

A script from



“Small Talk”

by
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- What** A humorous reminder that oftentimes people are watching us. Themes: Guarding our heart, mouth, and mind, Parents, Children, Character, Speech, Example, Arguing
- Who** Becky-5 year old girl
Timmy-5 year old boy
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Optional big wheels or tricycles
- Why** Proverbs 22:6, Proverbs 10:19, Proverbs 25:11
- How** The child characters should not be overplayed. Child like dialect is also crucial in this sketch, so be very careful to articulate. The people being discussed by Becky and Timmy can easily be altered to better fit your audience.
- Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes

Two kids on big wheels/tricycles (or just pretending) immediately crash.

Becky: *(Flings arm)* Hey, get out of my way!

Timmy: Sorry. *(Backs out)*

Becky: *(Flings up arm wrongly "flipping a bird")* Hey! Timmy, you are a terrible driver.

Timmy: *(Flings his arm back but is smiling)*

Becky: Timmy, when you're on the freeway you are not supposed to smile, you big dummy. You are supposed to honk your horn, fling up your arm and look at me mean.

Timmy: *(Tries again, meaner)* Like this?

Becky: That's a little better. *(They begin to play again and crash once again)* Hey Jack, you have no business being on the freeway!

Timmy: Sorry! *(Starts to leave)*

Becky: *(Sweetly)* Where are you going, don't you want to play freeway?

Timmy: No Becky, you are being mean.

Becky: No, I'm not. We're just playing freeway. That's how you are supposed to act on the freeway.

Timmy: Why?

Becky: Well, when I go on the real freeway with my family, my Daddy honks his horn and flings his arm up at people a lot and looks at them mean. Then, my Mom grabs his arm, and says not in front of the kids, and then he says, well it's his car, and she says no it's "their" car, and then he says, shut up, and then she cries, and then we go to McDonalds and I play on the playground.

**To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
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ENDING:

Timmy: No, he just goes into the office and slams the door. One time he slammed it real hard and it knocked the picture of my Nana off the wall and it broked.

Becky: Did that make your Mommy cry?

Timmy: No, it made her scream louder and her face turned real red just like this *(Makes his face red)* and I said, "Mommy you look like the red Power Ranger," and she put me in timeout.

Becky: Timmy, you tell funny stories. Well, I have to go now. I have to go to the bathroom.

Timmy: I don't have to worry about holding it anymore because I wear special pants.

Becky: Timmy, you are so weird.

Timmy: Bye Becky. *(Flings arm up)*

Becky: Lots better, Timmy, lots better.

The end.