

A script from



## “Larry the Liar: Youth Version”

by  
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- What** In this monologue, Larry is consistently caught in his lies as he describes how he first came to know about a Christ-like love (Themes: Honesty, Evangelism, Parents, Bitterness)
- Who** Larry  
Buzzer-er
- When** Present day
- Wear  
(Props)** Buzzer
- Why** Matthew 28:16-19
- How** This skit works best when the person working the buzzer is as familiar with the skit as the actor playing Larry. The timing between these two people is critical to the success of this skit.
- Time** Approximately 5-6 minutes

*Larry stands alone on stage. He's very cocky. Off-stage is a buzzer ready to catch Larry in his lies.*

**Larry:** Hello. My name's Larry... and I'm an alcoholic. (*Buzz*) I'm an over-eater. (*Buzz*) I'm a liar. But nobody knows it 'cause I'm so good. (*Buzz*) I got skills. (*Buzz*) Okay, everyone knows. But that's not my fault 'cause I was born this way. (*Buzz*) 'Cause I had a rough childhood. (*Buzz*) 'Cause it makes me feel better. Wouldja just let me tell it? Sheesh!

There's this guy at school, "they say." I don't know if I could pick him out of a crowd. (*Buzz*) Maybe if I saw his picture. (*Buzz*) Okay, he sits in front of me in English.

Real religious type. Guy can't say two words without mentioning how tight he is with God. S'there I am just chillin' with my girl. (*Buzz*) Hangin' with my fellas. (*Buzz*) Okay, I was in Home Ec. Don't laugh. I make a mean crème brulee.

Anyway, I had just ruined a beautiful flan. I don't know what distracted me. (*Buzz*) I don't want to talk about it. (*Buzz*) My dog just died. (*Buzz*) Okay, my parent's were splitting up. But it's okay, 'cause everyone knew it was comin'. (*Buzz*) I knew it was comin'. (*Buzz*) Anyway...

Well, I get, y'know, an "F" on the flan, and I can't even get it in me to care. I ask to be excused and go to the bathroom, and that guy's in there. He says to me "What's wrong?" I figured the guy's a psychic. (*Buzz*) Okay, so maybe I said something.

(*Buzz*) Okay, so maybe I was cryin' like a baby. I say nothin's wrong. And he says I'm lyin'. Calls me a liar right to my face.

So I tell Mr. Smarty Pants what's goin' on. I tell him about my parents, that I got my fourth ticket in a month and I'm about to lose my car, that I was king of the school last week, and suddenly I'm nothin' and I have no idea why. (*Buzz*) If I crossed the Delaware with Washington I still wouldn't know. (*Buzz*) If Lewis and Clark took me to California I'd have nary a clue. (*Buzz*) If Pocahontas saved my life I would still have no idea. (*Buzz*) Okay I have some idea.

And I was waitin', waitin' for him to tell me what a mess I was, and that if I'd just get my life together, "get religion," an' all that my parents wouldn't've split. But he didn't. All he said was, "I'm sorry." He's sorry? What's he got to be sorry for? And then he tells me some bad stuff happened to him and the only way he got through it was his relationship with Jesus. Then I smell something funny and it wasn't the toilets.