

Christian Scripts Set 3

Introduction

LifeLine Productions is dedicated to presenting the Gospel message and Biblical truths in an entertaining and thought-provoking form. We aim to plant seeds in the hearts of those who do not know Jesus Christ as Savior, and to challenge and encourage believers to a stronger walk with their Lord.

We are thankful to you for ordering this set of scripts. It is our prayer that your drama group, youth group or whatever type of group you have will be effective with this material and that God will use our collective work for His good. You are on the front-line; you have the opportunity through your performance to touch someone and lead them to Christ. May God bless your faithfulness in this task.

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1000 Points to Heaven

- Theme:** We do not get into Heaven because of our good works.
- People:** 2
- Scene:** Only an open stage is needed. The Angel should have wings and possibly a halo and be dressed in a white robe. Bob is dress as you would expect a Doctor to dress when he is not at work.
- Angel:** *(Angel has been doing this for thousands of years. Been there, done that, seen it all.)* Number five billion, two hundred twenty three thousand and fifty-nine!
- Bob:** That's me! That's me!
- Angel:** Wait here. You'll be next.
- Bob:** *(A little nervous, paces a little.)* So I guess the Big Guy is in there, huh? *(Angel doesn't respond.)* You know, the BIG guy? You know...*(holding up fingers like quotation marks)* BIG...you know...God.
- Angel:** *(Agitated.)* I know whom you're talking about!
- Bob:** Oh yeah! Of course you would! I mean, you work right next to the man, uh, the spirit...supreme being...God!, uh God. After all, you're up to *(looks at ticket)* five billion people, I'm sure you've seen it all huh?
- Angel:** *(It's been a long day attitude.)* Oh, yeah.
- Bob:** I bet you've seen some real bad people come through here, huh?
- Angel:** Yep.
- Bob:** Boy, I would've hated to be in their shoes, standing before God, finding out your life doesn't add up. Oh yeah. But I don't have to worry. You see, I've lived a good life. *(Pulls paper out of pocket.)* Take a look at this. "Outstanding Samaritan Award- 1993." Pretty impressive, huh?
- Angel:** *(Not impressed.)* Uh-huh.
- Bob:** Yep, pulled a cat out a raging fire. Oh, yeah. No problem. Out of curiosity, just how many points do you need to get into Heaven?
- Angel:** Points?

1000 Points to Heaven

- Bob:** You know, how good do you have to be? Exactly, just what level of goodness do you have to achieve in order to get into Heaven? You know, how many points do you need?
- Angel:** *(Making it up as he goes.)* Oh...ummm...1,000.
- Bob:** A thousand?
- Angel:** Sure.
- Bob:** Piece of cake. I was a great husband. I taught classes on how to have a successful marriage. So, how many points do you think I'll get for that?
- Angel:** Uh...two.
- Bob:** *(Expecting a much larger number.)* Excuse me?
- Angel:** Two points.
- Bob:** TWO POINTS?!
- Angel:** Sure, yes...two points.
- Bob:** Eighteen years of marriage, and all I get is two points!??
- Angel:** Yep, that's what you get.
- Bob:** HAVE YOU SEEN THE WOMAN I MARRIED?!!
- Angel:** Two points! She'll probably get four!
- Bob:** Fine! Okay, I was a good father. How many points for that?
- Angel:** Two points.
- Bob:** What! I even went to PTA meetings!
- Angel:** Oh! PTA meetings...three points.
- Bob:** Three!? Well, how much for being a doctor, now I saved lives.
- Angel:** Mmmm...two points.
- Bob:** Twelve years of medical school, and all I get is two points?!

1000 Points to Heaven

Angel: Hey! That's the rules.

Bob: Well, how many points do I get for pulling that cat out of the building?!

Angel: What do you mean how many points? You already got your award.

Bob: What award! ALL I GOT WAS THIS STUPID PIECE OF PAPER!!!
(*Throws paper down.*)

Angel: And congratulations.

Bob: So to get into Heaven I need...

Angel: 1000 points.

Bob: And I have...

Angel: Seven. It's time for you to go in now.

Bob: Now wait a minute! Wait a minute! I'm not a bad person! I'm a pretty good guy. If all I get is seven points, how does anyone get into Heaven?

Angel: They don't take the test.

Bob: What!? Now why not?

Angel: Because they know they don't meet God's standards.

Bob: Then how do they get into Heaven?

Angel: They've asked Jesus to take the test for them. They get in on his score, not theirs. Now, it's time for you to go in. Don't forget your award. (*Bob reluctantly takes his award and leaves. Angel addresses the audience.*) Number five billion, two hundred twenty three thousand and sixty! (*Looks at audience.*) Must be tomorrow's candidate. (*Walks off stage.*)

End

Attending the Big Sermon

Theme: Serving God in the Church

People: 2

Scene: Two people enter the church and sit in the middle of the congregation, preferably using the back of the pew as the seat so they can be easily seen. They approach the worship service like it was a sporting event.

Bob: Hey, thanks for getting these tickets. This is great.

Frank: No problem. I think we got pretty good seats—if we can just find them.

Bob: This is row G.

Frank: Here they are C, 9 and 10. Excuse us.

Bob: Morning.

Frank: He is risen!

Bob: Hey! You're really getting the lingo down.

Frank: Boy, we've got a great view.

Bob: Yeah. Nothing like going to the big sermon on Sunday morning.

Frank: Best entertainment for the buck.

Bob: Especially here.

Frank: Today's sermon is supposed to be a good one too.

Bob: Ya know, last Sunday's sermon really spoke to me.

Frank: Really?

Bob: Yeah it made me want to really go out and serve God. I've been wanting to do more for God.

Frank: So what do you want to do?

Bob: I'm not sure, but I really want to serve God.

Attending the Big Sermon

Frank: That's great. You know, they could use help in the nursery.

Bob: Oh, I'm not into diapers.

Frank: How 'bout greeting people at the door?

Bob: Too smiley, they must have something better.

Frank: Well there's teaching Sunday School?

Bob: Hmm, too much work.

Frank: Serving soup at the rescue mission?

Bob: Eeeww, too greasy.

Frank: So tell me, what would you like to do.

Bob: Something that would impress my fellow Christians, wouldn't let my friends know I go to church, and it would be nice if I could do it in front of the T.V. Think they've got anything like that?

Frank: Not if you want to serve God.

Bob: Bummer.

Frank: Hey, you want to get some popcorn before the sermon starts?

Bob: Do we have time?

Frank: I don't know. What's next on the program?

Bob: Looks like Christian Education Director is going to make some announcements about ministry needs.

Frank & Bob: Popcorn.

End

Baby Food

Theme: Hebrews 5:13-14 “Anyone who lives on milk, being still an infant, is not acquainted with the teaching about righteousness. But solid food is for the mature, who by constant use have trained themselves to distinguish good from evil.” The theme is not brought out in the skit. A follow-up message or sermon is needed to bring out the theme.

People: 3

Scene: At a restaurant, small table, two seats. Waiter/waitress brings the two over to a table.

Waiter: Here you go. Welcome to the Lobster House. Would you care to hear the specials of the day?

Mary: Oh that would be nice.

Waiter: Today we have New England Lobster Chowder, Lobster Stew, and a succulent Lobster Thermadore.

Mary: That sounds good.

Waiter: Would you care to order?

Doris: Do you have anything by Beechnut?

Waiter: Beechnut?

Doris: Or Gerber, but I prefer Beechnut.

Waiter: Gerber?

Doris: You know, strained peaches, strained green beans?

Waiter: I don't believe we do.

Doris: That's okay, *(Opens up bag and pulls out baby food jars.)* I always bring my own.

(While the two are talking, Doris takes out a few jars of baby food and places them on the table. She then pulls out a small towel, places it in front of her, pulls out a rubber coated baby spoon, a small bottle of Beechnut apple juice then either puts a nipple on it, or empties it into a baby bottle. After putting a drop on his/her wrist to check the temperature, he/she proceeds to eat out of the jar.)

Mary: Uh...*(A little embarrassed.)* I'll have the chowder.

Baby Food

- Waiter:** Very good. (*Leaves.*)
- Mary:** You eat baby food?
- Doris:** Oh, yeah! If you're happy with what you have, why change?
- Mary:** You've never changed from baby food?
- Doris:** I remember one time I tried strained spinach, and it was disgusting! I decided at that time that if I had a winner that I was satisfied with, why take a chance and eat anything different? So, it's been Gerbers and Beechnut ever since.
- Mary:** So, you've never tried ice cream, or French fries, or Chinese food?
- Doris:** If Gerber doesn't make it, why take the chance? I'm really quite content.
- Mary:** I see, hang on. Excuse me! Could you bring me a small cup of vanilla ice cream?
- Waiter:** Very good.
- Mary:** And you've never had ice cream.
- Doris:** Oh, no. Excuse me. (*Pats on her stomach, much like you would pat a baby's back after eating. Feigns a belch, and wipes the end of her mouth with the baby towel.*)
- Waiter:** (*Brings the ice cream.*) Here you go.
- Mary:** Thank you. Here try this.
- Doris:** What's that?
- Mary:** It's ice cream. Trust me, you'll like it.
- Doris:** Well, I don't know...
- Mary:** Come on, open up...you can do it. (*Like prompting a baby.*)
- Doris:** Okay fine. (*Takes her first bite of ice cream.*) OH! THAT'S COLD!
- Mary:** Of course it's cold! It's ice cream.
- Doris:** Well that's...(Reality sets in, this taste good!) oh my...OH MY! OH, THAT'S GOOD! WHERE DO YOU GET THIS? (*Takes the bowl.*)

Baby Food

- Mary:** From the freezer section of the grocery store.
- Doris:** Grocery stores have freezer sections? I have to get a freezer! This is soo much better than anything I've ever eaten!
- Mary:** So you've never eaten anything like pizza, hamburgers, French fries, or anything with chocolate sauce?
- Doris:** *(Still devouring the ice cream.)* hm, mm... Baby food is so bland compared to this!
- Mary:** You've never even eaten a Burrito Supreme from Taco Bell.
- Doris:** Burrito Supreme? That sounds really good!
- Waiter:** Your Lobster Chowder...
- Doris:** CAN I GET A BURRITO SUPREME AND FRENCH FRIES WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE!?
- Waiter:** Uh, we have Lobsters here.
- Mary:** I think we should be going. *(Pulls out some money to pay the bill.)* We need to do some exploring.
- Waiter:** Very well, here are some dinner mints.
- Doris:** I'll take those!!!
- Mary:** Thank you. *(Both are leaving.)*
- Doris:** Oh these are good!

End

The Backward Restaurant

Theme: Gifts of God. Make sure you are using the gift God gave you. The theme is not brought out in the skit. A follow-up message or sermon is needed to bring out the theme.

People: 6
Husband: (Long Part)
Wife: (Short Part)
Owner: Medium age (Medium Part)
Cook: (Long part)
Wine Steward: Young guy, clueless (Medium Part)
Waiter: (Short part)

In this skit, everyone's roles are mixed up. The Cook is the Waiter, the Dishwasher is the Wine Steward, the Waiter is the Cook and the Wine Steward is the Dishwasher...are you following so far? In referring to the characters, the script will refer to their real occupation.

The characters should be dressed as their real occupation, the Cook as a Waiter should be dressed as a cook.

Scene: Fancy restaurant, one table, silverware, cloth napkin and two water glasses.

Husband: *(To wife.)* You're going to like this.

Owner: Table for two?

Husband: Yes please.

Owner: Right this way. *(Walks to table.)* Here you go, the Wine Steward will bring you a wine list in a moment.

Wife: Oh Harold, this is SO nice!

Dishwasher: *(Young guy, has no clue what's going on or what he's supposed to do.)*
Uh, hi.

Husband & Wife: Hello.

Dishwasher: So, um...what do you want?

Husband: Aren't you supposed to give us a wine list?

The Backward Restaurant

Dishwasher: What...we have red wines and we have white wines, you need a list to remember that? *(Looks at spoon and sees a spot on it. Picks up the spoon and examines it.)* Man, whoever washed these did a lousy job. *(Meticulously cleans the spoon with a napkin. Looks at it and approves its cleanliness and puts it back.)*

Husband: Uh, We were hoping for a little more descriptive choice of wines.

Wife: Yes, I was hoping for something along the lines of a blush wine.

Dishwasher: Blush?

Wife: Something slightly pink in color?

Dishwasher: *(Thinking out loud to himself.)* A little red, a little white...*(to wife)* Yeah, I can do that.

Wife: No, no, no, I meant...

Husband: Hold on! Just bring us a bottle of vintage '95 Chateau St. Jean Merlot, and we would prefer the private reserve if you have any.

Dishwasher: *(Really confused, trying really hard to comprehend what was just said.)* Yeah...right. Uh, is that a red or a white wine?

Husband: Red.

Dishwasher: *(This he understands.)* Oh! Sure, I can do that. *(Leaves.)*

Wife: I don't think he knows how to do his job.

Husband: *(Sarcastically.)* Gee, you think?

Dishwasher: *(Comes back, puts a bottle on the table.)* Here you go. *(Starts to walk away.)*

Husband: Excuse me! We need glasses!

Dishwasher: What? You already have glasses.

Husband: No, these are water glasses! We need wine glasses.

Dishwasher: That just means more glasses for the dishwasher. Besides, what's the difference?

Husband: Wait a minute; this isn't what I asked for! This is Port

Dishwasher: You wanted a red wine; it's a red wine.

Wine: Dear, the Port is fine.

Husband: Okay, fine, but can you at least open the bottle?

