

THE INVESTMENT

by Dave Tippett

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: Mr. and Mrs. Servante' bring their treasure to a man who claims he can double their money. Mrs. Servante' becomes skeptical, however, when she finds out what "Mr. Talent" is suggesting they do with their treasure.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: This script will allow for a little "over-the-top" acting, so make big choices and encourage your actors to have fun with the characters.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 3

TOPIC: Stewardship

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 25:14-30

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

MR. SERVANTE'— thirtysomething

MRS. SERVANTE'— thirtysomething

MR. TALENT—older man (could also be portrayed by an older woman)

PROPS: Desk, three chairs, laptop computer, overfilled duffel bag, purse for Mrs. Servante'

COSTUMES: All dressed in contemporary clothing. Mr. Talent should be dressed professionally.

SOUND: Three wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: An office

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At curtain, we see a desk center stage with two chairs on either side, and a third chair behind the desk. There is an open laptop computer on the desk.

MR. SERVANTE': *(Enters stage right, looking back offstage)* Honey, you coming or what?! *(Goes to desk area and paces nervously, constantly looking at his watch, wringing his hands)*

MRS. SERVANTE': *(Enters stage right, hauling a large duffel-like bag apparently full of something bulky and heavy—her purse is slung over her shoulder.)* You—you just go on ahead there, dear. *(Grunt/groan)* Don't—don't mind me. Ouch. I...I think I just pulled, like, my entire torso. *(More groans)* Didn't know you could get a muscle cramp in your fingernails. I...I never would have been good as one of those people dragging out the dead bodies on the street during the Dark Ages. *(Looking for him to laugh)* Dark Ages. *(Nothing; he's not paying attention, and he continues to walk around nervously, rubbing his hands constantly and looking at his watch. Finally:)* Hey! Rain man! You wannahelp me here??

MR. SERVANTE': Huh? Oh, I'm sorry, honey! *(He goes back to her—she starts to hand over the duffel bag, but he takes her purse instead and walks back to the desk.)*

MRS. SERVANTE': *(Dripping with sarcasm)* Swell. That makes all the difference. *(Goes back to dragging the duffel bag—speaks in a gruff, cockney voice while pretending to ring a hand bell)* Bring out yer dead! Bring out yer dead!

MR. SERVANTE': *(Still ignoring her)* Yes, dear, we're both dead tired. *(Looking at watch again)* I thought Mr. Talent would be here by now.

MRS. SERVANTE': *(Has dragged the bag to the desk now, and sits down on it, exhausted)* Uhhh. Finally. So, what's with this fancy- shmancy investment banker your brother sent us to? He's not even on time for our appointment. After he makes us drag all of our assets *(Referring to the duffel bag)*—in cash no less—up here? If this is another one of your brother's crazy schemes, Phil...

MR. SERVANTE': No, no, Jill, this is legit. He promised.

MRS. SERVANTE': *(Snorts, stands, and stretches)* Yeah, right, like that new kids' game he wanted us to invest in—think it was called something like, "Punch It! The Railroad Crossing Game!" Or his invention he needed money for. Yeah, remember his "Tub Toaster"?

MR. SERVANTE': They could have worked! He just needed more—

MRS. SERVANTE': *(Kicks duffel bag)* Cash?

MR. SERVANTE': Yeah! *(Now more sheepish)* Er, yeah.