

The Calling of Matthew?

By Chad Huber

(This scene is set in modern day except for Jesus, who should be wearing His usual trendy robe. We begin with a married couple in their living room together. The husband is watching a football game, and he constantly cheers and shouts at the screen. His wife is reading a magazine and she mostly ignores him.)

Husband: *(Finally, there is a knock at the door.)* Who could that be?

Wife: I don't know. Go check it out.

Husband: Can't it wait until a commercial! *(There is another knock and the wife now glares at her husband.)* Okay, okay.

Wife: *(Husband looks through the peep hole and returns to the couch.)* Who was it?

Husband: It looks like the Jehovah's Witness. They'll leave eventually.

Wife: Yeah, they'll just leave a pamphlet at the door.

Husband: *(another knock)* Why do they have to bother us?

Wife: What is it that they believe, anyway?

Husband: I don't know, we've always ignored them or shooed them away.

Wife: I mean, are they Christian or not? I don't even know.

Husband: *(watching television)* Uh huh.

Wife: They are?

Husband: What? Oh, sorry. I wasn't listening.

Wife: *(another knock at the door)* Are they back?

Husband: *(getting up to look)* They are relentless! *(He looks.)* The Jehovah's Witness is gone.

Wife: *(another knock)* Well, then who is knocking on our door?

Husband: Oh, it's just one of those encyclopedia salesmen.

Wife: *(ponders out loud)* I wonder if they carpool.

Husband: *(watching television)* Uh huh.

Wife: Why is it that every Saturday these people knock on our door?

Husband: They've got nothing better to do?

Wife: *(sarcastically)* Oh, and you do?

Husband: *(smiling)* Well, the *(insert favorite team)* are on aren't they?

Wife: *(pauses)* Why doesn't our church send people door to door?

Husband: Because we don't like to annoy people.

Wife: Do you really think that's why *they* do it?

Husband: It's gotta be.

Wife: I don't know. I was just...*(This time there is a pounding at the door.)*

Husband: *(angrily getting up)* I've had enough of this! Whoever it is, is watching this game with me. *(He opens the door quickly without looking only to find Matthew, an IRS agent, waiting outside.)*

Matthew: *(smiling)* Good day to you, Sir. I'm Matthew from the IRS...we have an appointment...for your audit.

Husband: *(nervously realizing what he's forgotten)* Oh...oh, I completely forgot.

Wife: *(calls out)* Who is it, honey?

Husband: *(calls back nervously, his voice cracking)* The IRS.

Matthew: I'm so sorry to bother you today.

Husband: I'm sure you are.

Matthew: *(smiling)* No really. You don't think I enjoy this, do you?

Husband: *(worried)* Well, you really don't have to do this you know.

Matthew: Oh, I think I do. *(He sits down and opens his briefcase.)*

Husband: *(nervously sits)* Well, let's get this over with.

Matthew: Aren't you going to get your receipts? *(smiling)* You have some major tax deductions here that I'd like to verify.

Husband: Oh...yeah...um...I'll be right back. *(He gets up and darts into the living room.)*

Wife: What happened?

Husband: *(whispering)* I need our receipts.

Wife: You take care of finances, not me. *(A soft knock is heard at the door.)*

Husband: Did you hear that?

Wife: Did I hear what? *(another knock)*

Husband: That! Who is it now? *(yells)* I'm not answering the door.

Matthew: *(After another knock, Matthew shouts.)* I think someone is at the door.

Husband: *(He cracks the door open.)* I'm not interested in whatever you're selling! GO AWAY!
(He slams the door.)

Wife: This has been quite the afternoon. *(another knock)*

Husband: *(opens it again)* Didn't you hear me?

Jesus: *(enters)* Yes, I heard you, but I'm not going to leave.

Husband: Excuse me?

Jesus: I will keep knocking until you listen.

Husband: What do you want?

Jesus: Your heart. All I want is your heart.

Wife: *(calls outs)* Honey, who is it this time?

Husband: *(His voice may crack as he calls back.)* Ah...I think it's...Jesus.

Jesus: *(Jesus enters passing the husband and taking a seat in the living room.)* I have come for you too.

Wife: *(Husband and Matthew follow.)* Me?

Jesus: Do you love me?

Wife: Lord, you know that I love you.

Jesus: *(turns)* Do you love me?

Husband: Lord, you know that *I* love you.

Jesus: Then why have you closed yourselves off from the world? What are you afraid of?

Wife: What do you mean, Lord?

Jesus: The Jehovah's Witness spread what they believe. The Mormons even proclaim their faith to the world. Yet, here you sit, ashamed to wear your faith on your sleeve.

Husband: We're trying, Lord.

Jesus: Everyone needs to hear my word, not just my followers. *(pause)* Were you afraid to speak with the Jehovah's Witness? Were you afraid to speak kindly with Matthew? Did you even remember he was coming? Actions speak louder than words. If you treat these people this way, you have treated me just as horribly.

Wife: We are sorry, Lord.

Husband: Lord, we need your help to do it.

Jesus: Ask and you will receive. *(He rises to leave.)* I love you my children. *(He takes the married couple to the door.)* Go out into the world and proclaim my message. *(They exit, but Jesus turns to Matthew.)*

Matthew: You can't do that! I'm working here. That man has been avoiding me like the plague.

Jesus: Matthew, I have been waiting for you.

Matthew: *(looks confused still)* Who are you?

Jesus: I am The Answer.

Matthew: Dude, I didn't even ask a question.

Jesus: *(smiles)* I know, don't worry about that. Just follow me. *(Jesus exits.)*

Matthew: *(Looks around before finally shouting to Jesus.)* Follow you?!? *(pauses)* Hey, where are we going? *(He runs off.)* Hey, come back here!

