

Free-will skits

#1-10



Kevin Lee

www.therescueshop.org

Free-will skits

Page

1. Is there a doctor in the house?	2.
2. No such thing as a free lunch	5.
3. Putting the car before the horse	9.
4. Trolley full of bargains	12.
5. Three's a crowd	15.
6. What's in a name	17.
7. Fun and games	19.
8. Round seven	22.
9. Come one, come all	25.
10. Giving a dog a bad name	28.

Cover illustration by Betidraws from Pixabay.

Free Will Skit #1

Is there a Doctor in the house?

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Constance/Narrator
Penny

Props

Pushchair

(Penny is pushing a pushchair when she sees Constance coming and turns to cross the road, but she's spotted.)

Con. "Oh, Penny Darling...Hello?"

Pen. "Oh...Ah...Constance...How are you?"

Con. "Revved up!...Just off for the morning exercise."

Pen. (Looking in pushchair) "So, you've got little David there?"

Con. (Proudly) "Yes...Our little pride and joy!"

Pen. "Is he going to follow in Daddy's footsteps and be a Banker when he grows up?"

Con. "No...He's going to be a Doctor."

Pen. "A Doctor?"

Con. "Yes!"

Pen. "How do you know that?"

Con. "Because we've decided he is!"

Pen. "Does *he* get a say in this?"

Con. "Of course...He's allowed to say, 'Yes'...or even, 'Yes, thank you.'"

Pen. "But?..."

Con. "We've already filled out all his enrolments up to Medical School."

Pen. "Lucky boy!...Have you decided who he's going to marry as well?"

Con. "Not decided...But we do have a couple of girls in mind...We'll see how their families do first...of

course!"

Pen. "Hmm...And have you decided how many children he's going to have too?"

Con. "We're not running his life for him you know?...But a pigeon pair will be more than ample."

Pen. "Really?"

Con. "Yes...Annie and Mitchell will be our only two grandchildren."

Pen. "So...You've already named them?"

Con. "Tentatively...He'll have to agree of course...which he will!"

Pen. "So will your grandchildren be Doctors too?"

Con. "No...Mitchell will be a Lawyer...and Annie will be a Psychologist."

Pen. "And how many children will they be having?"

Con. "Penny darling...You're jumping the gun a little, aren't you?"

Pen. "Yes...I suppose I am...So, how do you know he won't end up being some thug who runs a gang of crooks, and has illegitimate children all over the country?"

Con. "Because he won't be allowed to."

Pen. "Why not?"

Con. "Because Mummy and Daddy know best of course!"

Pen. "Hmmm?"

Con. "Well...I'd better go...We're going to look at a building for his Medical Practice this afternoon."

Pen. "Isn't it a bit early for that?...I mean...He's only one year old?"

Con. "No...We'll get a long-term lease...and use it to store our winter furniture in the meantime."

Pen. "Hmmm?"

Con. "And what about your children?...What will they be when they grow up?...Doctors?"

Pen. "No...Don't think so...Little Tommy is always hammering away at his blocks...I think he'll be a builder or something."

Con. "A builder?...No! No! No!...Coming home at all hours with dirty clothes...and sunburnt...No!..He can do better than that...What about a Doctor?"

Pen. "Don't think so"

Con. "I've got a friend at Medical School...I can get some strings pulled for you if you like?"

Pen. "No!...Don't think so."

Con. "I'll make enquiries this afternoon."

Pen. "You don't need to."

Con. "I know that...But I will...just to help...And...Oh!"

Pen. "What?"

Con. "There's a building coming up for lease right next to the one we're looking at today...I'll make enquiries about that too."

Pen. "Hmmm!"

Con. "You can store your Winter furniture there too."

Pen. "We don't have any winter furniture..."

Con. "No winter furniture?...Oh my...that's dreadful!...My poor Penny!...Well, I know this lovely furniture maker...he'll make some for you...Very expensive of course...but with a son who's going to be a doctor, you'll be able to afford it!"

Pen. "I was afraid you'd say that!"

Con. "Must run now...Bye Darling!"

Pen. "Bye...Oh, my!...Oh, my!..."

Nar. "Free-will is given to every person by the Lord...to give them the right to make all the choices in their own lives...Mummy and Daddy can't decide your future for you...because they are only given the right to decide their own futures...We can choose to do good or evil in our lives...and the Lord will not stop us because He has given us the FREEDOM to choose either. But, we will all have to answer for the choices we have made, so we must use our Free-will wisely."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free Will Skit #2

No such thing as a free lunch

Kevin Lee

Performers

Constance/Narrator

Penny

Waiter

Props

2 Chairs

Table

Menu

(Penny is walking on a street and sees Constance coming. She turns to avoid her, but she's spotted.)

