



IN NEED OF LIGHT Production Notes

Theme: Our need for light, walking in the light of Jesus and His Word.

Scriptural Basis:

John 8:12 "...I am the Light of the world; he that follows me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

I John 1:7 "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin."

I John 2:10 "He who loves his brother abides in the light, and there is no cause for stumbling in him."

Timing: One-act skit which lasts about 15 minutes.

Props: Stool, file, big sun glasses, spray furniture polish, can of cat food, purse, doctor coats

Setting: The setting is simply a stool, as if sitting in a doctor's office.

Characters:

Narrator

Della Dimly - dressed in a mismatched outfit, large sunglasses, large purse

Doctor #1 ("Dr. #1") - Internist

Doctor #2 ("Dr. #2") - ENT

Doctor #3 ("Dr. #3") - Podiatrist

Doctor #4 ("Dr. #4") - Ophthalmologist

Costuming:

Della Dimly - dressed in an obviously mismatched outfit, large sunglasses, large purse

Doctors - use anything to make them appear professional (white lab coat, clipboard, file, stethoscope, etc)



IN NEED OF LIGHT Script

Narrator: *(spoken like the introduction to the TV show "Twilight Zone")*
Welcome to a world where the light is low and the dark is light; a world where colors have faded to black and white. Foreground slips into background, and outlines blur. This is the world of Della Dimly. Her life is a series of ailments of mysterious origin. Her symptoms are obvious; as to their cause, Della is "in the dark." You have now entered the "twilight zone".

Della Dimly: *(wearing dark sunglasses, mismatched clothes, limping in, holding her stomach)*
I'm falling apart. I didn't think that happened until at least your fortieth birthday! I hope this doctor will be able to help me!

(sits on stool in Dr.'s office)

Dr. #1:: Ms. Dimly. I have your file here. What is the problem?

Della Dimly: *(looking somewhere other than at the doctor)* Something is wrong with my stomach. I get an upset stomach almost every time I eat a meal.

Dr. #1: Ms. Dimly, I'm over here.

Della Dimly: Oh, sorry. As I was saying, I get an upset stomach almost every time I eat a meal. I have other problems that seem to be unrelated, but I decided to start with my stomach. But if you want to know, I'm always falling, tripping, stumbling—all the time. I'm covered with bruises. I lose things constantly.

Dr. #1: Hold on. Let's start with your stomach problems. May I ask what you are eating?

Della Dimly: Well, for instance, today, for breakfast, I scrambled some eggs. I sprayed the pan with this nonstick spray, broke the eggs in the pan, and just added salt. I was sick as a dog by 8:30 am. Then at lunch, I opened this can of tuna fish to add to my salad, and about thirty minutes later I didn't feel well AGAIN. I brought the can with me—do you think it could be food poisoning, Doctor? What is going on with me!?

Dr. #1: *(takes spray and can from her)* Well, think I see your problem. One question—did your symptoms include vomiting?

Della Dimly: Yeah, most of the time, it comes right back up. And that gets old real fast, you know? So, do you know what is wrong with my stomach?

Dr. #1: Well, it is not food poisoning. Your stomach is working perfectly. What I do know is that you used furniture polish in fixing you breakfast and opened a can of cat food for lunch. Do you think that could possibly be the problem? *(a little sarcastic)*

Della Dimly: How could that have happened? *(Doctor hands her the tuna can; she holds it right up close to her sunglasses)* Looks just like tuna to me.

