

# Where're the Blisters, Sister?

*Based on the story of two sisters, Mary and Martha, and their disagreements on how to divide the household chores*

## From *Can't We All Just Get Along?*

By Martha Bolton

**Scripture Reference:** Luke 10:38-41

**Themes:** Setting priorities, works versus grace

**Cast:**

MARTHA  
MR. BOTHWELL  
NARRATOR  
SINGER(S)

**Setting:** Place of business with sign that says "The Bethany Labor Board"

**Props:**

Complaint forms  
Writing utensil

**Costumes:** Biblical-era wear or cloth draped over modern day wear to give the illusion of biblical times

**Running Time:** 6-7 minutes

NARRATOR: Dysfunction can happen between husbands and wives, between parents and children, between brothers, and sometimes it's between sisters . . .

*(Sketch opens with MR. BOTHWELL seated at a desk [should look like a piece of furniture from biblical times]. MARTHA enters.)*

MR. BOTHWELL: How may I help you?

MARTHA: I'm here to file a complaint.

MR. BOTHWELL: Very well . . . *(prepares to write on form)* Your name?

MARTHA: Martha.

MR. BOTHWELL: Your employer's name?

MARTHA: This is about my sister.

MR. BOTHWELL: You work for your sister?

MARTHA: I might as well.

MR. BOTHWELL: I'm sorry, but I think you've lost me.

MARTHA: I'm here to file a complaint against my sister.

MR. BOTHWELL (*puts writing utensil down*): We don't usually get involved in family disputes. We're the labor board and we only . . .

MARTHA (*indicating form*): Mary.

MR. BOTHWELL: I thought you said your name was Martha.

MARTHA: It is. Her name's Mary. Just fill out the form and I'll sign it.

MR. BOTHWELL: Why don't you tell me what kind of labor laws you feel your sister has . . . uh, violated?

MARTHA (*guessing*): 501-C, 482-S . . . how should I know? You tell me. You've got the manual. All I know is she never helps me around the house!

MR. BOTHWELL (*disinterested*): I see.

MARTHA: OK, maybe I shouldn't say "never," but she sure isn't helping me today. We've got important company coming and she's not lifting a finger!

MR. BOTHWELL: A labor board complaint can really get messy. Are you sure you two don't just want to work this out yourselves?

MARTHA: Oh, I've tried. Believe me, I've tried to get her to help, but all she says is she wants to "sit at the feet of Jesus." Jesus, He's the guest that's coming. Sit! That's all she wants to do. Can you believe that? She thinks she's going to sit while I do all the work! Unbelievable! Un-be-liev-able!

MR. BOTHWELL: You're talking about Jesus? The Prophet? He's who's coming to your house?

MARTHA: Yes. But getting back to my complaint . . .

MR. BOTHWELL: You're not pulling my leg?

MARTHA: Absolutely not! She doesn't do a thing!

MR. BOTHWELL: No, I mean about Jesus. He's really coming?

MARTHA: He's a good friend of ours. But now, about my sister, Mary . . . How she thinks she could just sit there while I do all the sweeping, all the mopping and all the dusting, and that's not to mention the cooking, the laundry, and everything else around the house, is beyond me! (*Indicating complaint form*) So that's "Mary," M-a-r-y.

MR. BOTHWELL: So when do you expect Him to arrive?

MARTHA: Any minute now. (*Indicating complaint form again*) Mary. M-a-r-y . . . (*Beat*) You're not writing. Why aren't you writing?

MR. BOTHWELL: Maybe I should stop by your house and, you know, see the situation for myself.

MARTHA: Stop by the house?

MR. BOTHWELL: I wouldn't stay long. Just long enough to . . . you know, check things out.

MARTHA: It's not enough that I'm cleaning for Jesus, now I've got to clean for more company? How's that going to help me?

MR. BOTHWELL: Don't worry about the house.

MARTHA: You sound like Mary! Of course I've got to worry about the house. If I don't, who will? Mary would invite the Lord in no matter what shape our home was in. I can't do that. I've got too much . . .

MR. BOTHWELL: Pride?

MARTHA: Well, no, that wasn't the word I was looking for.

MR. BOTHWELL: Can I ask you something, Martha?

MARTHA: I'm really in a hurry and you haven't even written down her name yet.

MR. BOTHWELL: Have you considered the possibility that you're jealous of your sister?

MARTHA: Jealous?

MR. BOTHWELL: Of Mary's freedom.

MARTHA: Freedom to live in a messy house? Are you saying I should ignore the dustballs, the dirty dishes, the dirt on the floors and just say, "Come on in, Lord. Move the laundry off the sofa, sit down and stay awhile."

