A script from

SkitGuys.com

"Untie the Donkey: Pride"

by
Don Bosley

What Two of the Lord's disciples are sent to fetch the donkey that will carry Jesus into the city. Problem is, the donkeys refuse to be untied—in this case, from their pride. (Note: The *Untie The Donkey* skits can each be played stand-alone, or as a five-week series culminating on or near Palm Sunday.)
Themes: Surrender, Worldliness, Spiritual Bondage, Faithfulness, God's Purposes, Pride, Palm Sunday

Who
Bart
Andy
Frieda
Reader

When Present. More or less.

Wear (Props)
Church chair
Bible
"Hitching post" that says *Pride* on it
Rope

Why Matthew 6:25-34; Matthew 8:18-22; James 4:4; Mark 4:1-20

How The rope is the key piece of imagery, with one end looped around Frieda's neck and the other tied to the hitching post. Liberated from bondage to be used for Christ's purposes, we often tie ourselves right back up again. The untying and retying can be a fun physical schtick that pounds the point. Some troupes have put Bart and Andy in biblical garb to emphasize their disciple identity, but they can also be played in modern-day clothing.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

© Skit Guys, Inc. Only original purchaser is granted photocopy permission. All other rights reserved.
"Skit Guys" is a trademark of Skit Guys, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

PURCHASE SCRIPT TO REMOVE WATERMARK AT SKITGUYS.COM

Frieda is sitting in a church chair or pew, reading her Bible in a prim and proper posture. She has a length of rope looped around her neck, and the other end tied to a hitching post that says Pride.

Reader: "As they approached Jerusalem, Jesus sent two disciples, saying to them, 'Go to the village ahead of you, and at once you will find a donkey tied there, with her colt by her. Untie them and bring them to me. If anyone says anything to you, tell him that the Lord needs them, and he will send them right away."

Bart and Andy enter, not yet seeing Frieda.

Bart: Camels!

Andy: No.

Bart: C'mon, man. There's nothing more biblical than a camel.

Andy: No.

Bart: The Magi rode camels, and *they* were kings!

Andy: *This* king wants a donkey.

Bart: At least, with a camel, you can see over the top of the crowd that's praising you! On a donkey, you're stuck down there looking your subjects in the eye! That's not how it's done, man! The king is supposed to be looking *down* on them.

Andy: The Lord knows what he's doing. He's got a very specific donkey in mind to carry him into the city.

Bart: Right. How's that going, by the way? I haven't met a donkey yet who was willing to be untied from—

Bart stops, noticing Frieda. She continues reading.

Bart: *(whisper to Andy) Hey*, this one's got a Bible! *(pumping his fists)* Jackpot! Let's get this show on the road!

Bart begins to untie the rope from the post.

Frieda: *(looking up kindly)* Good morning! Can I help you?

Bart: You bet you can.

Andy: The Lord told us to come and untie you. He has need of you today.

Frieda: Oh, splendid!

Bart: *(to **Andy**)* Finally! A donkey with some horse sense!

***Bart** begins to walk with the rope, but **Frieda** hasn't budged and he gets yanked back when he reaches the end of the rope. He and **Andy** look at each other, then at **Frieda** with questioning expressions.*

Bart: Um…we should go now. You know, the Lord awaits…?

Frieda: I'm so excited he chose me. Now…how do you think he'll be using me?

Andy: Um…beg pardon?

Frieda: I say, *how* do you think he'll be using me?

Andy: He…wants to ride in on your back and take the city.

Frieda: Oh, how wonderful.

***Frieda** takes the rope back and ties it back to the post. **Andy** and **Bart** look puzzled.*

Andy: Is there…something wrong?

Frieda: You know, I should probably mention, it's really not my strength, though.

Bart: Your…strength?

Frieda: Carrying the Lord on my back. *Physical labor.* We could probably get some gentlemen from the young adult ministry to do that. *(smile)* Oh, no. I really think my…*gifting*…would be better utilized if I were …well, an event coordinator of sorts.

Bart: You…want to be event coordinator…for the Triumphal Entry?

Frieda: Oh, all right, since you asked! *(standing, taking rope from post and handing end to Bart).* Now: let me share with you my vision for this landmark moment in biblical history.

Andy: I think the Lord might already have *his* vision for—

Frieda: The pinnacle, of course, is a lavish celebrity dinner with a Mediterranean theme. Invite everyone. BYOP—Bring Your Own Palm! *(laugh, snort)* But! Even more than that *(leading **Bart** around by the rope as she speaks)* …I think an event of this magnitude needs its own YouTube channel. We could put together a whole Triumphal Entry prequel and run it in a loop on multiple screens in the temple court, as people are coming to exchange their money. Wouldn't that be festive?!

Andy: A…a prequel?

PURCHASE SCRIPT TO REMOVE WATERMARK AT SKITGUYS.COM

PURCHASE SCRIPT TO REMOVE WATERMARK AT SKITGUYS.COM

Bart: I got news for you, sister *(nodding to Bible)* I think you're reading the prequel.

Frieda: Advance publicity, that's the key. *(leading him some more)* Twitter campaign. Radio drive time. I play tennis with the president of the Jerusalem Television Network, I'll see if I can't finagle a 30-second spot out of him.

Andy: *(grabbing ahold of the rope with **Bart**, trying to gently lead her)* I think the Lord is looking for something a little simpler today. He just wants a humble donkey to ride upon, to accomplish his purposes.

Frieda: *(clicking her fingers)* Ah! How about *this*? I ride into the city on *his* back! *(pulling away, yanking them off their feet)* Oh, yes, wouldn't *that* be a statement! Let's face it: He's much stronger than I am, anyway. If I ride in on his back, then it looks like I'm relying on him, which, in retrospect, is probably a visual he would want to convey in any case. *(beginning to tie rope to the post again)* And so then, when we get there, after the pyrotechnics show but before the King David tribute band, we could have a comedian warm up the crowd… "So this Pharisee walks into a bar," that kind of thing. Oh, I've got to write some of this down!

***Frieda** sits back in her pew and begins writing on the church bulletin, using the Bible as a hard surface.*

Bart: Don't you want to serve the Lord?

Frieda: Silly! What do you think I'm doing?

***Frieda** continues to write feverishly. **Bart** and **Andy** stand watching her, agape.*

Bart: What just happened?

Andy: I'm…I'm not sure.

Bart: We had her…didn't we have her? Why's she back there tied up to her pride?

Andy: She never really left it, I think. When you serve the Lord on your own terms, it's no longer him that you're serving.

Bart: Aw, come on, man! How hard is it?! Can't any of these dumb donkeys just *listen* to what the Lord wants…and *try* to do it…and just *trust* him that he's going to make it all work out?! I mean, she had a Bible and everything!

Andy: *(as they exit)* Perhaps she hasn't read that far yet.

Lights fade.

PURCHASE SCRIPT TO REMOVE WATERMARK AT SKITGUYS.COM