

THE VERY WORST OF SUNDAY SCHOOL DROPOUTS

40 notorious skits and songs from the “Not Ready for
Sunday Morning” drama site

By Jack and Gretchen Hall

An Introduction: Now the Truth Can Be Told

Who are Jack and Gretchen Hall?

The founders of Sunday School Dropouts were now a sweet, elderly couple running a drama program at their church. They were like-minded writers who shared a twisted sense of humor and a disdain for the hypocrisy in the Christian culture.

In the fall of 2004, John Cospo and the Righteous Insanity Touring Company made their way to Corning, New York for a weekend gig, including a Saturday drama workshop and a Sunday morning performance. That same Saturday a writing major and budding sketch writer named Sara Moore made the decision to drive her sister to the drama workshop at church even though she didn't feel well.

As fate would have it, Sara and her pals George, Denny, Brian, and Sharon hit it off with John, Jamie, and Shannon. The connection forged during the drama workshop led to dinner plans and a late night creative session in a coffee house. Emails and phone numbers were exchanged, and within a matter of months, a new website was born.

Sunday School Dropouts began as a repository for the skits John and Sara wanted to publish but were initially afraid to release under their own names. Dropouts sketches were more sarcastic, more in your face, and more risk taking than anything either writer had shared before. Jack and Gretchen (names chosen by Sara) gave the the chance to say whatever they wanted to say, openly and sarcastically, without fear of ruining their reputations outside the website.

Over the next eight years they tackled everything from politics to Joel Osteen to dowel rods to megachurches to hypocrites to home schoolers to human videos to their favorite target, Pat Robertson. Whenever one or the other had something to say and didn't want to mince words, that "something" made its way to the virtual pages of Sunday School Dropouts.

In 2013, nearly 200 scripts after the website's creation, the decision was made to close the website. The growing demands of new projects meant the website was not getting the attention it deserved. What's more, both writers had moved much closer to their alter ego's style, thus eliminating the need for Jack and Gretchen to go on.

John is still writing skits for Righteous Insanity. He's also the head curriculum writer for Children's Ministry Deals, and in his spare time he writes science fiction and screenplays for both long and short films.

Sara is the founder of the blog "Confessions of a Tired Mom." She also writes dark comedy about her experiences as an EMT that may (or may not) one day see the light of day.

Time will tell if there will be another collaboration between the notorious Jack and Gretchen. For now, we hope you will enjoy this collection featuring 40 of the best sketches and songs the Dropouts had to offer.

Sincerely,
John & Sara
(Jack and Gretchen)

PS - If there's a skit, song, or play you remember from the website and can't find in this book, please email john@righteousinsanity.com and he'll dig it up for you.

A Hole in The Head

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Johnny- A disbeliever
Bill- A dumb Christian

The setting is a college community center. Outside a classroom is a sign: "Christians on Campus! Bible Study Tonite!" Bill sits at a table, studying. Johnny enters, sees the sign, and scoffs.

JOHNNY- Unbelievable. I can't believe in this day and age people still believe in gods. It's not like we're in the stone ages any more! Science and technology has gone so far to disprove religion, you would think people would think superstitions would have gone the way of a dodo bird. But like the dodos, every fall I come to campus and get assaulted by Christians telling me I need Jesus! Please! I need Jesus like I need a hole in the head!

Bill looks up in alarm. He jumps up with a text book and smacks Johnny in the head.

JOHNNY- Owwww!

BILL- Hold still, buddy, I'll help you!

Bill smacks him again in the head.

JOHNNY- What in the name of Madeline Murray—

Bill whacks him again.

BILL- I'll never break the skull with this book! I need something better!

Bill runs off.

JOHNNY- What the heck is going—No, NO!!!

Bill runs in with a hammer, nails Johnny in the head.

JOHNNY- Ohhhhh!!!!

BILL- Why does this skull have to be so hard?

Bill hits Johnny three more times.

BILL- This isn't working either!

JOHNNY- The world... is going... dark.

BILL- Hang in there, buddy. I know what to do!

Bill runs away. He runs back on with a power drill, already spinning, and tries to drill a hole in Johnny's head.

JOHNNY- What are you doing!! Stop it!!

BILL- This'll go a lot easier if you just let me finish!

JOHNNY- Aaaaaagggh!

Johnny pushes Bill away.

JOHNNY- What do you think you're doing?

BILL- I was helping you!

JOHNNY- Helping me how?

BILL- Trying to put a hole in your head.

JOHNNY- Why?

BILL- You said you needed it!

JOHNNY- Why would I need a hole in the head?

BILL- I dunno. Fluid in the brain, nostrils plugged up. It's your head.

JOHNNY- Look, I never said I NEEDED a hole in the head.

BILL- You did too. You said you need it like you need Jesus!

JOHNNY- But I don't NEED Jesus, or a hole in my head.

BILL- Ohhh... so you were... you meant... oh golly. Now I feel like a goof. Gosh, I am so embarrassed.

JOHNNY- How do you think I feel?

BILL- Man, I am so sorry. I just heard you saying you need Jesus and... well, I know how badly I need Jesus in my life.

JOHNNY- Whatever.

BILL- Hey, roll your eyes if you wanna. But we all have a hole in our hearts only the big guy can fill. It's just hard to see if you've never experienced him.

JOHNNY- Save it, Swaggart. I don't want your religion.

BILL- Well, okay, but... If you change your mind, (*points to the sign*) you can join us any time.

Bill gathers his things and leaves. Johnny gets up and composes himself.

JOHNNY- Gosh... and people wonder why we think Christians are idiots. Bible study... please. I need that like I need a kick in the balls.

Bill runs on and obliges Johnny. Johnny falls over in pain.

BILL- Sorry... my bad... again.

Accidents Happen

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Don and Clara - A "wise" married couple

Darren - An unfaithful husband

Linda - A scorned wife

Don and Clara enter.

DON: How is she?

CLARA: I think she's ready to talk. How is Darren?

DON: He's been ready.

CLARA: I'm sorry she's being so difficult about this. It's those awful church friends of hers, filling her head with bad ideas.

DON: It's a hard situation the first time. It was for us, remember?

CLARA: Thank God you helped me to see that it was perfectly normal.

DON: Well let's bring them in and do this.

Don and Clara exit. Don enters with Darren. Clara enters with Linda. They all sit down, with Don and Clara in the middle.

DON: Darren, Linda, we've been friends with you guys for five years. We know it's tough what you're going through, but believe us when we tell you, you can get through it. We did.

CLARA: Yes, we did.

DON: Darren, accidents happen. You can't beat yourself up over this one. It's not your fault.

DARREN: Thank you.

CLARA: Did you hear that, Linda? It's not his fault. Accidents do happen.

DON: I've spoken with Darren a lot about this. He loves you, Linda. And you can't turn your back on him just because he accidentally slept with a man.

CLARA: Did you hear that, Linda? It was an accident. I know you heard Darren say it, but now you're hearing it from us.

DON: I know, it's hard to understand, but believe me, these things happen.

CLARA: We know from experience.

DON: One minute you're in a bar, grabbing a drink before heading home. The next minute you've rented a hotel room with some handsome fella who chatted you up and bought you a few boilermakers.

CLARA: I know it sounds awful, but it could have been a whole lot worse. What if he made out with the guy, then drove home drunk? Someone could have really gotten hurt.

DON: Thank goodness he had the good sense to get a hotel room and sleep it off.

CLARA: Believe me, Linda, this is no big deal. Don and I went through the same thing two years ago when he went to that conference in Portland. It happens. You walk in the wrong place, and well, accidents happen.

DON: I had no idea that was a gay bar. I don't look at other women when we go out, so I didn't even notice it was all guys.

DARREN: I don't look at other women either.

CLARA: Did you hear what Darren said, Linda? He doesn't look at other women. You know what that means?

DON: He only has eyes for you.

CLARA: Exactly.

DON: We know you have had a lot of angry feelings, Linda. But you have to let them go. After all, we're only human. And I'm sure you've done things on accident to hurt Darren. Like the time Clara accidentally gave me an STD.

CLARA: Gosh, that was so embarrassing.

DON: Honey, don't beat yourself up again. You learned your lesson.

CLARA: I never even knew I could get an STD from eating at KFC restaurant. Not until Don sent me that email. DON: Thank goodness Don was level-headed enough to help me forgive myself.

DON: And that's exactly what Darren needs, a strong, wise, supporting wife to help him forgive himself. But that can't happen unless you forgive him first.

CLARA: Look, we know your church friends have you all in a wad about "immorality" and "sin" and all that stuff. But let's not forget, Jesus taught us to forgive one another.

DON: And yes, the Bible does speak against this kind of thing. But is it more Christian to condemn the sinner, or to forgive and forget?

CLARA: That's the God I know.

DON: That's the God I know too.

CLARA: Linda, look at Darren. Look at that broken, hurting man. He needs the love of Jesus. Will you be Jesus to him?

Darren stands up. He walks to center.

DARREN: Linda, everything they told you is true. This whole thing was a total accident. I love you very much, and if you can forgive me, I promise I will try my hardest not to let this happen again. Can you do that?

Linda stands up, a loving look in her eyes.

LINDA: Darren?

Linda kicks Darren in the balls - REAL HARD - and walks away. Clara and Don runs to Darren's side as he moans and cries in anguish.

CLARA: I guess there's just no reaching some people.

Chat Buddies

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Michelle- A gorgeous young woman

Ed and Laura- A married couple

Dan and Helen- Another married couple

Two church pews are on stage, one in front of the other. Dan and Helen sit in the back pew. Ed and Laura enter and sit in the front. Michelle enters, sits in the front pew beside Ed. She looks at Ed, does a double take.

MICHELLE: Excuse me, you look familiar. Have we met?

ED: I'm not sure.

MICHELLE: You just look so familiar to me. I wish I could place it. What's your name?

ED: Ed.

MICHELLE: I'm Michelle. Have you been in my work?

ED: I don't know. Where do you work?

MICHELLE: Tony's Pizza.

ED: Nope, not lately.

MICHELLE: Maybe I've been to your work.

ED: I don't think so. I'm an architect.

MICHELLE: Hmm. It's so strange. I know I know you from some place.

LAURA: Friend of yours, Ed?

ED: I don't think so, dear. I guess I have one of those faces.

MICHELLE: I've got it!! Face Chat!

ED: *(a chill down his spine)* What?

MICHELLE: Face Chat! We've chatted on our webcams.

ED: No, I, I, I don't think that's possible, Miss.

MICHELLE: It had to be you. Your screen name was Sexy Ed. Remember? And I said it was so cute.

Behind Ed and Michelle, Dan starts to overhear the conversation. He listens with gossip-loving glee. Helen sees Michelle and tries to hide in a bulletin.

LAURA: I'm sorry, where did you say you chatted with my husband?

ED: It's nothing, dear!

MICHELLE: FaceChat.com, the place on line for people who want to meet people who want to... haha, you know.

LAURA: No, do tell.

MICHELLE: Well, first we connect through a private room, then we turn on the webcams

ED: No we don't!

LAURA: Ed, is this true?

ED: Of course not!

MICHELLE: He didn't tell me he was married, of course. I wouldn't have cared. He was very creative.

LAURA: Could have fooled me!

ED: It's nonsense, dear! I've never done anything like that! Ever!

LAURA: Never?

ED: Never ever.

LAURA: I know you, Ed. Your vein pops out of your neck when you lie, and it's popping right now.

ED: Look, maybe I got on one of those sites a time or two. But that was a long time ago.

LAURA: How long?

MICHELLE: Two weeks.

ED: Years! Two years!

LAURA: Two years?

ED: Yes!

LAURA: We've been married for four.

ED: Oh crud.

MICHELLE: It's no big deal, ma'am. I never would dream of taking him away from you. But guys like Ed sometimes have special needs, and once they work those out, they can come back to you like nothing ever happened.

LAURA: Or they can just never come back to me at all!

Laura gets up and leaves.

MICHELLE: Oops. I think we made her mad, Ed.

ED: WE made her mad??

MICHELLE: Hey, I didn't make you get on FaceChat. I just let you pick me up.

ED: And boy do I regret it, you little... Laura, wait! Come back! I can explain!

Ed follows Laura. Dan leans up.

DAN: You really chatted with Ed online a few weeks ago?

MICHELLE: Eh, who knows? He's cute enough, I would have.

DAN: So you just made all that up?

MICHELLE: Yeah.

DAN: How did you know that he...

MICHELLE: You'd be amazed who all is on those websites.

DAN: I can only imagine.

MICHELLE: Crazy stuff. Isn't that right, Hottie Helen?

Dan does a double take with his wife.

DAN: Helen?!?

Blackout.

Church Progress

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Bill- A traditional believer

Mitch- A progressive believer

Janie- A more progressive believer

Dave- An even more progressive believer

Sandra - Is so progressive, it's scary!

Bill enters.

BILL: So if you're looking for a family-friendly place to grow in the Lord, come on down and experience that old time religion at the First Denominational Church, located on the corner of State and Main since 1955. It's church the way you remember it, the way your parents remember it. Member of the United Denominational Churches Association of America.

Mitch enters.

MITCH: Denominational Churches of America? Please! Denominations are so 19th Century. You want to experience a new kind of church? Check out First Non-Denominational Church. No stuff rituals, no robes, and no boring hymnals. We offer a seeker-friendly environment with hip music and lively preaching guaranteed not to put you to sleep. If your church life needs a kick in the pants, try the First Non-Denominational Church, located in the non-descript metal building without a cross at the corner of Turner and Lively.

Janie enters.

JANIE: Blah blah blah. Denominations, non-denominations, it's still the same old stuffy church. If you're tired of that old time religion, bad music and hypocrites, then come on down to the First Post-Modern Church. At Post-Modern, you can come as you are, even if that means wearing the same dingy throw-back tee you've worn to bed for a month. Worship side by side with like-minded, post-modern thinkers in candle-lit comfort to worship songs that don't sound like elevator music. That's the First Post-Modern Church, located in the basement of the old Seventh Day Adventist Church on Sussex.

Dave enters.

DAVE: Hold it, hold it a minute! The post-modern era is over, and emerging out of the ashes, like a Phoenix is the Emerging Church! Come emerge with us every Sunday to

uplifting music in an environment where God is good and all are welcome - unless you're a Republican. That's the Emerging Church, located in the former Loews Theater Complex on Euclid.

Sandra enters.

SANDRA: Wow. You all are so far behind the times, it's almost sad. But I can forgive you, because I just joined a new church, a church that is so progressive, so advanced, so emergent, so far past post-modern, that it hasn't even been formed yet. That's right, this church is so completely ahead of its time it will break off, split apart, and re-form itself at least six times before it actually hosts its first worship service. There's no pastor, no building... heck, we don't even have members. Just a wait list of seekers, young and old, who are desperate to find the next big thing, that new and improved church that will finally, once and for all, be the kind of church WE want to have!

JANIE: Whoa! A church that's so progressive it hasn't been formed yet?

DAVE: Sign me up for that.

MITCH: Hey, me too. That sounds like the kind of church I want to have.

DAVE: It's the church of my dreams.

JANIE: At last, a church that understands what I need.

BILL: What you need? What's the matter with you people? Church isn't about getting what we want. It's about meeting the Lord and getting to know him, not some self-indulgent, spiritual back rubs!

DAVE: *(scoffs, laughing)* Check out the Pharisee.

Dave, Janie, Sandra, and Mitch exit together. Bill goes the other way.

DAVE: So what's it called?

SANDRA: The church? It doesn't have a name yet.

JANIE: A church without a name? That's the coolest thing ever.

MITCH: Do you have a cross?

SANDRA: Yeah, right, like that means anything these days.

Church Office Space: Congregational Restructuring

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Pastor Russ

Pastor Lumburgh

Sheila- Lumburgh's secretary

Barney- An old man and a greeter

Tone Deaf Tina- A woman who can't sing

Milton- A squirrely guy who sits up front

Spotlight on Pastor Russ on the side of the stage.

RUSS- I don't have to tell you all just how much God has blessed us here at Sunnyside Megachurch. We are all excited by the growth we've had in the last few years. But with that growth has come a time of restructuring. We know that all of you will join with us in making the necessary changes and sacrifices to further God's work in our community.

*Spotlight off. Lights up on the stage, where Pastor Lumburgh and Sheila sit.
Barney enters.*

BARNEY- Hello, Pastor Lumburgh. You wanted to see me?

LUMBURGH- Yeah, hi, Barney. What's happening? Uhh... as you know, we've been going through some restructuring here at Sunnyside. Uhh, I understand you've been a part of our greeter's ministry for three decades?

BARNEY- That's right, Pastor. Shook every hand walk in this church through six presidents and twelve senior pastors.

LUMBURGH- That's just great, really, but uhh, we're going to have to ask you to step down.

BARNEY- You want me to step down?

LUMBURGH- Yeah. It's just that we're trying to put a younger face on the Sunnyside, and uh, we're going to be putting some younger people on the doors.

BARNEY- Younger folks? Well, can't I be there to shake hands with 'em?

LUMBURGH- Ooh, yeah, uhh, I'm not sure that's such a good idea. You see, we were needing you to take a new position in parking lot detail. Yeah, helping people keep traffic moving on the outer parking lot loop.

BARNEY- This is an outrage! I can't believe this.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, well, uh, before you say no, pray about it, mmkay? Because we really need help on the loop, and I'd hate to say we lost you because of, uh, pride.

Mmkay? Thanks!

Barney stands.

BARNEY- Yeah, thanks for nothing, pastor!

Barney exits.

LUMBURGH- Who's next, Sheila?

SHEILA- Next we have a long-standing choir member and soloist, Tina Strothers.

LUMBURGH- Tina Strothers?

SHEILA- Yeah, Tone-deaf Tina?

LUMBURGH- Oh yeah.

Tina enters, sits.

LUMBURGH- Tina! What's happening? Uhh, as you know, we're having to restructure some ministries here at Sunnyside, and, uh, we've decided that we need to talk about your contributions to the music program.

TINA- Yes, well, I know my new job has kept me from being at some rehearsals, but I am eager to do more special music and choral events.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uh, actually, we were thinking of using your talents in some other areas.

TINA- You mean in addition to special music, you want me to lead the handbell choir?

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uh, actually, we were thinking of removing you from the music program all together.

TINA- What?

LUMBURGH- It's just that we're looking for vocalists who have more experience, talent, and frankly, wouldn't make the William Hung reel on *American Idol*.

TINA- You think I sound like William Hung?

LUMBURGH- Actually, uh, after your last performance of Twila Paris's "God Is In Control", most people said they would prefer William Hung.

