the street at the house of Zeresh and her poor husband?

Police: Exactly.

Madam: Well, it was kind of weird, you see, because all week long he has had workers building in his front yard.

Police: Go on. [pulls out notebook and jots a note]

Madam: Look, I know it looks like suicide, but if you ask me it is just weird. Something is not right about the whole thing.

Police: So, you don't think that this was a suicide?

Madam: Well, I just think it is gross. Such an evil man, well I guess that's not my problem anymore, but I was sure he was devising a plan for someone else, but then the other day I heard he was going all over town announcing what a great guy he was... and then BAM there my neighbour is hanging on those awful gallows!

Drama 6

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Garbage man: [Talking on cell phone] Hello, dispatch? I would like to make a complaint.

Dispatch: [Sounding very bored] Yes, what is it Garbage man?

Garbage man: Sorry to bother you again, but this is just gross. Something has to be done about this.

Dispatch: Something has to be done about what?

Garbage man: There are used band-aids and bandages all over the place.

Dispatch: Well, use some plastic gloves and pick it up.

Garbage man: No, you don't understand, they all over the place [gag], there had to be at least a dozen filthy diseased people stripping off their bandages here, it is just disgusting.

Dispatch: Ok, where are you?

Garbage man: Just west of the village on the southbound lanes of the Jerusalem highway.

Dispatch: Ok, officer Joe is on duty, I will have him stop by after he finishes up with his report of a crowd coming through town.

Garbage man: Oh, not officer Joe, he won't help me at all.

Dispatch: Well, he is the only officer available right now unless you want to wait 2 hours for the shift change.

Garbage man: Oh, all right, never mind I will just clean this up [gags] by myself [gags].

Drama 7

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Pod: great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather?

GGGGGG-PA: Yes, young man?

Pod: Could you help me with my school investigative assignment?

GGGGGG-PA: Sure, maybe just walk beside me while I work, I have to get this row planted by the end of the day so I won't be so behind tomorrow. Wipes sweat off forehead.

Pod: Great! I am going to have the best investigation ever. I am investigating the earliest memories of the oldest person I know for a report.

GGGGGG-PA: You chose me for that, did you?

Pod: I sure did. So, can you tell me about these mountains how did they get here?

GGGGGG-PA: Sigh, I may be old, but I am not older than dirt.

Pod: Ok, how about the river?

GGGGGG-PA: I saw the springs that feed it once, but I was young then and I haven't been back.

Pod: So, what is the earliest thing you can remember?

GGGGGG-PA: Animals. My bride and I would go out in the mornings and have our breakfast while watching them play and I would say look over there at that one, that is so cool, and she would say which one the big brown one or the red one above it? After a while we figured it out and could enjoy our breakfast and just watch the animals and the crazy, silly things they would do.

Pod: Really? That must have been so cool.

GGGGGG-PA: Yeah, it was. Who knows maybe you or one of your own children will get to see them come together like that someday.

Pod: That would be awesome.

Drama 8

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Drama 9

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Inspector: [Knocks on Door] Good morning, this is the department of health, I have some questions for you.

Judas: [Answers the door] Yes inspector?

Inspector: I have a report of some health care having happened here. Are you practicing medicine here?

Judas: No, sir.

Inspector: How would you describe your involvement with the traveller?

Judas: He came to me along with his group.

Inspector: Did you give them any special foods?

Judas: His group of companions ate plenty, but I am not sure I saw the traveller eat anything. He spent a lot of time just praying.

Inspector: Did you get a good look at him?

Drama 9

Judas: Actually no, I kept offering him assistance, I asked him to let me call the doctor but he wouldn't let me. He was waiting for someone.

Inspector: So, did he send one of his companions for them?

Judas: No, in fact they didn't talk to anyone. He showed up, prayed and waited.

Inspector: Then what happened?

Judas: Well, after a few days someone showed up, touched him, said a couple things to him, washed him and left.

Inspector: Was he a doctor? Did he prescribe any medicine? Use any tools?

Judas: No, no, and no.

Inspector: Were they friends?

Judas: Actually, I had thought that they were enemies, but they sure acted like friends. I was really confused by the whole thing.

Inspector: Ok, thank you for your assistance. If I have any more questions where can I find you?

Judas: I will be here in my house on Straight Street.

Drama 10

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Operator: Emergency services, what is your emergency?

Fineas: I have received a credible death threat.

Operator: When did this happen?

Fineas: Last night. It was delivered to my father by my brother.

Operator: Ok, I understand, I think. Your brother has threatened to kill you?

Fineas: Well, not exactly.

Operator: He's not exactly your brother?

