

Thief in the night.

1 Thessalonians 5:2 - ...*the day of the Lord will come like a thief in the night*

Scene: A posh hotel room with very prompt room service.

Cast: Narrator, Rich Person (Ms or Mr Poopinjay), and Room Service Waiter.

Need: chair, dark blue or black sheet, silver tray, glass of water, a Financial Review, pad and pen, tea towel, bell or buzzer, bill spike, balaclava and rope.

Narrator This is a story about complacency

Poopinjay (*Reclining in chair, leans leisurely forward and rings bell for room service*)

Waiter (*Proceeds steadily to Poopinjay carrying a glass of clear liquid on a silver tray, tea towel over his arm as his badge of being a waiter*) Yes Mr Poopinjay?

Poopinjay Another Gin and Tonic – and not too much ice this time, hmmm?

Waiter I have presumed as much – here you are Sir. (*Gives Poopinjay glass*)

Poopinjay (*Sips*) ...Mmm... there's no ice at all!

Waiter Not now Sir, of course. Charge to your room Mr Poopinjay?

Poopinjay Yes, yes...that's all!

Waiter (*Walking away, gets out pad and scribbles on it*) \$100 for the G&T. (*Rips page off pad and slaps on bill spike near Narrator*)

Narrator (*Looking at bill*) He appears to have neglected mentioning the \$50 tip. (*He nods towards Poopinjay*) But they seem to be content enough.

- Poopinjay** (*Sipping contentedly from glass, reaches absent-mindedly for bell and rings for room service*)
- Waiter** (*Responding as promptly and sedately as usual, carrying a silver tray with the Financial Review on it*) Yes Mr Poopinjay?
- Poopinjay** Bring me the papers.
- Waiter** Just so happens Sir (*and with a flourish, produces the Financial Review*).
- Poopinjay** (*Grabs the paper and hurries to find the stock prices*)
Wow! They've gone up! Fantastic, that's another billion in the bank!
- Waiter** Your shares doing well, Sir?
- Poopinjay** (*His train of thought broken*) Hmmm? None of your damned business. Go away.
- Waiter** Yes Sir – usual payment?
- Poopinjay** Yes, Yes... on the bill.
- Waiter** (*Picks up empty glass, then walking away, gets out pad and scribbles on it*) \$1000 for the Fin Review. (*Rips page off pad and slaps on bill spike near Narrator*)
- Narrator** (*Looking at bill*) He seems to think he's a shareholder too - \$500 isn't a bad dividend.
- Poopinjay** (*Still reading from the Financial Review, reaches for bell and rings for room service*)
- Waiter** (*Responding very calmly, but not carrying the tray*) Yes Sir?
- Poopinjay** I'll need a, um, chaperone for tonight – could you arrange it?

- Waiter** Is Sir going out then?
- Poopinjay** No.
- Waiter** Oh, I see Sir. I'll see what I can arrange for Sir. Still on the room bill then Sir?
- Poopinjay** Yes, yes...on the Bill if you can arrange it.
- Waiter** Oh, I can arrange anything Mr Poopinjay. (*Walking away, gets out pad and scribbles on it*) \$50000 for them. (*Rips page off pad and slaps on bill spike near Narrator*)
- Narrator** (*Looking at bill*) Well, he's certainly not cheap either. (*He nods towards Poopinjay*) They seem as though they're nodding off.
- Poopinjay** (*Puts down the Financial Review*) I'll just catch forty winks.
- Narrator** But with all his plans and dreams, feeling of security in his riches, and his life of ease and comfort, the day of the Lord comes like a thief in the night.
- Waiter** (*Now with Balaklava on, walking stealthily to Poopinjay with the dark sheet, throws the sheet over Poopinjay. On the way off stage, he grabs the bills and the bill spike*).
- Poopinjay** (*Sits up, tries to rid himself of the sheet but can't*)
- Narrator** (*Walks over to Poopinjay and ties rope around him several times, then walks/shoves Poopinjay off stage*)