

A script from



“A Wake Up Call From God”

by

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- What** This skit is a girl’s revelation that God wants her attention more often than she has ever been aware. (Themes: Listening to God, Unconditional love, Availability, Family)
- Who** 1 female
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** None
- Why** Psalm 119; Jeremiah 29:11; Colossians 2:6-15
- How** This skit is as if the actress is giving her testimony. Make sure it is as conversational and off-the-cuff feeling (which takes a lot of work) as possible. It will help the audience connect better with the story, and stretch the ability of your actress.
- Time** Approximately 8 minutes

The skit starts with Female addressing the audience.

Female: Isn't it weird how God gets our attention? It usually isn't through a burning bush, even though that would be really cool, it's usually through the small, everyday things, but we just don't know how to tune in to the right frequency. God's voice sometimes sounds a little fuzzy and then at other times it hits you out of the clear blue... if you're willing to look for it. Like the other day, I was at the store picking up some stuff for Mom, and I was standing behind a lady and her little girl in line to be checked out. The lady was obviously distracted by the piles of groceries, grabbing her coupons, and writing the All Important Check that she hadn't noticed, or had not wanted to notice, her daughter fidgeting behind her continually saying, "Mommy. Mommy. Mommy!" It was driving me crazy, but this little girl became increasingly impatient with her pleas: "Mommy? Mommy? MOMMY!"

Everyone in line seemed to notice her, except the mother. Finally, the little girl grabbed her mom's arm and started to pull on it, which kept her mom from finishing her task. Then, and only then, did the mother reluctantly give in. "WHAT," the mom screamed.

Without hesitating, the little girl looked up and gave her mom a real hard look, smiled, and screamed at the top of her lungs, "I LOVE YOU!"

Needless to say, the mother looked like she got hit by a bus. The rest of us in line didn't look any better. We all looked like a bunch of deer caught in headlights. Couldn't move, motionless. All eyes on this little girl with such... such... heart.

The mom's face suddenly grew soft after she had realized she had put more attention on groceries and getting through the line than she had on this precious little girl. The mom drew her daughter into her arms while they finished checking out. This little girl? Well, she was pretty content to have her parent's attention. She was a "perfect little angel" from then on.

It hit me as I was leaving the store... in a hurry to get home to watch (*name a popular television show*)... and then finish my homework. It's, I guess, God's way of catching us off guard. I was getting into my car, and I heard that "little voice." It's the only word I know for it. (You know, that voice that we hear telling us stuff, but we tend to ignore it? Then, when we do listen to it, and it seems like a word from God, we feel too much like a "Jesus Freak" so we pretend the voice was the burrito we had for lunch.) I just stopped in my tracks with my car key half way into the keyhole... listening.

It was almost as if God was saying, "You act like that scatterbrained mom." I tried to intellectually get out of the confrontation, but had