

# ALL IN GOD'S FAMILY

A SERIES OF SKETCHES  
ABOUT ROCKY AND BLANCHE

BY  
BRUCE HENNIGAN  
COPYRIGHT © MARCH, 2000

NOTE: THIS SERIES OF DRAMAS WAS WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY A SERIES  
OF SERMONS AIMED AT SEEKERS WHO HAVE NO IDEA HOW CHURCH CAN  
HELP THEM IN THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES.

EACH DRAMA IS BASED ON A TOPIC NOTED IN THE TITLE

THESE SKETCHES WERE SUBSEQUENTLY COMBINED INTO A DINNER  
THEATER SCRIPT CALLED "ALL IN GOD'S FAMILY"

THE CHARACTERS IN THESE DRAMAS ARE BASED ON EDITH AND ARCHIE  
BUNKER AND ARE BEST PLAYED WITH HEAVY "NEW YORK" ACCENTS.

SKETCH#1  
THE DISCOVERYBY  
BRUCE HENNIGAN

## CAST:

ROCKY BARKER  
BLANCHE BARKER  
JEFFY BARKER

THIS DRAMA IS BASED ON THE CONCEPT OF "WHAT DO YOU BASE YOUR LIFE ON? WHO ARE WHAT IS YOUR AUTHORITY?"

(ROCKY IS SITTING IN CHAIR, READING NEWSPAPER WHEN BLANCHE COMES IN APPEARING RATHER DISTRESSED.)

BLANCHE: Uh, dear, I need to talk to you about something.

ROCKY: Blanche, can't you see I'm reading the paper here. I got to keep up with the financial news, you know. Who knows, one day I might pick one of them NPO's and strike it rich.

BLANCHE: Yeah, but Rocky it's about Jeffy.

ROCKY: Jeffy? Did he get his report card? Let me guess. He made an F in math.

BLANCHE: Oh, Rocky, it's worse than that.

ROCKY: Worse?

BLANCHE: Oh, yeah. I was cleaning out his room and I found something.

ROCKY: You found something? Blanche, there are a lot of somethings in the world. You think you could be more specific?

BLANCHE: But, Rocky, it's something very disturbing.

ROCKY: Disturbing? Oh, no! (looks guilty) Look, I know I shouldn't drink around the kid. But, it was only one beer a night, you know. And, I don't get drunk . . .

BLANCHE: What about that party at the Mitchell's? You were dancing in the middle of the dining room table and fell into his aquarium. There were guppies all over Trudy's linoleum floor.

ROCKY: Eh, so the cat had a party, too.

BLANCHE: Well, it isn't alcohol, Rocky.

ROCKY: Oh, good. Wait a minute. You don't mean . . . Look, I know I told him all about those days in high school when I smoked a joint or two. But, I told him I never inhaled.

BLANCHE: It's not drugs, Rocky.

ROCKY: (Getting very uncomfortable.) Did he get underneath my bed?

BLANCHE: Rocky! You told me you threw all those magazines away.

ROCKY: I know I told you that but some of those girlie magazines have some very good articles in them.

BLANCHE: Well, it isn't porno, Rocky.

ROCKY: It wasn't one of those little packages, you know, ....

BLANCHE: No, it's worse.

ROCKY: What could be worse? I'm running out of vices, here.

BLANCHE: This. (She hands him a tract.)

ROCKY: "Have you been born again? If you want to live forever, you must be born again, and that means you have to die to sin and self." (Slumps in his chair.) This is bad, Blanche. Real bad. He's going to church?

BLANCHE: I thought he was hanging out at the mall on Wednesday nights like a normal kid.

ROCKY: But, we already go to church twice a year. We don't need this. "If you want to live forever, you must be born again." Why would he want to be born again? It was bad enough the first time.

BLANCHE: How would you know?

ROCKY: Heh, I was there, Blanche. Pacing the waiting room with the rest of the fathers. It wasn't a piece of cake let me tell you. Well, I know one thing, when I get through with him, if he's been born again, he'll wish he'd never been born. Or, born again. (Exits.)

SKETCH #2:  
YE SHALL BE JUDGED!

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

CAST:

ROCKY BARKER  
JEFFY BARKER

THE TOPIC FOR THIS DRAMA IS “GOD IS THE ULTIMATE JUDGE AND AUTHORITY IN LIFE”

ROCKY: Jeffy, I need to speak to you. Now!

JEFFY: Sure, Dad. You don't have to shout.

ROCKY: I wasn't shouting, there. I was just being emotional. I'm upset, Jeffy. Real upset. Look what your mother found in your room yesterday!

