

A script from



“The Talent Store”

by
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- What** Mr. Broney is helping three customers search for extra talent in order to fulfill their obligations at church when he realizes by working together, they might be better served. **Themes:** Spiritual Gifts, Service, Church, Body of Christ
- Who** Mr. Broney
Greg
Charlotte
Stuart
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Cash register and table
Cash
Three colorful sacks of different sizes
Three boxes of different sizes
- Why** Romans 12:6-8; 1 Corinthians 12: 4-11
- How** Give yourself time to rehearse since there are multiple entrances and exits. Make sure there's no downtime between them so that the skit doesn't drag. Keep the dialogue conversational, being careful not to overact.
- Time** Approximately 7 minutes

Mr. Broney is at the cash register working on accounting books when his first customer, Greg, enters. Mr. Broney stands to greet.

Broney: Good afternoon. Welcome to the Talent Store. How can I help you today?

Greg: *(Looking a little exhausted)* Hi. To tell you the truth, I'm not even sure what I'm looking for. I'm a bit overwhelmed at the moment.

Broney: I'm sure we have exactly what you need, sir. Tell me your situation.

Greg: Well, I signed up to help with the greeter ministry at church, and they needed someone to head up the whole group, so I volunteered because I really enjoy working with people.

Broney: Yes?

Greg: But turns out, there are these lists I have to keep up with, and phone numbers, and I have to make a schedule that rotates people in and out, and I'm working with two services, and it's just very complicated because I have four or five Susans and three Richards, and I'm getting a little confused and.

Broney: *(chuckling)* Okay, okay. I see. I know exactly what you need. The gift of administration.

Mr. Broney slides them over to a shelf with three various sized boxes.

Greg: Administration?

Broney: Yes. This gift will help you organize all of your paperwork, make schedules and even set up a database with all the greeter's names.

Greg: Really? Oh man, that would be terrific. But...how much does it cost?

Broney: We've got three sizes: gifted, extraordinarily gifted, and prodigy.

Greg: Oh, um...

Broney: For your situation, I'd recommend gifted. It has all the administrative tools you need to manage a small group of people. *(Hands him the box)*

They walk toward the cash register.

Greg: Wow. Thank you. How much?

Broney: Administrative gifts are 20% off today, so it will be twenty-five dollars.

Greg: *(paying him)* Thank you so much! I'll put this to good use. Thanks!

Greg leaves. Mr. Broney goes back to the books, but soon Charlotte enters.

Broney: May I help you?

Charlotte: I'm a little desperate and *(checks her watch)* in a hurry. I've been helping organize children's church, but our leader got an appendicitis and now there's nobody to do the puppet show for Sunday! They asked me, but I can't do puppets. I can't do voices or little funny jokes or anything!

Broney: You need the gift of creativity.

Charlotte: Yes! Yes, exactly. I mean, I'm trying to make these puppets at home and I can't even decide what color to make their eyes. I don't even know how to cut out eyes from construction paper. I don't know anything!

Mr. Broney gently guides her to the display table where three colorful sacks stand, each a different size.

Broney: *(picking up the small one)* This should help. It's our creativity package, and it comes complete with brainstorming, acting chops and even a bit of hip hop choreography.

Charlotte: *(eyeing the other two sacks)* The small one? Are you sure? I mean, we're talking children here who've been raised on Pixar movies.

Broney: *(picking up the medium sack)* Well, with an upgrade you actually do get character voices and wit.

Charlotte: Yes, that sounds good. I'll take it. I don't care what it costs. I just don't want to be booted off the stage by a bunch of seven-year-olds.

Broney: All right. It will be ninety-two dollars and fourteen cents.

Charlotte: *(forking over the money)* Wow...it's amazing what creativity costs these days.

Broney: Yes. Blame it on YouTube. Thanks so much and come back!

Charlotte rushes out and nearly knocks over Stuart.

Stuart: HEY! Watch it, lady!

Broney: Good afternoon, sir. What may I help you with?

Stuart: Look, I'm trying to serve my church or whatever so I go to the new members class where you figure out where you want to serve and somehow I end up as a greeter.

Broney: A greeter. Sounds fun.

Stuart: Yes. Except I don't like people. That seems harsh. Maybe I should restate. I'm just not a fan of human beings, do you see what I mean?

Broney: You're not a people person.

Stuart: Exactly. I appreciate the human race. I just don't want to get to know them.

Broney: Sounds like you might be in the wrong place to serve.

Stuart: Yes, well, turns out there are no ministry services that let you hide behind a wall, so I picked the one that seemed least likely to cause me to end up with long term relationships. I figure I smile, I say welcome, and that's about it.