The Backward Restaurant

- Dishwasher:** Okay. (*Fumbles with the wine opener.*) Oh man! I can never figure this thing out. Let me go ask the dishwasher, he knows how to use these. (*Leaves.*)
- Cook:** (*Walks up, dressed a little like a waiter.*) So what do you want to eat?
- Husband:** (*Taken off guard.*) Uh, we haven't seen any menus yet.
- Wife:** What would you suggest?
- Cook:** Well, if it were me, I'd go for the center cut top sirloin steak cooked in a red wine marinade with wild mushrooms sautéed in a light olive oil and garlic. It is served with a baked potato, a layer of Wensleydale cheddar cheese with just a hint of finely chopped bacon.
- Wife:** Oh that sounds good!
- Husband:** Yeah, we'll both have that!
- Cook:** Well, good luck. Our cook tonight doesn't have a clue how to make that.
- Husband:** Oh! Uh...well, how about Salmon?
- Cook:** I wouldn't eat any fish made by this guy.
- Wife:** Veal?
- Cook:** I don't think he knows what veal is.
- Husband:** Soup?
- Cook:** If it's in a can.
- Husband:** So, just what does this guy know how to cook?
- Cook:** I hear he makes a pretty mean hamburger.
- Husband:** A HAMBURGER?!
- Cook:** Or a cheeseburger.
- Wife:** Dear, I'm very hungry, a hamburger with fries sounds good right now.
- Cook:** Hey! Now I never said anything about French-Fries.

The Backward Restaurant

Dishwasher: (*Comes back with the right bottle.*) Good news! The dishwasher took me to this room called 'The Cellar' and, boy; have we got a lot of wines down there! He took me right to that (*reading label*) Chateau St. Jean Mere-lot wine you wanted. He said to say, "Good choice." That's what he would have chosen also. (*Starts to try to open the bottle again.*)

Husband: Well, thank you.

Dishwasher: I still can't figure this thing out.

Cook: Here, I'm always opening Sherry bottles when I cook.

Husband: You cook!?

Cook: Oh yeah, all the time.

Husband: Wait a minute! (*Owner walks by.*) Excuse me!

Owner: Yes?

Husband: WHAT KIND OF RESTAURANT IS THIS?! My wife and I come here to have a nice meal and what do we get? We get a wine steward who didn't even know you had a wine cellar, and in the meanwhile you have someone in the back, who knows more about wine than all of France, washing dishes! You have cook who doesn't know what veal is, and a waiter who doesn't even bring us menus, who cooks all the time!

Owner: Wait a minute! Bernard! What are you doing up here? You are supposed to be in the back cooking! Leroy! Why are you serving wine, you are supposed to be washing the dishes!

Cook: I came in today and my timecard was placed in the waiter's slot.

Dishwasher: And my timecard was in the Wine Steward's slot.

Owner: Oh! I'm terribly sorry, but the new accountant hasn't figured out our system yet. Leroy, go back and get Luigi and Pierre and have them come up and take care of the customers, like they always do! (*To patrons.*) I am so sorry for the mix up, please let this meal be on the house.

Luigi: And what can I get this wonderful couple tonight.

The Backward Restaurant

Cook: Hey, Luigi! Don't worry about this couple; I'll make them a meal they will never forget. Trust me. (*Walks off stage.*)

Pierre: Here are some wine glasses for you. (*Pours wine for couple.*) Remember; let the wine breathe a little before drinking.

Husband: (*Holds up wine.*) Now this is what a meal should be like.

End

The Box

- Theme:** The importance and urgency of deciding for God now.
- People:** Two.
- Props:** One box. Inside are a letter and two boxes: one marked “Getting to know God better”, the other “\$1,000” and a letter. In the box marked “Getting to know God better” are two envelopes, one marked “Getting to know God better”, the other marked “\$50,000.” In the “\$50,000” envelope, there is a letter. The “Getting to know God better” envelope is empty.
- Scene:** In a couple’s living room.
- George:** *(George walks in carrying a cardboard box.)* Hi honey! I’m home.
- Doris:** *(Doris walks in from the other side.)* Hello dear. What’s in the box?
- George:** I don’t know, it was on the porch when I came home.
- Doris:** Oh. Does it say who it’s from?
- George:** No, it doesn’t say anything, just... “Decisions.”
- Doris:** You don’t suppose it’s a bomb do you?
- George:** *(Shakes the box.)* No, it’s much too light to be a bomb.
- Doris:** Well, for goodness sakes, open it!
- George:** *(Opens the box, and pulls out two smaller boxes.)* What’s this? Two other boxes? *(Reads the large writing on the box.)* “Getting to know God better.” What’s that all about?
- Doris:** I don’t know. This one is marked, “\$1,000.”
- George:** Wait, here’s a letter. “Enclosed are two boxes. One box will enable you to know God better. The other box will enable you to receive one thousand dollars. To make your decision, open the box you wish to receive, and place the other on the porch. In the morning, the results of your decision will be delivered.”
- Doris:** Now who would be sending us a thousand dollars?
- George:** I don’t know.

The Box

- Doris:** It's probably some advertising gimmick from the auto dealers down the street.
- George:** It doesn't say anything about advertising. It just says to open one box or the other.
- Doris:** Well, throw it away, it can't be serious.
- George:** Now, wait a minute! They're not asking us to buy anything. For the possibility of getting a thousand dollars, it wouldn't hurt to open this box and put the other on the porch.
- Doris:** I just don't want to be taken as suckers. That's all.
- George:** Don't be silly. I say, if someone wants to give us a thousand dollars, let them be the sucker. Now put this on the porch and get me a knife.
- Doris:** *(As Doris walks with the other box toward the door, she looks ponderingly at the \$1000 box.)* George.
- George:** *(George is struggling to open the \$1000 box he is holding.)* What? Man, this box is really sealed.
- Doris:** What about this box?
- George:** What about that box?
- Doris:** It says, "Getting to know God better." Don't you think we should consider opening this box instead?
- George:** You can't be serious. Hon, if we open that box we lose the thousand dollars.
- Doris:** But, dear, the box *(points to big box)* said, "Decisions." If we choose your box, aren't we deciding that God is worth less than a thousand dollars to us?
- George:** Doris, we have the freedom to decide about God anytime. This may be our only chance to accept a free gift of a thousand dollars. Besides, when have you, or we, ever thought about God anyway?
- Doris:** That's just it; do you believe there's a God?
- George:** Of course I believe there's a God! Everyone believes there's a God!

The Box

- Doris:** If there's a God, then there must be more to this life than just this.
- George:** For crying out loud, you're not going to get metaphysical on me again, are you?
- Doris:** No, I just think this is the box we should open.
- George:** Doris, we're talking about a thousand dollars here. Do you know what we could buy with this?
- Doris:** I'm sure a lot of things.
- George:** Your darn right a lot of things! It's three more months membership at our health spa, almost six months pool service. If you want to get spiritual, I can send you to another "Your Inner Child" seminar; you can take more yogy classes...
- Doris:** That's yoga.
- George:** Yoga, Yogi, whatever! But we can't do any of that unless you put that stupid box on the porch. Okay?
- Doris:** But George, don't you want to know more about God? Isn't God important to you?
- George:** Of course he's important...
- Doris:** What do you know about him?
- George:** Uh, there's a God, he exists. What more do I need to know?
- Doris:** Is that all there is?
- George:** No. He was born on Easter, died on Christmas, and brought all the animals to the ark two-by-two.
- Doris:** He was born on Christmas, died on Easter, and it was Noah who brought the animals.
- George:** Fine! You know everything you need to know.
- Doris:** No I don't!
- George:** What more is there?
- Doris:** Why? Why did he die? There has to be a reason! And it must be

The Box

important. Don't you think we should know why he died?

George: Sure, but, can't we learn this later?

Doris: George, it's only a thousand dollars, and we both know that the odds of this being real are bleak. If we open this and find out it's not real, I don't think I could live with myself knowing we chose wrong. Please, let's open this one.

George: If it's worth a thousand dollars to you, fine, go ahead and open that one. (*Doris opens the box marked, "Getting to know God better."*) Well, what's in there?

Doris: Two more envelopes.

George: Two more envelopes?!

Doris: Yes, one marked, "Getting to know God better", and the other one is marked...(*Doris hesitates as she stares at the other envelope.*)

George: Well, what does it say?

Doris: Fifty thousand dollars.

George: You've got to be kidding. Fifty thousand dollars? Fifty thousand dollars! Do you know what we can do with fifty thousand dollars? We could get completely out of debt; we can add on the workout room, with the spa; we could get the convertible sports car we've been wanting.

Doris: You've been wanting.

George: Well, okay, you can go on those cruises to Europe; buy all the clothes you want...

Doris: Dear...

George: I can really upgrade my computer...

Doris: Hon...

George: We could fire your brother and get a really good landscaper. Wouldn't that impress the neighbors, huh? (*Doris is looking to George, almost pleading with her eyes.*) What? What? No! You can't be seriously wanting to open that other envelope!

Doris: George, all my life I've wanted to know truth. If truth is in this envelope, and I don't open it, then what is my life worth?

The Box

- George:** But, Doris, that envelope brings us more questions, more problems. This envelope is the answer to all of our problems.
- Doris:** How many times have you said that before?
- George:** What do you mean?
- Doris:** If I get this job, it'll be the answer to all our problems; as soon as I get this raise, all of our problems will be solved.
- George:** Well, the job and the raise helped support our lifestyle, didn't they?
- Doris:** No, we never did feel satisfied because we went deeper into debt. Oh, yes! We'd have no more problems once we receive your uncle's inheritance. How fast did that go? And then there was the thought that selling all of our retirement stock would be the solution to our problems.
- George:** Wait a minute! It was you who wanted the bigger house, not me. "Oh, my life would be so complete if we just had the room to spread out." A lot of good that did us.
- Doris:** Yes George, I was wrong. I made the same decision we always make, "More is better." Yet, whenever we head down that path, we always have the same feeling of emptiness inside. And now we're facing the same decision. I'm saying we choose this envelope. If God is the creator of the world, then, surely, he must be much more powerful than us. If that's the case, then he must know what's better for us. Let's decide, now, to trust him. Don't you see, we can't have both.
- George:** I don't know what you're looking for. You can't tell me that you haven't enjoyed this house, the boat, the vacations. Well, for the first time, we have an opportunity to pay for all of this, and maybe even get a little more. As head of the household, I do believe that God says somewhere that the male is the head of the household, I have a responsibility to provide for our lifestyle. I'm going to open this envelope.
- Doris:** But don't you also have a responsibility for the spirituality of the family?
- George:** Will you cut this spirituality garbage! I'm a good person, I believe in God, and I don't interfere with anyone's personal beliefs. I don't need to be anymore spiritual than that. But, we do need the money, and I'm going to open this envelope!
- Doris:** Please don't...
- George:** Forget it! This is my decision! I absolve you of any responsibility for this decision! Once and for all, we are going to find out if this is for real, or just some advertising gimmick! (*George opens the envelope, pulls out a*

The Box

letter and reads to himself.)

Doris: Well, what does it say?

George: *(Looks up. He has a look of shock in his face.)* It says to put the other envelope on the porch, and in the morning we will receive...fifty thousand dollars. Doris, this is real. We are really going to get the money. WE HIT THE BIG ONE!!!

Doris: *(Doris is puzzled as she goes to look at the letter found in the second box.)* Who is sending us fifty thousand dollars?

George: What does it matter? Money is money. We can finally afford to be comfortable for a change. I can buy that new Corvette convertible, wait, this would make a great down payment on a Ferrari. And it's not costing us a dime!

Doris: I wish I could believe that.

George: Oh, Doris. I wish you'd get off that God stuff. We've made the decision, now let's be happy with all this money. With this money and the equity in our house, we could move into the Manor Heights subdivision. Won't that impress your parents!

Doris: *(Doris looks at the letter as if she found something.)* George...

George: Wait a minute. You don't suppose this is taxable, do you? Do we have to declare this?

Doris: George.

George: I can't afford taxes on fifty thousand dollars! I'm still trying to pay off the taxes from last year!

Doris: George!

George: Maybe nobody knows about this. I won't say anything. I could use part of this to pay our taxes, but then we won't be able to get the house, or my car.

Doris: GEORGE!

George: Yes? What is it?

Doris: There was a letter in the second box. We didn't read it.

The Box

George: *(George responds as if there is a possibility he might lose his money.)* A letter? Let me see that. *(George mumbles as he reads.)* Let's see... You have chosen well... uh... getting to know God is not a frivolous decision... to insure... offered fifty thousand dollars... AH! Here it is! Open the envelope of your choice and place the other on the porch, and the results of your decision will be delivered in the morning. Boy, for a second there I thought we almost messed up.

Doris: No George, you've missed it.

George: Missed what?

Doris: The letter, it's addressed to me.

George: Say what? Let me see that! "Dear Mrs. George Walker... You have... chosen... well." Oh. I guess I over stepped my bounds when I opened that envelope. Uh, oh well. I guess since we already opened the other envelope, we have to live with the decision, huh Doris?

Doris: It's my decision now. I want to know what is in this envelope. *(Starts to open the envelope.)*

George: Wait a minute! If you open that envelope, I won't have my sealed, unopened envelope to put on the porch.

Doris: I'm sorry George, but I need to open this envelope.

George: But, we've already opened this one. We won't be able to put out an unopened envelope, so, uh, I don't think we have any choice but to keep the money.

Doris: You still don't understand. There's nothing they can bring us, there's nothing they can say. This is a decision between God and me. I really feel I need to open this envelope.

George: That's it, huh.

Doris: What?

The Box

George: "I have a need." Every time you have a need, the world has to revolve around you. Like when you said, "I feel empty." We sent you to a "Capturing Your Psyche" seminar put on by some Maj Haraji. For two weeks I had to put up with the smell of incense and the constant throng of mantra chanting. And then a month later, it was, "My life has no meaning." It cost us fifteen hundred dollars for a retreat with an American Indian selling crystals to get over that one. "Who am I?" "What am I?" "What's it all about?" Well, after spending thousands of dollars on beads, crystals, and the "Discovering Your Inner Child" CD series, I had hoped you would've figured it out by now! But, NOOOooo. You want to get to know God. How long is this going to last? Two weeks? A month? In the mean time, it's costing us fifty thousand dollars! For once, Doris, can't you stop thinking about yourself, and think of others?

Doris: First off, it's not costing us a dime.

George: NOT COSTING US A DIME?!