Fineas: Well, no, but I meant the other part. He is not exactly going to kill me.

Operator: Ok, so you say your non-brother is not going to kill you?

Fineas: Yes, that is correct.

Operator: I am not sure there is an emergency to report here sir.

Fineas: Well, he says God is going to have me and my brother die on the same day.

Operator: God is going to have you two die on the same day?

Fineas: That is correct.

Operator: Wait a second, I recognize your voice I think. Are you that fat priest who is always eating steak?

Fineas: No, you are thinking of my brother. I like ribs.

Operator: Look, I don't mean to be harsh, but I have never heard of him being wrong. Besides, if you sin against the Lord, who will help you?

Fineas: Ouch, that is harsh. So, are you going to send an officer by or something?

Operator: Sir, I'm sorry, there is nothing we can do to help you. Try talking to your dad to see if he knows of some way to help you.

Fineas: Well, thanks anyway. Good bye.

Drama 11

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Messenger: I am back.

Mary: What did he say?

Messenger: Great news, he said this sickness will not end in death.

Mary: (starts crying and sobbing)

Messenger: What is wrong?

Mary: He is already dead!

Messenger: How can that be? He didn't even look like he was going to come for at least another day.

Mary: I don't understand, are you sure he said he was not going to die?

Messenger: Let me check [Pulls out a slip of paper and reads it], Yeah, that is what it looks like. "This sickness will not end in death."

Mary: give me that [Reads through it]

Messenger: I am so sorry for your loss.

Mary: He did say he was coming?

Messenger: Yes.

Mary: Well, I am going to have a talk with him when he gets here, because I just don't understand.

[Starts sobbing]

Messenger: Is there anything else?

Mary: I need to start making funeral arrangements. Could you run down to the florist and order some flowers, and I am going to need some more help around here.

Messenger: Sure thing.

Drama 12

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Doorman: Hello officer, how can I help you today?

Detective: Good afternoon [flips out badge, and returns to pocket] May I ask you a few questions?

Doorman: Yes, absolutely.

Detective: I understand that there were two homicides here in this building today.

Doorman: Um, no sir, I would say they were suicides.

Detective: Why exactly would you characterize them as suicides? I see no evidence of leaving a note. This does not have the characteristics of a suicide.

Doorman: Well, they tried planning a deception that went horribly wrong and resulted in their own death.

Detective: Where were you?

Doorman: As always, my feet were right here by the door.

Detective: Did you have any role in the drama?

Doorman: Yes sir, I carried the bodies out of the room and brought them to the Coroner who delivered them to the morgue.

Detective: I see. So, you saw the bodies?

Doorman: Yes sir, there was a man and a woman.

Detective: When you carried them, did they have any signs of cuts or bruises?

Drama 12

Doorman: No sir, they looked completely healthy except they were dead.

Detective: I guess you can't tell what is going on inside by looking at the outside can you?

Doorman: It is funny you should say that, that is what they thought. But I tell you what, not many liars are found here in this room.

Detective: What did you say?

Doorman: No liars are found here.

Detective: No before that.

Doorman: Oh, that nobody could see what was going on inside.

Drama 13

Narrator: This story is fiction but some names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

Wanderer: What are you looking for?

Private Investigator: I am investigating the disappearance of a young man about this tall. He may have been wearing a distinctive jacket.

Wanderer: Oh yeah, I saw him, he came by a few days ago.

Private Investigator: Do you know where he was going?

Wanderer: I think he may have been going to Dothan.

Private Investigator: Why Dothan?

Wanderer: Well, I had overheard his brothers talking about going there, so when he came by looking for them I told him that they were going over there.

Private Investigator: Did you overhear anything else?

Wanderer: Yeah, if I were their brother I would not go anywhere near them. They were really angry with him.

Private Investigator: Interesting, did you hear why?

Wanderer: Well apparently, he had reported their bad behaviour to the dad and then they were talking in quieter voices about something else I didn't catch.

Private Investigator: You didn't hear it or you didn't want to hear it?

Wanderer: I heard bits and pieces but they just didn't make sense to me, all the brothers were sure excited about it. Dan as awfully hot-headed about it, but Ben, I think that is his name, was much more level headed.

Private Investigator: And you told him where his brothers went?

Wanderer: Well, I figured by the time he got to Dothan they would have cooled off enough to be safe.

Private Investigator: I am not so sure about that.

Wanderer: Why, has something happened?

Private Investigator: Yeah, he is missing and presumed dead at this time. His father has hired me to fill in the timeframe before he went missing and to recover his remains if possible.

Wanderer: Oh, man, the poor kid, he seemed so lost. I really tried to help him, I didn't know!

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