

A script from



“The Usual on the 31st Floor”

by
Matt and Christi Fabbri

- What** A comedy piece about the monotony of life and what happens when one person decides to make a positive change– it becomes infectious. **Themes:** Change, Abundant Life, Routine, Influence, Excitement
- Who** Stan
Mel
Chuck
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Hard hats, tool belts, etc...
Various pieces of construction (long beams, support bars, etc.)
2 lunch boxes (with lunch inside)
2 sandwiches
Duffel Bag
Barbeque grill
Steak
Grilling tools
- Why** John 10:10
- How** ***This piece can be as low-tech or high-tech as your church has the capability of.**
The girder can be created to lay on the floor or to be an elevated above the stage floor. Sound effects and video graphic background can be optional depending on your church's technological capabilities.
- Time** Approximately 5-6 Minutes

Lights fade up dimly. The stage is empty. The backdrop image is that of a metropolitan skyline from 30 floors or so up. We hear the sounds of high-rise construction, with traffic below. A small crew enters. They are dressed in work gear, with hard hats and tool belts. They carry with them various pieces of the set – long beams and support columns. They begin to put it together. As it takes shape, we see it resemble the steel beams of a sky-scraper's skeleton.

The crew exit once the structure is complete and two new men enter stage left and climb the structure. They have similar hard hats and work gear on. They also have lunch boxes in hand. They sit on the crossbeam with their legs hanging over. They open their lunch boxes, taking out their sandwiches and thermoses of coffee.

Stan: Whadd'ya got?

Mel: Tuna.

Stan and Mel are co-workers that have been on the job together for 15 years. Every day for 15 years they've brought the same lunches with them to work. It's to the point where the questions about each others meals have become robotic and habitual.

Stan: Wife make it?

Mel: As usual.

Stan: Good?

Mel: As usual. You?

Stan: Ham and cheese.

Mel: On white

Stan: Cut diagonal.

Mel: As usual.

Stan: As usual.

Mel: How's it on your end today?

Stan: Fine. You?

Mel: Fine. On schedule.

Stan: Us too.

Mel: Good.

Stan: *(Slight nod)* Good. *(Seeing something stage left)* Here's Chuck.

Mel: *(Checking his watch)* Right on time.

Chuck enters. Chuck has also been on the job with Stan and Mel for a long time. He too has brought the same lunch with him every day. These three have been a trio of habitual "lunchers." Until today. He enters with a duffel bag over one shoulder as he climbs up to the crossbeam, and walks along it with ease.

Chuck: *(With a smile)* Hey guys.

Chuck sits down next to Stan.

S & M: Hey...

Chuck: Whadd'ya got?

S & M: The usual.

Chuck: *(Aside)* Shoulda' seen that coming.

Chuck puts down the duffel bag and pulls out a mini-barbeque. Stan and Mel look on, dumb-founded. They're sandwich-filled mouths hang open a bit at the sight of a barbeque on the 31st floor.

Mel: What's that?

Stan: It's a barbeque, Mel.

Mel: I know that! What's it doing up here on 31? This is no place for a barbeque! It could kill someone!

Stan: Or at the very least give them a really big goose-egg!

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

ENDING:

Stan: You know what, Mel? I'm tired of...of the same old, same old of ham and cheese on white cut diagonally and your tuna fish on rye wrapped in wax paper! I'm tired of never getting out and being with new people. Just...YOU. And I'm definitely tired of sitting in the second row third from the end at church behind Big-Hair, Lots-of-Perfume-Lady! *(He stands up)* I'm tired of living life day in and day out exactly the same where nothing changes! There's no surprises! It's predictable! It's boring! I'm boring! And, for cryin' out loud, I WANNA CHANGE!

Silence. Mel and Chuck look at each other, then around and down, and then:

Chuck: You know, if you really want a change, I brought an extra steak. You can start your new life with a new lunch.

Stan slowly sits back down.

Stan: Gee, Chuck. Thanks!

Chuck: How do you like it?

Stan: Medium.

Mel looks at his sandwich, looks around at his life on the 31st floor . He's disappointed. He balls up his sandwich too and tosses it.

Mel: Uhhh, Chuck?

Chuck: Yeah, Mel?

Mel: I threw away my sandwich.

Chuck: Yeah.

Mel: Well, I wanna change too.

Chuck: That's great, Mel.

Mel: Can I have a steak too?

Chuck: Well, I only brought one extra.

Mel: *(Looking down below)* But I threw away my sandwich.

Fade to black. The end.