

A script from



“Return Policy”

by
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- What** “Return Policy” is a comedic script with an ideal message for holiday programs.
Themes: Blessings, Christmas, Easter, Life of Jesus
- Who** Customer (Earth)
Clerk
- When** Present
- Wear** Pen
(Props) Pad
Bible
Desk or counter with a sign that says “Interstellar Customer Service” (optional)
Earth can actually have an Earth costume or simply wear blue and green
- Why** I Corinthians 1:18
- How** While script does feature numerous humorous puns and tags, performers should take care to avoid “winking” at the audience to preserve the integrity of the script’s message.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

Clerk: Next. (**Customer** enters) Interstellar Customer Service, how can I help?

Customer: As a matter of fact, I—

Clerk: Last name?

Customer: Earth.

Clerk: First?

Customer: Planet.

Clerk: Age?

Customer: Between four thousand and eight billion depending on who you ask; but my oceans say I don't look a day over thirty-five hundred.

Clerk: Average oscillations in a single solar rotation?

Customer: That depends too. I mean usually three-hundred and sixty-five but—

Clerk: (*Writing on pad*) Three. Sixty. Five. Alright Mrs.—

Customer: Miss.

Clerk; Alright Miss Earth What is it I can assist you with today?

Customer: I'd like to make a return.

Clerk: Yes?

Customer: It's this messiah I've been sent. Now I'm not usually prone to return a blessing—I'm not. I mean I kept Mt. Vesuvius and you have no idea what volcanoes will do to your complexion. But this messiah is the last straw.

Clerk: What precisely is unacceptable about the article?

Customer: For starters let's talk about packaging. No Olympus. No silver spoon. He doesn't even drive a flashy car. I don't know about you but my messiah drives a Bat mobile. But this guy—well he doesn't even come with wealthy parents. Carpenter for a father. Refugee. And you've heard the phrase 'born in a barn'? This kid was born in a barn!

Clerk: (*Writing on pad*) Im. Prop. Er. Delivery. Is that all?

Customer: I'm just warming up. Let's talk shelf life—

Clerk: Shelf life?

Customer: What shelf life? After less than a decade of real ministry—I mean solid output—he gets himself crucified which, incidentally, is unbecoming for even hardened criminals much less so-called ‘saviors of humankind’. And what exactly does he get done before then? Healing? A couple of catchy stories? Fishing? Where are the Jedi mind tricks I ask you? He could’ve at least told us what the point of platypuses was before flying off. And don’t give me that old saw about the candle that burns brightest. My sun has been burning for billions of years and it keeps getting brighter by the century, bub.

Clerk: *(Writing on pad)* Anything else?

Customer: As a matter of fact, yes. This messiah is not what I would call ‘user friendly’: how does he ever expect anyone to give him the time of day, much less a tenth of their stuff, if he actually wants us to turn the other cheek, love the sinner and—and does he really think I’m gonna forgive somebody four hundred and ninety times? Let me just say, this Jesus—

Clerk: Pardon?

Customer: What?

Clerk: Did you say Jesus?

Customer: Yeah (**Customer** makes quote marks in air while saying “Jesus”) Jesus. It’s his—

Clerk: I know it’s his name. Let me get this straight. You are trying to return Jesus?

Customer: Are you deaf? What have I been talking—?

Clerk: Ma’am I can’t possibly reimburse you for Jesus. Do I look like Fort Knox on payday? And even if I was I still wouldn’t have a fraction of what Jesus is worth.

Customer: You mean I’m stuck with him?

Clerk: You mean he’s stuck with you. Here (**Clerk** gives **Customer** Bible)—it’s a bible. Next time you decide to return something read the instruction manual first. (**Customer** starts to exit) Oh and Miss Earth? (**Customer** stops and turns around) You’ve got a hole in your ozone—I can see your moon.

Customer: Thanks.

Clerk: Next!

PURCHASE

SCRIPT

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