

Parable of the Shapes

The characters should each carry a large cardboard shape as their costume. Their identities thus become their shapes: for example, Blob should carry a cardboard shape that is uneven and rather nondescript, and In-Spite-Of man should carry no shape at all.

Narrator: There once was a land of If and Because

That sat on the earth as every land does.
And every person who lived in the land
Would search for a person he could understand.
Now let us together observe what takes place
When If and Because people meet face to face.

First Circle: As I walk along this fine sunny day,
A stranger I see coming my way.
Is he a friend or is he a foe?
Not till I look at his shape will I know.
A circle I be and a circle I stay.
A circle is needed for friendship today. (Enter the Blob)
Hello my friend, Circle's my name
And finding a friend is my kind of game.
Have you a circle to exchange with me here?
Or are you an alien shape, I fear.

Blob: A friendly fellow you seem to be,
And circles I need for good friends to be.
What my own shape is, I really don't know,
But I hope it's a circle so friendship will grow.
I'm so glad I found you. I'm so glad to see
That such a relationship can possibly be.

First Circle: Now wait a minute, oh stranger, here.
You hasten your happiness too fast I fear.
I told you before, our two shapes must match
In order for any new friendship to hatch.
If you were a circle with roundest of frame,
We'd be friends forever because we're the same.
But I see no circle. I see nothing round.
I think that it's only a Blob that I've found.
Now think of my image, what others might say,
I can't take the risk. Away! Away!

Blob: I'm so broken-hearted. I'm in such despair.
I am not a circle. It doesn't seem fair. (Enter second Circle)

Second Circle: A call for a circle, is that what I hear?
I, too, am a circle, such joy and such cheer!
For now, brother Circle, your long vigil ends.
We've found one another. Forever we're friends! (Circles exit)

First Star: I am a star, a beautiful star.
Better than all other shapes, by far.
And if you are the finest, I think you will see
That shape you are holding, a star it will be.
If I'd find a star, we'd frolic in fun
And dance and play and never be done.
If you are a star, my friendship you've won.
But as I look closer, I see you're not one.
You're only a Blob! We'll never go far,
Unless you can prove that you're also a star!

Blob: My shape's not important. Myself is what counts.
Just give me some friendship in any amount.

First Star: I've no time for blobs, so go on your way,
For I think a star is coming this way. (Enter Second Star.)

Second Star: A star I am, and a star I'll stay.
Oh praise be to stars, it's our lucky day!

First Star: Oh star, oh star, what double delight!
These shapes that we're holding, they match us just right.

Second Star: At last we're together, so happy and proud.
Together we'll surely stand out in a crowd.
So Blob, adios, farewell, and good-by!
You just don't fit in, and don't ask us why. (Stars exit)

Blob: Alas, I am broken. What worse could I do?
Than being rejected by each of these two. (Enter First Square)

First Square: Through this crowd I now will stare
To see if perhaps there be somewhere a square.
Pardon me there, but some time could you lend?
If you are a square, I'll be your true friend.

Blob: Oh surely, dear brother, our shape's not the same,
But I'm a sweet person, and what's in a name?

First Square: Your shape's not a square and you talk to me so?

I can't believe all the nerve that you show.
If it's friendship you want, then friendship go get,
But not from a shape with which you don't fit! (Enter Second Square)

Second Square: A call for a square? I'll soon be right there!
A square I am and a square I'll be.
I'll join you in friendship, oh square, just ask me.
Because our fine corners do each number four,
We'll stay close together forever and more. (Squares exit)

Blob: I'm torn and I'm frazzled, what worse could there be,
Than being rejected by each of these three. (Enter First Triangle)

First Triangle: I'm wandering to and I'm wandering fro,
In search of a three-sided shape just like so. (Points)
For if I could find one, I know we would blend,
For only a triangle can be a true friend.

Blob: Hello there, dear fellow, I've heard all you've said,
I can't help but thinking, to you I've been led.
For you need friendship and I need the same.
So on with the friendship and off with the game.

First Triangle: Now who is this talking? What shape do you hold?
You seem sort of strange, just what is your mold?
You sure are not pretty, you shapeless disgrace.
Why, you're just a blob, it's all over your face!
I've no time for you, pitiful one,
This senseless discussion is over and done! (Enter Second Triangle)

Second Triangle: A call for triangles? Well, I'll fill the need.
We're made for each other, it must be agreed! (Triangles exit)

Blob: No one understands poor shapeless me,
Cause I'm just a blob as you can well see.
If I were a circle or maybe a square,
Then I could be having some fun over there.
Why can't all you shapes just notice and see,
That I'm just as miserable as I can be.
With no one to laugh and be good friends with,
I'm beginning to feel just a little bit miffed.

Narrator: Now just at this moment comes into this place
A man who is different in style and in grace.
He's quiet and thoughtful and listens quite well,

Observing the stories that our characters tell.
Now with me return to our tale if you can,
And witness the ways of In-Spite-Of Man. (Enter In-Spite-Of Man)

In-Spite-Of Man: Hello, will you be my friend?

Blob: On, no, can't you see.....
I'm not a circle or square, so please leave me be.

In-Spite-Of Man: Friend, once again to you I will say,
Will you not be my friend on this fine day?

Blob: Your humor's not funny. I'm wise to your jokes.
You're here to make fun like the rest of these folks.

In-Spite-Of Man: Now what is the problem, my poor little man?
You seem so distressed, I just can't understand.

Blob: I've run the whole gamut. I've pleaded and cried
To have them accept me and love me inside.
But each time I seek them, they look at my shape,
And quickly reject me. It's like hearing a tape.
"You're not the right person, you've got the wrong shape,
The people will gossip, the people will gape."
If this shall continue from day unto day,
Alone I'll remain and depressed will I stay.

In-Spite-Of Man: I think a great lesson's been brought to your sight.
These shapes find it hard to accept you "in spite."
They're all so possessive and selfish inside,
They wallow in vanity, ego, and pride.
But there is an answer I've found to be true,
And I've come to offer this answer to you.

Blob: I don't understand all you're trying to say,
But you're the first person I've met here today
Who seems to accept me in spite of my form.
You break all the rules of the shape-seekers' norm.

In-Spite-Of Man: Your wisdom is growing. I think you now see
Love puts no conditions on you or on me.

Narrator: Our moral is simple. I'll share it with you.
It's all in the Bible and known to be true.
The world offers values, which dazzle our eyes.

It mixes the truth with ridiculous lies.
And we here are seeking the true meaning of
This life that we're living, this word we call "love."
The If and Because folks are caught in a bind,
For they only accept their very own kind.
They love folks "because" and they love people "if,"
But few have discovered the "In-Spite-Of" Gift!