

“Agony of Defeat”

Originally from the book *Life Hurts, God Heals*.

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Theme: Forgiveness, Friends, Pride, Drinking

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

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*The skit starts with **Jake** in his wheelchair. His brother, **Tom**, enters. **Jake** looks out the window sketching pictures on a pad and doesn't realize Tom has entered the room.*

Tom: *(Covering **Jake's** eyes and disguising his voice)* Guess who?

Jake: Uhhh, Grandma Pennington back from the dead.

Tom: Close, but I don't have a mustache.

Jake: *(Turns around in chair to bug **Tom**)* Good to see you. Mom said you were coming home tomorrow.

Tom: I caught an earlier flight out. Anyway, that gives us more time together. I can't believe how everything can change except the house we live in. Weird. Hey, what are you drawing there?

Jake: Uh, nothing. Nothing worth looking at. *(Trying to cover it up, he sticks it on the side of the wheelchair and changes subject)* So, how's college life treating you?

Tom: Studying is too demanding, the food stinks, and I have become a walking hormone ever since I stepped onto campus. *(Awkward pause)* I've missed you, man.

Jake: Same here. House has been kinda quiet without your stereo blaring, endless incoming e-mails on our computer, and the phone ringing at all hours of the day and night.

Tom: Yeah, my A.D.D. has it's ways of coming out I guess. *(Pause)* Mom said that your physical therapy is going well and that you're improving every day.



Jake: Look, some days are good and some days are bad. I'd rather not get into the state of my well-being.

Tom: (*Awkward pause*) Hey, I saw some of your old college buddies. You know, Chris, Danny, Peter... they were all asking about you and...

Jake: (*Interrupting*) Did you come here just to tick me off?

Tom: I'm sorry, what are you talking about? I'm just trying to tell you I ran into...

Jake: And I'm telling you that I don't want to hear about my old college buddies. They aren't a part of my life now.

Tom: Sure they are. In fact, I invited them to come over tomorrow night when they all get into town.

Jake: You did what? Without talking to me first?

Tom: What's the big deal? They're your friends. I invited them because I haven't seen you talk to a soul in a year. It'll be good for you.

Jake: Do me a favor. From here on, don't decide anything for me, alright? Those guys won't want to be around me for more than ten minutes. It'll just be all edgy and uncomfortable. (*Starts rolling around Tom in circles.*) Then when they leave they'll all start talking. "How much Jake has changed. Just a freak in a wheelchair."

Tom: (*Stops Jake and holds onto chair.*) Will you stop it? You're not a freak. How can you say that about yourself?

