

A script from



“Confessions”

by

Eddie James and the Skitiots

- What** This skit is a composite of silly scenes that illustrate that confession comes in many packages. The thing is, we all need to do it from time to time. (Themes: Fun, Confession, Sin, Disappointment)
- Who** Actor 1- girl Actor 3- guy
Actor 2- guy
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** 3 chairs. Everything else is imagined
- Why** 1 John 1:9-10
- How** This skit is just plain silly. Feel free to interject your own scenes as you create them. **OPTION:** Depending on your group you may want to cast each part to a different actor. If you do, give the “The X Confession” and “Actor 3” lines to a “Narrator” character.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

*The skit starts with **Actors 1, 2, and 3** addressing the audience. Three chairs are onstage available for use.*

Actor 3: Everybody has something to confess. It could be anything. I have stuff I could confess, (**Actor 1**) has something they could confess, even (**Actor 2**) has something to... (Sees **Actor 2** shaking head) Are you telling me that you have nothing to confess?

Actor 2: Yeah. I think I'm doing pretty good.

Actor 3: There has to be something.

Actor 2: Nope. (*Makes weird face momentarily*) Nope, I'm doing just fine.

Actor 1: (Smells something rank) I think he has something to confess.

*Smell reaches **Actor 3**.*

Actor 3: Yeah, you do!

Actor 2: Okay, fine. I confess. It was me. I had three milkshakes before I came here, and I'm a little lactose intolerant. But you're right. It feels good to confess, and to let some things out.

Actor 3: Well, as (**Actor 2**) has already shown, there are many wrong ways to confess. We'd like to show you some others. First, The Painful Confession.

***Actor 1** and **Actor 2** assume the position of driving a car down the road, and the characterization of "**Jimmy**" and "**Tina**".*

Tina: (*Sings, badly*) "What is love? Baby don't hurt me, don't hurt me, no no'..."

Jimmy: (*Wincing*) Don't hurt me. (*Notices a missed turn*) Hey you missed the turn.

Tina: No, I didn't.

Jimmy: Yes, you did. Turn the car around.

Tina: You're always second-guessing my driving. I know where I'm going.

Jimmy: You were too busy being the next American Idol. Now turn the car around.

Tina: No.

Jimmy: Turn the car around.

Tina: No.

Jimmy: TURN THIS CAR AROUND!

On this last time Jimmy and Tina "jump" in their chairs, as if they've just run over a speed bump.

Jimmy: *(Spooked)* What was that?

Tina: *(Frightened)* I don't know. Go out and check.

Jimmy exits the car, and sees what was hit.

Jimmy: You hit a dog!

Tina: I hit a dog? You hit a dog.

Jimmy: How could I hit the dog? You were driving.

Tina: I'm a girl, and you're a boy.

Jimmy: So?

Tina: So. Boys kill things.

Actor 3 enters. He is the "Owner" of the dog.

Owner: Fifi! Fifi! Time for din-din, Fifi! *(Sees the dead Fifi)* FIFI! *(To Jimmy)* What happened?

Jimmy: We thought it was a speed bump!

Owner: How could you think she was a speed bump? She's white and fluffy, white and fluffy!

Jimmy: Not anymore.

Owner wails.

Owner: Look at her. She's still twitching. Make her stop hurting, Mister. Make her stop hurting.

Jimmy: I've got a gun.

Owner wails.

Owner: Okay.

Jimmy: *(To Tina)* Give me the gun.

Tina: What gun?

Jimmy: In the glove box.

Tina: *(Gets gun from glove box and hands it to Jimmy)* Why do you have a gun in the glove box?

Jimmy: To protect you.

Tina: *(Charmed)* That's sweet.

Jimmy: Thanks. *(To Owner, nervously aims gun at Fifi)* Now, I'll just take one shot...

Owner: *(Drops to be with Fifi)* Fifi, I'm gonna miss you. I'm gonna miss how every morning you'd wake me up... by licking my mouth. And how we used to share bowls of chili together... *(Becomes overwhelmed by emotions. To Jimmy)* Go ahead.

Jimmy: *(Once again takes aim)* It'll be completely painless...

Owner: *(Once again drops to be with the dog)* Fifi. Most of all, I'm gonna miss how you would always greet me with your little "ruh-roh, ruh-roh..." *(Again becomes overwhelmed by emotions)* I'm sorry, I'm sorry. *(Turns away, and covers face with hands)* I can't watch.

Tina: *(Hides her face)* I can't watch either.

Jimmy: *(Turns away from dog as well. NOTE: As he turns he accidentally raises gun to the level of Owner's rear-end)* Neither can I.

Jimmy makes "bang" sound of gun going off. Owner grabs rear-end, and yelps. Actors drop characters and move to places for next scene.

Actor 1: *(To audience)* The Unexpected Confession.

Actor 1 remains seated and "reads a book," and assumes the character of "Chrissy". Actor 2 "Tom" walks by.

Chrissy: *(Looking at something in the distance)* Aww. That is so cute. That is so cute!

Tom: *(Stops turns to Chrissy)* You talking about me?

Chrissy: *(Notices Tom)* No. I'm talking about that couple over there.

Tom: *(Sees "couple")* You mean that couple over there?

Chrissy: Aren't they just so sweet?

Tom: No. It's gross! It's P.D.A.

Chrissy: P.D.A.

Tom: Public Display of Affection. P.D.A. It's p'duh. The only safe p'duh is no p'duh. *(Looks at couple)* Hey, p'duh p'doesn't, Buddy.

Chrissy: You're so unromantic. I mean look at them, they're in love. They're sharing their...

Tom: *(Interrupts)* They're sharing diseases! Look at them, they're over there playing tonsil hockey. *(Calls out)* Who's winning, Buddy? *(To Chrissy)* I bet he is.

Chrissy: Look, whatever. You're just jealous.

Tom: I'm jealous?

Chrissy: Yes. Because you could never hope to get a girl like that.

Tom: Yes I could. In fact I have.

Chrissy: Right. Like who?

Tom: *(Points at couple)* Her! That's my girlfriend! *(Stands and shouts at couple)* Thanks for the love, Becky!

Tom runs off, and Chrissy exits.

Actor 2 returns and addresses the audience.

Actor 2: The T.M.I., or the "Too Much Information" Confession.

Actor 2 sits in a chair and becomes "Father", and reads newspaper. Actor 3 enters as "Gerald".

Gerald: Um, Dad?

Father: Son! How are you! Come over here and sit by your Old Man.

Gerald: Dad I'd really rather...

Father: Nonsense. Sit right by your Old Man. **(Gerald timidly obeys Father. Father looks Gerald squarely in the eye)** Son, I love you.

Gerald: That's nice, Dad.

Father: What is it you wanted to tell me, boy?