

KNOCK KNOCK

By Rod

Based on Revelation 3: 14-22 where Jesus says He is standing at the door and knocking.

CAST

Wilma Wife of Harry
Harry Husband of Wilma
Jesus A caller

There is a 'door' to left of stage so Jesus can enter, knock and converse from the door. Could be a wooden pulpit or lectern. Harry is seated reading the paper. Wilma is busying herself – perhaps ironing or cooking.

Enter Jesus who knocks on door.

Wilma Was that the door?

Harry What?

Wilma I heard knocking.

Harry It's probably the central heating. I've been meaning to bleed some of the radiators. I think there's an airlock. It's playing up.

Wilma Too right it is. You can't get cold water out of the cold tap nor hot water out of the hot tap, you just get lukewarm water from both.

Harry All right, I'll have a look at it.

Wilma *[Muttering to herself]* Or get a plumber in, that would be better. Someone who actually knows what he is doing. *[Jesus knocks on door again]*. There it goes again. I reckon it is the door.

Harry Well it's a blooming antisocial time to call – when folks have just got in from work and want to relax.

Wilma *[Going to door]* It is probably a charity, they always call at this time because they know people will be in.

Harry Well if they are collecting for an old people's home – tell them they can have your mother.

- Wilma *[Opening door to Jesus]* Hello, are you from a charity?
- Jesus In a manner of speaking, yes.
- Wilma *[To Harry]* It is a bloke from a charity, Harry.
- Harry Typical! Tell him we already give to Help For Heroes and so he can clear off.
- Wilma *[To Jesus]* I guess you heard what my husband said.
- Jesus But I am not here to take money from you. No, quite the reverse - since you are so poor.
- Wilma You what?
- Harry What is he saying, Wilma?
- Wilma He says we are poor and so need charity.
- Harry *[Irate. Rising from chair and going to join Wilma.]* What a nerve. Look sunshine, I don't know what you have heard, but we are rich. We have acquired our wealth by good honest hard work. We do not need a thing, and we certainly do not need your charity.
- Jesus But I can offer you gold refined in the fire which will make you rich in ways you cannot imagine.
- Harry Oh I get it. It's one of those 'Make you a millionaire' scams. Listen, we weren't born yesterday, and we are not falling for that one.
- Jesus But you are also wretched, pitiful, blind and naked.
- Wilma Naked? I hope not.
- Jesus I can offer you clothes to wear.
- Harry Do we look like a charity shop. Take your cast-offs to Oxfam – they have got a branch just round the corner.
- Jesus But the clothes I will give you are the very finest. You will be dressed like royalty.

- Wilma Ooh, that sounds good. I fancy a new dress. I haven't had one for ages. But what was that you said about being blind?
- Jesus I have salve for your eyes which will enable you to see me as I truly am.
- Harry I can see exactly who you are matey – a conman. Now clear off before I call the police.
- Jesus But do you not want me to come in and eat with you, and you with me?
- Wilma Well the supper is just about ready, and there is plenty for all of us.
- Harry *[To Wilma] Have you gone crazy, woman? If we take a beggar in off the streets we'll have them all lined up to join the queue. I am not having my house turned into a soup kitchen. [To Jesus] The answer is 'No'. Now goodnight. [Slams door. Jesus stays there while others go back into the house, Harry to sit down and Wilma back to ironing board.]*
- Wilma Oh but he seemed such a nice, gentle man.
- Harry 'Gentleman of the road' more like. A homeless chancer if ever I saw one. You are lucky I was on hand to save you, Wilma.
- Wilma Maybe, Harry. *[Jesus knocks on door again] And there again, maybe not. [She looks wistfully at door wondering whether to go and open it. Harry has his head buried in the paper.]*

THE END