

“Things We Hope We Never See”

by

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- What:** This skit displays several small scenes highlighting some of the things that should, hopefully, ever be seen. (Themes: Fun, Submission to God)
- Who:** Character 1 Character 2
- Where:** No place in particular
- Why:** Job 31:1; Matthew 13:18-23
- Wear (Props):** Stool, Laptop computer
- How:** This is at it's best a two-person skit. Each “bit” has been characterized with different names only to better denote where each “bit” starts and ends.
- Audience:** High School
- Time:** Approximately 10 minutes



*The skit starts with **Character 1** and **Character 2** addressing the audience.*

Character 1: There are many things in life that you just hope you never see.

Character 2: Like what?

Character 1: Like my Grandma. She has this blah-blah stuff hanging down under her arms. And one day I was sitting there watching TV and I look over and she's doing this... *(Pantomimes turning loose arm flesh up and starts picking at it)* ... she was picking one of the moles on her arm.

Character 2: *(Grossed out)* No one needs to see that. Or like a kid eating a Baby Ruth?

Character 1: What's wrong with that?

Character 2: And you find out it isn't a Baby Ruth.

Character 1: *(Grossed out)* Yeah. Or like a three hundred pound man in a Speedo™.

Character 2: *(Catching on)* Because you can't see the Speedo™!

Both: Things we hope you never see!

***Evangelist** stands on street corner holding a tract.*

Evangelist: *(To God)* God, I just want to thank you for this opportunity to share your love with other people. I think we've got a great system worked out here, so I just pray that you will just send someone my way God, just send them my way.



Victim walks past Evangelist. Evangelist quickly turns Victim by the shoulder so that Victim's back is to the audience, and then throws a stage punch that floors the Victim.

Evangelist: *(Tossing tract on Victim, whispers)* Jesus loves you.

Evangelist runs off.

Both: Things we hope you never see!

Office Guy 1 holds a cup of coffee.

Office Guy 1: There's just nothing like a warm cup of Java to get you through the morning. *(He takes a gulp, finds it absolutely vile, and spits it back into the cup)* That is the coldest, nastiest coffee I've ever tasted.

Office Guy 2 enters shivering.

Office Guy 2: Man, it is cold out there. I could really use something... *(Notices coffee)* Is that coffee?

Office Guy 1: Yes, but you don't want...

Office Guy 2: I could really use something warm in my stomach right now.

Office Guy 1: Yes, but you don't want...

Office Guy 2: C'mon, I'm not sick. I just want one sip.

Office Guy 1: But you don't understand...

Office Guy 2: I can't believe my very own best friend won't give up one sip of his coffee.

Office Guy 1: *(Hands over coffee)* Fine. Here.



Office Guy 2 takes a big gulp of the coffee and swallows it.

Office Guy 2: *(Something was not right about that sip)* What kind of coffee is that?

Office Guy 1: It's, uh ...

Office Guy 2: No, don't tell me. Very creamy. A nice, woodsy flavor. *(Takes another big gulp. This time swishes it around in his mouth so as to get the full flavor. He again swallows the coffee.)* Is this mocha?

Office Guy 1: More like mewka. *(i.e. "mucus")*

Both: Things we hope you never see!

Bystander holds out lip balm, and almost applies it to his lips when Mooch enters.

Mooch: Is that lip balm?

Bystander: Yes. It is.

Mooch: Could I borrow some of that from you?

Bystander: I don't know...

Mooch: C'mon. I really need it. I'm starting to crack, and I think I might be chaffing.

Bystander: I don't know...

Mooch: Please?

Bystander: *(Reluctantly hands over lip balm)* Here.

Mooch: Thanks. *(He then reaches under shirt and applies the balm to his armpit. The sense of euphoria is more than*

