

THE NEW DEAL

by Patrick Rainville Dorn



CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS

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CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS EDUCATIONAL SERIES

THE NEW DEAL

Parable: The Rich Man and Lazarus

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Parable: The Rich Man and Lazarus

SYNOPSIS: Uppity Heelwell chastises Stonebroke and his mangy mutt for stepping foot and paw on his ritzy property when both men suddenly die. Stonebroke gets pampered at Paradise Cove, while Heelwell ends up at the Hot Spot Hostel, where it's hot—and hostile.

BIBLE VERSE: Luke 16:19-31

(4 either)

HEELWELL (m/f)	Filthy rich snob. (32 lines)
STONEBROKE (m/f)	Down-and-out hobo. (29 lines)
ANGELA/ANGELO (f/m).....	Angel (also doubles as MUTT). (10 lines)
FROSTBITE (f/m)	Demon (also doubles as ROSCOE). (11 lines)

DURATION: 10 minutes.

SETTING: Outside and inside Heelwell's mansion; also heaven and hell during eternity.

TIME: The 1930s, during the Great Depression.

SET

Onstage is a sturdy armchair that can't tip over with a newspaper preset on the seat.

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COSTUMES

HEELWELL and STONEBROKE wear clothing reminiscent of the early 1930s, as appropriate to their financial situations. ANGELA/ANGELO wears a halo (optional: angel wings). FROSTBITE wears a headband with devil horns (optional: bat wings). You will need dog costumes for MUTT and ROSCOE or, at the very least, black noses and dog ears on headbands.

PROPS

- ☐ Old-style tennis racket (may be cardboard or foam board cutout)
- ☐ Newspaper
- ☐ Packet of “sausages” (may be mimed)
- ☐ Folding poolside lounge chair
- ☐ Sunglasses
- ☐ Touristy beach hat
- ☐ Tray
- ☐ Coconut drink with umbrella (may be mimed)
- ☐ Clipboard

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.

SCRIPTURE: Taken from THE HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION ®. Copyright© 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.™. Used by permission of Zondervan.

PARABLE: ¹⁹There was a rich man who was dressed in purple and fine linen and lived in luxury every day. ²⁰At his gate was laid a beggar named Lazarus, covered with sores ²¹and longing to eat what fell from the rich man's table. Even the dogs came and licked his sores. ²²The time came when the beggar died and the angels carried him to Abraham's side. The rich man also died and was buried. ²³In Hades, where he was in torment, he looked up and saw Abraham far away, with Lazarus by his side. ²⁴So he called to him, "Father Abraham, have pity on me and send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, because I am in agony in this fire." ²⁵But Abraham replied, "Son, remember that in your lifetime you received your good things, while Lazarus received bad things, but now he is comforted here and you are in agony. ²⁶And besides all this, between us and you a great chasm has been set in place, so that those who want to go from here to you cannot, nor can anyone cross over from there to us." ²⁷He answered, "Then I beg you, father, send Lazarus to my family, ²⁸for I have five brothers. Let him warn them, so that they will not also come to this place of torment." ²⁹Abraham replied, "They have Moses and the Prophets; let them listen to them." ³⁰"No, father Abraham," he said, "but if someone from the dead goes to them, they will repent." ³¹He said to him, "If they do not listen to Moses and the Prophets, they will not be convinced even if someone rises from the dead" (*Luke 16:19-31*).

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AT START: *STONEBROKE sits, preferably on a step, as if on a curb. MUTT sits by his side.*

STONEBROKE: (*Pets MUTT.*) That's a good dog. We'll scrounge up something to eat. Soon, I hope.

MUTT "licks" STONEBROKE'S face.

STONEBROKE: Yeah, yeah, I love you too.

HEELWELL: (*Enters carrying a tennis racket.*) Hey. You. (*Points racket.*) You, there. Hobo.

STONEBROKE: (*Stands.*) Me, sir?

HEELWELL: (*Gestures with racket.*) Do you see any other hobos loitering about? This isn't your neighborhood. You don't belong here.

STONEBROKE: It's a free country.

HEELWELL: True, but everyone needs to stay in their place. (*Points with racket.*) Your place is down by the river and the rail yard with the other hobos.

STONEBROKE: I was hoping for a change of scenery.

HEELWELL: This is my scenery.

HEELWELL swings racket around. STONEBROKE has to step out of the way.

HEELWELL: That's my mansion, my tennis court, my Rolls Royce automobile... and my guard dog. (*Calls.*) Roscoe!

