

A script from



“Dave’s Dilemma of Forgiveness”

by
Eddie James

- What** This skit is about letting go of guilt and accepting forgiveness. (Themes: Growing up, Forgiveness, Guilt, Friends)
- Who** Dave
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** None
- Why** Please see the *Life Hurts, God Heals* outlines for several scripture references. Goes with “Ask for Forgiveness” messages. Messages can be downloaded at www.simplyyouthministry.com.
- How** This monologue has been done with great acting and packed a punch. It’s been done with students giggling because this piece can play very cheesy if you don’t know what you are doing. Skits like this are best done with a skilled performer who can handle the subject and make it real. If performed by an actor with less skill, it will come across as a cheesy, churchy piece with no real bite.
- Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

The skit starts with Dave talking to his friend "Joe" who is in the hospital in a coma.

Dave: Hey, Joe. How have you been? You been causing a lot of trouble? You look real well, Joe. Look kinda skinny, though. Not probably eating the way you used to I guess? I don't blame you. Hospital food's probably like that stuff they gave us at baseball camp. Never could figure out what was what on the plate, but you ate it anyway because you didn't want to get dehydrated out there during workout.

You remember those times? Hey batta batta, SWING! Or during an intense game you'd have one of your crying attacks. Or better yet, your famous sneezing attacks. Bottom of the fifth, men on second and third. They guy on third is leading off a little too much and our lousy pitcher is about to put the batter up on first... and you - trying to save our team from disgrace - would start sneezing. Right in the middle of the game (*Starts acting out "Joey's" famous sneezing scene*).

Or how 'bout the contact bit? "Wait, nobody move! Uh, Mr. Pitcher can you hold off a minute? I think I lost my contact. Has anyone seen it? It was blue. Anyone? Well, I can't play ball unless I can see it! Wait, wait a minute. There it is. It's up on the very top of my eyeball. Here it comes. There. It's back in. Sorry for the inconvenience. Play ball!" (*Laughs as he remembers.*) You'd have the batter so frazzled after that he couldn't hit nothin'.

Change of tone.

I guess you couldn't say that about me, huh? Look, Joey, I came to apologize to you and to say goodbye. I... we, never got to talk about what happened, and I know you haven't returned any of my phone calls... so, I'll do all the talking. Bad joke.

Joey, that day, that game... I keep re-living it over and over in my head. I can't tell you how sorry I am. For what I did. I mean, you're in this coma because of me. People talk about me. I guess I deserve that. But it's when I see your parents that it hurts the most. They won't even look at me anymore. That game, Joey. I can't figure out what happened. You knew the plays. You knew what I would do if bases were loaded and I had the ball. We went over it a thousand times. I'd throw it to you, you'd tag the runner out, you'd throw it back and I get the man coming in for home. We'd timed it down to the last detail so it could work. It was the big game, Joey, and my adrenaline was going. I threw the ball to you just like we had practiced.

Bottom of the ninth, bases loaded and we go for the glory play. When I saw the runner sliding into first, I didn't calculate the throw. It was second nature. All I saw was your head snap back because of the ball and you getting knocked to the ground by the runner... my fault.