

A script from



“Nobody Calls Them Baby”

by
Ted and Nancie Lowe

What	Meet four people who desperately need Jesus. Who will reach them? (Themes: Reaching out, Evangelism)	
Who	Narrator Dana Mack	Jackson Amy
When	Present day	
Wear (Props)	letterman's jacket crutches nose ring (the glue-on variety will be fine) sandals tights weird headband necklace blanket “Will work for money” sign	
Why	Luke 15:4; Romans 10:14-15	
How	Focus on expression, movement, and emotion to keep this sketch moving. Realness of characters will make this sketch powerful. Transitions between characters can be filled with lighting, music, or both. This sketch does not end “happily ever after”, yet it is a great discussion starter and/or illustration for a message or lesson.	
Time	Approximately 4-6 minutes	

*This sketch starts with **Narrator** addressing audience and the other characters spread out across the stage.*

Narrator: So Jesus said to them, "What do you think if a man owns a hundred sheep and one of them wanders away? Will he not leave the ninety-nine in the hills and go to look for the one that wandered off? And if he finds it, I tell you the truth he is happier about that one sheep than about the ninety-nine that didn't wander off. And in the same way your father in heaven is not willing that any of these little ones should be lost."

Jackson: *(Enters using crutches, wearing lettermen's jacket, looking in the mirror, unsure)* I'll have nothing. What am I going to do? *(Pause)* What am I going to do if this knee doesn't heal back right? Everyone says, "Don't worry Jackson, you're going to be fine." Yet every specialist in the area says, maybe... maybe not. I can't believe this happened to me. *(Biting finger nails)* Yeah sure I've had my share of bruises, even a broken arm...but if my knee goes... then... then I go. Then where am I? I have been walking around school my whole life acting like I own it, *(Somewhat ashamed)* pretty much treating people like dirt. I could get any girl I wanted, any friend I wanted... for as long as I wanted. I even had teachers giving me grades I didn't deserve... so I could play on Friday nights. But if this knee never goes back to normal...

People are already starting to act differently. I asked Shelly Revetta to go out with me and she says she was dating some guy from Walton. That's an excuse if I ever heard one. I got a "D" on my Geography test the other day, just because I got a few facts mixed up. So what... I said that Brazil was in Asia, and all of sudden the teacher feels the need to get out her fancy red pen. And so what if I thought Canada was a state? Canada is just a wanna-be country anyway!

But the guys... I thought the guys would always be there. And the other night they just left me. They said they didn't have room in their car for my crutches. Can you believe that? How lame was that? Yeah things are definitely changing. *(Slowly, contemplating)* This knee has to be okay...It just has to be...because if it's not, what do I have? That's right... nothing.

Dana: *(Sitting at a small coffee shop table, writing in her journal)* Nothing. Nothing. I want nothing to do with them. They are such conformists. The same hair, the same clothes. They make me sick. *(Pulls out a cigarette, talking now and writes only occasionally)* They know nothing about the world. *(Writing, reading out loud what she is writing in her journal)*

Today I'm sitting in Chemistry and the teacher walks out for a moment and says no one talk. Of course the second he leaves the room, everyone starts talking. And of course, who do I have to talk to? My rocket scientist lab partner, Sarah Coheley, the world's most

enthusiastic, ridiculous cheerleader. But I thought, what the heck and I went out on a limb to talk to her. I mentioned the tragedy that is going on in Eugenia and she said, *(Very animated)* "Where?" And I said, "Eugenia." And she says, "Isn't that a brand of shoes?" What a moron.
(Writing)

I need people in my life with brains, people who are socially aware, who don't judge a person because of the way they look. Ever since we moved to this stupid little town, all I get is stares. I want to just scream, "Haven't you ever seen someone with a nose ring before?" Gee, take a leap and venture past the 7-11®... losers. This town is so lame - it has nothing to offer... since I moved here... I have nothing.

Amy: *(Looking in the mirror, wearing a large sweatshirt, hair pushed back, frustrated)* What do I have... nothing. I'm fat. No matter what I do... I'm fat. I exercise twice a day, everyday. *(Looks to see if anyone can hear)* I haven't let anything stay down in weeks, and *(Whispers)* I'm still fat.

When I was little, my Dad wouldn't let my Mom give me any desserts. He said I was getting too chubby. In elementary school, this kid used to pinch me, make pig noises, and run away. Now nobody says anything. I guess everyone is just used to me being this way. *(Straightening her hair trying to pull herself together)* But I will not be this way. I will keep trying until I look like everyone else. One day I will walk into school and heads will turn and some guy, *(Starts to tear in desperation)* any guy, will ask me out. *(Long pause)* What if it never happens? What if I stay this fat and ugly forever and *(Starts to cry)*...

(Angry and upset, wiping her eyes) No! I won't. I just can't. *(Pulling herself together, her disease gaining momentum)* I just have to do something more... I'll exercise more... I just will not have food... because if I don't lose weight, what do I have? I have nothing.

Mack: *(Wrapped up in a blanket with a sign)* I'm worth nothing... That's what all these little high school kiddies think. They think I'm worth nothing. They just walk right by me, wearing their fancy clothes. For what they pay for one shirt, they could feed me for a month... and they won't even look my way. Except when they're together in big groups, then they make fun of me and throw paper at me. *(Almost confident)* But when they are alone, it's different. They're scared of me, even the big guys.

Yeah, they think I'm worth nothing. I used to be worth something. I had my own place, a job, *(Pause, slowly dreaming)* even a little family...and then I lost it all. *(Pause)* So here I am sitting and waiting... I just don't know what I'm waiting on... maybe just a little hope. Just enough hope to get me to stand up, get myself clean, so I can try just one more time. *(With a little gleam of hope in his eye, and a slight smile)* Some days I almost do.