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You: What this?! A free script?!

Us: Sure! Why not?

You: But, it's like, free and stuff.

Us: We like you!

You: You Skit Guys are very cool!

Us: Well, we try.

You: Thanks Skit Guys!

Us: Aww. It was nothing. *(beat)* Well, I mean it's something. It took a lot of man hours to make that script, but it's really no big deal and...oh my...look at us...we're rambling.

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“The Football Skit”



**Theme: Evangelism, Integrity,
Friendship, Football**

Defending the world from bad drama ... one skit at a time.

***Rick** enters running in with full football garb carrying football.*

Rick: He's on the twenty, he's on the ten, he goes to the five. Touchdown! Look at me Mom! Touchdown! (*Sings to Queen's "We are the Champions"*) "We are the champions, my friend, and we'll keep on fighting till the end. We are the champions, cause I caught the ball. Look at me Mom, I'm number one... of the world. I am the champion, my friend..."

***John** has walked in on **Rick** while he was singing. **John** has on sweats with his jersey.*

John: Hey! Who are you and what are you doing?

Rick: (*Embarrassed*) Uh, uh, I was just standing here.

John: Sounded like you were singing to me.

Rick: No, that wasn't me. Must have been someone else.

John: We're the only two in this locker room.

Rick: Weird, huh?

John: Who are you?

Rick: Ricky. Ricky Henson.

They shake hands.

John: Hi Rick. I'm John Ellis.

Rick: Oh, I know who you are. Everyone knows who you are. You're great out there on the field. I've been watching you for years. I can't believe it's

your senior year.

John: Thanks. Hey, Rick, a lot of people are looking for you.

Rick: Probably to congratulate me on my touchdown. It was awesome! I was on the field, and I was watching the ball. And it was coming like, right to me. I mean, of all people. So, I have the ball, and I do this move where I turn my whole body around and I'm running. Running to the twenty, to the ten, to the five... Touchdown. Whoopee! Yes! I did it!

John: When you made you're little spin move, you scored for the other team! You went to our end zone!

Rick: Are you sure about that? Because I remember the crowd yelling, "Go Ricky, touchdown! Go Ricky, touchdown!"

John: They were yelling, "No! Ricky, fall down! No! Ricky, fall down!" Why didn't you follow the plays? It doesn't take a brain surgeon to know not to go out there on the field if you don't know the plays. What were you thinking?

*They both start talking over each other. **Rick** saying how dumb he feels and **John** in disbelief that he has met the guy who messed up the whole game for the team.*

Rick: I'll turn in my jersey tomorrow. Sorry I let the team down.

***John** slaps **Ricky** to calm him down.*

John: *(Feeling sorry for him)* Look, I was a little bit hard on you.

Rick: A little? More like a l...

John: Don't push it! I tell you what, why don't we forget this whole thing and start over.

Rick: What do you mean?

John: Why don't you come with me to a party that's going on right now?

Rick: You don't want me to go. You're just saying that. I mean what would your friends say if they saw you with me?

John: Nothing.

Ricky: No. I know how this works. I go with you, you introduce me to all your friends, and fifteen minutes later I'm a Ricky piñata.

John: That won't happen. I promise. I think once you get a few cold ones down you, you're an all right guy. Am I right?

Rick: Yeah, I get pretty crazy.

John: See, I knew it.

Rick: One time, I drank a whole six-pack by myself when I was out with some of my friends.

John: All right! Now we're talking.

Rick: I was walking around acting so crazy singing, "DP is for me, yeah! DP is for me, whooo! DP

is for...”

John: I’m not following you Rick. What’s DP?

Rick: Dr. Pepper. Man, after a whole six-pack I had to pee so bad...

John: (*Interrupting Rick*) No, no! I’m not talking about soda Rick... I’m talking about the hard stuff. You know, the hard stuff? (*Realizes*) You don’t drink, huh?

Rick: (*Embarrassed*) Well, no... not really.

John: That’s all right. That’s cool. Let’s see, you like girls? (*Rick blushes*) There will be some unbelievable girls there, Rick. I could set you up with one of them and maybe you two could find a back room...?

Rick: (*Gets what John is talking about*) Oh, you mean... Well, I...

John: You don’t do that either, do you Rick?

Rick: Not until I’m married.

John: There’s a lot of stuff you can do besides having sex, Rick. Come with me, you’ll have a good time.

Rick: I don’t think so.

John: Why not, Rick? Give me a reason.

Rick: I’m just really busy. Go on without me.

John: *(Getting a little frustrated)* I'm not leaving until you give me a reason.

Rick: Look, I have to...

John: Spit it out, Rick. Tell me why you won't go with me to the party!

Rick: It's nothing. Just go!

John: Tell me, Rick. Any person from this school would kill to go to this party and your turning me down. Give me a reason, Rick!

Rick: I just have to get up and go...

John: Where Rick? Where do you have to go that is so important?

Rick: I've gotta get up and go to church in the morning. All right? I've said it.

John: *(Pause. Smugly smiles)* I'm usually real good at pegging people but I didn't have you pegged right. You're not really a geek or something like that... you're a Jesus Freak. Isn't that right Rick? You're a Jesus Freak?

Rick: Yeah, I guess that's what I am. A Jesus Freak. It beats being the alternative.

John: What! Are you putting me down now? That's a great Christian attitude.

Rick: No, I'd rather be a Jesus Freak than what the alternative holds, that's all.

John: I'll see you around Rick.

John starts to leave.

Rick: Wait. Before you leave. Since I've gone this far, I might as well go all the way. (*Nervously*) John, if you were to die tonight, and you were...

John: (*Interrupts Rick*) If I were to die tonight, and stand before God, and He were to ask me, "Why should I let you into Heaven," what would I say? Is that what you were going to ask me Rick?

Rick: (*Beaten*) Yes.

John: Rick... I know all the answers to those questions. You're too serious! These are the years we're supposed to be having fun. This religious stuff comes later in life. Not right now! Get out and live a little, Rick. I know the answers, but there's a time for all that. It's not right now. (*Rick is a lost cause*) I don't have time for this. I'll see you around.

Rick: I have one more thing to say to you.

John: What is it?

Rick: I remember I would go to the games and watch you play when I was in Junior High. There is no doubt about it, you're the best. When you would make a touchdown, the crowds would go wild. When you would be coming off the field, you would take off your shoulder pads and that would be gleaming in the lights. (*Pointing to John's chain*) Do you know what that is?

John: It's a chain.

Rick: Do you know what's on that chain?

John: It's a cross. It's no big deal. Everybody wears them.

Rick: It is a big deal. It's a big deal because it represents the cross my Savior died on. All through these years, I would look at you and think, "Here's a guy who doesn't have to stand on a street corner and bang a Bible..."

John: *(Cuts him off with mock applause)* Great sermon, Rick. *(Starts to unhook chain)* What, do you want me to take it off?

Rick: No. I'm just saying find out what it means. I'd be willing to help...

John: You are way too intense. *(Pause. Starts to leave)* Last chance. You coming?

Rick: I'll see you Monday.

***Rick** exits, forgetting his backpack.*

John: *(To God)* I just can't do this right now. Maybe later. *(Takes off cross and lets it drop to the floor)*

Rick: *(Enters and watches **John** leave, picks up backpack, looks down at the cross, and then up to God)* I'll keep trying, God. I'll keep trying.

He exits. The end.

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