

A script from



“Jenny’s Testimony”

by
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What This skit shows Jenny telling how she came to find the One who could fill the longings of her soul. (Themes: Prayer, Faith, Friends, Family, Testimony)

Who	Jenny	Brad
	Mother	Terry
	Father	Kyle

When Present day

**Wear
(Props)** Tupperware dish
Tofu balls (optional)
2 chairs
Newspaper
Table (optional)

Why Jeremiah 29:13; 1 Corinthians 9:19-23

How It will be up to the actors to create several “real” locations on stage with few props. Help them imagine each room as if it were real. It will help them work their creativity.

Time Approximately 8-10 minutes

*The skit starts with two chairs pre-set on the stage. **Jenny**, a girl with short hair, addresses the audience.*

Jenny: I've never shared my testimony before so I really don't know where to start. I guess I'll just start at the beginning. You could say that my family and friends are a little... well, they're just weird. For example: When I started noticing that there was something missing in my life I thought I needed to ask someone for some advice. I started with my twin brother, Brad.

***Brad** enters and sits in an empty chair and stares cross-eyed at his nose. **Jenny** stands by him.*

Jenny: Unfortunately, someone had recently told him that it's impossible to bite your own nose so he was a little preoccupied. (*To **Brad***) Brad, I've noticed lately that something is missing in my...

***Brad** holds up a finger to silence her, but still stares cross-eyed at his nose. Slowly, his hands come up to his face as if he is cornering his nose. He grabs his head and tries biting his nose. He then runs offstage trying to bite his nose.*

Jenny: (*To audience*) See what I mean? He'll be busy for the next few weeks.

Brad: (*Offstage*) Owwww! Yeah I did it! They said I couldn't do it and I did.

Jenny: (*Shrugs*) Maybe not. The next person I went to talk to was my Mom. Now, my Mom is great, but it's hard to talk to her because she doesn't speak English very well. Not at all, actually. We don't really know what she speaks... And I've gone to therapy for this, but I don't ever remember a time in my life that I have ever understood what she has said.

***Jenny's Mother** enters spouting all sorts of gibberish loudly.*

Jenny: (*To **Mother***) Mom, I've noticed that something just isn't right in my life. Do you have any idea what I'm talking about?

***Mother** keeps uttering her gibberish.*

Jenny: Mom, you don't understand at all.

***Mother's** tone gets very soft and starts talking gibberish in a concerned voice. Slowly, she looks offstage and sees something. Horrified, she exits, and then enters back on pulling **Brad** by the arm and yelling more gibberish.*

Brad: (*Holding nose*) Mom, they said I couldn't do it and I did. It hurt, but I did it.

They exit.

Jenny: (*To audience*) My boyfriend was on his way over so I thought I would just talk to him about it. A lot of people think that Terry is... loony, but he isn't really... he just really loves the environment. Really loves it. From time to time it takes on a surreal quality. We are actually in the middle of a fight because I squashed a spider in the hallway at school... (*Holds hands out at shoulder width*) This big I swear... long story. But when he showed up at my house...

Terry: (*Hands her a Tupperware® dish full of tofu balls*) I know we've been fighting, so I decided to make it up to you by whipping you up a batch of my famous tofu balls.

Jenny: (*At a loss*) Gee... thanks, Terry. Look I wanted to talk to you about something. This probably sounds pretty stupid, but, I don't know, I've been thinking a lot about things, and it just seems like there's something missing.

Terry: I know I've felt the same way, but don't worry, it'll grow back.

Jenny: What will?

Terry: Your hair. You're a hero. The Cancer Society will make great use out of it. You did the right thing.

Jenny: (*Feeling self-conscious about her missing locks*) No, Terry, that's not it.

Terry: Oh, then it's probably the two pints of blood you gave yesterday.

Jenny: No, you don't understand. I...

Terry: Did you just go to the bathroom? 'Cause sometimes when I'm done it feels like I'm missing a part of me too.

Jenny: No!

Terry: Hey, I'm sorry, I'd love to explore your inner child with you, but I have to go now. I'm late for a memorial ceremony for the squirrel that you ran over. I don't blame you, I just hope one day you will see life as a connected whole instead of living like a mad barbarian who uses this world like a cheap Kleenex® and then throws it down the flusher. Which reminds me, do you want to go to that tree hugging banquet in Central Park?

Jenny looks at him as if about to say "no."

Terry: Now, I know what you're thinking, but I've looked into it, the chairs are made out of plastic, not wood! (*Choking up*) It's beautiful how some people really try to love this planet.

Terry exits.

Jenny: (*To audience*) I was beginning to think that no one could help me, so I turned to the last person that I could think of. My dad. I didn't ask him before because... he's not really good at giving advice, but I decided to give it a shot.

Father enters.

Jenny: (*To Father*) Dad. I feel like there's something missing in my life. I was wondering if I could talk to you about it.

Father: (*Looks panicky*) I've been meaning to talk to you about this too.

Jenny: (*Surprised*) Really?

Father: Yes. You see... oh, where do I start? When the birds love the bees...

Jenny: DAD! No, this isn't...

Father: (*Holds up hand to silence her*) Jenny, I know it's scary, but it's about time you heard this.

Jenny: Dad, I'm seventeen!

Father: I know, I know. But I don't care what this crazy world thinks, you're not too young to hear about it.

Jenny: But...

Father: (*Holds up hand again*) No. I've avoided this for too long now.

Jenny sits back, giving up.

Father: Now where was I? Oh yes, The Birds and The Bees. You see the bees make honey in their hive, and, um, that's why you hear me call your Mother, Honey.

Jenny sits looking confused.

Father: Now, the bees make their honey from their spit... but they never under any circumstances share it with the birds! (*Pause*) The birds sing their beautiful songs to attract the bees. (*He starts to get a little bitter*) These songs deceive the bees, because the birds never talk about building a perfect little nest and having three little squawking birds, so that you