TINA- I can't believe this. Why didn't everyone tell me?

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uh, people thought that politeness was more important than holiness. Those people have been removed from the ministry too.

TINA- And where will I go?

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uh, we've decided to send you to the junior high ministry.

TINA- No! No, no, no, not junior high!!!

LUMBURGH- Yeah, we figure you'll do more good than harm there. You see, most of those kids are going through some, uh, vocal changes, and uh, they'll never notice your tone deaf voice there. Mmkay?

TINA- I can't believe this! For ten years I've suffered my gifts for the Lord...

LUMBURGH- Yes, and we've suffered along with you. Buh bye.

Tina exits.

LUMBURGH- Who's next?

SHEILA- Well, Pastor, we have Milton Waddams, sir.

Milton enters.

MILTON- (*half muttering*) You wanted to see me, Pastor Lumburgh?

LUMBURGH- Hey, Milton. What's happening? Ah, we need to talk about your seating arrangements on Sunday.

MILTON- Yes, well, I've been complaining for months since they replaced the pews with the new seats, and the new seats are no good for my back.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uhh, you see, we've noticed that the seat you're in is right down in front of the stage, and ahh, a lot of people find it distracting to have you right there.

MILTON- Well, you see I have this astigmatism, and I used to be able to see the children's choir, and they were merry, but now if I don't sit close—

LUMBURGH- Yeah, ahh, the thing is, we need that front pew for, uhh, the deacons and those whose tithes make up more than fifty percent of our annual budget, so... we need to move you to Balcony A.

MILTON- No, you see, I can't sit in the balcony because—

LUMBURGH- That way the VIP's can be seen by the whole community, and you won't frighten so many people who might otherwise come forward and join our congregation.

MILTON- But my vision is blurry, and if I am not up near the stage, I can't see the praise songs on the screen.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, so if you could just start sitting in Balcony A, that would be great.

MILTON- And I also have this fear of heights, and if I have to sit up in the balcony—

Pastor Russ enters.

RUSS- Bill! The vendor is here with the new cappuccino machine. Want to try it out?

LUMBURGH- Sounds good, Russ.

Lumburgh and Sheila exit with Russ as Milton mutters on.

MILTON- Excuse me? I was talking about the balcony?

Lumburgh turns the lights off.

MILTON- If you make me sit up there, I'll have this whole place condemned. I could take my tithe to a competing church. I could put strychnine in the juice and cookies for Sunday School. I'll set the flannel boards on fire.

Church Office Space: For the Young People

By Jack Hall

Pastor Lumburgh and the others are seated at a conference table.

LUMBURGH- So you should ask yourselves, with everything you do, Is this good for the church? Amen?

ALL- Amen.

LUMBURGH- Yeah. Now, let's open the floor for discussion. Doug, you wanted to address a new ministry?

DOUG- Yes, Pastor. I was thinking it might be a good time to start a young adults ministry.

BILL- Young adult ministry? Is that some hip new thing?

DOUG- It's meeting the needs of college kids and young people just starting out. We seem to graduate a lot of kids from the student ministry who go off to college and vanish. Don't you think we should do something for them? Maybe a late night program during the week or--

LUMBURGH- Oooh, yeah, uh... I'm gonna have to go ahead and sort of, disagree with you there? Yeah. You see, we're already so maxed out on the weekly schedule, I just don't see where we have the time for another program.

DOUG- We could use the fireside room on Tuesdays. There's nothing happening there.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uh, that's not going to work. You see, that's the classroom our elder members class meets, and frankly, they, uh, contribute a lot more money than the young adults. Which is another reason not to do the program.

DOUG- But, Pastor, I'm willing to lead the program volunteer.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uh, that's great, but you see, we have fixed costs like electricity and water.

DOUG- But these kids are leaving church for good! Someone help me out here.

BILL- Perhaps we could ask the students to bring in candles so we save on lights? Young people like worshipping with candles.

LUMBURGH- Okay, I like what I'm hearing.

DON- And we can lock the bathrooms. They can hold it for 45 minutes.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, uh, if they could do that, that would be great. All in favor?

MOST- Aye.

LUMBURGH- Opposed?

GUS- Nay.

LUMBURGH- Yeah, motion carries. But the second this costs us a dime, we'll have to uh... pray about it. Mm-kay?

Heaven's Funniest Rapture Videos

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Bob Gabriel- Host

Larry- Businessman

Debbie- The "other" woman

Dave- A Christian who smokes pot

Julio- Drug dealer

Kate- A gossip queen

Louis- Loves internet porn

Jeffrey- A guy who had to "go"

Bob Gabriel enters onto a TV set.

BOB- Hello, and welcome to Heaven's Funniest Rapture Videos. Everyone here in Heaven, and God's family on Earth, was so thrilled to see the promised day of rapture come. But not everyone on Earth was quite as prepared as they could have been for the Lord's return. Yes, the Lord Jesus told them to wait like a servant waits for his master, not knowing the hour when they would return. But did they wait? Not everyone! Like Larry Masterson of Philadelphia, PA.

Cut to video of Larry and Debbie in a hotel.

LARRY- I'm so glad you reconsidered meeting me here. You don't know what you mean to me.

DEBBIE- But you're still wearing your wedding band!

LARRY- Only until I can serve her divorce papers!

DEBBIE- You promise?

LARRY- Debbie, you're the only one in my heart. I love--

Bob jumps into the scene, blows a horn. Debbie screams.

LARRY- What's that?

DEBBIE- An angel!

LARRY- What the--

BOB- It's rapture time, Larry! The Lord's calling you home!

LARRY- Right now? Holy ----

Cut to Bob in the studio.

BOB- Whoa, Larry! I don't think that was such a holy thing to say, or do! But he wasn't the only one caught with his pants down! Let's take a peek at Dave Rogers of Dallas, Texas.

Cut to video of Julio in a dark alley. Dave walks up.

DAVE- 'Sup?

JULIO- I know nothing, amigo.

DAVE- Give me a nickel bag!

JULIO- Fifteen bucks.

Bob jumps out and blows his horn.

DAVE- Aaahhh!! What the devil?

BOB- You mean what the angel! Time for the rapture, Dave. We're going to see Jesus!

DAVE- I can't go like this!!

Bob pulls Dave out of the shot.

JULIO- *(looking at his bag of pot)* Man, this is good stuff.

Cut to Bob in the studio.

BOB- Looks like his evening plans went up in smoke. I wonder if word would have gotten around to our next subject, Kate Spencer of Lanesville, Indiana! Surely she'd love this juicy piece of gossip.

Cut to Kate in her bedroom, on the phone.

KATE- So check it, I was listening to Deniece and Jenny in the locker room, and you'll never believe it. Deniece asked Jenny to drive her down to the abortion clinic! Oh yeah, that's right. She's getting an abortion tomorrow. And the worst part is, she doesn't know who the father is. Well, I heard she not only slept with Robbie, but Matt, Ben, and--

Bob enters, blows his horn. Kate screams.

KATE- How did you get here?

BOB- Rapture time, we're headed home!

KATE- Rapture? You mean... I'm going to heaven? Now?

BOB- You sure are.

KATE- Oh great. What's Jesus gonna think when he hears-- Did he hear what I was just saying?

BOB- You want to ask him yourself? Let's go!

Bob drags Kate out. Cut to the studio.

BOB- Whoa! I heard it through the grapevine that she was pretty embarrassed. But could she be more embarrassed than Louis Reynolds of Corning, New York?

Cut to Louis, on his computer, typing in chat.

LOUIS- Can... I view... your... cam? (*watches screen*) Whoa!! (*types*) You... are... really... hot!... Please... take... off... your... shirt!... What? Oh come on! (*types*) Come... on... show... your... boobs! (*watches*) Oh yeah! That's what I wanna see!

Bob enters, blows the horn, scaring Louis!

LOUIS- What's going on? Aw no!

Louis covers the screen with his hands.

BOB- The Lord's calling you home!

LOUIS- I can't... let me just close this window.

BOB- Won't do you any good! We see all!

LOUIS- Aww crap!

Cut to studio.

BOB- Yes, we heard a lot of Hallelujahs on rapture day, but probably just as many "Holy Craps!" and worse were also heard. If only you humans would have listened when the apostle Paul urged you to use your time wisely, serving the Lord rather than your own personal desires. But then, if you hadn't we wouldn't have so many great videos to share... or would we?

Cut to Jeffrey on a toilet, reading a newspaper. Bob jumps out and blasts his trumpet. Jeffrey screams.

BOB- Time to go home, Jeffrey!

Cut back to the studio.

BOB- We'll be right back!

HEDONISM COMMERCIAL

(VIDEO SCRIPT)

By Jack Hall

Shot of a woman named Dana, walking along a beach. Cut to a close up on Dana.

DANA- Life is so short. And there's so much to experience.

Shot of Dana riding a bike through a park very fast, then a close up as she rides.

DANA- I want to go places, and I want to get there fast!

Dana sitting at a bar. From a distance, a guy gives her the "eye". She makes kiss lips at him, then looks at the camera.

DANA- I want to try new things, and I don't want anything to hold me back.

The morning after. Dana putting her shoes on at the edge of the strange man's bed. She picks up her purse, and starts pulling out drugs.

DANA- That's why I take the purple pill. And this red one. And the yellow one. And the green one if I'm really hung over.

Shot of Dana beating up an old lady and stealing her purse. She starts to run toward the camera, pauses.

DANA- That's why I'm glad there's Hedonism!

Montage of shots plays during the voice over: Dana running down the street. Police cars with flashing lights. Dana dealing drugs in a back alley. Dana stealing a diamond from a vault. Dana holding a bleeding, shot friend in her arms as the friend dies. Dana in a shoot out, firing machine guns along side Columbian drug smugglers.

SPOKESPERSON- Hedonism is not a drug, but a lifestyle choice that allows you to live life however you see fit without the constraints of moral law. When used properly Hedonism can lead to a life of pure sin and self-indulgent pleasure. Side effects may include nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, HIV and other sexually transmitted diseases, stab and gunshot wounds, jail time, moral guilt, loss of friends, loss of self-respect, death, and eternal damnation in the fiery depths of Hell. For a complete list of side effects, consult the Bible.

Dana sitting alone in a room with dirty shorts and a wife-beater tank top, her hair all mussed, her eyes bloodshot, drinking shots from a bottle. Superimpose the word "Hedonism" on the screen.

SPOKESPERSON- Hedonism...

DANA- I've never been happier... really.

Human Idiots

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Connie- A real actress

Angela- Connie's new church friend

Beth- Church drama director

Joey- A boy on the drama team

The setting is an empty church classroom. Angela and Beth are stage right, talking. Joey, Christine, and Dana are stage left. Connie enters, stage left, and talks to Joey. Angela looks up and sees her.

CONNIE- Excuse me, is this the drama team meeting?

ANGELA- Connie!

CONNIE- Hey, Angela.

ANGELA- *(runs over to hug Connie)* Oh, I am so excited you came.

CONNIE- Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss it.

ANGELA- Well, church acting isn't for everyone.

CONNIE- Acting is acting, and I've been an actress since I was three. Using that gift for God... how cool is that?

ANGELA- You guys, I'd like you all to meet my friend Connie. This is Joey.

JOEY- Hey there.

ANGELA- Dana, Christine, and over there is our director, Beth.

CONNIE- Hello.

BETH- Welcome, young actress. We're so glad you've joined our theatrical flock.

CONNIE- I'm so excited you all have a drama team. I can't wait to get started.

BETH- Good. Let's jump right in then. Places, my actors, we're doing Turnaround.

Connie, you stand at the end of the line with Angela.

CONNIE- Okay.

Dana, Beth, Angela, and Connie line up across the stage.

BETH- Christine, your mark?

Christine waits off to the side on Beth's end of the line. Joey is opposite Christine by the CD player.

CONNIE- *(aside to Angela)* Hey. Don't I even need a script?

ANGELA- Script? Why would you need one of those?

CONNIE- We are going to be acting, right?

ANGELA- Of course. Why would you need a script?

BETH- Okay, my actors! And... action!

Music starts, "Total Eclipse of the Heart". Over the piano, Christine dramatically walks to Beth. The action corresponds to the lyrics as written:

Turn around, Every now and then I get a little bit lonely and you're never coming round.
(Christine walks to Beth.)

Turn around (Dana spins.)

Every now and then I get a little bit tired of listening to the sound of my tears. (Dana and Christine embrace, then Christine moves on.)

Turn around (Beth spins to face Christine.)

Every now and then I get a little bit nervous that the best of all the years have gone by.
(Beth and Christine embrace.)

Turn around (Angela spins)

Every now and then I get a little bit terrified and then I see the look in your eyes. (Angela and Christine embrace)

Turn around, bright eyes (Christine taps on Connie's shoulder. Connie looks back)

CONNIE- I'm sorry, what's going on here?

BETH- Stop the music, Joey.

Joey stops the music.

BETH- Something wrong.

CONNIE- Something? Yeah, uh, Beth, right?

BETH- That's me.

CONNIE- I, uh, I don't quite get this. What's going on here?

BETH- Isn't it obvious? Christine here is a lost girl, seeking acceptance. So she embraces lust, and addiction, and fear, and ultimately you.

CONNIE- Lost girl embraces me, why?

BETH- Because you're death.

CONNIE- Uh huh.

BETH- But then she becomes fearful, and tries to escape, only to find she is surrounded by vice, and can only be saved by Jesus.

CONNIE- You have this written down any place?

BETH- Of course not.

CONNIE- Right, well, not to tell you how to do your job or anything, but scripts?
Sometimes they do come in handy.

JOEY- Scripts? There's a script for this?

BETH- Relax, Joey, just relax. We've obviously jumped in too far ahead for Connie, so why don't we back it up a pace? Joey? "I Can Only Imagine."

The girls ahhh excitedly as Joey changes CD. Music begins playing. Joey, Dana, Christine, and Angela line up to do the "drama" while Beth motions along from the side.

I can only imagine (*touch forefingers to head*)

what it will be like, (*hold hands out, mouths open in surprise*)

when I walk (*mime a cool walk*)

by Your side... (*turn to partner, holding hands and skipping in place*)

I can only imagine, (*forefingers to head*)

what my eyes will see, (*put hands in front of eyes closed in a fist, then hands open to mimic eyes opening*)

when Your Face (*wave hand over face*)

is before me! (*gesture with both hands from face out*)

I can only imagine. (*clutch hands to heart, then fling them out to heaven*)

I can only imagine. (*same as above*)

CONNIE- Whoa, whoa, stop this! Stop just a second!

BETH- What is it now?

JOEY- Yeah, we're trying to do a little acting here!

CONNIE- You call that acting?

Everyone nods.

BETH- Yeah. What would you call it?

CONNIE- How about a bunch of bad pantomimes doing the "Stop the car, I need to go to the bathroom, Daddy," dance!

JOEY- Hey, you can't talk to Beth like that! She's a theatrical genius!

ANGELA- Yeah, she's the one who first thought of doing "The Champion" to the tune of "Stairway to Heaven"!

JOEY- And if you're gonna stand here and talk bad about her, you can just go--

BETH- Joey, that's enough.

JOEY- But she can't talk to you like--

BETH- Joey, what would Carman do?

JOEY- *(repentant sigh)* Sorry.

BETH- Connie, this is not pantomime. It's called a human video.

CONNIE- A human what?

BETH- Human video.

CONNIE- Now what in the world is a human video?

BETH- Someone care to answer that? Joey?

JOEY- Human video is acting out a song on stage. It's like a music video, only live.

CONNIE- And that's what you people call drama?

ANGELA- It's only the most powerful form of drama in the world today.

CONNIE- It's not drama at all! It's not even acting!

BETH- Sure it is!

CONNIE- Acting is playing a character, learning lines and subtext, dramatizing situations through words and actions.

ANGELA- We are playing characters!

CONNIE- You're waving your arms around like a bunch of monkeys. What with your little eyes, and this arms to chest, flinging out to heaven? What's that all about?

ANGELA- I can't believe I'm hearing this. I thought you were a theater lover.

CONNIE- I am! But you all look ridiculous. Why stop at hand gestures? Get some sticks, wave those around to the music.

JOEY- We did that last week!

BETH- Connie, I'm sorry you can't appreciate the vision for our ministry.

CONNIE- Oh spare me your vision. Drama isn't pseudo-sign language to music. It's real life, and no one in real life goes around flinging their arms about miming like a stupid circus chimp!

Ted enters dramatically, out of breath.

TED- Connie!

Connie spins, mimicking the first "Total Eclipse of the Heart" move.

CONNIE- Ted? It's you!

They embrace, like in the human video.

TED- I'm so sorry I *(does the forefinger to head move)* lost my temper at you.

CONNIE- *(does the mouth open, hands out move)* What were you thinking?

TED- I don't know. I guess I thought I could *(does the cool walk)* walk this hard road alone.

CONNIE- Why walk alone *(takes his hand, skips in place)* when we can walk side by side?

TED- *(forefinger to head)* Do you think we'll make it?

CONNIE- Ted, *(does the hands as eyes opening move)* no one can see the future but God.

TED- Can we *(hand waves before face)* wipe the slate clean?

CONNIE- *(moves hands from her face to his)* I forgive you.

TED- *(hands to chest, then out)* I love you, Connie!

CONNIE- *(copies his move)* I love you!

They embrace. Fade up music, the chorus of "Friends", as the rest of the cast lines up to do one last "drama" for Ted and Connie, who watch.

And friends are friends forever *(all hold hands and lift them high)*

If the Lord's the Lord of them *(hands up to God, then down and out to the ground)*

And a friend will not say never *(turn to a partner and shake finger and head in a "no" sign)*

'Cause the welcome will not end *(hands out, palms up)*

Though it's hard to let you go *(join hands with partner, then dramatically pull hands away)*

In the Father's hands we know *(both hands go out in front, cupped together)*

That a lifetime's not too long *(hands fan out)*

To live as friends *(join hands and lift them in the air)*

CONNIE- I don't care what you idiots call it, that's still NOT drama!

Connie and Ted exit.

I Am Cobb Salad

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Jim- A hungry man

Shirley- A waitress

Cobb Salad- A man who identifies himself and lives life as a Cobb Salad

Dave- A restaurant manager

A Beautiful Girl

Jim is sitting at a table at center looking at a menu. Shirley enters.

SHIRLEY: Have you decided, sir?

JIM: Yes, I'll have the Cobb Salad, please.

SHIRLEY: Coming right up, sir.

Shirley exits. Cobb enters.

