

“All This Noise”

by
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- What:** A very tired teenage boy narrates his own actions, simply telling his story of struggling to hear the voice of God in his noisy world. (Themes: faith, God’s voice, busyness, time, purpose)
- Who:** one teenage boy
either recorded or offstage voices of God
a teenage girl
two different adult men
- When:** present
- Why:** Jeremiah 29:11
- Wear (props):** step ladder, backpack
- How:** Your main character, the teenage boy, should be energetic and able to connect with the audience. Since it’s hard to act with someone you don’t see, give yourself plenty of time to practice before you perform the skit so that the voices will be in synch with the actor. Tip: have the voice actors be in the sound booth with headphones on so they can hear the main actor.
- Audience:** High School
- Time:** Approximately 4-6 minutes



A very tired looking student walks slowly out to center stage. His shirt is untucked. His jacket is slung over his shoulder. In the other hand he holds a book bag. He serves as his own narrator and simply performs the actions which he narrates about himself.

Kid: There once was a kid named Pete who lived in the suburbs. He had two okay parents, one okay sister, an okay dog, and an okay girlfriend. He lived in an okay house, drove an okay used Honda Civic and had an okay part-time job at Wendy’s. He went to an okay school, where he made okay grades and played second string defensive end on their okay football team. He hoped, when he graduated, to get into an okay college. Every Saturday night he took his girlfriend to an okay restaurant and a movie. Every other night he worked at Wendy’s, studied, played video games or watched movies on his plasma TV. In general, his life was ... okay.

But one night in the spring the kid came home from work at Wendy’s, walked into his backyard, and looked out over his Dad’s expanse of Bermuda grass. The kid slowly sat on a lawn chair and realized that he was very, very tired. And as he sat there he wondered, for just a fleeting moment, if there was more to life than simply “Okay”. He thought about a guy from school, who was religious, who claimed to “hear from God”. The kid wondered about that: “hearing from God”. It sounded a little weird to him. All he knew is that people who “hear from God” usually wear dweeby clothes or wind up as missionaries in Africa. He didn’t want to go to Africa. He wasn’t sure he could get cable there. Cable! Ahhh! The kid remembered, the MTV awards were on tonight.

As the kid rose from the lawn chair and reached into his pocket for his house keys, he felt a piece of paper wadded up there. He wondered for a second what it was, but then he remembered that the religious guy from school had handed it to him that day after a class.

In the busyness of the day, he had forgotten the note was in his pocket. He unfolded the paper and read this: “You looked really tired today at