

## “Band-Aid for a Sneeze”

by  
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**What** Sanctification is a process and there are no quick fixes in faith. In this humorous skit, a Patient visits the "Quick Fix Problem Nixed Clinic" hoping for easy solutions to a slew of complaints but is not happy with the outcome.

**Themes:** Endurance, Pain, God’s Masterpiece, Healing, Celebrate Recovery

**Who** Patient  
Doc

**When** Present

**Wear (Props)** Doc is in jeans, solid shirt under white medical coat. Patient is in neutral pants and buttoned-down long sleeve shirt or polo. Solid or small print.

Rolling chair or stool for Doc  
Examination table or chair for Patient to sit  
Shelf to hold props:  
Crutches  
Bottles  
Wig  
Earphones  
Rope  
Band-Aids  
Sling  
Icelpack  
Wrapping bandage

**Why** Philippians 1:6, Romans 12:1-2

**How** This script is high energy. The comedy relies on the pacing of the dialogue, so be sure and stay on top of your cues. However, don’t rush it! The humorous absurdity of Doc piling on thing after thing on the Patient will be funnier if it’s one thing after another quickly.

**Time** Approximately 5 minutes

Lights up. **Doc** is on stage, sitting in his chair or stool, waiting for his next patient. **Patient** enters.

**Patient:** Hi. Am I in the right spot?

**Doc:** *(spinning around in his chair to look at Patient)* "The Quick Fix Problem Nixed Help Clinic"? Is that what you're looking for?

**Patient:** Yes.

**Doc:** Then welcome. You're in the right spot.

**Patient:** Great.

**Doc:** *(motioning to seat)* Please, have a seat! Now tell me. What's the matter so I can "Quick Fix" it!

**Patient:** It's my arm. I slipped on the steps awhile back and landed on it. It won't seem to heal.

**Doc:** No problem. *(gets up collects sling and medicine bottle. Hands bottle and wraps sling around arm while talking)* Take this and wear this for a little while. Try not to move it too much.

**Patient:** Ok, thanks.

**Doc:** *(sitting back down)* Anything else?

**Patient:** My trick knee. It's playing tricks again. It acts up so much I've started calling it my little "Houdi-knee".

**Doc:** That's funny. *(putting up a hand to stop him)* Say no more. *(grabbing crutches and thrusting them at Patient)* These oughta do it. And uh... *(pointing at bottle)* take an extra one of those each time. Good as new. *(sitting again)* Is that all?

**Patient:** No. My head has been...I don't know. Cloudy? Foggy? And it hurts, like...most days it hurts. Just a little bit, but it's every day. Some days are worse than others. Got anything for that?

**Doc:** *(grabbing ice pack he breaks it, shakes it, puts it directly in Patient's hands then lifts Patient's hands up to hold the pack to his head.)* That's totally normal. Probably just those daily stressors and such. *(casually)* Or a brain tumor. Use this every day for four days. No five. Maybe a week. It will stop...probably. If it does great. If not... *(grabbing another bottle and handing it to Patient)* take a few of these.

**Patient:** Oh...kay. *(growing a little curious about his tactics)*

**Doc:** Next?

**Patient:** Uh, my stomach has been hurting. I've been feeling a little weak through my midsection in general.

*Doc jumps up and grabs wrapping bandage. He moves to **Patient** before he finishes speaking and begins wrapping the bandage repeatedly around his midsection.*

**Patient:** It could just be...I dunno, some anxiety or a little stomach bug. Maybe an allergy? It comes and goes. My other doctor recommended eating right and exercise...

**Doc:** *(almost horrified at the thought)* Exercise? Healthy foods? Why would you want to do all that work when you could just do this? *(finishing)* There. Done. And a lot easier than exercise and eating right. And *(pointing to pills again)* just add another one of those. *(jumping up and grabbing another bottle)* And two of these. No. Three. Three should do it. If not...I dunno, maybe seven.