Con. "Penny Darling...Hello!...Over here!?"

Pen. "Constance."

Con. "What are you doing in town?"

Pen. "Oh...I'm just off to get some lunch."

Con. "Lunch?...So am I...Come and lunch with me and I'll pay...It'll be my treat."

Pen. "Really?"

Con. "Yes!"

Pen. "Well...in that case...yes, thank you."

Con. "Here we are, Leopolds...have you been here before?"

Pen. "No...It's a tad expensive for us."

(Waiter enters and hands them a menu each)

Con. "Oh...Martin and myself wouldn't go anywhere else..." (looking at the menu). "So, what soup would you like?"

Pen. "I'm thinking about the Miso..."

Con. "Seaweed?...Come on, get a life...No! No!...Smells like old socks and tastes even worse...Why not try the Bacon Hock soup it's divine..."

Pen. "But I like Miso."

Con. "No you don't...we'll find you something better..Yes, bacon hock'"

Pen. "But I'm a vegetarian...I don't like..."

Con. "You'll like *this* one...Chef does it magnificently!...Try it for me."

Pen. "But I don't like..."

Con. "Fiddlesticks...Everyone loves it...And what about a main?..."

Pen. "Um...Spinach and Feta stuffed potatoes with..."

Con. "No! No!...I don't think so...The Alpaca steak here is superb...or there's Ostrich...Or even Crocodile if you're feeling adventurous..."

Pen. "But I'm a vegetarian?"

Con. "Not today you aren't...We'll get you a nice Ostrich steak!...With veges of course...and you can play vegetarian tomorrow."

Pen. "But I'm a vegetarian...I don't eat meat."

Con. "Waiter...Could we please have the Bacon Hock soup for my friend...and as a main the Ostrich steak...And for myself...the *usual* as *usual*..." (waiter and Constance both laugh). "Thank you."

(Waiter laughs and takes menus away)

Pen. "Oh my."

Con. "Well...This is lovely isn't it?...We were lucky to get a table...Are you hungry Darling?"

Pen. "I was..."

Con. "Don't worry...Chef does the best ostrich steak in the country...and so rare it will run away if you don't keep your fork stuck in it." (laughing).

Pen. "Perfect."

Con. "Did I tell you about our latest trip to Europe?"

Pen. "No...I don't think you did."

Con. "Oh...It was an adventure!...We even roughed it and stayed two nights at a Shepherd's hut in the Alps...It was so primitive...No servants or champagne...Now I know how the Peasants live...It was good to get back to civilization, I can tell you!"

Pen. "I bet it was."

Con. "And Martin got on a pair of skis!...He is *such* a dreadful skier...I don't know why I don't ban him from the slopes...And I hit the slopes once or twice...and *everyone* commented on my style...as usual."

Pen. (Smiles)

Con. "Was I wearing my chartreuse ski suit...or my rose one?...I can't recall...But I was the Belle of the slopes anyway."

Pen. "I'm sure you were."

Con. "Our lunch should be here soon Darling."

Pen. "Yum."

Con. "Do you ski often Darling?"

Pen. "No...Never."

Con. "Never Skied?...You'll have to come with me sometime...a girl's trip South...It'll be my treat."

Pen. "I don't like the cold."

Con. "Fiddlesticks...Get kitted out and you'll be warm as toast...I'll buy you a nice chartreuse ski suit."

Pen. "I don't wear chartreuse..."

Con. "Yes...you'll look good in Chartreuse...What size are you?"

Pen. "I've forgotten."

Con. "C'mon don't be coy...Oh! Here's our soup...Get ready for a sensation."

Pen. "I am."

Con. "For our ski trip?...I'm free the second of August till the eighth...so we'll plan it for then...Oh, I'm looking forward to it!...Are you Darling?"

Pen. "As much as I'm looking forward to lunch."

Con. (Enthusiastically). "Me too!...Now...we won't be staying in a Shepherd's hut...I can promise you that...Expensive, but...Oh my...the views are to die for..."

Pen. "I'm sure they are...But I could just take your word for it?"

Con. "Fiddlesticks...It's the type of holiday you'll always remember!"

Pen. (Under her breath). "Always regret..."

Con. "Pardon?...I missed that..."

Pen. "Oh my!...Oh my!"

