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PURCHASE
SCRIPT
TO

"Someone's Knocking"

By

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AT
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What	<p>Fear is a liar. It comes to steal our joy, peace, and God's plan for our lives if we let it. The Bible warns us often about fear, and tells Christians to face it with courage, boldness, and trust.</p> <p>Themes: Fear, Worry, Overcoming Fear, Fear Not, Trusting God</p>
Who	<p>Woman Delivery Guy Miss Divine Do-Over</p>
When	<p>Present day</p>
Costumes	<p>Brown delivery uniform with "ROT" insignia, fairy godmother-like costume with magic wand, everyday clothing</p>
Props	<p>Cell phone Large package with "WORRIES" written on it Signature device Sofa Throw pillows Bar height table Grocery bag Spam Charmin Tootsie Pops Sunglasses (2 pair)</p>
Why	<p>2 Timothy 1:7, Isaiah 41:10, Proverbs 29:25, 1 John 4:18, Psalm 34:4</p>
How	<p>Conversational for the most part between Delivery Guy and Woman. She can really ham it up and give him a run for his money after Miss Divine Do-Over shows up. Miss Divine Do-Over should play up her part as well. She is meant to be a memorable character.</p>
Time	<p>5-6 minutes</p>

Woman is on the phone pacing in a worried fashion as she talks to her co-worker.

Woman: Are you sure you heard correctly? I mean, I just bought this place. It took me three years to save for the down payment. I can't be laid off now.

Woman pauses to hear co-worker response.

Woman: I know, but I don't have the seniority other people have. Plus my manager doesn't like that I won't work on Sunday because I'm a Christian and I prioritize church.

Woman pauses to hear co-worker response.

Woman: Ok. Well, thanks for the heads up. I really appreciate it.

Woman pauses to hear co-worker response.

Woman: Ok. You too. Bye.

Woman sets phone down and appears concerned.

Woman: Wow. I didn't see this coming. I just ordered all that furniture. What am I going to do if I lose my job?

Knock at door. **Delivery Guy** is wearing a knock-off brown UPS uniform with "ROT" insignia on it. He is carrying a large box labeled "WORRIES".

Delivery: Right-on-Time Deliveries. I've come to assist with your dilemma.

Woman: Okaaaay. Good timing, I guess. How would you assist exactly?

Delivery: By enhancing your efforts at processing your issue. I'm an expert at honing in on your deepest, darkest concern and breathing new life into it, shall we say? We strive for exceptional service here at Right-on-Time.

Woman: Oh, goodness, please come in. I could use all the help I can get.

Delivery: Glad to be of assistance. Sign here, please.

Delivery Guy hands her device, she signs, and he hands over box of "WORRIES". She sets it down with "WORRIES" facing out to audience.

Delivery: Now, what seems to be the trouble?

Woman: I just heard my company is downsizing. I'm afraid I might lose my job.

Delivery: *(emphatically)* Ah, yes. That is a big concern.

Woman: I know, right? What happens if I get laid off?

Delivery: Are you fond of having a roof over your head?

Woman: What??? Yes. I just bought this place. Where would I go?

Delivery: I'm not sure. That's why I'm here. To help you figure it out.

Woman: I'm so grateful.

Delivery: You know, there's a new shelter over on fifth.

Woman: A shelter? Like for the homeless??? It took me three years to save for this place!!!

Delivery: Sheesh. High maintenance.

Woman: Maybe I could sell it?

Delivery: In this market??? Ha. You'd have a better chance of being struck by lightning. Remember the strategy, "Buy low, sell high"? Well, you did it the other way around, toots. But that's not your biggest concern.

Woman: It's not?

Delivery: Not even close. What about your car? Or food? Health insurance? How will you pay for those things?

Woman: I... I don't know. I haven't thought that far ahead.

Delivery: That's where I come in. I can help you worr... I mean *plan* for worst case scenario. I'm very inventive. Visionary even. Since you're so opposed to a shelter, you could live in a tent in the woods. How are your hunting skills?