COBB: Excuse me, sir? You ordered the Cobb Salad?

JIM: Yes, I did.

Cobb sits on the table.

COBB: Enjoy your me, sir.

Jim flinches, a little surprised.

JIM: Sir, would you mind not sitting on the table?

COBB: Well you can't eat me on the floor, can you?

JIM: Eat you?

COBB: That's right, sir.

JIM: I'm not going to eat you!

COBB: You did order the Cobb Salad, right?

JIM: Yes I did!

COBB: Then you certainly did order me.

JIM: You're not a salad! You're a man!

COBB: I am not a man!

JIM: Yes you are! You're a man the same as I am!

COBB: I am a Cobb Salad! I am a Cobb Salad for the same reason you are a man: because I choose to identify myself as a Cobb Salad! I demand to be treated as a Cobb Salad, and therefore, I demand you at me.

JIM: You want me to eat you, right here and now?

COBB: Yes!

JIM: Just like this?

Shirley walks across the stage.

COBB: You are free to add the dressing, if you like, and they have croutons available.

JIM: Excuse me, Miss?

SHIRLEY: Yes, sir?

JIM: Would you mind taking this... this salad back?

SHIRLEY: Something the matter with it, sir?

JIM: You mean other than the fact that it's talking to me?

SHIRLEY: I assure you, this Cobb Salad is fresh, if that's what you're worried about.

JIM: So you think it's a Cobb Salad too?

SHIRLEY: Of course it's a Cobb Salad! What else would it be?

JIM: It is not a Cobb Salad! It is a man!

Dave enters.

DAVE: Something the matter here, Shirley?

JIM: Are you the manager?

DAVE: Yes, sir! How is your Cobb Salad?

JIM: Wow, you too, huh?

SHIRLEY: He doesn't like the Cobb Salad, sir.

DAVE: Oh really? Is something the matter with it?

JIM: Only the fact that it is NOT a Cobb Salad!

DAVE: Yes it is.

JIM: No, this is a man, a human man.

DAVE: *(not in the mood to deal with this guy's intolerance)* Sir, this is not a man. This is a Cobb Salad. And anyone who would say different is a bigot and a liar.

JIM: Fine! I'm a bigot and a liar. Now would you mind taking this salad back and bringing me another one? A smaller one with more lettuce and less... teeth?

DAVE: I'm afraid I can't do that, sir. If you don't like the salad, we can take it back and bring you something different. But if you insist on eating salad, we will not allow you to deny this Cobb Salad of its dignity by not eating it.

JIM: Fine. Take back the salad. I'll order something else.

COBB: You don't want me? Fine. I don't want to travel through your intestines anyway!

The Cobb Salad exits.

DAVE: Now what can we bring you, Mr. Hate Monger?

JIM: Do you have a burger? Not a person who says they're a burger, but a real burger?

DAVE: This is a restaurant isn't it? Of course we do!

JIM: Good. Then bring me a burger.

DAVE: Thank you. Shirley, one burger for Hitler.

SHIRLEY: Yes, sir.

Shirley exits.

DAVE: If you'll excuse me, I have a salad to console.

Dave exits. A beautiful girl enters.

BLONDE: Hi there, did you order the hamburger?

JIM: You're not the burger are you?

BLONDE: Hee hee hee, heavens no!

She lays across the table and puts a burger on her belly.

BLONDE: I'm a plate!

I Can Only Imagine

By Jack Hall

To the tune "I Can Only Imagine"

I can only imagine the fame I will know, when this song plays on the radio...
I can only imagine, sea to shining sea, Churches full of girls screaming for me!
I can only imagine. I can only imagine.

Cliched and corny lyrics, how will this song sell?
Will I open for Michael? Will I headline with Glo and Bill?
Will it make the top 40? Will I be on TRL?
Will I make lots of money? Will I be able to count it all?
I can only imagine! I can only imagine!

I can only imagine, when that day comes, when I find my face on a CCM!
I can only imagine, when my book deal's done, I'll make more cash, and a movie too!
I can only imagine! I can only imagine!

Forget about Your Glory! How will my heart race
When they come to my concert, buy a T-shirt that bears my face?
When they stand in my presence, in a tiny concert space,
When I autograph their CD's, will they be able to feel my grace?
I can only imagine! Yeah! I can only imagine!

A hook with cheesy lyrics, that's what really sells!
Makes them dance for you, Jesus, makes them think that you are swell!
With my good lookin' haircut, amazing grace I will tell,
Long as they're buying records, who cares if they know you well,
I can only imagine! Yeah! I can only imagine!

I can only imagine! Yeah! I can only imagine!! Only imagine!!!
I can only imagine.

I can only imagine, when all I do is make money, money selling You!
I can only imagine.

J. Marshall Heatmiser, Attorney

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Announcer

J. Marshall Heatmiser- A trial attorney

Timmy- A little kid reindeer

Donna- An adult reindeer

ANNOUNCER- Are you a reindeer? Do you live at the North Pole? Did you fly for Santa Claus between 1996 and 2003? If so, you may have been exposed to reindeer chow containing the chemical mistlephetamine. Recent university studies have shown there may be a link between mistlephetamine and any number of reindeer ailments such as fatigue, arthritis, swelling in the hooves, irritable antler syndrome, and hypertension. If you or a loved one has experienced any of these symptoms, call the law offices of J. Marshall Heatmiser.

Heatmiser enters.

HEATMISER- Hi there. I'm J. Marshall Heatmiser. There's no reason why you should be suffering due to the negligence of a jolly old elf. If you were exposed to mistlephetamine, call me, J. Marshall Heatmiser.

Timmy enters.

TIMMY- I used to think my dad was the greatest. He was part of the most elite flying reindeer team in the world, delivering toys and happiness to children all over the world. Too bad Santa didn't take better care of him. Now, my dad is sick all the time. His hooves are the size of basketballs, and his antlers are always irritated. What's even worse, he's so fatigued, he doesn't feel like playing reindeer games any more.

HEATMISER- No child should be denied the chance to play reindeer games. Call me, J. Marshall Heatmiser.

Donna enters.

DONNA- My husband used to be so strong and handsome. We had a great life together, and I was so proud when he made it onto Santa's flying team. If only I had known that three year stint would mean the end of the Blitzen I knew. He can no longer fly, or gallop. And our marriage has suffered. Someone should pay!

HEATMISER- Someone will pay. Santa's negligence cost you, now let's see that he pays the bill. If you or a loved one flew for Santa, and was exposed to mistlephetamine, call me, attorney J. Marshall Heatmiser. Let's tell Santa mistlephetamine put him on the naughty list!

Jan Crouch's Eyes

By Jack Hall

To the tune "Betty Davis Eyes"

Her couch is solid gold
Her hair like pink sunrise
Mascara black as coal
She's got Jan Crouch's eyes
She'll sing her music for you
Say Jake the Snake, she cries
Loves MC Hammer too
She got Jan Crouch's eyes

And she'll bless you
She'll witness too
Wear a poofy big white dress too
She's precocious and she knows just
What it takes to raise a few bucks
She's like Tammy Faye when she cries
She's got Jan Crouch's eyes

She will not hold your hand
She says it isn't right
Likes gray hair on her man
She got Jan Crouch's eyes
If you need to be healed
You know she won't think twice
Holy power she wields
She's got Jan Crouch's eyes

Don't believe in, MTV and
Only watches her TBN
She's a hard case, and she don't like
Rock unless it's Point of Grace
She thinks that Carmen is "fly"
She's got Jan Crouch's eyes

And her lipstick
Is an inch thick
All those lashed are lick n stick
She's in prayer mode, and her favorite film
Is that hit The Omega Code

She thinks that Pat Boone's wise
She's got Jan Crouch's eyes

She will bless you
And witness too
Poofy dress, yeah
She's got Jan Crouch's eyes
Call you honey, take your money
She's funny
She's got Jan Crouch's eyes

Church Office Space: Jesus and Starbucks

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Pastor Lumburgh

Roy, Don, Doug – Elders

LUMBURGH: Uh, okay. If there's no more discussion, all those in favor say I.

VOICES: I!!

LUMBURGH: Those opposed?

ONE VOICE: Nay.

LUMBURGH: Yeah, the motion is passed. Instead of burning firewood in the fireside room this winter, we will burn the old hymnals we never use any more.

DON: Excellent. Now on to the next part of our budget meeting, the subject of giving.

LUMBURGH: Yeah, as you all know, giving has been down the last three quarters even though attendance is going up. We had hoped this might just be a temporary problem that would correct itself, but, ah, it looks like it's a real trend that needs to be addressed.

ROY: Well, what can we do?

LUMBURGH: Yeah, obviously, we have to find more ways to cut costs, or better yet, increase giving.

DOUG: How about this? We put a coupon in the bulletin. Clip this coupon and get ten percent off your tithe.

ROY: Hmm. You think more people will tithe if we do that?

LUMBURGH: Ooh, yeah, I don't know it that'll work. I mean all of us in here are smart people, and we know that 10% of 10% is--

DON: Eleven?

LUMBURGH: Yeah, I don't think Johnny Pewsitter's gonna have any easier time doing that kind of math.

ROY: And the last thing we wanna do is scare people away.

DON: What if we give them a gift?

DOUG: A gift? For giving?

DON: Sure, I heard this one ministry doing it on the radio. Give \$60 to some kids - homeless, orphans, I can't remember - and you get a \$30 gift card to some jewelry store.

DOUG: Hmm, that's interesting.

DON: So we cut them a deal. If you give \$100, you get a \$20 gift card to Wal-Mart.

DOUG: I would prefer Home Depot.

ROY: Pastor Lumburgh, what do you think?

LUMBURGH: Ooh, yeah, I think the gift card should only be \$10 per hundred, and when it comes to gift cards, nothing says thank you like McDonalds.

DON: All in favor?

ROY: I'm still not sure about this. Shouldn't we appeal to people on a spiritual level? Shouldn't we expect them to give out of their love and appreciation for all the blessings God gives.

Pause, then laughter.

LUMBURGH: Yeah, I think that's pretty stupid.

DOUG: Hey, I was just thinking. We could apply this gift thing to other aspects of our ministry.

LUMBURGH: Such as?

DOUG: How about the altar call? Maybe it goes like this. "Folks, if you accept Jesus today, you not only get salvation, you get a \$20 gift card to Starbucks." What a deal, huh?

DON: Yeah. And they can use that \$20 gift card to take a non-believer for coffee and tell them how they can get eternal life.

ROY: And their own gift card!

DOUG: What do you think pastor?

LUMBURGH: Oooh, yeah, uh, I'm going to have to sort of disagree with you there?

DON: Really? Why?

DOUG: Is it because adding a materialistic gift to the invitation would cheapen the beautiful gift of salvation that Jesus gave us?

LUMBURGH: No, it's just that if we give gift cards to salvation, we've opened up another cost in the budget, whereas when we give gift cards to tithers, we're not really losing anything.

DON: Still, we're adding names to the church roster. It's an investment.

DOUG: And we can cut back in other cost areas.

LUMBURGH: Like what?

ROY: How about the food pantry?

DON: I like it. Save money on food, and the cleaning bill when those homeless bums track dirt on the carpet. All in favor?

ALL: I!!

DON: Opposed?

No opposition this time.

DON: Motion carries. We will now invite people to come to Jesus and Starbucks.

LUMBURGH: Yeah.

Judge Gone Wild

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Trish Keibler- A news reporter

Carrie Flowers- A Supreme Court nominee

Senators Birch, Miller, McKinley- Judiciary committee members

TV Announcer (voice)

Wacky Guy- Host of "Girls Gone Wild" (voice)

Young Carrie (voice)

Photographers and other media types (optional)

The stage is set like a Senate hearing room. Carrie sits at a table with a microphone. The Senators sit on a raised platform behind their own long table. If possible, photographers are scattered behind Carrie. A small TV is down center, facing backstage. TV news show-type music plays.

ANNOUNCER: This is Cable News. August 8, 2036. Now, live in Washington, here's Trish Keibler.

Trish enters with a microphone.

TRISH: Welcome back. The Senate Judiciary Committee is in its third day of hearings for Supreme Court nominee Carrie Flowers, and while both parties have expressed approval for Mrs. Flowers as a judge, Senator Edward Birch has promised a bombshell in today's round of questioning.

Trish exits.

MILLER: Judge Flowers, I want you to know I had my reservations coming into these hearings. We don't need partisan thinkers who are going to legislate from the bench. But in these hearings, we have found you to be a fair-minded woman with great integrity and moral character.

FLOWERS: Thank you, Senator. My parents raised me to love God and love others. And I have lived by their high moral standards all my life.

MILLER: Mr. McKinley, I yield the rest of my time to the chair.

MCKINLEY: Thank you, Mr. Miller. That concludes this round of questioning. If there are no objections, we can move into the next phase of this process.

BIRCH: Mr. McKinley? If I may have a moment to take the floor.

MCKINLEY: The chair recognizes the Senator from Massachusetts.

BIRCH: Thank you. Mrs. Flowers, we all know you to be a good wife and mother.

FLOWERS: That is correct.

BIRCH: You support ten different charities. You vote your conscience versus the party. You're an evangelical Christian from Alabama who is best friends with your gay neighbors.

FLOWERS: Tammy and Judy are great Americans, Senator.

BIRCH: I bet they are. However, this hearing is about you and your fitness to sit on the highest bench. And last night, I found reason to doubt your qualifications when I put this video into my machine!

Senator Birch holds up a DVD of "Girls Gone Wild." The photographers gasp and start snapping faster.

MILLER: Senator, forgive my interruption, but is that a "Girls Gone Wild" video?"

BIRCH: Yes, Mr. Miller, it is.

MCKINLEY: Mr. Birch, what does that video have to do with these confirmation hearings, as if I couldn't guess?

BIRCH: If I may direct everyone's attention to the television?

Senator Birch picks up a remote control and aims it at the TV. Calypso music plays.

WACKY GUY: *(voice)* Welcome to Girls Gone Wild, Spring Break 2006, where wacky, horny coeds from all over the country have come to Panama City for the party of a lifetime. Hey there, little coed, what's your name and where are you from?

CARRIE: *(voice)* I'm Carrie from Alabama, woooo!

WACKY GUY: *(voice)* Hi, Carrie. I dare you to flash our camera.

CARRIE: *(voice)* Okay. WOOOOOOOOO! YEAH!

Senator Birch turns off the TV. The room is all abuzz now. Senator McKinley bangs his gavel.

MCKINLEY: Order! This room will come to order!

BIRCH: Mrs. Flowers, was that you on that video?

FLOWERS: Uh, yes, Senator, it was.

BIRCH: And were those your tater tots we saw on that video?

FLOWERS: Yes they-- Well, I wouldn't exactly call them tater tots.

MILLER: I would.

BIRCH: Mrs. Flowers, can you explain to us why we should consider you for the Supreme Court, given what we just saw?

FLOWERS: I dunno. I was young, it was spring break, and I was a little drunk.

BIRCH: A little drunk? A few moments ago, you told us how your parents raised you to be a moral person. And now you want us to excuse this video because you were a little drunk?

FLOWERS: Oh come on. I was a little rebellious in college. You guys went through that stage, right?

MCKINLEY: *(looking at Birch)* Some of us never grow out of it. Where did you get that tape, Ed?

BIRCH: My "Girls Gone Wild" collection is not on trial here. She is.

MILLER: You have more of these? I wanna borrow some!

BIRCH: Later, Bill.

FLOWERS: This is insane. So what if I went off and got wild over spring break? What does that have to do with anything? We wouldn't know about this if Senator Dirty Old Man wasn't watching those videos.

BIRCH: Watch your mouth, Mrs. Small-Berries.

MCKINLEY: Order! That's enough, Ed. Mrs. Flowers, while I certainly agree with your assessment that my colleagues are a couple of perverts, it is you whose integrity is in question. This may seem like an insignificant little thing--

MILLER: Try two insignificant little things.

FLOWERS: It is insignificant! It was one stupid night, and if I had known it would be brought up all these years later, I never would have done it.

MCKINLEY: It's a shame you didn't think about that at the time. This committee will recess for lunch.

The Senators stand to leave. Carrie Flowers hides her head in her hands as the photographers snap away. Trish enters.

TRISH: Shocking revelations from the past threaten to derail yet another Supreme Court candidate. For Cable News, I'm Trish Keibler.

Trish exits, as does Senator McKinley. Senators Birch and Miller walk downstage, where Birch collects his video.

MILLER: Boy, Trish is hot.

BIRCH: She was on "Girls Gone Wild", too.

MILLER: I gotta see that!

BIRCH: Come on, we'll pick it up on the way to Hooters.

Birch and Miller exit. Blackout.

My Daughter-in-Law Is a Tramp

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Jeremiah Springer- Talk show host

Judah

Tamar

Bubba & Bertha- Audience members

Audience members

Crowd cheers, chanting "Jerry! Jerry!" as lights come up on a talk show set. Jeremiah Springer is in the audience with a microphone. Judah is on stage.

JEREMIAH- If you're just joining us today, our topic is "My Daughter-in-Law is a dirty tramp, and needs to be stoned." Please say hello to our next guest, Judah!

Audience claps.

JEREMIAH- Now, Judah, you're a successful shepherd. You're a good husband and a father. Tell us about your daughter-in-law.

JUDAH- Well, I had me three sons by my beautiful wife Shirley: Er, Onan, and my little buddy Shelah. Er grew up, and I commence to find him hottie of a wife, Tamar, who is a dirty, dirty tramp.

Audience "ooohs" disapprovingly of Tamar.

JEREMIAH- So how did we learn Tamar was a tramp?

JUDAH- Well, Er and Tamar weren't married too long afore Er died under mysterious circumstances, know what I'm sayin'? So I hook her up with Onan, so's his brother's line would not end. Then Onan kicks the bucket under mysterious circumstances.

JEREMIAH- Wow, tough stuff. So what did you do them?

JUDAH- Well, law says I should give her my buddy Shelah, but I ain't havin' none of that. I told that woman she best dress in black and live out her days as a widow.

JEREMIAH- I see. And did she?

JUDAH- Heck no! That little hussy turned up six months after Onan did, pregnant!

Audience "ooohs" again.

JEREMIAH- How do you suppose that happened?

JUDAH- How else? She done been prostitutin' herself all over Canaan!

Audience "ooohs" again.

JEREMIAH- Wow, she does sound like a tramp.

JUDAH- Darn right, a dirty, dirty tramp!

JEREMIAH- Let's bring that dirty tramp out here. Tamar? Come on out!

