

A script from



“John Opens His Mouth”

by
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What John The Baptist may have never set out to talk much, but listen as he describes ending up with a front row seat to the beginning of Jesus' ministry.

Themes: John the Baptist, Jesus, Baptism, Jesus' ministry, Surrender, Humility, God, Wilderness

Who John the Baptist

When During John's imprisonment before his execution

Wear (Props) Contemporary, but rough clothing

Why Matthew 3; Mark 1:9-14,

How Keep the dialogue conversational and be careful not to overdramatize. It's helpful to have a director or someone watch you before you perform to give notes and feedback. For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch the video "John Opens His Mouth" at SkitGuys.com.

Time Approximately 3 minutes

John the Baptist sits in jail and talks. He's already preached repentance, baptized Jesus and offended Herod. He is dressed in contemporary rugged dress, and speaks directly to the camera/audience, as to one person. He chews on a toothpick and speaks slowly, and in spurts, with silences in between. He's whittling a piece of wood while he speaks.

John: I never used to talk much. I came by it honest, the not talking. My daddy didn't talk much. Well... he got his mouth shut once by a big old angel. I reckon that would tend to make you careful.

He was a good man, my daddy. A priest. Worked up there at the Temple, slaughtering all them lambs. It always kinda...scared me, what he had to do with those lambs, just to keep everybody straight with God. Hard, bloody work. He got too old for it eventually.

I never went into it, his line of work. Tell you the truth, I never could quite figure it out, all that business with the lambs and everything.

When I got old enough, I left home. Went out in the desert to think on it all. The day I left, my daddy walked me down to the river. Handed me this note. Said that these were some of the words he'd said over me when I was a baby, after he got his voice back. He told me to chew on 'em, the words, out there in the desert.

He pulls a crumpled up note out of his pocket, looks at it for a moment, then slowly reads it out loud.

"You, my boy, are gonna go ahead of the Lord and get everything ready for him. You're gonna tell his people that they can have their sins forgiven. Tell 'em that God's kindness is gonna shine on 'em, like the rising sun."

Well, I stayed out there, by myself, chewing on it all, for a long time. But then them words started chewing on me, and...I felt this...this weight on me, and I just knew it was time to go back.

I went to the river and I opened my mouth and words started pouring out, like a swarm of bees. I heard myself, fussing at the religious folk, telling everybody to get straight with God, get baptized. Funny thing is, I wasn't really sure what it all meant, what I was saying. But, I just kept talking anyway. Talking. And baptizing. All the time with that weight on me.

Then, one morning, I was in the river, and I looked down the way, and I saw this fellow walking toward me. And I heard myself saying, almost under my breath, saying, real quiet, "There he is. There he is, the Lamb of God. He's gonna take away our sin."

He walked right up to me. And, it was my cousin, Jesus. I hadn't seen him in years. He told me to baptize him. I did it. He was standing there, dripping wet, and I swear, I heard a voice, out of the clouds, saying, "this is my boy, and I'm pleased with him."

Isn't that something?

I couldn't take my eyes off of him. He was shining, I tell you. Like the rising sun. And I felt that weight come off of me, 'cause I knew I had done my job. I'd gone ahead of him. None of this was about me. It was all about him.

Well...it still is.

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