

A script from



“Weeds”

by
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- What** When hearing that Jesus is coming through their modern day suburban neighborhood, Pete, Sal, and Jack are more concerned about the state of their yards than the state of their hearts- which have more in common than they know. Themes: Gospel, Humor, Summer, Human Heart, Sin, Salvation, Neighbors, Hypocrisy
- Who** Pete (middle-aged man)
Sal (his middle-aged neighbor)
Jack (his middle-aged neighbor)
Jesus
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Small grill and a pair of grill tongs
Pruning shears or weed clippers
Wagon containing some potted plants
*This scene takes place outdoors; feel free to add any items that would add to this effect
- Why** Matthew 7:3-5
- How** The three separate yards should be implied by the space each character maintains. They should not cross “yards” until the end, when Jack and Sal enter Sal’s “house.” Whenever not engaging in dialogue, Pete should tinker with the grill, Sal should continue clipping (implied) weeds with his shears, and Jack should continue packing (implied) soil around the potted plants. The actors should feel comfortable playing up their respective character’s quirks and weaknesses.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

Pete is attending to a grill on what is presumably his back deck. Sal, a neighbor, enters from one side, remaining in his own yard.

Sal: Hey! (*Waves; Pete waves back*) A bit late to be firing up the grill, isn't it? Something going on?

Pete: Yup. We're having an impromptu neighborhood barbecue. Jesus is coming through.

Sal: Well, thanks for the invitation, but there's a game I really want to catch, so I think I'll— (*stops and does an obvious double-take*) WHO did you say is coming through?

Pete: Jesus.

Sal: Jesus. You mean, *the* Jesus? Like, raise-the-dead, God-in-the-flesh Jesus? That one?

Pete: That's the one.

Sal: Wait a minute. You're telling me you're having a cookout—for Jesus—here?

Pete: Sure. He's into parties. His first miracle was at a party.

Sal: No, I mean, you're having it here? You mean He's going to see my yard?

Pete: Well, yeah.

Sal: And you weren't going to warn me? (*Looking around his yard, panicking*) I've got to get working! I've got weeds everywhere... where's my shears?

Sal finds them in the yard and bends down to pick them up; meanwhile, another neighbor, Jack, enters from the other side.

Jack: What's going on?

Sal: Jesus is coming through—

Jack: Jesus??

Sal: —and Pete's having a party for him. Right here. On his patio.

Jack: What? Jesus is going to see my yard?

Sal: That's exactly what I said! (*Begins "cutting" with the shears.*)

- Jack:** You couldn't have...oh, I don't know... warned a guy or something? I haven't been out here in weeks!
- Pete:** I just told you. Sorry, guys, but it's not my fault you haven't kept your yards up.
- Jack:** Great. *(Mutters to himself as he hurries offstage, presumably to get his own tools)*
- Pete:** *(To Sal)* What are you doing?
- Sal:** What does it look like? I'm weeding.
- Pete:** With scissors?
- Sal:** They're not scissors, they're pruning shears.
- Pete:** Are you crazy? Don't you know anything about weeds?
- Sal:** I know they won't look good for Jesus.
- Pete:** They have roots, Sal. Roots. That means you can hack the top off, but the problem is still there.
- Sal:** Well, He won't be looking that closely. The party's in your yard, remember?
- Pete:** Look, I can lend you my weed-puller...
- Sal:** It would take days to dig all the weeds up by the roots. I don't have days. But I do have scissors. *(Stops and shakes his head)* Shears.
- Pete:** That's why you're supposed to do a little bit every day. Maintenance.
- Sal:** You know, I've heard of it.
- Pete:** And now you're going to have a worse problem. By just lopping the tops off, you're also spreading the seeds.
- Sal:** I'll deal with it tomorrow.
- Jack:** *(Returning with a wheelbarrow containing a shovel and several plants)* Pete, mind your own business. Or, give us a hand instead of running your mouth.
- Pete:** Are you kidding? I've got enough to do here! If I have any time after prepping the food, I've got to trim that tree back.

Sal: I don't know why you won't just remove it. The thing's full of disease. The tree guy said—

Pete: Sal, I know what the tree guy said. Right now the priority is having some shade.

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ENDING:

Jesus: Your tree, in the corner. Do you see the canker...that discoloration on the side?

Pete: Oh. Well, I didn't think it was that big of an issue...

Jesus: If you don't remove it, it could infect your whole neighborhood—if it hasn't already.

Pete: But it...it looks fine.

Jesus: Sure, for now. But with this kind of infection, it's certainly rotted through on the inside. *(Turning to look directly at Pete)* Shouldn't you get that rotting tree out of your own yard before you try to get the weeds out of everyone else's?

Pete: *(Stammering)* I'll—I can take care of it tomorrow. I'm a good gardener, I have all the tools. Of course, I'll have to find someone who knows something about wood, but...

Jesus: No, Pete, you can't do it yourself. Something this size and this diseased will kill you if it goes the wrong way.

Pete: Right. Of course, you're right. *(He takes a deep breath)* I need help. Jesus... will you help me?

Jesus: Of course I will. Go call your neighbors. We'll make it a party.

They exit. Lights fade.