

# I Am God Skit # 4

The Way God Likes It.

Kevin Lee

Performers × 7

Deacon

Reverend/Narrator

Mr Baker

Mr Smeaton

Mrs King

Mr Belmont

Mr Clayton

(Congregation are milling about in Church after the Service is over.)

Dea. 'Mister Baker?'

Bak. 'Hello Deacon.'

Dea. 'You're new here aren't you?'

Bak. 'Yes. I just started coming last week.'

Dea. 'Well, you have to wear black shoes to Church.'

Bak. 'Who says.'

Dea. 'I says! I'll just write you out a warning this time...Next time it's a fine.'

(Writing in Infringement Notice Book, and handing Ticket to Baker.)

Bak. 'But I always wear brown shoes?'

Dea. 'Not anymore you don't....Everyone else wears black here..So you will too.'

Bak. 'But?..What difference does it make?'

Dea. 'Just conform Mister Baker....I'll tell you what you can and can't wear, and you just conform....Because that's the way God likes it...Good day.'

Bak. (Looks at his shoes and walks away.)

Dea. 'Hello Smeaton.'

Sme. 'Deacon.'

Dea. 'Your tie's undone?'

Sme. 'Yes. (Laughing) I thought now that Church is over we can loosen up a little.' (Laughing)

Dea. 'You thought wrong...Church isn't over 'til you're driving home.'

Sme. 'I'll remember that.' (Starts walking away.)

Dea. 'Smeaton?'

Sme. 'Yes?'

Dea. 'Your tie!'

Sme. 'Come on man!'

Dea. (Takes out Infringement Notice Book.)

Sme. (Quickly ties knot in tie.)

Dea. 'That's better....Just the way God likes it....Mrs King!'

Kin. 'Yes..Hello Deacon.'

Dea. 'Your stockings?'

Kin. 'I'm not wearing any.'

Dea. 'I can see that....But you have to wear stockings to Church.'

Kin. 'Oh...I'm very sorry Deacon...I do read the Bible, but I must have missed that part.'

Dea. (Writing Infringement Notice.) 'This is just a warning...See it doesn't happen again.'

Kin. 'Yes Deacon...And I'll read the Ten Commandments again this week...But I'll read them more carefully...Sorry.'

Dea. 'Belmont!'

Bel. 'Deacon...My friend.'

Dea. 'You're wearing jeans to Church?'

Bel. 'Yes...Rather smart aren't they?'

Dea. 'A dark suit and tie are the proper attire.'

Bel. 'For a funeral!'

Dea. 'Don't be a smart Alec.'

Bel. 'I didn't know we wore a uniform.'

Dea. 'It's not a uniform...It's what's considered appropriate.'

Bel. 'But why can't I wear what I want to wear?'

Dea. 'You can...At home....But this is the Church not your home.'

Bel. 'And what colour underwear can I wear?'

Dea. (Takes out Infringement Notice Book and Belmont scurries away.)

Rev. 'Hello Deacon...Not harassing the Congregation again I hope?' (Laughing.)

Dea. (Looking stern.)

Rev. 'Only joking!'

Dea. 'Your socks Sir?'

Rev. 'Oh?..Different colours...I got up at three o'clock to pray for the Service today...And I got dressed in the dark..Silly me.'

Dea. 'Yes...Silly you...I'll only make it a Twenty' (Writing in Infringement Notice Book.)

Rev. 'Oh...Come on Man!...I was praying and asking God's blessing on..'

Dea. 'Well...If you were listening to God instead of doing all the talking...He would have told you that you weren't properly dressed.'

Rev. 'Come on Man?'

Dea. 'Is that a button undone on your shirt?'

Rev. (Pulls his jacket together and walks away.)

Clay. 'Hello Deacon.'

Dea. 'Hello Mister Clayton....A little birdie told me you don't read your Bible every day?'

Clay. 'Did she...The Hag.'

Dea. 'You must read at least one chapter every morning...And one chapter every night.'

Clay. 'Every day?'

Dea. 'Yes.'

Clay. 'But I play it on my car stereo on the way to work...About six chapters every day...I thought that would give me a credit for the other days?'

Dea. 'Daily.'

Clay. 'Every day?'

Dea. (Writing in Infringement Notice Book.) 'Just a warning...I'm starting a

Bible Reading Plan for the Church...And we'll have Instant Bible Quizes...And if you don't pass...' (Waves the Infringement Notice Book in front of Clayton's face.)

Clay. 'Are we becoming Jehovah's Witnesses?...They have to do so many hours door-knocking every week.'

Dea. 'Hmmm...I hadn't thought of that...Good idea Clayton!...Mrs Smith!...Holdup...Mrs Smith...Did you brush your hair properly this morning?...One hundred brush strokes I've told you....Don't pretend you didn't hear me!...Mrs Smith...' (Deacon walks away.)

End

Narrator. 'Why did you start attending Church?..Was it to be beaten into submission?..To have your character and individuality stolen from you?..And to be forced into conformity?..The Lord created each one of us individually, and He treats us as individuals, not as a mob of goats all looking exactly the same...If you will just be your unique self, all day every day, in Church and out of Church, you are being the person the Lord created you to be. And that will please Him more than watching you try to be just like everyone else.'

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