

A script from



“Your Neighbor”

by
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- What** An everyday guy mulls over the difference between him and his church going neighbors. (Themes: Church, Reaching out, Holy huddle, Being real, Feeling Lost)
- Who** Guy
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** Bath robe
Pajamas
Coffee mug
Sunday paper
- Why** Acts 8:25-35
- How** One goal is to make this guy as normal and everyday as possible. He’s not bitter, he’s confused. He’s not anti-church, he just doesn’t know anything about it. Another goal is to not alienate your audience. The subject matter of this skit is convicting enough without pointing a finger at them.
- Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

Guy, walks out in bathrobe carrying a coffee mug. He's looking for his Sunday newspaper.

Guy: Alright, Sunday paper, where are you? Where did the paperboy throw you this time? Uh oh, find the paper before the Nicholsons see you. Find the paper... There's the paper. Now get back inside before Don sees me... Too late. (*Waves*) Hey Don, hey Cathy! How are you? Going to church? Of course you are, where else would you be going at this time of hour on a Sunday? Unless it's Krispy Kreme® but you probably wouldn't be dressed up with Bibles in hand. (*Lame laugh*) Ok, I'm just going to shut up now. Have a good time at church. (*Under his breath, but smiling and waving*) Get in your car. Drive away. I feel like such a dork. (*Waving at imaginary car*) The kids in the back are laughing at the guy in the bathrobe. Laugh it up kids, laugh it up. Going... going... gone. (*To audience*) The Nicholsons. Don, Cathy, and their two kids. They are great people... at least I think they are.

We do what good people would do when living next to one another. When they leave for vacation, I check their mail and feed the dog, and vice versa. This is the scene I try to avoid every Sunday morning. Me looking outside on my front porch waving to them as they drive off to church. I've tried to time this, too. They never get to church on time so I still have no idea what time their services even start. Don't get me wrong, they are great people... at least I think they are.

We talk about things: Don and I will talk about the (*Local sports team and how well they are or aren't doing*), stocks, the weather, how my lawn is superior to his lawn. I try to tell him it's not fertilizer, weed-killer, nothing like that. It's a thing called water. He's slow, but he's catching on.

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