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“Tidying Up the Heart”

by
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What In a parody of the Netflix show, "Tidying Up with Marie Kondo," a man thinks a tidying expert is going to help him organize his house. Instead he gets a much-needed look into the clutter in his heart.

Themes: Clean Heart, Sin, Repentance, Anger, Addiction, Renewal, Celebrate Recovery

Who Steve- (Middle aged, married)
Marie- (young adult, always smiling)

When Present

Wear (Props) Modern day clothes. Two pairs of matching sunglasses, bedazzled.

Why Ephesians 4:31-32, Hebrews 12:1, Psalm 28:7, Psalm 51:10, Romans 12:2, 2 Corinthians 10:5

How An easy two-person script with minimal props. This relies a bit on the actors to place the different piles in the room for the audience. Decide ahead of time where all the piles will be so each actor can refer to them.

A quick note: This is clearly a parody of the popular Netflix show Tidying Up. If you DO happen to have a Japanese actress available, then by all means cast her. However, it's not necessary. This parody works with whatever ethnicity your actress is. **Please avoid having an actor do a stereotypical accent.**

Time Approximately 6 minutes

LIGHTS UP

Steve, a middle-aged blue-collar type guy, and Marie, constantly smiling and never flustered, enter. Steve gives his line as they walk on.

Steve: So...this is the living room. As you can see, we've got a lot of stuff in here. I honestly don't even know where to start. My wife has her Care Bear collection all over the coffee table; that could be organized better. I don't even know what color that table is anymore. Ha. Definitely could use your help in tidying up.

Marie: I'm afraid there's a bit of a misunderstanding.

Steve: My wife should be around here somewhere. She was really hoping you'd get the kitchen nice and clean.

Marie: You think I'm here to help clean your house.

Steve: Aren't you?

Marie: I'm here to help de-clutter your life. Your spiritual life.

Steve is very confused.

Steve: I'm sorry?

Marie: First we need to take a look at your heart.

Steve: No...uh. Where is she? *(calling off)* Helen!

Marie: To do this we use these.

She pulls out two matching pairs of FANCY SUNGLASSES.

Steve: These do what now?

Marie: Put them on and we'll get to see all the emotional and spiritual baggage you have cluttering up your life.

Beat.

Steve: *(calling off)* Helen!?

Marie: It's okay. Try them on.

Steve finally relents and puts them on. He looks around. He's horrified. Marie puts hers on shortly thereafter. She is thrilled.

Steve: Oh my goodness. Oh...oh, my. This is...

Marie: This is wonderful!

Steve: Wonderful? Look at these piles of junk! *(he looks up and up and up)*

Marie: I love a mess like this! You're going to have so much joy when this is all tidied up. What is that stack of things over there?

Steve: Oh...that's all my anger.

Marie: There's much to do here.

Steve: I had no idea...

Marie: I want you to go through this pile and hold each bit of anger in your hands and ask yourself if it sparks joy in your life.

Steve: *(looking at something specifically)* Oh wow. This is from an argument I had with my boss years ago. Oh look, these are all the counter-arguments!

Marie: Counter-arguments?

Steve: The things I should have said at the time. Man, he was such an idiot. Wow, I didn't know I still had these.

Marie: If it does not spark joy, it's time to say goodbye to it. Otherwise we will fold it into a tiny square and put it into a drawer.

Steve: Well, I'm going to keep the righteous anger. You know when there's social injustice or for protecting the innocent.

Marie: Aha. Very good.

Steve: But here, this one, when someone insults my football team...

Marie: Perhaps that can go.

Steve: Even if they're WRONG?

Marie: Especially if they are wrong. Thank it and say goodbye.

Steve: *(cupping his hands and speaking to it)* Thank you, Sports Anger. You gave me an ulcer and taught me how to repair drywall when I put my fist through the wall when that DUMB REFEREE THREW A BOGUS FLAG AND COST US—

Marie: *(interrupting)* Just say goodbye move on.

Steve: Right. I guess nearly all of this can go.

Marie: *(indicating a different part of the room)* Now what is this over here?

Steve: Ah. That's where I keep my bitterness and disappointment.

Marie: Okay. Same thing. Hold each one in your hands. If it does not spark joy out it goes.

Steve: *(he sifts through some things)* Awww. But I need a lot of these things to justify my anger.

Marie: But if you've already said goodbye to that anger...

He thinks.

Steve: ...I guess I don't need it.

Marie: Thank you and goodbye.

Steve: Wow. There's a lifetime of regret and bitterness here. This is going to take a while to go through.

Marie: Rome wasn't cleaned in a day.

Steve: I can do it. I want to do it. Already I can feel how much more room there is in here.

Marie: Now in this corner I see a large pile of black sticky goo.

Steve: Don't touch it!

Marie: Oh, I would never. Is that your...?

Steve: Yeah. That's. ...that's never getting cleaned. I've tried to do something with it, but every time I touch it, I get more sticky goo all over and it just makes it worse.

Marie: So, you've tried?

Steve: Oh yeah. But those...are my Addictions. That'll never get cleaned up.

Marie: There's no way for YOU to clean that up. But I know someone who can take that away for you.

Steve: Ah. I get it. This is where you say Jesus can clean that up for me.

Marie: Yes. Do you know him?

Steve: Absolutely! I go to church. Give money to the church. Take my kids to their thing on Wednesday. Sure.

Marie: So, have you asked him to clean it up?

Steve: It's just so much...

Marie: Do these things, these habits...do they spark joy?

Steve: *(long pause)* No. Not in the long run.

Marie: Then it's time.

Steve: Thank it and goodbye?

Marie: No. In this case, Repent and Goodbye.

Steve: *(softly)* Okay.

Marie: You have much work to do here. I will leave you to it.

Steve: Will you be back? I mean, I don't think I can get this all cleaned today by myself.

Marie: Yes. I'll be back in 12 weeks.

Steve: 12 weeks!?

Marie: There is much to do here. And you're not alone.

Marie exits. Steve looks around, takes a breath, and rolls up his sleeves.

FADE TO BLACKOUT