

My Two Cents

By Doug Irving & Gary Randolph



Theme and Purpose

I once drove into the parking lot of a church and noticed that the pastor had a reserved parking spot near the door. At our church the pastors all park in the furthest spots, leaving the close spots for visitors. I found myself smugly thinking that our church was more spiritual – until I realized that my smug pride could become a sin, too. No matter who we are, it is easy to criticize the speck in other's eyes while we fail to see the log in our own eyes. Our two cents is that we all need to get over ourselves and love people more like Christ does.

Cast list	Widow – older woman Rich Man – middle aged man Young Mother – young woman (early thirties) Teenage boy – could be dressed a little unconventionally Pastor – voice over only
Approximate Running Time	7 minutes
Scene Description	It is a Sunday morning worship service. The four are sitting in a pew in order of their speaking parts.
Prop List	Offering plate, two pennies, checkbook, tithing envelope, dollar, four worship folders
Other Production Notes	If your staging allows for spotlights, light each speaker during his or her monologue while dimming the lights on the other actors. Consider pre-recording the beginning monologues of each character and playing them while characters pantomime thinking those words. In the last line, customize MCL to the name of a local senior-friendly restaurant.
Related Scriptures	Mark 12:41-44, Luke 6:37, 1 Cor 12 & 13
Song Suggestions	Lord, I Give You My Heart; Brothers Keeper (Rich Mullins), We Are United (Brooklyn Tabernacle)

As sketch opens the people on the pew are singing a hymn. They finish and close the hymnals.

Pastor (voice-over from offstage):

As you pass the offering plate, greet each other in the name of Christ.

Widow picks up offering plate from beside pew. The other three pantomime greeting each other as Widow holds two pennies in her hand and looks between them and the offering plate.

All four freeze. Widow faces front and looks down at offering plate. Then looking up toward audience...

Widow:

Two pennies. Lord, this isn't much. But it's the end of the month, and things haven't been going so well. You said to bring the whole tithe into the storehouse. My whole tithe this week is based on change I found in the couch. Here it is... for what it's worth.

Widow places two pennies in the offering plate and passes plate to Rich Man as other three unfreeze.

Widow (to Rich Man):

Good morning. Peace of Christ to you.

Rich Man (answering and taking plate):

Peace of Christ to you.

All four freeze. Rich Man faces front and looks down at offering plate. Then looking up toward audience...

Rich Man:

Two pennies? The poor woman. Lord, it really makes me realize how much you have blessed me. I thank you for all you have given me. I thank you that you have blessed me so much that I can give you a good sum of money and still live a very, very comfortable lifestyle. Yes, Lord, thank you that you have made me... me... with all my talents and skills... that I can earn money and give you some of it. And as for that poor woman, Lord, I pray that you would give her some drive and initiative to do better for herself.

Rich Man tears a check from his checkbook and drops it in the offering plate and passes plate to Young Mother as other three unfreeze.

Rich Man (to Young Mother):

Good morning. Peace of Christ to you.

Young Mother (answering and taking plate):

Peace of Christ to you.

Young Mother places a tithing envelope in the offering plate as the other three freeze.

Young Mother:

I can't believe that man was looking down on that poor woman's offering. I saw the look on his face. Lord, I thank you that I'm not judgmental like he is. Besides, I got a glance at that check, and I really don't think he gave even ten percent. He's a doctor, for crying out loud. Ten percent of his Friday morning maybe. Lord, I'm so glad I tithe a full ten percent, no more, no less. I calculate it out to the penny. I can't believe that guy.

Young Mother (to Teenager as the others unfreeze):

Good morning. Peace of Christ to you.

Teenager (answering and taking plate):

Peace, dude...ette.

Other three freeze.

Teenager:

Well, God, here's my dollar. It's not much, but it's ten percent of my crummy allowance. (*looks down the pew at the others*) Man, I can't believe I got stuck in this pew with these old folks.

Young Mother glares at him. Teenager notices and does a double take.

