

WITHOUT RESERVATION

By Rod

Based on Matthew 7 vv 21-23 and ideas from Revelation about The Book Of Life, this sketch considers how we may obtain access to Heaven.

CAST

<i>Receptionist</i>	<i>Male or female</i>
<i>Mary Faithfull</i>	<i>Humble, quiet.</i>
<i>Arthur Pratt</i>	<i>Confident, loud</i>
<i>The Lord</i>	<i>The voice of Jesus</i>

The scene is the reception of The King's Rest Hotel. The Receptionist is behind the counter. Enter Mary. Followed a little later by Tony but they are clearly not together. Tony is carrying two heavy suitcases.

Rec Good morning, Madam. Welcome to The King's Rest Hotel. How may I help you?

Mary Good morning. I think a reservation has been made for me.

Rec Very good, Madam. Please bear with me while I check in The Book. What was the name?

Mary Mary Faithfull.

Rec *[Looking in Book]* Mary Faithfull. Let me see.... Faith, Faithfull. Yes, here we are. Mary Faithfull of 25 Acacia Gardens, Cheltenham?

Mary Yes, that's right. That's me. Oh, what a relief! That is good news. I've had such a hard journey.

Rec Well, you can relax now. I think you'll find everything you want here at The King's Rest Hotel.... and all our rooms enjoy heavenly views.

Mary That sounds wonderful.

Rec *[Handing a card]* Your room number is written on this card. The rooms are right through that door.

Mary Don't I need a key?

Rec What do you think?

Mary No, of course not. Not here. How silly of me.

Rec Have a nice stay.

Mary I'm sure I will. *[Exit Mary. Arthur moves up to reception]*

Rec Good morning, sir. Welcome to The King's Rest Hotel. How may I help you?

Arthur I've made a reservation. The name's Pratt, Arthur Pratt.

Rec *[Looking in Book doubtfully]* Let me just check in The Book. A.Pratt – I don't recall the name.

Arthur While your checking me in could you call for a porter. I've got rather a lot of luggage.

Rec Oh, we don't have any porters , sir.

Arthur Don't have any porters! How ridiculous. You must have porters.

Rec No, sir. You see we don't need any porters because our guests don't bring any baggage with them. They leave it all behind.

Arthur Well I've got lots of baggage.*[Resignedly]* I suppose I'll just have to carry it myself – as I've always done. *[Pause.]* Now, what about my reservation? Have you found it yet?

Rec No, sir, your name does not appear to be in the Book.

Arthur But it must be. I made the reservation myself. I sent two emails, four faxes and several letters of confirmation – just to be on the safe side. You must have received them.

Rec Ah, now I see what the problem is.

Arthur What's that?

Rec You can't actually make reservations for yourself. They have to be made for you.

Arthur Oh, you mean you need references? I quite understand. You don't want any old riff raff wandering in.

Rec Not exactly, sir,

Arthur *[Interrupting]* I think I can provide the references you need. *[Producing photo]* I've got a picture here of me with Cliff Richard. Or should I say, Sir Cliff Richard. It was taken at a charity do I was organising. We raised over twenty thousand pounds on one evening. I thought the picture might come in handy so I got Cliff to sign it. *[Points to photo]* I'm sure he'll vouch for me.

Rec I'm afraid Cliff can't make the reservation for you.

Arthur Can't he? I thought he was well in here. *[To himself]* That was a wasted evening then. *[To receptionist]* Oh well, who can make the reservation for me?

Rec There's only one person - the owner of the hotel himself. The Lord.

Arthur Of course. How stupid of me. Could you just give him a ring and tell him I'm here?

Rec There's no point. He won't let you in.

Arthur Nonsense. I used to visit the Lord's house regularly. I've always been a supporter of his. He's bound to remember me. I'm sure it's just an administrative error.

Rec The Lord doesn't make administrative errors.

Arthur No, quite. But you let that woman before me in. I don't like to boast but I think I've got more reason to be here than her. I remember her. All she ever did was spend her life on her knees.

Rec I'm very sorry, sir, but if your name is not already written in The Book it's too late.

Arthur Rubbish. I insist on speaking to the Lord. Please get him on the telephone for me. I shan't budge until you do.

Rec *[Picking up telephone]* Very well, sir, if you insist but I assure you it's a waste of time. *[Dials]*

Arthur *[Muttering to himself. Receptionist is talking quietly on the 'phone]* What a state of affairs. Even the Lord can't get decent staff. No porters and incompetent receptionists. *[Receptionist hands him the 'phone at this point. Mutters as takes 'phone.]*

Jesus *[Speaking through P.A. system]* Hello. This is the Lord speaking.

Arthur Ah, hello Lord. Lord, it's Arthur Pratt here. You remember me. I don't need to remind you, I'm sure, of all those things I did in your name. But now there seems to be some problem over my reservation. My name doesn't appear to be written in the Book.

Jesus I don't know you.

Arthur But you must remember me.

Jesus I tell you plainly, I never knew you. *[Arthur is totally shocked. Hands telephone to Receptionist, picks up baggage and trudges off dejectedly]*

THE END