

TREASURES
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This skit opens as two men, Mr. Jones and Mr. Doe, slowly pull two children's wagons across platform. Wagons are filled with toy cars, sport coats, money, houses. In background are two angels, dressed in white robes. One sits at desk, writing in large book. Other observes the two men.

- Mr. Jones:** Well, this is getting to be a lot to haul from place to place. *(Beggar 1 approaches from other side of stage)*
- Mr. Doe:** Yes, but it feels good to finally achieve some success. Nice being able to see what all I've accomplished. Who's this? *(Positions himself between wagon and approaching beggar)*
- Beggar 1:** Excuse me, Sirs. Heard you inviting people to your church. Like to come and bring my family. But I have no car. Does anyone in your church pick people up?
- Mr. Doe:** Doesn't a bus run near you?
- Mr. Jones:** Shhhh! Don't be ridiculous. If you need a ride, I'll carry you and your family to church as long as you need it.
- Beggar 1:** I appreciate that, Sir. But I need to warn you, I've got small kids.
- Mr. Jones:** I know! I was the one who invited you. It's okay. *(Reaches in wagon, takes out toy car, hands it to Beggar)* This is what the car looks like. See you at 9:45 Sunday morning. Okay?
- Beggar 1:** Bless you, Sir. We'll be ready *(Hurries off stage, car in hand)*
- Mr. Doe:** You're nuts, you know. Those kids'll tear your car up something awful.
- Mr. Jones:** *(Shrugs)* Just a car!
- Other angel:** *(Turns to writer)* Put Mr. Jones down for a new chariot! *(Angel 1 writes in book)*
- Mr. Doe:** You will regret that. Once you start helping people, word gets out. You're are an easy mark. Look, here comes another one! *(Beggar 2 approaches)*
- Mr. Jones:** Hello, Sir! How are you this fine day?
- Beggar 2:** *(Rueful)* Truthfully, I've been better. Haven't worked now for several weeks. I was hoping you might have some change to spare. I'm waiting..
- Mr. Doe:** *(Interrupts)* That's what the unemployment office is for, Buddy!
- Beggar 2:** I signed up. But it takes a month to get the first check. We're getting pretty desperate.

Mr. Doe: Times are pretty tough, but... *(He turns to Mr. Jones who is rummaging through wagon.)*
What are you doing now?

Mr. Jones: *(Holds out handful of cash to Beggar 2)* Hope this is enough to get you by. Till you can get on your feet.

Beggar 2: I...I can't take that! I was just looking for a little. .. Don't know when I'll be able to pay you back.

Mr. Jones: *(Puts money into beggar 2's hand)* Next time, you help someone else out. Then consider me paid. *(Beggar 2 clutches money, and hurries off stage)*

Mr. Doe: That was really stupid! Bet you don't have enough left. To eat out tonight.

Mr. Jones: *(Smiles, looks off stage after beggar)* Won't hurt to miss a meal or three.

Other angel: Make sure we have an adequate supply of manna for Jones! *(Other angel writes)*

Mr. Doe: What next? You can't help everyone you meet. Look at that man there. *(Points to Beggar 3, sleeping on side of road)* He needs a home. Got an extra one of those?

Mr. Jones: Interesting idea. Since my wife passed on, I've been terribly lonely. The house is big enough for two. Hey, Mister! *(Approaches Beggar 3 and holds inaudible conversation with him as Mr Doe talks)*

Mr. Doe: This has to stop. He's going to lose everything he owns. When he does, I hope he better not expect me to share with him. *(Breaks off as Mr. Jones comes back to wagon, gets out toy house, and gives it to Beggar 3)*

Mr. Jones: It's okay! Really! I'll enjoy the company. The key's in the flowerbed. I'll see you this evening. Make yourself at home. *(Beggar 3 hurries off stage as Mr. Jones moves forward with nearly empty wagon)*

Other angel: *(Softly, marveling)* A new mansion for Mr. Jones! He reminds me of our Lord! *(Angel 1 smiles, writes)*

Beggar 1 comes back on stage, sees the two men, and crosses to them.

Beggar 1: Sir, I appreciate your offer to pick us up. I forgot to ask. What do people in your church wear to services?

Mr. Jones: Whatever you have is fine. Why?

Beggar 1: These clothes are all I have. You won't be embarrassed if I come like this, will you?.

Mr. Jones: Does it bother you?

Beggar 1: *(Hem haws around, runs finger under collar)* Sort of.

Mr. Jones: *(Brings out sport coat, emptying wagon in process)* We're the same size. Just wear this.

Beggar 1: If you're sure it's not a problem. Thanks again. See you on Sunday. *(He leaves)*

Other angel: And a new white robe! *(Angel 1 nods and writes)*

Mr. Doe: Now what will you wear on Sunday?

Mr. Jones: What I have is fine. Not sure it matters, anyway. I'm so tired, though. Think I will lay down and rest a while *(More falls than lies down, releasing empty wagon, sending it away from him. Then he lies still)*

Mr. Doe: Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones! *(Gets agitated)* Mr. Jones? Oh, my heart! *(Sits on curb, holds chest)* Oh my, that hurts. I feel like I'm gonna pass out. Buncha beggars around. Think I'll hang on tight to this. So no one can steal it. *(Grabs hold of wagon handle with both hands, lies down, lies still)*

Lights fade away to nothing. Come back up. Wagons and Mr. Doe are gone. Mr. Jones stands beside angels' table, looking bewildered.

Other angel: Welcome home, Mr. Jones! *(Shakes hand, hands him a white robe)* Once you've changed, your chariot and driver will take you to your mansion. You'll be comfortable here. You fit right in!

Mr. Jones: What about my friend, Mr. Doe? Last thing I remember, he seemed to be having a heart attack. Must have survived it.

Angel: Actually, he died. Sorry to tell you that. We wanted to bring him here. But you can't let anything corruptible into heaven. And all of his treasures. The ones that'll turn to rust? He just wouldn't let go.

Lights fade to nothing.