Tamar enters. The audience boos. Tamar yells back.

TAMAR- You don't know me! You can't judge me!

JEREMIAH- Tamar, Judah, your father-in-law has leveled some harsh accusations. Now we can all see you're pregnant.

TAMAR- That's right. I'm havin' a baby!

Audience boos again.

JEREMIAH- Is it true you're a prostitute?

TAMAR- Yes, but I only did it once.

JUDAH- What I tell ya? She's a dirty tramp! We need to stone her!

Audience cheers. Jeremiah takes a question from Bubba.

BUBBA- I just gotta say, you're a dirty, dirty tramp to do that to a nice man like Judah there.

Audience cheers. Jeremiah takes another question from Bertha.

BERTHA- Yeah, uh, to the daddy? You got every right not to give your baby to that tramp! And to you, I wish I had a rock, I'd stone you myself.

Audience cheers again.

JEREMIAH- Well, Tamar, this sounds bad for you. Anything to say in your defense?

TAMAR- Yes, I do! I married his son Er. But I didn't kill him! What Judah didn't tell ya is that Er made the Lord angry, and when the Lord got angry, he smite Er graveyard dead!

JEREMIAH- Judah, is this true?

JUDAH- Well, uh, there are other folks who said it happened that way.

Audience ohhhhs in surprise.

JEREMIAH- I see. I see. And Tamar, what about Onan?

TAMAR- Oh he done somethin' bad too. He... Shucks, I can't say it. Not on TV, not on this stage. But y'all can read about it in Genesis 38:9.

Audience members pull out Bibles. They flip to the passage. In unison they all groan in horror.

TAMAR- Yeah, so it was the Lord stuck him dead too!

JUDAH- Just a minute! Just 'cause the good Lord stuck my boys dead don't give you the right to be a prostitute.

JEREMIAH- He does have a point there, Tamar.

TAMAR- Well all right then. It's true, I went out and whored myself once. But I had good reason. This man would not give me a son to have a family by, as the Lord would want. So I had to do somethin' to keep my husband Er's line goin'!

JUDAH- By sleeping with some dirty old man?

TAMAR- Oh he weren't just some dirty old man!

JUDAH- Then who was he?

TAMAR- You wanna know? It's the man who owns these things. Steve?

Steve walks out, carrying a staff and a seal on a cord.

JUDAH- Hey, where did you get them?

TAMAR- From the man I slept with!

JUDAH- But that ain't possible! That's my staff, and my--

Judah stops in horror. The audience starts yelling and booing him. Jeremiah goes to Bubba.

BUBBA- You know somethin'? I'm rethinkin' this whole thing! I think the scumbag ain't the dirty tramp. It's you.

Audience cheers. Bertha gets up to comment.

BERTHA- And if I had a stone, I'd be throwing it at you.

JUDAH- Now hold on! She's got my stuff, but... but that don't prove nothin'! I demand a paternity test.

JEREMIAH- We thought you'd say that. So we had someone give you a paternity test backstage.

JUDAH- You did? He tole me it was for tetanus!

JEREMIAH- And Judah, you are the father!

The audience yells and boos some more.

TAMAR- I tole you I weren't no tramp!

JEREMIAH- Well, Judah. You refused her another husband. She did what she felt was right and necessary to carry on YOUR family name. What do you have to say?

JUDAH- Well... aw shucks. Who am I kiddin'? This woman ain't no tramp. She is more righteous than I.

The audience cheers. Jeremiah sits on a stool.

JEREMIAH- You know, sometimes there's more to a story than first appears. We need to look past the surface before we judge others. That's not to say sin didn't happen here, but even out of the worst situations - the death of two sons, adultery - God can bring something beautiful. Like the birth of a baby. And who knows? That baby could give rise to a king. Or a Savior!

TAMAR- It ain't no baby! It's twins!

JEREMIAH- Whatever. That's my final thought. Join us tomorrow, when our topic will be, "My brothers sold me into slavery, and now I'm the vice president of Egypt."

No Happy Holiday!

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Rob and Rachel- Greeters at a church

Trina- Head of the greeters committee

Jeff- Pastor of Outreach

Rob stands at the door to his church, holding it open for people entering the church. If possible, have a line of extras to walk through as church goes for Rob to greet.

ROB- Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, folks! Welcome to the Lord's house. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, welcome!

Rachel enters.

RACHEL- Hi, Rob.

ROB- Hey, Rachel, Merry Christmas!

RACHEL- Merry Christmas to you.

ROB- Having a good one?

RACHEL- After a service like that, how can I not?

ROB- Boy, I can't wait to get in there. Merry Christmas, folks!

RACHEL- I've got your post this hour. Better get in there and find a seat.

ROB- I appreciate it. Merry Christmas, Rachel!

RACHEL- Merry Christmas!

Rob exits. Rachel takes up the greeting work.

RACHEL- Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, welcome. Merry Christmas. Hello, Happy Holidays.

The stage lights dim instantly, and red strobe lights start flashing. Loud wailing sirens go off. Rachel jumps, startled.

RACHEL- What the... what's going on? Is this a fire drill? No one panic! Please do not

—

The sirens stop. Rob, Trina, and Pastor Jeff enter.

RACHEL- Pastor Jeff? What's going on?

JEFF- Shut your yap, Rachel, before you spread any more dangerous, pagan messages!

RACHEL- Pagan? What happened? What did I do?

TRINA- You just violated Church Greeters Code 12.25-00, which states all greeters must greet incoming church members during Christmas services with the proper Christmas greeting.

RACHEL- What did I say?

JEFF- You said Happy Holidays, Rachel!!

RACHEL- I what?

TRINA- Don't lie, Rachel, our false greeting listening devices are finely tuned for any pagan greetings.

RACHEL- I didn't mean—Wait. You have listening devices for that?

TRINA- Didn't think you'd get caught, did you?

RACHEL- I am a believer! Look, if I said anything, it was probably force of habit.

JEFF- Because you're a pagan??

RACHEL- No! Because I have to say Happy... you know what at work!

ROB- You mean you say it during the week, in the world, where you should be living for Jesus??

RACHEL- I have to!

ROB- So you're ashamed of Christmas?

RACHEL- I'm not ashamed of Christmas! I just don't want to spend it in the unemployment line!

ROB- I can't believe it. Jesus died for you, and you won't eat a little government cheese? You make me sick!

JEFF- Trina, you're the head of the greeters committee. Don't you all have a strict, thorough screening process for potential greeters?

TRINA- We do, Pastor Jeff.

JEFF- Then how did this woman get assigned to such a critical post?

TRINA- I don't know. I thought I knew you, Rachel. I thought you were a believer!

RACHEL- I am a believer!

JEFF- Sorry, Rachel, the evidence is just not present in your life. Trina, please escort Rachel to my office. We'll begin our investigation into this immediately.

Trina starts leading Rachel off.

TRINA- Thanks a lot, Rachel!

JEFF- Rob, you mind taking the door for another hour?

ROB- My pleasure, Pastor.

JEFF- You're a true servant, Rob.

Jeff exits.

ROB- Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, folks. Welcome to the house of love!

Pastor Feelgood

By Jack Hall

To the tune "Dr. Feelgood" by Motley Crue

Pastor Jimmy is a megachurch man
The whole world is in his hand
Got a best selling hardback on the list
And a 40 day new life plan
Jimmy never went to Bible school
But he got his MBA
Twenty thousand strong love to bow along
When he bows his head to pray

He's the one they call Pastor Feelgood
He's the one that makes ya feel alright
He's the one they call Pastor Feelgood

Why teach seekers the original Greek
When you've got your paraphrase?
Milk and cookies from the Lord's good booky
"God wants to give you a raise!"
Skips prayer brunches for his power lunches
But at night he'll always be found
Sellin' books and things
On Larry King
God must be so proud

He's the one they call Pastor Feelgood
He's the one that makes ya feel alright
He's the one they call Pastor Feelgood
He's gonna make you feel divine

He's got sermons you will understand
He's what you'd call a seeker-friendly man
God would make us all rich if he could
He's the one they call Pastor Feelgood

He'll tell you God's the best
And you're gonna be blessed
When you take his seminar
You'll be amazed, only forty days

Jesus he will take you far
No talk of sin, look around again
No cross on Jimmy's church
If your roll the dice
You may pay a price
That'll cost you more than Jimmy's merch

He's the one they call Pastor Feelgood
He's the one that makes ya feel alright
He's the one they call Pastor Feelgood
He's gonna make you feel divine

Never gave a sermon that went long
Twenty thousand members can't be wrong
Book royalties fixed him up real good
He's the only one they call "Feelgood"

Plugging In

By Gretchen Hall

CHARACTERS

Julie- young, in her twenties, obviously a little lost and confused

Madge- middle-aged greeter

Madge is at center, wearing a nametag that says "greeter" and holding folders. Julie enters.

Julie: Excuse me...ma'am? I'm new...could you tell me where the Sunday School classes are held?

Madge: Hello! We're so glad you came to the First Church of God's Love. Here's a visitors packet; with a map of our buildings and photos of our pastors and a listing of all our ministries.

Julie: Ministries? What kind of ministries?

Madge: Well, we have the men's ministry division, and women's and youth and singles, and we have ministries to single mothers and retirees and cancer survivors and people who used to not be Christians and--

Julie: Really, I'm just looking for a Sunday School class. I just moved here, and I'm looking for fellowship.

Madge: Then you want the new to the area division. Are you a college student, or relocater or newly married or divorced?

Julie: Uh...I moved because of a job.

Madge: Were you promoted, demoted, fired, new job, or is this a lateral move in the company?

Julie: Um...I'm not sure. Why?

Madge: If you were promoted, you go to the Relocated Due To Promotion fellowship class. If it's a lateral move, you go to the Relocated But Not Promoted fellowship class.

Julie: What if I was fired?

Madge: That would be the Learn To Pray Like Jabez Class.

Julie: I see. Well, this is my first job, and I'm just out of college, so...

Madge: Married or single?

Julie: Single.

Madge: Looking?

Julie: No.

Madge: Then you belong in the Relocater-Young Adult-Single And Not Looking Class.

Julie: You're kidding.

Madge: The Lord's work is never a joke.

Julie: You know, I think maybe I'll just go to McDonald's this morning instead.

Madge: McDonald's? We have a class for that....

Rite of Spring

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Raven, Rainbow, Sunshine- Modern pagan wannabes

Norm- An ancient pagan spirit

It is spring. In an open field, Raven, Rainbow, and Sunshine enter.

RAVEN- Ancient spirits, we call upon thee. Come and here our pagan cry. I Raven!

RAINBOW- I Rainbow!

SUNSHINE- I Sunshine!

RAVEN- We join our voices as one, longing to share in your pagan rite of spring.

RAINBOW- Come to us spirit. Come and tell us your ways.

SUNSHINE- Show us how we too may seek the mystery of the renewal of spring!

RAVEN/RAINBOW/SUNSHINE- Renew! Renew! Renew! Renew!

Norm enters.

NORM- Hey, hey hey! What's all the noise? Gosh. Can't a long dead pagan rest?

SUNSHINE- He has come! The pagan has heard our summons!

NORM- Are you kidding? Everyone from ancient Greece to Macedonia heard your yackin'. What do you want?

RAVEN- Oh ancient one.

NORM- Watch it with the ancient cracks, kid.

RAVEN- We come here to celebrate the pagan rites of spring. We have read of your mysterious ways, how you marked the renewal of all things green, the rebirth of nature.

NORM- What? Oh yeah. Rites of spring. Gosh, those were some times. Bonfires, dances, virgin sacrifices. Heck, we did a lot of crazy things back then.

SUNSHINE- We wish to celebrate them all over again! The dances! The bonfires! Everything.

RAINBOW- Except the virgin part. We, uh, we don't know any.

NORM- Gosh, it's been so long, I don't even remember the dance steps. Besides, none of that matters now. Not since Jesus.

RAVEN- Not since what?

NORM- Jesus. You know, son of God, died on a cross, rose from the grave on Easter? What? You kids never went to Sunday School?

RAINBOW- The ancient one speaks of Christianity!

SUNSHINE- We do not hold to these modern beliefs.

NORM- You don't, huh?

SUNSHINE- Easter was a mask, forced upon our ancestors by the followers of Christ who sought to destroy your beautiful ways.

NORM- Ha-ha, beautiful ways, huh? You kids obviously never saw a virgin sacrifice. I did clean up crew one year. (*shudders*) Yeah, I was real glad we did away with all that.

RAVEN- But why? Why would you accept the Christian ways over your own?

NORM- Well the truth is when we found out about Jesus, all those mysteries, as you call 'em, were solved.

RAINBOW- What?

NORM- Sure. Every winter, we saw the whole world die. Then in the spring, it came back to life. Back then we never heard of any Hebrews or their God, but just looking at nature, we knew somebody was up there

trying to tell us something. That's why we did all that crap.

SUNSHINE- It's not crap! It's the divine wisdom of the ancients!

NORM- Wisdom? Ha-ha! Oh, man, that's rich. You guys aren't members of the Flat Earth Society too, are you?

RAINBOW- The ancient one mocks us.

NORM- Of course I'm mocking you, you goofy hippy!

RAVEN- But why?

NORM- Because unlike us, you geniuses can't recognize the answer to the questions you're asking. We never saw Jesus. None of us ever met him. But once we knew his story, we worshipped him. We embraced the truth, and nobody felt sad about it. Especially the virgins.

RAVEN- But you can't prove that Jesus was real! You can't show me proof that your spring rites and Easter were his plan all along!

NORM- No, and you can't prove they weren't. It all comes down to faith. I found enough evidence in the Jesus story to make me believe. The sacrifice of innocent blood so others could live; the resurrection of the dead; it all made sense. It just cracks me up how you learned the Jesus story first, but can't see the forest for the trees.

SUNSHINE- Of course we see the forest. It's right over there!

NORM- Right. Maybe some day you'll get it. Until then do me a favor. No more spring wake up calls. I'm enjoying my eternal peace.

Norm exits.

RAVEN- Well that was a let down.

SUNSHINE- What do we do?

RAINBOW- My Uncle Dudley has a copy of "Dianetics."

RAVEN- Why not?

They exit.

Satan Is Everywhere

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Gena - Late nigh chat show host

Brother Abe - A nut case

The stage is set like a local TV talk show set. Gena and Abe sit in two chairs. Abe has a bag full of props and photos, listed in the script. Some third rate theme music plays as the lights come up.

GENA: Good morning, and welcome to the 3 AM Chat Show on WZIG, the show that keeps you informed while curing your insomnia. Joining us this morning is Mr. Abe Sheckman--

ABE: Uh, that's Brother Abe. I'd like you to think of me as your brother in the Lord.

GENA: O--kay. Brother Abe has just written a new book called, "The Devil Is Everywhere," in which he exposes the subliminal messages that the devil has hidden everywhere in our society. Mr. Sheck-- I mean, Brother Abe, you claim that the devil is not only in movies, rap music, and heavy metal, but that he's in just about everywhere in our society. How is that possible?

ABE: Oh, Gena, if only you knew.

Pause.

GENA: So, are you going to tell me?

ABE: Well, I'd rather people read my book and learn for themselves.

GENA: I'm sure you would. But let's say you give us a few clues?

ABE: Well, okay. Now as you and every smart person in this country knows, rock music is the devil's playground. From men with long hair and spandex pants to lyrics about sex and drugs and the devil himself. But my book is more about the hidden evils that lurk in our homes every day, as mentioned in Chapter Three of my book, the Mouse from Hell.

GENA: Provocative title.

ABE: I don't know what that means. But let me show you one of the most evil pictures of the devil, the pied piper of sin leading our children astray before the age of three. Feast your eyes on this.

Abe pulls out a photo of Mickey Mouse.

GENA: That's the devil?

ABE: You bet.

GENA: It's Mickey Mouse.

ABE: Yes it is Mickey Mouse. The devil Mickey.

GENA: Forgive my saying, but he doesn't look like the devil.

ABE: Of course he doesn't. You don't expect the devil to show up kids TV in his native form, do you?

GENA: I suppose not.

ABE: But, when I draw in these horns... *(he draws horns on Mickey)* and the goatee... *(he draws a goatee)* Now what do you have?

GENA: The devil?

ABE: That's right, the devil!

GENA: But you just drew those on yourself. That doesn't prove anything.

ABE: Hey, listen, I have the gift of discernment. And if I say he's the devil, he's the devil.

GENA: Well, I guess I can't argue with that!

ABE: Of course you can't! And Mickey's only the start. Let me show you a few others.

He pulls out a picture of Kermit the Frog. .

ABE: Do you recognize this guy?

GENA: Kermit the Frog?

ABE: It looks like Kermit the Frog. But when I add these horns, and this goatee...

He draws the horns and goatee on Kermit the Frog, Big Bird, and the Texas Longhorns mascot with only a goatee drawn in.

ABE: Behold, the devil Kermit the Frog!

GENA: *(sarcastic)* No way!

ABE: You want to see another?

GENA: Actually, I—

ABE: Of course you do!

He pulls out a picture of the Chicago Bulls mascot.

ABE: Look at this one. How obvious is this? He didn't even bother to hid his horns. Just add the goatee...

He draws in a goatee.

ABE: It's the devil!

GENA: I guess what you're trying to say is, the devil is everywhere.

ABE: And nobody sees it. Isn't that sad?

GENA: Very sad.

ABE: I knew you'd see it my way.

GENA: So you really go around, drawing devil horns and goatees on faces to scare people?

ABE: Scare people? I just want them to open their eyes and see what I see.

GENA: But this is ridiculous! I mean, is there anything out there that isn't from the devil?

ABE: Just the Kilroy family, the finest and most inspired gospel music family in the world. All the rest of those clowns in their matching dresses and suits - the devil.

GENA: Okay, I think that's enough. We're going to go to break now, and when we return, we'll have a guest who isn't delusional and crazy.

ABE: Crazy? Lady, this is from the Lord.

GENA: No, this is the work of a lunatic.

ABE: Oh I get it. I see what this is. I know what's going on here. You're part of the liberal elite media, and you know what that makes you?

He puts devil horns on her head and sticks a goatee on the chin.

GENA: Of course. Why didn't I see this coming?

ABE: Get behind me, Satan! Back to the pit with you!

Abe storms off the set.

GENA: When we come back, we'll be talking to Jeb Mason from Jeb's Fire Pit Barbecue who, ironically enough, will give us his recipe for Devil's Food Cake. It's 3:05 AM, and I'm the Devil.