Broney: Okay. So what's the problem?

Stuart: Well, it's the smile and say welcome part that I'm struggling with.

Broney: You're just in luck. I got a new shipment of people skills in just this morning.

Stuart: I don't want anything too deluxe. You have a basic model?

Broney: Most definitely. It's ten dollars and it helps you look people in the eye and... *(reads the back of the box)* yes, that's what I thought. Included is the ability to pat shoulders.

Stuart: *(Shrugging)* All right, I guess that sounds okay.

Stuart pays for it.

Broney: Thank you for your business, sir.

Stuart: Yeah, whatever.

Stuart leaves but again is knocked over by Charlotte, who comes rushing back in.

Stuart: Hey, lady! Where's the fire?

Charlotte: *(unusually nice, turning to him, touching his shoulder)* I am so sorry. I am not even looking where I am going. That's so aggravating to be bumped into that way, isn't it? Please forgive me.

Stuart: *(looking startled by her kindness)* Um, yeah. Sure. Thanks. *(He looks at his box and gives a short smile as he leaves.)*

Charlotte rushes up to Mr. Broney.

Charlotte: I'm sorry to bother you again, but I'm going to need something to help me cope with the nerves. I'm conquering the voices, but then I think of all the little kids eyes staring at me and I'm kind of getting nauseous.

Broney: *(picking up what looks like a roll of Tums)* You need the gift of nerves of steel.

Charlotte: Yes. Yes! Exactly!

Broney: All right. These start at one-hundred and fifty dollars for six.

Charlotte: Six? I've got three services! I can't afford that, especially after purchasing the gift of creativity.

Suddenly Stuart returns. He butts in, totally disregarding Charlotte.

Stuart: Look, the basic model isn't doing it for me. I tried it right outside on the street corner. I smiled at a lady.

Broney: And?

Stuart: I smiled at her, but I didn't mean it. And I'm pretty sure I have to mean it to be a greeter.

Charlotte: Um, excuse me, but—

Stuart: Pipe down, lady. This is an emergency. Sit your spunky self down and he'll be right with you.

Broney: Hold on for a second. I've got an idea. Sir, you said you were looking for something you could do behind a wall, right?

Stuart: I was being facetious, but yeah, I could live with that.

Broney: *(beckoning Charlotte over)* What kinds of things does the puppet person have to do? Memorize some lines? Do voices? Do you do voices? Accents?

Stuart: I'll do ventriloquy if I don't have to touch anybody.

Charlotte: *(excited)* So you could do our puppets at children's church! All you'd have to do is stay behind a wall and say the lines in different voices.

Stuart: I wouldn't have to greet the children afterward?

Charlotte: Nope. In fact, it's better if you stay out of sight because that makes the puppets more real to the kids.

PURCHASE

Stuart: Oh, wow. That'd be perfect. I could do that. And I was pretty creative as a kid. I kind of liked acting and all that. I'd play by myself for hours, just me and my imagination.

Charlotte reaches out for a hug but thinks better of it as Stuart balks. Suddenly Greg rushes in, between them, addressing Mr. Broney at the counter.

Greg: *(to Mr. Broney)* I'm sorry to bother you again, but I'm going to need to purchase a separate gift of communication. I've got everyone organized in the database, but can't seem to relay the information in a way that everyone understands.

Charlotte: *(to Greg)* I've found the best way to solve that problem is to ask how they like to be notified. Some people do better with e-mail, but others don't even check their e-mail everyday and prefer phone calls.

Greg: Oh, wow. So you have the gift of communication. Maybe you can tell me how to handle telling a new guy that signed up that he might not be right for the greeter job? Apparently, he told off a little old lady who tried to hug him on Sunday.

Stuart's eyes widen and he slips out of Greg's line-of-sight

Broney: Charlotte...maybe you could step in and help Greg figure this all out?

Charlotte: Oh sure. Talking to people is like breathing to me. That'd be no problem at all! How could I not? Stuart here is helping me with my puppet ministry. *(They turn but Stuart has moved to the other side of the room)* Stuart? Oh, well, anyway, he's going to be terrific.

Greg: Come on, let's do some planning. I've got to get everyone notified by tomorrow.

Charlotte: I can even set up a phone bank for you!

Greg: You can?

The two exit chatting excitedly. Stuart glances up and looks relieved to be alone. Mr. Broney approaches.

Broney: So, Stuart. Looks like things are working out for you. You get to play with sock puppets and hide behind a wall.

Stuart: Awesome. So can I get my money back on the people skills? I'm fairly certain the puppets won't need me to make eye contact.

Lights down.