ROSCOE enters barking and growling. MUTT moves between STONEBROKE and ROSCOE. Bows low, jumps up, tongue lolling out and panting. Barks an invitation. ROSCOE growls a response. MUTT rolls on back, kicks legs in air, then stands, giving invitation to chase barks once. ROSCOE wags tail, smiles and barks once. MUTT and ROSCOE exit, playing.

STONEBROKE: That was your guard dog.

HEELWELL: (*Calls.*) Roscoe! Roscoe! Come back here this instant! (*Reaches into coat pocket, mimes pulling out a packet. Pleads.*) I bought a string of sausages for your supper! (*Waits.*) Ungrateful wretch.

STONEBROKE: Easy come, easy go. Right?

HEELWELL: Not right. Not at all right. I paid a pretty penny for that beast. (*Thinks.*) I wonder if the breeder will give me a refund.

STONEBROKE: (*Points.*) That's a lot of sausages you've got there.

HEELWELL: What, this? Yes, well, I buy in bulk. That way I get a better deal.

STONEBROKE: An uptown guy like you counting pennies?

HEELWELL: Yes. (*Admits.*) True, I was born into a wealthy family. But through frugality, industry, and a few convenient backdoor deals, I've managed to increase my fortune considerably. I'll never end up like you, that's for sure. Lazy good-for-nothing hobos who lie about and do nothing but bring down property values. I wish you would all just disappear.

STONEBROKE: About those sausages...

HEELWELL: If the dog won't have them, I'll eat them myself. "Waste not, want not" and all that. And as for you, sir...

STONEBROKE: Stonebroke. I'm Stonebroke.

STONEBROKE wipes hand on pant leg, offers it. HEELWELL ignores the hand. STONEBROKE eyes the packet of sausages.

HEELWELL: (*Stuffs the packet in his pocket.*) That's an unfortunate but apropos name, I'm sure. But I don't really care, and I'm confident that in five minutes I won't remember it. Or you. As I was saying, you'd best leave this property at once, or I'll ring for the police and have you forcibly removed.

STONEBROKE: So it's either the rail yard or the hoosegow for the likes of me?

HEELWELL: Precisely. Now, be off with you. I'm eager to try out my new tennis racket. After I've read the financial pages, of course. (*Crosses to armchair, sets racket behind the chair, picks up newspaper, sits. Opens the paper and reads, disappearing behind it during the following scene.*)

STONEBROKE: (*Sits on "curb."*) No kindness. No mercy at all. Well, it was worth a try. After all, it worked for Little Orphan Annie in the comic pages. But that blueblood was no Daddy Warbucks. (*Sighs.*) Maybe I'd be better off dead. But that's up to the Good Lord. When it's my time, it's my time, and that's OK with me. (*Clutches chest.*) Ow! Huh. I guess it's my time. Urk! (*Tips over, dies.*)

ANGELA: (*Enters with poolside lounge chair and sets it down. Helps STONEBROKE up.*) Mr. Stonebroke. Mr. Stonebroke. (*STONEBROKE stands.*) Welcome to Paradise Cove. (*Gestures to lounge chair.*) Have a seat. (*Takes hat and sunglasses from the chair.*)

STONEBROKE: (*Settles into the lounge chair.*) What is this?

ANGELA: (*Places sunglasses and hat on STONEBROKE.*) This is your all-expense-paid vacation of a lifetime.

STONEBROKE: No kidding? (*Looks around.*) Nice place. What am I supposed to do here?

ANGELA: (*Holds tray and mimes removing a beverage and offering it to STONEBROKE.*) Sit back and relax. Your aromatherapy and massage treatment will begin in just a little while, and I've got you down for a mani-pedi after that.

STONEBROKE: (*Looks at "drink."*) There's an umbrella in this coconut. (*Mimes lifting umbrella, looks into beverage. To ANGELA.*) Is that to keep the rain out of my drink? (*Looks up.*) I don't see any clouds. (*Looks down.*) Oh, there they are.

ANGELA: Things here at Paradise Cove may seem a bit confusing at first, but you'll get the hang of it in no time. No time at all.

STONEBROKE: Thanks. I could learn to like living here.

ANGELA: Wonderful, because this is your home now. If you need anything, just sing out! (*Exits, singing.*)

STONEBROKE: Will do. (*Mimes sipping drink.*) Oh, that's good. (*Settles back, relaxes.*) Ahh.

