

A script from



## **“A Teacher’s First Day”**

by  
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- What** A new teacher is reconsidering her career choice after a very rough first day of school, but a wise custodian talks her off the ledge. Themes: back to school, kids, teens, teachers, careers, sacrifice
- Who** Ms. Dugan  
Mike
- When** Present; first day of school
- Wear  
(Props)** Teacher’s desk  
Stack of papers  
Classroom setting- however far you’d like to go with this is great.  
Ms. Dugan should be dressed in “teacher clothes”.  
Mike should have on a custodian’s uniform or work clothes.
- Why** Philippians 1:6
- How** Make the dialogue conversational. If this skit fits with the pastor’s sermon, then have the pastor use the set as part of his illustrations as well. He can refer back to the skit by using the set and props to reinforce the theme.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes; This script is 4 pages long.

*Ms. Dugan is standing behind her desk in a classroom setting. She speaks to her class, which is directed at the audience. The kids in the class are implied.*

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Loudly)* Okay class that's it for today, I'll see you all tomorrow. Remember to read and outline chapters one and two. What? Yes, Robbie, you have to use the number and letter thingies. *(Walking from behind her desk and calling after them)* I hope we have a better day tomorrow... *(She waves goodbye at a student and remains standing for a moment covered in the silence of the moment and then looks down as if dazed; then to herself)* I've got a whole year of this?

*She walks to the front of her desk and begins tidying her books and straightening her desk. Turning, she accidentally knocks over the stack of papers. She sighs deeply and bends down to pick them up.*

**Ms. Dugan:** *(With emotion)* God, if you're out there, please speak to me... I really need some help down here.

*As if on cue, Mike the custodian comes in sweeping with a shop broom and whistling happily. He's wearing coveralls and his keys jingle on his belt. Mike is in his own world but quickly realizes that he's interrupted a private moment.*

**Mike:** Excuse me ma'am, I just need to sweep real quick and I'll be out of your way.

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Quickly wiping away some tears and picking up the papers)* Oh, no, you're not interrupting, I was just finishing up for the day.

*Mike looks at her with sympathy. He walks to her and offers her a rag from his back pocket.*

**Mike:** It's okay ma'am, here you go.

*Ms. Dugan tentatively accepts his kind gesture and wipes her face with it sitting back on her desk.*

**Ms. Dugan:** Thanks, I guess you don't see too many teachers crying on the very first day.

**Mike:** Actually, it's more common than you might think. You'll cry today and you'll probably cry on the last day...it's all part of the job.

*Mike sticks his hands out to introduce himself.*

**Mike:** I'm Mike Terrili the custodian here but most of the kids call me Mr. T.

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Shaking his hand)* Allie Dugan, thanks for the rag...uhh...Mr. T *(she offers the rag back to him).*

**Mike:** Not a problem, keep it. So how was the first day?

**Ms. Dugan:** Terrible. Let's see, I had two girls get in a fight over something completely stupid, I had to collect 3 cell phones and one kid got a cheese puff stuck in his nose. How can you be in 11<sup>th</sup> grade and get a cheese puff stuck in your nose?

**Mike:** Wow...sounds like a rough day.

**Ms. Dugan:** That was only the first period...it got worse from there. *(With a sigh)* I've got kids with ADD, ODD, AT&T and some that are DOA...half of them are texting while I'm trying to teach and the other half are on Facebook. How am I supposed to compete with that?

**Mike:** *(With a laugh)* I guess you could text them the lesson.

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Laughs sarcastically)* Ha Ha. *(Fidgeting with the rag and with a sigh...)* You know, in school they taught us all about *how* to teach but they didn't say anything about how to deal with girl drama or dislodging cheese puffs. It's like I was prepared for a classroom that doesn't exist. I'm starting to wonder if I'm really cut out for this.

*Mike walks over and sits on the desk next to her.*

**Mike:** Well, let's see here...were you a teenager?

**Ms. Dugan:** *(With a smile)* Of course.

**Mike:** And did you ever get your heart broken or have someone gossip about you?

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Laughs)* I'm sure I did

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**ENDING:**

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Laughs)* Thanks, I'll get these back to you at the end of the year.

**Mike:** Keep 'em...I consider them *(pauses and thinks for a moment)* an "unreimbursed business expense"

*She laughs, picks up her bag and puts the books and pliers in it.*

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Pause)* Mr. T, you're going to be here all year, right?

**Mike:** All year

**Ms. Dugan:** *(Pause)* Me too...I'll see you tomorrow

*She picks up her bag and puts it over her shoulder.*

**Mike:** See you tomorrow Miss Dugan

*She walks offstage and he resumes sweeping and whistling*

*Lights out. The end.*