



“OUT WITH THE OLD!”

PRODUCTION NOTES

Setting: Two friends are together, one is helping her friend unpack after her move
Propped boxes labeled: “kitchen, bedroom, bath, office

Characters:

Kelly - recently relocated for her job
Millie - friend helping her unpack

Props:

(4) moving boxes, labeled “kitchen” “bedroom” “bath” “office”
ID badge
ugly decorative item (unforgiveness)
large sun glasses
large notebook labeled “The Book of Me”
Locked box (secret sin)
Fruit bowl with artificial fruit
Trash Can

SCRIPT

Narrator: Kelly has moved--not just down the street, not across town, but she has moved to a totally new land, a land of opportunity, a land of newness of life, a land like she has never experienced before. Her boxes have been delivered, and her friend Millie is going to help her unpack. In fact, Millie was instrumental in Kelly’s life-changing move. This transition is more than just a geographical move. She is going to find that what worked in her old job just needs to be trashed and replaced with new and more productive tools and habits.

Kelly: I can’t believe I’m finally here in my new place. Millie, thank you so much for your part in helping me find this new position, helping me find my new apartment and just being here to help me get set up. I’m looking forward to my new adventure. Already, the changes I’ve seen in my life are amazing.

Millie: Oh, girl. This is just the beginning of what is in store for you. You made the right decision to leave your old life behind. You’re the one that took the big step...I only encouraged you along the way and introduced you to your new boss. I knew He would love you. And you’re going to love Him too!

Kelly: I’m really excited to get to know Him and see what the job entails. But before I can get to work, I need to get some unpacking done. I’m still a little disheveled here. I need to get my life organized.

Millie: Well, I’m here to help! Let’s get started.

Kelly: Ok, why don’t we start with my office? I spend a lot of time there, and I’d like to get it set up so I’ll be ready to start work bright and early Monday morning.
(takes “office” box off the pile) (opens it and pulls out her old ID badge)

Millie: Oh, your ID badge. Did you go to HR and get your new ID badge?

Kelly: No, I was just going to use this one--won’t it work?

Millie: Oh, no, it won’t give you access to your new office. And you don’t want to identify with your old life anymore--you’re here now. You can throw that old thing away.

Kelly: But my picture--You know how rare it is to have a good ID picture!

Millie: Sorry. Now you have a new ID. Kelly, out with the old! *(throws in trash)* What else do you have in there *(reaching into the box)?* What else do you have in there? *(pulls out ugly decoration)* What in the world?

Kelly: That has followed me from job to job all my life?

Millie: Why? Where did you get it? It’s hideous. You actually display this on your desk?

Kelly: Well, yes *(doubtful)*, shouldn’t I? Is there something wrong with it? I don’t really remember where it came from or the details about it. I guess it is ugly--I’m just used to it being front and center in my workspace everyday.

Millie: Ok well, how can you love this faded, dusty, tacky, atrocious eyesore? You’re starting new here and that has no place in your new life.

Kelly: Well, I guess you’re right. I never really looked at it. It’s hard to get rid of something that has been with you that long.

Millie: Well, that’s why I’m here. I’m telling you, that needs to go. It’s an albatross in your life, and it probably repelled people and caused you to miss opportunities for friendships and relationships.

Kelly: You think?

Millie: Definitely. It’s gotta go. You’ll thank me later. It may seem hard now, but trust me, you’ll see a big difference. Out with the old! *(throws in trash can).*

Kelly: Whoa (*big sigh*) okay.

Millie: (*fired up*) What’s next? What else do you have in that box?

Kelly: I don’t know if I want you in my box. You seem a little too eager to throw MY STUFF away.

Millie: I just don’t want you hanging on to your old life.

Kelly: Okay. Oh, these glasses. These are the glasses I used to get to work, because I like to walk to work. And then I would just leave them on and they helped me focus on what I was doing. and they helped me see my world and my work better. Aren’t they adorable?

Millie: (*holds them up to her eyes*) You’re kidding! How can you see anything out of these? They are too dark, scratched, and they can’t possibly be the right prescription. You haven’t been seeing clearly through these worldly glasses for a long time.

Kelly: Wait a minute--You’re not going to throw these away too, are you?