**Patient:** Are you sure all of this is neces—?

**Doc:** What else?

**Patient:** *(a little hesitant)* My eyes. They've been—

**Doc:** *(quickly taking a pair of glasses from his pocket and tossing them to **Patient**)* Catch!

**Patient:** Oh. *(puts them on. They blur his vision. He waves his hands in front of him at the distorted images.)*

**Doc:** Next.

**Patient:** I seem to be losing more of my hair these days. Stress? Bad genes? Disease? I dunno. Maybe some sort of remedy for—

*Doc pulls a wig out of a bag and places it poorly on **Patient's** head.*

**Doc:** Next.

**Patient:** *(standing and looking down at legs)* My legs have always been a little bow-legged.

*Doc taking out a rope and tying his knees together.*

**Doc:** What else ya got?

**Patient:** I have some pretty serious B.O. sometimes. It can be a little embarrassing.

*Doc grabs an aerosol can and lifting each arm sprays under each then a quick pause followed by a quick spritz to the derriere which makes Patient jump. Doc tucks the can under the Patient's armpit. Suggest doing the latter spritz only if Doc and Patient are same gender.*

**Patient:** My ears have been ringing...

*Doc pulls out some earphones and pops them on Patient's head.*

**Doc:** Anything we missed?

**Patient:** *(speaking louder since wearing headphones)* I've had this cold. Sometimes I just can't stop sneezing.

**Doc:** I've got the perfect fix.

*Doc grabs a Band-Aid, opening it sticks it across Patient's nostrils. Patient can only speak with a nasal voice while the Band-Aid covers his nostrils.*

**Patient:** You can't be serious.

**Doc:** What? You look great. Ok, not great. You look...you look...

**Patient:** I look ridiculous.

**Doc:** It always looks worse before it gets better.

**Patient:** This doesn't make any sense. None of this. I mean, sure...it sounds appealing. *(reciting the slogan)* "Quick Fix. Where all your problems are Nixed" but in reality...this can't be right. Can it?

**Doc:** Who said anything about "right"? The "Quick Fix" doesn't mean it's right. The "Quick Fix" method is what's right, *right now*. Oh, and uh...no guarantees either.

*Pause as Patient gives himself a good looking over. He's had it.*

**Patient:** That's it!

*Patient begins to take everything off. Icepack tossed to the ground. Pills down. Crutches fall to the ground. Sling off. Unwraps legs. Wig and earphones off. Etc.*

**Doc:** *(while Patient is removing everything)* What are you doing? I worked hard to do all that. Ok, maybe not *hard*, but I worked...sort of...hey! That may not have taken a *lot* of time, but it did take *some* effort!

**Patient:** *(pointing at the Band-Aid)* This was the worst of them all.

**Doc:** It will work! You haven't sneezed once—

*Patient lets out a boisterous sneeze. Gives the Doc a telling look then removes the Band-Aid.*

**Patient:** *(relieved to have it removed and in a normal voice)* A Band-Aid for a sneeze? C'mon. *(tosses Band-Aid then moves to exit)*

**Doc:** *(calling after Patient)* Good luck finding a quicker fix somewhere else!

**Patient:** *(turning around)* I'm not looking for a quick fix anymore. I'm going to find the real deal.

*Patient exits.*

**Doc:** *(shouting offstage to Patient and kind of to himself)* Yeah, well...watch and see how long that takes! There's all the appointments, follow ups, diagnostics, tests, more tests, more visits, trial and error, and then even more tests and appointments! And you *still* might not get the answers you're looking for! It could take weeks! Months! Even years to take care of everything you've got going on! It will go on and on and on and on...  
*(talking to himself at this point)*

*Doc stands a little bewildered and somewhat annoyed. He reaches for a Band-Aid and tries it on over his nose himself. He smiles pleased with the results then after a few moments he lets out a boisterous sneeze himself. Annoyed he rips off the Band-Aid and tosses it to the ground and exits in a huff.*

*Lights out.*