Nar. "The Lord gave us free-will to allow us to think and decide for ourselves...Whenever someone else makes a decision for you, they have taken away your free-will, and that puts them *out* of the Will of God...We all have the right to choose what we eat, what we wear, and where we go...We weren't made to be robots in God's control or anyone else's...We were created, then set free, to be free."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free-will skit #3

Putting the car before the horse

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Constance/Narrator
Penny

Props

Chairs x 2

(Penny sees Constance coming and tries to cross the street pretending she hasn't seen her.)

Con. "Penny Darling!...Yoohoo?"

Pen. "Connie!...Um...hello."

Con. "I wasn't expecting to see you in town today."

Pen. "Our car's playing up...So I'm just off to buy another one."

Con. "How lovely!...Can I come with you?" (pleading). "Pleease?...Pleease?...I just adore the smell of leather upholstery in new cars...Mmmm."

Pen. "It won't be new actually...And it won't have leather upholstery unless they're putting it in Toyotas for free..."

Con. "But Darling...It *must* have leather seats...Penny Darling...sounds like you need my help...I'm an absolute wizard with sums...I'll get you a bargain."

Pen. (Under her breath). "I was afraid you'd say that."

Con. "Pardon?"

Pen. "Oh...Nothing."

Con. "Here we are...Humphreys Euros."

Pen. "European?"

Con. "Yes...Of course!"

Pen. "Jim says it has to be a Toyota...because you can buy parts for them from any corner dairy...just about..."

Con. "Well...Jim's about to take a step or two up the ladder...and he'll thank me for it one day."

Pen. "I don't know?"

Con. "Now what are we looking for?...An Auto with leather seats..."

Pen. "No...A Manual..."

Con. "Penny Darling...Did I hear you right?...A Manual?...This is 2026, not 1826!"

Pen. "Jim says Economy is the priority...so it has to be a Manual because..."

Con. (Interrupting). "Why doesn't Jim get himself a horse and cart, if he wants economy?...Or a pushbike?...No!...We'll find you a nice little Auto."

Pen. "But I don't want an Auto..."

Con. "Fiddlesticks...just trust me!" (Enthusiastically). "Oh...Just look at this one, Metallic blue...Oh!"

Pen. "But I want white."

Con. "Do you know what *this* colour says?"

Pen. "Yes...It says, SECOND MORTGAGE...in capitals!"

Con. "No...it says, I've *made* it....just try to keep up with me...If you can!"

Pen. "But it costs nearly as much as our house?"

Con. "Yes...your house...I've been meaning to talk to you about that...I think it's time we toured the Real Estate offices too..."

Pen. "But Jim says..."

Con. "Where is Jim by the way?"

Pen. "He's at work..."

Con. "Exactly...So we're making the decisions today...and we've decided an Auto with leather upholstery...And if you buy *this* one...Jim will overtake everything else on the road...and he'll get to work early...So he'll do more work and get paid more...And you'll probably make money on it..." (looking pleased with herself).

Pen. (Under her breath). "I was afraid you'd say that."

Con. "Pardon?"

Pen. (smiles).

Con. (Putting her head in the window). "Oh!...Just smell that interior...It's heaven!"

Pen. "Definitely smells of second mortgage!"

Con. "Well...I have a nose for a bargain...and *this* is today's one."

Pen. "But it costs so much?"

Con. "And a bargain at that!...Hop in and try it..."

(Penny sits on a seat).

Pen. "But how do I change gear?"

Con. "I do hope you're joking?"

Pen. "Well...No I'm not."

Con. "*This* is why they should ban *all* Manuals...and make everybody drive proper cars...Here...I'll get in beside you, and give you a driving lesson."

(Constance sits on a seat, beside Penny).

Pen. "But which one's the gear lever?"

Con. "Gosh...You and Jim were born two centuries too late...Now, please...don't hit any of these other cars or you'll have to sell your children into slavery to pay for them...Just start the car with your foot on the brake, then move it to the accelerator...and slowly accelerate..."

Pen. "But it's not in gear yet?"

Con. "I do hope you're joking?...I'll go and ask if they've got a car you can pedal."

Pen. "Oh my!...Oh my!"

Con. "Now just do as I say and you'll drive into the 21st Century...in style."

Nar. "To some people *economy* is the most important thing about a car, to others it's *style*...And we should make our desire our priority when we buy one, or we will always be dissatisfied...There's a reason for the choices we make, and when we accept second-best, it isn't a choice, it's defaulting...The Lord wants us to have whatever is important to us, because free-will gives us the power to choose that...No-one else has the right to choose what car we drive or how we like our coffee...When Adam named that big grey animal an Elephant in the Garden Of Eden, the Lord accepted that as its name and it always will be an Elephant...And when you make *economy* the priority in a car, He accepts that, and you should make sure your friends do as well."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free Will Skit #4

Trolley full of bargains

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Constance/Narrator
Penny

Props

Shopping trolleys x 2

(Penny pushing a trolley, sees Constance pushing one and tries to turn away to avoid her).

