

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

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Mr. Perfect

By Bob Rictor

Synopsis

A man applying for the Mr. Perfect contest discovers that perfection comes not from what he does, but from Christ.

Characters

Mr. Perfect – A likeable though somewhat artificial guy who thinks he’s a shoe-in for the contest.

Marge – The ultimate bureaucrat: disinterested, sarcastic, deadpan and bored with her job. You get the feeling that she was born in line at the DMV. Think of Selma Diamond in “My Favorite Year”.

Woman – Needs to be attractive and pleasant.

The scene begins with Marge standing at a counter stamping some documents. Mr. Perfect strolls up to the counter. Marge ignores him

Mr. Perfect: *(politely clears his throat to get her attention)* Hi, I’m here to apply for the Mr. Perfect contest

Marge: *(never looking up)* Uh huh.

Mr. Perfect: I’ve already filled out the application. *(Hands it to her)*. Now I just need to pay the entrance fee.

Marge: Hold your horses there, Mr. Perfect. I need to make sure this form is filled out correctly.

Mr. Perfect: Of course it is. I’m really not prone to making mistakes.

Marge: *(completely unimpressed)* Yeah. *(Reads a bit)* Suma Cum Laude from Oxford?

Mr. Perfect: Well, I don’t like to brag

Marge: Founder and CEO of a Fortune 500 company. *(He stands a bit straighter and adjusts his tie)*. Only person to have won MVP in the World Series, The Super Bowl and the Stanley cup – all in the same year.

Mr. Perfect: It was a busy year, but I had a lot of fun.

Marge: Married?

Mr. Perfect: Very happily for 13 years.

Marge: Mmmm –hmm. Tithes 20%

Mr. Perfect: That's even before taxes are taken out.

Marge: Gives to several charities. Donated a kidney, a lung, and half your spleen to save the lives of complete strangers.

Mr. Perfect: It was the least I could do.

Marge: Rotary Club man of the year eight times. Volunteers with at-risk children. Visits prisoners. Takes meals to shut-ins. Oh, now here's something impressive...Church nursery worker.

Mr. Perfect: I just love the little tykes.

Marge: Yeah. *(Continues to read. As she does, a very attractive woman walks past.)*

Woman: Hey, Marge. I'm heading to the supply closet. You need anything?

(Mr. Perfect's head follows her as he undresses her with his eyes.)

Marge: No, thanks, honey. *(Marge reaches behind the desk, grabs a giant fly swatter and whacks Mr. Perfect in the back of the head.)*

Mr. Perfect: Hey! What was that for?

Marge: Adultery.

Mr. Perfect: I didn't commit adultery. I've never committed adultery!

Marge: I saw the way you looked at her.

Mr. Perfect: Hey, Just 'cause I'm on a diet doesn't mean I can't look at the menu.

(Marge whacks him in the head again)

Mr. Perfect: Knock that off!

Marge: Everyone who looks at a woman with lust for her has already committed adultery in his heart. Matthew 5:28.

Mr. Perfect: Don't you think that's a bit extreme?

Marge: Not at all *(begins tearing up application)*

Mr. Perfect: Wait! Wait! What are you doing? You stop that right now or I'm gonna...

(Whack! She nails him again.)

Mr. Perfect: Hey!

Marge: Murderer!

Mr. Perfect: Murderer? I didn't even touch you. But you hit me with that thing again and I might change my mind.

Marge: If you are angry with someone, you are subject to judgment! If you call someone an idiot, you are in danger of being brought before the high council. And if you curse someone, you are in danger of the fires of hell. Matthew 5: 22.

Mr. Perfect: Take it easy, lady. For crying out loud, don't you think you're taking this a little too far? You can't hold me accountable for what I'm thinking.

Marge: According to the rules we can. *(Waving the torn paper at him)*. Now, why don't you head home and stop bothering me. I know your kind. You think that just 'cause you pretend to be a boy scout every now and then absolves you from all the muck in your life. Well, let me tell you, sonny, that's not good enough for the Mr. Perfect contest.

Mr. Perfect: But I'm a really good guy. *(Marge holds out the paper waiting for him to take it)* You can ask anyone *(Unmoved, she continues to hold out the paper.)* Come on. You can't expect me to be perfect in EVERYTHING.

Marge: There's no such thing as partially perfect. You either are or you aren't. And you, sir, are not. Now, get moving or I'll bring out my fly swatter again.

Mr. Perfect: All right! All right! I'm leaving. You know what, lady? This contest is a farce. It's only by the grace of God that someone could even enter this goofy thing.

Marge: Now you get it. Would you like to fill out a new application?

Mr. Perfect: *(Stunned)* What?

Marge: A new application. You want to fill one out or not?

Mr. Perfect: Didn't you just tell me I'm not good enough?

Marge: You aren't.

Mr. Perfect: Then how....

Marge: God's grace. *(Mr. Perfect just stares at her in disbelief)* Look, Mister, you're not good enough. You never will be. But God's grace is more than enough to cover that rotten-to-the-core heart of yours. So what do you say? You want to fill out another application or not?

Mr. Perfect: Well, okay. I guess so.

(She hands him another sheet. He reluctantly takes it.)

Marge: Why don't you go back to the waiting room and fill it out. *(She walks him to the door. As they're walking she says..)* Only this time where it says qualifications, just write the word Jesus. Now just go down to the second door on your left. *(He exits. She watches)* No. Your left. No! The other right. No. Not there! That's the lady's...

Woman: *(Off Stage Scream)*

Marge: ... room. Men! Hold your horses. I'll be right there. *(Marge exits.)*

The end.