Woman: What???

Delivery: Nonexistent. Okie dokie. How about living in your car? Pretend it's an RV. Maybe drive it around to different places so they can't find you to repossess it.

Woman: Pretend it's an RV??? It's a Prius.

Delivery: I'm sure the seats recline.

Woman: Isn't that dangerous?

Delivery: I'm not aware of too many seat reclining accidents.

Woman: (*exasperated*) I mean living in my car?

Delivery: (*enjoying himself*) Oh. Probably just as dangerous as a shelter.

Woman: Is that even legal? Could I go to jail?

Delivery: Possibly. But think about it. In prison, you'd have a roof over your head and three squares a day. Not a bad plan, really. The problem would be finding another job after a stint in the hoosgow. You'd have a record. *(Thinking.)* Hmmm. What are your thoughts on frequenting the soup kitchen? Or maybe just stealing what you need? Could be a new adventure!

Woman: Oh, gosh, do you think it could get that bad?

Delivery: No. I think it could get worse. Much worse.

Miss Divine Do-Over enters and waves her magic wand (magic wand sound effect) as she speaks her line which is directed at **Delivery Guy** and **Woman**.

Miss Divine: Freeze!

Delivery Guy and **Woman** freeze in position.

Miss Divine: Good morning. I realize this is rather unconventional. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Miss Divine Do-Over. You've likely never heard of me. But you'll love the concept of me. You see, I possess special powers which allow me to rewind time and give someone a unique opportunity to choose a different outcome. Since I'm a rather fabulous figment of the skit writer's imagination, I hope to be a distinctly memorable character. They say there are no small parts, only small actors. Not me, love. I plan to make an indelible impression on you. So much so that when a future dilemma presents itself, boop!

Miss Divine Do-Over waves her magic wand and there is a magic wand sound.

Miss Divine: I immediately pop into your head and inspire you to make the right decision the first time around. Which means you'll never actually need me. Just the memory of moi. Which will be lasting and life changing, of course.

Miss Divine Do-Over winks at audience, bats eyelashes.

Miss Divine: Now, didn't our friend in this scene say she was a Christian? That's a game changer. Or should be anyway. Let's see what happens when fear comes knocking on her door this time if she sends *faith* to answer instead. Cue up the same dilemma, please. Let's rewind and take a peek.

*Rewind sound effect. Actors on stage unfreeze and slowly rewind back to starting positions at the beginning of the scene when **Woman** hangs up phone.*

Miss Divine: And just for fun, let's give our enemy, fear, a heaping helping of faith-filled moxie!

Miss Divine Do-Over waves magic wand and there is a magic wand sound effect and makes grand exit.

Woman: Wow. I didn't see this coming. I just ordered all that furniture. What am I going to do if I lose my job?

*Knock at door. **Delivery Guy** is wearing a knock-off brown UPS uniform with "ROT" insignia on it. He is carrying a large box labeled "WORRIES".*

Delivery: Right-on-Time Deliveries. I've come to assist with your dilemma.

*This time **Woman** is hesitant and appears much more skeptical of his motives.*

Woman: Okaaay. Good timing, I guess. How would you assist exactly?

Delivery: By enhancing your efforts at processing your issue. I'm an expert at honing in on your deepest, darkest concern and breathing new life into it, shall we say? We strive for exceptional service here at Right-on-Time.

Woman: Hmm. Well, that doesn't sound enticing.

*"Aha" moment as **Woman** suddenly realizes why she doesn't have to worry.*

Woman: Besides, I'm a Christian. Which means I can trust God to provide for me.

Delivery: Trust doesn't pay the bills, honey. I just want to help you consider all your options.

Woman: Oh, I'm sure you would. Tell me, would I like any of these "options" you have to offer?

Delivery: You might appreciate considering worst case scenarios in order to develop anxie... I mean, a *plan*, moving forward.

