

Drama Script

(DRA027)

The potter and the clay

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DRAMA: “THE POTTER AND THE CLAY” (DRA027)

Aim of Script: To show that God moulds our characters through the experiences of life, making us fit to serve Him.

Use of Script: In an All Age Worship service the script could be preceded by talking about God’s call to serve Him. Each one of us has been given unique gifts and skills by God that we can use in His service. God makes us fit for service by moulding our characters through the experiences of life.

The script could be followed by saying that it is often the painful experiences of life that God uses most to prepare us for service as these experiences cause us to learn to depend upon him. People could be encouraged to trust God through the difficult times, knowing that He is at work, and working for their good.

Main themes: Service, Surrender to God

Biblical references: 1Peter 4:10, 1Corinthians 12:4-6, Romans 8:28-29, 9:21, Isaiah 64:8, Jeremiah 18:4-6

Cast: Narrator, God (offstage voice), 4 people who will be the “clay”

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(The “clay” people come onto the stage. They hold hands in a circle facing inwards kneeling down together making the smallest shape possible.)

Narrator: Once upon a time there was a potter and a piece of clay. The clay sat around on the potter’s bench enjoying the sunshine streaming through the windows of the potter’s workshop.

(Holding hands each person of the “clay” leans outwards with their head upwards as if enjoying the sun)

The clay also loved just looking out of the window and seeing the beauty of the potter’s garden. Life was straightforward and good....in fact it was very very good. Then one day the potter came into his workshop. He looked at the clay sitting on his bench and said:

God: (Offstage) I would like to make this clay into a beautiful vase..... one of those vases that is long and thin and fit for displaying just one beautiful rose. I need a special vase for the Queen’s prize rose.

Narrator: So the potter picked up the clay and started to mould it to make it supple and pliable in his hands.

(The “clay” starts to move around in different directions - still on knees!)

Now the clay was not expecting this as it was used to relaxing on the potter’s bench. Suddenly its life was turned upside down.

Clay voice1: What on earth is going on - this doesn’t feel very comfortable at all?

Clay voice 2: What does the potter think he is doing to me? I liked looking out of the window and seeing the garden and soaking up the sun. Why is my life changing like this?

Clay voice 3: I thought the potter was good, so why is he treating me like this?

Clay voice 4: How can this be good for me?

Narrator: So the clay grumbled and moaned and at the end of the day was relieved when the potter put it back down on the bench again.

(The "clay" stops moving)

Clay voice 1: Oh that's better.....I can relax once again.

Clay voice 2: Now my life can get back to normal. What a relief!

God: *(Offstage)* This clay is going to take a lot of moulding before it is ready for the purpose that I have in mind for it. I shall have to work hard on it.

Narrator: So over the coming days and weeks the potter kneaded and moulded, prodding the clay this way and that until gradually it became more and more supple.

(The "clay" moves around)

The clay groaned and moaned often in despair wondering whether the pummelling would ever come to an end.

Clay voice 1: Ohhhh this is agony. I don't think I can take much more of this.

Clay voice 2: I don't like my life changing like this. I liked it how it was before.

Clay voice 3: Am I really in the potter's hands? I thought He was meant to be kind to his clay and this certainly doesn't feel kind to me.

Clay voice 4: What's the point of all of this? I wish I could see what this is all about.

God: *(Offstage)* This clay is starting to take shape. It won't be long now before it will be the most beautiful vase and fit to hold the Queen's prize rose.

Narrator: The potter continued to squeeze and mould the clay until eventually it was transformed into a beautiful thin sleek vase, fit for carrying one beautiful rose.

(The "clay" moves and grows until a sleek tall vase shape is achieved)

Clay voice 1: Look at me.... I can't believe it.....I look so different.

Clay voice 2: Now I can be really useful.

Clay voice 3: I didn't understand what the potter was doing but now I can see that he was making me into something beautiful.

Clay voice 4: There was a good purpose after all.

Narrator: The beautiful vase sat proudly on the potter's bench that night knowing that he now had a very important use. The next day the potter came into the workshop early.

God: *(Offstage)* Today I must put my vase into the kiln for firing and then I shall be able to paint it with my best paints. What a beautiful vase this will be.

Clay voice 3: Anyone round here know what firing means?

Clay voice 4: No....but I'm sure it won't hurt.

(The "clay" freezes)