**WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?**

**By Rod**

**SCENE ONE**

*Two people are leaving a shop.*

A Oh, look, he’s given me the wrong change.

B Typical. I’m sure they do it deliberately. They make money out of people those shopkeepers by short-changing people.

A No, it’s not that. He’s given me too much; far too much.

B Well aren’t you the lucky one. Let’s go and celebrate.

A Er…

**WWJD?**

**SCENE TWO**

*A female passer-by is accosted by a beggar in the street.*

Beggar Hello, luv, you’ve got a kind face; I’m sure you can spare a thought for someone down on his luck. How about 50p for a cup of tea. You won’t miss that amount.

Passer-by Er….

**WWJD?**

**SCENE THREE**

*Two people are in a car.*

Passenger *[Shouting at impending disaster]* Look out! *[Driver acts taking rapid action to try to avoid an accident and bringing the car to a haltt]* Oh no. The idiot. What a way to drive. *[Gesturing as if to another driver]* Maniac.

*[To driver]* Well go on then – go and give him a piece of your mind. He could have killed us.

Driver Er….

**WWJD?**

**SCENE FOUR**

*Two male friends. One receives a call on his mobile.*

John *[Cheerfully]* Hello, you’re through to John. Oh hello, luv, what is it? There’s nothing wrong I hope. *[Pause, listening. Receiving bad news.]* What! You must be joking. When. *[Pause]* Yeah, I’ll come right home.

Friend What is it? Bad news?

John That was my wife.

Friend I gathered that.

John She ‘phoned to tell me my younger brother’s died. A heart attack. Why him? He was only 33. My parents will be shattered. He was always their favourite, being the baby of the family. It’s so unfair. It doesn’t make any sense does it?

Friend Er ..

**WWJD?**

**SCENE FIVE**

*Mother and daughter, a teenage schoolgirl. The latter is returning from school.*

Mother Hello, dear, did you have a good day at school?

Daughter I suppose.

Mother You look worried dear. What is it? Are you still having problems with Mathematics?

Daughter No, mum, it’s not that.

Mother Well what is it? You know you can talk to me about anything; that’s what mothers are for.

Daughter Well, mum, it’s .. it’s … I’m pregnant.

Mother Oh .. er …

**WWJD?**

**SCENE SIX**

*Two men. One is reading Page Three of The Sun [or similar]*

Sun reader Phoa, look at that. Now that’s what I call a good set of figures. Hey, John, have a decco at this; come and feass your eyes. Tell me what you think; is she your type?

Other man Er…..

**WWJD?**

**SCENE SEVEN**

*Two women. One has come round to visit a friend.*

Visitor Oh, Amy, what am I going to do? What am I going to do?

Amy What is it Jane?

Visitor It’s Bill, he’s left me. He’s run off with some floozy half his age. He couldn’t care about our kids, our home, our marriage ….. if I think of all I’ve done for him……. Men are all such swines.

Amy Er…

**WWJD?**