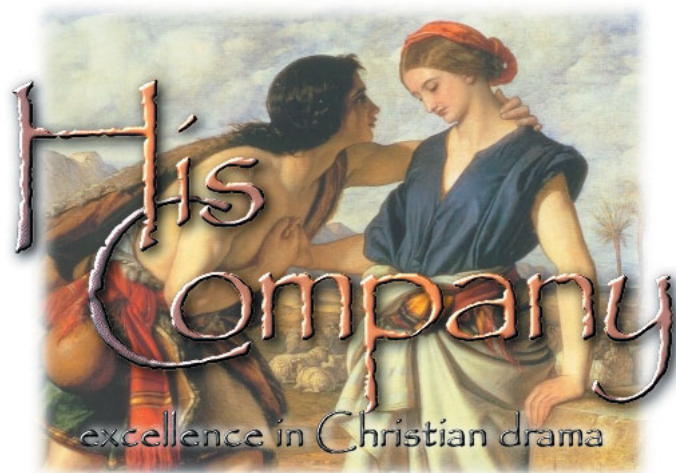


# SAND MOUNTAIN

FROM  
*THE REINHART DIALOGUES*

by  
David S. Lampel



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**AUTHOR'S NOTE**


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5 Reinhart and Jane, friends since childhood, have both come to their 20<sup>th</sup> High School reunion. Jane is now a businesswoman who has recently lost her job. She asks her old friend Reinhart to meet with her, to help her through this rough period. Reinhart is sympathetic to her plight, but wisely points out the dearth of Spiritual values in her life.

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**CHARACTERS**


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10 Reinhart  
His friend, Jane  
(both in their late 30's or early 40's)

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**SCENE**


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15 *Reinhart enters in darkness and takes a position somewhere to the left or right of main stage area. As much as possible, stage area should remain in darkness as spot or small area light comes up on Reinhart. He is dressed in comfortable, semi-dress, contemporary clothing, such as sports coat and slacks without a tie.*

**REINHART**

*(to audience)*

20 It wouldn't be entirely accurate to say Jane and I grew up together. Beginning with Grade School, we seemed to pass in and out of each other's lives—sometimes pals, sometimes enemies; sometimes I had a crush on her,

*(wryly)*

25 sometimes enemies. We laughed together—sometimes cried on the other's shoulder. We went our separate ways more times than I can recall—choosing different friends, different crowds. But always there was a bond between us. Years could pass without a word, but there remained something that neither of us ever had with anyone else.

30 *Jane enters in darkness. Lights up low on Jane UC as she looks around the Sand Mountain area.*

35

**REINHART***(continuing to audience)*

40

So when I finally—and reluctantly—made the decision to attend my 20<sup>th</sup> High School Reunion, I hoped Jane would be there. She was, and it was good to see her. But there was something in her voice that told me to accept her invitation when she asked me to join her later at our old meeting place: Sand Mountain.

45

*Lights down on Reinhart, up on Jane. As Reinhart approaches Jane, widen stage area light.*

**REINHART***(huffing and puffing)*

As I recall, those fences used to be lower.

50

**JANE**

Well, that was at least fifty pounds ago.

**REINHART**

Oh, yeah.

*(pause; looking around)*

It all looks so different. I wasn't sure I was in the right place.

55

**JANE**

Yeah, I know what you mean.

**REINHART***(sitting down next to her)*

Have you been back?

60

**JANE**

Just now—for the reunion. You?

**REINHART**

Once in awhile. Not often.

*(pause)*

65

So, why this? Why here?

**JANE**

*(reluctantly; a little embarrassed now to come right out and say it)*

I thought you might have some answers for me.

**REINHART**

70 Me? The class clown?

**JANE**

I'm serious, Reinhart.

**REINHART**

Sorry.

75

**JANE**

*(taking a deep breath)*

There's only one reason I came to this reunion: I had the time. Six months ago you would have had to make an appointment just to call me.

*(pause; sarcastically)*

80

The president of my company was very sensitive and caring about the whole thing: I showed up for work one day, and they had already stripped the nameplate from my office door. I punched the phone line to his office and my extension was dead. As a reward for 15 years of loyal service, the janitor carried my box of things out to the car for me.

85

*(pause)*

One day I was there, the next day I wasn't.

**REINHART**

*(quietly)*

I'm sorry.

90

**JANE**

Is that all you can say?

**REINHART**

I don't know what you want from me. I haven't seen you since graduation—twenty years.

95

**JANE**

Two weeks after it happened, I had this incredible dream.

*(wistfully)*

100

I was walking in a winter forest. The air had that sharp bite to it; the snow was brittle—crunched under my feet. Everything was so clean and fresh; it made me feel as if all my worries were gone. All but one. I don't know what, but there was one problem lingering, hanging like a cloud over me. I was walking through the trees, and suddenly you stepped out. And because it was a dream, it was perfectly natural, of course. You smiled at me, took my hand, put your arms around me. And then I realized the cloud was gone—the last worry had been lifted.

105

**REINHART**

*(after a pause)*

Jane, I don't know what you want from me.

110

**JANE**

*(wistfully)*

You were in the dream.

**REINHART**

*(after a longer pause)*

115

Remember church camp in 5<sup>th</sup> grade? Vespers?

**JANE**

*(thinking)*

Vespers...

**REINHART**

120

Church camp in Iowa Falls.

**JANE**

Yeah. Wasn't there this big white cross that looked out over the river?

**REINHART**

125

I think it was Friday night vespers. As usual, I wasn't paying attention to what was going on. I glanced over to where you were sitting, and with your face painted by the glow of that campfire, I fell in love.

