

A script from



“Rich Man, Poor Man”

by

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- What** This skit is about two strangers who meet at an airport just before Thanksgiving. It seems like one has it all while the other has nothing, but in the end we see that their roles may be reversed. (Themes: Holidays, Family, Faith)
- Who** Leon
Dave
- When** Present day
- Wear
(Props)** Briefcase
Wristwatch
Newspaper
Wallet with money inside
Bench
Picture
Costumes that fit the characters
- Why** Luke 6:3; 1 Corinthians 13; Luke 6:38
- How** Play up the tenderness of this skit, it will hit home with the audience. Also in costuming Leon, make sure he doesn't "look" homeless, unkempt perhaps, but not disheveled.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

*The skit starts with **Leon Shumann**, who is a "bum," sitting on some chairs in the food court of the terminal. He has a suitcase with him. **Dave McAllister**, a businessman, enters carrying a briefcase.*

Dave: (*Looking at the station monitors*) Delayed! Can you believe it? Delayed. This is just not my day. (*To Leon*) Excuse me, is this seat taken?

Leon: Please, please be my guest.

Dave: Thank you. I forgot how crowded these places are around the holidays.

Leon: This ain't the half of it. This place stays filled day and night, especially around the holidays.

Dave: Do you work here?

Leon: No. I mean that I would assume an airport stays filled day and night. What with people trying to get home to see their families and all.

Dave: I promised my kids I'd be home for Thanksgiving. Doesn't look like I'm going to make it.

Leon: Well, kids are forgiving. That's something you've got going for you. They don't hold grudges too long.

Dave: But they hold them long enough. (*Pause*) Where are you heading off to?

Leon: Pardon?

Dave: Where's home for you?

Leon: Oh, I haven't been home in years. Uh, what I mean is I haven't been home home in years, to the place where I grew up. I guess you could say I come from Boston. Uh, that's where my family is.

Dave: Were you out here for business?

Leon: Yes. Business. Right.

Dave takes a newspaper out of his briefcase. He absentmindedly hands Leon the business section.

Dave: (*Reading paper*) So what line of work are you in?

Leon: (*Staring at paper*) Marketing?

Dave: Marketing. Let me ask you a question. The cost of toys and gadgets today is ridiculous. What's up with that? My kids asked for a (*Insert hot Christmas toy*), and a (*Another toy*). Surely you know what I'm talking

about. For what I paid for them, they better clean the house, wash the dog, and rake the leaves.

Leon: Sounds like you go all out for Christmas?

Dave: It's a little tradition we started once we had our kids. We said Christmas is a special time. It's a time for kids, a time for family, y'know? So we decided, forget the cost, we are making sure the kids have everything they ask for, that our house looks spectacular, you know the whole bit...

Pause.

Leon: What?

Dave: It's just that it's gotten to where my wife and I are more stressed out by making Christmas at our house something our kids will look forward to when they grow up... I think we've lost the fun of it all.

Leon: What if you started a new tradition?

Dave: Oh, you mean like sacrifice the presents and the...

Leon: Maybe.

Dave: Wouldn't that just be the perfect ending to one of those made-for-TV-Christmas-specials. Don't get me wrong my kids are great, but if all the sudden I walked in and said, "Hey, everybody, this year we are not having presents and we're not gonna do up the house. We're just gonna sit around the room sipping hot cocoa and telling each other what we're thankful for," I doubt we'd all have a beautiful Hallmark® moment. They'd probably run me to the mall to set things right.

Leon: You know your family better than I do, but I would think, in years to come when the kids are older and the toys aren't as important as the people you're with, they'd respect you, and be grateful you gave them your time instead of your money.

Dave: *(He looks up at the monitor)* Look, my flight has been moved up. When did that happen? I may make it home in time after all.

Leon: Looks like someone up there is helping you keep your promise.

Dave: Uh, yes. I guess you're right. It was really nice talking with you. Have a good trip. Who knows, we may bump into each other down the line... I'm sorry I never got your name.

Leon: Leon. Leon Schumann.

Dave: Leon, Dave McAllister. Nice to meet you.

Leon: Likewise.

Dave: Yeah, well, I better get to my plane before they change their mind and cancel the flight altogether. Look, Happy Thanksgiving and Godspeed on your journey home to your family.

Leon: Most definitely. Couldn't have said it better myself.

Dave exits leaving behind his briefcase. Leon takes no notice of it, and ponders his conversation. After a moment, he reaches into his suitcase and fishes out a photograph.

Leon: (*Talking to picture*) Hello, sweetheart. Happy Thanksgiving. (*Dave reenters to get his briefcase. He pauses to listen to Leon.*) I sure do miss you. I know, I know. I don't mean to get sentimental, but you know how I get around the holidays. I love you. I know without a doubt that the good Lord has you and is keeping you safe. (*Pause, prays*) God, I hold no grudges concerning my wife. But could you please hurry me along so that I could be with her again? (*Pause*) Thank you Lord, for your blessings, and for life's agonies. (*Kisses picture, and puts it away*) Good night, sweetheart.

Leon notices that Dave has been listening in.

Dave: I forgot my briefcase. (*Pause*) Leon, you don't have any family in Boston, do you?

Leon: That's where she's buried. It's hard to go home.

Dave: What happened?

Leon: Don't you have a plane to catch?

Dave: Yeah... Hey, look why don't I see if I can get you on my flight. You can spend Thanksgiving with me and my family.

Leon: That's very kind, but I've got work...

Dave: Doing what?

Leon: This and that... You know, marketing.

Dave: Maybe you could show us the true meaning of Thanksgiving. I think you just showed me.

Leon does not move. Pause.

Dave: Do you really believe in all that?