JEFFY: Oh, great! Thanks for finding it. I've been looking for this tract.

ROCKY: You have?

JEFFY: Sure.

ROCKY: Were you going to tell us about it?

JEFFY: Well, I needed to get my thoughts together, Dad. I couldn't just blurt out that I had become a Christian.

ROCKY: (Sits down). Son, don't tell me you've become a holy roller?

JEFFY: Dad, don't be silly. Did you look at this tract?

ROCKY: Well, sort of. Son, you don't need all of that stuff. I can teach you everything you need to know. Just listen to the Old Man. Besides, all that stuff about sin and hell and judgment is just scare tactics.

JEFFY: I don't believe so.

ROCKY: Look, Jeffy, just who is God that He thinks He has the right to judge me? Huh? I mean I work my fingers to the bone all week long down at the warehouse. I sweat and bleed and break my back so you and your mother can have a home. Since when did God ever break a sweat? Huh? I mean, just 'poof' and he made that there Adam. Didn't break a sweat with Eve. Just took a rib from Adam and made a woman. No sweat! Didn't have to get up at 6 AM and fight traffic. Didn't have to put up with Marty the foreman from well, you know where.

JEFFY: Dad . . .

ROCKY: Just a minute here. I got my own sermon to preach. And, what right does He have to judge me? Huh? I got to stand before some throne some day and answer for my sins? Well, I'll answer all right! Yeah. I did it. And, I enjoyed every one of them sins. They was good ones. So don't tell me I got to answer to anybody judging me. I'm free to do whatever I want to.

JEFFY: Dad, can I go to the new strip joint Friday with my buddy, Zeke?

ROCKY: What? Strip joint? Are you out of your mind? Of course, you can't go to the strip joint.

JEFFY: Why?

ROCKY: Why? The kid asks me why? Cause you're only sixteen. Cause it ain't right for you to see those things. You might get some disease or something. That's why.

JEFFY: What would you do to me if I told you I went last Friday night?

ROCKY: You did what? Jeffy, you're grounded until the Groundhog sees his shadow. You ain't going nowhere with Zeke.

JEFFY: But, I just want to be free to do whatever I want.

ROCKY: Well, you can't be free. You're a kid.

JEFFY: Why?

ROCKY: Why? Cause I know what's good and bad for you, that's why. I'm the Old Man, remember.

JEFFY: So, you're judging me?

ROCKY: You're absolutely right, I'm the Judge and Jury, son. I, ... uh ....

JEFFY: Dad, God the Father has every right to judge us. He knows what's right and wrong. He made us. You said so yourself. Who else is there to set us right when we mess up? Problem is, when He judges, he does a little more than just ground us. His punishment is eternal. (Hands his father the tract.) Why don't you keep this and read it. You'll find there's a big difference between this Old Man (he taps his father on the chest) and God. God forgives.(Exits)

SKETCH #3:  
 WHO'S IN CHARGE?  
 BY  
 BRUCE HENNIGAN

CAST:  
 ROCKY BARKER  
 NORTON

THE TOPIC FOR THIS DRAMA IS THE POWER OF TEMPTATION

NORTON: Heh, Rocky baby, what you reading?

ROCKY: Some tract my son got from some church.

NORTON: Tract, huh? Like those Marmalades give out. Yeah, I got one of them once. Lined the boid cage with it.

ROCKY: Yeah, I'm thinking the same. You know all this silly stuff about temptation and sin. Well, it's silly, you know.

NORTON: Temptation, huh? Sorta like Sampson and Delicious. Now, if Sampson had been smart he wouldn't a let nobody tell him what to do. But, Delicious, she batted her eyelashes and tempted him and he did exactly what she told him to do.

ROCKY: Norton, I didn't know you knew the Bible.

NORTON: Well, I did graduate from second grade Sunday School. Yeah, temptation is nothing but somebody else dangling a carrot in front of you and then telling you what to do. Don't let nobody tell you what to do, Rocky baby, and you won't never have any problems with temptation. Heck of a singing group, though. Heh, Rocky baby, what did the little lady put in your lunch box?

ROCKY: Oh, no. Not again! Whole wheat bread, 99% lean turkey and low fat mayo. And, look, sugar free candy.

NORTON: Looks like your on the old Sugarbusters again, there, Rocky boy. Not me. I can eat anything I want. My metabolism just boils off the extra calories. See? I got me a burger with bacon and cheese. Tater tots. And key lime pie. Ha, Ha, a little of the islands, eh, Rocky Boy? Smells good doesn't it? Talk about your temptations? Heh, Rocky boy.

