

Marching to Zion

by Dennis Durrett-Smith

This script is about being soldiers in the army of God. The staging should be as soldiers marching on a drill field and with all pertinent mannerisms of strict army discipline.

Sergeant: *offstage, faintly* Left . . . left . . . left, right, left. Left . . . left . . . left, right, left. *Enter sergeant and squad* Left . . . left . . . left, right, left. Left . . . left . . . left, right, left. Left . . . left . . . left, right, left. Right faith . . . March! *Squad turn front and march in place* Left . . . left . . . left, right, left. You left the wrong to follow the Right –

Squad: We left the world to follow the Light!

Sergeant: You were stumbling in the night!

Squad: We were blind He gave us sight!

Sergeant: Sinners all, you lived in spite!

Squad: We were lost, He gave us Life!

Sergeant: Paid the debt, He paid the price!

Squad: *Double-time march in place* He loved us all, you know dat's right!

Sergeant: Left . . . left . . . left, right, left . . . Squad . . . HALT!

Squad: A-men! *Snap to Attention!*

Sergeant: At ease, people. First of all, I want to personally say “thank you” for all your hard work. I know it's been tough: the memorization; the endless drilling; the fasting; the praying. But, it's all been necessary for you to reach our objective. You see, we're marching – to ZION!
Soldiers register surprise, fear, excitement

Zimmerman: You mean, sir, *singing* “the beautiful, the beautiful Zion?”

Sergeant: Affirmative. We are marching upward to Zion, the beautiful city of God.

Fazenbaker: Begging your pardon, sir . . .

Sergeant: Spit it out, soldier!

Fazenbaker: Uh, sir, that could take a lifetime!

Sergeant: *In her face* So?