

LOST AND FOUND

By Rod

Based on Luke 15 vv 8-10. Mum has lost her purse. She enters the room (perhaps the kitchen) where her family are sitting round the table engrossed in eating/reading/etc.

CAST

Mum Mildred
Dad George
Daughter Tabitha
Son Sam
Neighbour Audrey

Mum Has anyone seen my purse?

Dad *[Not looking up]* No.

Son *[Not looking up]* No.

Daughter *[Showing a little concern]* Which one?

Mum The black one. *[She starts to move things on the table looking for the purse. She lifts up son's magazine]* I can't for the life of me remember where I left it.

Son Hey, I was reading that.

Mum Well, I'm looking for my purse. Are you sure you haven't seen it?

Son *[Cross]* No, I haven't.

Mum Aren't any of you going to help me? There won't be any food in this house unless I find my purse. It's got all my cash in it, not to mention my credit cards, storecards, cashcard...

Dad OK, OK. Where was the last place you had it?

Mum If I knew that it wouldn't be lost would it? What a stupid question.

Daughter *[Calming her Mum]* Mum, when was the last time you remember having it?

Mum *[Pausing to think]* I remember having it at Sainsbury's when I nipped in yesterday to buy some more milk because we'd nearly run out. We do get

through it at such a rate. Always shopping, I am. It's like feeding an army of locusts with you lot....

- Daughter *[Interrupting]* Did you have it with you in the car?
- Mum Yes, I think so. Yes – I remember putting it on the dashboard when I turned on the radio to listen to Terry Wogan. Only it wasn't Terry Wogan because he's on holiday.
- Dad He's always on holiday.
- Son Perhaps it's still there. I'll go and look. *[Gets up]*
- Mum No, I distinctly remember bringing it in. I had the milk in one hand and the purse in the other. I had to put the milk down to get the key in the door.
- Daughter Good, now we're getting somewhere. Try to visualise yourself at the front door. What did you do with the purse when you came in?
- Mum I recall thinking, "I'll put it in a safe place so that I'll be sure to remember".
- Dad Great! We've cracked it! Where was that safe place?
- Mum I've forgotten.
- Dad *[In despair]* Oh, for goodness sake.
- Son *[Finding handbag hanging on back of his chair]* Did you put it in your handbag? That's where you keep everything else.
- Mum No, I've checked.
- Son Are you sure? *[Looking inside bag]* It could easily have slipped down to the bottom. There's so much clutter in here. *[Starts to rifle through, producing items in turn]* Sunglasses, keys, tissues, pen, tights, spare pair of knickers....
- Mum *[Grabbing handbag]* Will you stop that! Those are my personal possessions. I told you, I've already checked in there.
- Dad We're not getting very far. Can you give us any more clues?
- Mum *[Cross]* No, I can't. There's nothing else for it, we'll have to organise a search.

Son *[Sarcastic]* Oh, great!

Mum George, you look over there. *[Pointing to right]*

Dad Righto, dear. *[Starts search]*

Mum Tabitha, you look over there. *[Points to left]*

Daughter OK, Mum. *[Starts search]*

Mum And Sam – you look on the floor. Take this torch to help you. *[Produces torch from pocket/handbag/drawer of table/???)*

Son *[Sarcastic]* Terrific! I thought it would end up with me grovelling around on my hands and knees. *[Takes torch and starts to search on ground. Knock at door. Mum goes to door to let in neighbour]*

Mum Oh, hello Audrey, how are you?

Audrey *[Looking around]* Hello, Mildred, luv. What’s going on here then? Are you playing hunt the thimble?

Daughter *[Looking up from search]* No, we’re playing hunt for mother’s lost purse.

Audrey Oh dear, have you lost it? How annoying. I hate it when you lose things.

Son *[From floor]* We hate it when she loses things as well.

Audrey Don’t worry. I’ll help you look. You know what they say, “Lost things always turn up in the last place you look”. *[Audrey joins the search. Mum goes to table and feels in her pockets]*

Mum Wait; I’ve remembered where I left it! *[Others all freeze]* It was in my pocket all along. *[Produces purse and holds it up. Dad, Daughter and Audrey turn to look at her in astonishment. Sam, who is by now under the table sits up, banging his head on the table]*

Dad Alleluia!

Daughter Well done, Mum.

Audrey See, I said it would turn up.

Son *[Rubbing his head]* Ow, my head.

Mum Oh, thank you everyone. *[Rushing to Sam who is emerging from under the table.]* Are you all right dear? Your poor head.

Son I'll live.

Daughter Luckily it was only his head – nowhere near his brain.

Mum This calls for a celebration. George, have we got any sherry?

George I think we may have a drop or two left.

Mum Audrey, will you join me?

Audrey Well it's only 10 o'clock and I don't usually drink before lunchtime. But since it's a special occasion – yes, I will. *[George pours drinks for Audrey, Mildred and himself. They are standing together behind the table. Son and daughter are seated at either end – not given drinks]*

Son Mothers, who'd have 'em?

Daughter Yes, Sam, but just think where you'd be without yours.

Mum Go on, George, propose a toast.

Dad Oh, right. *[Thinking]* I know. "To the elusive purse; once it was lost but now it's been found".

All To the elusive purse; once it was lost but now it's been found.

THE END