Con. "Oh...Penny Darling?"

Pen. "...Oh...Constance"

Con. "Well...You did tell me you were shopping today...So I thought I'd come too...and we can shop together."

Pen. "Really?"

Con. "Yes...I've a nose for a bargain...I can help you budget."

Pen. (Muffled) "That's what I was afraid of."

Con. "Pardon?"

Pen. "Oh...Nothing."

Con. "Good...Here we are...Meat...A good place to start...Now what are you after for that ravenous horde of yours?"

Pen. "I was thinking Sausages."

Con. "Sausages?"

Pen. "Yes!"

Con. "Do you know what Sausages are made from?"

Pen. "Sausage meat?"

Con. "You wish!...And the rest of it...No, that's where the eyes, and ears, and feet, and unmentionables, and all the other paraphernalia end up!"

Pen. "In Sausages?"

Con. "Yes..." (whispering). "A friend of mine heard it, from a friend of a friend, who works in a Butchers shop."

Pen. "No?"

Con. "Yes!"

Pen. "They wouldn't do that."

Con. "They do...We'll get you something better than ears and eyeballs...Ah here...steak!"

Pen. "But look at the price of it?...I can't afford that!"

Con. "Fiddlesticks...When your Jim eats this he'll be twice as strong...and he'll do twice as much work...and he'll earn twice as much...So...You'll actually make money on it..."

Pen. "Oh...No!"

Con. "And what else Darling?"

Pen. "Peanut butter."

Con. "Yes...here...The only one I buy!"

Pen. "But that's the expensive one?"

Con. "Yes...But you only get what you pay for...And *this* is worth paying the extra for..."

Pen. "Oh...My!"

Con. (Looking Penny up and down). "Penny Darling...You wear those same clothes every week. How old are they?"

Pen. "I was born in them."

Con. "Very funny!...But you'll die in them if I don't help you."

Pen. "No...These are just fine...They fit me perfectly."

Con. "Well....They look like they grew on you...You'll probably have to shave them off...We can go fashion shopping *together*."

Pen. "I can't afford fashion...I like comfy and practical."

Con. "Fiddlesticks...Every woman can afford fashion...Comfy and practical are for farmers wives."

Pen. "No...Really...There's no need...Jim says..."

Con. "If Jim likes them, he can wear them...But you're not looking like an orphan around me...There are only two places I shop at for style...It's my little secret...But I'll take you on a shopping expedition there."

Pen. "But I like my clothes!"

Con. "I've been thinking of giving classes in Home Budgeting...How would you like to be the first to sign up?...You can profit from my wisdom."

Pen. "I've already learned from it today."

Con. "Yes...You have!...So you'll be the first to enrol...It will absolutely change your life.."

Pen. (Quietly). "If there's any change left?"

Con. "Pardon?"

Pen. "Oh my!...What will Jim say?"

Con. "Now...What else do you need Penny Darling?"

Pen. "I need a Money Tree."

Con. "Very funny...C'mon we'll walk around the aisles and see what else tickles our fancy."

(They move off.)

Nar. "Every family has its flavour in the kitchen...To some it's curry, to others it's herbs...Some love spicy, others prefer bland...Some make sweet, others make sour...If someone else does your shopping for you, you'll end up with tins and packets of things you will never use, because that is *their* taste, not yours...It's about choice, and choice is a personal thing, because the Lord wanted each of us to decide how many sugars we like in coffee, if any, and if we even drink coffee...And if we want to eat ears and eyeballs, He will let us, and He will even provide them for us, because free-will gives us that choice."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free Will Skit #5

Three's a crowd

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Constance/Narrator

Penny

Jim

Props

Chairs x 3

Snacks

(Penny and Jim are walking together holding hands, when Penny sees Constance).

Pen. "Uh-oh...Bandit at 3 o'clock...Quick cross the road." (Giggling).

Con. "Penny?...Oh Penny?...Jim?"

Pen. "Oh...Hello Connie...What are you doing in town on a cold night like this?"

Con. "I'm just off to the Movies...And Hello Jim...haven't seen you for a while?"

Jim. "No...I'm doing overtime most nights to pay for our new car..."

Con. "That's very responsible of you...Good Boy...And what are you two doing in town on a night like this?"

