

It's Time

by Neal Breeding

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Setting: *In a living room of a home. Married couple in early 20's or 30's. Man still has anger towards father because of things that happen in the past. The woman has a loving tone, in trying to convince her husband that he must forgive his father. Sketch could have Wayne Watson's "It's Time" (from "How Time Flies") played or sung after it.*

Woman: *(talking on phone).* Yes, *(pause)*, I understand. Ok, I will tell him, and see what I can do. Thanks for calling.

Man: *(reading newspaper, sitting)* Who was that dear?

Woman: That was your step-mom and she said that your father just had a heart attack and he is in critical condition in the hospital.

Man: Oh. *(doesn't look up from reading newspaper)*

Woman: Honey I just told you that your father had a heart attack, and all you can say is "oh?"

Man: *(said with anger)* What else do you want me to say? *(stands up and walks away from woman)* You know how I feel about him; about what he has done and *(turns toward woman to say the rest of line)* you know that I can't forgive him!

Woman: *(said with a loving tone)* You *can't* forgive him, or you *won't*?

Man: It doesn't matter.

Woman: Honey, it has been almost 7 years since he left your mom, you

don't think that you have been angry at him long enough?

Man: It's not just divorce. It is everything. Everything he has done to my family.

Woman: What do you mean?

Man: I mean the way he treated us. *(pauses)* Like the way he showed favoritism toward Allan.

Woman: What do you mean? How did he show favoritism toward your younger brother?

Man: When I was little, I would get in trouble if I left my toys outside, or if I didn't mind mom, or if I didn't go to bed when I was suppose to. But when Allan was little, it didn't matter what he did, he never seem to get in trouble. It didn't matter if he minded mom, or did what he was told or even if he left his toys out--I remember one time, he left my dump trunk out by the shop and it got run over. My dump trunk that I had since I was 3! He didn't get spanked for it or even in trouble. If that would have been me, I would have gotten my tail torn up!

Woman: But that was a long--

Man: *(interrupting)* and then there was that time when I was 7 or 8 and we were in the mall. It was a few months after mom had been on radiation treatment. Allan got mad at her for not buying him something he

wanted. So he just reached over and pulled off her wig off in front of everyone in the store. *(pauses, and smiles)* It was a little funny, but I felt really bad for mom and I knew how embarrassed she was. I just knew Allan was going to get what was coming when we got home.

Woman: Well, *(hesitantly)* what happen?

Man: Nothing. Dad didn't spank him or even punish him. I saw Allan get away with thing after thing, after thing that I knew I would have gotten in trouble for, and I can't stand dad for doing that to me or the rest of my family!

Woman: But dear, you can't continue to keep all this anger inside. It is not good for you. *(pause)* It is not good for our relationship.

Man: You just don't understand. On top of all that, he left us! He left us just when our family seem like it was going to be real family! Things between mom and dad seemed to be going to good, then out of the blue he says he wants a divorce because "People grow apart." I can't forgive him for that, I don't want to!

Woman: I understand that he hurt you deeply and that you are still hurting from everything, but you still can't keep all this bitterness and anger toward him forever.

Man: Why can't I?

Woman: Because your dad might not have forever, he might just have a few more days. You don't know how much longer he has? Don't you think it's time to forgive him and to let this anger and bitterness go?

(pauses, thinks about what she has said)

Man: *(said with a childlike tone)* I don't know if I can? I wouldn't know how to even start!

Woman: It will take time, but God will help you. God will teach you how to forgive your dad and the things he has done to you and your family, but you have to take the first step *(hands Man the phone)*.

Man: *(hesitates, but takes the phone, dials the number)* Yes, uh, would you get me Jack Scott's room?

(both freeze, then move off stage)