

SQUATTERS

by Patrick Rainville Dorn



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**CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS
EDUCATIONAL SERIES**

SQUATTERS

Parable: The Tenants

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SYNOPSIS: Two employees at a luxurious hotel ditch their responsibilities and lounge in a deluxe suite in the middle of their shift. When the boss's son comes to investigate, they send him out to inspect the balcony railing with disastrous results.

BIBLE VERSE: Mark 12:1-12

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male, 4 either)

RUDI/RUDY (m/f) Squatter. *(62 lines)*

MAUDE/CLAUDE (m/f) Squatter. *(55 lines)*

JOY/JAY (m/f)..... Hotel employee. *(8 lines)*

SHAR/CHARLIE (m/f) Hotel employee. *(14 lines)*

EMMANUEL KING (m)..... A hands-on hotelier. *(15 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes.

SETTING: A luxurious suite at the five-star Skycastle Hotel.

TIME: The present.

COSTUMES

RUDI, MAUDE, JOY, and SHAR all wear hotel uniforms, though RUDI and MAUDE look unkempt and slovenly. EMMANUEL wears a suit and tie.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

It would be helpful if the person playing EMMANUEL also led the discussion.

PROPS

- ☐ Card table
- ☐ Chairs arranged as sofa
- ☐ TV remote control
- ☐ Several Styrofoam takeout boxes
- ☐ Red plastic Solo cups (piled up on the table)
- ☐ Two pillows (filled with foam, not feathers, and no zippers) on the sofa
- ☐ Stack of towels

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Parables are earthly stories intended to reveal a heavenly meaning. They are by nature stories that people could relate to and which would inspire questions and discussion, thus providing the opportunity for revelation of the truth. We have brought these parables into present time where the listener can relate and once again ask questions, which will reveal the true meaning.

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PARABLE: Jesus then began to speak to them in parables: “A man planted a vineyard. He put a wall around it, dug a pit for the winepress and built a watchtower. Then he rented the vineyard to some farmers and moved to another place. ²At harvest time he sent a servant to the tenants to collect from them some of the fruit of the vineyard. ³But they seized him, beat him and sent him away empty-handed. ⁴Then he sent another servant to them; they struck this man on the head and treated him shamefully. ⁵He sent still another, and that one they killed. He sent many others; some of them they beat, others they killed. ⁶“He had one left to send, a son, whom he loved. He sent him last of all, saying, ‘They will respect my son.’ ⁷“But the tenants said to one another, ‘This is the heir. Come, let’s kill him, and the inheritance will be ours.’ ⁸So they took him and killed him, and threw him out of the vineyard. ⁹“What then will the owner of the vineyard do? He will come and kill those tenants and give the vineyard to others. ¹⁰Haven’t you read this passage of Scripture:

“‘The stone the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone;
¹¹the Lord has done this,
and it is marvelous in our eyes’?”

¹²Then the chief priests, the teachers of the law and the elders looked for a way to arrest him because they knew he had spoken the parable against them. But they were afraid of the crowd; so they left him and went away (*Mark 12:1-12*).



AT START: *RUDI is sitting on the sofa, holding the remote.*

RUDI: (*Calls.*) Hey, Maude! You gotta see this!

MAUDE: (*Enters left.*) What is it, Rudi?

RUDI: On the tube. Some kind of crazy game show.

MAUDE: How can you sit in the Skycastle Hotel’s luxury suite and do nothing but watch TV?

RUDI: What else is there to do?

MAUDE: Come out on the balcony with me and admire the view. Twelve stories up, and I can see for miles!

RUDI: I'd rather watch TV.

MAUDE: So what's so special about this game show?

RUDI: It's called Which Is Which? You're supposed to guess if something is one thing or another.

MAUDE: Like apples and oranges?

RUDI: No, hard things. Like wheat and tares. Or sheep and goats. Stuff like that.

MAUDE: Who cares which is which?

RUDI: I don't know. It probably matters if you're a farmer.

MAUDE: Well, I'm going back out on the balcony. I could stay in this hotel room forever.

RUDI: Enjoy the good life while it lasts, I say.

JOY knocks at the door. NOTE: Doors may be mimed.

MAUDE: Who could that be?

RUDI: Go find out.

MAUDE: You go.

RUDI: I'm sitting down. You're already standing.

MAUDE: *(Sighs.)* Fine. *(Crosses right.)* Who is it?

JOY: Room service.

MAUDE: *(To RUDI.)* Did you order room service?

RUDI: Yeah. I was getting bored. I eat when I'm bored.

MAUDE: Come on in.

JOY: *(Enters carrying tray with Styrofoam box and red Solo cup.)*
Where would you like me to put these?

RUDI: Just clear a space on the table.

JOY slides cups and Styrofoam boxes over and sets down the new ones.

MAUDE: Joy?

JOY: Hi, Maude.

MAUDE: I thought you worked the night shift.

JOY: We're a little short-handed in the kitchen. I'm pulling a double.
(Pause.) So when are you coming back to work?

MAUDE: I don't know. I got so tired of serving the hotel guests all the time, I just wanted to see what it was like to be one for a change. It started out as kind of a joke, but now I've sort of... moved in.

JOY: But there's work to do. We need you.

RUDI: Hey, you're blocking the TV.

MAUDE: I don't want to leave.

JOY: But you've got a job!

MAUDE: No one's taking this away from me. Do you hear? Now, go on, get out.

JOY: But Maude—

MAUDE: (*Picks up cup.*) I mean it. Go! (*Throws cup at JOY.*)

JOY: Hey!