Doris: That's right. We haven't received any money, and there's no guarantee that we will. Furthermore, you are right, I have never been able to stick to one thought or belief for very long. But, if I learned anything, it's that peace, contentment, and joy come from God. There's nothing I can do but accept the gift from Him. If I do not open this envelope, and I accept the money, then this decision will be reduced to the same kinds of decisions I've been making all my life, for I will be saying that money is more important than God. I need to open this so I can prove to myself that I really want to know God. *(Starts to open the envelope.)*

George: Wait! \$50,000 dollars is a lot of money. If you keep this letter, you can have just about anything you want, you really won't need God.

Doris: That's what I'm afraid of.

George: Afraid of what?

Doris: George, if I accept the money, I may never trust God again.

George: *(As Doris opens the envelope, George is seeing \$50,000 slip through his fingers.)* Wait! We need the money! Don't...AUGH! I don't believe this. *(Doris stares into the open envelope.)* Well, what's in the envelope?

Doris: *(Doris says this line just as a matter of fact, perhaps with a touch of peace in her heart.)* Nothing.

George: Nothing? NOTHING!?! You mean to tell me, that this whole time, we've been arguing over an empty envelope? Well! Don't you feel like the fool!

Doris: No George, not at all. I've decided... no, I've committed. I've given

The Box

everything to God. My life is in His hands now. Don't you see? Oh George! *(Real bubbly now.)* I feel as if my life is just starting.

George: Yeah, I'm happy for you. *(Sarcastically said.)*

Doris: Wait! I need to call Barbara! She was always trying to talk me into going to her church. I'm sure she can help me. I bet she has an extra Bible. *(Doris starts to rush around getting her coat and purse. She drops the envelope in the process.)* I'll be gone for a while, don't wait up. Your dinner is in the freezer, four minutes in the microwave, turn, and then two more minutes. *(George has been stationary, preferably near the door, somewhat surprised at Doris' change of heart.)* Oh George, things will be different now, you'll see. That envelope wasn't empty; it was full of all the promises God has made for us. All I had to do was accept them. I love you! *(Doris rushes out the door.)*

George: *(George has a puzzled look on his face. He bends down and picks up the empty envelope.)* You know, I wouldn't bet on it, but I swear she's more excited about this stupid envelope than when Shirley McClain came to town. *(George holds the envelope up to the light.)* I bet they sell these types of envelopes at the local office supply store. Since the envelope's empty, a little blue ink on the outside? *(George grabs his hat and heads out the door.)* Couldn't hurt!

End

Bulletins

Theme: Faithful in the little things...

People: 5, plus several walk-ons who receive bulletins.

Scene: Two guys passing out bulletins. One thinks it's a stupid job, the other takes it quite seriously. As people enter, some go to Bill, and the others go to Garth.

Garth: So you got snookered into passing out bulletins too, huh?

Bill: What do you mean snookered, I think this is a very important job. (*Couple comes up.*) Thank you for joining us today, here you go.

Garth: What do you mean important? We could just leave these sitting here and people can take what they want. We really don't need to be passing these out. (*Couple comes up.*) Here.

Bill: (*Couple comes up.*) Thank you for coming today. I hope you enjoy the worship service.

Garth: I wanted to do something really important, like the finance committee, here, but, what do I get? "Can you pass out these bulletins?" (*Kent walks up and receives bulletin.*) Here.

(*When the last person flows through, both freeze for angels, Caren and Andy to speak.*)

Caren: Listen up! We have to get to work answering some prayers concerning the ministry needs at the [Name of Church].

Andy: No problem, I can think of a couple of names that can fill those needs.

Caren: Well, I have orders on high to use Bill for this project.

Andy: Bill? He hasn't really done too much, maybe help stack chairs or pass out bulletins.

Caren: Apparently, the little he has done, he's taken to heart and done very well. Let's say he's left an impression.

Andy: On Someone above?

Caren: And the people below.

Bulletins

Andy: Okay, leave this one up to me.

(Both unfreeze.)

Kent: *(From off to the side. Speaks line as if an answer just hit him.)* BILL!!!!

Bill: Yes?

Kent: Of course! You'd be perfect for the job.

Bill: I would? What job?

Kent: We have a ministry need here, could we take a minute and talk about it?

Bill: Sure. *(Both walk off stage.)*

Garth: How come nobody asks me to do the important jobs around here?

End

Butch & Chester - Snake

Theme: No theme, just a fun Western skit

People: 2, Butch is very macho. Chester is a wimp and should be dressed in chaps that look like they are made from a Jersey cow (black and white spots).

Scene: Outdoors, Western scene.

(Butch enters grandly. Chester delays entrance but is running with a large snake attached to his hind end like it has bit him and is still hanging on.)

Butch: Ah yes the great outdoors. There's nothing like the vast open plains, the spacious skies, *(Chester runs across the stage behind Butch screaming and exits. Butch doesn't look at Chester but is bothered by the interruption. Continuing...)* the spacious skies, the amber waves of grain. Yup. *(Chester runs screaming across the stage the other direction, still behind Butch and exits.)* Cowboy country, this is my home. Where the buffaloes roam. And look there's deer and antelope playing, and Old Smokey, covered with snow. Where never is heard....

Chester: *(Enters slowly like the bite is really beginning to hurt and he is scared.)*
Butch!

Butch: Chester, I got a good intro going here.

Chester: But Butch. But...

Butch: *(Looks intensely at Chester.)*

Chester: You talk, I listen.

Butch: Out here in cowboy country, there're all sorts of dangers. You gotta be tough *(Chester attempts to be tough)*, you gotta be macho *(Chester attempts to be macho.)*, you gotta have..uh..hair on your chest. *(Chester looks down his shirt at his one hair.)*

Chester: A hair?...oh yeah, you talk, I listen.

Butch: There's coyotes, *(Chester looks around cautiously.)* there's sunstroke *(Chester shields himself from the sun.)*, there's...saddle rash *(Both bow their legs.)*. But, the biggest, most dangerous varmint is the Western Diamondback, blood thirsty, not so nice, rattler.

Chester: A snake?

Butch & Chester - Snake

Butch: Yeah, a snake.

Chester: Are they orange? (*Or say whatever color of rubber snake you have. Chester is looking at the snake on his backside.*)

Butch: Yup.

Chester: Are they long?

Butch: Yup.

Chester: Do they have long, sharp, pointy, painful fangs?

Butch: Yup, and venomous, too.

Chester: Venomous?!

Butch: That ice cold, burning venom shoots into your body, crawling slowly through your veins, inching it's way, slowly and painfully to every part of your body. Drool flows from your mouth. Your arms and legs shake uncontrollably. Your elbows itch. And that rattle, rattle, rattle... (*Chester acts as if he has each of the above symptoms.*)

Chester: A rattle?

Butch: Yeah! They got a big ol' rattle. And, if it ain't got a rattle, it's harmless.

Chester: Harmless! (*Pulls snake off.*)

Butch: Unless. Unless, of course, it's one of them deadly, white bellied, blue striped, North American, call-your-mother-if-they-bite-ya cobra snake.

Chester: Mooooooooommmmm!

Butch: Oh look, you caught one! (*Takes it.*) These are good eatin'. Tastes like chicken. The hide makes a good belt--(*Puts it around himself.*) about the right length too. Yep, you got yourself a good one. (*Hands it back.*) Good thing it didn't bite you.

Chester: But it did.

Butch: No.

Chester: Yeah.

Butch: No.

Butch & Chester - Snake

Chester: Yeah: Right here:

Butch: *(Checks out his bite and pulls hot water bottle from Chester's pants.)*
Chester, what'r ya doin' with a hot water bottle in your britches?

Chester: Well I ran out of that saddle toughener, you know, Preparation T.

Butch: *(Squeezes it to get two water squirts.)* Chester, did you say it bit you right about here?

Chester: Yeah.

Butch: You're one lucky sasparilla-sippin' cowboy.

Chester: Butch! Did, did you call me a cowboy?

Butch: I can see by your outfit that you are a cow... boy.

Chester: I can see by your outfit that you're a cowboy too.

Both: We see by our outfits that we are both cowboy's. So get yourself an outfit and be a cowboy too.

(The last three lines are sung to the tune of "Streets of Laredo.")

Chester: I'm going to be ok!

Butch: Chester, you gonna eat that thing? *(Said while exiting.)*

End

Butch & Chester - Shep

- Theme:** No theme, just a fun Western skit.
- People:** 2, Butch is very macho. Chester is a wimp and should be dressed in chaps that look like they were made from a Jersey cow (black and white spots).
- Scene:** Outdoors, Western scene, nighttime. Chester is under his bed covers with his hat on and his eyes showing. He's holding the blanket to his face like he is scared when the lights come up.
- Lights out.**
- Sound:** Crickets. !
- Spot lights up (blue lens).**
- Sound:** Frogs, Hoot Owl, Coyote, Cougar.
- Sound:** Rattle Snake. (*Chester jumps up, grabs a stick and beats the daylight out of the snake he finds under his blanket.*) Back to just crickets.
- Sound:** All sound effects (Frogs, Hoot Owl, Coyote, Cougar) plus train sound effect.
- Butch:** Quiet!!
- Sound:** All sound effects out.
- Butch:** Thank you. (*Chester looks at Butch amazed. Feeling secure he goes to sleep.*)
- Sound:** Crickets back up.
- Sound:** Stomach growl.
- Butch:** (*Suddenly alert. Tips hat up with pistol.*)
- Sound:** Long stomach growl.
- Butch:** (*Gets up and looks all over the stage with pistol ending near Chester.*)
- Sound:** Bizarre stomach growl.
- Butch:** Chester! Wake up.

Butch & Chester - Shep

Chester: What'd I do Butch?

Butch: Chester! There's a varmint in your sleepin' bag and it sounds mean.

Chester: In my sleeping bag?

Butch: Get out real slow. I don't know what it is but it sounds big and ugly.

Chester: But Butch.

Butch: Chester get out now!

Chester: But...

Butch: Chester...

Chester: I'm getting out Butch.

Butch: *(Looks in bag)* I don't know what it was but it sounded hungry.

Chester: It was hungry.

Butch: What was hungry?

Chester: My stomach.

Butch: That was your stomach growling?

Chester: Yeah, Butch. I'm so hungry.

Butch: Chester, did you say you were "so" hungry?

(Both walk downstage.)

Butch: How hungry are ya Chester?

Chester: I'm so hungry, why I could eat as much as Pastor Bob. *(Both pan to audience for a reaction.)*

Butch: I find that pretty hard to believe, Chester. How hungry are ya?

Chester: Why, I'm so hungry I could eat as much as Pastor Chris. *(Both pan.)*

Butch: I don't think so, Chester. How hungry are ya?

Butch & Chester - Shep

Chester: I'm so hungry I could eat as much as little Julie Humphreys. *(This should be someone known to the audience who is skinny.)*

Butch: Nobody can eat as much as Julie Humphreys.

Chester: Oh yeah. You're right. But I am hungry.

Butch: Ah buck up Chester I fed you dinner. I more than fed you dinner. I delighted your palette with an array of delicacies from the great wide open. You ate a real cowboy dinner. You want to be a real cowboy don't you?

Chester: *(Grimaces.)*

Butch: I know you do. So you gotta learn to eat like cowboys. That's why I gave you my specialty.

Chester: This was your specialty? *(Pulls out a piece of something very leathery and thick and throws it to the ground.)*

Butch: Yup. *(Picks it up.)* And there's good news: *(Takes a bite.)* it never goes bad, and I made enough for the whole trip. Tastes great especially with a cup of black coffee.

Chester: Oh Butch your coffee was so strong.

Butch: Did you say it was "so" strong?

(Both walk downstage.)

Butch: How strong was it Chester?

Chester: It was so strong; I won't blink for a week. *(Both pan.)*

Butch: How strong was it Chester?

Chester: It was so strong, I stirred it with a stick and ended up with a tooth pick. *(Both pan.)*

Butch: How strong was it Chester?

Chester: It was so strong, it could keep ya awake through one of Pastor Bob's sermons.

Butch: Nothin's that strong, Chester.

Butch & Chester - Shep

Chester: Yeah.

Butch: Wait Chester, you're in luck. I think I see another orange and blue, slithering filet right now. (*Gets snake.*) Wow, I don't know who's been beating on this thing, but they did a mighty fine job of tenderizing it for us.

Chester: I wonder who that was.

Butch: Wow fresh Western Diamondback, blood thirsty, not so nice rattler, and freshly tenderized. This is a dream come true.

Chester: Or a nightmare. Butch you ever heard of de ja vous?

Butch: Sounds like that sissy French food. I hear they eat snails. Whoo, blech. I hate snails. They crawl on the ground.

Chester: Like snakes.

Butch: No. Not like snakes. You can eat snakes.

Chester: I don't know Butch. The cowboy life just may not be for me. Do you think I'll ever be a real cowboy?

Butch: Well Chester, you look like a cow boy.

Chester: Well thanks Butch, but I don't know. Out here in the great outdoors, I, I'm just so lonely.

Butch: (*To audience.*) We ain't going there. (*To Chester.*) Chester, the heart of a real cowboy belongs to the great outdoors. It's his life and love Chester.

Chester: Well I'll probably never be a real cowboy then, 'cause I miss my girl.

Butch: Chester, I never knew you had a girl?

Chester: Yeah, I used to.

Butch: Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

Chester: I miss the way hair felt so nice. I miss how, when I'd come home, she'd wag her tail at me.

Butch: Chester this is a 'g' rated event (*or "There's no need for intimate details here Chester."*).

Butch & Chester - Shep

- Chester:** I used to say “come here girl” and she’d jump into my arms and lick my face.
- Butch:** Yeah that sounds like a special woman Chester. If we had a guitar you’d probably sing about her.
- Chester:** I would.
- Butch:** Then it’s a good thing I don’t have my guitar. (*Guitar is handed to Butch by stagehand.*) (*Sarcastically.*) Thanks. What was her name Chester?
- Chester:** I called her ‘Shep’.
- Butch:** “Shep.”
- Chester:** This’ll make ya cry Butch.
- Butch:** No girly love song ever made me cry.
- Chester:** (*Chester begins singing song called “Old Shep” which is publicly available.*) When I was a lad and old Shep was a pup, together our fields we would roam.
- Butch:** A pup!?
- Chester:** Just a boy and his dog, we were so full of fun, we grew up together that way.
- Butch:** Your girl was a dog! What kind girl is that?
- Chester:** Well I remember the time at the old swimmin’ hole, when I would have drowned without doubt. But old Shep, she was there to the rescue she came, she jumped in and helped pull me out.
- Butch:** Now that’s a pretty special gal. (*As the song turns sad, sprinkle the song with comments from Butch about dust, rag weed, etc. to try to cover up the fact that he is tearing up from the sad song.*)
- (*Song ends, Butch is crying.*)
- Butch:** That’s so special!
- Chester:** Buck up Butch. It’s just a song. (*Both begin to exit.*)
- Butch:** It’s just so touching.

