

A script from



## “Dancin’ Fool”

by  
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**What** This script about a “dorky” teen trying to win the affections of a popular girl at school is a metaphor for pursuing God without regard for what others think.  
**Themes:** Love, Relationships, Faith, Commitment, Teenagers, Service, Joy

**Who** Principal Flupper                      Donald “Winky” Winklebaum  
Felicity Confection                      Jerry Killsucker  
Patty    Wiseguy  
Bradley Rookmacher                      Other teens (optional)

**When** 1977

**Wear (Props)** A high school gym, circa 1977. Decorated for a semi-formal dance. Clothing should be period appropriate.  
Disco music

**Why** II Samuel 6:14-23, Acts 5:29, Philippians 3:8-11

**How** Play up the goofiness of the characters to enhance the humor. Go as big with this as you want. II Samuel 6:14-23 we read that David danced “with all his might” (with complete abandon) before the LORD, the object of his affection, caring nothing for what the “dignified” (image-conscious) folks thought. Great set-up for a sermon, series, or group study on serving God with total commitment! Recommended worship song: “Undignified” by Matt Redman

**Time** Approximately 3-4 minutes

*Principal Flupper, sporting an off-center Hair Club for Men rug and a speckled bow tie, approaches mic.*

**Flupper:** Hello? Hello? Is this on? Oh, uh, hello, children. I'm Principal Flupper, and on behalf of myself, Mrs. Peaswatter, and all of the other parents on the Dwartytown High School Dance Organizing Committee, I'd like to welcome you to our annual spring semi-formal, "A Night of Groovin' Under the Stars...In the Sky...Up Above...Us." (*Off-mic*) I told you it was too long. (*Back*) So, uh, have a groovy time, and don't do drugs.

*Felicity passes by, chatting with cute friend **Patty**. She's followed close behind by large-eyeglassed, irony-spewing **Bradley** (nowadays he'd be cool) and his nerdkick, **Winky**.*

**Bradley:** (*Looking up*) Thank you, God, for creating womankind, and then perfecting that design with the creation of Felicity Confection. (*Glancing back up*) Amen. (*A quick thumbs-up to God*) There she is, Winky, the ideal confluence of beauty, intelligence, and spirituality.

**Winky:** What?

**Bradley:** What indeed can stop me from pursuing a meeting of mind and heart with my Felicity?

*Tall, sunglassesed, big-haired **Jerry Killsucker**, steps into view. Completely cool by 70's standards. Sees **Felicity**, nods, crosses to her.*

**Winky:** Um, her boyfriend, Jerry Killsucker, the ideal confloo—

**Bradley:** Confluence.

**Winky:** Exactly. The ideal confloo-thingy of girl-magnet-ness, total hipness, and money-to-hire-thuglike-killers-ness, all combined into one cool-beyond-our-imagining guy.

**Bradley:** Tush, my friend, tush.

**Winky:** "Tush?"

**Bradley:** Precisely. Because they don't talk!

**Winky:** So? Cool people don't have to talk. They just have to look cool. Together.

**Bradley:** Wrong, artless fellow. For I know that in her heart my Felicity longs to be noticed. And I, faithful Sancho—I pay attention to her! I notice when she—

**Winky:** Confloos?

**Bradley:** Exactimundo. Whereas our friend Mr. Killsucker has but one image in his mind at all times.

**Winky:** Himself?

**Bradley:** Precisely. But how to capture the attention of the fair Felicity? Let us ponder. What, in this magical age of mirror balls and polyester pants, does Felicity Confection utter and completely dig.

**Winky:** Dancin'.

**Bradley:** "Dancin'" indeed, Mr. Winklebaum! And I dance—

**Winky:** Like a dying emu.

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at  
SkitGuys.com!*

**ENDING:**

**Jerry:** What? No, the point is the guy can't dance, Babe. And everyone's laughing at him.

**Felicity:** No, the point is that he's into me.

**Jerry:** Huh?

**Felicity:** And you're into you, Jerry. Always. But Bradley's so into me that he doesn't even care what anybody else thinks. Which is weirdly cool.

**Bradley:** You know my name?

**Felicity:** What, you think you're the only one who notices things, the only one who pays attention? Come on, Bradley. Buy me a coke.

**Bradley:** A thousand cokes and more for my lady!

**Felicity:** I like that pseudo-Shakespeare thing you do.

**Bradley:** *(Gasps)* A girl who knows how to use "pseudo" in a sentence! *(Looks up)* Thank you, God!

**Jerry:** Forget it. Who needs a chick who's into being... *(the weirdest thing he's ever heard)*...noticed!

*He exits.*

**Patty:** Bye-bye, "Jerky!"

*Crowd laughs. Winky locks eyes with Patty and then suddenly...*

*...begins dancing wildly in front of her. She giggles, flattered, and joins him. They dance with uncoordinated joy as the...*

*...scene ends. Lights fade.*