

# ***Sunday Players***

## ***Drama Resources***

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# DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT...

Written by Michelle Taylor

Performed by the Sunday Players; a ministry of Pine Castle United  
Methodist Church  
Topic: Sins of Speech. Third in the five part "Bank of Heaven" series

## Cast

Bank Teller- perky, friendly and helpful, female bank teller (same actress for the entire "Bank Of Heaven" series)  
Mr. Coarse- loud, obnoxious, deceitful, crass joke teller  
Mrs. Coarse- gossipy, demanding, crass

## Props and Set

teller window  
teller name plate  
computer keyboard  
bank application

## Sound and Multi Media

power point using the same recurring bank lobby pictures. Recurring theme song.

Length: 4 minutes

(The scene opens with the teller behind the teller window. Mr. and Mrs. Coarse are waiting in line.)

TELLER: Next customer please.

(Mr. and Mrs. Coarse approach the window)

TELLER: Good morning and thank you for banking at the Bank Of Heaven. How may I help you?

MR. COARSE: Hi. We'd like to turn in a loan application. We want to have a house built.

MRS. COARSE: A big house.

TELLER: In my Fathers house there are many rooms.

MR. COARSE: (ignoring the teller) Huge. We're talking mansion here.

MR. & MRS. COARSE: (sing together - "The Jefferson's TV theme) "W-ell we're movin' on u-up!"

(The following conversation by the couple is said ignoring the teller as if she weren't there)

MRS. COARSE: (to husband) Well at least bigger then the Murphy's house. Although it doesn't matter, I heard they're having marital problems.

MR. COARSE: Really? Then why don't we just buy their house and forget about having one built?

MRS. COARSE: Oh no, Frank. I'm sure when they get a divorce it will be a nasty split. It will probably take years in court.

MR. COARSE: You're right dear. Why should we have to wait? Just because they can't split up amicably.

MRS. COARSE: Besides dear. We want our house to be bigger than theirs plus (said with distaste) I heard that their general contractor was... Jewish.

TELLER: My Father is a Jewish carpenter.

MR. COARSE: That's nice. We still want the loan though. Here's our application.

TELLER: Yes sir. Let me make sure everything is in order before I submit it to my boss.

MRS. COARSE: Why do you need to look it over? I think I'm perfectly capable of writing my own name and address on a piece of paper. Everything is "in order".

TELLER: Ma'am. I only meant...

MR. COARSE: Shut up Doris. Let her do what she needs to do, so we can get our loan and get out of here.

MRS. COARSE:(grumbling under breath) That's right. Take her side. Never mind my feelings.

TELLER: Let's see what we have here. (begins to unfold paperwork)

MR. COARSE: (to teller) Hey, did you hear the one about...

MRS. COARSE:(elbows husband in the gut and interrupts him) Shut up Frank. Don't tell her one of your crude jokes.

MR. COARSE: Why not? This one's clean. As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted... (tells joke)

A banker fell overboard from a friend's boat. The friend grabbed a life preserver, held it up, not knowing if the banker could swim, and shouted "Do you need this, or can you float alone?" to which the banker replied "Sure, but this is no time to talk business!" (bursts out laughing at his own joke) Do you get it? "Float" a "loan"?!  
(laughs)

MRS. COARSE:(embarrassed, puts her hand over her face and says) She got it Frank. She got it.

TELLER: Gee. That was funny, Mr. Coarse, but can we get down to business?

MR. COARSE: Speaking of business, did you hear the one about...

MRS. COARSE: (interrupting) Frank!

MR. COARSE: (meekly, to teller) Perhaps you'd like to go over our paperwork now.

TELLER: Yes sir. (unfolds paper that is several pages long, reading off paper) Frank and Doris Coarse. Income \$240,000.00.

MRS. COARSE:(elbows husband in gut and whispers accusingly) Frank!

MR. COARSE: (whispers back) What?! So I added an extra zero.

TELLER: (oblivious) Length of time on job, 13 years.

MRS. COARSE: (whispers) 13 years?! It's only been 13 weeks.

MR. COARSE: (whispers) Zip it Doris! Do you want a new house or not?

(wife goes along with lie and says innocently to teller)

MRS. COARSE: Yes, my dear sweet Frankie-poo is such a hard worker.

TELLER: Yes, I see that. (types on keyboard) But I also see something else. (clicks on keyboard)

MR. COARSE: (impatient) What? What's with the typing? (to teller) Hey, are we applying for a loan or booking a flight? (to wife) What is she typing?

MRS. COARSE: I don't know. Be quiet.

MR. COARSE: What are you typing? You have all my information on the application.

TELLER: Yes sir, but I see on your last tax return that your income was only \$24,000 and not \$240,000.

MR. COARSE: (feigned shock) Did I write \$240,000? Silly me. I must have made a mistake.

MRS. COARSE:(going along with it and making up a false excuse) Yeah, it's the... uh... medicine he's taking for his... uh... war injury... right here. (smacks husband hard on back of head)

MR. COARSE: (yelps in pain) Ow! Yes, that's the spot dear. Thank you for showing the nice teller.

TELLER: About the errors on your application....

MR. COARSE: I know. I know. It's like they say, "to err is human, to forgive, is not our policy." (laughs nervously)

TELLER: Actually sir, forgiveness is our number one policy here, at the Bank of Heaven.

MRS. COARSE: Oh, good!

MR. COARSE: Did you hear the one about...

TELLER: (Interrupts him) Look Mr. and Mrs. Coarse. I have to be honest... I've reviewed your history, and I can't find that you ever paid any real... interest. When my boss goes over "the books"... well, let's just say I wouldn't count on your "moving on up" anytime soon.

MR. COARSE: Doesn't your boss have a sense of humor? Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman?

MRS. COARSE: Frank! No one wants to hear your crude jokes. Come on!! (drags him offstage, both arguing and complaining with each other as they exit)

TELLER: (rubbing her temples) Is it time for my lunch break yet?

BLACKOUT