Butch & Chester - Shep

Chester: You this way at movies Butch?

Butch: *(As the exit Butch trails off.)* Only at Sleepless in Seattle. I just love that ending.

End

Cow Skit - Branded

- Theme: No theme, just a fun skit to entertain the audience. Intended for use at an event where there is a lot of singing.
- People: 2
- Props: A bull costume (with horns) and a Dalmatian costume (with spots, but the actor thinks it is a cow costume). Basic farm props, like a fence. Sound effect of sizzle splash and steam.
- Kirt: (walks out and stands stage left of fence.)
- Larry: *(Walks out on stage. Looks at Kirt's outfit and see's he's a bull, not a cow. Larry feels very self-conscious and turns Kirt upstage and whispers...)*
You said we were going to do a cow skit.
- Kirt: Yeah.
- Larry: Well, you got horns! I don't have horns!
- Kirt: Stick to the script.
- Larry: But I got a cow costume, you got a bull costume
- Kirt: That's not a cow costume! That's a Dalmatian costume.
- Larry: The lady said it was an Appaloosa cow. They have dots, not *(looks at costume and realizes they are dots)* um, spots.
- Kirt: An Appaloosa cow?
- Larry: Yeah, from Appaloosa, the Appaloosa Mountains, to be precise.
- Kirt: *(Not convinced)* Uh-huh...
- Larry: Obviously, you've never heard of Indiapaloosa, Indiana, home of the Appaloosa 500.
- Kirt: Are you through *milking* this?
- Larry: *(Mumbling to himself)* I'd rather be a bull, not a cow.
- Kirt: Stick to the script.
- Larry: Fine. Moooo. *(In character)* Say, guy. So I hear we're going to get our brand today.

Cow Skit - Branded

Kirt: I already got mine.

Larry: Really! What did you get? Jordash? I hope I get Nike.

Kirt: You've never seen this done before, have you.

Larry: No, and I can't decide where to wear mine, what do you think?

Kirt: You don't have a choice, they put it where they can see it.

Larry: Oh, cool! So where's yours?

Kirt: *(Turns around.)*

Larry: That's it? "OK"?

Kirt: Yeah, I'm from the OK Corral.

Larry: Just Black? I was hoping for a little more color.

Kirt: Don't worry; it'll be red for a while.

Larry: I hope mine smolders like yours?

Kirt: Don't worry.

Larry: Yours smells like rump roast.

Kirt: So, what corral are you from?

Larry: I'm from the Little Better Than Average Corral.

Kirt: Oh that's going to hurt.

Larry: So, how are things at your corral?

Kirt: Okay. How about yours

Larry: A little better than average. Hey!

Kirt: What?

Larry: Over there! Daisy!

Kirt: *(Looks down as if looking for Daisies.)* Where?

Larry: No! Over there! Daisy the cow! Be cool. *(Strikes a muscle builder pose.)*

Cow Skit - Branded

Think she'll notice me?

Kirt: She will in that outfit.

Larry: You said, "Stick to the script."

Kirt: Sorry. Hey! It's your turn.

Larry: *(Heading backstage through an open door.)* Oh boy! I can't wait! I hope mine isn't as ugly as yours. How do they get those to stick on?

Kirt: Oh, you'll find out.

Larry: *(Backstage.)* Stand here? Oooh, a camp fire. Where are the marshmallows? Wow, that looks hot. You want to be careful...

Sound: Sizzle

Larry: AAAUUUUGGHH!!!! Oooh ooh ooh oooh oooh water water water! *(Runs back and forth crossing past open door.)*

Sound: Splash – Steam

Larry: *(Relieved)* Aaaahhhhhh. *(Comes out on stage.)* Oooooowwww!

Kirt: Well, let's see your 'Brand'. "Property of the Little Better Than Average Corral. *(pause)* Touch this cow and die. *(pause)* Visit our website at [www dot little better than average corral dot com](http://www.dot.littlebetterthanaveragecorral.com). *(pause)* Have a nice day." Very impressive. *(Between pauses Larry starts to talk but is interrupted as Kirt keeps reading.)*

Larry: Yeah, they spared no expense. How long does it take for the stinging to go away?

Kirt: About as long as it takes for the singing to get better around here.

Larry: Well hopefully, not too long.

Kirt: So, are you going to the *(name of event)* Cast party tonight?

Larry: Yeah, I'm bringing the pie.

Kirt: I don't think it's appropriate for a cow to bring a pie to a party.

Larry: Well, what are you bringing?

Kirt: Chips!

Cow Skit - McDonalds

Theme: No theme, just a fun skit to entertain the audience. Intended for use at an event where there is a lot of singing.

People: 2

Props: A bull costume (with horns), a Dalmatian costume (with spots, but actor wears cow horns), and a bucket and mop.

Kirt: *(Enters the scene like an escape convict. When a spot light pans and hits him, he stands very nonchalantly. After he feels it is safe, he speaks his lines.)* Get in here!

Larry: *(Walks on stage totally oblivious to the dangers)* Where are you?

Kirt: Over here! Get down before they see you!

Larry: What for? Come on, we're missing the campfire, that's the best part of the cattle drive.

Kirt: What do you got, hay for brains?! Do you know where they are taking us?

Larry: Yeah, we're going on a field trip to McDonalds.

Kirt: *(looking at Larry as if waiting for him to get it.)*

Larry: What?

Kirt: Do you know what they serve at McDonalds?

Larry: Yeah, French fries, apple pies... Oh, and hamburgers.

Kirt: *(Really looking at Larry as if waiting for him to get it.)*

Larry: What?

Kirt: *(Frustrated.)* Do you know what a hamburger is made of?

Larry: Sure, pickles, lettuce, tomatoes, bread...

Kirt: AND!!!

Larry: Oh, and ham.

Kirt: WHAT??

Larry: Well, it's called a HAM burger...hello?

Kirt: *(Really frustrated.)* Do you know the ingredients of a Big Mac?

Larry: Oh, sure, everybody knows that. Special sauce, lettuce cheese, pickles,

Cow Skit - McDonalds

onions on a sesame bun and two all beef...(gets it) OH, THAT IS SO WRONG!

Kirt: Now do you know what's at *Steak* here!

Larry: When you said they were taking us to McDonalds, I had something COMPLETELY different in mind! Oh, man....what are we going to do? What are we going to do?!!

Kirt: Here's the plan. We need to find a pasture.

Larry: We're in luck, there's one right there. (*Points to youth pastor.*)

Kirt: No, a LARGE PASTURE.

Larry: (*Points to Senior Pastor, preferably on overweight one.*)

Pastor: Hey! I'm on a diet.

Kirt: No! A pasture, not a pastor!

Larry: Pasture, pastor, doesn't matter. With either one you have to watch your step.

Kirt: Okay, forget the pasture idea. Plan two, we find some wood and build a giant crate. Then we get a label, climb inside and ship ourselves to our pasture back home.

(Long Silence)

Kirt: ...and ship ourselves to our pasture back home. (*Silence again, then whispers*) I think it's your line.

Larry: (*whispers*) No, it's your line.

Kirt: (*whispers*) If it's my line, why am I not saying anything?

Larry: (*Realizes this is a good point and decides to use the same reasoning and whispers.*) Well if it's my line, why am I not saying anything?

Kirt: (*whisper*) For the same reason that instead of renting a cow costume you got a Dalmatian costume.

Larry: (*full voice*) I told you, the lady said this was an Appaloosa Cow!

Kirt: (*full voice*) An Appaloosa is a horse! [*whispers*] Stay in character.

Larry: (*whispers*) In the Appaloosa Mountains there are Appaloosa Cows.

Kirt: (*whispers*) Don't even go there. It's your line. (*pause, gives a hint*) Do you have an idea?

Larry: Hey I've got an idea.

Cow Skit - McDonalds

- Kirt:** *(Sarcastically)* Really.
- Larry:** We could give McDonalds an alternative product line.
- Kirt:** Like what?
- Larry:** I don't know, like a breakfast line...Meadow Muffins!
- Kirt:** I don't think so.
- Larry:** Barn Brownies?
- Kirt:** No.
- Larry:** Pastor Pastries!
- Kirt:** Don't you mean Pasture Pastries?
- Larry:** I told you it doesn't matter.
- Kirt:** No Pasture Pastries.
- Larry:** Coral Cookies!
- Kirt:** No.
- Larry:** Dairy Dumplings?
- Kirt:** You are aware that we're only two cows and McDonalds serves billions.
- Larry:** That won't work. I know! We could get a *job* at McDonald's.
- Kirt:** How are we going to do that?
- Larry:** It's easy, follow my lead. *(Gets two mops starts to sing the McDonald's Jingle)* "Grab a bucket and mop, shine from bottom to top,"
- Kirt:** "Tell me what does it mean,"
- Larry:** "at McDonald's"
- Both:** "we're clean. You deserve a break today. So get up and get away, to McDonalds, we do it all for you." What do you think?
- Kirt:** I don't think we would even make it into a (Name of event).
- Larry:** We would at the (Name of Church) Event.
- Kirt:** Yeah, well, they let anyone sing in their show.

End

DABDAH

- Theme:** A humorous illustration of the grieving process. This skit was meant to be a video filmed by a class of grade school kids learning how to deal with loss, but it can be performed live.
- People:** 4 to 9, depending on how you want to use the Child 1-6 role.
- Props:** A CD or disk marked “DABDAH.”
- Scene:** On a stage.
- Penny:** Andrew, I need to talk to you. A car hit your precious dog, Fifi, and it doesn't look good.
- Andrew:** *(No expression of anguish on Andrew's face.)* Okay. Can I go play now?
(Penny looks to the camera with a puzzled look.)
- Larry:** What you have just witnessed, a young boy, seemingly normal in every way, except he lacks one thing: DABDAH. Just what is DABDAH? DABDAH is the essential element to help you deal with your emotions when you feel very bad. Unfortunately for Andrew, he has lost his DABDAH.
- Andrew:** *(Looking at camera.)* I like ice cream!
- Larry:** DABDAH describes the individual emotions we must feel to finally get over the hurt and pain we can feel about a distressful period. Since Andrew has lost his DABDAH, he can't experience the necessary emotions to help him deal with the loss of his dog. Emotions like: **Denial.**
- Penny:** I'm sorry, but a car has hit your dog.
- Child #1:** UN-UH!! No way! Not my dog!! You're lying!!
- Larry:** Or **Anger!**
- Child #2:** I HATE YOU!! YOU NEVER LIKED MY DOG ANYWAY!!! I HATE EVERYBODY!!!
- Larry:** **Bargaining.**
- Child #3:** Please say my dog will be okay!! I'll be really good! PLEEEAASE!!!!
- Larry:** **Depression.**

DABDAH

Child #4: I don't want to do anything, I just want to go into my room and die.

Larry: **Acceptance.**

Child #5: I'm really going to miss Fifi. She was a really good dog. But, you know, I'm really starting to like my new dog.

Larry: **Hope.**

Child #6: Hey mom!! C'mere, look how Fido can sit up!!!

Larry: DABDAHs, without them we're lost. Fortunately for Andrew, I just happen to have an extra set of DABDAHs. Hey Andrew, Come here.

Andrew: Yes?

Larry: *(Inserts disk behind Andrews head.)* Let me just download these into your head...and, there. Okay, Andrew...

Andrew: Yes?

Larry: Your dog is dead.

Andrew: *(Close-up of Andrew as he slowly realizes what has happened)*
AAAUUUUUGG!!! *(Andrew runs off)*

Larry: Now there goes a normal, healthy kid.

Andrew: *(Andrew runs across screen, behind Larry)* AAAUUUUUGG!!!

Larry: *(Holds up the disk)* DABDAHs: don't leave home without them.

End

The Disclaimer

- Theme:** God's plan for salvation. Romans 10:9-10.
- People:** 2
- Scene:** During the part of the service where a Bible verse is read.

(Bob comes to the pulpit for the scripture reading. Frank is close behind. Bob looks at Frank not certain why he is sharing the pulpit. Frank looks on waiting for his moment.)
- Bob:** Turn with me in your Bibles to Romans Chapter 10, verse 9 and 10. "That if you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord,' and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved."
- Frank:** *(Raises his paper to start reading)* Are you finished?
- Bob:** No! *(Continues reading.)* "For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified, and it is with your mouth that you confess and are saved."
- Frank:** Are you done?
- Bob:** Yes.
- Frank:** Good. Then we're ready for the disclaimer.
- Bob:** What disclaimer?!
- Frank:** You know, the disclaimer that reads, *(In a radio voice)* "The following people are excepted from the previous passage: Those who are sinless, good of heart, and generally all around nice people..."
- Bob:** *(Rather anxiously.)* Wait a minute!! It doesn't say that in the Bible!
- Frank:** I know that, but we know that there are just some things that have to be implied, like nice people don't have to confess anything 'cause there's nothing for them to confess.
- Bob:** There's nothing in the Bible to say that!! If anything it says the opposite! *(Opens Bible)* Here read Romans 3:23!!
- Frank:** "...for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God."
- Bob:** See!! "For all have sinned!" All of us, everybody! We all need to be

The Disclaimer

saved!!

Frank: *(Spoken smugly, as if he has an ace up his sleeve.)* Everybody?

Bob: Everybody!! “All have sinned!” Everybody!!!

Frank: EV-very-body?

Bob: Everybody!

Frank: The Pope?

Bob: Everybody!!

Frank: Billy Graham?

Bob: EVERYBODY!!!