MAUDE: Go on. Leave! (*Throws a Styrofoam container.*)

RUDI: Hey—I wasn't done with that!

MAUDE chases JOY offstage, throwing cups and cartons.

MAUDE: And you can forget about getting a tip! (*Sits on sofa next to RUDI.*) Honestly. The nerve of some people.

RUDI: I know. Who does she think she is, bossing you around? I hate it when the help acts like they own the place.

MAUDE: You've got that right. Here, give me the remote. I want to see what else is on.

RUDI: No way. It's mine.

MAUDE: It belongs to the hotel.

RUDI: Possession is nine-tenths of the law.

MAUDE: Well, you're about to be dispossessed.

MAUDE and RUDI wrestle the remote back and forth. MAUDE wins.

RUDI: Fine. I didn't want it anyway.

SHAR knocks at the door.

MAUDE: Now, who could that be?

RUDI: Who cares?

SHAR knocks at the door.

RUDI: Well, aren't you going to get it?

MAUDE: No. I got it the last time.

RUDI: Fine. I'll do it. Seems I have to do everything around here.

(Crosses right, kicking cups and Styrofoam containers out of the way.) Who is it?

SHAR: Housekeeping.

RUDI: *(Opens door.)* Well, it's about time. I called for fresh towels an hour ago.

SHAR: Sorry. We're short-staffed, and I'm backed up in the laundry.

RUDI: Hey, wait a minute. Shar?

SHAR: Rudi?

RUDI: How are things down in the basement?

SHAR: Humid. How's life on the twelfth floor?

RUDI: Great. Everything's just great.

SHAR: We sure could use your help down below. When are you coming back to work?

RUDI: I am at work—in a manner of speaking....

SHAR: You're at your place of employment, but you're not working.

SHAR hands RUDI the stack of towels.

SHAR: You should be helping, not living the high life.

RUDI: You're not the boss of me.

SHAR: No, but Mr. King is, and if he finds out you and Maude just moved yourselves into one of the nicest rooms in the hotel, there's going to be trouble.

RUDI: Would you like to see trouble?

SHAR: What?

RUDI: I said, would you like to see trouble? Here's what trouble looks like. *(Throws a towel at SHAR.)*

SHAR: Hey, I just folded those. They're fresh out of the dryer.

RUDI: *(Throws the other towel at SHAR.)* Wash them again. Now, get out of here.

SHAR: But—

RUDI: *(To MAUDE.)* Hey, Maude. Toss me a pillow.

MAUDE throws RUDI a pillow. RUDI hits SHAR with the pillow.

RUDI: That's what you get for telling me what to do.

MAUDE joins RUDI as they pound SHAR with the pillows.

SHAR: This isn't right!

MAUDE: Here's a right. And a left!

SHAR: Fine! I'm leaving. But I'm going to report you to Mr. King!

RUDI: We're not afraid of Mr. King.

MAUDE: Yeah!

SHAR: *(Moves to exit, turns, and begins to speak.)* You'll be—

RUDI and MAUDE throw the pillows at SHAR. SHAR exits. MAUDE and RUDI cross to sofa and sit at the same time.

RUDI: Whew! That wore me out.

MAUDE: I might need to go down to the pool and cool off.

RUDI: You'd think people would leave us in peace.

MAUDE: I have half a mind to complain to the management.

RUDI: Yeah, that probably wouldn't be a good idea.

MAUDE: Probably not. Better to stay off the radar.

RUDI: Keep a low profile.

MAUDE: Not make waves.

RUDI: Live and let live.

MAUDE: Let bygones be bygones. *(Pause.)* I'm bored.

RUDI: I'm hungry.

EMMANUEL knocks at the door.

MAUDE and RUDI: *(Simultaneously.)* It's your turn.

MAUDE: What if we don't answer?

RUDI: Maybe whoever it is will just go away.

EMMANUEL knocks at the door.

MAUDE: I don't think they're going away.

RUDI: Well, I'm not getting up.

MAUDE: Me neither. *(Pause.)*

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EMMANUEL: *(Enters.)* Management. Pardon me. No one came to the door, so I used my pass key.

RUDI: Who are you?

EMMANUEL: Emmanuel King, Junior.

MAUDE: The boss's son?

EMMANUEL: That's right.

RUDI and MAUDE jump to their feet.

RUDI: Uh, Mr. King, Junior, what can I do for you?

MAUDE: Is everything all right?

EMMANUEL: Actually, no, it isn't. *(Pause.)* We're a bit short-staffed in the kitchen and housekeeping departments, even though all the positions are supposedly filled.

RUDI: You don't say.

EMMANUEL: And it seems that someone has taken up residence in the luxury suite on the twelfth floor, but no guests have registered.

MAUDE: Do tell.

EMMANUEL: And it appears that two of my staff have been mistreated for doing their jobs.

RUDI and MAUDE look at each other and shrug.

RUDI: Outrageous.

MAUDE: It's so hard to get good help these days.

EMMANUEL: I was just wondering if there was something you might like to say to me.

RUDI: *(Pause.)* Uh, no, I don't think so.

MAUDE: I'm speechless.

EMMANUEL: That's too bad. Then it is my duty to inform you—

RUDI: *(Interrupts.)* Could you just excuse us for one second?

EMMANUEL: What?

RUDI: *(Pulls MAUDE right.)* Just one teensy, weensy moment.

EMMANUEL shrugs, picks up the trash, folds the towels, and replaces the pillows.

MAUDE: *(Whispers.)* What are you doing?



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