HEELWELL: (*Rustles newspaper, folds it up.*) Pork bellies aren't just down, they've gone belly up! (*Throws newspaper on the floor.*) One one-hundredth of my fortune vanished—just like that. It will take days—maybe even a week—to recoup my losses. This Great Depression sure is depressing. (*Clutches chest.*) Ow. (*Stands.*) What's going on here? (*Doubles over.*) Ow! (*Straightens up.*) Oh, no you don't. I'm not going to die. I can't afford to! (*Weakens, shuffles toward chair, sits.*) I didn't even get to try out my new tennis racket. (*Slumps and dies.*)

FROSTBITE: (*Enters with clipboard.*) Ah, Mr. Heelwell. Right on time. Upsy daisy.

FROSTBITE rotates HEELWELL in the armchair so that his back is on the seat, legs sticking straight up in the air, and head dangling down toward the floor. FROSTBITE stays close to the chair to keep it from tipping forward or backward.

HEELWELL: What's going on here? Where am I?

FROSTBITE: Welcome to the Hot Spot Hostelry, where things are always hot. And hostile. I've got you all checked in, and you won't be checking out. Ever. (*Ominous.*) Bwahahaha. (*Giggles.*) Tee hee!

HEELWELL: Wait a minute. Can I pay for an upgrade?

FROSTBITE: Got any cash on you?

HEELWELL: (*Feels pockets.*) No wallet. I guess I didn't take it with me. But my credit is good.

FROSTBITE: Not here it isn't. You've already enjoyed all the good things. Now it's your turn for the flip side. (*Bends over to face HEELWEL upside-down.*) Flip side. Get it? Tee hee! (*Straightens.*) Yes, this is the place where bad puns go to die. (*Looks at clipboard.*) Now. I've got you down for a root canal this afternoon, followed by a long soak in a red-hot hot tub of burning coals tonight. So there's still plenty of time to give you a warm welcome.

FROSTBITE reaches behind chair, picks up tennis racket, and uses it like a bug zapper on the bottom of HEELWELL'S feet.

HEELWELL: (*Reacting.*) Yow!

FROSTBITE: Tee hee! Oh, this is gonna be fun. (*Zaps HEELWELL again.*)

HEELWELL: Yow! Wait a minute! Wait a minute. (*Sees STONEBROKE. Points.*) That guy way over there—I think I recognize him. Let me talk to him for a second.

FROSTBITE: I don't know. It's against regulations. Then again, if it will add to your torment... why not?

HEELWELL: Hey! Hey, you. Over there... with the coconut.

STONEBROKE: Who, me, sir?

HEELWELL: Yes, you. I remember you. Stonebroke, right?

STONEBROKE: That's right.

HEELWELL: I'm Pecunious Heelwell. We met not long ago.

STONEBROKE: Oh, right. The high roller with the sausages.

HEELWELL: Correct.

STONEBROKE: How's it going?

HEELWELL: (*Tries to be casual.*) Oh, fair to middling.

FROSTBITE zaps HEELWELL'S feet.

HEELWELL: Yow! *(To STONEBROKE.)* Say, I was wondering if you could come over here and give me a sip of that drink of yours. I'm parched.

STONEBROKE: *(Starts to get up.)* Sure, no problem.

ANGELA enters and sits STONEBROKE back down.

ANGELA: I'm sorry, sir. That area is off limits to residents of Paradise Cove. No exceptions.

STONEBROKE: Oh. So even here, everyone has their place?

ANGELA: That's right, sir.

STONEBROKE: *(To HEELWELL.)* Sorry. I tried.

HEELWELL: Thanks for nothing.

FROSTBITE: *(To HEELWELL. Pretends to turn dial on the racket.)*
Ready for setting number two?

HEELWELL: Wait! Wait!

HEELWELL brings feet forward, rolls onto floor, crawls toward STONEBROKE. FROSTBITE and ANGELA block the way.

HEELWELL: Maybe there's something else you can do.

STONEBROKE: Like what?

HEELWELL: I've got a lot of colleagues. Business associates. Maybe you could tell them what's going on here. Warn them so they don't end up like me.

STONEBROKE: *(Looks to ANGELA.)* Well?

ANGELA: Everyone knows right from wrong. It's not like it's some big mystery.

FROSTBITE: They just don't believe their actions are going to have consequences.

STONEBROKE: *(On his knees.)* But what if someone comes back? Then maybe they'll listen.

FROSTBITE: Are you volunteering?

HEELWELL: Well, sure.

FROSTBITE: *(In HEELWELL'S face. Nasty smile.)* I don't think so.

HEELWELL: *(Recoils.)* Fine. Fine. How about Stonebroke, then?



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