Frank: Miss Wiggins?

Bob: EV....Miss Wiggins?!?

Frank: 1978, 5th grade Sunday School Teacher? Oh, how soon we forget.

Bob: Hey! I wasn't the one who had the crush on her.

Frank: Yeah, well, what sin could Miss Wiggins possibly have? Surely there has to be an exception for her.

Bob: Well, for one thing, it's obvious you didn't learn anything in her class! Look, we only see what's on the outside! God looks at our heart. He knows what condition we're in, and yes, Miss Wiggins needs to believe that Jesus died on the cross to save her.

Frank: Okay, fine, everyone has sinned. But! There is still a flaw in your reading that needs to be disclaimed.

Bob: What flaw?

Frank: Well, from the way you were reading it, it's implied that anybody can confess and be saved.

Bob: That's right. Anybody.

Frank: Anybody?

The Disclaimer

- Bob:** ANYBODY!!
- Frank:** Any...body?
- Bob:** What part of anybody don't you understand?
- Frank:** Both you and I know some people who just don't deserve to go to Heaven, and we're including them?
- Bob:** Look! The point is, none of us deserve to go to Heaven! That's why Jesus died on the cross for us!
- Frank:** Well, what about that guy that rear ended you, and started to yell at you like it was your fault? Both you and I know, surely, he doesn't deserve to go to Heaven!
- Bob:** But, neither you nor I are judging, God is. The Bible says that He has opened the door for anyone to enter, regardless of who they are or what they've done. No exceptions.
- Frank:** But, there's nothing in there about recycling, protecting the environment, being nice to animals or even going to church!
- Bob:** It's not in the Bible.
- Frank:** Well, what about the 10 commandments! Surely you have to keep the commandments!
- Bob:** All it say's is confess and believe, nothing else.
- Frank:** There has to be something else! "Relatives of employees are prohibited from entering the contest."
- Bob:** NO! There's nothing else!!
- Frank:** "A limited time offer!"
- Bob:** NOOOO!!! It's good for as long as we live!
- Frank:** AHA!!!!
- Bob:** What?
- Frank:** AHA!!! THERE'S OUR DISCLAIMER!!! IT'S ONLY GOOD FOR AS LONG AS WE ARE ALIVE!!!
- Bob:** Okay fine. Give the disclaimer.

The Disclaimer

Frank: "The Plan of Salvation offered by the Lord Jesus Christ is only good for the limited time in which you are able to continue breathing."

Bob: Very Good.

Frank: "Void where prohibited by law..."

Bob: It is not prohibited!!! (*Bob chases Frank off stage*)

Frank: I'm a lawyer! I can't help myself!!

End

Final Exam

- Theme:** Salvation, works. God judges us on what we do, not what we say we do.
- People:** 2
- Scene:** The Angel is sitting behind a desk or table. There is a spare chair for the other person.
- Angel:** Welcome to Judgment Mr. Johnson. If you could have a seat, we'd like to give you your final test. (*Hands Mr. Johnson a piece of paper.*) Here, if you could fill out the top portion of your test.
- Johnson:** (*Mr. Johnson has a nervous laugh.*) Sure, no problem...let's see, person taking test...well, that would be me. (*Writes in his name.*)
- Angel:** (*Takes the paper from Mr. Johnson.*) Thank you, I'll fill in the rest.
- Johnson:** Well, considering this will determine whether I go to Heaven or not, I hope these aren't essay questions...ha, ha.
- Angel:** Oh, no, they're all multiple choice questions. As a matter of fact, I think you'll find most of them quite obvious.
- Johnson:** (*Starts to relax a bit.*) Really? Boy, that's a relief.
- Angel:** Okay, Mr. Johnson, question number one: To form a loving relationship with God you must: A...Pray, read the Bible...
- Johnson:** A!
- Angel:** Please, Mr. Johnson, let me finish the question.
- Johnson:** Oh, I'm sorry. But I'm sure the answer is going to be A.
- Angel:** Right...A...Pray, read the Bible, and fellowship with other Christians...
- Johnson:** (*Under his breath as the Angel talks, but not interrupting.*) A, definitely A,
- Angel:** Or B...Play golf Sunday mornings, get drunk with your friends and spend long hours in the garage working on your hot rod. (*The Angel finishes with the question and is waiting for Mr. Johnson to respond. Mr. Johnson is unaware that the Angel is waiting.*)
- Johnson:** OH! Uh, A...definitely A.

Final Exam

- Angel:** (*Angel looks down at paper and writes.*) B.
- Johnson:** Uh, excuse me?
- Angel:** Question number two: It is permissible...
- Johnson:** Excuse me! Uh, I said A.
- Angel:** Yes Mr. Johnson, but we must move a long now.
- Johnson:** Well, uh...okay, but I did say A.
- Angel:** (*Smiles*) Question number two: It is permissible to use God's name in vain if: A...It feels right, or you hit your finger with a hammer, or you need to emphasize a point; or B...According to the Ten Commandments, it's never permissible.
- Johnson:** B, definitely B.
- Angel:** A. Question number three...
- Johnson:** Hello? I said B. (*Looking up as if appealing his case to God.*) I SAID B!
- Angel:** Yes sir, you did.
- Johnson:** The right answer is B, right?
- Angel:** Yes sir, it is.
- Johnson:** (*Feeling as if he won an argument.*) WELL OKAY. Thank you.
- Angel:** Question number three...
- Johnson:** Excuse me! You are going to change my last answer, aren't you?
- Angel:** Mr. Johnson, please, we need to move along.
- Johnson:** Okay, but I said B.
- Angel:** Question number three: To advance at work, you should: A...Work diligently getting ahead on your own merits; or B...Get ahead by taking credit for the work of your co-workers.
- Johnson:** (*Responds with a tinge of guilt—that was exactly how he got promoted.*) Uh, well...A.
- Angel:** B. Question number four: To build up your crumbling marriage, you

Final Exam

should: A...Listen to your wife more, responding favorably to her needs; or B...Flirt with your secretary, flirt with the lady in the mailroom, and flirt with the red-headed waitress in the coffee shop.

Johnson: Hey! I did not flirt with the Doris at the coffee shop! All I did was say she looked nice, and that I liked the way she wore her hair! I would hardly call that flirting!

Angel: You are probably right, but it's a shame you couldn't do the same for your wife. Your answer Mr. Johnson?

Johnson: (*Beginning to see the error of his ways*) Uh, A?

Angel: B. Question five: Appropriate reading material is: A...The Bible; or B...The National Enquire, People Magazine and/or Sports Illustrated - the Bikini Edition.

Johnson: Wait a minute! I know what's going on here! You're not judging me on my answers.

Angel: Sir, we need to finish the test.

Johnson: No no! You're not judging my answers, you're judging the things I did, so it doesn't matter what I say.

Angel: It is true, God places much more value on the things we do than the things we say we should do.

Johnson: That's not good! If you judge the things people do, then no one will get into Heaven!

Angel: Oh, no Mr. Johnson. People get into Heaven all the time.

Johnson: Well, things aren't going so well here! It doesn't look like I'm getting any questions right.

Angel: Actually, your first mistake was with your first answer.

Johnson: I told you: Prayer and the Bible!

Angel: No, the answer before that.

Johnson: What do you mean? That was the first question!

Angel: No sir, the first question was who is taking the test, and you wrote down your name.

Final Exam

- Johnson:** Yeah! I'm the one taking the test.
- Angel:** Yes you are, but if you had put down Jesus' name, He would have taken the test for you.
- Johnson:** You can do that?
- Angel:** Yes sir. His final exam was on the cross. He died so that everyone who depends on Him can also pass the test.
- Johnson:** Well then. I'll just write His name in. *(Tries to erase his name.)* Boy! This is really good ink. Can I have another test?
- Angel:** I'm terribly sorry, one life; one test, no exceptions. So please take your test results through that door over there.
- Johnson:** *(Starts to walk away.)* Do you grade on a curve?
- Angel:** No!
- Johnson:** Extra Credit? *(Angel waves Johnson on)*
- Angel:** *(Looks to audience)* Who's name will be on your test?

End

Finances

- Theme:** Being responsible with the family expenses.
- People:** 2
- Scene:** Husband addresses audience then goes to scene with wife.
- Husband:** Gentlemen, take note and listen. With this ripped shirt, and copious amounts of guilt, I will justify the purchase of the best computer \$3,000 will buy. (*Looks to wife on stage*) Honey! Can you sew this rip for me? This is my favorite shirt.
- Wife:** (*Looks at material with concern*) Ooh, I don't know. I don't think my old sewing machine can handle this type of material.
- Husband:** Oh that's too bad. [Looks to audience: "Phase One."] You know, you're worth it, it's about time we got you a new sewing machine.
- Wife:** (*Excitedly*) Really!?! If I had a new sewing machine, I could make those dresses I've been wanting!
- Husband:** Save us a lot of money.
- Wife:** I could fix those holes in your pants pockets!
- Husband:** I could use the extra pairs of pants. [Looks to audience: "Phase Two."]
- Wife:** (*Regrettably*) Oh, we can't afford a new sewing machine now, we can barely pay the bills we have now. I'd feel guilty getting something big like that just for me. (*Husband smiles to audience when she says that.*)
- Husband:** Well, hon, if it will make you feel better [Looks to audience: "Phase Three."] I've been thinking about upgrading my computer.
- Wife:** Upgrade your computer? It's only two years old.
- Husband:** Two years, four months! That's almost three years old. There are so many things out there now my computer won't even touch; multi-media, on-line banking, DVDs, video conversion...
- Wife:** Wasn't that why we bought your old computer?
- Husband:** Yeah, but there's even faster media and Internet stuff out there. Compared to today's computers, my PC is a dinosaur.
- Wife:** Well, we can't afford a new computer now.

Finances

Husband: [Looks to audience: Note the use of guilt here.] Yeah, you're right. [Looks to audience: When using guilt, don't over do it.] I'll see if I can make do with what I have. But, we'll go ahead and get your sewing machine, okay?

Wife: Well, how much would a new one cost? (*Husband smiles at audience.*)

Husband: \$1200, 15, no more than 2000...tops.

Wife: \$2000! How can we afford \$2000!

Husband: Now dear, I have it all figured out. We have some room on our credit card. Our payment will go up about \$100. I'm getting a \$100 raise in a couple of months; it'll be a wash.

Wife: But won't that max out our credit card?

Husband: That'd be perfect! You've been saying we need to stop using our credit cards, what better way to wean us off them if we can't use them.

Wife: Then how are we going to be able to afford my new sewing machine?

Husband: No problem, I get my bonus from work in a couple of months.

Wife: But weren't you going to use that to pay off the tires we bought a couple of months ago?

Husband: Oh yeah, well, we'll have our credit union loan paid off in a couple of months; we'll just redo that.

Wife: But, we had planned to use that resource for Tracy's braces.

Husband: Okay, how about we finance the sewing machine, and pay it off with next year's tax return?

Wife: We haven't received a tax return in the last five years!

Husband: Okay, I have it figured out. We have enough equity in the house that we can refinance, pay off most of our bills, buy your sewing machine AND my computer, lower our monthly bills by three hundred dollars, making it possible for us to finance that cruise you've been thinking about.

Wife: Do you really think we can do that?

Husband: We'd be fools not to.

Wife: Okay! But regardless of what we do, I still want to keep paying our monthly tithes.

Husband: Don't worry dear, nothing will touch that \$20.00! (*Both walk off stage, husband gives the thumbs up to the men in the audience.*)

Football

- Theme:** As Christians, we have to support one another because we are all a part of God's team.
- People:** 5
- Scene:** Coach is pacing back and forth looking at his play list. He is wearing a headset. McKenzie sits between two others on a bench.
- Coach:** *(Into the headset.)* All right, we need a big play here. Slant right, Jackson goes long, got it?
- Sound:** Large bang like the slapping of two 2 by 4's together. Someone yelling "Ow! My leg!!!"
- Coach:** That ain't good. *(Points to two on the bench.)* You two! Take the stretcher and go get Jackson. *(The two leave to get Jackson. Jackson is in the back of the church. They place him on the stretcher and walk him past McKenzie out the side door. Jackson is groaning profusely.)*
- Coach:** All right, who do I have to replace Jackson...let's see, Wilson's out, Taylor is in for Anderson. Jake's out for the season, Bob's still in a cast, Sam missed the plane... *(Coach will be saying these lines long enough for the two to go get Jackson and leave the area.)*
- McKenzie:** *(McKenzie looks around on the bench and begins to realize he's the only one left.)*
- Coach:** *(Looks over to the bench, sees McKenzie.)* McKenzie, get your helmet on and take Jackson's place.
- McKenzie:** You want me to play? !
- Coach:** You're on this team aren't you?
- McKenzie:** Ah, yeah, but uhhh, he's a receiver.
- Coach:** You can catch a ball, can't you?
- McKenzie:** Well, yeah, but, if I play, I'll scuff up my helmet and have to wash my jersey.
- Coach:** Why do you think you were given those things? To warm the bench!!?

Football

McKenzie: But I might get hurt! Look what they did to Jackson.

Coach: We need to pull together as a team. When a teammate falls down, we have to pitch in to fill the gap. Now get in there!

McKenzie: *(Starts to leave, but comes back.)* Coach, it's been a long time since I played, I don't think I'd be very good at it.

Coach: McKenzie, you've been in training long enough. You'll do fine.

McKenzie: *(Starts to leave, but comes back.)* What about Roberts? He just left to go to the bathroom. He's a much better player than I am. Why don't you send him in?

Coach: Roberts is on defense, and he needs a rest, NOW GET IN THERE!

McKenzie: *(Starts to leave but comes back.)* Wouldn't I be much more effective if I reeeally cheered the team from the bench?

Coach: GET IN THERE!!!

McKenzie: *(Real worried, leaves the stage.)* Ooooooh!!!

Coach: I tell you, coaching ain't what it used to be.

End

Full of Don'ts

Theme: God limits our activities, not because He hates us, but because He loves us.