Save the Planet, Kill Your Brother

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Kelly- A little girl

Kelly's Big Brother

Professor Fratricide

Big Brother is in the background, asleep, useless. Kelly is in front, looking sad.

KELLY: Gee golly, the planet is dying. I sure wish I could help. But I'm just a little girl. I can't do anything.

The Professor enters.

PROF: Hold on a second! You may be just a little girl, but that doesn't mean you can't save the planet!

KELLY: Who are you?

PROF: I'm Professor Fratricide, and I'm here to help you help the environment.

KELLY: How will I do that?

PROF: Let's look at the problem first. The world is dying because it's over-populated. Earth is full of people who waste resources and do nothing to stop it. But you can stop it, if you act now.

KELLY: How?

PROF: By murdering your big brother!

KELLY: Murder my brother? But I like my big brother!

PROF: I'm sure you do. I bet he brings you nice presents and takes you fun places. But let's look at your brother and the harm he's doing to the environment. First of all, he breathes in oxygen, our most precious resource, and he expels carbon dioxide.

KELLY: Eww! Carbon dioxide is bad!

PROF: Second, your brother drives an old beater car that's polluting the air even more.

KELLY: He's making smog?

PROF: He sure is. And what's worse than that... he eats meat.

KELLY: Meat? But that's animals!

PROF: Yes, Kelly, it is. Little, cute, harmless animals. And on top of all of that, just listen to him snore.

Brother snores loud.

KELLY: Oh no!

PROF: Oh yeah. That's noise pollution. And we just can't have that.

KELLY: Wow, my brother sure is a waste of resources. But isn't murder wrong?

PROF: What's more wrong, Kelly? Murdering one brother? Or murdering the whole planet?

KELLY: You're right. I guess he has to die.

PROF: Atta girl, Kelly. Just remember to murder him in an environmentally friendly way. That means no poisons, and no harsh chemicals. Those things can get into the soil, and we don't need him polluting after death. And don't use a gun either. Remember, noise pollution is bad to. A simple kitchen knife should do the job. It's crude and may hurt a little, but after all he's done to the environment, he deserves a little pain.

KELLY: No I can help save the environment, Thanks, Professor!

Kelly runs to her brother in the background and murders him. There's a terrible struggle as the Professor ends the lesson.

PROF: Kids, is there someone in your house wasting our natural resources? Do Mother Earth a favor, and murder them, just like Kelly here. The planet will thank you for it.

Sneak Attack Sermon

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Associate Pastor
Pastor Blake

Spotlight on the Associate Pastor on the side of the stage.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR: Every pastor has his favorite sermon. For Pastor Blake, there was one sermon he relished more than any other. He was famous for it. So famous, it got to the point he had to sneak it past his congregation whenever it came time to revisit it. You see, Pastor Blake's favorite sermon was, well, the one his congregation dreaded the most. I don't think any pastor enjoys the tough sermons. When you have to talk about touchy subjects - abortion, sex, money - everyone gets a little uneasy. But there's one topic that really, really makes everyone squirm. No one wants to hear it. Give the congregation notice, they'll all bail on you so they don't have to hear it. That's where Pastor Blake was such a genius. You never knew when he was going to give... the talk.

Spotlight goes out on the Associate. Spotlight falls on the very reverent looking Pastor Blake.

PASTOR BLAKE: *(stately, reverent)* Good morning, brothers and sisters. Turn with me, if you will, to the back of your bulletins, where you will find the passage of the day printed. "And the Lord said to Noah, 'Build an ark, which you will then fill with two of every kind of animal, so that you, they, and your family will be saved.' And then Noah said to the Lord, *(his tone starts to change here, becoming loud and manic)* 'Lock the doors of the church, boys. Lock them, and chain them. And don't let anyone out! Bar all the windows, block the aisles, and don't nobody move, because there's no way out!'"

Pastor Blake rips up the bulletin as he turns into the coach from Beavis and Butt-Head.

PASTOR BLAKE: That's right, brothers and sisters! This is not Noah's Ark week! This is personal evangelism week! And nobody's getting out of here until everyone hears what the Lord has to say about spreading the word! We're gonna talk about witnessing! We're going to be talking about sharing your faith! Do you find that terrifying? Are you afraid to speak the name of Jesus above a whisper outside these walls? We'll be talking about leading people in the sinner's prayer. And we will most definitely be talking about your testimony!!! Now, everybody grab your Bibles and turn to Matthew 28 - the Great Commission.

Starving People

By Jack and Gretchen Hall

CHARACTERS

Timmy- A ten year old boy
Mom- Timmy's Mom
Starving Boy
Starving Girl
UPS driver

A kitchen table and chairs are set up stage right. Timmy enters.

TIMMY- I love my mommy. For ten years, she has been my best bud and playmate. Mom takes me to cool movies. She plays catch. She even knows the names of all the Jedi knights. I'm saying all this because I want you to know, I DO like my mom. I just hate her meatloaf. Gosh, it's awful. I mean meatloaf is bad enough when it's done right, but my mother's meatloaf... terrible! And I have proof! You see, one night, I sat down to dinner.

Timmy sits down. Mom enters with two plates.

TIMMY- Hey, Mom! What's for dinner?
MOM- Something yummy! I made meatloaf!

Mom sits down and sets the plates on the table before her and Timmy.

TIMMY- Ewwwwww!
MOM- What's the matter?
TIMMY- I don't like meatloaf.
MOM- Yes you do.
TIMMY- No I don't! I hate it! Meatloaf, I hate!
MOM- Just try it.
TIMMY- I don't want to try it! I want mac and cheese!
MOM- Well I am sorry, I'm not making anything else.
TIMMY- Well I'm not eating it!
MOM- Okay, you're gonna go hungry.
TIMMY- Better that than eat this crummy meatloaf!
MOM- Timmy, eat the meatloaf!
TIMMY- No!
MOM- I can't believe you.
TIMMY- *(aside to the audience)* Here comes the big lie.
MOM- Starving children around the world would be happy to have that!

TIMMY- Yeah? Maybe I should send it to them.

MOM- Maybe you should.

Mom stands and exits.

TIMMY- That night, I snuck into the kitchen. After helping myself to some Pop Tarts, I cut off a piece of meatloaf, packed it in a box, and took it to my neighbor, this college kid who works for UPS.

At stage left, the Starving Boy and Girl enter. They are in rags and speak with heavy accents. The Girl carries a stuffed dog.

GIRL- Oh woe is we. I starve so much.

BOY- I too. Hunger in belly is too much to bear.

GIRL- I look at puppy, and think I might eat him!

BOY- No, sister. Puppy grows hungry too. Is no good to eat.

GIRL- Pray us to God that food might come.

The UPS Driver enters, carrying a box with an envelope on top..

UPS- Pardon me, kids, but I have a special delivery package for starving children.

BOY- That's us!

GIRL- We are starving!

UPS- Well okay then.

The UPS Driver gives them the package, then exits. The Boy pulls the envelope off the top of the box.

BOY- Dear starving children, My mother tells me you would like this dinner. Please let me know how you like it. Love, Timmy.

GIRL- Brother, it is gift from Lord.

BOY- No, Sister, from America.

GIRL- Bless God America!

They open the box and look inside.

BOY- What in world is that!!

GIRL- It is disgusting!

BOY- What is green thing growing on it?

GIRL- This not food! This poison!

BOY- We test it. Feed to Puppy.

The girl lowers the puppy's face into the bag. Sound effect of chewing, then a whimpering dog, then gagging.

GIRL- Brother, such tragedy! Puppy is died!

BOY- Down with America! They poison puppy! I shall write and tell American Timmy he bad person!

The Girl and Boy exit. Timmy stands, opening a letter.

TIMMY- A month after sending the meatloaf, I got a letter. "Dear Timmy, You bad American! You poison puppy with bad meatloaf! This worst food in world! Mean trick you pull on starving children!" Which just goes to prove my point. My mom's meatloaf totally sucks!

Stem Cell Steve

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Announcer

Doctor

Mr. Brown – Patient

Steve – A blob of tissue that looks remarkably human

Author's Note: This skit was written in direct response to the issue of embryonic stem cell research, not stem cell research in general. Embryonic stem cell research, like cloning and human/animal chimeras, is a barbaric "science" only a Nazi could love. On the other hand, adult stem cells, which can be found throughout the human body, may very well lead to a number of scientific breakthroughs in the future without any loss of life. If you choose to perform this skit, we kindly ask that you agree to draw a distinction between embryonic stem cells (bad!) and adult stem cells (good!). If, however, your agenda is to ignorantly condemn all stem cell research, then please go away and write your own skit. Thank you.

The setting is a doctor's office, 2051. This can be video taped like a TV promo, or performed live. The Announcer's line may be left out if desired. The Doctor and Mr. Brown are in the office at rise.

ANNOUNCER: The following is a message from the National Stem Cell Research Center.

DOCTOR: Well, Mr. Brown, I have your test results back. Looks like you need a heart transplant.

BROWN: A heart transplant? But Doc, I can't afford to be off from work. I have a family to take care of, and a business to run.

DOCTOR: Not to worry, Mr. Brown. Here in the year 2051, a heart transplant is no more difficult than freezing a wart off your foot. You'll be in and out in a day.

BROWN: But Doc, won't I have to wait on a long list for a donor organ?

DOCTOR: Not at all, Mr. Brown. We'll have a new heart in your chest before the afternoon is over.

BROWN: How is that possible?

DOCTOR: I'll tell you how: embryonic stem cell research.

BROWN: Embryonic stem cell research? What's that?

DOCTOR: It's when doctor's take cells from an undeveloped human fetus and grow it into blobs of tissue useful for medical research and treatment, such as the heart we'll put in your rib cage.

BROWN: Tissue from a fetus? Sounds fishy.

DOCTOR: *(laughs)* You know, back at the turn of the century, a lot of people thought that, primitive thinkers who believed in God, prayer in schools, and thought that fetuses were babies. Thank goodness for you, rational thinking politicians and scientists saved the day and kicked those primitives back to the stone age.

BROWN: Golly!

DOCTOR: Now let's see, you're Type AB negative? Looks like we're going to need Steve. *(calls off)* Steve? Would you step in here, please?

Steve enters.

BROWN: Who are you?

STEVE: I'm Steve.

DOCTOR: Steve here is going to give you his heart. Isn't that great?

BROWN: *(starts to break character)* You're going to give me his heart? Today?

DOC: That's right.

STEVE: Isn't embryonic stem cell technology neat-o?

BROWN: But, you can't take his heart. He's a human being.

STEVE: No I'm not. I'm a blob of tissue, brought to maturity in laboratory conditions and prepared especially to meet your medical need.

BROWN: But if I take your heart, you'll be dead!

STEVE: No I won't. Because I'm not alive right now. I'm just tissue.

BROWN: No you're not! You're a human being!

DOCTOR: Please, Mr. Brown. I promise you Steve is only a mass of stem cells, and not a human being.

STEVE: But if I was, I would have no moral or ethical problem with offering myself so that you can live.

BROWN: You mean you want to die?

DOCTOR: We genetically engineered them that way. Cute, huh?

STEVE: And we stem cells don't refer to it as dying. We like to call it recycling.

BROWN: I don't care what you call it! I won't let you kill this man!

STEVE: He's not going to do anything, sir. I'm going to do it.

BROWN: You?

STEVE: Unless you prefer to do it. I don't mind. Can you handle a .9mm automatic?

BROWN: You're going to shoot yourself?

STEVE: Right between the eyes. It's a lot safer for you than drugs. Don't want to damage the heart.

BROWN: You're insane!

STEVE: If you prefer, I could slit my throat. Do you want to slit my throat? I have a lovely knife.

BROWN: NO!!!

DOCTOR: Please, Mr. Brown, don't get all excited. Remember, you still have a bad heart.

STEVE: That's right. I better hurry up and shoot myself so that you can get back to your lovely wife and kids.

Steve exits.

BROWN: No, please, don't do that! I don't want this guy to die.

DOCTOR: He won't die, Mr. Brown. He's not human.

BROWN: You're... you're sure?

DOCTOR: I have all its documents in my office if you want to review them.

BROWN: I see. *(pause)* Will you at least give him a good burial?

DOCTOR: Of course not. We'll toss the refuse out with the rest of the biological waste.

BROWN: That's what you do?

DOCTOR: We can't just dump it in a landfill, can we?

BROWN: Well, okay then.

DOCTOR: Good. I'll send Nurse Janet in to prep you for surgery. She'll get you fixed up and we'll be under way in—

Sound of a gunshot off stage. The Doctor looks off non-chalantly. Mr. Brown's eyes pop open in horror.

DOCTOR: Sounds like fifteen minutes.

Blackout.

Swear to God

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Denny- A new Christian

Jamie- A long-time believer

Jason- Another Christian

Denny and Jamie enter, sit on bleachers.

DENNY- Wow, this is so cool!

JAMIE- I told you!

DENNY- When I first became a Christian, I thought I was going to have to give up everything I love. Then you introduced me to Christian rock, Christian movies, and now the best part of all... church league basketball!!

JAMIE- Yeah. There's nothing the world can't produce that we can't reclaim for Christ. And this is one of the top church leagues in the country.

DENNY- Is that so?

JAMIE- Sure! And our team won the championship the last three years!

DENNY- All right! GO TEAM, WOOO!!!

JAMIE- That's the spirit, Denny.

DENNY- Hey, is that the children's pastor?

JAMIE- Yep! He leads the team in steals and assists. And wait til you see the pastor shoot the lights out from three point range.

DENNY- This is so cool!! Who needs the NBA when you've got--

JAMIE- (*sees a bad call, leaps to her feet*) HEY, REF, WHAT THE **** WAS THAT? YOU ****IN' BLIND OR SOMETHING? WHY DON'T YOU GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR *** AND WATCH THE ****IN' GAME??

Jamie sits.

JAMIE- Something wrong?

DENNY- Jamie, what was that?

JAMIE- That's what I wanna know!! He called a double dribble when that Lutheran was reaching in!!

DENNY- No, I don't mean the call. I mean... did you hear what you said?

JAMIE- More important, did that blind zebra hear me? (*yells*) HEY REF!! HOW 'BOUT CALLING AN ILLEGAL PICK WHEN YOU ***IN' SEE IT, YOU PIECE OF MONKEY ****??

DENNY- Are you okay?

JAMIE- I'm great. Having a good time.

DENNY- Okay. So what's with all the shouting?

JAMIE- Oh come on! It's all a part of the game. *(yells)* TOO BAD THE DAMN REFS CAN'T BE A PART OF THE ***IN' GAME WITH US!! OPEN YOUR EYES, *****!!

DENNY- Jamie, please! Stop swearing.

JAMIE- Why?

DENNY- Well, I know I'm new to this, but is that setting a Christian example?

JAMIE- What does it matter? No seekers are gonna see me cussing. It's church league. Besides, sometimes a little swearing *(yells)* IS ALL THESE ***** PRESBYTERIAN REFS UNDERSTAND!! THAT'S RIGHT, FOUR EYES, WHY DON'T YOU GO ORDAIN A WOMAN AND LEAVE THE ***IN' GAME TO PEOPLE WHO ***IN' UNDERSTAND IT??

Denny stands up to leave.

JAMIE- Where are you going?

DENNY- You know, all this cussing and stuff... it's hard to focus on the game. I'm just gonna move down a bit if that's okay.

JAMIE- Okay, whatever. But the refs are gonna be bad no matter where you sit.

DENNY- Sure. I just hope the spirit isn't as bad.

Denny moves down a ways. He comes to where Jason is sitting.

DENNY- Hey.

JASON- Hey.

DENNY- Enjoying the game?

JASON- Yeah, it's a good one! *(yells)* HEY REF! YOU STRAIGHTEN UP OR THERE'LL BE *****FIRE TOUCHIN' YOUR ***, *****!!!

Taking Offense

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Brian- A compassionate Christian

Roger- A Christian who loves to offend

Brian enters.

BRIAN- I was a senior in high school when it happened. It was the beginning of basketball season, and we were in the middle of a scrimmage. I lost my man in the shuffle playing defense, and the guy scored a quick lay up, prompting my ex-Marine coach to proclaim, in front of all my friends and the cheerleaders, that if his brothers in arms played defense like me, we'd all be speaking German right now.

I was offended.

Three years ago, I was working this horrible job for a software company, struggling to get by on entry level pay. I got the opportunity to work on a project for a very important client. The job came in early, on-budget, so I took a chance and handed my boss a letter, detailing my work history and asking for a raise. He laughed, blew his nose on it, and told me he could replace me with an untrained monkey.

I was offended.

I've met a lot of offensive people in my life. But no one, absolutely no one holds a candle to my friend Roger.

Roger enters.

ROGER- Hey, murderer! Yeah you, the lady going in to work at the abortion clinic! How would you like it if I stuck a vacuum hose in your office and sucked you out piece by piece, murderer?

BRIAN- Yes, he actually said that. But that's Roger for ya. He has his beliefs, and he loves to share them. Like when his co-worker Dave decided to move in with his girlfriend.

ROGER- Really? So, you're gonna be a FORNICATOR now, huh? Livin' in sin, shackin' up! Well, you may think that's cozy now, but it won't be so cozy one day when you're bunked up in Hell!

BRIAN- And the time his sister was going through a divorce.

ROGER- Well that's just great, Margie. Just poop on the marriage that the Lord brought together, the one you vowed to hold together til death do you part. I don't care if he did cheat on you! He'll go to Hell for that! No reason you have to follow him with your dirty little divorce!

BRIAN- Roger loves to discuss religion. And he's very vocal about what he believes.

ROGER- No, my kids do NOT believe in Santa Claus! You know why? Take the word Santa, move the N, and what have you got? SATAN!!

BRIAN- Yep, Roger's a real moral crusader. And he's ready to take the good fight right to the top.

ROGER- *(on his cell phone)* Hello, may I speak to Eminem? Is this Eminem? This is Roger Colvin calling again. Please tell him that if he doesn't quit with his dirty little songs, God is going to smite him mightily, so he better repent, give all his money to the poor, and go back to making candy!

BRIAN- He's in your face about everything. But as Roger says...

ROGER- Hey, I'm just the messenger. The gospel is OFFENSIVE to the sinful dregs of the world. If I offend you, maybe you need to need to get right or get LEFT BEHIND!

BRIAN- He's right, you know. The gospel is offensive to the sinful heart that wants to serve itself rather than God.

ROGER- And that's why we gotta keep pounding, pounding, pounding it into people's heads until they accept it!

