Lillenas® Drama Presents

Onward, Christian Soldiers

From The Worship Drama Library, Volume 12

By Brad Kindall

Theme: Christians need to be careful how they represent Christ in the workplace.

Text: Colossians 3:23-25

Cast: CHAD
  EILEEN

(CHAD sits in his office, on the telephone with a fellow Christian.)

CHAD: Yeah, Dale? It’s Chad. I’m not taking you away from a meeting, am I? Good. Hey, listen, I was intrigued by what you said in Sunday School last week. You were telling us about how you were trying to convert the workers in your office. Well, it got me to thinking. I don’t think anyone in my office knows I’m a Christian, and that’s probably not right. So, I was wondering if you would give me some advice as to some things I might do to reach out to my office. (Listening and taking notes) Yeah . . . yeah . . . oh, really . . . no way . . . You can do that? . . . I had no idea . . . OK . . . sure, I’ll give it a try. (Buzzes secretary, EILEEN) Eileen, would you come in here? (EILEEN enters, pad in hand.)

EILEEN: Yes, Mr. Frazee.

CHAD: Eileen, I would like you to send the following memo out to the rest of the department. “To the members of the Human Resources Department at Hunter and Baker: Mr. Frazee would like everyone to know that he is a Christian, and he will not put up with any more sinning in the office.”

EILEEN: What?

CHAD: Don’t ask questions! Just do it! I need to go run some errands. I’ll be back soon.

(CHAD and EILEEN exit. The organ and/or piano begins to underscore CHAD’s costume change with the hymn “Onward, Christian Soldiers.” CHAD enters, dressed as Moses. He places a huge Bible on his desk, exits, and returns carrying a huge cross that he places behind his desk.)

CHAD (buzzing EILEEN): Eileen, would you come in here please?
Eileen (enters, staring at Chad in disbelief): Mr. Frazee, would you like me to call your therapist?

Chad: I’m not crazy, and don’t call me Mr. Frazee! I am Moses! Send a memo.

Eileen: Of course, Moses.

Chad: “To the Human Resources Department at Hunter and Baker: To prove that Mr. Frazee is a Christian, Mr. Frazee will come dressed as a different Bible character every week. Please refer to Mr. Frazee as Moses for the remainder of the week.” Don’t give me that look, Eileen. Just do your job.

Eileen: Yes, Moses.

(Chad and Eileen exit. The organ and/or piano plays “Onward, Christian Soldiers” as Chad sits reading the Bible. After a brief passage of time, Chad dials the phone.)

Chad: Yeah, hi, Dale? It’s Chad again. Well, I don’t think it’s working. My secretary thinks I’m crazy, and no one has come in my office all morning. I’m the director of personnel. There’s almost always somebody in my office. Yeah . . . mm-mm . . . Moses. (Realizing his mistake) I knew I looked too young to pull off Moses. Timothy! Perfect! I’ll come tomorrow as Timothy. Yeah . . . wow! . . . That sounds pretty bold . . . sure, I’ll try it.

(The organ and/or piano once again plays “Onward, Christian Soldiers” as Chad exits and returns dressed as Timothy, carrying a huge, mobile stereo that he places on his desk.)

Chad: Eileen, would you come in here please?

Eileen: Yes, Moses.

Chad: Don’t call me Moses anymore. I’m Timothy today.

Eileen: Yes, Tim?

Chad: No, Timothy . . . forget it. Would you turn on the office intercom system? I have some inspirational words I want to share with the office.

Eileen: Right away, Tim.

(Chad takes the phone receiver and places it next to the stereo. He inserts a cassette, presses play, and the stereo plays a seemingly endless repetition of the phrase: “Repent or die! Hell is at hand.” After a considerable amount of time, Eileen rushes in, trying to shout over the stereo.)

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EILEEN: Mr. Frazee! Mr. Frazee! Mr. Frazee!

CHAD: What?

EILEEN: Mr. Hunter and Mr. Baker asked me to give you this memo.

CHAD (reading to himself): “Dear Mr. Frazee, Moses, or whatever your name is. Your work habits give us no choice but to terminate your position. Please take your Bible, your cross, and your sound system, and get out of our lives. Sincerely, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Baker.”

They can’t do that to me! It’s unconstitutional! I’m calling Dale. (He dials.) Yes, I’d like to speak to Dale Elders. What do you mean, he doesn’t work there anymore? Fired? He was one of the most godly men . . . nutcase? How dare you . . . Hello? (To EILEEN) I wonder what went wrong?

(EILEEN throws her hands up in the air and exits as the organ and/or piano plays the last phrase of “Onward, Christian Soldiers.”)