

# If the glove fits ...

By Tick Brereton, 1998.

**Bible reference:** Matthew 6:1-6

**Characters:** Mr Goodbody, Jane, Tim, beggar

**Props:** Notepad, pen, briefcase, ten dollar note, mobile phone, one glove

*The drama begins with Mr Goodbody striding in, talking loudly and bombastically, while Jane (holding a notepad, pen and briefcase) struggles to keep up with him and what he is saying. Tim eventually enters (from back of the building) with a slightly nonchalant air, his left hand in his pocket, looking around, and lagging behind them.*

- MR GOODBODY: So, as you can see, Jane, we do wonderful work here, even if I do say so myself! Of course, it was me who started the whole project four years ago, and boy, it's been a lot of hard work and dedication on my part to set it up and keep it running. My poor wife hardly ever sees me, [*laughs*] and it leaves me less time to do all of the other charity work I'm involved in – too much to mention in the short time we have today – but I'm sure you'd be interested in my participation in the rebuilding of the old hospital wing, or maybe my...
- JANE: Perhaps another time, Mr Goodbody! Today I'd prefer to concentrate on the soup kitchen and how it runs.
- MR GOODBODY: Of course, of course. In that case, I'd better show you our books next, so that you can get an idea of our budget and how hard it is to keep it going. Honestly, sometimes I even have to put in a little money myself!
- JANE: [*looking around*] Tim! We're over here. Come and take a look at these. [*Jane and Mr Goodbody turn their backs to the audience, pouring over some folders, while Tim starts to head their way. He is intercepted by a beggar.*]
- BEGGAR: Hey you, could you spare me a couple of bucks? I'm skint.
- TIM: Um, yeah, I'll just see ... [*puts his right hand in his pocket and pulls out a ten dollar note.*] OK, here you go, mate.
- BEGGAR: Wow! Thanks man. I owe you one. [*Leaves hurriedly.*]
- TIM: Don't worry about it!
- JANE: [*looking around again*] Tim! What are you doing? Come over here with us.
- TIM: Sorry, just looking around.
- [She turns away again. He is walking over to them when his mobile phone rings. It is attached to his belt, and he picks it up with his right hand to answer it.]*



TIM: Hi, Tim speaking ... How're you going, Mick? ... Oh, really? ... You must be upset! ... Mmmmmm, what are you going to do? ... Oh, right, yeah ... Sorry about that, looks like you'd better borrow my car tonight ... No, that's fine, you can have it ... Yes, I'll drop it round after tea ... No worries, mate, see ya. [*Puts phone away.*]

JANE: [*Turns to Tim*] Tim, who were you talking to?

TIM: Doesn't matter. [*Walks over to them.*] Now, what's next on the agenda?

MR GOODBODY: Well, before you go, I'd like to show you the vans we have that we use to pick up the unfortunate people to bring them here. Trouble is, I spend half my time repairing them, but someone's got to do it. Follow me out here, people.

[*Jane, clearly impressed, scribbles something on her paper, picks up the briefcase and follows him out of view. Tim is following when he is stopped in his tracks by another phone call.*]

TIM: [*answering phone*] Hi, Tim here ... Yes, Grandma, I haven't forgotten. Tonight. Oh. That's right, it was too ... No, of course I don't mind, I love fixing things ... Oh, hang on, I won't have my car tonight ... Don't worry Grandma, I'll manage something ... Yeah, OK. I'll see you around seven-thirty... No, Grandma, really that's fine ... You too, bye. [*Puts phone away, talking to himself*] What am I going to do? No car! [*Sighs, then dials 013 on his phone.*] Can I have the number of the STA bus service please? Thanks. [*Dials the number.*] Hi, I was wondering if you could tell me what times your buses depart from the city to travel to ... [*insert appropriate town or suburb name*] OK, thanks, bye.

JANE: [*returning from outside, clearly annoyed*] Why didn't you come out with us to look at the vans? Mr Goodbody has had to go off to a community awards ceremony or something, so we're finished here now. Honestly, that guy does a fantastic job, doesn't he? There's a man of God if ever I saw one. You could take a leaf out of his book, Tim. Anyway, who was on the phone just now?

TIM: No concern of yours Jane. Sorry, here, let me take the briefcase.

[*He finally takes his left hand out of his pocket, and there is a glove on it.*]

JANE: Why are you wearing one glove? It looks stupid.

TIM: [*smiling*] I just wear it to remind me of something someone once said.

JANE: What?

TIM: [*holding up his left hand looking at it*] Never let your left hand know what your right hand is doing! [*They start to leave but continue talking.*]

JANE: Your turn to buy a cup of coffee?

TIM: Yep, no problem. Oh, hang on, whoops, I'm skint! [*Looking in his pockets*]

JANE: I thought you had ten dollars on you. What did you do with it?

TIM: [*shrugs*] Must have lost it. [*Both exit.*]