

**CONJUGAL VISITS**  
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*The lights come up on a jail scene. A man sits in a cold gray cell on a bunk. On the stone wall, beside the barred door, a single dim light bulb burns. The man sits, twiddling his thumbs, with a heavy sigh now and then. He slowly gets up, goes over to the wall, and adds a mark to many others, clearly denoting the passage of time. He comes back to the bunk, sits to stare vacantly ahead. He then begins to twiddle his thumbs again. His boredom is suddenly interrupted by the jailor at the door.*

**Jailor:** *(Opens door and stands in the opening)* Your wife's here. Want me to let her in?

**Man:** *(Stands up, faces door, excitedly)* Of course! Bring her in!

*Wife enters through the door, dressed in a bridal gown. The jailor leaves and shuts the door behind him....As she enters, a spotlights slowly brightens the scene. Husband and wife embrace one other. She pulls away and reaches in her bag.*

**Bride:** Look, Honey! Brought you something. *(She begins to pull out candy, magazines, and books.)*  
You'll love these.

**Man:** *(Sets them on the bunk, reaches to take her hand again)* I know I will. Right now, I just want to enjoy your company.

*An organ plays a somber introduction, and then swings into a light rendition of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" The man and wife sway together in a slow dance, holding hands. The man sings the chorus to her. Once done, they laugh and sit on the bunk together. He becomes serious.*

**Man:** Honey? Thanks for taking the time. To be here with me. Be ever so careful when you leave. Remember what I told you? About talking to strangers?

**Wife:** Of course, Silly! What are so afraid of?

**Man:** I just worry That when we're apart, you'll forget me. That I'll lose your love to another. I guess I'm just jealous!

**Wife:** Hey! *(Trying to lighten things up)* I know when I've it good!

**Man:** *(Still serious)* Stay true to me, love! Someday, when you least expect it, I'll be back. Then we can be together forever.

*His conversation is interrupted by the jailor at the door...*

**Jailor:** Sorry, Folks! Time for her to go. Visiting hours are over.

*They rise, embrace, and she moves to the door...*

**Man:** (*Anxiously*) When will you be back? To see me again?

**Bride:** (*Frowns*) What a silly question, Honey. I always come to church on Sunday mornings!

*With that she leaves. The jailer shuts the door. As this happens, the spotlight goes out. It leaves him alone in the cell again with just the dim bulb burning. He slowly crosses back to the bunk, sits down, sighs heavily, and resumes twiddling his thumbs. The light goes out, the prisoner quietly exits.*