BRIAN- The thing is... the gospel may be offensive, but Jesus was not. He never watered down the truth about sin, but he never spoke with the kind of venom I hear from Roger. Jesus loves us, and it was in love that he spoke the truth. It wouldn't matter what kind of sinner they might be, Jesus was full of compassion. But Roger...

ROGER- We can not be silent!! We are the only Jesus these people will ever see, so let's show 'em what the fire and brimstone is all about!!

BRIAN- I'm just glad I got to know the real Jesus before I met Roger. I don't want anything to do with a Jesus like that.

THE BOB SKIT

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Cate- A bank teller

Mr. Morris- Bank manager

Mrs. Pickett- A customer, a Pythonesque old lady

Ed- A desperate man

George, Warren, Chuck, Dwayne, Leroy- Cops

Mom- Bob's Mom

Bob

The setting is a bank lobby. Cate is at the counter. Mrs. Pickett enters.

CATE- Morning, Mrs. Pickett.

PICKETT- Morning.

CATE- What can we do for you?

PICKETT- Need a deposit slip, please. I have a deposit to make.

CATE- Certainly. Deposit slips are on the table over there. Just bring it up when you're ready.

Mrs. Pickett walks to the table to do her business. Ed enters, dragging/carrying an enormous duffel bag. He makes his way to the counter.

CATE- Good morning.

ED- Hey.

CATE- What can I do for you?

ED- *(slips her a note)* Read it. It's self-explanatory.

CATE- *(reads, eyes get big)* Oh my... Is this for real?

ED- Yes it is.

CATE- A bomb?!?

ED- Keep your voice down!

CATE- Please, please don't hurt me!

ED- Just start filling a bag with money.

Cate starts filling a bag with cash. Mr. Morris walks out, and sees this happening, and walks to thr counter.

MORRIS- Cate, is everything okay?

CATE- Yes, sir, it's fine.

MORRIS- What do we have? Looks like a substantial withdrawal.

CATE- Yes.

MORRIS- I have to authorize any withdrawal over ten thousand dollars.

CATE- Sir? (*hands him the note*) I think you better.

MORRIS- What's this? "I am a desperate man. Do as I say. Give me all your cash. I have a..." Is this for real?

ED- Yes!

CATE- He has a bomb!

MORRIS- No he doesn't! That says Bob.

CATE- It says bomb!

MORRIS- No it doesn't. Look, B-O-B, Bob, no bomb.

ED- Look stop analyzing the note! I'm a desperate man.

MORRIS- Are you trying to trick us?

ED- Not at all!

MORRIS- So what's with the Bob threat?

ED- Just give me what I want, and stop arguing!

MORRIS- I'm afraid I can't do that.

ED- All right. You asked for it.

Ed opens the bag. Cate screams and hides her eyes. Ed pulls Bob out of the bag, and slings him over his shoulder, facing backwards.

CATE- What the-- Who is--

MORRIS- Sir, what is that thing?

ED- What's it look like?

Ed turns so Bob is facing Mr. Morris.

BOB- Hi, I'm Bob.

Ed turns again.

MORRIS- My gosh, he's serious.

ED- That's right! Now give me what I want, and no one gets hurt!

Cate starts to fill a bag with money, as Mrs. Pickett gets in line behind Ed.

PICKETT- Here now, what's all this?

ED- Back off, I'm robbing a bank.

PICKETT- And who are you?

BOB- I'm Bob.

PICKETT- I hope you're with him, I haven't got all day to wait.

CATE- Here you are, sir. Now please hurry, before--

ED- Before what?

George, Warren, Chuck, Dwayne, and Leroy enter, guns drawn.

GEORGE- Nobody move!

ED- You called the cops?

CATE- I didn't think the Bob threat was serious!

PICKETT- Who the blazes are you?

GEORGE- Bob Squad, ma'am!

The cops flash their backs to the audience. Their shirts say "Bob Squad."

PICKETT- You're putting me on!

GEORGE- Sir, put down the Bob and surrender. There's no hope for you.

ED- You'll never stop me, copper!

GEORGE- Relax, sir! No one wants to hurt anyone!

BOB- I know I don't!

ED- You stay out of this.

GEORGE- *(on radio)* Suspect is resisting. Send in his mother.

ED- Send in who?

Mom enters.

MOM- Eddie?

ED- Momma!!

MOM- Eddie, what do you think you're doing? You put that filthy thing down at once and surrender like a good boy.

ED- But Momma, the bank will take our house.

MOM- Oh let 'em have it. So long as I have you and your brothers, we'll find a way.

ED- Really? Can I keep my He-Man toys too?

MOM- Of course.

ED- Okay, Momma. Okay.

Ed puts down Bob. He puts his hands up.

ED- I surrender.

Leroy shoots Ed. Leroy, Chuck, Dwayne, and Warren surround Bob.

GEORGE- Right, thanks for the help. Sorry about your son.

MOM- Not to worry, I have three others look just like him.

Mom exits.

GEORGE- How's it coming, boys?

CHUCK- Not to worry!

The Bob Squad parts. Bob is in the center, with his arms tucked into his shirt.

CHUCK- The Bob has been disarmed.

PICKETT- Get outta here! All that for a lousy pun?

GEORGE- You can go back to your business, ladies and gentlemen. The crisis is over.

CATE- Can I take that deposit, Mrs. Pickett?

PICKETT- No way. This is a silly sketch, and I am getting out of it.

GEORGE- Which way are you headed?

PICKETT- I dunno yet. But I think I am gonna go beat up the playwright.

WARREN- Hey, that sounds like fun. You know where he is?

DWAYNE- I heard he was in Madagascar.

PICKETT- Madagascar?? A playwright in Madagascar?

GEORGE- Dwayne, is he really in Madagascar, or did the playwright make you say that to save his oen neck?

DWAYNE- Who cares? If he's not there, we can still see the animals.

GEORGE- You're right. Off to Madagascar!

The cops pick Mrs. Pickett up on their shoulders and carry her out.

CATE- Sir, all our business is gone.

MORRIS- Oh well, lunch everyone. I think I'll have soup today.

Blackout.

The Booger Skit

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Paul- The apostle

Aquila- A tent maker

Paul is in his house, reading. Aquila enters, carrying a scroll.

AQUILA: Uh, Paul? You busy?

PAUL: Aquila! So good to see you, pal. Please, come in.

AQUILA: Thank you.

PAUL: How's the wife?

AQUILA: Priscilla's fine. She sends her regards.

PAUL: Please give her mine.

AQUILA: I will, I will.

PAUL: Are you okay, my friend? You seem concerned.

AQUILA: Well, Paul, you always tell us that when we think you've crossed a line, we should tell you.

PAUL: Accountability is important.

AQUILA: Well, Pris and I were reading through your letter to the Corinthians.

PAUL: How did you like it?

AQUILA: Oh it's great. It's a good letter, overall. I think it's better than the first one you sent them personally. It's just, there's an illustration that we, well, maybe I should just let you hear it in your own words.

PAUL: Okay.

AQUILA: *(opens the scroll and reads from 2 Corinthians 12)* "I must go on boasting. Although there is nothing to be gained, I will go on to visions and revelations from the Lord. I know a man in Christ who fourteen years ago was caught up to the third heaven. Whether it was in the body or out of the body I do not know—God knows. And I know that this man—whether in the body or apart from the body I do not know, but God knows—was caught up to paradise. He heard inexpressible things, things that man is not permitted to tell. I will boast about a man like that, but I will not boast about myself, except about my weaknesses. Even if I should choose to boast, I would not be a fool, because I would be speaking the truth. But I refrain, so no one will think more of me than is warranted by what I do or say."

PAUL: Nothing wrong in all that, is there?

AQUILA: No, nothing. It's this next part that concerns us.

PAUL: Go on.

AQUILA: "To keep me from becoming conceited because of these surpassingly great revelations, there was given me a booger in my nose, a large, painful, impossible to reach messenger of Satan, to torment me. Three times I pleaded with the Lord to pick this

booger. But he said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.'"

PAUL: What's wrong with all that?

AQUILA: Do I really have to tell you? Do you really not know?

PAUL: Know what?

AQUILA: Paul, you can't talk about boogers!!

PAUL: Why not?

AQUILA: Because you can't!

PAUL: There's no commandment regarding boogers. Everyone has them. It's part of our makeup, part of God's wonderful and glorious creation!

AQUILA: Why do you have to write about boogers?

PAUL: Because it's the perfect illustration for what I was trying to say. When you read that passage, you knew exactly what I was talking about. We've all had those large, painful, pointy, hard to reach boogers that you can't get rid of no matter how hard you blow or how deep you dig. You know what I mean?

AQUILA: Yes, but--

PAUL: That's exactly the kind of pain I'm talking about, that constant reminder not to brag about ourselves or our own actions because no matter how important we think we are, we still have this big, painful booger digging into the fleshy walls of our--

AQUILA: Stop it!!!

PAUL: Why?

AQUILA: Because it's really really gross!!!

PAUL: It is?

AQUILA: Paul, it's boogers! Little kids play with boogers, but we're grown ups here. You can't say boogers. Please?

PAUL: Well, maybe I can think of something else.

AQUILA: Thank you.

PAUL: Yes, I can come up with something better. Maybe a splinter in the finger? Or a thorn in the flesh. You like that?

AQUILA: Do you?

PAUL: I don't like it as well as I like booger. But it'll have to do. Perhaps in a more enlightened age, someone else will make the point the way I intended.

AQUILA: You mean someone, some day, will use the word booger in church? You must be crazy.

THE CRAP SKIT

By Jack & Gretchen Hall

CHARACTERS

Eddie

Jenna

The setting is a park. Jenna is sitting on a blanket, reading the Bible. Eddie jogs by.

EDDIE- Holy crap! Jenna?

JENNA- Oh my goodness! Eddie Crapper?

EDDIE- How the crap are ya?

JENNA- I'm fine. What the crap are you doing?

EDDIE- What the crap does it look like?

JENNA- Holy crap, you're jogging?

EDDIE- Yeah, can you believe that crap?

JENNA- You picked a crappy day for it.

EDDIE- Well, I was supposed to be fishing all day, but my friends crapped out on me.

JENNA- How was fishing?

EDDIE- Crappy.

JENNA- What the crap happened?

EDDIE- Crap happened. We only caught one fish.

JENNA- What the crap was it?

EDDIE- A crappy.

JENNA- A crappy? What do they taste like?

EDDIE- Pretty much like crap.

JENNA- Sounds pretty crappy.

EDDIE- So what the crap are you doing?

JENNA- Unwinding after a crappy day.

EDDIE- In this crappy weather?

JENNA- It was either crappy weather or my apartment.

EDDIE- Why the crap didn't you stay at the apartment.

JENNA- It's a mess! It looks like crap.

EDDIE- So what the crap are you reading?

JENNA- What the crap does it look like?

EDDIE- Holy Crap!

JENNA- Holy Bible, not holy crap!

EDDIE- You actually believe that crap?

JENNA- Yes, although I don't think it's crap.

EDDIE- What the crap is it all about?

JENNA- Well, in the beginning, God created the world, then man made it all go to crap.
EDDIE- How the crap did he do that?
JENNA- This crap called sin.
EDDIE- What the crap is sin?
JENNA- It's all the bad crap we do.
EDDIE- What kinda crap?
JENNA- Lying, stealing, adultery, you know, all that crap.
EDDIE- That's a lot of crap.
JENNA- That crap separated us from God, so God sent his son Jesus.
EDDIE- No crappin' way!
JENNA- And instead of making us pay for all the crap we did, Jesus died to take that crap away.
EDDIE- Sounds like a load of crap to me.
JENNA- Yeah, a lot of people think it's crap.
EDDIE- What the crap do you think?
JENNA- Me? I think they're full of crap.
EDDIE- I guess it's kind of hard to tell what's true and and what's crap.
JENNA- Maybe. All I know is no matter how crappy my life seems, God is always there.
EDDIE- Do you think God could help me with my crap?
JENNA- I know he could help you with your crap!
EDDIE- I dunno, I have a lot of crap. And some of that crap's pretty big.
JENNA- Believe me, Eddie, there is no crap too big for God to take.

The Death Row Kid

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

George- A record producer

Masta uf tha Streetz- A former street thug who wants to get kids off the streets

Stanley- An average kid

[Author's note: This sketch should not be misinterpreted as a slant against any culture or race but rather as an attack on the entertainment industry's obsession with violence, sex, and vulgarity, as well as the marketing of criminals of questionable artistic talents. The characters within can be played by actors of any race, as all have been used and exploited by money hungry media moguls marketing murderous and deviant behaviors to America's youth.]

(Knock on the door.)

GEORGE- Come in.

(Masta uf tha Streetz walks in.)

STREETZ- Yo, dog. I'm hizz-ere to beez-come a rap stah!

GEORGE- Ah, Masta uf tha Streetz, come in, sit down.

STREETZ- Thankz.

(Streetz sits down.)

GEORGE- Thanks for coming in. Before we can make you a rap star, we need to get some general information from you. See if you're qualified. Mind if I ask some questions?

STREETZ- Coo.

GEORGE- Fine. First, where are you from?

STREETZ- Is you kiddin'? I'm da Masta uf da Streetz. I come from da Hood.

GEORGE- Excellent. Have any gold teeth?

STREETZ- Fee.

GEORGE- Fee?

STREETZ- Yeah, Fee. Un, Too, Fee.

GEORGE- Ah, three. Good. Third, have you ever done time?

STREETZ- I haff, for pozz-ession and attempted murdah.

GEORGE- Fine, strong qualifiers both.

STREETZ- Whut da ya mean?

GEORGE- We find that kids today love deviant artists. The longer your criminal rap sheet, the more impact we can make on the record market.

STREETZ- Hey, man, I dig whut ya mean. I ain't proud of my past, but it bring me a big crowd to heah what I gotta say?

GEORGE- That you're sick of "the man" and you're gonna strike back with a nine?
STREETZ- Naw, man, I ain't about dat. I lernd mah lessonz. I gone straight.
GEORGE- Straight?!?!?
STREETZ- Yo.
GEORGE- Why would you do a goofy thing like that?
STREETZ- Man, prison ain't coo. I wanna share my experance and tell kidz ta stay off dat streetz and outta drugs!
GEORGE- Why don't you just tell 'em to go to church while they're at it?
STREETZ- Hey, dats a good ideal.
GEORGE- Get out of my office! This is a record company, and we're in the business of selling records, not saving the youth of America from their self-destructive tendencies. If we did that, we'd be out of business in a week!
STREETZ- But da kidz, man...
GEORGE- *(stands, angry)* The kids want violence and anger. They want to hear about drugs and guns and the degradation of women.
STREETZ- Man, you don' know nuffin bout dat junk! Dat stuff ain't coo, and I know it, cuz I'm from da streetz!
GEORGE- And guess what, pal? *(pulls Masta uf da Streetz out of his chair)* You're going right back onto the street.

(George runs Masta uf dat Streetz towards of stage, hurling him out. Sound effect of breaking glass, then a thud.)

GEORGE- Masta uf da Streetz? Looks more like Plasta uf da Streetz, now.
STANLEY- *(off)* Man, that was way cool!
GEORGE- *(gets an idea, yells outside)* Hey, kid!
STANLEY- Yeah?
GEORGE- You wanna be a rap star?
STANLEY- Sure, okay.
GEORGE- Come on up here. I'm on the twelfth floor.

(George walks back to center.)

GEORGE- It's getting harder and harder to find authentic thugs these days. Maybe the best thing to do is invent one.

(Stanley enters. He wears a sweater vest and dress shirt, and nice pants.)

STANLEY- Hi.
GEORGE- Hey, kid. Listen, I spotted you on the street out there, and immediately I saw a star.
STANLEY- Where?
GEORGE- I'm talking about you.

STANLEY- Oh, shucks, I dunno.

GEORGE- What do you mean you don't know? Of course you're a star. And you know it!

STANLEY- I do?

GEORGE- All the big stars know they're tough, and they say so. So knock off the humility or else you'll never sell a single record.

STANLEY- Okay.

GEORGE- What's your name, kid?

STANLEY- Stanley Berger.

GEORGE- Stanley Berg—Oh, that'll never do.

STANLEY- Why not?

GEORGE- Stanley Berger is a good name for an economist. It's a lousy name for a thug from the streets of Detroit.

STANLEY- But I'm from the suburbs of Des Moines.

GEORGE- Not any more, you're not. And you're not Stanley Berger either. From now on you're the Death Row Kid.

STANLEY- I am?

GEORGE- Yes you are, and ain't nobody messes with the Death Row Kid. *(hands a lyric sheet to Stanley)* Here, try on these lyrics.

STANLEY- Is this my song?

GEORGE- Sure is.

STANLEY- I don't see any music.

GEORGE- Not a problem. We just pick any song recorded in the 1980's and have you rap over the top of it. Here's the one we've picked for this song.

(George pulls out a tape player and plays a few seconds of some 80's new wave ballad: preferably something like "True" by Spandau Ballet or "Hold Me Now" by the Thompson Twins.)

GEORGE- Now try the lyrics.

STANLEY- Okay. *(reads straight)* "I'm the Insert Your Name Here, and I'm—"

GEORGE- No, no, kid. When it says "Insert Your Name Here", use your name. Your showbiz name, not your real one.

STANLEY- Okay. "I'm the Death Row Kid?"

GEORGE- Uh huh.

STANLEY- "And I'm here to say, I like shootin' coppers with machine gun spray. I roam the streets with a nine on my hip. When my girlfriend's bad, I punch her in the lip." Say, that's not nice.

GEORGE- It was awful, but nothing a little coaching can't solve. We'll teach you how to slur your words and keep a beat.

STANLEY- I was talking about the lyrics. Hitting my girlfriend? I can't do that.

GEORGE- No problem. We'll have your bodyguards do it. Which reminds me, what size shirt do you wear?

(George looks at Stanley's shirt collar.)

STANLEY- I dunno.

(George walks to his desk.)

GEORGE- Miss Baker? I need a kevlar vest, size extra large for the Death Row Kid.

STANLEY- Kevlar? Isn't that the bulletproof stuff?

GEORGE- *(to Stanley)* You'll thank me for it, kid. *(on phone)* Miss Baker? I we also need a pistol and a couple bodyguards. End of today would be wonderful. *(hangs up)* Now you've got a name, a song, a gun... *(snaps fingers)* you need a good look. Untuck your shirt on one side.

(Stanley complies.)

GEORGE- Loosen your belt and lower your pants about 4 inches.

STANLEY- Why?

GEORGE- So your boxers stick out at the top.

STANLEY- I can't. These pants aren't that loose.