Pen. "We're off to the Movies...it's our Anniversary...so we're celebrating by having an evening without children..."

Con. "Good idea...So, what Movie are you going to see?"

Pen. "Um...Charing Cross...Me and Jim are having a *special* time together...We got a babysitter...So this is our night off...We haven't done this in ages..." (smiling at each other).

Con. "Oh!...I'm going to see Charing Cross too...I've heard it's a fabulous movie...We can watch it together!"

(Penny and Jim look uneasily at each other).

Pen. "It's going to start soon...We'd better get our tickets."

Con. "I'll get the tickets...and you two can buy the nibbles...How about that?...It'll be my treat."

Pen. "Really?" (Pen and Jim smile at each other). "Yes, Thank you!"

(They stand before the seats).

Pen. "So...What would you like?...Jim has a *huge* tub of popcorn...And I have Jaffas...If you like popcorn sit by Jim...Or Jaffas...Sit by me."

Con. "Hmm...I tell you what...I'll sit in the middle...Then I can have access to both!"

Pen. "You can't do that!"

Con. "Why not?"

Pen. "It's our *special* night!"

Con. "Come on...You aren't a couple of teenagers wanting to hold hands or anything."

Pen. "But?...This was our date?"

Con. "And it still is...Now be quiet and sit down...The Movie's about to start...And where is that popcorn?"

Pen. "But we wanted a cozy time?"

Con. "This *is* cozy isn't it?...Just the three of us watching a Movie together...It's fun."

Pen. "Oh my!" (Shaking her head. Pen and Jim both lean out and give a weak smile to each other).

Jim. "Very cozy thanks!"

Con. "Shhh...The movies about to start...and where's that popcorn Jim?"

Nar. "Some people just can't take a hint...Two's company and three's a crowd, when those two just want their own company...The Lord knows all about intimacy, because He doesn't want You, Him and Me together...He wants you and Himself *alone*...You are the Love of His life...He was willing to be tortured and killed for you, because He loves *you* so much...Now, He wants to be *close* to you, to *hear* from you.

In Luke chapter ten, Mary sat with Jesus and listened to Him, while Martha did the housework... 'Don't You care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Tell her to help me,' She said...Jesus replied: 'One thing is needful and Mary has chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.'...And if you choose to sit with Him, and talk with Him, He will see that it is never taken away from you, because that's what He wants from each of *us*, above everything else."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free Will Skit #6

What's in a name?

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Constance/Narrator
Penny

Props

Pram (or can pretend).

(Penny and Constance are both walking on the street and they meet.)

Con. "Penny Darling!"

Pen. "Con."

Con. "So...You've had your baby?"

Pen. "Yes...A little girl."

Con. "That's wonderful...She's so cute."

Pen. "Yes...She is..." (Talking to the baby). "Hello Darling..."

Con. "So what have you named her?"

Pen. "We haven't decided...I'm thinking Joan...and Jim's thinking Susan."

Con. "No! No!...There are already far too many Joans and Susans about...think *Bold*...What about Constance?"

Pen. "But that's your name?"

Con. "Don't see it as *my* name...It's *just* a name."

Pen. "No!"

Con. "It is quite a pretty name...And it sounds *tough*...yet feminine...Like myself!"

Pen. "No!"

Con. "So, Constance...What about a middle name?"

Pen. "We haven't thought about that."

Con. "You can't just call her Constance Booking."

Pen. "We're not going to call her Constance Booking."

Con. "No!...You do need a middle name in there...What about Abigail?"

Pen. "Yuk!"

Con. "I know!...Constance Jemima Booking...Jemima sounds like Jim...So it'll fit her perfectly."

Pen. "But isn't that your middle name?"

Con. "Yes, it is...but it's just a name..."

Pen. "I don't think so."

Con. "It's settled then!..." (leaning over the pram). "...Hello little Constance Jemima...I've a feeling us two will go far together."

Pen. (Shaking her head).

Con. "Are you having a naming ceremony?"

Pen. "A what?"

Con. "We can have it at my house...Thursday night."

Pen. "But I'm busy Thursday night."

Con. "Too busy for your own daughter's naming ceremony?...I don't think so...I'll invite everyone. It'll be fun...Constance Jemima Booking...Yes, It has flair...Well I need to rush Darling...See you Thursday night...Bye little Constance."

Pen. "Oh my!....What will Jim say?"

