

G.E.M.s

Setting: Toby's and Wanda's house. A mirror is attached to the side of the theatre and a small treasure chest is visible behind the puppets. The chest is full of colourful "gems".

Characters:

Wanda:

- about 6-7 years old
- speaks with a slight lisp
- cries easily

Toby:

- older brother about 12 -14
- understanding nature
- wise for age

Both puppets should have distinctive short, round noses.

Problem: Wanda is not happy. She has just had a really bad time at soccer practice and gets down on herself for everything she thinks is wrong with her.

Solution: Toby finds her and talks to her about why she is upset, gets her to focus on the good things she can do and reminds her that God made her just the way she is. He goes to the chest and shows her the gems inside that represent G.E.M.S (**God's Extra-special MeS**). They are all the same size because even though we all look different and have different abilities, God sees us all as equal. We are all precious G.E.M.S to Him.

Scripture Verses:	Genesis 2:7	Psalm 139:14
	Matthew 10:30	1 Corinthians 12:14-27

Music intro, as music fades audience hears sounds from below stage - door slams, stomping of angry feet

WANDA: *(enters as if coming up stairs, very angry, mumbling to herself)*
Stupid soccer! I'm never going back again! I hate it hate it hate it! *(looks in mirror)* and another thing, look at this silly round nose! Everybody else's nose comes out straight - no wonder they can kick the soccer ball straight - all they have to do is *(acting out the nose pointing and kicking)* point their looong, straight noses at the goal, lean their looong bodies, swing with their looong legs and whammo off goes the ball right at the net! *(falls backward, knocking something over - crash on the floor)* Ahhh! everything goes wrong for me! *(starts to sob)*

TOBY: *(voice heard from below)* Wanda? Wanda? Are you o.k. up there? What was that crash I just heard? Did you break something again? *(enters from below as if coming up stairs)*

WANDA: *(through her sobs)* Go away! I don't want to see anybody - especially YOU, you soccer star - score a goal every time guy - just go away!

TOBY: *(miffed)* Well, that's a nice way to talk to your brother! See if I help you any more with your kicking. *(starts to leave)*

WANDA: I don't care, I'm not playing soccer ever again.

TOBY: *(returning to look at Wanda)* Why not? What's the matter?

WANDA: I stink at soccer. I can't kick straight - everybody thinks I'm stupid - my nose is too short - my body's too short - my legs are too short - and *(Toby cuts her off)*

TOBY: Hold on - what's your nose got to do with playing soccer?

WANDA: I dunno, it's just another thing that's wrong with me.

TOBY: *(looking in the mirror at his own nose that is the same as Wanda's)*
So what's wrong with the family nose - we all have it - I like it because it's different - it's distinguished!

WANDA: I don't care if it's dis-dis- dis -*(frustrated)* ahhhhh! - See, I can't even talk straight! I don't want to be different, I want to be like everybody else! I want to look like them, be tall like them, play soccer like them, be good at everything like, like you are!

TOBY: Boy, are you out to lunch!

WANDA: Hey!

TOBY: Sorry, that wasn't very nice was it? All I mean is that you're missing out on the facts kiddo ...

#1 - I'm NOT good at everything

#2 - You're not BAD at everything and

#3 - We're both just the way we're supposed to be.

WANDA: You mean I'm supposed to be short and no good at soccer?

TOBY: Well you'll grow taller, maybe not as tall as some people, but taller than others. *(Wanda stretches and stands up taller)* You could get better at soccer if you practise *(emphasizing)* a lot, you'll probably never be great but you can have fun anyway. *(pause)* You don't have to be great at soccer.

WANDA: Why not?

TOBY: Because you have lots of other things that you do really well that other people, like me, can't do.

WANDA: Oh yeah, like what?

TOBY: To start with, I'm a disaster at spelling, you're younger and you already can help me correct my work. You just have the gift of spelling.

WANDA: *(getting excited)* Yes, I do, don't I!

TOBY: Uh huh, and how about singing? You made the choir first try. I sing like the old bullfrog out in the far corner of the pond. *(sings a few odd sounding notes)*

WANDA: *(giggling at his singing)* Oh hhh - but, you're really good at art. I like it when you help me draw pictures.

TOBY: Thanks. I really admire how you looked after your friend Susie when she fell down and scraped her knee. I could never do that, I can't stand the sight of blood. Blhhhlhhhh!*(shivers and pretends to faint)*

WANDA: *(giggling some more at his antics)* And you know what else you're good at?

TOBY: No, what?

WANDA: Cheering me up and making me feel better. You sure are a good brother. I'm sorry I was rude to you when you came upstairs.

TOBY: That's O.K. I know you were just upset.

WANDA: I guess it's o.k that we're good at different things, because that way we can help each other out when we need to.

