

The Parable of Golden Boots McGraw

Matthew 20:1-16

Characters

- **Andy, Babs, Chris:** football fans, wearing matchday gear
- **Fans:** Non-speaking characters to fill up the line. Can be drawn from congregation. They stand to one side with Chris who ushers a third of them on stage every time someone says “fans are arriving”.
- **GBMG:** Golden Boots McGraw. Star football player, gives out ‘signed shirts’ to everyone in queue.

Props

- Football scarves and hats (all same team)
- ‘Signed shirts’ = large envelopes marked ‘Signed Shirt, GBMG’ containing small treat for participants, eg Haribo. First envelope (for Chris) can contain an actual shirt if you have one

Script

Andy: *[enters, walks across stage and stands at side, hands in pockets, hunched against the cold morning air, waiting.]*

Babs: *[enters, walks across stage and stands beside Andy.]* Morning.

Andy: Morning. Chilly isn’t it?

Babs: Brass monkeys. Been here long?

Andy: No, just arrived. You?

Babs: Just arrived.

Andy: Oh, yeah, right. *[awkward British silence]* You in the queue for the ... *[nods head towards the front of the queue]*

Babs: Yeah. Thought I’d get here nice and early. Don’t want to miss out on the good stuff, eh?

Andy: Too right. They’ve only got so many to give out. Gotta be at the front of the queue, haven’t you? Oh look, here come some more fans. Morning. *[Fans enter and join queue across stage.]*

Babs: *[to Fans]* Morning.

Andy: So what are you hoping for?

Babs: Well, what I want, what I reeeeeeally want is a signed shirt. I heard they were giving some away and since we're at the front of the queue, we should get them. Oh great. It's raining.
[both huddle against rain.]

Andy: I'm soaked! But it'll be worth it to get a signed shirt. Imagine if it were signed by Golden Boots McGraw. *[both swoon]* Oh look, more fans are coming. Afternoon.
[Fans enter and join queue across stage.]

Babs: *[to Fans]* Afternoon.

Andy: I don't suppose they'll get signed shirts, arriving so late.

Babs: No, but they might get a photo of Golden Boots McGraw.

Andy: That'd be alright. Oh great. Now it's snowing. What is with this weather?
[both huddle against snow.]

Babs: I'm frozen! There had better be a signed shirt after all this! How long until they start giving things out?

Andy: Not long now, it's nearly the end of the day. Hey, more fans are arriving. Why did they leave it so late? They're not going to get much. And there's Chris. *[shouting]* Hi Chris! *(alter names to suit)*

[Chris enters with more Fans and joins the end of the queue at the other side of the stage.]

Chris: Hi Andy, Hi Babs. You've got good places in the queue.

Andy: Yeah. We've been waiting all day.

Chris: Did you get caught in that rain?

Babs: Soaked!

Chris: And the snow?

Andy: Frozen! But it'll be worth it. Have you heard they're giving out signed shirts?

Chris: Yeah. But I'm at the back of the queue. They'll have run out before they get to me. I'm hoping for a souvenir programme, or a ticket stub, or ... anything really.

Babs: Should have got here early, mate.

Chris: I know, but ...

Andy: Hey! *[pointing to back of queue]* Behind you! Is that ...?

A, B, C: Golden Boots McGraw! Yay!

GBMG: *[enters at rear of queue and gives envelope marked 'Signed Shirt GBMG' to Chris]*

Chris: *[holds up or rips open envelope]* Signed Shirt! I've got a signed shirt! By Golden Boots McGraw! Brilliant!

[GBMG gives envelopes to all Fans, working towards the front of the queue, quietly telling the non-speaking Fans not to open their envelopes yet]

Andy: That's awesome! If Chris got a signed shirt even though he was the last to arrive, what brilliant stuff are we going to get?

Babs: Yes, we've waited all day, through the cold and the rain and the snow, we're bound to get something waaaay better!

Andy: Two signed shirts!

Babs: A whole team of signed shirts!

Andy: A season ticket!

Babs: for a VIP box!

Andy: and a swanky meal with Golden Boots McGraw himself!

Babs: every week!

Andy: every day!

Babs: for ever!

[GBMG has reached the front of the queue by now and hands Andy and Babs each an envelope marked 'Signed Shirt'. Andy and Babs look at their envelopes and at each other.]

A & B: Oh.

GBMG: *[To congregation]* For the first shall be last, and the last shall be first.

[Exeunt omnes]