

“Spiritual Resolution: Physical Health”

by
Suzanne Davis

What Annie is focused on spiritual resolutions, but when she's not taking care of her own health, her conscience reminds her that her body is a temple and that taking care of herself should be a priority. This comedic skit is part of the Spiritual Resolution series and fits perfectly into a series about New Year's resolutions.

Themes: New Year, New Year's Resolutions, Physical Health, Duet

Who **Annie-** a young professional (20's-30's) who is relatively new to the Christian faith. Has a flair for the dramatic.
Connie- humorous representation of her conscience (should be played by someone older than Annie)

When Present day; inside Annie's apartment

Wear (Props) Long couch
Side table
Phone
Box of donuts (one should have green frosting)
Paper coffee cup
Trash can
Remote control
Both actors wear present-day clothing; Annie wears lounge clothes, Connie wears a coat.

Why 1 Corinthians 6:20

How This is a comic script, and it's okay for actors to exaggerate reactions.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

Lights up. **Annie** is sitting on one side of a couch, talking on her phone. On the table beside her is an open box of donuts and paper coffee cup. A remote control is next to her.

Annie: *(on the phone)* Sure. Uh huh. Yeah, I'm in for the night. Dinner? I don't know, I don't really feel like doing anything tonight. I'm just snacking. *(Pause)* Yes, I'll eat something green. *(Takes a bite of a green-frosted donut)* No, Mom, I don't usually skip meals. It's just today was a really long day and—

Connie enters, takes her coat off, sits down on the couch beside **Annie** and picks up the remote control.

Annie: *(startled)* Hey, Mom, I gotta go, someone's here. Okay. Love you too. Bye. *(To Connie)* Whoa, what do you think you're doing?

Connie: Hi, I'm your conscience. I believe we've met.

Annie: Yes, Conscience, but this is my space. As in, it's my space. So if you don't mind—

Annie takes the remote control out of **Connie's** hand.

Connie: I do mind, actually. *(Snatches the remote control back and clicks a button as if turning a TV off)* We left something important off your list of "spiritual resolutions" and it's time we addressed it.

Annie: *(groaning)* I don't want to fix anything else.

Connie: I wouldn't call it "fixing" anything else. I'd call it "maintaining" the progress you've made.

Annie: All right, fine. What's got to go now?

Connie: *(standing up and snatching the donut out of Annie's other hand)* This.

Annie: What?

Connie: Yep. That. *(Walks around the back of the couch, picks up the rest of the donut box and tosses it into the trash)* And these.

Annie: Hey! That's my—

Connie: Dinner? Is that what you were going to say?

Annie: Listen, you are not welcome here when it comes to my personal choices. Maybe other people decided to put "get healthy" and "lose weight" and all that on their list of New Year's resolutions, but I didn't. There's a reason I chose *spiritual* ones.

Connie: Hang on, I'm going to let that sink in.

Annie: *(annoyed)* What?

Connie: So what you do with your body isn't spiritual?

Annie: It's physical. Everyone knows that.

Connie: What happened to "offer your body as a living sacrifice"? And "don't you know your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit"?

Annie: Ughhh, I *knew* you were going to quote that temple verse.

Connie: Well, looks like you're putting an expansion on *your* temple. And that's gonna cost you.

Annie: Not funny, Conscience. Not funny.

Connie: No, it's not funny, is it? *(During the following speech, Annie attempts to interject several times but fails)* Not funny that you're addicted to sugar and refined flour. Or that you stay up past midnight binge-watching who-knows-what, and then make up for it with about six caffeine pick-me-ups the next day. Or that you skip breakfast. Or that you don't drink actual water.

Annie: I make my coffee with water.

Connie: Do you hear yourself??

Annie: Okay, so I've gotten into some bad habits. It's not the end of the world. There's a lot of worse things I could be doing.

Connie: True. But—

Annie: And believe it or not, I *do* know that "your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit" verse, and the context isn't about donuts.

Connie: You're right. The context is about your body not belonging to yourself, but to God. That covers pretty much everything.

Annie: Seriously, I'm fine. This is not a spiritual problem. It's a donut.

Connie: God's called you to do something with your life. If you're compromising it because you're exhausted and nutrient-deprived, it's a spiritual problem.

Annie: You sure you're not overreacting just a little?

Connie: Want me to use the car metaphor?

Annie: I knew you were going to use that dumb car metaphor.

Connie: If you want your car to be ready to handle whatever, you're not gonna put water in the gas tank. You're not gonna ignore the "check engine" light.

Annie: I just put duct tape over it. *(Noticing Connie's raised eyebrow)* Kidding. Kind of.

Connie: You've told God that you want to be completely surrendered to his will for your life. You said you want Him to have your best in everything.

Annie: *(in a quieter tone)* I did say that, didn't I?

Connie: We're not talking about a crash diet. We're talking about a little common sense. Because anything you do with God, and for God, on earth—you do in your body. And your body needs dinner before donuts.

Annie: Right. You're right. As always.

Connie: So—what's for dinner?

Annie: You're asking *me*?

Connie: Um... *(pause)* How about we go to Mom's?

Annie: Good idea. *(She stands up, then stops)* Wait... "We"?

Lights down.