- Dr. #1:** I'm sorry Ms. Dimly—there's nothing wrong with your stomach. It is working just the way it was designed to—it gets rid of toxins. You just need to be more careful about what you put in it.
- Della Dimly:** Well, that was easy! Thank you. I'm so relieved that my stomach is ok. Unfortunately, that is not my only problem. While I'm here, would you be able to suggest a doctor who could treat balance?
- Dr. #1:** As a matter of fact, I know a great inner ear guy. I will send him right up to see you.
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- Dr. #2:** Good afternoon, Ms. Dimly? What seems to be the trouble?
- Della Dimly:** Well (*not looking at Dr. #2*), I tend to trip a lot.
- Dr. #2:** Ms. Dimly, I'm over here...
- Della Dimly:** Oh, sorry, Doctor. I tend to trip, stumble and fall--a lot.
- Dr. #2:** How long has this been going on?
- Della Dimly:** Well, let's see, including this week-- about 37 years.
- Dr. #2:** Oh, I see. And does it happen more at certain times, like when you're tired?
- Della Dimly:** Definitely! It happens when I'm tired...and when I'm not. I lose my footing and my balance, and I just pray for a soft landing. Sometimes it feels like if my feet are being swept right out from under me. I'm covered with bruises! I think I know where I'm going and that my way is clear, and the next thing you know, down I go!
- Dr. #2:** The latest medical journals suggest a highly scientific, physiological test to determine inner ear problems.
- Della Dimly:** Oh, good. Now we're getting somewhere! Maybe finally I'll get a diagnosis. What do you need for me to do?
- Dr. #2:** Stand up. Now I want you to walk in a straight line to me.
- Della Dimly:** That's the highly scientific test? Well... you're the professional. Ok, here I go. (*begins to go the wrong direction*)
- Dr. #2:** Ms. Dimly—I'm over here.
- Della Dimly:** Oh, sorry. (*trips over her purse and falls*)
- Dr. #2:** Are you OK? Looks like your ankle may have twisted on you.. Can you now walk to me? (*Della walks to the doctor*)
- Della Dimly:** So, Doctor, do you see my problem? This is not in my head! I fall like this ten or more times every day!

Dr. #2: That may be, but what you are dealing with has nothing to do with your inner ear or your balance. You need another doctor for this. Perhaps a podiatrist should check your feet and ankles.

Della Dimly: I guess that's possible...I never thought of that!

Dr. #2: Wait here. I'll send a colleague right up. Let me help you back to your stool
(*leads her back to her stool*)(*exit Dr. #1: and Dr. #2*)

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Dr. #3: Hello, Ms. Dimly. Let me examine your feet. (*takes a moment to examine foot*)
Everything seems to be in order here—no swelling, no fractures or sprains, no bunions or plantar warts. I don't think I'm needed here. (*he leaves, going one direction*)

Della Dimly: (*she talks toward opposite direction*) What?? You're kidding me? Do I still have to pay my copay? No tests? No X-rays? No MRI's? No Cat scan? Just "everything's in order"--Is that all you have to say?

Dr. #3: Ms. Dimly, it is not your feet. And by the way, I'm over here. I'm guessing that perhaps your problem may be visual. Wait here.

Della Dimly: I can't believe this. Doctors just give you the run around. What—do they think I'm imagining all this? You'd think that after years of medical school, they could do more for me than just refer me to specialist after specialist who can only say "Everything seems to be in order!" I KNOW something is wrong!

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Dr. #4: Ms. Dimly, I'm Dr. Seegood. I've consulted with my colleagues, and am interested in your case.

Della Dimly: (*not looking at Dr.*) Sure you are...

Dr. #4: Ms. Dimly, I'm over here. I see some similarities between these seemingly unrelated problems. (*looking at her file*) I see you eat items that you don't intend to eat. I have here that you lose things frequently, and by looking at you, you seem to be wardrobe challenged. All of this, in addition to frequent stumbling and falling. Is that correct?

Della Dimly: (*not looking at Dr.*) Yes, that about sums it up.

Dr. #4: I'm over here, Ms. Dimly!

Della Dimly: Yes, you are correct. Let me guess. Everything looks good to you, too!

Dr. #4: Oh, on the contrary Ms. Dimly. You have a serious problem.

Della Dimly: I do?? You know that without even examining me?! I knew this wasn't normal. How bad is it? How long do I have? You can be honest with me.

Dr. #4: Well, I think the problem lies in the darkness that surrounds you.

Della Dimly: Well, what do you mean?

Dr. #4: You suffer from "lack-of-light" syndrome.

Della Dimly: I've never heard of that. Is there a cure?

Dr. #4: Absolutely. We can start your treatment immediately. *(He reaches over and takes off her sun glasses)*

Della Dimly: Wow! It's really bright in here—I need those glasses back! *(blinking/squinting)*

Dr. #4: I know it's uncomfortable at first, but it's essential that the glasses stay off. I prescribe light, high doses of concentrated, true light. You will see a difference immediately upon your immersion in light. When you walk in the light, there will be no cause for stumbling or getting lost. With light, you will be less likely to eat things of a toxic nature...you won't be as easily deceived by containers that look similar.

Della Dimly: Oh, my goodness. I left the house with mismatched shoes! How embarrassing! The light certainly seems to illuminate my faults!

Dr. #4: See? In the light, you'll be able to see the need for improvement clearly. In the light, there will be less danger of thinking that all is fine when it is not!

Della Dimly: It's like I was blind, but now I see! So **light** is what I needed all along!