

A script from



## **“Food for Thought”**

by  
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- What** This skit examines our propensity to rely on others to provide our essential needs. (Themes: Being Fed, Studying the Word, Responsibility, Growing Up, Maturity)
- Who** 2 Males and 2 Females
- When** Present Day
- Wear (Props)** A dinner table with assorted foods. Bread, corn, and some style of messy entrée (Lasagna, Casserole, etc).
- Why** Many people complain about not being spiritually fed, yet they refuse to take the initiative and “feed” themselves. How silly would someone seem if this metaphor was extended literally?
- How** This skit examines the ridiculousness of relying on others to get our essential nourishment, when that is exactly what we do in our spiritual walk when we rely on teachers, pastors, or devotion books for nourishment rather than seeking it out ourselves.
- The setting should be light and conversational much like a typical dinner date between friends. All of the food chewing transfer should be done with extreme causality as though nothing is out of the ordinary.
- Time** Approximately 5-6 minutes

*The scene begins in a family's dining room. There is a dining table with 4 chairs and various food items on the table. Both couples are already seated. Each character name shares the same letter of their spouse: **Rick** and **Rita** or **Steve** and **Sally**.*

**Rick:** Thanks again for inviting us over, guys. We've really been eager to make some new friends since joining your church.

**Sally:** *(Brings in a bowl of food and sets on table)* We know exactly what you mean. When we first started visiting *(insert church name)*, the people were great, but it took a while for us to begin making connections.

**Steve:** Luckily, bit by bit, we began to spend time with people outside of church and it just helped us get to know them and then, by extension, other people through their introductions.

**Rita:** Everyone there makes it so easy because they are so friendly. That was probably the biggest thing we saw the first time we visited.

**Sally:** Have we blessed the food?

**Steve:** We did while you were in the kitchen. Everyone dig in.

*Everyone begins passing food around and filling plates.*

**Rick:** Sally, this food looks absolutely delicious.

**Steve:** She really is a great cook. She doesn't like to admit it, but she placed 13<sup>th</sup> in this past Christmas's Fruitcake Cook-Off. She's kind of a big deal.

**Rita:** I've always wanted to cook, but I've just never been able to get the hang of it.

**Rick:** That's true. Even the microwaveable stuff gives her fits.

*All laugh in a cheesy, over-the-top manner.*

**Steve:** I'm sure it's something you'll pick up quickly if you practice a bit. Um, Sally, do you mind? I'm really hungry.

**Sally:** Not at all, Sweetie. *(Begins cutting up Steve's food)* Not to change the subject or anything, but Rick, I need to ask you a question.

**Rick:** Ok. Let's hear it.

**Sally:** *(Begins chewing food)* Did you go to Northern Heights High School?

**Rick:** I did.

**Sally:** *(Still chewing)* Because I seem to remember a tuba *player (leans over and spits the food onto Steve's plate. Steve begins eating the spat-out food with his fork)* who looked a lot like you.

*Rick and Rita stop completely and look shocked.*

**Steve:** Sweetie...This is delicious. You have outdone yourself tonight.

**Sally:** I know. I'm in the zone!

**Rick:** What just happened?

**Steve:** Oh, Sally here has the best long-term memory. She never forgets a face. Tuba, huh? You struck me as more of a percussion guy. I do a little tickling of the ivories myself. We should totally jam sometime.

**Sally:** Photographic memory is my sixth sense. *(Makes a picture-taking gesture with her hand)* Snap. Got you both forever now. *(Sally and Steve cheesily laugh and high-five).*

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