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“Your Choice”

by
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What In this skit, a Human is met by Death, and must choose between Money, Stuff, Selfish Pleasure, or Truth to go with her, or to travel alone.

Themes: Love of Money, Materialism, Pride, Selfishness, Death, Truth

Who Death
Money
Stuff
Selfish Pleasure
Truth
Human

When The end of Human’s life

**Wear
(Props)** Actors should be dressed in black and wearing signs that identify them as STUFF, MONEY, SELFISH PLEASURE, and TRUTH. Death and Human are not wearing signs.

The stage is simple with five chairs arranged in a semi-circle.

Why John 11:26, John 14:6

How Bolded words should be said with emphasis. Death is pompous, Money is bitter, Stuff is tired, Selfish Pleasure is too friendly, Truth is a like a Jewish rabbi, and Human is all of us.

This would be appropriate at a regular service or for use with a youth group or on a retreat.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Stage is dark. When lights rise, **Death** is seated stage center while **Stuff, Money, Selfish Pleasure** and **Truth** sit in chairs on either side.

Human stumbles in.

Human: *(looking back)* Stop pushing me. I'm not ready to go.

Death stands and offers to shake **Human's** hand.

Death: Welcome.

Human: *(drawing back)* Who are you?

Death: *(proudly)* I am Death and I'm here for you.

Human: *(fearfully)* This is the end?

Death: It's the end of your life on Earth.

Human: *(pointing to those in chairs)* Who are they?

Death: You get to take one friend with you when you leave. The only catch is... the friend must be willing to go with you.

Stuff waves.

Stuff: Hey! Hope you don't mind if I don't get up. I'm feeling a bit overstuffed.

Human: *(points to **Stuff's** feet)* Those are my extra special, super-duper, very expensive running shoes. Are you my stuff?

Stuff: I am.

Human: We spent lots of time together. Will you go with me?

Stuff: The thing about me is that, while you spent your whole life collecting me, arranging me and holding on to me, you can't take me with you.

Human: You aren't much of a friend, then, if you won't go along.

Stuff: Who said I was your friend? I may have made **you** feel all warm and fuzzy, but you threw away most of what I offered. Trust me, the warm feeling wasn't mutual. *(Struggles to feet and leaves)*

Human: *(points to **Money**)* Hey, I know you.

Money: *(stands)* You should. You spent a lot of time thinking about me, but you never appreciated me.

Human: What do you mean?

Money: You **used** me. Either you made me work for you or gave me away when you wanted Stuff (*points offstage*). I always dreamed of being used for good. That's where my true talents lie. I'm not going with you. I can't do any good where you are going.

Human: You sound all judgy.

Money: No, mostly, I'm sad. Almost everyone treats me the same way. (*leaves*)

Human: (*turns to **Selfish Pleasure***) I don't recognize you.

SP: You should. We had some good times together. (*Stands up, walks over and buddy hugs **Human***)

Human: (*drawing back from embrace*) We did?

SP: Sure, we did. Dancing, drinking, partying, rabble-rousing. We did it all.

Human: I don't remember ever meeting anyone called Selfish Pleasure.

SP: That's because you always called me Sweet. Don't you remember? Whenever we were together, you always said, and I quote, "This is SWEET!"

Human: (*looking off and smiling*) Oh, yeah. It's all coming back to me, now. (*enthusiastically*) Remember that party on the fourth of July when...

SP: (*interrupts*) I don't think we want to talk about that here.

Human: Still, it was...

Together: SWEET! (*they high five*)

Death: Time grows short and, as much as you want to, you can't take Selfish Pleasure along. His place is here on Earth. (*looks at **Selfish Pleasure** and points off-stage*) Shoo! (***Selfish Pleasure** leaves*)

Human: At least he liked me. Now there's only one person left. And I don't recognize him at all.

Truth: (*stands*) I would have been **pleased** to be your friend.

Human: Well, why weren't you, then?

Truth: Your other friends always got in the way.

Human: You sound friendly. Will you go with me?

Truth: I can't go with you, now. It's too late.

Human: Why?

Truth: Because, although you knew me when you were young, you moved on and left me behind.

Human: *(indignant)* A good friend would have come after me.

Truth: I did. Lots of times. But the older you got, the harder it was to get your attention.

Human: Wait. Your name is Truth and I told the truth. In fact, my family said I was too truthful.

Truth: You were.

Human: That's proof that I knew you. I knew Truth.

Truth: Nope! You knew the lying imposter: Pride. Pride is crazy. *(makes circling-crazy sign with hands)* He tells you to say mean things disguised as truth. There is no room for Pride when you spend time with me.

Human: I didn't know.

Truth: *(shaking head)* Another lie. You did know. Your Sunday School teachers read to you from my book. And your parents and grandparents taught you about me as well. You let our relationship die when you started schmoozing with those guys *(points offstage)*.

Human: Wait! Is your book the Bible?

Truth: Yes, and here's one of my favorite things I ever said about me: Anyone who lives and believes in me shall never die. *(Points to HUMAN)* Anyone. That's **you**, isn't it? Which means believing in me is your choice.

Human: But I do believe in you.

Truth: Nah, you believe I exist. You don't believe **in** me. If you did, then every time a difficulty came along you would have trusted in me to take care of you. You spent your whole life being self-sufficient. Now, when you need me the most, you have no real idea who I am.

Human: *(frightened but vehement)* No. I always believed you would take me to heaven when I die.

Truth: Yep. There's that putz, Pride, again. You believed a lie. Here's another one of my favorite things I said about me: **I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.**

Death: *(turning to Human)* It's time to go. *(Death pushes Human in front of him and exits)*

Human: *(as they are leaving)* No! I'm not ready. I don't want to go alone.

Death: That's what they all say.

Truth: *(looks after them shaking his head)* I hate it when it ends this way. One thing's for sure. I'll never stop trying to change it.

Exits.

TO

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