Nar. "If a friend asks you to do something and you aren't allowed to say, 'no,' it isn't friendship, it's bullying...The Lord will ask you to do things, but He will never *demand*, and He will always give you the option of saying no, because He gave you free-will to choose your own answers...*He* is not a bully, He has given us freedom, and He will always work within His own Will."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free-Will Skit #7

Fun and games

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Constance/Narrator

Penny

Jim

Props

2 x Chairs

(Penny and Jim are sitting in the chairs, relaxing).

Jim. "Well Honey...This is *it*...Our big Cruise...Time for no-one but *us*..."

Pen. "No children for three whole weeks."

Jim. "Peace and quiet."

Pen. "We won't do the activities...we'll spend the time together...In the swimming pool...or in our room...relaxing..."

Jim. "This is our Dream-come-true!"

Pen. "Finally!"

Con. "Penny Darling?"

Pen. "I hope that was my imagination?"

Con. "Penny and Jim?"

Pen. "Oh no!"

Jim. "What Honey?"

Pen. "I think our dream just turned into a nightmare."

Con. "You're on my cruise?...I didn't expect to see you here..."

Pen. "We didn't expect to see you either..."

Con. "There are *so* many activities on this cruise...It's a roller-coaster ride..."

Pen. "We're not going to do the activities..."

Con. "Look...I know these Cruises can be daunting for first-timers...All the activities can be overwhelming...So...I'll be your guide for the whole trip...I'm volunteering...I've done these Cruises a zillion times..."

Pen. "But we don't want to do the activities..."

Con. "Don't be shy Darling...I'll help you..."

Pen. "But we just want to be together and..."

Con. "You will be!...There's bowls starting soon."

Pen. "I was going to lie down..."

Con. "Come on...Live a little!...We'd better eat first...I had a nosey in the kitchen...And the steaks are to die for..."

Pen. "I don't eat meat."

Con. "Are you *still* playing vegetarian?"

Pen. "Yes."

Con. "Well...You're not a vegetarian tonight...They have steaks here that lions couldn't eat..."

Pen. "I can't eat them either..."

Con. "Fiddlesticks...We'll find you something better than spinach and carrots...That's for rabbits!"

Pen. "But...?"

Con. "I'll make this Cruise fun for you both...I promise!"

Pen. "But we're tired...we were going to relax and..."

Con. "Tell me you're tired at 3am...No-one sleeps here before midnight..."

Pen. "But I need to lie down...?"

Con. "Two weeks of Cruise life...then you'll need to lie down...If you wanted a quiet time, you should have stayed home."

Pen. "That's what I'm thinking..."

Con. "Now come along...We'll have a good steak each...we'll need the energy to stay up all night."

Pen. "Can I abandon ship?"

Jim. "Maybe we should drown ourselves?"

Con. "Hurry up...Chop chop...Time for a feast!"

Pen. "Oh my!...Oh my!"

Nar. "Free-will is a God given right...'To everything there is a season and a time for every purpose under Heaven.'...Ecclesiastes chapter 3 verse 1...You have the choice to decide *when* that time will be, not someone else...You have the choice to decide *when* you will lie down, and when you will rise up...And even God Himself will not interfere with that, because He gave you the freedom to choose it."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free Will Skit #8

Round Seven

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Constance/Narrator
Penny

Props

Chairs x 2

(Penny is seated when Constance comes along.)

Con. "Penny Darling!...What brings you here?"

Pen. "Our little Tommy's having a fight today..."

Con. "Well...I pity the poor victim of that little bruiser of yours..."

Pen. "Yes...I hope he's well insured!...So why are you here?...Are you a spectator?"

Con. (Proudly). "Little David's having a fight too...His first!"

Pen. "I didn't think you'd let him join in rough and tumble sports?"

Con. "We decided to raise him to be free-thinking...independent...and tough as nails!"

Pen. "At six years old?"

Con. "You can't start too early Darling...So what round is your little bruiser in? "

Pen. "Seven."

Con. "Seven...he can't be?"

Pen. (checking). "Yes, he is."

Con. "But that's little David's round too."

Pen. "Well...he'd better be tough as nails then...or he'll be a floor mat!"

Con. "Oh....no!" (opening her purse). "Look I've got fifty here..."

Pen. "I don't gamble..."

Con. "No I mean...What if Tommy pretends to get hurt...and gives up the fight?...You know?"

Pen. "What happened to independent and tough as nails?"

Con. "I'm thinking of David's self-esteem...If he gets beaten...he might go through life scarred from the fight."

Pen. "And if Tommy gets beaten?...Wont he be scarred?"

Con. "Tommy's just a...He's like you...It won't make any difference."

Pen. "Pardon?...Well you're on then."

