

A script from



“Mentoring: What’s the Worst That Can Happen?”

by
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- What** The idea of mentoring can be intimidating and conjure up crazy ideas, like awkward silence, a counseling session, or a visit with an oracle. This script helps break the ice for women exploring a mentoring relationship.
Themes: Ministry, Accountability, Discipleship
- Who** Narrator
Jill
Ann
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** High top coffee table
Two stools
Coffee
Spy gear
Two work books/Bible study guides
- Why** Proverbs 27:17, Titus 2:3-5, Proverbs 13:20
- How** There are three different scenes, so find ways to change up the different characters. Alternatively, this could be done with seven different women. Narrator is added as an optional thread to tie the vignettes together. The vignettes could be done without this. Have fun with this! Some of the characters are a little over-the-top.

*This skit is meant to be fun and a little sarcastic, so know your audience.
- Time** Approximately 9 minutes

INTERLUDE 1

Narrator: One woman investing in another, guiding her, hearing her heart, is crucial in building disciples for Christ. But if you haven't been mentored, your mind can conjure up some absolute nightmares. What if we don't get along? What if I don't have all the answers? Or worse, what if she doesn't have any questions?

SCENE 1: NOTHING TO SAY

Jill sits at a table at a restaurant. Ann enters. They exchange an awkward hug/handshake thing.

Ann: Thank you for meeting with me.

Jill: Sure thing. I've never done this mentoring thing before, but I thought I'd give it a try.

Ann: Great.

They sit awkwardly in silence, messing with the silverware in front of them.

Jill: So...do you have any questions?

Ann: No. Not...uh, I mean whatever.

Jill: Oh. So...?

Ann: No.

Jill: Okay.

They take turns taking a sip of water.

Jill checks her watch.

They smile.

Ann clears her throat.

Jill: (cont'd) I'm sorry?

Ann: What?

Jill: I thought you said something.

Ann: Oh. No. I just...cleared my throat.

Jill: What's that?

Ann: Cleared my throat! Had a tickle...

Jill: Oh.

Ann: Yeah.

Jill: Um... Does that happen often?

Ann: Does, uh...?

Jill: Your throat?

Ann: Um. No. I wouldn't say that.

Jill: Ah.

They sit in silence almost afraid to move, continually smiling at each other.

Finally...

Jill: *(cont'd)* This is nice.

Ann: MmmHmmm...

END SCENE

INTERLUDE 2

Narrator: Ugh. So awkward. But that's not the worst fear. Sometimes if you're looking at being a mentor you worry that you'll soon be in over your head.

SCENE 2: OVER YOUR HEAD

Jill sits at a table with her Bible. Ann enters in a rush.

Ann: Sorry. Sorry, sorry. I know I'm a little late.

Jill: Half an hour.

Ann: Really? I'm sorry. I had to make sure I wasn't followed.

Jill: It's okay. You're here now. Wait. Followed?

Ann: Yeah. I'm so happy you agreed to mentor me.

Jill: Yeah?

Ann: I've got a lot going on in my life. I really need someone to talk to.

Jill: Great. That's what I'm here for. I was thinking we'd start in a Beth Moore devotional I found. It's all about breathing in the Holy Spirit—

Ann: It's my boss. He's a total nutjob.

Jill: Oh?

Ann: Yeah. I don't even know why I work there.

Jill: Perhaps we should—

Ann: Last time he had me work three days straight, I told him I was quitting. But the next day...I was back at the job. Can't say no to eight fifty an hour, you know?

Jill: No, I suppose you can't.

Ann: I was hoping you'd help me figure out how to turn my boss into a better guy.

Jill: Oh. I don't think I—

Ann: Help him quit the drug habit, you know?

Jill: He does drugs?

Ann: No, not really.

Jill: That's a relief.

Ann: He sells them. To kids, mostly. Near elementary schools.

Jill: What?

Ann: Gives the money to the insurgents. I know, I know, he'd get more money from the high schools but that's not his turf yet.

Jill: Ann, I got to say I don't think this guy is—

Ann: —employed by the CIA? I know that's what everyone says. I shouldn't accuse him of anything.

Jill: That's not what I was—

Ann: And I think I'll take them up on the offer...to be a spy.

Jill: Your boss wants you to be a spy?!?!

Ann: No! *(Beat)* The Russians do.

