

# THE STONE CONGREGATION

*By Robert Don Hughes*

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**STORY OF THE PLAY**

A very different type of play which may be easily produced by a youth group. Depicted as happening somewhere in the future, a boy and girl enter what was known as a "church." A guide takes a small tour through this church, and strange questions are asked. After they have left, the Stone Preacher comes to life to take part in the conversation. Interesting, with a strong moral.

### **STAGE SETTING**

All action takes place in a church, all areas of the building can be used.

Note: This play should be treated as a parody on Gothic "horror" plays ... it can be scary enough in its own way. The setting should be the same as usual - except for Stone Preacher, who stays up left, head down, not moving until late in the play. The time is many years from now.

**PLAYING TIME:** 30 minutes.

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(3m, 5w.)*

**BOY**

**GIRL**

**GUIDE**

**AT LEAST FOUR LITTLE GIRLS**

**STONE PREACHER**

**SCENE 1**

*(AT RISE: BOY appears at an outside exit of sanctuary, looking in. Checks to make sure the coast is clear, then speaks to someone still outside:)*

BOY: Come on, come on, hurry! In here! The door's open!  
*(GIRL runs in and THEY close the door behind them and lean on it ... breathing hard.)*

GIRL: *(Between breaths.)* I didn't think I was going to make it!

BOY: What took you so long?

GIRL: "They" almost caught me down that last alley!

BOY: Did "they" see you come in?

GIRL: No, I don't think so ... *(Looking around.)* Say, what is this, anyway?

BOY: It's a ... I think they call it a "church."

GIRL: What's it for?

BOY: Quiet! *(Pause while HE listens at the door, then sighs.)* Whew! Thought I heard someone coming.

GIRL: *(Advancing onto platform.)* This place is weird! What's it used for?

BOY: I think it's just a tourist trap now ... it used to be something else.

GIRL: What?

BOY: I don't know. I just think it's a good place to bring girls.

GIRL: It's awfully ... *(Catches HER breath ... she's seen the congregation.)* ...

BOY: *(After following HER eyes.)* Oh. Yeah. It kinda gets to everyone the first time they see it.

GIRL: Why are they like that? *(BOY shrugs, GIRL regards the sight with distaste.)* Ugh!

BOY: Yeah. I feel the same way.

GIRL: It's weird!

BOY: *(Trying to scare HER, HE creeps up behind her.)* They say that at night the whole place is filled with whispering.

GIRL: *(Doubtfully.)* Really?

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BOY: (*Intensely.*) And then, every now and then you can hear someone clear his throat!

GIRL: (*Scared.*) Oh, you're just saying that.

BOY: (*More intensity.*) Then sometimes, if you're very, very quiet, you can hear ... you can almost hear ...

GIRL: (*Anxiously.*) *What!*

BOY: (*Quickly.*) You can almost hear someone blow his nose! (*HE laughs.*)

GIRL: (*Angrily.*) Oh!

BOY: Sometimes you hear babies cry, and they say that when that happens, the sound moves mysteriously to the back of the place.

GIRL: You're just trying to scare me!

BOY: (*Innocently.*) No, honest! These things really happen!

GIRL: (*Starts off.*) I'm going to leave!

BOY: Where you gonna go? "They're" still out there, y'know.

GIRL: (*Stops.*) Well, we can't stay here!

BOY: Why not?

GIRL: (*Pointing.*) They give me goosebumps!

BOY: Oh, don't even worry about 'em. Why don't you come on over here and give me a great big kiss?

GIRL: Why should I?

BOY: I don't know. (*Off-hand.*) Because I love you.

GIRL: Don't give me that. You know as well as I do that love is dead.

BOY: (*Impatiently.*) I didn't mean it literally!

GIRL: (*Flippantly.*) I know. Still, you shouldn't use words that don't mean anything. Do you bring girls here often?

BOY: Yeah, all the time. Nobody ever bothers you ... unless a tour goes through.

GIRL: A tour?

BOY: Yeah, I told you. This place is like a museum now.

GIRL: (*Looks around.*) Must have been really something back in the old days, huh?

BOY: Sure. But this is the new days, baby, so why don't you come here and kiss me?

GIRL: (*Gesturing.*) With them watching?

BOY: They don't see anything ... they're made of stone.

## **End of Freeview**

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