ROCKY: (Eats his sandwich) Shut up and eat, Norton before stuff a tater tot up your nostril.

NORTON: Hey, Rocky boy, don't get so testy with your best pally in the world, here. Truth is, I've been wanting to tell you you've been putting on a little weight. I think you need to go bowling with me Thursday night.

ROCKY: What? I can't go bowling Thursday.

NORTON: Why?

ROCKY: Well, uh, I've got some things to do around the house.

NORTON: Honey dos, right? What's wrong, Rocky boy, letting the old ball and chain cramp your style? Come on. You need the exercise. Besides, Mona's gonna be there.

ROCKY: Mona? Norton, I'm a married man.

NORTON: Yeah, but I'm not. And Mona and I are gonna bowl three hundred. Heh, what's wrong? The little old lady got you under her thumb?

ROCKY: Course not.

NORTON: Well, it don't hurt to look as long as you don't touch.

ROCKY: I guess I could tell her I'm staying late at work.

NORTON: Naw. Save that for Friday night.

ROCKY: Friday night?

NORTON: Yeah. We're going to the boats (or any local gambling establishment. If you don't have one, pick something sleezy.).

ROCKY: We?

NORTON: I, uh told Mona I wanted her to meet my brother.

ROCKY: You ain't got no brother.

NORTON: She don't know that. See, I introduce her to you and then you head off for the black jack tables and me and Mona, we hit the slots. It's a poifect plan.

ROCKY: But, Blanche . . .

NORTON: Hey, who's in charge around here? You or her? Huh? You gonna let someone tell you what to do? You're a free man. If you're smart you'll do what I tell you and I'll show you a good time you'll never forget.

SKETCH #4:  
I'M NOT THE WOMAN YOU MARRIED

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

CAST:  
ROCKY BARKER  
BLANCHE BARKER

THE TOPIC FOR THIS DRAMA WAS "YOU MUST DIE TO THE OLD SELF IN ORDER TO BECOME A NEW SELF ACCEPTABLE TO GOD"

(Blanche finds Rocky sitting in his chair reading the tract.)

BLANCHE: I thought you threw that thing away.

ROCKY: Uh, well, I'm trying to understand how they brainwashed Jeffy. You know, we might need to unprogram him some day.

BLANCHE: That's nice, dear. So, what does the tract tell you?

ROCKY: Well, it's silly, you know. It says I gotta die to self. Die to self? What does that mean? And, then it says if I die, then I'll live. I'm telling you Blanche, it don't make no sense. No sense at all.

BLANCHE: Well, I understand it.

ROCKY: You understand this gobbledegook?

BLANCHE: Oh, Rocky, it ain't that hard to understand. You remember when you met me in college?

ROCKY: Ooo, la, la. I sure do. You had long, black hair and you were a cheerleader and you was the prettiest thing I ever did see.

BLANCHE: Yeah, and you was handsome then.

ROCKY: What?

BLANCHE: Oh, Rocky, you're still handsome. Did you know about my secret desire?

ROCKY: Oh, no. Here we go again.

BLANCHE: I wanted to be an opera singer.

ROCKY: Blanche, don't do it. It cost seventeen bucks to replace the Mitchell's windows next door the last time.

BLANCHE: I was taking lessons from Bitoro Minoony, the great Italian tenor.

ROCKY: He owned the pizza joint, Blanche.

BLANCHE: And, I could sing an aria like Georgia Beverly Shea.

ROCKY: More like a coyote with whiplash.

BLANCHE: (Begins to try to sing and Rocky holds his hands over his ears.)

ROCKY: Yeah, Blanche, I get it. How about giving my earbones a rest already. So, what's you point?

BLANCHE: Well, I was going to be a great opera singer. And, then I met you. And, I fell in love. And, you asked me to marry you. And, I never finished my lessons.

ROCKY: The world is a sadder place, Blanche. But, one day it'll thank me.

BLANCHE: And, then, we got married. And, I wasn't Blanche McGillacutty anymore. Now, I was Blanche Barker. I wasn't me anymore. I was your wife.

ROCKY: And, what's wrong with that?

BLANCHE: Nothing, Rocky. I'm not complaining. And, then I had Jeffy. And, I wasn't Blanche Barker anymore. I was a mother.

ROCKY: Would you get to the point, here, Blanche.

BLANCHE: Rocky, I gave up all of those dreams so I could become something else. The old Blanche McGillacutty died. And, then she became Mrs. Rocky Barker. And, then Mrs. Rocky Barker changed, too. She became Jeffy's mother.