Jill: What Russians?!

Ann: I know, I know, I got a late start. Spies are usually better shots than I am.

Jill: When and where are you shooting guns?!

Ann: Late at night. When I'm covering my fellow agents.

Jill: You've gone on missions?

Ann: Of course. I'm on a mission right now.

Jill: Here in this restaurant?

Ann: Are you wearing a wire?

Jill: What?!

Ann: What cartel do you work for?

Jill: I'm your MENTOR!

Ann: That's what you want me to believe.

Jill: Yes! Because it's true!

Ann: So you're saying I'm compromised?

Jill: What?! No! I was prepared to read through—

Ann: *(hand to her ear)* Abort! Abort! Abort! Prepare for mobile extraction!

Ann runs off stage

Jill: ...our devotional.

END SCENE

INTERLUDE 3

Narrator: As a woman being mentored you could have big fears as well. What if she doesn't respect you? What if she doesn't listen. Or worse what if she sees herself not as a mentor but rather as an all-knowing oracle.

SCENE 3: THE ORACLE

Ann sits at the table with a notepad and pen. **Jill** enters walking like royalty. She remains standing. **Ann** feels self-conscious and then stands. Finally, **Jill** sits with **Ann** following.

Jill: Hello, Miss Ann.

Ann: Hello, Mrs. Martin—or may I call you Judy?

Jill: Certainly not. I am the mentor. You are the mentee. We must keep our respective roles in proper perspective.

Ann: Of course. Sorry. Thank you so much for taking the time—

Jill: Enough genuflecting, Ann. It does not suit you.

Ann: I wasn't—

Jill: Ann, you must have a thousand questions, but let me save you some trouble and sum up that which you need to know.

Ann gets out her pen and paper.

Ann: All right.

Jill: First, you must understand that being a woman, a child of God, and a good wife can often seem like an impossible task.

Ann: Oh I'm not married—

Jill: Your husband will expect dinner. He will expect a clean house. But he will also expect you to entertain his friends, to not embarrass him in public.

Ann: Like I said, I'm not—

Jill: Are you a woman of means, Ann?

Ann: A woman of—?

Jill: Do you have a career? Something that generates income? Something that allows you to buy the ten books I have assigned you for reading along with the study guides that accompany them? I am not running a charity here.

Ann: I—

Jill: When I was your age I worked for a church, did freelance graphic design for a fashion magazine, baked bread for the school fundraiser, and cut hair with nothing but a steak knife and a smooth stone. This afforded me the ability to devote myself wholly to the study of Ruth for an entire month where I learned the secrets of waiting on God.

Ann: I—

Jill: My grandmother would have been nobility in the old country, yet she chose a life of hard work and struggle in America. This is a burden I shall carry to my grave, hoping to make Nana proud and to earn her love.

Ann: Is—

Jill: Seven things you must always remember, Ann. Are you writing this down? Are you?

Ann: Yes, I—

Jill: One: Love God. Two: Love Others. Three: The NIV is the only sacred translation. Four: Do not give money to beggars. They will just spend it on liquor. Five: Never marry a man who does not respect his mother...unless he’s rich. Six: Friends are like seasonal decorations. Change them before they get stale. And seven, are you getting all this?

Ann: Yep.

Jill: Never say yep when a yes will do.

Ann: Is that number seven?

Jill: I have twelve minutes two weeks from Tuesday. Would you like to meet then?

Ann: Are we done already?

Jill stands to leave.

Jill: Gotta go, darling. Keep following God and don’t forget to put on your face before you go out. Even to the store. You never know who you’ll run into and you don’t want to be seen without make-up.

Ann: Or was that number seven?

Jill exits. Ann is exasperated.

INTERLUDE 4

Narrator: These fears, are meant to do one thing: Keep us from mentoring each other. The enemy would like nothing more than to let our anxiety prevent us from this kind of discipleship. What is mentoring really like? Usually something like this:

SCENE 4

Ann sits at the table with her BOOK as Jill walks up, BOOK in hand.

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Jill: Hello! Great to see you! Sorry, traffic was a bear.

Ann: Oh, no problem at all. I got here a little early. You're fine.

Jill: So, how about we get right into it? Sound good?

Ann: Love it. Let's do it.

They open their books.

Jill: What were your thoughts on chapter one?

Lights slowly fade out.

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