

A script from



“Back Nine at Emmaus”

by
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- What** Three men are on the tee box, waiting to hit their golf shots on a beautiful Easter Sunday morning. The group ahead of them is very slow. As the men wait, they talk about life, faith, and being “self-made men” . A fourth golfer, a stranger, joins them. He off-handedly addresses some of the topics about which they’ve spoken. Who is this guy? **Themes:** Easter, Grace, Faith, Belief
- Who** Matt
Pete
Tom
Gabe
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Sound effects- golf balls being hit, balls landing in water, in the woods, and in the cup.
Four golf clubs- actors will mime placing the ball on the tees.
Cigar
- Why** Psalm 91:11
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational. Be sure to practice where you are looking when an actor "hits the golf ball" so that you're looking in the same direction. Find a focal point for each "hit".
- Time** Approximately 10 minutes

It is Easter Sunday morning. Three golfers stand on the sixteenth tee box at the Emmaus Country Club. They are waiting for the group ahead of them to clear the sixteenth (par three) green. The group on the green is playing very slowly. As the three golfers on the tee box wait, they talk.

Matt: *(Impatient, motioning towards the sixteenth green)* I can't believe these people!

Pete: *(Motioning towards the green)* Look at that! That's the guy's fourth shot out of the same bunker! Why in the world doesn't he just pick up?!

Matt: And look at that other guy! He's lining up that putt like his life depended on it.

Pete: *(Angrily starting to tee up his ball)* It does. I'm gonna hit into 'em. *(Sets up to hit...)*

Tom: *(Stopping him)* Whoa! Don't do that, man! Just calm down! We're out here to get away from it all, remember? Just relax!

Pete: Relax?! These guys are driving me crazy. I say we blow off these last three holes and head into the clubhouse.

Matt: I'm with you.

Tom: Whoa! Guys! Come on, it's a beautiful day. Things could be a lot worse.

Pete: Oh, yeah? How?

Tom: Well...it could be raining. Or...we could...we could be sitting in church, like Frank, instead of out here playing golf.

Pete: *(Calming down)* Okay. You've got a point.

Tom: No kidding. Can you believe it? We get a 10:30 tee time, one of the best tee times of the year and Frank backs out 'cause he's gotta *(quoting Frank)* "do the Easter thing." What a waste.

Matt: No kidding. I don't "do church," Easter or not. I bet the last time I had to go to church was when I was twelve years old, visiting my grandparents one summer.

Pete: *(Unwrapping a cigar)* The last time I was in a church was probably...*(thinks)*...eight years ago. My wife decides we're gonna go to church. There was no fighting her. So, I find this church in the Yellow Pages. We show up. First thing, right off the bat, some guy stands up front and starts talking about faith. I'm thinking, "Hey, Pal, tell me something useful: how to stay out of trouble and lower my handicap."

- Matt:** No kidding! Give me a guarantee. That's what I say.
- Pete:** Anyway, this preacher drones on and on: faith this, faith that. Jesus this, Jesus that...the whole ball and chain. I'm sitting there thinking, "For this I'm missing golf." I haven't darkened the door of a church since. And today, I'm a free man. *(He and Matt slap a high five.)*
- Matt:** Yeah, and besides, if all this Jesus stuff was true, he could pop up anywhere. Like on a golf course. You know what I tell my wife when she starts bugging me about going to church with her? I tell her, "The next time you catch me in a church it'll be at my funeral."
- Pete:** So, how about you, Tom? When's the last time you went to church?
- Tom:** Uh, for a funeral, actually. About four years ago, when my Dad died. I hadn't seen him for years. So, anyway, he's old. He dies. So, I go out to Iowa for his funeral, right? It turns out he'd gotten religion in his old age. Joined this little church.
- Pete:** Yeah?
- Tom:** Yeah. So, the funeral, there's all these people crammed in this little tiny church building. Stifling hot. And this old preacher's reading this stuff from the Bible about, you know, Jesus, and Heaven and stuff. And he's talking about my Dad being...uh...uh..."safely home with God" is the way he puts it. Pie in the sky, you know.

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ENDING:

- Gabe:** A...messenger. I work for a delivery service.
- Matt:** No kidding?! I work for Fed Ex. Who do you work for?
- Gabe:** Somebody you could meet on a golf course, Matt.
- Tom:** So...do we know him?
- Gabe:** *(Chuckles)* Not yet.

Suddenly we hear the sound of a great wind blowing. The wind stops and we hear a golf ball falling in the hole.

Matt: DID, DID YOU SEE THAT?! DID YOU SEE THAT?! That wind...that wind blew your ball right in the hole. THAT WAS INCREDIBLE! You made a hole in one!

Gabe: Sure enough. *(Looks up to Heaven, gives a thumbs up.)*

Pete looks heavenward, then looks at Gabe, then walks quickly over to him.

Pete: Partner! Say, how about you and me team up on these last three holes.

Lights out. The end.