

WILL AND GRACE

By Rod

This sketch explores the concept of spiritual blindness. It is based chiefly around the ideas of Mark 8 vv 22-26 where the man of Bethsaida has his sight partially restored before a second application of spittle and mud does the trick. Will gradually has his eyes opened to the full truth and is active in searching for it. Grace on the other hand remains sceptical right up to the end!

CAST

*Will Middle-aged or older. Male
Grace His wife. Strong, bossy character.
Fireman Needs to be strong enough to carry Grace off stage – or needs to have some assistant firemen!*

There is a table centre stage. It has a lamp on it which will need to be switched on. Also on it are three pairs of spectacles – dark glasses, and two other pairs later to be worn by Will.

There is a firm persistent knock at the door [Or a doorbell rings if available]. This needs to go on for quite a long time to 'give Will time to get out of bed'. Enter Will, dressed in pyjamas and dressing-gown. He looks dishevelled as if he has just got out of bed having been woken in the middle of the night.

Will [Groping as if in the dark] All right, all right. Keep your hair on. I'm coming as fast as I can. [He bumps into something] Oh ouch. [Shouting to wife off stage] It's hopeless, Grace, I can't see a thing.

Grace [From off stage] Why don't you try switching the light on?

Will What? Oh, the light. Yes, that's a good idea. [Gropes way to table. Switches on standard lamp] Ah, that's better. [To Grace] I've put the light on, Grace.

Grace [Sarcastic] Well done, Will, dear. I should check who it is before you open the door in your pyjamas.

Will What are you talking about Grace? I haven't got a door in my pyjamas.

Grace [Slowly, as if addressing a child] Look out the window to see who it is.

Will Oh right. [Goes to front of stage as if to a window. Peers out, screwing his eyes up] I'm looking out the window, Grace.

Grace What can you see?

Will [Deliberately] Er.... There's a whole load of trees walking around.

Grace *[Slowly again]* Have you got your glasses on, dear?

Will What? Oh, glasses. No dear. Where do you think they are?
[Looks around hopelessly]

Grace Where you left them.

Will Right. *[Pause while he continues to dither hopelessly]* Where was that, dear?

Grace *[Deliberately]* On the table, by the lamp.

Will Oh, thanks Grace. *[Goes to table. Picks up sunglasses and puts on – goes ‘blind’ with these. Takes them on. Picks up another pair and puts them on.]* Ah, that’s better. *[To Grace]* I’ve put my glasses on, Grace. I’m going back to the window.

Grace What can you see?

Will They weren’t trees walking about, Grace.

Grace *[sarcastic]* You don’t say.

Will They were people; there are lots of men walking around, and several flashing red lights. It’s probably carol singers.

Grace *[Enter Grace in dressing gown. She is carrying a rolling-pin and clearly ‘means business’!]* What do you mean “carol singers” – it’s the middle of August. Let me have a look. *[Pushes Will aside to look out of window]* They’re not flashing red lights – they’re flashing blue lights, you fool. You really are hopeless, Will.

Will I can’t help being colour-blind.

Grace *[To herself]* That’s not all you can’t help. *[Knocking at door resumes. To Will.]* You’d better go and see who it is.

Will *[Will going to ‘door’]* Who is it? *[Looking at watch]* You realise it’s three o’clock in the morning. *[Reaches ‘door’ and ushers fireman into ‘hall’.* The next conversation is therefore unheard and unseen by Grace]

Fireman I’m from the fire brigade.

Will The fire brigade? Are you? *[Peers at him]*

Fireman *[Surprised not to be recognised as a fireman as he is in uniform]* Yes – can’t you see? *[Shows uniform, etc]*

Will *[Squints, removes glasses to peer at fireman]* It's no good; these are my reading glasses. Hang on a minute while I go and fetch my other pair. *[Will returns to table leaving fireman in 'hall'.]*

Grace Who is it, Will?

Will He says he's a fireman.

Grace Well is he?

Will I don't know, I can't see him properly; I've only got my reading glasses on.

Grace You are hopeless. What do you think he wants?

Will *[He is groping around on the table searching for reading glasses]* I don't know. He probably wants a contribution towards the Firemen's benevolent Fund or something.

Grace *[Brandishing her rolling pin]* I'll give him a contribution all right. Waking people in the middle of the night.

Will *[Finally having put on 'distance' glasses.]* Ah, that's better.

Grace Be careful, Will, don't let him con you out of any money.

Will I wasn't born yesterday. *[Returns to 'hall']*

Grace No, more's the pity. *[To self]* If only I could trade him in for a newer model..... I wonder if Brad Pitt's got bored of that Jennifer Aniseed yet... *(Will need updating!!)*

Will *[To fireman]* Sorry about that. Oh, yes, I can see quite clearly now – you are a fireman.

Fireman Yes, sir, and I've come to rescue you.

Will Rescue me? What are you talking about?

Fireman The next door house is on fire – and you are in great danger.

Will Great danger?

Fireman Yes, hadn't you noticed the smoke?

Will Well, I did smell something – but the wife's not a great cook, and our extractor fan's broken, so I didn't like to mention it. *[He turns to look at Grace, who is still wielding her rolling pin, and fireman follows his gaze]*

Fireman I see what you mean, sir. But that is why the air is so hazy. And you do need to evacuate your home.

Will Surely that can't be necessary; a little bit of smoke won't do us any harm. I've got quite used to it. We have a lot of flambéed food: chips flambé, beef burgers flambé, scrambled egg on toast flambé, ...

Fireman *[Interrupting]* But the house next door is ablaze – and the fire could easily spread here.

Will It can't be that bad.

Fireman Come and have a look. *[He beckons man to door to look outside]*

Will *[Unwilling]* Oh very well. But I do need my beauty sleep, and my wife certainly needs hers. *[From off stage. Suddenly realising]* Great fires of London! It's an inferno! I must tell my wife. *[He rushes in. Agitated. Urgent.]* Grace, Grace, you've got to get out of the house right away. It could burn down any minute.

Grace I thought you said you weren't born yesterday. He's obviously a conman, who wants to lure us out of the house, and then burgle it.

Will No, Grace, it's true. I've seen the fire. It's amazing, Grace.

Grace Will, have you gone religious or something – or are you just delirious? I told you to lay off that homebrew cider, but no, you would insist on finishing the bottle.

Will But I tell you, I've seen it with my very own eyes.

Grace What, Will, you mean your very own astigmatic, long-sighted, colour-blind eyes. Huh. Some recommendation. I won't budge from my home unless a great big strong burly fireman comes and carries me out.
[Will turns to fireman who has followed him in. They nod to each other. Fireman strides in and picks up Grace in fireman's lift]

Grace *[Protesting loudly]* Put me down. Put me down you great big strong burly fireman. *[Fireman pauses]* What am I saying? *[Happily]* Don't put me down, you great big strong burly fireman.

Will *[To audience]* Well, they do say "seeing is believing", and, as I've always found "where there's a will there's a way".

THE END