

A script from



“Checkmate”

by
Barrett Huddleston

- What** Three fresh recruits in the LORD’s army have their mettle tested by an authoritarian drill sergeant.
Themes: Walking in the light, Compassion, Seeking answers in God’s word
- Who** Sarge
Private
Ninja
Robot
Mustachio
- When** Present
- Wear** Costumes appropriate for each character
(Props) Bible
- Why** Psalm 119:105
- How** While the Ninja, Robot and Mustachio may be portrayed with exaggeration to capture the archetypal characteristics of each role, the Private should endeavor for a non-descript performance to curry audience empathy.
- Time** Approximately 6 minutes

Sarge enters.

Sarge: Ten hut you mealy-mouthed bag of slug bellied butterballs! (**Private, Ninja, Robot, and Mustachio** enter) Left – right – left – right! Now give me a figure eight! Now a figure nine! Now hopscotch! Now eyes forward! Suck in those guts! And straighten those pinky toes!

Private, Ninja, Robot, and Mustachio:

Yes, Drill Sergeant!

Sarge: This ain't no grandma's pretty, pretty princess tea party we got here, flunkies! This Lord's army needs the best there is or is ever going to be to finish the race, fight the good fight and defeat the enemy! And all I see are a bunch of washed up, burned out, let downs; the kind of dirty birds that would lick the crust of a hot dish that's been soaking in a sewer since Easter Sunday!

All: Yes, Drill Sergeant!

Sarge: And I suppose you all think you're ready for a perilous, endless and generally "not your idea of a swell time" journey, don't you?

Private, Ninja, Robot, and Mustachio:

Yes, Drill Sergeant!

Sarge: Right, then – sound off!

Ninja: I am Gee-So-Koo – the prancer of shadows! Long can I dwell in the darkness waiting to spring upon my enemies when they only thought they heard the wind or a rustle of the leaves or that maybe they forgot to turn the ice maker off before going to bed and they are too tired to walk all the way back to the kitchen because it has been a long day at the office but they have to get up early the next day to mow the lawn before it rains again so –

Sarge: Alright! Get to the point! What makes you think you're prepared to serve in this Lord's Army!

Ninja: Stealth is my mother! Darkness is my father! Surprise is my second cousin twice removed on my great aunt Susie's side! If I am chosen to serve in the Lord's Army then the enemy will never know when I might strike! I am like the cat that toys with the mouse, the owl pouncing on the muskrat, the whatever would seize a koala if koalas had any natural predators!

Sarge: Nice try, back in black! But if you’d spent more time sitting in Bible Class instead of stalking helpless rodents you’d know the enemy is plenty accustomed to the darkness. You might say he’s built himself a summer cottage there where he dwells year around! Ain’t no way you’ll get the jump on the sort of evil that can’t even dwell in the light! Looks like you’re about to dishonor yourself with a discharge, fancy prantsy pants! Who’s next!

Robot: Q-T 3000 and four-fifths reporting and optimized, Dave!

Sarge: Who’s Dave?

Robot: Sorry, sir! I call everyone Dave. It eliminates extraneous confusion and that is precisely what I was designed to overcome. I am programmed to perform an array of ministries, services and even evangelical tasks with the utmost precision and efficiency. I can serve communion to a congregation of three hundred and thirty-four members in eight point six seconds without even stopping to switch trays. My voice processors can accelerate so quickly that I am capable of uttering three opening prayers, a call to worship and an expository sermon on Habakkuk in less than two minutes and fifty seconds. I can shake eight hundred hands and hug two hundred –

Sarge: Impressive: so how do you let eight hundred folks know you care about them in only a couple of minutes?

Robot: That does not compute, Dave: what does this “caring” have to do with completing ministry tasks in nimble, efficient sequences?

Sarge: What does –? Have a heart, Tin Man! When you minister in this Lord’s Army it’s to help people, not meet deadlines! We’re trying to build a kingdom not a drive-thru franchise! Get back in that assembly line before I defect your parts!

Mustachio: Is Mustachio turn?

Sarge: Sure, why not? Sound off!

Mustachio: Mustachio a Super Mustachio Brother! Mustachio run Super Mustachio Fast! Mustachio hit Super Mustachio hard! Mustachio bake Chicken Parmesan Super Mustachio delicious! But Mustachio can do much more! Mustachio save princess. Mustachio drive Super Mustachio cart – Vroom Vroom!

Sarge: So far, so good – what else?

Mustachio: Mustachio fire Super Mustachio fireballs - kaboom! Mustachio fly Super Mustachio fast with Super Mustachio cape – zoom! Mustachio jump Super Mustachio high to save kitty caught in tree – boing, meow, boing, hooray!

Sarge: Alright! I like what I hear. So tell me Mustachio –

Mustachio: Scusa – Super Mustachio!

Sarge: Scusa, sir!

Mustachio: Scusa, sir – Super Mustachio!

Sarge: So tell me Super Mustachio: what makes you tic? Tell these other whiffle balls what makes you get out of your Super Mustachio bed every morning!

Mustachio: It's gold coins!

Sarge: Scusa?

Mustachio: Super Mustachio wanna win! Super Mustachio get the gold coins and Super Mustachio – win – ka-ching!

Sarge: You mean the only reason you do all that work is to get a bag of gold coins?

Mustachio: Sie!

Sarge: You superficial super goon! We need folks who can work towards a heavenly reward not a high score!

Private: Excuse me, Sarge?

Sarge: What do you want!

Private: Is it my turn, yet?

Sarge: Why! Do you have what it takes to journey in this Lord's Army?

Private: I think I do – yes, sir!

Sarge: Pretty smug for a rotten piece of bargain basement pet food that would get the cat to honk hairballs and make grandpa's prize goat give sour milk. Well, soldier – and I use the term loosely – you can't be

any less prepared than this pile of cannon fodder: did you pack your weapon?

Private: Check.

Sarge: Map?

Private: Check.

Sarge: Shelter? Medicine?

Private: Check. Check.

Sarge: Water? Armor? Survival manual? Telescope? Mirror? Hammer?

Private: Check. Check. Check. Check. Check. Check.

Sarge: What?! How?! In the name of General Patton's ivory handled pistols soldier how are you carrying all that gear? You don't even look fatigued?

Private: Sir! (*Pulling out a Bible*)

Sarge: And what is that?

Private: My Bible. But it's also my weapon, my map, my shelter – well everything – everything I need. It's also a great book of poetry, letters from home – my real home and (*handing Sarge Bible*) it makes a great gift.

Sarge: It's so light.

Private: No, sir. It's the light.

Sarge: Alright, private – you're in. But the rest of you can march right out of here –

Private: No, Sarge! God doesn't want us to fight alone! This Lord's Army is big enough for everyone!

Sarge: Everyone except these deadweights! You can't honestly think that any of these walking wads of hamster spit can ever become defenders of the faith!

Private: No one who believes shall perish, Sarge. We can't lose. Says so right here!

Ninja: Gee-So-Koo humbly asks for another chance to walk in the light!

Robot: I agree with Dave – both of them!

Mustachio: Mustachio gonna win souls!

Sarge: Alright! I guess it wouldn't be this Lord's Army unless everyone got a second chance. So, private: how do you propose we proceed on this journey?

Private: One page at a time, Sarge.

All: Check!

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