

A script from



“Mercy”

by

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- What** Samuel and Madison discover the pain of giving and receiving mercy.
Themes: Mercy, Forgiveness, Grace, Adultery, Sin, Marriage, Humility, Justice, Restoration
- Who** 1 Male
1 Female
- When** Scene 1- 20-25 years earlier
Scene 2- present
- Wear (Props)** Suitcase
Hair bow for young Madison
Ball cap for young Samuel
Couch
- Why** Psalm 6:9, Micah 6:8, Matthew 5:7, Hebrews 4:16
- How** This can be a really tough sketch to do since it is an intense subject. **Be very careful not to overact the serious part.** You don't want it to be too dramatic like a soap opera. This kind of sketch is what we call "a slice of life". It should seem real. If tears don't come, don't push it.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

*Scene 1- **Madison** and **Samuel** are young children. **Madison** has a big hair bow clipped into her hair. **Samuel** addresses the audience before he puts on his ball cap.*

Samuel: Whether we realize it or not, we begin to understand the concept of mercy when we're just little kids. *(Puts on ball cap and changes into a little kid)* Hi, Madison.

Madison: Hi Samuel.

Samuel: Welcome to my home. My mom made me say that.

Madison: Thank you for inviting me to your lovely home. My mom made me say that.

Samuel: You're welcome.

Madison: This is a treat for me because I see you playing on the playground with the older kids, so it's kind of cool.

Samuel: Yeah, I'm cool like that. So what's in the suitcase?

Madison: There's Barbie dolls and Groovy Girls and a Ken doll if you so desire. And we're going to play house.

Samuel: No, no we're not going to play house.

Madison: Yes we are!

Samuel: No we're not. Look our moms are friends so I'm here under obligation. You know what we could do? We have a cat. We could play with that. It only has 3 legs and my brother calls him tripod. *(He laughs; **Madison** doesn't get it)*

Madison: What's a tripod?

Samuel: I have no idea.

Madison: I'm allergic to cats.

Samuel: Oh you're one of those. Oh! I know we could play a game my big brother taught me called "mercy". Okay, we interlock hands like this...

Madison: Hey! Okay the last time someone told me to do that I wound up in the emergency room with my hand glued to the bottom of my foot.

Samuel: You're weird.

Madison: You have no idea.

Samuel: Yeah, catching a glimpse. But that's not going to happen, you won't have to go the emergency room. Okay, here's what we do. We interlock fingers and we try to bend each other's fingers back as far as we can until the muscle and the tissue and the membrane and the bone all stretch to unbearable pain and one of us cries "mercy".

Madison: And that's how you win?

Samuel: No, that's how you lose. Duh. It's a really great game. Whoever thought of it is a genius. Ready?

Madison is unsure and has to think about it. She suddenly decides it's okay.

Madison: Okay!

Samuel immediately bends Madison's hands back. He is winning.

Madison: *(Sweetly)* Mercy. *(A little more desperate)* Okay, mercy. Mercy! Mercy!! I said MERCY!

Samuel: *(He stops)* Wow, Madison, where'd that come from?

Madison: I have no idea, but the power surging through me was electrifying. I must file that away for future reference.

Samuel: Okay so what do you want to do?

Madison: *(Indicates her suitcase)* Hello!

Samuel: We're not playing house. There's no way we're playing house.

Madison: Yes, we are.

Samuel: No, we're not.

Madison: Yes we are and do you know why? Because if you don't then I will tell everybody on the playground that I'm your girlfriend!

Samuel: *(Seriously considers the weight of this threat)* Alright, I'll play house.

Madison: Score!

Scene 2- Samuel takes off the ball cap and Madison takes out the hair bow. Madison sits on one side of the couch with her suitcase nearby.

Samuel: *(To the audience)* As we get a little older, a little more mature, we realize it's hard for us to receive God's mercy. And sometimes it's even harder to show mercy to the people we love. *(He is standing on the other side of*

the couch as if he's just walked in; He addresses a grown-up Madison)
Hey, um, what are you still doing with the suitcase?

Madison: I'm just trying to make sense of all this.

Samuel: Make sense? There's nothing to make sense of. I told you I want you to stay.

Madison: No you don't.

Samuel: Yes, I do. I want you to stay.

Madison: No you don't. That's not what you said last week.

Samuel: Yes, but that was last week when I found out about all of this. But I've had some time to think about it, to process it, pray about it, talk to people about it and I want you to stay. Just give me the suitcase.

Madison: I have humiliated you- us! And our friends our family, not to mention everybody at church. No telling what they're saying.

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ENDING:

Madison: Hey, Sam. This is going to be really rough isn't it?

Samuel: When we stood up there in front of God and everyone and said "For better or for worse"...I never imagined how worse it could get. *(Pause; picking up the suitcase)* I'll take your stuff upstairs. Where do you want it?

Madison: *(Thinking)* Just put it in the guest room.

Samuel: For better or for worse, right? *(He exits with suitcase)*

Madison: Right. *(Beat; wait until Sam exits; looks up as if praying)* Mercy.

Lights out. The end.