GEORGE- Then we'll have to get you some new clothes. In the mean time...

(George walks over and pulls Stanley's boxers out from the pants, giving Stanley a wedgie and causing him to yelp.)

GEORGE- There. Yeah, that will be a good look for you. Have any tattoos?

STANLEY- No.

(George picks up his phone.)

GEORGE- Miss Baker? Make an appointment at Tattoo Charlie's for the Death Row Kid... Tell him the Kid wants the Street Thug special.

(George hangs up.)

GEORGE- Now, we've got to give you a hair cut.

(George pulls a bottle of whiskey out and electric barber clippers.)

STANLEY- What are you gonna do with that?

GEORGE- I'm not doing anything. You're gonna drink this whiskey, then when you're good and drunk, cut your hair.

STANLEY- I dunno, that sounds kinda messy.

GEORGE- Trust me, all the big stars do it. Okay, Kid, one last thing.
STANLEY- What's that?

(George pulls a gun out of his desk and walks to the window.)

GEORGE- Come on over here, Kid.

STANLEY- *(walks to George)* Okay.

GEORGE- See those people down there? *(hands Stanley the gun)* Shoot a couple of them.

STANLEY- What???

GEORGE- Go ahead. Just aim and fire.

STANLEY- Isn't that illegal?

GEORGE- Kid, you have to trust me. If you wanna sell a few records, you've got to be a real life killer.

STANLEY- I can't shoot people.

GEORGE- *(takes the gun)* Why not? It's not hard.

(George fires a couple rounds.)

STANLEY- Wow! You shot that guy! And that old lady!

GEORGE- You wanna do a few yourself?

STANLEY- Sure!

(George hands Stanley the gun. Stanley closes his eyes takes a couple shots.)

STANLEY- Did I hit anything?

GEORGE- Yes. You just assassinated a Toyota Corolla.

STANLEY- Oh, man.

GEORGE- Not to worry. *(walks to his desk)* I'll let you take credit for the people I shot.

(George picks up the phone.)

STANLEY- What are you doing?

GEORGE- What do you think? I'm calling the police.

STANLEY- Why?

GEORGE- You just shot two people.

STANLEY- No, I didn't. You did!

GEORGE- Kid, if you don't get caught for murder, we won't sell a single unit. This is the way it goes.

STANLEY- *(points the gun at George)* I don't wanna go to jail!

GEORGE- Hey, kid, take it easy! You'll go away for six months, twelve max. Then you'll get out and live like a king... except for the occasional felony which has to be done to keep you in the spotlight.

STANLEY- I don't care, man. I'm not going to jail!

GEORGE- Kid, put down the gun.

STANLEY- Not until you put down the phone.

GEORGE- *(laughs)* Come on, Kid. I just picked you up off the streets. You can't even shoot straight. You don't have the guts to kill me.

(Stanley shoots George several times. Stanley hangs up the phone.)

STANLEY- Sorry, man. Ain't nobody messes with the Death Row Kid!

(Stanley exits.)

The Easter Grass Story

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Charlie and Murph- Hard luck entrepreneurs
Samuel- An Israelite
Peter- A disciple
Mordecai- A Pharisee
Mary Magdalene

Charlie and Murph, two Israelites in Biblical attire, enter with burlap bags full of Easter grass.

CHARLIE: We can't lose, you said. We're gonna be rich, you said. This is gonna make us millions, you said. How could I have been so stupid?

MURPH: Take it easy, Charlie. We're not sunk yet.

CHARLIE: We're not? The bank's foreclosing on me tomorrow! When Helen finds out I took out a second mortgage, she's gonna leave me.

MURPH: Don't be so negative.

CHARLIE: How do you expect me to be positive? I don't have the money to pay my mortgage, thanks to you!

MURPH: You need to focus on what we have rather than what we don't have. We have twenty four hours to pay the mortgage, and three tons of gold.

CHARLIE: Gold? You call this gold?

Charlie reaches in the bag and pulls out an Easter basket full of Easter grass.

CHARLIE: This is not gold. It's grass. Pink grass. It doesn't grow. It won't feed livestock. It's just pink!

MURPH: And with a little ingenuity and some clever marketing, we can spin that pink grass into gold.

CHARLIE: How?

Samuel enters.

MURPH: Watch and learn. *(to Samuel)* Hello, sir. Beautiful day, isn't it?

SAMUEL: It sure is.

MURPH: Where are you headed?

SAMUEL: Back home, actually.

MURPH: Oh, you from out of town? Where from?

SAMUEL: Capernaum.

MURPH: Capernaum, lovely city. Been there many times myself.

SAMUEL: We like it fine.

MURPH: Well I hope you enjoyed the Passover, and I know you won't want to leave without a basket full of this lovely Passover Grass.

SAMUEL: Passover Grass? Never heard of it.

MURPH: It's the latest thing. The kids love it.

SAMUEL: Sounds nice, but we already bought T-shirts and hats.

MURPH: But you need something for those T-shirts and hats to travel in. Passover Grass is the perfect soft cushion for those souvenirs.

SAMUEL: Maybe next year.

Samuel exits.

CHARLIE: Well that went well.

MURPH: I went after the wrong market. No big. There's a market for this stuff, I'm telling you.

Peter enters, weeping.

MURPH: Good morning. Is something troubling you?

PETER: My friend died the other day.

MURPH: Oh, I am so sorry to hear that. Was he a good friend?

PETER: The best.

MURPH: Then I know you're going to want a lovely basket of Funeral Grass to take to the grave.

PETER: What?

MURPH: Funeral Grass. It's cheaper than flowers, lasts longer, won't rot, and comes in four lovely colors: pink, purple, yellow, and green.

PETER: Ya know, I think I'll pass.

MURPH: Are you sure? Come on, it's a lovely spring color. It'll look nice in any funerary garden.

PETER: Sorry, I just can't think about it.

Peter exits.

CHARLIE: Strike two.

MURPH: You know what your problem is?

CHARLIE: A second mortgage that I used to buy a bunch of useless, colored grass?

MURPH: You have no imagination. And you're a quitter. When this day is over, you're going to be calling me a genius! Oh look, a Pharisee.

Mordecai enters, whistling a happy tune.

MURPH: And a jolly good day to you, sir. Have a nice weekend?

MORDECAI: I sure did.

MURPH: Big Passover party?

MORDECAI: Better than that. I watched my sworn enemy die in the cross.

MURPH: Bravo for you! I bet he had it coming.

MORDECAI: He sure did, the blasphemer.

MURPH: Well congratulations to you and yours. You know what you need to celebrate?

A basket of Revenge Against My Enemies Grass!

MORDECAI: Wow, isn't that something?

MURPH: Isn't it? Revenge Against My Enemies Grass is the latest rage. The kids love it, and it's a bright and flamboyant symbol that says to the world, "Hey, don't mess with me. I've killed before." What do you say?

MORDECAI: Oh, I don't know. It seems a bit tacky.

MURPH: Come on, don't you want to revel in your success?

MORDECAI: Let me think about it, will you? I have a stoning to attend.

Mordecai exits.

CHARLIE: Might as well face it. I'm going to be homeless. I'm going to be divorced. They'll kick me out of church, and I won't be allowed in Heaven.

MURPH: Charlie, don't give up. Not when we're so close. Do you know it took Thomas of Edisonia a thousand tries before he was able to invent the wheel?

CHARLIE: This is not the wheel. This is fluorescent colored grass.

MURPH: Something will turn up, Charlie. We just have to keep our eyes and ears open.

Peter enters, somber. Mary enters.

MARY: Peter! Peter, he's alive!

PETER: What?

MARY: Jesus, he's alive! I just saw him in the garden! He said to tell you and the others that he has risen from the grave!

PETER: Oh happy day!

MARY: We must celebrate! We'll make this an annual day of cheer!

PETER: You're right. We will celebrate this day, and we will call it... Easter! Of course, to make it a proper day of celebration, we'll need some festive decorations that we only pull out at Easter time. Any ideas?

Charlie and Murph look at one another. They rush up to Peter.

MURPH: Sir, have you heard about the latest rage called... Easter Grass?

Church Office Space: The Holiday Service

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Pastor Lumburgh

Don, Russ, Bob- Elders

Pastor Lumburgh is seated at the church conference table with the elders.

LUMBURGH- Okay, time to vote. All in favor?

ALL- I!!

LUMBURGH- Opposed?

Pause, silence.

LUMBURGH- Then the measure is approved. We will remove all Veggie Tales materials from the elementary department. Hopefully our kids will get back to eating their, uh, vegetables at home.

RUSS- Boy, I hope so!

LUMBURGH- Okay, next piece of business. Don?

DON- Thank you, Pastor Lumburgh. As you all know it's the beginning of December, and the holiday service weekend is fast approaching.

RUSS- What a treat! Our attendance doubles every year that weekend!

DON- That it does. There's a whole group of people out there that only come on Christmas and Easter, and we have to figure out a way to bring them back.

LUMBURGH- Ooh, yeah, uh... I'm inclined to go agree with you there, Don. You see, this church needs some new blood if we're going to go forward, and uh... there's no better time to do that than at our holiday service.

DON- This year's holiday service has to be bigger and better than ever! We've gotta wow these people! Make them want to come back!

BOB- But how do we do that?

DON- I'll tell you how! The first hundred new faces that come to each service get a Christmas gift!

RUSS- Perfect! But we better call it a holiday gift. Don't want to offend anyone with the C word.

LUMBURGH- Great, great. And, uh, what gift will we be giving away?

RUSS- How about a coupon? The first hundred seekers get a drink from the coffee bar free! No... half off!

DON- I was thinking in addition to coffee we could offer egg nog that weekend!

LUMBURGH- Oooh, yeah, I like egg nog. Fantastic.

DON- That'll get 'em in the doors. Now how to we keep em?

RUSS- We put on a show! We'll have the drama team do a cutesy little skit that morning. A really funny skit!

DON- How about this... Clark Grizzwold and Cousin Eddie find Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer and have to return him to the North Pole Christmas Eve?

LUMBURGH- Oooh, yeah, Christmas Vacation characters, great.

BOB- There ought to be a message to it. Cousin Eddie and Rudolph are great, but what would be the point?

DON- How about don't take drugs?

RUSS- Good idea.

LUMBURGH- Great. Now we should probably have some special music. Don't you think?

DON- I know! How about the youth worship band?

Pause, then everyone starts laughing.

RUSS- Wow, you had me. For a second, I thought you were serious.

DON- Please! Those unkempt losers may be the future of the church, but the future is not now!

LUMBURGH- I'm thinking we need the children's choir, mmkay? You see if the kids go on stage we get that "aww" factor, and it makes us look like a family place.

RUSS- Ah, excellent. But what should they sing?

BOB- "Away in a Manger"?

LUMBURGH- Oooh, yeah, I'm gonna have to sort of disagree with you there? You see the traditional carols are for churches that still have hymnals. We're too edgy for that.

RUSS- I know! How about, "Happy birthday, Jesus"?

BOB- That's a song?

LUMBURGH- Hmm, yeah, it's related to the holiday, and yet it's not. That'll be great. Any other thoughts?

DON- What about a ballerina? A little dance to finish off the service?

LUMBURGH- Oooh, yeah, that would be great, but let's call it interpretive movement, mmkay? No dancing in church.

RUSS- We could put a live nativity on stage! Everyone loves seeing a baby!

LUMBURGH- Yeah, that's great. We'll put them on stage with the ballerina, right when the kids start to sing.

BOB- And then to finish off the service, we give an invitation! Right away, offer them a chance to meet the Savior who died for their sins.

DON- What?

RUSS- Are you crazy??

LUMBURGH- Yeah, I'm gonna have to sort of disagree with you again? You see if we mention sin or Hell or anything like that, we're gonna lose everyone we just brought back in. And what is it we really want?

DON- More butts in the seats!

RUSS- More cash in the plate!

DON- An even bigger building!

LUMBURGH- A book deal!

RUSS- A larger kids choir next year!

LUMBURGH- Yeah, because let's face it, church is all about growth.

BOB- Of course. What was I thinking?

The Holy Power of Dowel Rods

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Pastor James- A drama leader

Little Timmy- A kid

Aaron- Moses' brother

David- A shepherd boy

King Saul

A Money Changer

A sign on stage says "Drama Practice Tonite!" Pastor James is on stage. Little Timmy enters.

TIMMY- Hiya, Pastor James!

JAMES- Well, hello there, Little Timmy. What brings you out to church tonight?

TIMMY- What do you think? I want to be on the church drama team!

JAMES- Really? Why, that's just wonderful. You know early on in your life, I could tell you had the gift.

TIMMY- You did?

JAMES- Sure. One day in the hall I saw you using a broomstick to play a Jedi knight. I knew then and there you had the right stuff.

TIMMY- Shiny!!

JAMES- Well, Timmy, if you want to be on the drama team, you only need three things.

James hands Timmy each item in turn.

JAMES- Here's your accountability agreement. Here's your script book. And here are your dowel rods.

TIMMY- Dowel rods?

JAMES- That's right, the number one tools of the Christian dramatist.

TIMMY- Gee, Pastor James, no disrespect or nothin' ... but I always thought the whole dowel rod thing was... well, kinda goofy.

JAMES- Goofy? Son, don't you know about the inspirational power of dowel rods?

TIMMY- Does anybody?

JAMES- Why, it's in the Bible! Dowel rods go back further than the New Testament, the Psalms, even the 10 Commandments.

TIMMY- Get outta town!

JAMES- I'm serious! It all began with Moses' brother Aaron.

Aaron enters with a dowel rod.

JAMES- He used that dowel rod to perform miracles like turning the river to blood, and transforming it into a snake!

TIMMY- Aaron had a dowel rod? I thought it was a walking staff.

JAMES- That's just what the King James says. But the newer translations agree, it was really a dowel rod.

TIMMY- If you say so!

JAMES- And guess who else had a dowel rod? A little shepherd boy named David.

David enters with a dowel rod.

TIMMY- But he killed Goliath with a sling!

JAMES- And he used the dowel rod to chase off wolves and bears that attacked his sheep.

TIMMY- With a dowel rod??

JAMES- Some scholars also believe King Saul had a dowel rod.

King Saul enters with a dowel rod spear.

TIMMY- He did?

JAMES- That's right. When the spirit of the Lord left him for David, they say he then went around with a dowel rod up his big wazoo!

TIMMY- Wazoo?

JAMES- And you remember when he used to throw spears at David?

Saul throws the spear at David, who screams and runs away.

TIMMY- You mean?

JAMES- Yep, that spear was made from a dowel rod.

TIMMY- Imagine that.

JAMES- And let's not forget the most FAMOUS dowel rod user of all time!

TIMMY- No way! Are you gonna tell me Jesus had a dowel rod?

JAMES- Of course! What do you think he used to run the money changers out of the temple?

A money changer runs across.

MONEY CHANGER- Run for your lives!! He's got a dowel rod!

The money changer exits. Saul and Aaron also exit.

JAMES- Yes, Timmy, dowel rods are an important part of our Christian heritage. They're easy, fun, and if you wrap them in the right tape they glow in the dark.

TIMMY- That's all very interesting, Pastor James, but if it's all the same to you, I'm gonna have to pass.

JAMES- Pass? But Timmy, why would you pass up a chance to be a part of this important worship tradition?

TIMMY- Because then I'd have to give up on another tradition... laughing at the idiots waving dowel rods around on stage!

The Left Overs

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Announcer

Tracie- An administrative assistant

Mr. Lumburgh- The boss

Buddy- The computer guy

Lawrence- An executive

Don- An accountant

Betty- Marketing

Dramatic music plays.

ANNOUNCER- From Revelation Studios... and the writer who brought you John 1, 2, and 3... Comes a story ripped from tomorrow's headlines. When Jesus returns, there will be two kinds of people. The Chosen Elect... and... the LEFT OVERS!!

Lights up on an office break room. Tracie is unloading bags of groceries which include cold cuts, cheese, bread, chips, mayonnaise, brownies, and 2 liters. A coffee maker with a full pot of coffee is also set out, as are cups, plates, and napkins. Lumburgh enters. Music fades.

LUMBURGH- Hi, Tracie.

TRACIE- Hello, Mr. Lumburgh.

LUMBURGH- Everything ready for the employee luncheon?

TRACIE- Just as you asked. Turkey, ham, bread, chips, brownies, sodas, and coffee.

LUMBURGH- Excellent, excellent. Hopefully this will boost the morale we've lost around here since the CEO went AWOL.

Buddy enters with the numbers 666 written real big in black on his forehead.

BUDDY- Hey, Tracie, look at my cool new tattoo!

TRACIE- Oh my! It certainly is striking.

BUDDY- Isn't it? Everybody's getting them, it's the coolest.

TRACIE- Did Mr. Lumburgh see it?

BUDDY- Are you kidding? Who do you think told me to get one?

LUMBURGH- That's right, Tracie. You know, you should look into getting one.

TRACIE- Me, sir?

LUMBURGH- Absolutely. I think it would be lovely on you.

Buddy picks up a cup and the coffee pot.

BUDDY- You bet it would!

As Buddy pours a LOUD trumpet sounds, startling all three. Buddy pours the coffee on himself.

BUDDY- YEEEEOW!! That's some hot coffee!

LUMBURGH- There's that darn trumpet again.

TRACIE- Where did it come from?

LUMBURGH- I don't know, but that's the seventh time I've heard one.

BUDDY- Must be those ad guys on the sixth floor, with their recording studio.

LUMBURGH- Whatever it is, I've noticed it's usually followed by bad news.

Lawrence enters.

LAWRENCE- Mr. Lumburgh, you won't believe this! Four riders with breastplates like sulphur on horses with heads of lions are flying through the sky, wreaking havoc and destruction in their path.

LUMBURGH- See what I mean? First there was hail, then seas of blood, then locusts, and now lion-horses with riders.

LAWRENCE- This can't be good for the economy. We're going to have layoffs, aren't we?

LUMBURGH- I wouldn't worry about that. We're still under capacity from all those religious nuts that vanished with Mr. Christian.

BUDDY- Say what you want, Mr. Lumburgh, but I am keeping my resume up to date.

Betty and Don enter.

DON- Hail, hail, the gang's all here.

LAWRENCE- Please, don't say hail!

LUMBURGH- Don, Betty, glad you could make it. Before we eat, I just want to say a few words. I know we've had a lot of set backs, with vanishing employees and natural disasters and that fiery abyss that opened up underneath our South Carolina plant. But I'm still here, and I still have faith in this company and all of you. Maybe the world is going to Hell in a handbasket, but this company will be here til the end of the world.