ROCKY: What? You would rather be warbling out your vocal cords at Minoony's Pizza Palace?

BLANCHE: Oh, no, Rocky. I'm happier than I could ever have been as an opera singer. I didn't mind dying to my old self. Because the new self I became is so much happier. I just couldn't see it at the time. Maybe that's what this dying to self is like. You give up being the you, you want to be and then you become the you God wants you to be. All you got to do is let go of your old self. See, it makes perfect sense.

ROCKY: Blanche, go sing at the pizza palace.

SKETCH #5:  
IS ANYBODY LISTENING?

BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

CAST:  
ROCKY BARTON  
NORTON

THE TOPIC FOR THIS DRAMA IS HOW TO PRAY.

*(Rocky is standing on his front porch, reading a Bible. He puts his hands together and acts like he is praying and Norton enters.)*

NORTON: Hey, Rocky boy, we going bowling or what?

ROCKY: Naw, Norton. I got something else I got to do.

NORTON: Hey, I saw you talking to somebody from over there, but there ain't nobody here.

ROCKY: OK, busybody. I was trying to pray.

NORTON: Trying to pray? Oh, Rocky baby, you're going about it all wrong.

ROCKY: Oh, and you know how to pray?

NORTON: I graduated from the second grade Sunday School, remember. But, since you seem to know all about talking to the Big Guy Upstairs because you been reading that there tract, you go ahead and do it your way. I'll stand right over here.

ROCKY: (nervously glances over his shoulder at Norton and then curtsies.)

NORTON: What are you doing? You don't curtsy to God, you numbskull. This ain't no debutante ball, here.

ROCKY: Yeah, but it says to bow down. I been reading the Bible, you know.

NORTON: Yeah. I knew that. Well, you bow like this. (He bows from the waist.) Now, go ahead and try it.

ROCKY: (Bows) How's that?

NORTON: Good. You oughta be feeling spiritual already, there old pally. Now, I'll just wait over here.

ROCKY: (Bows and begins to whisper.)

NORTON: Hey, what you doing?

ROCKY: I'm talking to God, Norton.

NORTON: Well, you can't whisper, Rocky buddy. How's He gonna hear you way out there past the rings of Saturn? And, besides, what are you saying?

ROCKY: Well, uh, (clears throat) Dear God, this is Rocky, . . .

NORTON: No, no, no. You're getting it all wrong. Didn't you take speech in high school?

ROCKY: No, I didn't take speech in high school. I took driver's ed. You want I should drive up to Saturn and pick up God and take him to the Burger Doodle?

NORTON: Hey, don't get testy here with your best pal, Rocky Baby. I'm only trying to help. You got to project. From the diaphragm. You know, take a deep breath. And, then you got to use that fancy King's English like in the King Jimmy version of the Bible.

ROCKY: King Jimmy, huh? Why don't you give me an example?

NORTON: Huh?

ROCKY: You're the expert on prayer. Go ahead. Get me started.

NORTON: Sure. (Clears throat, very theatrical) Once upon a time, forescore and seven years ago, our Father who art in heaven, give us our daily lottery numbers, and lead us not to speed on I-49 but deliver the pizza hot, you know. And, now I lay me down to sleep and when in the course of human events it becomes necessary to come to church, let us not oversleep. Amen.

ROCKY: That's it?

NORTON: Yeah, Rocky Baby. That's what you call your basic Lord's Prayer. I heard it in a song once. Look, if you're not bowling, I gotta go. Mona's waiting. (Exits)

ROCKY: (looks at the tract) Hey, God, I don't know what to say or how to say it, but this is Rocky Barker here and you know my son, Jeffy. And, if what you did to him is good enough for him, it's good enough for me. I guess I just need your help.

SKETCH #6:  
 WITH NEIGHBORS LIKE YOU . . .  
 BY

BRUCE HENNIGAN

CAST:

ROCKY BARKER  
 BLANCHE BARKER  
 JEFFY BARKER  
 TRIXIE MITCHELL

THE TOPIC FOR THIS DRAMA IS EVANGELISM.

ROCKY: Well, that was a doozy of a sermon.

BLANCHE: How would you know. It's only the third one you've heard in five years.

ROCKY: Yeah, but it was good. I like that story of the Pot belly son.

JEFFY: The prodigal son, Dad. It was the prodigal son.

ROCKY: Whatever. I understood the story, didn't I? You know, Jeffy, becoming a Christian was the best thing you ever did for our family. I can't believe we wasted all these years when we could have been serving Jesus.