**JANE**

*(laughing)*

With me and every other girl in camp.

130

**REINHART**

You stepped into my dreams that night.

**JANE**

*(after a pause; soberly)*

What'd you tell your wife?

135

**REINHART**

*(going to her)*

I told her an old friend needed my help.

**JANE**

I hate class reunions.

140

**REINHART**

*(amused)*

This is your first one.

**JANE**

I hate class reunions. Everybody trying so hard to be something they're not.

145

**REINHART**

Uh-huh. And what have you been telling everyone who asks what you do for a living?

**JANE**

*(taking a deep breath; with a false bravado)*

I look them straight in the eye and tell them I'm Vice-President of Marketing at a prestigious New York firm.

150

**REINHART**

Uh-huh.

155

**JANE**

Then I excuse myself and go throw up.

*(long pause)*

160 We had such fun growing up here. Back then Sand Mountain was nothing  
but soft sand all the way down the cliff to the river's edge. You could leap  
right off here—head first—tumble through the sand, all the way down  
without a scratch. Oh, Reinhart, I'm so miserable. Why can't life still be  
like that? Why does all the soft sand have to be cut away from beneath  
you? Now you couldn't go more than a few feet without getting cut to  
ribbons. Where'd all the sand go?

165 *(irritably)*  
Oh, let's get out of here.

**REINHART**

*(stopping her with his voice)*

170 What I want to know is, whose name is written in the back cover of your  
Bible?

**JANE**

*(stopping; mystified)*

What?

**REINHART**

175 Simple question: Whose name is in the back of your Bible?

**JANE**

*(thinking, then exasperated, throwing up her hands)*

I don't even know where my Bible is.

**REINHART**

180 That's what I thought.

*(pause)*

185 When we were in... Junior High, we sat next to each other here at the top  
of Sand Mountain and wrote our names in each other's Bible. It was like a  
blood oath. A pact. We didn't put them together with a plus sign:  
"Reinhart loves Jane." We didn't wrap a heart around it—we just wrote  
our names. We were too young to know anything about love, but we  
were old enough to know there would come a day when we would go

190 our separate ways—we were old enough to know there would come a  
day when we would need each other. We were too young for love—but  
we were old enough to be friends. Friends.

**JANE**

*(simply)*

That's why you were in my dream.

**REINHART**

195 And that's why I'm here now. Jane, where'd all the soft sand go in your  
life? It isn't the job.

**JANE**

*(irritated)*

200 I invested 15 years of my life in a company that just shoved me out the  
door. I'm entitled to be just a little depressed about that.

**REINHART**

You want to jump off the cliff? I'm told it's no longer a soft landing.

**JANE**

Don't be absurd.

205 **REINHART**

You invited me here for answers; maybe I have one.

**JANE**

Oh really.

**REINHART**

210 Where's your Bible, Jane?

**JANE**

*(after a pause; she knows where he's going with this)*

215 Look, you're right. It's been years. I've been working hard on my career.  
That just became the priority. I was so busy with my life that I didn't leave  
any time for my Spiritual life.



**REINHART***(honestly stumped by what she has just said)*

220

How can you have one without the other? What's the difference between the two?

**JANE**

I didn't ask you here to deliver a sermon.

**REINHART***(jumping up; agitated)*

225

Oh, I see.

*(pause)*

Why is it people will listen to all kinds of drivel and accept it as gospel truth, but just hint at some Spiritual advice, and they throw up their hands: "Don't preach to me!"

230

*(longer pause)*

Jane, we haven't seen each other for twenty years, but long ago we began a friendship—and it's still there. I'm not a preacher; I'm just someone who cares about your life and how you're living it. If I have any answers, they've come by learning from my own stupid mistakes.

235

**JANE**

So now I'm making a stupid mistake.

**REINHART***(emphatically)*

240

Yes. Somewhere along the line you cut out of your life your one hope. The one constant you could always reach out to—and you've forgotten how to stretch out your hand. Have you been so long at the top of the corporate ladder? Is God just a calculator that you pull out of your briefcase whenever you need a fast answer? He's waiting for you to be a real person again; just reach out to Him.

245

**JANE***(resignedly)*

The wall's too thick—and too high. I can't break through.

**REINHART***(exasperated)*

250 No, no, no— You've got it backwards. You're not the boss. You got fired.  
You don't break through the wall. He does.

*Jane says nothing, but sighs heavily. She is still resisting.*

255

**REINHART***(looking up)*

She doesn't want my advice.

*(to Jane; sarcastically)*

260

Okay, here you go. Stand at the edge of the cliff, rub a magic crystal while  
chanting a mantra, then swing a dead cat over your head.

**JANE**

Reinhart, I've been away too long. I've forgotten how.

**REINHART**

265

There's no magic chant. Nothing to remember. Just worship Him. Fall on  
your face and admit that He's God and you're not. And watch how fast  
He breaks through that wall.

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**REINHART SINGS "HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW." (OPTIONAL)**


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**JANE**

270

*(after the song; with a wry smile)*

I hate it when your right.

**REINHART***(innocently)*

I would think you'd be used to it by now.

275

**JANE**

So, will it be another twenty years?

**REINHART**

Not if I can help it.

280

**JANE**

*(sighing)*

Time to go back into it, isn't it.

**REINHART**

'Fraid so. My wife's going to be wondering what happened to us.

285

**JANE**

*(as they exit; turning to Reinhart)*

I hate class reunions.

*Reinhart laughs and puts his arm around Jane's shoulder as they exit together.*

290

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