People: 2

Scene: *It's in a park setting; a young lady is sitting on a bench. She is lovingly watching her young son, who is off stage. She gives him words of praise.*

Mother: Yes dear, mommy sees you. That's good, you're a big boy! Now you be careful.

(A man passing out pamphlets pertaining to abstinence approaches her.)

Man: Excuse me, would you care for a pamphlet on abstinence?

Mother: A pamphlet on abstinence?

Man: Yes ma'am, abstinence is a way of ensuring that we stay safe and healthy by avoiding sexual diseases and staying true to the one we love. It's just God's loving way of...

Mother: Wait a minute, did you say God? You aren't one of those religious nuts, are you?

Man: Well, I am a Christian...

Mother: I'm sorry, but I don't want anything to do with your God. *(To son)* Yes dear! That's good. Be careful now, Don't climb too high now.

Man: I'm sorry, I don't understand. Why don't you want anything to do with God?

Mother: Why should I listen to your God? All he ever says is don't. Don't lie, don't steal, don't have sex, don't get high, don't do this, don't do that! *(To her son)* Bobby, I said don't climb too high. No, you can't play in the street; you can play here in the park, okay? *(Back to man)* Why doesn't your God just say don't have fun! Your God is the most unloving God I have ever known. If God really loved us, he'd stop messing with our lives and let us do what we want to do. *(Back to son)* No you can't play with the big boys, you might get hurt, okay?

Man: Boy, that was unloving.

Mother: *(Totally indignant)* I BEG YOUR PARDON??

Full of Don'ts

Man: In less than a minute you told your son he can't climb too high, not to play with the big boys and he can't play in the street. I would think that if you really loved him, you'd let him have some fun.

Mother: I am his mother! Of course I'm not going to let him play in the street! He's only four years old, he doesn't know any better. It's my job to protect him. How dare you say I don't love him! What are you, some kind of nut or something?

Man: No, I just thought that the way we show love is to stop messing with people's lives and let them do what they want to do.

Mother: Well, that is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. Where did you ever hear such nonsense as that?

(The man just looks at the mother and smiles. The mother then realizes that those words came from her. Give this moment a little time before continuing.)

Man: I know you love your son, it's obvious the way you try to protect him from harm. And I know God loves you and is hoping to protect you from harm. He knows those areas that can mess you up big time and wants to help you avoid them. Look at it this way, God is not anti-fun, He's anti-hurt.

Mother: Maybe I will take a pamphlet. I'm sure there are some things in there I can remember to teach my son. Thank you. *(To son)* Come on Bobby, we have to go now. *(Woman and man leaves the stage opposite sides.)*

End

The Lonely People's Association

- Theme:** Introduction to small groups in a church. Most churches try to break up the congregation into small groups that meet once a week. This skit was made to introduce those small groups. Warren is a nerdish introverted character. As he speaks of the threat to his livelihood he becomes very boisterous and impassioned for his cause, only to get back to his introverted character when he concludes the skit with his "Thank you."
- People:** One, with the exception of the introduction by the Pastor.
- Props:** Nerdish glasses, and script to read.
- Scene:** The Pastor announces that there is a small group of people called the "Lonely People's Association" in town who have meetings every so often. It was our luck that we received the minutes to the last meeting and now "so and so" would like to recreate the speech of the president, Warren Winklemeyer.

THE LONELY PEOPLE MEETING MINUTES

Thank you for coming to our Quarterly meeting of the "Lonely People's Association." As you know we are dedicated to the continuing efforts of maintaining the ultimate simplicity of life, that being the life of a lonely person.

Now I would like to take this moment to answer a couple of letters pertaining to Lonely Etiquette. Our first letter from Bob in Sacramento, asks:

Dear Warren:

Being a lonely person, I eat out a lot. I prefer to eat at fancy restaurants for everyone, with the exception of myself, is matched with someone thus accentuating my feeling of total loneliness. But in doing so I always hesitate visiting the restroom for fear that the waiter will mistake me as having gone home and take my food away. How should I deal with this situation?

Bob

The Lonely Man's Association

Bob, Bob, Bob...obviously you have no concept of total loneliness for if you did you would realize that it can only be achieved when you feel that no one cares for you, especially the waiter. So what you consider to be a faux-pas, many of us consider a major triumph in the pursuit of loneliness.

And now from George in San Jose who writes:

Dear Warren:

I carpool to work. Every morning the other people try to get to know me. I try to maintain my lonely lifestyle, but it is getting harder. What should I do?

George

George, there is only one mode of transportation for a lonely person, and that is the bus. Trust me on this one. Get out of that carpool before you become another victim of congeniality.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to talk to you about a great concern I have. (*Warren takes off his glasses here for emphasis.*) If you recall in my last LPA newsletter I spoke of one of the greatest pleasures a lonely person can have, that of being in the presence of a large group of warm people, caring for one another as you sit all alone in the back, fully aware that no one cares for you. And where else can we achieve this great pleasure? Why, in any large church in America. Oh to see everyone greeting one another with a hug as you sit all alone in the back fully aware that no one cares for you...I get goose bumps just thinking about it.

But Ladies and Gentlemen there is a great threat to our great pleasure. Churches across the country are fighting hard to destroy our lifestyle. To annihilate all that we hold dear. And the weapon the church is using is called "The Small Group." That's right they break everyone down into "small groups," about 10 to 12 in size, and you know how hard it is to get lost in a group that size...it's impossible! And under the guise of studying the Bible everyone slowly gets to know one another. Before you know it, as you get to know them, you begin to realize that perhaps your problems are not as unique as you thought. Soon they will become concerned about your life, calling you to see how you're doing. Soon they will be inviting you to dinner and other "things." Before you know it, you can kiss good-bye "America's Funniest Home Videos." So if you hold our lifestyle holy, if you want to squash this threat to our very being, I beseech you, please do not, I repeat, do not join these small groups.

Thank you.

End

The Lonely People's Association 2

Theme: A Men's Retreat advertisement. It is best to use this script after having used the first "Lonely Men's Association" script from LifeLine Productions.

People: 1

Scene: During church announcements

Intro: As a result of all the announcements about the upcoming Men's Retreat, the president of the local "Lonely Men's Association" has asked if he could say a few words. So at this time I'd like to introduce the Lonely Men's Association president, I've forgotten his name, I'm sorry.

THE LONELY PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION 2

Good Morning. Thank you. Don't worry about forgetting my name. For a member of the Lonely People's Association it is a high honor to be such a loner that people forget your name.

Some of you, hopefully, do not remember me visiting your church last year at this time. I made quite a spectacle of myself last time as I was quite passionate about what I had to say. I promise to maintain better control this time.

As you know, the "Lonely People's Association" is dedicated to the continuing efforts of maintaining the ultimate simplicity of life, that being the life of a loner. Whether you are single or married, being a loner is truly an American male tradition worth keeping.

Now, the reason I am here is in response to a letter I received from a gentleman in your congregation. We'll call him Bob. Bob writes:

Dear Warren: (that's me)

I consider myself one of the best loners I know. I sit in the back of the church hiding behind my wife's friendliness and always leave as soon as I can. However, last year I made the regrettable mistake of attending the Fall Men's Retreat. Since that time I have begun to recognize some of the men that attend this church and fear that they may actually recognize me. Several have greeted me by name. How should I deal with this situation? I'm afraid I may lose my loner status.

Sincerely, Bob

The Lonely Man's Association 2

Oh, you can just hear the anguish in his voice. Bob, this is truly a serious situation. My advice: leave the church immediately. Don't even attempt to just ignore these people. Not waving at them, not smiling, and not returning their greetings will simply make them think something is wrong, which may cause them to ask you how you are doing. Bob, you are in grave danger, leave at once. I realize that leaving this church would be difficult because it robs you of one of the greatest pleasures a lonely man can have, that of being in the presence of a large group of warm people, caring for one another, as you sit in the back, fully aware that no one cares for you. And what better place is there for this great pleasure than in a large church. But don't worry Bob, if your loner status is tarnished in this church, there are other churches. In fact if you choose two or three, you could bounce between them, never getting to be known at any of them. This may be the best alternative.

Ladies and Gentlemen. What!? I ask you! What has caused Bob so much anguish? His mistake was to attend the Men's Retreat. He spent the night in a cabin with a small group of men. There were only 5 or 6 men in that cabin, and it's impossible to get lost in a group that size! Under the guise of studying the Bible, Bob slowly got to know a few men.

Don't let this happen to you!! Be a true American Male Loner. You can handle life's challenges by yourself. You don't need anyone's help. Remember the Lonely People's Association motto: Stand tall. Be strong. Be lonely!

I beg you, avoid the Men's Retreat coming up next month. Don't end up like Bob.

Thank you.

End

Make No Mistakes

- Theme:** No theme, just a fun skit. And yes, corporate life is really like this.
- People:** 9, but they are mostly short lines. Some lines can be combined if you lack actors.
- Props:** Chairs, briefcase, bottle of “White-Out”, piece of paper, garbage can.
- Scene:** Several chairs around the stage representing work desks. The others can either be sitting in other chairs or do walk by to say their lines.
- (It’s Vernon’s first day on the job. Mark escorts him to an empty desk surrounded by others.)*
- Mark:** Well, here’s your desk. It’s nice having someone finally fill this position.
- Vernon:** I just hope I don’t let everybody down.
- Mark:** The only advice I can give you is: don’t make mistakes.
- Vernon:** You guys don’t tolerate mistakes, huh?
- Mark:** No, it’s just easier if you don’t make any mistakes. Just fill out this form and give it to the secretary.
- (Mark walks away as Vernon starts to fill out the form.)*
- Vernon:** Let’s see, name... Address, oops, that’s my old address! Oh well, I’ll fix that.
- (Vernon opens up his brief case and takes out a small bottle of “White-out.”)*
- Sue:** Excuse me, are you going to use that chemical?
- Vernon:** Yeah, I just made a mistake, and I hate to hand in my first form with a bunch of markings all over it.
- Sue:** I’m sorry, but before you can use that, you’ll have to fill out a “Chemical Justification Form” and have it approved by our Environmental and Health & Safety Department.
- Vernon:** But, I’m just using a drop.

Make no Mistake

- Sue:** Regardless, as employees, we have a right to know the contents of your chemical. If you don't already have an MSDS, you'll need to contact the manufacturer and have them mail you one, not fax, but mail.
- Vernon:** Never mind! I'll just throw this away and start over.
- (Vernon crumbles up the form and throws it into a garbage can that is completely empty.)*
- Mike:** Pardon me, did you just throw away a 24-weight, virgin white, standard stock, form?
- Vernon:** I don't know. It was just a piece of paper.
- Mike:** If you're not sure, then to determine if it's recyclable or not, you'll need to fill out form 303. Here I can help you. Number one: Does the paper have a glossy finish?
- Vernon:** I don't know! It's just a piece of paper. Uh...no. Nothing glossy.
- Mike:** Number two: What is the exact chemical content of the inks used?
- Vernon:** I don't know! I used a Bic pen!
- Mike:** Oh! You filled out the form? Well, then we will have to fill out the standard "Used Paper Recycle Determination Form 304".
- Vernon:** Forget it! I'll just put this in my briefcase and take it home with me!
- Bob:** Excuse me.
- Vernon:** What!
- Bob:** Will you be removing company property from the site?
- Vernon:** Yes! I will be taking this little piece of paper home.
- Bob:** Then you'll need to fill out a "Company Property Removal Form."
- Vernon:** For a piece of paper?
- Bob:** Pilferage starts with small things like paper. Let's see, question number one: Will you be returning the property?
- Vernon:** I hardly doubt it.

Make no Mistake

- Bob:** In that case, you'll need to have this signed by your supervisor and a functional Manager.
- Vernon:** Never mind! I'll put this, uh...I know! I'll put this in the bathroom in case we run out of toilet paper!
- Tom:** Uh, if you're going to be adding anything to our waste streams, you'll need to fill out form 222...
- Vernon:** No! I'll file it! Yeah! That's it! I'll file this in my desk drawer.
- Barrie:** Excuse me.
- Vernon:** What!!!
- Barrie:** Exactly, what will you be filling this under?
- Vernon:** I'll file this under, "Stupid pieces of paper I can't figure out how to get rid of!"
- Barrie:** Then you'll need to submit a "New File Application Form" to our Standards and Procedures department.
- Vernon:** For my own file drawer?
- Barrie:** To help consolidate our working procedures we all have standardized filing systems.
- Vernon:** Okay! Then I'll file this under, uh...Environmental Concerns!
- Barrie:** In that case, you need to fill out the "Existing File Revision Form."
- Vernon:** Forget it! I'll eat it! Yeah, that's right! I'll eat this piece of paper!
- Chuck:** Excuse me, but, I don't think paper is on the company nutrition plan. If your diet is going to deviate from the company nutrition plan, you will need to fill out the "Non-standard Health-care Determination Form."
- Tom:** And if you're going to introduce anything new to my waste-stream...
- Vernon:** Wait! There's no mistake on this paper! That's right! I've filled out this paper perfectly! So I won't need to alter it, toss it, file it, flush it, eat it, or take it home! Will that be okay? Fine!

(Just then, Dick walks in.)

- Dick:** Hey Vernon! I heard you were getting hired on.

Make no Mistake

Vernon: George? Is that you, George?

Dick: Yeah, except I go by Dick now.

Vernon: Really? How long have you been going by Dick?

Dick: Ever since I messed up on one of their forms.

End

Mulligan

Theme: God's grace in giving us more opportunities to succeed. The theme is not brought out in the skit. A follow-up message or sermon is needed to bring out the theme.

People: 2

Scene: On a golf course. Two golf clubs, no balls should be necessary. Sound effects if you have them.

Bob: What a beautiful day to play golf.

Frank: It sure is. *(Places imaginary ball on the ground and swings. Both face the audience watching the ball.)*

Bob: Wow! That was a great shot!

Frank: Thank you.

Bob: Okay, let's see, we have a par 4, 430 feet to the tee, a little dog leg to the left, *(Bends down to pick up some dirt, filters it through his/her fingers to see the direction of the wind.)* slight Westerly breeze, approximately 4 knots...

Frank: Are you going to hit the ball or what!!!

Bob: Hold on! There's an exact science to this. Okay, I'm ready.

