

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT THERE?

by Stephen D. Larson

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: During an episode of Antiques on the Road, three guests bring in their items for appraisal with happy and not-so-happy results. However, the last person has in her possession an item that is far more valuable than meets the eye a necklace with a small wooden cross.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Although the first and last items brought in for appraisal are valuable, the Appraiser's real enthusiasm should be for the cross and what it represents.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 4

TOPIC: Easter, Christian Living

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Ephesians 1:4, Matthew 25:34

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter, Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

APPRAISER—Very knowledgeable about the value of antiques, as well as the value of a relationship with Christ
BILL SHABBY—odd little English fellow
EVA HAGANDASS—loud Texas gal
LINDA DANVERS—young woman who brings in a small jeweled box for appraisal

PROPS: Small table, unusual statue of a figure, large plate with gold rim, small jeweled box, necklace with small wooden cross, eye loupe for Appraiser

COSTUMES: Character appropriate

SOUND: Four wireless mics

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: The set of Antiques on the Road

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A small table is set up downstage with a small statuette on it. BILL SHABBY stands near the table, looking around with a goggle-eyed stare, like he's a few fries short of a Happy Meal. As the lights come up, the APPRAISER is at stage left.

APPRAISER: Welcome back to Antiques on the Road. That was rather a unique item we had just before the break—a chair that goes back to Louis the 15th. But I feel certain that if Mr. Murgatroyd pays his bill, Louis will let him keep the chair. Anyway, on to our next anxious guest. Mr. Shabby, isn't it?

SHABBY: *(Thick and strange English accent)* That's right, that's right, Bill Shabby.

APPRAISER: And where are you from, Mr. Shabby?

SHABBY: Oh, Just-a-Little-Spot-on-the-Map.

APPRAISER: And what is the name of this quaint little town?

SHABBY: That's it. Just-a-Little-Spot-on-the-Map. It's about 40 kilometers northwest of London. You go to Puddleby-on-Thames on the A232, take a left just past the Marquis o' Granby pub. If you come on Thursday, mind that you don't hit the pig in the road. He's always there on Thursdays; nobody knows why and go straight on through Little-Snodgrass-by-the-Mill for about another five kilometers and there it is.

APPRAISER: Well...Mr. Shabby...

SHABBY: Call me Stinky. All my pals do.

APPRAISER: Anyway, Mr. Shabby, let's have a look at what you've brought in today.

SHABBY hands him the odd-looking statue. The APPRAISER eyes it critically with his jeweler's loupe.

APPRAISER: H'mm. Interesting. Do you have any idea what you've got there, Mr. Shabby?

SHABBY: Well, yeah, it's a statue of some kind. I was cleaning out the muck pit a few years back and just dug it up. I've been keeping it out in the shed with the goats. I think they like it. I wouldn't even be thinking about selling it only me Gran wants to patch the hole in the roof so her color telly won't get wet when it rains. Makes sparks and scares the parrot, so then he starts stutterin'. *(Imitating a parrot)* P-p-p-polly wants a c-c-c-cracker! Gets on your nerves after a while.

APPRAISER: I can see how it would. Anyway, Mr. Shabby, what you have here, to all appearances, is an original Smythe-Smythe-Portenborough statuette.