THE INVITATION based on drama by Kristen Etscheid

* 3 group songs

Worm: perhaps dressed in sleeping bag (no arms or legs) and sun glasses (blind)
Snail: Bent over with big cardboard box on its back. Wearing a Superman t-shirt
Moth: grey wings.

Song: Have you heard the news? *there’s going to be a party. Invitations are coming out soon. Watch the mail. (group is flowers and beetles and garden things. Garden gnome as well?)*

Moth: Have you heard about the party God’s having?

Worm: Yeah, but it’s just for all God’s favourites. We haven’t got a chance of being invited.

Snail: (*speak slowly)* We’re not important at all.

Worm: It’s about time we told God how we feel about things.

Moth: God’s made it so hard for all us little people; especially us ugly ones (sigh). How I wish God had made me a butterfly.

Snail: You think you’ve got it hard. (turn rest of snail’s lines into song – slow song) *I’m the one that has to carry around this ugly big lump on my back. And I’m so slow. If only I could be a racing fast beetle. With all those crazy wings or even just fast feet. But no, I’m ugly and slow and stuck with a big lump on my back.* (some flowers or slugs or something doing an echo thing “he’s ugly and slow and stuck with a lump on his back”)

Worm: Well, neither of you have it as bad as me. *I’m blind and skinny and not at all pretty. I’m stuck crawling around in the mud and the dirt every day, every night. All I have to eat is dirt. Dig and dig in the dirt, dirt, dirt; munch and crunch on the mud, mud, mud.* (I think about a team of dull coloured workers digging, with a really rhythmic thing happening on the dig, dirt, munch, mud stuff – some nice stomp type choreography).

Moth: It’s OK for you. You’re a worm and snail. Nobody cares if you’re not pretty. *But I’ve got wings. I’m supposed to be pretty. I need to be pretty! I want to be pretty! And here I am, dull and ugly and grey. How awful!* (here I think about a small group of stereotypical pretty – rainbow coloured unicorns and butterflies and fairies joining in with the need to be pretty, want to be pretty.)

Song: Song of Despair – Moth Worm and Snail

(the Herald, is announced by a fanfare)

Herald: Invitations to God’s party to be delivered!

Snail? (presents invitation and bows)
Worm? (same)
Lady moth? (same)
Goodbye.

(all three (try to) tear open the invitations. Snail helps worm who has no hands and has taken the invitation in his mouth. Remember worm is blind as well (dark glasses))

Snail: Hey, listen to this! God calls me God’s strongest little creature; a little Samson. I never thought about it. I guess I am. Pulling around that big shell made me strong. It doesn’t matter if I’m slow and dull. I’m strong! *(this is where in the drama version he does the biceps thing showing the Superman t-shirt – I guess someone can sing with their arms across their chest, but not bent over, so maybe there would need to be something that got pulled away from covering the t-shirt when he/she does the ‘I’m strong’ bit.)*

Worm: (*Moth has taken worm’s invitation and whispered it to him/her).* Wait until you hear what God calls me. I’m God’s most famous little explorer. I’ve travelled more of the earth than any other little creature. Little Livingstone. Wow! I’m glad God reminded me. I feel much better now. In fact, I’m glad I’m a worm!

Moth: But listen. Mine’s even better. God calls me (need the musical phrase here while the actor pauses) the silver queen of the night. I never thought about it, but I guess I am. That’s really beautiful. I’d rather be silver queen of the night than be a butterfly.

All: (*snail much slower so finishes after the others*) And we thought we were so ugly and useless!

Worm: God is so wise.

Snail: God really has given us all something to be proud of: something that makes us important just because we are ourselves and nobody else.

Moth: God really loves all of us, no matter who we are!

Song: Everyone is invited in