Frank: Finally.

Bob: *(Bob goes to hit the ball, but faces the opposite way.)*

Frank: What are you doing?

Bob: I'm going to hit the ball.

Frank: You can't hit it that way; you're facing the parking lot!

Bob: Yeah, but I...

Frank: No! Turn around and hit it right!

Bob: Well, okaaaay. *(Turns around and starts to swing through.)*

Mulligan

- Frank:** Man! I can't believe you were going to hit that ball into the parking lot!
- Bob:** *(Bob swings. Sound: swing and hit. They both watch as the ball makes a wide arc landing directly behind them. In the middle of the arc Bob says:)* I always forget, was that a hook or a slice?
- Frank:** That I believe would be a hook. *(Sound: glass breaking)* And that would be my car.
- Bob:** Oh, sorry about that. I usually do better when I hit in the opposite direction. Well, go ahead and tee off, I'll meet you out in the fairway. I just hope the ball didn't wedge between the seats like last time. *(Starts to walk away.)* I had to take a 30 on that hole.
- Frank:** Wait a minute!
- Bob:** What?
- Frank:** Why don't you just take a Mulligan?
- Bob:** A Mulligan?
- Frank:** Yeah! It's a free shot! It's like the first shot never happened. So go ahead and try again.
- Bob:** Wow, how many Mulligans do I get?
- Frank:** If you're playing me, as many as you need.
- Bob:** Isn't that like cheating? If I take too many Mulligans, I'll beat your score. That's not fair.
- Frank:** But, I'm not playing against you; I'm playing with you. I want you to succeed. I want you to play better, so go ahead and try again.
- Bob:** Okay. *(Starts to face the parking lot again.)*
- Frank:** Wait a minute! If you're going to do a Mulligan, you should try to improve your swing! Now turn around!
- Bob:** But, I always hit it wrong...
- Frank:** This time, keep your head down, follow through with your left arm and keep your weight on your right foot on the up swing.

Mulligan

Bob: *(Takes his/her swing.)* Wow! That was much better. Thanks. *(Both start to walk away.)*

Frank: So you had some pretty bad golf scores, huh?

Bob: Yeah, but I beat my brother-in-law's score once!

Frank: Really?

Bob: Well, it was his bowling score.

End

The Old Man

Theme: Eph 4:22 – “You were taught, with regard to your former way of life, to put off your old self, which is being corrupted by its deceitful desires.”
Prayer.
The Old Man (TOM) represents our sinful nature and how it tempts us to do what is wrong.

People: 2

Props: Chair, sports hat, coat, keys, phone, preferably a door.

Scene: The stage is setup with a coat draped on a chair and a hat under the chair. A phone is on one end of the stage. The Old Man stands on the opposite side of the stage as the phone. As he stands, his eyes are closed and his hands are in front of him as if he were standing close to a window. He is very still. TOM never speaks. His directions are in [brackets]. Bob never acknowledges the presence of TOM or even sees that he is there.

At the end of this script are Bob’s words without TOM’s direction, for easy reading.

(Phone rings, Bob enters and answers it.)

Bob: Hello. Oh, hi Frank. Pretty good. How are you doing? Good, good. Oh nothing much hanging around the house. Why? The game tonight. Oh I'd love to see the game, but Monday nights are reserved for my wife. Yeah that was fun last year, yeah and the year before. But tonight is reserved for my wife. Well, I've been do this since I became a, well, since I became a Christian. Um, a Christian. Well I've been meaning to tell you about it. No. No I promised her we'd go somewhere special tonight. No, no I definitely can't come over and watch the game tonight. Yeah, I'd love to see the guys again, but I just can't. No. I can't make it. No, there's nothing you can say that will change....

TOM: [Opens Eyes...wide.]

Bob: Tickets? Oh. You have tickets to the game? Oh, so, we're going to GO to the game.

TOM: [Rips open the imaginary box that TOM is in.]

Bob: First row! How did you? You're kidding me!

TOM: [Runs over to Bob all excited for him.]

The Old Man

- Bob:** No you don't understand Frank. I promised my wife we'd go out.
- TOM:** [Tries to wave to him NO NO NO don't say NO!]
- Bob:** No I, can't...We can go to the locker room after the game and see the players?
- TOM:** [Brings his knuckles to his mouth in excitement.]
- Bob:** I don't know. I really shouldn't...
- TOM:** [As Bob is hesitating, TOM is trying to coax Bob into going. There is a transition between coaxing and mimicking pulling a rope that is tied to Bob. The stronger TOM pulls the more Bob gives and moves toward TOM.]
- Bob:** ...I promised my wife...I don't know...well, it's only once. OKAY!
- TOM:** [Almost falls over as there is no more resistance.]
- Bob:** When are you leaving? Ten minutes!!
- TOM:** [Both Bob and TOM check their watches. TOM flashes the okay sign.]
- Bob:** That should be fine. Okay! I'll see you in ten.
- TOM:** [Flashes the YES sign, like he just scored a 3-pointer in basketball.]
- Bob:** Oh WOW! Off to the big game! Let's see, what am I going to need?
- TOM:** [Taps Bob's hip pocket.]
- Bob:** Money!
- TOM:** [Bob pulls out wallet and checks his money situation. TOM looks in and gives the thumbs up.]
- Bob:** Yeah that's enough. It's what Brenda and I were going to go out on, but...
- TOM:** [NAAAHHH]
- Bob:** Oh well. Let's see, my hat. That's been lost for months. I haven't been able to find...
- TOM:** [While Bob is speaking his lines, TOM goes over to the chair and lifts it

The Old Man

showing the hat.]

Bob: There it is. WOW. I can't believe I found this. It's a sign from God.

TOM: [As Bob is talking, TOM grabs the coat and helps Bob put it on.]

Bob: Brenda will understand. This must be God's will. Okay, a quick look in the mirror...

TOM: [Bob looks directly at TOM. TOM gives the double A-OK sign.]

Bob: Ahh I always look so...

TOM: [Throws keys in the air for Bob to catch.]

Bob: ...macho in my hat. Okay! Let's go. The Game!!

TOM: [Starts to push Bob out the door to herd him out, but Bob makes an abrupt turnaound.]

Bob: I can't just leave. Brenda doesn't know where I am.

TOM: [Mimicks writing a note.]

Bob: I can leave a note. What do I say?

TOM: [Panick look on TOM's face.]

Bob: (*Writing note.*) "It was an emergency."

TOM: [Mimicks being hanged.]

Bob: "Life and death." Well it is. How many times in your life do you get seats this good? People kill for those. "Had to go. Be back tonight...late. Love Bob." That should do it.

TOM: [A little nudge for not being considerate.]

Bob: Oh...(writes) "don't worry." Okay, let's go.

TOM: [Starts to push Bob out the door to herd him out, but Bob makes an abrupt turnaound.]

Bob: I can't do this. I promised Brenda we'd go somewhere special tonight.

TOM: [Desperate to think of something to keep Bob on track, he flashes his hand

The Old Man

showing all five fingers in front of Bob's face. There is no break in Bob's delivery of his lines during this, but his conviction not to go is gone when he continues his line.]

Bob: But it's been 5 months since I've been with the old crowd. 'Course, they'll be getting drunk. I can't be doing that.

TOM: [Flashes his thumb and fore-finger to show "Just a little."]

Bob: I could drink in moderation. What a great witness. They'd be getting drunk and see me and say, "Hey your drinking in moderation, tell us about God."

TOM: [While Bob is going through the previous line, TOM goes to the door, opens it, walks back to Bob and starts to push him out the door.]

Bob: Yeah, Brenda will understand. How many times do I get to witness to my non-Christian friends like this. This is where God wants me to be.

TOM: [When Bob finishes the line, TOM pushes him out the door and slams it shut. Turns around and starts to slaps his hands together as if wiping dust off them to show a job well done. Just then the door bangs open, Bob enters and takes his coat off and throws it on top of TOM who has to struggle to get it off.]

Bob: I can't do this. I made a promise! I gotta call Frank.

TOM: [Panicks when he hears that. Runs over to Bob. Signals, NO NO NO NO!]

Bob: (*Picks up phone and dials*) Hi Frank. Hey, I can't go.

TOM: [In desperation, either starts to chew the phone line or put's his hands on the antenna.]

Bob: Ooh bad connection. No. I promised my wife we'd go out tonight. The Bible says to let your yes be yes and your no be no and if my wife can't trust me, who can? Thanks for the offer huh? Say hi to the guys for me. Bye.

TOM: [Panick and desperation set in. TOM goes to the other side of the stage to think things through.]

Bob: This is tough. I gotta pray.

TOM: [For TOM, the absolute worse thing that could happen is for Bob to pray. When he hears this, he runs over to Bob waving, NO NO NO. As soon as Bob starts his prayer, TOM hits an imaginary wall.]

The Old Man

Bob: Dear Lord. This is really tough.

TOM: [As Bob is praying, TOM is pushed back by this wall to his original position.]

Bob: There's a large part of me that wants to go to this game. Forgive me for being selfish. Help me to put my wife first.

TOM: [The wall becomes a room that is getting smaller and smaller as TOM fights for space.]

Bob: Thanks for keeping this temptation to what I could handle, and thanks for putting away my old man. In your name...

TOM: [Just before Bob closes, TOM is in the original space where he started, his hands are in their original position, and slowly, he closes his eyes.]

Bob: ...Amen.

End

The Old Man

Bob's Lines

Hello. Oh, hi Frank. Pretty good. How are you doing? Good...good. Oh nothing much hanging around the house. Why? The game tonight. Oh I'd love to see the game, but Monday nights are reserved for my wife. Yeah that was fun last year, yeah and the year before. But tonight is reserved for my wife. Well, I've been do this since I became a, well, since I became a Christian. Um, a Christian. Well I've been meaning to tell you about it. No. No I promised her we'd go somewhere special tonight. No, no I definitely can't come over and watch the game tonight. Yeah, I'd love to see the guys again, but I just can't. No. I can't make it. No, there's nothing you can say that will change

Tickets? Oh. You have tickets to the game? Oh, so, we're going to GO to the game. First row! How did you? You're kidding me! No you don't understand Frank. I promised my wife we'd go out. No I, can't. We can go to the locker room after the game and see the players? I don't know. I really shouldn't...I promised my wife...I don't know...well, it's only once. OKAY! When are you leaving? Ten minutes!! That should be fine. Okay! I'll see you in ten. (*hangs up*)

Oh WOW! Off to the big game! Let's see, what am I going to need? [tap hip pocket] Money! Yeah that's enough. It's what we were going to go out on, but, oh well.

Let's see, my hat. That's been lost for months. I haven't been able to find...there it is. WOW. I can't believe I found this. It's a sign from God. Brenda will understand. This must be God's will.

Okay, a quick look in the mirror. Ahh I always look so [keys] macho in my hat.

Okay! Let's go. The Game!! [turn around] I can't just leave. Brenda doesn't know where I am. I can leave a note. What do I say? "It was an emergency. Life and death." Well it is. How many times in your life do you get seats this good? People kill for those. "Had to go. Be back tonight.... late. Love Bob." That should do it. [nudge] Oh, "don't worry". Okay, let's go.

I can't do this. I promised Brenda we'd go somewhere special tonight. [hand] But it's been 5 months since I've been with the old crowd. 'Course, they'll be getting drunk. I can't be doing that. [little] I could drink in moderation. What a great witness. They'd be getting drunk and see me and say, "Hey your drinking in moderation, tell us about God." Yeah, Brenda will understand. How many times do I get to witness to my non-Christian friends like this. This is where God wants me to be.

I can't do this. I made a promise! I gotta call Frank.

Hi Frank. Hey, I can't go. Ooh bad connection. No. I promised my wife we'd go out tonight. The Bible says to let your yes be yes and your no be no and if my wife can't trust me, who can? Thanks for the offer huh? Say hi to the guys for me. Bye.

This is tough. I gotta pray. Dear Lord. This is really tough. There's a large part of me that wants to go to this game. Forgive me for being selfish. Help me to put my wife first. Thanks for keeping this temptation to what I could handle, and thanks for putting away my old man. In your name, Amen.

Scheduler's Nightmare

Theme: Taking time out of a hectic, busy work schedule to pay attention to one another.

Scene: On a small table sits a couple of calendars, electronic organizers, and a laptop. (If you can, use fake or mock items.) This house is like a well-oiled machine. Life is run by the schedulers and calendars they keep. No one looks at each other while talking. Bob is sitting at the small table drinking coffee. Carin walks in.

People: 2

Carin: Mornin'

Bob: Mornin'

Carin: So where are we on the grand opening of the restaurant?

Bob: Let me check the checklist. (*Looks at laptop on table, Carin looks at electronic organizer.*)

Carin: Okay, let's calibrate. (*These following lines are said rapidly, one after the other.*)

Bob: Announcements?

Carin: Written.

Bob: Newspaper?

Carin: Contacted.

Bob: Walls?

Carin: Painted.

Bob: Staff?

Carin: Hired.

Bob: Tables?

Carin: Setup.

Bob: Supplies?

Carin: Ordered.

Scheduler's Nightmare

- Bob:** Delivery?
- Carin:** Friday.
- Bob:** Refrigerator?
- Carin:** *(Pause, looks up)* Refrigerator?
- Bob:** We were supposed to have the refrigerator installed tomorrow.
- Carin:** Tomorrow? That's not on my schedule. Hold on; let me check my planner. *(Looks at book-type calendar.)*
- Bob:** Hang on, let me beam it over to you. *(Points his electronic organizer at Carin's.)*
- Carin:** HOLD IT! Conflict!
- Bob:** Conflict?
- Carin:** Gotta take Danny to the Orthodontist during that time. By the way, where is Danny?
- Bob:** Uh, *(Checks computer.)* had to go to school early.
- Carin:** *(Looking at her electronic organizer.)* Oh yeah, here it is. Do you want some more coffee? *(Puts her electronic organizer on the table.)*
- Bob:** Oh sure. Thanks. *(As Carin is pouring the coffee, she spills the whole pot over all the electronic equipment and paper schedulers.)*
- Carin:** OH NO!!!
- Bob:** DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET SOME TOWELS!
- Carin:** HURRY! GET THE COMPUTER OUT OF THERE!
- Bob:** I got it!
- Carin:** The ink in the scheduler's all smeared, it's ruined!
- Bob:** The computer is fried.
- Carin:** MY ORGANIZER IS SOAKED!!
- Bob:** Now dear, don't worry, we have everything backed up...
- Carin:** The backups are on the laptop you moron!!!! *(Panics.)* OUR

Scheduler's Nightmare

SCHEDULES ARE DESTROYED!! THERE'S NO MORE ORGANIZATION!

