

# SAVE IT FOR SUNDAY

By Rod

*This sketch is based on 2 Timothy 3 vv 1-5. The words of these verses are interspersed with action to illustrate their meaning.*

*The scene is the bedroom of a married couple who are preparing to go out. Jean is seated at a dressing table, looking into a mirror as she 'does her face'. Ron is standing by another table, on which is his bulging wallet.*

## CAST

Ron                *The husband*  
Jean               *His wife*  
Kylie              *Their teenage daughter*  
Narrator

Narrator        But mark this: There will be terrible times in the last days.

Jean              *[Who is preening herself in the mirror]* Oh no, I've got a couple of grey hairs. I'll have to get some more henna. Still, I reckon I don't look bad for a woman of my age.

Narr              People will be lovers of themselves...

Ron               *[Who is holding a bank statement]* You look gorgeous, my darling. And this bank balance doesn't look bad either. That little deal I clinched last week has paid off very nicely, very nicely indeed.

Narr              ...lovers of money, ...

Ron               Do you know, Jean, I reckon by this time next year I'll be a millionaire. Just you watch me.

Narr              ... boastful....

Jean              That'll be great, Ron. And talking of round figures, did you see Betty Bowles the other day? She hasn't half put on some weight. Not like me, of course. I've still got what it takes to turn heads – for all the right reasons.  
*[Stands up to admire her figure in the mirror]*

Narr              ... proud ..

Ron               *[Going over to her and putting his arms around her]* You certainly have, my lovely. I still have to keep a careful watch on you. *[Enter Kylie. She looks embarrassed to see them cuddling]*

Kylie *[Coughs to attract their attention. They pull apart.]* Hem,hem. Can I have £10, dad? I'm meeting some friends in town later and we thought we might go to the cinema....

Ron *[Ignoring request. Unpleasantly sarcastic]* Oh, hello, look what the cat's dragged in. Whatever are you wearing, my girl. You look as if you're dressed to go on the streets and sell The Big Issue. What a sight for sore eyes.

Narr .. abusive...

Kylie Very funny, dad, but can I have £10?

Ron No you can't. And I'm certainly not letting you out of this house dressed like that. Go and get changed at once.

Kylie *[Angry]* No, I won't. I'll dress just how I like, when I like.

Narr ... disobedient to their parents...

Jean Don't talk to your father like that, Kylie.

Kylie Why not?

Ron I'll tell you why not, my girl. Your mother and I have invested a lot of time and money in bringing you up. We've made huge sacrifices for you, young lady.

Kylie Huh, what sacrifices? Don't make me laugh.

Narr .. ungrateful ...

Ron How dare you! You've got a heck of a cheek. Keep a civil tongue in your mouth or you'll be sorry. By golly you will!

Narr .. unholy ..

Kylie Uh, I hate you! *[Turns to exit]*

Ron And I'm not to keen on you, you little minx!

Narr ... unloving ..

Ron That girl; she really gets my goat. *[Walking to front of stage as if looking out of the window]*

Jean Yes I know, dear, I had noticed.

Ron *[As if peering out of window. Sarcastic]* Oh hello, there goes our charming, lovely neighbour. Seeing as how it's Sunday I expect he's off down the garden to light another of his smoky bonfires. He ruined our barbecue last week and I bet he did it deliberately.

Jean He did say he was sorry .. and gave us a bottle of wine as a peace offering.

Ron Huh, a hollow gesture if you ask me.

Narr .. unforgiving ...

Jean I wouldn't be too hard on him if I were you, dear. He's probably worried about his wife. *[She moves across to join him at the window]*

Ron How do you mean?

Jean Well, judging by the number of male visitors she has when he's out playing football, she doesn't take her marriage vows too seriously. *[In background Kylie is tiptoeing across stage to Ron's wallet]*

Ron You mean she plays away when he plays away?

Jean Precisely.

Narr .. slanderous ... *[Kylie has reached wallet and is removing money. Ron turns and sees her]*

Ron *[Rushing towards Kylie]* Hey, leave that alone! *[Grabs wallet and pushes her way]*

Narr ... without self-control ..

Ron You little thief. I'll teach you a lesson. *[Slaps her across the face]*

Narr .. brutal ..

Jean *[Intervening between the two]* Stop it, Ron. How can you assault your own daughter? It's not right.

Ron Daughter! She's nothing but a common pickpocket. *[He turns and goes off in a huff towards the window. Resumes staring out]*

Narr .. not lovers of the good ..

Jean *[Consoling Kylie]* There, there, Kylie. Don't you worry about your father. I'll give you the money.

Narr .. treacherous ..

Jean *[Conspiratorial]* In fact, I've a better idea... *[Gestures 'hush' to Kylie, sneaks across and removes £10 from Ron's wallet – then changes mind and takes £20. Gives to Kylie. They giggle]*

Narr ... rash ..

Kylie Thanks, mum. *[Exit Kylie]*

Ron *[Returning from window. Pompous]* I reckon she's learned her lesson. You have to be firm when dealing with children otherwise they turn into spoilt brats. We could teach some of these 'modern' parents a thing or two. I reckon we're pretty good parents, you and I.

Narr .. conceited ..

Jean I suppose so, dear, but do you think you were a little heavy handed?

Ron Maybe. I tell you what; let's have a megaparty next weekend and tell Kylie she can invite all her friends.

Jean Oh, yes, let's. It'll be great fun. I love a chance to have a good time.

Ron And we'll have a really loud disco. Kylie will enjoy that – and it will also annoy that prat of a neighbour of ours. That'll get him back for his bonfires.

Narr .. lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God...

Jean It sounds fantastic, Ron, but have you seen the time? It's nearly 10.30. *[Shouts off stage]* Kylie, hurry up. We'll be late for church. *[Enter Kylie]*

Kylie Do we have to go?

Jean Of course we do, it's Sunday.

Ron And why do you think your mother is so dolled up?

Kylie But it's so boring.

Jean Nonsense, dear, all your friends will be there. And we'll probably sing some nice hymns. You like singing don't you?

Kylie I suppose so.

Jean It'll be fun.

Ron Yes, of course it will. Just as long as the vicar doesn't preach one of his sermons about how 'Christianity is not just for Sundays'. What does he know about living in the real world? Christianity's not much use when you're trying to become a millionaire.

Narr ..- having a form of godliness but denying its power.

*THE END*