Con. "Look I might even have another fifty in here? "

Pen. "Tommy's fighting...not me!"

Con. "But what if the fight...starts...getting ugly?"

Pen. "Then I'll yell...Kill him, Tommy!"

Con. "But...you can't do that?"

Pen. "Can't I?...Just watch me!"

Con. "Look...I may even have three fifties?"

Pen. "The fight starts in a minute!...Tommy why don't you go and practise with that punching bag?...Pretend it's your opponent?"

Con. "I've got my cheque book here...How about...?"

Pen. "How about we just relax...and watch the sport?"

Con. "Oh...I'm feeling faint."

Pen. "Can't stand a bit of blood?...Wait till round seven!"

Con. "But...David's such a little boy?"

Pen. "You shouldn't have thrown him into the Lion's den then...?"

Con. "Maybe I'll withdraw him?"

Pen. "Won't that scar his self-esteem?"

Con. "I might enrol him in something else?"

Pen. "Like ballet?"

Con. "No...Advanced reading maybe...Something safe!"

Pen. "Tough as?...Ha!...The fights starting..." (yells). "You know what to do Tommy... Give it to him!"

Con. "Oh...I can't look..."

Pen. "Oh, that would hurt!...First round too...Hit him where it hurts Tommy!"

Con. "Oh, no!...Oh no!...My little baby..."

Pen. "Don't worry Con...It won't last long...Tommy's going to teach David how to fight..." (yells). "Nice one Tommy...Floor the sucker!" (looking at Con). "Open your eyes Con...You're missing the fun!"

Con. "Oh...Oh, no!"

Pen. "Ouch!...Don't think you're supposed to hit him there, Tommy?...Con!...Con!...Oh no!...she's fainted..."

Nar. "Free Will means having the right to choose. But if you make other people's choices for them...remember...they're the ones who will have to live with the consequences...and it may not be pretty...Well-meaning parents have decided who their son or daughter will marry...because they liked the person...They've decided who their friends can be...and even what flavour ice cream is best...But it's always better to let someone else make the wrong choice themselves...than for us to make the right choice for them...because that's what the Lord does."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free Will Skit #9

Come one, come all

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Constance/Narrator
Penny
Jim

Props

Chairs x 3
Present
Bottle

(Penny and Jim are sitting at a table, with a glass of wine each, and perhaps a candle, when there is a knock at the door).

Pen. "Who can that be?...I hope it isn't the babysitters returning the children?"

Jim. "No...please no...I couldn't imagine anything worse just now?"

Pen. (Opens the door). "Um...Constance...what are you doing here?"

Jim. "Oh yes...I could..."

Con. "It's your birthday...isn't it?"

Pen. "Yes!...But...I didn't invite you here?"

Con. "You didn't have to...I saved you the trouble...and I invited myself..."

Jim. (Sadly). "Oh mercy...oh mercy!"

Pen. "But?...Me and Jim are having a special time alone?...We paid a friend to have our children for the night?"

Con. "That's good!...The brats would probably ruin our evening anyway!"

Jim. "It's already ruined!"

Con. "So how are you, Jim?"

Jim. "I was having a good evening...until now..."

Con. "Fiddlesticks...We'll have fun!...I have games...and I have a bottle of vino...it's the cheapest they had on special...but it must be good...because it's flying out the door!"

Jim. "Just great!"

Con. "And I have a special present for you darling..." (Handing the present to Penny). "Open it..."

Pen. "(Opens it). "What is it?"

Con. "It's a pasta sampler...it lets you know if your pasta is cooked properly, or not!"

Pen. "Why would anyone give someone one of these?"

Con. "Yes...I wondered that myself!...Ah...So...do we have cake?"

Pen. "No...Jim cooked his specialty, just for me...venison hot pot...without the venison!"

Con. "Sounds delicious!...So...let's dish it up then!"

Pen. "But?...There's only enough for two?"

Con. "What?...Your birthday guest doesn't get a plate?...Come on Jimmy...Dish it up and dazzle us!"

Jim. "I think the dazzle has all drizzled out!"

Con. "Don't be coy...come on...no more gibberish...Dazzle us with your culinary delights!"

Pen. "Oh my!...Oh my!"

Con. "We can play scrabble after dinner!"

Pen. "I hate playing scrabble!"

Con. "Then I have a jigsaw puzzle...Got it at an Op Shop...has a few bits missing...But it sharpens the mind putting it together..."

Jim. (To Penny). "Happy Birthday darling!"

Con. "Yes, Happy Birthday...Come on Jimmy...we'd better eat...so we can clear the table, and start the jigsaw...This is a good Birthday isn't it Penny darling?"