Woman: I see. I really can't be bothered right now. I'm... um... rather busy.

Delivery: Oh, yeah? Doing what?

Woman is clearly shocked by his impertinence. Decides to give him a run for his money while he remains outside this time around.

Woman: Stuff. Important stuff.

Delivery: Such as?

Woman looks around for things to keep her "busy". She will not be bested by this bully. Moves to sofa and begins to fluff and arrange pillows.

Woman: Fluffing pillows. Trying to get the plumping "chop" just right. "Perfectly plumped pillows really give a space pizzazz." I read that somewhere and it resonates with me.

Delivery: Sounds fishy. That shouldn't take long. I'll wait.

Woman: No need. Lots of other stuff to do. Better mosey along now.

Delivery: I'm patient.

Woman: You're wasting your time. God's Word says "fear not" like at least a hundred times. Now, I've gotta run.

Woman pulls Spam out of bag.

Woman: I simply must find new and intriguing ways to turn Spam into a delicacy.

Delivery: Even Bobby Flay couldn't pull that off. I'm not buying it. Why don't you give me a chance? I can help you see things from another perspective? Isn't that advantageous?

Woman: Not if that perspective costs me my sleep. Or my peace.

Delivery Guy begins to pour on the charm.

Delivery: I'm actually quite likeable. I hate to brag, but I'm rather popular. Most people can't get enough of me.

Woman: Well, I'm not most people. I'm a child of God. Which means He takes care of me. Now, please go. Since you're so *popular* I'm sure you'll have plenty of takers for your *services*.

Delivery: One thing. That's all I ask. Let me run one little nugget by you.

Woman returns to counter and begins to empty bag.

Woman: Nope. Still busy.

Woman pulls out Charmin toilet paper and begins squeezing.

Woman: Squeezing the Charmin to determine its level of softness. Plus I'm reading "Thirty Years to Thinner Thighs" and I'm just getting to the good part. Riveting, really. Lots of urgent tasks on my "to-do" list.

Delivery: This attempt at blowing me off is not very neighborly of you.
What would He (*points to sky to indicate God*) have to say about that?

Woman: Probably something along the lines of "get thee behind me" or "cast not thine pearls before swine."

Delivery: Fancy. Sounds a bit Shakespearean. I don't give up that easily, toots.

Woman: Neither do I. For God has not given me a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind.

Delivery: Really? So, what will you do if you lose your job?

Woman: Enjoy the better one He gives me.

Delivery: What if you can't make the mortgage payment?

Woman: Well, there are these nifty little inventions called renters. But, it will never get that far.

Woman pulls out a bag of Tootsie Pops from grocery bag.

Woman: Sorry. Time's up. I've gotta run. I've been challenged to see how many licks it takes to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop... toots. Duty calls! Gotta go!

Woman pulls an individual Tootsie Pop out of bag. Walkie talkie static sound effect. **Delivery** **Guy** listens then pulls out his walkie talkie and speaks into it.

Delivery: Boss needs me on Last Chance Lane. Target concerned over medical diagnosis. Copy that.

Walkie talkie static sound effect. **Delivery** **Guy** listens then responds.

Delivery: Excellent candidate for panic attack and myocardial infarction. Must act swiftly. Copy that. I've gotta run, but don't worry...

Delivery Guy puts on dark glasses. Then, slowly, like Schwarzenegger in "The Terminator", delivers his final line.

Delivery: I'll be back.

Woman: Don't bother.

Woman grabs her own sunglasses off counter, pops them on, and imitates/mocks him in her own imitation of Schwarzenegger.

Woman: I'll be busy.

Woman turns on upbeat worship music and begins singing into Tootsie Pop. Maybe to chorus of Jon Reddick's "No Fear" while wearing glasses and dancing confidently through her living room without a care in the world. **Delivery Guy** shakes his head, grabs his box of "WORRIES" and leaves in a huff.

Lights out.