

A script from



## **“Cupid: Matchmaker or Menace”**

by  
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<b>What</b>	A talk show host has a popular guest with a big announcement- Cupid is retiring. But when “Cupid” gets a chance to explain, the truth about romantic love comes out. Themes: Valentine’s Day, love, romance, relationships, dating, marriage, Valentine’s Banquet
<b>Who</b>	Host Cupid
<b>When</b>	Present
<b>Wear (Props)</b>	Talk-show setting; couch, desk, chair You can go as elaborate or as simple as needed Cupid is just an average Joe and should dress casually Host should be dressed in a coat and tie Picture of a traditional Cupid Note cards for the Host
<b>Why</b>	1 Corinthians 13
<b>How</b>	This script is perfect for a Valentine’s Banquet or party, but will also work during a worship service for a message on romantic love. Actors should keep the dialogue conversational, but keep the pace up. It’s a wordy script, so stay on top of cues and keep the dialogue moving.
<b>Time</b>	Approximately 5-7 minutes

The **Host** is sitting in a chair behind a desk. **Cupid** is sitting in a chair next to the desk.

**Host:** Welcome back. To those of you who are just now joining us, I say shame on you. Where were you in our first 30 minute segment when my make-up was fresh and my jokes were funny? *(Laugh)* But seriously, I'm glad you are here now because we have with us today the illusive Mr. Cupid who has agreed to this exclusive interview just one day after his unexpected retirement announcement. Other talk show hosts are eating my dust and word has it that both Conan and Jay are scrambling to find out who cancelled their cell phone contracts. *(Host snaps and points to himself)* But enough about my mad computer hacking skills, let's delve into this devastating blow to all those searching for love. *(Dramatically turns to face Cupid)* Dr. Love, can I call you Dr. Love? It's seems so appropriate.

**Cupid:** I'd rather you didn't.

**Host:** I mean L-O-V-E is what you are all about right? Although your critics would suggest your agenda is more about a shooting, "arrow like" pain in one's flank accompanied by a very pale and anemic love filled with unmet expectations.

**Cupid:** Is this leading into my retirement announ—

**Host:** Talk to me about the formula of luh-uv. And the delivery system...a little barbaric don't you think?

**Cupid:** You know that I don't actually use a bow and arrow right? That was all Marketing's idea.

**Host:** Right. *(Reaches behind his chair and pulls out a picture of "cupid" with wings and a bow and arrow. Have fun with this. Could photo shop a picture of a couple in the church with a cupid floating nearby)* Booyah! Camera phones can be sooo inconvenient.

**Cupid:** You're kidding me. *(Looking over his shoulder)* Am I being punked?

**Host:** Pictures don't lie.

**Cupid:** *(Grabbing the picture and holding it up to his face he gestures back and forth)* Seriously, do you see a resemblance?

**Host:** *(Steeple his hands under his chin)* Is it an instrument of love, or is it a poison dipped tool of turmoil shoved ruthlessly into a subcutaneous pocket of fat? Is Cupid really a deliverer of happiness, or is he just a bratty little cellulite dimpled, loin cloth wearing, flying menace? My

inbox is flooded with questions like these sent in by innocent citizens everywhere.

**Cupid:** *(Crossing his arms)* Show me.

**Host:** What?

**Cupid:** Show me your inbox.

**Host:** *(Ignoring him)* Technically, are you a cherub or an angel? Because I'm not seeing any wings. *(Looking toward audience)* Does anyone know the answer to that question? **(Cupid raises his hand. Host pointing, calls on Cupid)** Yes, oh Cherub Chieftom.

**Cupid:** There are no wings. Never have been—that's a common misconception. Again, I blame it on the guys in marketing. They ran a mock up for my birthday and taped it to the bathroom stalls. Fun guys, but not too bright. And for the record I am neither cherub nor angel.

**To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at  
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#### ENDING:

**Cupid:** *(This story is rambling and quickly delivered)* The tiki torch was tall and so I had to pull it out of the ground to reach the paper. Due to my excellent irrigation system the ground was really soft. One hard tug and I went tumbling into my neighbor's yard, which was currently occupied by my neighbor, Bob, really nice single guy who owns a hardware store. Unfortunately, the spike of the tiki caught my neighbor in the backside because he had been kneeling to tighten a sprinkler head. The shock and pain threw him forward into Debbie Sanders, another neighbor of mine, who had been walking her Shih Tzu at the time. Fortunately Debbie is an RN and was able to tend to Bob until the Ambulance arrived.

**Host:** *(The Host is now slumped, arms crossed)* Is there an end to this tale and does it somehow salvage my career?

**Cupid:** Bob and Debbie married six months later in my garden. The local news channel covered the wedding and somehow by the end of the broadcast I became a local Cupid with a tiki torch.

**Host:** Clever. Wait! *(Sitting up, a little more interested.)* Are you saying you became Cupid because of seasonal allergies?

- Cupid:** Crazy, right? Pretty soon I had an ad agency and my own publicist. My website had so many hits that I had to increase the bandwidth after the first week. Recently, though, I began to question my work product. Quality was being sacrificed for immediacy. Love lost its value because no investment had been made, no sacrifice required. That's when I knew that I had to put down the Tiki torch and set the record straight about the man behind Cupid. Somehow the media managed to lose the truth behind a juicy headline.
- Host:** Hmm. Yes. Shameful isn't. Journalistic integrity is a cute playful little mouse that makes its nest in a pit of vipers.
- Cupid:** *(Staring for a second)* Did your stomach just growl?
- Host:** Hmm. So you are telling us that Cupid, aka Charlie, is still a firm believer in love?
- Cupid:** Absolutely. In fact I recently found love myself. But I realized that people were looking to me for a shortcut to love. There is no shortcut. Love takes time and like my garden... it grows. It needs patience and tenderness. It needs to be nurtured and fed—
- Host:** My roses have aphids. *(Cupid just stares)* Sorry, you were saying?
- Cupid:** It needs to be nurtured and fed so that it will bloom into something beautiful.
- Host:** So, no more Cupid? Can you really let go of the fame?
- Cupid:** I think so. Besides, ever since "WikiLeaks" posted my home address I have had no privacy. Last week five middle school girls built a tree house outside my bathroom window. I've brushed my teeth every morning since to Taylor Swift's Love Story sung by five highly giggly preteens.
- Host:** Uh, hang on. *(Flipping through note cards and talking to producer offstage.)* Bill, where are the notes on this? I see nothing here about "peeping toms" or "paranoia". Who dropped the ball? We could be talking about a delusional cherub with anti-social tendencies, and instead we are chit-chatting about retirements and pension plans.
- Cupid:** It's really just a small severance package. The Tooth Fairy and I are going to use it help pay for our honeymoon.
- Host:** Tooth Fairy? *(Tossing note cards in the air, the host storms off mumbling)* I'm working with a bunch of idiots.

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*Theme music can be played here to end the skit or simply go "lights out." The end.*