

## A Brief Comedy on Stewardship of Material Possessions

**CHARACTERS:** George, Anna, Other Mourner, Extras (non-speaking)

**SETTINGS:** Funeral Parlor

**PROPS:** Funeral folders, Bouquet of flowers, Funeral style lamps, Chairs

**COSTUMES:** Appropriate funeral attire

**SOUND EFFECTS:** Cell phone ring

Sketch opens with George and Anna entering, funeral folders in their hands, reverently taking their seats next to the Other Mourner and the Extras. The Other Mourner and the Extras intermittently give George and Anna irritated looks as they talk softly throughout the entire ceremony. There should be some empty chairs, giving the impression that the funeral is sparsely attended.

**George:** I can't believe he's gone.

**Anna:** I know. What a shock. Ben Morgan. Who would have thought?

**George:** (*looking around*) I expected more people.

**Anna:** He didn't have a lot of friends. Just business associates, and most of those were competitors.

**George:** People you step on don't usually find time to make it to your funeral.

**Anna:** Is it me, or does he look heavier than he did when he was alive?

**George:** That's just stuffing.

**Anna:** They stuff you when you die?!

**Other Mourner:** Shh!

**George:** (*mouths*) Sorry. (*then to Anna*) Not his body, his clothes.

**Anna:** Why would they stuff his clothes? Didn't they have a suit his size?

**George:** It was in his will.

**Anna:** To stuff him?

**George:** Not him. His clothes.

**Anna:** All right, so why would they stuff his clothes?

**George:** Ben wanted to, you know, take it with him.

**Anna:** Take what with him?

**George:** His money.

**Anna:** Oh. So, they stuffed his clothes with money?

**George:** No bills under fifty.

**Anna:** That's crazy.

**George:** Money was Ben's great love in life. It's what he lived for.

**Anna:** But it doesn't matter how much money you have here on earth, once you're gone, it all has to stay behind.

**George:** I know that, and you know that, but a will's a will.

**Anna:** Well, I guess that explains the three Rolexes on his arm.

**George:** And the Titleist golf clubs there at his side.

**Anna:** Is that a Rembrandt tucked under his head?

**George:** His prized possession. They're putting the rest of his collection in the plot next to him.

**Anna:** He bought two plots?

**George:** Four. His Beemer's going in the other two.

**Anna:** They're burying his Beemer next to him?

**George:** It was all in the will.

**Anna:** Money meant everything to him, didn't it?

**George:** Sure looks that way.

**Anna:** Well, at least he requested a Bible be placed in his hands.

**George:** That's not a Bible. It's his cell phone. He died while talking on the phone with his broker. They tried to pry it loose, but they would've had to...well, you know, take extreme measures. So they left it there.

**Anna:** It's a cell phone? I hope no one calls it during service.

**George:** I'm sure they turned the ringer off.

**Sound Effects:** Ringer goes off

**George:** Okay, they didn't.

**Anna:** His widow's answering it.

**George:** Good.  
(*a beat*)

**Anna:** So, what are all those extra handles at the bottom of the casket?

**George:** Drawers.

**Anna:** Why would a casket have drawers?

**George:** He needed some place to put his important papers—you know, his stocks and bonds, mutual funds, real estate holdings. The small one down on the right is for petty cash.

**Anna:** He's taking petty cash?

**George:** He didn't want to get to the afterlife and find out there was no place to break the big bills.

**Anna:** This is ridiculous. No one can take their earthly possessions with them after they die. You come into this life with nothing and you go out the same way.

**George:** We all tried to tell him—tried to convince him to spend some money on worthwhile things. Eternal things. Lay up your treasures in heaven...we explained it all, but he wouldn't listen.

**Anna:** (*shakes her head, then...*) When's his widow gonna hang up and let the minister go on with the service?

**George:** Must be an important call.

**Anna:** Sounds like it's just the phone company. She should tell them he's in the middle of his funeral and to call back later. This is so disrespectful.

**George:** They can't call back later. Remember, they're burying him right after the service.

**Anna:** Well, I hope she's canceling the account then. That's all the cemetery

groundskeeper needs—to be out there pulling weeds and hear a phone going off and not be able to find it anywhere.

**George:** I think she's hanging up now.

**Anna:** Yeah. She put his arm down.

**George:** Finally.  
(*a beat*)

**Anna:** Who's that walking up to the lectern?

**George:** The soloist.  
(*As they listen for brief moment, their expression goes from pleasant anticipation to confused to aghast*)

**Anna:** He's singing a bank commercial jingle?

**George:** Ben's favorite song.

**Anna:** Oh great. Now they're putting the words up on a screen for us to sing along.

**George:** No. That's today's stock report. Ben requested it run during his eulogy.

**Anna:** So, who's giving the eulogy? His accountant?

**George:** They were very close. Shh...let's listen...

**Other Mourner:** (*irritated*) Yes, why don't we?!  
(*embarrassed, they listen for a beat...then*)

**Anna:** Wait a minute. He's not giving a eulogy. He's offering to do everyone's taxes at a ten percent discount. He's passing out business cards. This is shameless! (*reaches her hand out*) I'll take one. (*She mimes taking one. George gives her a look*) Ten percent is ten percent.

**George:** The man hasn't been gone three days and no one's thinking twice about him.

**Anna:** The phone company called him.

**George:** That doesn't count. They call everyone at the worst possible moments.

**Anna:** I think it's their duty.

**George:** I agree with you about Ben, though. He sure led a sad life.

**Anna:** That's what happens when you live for temporary things.

**George:** He thought money was everything. But in the end, it's nothing.

**Anna:** He chose it over friends.

**George:** Over family.

**Anna:** And maybe even over God.

**George:** Hey, look. (*pointing in the direction of the "screen"*)

**Anna:** What?

**George:** The stock market just tumbled 140 points.

**Anna:** Well, if poor Ben wasn't already dead, this sure would've killed him.

**George:** Hey, you own some stock, too, don't you?

**Anna:** Yeah, guess it's not a very good day for any of us.

**George:** Well, as I'm sure Ben has learned by now, and would gladly tell you, it's only money. No matter what you write in your will, you can't take it with you.

**Anna:** I know. I believe in making eternal choices. There's nothing wrong with money, but life's more than that. I want my treasure to be in heaven waiting for me, not here in some safety deposit box.

**George:** I hear you.

(*The funeral has come to a close and the cast rises to leave. All exit except Anna and George who hang back.*)

**George:** So, you going back to work now?

**Anna:** Yeah. I could only take off an hour.

**George:** Me, too. I'll walk you to your car.

**Anna:** Thanks. I need to make a call first, though.

**George:** Your broker?

**Anna:** No, the mission. I think I want to put a little more of my money to work on eternal causes.

**George:** Funny, I was just thinking the same thing.

**Anna:** So, you think there's a pay phone around here?

**George:** Beats me. (*a beat, then*) Use Ben's.

**Anna:** Ben's?!

**George:** He won't mind. And anyway, they couldn't have cancelled the account that fast.

**Anna:** Oh, I couldn't do that. That would be in such poor taste. It would be disrespectful to the deceased. And besides, there's already three people in line ahead of me. I'd never make it back to work on time! C'mon, there's probably one out in the lobby.  
(*Anna exits and George looks back one last time...*)

**George:** Eternal things, Ben. That's what life is all about. Eternal things.