Pen. "Yes...haven't ever had a birthday like this before..."

Con. "Well...come on Jim...You're holding up the proceedings...Chop, chop!"

Jim. "Nice quiet night...Quiet night together...Well...you'll have another birthday next year...won't you darling?"

Pen. "No...no more birthdays...no more...ever!"

Con. "Come on Penny darling...I challenge you to say that after we've finished the jigsaw..."

Pen. "Oh my!...Oh my!"

Nar. "Uninvited guests walk in at just the right time...and spoil everything...They mean well...at least that's what they pretend...But like the man in Matthew 22:12... who came to the wedding, without a wedding garment on...they shouldn't be tolerated...they should be shown the door...and pushed back out through it...before they have a chance to make themselves at home."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org

Free Will Skit #10

Giving a dog a bad name

Kevin Lee

Performers

Constance/Narrator
Penny

Props

Shopping bags

Constance is walking on a street, when she notices Penny coming toward her.

Con. (Waving her arm). "Penny darling!...Ahoy!" "

Pen. (Under her breath). "And the day was going so well..."

Con. "Pen...so good to see you!...You're out shopping too, I see!" (Looking at her stomach). "Are you pregnant again?"

Pen. "Yes, I am!" (Proudly patting her stomach).

Con. "Well...How many is that?...No, please don't tell me...it's all of them!"

Pen. "Me and Jimmy just love children..."

Con. "When the good Lord said...Go forth and multiply and replenish the earth...He said it to all of us...Not just you two!...You know that, don't you?"

Pen. (Looks at Constance and smiles).

Con. "Do you know if it's a boy or girl yet?"

Pen. "Another wood chopper..."

Con. "Do you have a name picked out for him?"

Pen. "No, we want to see what he looks like first..."

Con. "What he looks like?...No, I'll come up with one that suits him to a Tee...I'm good with names!"

Pen. (Under her breath). "I was afraid you'd say that..."

Con. "Pardon?"

Pen. (Smiles).

Con. (Looks Penny up and down, then motioning with her finger, she says). "I think...Barney!...Yes,

perfect again!”

Pen. “Barney?”

Con. “Yes...it’s perfect!”

Pen. “But isn’t that your dad’s name?”

Con. “Oh, yes it is...I’d forgotten about that...But it’s only a name in the end?”

Pen. “My baby isn’t being named after your father!”

Con. “He isn’t being named after my father...they’re just sharing the same name...”

Pen. “Over my dead body!”

Con. “Don’t you like my dad?”

Pen. “Yes...I like him...”

Con. “Good...Barney it is then!”

Pen. “No, it isn’t!”

Con. “Can’t you make up your mind?”

Pen. “You’re trying to make up my mind for me...”

Con. “No, it’s just a suggestion...But it’s a very good one...you must admit that!”

Pen. “You’re not suggesting...You’ve decided that’s his name!”

Con. “It’s not set in concrete...I may think of something more suitable for him, when I see his face!”

Pen. “No!”

Con. “The other children around the neighbourhood whom I’ve named are all very successful in life!”

Pen. “I think that’s called breeding...not naming...”

Con. “You know the old saying...Give a dog a bad name?”

Pen. “Like Barney...”

Con. “Naming children is an art!”

Pen. “You should try having them?”

Con. "I have two...you know that?"

Pen. "Only two?"

Con. "I know what you're going to say!...You could have two before breakfast...and still find time to do the washing...Well...some of us aren't made as baby factories...maybe I should talk to Jim about it?"

Pen. "Don't bother...Me and Jim did all the work...so we're going to name our son!"

Con. "I hope you aren't going to name him anything like Michael?...There are enough Michaels around to fill a zoo..."

Pen. "Michael?...Hmm...I hadn't thought of Michael...Well, lucky girl Constance...You did get to name him after all!"

Con. "I never said that...No, please don't?"

Pen. "Michael...Michael Jimmy?...Or Michael Jiminy?...That's original..."

Con. "I can see this is a lost cause...I'd better go then...Bye Penny..."

Pen. "Bye Constance...If you do decide to have any more children, I'll name them for you...Naming children is a lost art...but I've just found it again!...Bye!"

(Both walk off).

Nar. "In Proverbs twenty-two we are told...'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold'...It is better that we all make our own choices for ourselves...even if they are wrong choices...than to have someone else make our choices...and make right ones...'A good name'...is a choice we can make...and the most certain way to make right choices, is to make them after much prayer."

End.

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted, or stored by any means, without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org