

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

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Apple Tithes

By Bob Rictor

Synopsis: A third grade math problem involving apples becomes a lesson in tithing.

Cast:

Teacher - A man of great patience and dedication

Lucy - A nice girl who quickly shows that on the inside she's really a vicious brute

Charlie - A timid little nerd

Patty - The unrequited "teacher's pet"

Other students could be used to fill out the class

Props:

Desks

Four regular sized apples

One enormous apple

A brown paper bag

Papers to hand out

Textbooks

Sound FX:

School Buzzer

Teacher: *(handing papers to Lucy who, in turn, hands them out to the rest of the class and sits down)* Thanks, Lucy. All right, class, you all did pretty well on your quiz, but some of you seem to still be having trouble with everybody's favorite - word problems. So guess what we get to do today?

Class Groans

Teacher: Enough of that. *(Pulls out a brown paper bag and puts four apples on Lucy's desk.)* Lucy, Suppose I give you four apples and I ask you to give one apple to Charlie and two to Patty. How many apples will you have left?

Patty: *(Arm flailing back and forth, seated but practically jumping in her seat)* Oooo! Oooo! I know! I know!

Teacher: No thank you, Patty. Lucy, how many apples would you have?

Lucy: Four

Patty: Ha!

Teacher: No. No. Remember, I asked you to give three of those apples away.

Lucy: I know.

Teacher: OK, then how many apples would you have left?

Lucy: Four

Teacher: No. You can't have four left.

Lucy: Yes I can.

Teacher: No you can't.

Lucy: Yes I can.

Teacher: No you can't.

Lucy: Can to.

Teacher: Cannot.

Lucy: Can too!

Teacher: All righty smarty girl, you tell me. How can you still have four apples left over?

Lucy: `Cause I'm not gonna give those apples away.

Teacher: Excuse me?

Lucy: Apples are my all-time favorite. I love any kind of apple. Red, yellow, green. I love `em in pies. I love caramel apples, candy apples, apple juice. I love it, I love, I love it! And I ain't givin' `em away to nobody no how.

Teacher: But they're not your apples. They're mine.

Lucy: Uh-uh. You gave them to me.

Teacher: I gave them to you so you could give them out to the others.

Lucy: Well, I don't want to. I want to keep the apples for myself. So, there.

Teacher: Wait a second, young lady. Who brought those apples?

Lucy: You did.

Teacher: That's right. I went to the tree in my back yard. I climbed that tree. I picked those apples. I washed those apples. I brought those apples to school, and I gave them to you so that you could give them out to Charlie and Patty. Now, whose apples are they?

Lucy: Mine.

Teacher: Wrong. You are just the distributor. I am the owner. And I want you to give one to Charlie and two to Patty pronto.

Lucy: *(Stubbornly)* Oh, all right. *(Even though everything in her rejects the very thought of giving in to the teacher, she stands up, clutching the apple in her defiant fist. Then, striking a pose that's more reminiscent of Nolan Ryan about to purposely bean a batter with an 96 mph fastball than Jesus feeding the 5,000, she says to Charlie)* You want an apple?

Charlie: *(Not wanting to spend the rest of his life in a body cast)* No thank you.

Teacher: Yes, you do Charlie.

Charlie: *(scared stiff)* Ok, yes I do.

Lucy: Here *(She takes a big bite out of the apple, spits it back into her hand, and smacks it onto Charlie's desk. Charlie is rather disgusted.)*

Patty: Ewww! That's gross.

Teacher: Lucy, take that back and give Charlie a new, uneaten apple.

Lucy: *(Angrily)* All right. *(She picks up the apple chunk and bangs a fresh apple on his desk.)*

Charlie: That's okay Mr. Tuttle. I'm really not hungry now.

Teacher: Take it Charlie. Now, Lucy, when I gave you the quizzes to pass out you didn't have any problem with that. How come you can give those out but can't give out the apples?

Lucy: Who wants to keep the quizzes?

Patty: *(arm flailing in the air)* Oooo! I do! I do!

Lucy: *(picks up an apple and glares at Patty)* You want an apple?

Patty: *(understanding the threat)* No thanks.

Teacher: Lucy! I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to give you an unsatisfactory for your behavior today.

Lucy: So.

Teacher: And I'm taking back the apples I already gave you *(picks up the remaining two apples)*.

Lucy: Hey!

Teacher: *(starts to pick up the already bitten apple, but stops)* You can keep that one. *(pause)* Seems to me, Lucy, that word problems are not the only problems you need to learn how to solve. You know what? You could have blessed the others. You could have been the one who gave them the apples. But now you're the one who kept them from getting an apple. Patty's afraid of you. Poor Charlie will probably have to go into therapy after this. Saddest of all... *(reaches back into the brown paper bag and pulls out the biggest, most luscious apple Lucy has ever seen)* this could have been yours. And I really wanted to give it to you. I wanted you to be blessed too.

Sound FX: School Buzzer

(class leaves. Lucy sad that she didn't get the apple. Teacher shakes his head, looking at the apple and says to himself "Maybe next time", puts the apple back in the brown bag, gathers his stuff, and leaves)

The end.