TOBY: That's right. *Good plan, eh?*

WANDA: Plan? What plan? Whose plan?

TOBY: So ... about the family nose ... do you really think it's that bad? I don't think you would want to be exactly the same as everyone else would you? We would be twins, like the Edgar twins! How would we know who we were talking to?

WANDA: Well, I can tell them apart because Josh talks faster than Joey and is very funny. Joey is quiet and always has his nose (*gesturing at her nose*) in a book. So they're not EXACTLY the same.

TOBY: EXACTLY! It's all part of the plan.

WANDA: Plan? What plan? Whose plan?

TOBY: *God's plan.*

WANDA: *God's Plan? What plan?*

TOBY: When He made us, God planned for each of us to be special, to look different, to act differently, and to be good at different things. That way He had all the bases covered.

WANDA: (*confused*) Now we're playing baseball?

TOBY: No, no, I mean God made each of us with our own special things we can do so that when we help each other, and work together everything gets done - all the bases are covered!

WANDA: *(still not sure she understands)* O.k., I guess what you mean is that God made me just the way He wants me to be. I look the way He made me, and I can do what He made me to do. It's His plan that we're not all the same!

TOBY: *(proudly)* You're a G.E.M. Wanda -a real G.E.M.

WANDA: *(not sure how to take it)* A gem? You mean like a diamond or ruby - something like that? Is that a good thing? *(suspiciously)* or are you calling me a name again?

TOBY: No, Wanda, I'm serious. You're one of God's treasures, a real G.E.M.! C'mon over here and I'll show you.

He leads her over to the treasure chest.

TOBY: Give me a hand, let's open this baby up.

They both lean their shoulders into the lid and push it open.

The audience can see the sign on the top that reads:

God's Extra-special MeS

WANDA: Wow! Look at all the sparkly jewels!

TOBY: Those aren't just jewels in God's treasure chest, they're G.E.M.S.

WANDA: What's the difference? *(picks one up so the audience can see)*

TOBY: Well, these G.E.M.S are here to remind us that we are God's Extra-special MeS. We're precious just the way He made us!

WANDA: Hmm, *(slowly)* God's Extra-special ME. So, I'm a God's Extra-special Me one of God's G.E.M.S - He made me to be special - to be just the way I am. *(looking into the chest again)* How come they're all the same size? Shouldn't some be bigger or smaller, like we are?

TOBY: Not these G.E.M.S. As I said these are to remind us that even though God made us all different, we're all the same in His eyes - each one of us is just as important to Him as the other - so, all the G.E.MS are the same size.

WANDA: I get it! *(excitedly)* I'm a G.E.M. - God's Extra-special Me! And you're a G.E.M., another God's Extra special Me ..and..

pointing to audience

TOBY: You're all G.E.M.S too - *(pause)* God's Extra special MeS!

music begins

WANDA: I feel a song coming on!

TOBY: Go for it Wanda. *(can't sing,so he dances throughout song)*

Wanda sings "G.E.M.S" as song ends ..

TOBY: C'mon Wanda, lets go kick the soccer ball around.

WANDA: O.k. - and when we get back, we'll do some spelling!

the two run down the "stairs" and disappear.

G.E.M.S

- 1) God made me just the way He wants me to be.
God made me just the way He wants me to be.
Short legs, round nose,
two hands and wiggly toes!

Chorus

I'm a G.E.M. , I'm a G.E.M.
One of God's Extra -special MeS.
I'm a G.E.M. , I'm a G.E.M.
One of God's Extra -special MeS.

- 2) God made you to do just what He wants you to do.
God made you to do just what He wants you to do.
Play sports, draw cartoons
Be wise and help your sister!

Chorus

I'm a G.E.M. , You're a G.E.M.
One of God's Extra -special MeS.
I'm a G.E.M. , You're a G.E.M.
One of God's Extra -special MeS.

G.E.M.S

C.G. Rogers

Vocal

2 2 D A7

7 D D A7

11 D G D A7

15 D G

19 D A7 D G

23 D A7 D

27 G D A7 D

31 G D A7 D

God made me just the way He
God made you to do just what He

wants me to be God made me just the way He
wants you to do. God made you to do just what He

wants me to be. Short legs, round nose, two hands
wants you to do. Play sports, draw cartoons, be wise

and wiggl y toes. - - - - - I'm a GEM.
and he - lp your sis ter.

I'm a GEM, one of God's Ex tra spe cial Mes I'm a GEM
You're _____

I'm a GEM one of God's Ex tra spe cial Mes.
You're _____

I'm a GEM You're a GEM, one of God's Ex tra spe cial Mes.

I'm a GEM, You're a GEM, one of God's Ex tra spe cial Mes.