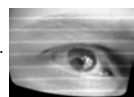


# “Too Much MTV”

by  
**Eddie James**

- What:** This skit shows a person who has been addicted to television, especially MTV. (Themes: Fun, Priorities, Media, Influences)
- Who:** Actor
- When:** Present day
- Why:** Matthew 23:25; Romans 13:14; 1 Corinthians 6:9
- Wear (Props):** A chair and couch.
- How:** Every time a word is in ALL CAPS, it is the name of a band, show or song, current or old. You may have to do some digging around to replace some bands with names you think would be funnier.
- Audience:** High School
- Time:** Approximately 6-8 minutes



*The skit starts with **Actor** seated on couch talking to “doctor,” or addresses audience as if they were the “doctor.”*

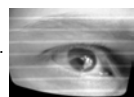
**Actor:** Doc, Doc, you’ve hot to help me! I feel like I’m going nuts. I think I’ve been watching too much MTV. Day in and day out. I’ve called TRL like a gazillion times in the last month. I can’t stop. It’s got a hold of me and I don’t know how to stop. I’m not really N’SYNC the way I used to be. I’m going nuts, ya know, like OINGO BOINGO, BANANARAMA, GO-GO’S, SQUEEZE, WHAM!

I feel it all over my body. I feel it in my LITTLE FEET, in my TALKING HEAD, I feel it in my BLONDIE hair, underneath my FOGHAT. I even feel it in my AFGAHN WIG!

My mind feels like one big SOUNDGARDEN, a continuous HOLE. Please do you have THE CURE? Put me in a SOUL ASYLUM. Call the SPIN DOCTORS... I don’t care! All I know is I feel like there are 10,000 MANIACS running around inside my SIMPLE MIND. I’m giving all my BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS to this, Doc.

You can call the POLICE, put a WARRANT out for my ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT... anything... just help me. Be a PRINCE and help me. I don’t want to RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE if you know what I mean.

So, what do you say, Doc? What’s your CREED? Because I feel like GARBAGE! The JOURNEY I’m on right now just makes me feel like a LIMP BIZKIT! I’m so embarrassed to admit all this makes me feel very small... like a NINE INCH NAIL to be exact.



**Actor:** Do these symptoms STING a bell? (*“Doctor” says something*) What? What is my name? Of course, I know my name... it’s Mister... MR. MISTER. See! I can’t stop myself! (*“Doctor” says something*) What? I’m sorry. Can I spell my name? Sure. (*Calmly*) It’s AC-DC/U2/UB40/REM/RUN-DMC/VH1/10CC/and B-52.

*“Doctor” says something.*

Huh? Have I been eating well? Sure, this morning I had some CRANBERRIES and a BLACKCHERRY, with some RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, and some GIN BLOSSOMS with a touch of SEAL, some BREAD with a bit of HONEY DRIPPERS and CREAM. Then I did something really bad. I had some EVERCLEAR, a few BLIND MELONS, and a HOOTIE AND A BLOWFISH.

*“Doctor” says something.*

I should what? I should disconnect the T.V.?  
Hello! Excuse me, DR. DRE! It’s just not that simple. I mean what would my life be if it was... UNPLUGGED?

I just want to be GINUWINE again. (*“Doctor” says something*) I should join a club? Like the CULTURE CLUB? Or the MÖTLEY CRUE, the GANG OF FOUR, the JACKSON FIVE? How about the COWBOY JUNKIES? I hear they’re a real happenin’ group. What about the BLUES TRAVELERS, or even those smart-aleck BUTTHOLE SURFERS? Wait, I got it... THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY!

What am I thinking? I don’t really like spending a lot of time with my own family. Like my PUFF DADDY, and my DOOBIE BROTHERS, and