BETTY- Amen!

DON- Amen? What the crap does that mean?

BETTY- I dunno, I heard it some where.

LUMBURGH- Now, dig in.

Everyone starts making sandwiches. Betty grabs a slice of bread and the mayonnaise jar.

BETTY- Oh, these darn jars and their seals. Can someone please open this seal?

DON- I'll get that, Betty.

Don opens the jar. A dark smoke comes out of it. Don and Betty grab their throats, gagging and dying violently.

TRACIE- Don! Betty!

BUDDY- What happened to them? What pestilence was behind that seal?

LUMBURGH- I don't know, but it's killed a third of us.

All the characters freeze as the announcer speaks. Music fades up.

ANNOUNCER- It's a story so shocking, so urgent, so timely, it's guaranteed to capitalize on the current Left Behind mania. THE LEFT OVERS... coming soon to a theater near you.

Black out.

The Scarlet Letter Today

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Nathaniel- An old school fundamentalist

Hester- An adulteress

Sean, Brad, and Hugo- Bad boys

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is definitely not a skit for every audience. It was written to point out just how far we have come in accepting sexual sin in our society. You can use this as a jumping off point to discuss how sex, and those caught in the sin of adultery, have been mistreated or misrepresented over the years, and how sex is viewed even within the church today as a "lesser" sin. Use it to confront teens and adults honestly about the question: what does it mean to remain sexually pure?

Nathaniel enters with Hester. He stands her just off center. She hangs her head in shame. Nathaniel pulls out a scroll.

NATHANIEL: Hear ye, hear ye, the Local Council 315 on Morality has issued the following decree regarding Miss Hester Prynne. Having discovered that the woman Hester Prynne, is with child, and being that this same woman, Hester Prynne, is in fact unmarried, the Council has declared by a ten to none vote that she is to be branded an Adulteress. As punishment for her crimes, Hester Prynne will be forced to bear the mark of an Adulteress: a scarlet letter A affixed to the garments just over the breast.

Nathaniel takes out the letter A. he starts to apply it to Hester's chest, then hesitates, not wanting to touch her breasts. Hester sighs, takes the A, and puts it on her chest.

NATHANIEL: The Adulteress Hester Prynne is therefore to bear this mark all of her remaining days, even unto the day she dies.

Sean enters, sees Hester, checks her out; he likes what he sees.

NATHANIEL: She will then be buried with it, and will go to see the Lord with the mark affixed to her breast. Perhaps then, in God's mercy, she will finally find redemption for her wicked ways, if she is found to have a truly--

SEAN: Hey, baby. What's your name?

HESTER: Hester.

SEAN: That's a cool name. Is it Italian?

HESTER: No, its puritannical pilgrim.

SEAN: Really? That's kinda hot.

HESTER: You think so?

SEAN: Oh yeah.

HESTER: I think you're kinda hot.

NATHANIEL: Excuse me, what are you doing?

SEAN: Getting my groove on, what's it look like?

NATHANIEL: You can't talk to her!

SEAN: Why not?

NATHANIEL: She's an adulteress.

SEAN: Yeah, I noticed. So you busy tonight?

NATHANIEL: Young man, I don't think you realize what this symbol means.

SEAN: Trust me, I know what it means. So, uh, you wanna go for dinner?

Nathaniel grabs Sean and pulls him away. As he does, Brad and Hugo enter.

NATHANIEL: Look, this woman is a sinner. A disgrace! Not the sort of girl you want to take home to mother.

SEAN: I wasn't planning on taking her to see mother.

NATHANIEL: You scallywag! You rascal! If I were you, I'd get to church, and pray God have mercy--

HUGO: Hey, how's it going?

HESTER: Hello, boys.

BRAD: Looking good there, honey.

HESTER: Thank you.

BRAD: I'm Brad.

HUGO: Hugo.

HESTER: My name's Hester.

HUGO: Hester, what a cool name.

NATHANIEL: Hey! All of you, get away!

BRAD: Back off, gramps, we saw her first.

NATHANIEL: What's the matter with you kids? Don't you know what being an adulteress means?

HUGO: Yeah we do. It means I want her number.

BRAD: Me too.

SEAN: Me three!

NATHANIEL: Have you no morals? No decency? No... no self-restraint?

BRAD: I have sleeping bags in the back of my truck.

HESTER: That sounds nice!

BRAD: Well come on, girl!

Brad and Hester exit.

NATHANIEL: I can't believe this. Doesn't anyone care about sin any more?

Nathaniel shakes his head, starts to exit. Hugo and Sean run him down.

HUGO: Hey, you gonna be handing out any more of those A's today?

NATHANIEL: Why?

SEAN: Can we go with you?

The Trouble With Terry

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Don, Mary, Jack- Conservative Christians

Terry- A Christian Democrat

Mary waits at center. Don enters with some grocery bags.

DON- Mary!

MARY- Hey, Don! I was wondering where you were.

DON- Oh, I wouldn't miss this for anything. Just stopped off to pick up a few more groceries.

MARY- More? We already have so much.

DON- Hey, the folks at the shelter don't have much. They can never have enough.

Besides, when have you ever known me to be half-hearted about the Lord's work?

MARY- Very true.

Jack enters.

JACK- Van's all loaded up, kids.

MARY- Not quite. We have a few more bags to add.

DON- Just some extra goodies, and a few toys for the kids.

JACK- I should have known. Good thing we have a little room.

MARY- Great. Then all we need is Terry to show up.

DON- He's not here yet?

MARY- He's on the way.

JACK- Can't leave without Terry. He's the man with the contacts.

MARY- He practically lives at the shelter during the holidays.

DON- It's going to be so nice to share his joy this time around.

JACK- Terry's a special guy.

MARY- So giving, always displaying the love of Christ to others.

DON- A living witness that all of us can follow!

Terry enters. He is wearing a T-shirt that is either pro-Democratic party, or pro-a-well-known-DEMOCRATIC-candidate.

TERRY- Hey, guys. Are we ready?

Mary screams when she sees Terry's shirt. Don and Jack exchange a look of disbelief. Terry jumps at Mary's scream.

TERRY- Sorry, did I miss something? Did I say the secret word?

JACK- T-T-Terry...

TERRY- Yes?

JACK- What is with that... that... shirt?!?

MARY- That Democrat shirt!

DON- (*laughs*) You old joker. Guys, don't you see? This is Terry's Halloween costume.

MARY- It is?

DON- Sure. Terry's a Democrat! A big, scary, liberal Democrat!

MARY- Ohh, I get it. Haha, nothing scarier than a Democrat!

JACK- (*joins the laughter*) Better take that off before we get to the shelter, Terry. Don't want to scare the kiddies.

TERRY- What are you talking about? This isn't a costume.

The laughter stops.

JACK- Terry, joke's over, man. Lose the shirt.

TERRY- No.

JACK- Why not?

TERRY- I'm voting for these guys. In fact I was doing volunteer work for the campaign this morning.

DON- You mean you're a real Democrat??

TERRY- Yes.

MARY- No! That can't be! Christians can't be Democrats!

TERRY- Why not?

MARY- Because... they just can't!!

TERRY- Says who?

DON- Says everyone! Everyone knows that! Christians must vote Republican!

TERRY- Give me one good reason why!

MARY- Democrats kill babies! You're a baby killer!

TERRY- What??

DON- Democrats support abortion, don't they?

TERRY- They don't go around forcing people to have abortions.

JACK- But they have an agenda, man--

TERRY- (*interrupts*) They have an agenda I support, like taking care of the poor and the elderly. I think all of us here believe in that cause, or why else would we be headed to a homeless shelter?

DON- And how do they pay for those programs? By raising taxes!

JACK- Yeah! That kind of work is charity, and should stay with the charities!

TERRY- And if people gave enough money, I'd agree with you. But they don't. So what if I pay a little more in taxes? My brothers and sisters are in need, going hungry out there.

DON- Merciful heavens, listen to him! He's not just a Democrat! He's a socialist!!

TERRY- Don, please, I'm not a--

JACK- Don, this goes beyond ideology. It's clear to me that Terry is demon possessed!

TERRY- What?!?!?

MARY- Cast it out it him! Cast out the demons!

JACK- (*laying hands on Terry*) We command thee, in the name of the Lord, to come out of this man!

DON- You have to call the demon by its name!

MARY- Clinton! Clinton! That has to be his name!

JACK- Come out, Clinton! Come out in the name of Jesus!

Terry pushes them off.

TERRY- Will you guys get off me? I'm not demon possessed.

MARY- Oh yeah, like a demon-possessed man would admit it.

TERRY- I'm not demon-possessed, Mary. And I'm not a baby killer or a socialist. I'm just a Christian who prays and tries to make the best decisions I can when I vote.

JACK- Wow, that demon is in there tight.

DON- This kind can only come out by prayer. Alert the church prayer chain!

JACK- To the phone banks!

Don, Jack, and Mary run off.

TERRY- Hey, guys! What happened to us going to... (*sighs, starts to pick up the bags*) Guys? What about the shelter? Well, if anyone needs me... someone has to go feed the homeless. Guess that's what we evil Democrats do best.

Terry exits, sad and hurt.

Truth is Relative

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Gary- A skeptical TV host

Jim- Gary's neighbor

A Doctor

A Cop

The stage is set like a talk show. Gary sits at a desk. A couch is beside the desk.

GARY: Hello, and welcome to Truth is Relative, the show dedicated to the proving once and for all that truth is, in fact, relative. What's true for you is not true for me, and by the time this show is over, I'm going to prove it. Please welcome my first guest, my neighbor Jim.

Jim enters. He sits on the couch next to Gary.

GARY: Hi there, Jim.

JIM: Hi, Gary. Thanks for having me.

GARY: Jim is here to help me with a little demonstration. We're going to prove that truth is relative. Are you ready?

JIM: Absolutely.

Gary pulls out a gun.

GARY: Jim, what am I holding in my hand?

JIM: That would be a handgun.

GARY: Are you sure this is a handgun?

JIM: Well, it looks like one.

GARY: It does, but Jim, a lot of things can take this shape. Like cigarette lighters.

JIM: Cigarette lighters shaped like handguns.

GARY: Are they cigarette lighters shaped like handguns? Or are handguns shaped like cigarette lighters?

JIM: I'm pretty sure it's cigarette lighters shaped like handguns.

GARY: Careful, Jim. Don't push your values on me.

JIM: Sorry.

GARY: Now, Jim, if I aimed this undefined object at someone and pulled the trigger, what would happen?

JIM: It would fire a bullet into their body.

GARY: Goodness, that might kill someone... if that was the truth.

JIM: It is the truth, Gary.

GARY: No no, Jim! Keep your value judgments to yourself.

JIM: It's not a value judgment. A gun is a deadly weapon.

GARY: Who said it was a gun?

JIM: It's a gun!

GARY: Only if you believe it to be true.

JIM: Who doesn't believe that?

GARY: I don't.

JIM: I do!

GARY: Let's agree to disagree.

JIM: No!

GARY: Listen, Jim, this is not a gun, and it is not at all dangerous to another human being.

JIM: That's not true.

GARY: It's true to me.

JIM: All right then. Prove it!

GARY: Very well. I'm going to fire this gun at Jim, and it will not kill him.

JIM: What the--

Gary shoots Jim. Jim dies. Gary screams.

GARY: Oh! Oh my, that, uh... Wow. I did not expect that. Jim? Jim, can you hear me?

JIM!!! Oh boy, uh... well, I'm not sure what just happened. But I know, because truth is relative, that this is not a handgun, and Jim is not dead. I know this because I define my own truth, and the truth is--

A doctor rushes on.

DOCTOR: What happened? I was in the next studio, and I heard a gunshot.

GARY: Well it didn't come from in here, because this is not a gun.

DOCTOR: Sure looks like one. *touches Jim's neck*) This man is dead.

GARY: No he's not.

DOCTOR: Did you kill him?

GARY: Don't be ridiculous.

DOCTOR: You're holding the gun.

GARY: No I'm not.

DOCTOR: He's been shot in the chest at point blank range.

GARY: No he hasn't!

DOCTOR: What are you, some kind of nut? Face facts, the man is dead.

GARY: Don't enforce your values on me.

DOCTOR: Values, shmalues. This boy's join the choir triumphant.

GARY: I don't believe in heaven either!

A Cop enters.

COP: Someone fire a gun in here?

GARY: I'm afraid there's been a mistake. This is not a gggg-

The Cop knocks the gun out of Gary's hand and tackles him to the ground.

COP: You're under arrest, sir.

GARY: For what?

COP: Murder one.

GARY: I didn't murder anybody!

COP: You just shot that guy.

GARY: I did not!

COP: You had the gun in your hands.

GARY: That's not a gun!

COP: You're a murderer.

GARY: Don't enforce your values on me!

The Cop lifts Gary to his feet.

COP: I'll let the other fellas in county do that.

GARY: Well, folks, as you can see, we have a long way to go before we can live in a society where everyone respects everyone else's values.

COP: Oh, knock it off.

GARY: Say no to intolerance! Choose your own truth.

COP: Okay then. This won't hurt a bit

The Cop whacks Gary in the head.

GARY: Owww, that did hurt!

COP: No it didn't!

The Cop drags Gary off.

Uncle Jack Tells the Tale of the Good Samaritan

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Little Katie

Uncle Jack

Author's Note: This skit contains massive amounts of sarcasm. If you take this skit seriously, or if you actually think this skit presents a correct way of viewing the world for a Christian, you are an idiot.

Uncle Jack sits in a rocking chair. Little Katie runs on.

KATIE: Uncle Jack?

JACK: Yes, Little Katie?

KATIE: Would you tell me a story?

JACK: Sure, Katie. What do you want to hear?

KATIE: I want to hear a Bible story.

JACK: Very well, this is the story of the Good Samaritan. One day a man was walking down the road, when he--

KATIE: No, Uncle Jack, not an old Bible story. A new one!

JACK: Oh, you want a story for today's church?

KATIE: Yeah!

JACK: Very well. Once upon a time, a Liberal Democrat Senator was walking down the street when he was mugged by an angry gang of gun owners. They beat him and left him for dead on the side of the road. A short time later, a special interest lobbyist saw the liberal lying in the road. He thought, "This is a chance to get an equal rights amendment passed for animals!" But then the lobbyist, a strict Darwinian atheist, realized that the Liberal Democrat had probably been naturally selected to die, so he left her. A short while later, a Republican Senator happened by. He saw the Liberal Democrat lying in the ditch and he thought, "This is a chance for me to reach across the aisle in cooperation." But then he thought, "What if my constituents think I am a moderate? I can't compromise with him." So he left him. Then an Evangelical Christian came walking by. He saw the Liberal Democrat lying in the ditch and thought, "Look, that's a Liberal Democrat, the great Satan, the enemy of all things Christian and family and moral and good." The Evangelical Christian thought about helping the poor man, as he vaguely remembered reading in the Bible, a long time ago, that we are to love our enemies. But hey, this is the 21st century. This man wants to let gay people marry and keep prayer out of schools and kill unborn babies. So the Evangelical grabbed a stick and he whacked him again and again. The Liberal Democrat screamed, "Oh my gosh the pain! Oh my gosh the pain!" as

the Evangelical beat him to death and sent him straight to Hell for his misdeeds. The end.

KATIE: That was a great story, Uncle Jack. Thank you.

JACK: You're welcome. Now run off to bed and be sure to say a prayer for the downfall of the Democratic Party.

KATIE: I will. Bye!

Urgency: The Pee Pee Skit

By Jack Hall

CHARACTERS

Ed- A man who has to pee

Jake- An insightful but inconsiderate guy

A door on stage has a sign on it that says "MEN." Jake leans on the door. Ed enters, doing the "pee pee" dance, and walks to the door. He REALLY has to go!

ED: Is this the men's room?

JAKE: Why yes it is.

ED: You mind if I...?

JAKE: Do you need in?

ED: What does it look like?

JAKE: Looks to me like you're doing the pee-pee dance.

Ed nods vigorously.

JAKE: Ha ha. Bet you had a large coffee this morning, didn't you?

ED: Two.

JAKE: I know how that goes. You wake up on the Lord's day, exhausted from all you did on Saturday. You down that first coffee before your eyes are fully awake, and by the time you get to the bottom of the second--

ED: I gotta go!

JAKE: You bet you do! All that coffee goes right through you, pressing against the inner walls of your bladder like the floodwaters behind a dam. The pressure builds and builds until you think you're gonna explode!

ED: Will you just let me go!

JAKE: That's urgency, my friend, and that's exactly what Jesus had in mind when he gave the Great Commission.

ED: He what?

JAKE: God doesn't want us to be timid about spreading the gospel. He wants us to have that same urgency about carrying the gospel to the world. He wants us so full with the Holy Spirit, we have to let it out before we explode.

ED: Dude, I AM gonna explode!!

JAKE: Oh, I wish all believers were like you. People just take what they have for granted. If you ask me, they don't know what it's really like to drink of the waters of life, to fill up to the point that you're ready to pour out streams of blessings on the world about you.

Ed groans loudly in pain.

JAKE: Just imagine if all believers would open themselves up and allow God to pour his Spirit into the deepest parts of them. He would fill us like new wineskins, stretching us past our limits, stretching, pushing, until we burst forth, spilling the joy of the Lord like the mighty Niagara, torrents of blessings splashing down on the world around us!

ED: This is an emergency!!

JAKE: You bet it is! The world need a Savior! They need us to pour out God's message of grace on every hill and valley!

ED: I'm about to pour out on this carpet!

JAKE: Thank you, my friend, thank you for being a symbol of what God wants all of his children to be: filled with urgency to spread the gospel through all the world!

ED: Will you just let me in the bathroom?

JAKE: *(sort of comes back to reality)* Look, if you gotta go, just go on in.

ED: Really?

JAKE: Sure, it's unlocked.

ED: *(opening the door)* Why didn't you say so?

JAKE: Because if I did, it would have been a really short drama.

Ed stares at Jake as he exits singing, "I've got a river of life..." Ed shakes his head and races through the door, then exits.

Parting Thoughts

Jack and Gretchen would like to thank all of our fans who made running this website so enjoyable. Your emails and encouragement meant a lot to us, and while we never received the hate mail we initially expected, we thoroughly enjoyed all the whiners and complainers who did speak out.

For more skits by John Cospers (Jack) please visit www.righteousinsanity.com. Use the coupon code “dropouts” at checkout to save 30% on your order.

Check out John’s film and fiction works at www.johncosper.com

Sara Gruver (Gretchen) can be found on her blog at www.saragruver.com