

A script from



“Hurting Helpline”

by

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- What** Listen in on this radio talk/advice show where we see the difference between “hearing” and “listening.” (Themes: Kindness, Outreach)
- Who** Steven (DJ) Nick (DJ)
Emily Brian
Brian’s Mom Trevor
Stephanie
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** A switchboard of some kind on a table
Chairs
A microphone or two
Headphones
Coffee mugs
- Why** 1 Peter 2:20; 2 Cor. 8:11; Matt. 25:15
- How** The “call-in” actors are hidden offstage with a microphone. Steven and Nick will need to do a lot of reacting to what the callers are saying. *For more ideas see the video at www.skitguys.com.
- Time** Approximately 10-12 minutes

The skit starts as if the "talk show" was already in progress.

- Nick:** Listen guys, if you're at a friend's house, flush twice; it's common courtesy.
- Steven:** Thanks, thanks for that piece of advice, Nick. Let's go ahead and take some more calls. First we have Trevor from Long Beach. Trevor, you're on the air.
- Nick:** You're on the air; tell us how we can help you?
- Trevor:** Yes, well, I'm kind of frustrated with my roommate.
- Steven:** What's your roommate's name?
- Trevor:** Well, her friends call her Linda.
- Steven:** Her friends call her Linda... which means you call her something else.
- Nick:** What do you call her buddy?
- Trevor:** Um...Nana. (Nick and Steven laugh)
- Steven:** You call her Nana? Well that's okay, a lot of people live with their grandparents. Trevor, how old are you?
- Trevor:** Seventeen.
- Nick:** No you're not, how old are you?
- Trevor:** Twenty-two.
- Steven:** Trevor, I can only help you if you're going to be real. Trevor, how old are you?
- Trevor:** Forty-seven.
- Steven:** Hold on a second Trevor. (*Hits mute button*) Forty-seven?
- Nick:** This guy's a major loser!
- Trevor:** Hey, I heard that.
- Steven:** Sorry, whoa! (*He hangs up on Trevor*)
- Nick:** For any of our callers, try not to use cell phones, they tend to cut out on you!
- Trevor:** Hey, I'm not on a cell phone and I'm still here!

- Nick:** Whoops. I've got to get those buttons figured out. (*Mashes another button*)
- Steven:** Let's go to our next caller...Emily from Buffalo, New York. Emily, you're on the air, how can we help you?
- Emily:** Hi.
- Nick:** What is your situation Emily?
- Emily:** Um, well, I'm kind of afraid that, um, my boyfriend is going to break up with me.
- Steven:** How old are you Emily?
- Emily:** Fifteen.
- Nick:** And how long have you been together?
- Emily:** I feel like I've known him forever. I mean we have this incredible connection.
- Nick:** How long have you been dating, I need a number.
- Emily:** Um...I guess...three...
- Steven:** Years? Wow!
- Emily:** No weeks. Three weeks.
- Steven:** Okay, I'm ready to make an analysis. You see, Nick, she has a classic case of codependency, and anxiety disorder.
- Emily:** What? You're not helping!
- Nick:** Obviously you aren't helping Steven, let me take it from here. (*With the intensity of talking to someone diffusing a bomb*) Emily, is that your name again? Emily?
- Emily:** Um, yes. (*Begins to whimper*)
- Nick:** (*Yelling*) Just calm down Emily, here's what you're going to do. Where are you in the house Emily?
- Emily:** In the kitchen.
- Nick:** In the kitchen, that's good. Look in the cupboard. Do you have two bowls?
- Emily:** Bowls?

- Nick:** (*Yelling*) Yes, bowls! Are you hard of hearing?
- Emily:** Yes, okay, okay, I have bowls.
- Nick:** Get them out of the cupboard, Emily.
- Emily:** Okay.
- Nick:** Now look in the freezer Emily, get the strawberry ice cream. Do you have strawberry ice cream Emily?
- Emily:** (*Whining*) No, we only have vanilla.
- Nick:** That's okay Emily, that's okay, there's a solution to every problem. Here's what you're going to do, Emily. Take two or three scoops of ice cream and put it in the bowls. Are you doing it?
- Emily:** (*Whining*) No!
- Nick:** Why not Emily, you need the ice cream.
- Emily:** (*Still whining*) Because it's too frozen.
- Steven:** Yes it is frozen Emily. That's why it's called ice cream. Otherwise it would just be called "cream".
- Nick:** It's too frozen Emily? That's okay, here's what you're going to do. There's a solution to every problem. Put the ice cream in the microwave.
- Emily:** I can't.
- Nick:** (*Yelling*) Yes, you can Emily. Put the ice cream in the microwave. Baby steps, Emily. Baby steps.
- Emily:** Okay.
- Nick:** Did you do it Emily?
- Emily:** Yes!
- Nick:** Okay, get the chocolate syrup.
- Emily:** We don't have any chocolate syrup. (*Still whiny*)
- Nick:** That's okay Emily. Listen to me. Do you have Cocoa Puffs?
- Emily:** Yes, we have those!

Nick: That's beautiful, Emily! Okay, I just heard a ding, get the ice cream out of the microwave. Now, here's what you're going to do. Put the Cocoa Puffs in the bowl.

Emily: (*Very whiny*) I... I... I can't!

Nick: (*Yelling*) Yes, you can Emily, put the Cocoa Puffs in the bowl!

Emily: (*Still whining*) I did it.

Nick: Look in the bowl now Emily, what do you see?

Emily: Oh my gosh! It's beautiful! I've never seen anything like it. You've changed my life. Thank you so much.

Nick: All right, Emily. Good-bye.

Steven: Goodbye, Emily. (*To Nick*) You've got to be kidding me. Let's go to the next call. Skippy, age seven. You're on the air. Where your pain is real and our answers are magically delicious. (*Nick looks like he just solved world hunger. Very happy with himself.*) Go ahead Skippy.

Skippy: (*In a kid's voice*) My nurse says I'm special.

Steven: Yes, Skippy. Everyone's special. For those of you who aren't regular listeners, Skippy is a long time caller and a good friend of the show.

Steven: What's on your mind Skippy?

Skippy: I like to play with dogs. My dog eats his poop.

Nick: I did that once.

Steven: You ate dog poop?

Nick: What?

Skippy: Hey, you guys want to hear a secret?

Steven: Whoa, this is big. Skippy wants to share a secret.

Nick: This is huge, we've broken down walls with Skippy and he now feels comfortable enough to tell us a secret. Yeah Skippy, go ahead and tell us your secret.

Skippy: I'm a cloud.

Steven: You are not a cloud. Let me ask you a question Skippy, what do you want to be when you grow up?