MR. BOTHWELL: Your sister gives herself permission to relax and enjoy Jesus' company. I think you'd like to be able to do that too.

MARTHA: But He's the Son of God, for goodness sakes! You can't have someone like that coming in and seeing how you really live. You've got to clean up first! You've got to put everything in order. I'm gonna tell Jesus that she hasn't lifted a finger to help me. He should know the truth. Jealous? That's the most preposterous thing I've ever heard!

MR. BOTHWELL: You wouldn't like to be the one sitting at Jesus' feet?

MARTHA: Well, of course I would! But He's got to be able to walk into the house first!

MR. BOTHWELL: Maybe you should ask Him which He'd prefer you do . . . clean house or enjoy His presence.

MARTHA: I can see that you're not going to be any help at all.

MR. BOTHWELL: How can I file a complaint against your sister when it appears that your sister is doing the better thing?

MARTHA: The better thing? The better thing! I'm talking dust bunnies big

enough to ride. OK, maybe I'm exaggerating a little, but we're talking Jesus here! He deserves our best.

MR. BOTHWELL: You're right, but He also deserves your time, Martha. He probably just wants you to spend the day with Him.

MARTHA: And I plan to. After I clean everything up first!

*(As MARTHA continues cleaning, the NARRATOR steps onto the stage.)*

NARRATOR: Ah, Martha, Martha, Martha. She was so busy worrying about what she could do for her Lord that she hardly had any time left to spend with her Lord.

*(As MARTHA continues cleaning, singer or singers enter and sing parody to "She Works Hard for the Money," in the style of Donna Summer.)*

MR. BOTHWELL: SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SO HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
HAS NO TIME TO SPEND WITH HIM.

SHE WORKS HARD TO IMPRESS HIM.  
SO HARD TO IMPRESS HIM.  
SHE WORKS HARD TO IMPRESS HIM.  
HAS TO WORK ALL DAY FOR HIM.

MARTHA THERE  
DOIN' EV'RYTHING  
AND SHE WANTS MARY TO HELP.  
OH, HOW IT BOTHERS HER,  
SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO BE SO FREE.

CRACK OF DAWN  
'TIL THE SUN GOES DOWN,  
DOIN' MUCH MORE THAN HER PART.  
WANTS THINGS LOOKIN' REAL PRETTY,  
KEEPS WORKIN' SO THE WORLD WILL SEE.

SHE WORKS HARD FOR ACCEPTANCE.  
SO HARD FOR ACCEPTANCE.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR ACCEPTANCE.  
DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HIS GRACE.

SHE WORKS HARD SO HE'LL LOVE HER.  
SO HARD SO HE'LL LOVE HER.  
SHE WORKS HARD SO HE'LL LOVE HER.  
DOESN'T KNOW HE LOVED HER FIRST.

NO TIME FOR FUN, JUST TRYIN' TO GET DONE

ALL THE THINGS STILL ON HER LIST.  
IT SURE DOESN'T SEEM FAIR. DOES MORE THAN HER SHARE  
FOR HER LORD

SACRIFICES, SHE'S CLEANIN' UP ALL DAY  
FOR LITTLE GLORY.  
HARDLY TIME TO PRAY, AND SHE WONDERES WHEN  
SHE'LL EVER SEE  
HER REWARD.

SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER MASTER.  
SO HARD FOR HER MASTER.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER MASTER,  
BUT HIS LOVE HAS MADE HER FREE.

SHE CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT HE JUST WANTS MARTHA  
SHE CAN'T BELIEVE  
SHE CAN'T EARN HIS LOVE.

SHE IS SO STRESSED,  
THINGS ARE A MESS.  
WANTS TO LOOK GOOD FOR HIM.

WORKS HARD.

SHE WORKS HARD  
FOR FORGIVENESS.  
SO HARD FOR FORGIVENESS.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR FORGIVENESS,  
DOESN'T KNOW THE DEBT'S BEEN PAID.

HARD FOR ACCEPTANCE.  
SO HARD FOR ACCEPTANCE.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR ACCEPTANCE.  
TRIES HER BEST TO EARN HIS LOVE.

SO HARD  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SO HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS,  
DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH SHE'S LOVED.

SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SO HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH SHE'S LOVED.

SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SO HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
SHE WORKS HARD FOR HER JESUS.  
DOESN'T KNOW HE LOVED HER FIRST.

*(Fade out)*

NARRATOR: When you get right down to it, we've all got our messes, don't we? And like Martha, we'll never be able to clean up enough on our own. We can't hide all our imperfections, our dysfunctions, or our hurts by sweeping them under the rug before inviting Him in. The good news is we don't have to.



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