

AN OLD LADY, A DOOR, AND A TAXI

By Helen Jameson

A monologue dealing with the least of these and the affect of one.

TOPIC: Love, charity, outreach, role models, hope

SCRIPTURE: Matthew 25:40 The King will reply, 'I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me.'

Matthew 22:38-40 This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: 'Love your neighbor as yourself.' All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments.

CHARACTERS: The Cabbie

PROPS: One wooden chair.

LIGHTING: Dimmed at the beginning as the actor take his place on the CS chair. Lights to full as he speaks. He holds his hat in his hands.

THE CABBIE: I can't believe I'm sitting here. My mother is probably rolling over in her grave amazed that her taxi driving ex-druggie son is finally sitting on a church pew. (Pats his legs, he's a little uncomfortable.) I'm a cabbie...six days a week. I'd do it seven if I could, but my boss says even a car needs a day of rest. Pretty funny. He's got a good sense of humor.

How I got here is kind of funny, too. It has to do with an old lady, a door, and a taxi. Sounds like a joke, but it's not. (Pausing.) It's serious. Here's the story...one day I get a call to pick up a fare. I pull up to the curb, and an old lady hobbles up to my cab. I hop out....open the door. She thanks me and climbs in. This old gal looks as if she doesn't have two nickels to rub together.

"Where to, Ma'am?" I ask. She gives me an address...2248 South Pine. I give her a look.

"Ya sure ya want to go there, lady? That's the bad side of town. " She just looks at me...smiles. It's none of my business so I say, "As long as you got the DOUGH, I'll take ya to wherever ya want to GO. Ya got the dough, don't ya?" She laughs and flashes a few bills. I start the cab. We roll. Now it takes about thirty minutes to get to South Pine. We make small talk...weather, taxes...you know.

We get to the address. She gets out and knocks on the door. I turn off the meter and stick around. I don't have nothing better to do, and it wasn't exactly the best locale for an old lady to be hanging out. Like I said, she knocks. No one answers. She stands around for about five minutes waiting for the door to open. Then she gets back in the cab, and I drive her home...but this is where it gets interesting. You see that same old woman called for a cab the next day...and the day after that...and the day after that! (Pointing to self) Same cabbie...same lady...same address... same door.

AND THE SAME ROUTINE... She knocks at the door. No one answers. She stands there waiting. Now somebody was inside for sure. I saw a curtain move. This went on for days. Then the lady started bringing stuff and leaving it on the doorstep...toys...groceries...books...clothes.

Now I'm not a nosy guy, but I just couldn't stand it anymore. I said to myself, "What's up with this? This lady has to be burning through her social security check just paying for cab fare. She must be doing it to get a back pat from God." That's what I was thinking.

Well, the next time I pick her up, I ask her. "What gives, Lady? Why are you doing this? You're not getting a handshake or a thank you, and that door hasn't even cracked."

She smiled, and then she told me about '2248 South Pine.' The family that lived there was having a hard time. The father was serving time in the state pen. The mother was raising a couple of kids by herself. Money was tight. The kids were hungry. This old lady felt that they needed a little hope.

Yeah... Who wouldn't want to have some hope? I could certainly use some. So I said, "I still don't get it. Hope's good, and all this stuff you're leaving on the doorstep is great...but that door still ain't open."

She smiled again and said, "I'm not doing it for the door."

I'm struggling to understand. "You doin' it for yourself, huh? "

She leaned forward and said, "No, I'm doing it for the least of these."

"The least of who?" I asked.

She looked me in the eye and said, "The least of these."

(Shaking his head./laughing) Whoa! Those words made me think... Maybe there was more than one door here that needed to open...maybe somebody was knocking at my door...maybe I'm a 'least of these.' (Standing/shuffling his feet.) So that's why I'm here...that's why I'm here. (Puts on his hat and exits.)