

**INVITATION TO THE DANCE**  
by Helen Jameson

**Genre:** Drama  
**Time:** 4 minutes  
**Theme:** Forgiveness, Salvation, Acceptance, Loneliness  
**Biblical Ref.:** Psalm 30:11, Acts 4:12, Zephaniah 3:14-17  
**Church Season:** Any  
**Suggested Use:** Evangelism/Seeker services.  
**Synopsis:** Jesus invites us to dance with him for eternity. His arms are open, ready to receive a partner. He leads, and we follow. Who will accept the invitation to dance with Him?  
**Character:** Betty Sue  
**Props:** Corsage, invitation (On the front printed "You're invited."), chair  
**Costume:** Ill-fitting prom dress with slip hanging out, contrasting bow/ribbon for hair, high heel shoes, thick glasses  
**Sound:** Song: "Unforgettable" (Instrumental). The music is played at a low volume and fades (should not compete with the dialogue.)  
**Lighting:** General  
**Setting:** Sidelines of a dance.

**Director's Tip:** Betty Sue is the outcast of the prom of life. Jesus sees the real beauty in us all. The actress playing Betty Sue must not give away who her dance partner actually is until the script dictates. The audience needs be jolted when they realize, "Oh, yeah....she's dancing with Him....just like we all dance with Him with our two left feet." No music is heard until "Unforgettable" is played.

*(The scene opens with **BETTY SUE** entering with an invitation in hand. She is dressed in an ill-fitting prom dress. Periodically, she hitches the straps. She wears thick glasses and a bow is in her hair. She is not comfortable walking in her high heels. She crosses the stage and searches the audience. She checks the invitation, smiles, and then gets a worried look on her face.)*

**BETTY SUE:** I can't believe I'm here.... *(Panicking.)* I hope I'm not too early....what am I saying? I hope I'm not too late. *(Checking the invitation again.)* Was I supposed to RSVP? No, it doesn't say anything.... *(Moaning.)* Oh, I shouldn't have come. I should have said to myself, "Honey, you are only setting yourself up for failure. An invitation arrives, and you jump at the chance. Haven't you learned anything at your age? Yeah...I have.....REJECTION!"

*(Looking at the invitation)* I could be home... reading a good novel... eating chocolate.....I'd be alone...so very alone, but at least I'd be having *(sadly)* ... fun. *(Gazing around the room.)* It's not so bad.... *(Tapping her foot.)* ...good music....Maybe someone will ask me to dance... *(Looking around the room)* No...who am I kidding? I am doomed to spend the night on the wall. Betty Sue....wallflower... *(Clutching the invitation to her chest.)* Oh, no.... I'm having a flashback... high school prom....1986...Misery....Hours of standing and just wishing someone would notice me....No one did...

*(Looking around the room)* This is depressing..... I should go.... *(Starting to exit.)*

*(Looking at the invitation.)* ...but I got an invitation...that means something...and I am staying. Maybe if I act like I'm having a good time, I'll attract someone. "Be like a flower....attract a bee..."

*(Striking several animated poses / then dejectedly sitting in the chair.)* So much for that....  
*(Looking at the invitation once more/slowly ripping it.)* I should just go home.  
*(Dejected/head down.)*

**(SOUND: Song: Unforgettable.)**

*(Suddenly looking up.)* Excuse me? *(Looking to left and right/pointing to self.)* Are you talking to me? You're kidding, right? Someone set you up to do this.... *(Sarcastically.)* Dance with Betty Sue. It'll be a hoot!

*(Listening intently.)* Nobody did? You actually want to dance with me? You really want to dance with ME.....Get out of here! No...no...I really didn't mean "Get out of here."  
 Stay....please stay...

*(Blushing.)* It's just...no one has ever really asked me to dance. Can I ask you a strange question? How's your eyesight? Did you forget to wear your glasses? I was just wondering because I'm not exactly Miss America.

*(Listening.)* Looks don't matter? It's what is inside that counts? *(Blushing.)* That is so beautiful. Okay...I'm ready if you are. *(Holding out her hands to begin dancing/ jerking them back suddenly; SOUND: music stops suddenly.)*

I'm sorry...this isn't going to work....I have to tell you. I don't know how to dance. I've got two left feet and they get twisted.....I don't have any rhythm....I always try to lead....  
*(Dropping her head.)* I'm just a mess.

*(Glancing up.)* You'll take good care of me? *(Starting to cry.)* No one has ever said that to me. Not once. *(Smiling shyly through tears.)* I really want to dance with you. I do....My name....is Betty Sue. *(Surprised.)* You know my name? But...how?? *(Wonderment.)* You've always known my name? *(Smiling.)* Would you say it again...my name.... That is so nice.... You make me feel special...wanted...loved....

Okay, I'm ready to dance. *(Giggling and holding out her hands; SOUND: music begins playing again.)* Your hands are so warm. *(Looking at a hand.)* Oh...you have a scar on this hand...on this one, too.... *(Looking into HIS face)* That must have really hurt...I'm sorry....I'm very sorry.

*(Pause.)* I have to tell you something. I know your name, too. I've always wanted to meet you. I was just afraid that....you wouldn't really want to dance with me. I know.....it sounds silly to say now. Please forgive me for .....

You do? Just like that...you forgive me? Thank you.... *(Closing her eyes/leaning against an imaginary shoulder.)* This is nice....so nice. I wish you would always be my partner. *(Stopping suddenly and looking up.)* You will? You promise? Forever...Thank you.... I would like that. I would really like that.... *(Sways slightly/leaning in/then freezes/SOUND: song fades/ actress exits.)*

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