Millie: Yep--they’re going. We’ll go to Walgreens and get you some good godly readers. You’re in a new land, and you need to be able to see where you are going so you don’t stumble. You need a new perspective, you need clear lenses that are not shaded by the deception of the world. Out with the old! (*throws in trash*)

Kelly: I’m beginning to regret asking you to help me “unpack”

Millie: Trust me--you’ll thank me later. So what’s next?

Kelly: Well, Ok, ok, surely you’ll be impressed with this. You’ll agree with me that this is important to keep

Millie: Okay, great. What is it?

Kelly: It is my precious ledge of my accomplishments at work over the years. Citations, awards, evaluations, certifications I’ve earned, recognition, copies of emails, work anniversary cards. This is an official record of what I am all about. It feels great to know my work is important and people around me have recognized that fact. (*opens to show Millie*) Look at this--this is a picture of when I met the CEO. He loved me, and had heard about my innovation for the company. Oh, and here’s a copy of an email someone sent thanking me for my contributions to the team in 1995. Oh, I love this. This is an anniversary card for my 10th year at the company. Everybody signed it, everybody knew who I was, and they even had a cake.

Millie: So you’ve a kept a book about yourself??

Kelly: Yes. Don't you have one?

Millie: Kelly, Kelly. A book like that has no value in this new land. All those things you've counted as gain, here it is trash. Out with the old! (*throws notebook in trash*).

Kelly: (*gasps*) Can I just keep that one letter from the president of the company? I like to reread that when I'm feeling low.

Millie: No (*slaps hand*). Your new company manual has plenty to keep you busy reading.

Kelly: Wow. You know, in a weird way, I'm starting to enjoy this. It's hard to put the the old life away, and knowing that things I thought were so essential in my life are in the trash. But it will be fun starting life anew.

Millie: We're cooking with gas. What else? Hmmm. This is locked. What is in this box?

Kelly: (*nervous*) That's private. I'll take care of that later, when I'm ready.

Millie: Are you sure? This is the day of new beginnings. Can't be anything that bad...let me see.

Kelly: I would be too ashamed to show you. You would definitely think less of me if you knew I had that. And so far, you're my only friend. I don't want you to know about it.

Millie: First of all, nothing in your past would make me not want to be friends with you now. And one thing about this new land--there's no place for shame or guilt. I suspect that whatever is locked in there, you don't need. Let's just throw the whole box in the trash--I don't even need to know what's in it.

Kelly: I've carried that box around for so long. It seems to get heavier every year. I would love to get rid of it, but I can't believe it's possible. What if somebody found it?

Millie: Well the good thing is, no one here in your new job is even interested in your past. I think you can forget about it now and move on. What do you think? Out with the old? Everything that's in that trash can is not coming back. Want to do it?

Kelly: Yes, let's do it! Out with the old!

Millie: There's not much left in this box of yours. What in the world? A box of artificial fruit? Why would you have that? Were they you're grandmother's?

Kelly: Don't make fun of me! When those are dusted off and displayed in this shined up bowl, they are pretty fabulous. I just need to give them some tender, loving care.

People always admire them, and sometimes they’re even mistaken for real fruit. That makes me happy.

Millie: What do you have here? *(Picks up fruit one at a time) (happiness, calm, putting up with, politeness, cordial, willpower)*

Kelly: Aren’t they great?

Millie: No, they’re not. They’re substitutes for the real thing and good for nothing. And they don’t provide nourishment. If you want fruit in your new place, we need it to be REAL fruit, none of this worthless fake stuff. Out with the old *(dumps bowl)*. You’ll be decorating your office with all new things. It’s a new day, Kelly and all things become new here.

Millie: We emptied one box. NOW..Let’s see what you’ve got in that kitchen box!

Kelly: *(dismayed)* OH-NO!

Narrator: Unfortunately for Kelly, moving day is going to last quite a while. It’s a process--a process of sanctification. That’s a big word that means getting rid of the old, setting yourself apart, and accepting what is new. But in the end, she will recognize that she is being freed. The process is profitable for her, and her life will be different because she had chosen to put things in the trash. With a little help from her friend, she has been encouraged to start fresh--get rid rid of the old and make room for the new.