

A script from



“Too Hot to Handle”

by
Ted Lowe

- What** Todd is the spender. Nan is the one who keeps up with their finances. So when Todd surprises Nan with a brand new, over-the-top barbecue grill, things get just a little heated. Theme: Finances, Marriage, Love, Compromise, Communication, Money, Budget
- Who** Todd-husband
Nan-very pregnant wife
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Large, nice grill that can be wheeled onstage
2 lawn chairs
Large brochure
- Why** 1 Corinthians 16:2, Philippians 4:11, Hebrews 13:5
- How** Todd should be played as a man whose intoxication with a new purchase is not allowing him to see things clearly. His wife is frustrated, and their finances have taken yet another unexpected hit.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 Minutes

Nan: Honey, what are you doing? I've been waiting out here forever.

Todd: Do you have your eyes closed?

Nan: Yes! Would you please just show me the surprise? How much longer?

Todd: Just one more minute. Are your eyes still closed?

Nan: Is this surprise really for me or for the baby? You've been buying a lot of stuff for the baby, honey, you know we really don't...

Todd: I guess it's sort of for the baby. I can warm his milk with it.

Nan: *(Big revelation)* Did you get me the Advanta-air convection oven? Oh honey.

Todd: Don't open your eyes.

Nan: Oh, I want to see my new oven. Do you know me or what?

Todd: Oh yeah, I know you. And I need you to know that what you are about to see isn't exactly an Atlanta-air convection oven ...

Nan: ...not Atlanta, Advanta...Todd, what is it...

Todd: ...although it does practically the same exact thing...

Nan: ...what is it already?

Todd: Are you ready?

Nan: Yes, I'm ready.

Todd: Open-mind, Nan, open-mind...

Nan: What is it?

Todd: Are you ready...*(Rolls in huge new grill; Presenting it)* Open your eyes. And?

Nan: *(Nothing)*

Todd: It's too great for words? Huh?

Nan: *(Nothing)*

- Todd:** Look it's got two side burners, and who do you know that has a barbeque grill with 36,000 BTU per hour output, with 611 inches of total cooking area, and 3, count them 3 stainless steel burners, dual purpose thermometer, and... a first aid-kit. This is not for weekend barbeque-ers.
- Nan:** You are a weekend barbeque-er.
- Todd:** I'm not now.
- Nan:** Honey, what were you thinking?
- Todd:** I wasn't thinking, I was feeling and the feeling was love. *(Hugs the grill)*
- Nan:** *(Grabs him by the ear)* Well, feel this.
- Todd:** Awwwh. What's that for?
- Nan:** You have to ask? We just had a talk about our finances and I thought we both agreed that we were not going to make any irrational purchases for at least a year.
- Todd:** Irrational? Well, you can just call me irrational then. If bringing home a basic appliance to feed our family, *(to the tummy)* to feed my child makes me irrational, then go ahead and put it on my tomb stone- "Here he lies, a man who so loved his family it made him irrational". Lock me up and throw away the keys because I'm Mr. Irrationability.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at [SkitGuys.com!](http://SkitGuys.com)

ENDING:

- Nan:** Can't we just be happy with what we have.
- Todd:** What we have? Who uses charcoal-grills? Do you know how embarrassing it is to be standing in line at the grocery store holding a bag of briquettes, not lava rocks, I'm talking charcoal briquettes. I look like a hobo.
- Nan:** If you keep spending like this, we're going to be a family of hobos.
- Todd:** *(Slowly very reluctantly)* Okay, I'll take it back.

Nan: Thank you. You'll be glad you did. I promise.

Todd: *(Gets wallet out, and looks at receipt, reads)* "No cash refunds". I can't take it back. See. No cash refunds. See Nan. Look. God wants me to have it.

Nan: I give up.

Todd: Honey, I promise I will never buy anything this great again. *(Pause)* Well, there is at least one bit of consolation for this whole thing... by joining the meat of the month club, I got \$5 off a lifetime supply of barbeque sauce. That's good right?

Nan: *(To the audience, then drops her head, stage goes black)*

The end.