BLANCHE: Yeah, I thought church was just one big country club. You know they got ministries to help people. And, I'm going to join the choir.

(Rocky and Jeffy look at each other and shake their heads.)

JEFFY: Pray for a miracle, Dad.

(Enter Trixie)

TRIXIE: Howdy, howdy, howdy. I just wanted to welcome you three. I made some of my special peanut butter and fudge rockodoodles.

BLANCEH: Welcome us? But, Trixie we've been in your neighbor for years.

TRIXIE: Not to the neighborhood, silly. To the church. Blanche, I am so excited you and Rocky have joined the church.

BLANCHE: Joined the church? How did you know?

TRIXIE: Why I was there last week when Rocky was baptized. Almost drowned Brother Mark, didn't you?

ROCKY: I never could take being dunked.

JEFFY: Dad, he was just going to put you under and pull you right back up.

TRIXIE: I heard his shoes squishing all the way down the aisle when he left during the benediction. Squish, squish, squish!

ROCKY: I've never been baptized Trixie. I didn't know how long he was going to keep me under. As long as I been a sinner, I figured it would take a while to wash all the sin away.

BLANCHE: Honey, if that was true, you'd need a car wash.

TRIXIE: Anyway, I was so excited to know my next door neighbor is now a member of my church. Why, I just can't wait to take you to Sunday School. And, to the fellowship suppers, and oh, all the committees and ministries you can serve on. I get so excited just talking about it.

ROCKY: I think she'd get excited watching a snail.

BLANCHE: (Looking puzzled.) Uh, Trixie, how long have you been our neighbor?

TRIXIE: What? How long? Oh, Blanche, let's see. About ten years.

BLANCHE: And, how long have you been a member of the church?

TRIXIE: Oh, honey, I was on the cradle roll of our church. Me and Bobby were right next to each other in our bassinets in the nursery. I believe that was when he fell in love with my beautiful eyes. And, I just loved his cute little rolls of fat. I still love his cute little rolls of fat.

ROCKY: They're not little anymore!

JEFFY: Dad!

BLANCHE: But, Trixie, if you've been a member of that church since you were a child, how long have you been a Christian?

TRIXIE: Since I was ten. Got saved in a youth revival. Walked right down the aisle and gave my heart to Jesus. It was so touching.

BLANCHE: Now, Trixie, we had lunch just last month. And, the week before that we went to Canton to the flea market. And last fall, you and I worked together on the school carnival.

TRIXIE: Yes. We sure did.

ROCKY: Can we get to the point there, Blanche?

BLANCHE: Well, the point is Trixie here has known us for years. And, she never told us about Jesus. I mean, what if one of us had been killed in a car accident or something? Why, we would have gone to hell. Trixie do you realize what you almost did?

TRIXIE: Yes, I mean no.

BLANCHE: You almost sent us to hell. Why, if Jeffy hadn't a gone to that youth concert and gotten saved and hadn't of brought that tract home and if Rocky hadn't a looked at it, why we would have just gone on our merry way to hell.

TRIXIE: But, God made sure you got saved, Blanche.

BLANCHE: Trixie, God might have used you to get us saved a whole lot earlier than now.

ROCKY: Hey, Blanche, you got something here. If I had a gotten saved five years ago, I would have never lost all that money at the boat. Some neighbor you turned out to be. You would a just watched us go right on to hell.

TRIXIE: Well, it's not like that. It's just that sometimes I get scared of telling people about Jesus. I can't remember the scriptures and . . .

ROCKY: Oh, and going to hell isn't scary enough for you? But, you know what, Trixie. I ain't gonna let you have it like I woulda done six weeks ago. No, I'm going to do something I aint' never done. I 'm gonna forgive you. That's right. Because I got a brand new heart. No thanks to you.

BLANCHE: Rocky!

ROCKY: But, let this be a lesson to you, Trixie. Me, I'm gonna tell everybody at work about what happened to me. I don't want my friends to go to hell. I don't even want my enemies to go to hell. So, next time you feel scared, just think about what it would be like to burn in hell for eternity. See if that doesn't make you be a little better neighbor.

**PRODUCTION NOTE:**

In these dramas, I purposely left many of them open ended to lead right into the sermon. In the full length drama, I used closure in each scene. Check out the full length drama if you wish to add closure to each scene.

Bruce Hennigan

Also, I returned to Rocky and Blanche in another series of sketches on how they applied their new Christianity to everyday living. It made for a good follow up series of sermons for new believers on how to apply the Bible to their new lives in Christ.