



Buried Treasure?

Unearth God's riches this Bible Sunday

INDIANA BONES AND THE SEEKERS OF THE LOST GOD

A drama sketch in two parts written especially for Bible Sunday 2008 by Tim Crooks. The first part is designed to be used early in the service where it will have impact and raise the question of what treasure the Bible contains. The second part would be best used after the talk.

Cast:

Indiana Bones ('Indy')
Nutt
God (Voice only)
Jacques Belhop

If necessary, the same actor could play Belhop and either Nutt or God.

The sketch will work best if rehearsed, but if time is short, actors could have copies of their lines hidden on props, such as a map, the scraps of paper used in the sketch, etc.

Costumes can be as simple or lavish as wished. The only essential item is something resembling the distinctive 'Indiana' hat. If one can't be borrowed, this is the sort of thing which can be bought cheaply from a fancy-dress shop.

Part I

Indiana theme music plays. Indiana Bones dives dramatically onto the stage. He stands up and adjusts his hat, posing. Suddenly remembering something he rushes back to where he entered and drags Nutt through. The music fades.

Nutt: Indiana Bones, thank you! I thought those fundraisers for the new church roof were never going to let me go.

Indy: Archaeology is dangerous business. But it beats teaching students about ancient pottery.

They look around.

Nutt: Wow. Your adventures have taken you to some strange places, Indy, but surely nowhere as weird as this. Look at that fossilised vicar.

Indy: Yes, I've dug up healthier looking mummies.

Nutt: Explain to me why we're here in this ancient place of Christian worship, Indy.

Indy: Because, if I'm right, we should be near one of the most amazing treasures ever.

Nutt: Treasure? Here? You've got to be joking!

Indy pulls out some scraps of paper.

Indy: All the clues point the same way. See, here's one. I'm afraid the beginning of the clue's torn away but what's left reads ' ... Christ, in whom are hidden all the treasures ... '

Nutt: Go on.

Indy: I can't. My dog ate the rest of the parchment.

Nutt: So what next?

Indy: Well, I've bought him a muzzle.

Nutt: No, I mean what exactly is the treasure we're after?

Indy: This is the next clue: 'I rejoice in following God's laws like I rejoice over riches.'

Nutt: So I'm guessing, seeing as laws usually tend to be written down, that we're looking for a book.

Indy: That's what I thought. Let's start searching. Most churches contain hideous torture instruments, designed to cause their victims endless agony.

Nutt starts to sit as Indy talks.

I don't know what sadist dreamed them up – but few inventions are more deadly than the pew. Just don't sit down!

Indy desperately pulls Nutt to his feet. They pause to recover their breath.

Nutt: What's that at the front?

Indy: It's a book. Nutt, I think we've found it!

He opens the Bible gingerly.

All my other discoveries are nothing compared to this: The lost city of Atlantis, the hidden costs of the 2012 Olympics. This is the greatest treasure of all.

Nutt: What does it say?

Indy: 'The Lord your God, the Lord is one.'

God interrupts loudly. Indy and Nutt fall flat on their faces as soon as he begins speaking.

God: Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your strength.

Indiana Bones? Indiana Bones? Are you there?

Indy: Er, hello.

God: You were looking for me, weren't you?

Indy: Well, I ... to be honest, I think I've made a bit of a mistake. We'll just be on our way.

Indiana starts to sneak away.

God: Stay where you are!

Indy: Okay.

God: Tell me why you're here.

Indy: Well, basically, as an archaeologist I'm trying to discover ancient treasures. I thought there might be treasure in this church.

God: And would you say that you've found it?

Indy: I think so. It depends how much I can get for this book.

God: With the state that copy's in? Virtually nothing.

Indy: Oh. So it's not such a treasure.

God: No, its contents are priceless. If you read them you'll have your biggest adventure ever.

Indy: Reading a book? An adventure? That sounds like English teacher talk.

God: This isn't any old book, Indy. In there I've written to you about me and who I am, and about you, who you are and the plans I have for you.

Indy: So if I've got you right, this is a sort of treasure map to help me find my way to you.

God: Something like that, yes.

Indy picks up the Bible again.

Indy: Now you're talking my language. I'm going to give this a read. Thanks.

God: You're welcome. And as you read it I look forward to you getting to know me better. But right now you've got to go. And quickly.

Indy: Why? Is the whole building going to collapse? Do I have to dodge falling masonry and leap rolling boulders to make it out of here alive?

God: No, but if you don't go now you're going to be late for the class you're teaching on ancient Greek pottery.

Mind you, having said that, the ceiling does look a bit dodgy. I wouldn't linger here for longer than you have to, if I were you.

Part II

Indy enters, deeply engrossed in the Bible.

Indy: Wow, God was right. This book is incredible. I just can't put it down.

Belhop pops up, holding a gun.

Belhop: I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to do just that, Bones. Put it down.

Indy: My archrival, the French archaeologist, Jacques Belhop.

Belhop: Oui, oui, c'est moi. And now, Indiana Bones, if you could give me that book.

- Indy:** Well –
- Belhop:** For years I have lived in your shadow as, again and again, you have beaten me to the biggest archaeological finds in the world-
- Indy:** Actually –
- Belhop:** Ssh! Not only have you been a better archaeologist, you have profited by having your adventures made into all action films. 'Indiana Bones and the Temple of Spoons', 'Indiana Bones and the Last Blue Spade'; the titles sit there in my DVD collection mocking me, telling me I am a lesser archaeologist.
- Indy:** You're not –
- Belhop:** Silence! I am monologue-ing. It is one of the few pleasures which are permitted to evil villains; don't deny it to me. Anyway, this time I was determined to beat you. I knew you were on the trail of your greatest treasure ever so I decided to head you off, steal the treasure and claim it as my own. So, with no further ado, hand it over!
- Indy:** Sure. You're welcome to it.
- Belhop:** What?
- Indy:** Have it. Feel free.
- Belhop:** Are you not going to fight over this? Are you not going to make a heroic last stand?
- Indy:** No, I can easily get another copy. Besides, you need to read this too.
- Belhop:** Moi? Pourquoi?
- Indy:** Because, through the Bible, God showed me what an arrogant egomaniac I am, neglecting my archaeology students to run around the world after fame and fortune. And, in the same way, God can help you to deal with that terrible inferiority complex you have.
- Belhop:** (*Lowering the gun*) You really think so?
- Indy:** Yes. You see, when you understand that God loves you, just as you are, you stop trying to achieve your self worth in worthless things; like Hollywood action films.

They start to walk off.

Belhop: This sounds good, Bones. Tell me more.

Indy: No problem. But why don't you read it with me?

Belhop: I would be glad to. But on one condition.

Indy: Yes?

Belhop: Will you come round to my place and sign my 'Indiana Bones special edition boxed set'?

Indy: I'm sure that can be arranged.

Tim Crooks is a freelance scriptwriter/performer whose writing credits include BBC 7 and SAT7 TV. For further information, visit his website: www.wingandaprayerproductions.co.uk