Bob: Hang on, now. We can work our way through this.

Carin: I JUST KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT NOW, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, THERE'S NO ORGANIZER TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO, **WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO SAY!!!!...**

Bob: (*Slaps Carin.*)

Carin: (*Shocked and indignant.*) YOU SLAPPED ME!

Bob: Calm down. We can work this out.

Carin: How? How will we live? Our lives have been severed!!

Bob: Maybe for once we can live our lives without being ruled by calendars and electronic scheduling devices.

Carin: Is that possible?

Bob: People used to do it all the time. Now let's just talk about what we have to do. (*Both start to look at each other.*)

Carin: Tomorrow the refrigerator is going to come.

Bob: I can take care of that. You don't need to be there.

Carin: Right, I'm going to take Danny to the Orthodontist.

Bob: Danny needed braces?

Carin: I guess so, it was on our calendars.

Bob: Do we have any pictures of him before he got braces?

Carin: I'm sure we do. Did you shave your mustache?

Bob: Yeah. About a month ago. Did you cut your hair? I like it.

Carin: Thank you, I thought I would try something different.

Bob: You know, this is nice.

Scheduler's Nightmare

Carin: Yeah, this is.

Bob: Maybe we needed to slow down a little and start enjoying each other again.

Carin: *(Starts to leave with Bob.)* That's the best idea I've heard, and I don't even need to schedule it.

End

Time to do Everything

- Theme:** Managing your time, the importance of putting work at the priority level it should be.
- People:** 3
- Scene:** Carin and Bob are going to an appointment with a building contractor.
- Carin:** I don't know what was wrong with the first guy. He seemed perfectly good. I think he would do a great job building our restaurant.
- Bob:** I don't know. Did you see his appointment book? He had holes all over it.
- Carin:** You were snooping in his appointment book?
- Bob:** Not snooping. Just looking. I think if a guy is good, his calendar would be a little fuller, that's all.
- Carin:** I think that just means he can be flexible and have time for his family.
- Bob:** Well, we'll see what this guy has to say. *(They arrive at the door.)*
- Sam:** WELCOME!! You are right on time! Perfect! Come on in. That's Bob and Carin, right? Sam's the name.
- Carin:** Sam? It's nice to meet you.
- Sam:** Have a seat. So! You're opening a new restaurant? Coffee?
- Bob:** No thank you. Yeah, we're going to call it "Vintage Dining."
- Carin:** We hope to have it ready by the end of the month.
- Sam:** I can do that.
- Bob & Carin:** Really?
- Sam:** No problem. *(Ring)* Excuse me. Thursday night? I can do that. No problem. Bye.
- Carin:** Are you sure you can do this? We have an old warehouse. It has no plumbing.
- Sam:** Plumbing? I can do that.
- Bob:** It has no gas.

Time to do Everything

- Sam:** I can do that. *(Ring)* Excuse me. Hello? Saturday at 12:00? I can do that. See you Saturday. Bye.
- Carin:** You must have a big crew working for you.
- Sam:** Nah, it's just me. Too many hassles with a crew.
- Bob:** Just you?!! How can you commit to do so many jobs when you don't have a crew?
- Sam:** Just proper time management. People limit themselves to an eight-hour day. You'd be surprised how much you can get done by expanding a day 20 to 24 hours. Coffee?
- Carin:** No thanks. When do you find time to sleep?
- Sam:** Ahhh, you just pencil-in a little time here and there. Look, I have a block of 6 hours starting at 10:00 pm tomorrow night. *(Phone rings.)* Excuse me. Hello. This Friday? *(Checks his calendar.)* I can do that. Your name? Dolores? Huh, I think I once married a woman named Dolores... DOLORES!!! Hello dear! Don't worry; I'll definitely be home this Friday night. I can do that. Okay dear, don't worry, okay, I got to go now, good-bye.
- Bob:** Uh, you really seem to have a full schedule, are you sure you want to do our job?
- Sam:** Absolutely, so when do you want to get started? *(Looks at calendar.)* Tomorrow night at 10:00? Friday at 6:00 PM is open.
- Carin:** Don't you have an appointment with your family Friday evening?
- Sam:** Don't worry about them. I can iron that out. Are you sure you don't want any coffee?
- Bob:** No thank you. Uh, Carin and I need to talk; can we call you tomorrow sometime?
- Sam:** Sure, I'm free to talk between 1:45 and 2:15.
- Carin:** Afternoon? !
- Sam:** Morning. *(Ring.)* Excuse me. *(Carin and Bob walk out.)* I can do that!!!!
- Bob:** That other guy did seem flexible didn't he.
- Carin:** I'll call him in the morning.

End

Understanding Faith Promise

Theme: An introduction to the concept of Faith Promise.

People: 2

Props: Bathroom stuff, makeup, bowl of water, shaving stuff etc.

Scene: Bob and Betty get ready for church in the bathroom. Betty is putting on makeup.

Bob: *(In robe, shaves looking towards audience as if looking in mirror.)*
Where's my new razor blade?

Betty: *(Off stage.)* It's right there where you always keep it, Dear.

Bob: No, this is only a twin blade; I want to use my new triple blade.

Betty: It's in the cabinet. What's wrong with the double blade? You only used it twice.

Bob: The triple blade cuts closer than the double blade...I think, and I want to look nice for church. Ouch!

Betty: *(Betty enters.)* So if they sold a quadruple blade, you'd buy that too?

Bob: They have a quadruple blade?

Betty: I said IF they sold one!

Bob: *(Relieved.)* Oh.

Betty: You're always trying something new.

Bob: It might be better. Ouch! Speaking of new, what did you think about the pastor's talk about the mission budget last week?

Betty: You mean that Faith Promise stuff?

Bob: Yeah.

Betty: I didn't understand it. Let me get this straight, we're supposed to write on a card how much we want to give based on how much we expect God to provide for us, they accept the cards, add them up and that's the budget.

Understanding Faith Promise

Bob: Uh-huh. Ouch! And the amount you promised by faith shouldn't be the amount you figured out you can afford, but is an amount you believe God will provide above and beyond your normal giving.

Betty: But, what if God doesn't provide it?

Bob: Well, you don't give it. Ouch!

Betty: But if you don't give it, the church will know.

Bob: No, they don't keep track of what you promised individually, what you promised by faith is between you and God. You're simply trusting God to provide that amount. If He doesn't provide it, then He doesn't expect you to give it.

Betty: So the church is going to base their budget on what I expect God to give me, and what everyone else thinks God's going to give them? That doesn't sound responsible.

Bob: Well, you're supposed to actually pray about the amount, and then exercise faith that He will provide

Betty: But that would require trusting God!

Bob: Wouldn't that be bizarre for a church to do. (*Stop shaving, start mending cuts.*)

Betty: Oh, stop it. You know what I mean! Missionaries are depending on this budget. Shouldn't this budget be based on something a little more concrete?

Bob: You mean more concrete than the prayers of God's people?

Betty: (*Pause, Betty goes to Bob.*) They're really serious, aren't they.

Bob: What?

Betty: In order to do this, you really have to believe that God answers prayer. And the church is really committing money to the missionaries based on faith that God is real, He answers prayer and will provide.

Bob: Sure. How do I look? (*Face filled with tissue.*)

Betty: I don't think you can get a closer shave, Dear.

Bob: (*Exits stage.*) I hope the pastor's sermon doesn't go too long. I want to

Understanding Faith Promise

- make it back in time for the game.
- Betty:** Oh, you're not helping me in the garden?
- Bob:** *(Pause.)* Oh yeah, I forgot.
- Betty:** So how much are we going to give?
- Bob:** Give?
- Betty:** Yes, Faith Promise. How much are we going to commit to?
- Bob:** What, we can't afford what we give now! You want to give more?!
- Betty:** You said that the Faith Promise amount is what we are trusting God to give us above and beyond what we are giving now. That's why they call it "Faith" Promise.
- Bob:** *(Bob enters with shirt on.)* But now we're talking money here!
- Betty:** Aren't we supposed to turn in the cards next Sunday?
- Bob:** Hmm, I guess we need to be doing some praying this week.
- Betty:** Can't be any more painful than shaving.
- Bob:** Fine. I'm ready.
- Betty:** You're going to wear THAT shirt?
- Bob:** You always ask me that at the last minute!
- Betty:** *(Both begin exiting, conversation trails off)* No I don't.
- Bob:** Yes you do...
- Betty:** Are you going to argue with me all the way to church...again?
- Bob:** I'm not arguing!
- Betty:** Yes you are! !

End

Visit From Bob

Theme: Communication.

People: 3

Scene: Dan and Carol are newlyweds. Bob is a welcome guest. For this skit to work, Bob must realistically never be given a chance to speak. His body language must imply that he is trying to speak but can't get a word in edge wise.

Bob: Hi, I'm having some guests over, and I was wondering if I could borrow a cup of...

Dan and Carol: Bob! How nice of you to come over!

Dan: Come on in and have a seat!

Carol: It's so good to see you again.

Bob: Well, I can't stay long. You see, I'm having some guests over...

Dan: Sorry we haven't kept in touch this last month, but you know how newlyweds can be, ha ha.

Carol: Oh Dan, you're embarrassing me.

Dan: Oh I'm sorry my little kitten, kissy kissy kissy *(Both Dan and Carol make little kissy sounds and rub noses—a really sickeningly sweet display. Bob is feeling very awkward to be in the middle of this scene.)*

Bob: Uh, I can come back later if you like.

Carol: Oh no! !

Dan: Don't be silly. Can we get you a cup of coffee or something?

Bob: Actually, I just came over to borrow a cup of...

Carol: Dan just bought the best espresso coffee.

Dan: You ought to have a cup Bob.

Carol: Dan is so smart when it comes to coffee.

Visit From Bob

- Dan:** Why don't you make him a cup dear.
- Carol:** Why of course honeypoos.
- Dan:** But don't take too long, I couldn't bear to be away from you.
- Carol:** OOOOhhhhh, I love you.
- Dan:** I love you too. (*Each blow a kiss.*)
- Carol:** Love you!
- Dan:** Love you too! (*Dan stares at the door until Carol goes through. When she does his attitude changes drastically.*) I can't take it Bob! (*Bob is taken totally off guard.*) I'm smothering in this house! Everywhere I go she has to be there! No more playing pool with the guys! No more ballgames, what with yard work and all!
- Carol:** (*Sticks head through door.*) Sweetheart, did you buy the non-dairy creamer like I asked?
- Dan:** (*Back to his lovey dovey self.*) Of course honey, it's in the cupboard on the left.
- Carol:** Okay... I love you.
- Dan:** Love you too. (*Snaps back to talking to Bob when the door shuts.*) I'm not my old self anymore! I thought marriage would be different!
- Carol:** Here we go. This is the best coffee, and I would have never known about it unless I met Dan. Mummmummmummm...(*Kissy sounds as they rub noses.*)
- Dan:** Say Bob, have you seen our wedding pictures yet?
- Carol:** Oh, they turned out sooo goood!
- Dan:** Let me get them for you. They're in the bedroom, right hon?
- Carol:** Uh-huh. Don't be long. Love you.
- Dan:** Love you! (*Blows a kiss.*)

Visit From Bob

Carol: *(As soon as the door shuts.)* Oh, Bob! Marriage wasn't supposed to be this way! I thought being married meant having someone help you with food and laundry! It's like I'm his...

Dan: *(Sticks his head through the door.)* Aren't they in the bottom drawer dear?

Carol: *(Back to lovey dovey.)* No honey, closet - top shelf.

Dan: Oh, okay. *(Shuts door.)*

Carol: *(Finishes above sentence.)* Slave! Now I not only have myself to take care of, but I have to take care of him also! It wasn't supposed to turn out this way Bob!

Dan: Here they are! Take a look at these Bob!

Carol: My uncle George did such a nice job. *(Bob obligingly flips through the pages.)*

Dan: Pretty good huh? So, how's the pool playing Bob? Do the guys miss me much?

Carol: Your not planning on playing pool tonight are you dear?

Dan: Oh no! Not at all honey! *(Under his breath to Bob.)* See what I mean?

Carol: *(Carol heard Dan and can sense something funny going on.)* What was that?

Dan: It was nothing dear...now about these pictures...

Carol: No! Bob, what did he mean by that remark, "See what I mean?"

(There is a brief bit of silence as Bob's mind races to find an answer.)

Dan: It's just that Bob and I were just talking that I never get to go out like I used to and...*(Reluctantly.)* I was telling him that bothered me.

Carol: You never told me that bothered you.

Dan: I didn't want to hurt your feelings.

Carol: Well, Bob and I were talking about how I could use more help around the house. I wouldn't mind you going out with the guys if I didn't feel like you were dumping everything on me.

Visit From Bob

- Dan:** Really! I thought you liked doing all that stuff.
- Carol:** Noooo. I would love to have some help.
- Dan:** I didn't know that I was doing anything that bothered you.
- Carol:** I don't want you to think you're stuck in this house all the time.
- Bob:** You know, I really don't need to borrow any sugar.
- Dan:** I guess, when you think about it, I haven't been helping you around the house very much lately.
- Bob:** Actually, I don't need to borrow anything.
- Carol:** Maybe we should talk awhile.
- Bob:** *(Awkward pause.)* Boy! Look at the time! I guess I'd better be going. *(Bob starts to leave.)*
- Dan:** Bob, thank you for helping us through this.
- Carol:** Yeah. If it weren't for you, we would've never realized the problems we're having.
- Bob:** Sure. If there's anything else you need, don't hesitate to ask.

End