Teenager:

Dude, I think I said that out loud.

Young Mother:

You bet you said that out loud, (*sarcastically*) dude! Who are you calling old? I'll have you know that I'm thirty-three.

Teenager:

Whoa! That was like Jesus' whole life. Dude! That's, like, twice as old as I am! Yeah, you're totally old!

Young Mother:

Well, I don't appreciate your attitude. Besides, I'm not old like that guy! (*Points to Rich Man*)

Rich Man:

Hey!

Teenager:

Now who's being judgmental?

Widow:

Now, dear...

Young Mother (*to Widow*):

Stay out of this. (*continuing to Teenager*) And did you see the way he was looking at that poor widow's offering? And he didn't even put in that much himself.

Teenager:

Whoa! And a gossip, too!

Young Mother (*Defensively*):

I am not a gossip! I'm just... (*weakly*) concerned about his... spiritual condition...

Rich Man:

What?

Teenager (to Rich Man):

Dude, she just totally dissed on you and your offering!
(looks down at offering plate) Whoa. That check is pretty puny for a rich guy.

Rich Man (to teenager):

Well, not all my income is disposable like yours. Or those clothes for that matter.

Widow:

Well, if you want my two cents.

Other Three (together):

Stay out of this.

Rich Man (to Teenager):

Why don't you get a job and see what it's like. And get a haircut while you're at it.

Teenager lunges across Young Mother at Rich Man. Pastor's voice stops them in their tracks.

Pastor (voice-over from offstage):

Now join with your brothers and sisters in the responsive reading printed in your worship folder.

All four find their worship folders and face front piously.

Pastor (continuing):

Now you are the body of Christ, and each one of you is a part of it.

All Four (all but widow looking at each other in an irked manner):

The eye cannot say to the hand, "I don't need you!"

Pastor (voice-over from offstage): If I give all I possess to the poor but have not love, I gain nothing.

All Four (all but widow looking a little guilty):

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered. (During this, each one can do pieces of business to sell the guilt, such as slapping self on forehead or hanging head in shame or looking around sheepishly.)

Rich Man (*to Widow*):
Is it getting hot in here?

Widow:
Shhh!

Pastor (*voice-over from offstage*):
Do not judge, and you will not be judged. Do not condemn,
and you will not be condemned.

All Four:
Forgive, and you will be forgiven.

Pastor (*voice-over from offstage*):
Now join me in a time of silent prayer.

All four bow their heads.

Teenager (*looking up*):
Hey, Jesus, those words are tough. Those people aren't like
me, but I guess they really are my brothers and sisters -
older brothers and sisters. I was too easily angered and
not loving enough. (*overlapping with Young Mother*) Forgive
me...

Teenager bows head.

Young Mother (*looking up*):
Forgive me, Lord. I suppose I have been judgmental. I've
been following all the rules except the rule of love. Teach
me to be forgiving and understanding. (*overlapping with
Rich Man*) Teach me.

Young Mother bows head.

Rich Man (*looking up*):
Teach me, Lord, to give more of my resources - more of
myself. I have given back to you out of my bounty. But I
haven't given my heart. I have been boastful and proud. I
haven't seen these others as equal parts of your Body. Now
I see my spiritual poverty. Lord, (*overlapping with Widow*)
help me.

Rich Man bows head.

Widow (*looking up*):
Help me, Lord, to appreciate everyone in the Body of
Christ. To be patient and loving and kind.

All Four:

Amen.

All four look at each other smiling tentatively.

Rich Man:

Could we all get together after the service? I think I need to ask forgiveness. How about lunch?

Teenager:

Dude, I just gave away my last dollar.

Rich Man:

Hey, my treat. What sounds good?

Teenager:

Pizza! No wait - Mexican! Yeah.

Widow:

Oh, I don't think so.

Teenager:

Stay out of this.

Young Mother elbows Teenager.

Teenager:

I mean.... MCL sounds pretty good to me.

All start talking over each other.

Fade to black

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