



*Written by  
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## **“Run To Win!”**

**Scripture:** Hebrews 12: 1b, 2a

**Dramatic Category:** “Metaphor Skit”

### **What is a “Metaphor Skit”?**

A “Metaphor Skit” is a drama in which concrete items represent abstract ideas. Physical objects (props) help state the theme of the message. The image might be a physical prop, like the “Crown of Sovereignty” worn by the person who is dominating an argument. It may also be a physical position assumed by an actor that seems unusual, like falling over dead, when spoken to harshly; or a ball-and-chain may be placed on a person who exhibits a bad habit. These skits use a surrealistic style to make their point. Concrete objects become symbolic representations of abstract meanings.

**Topic:** Casting off the sin that entangles us.

**Performance Time:** 7 minutes

**Number of Players:** 6 players (*3 men, 3 women*)

### **Objective:**

To graphically show the results of bad choices by wrapping chains around a runner each time he gives in to sin.

### **Synopsis:**

Jeff is encouraged to run the race with as little to weigh himself down as possible. The coach even has him change his shoes because the others are “too heavy.” When left to run the race, Jeff encounters several people who represent types of sins, personified. His first obstacle is a person named “Drugs” who comes by and offers him a marijuana joint. Jeff takes it, and as the joint is passed off, so is a heavy chain that “Drugs” puts around his neck. As the skit continues, “Dirty Dude,” leaves him a shady magazine and a corresponding chain; as does the flirtatious, “Loose Lady.” “Discouragement,” locks him up with a padlock as she says, “Just quit caring.” Finally, the coach returns to find Jeff so bound up in the chains of bad choices that he can hardly move, much less run a race. The coach begins to unwrap the chains using the “choice to set your eyes on Jesus,” as the key that unlocks the padlock of sin’s grasp.

**Cast:**

Jeff: *a runner in a race, dressed in a jogging suit*  
Coach: *a mature runner, with a whistle*  
Drugs: *a female sleazy person*  
Dirty Dude: *a male sleazy person*  
Loose Lady: *a flirtatious, alluring woman*  
Discouragement: *an expressionless woman with a monotone voice.*

**Props:**

Four sets of chains (8 sections of chains)

1. Discouragement: 2 sections, 8 feet long each
2. Drugs: 2 sections, 4 feet long each
3. Loose Lady: 2 sections, 4 feet long each
4. Dirty Dude: 2 sections, 4 feet long each

Each of the characters above, wears one section and walk onto the stage carrying the other section which is then draped around Jeff by the character. This is to show that the character already has this “type of sin” in his/her life and is now giving it Jeff.

**NOTE:**

Put a 2-sided clip at the end of each chain. This makes attaching the chains to Jeff, and the character, much easier.

2 “ball-and-chains” *for “Dirty Dude” and Jeff (bowling balls with chains and clips)*  
A bottle (beer-like): *wrapped in a brown paper sack, carried by “Drugs”*  
A cigarette/joint: *rolled paper to look like a cigarette or a joint, carried by “Drugs”*  
A bottle of pills: *poured into Jeff’s hand, carried by “Drugs”*  
A magazine: *covered in a wordless brown paper, carried by “Dirty Dude”*  
A business card: *given to Jeff by “Loose Lady”*  
Tennis shoes: *to replace the ones Jeff is wearing*  
A whistle: *worn by the Coach*  
A padlock: *locked onto the chains Jeff wears by “Discouragement”*  
A padlock key: *to open the padlock on Jeff, carried by the Coach*

**Setting:** This skit can happen almost anywhere. It has no special set.

## The Script:

*(Coach and Jeff enter the stage; both are dressed for a track meet. They run onto the stage. The tennis shoes are set off to the side.)*

**Coach:** All right now, look.  
You've got to give this all you've got, man.  
Now, when your body tells you you're gonna' die if you take one more step,  
you take that step anyway... you take 20 more steps.  
You dig down into the deepest part of your heart and soul  
and you scoop out all the strength you've got.  
This is a tough race, and only the tough finish.

**Jeff:** I'm scared, coach.

**Coach:** Of course you're scared.  
It's a long race, but I'm pullin' for 'ya.

*(Notices the shoes Jeff has on.)*  
Hey, those shoes are too heavy.  
Try these. *(Tosses him a pair of light shoes.)*

If you're gonna' win, you can't weigh yourself down.  
*(Pats him on the back.)*

Give it all you've got!  
*(Coach exits, leaves Jeff alone.)*

**Jeff:** *(Sitting down, switching shoes.)*  
I've got to get psyched for this race. It's so long.

**Drugs:** *(Enters with a chain around her arm like a sling; she is carrying some pills, a cigarette, and a bottle wrapped in a brown paper bag.)*

Shoes too tight?

**Jeff:** *(Looking up from the ground, then getting up.)* No, they're fine now;  
my other ones were too heavy.  
I've got a race to run; can't get weighted down.

**Drugs:** A race, huh.  
Well, I've got something that will start your motor and keep it hummin'.  
Take a few of these, *(She hands him pills.)*  
And check this out! *(She hands him a joint.)*

**Jeff:** Will this help?

**Drugs:** Help? Man this stuff will cure your blues, shine your shoes, make your eyes white, and your teeth bright.

*(Jeff takes the pills, and starts to smoke. As he does, Drugs drapes a chain around Jeff's neck and wrist, until his arm is in a sling, too, as Drugs, herself, is wearing. Drugs pokes Jeff in the side. Jeff coughs.)*

**Jeff:** *(Reeling a bit and coughing. He tries to run in place, but the chain is heavy, and he notices it.)*

This is supposed to keep my motor running, huh?

**Drugs:** Sure, but where are you going in such a hurry?

**Jeff:** I've got a race to run.  
I'm trying to get started.  
It's kinda' rough.

**Drugs:** You seem really up tight about it.  
Relax, unwind.  
Here take a swig of this.  
It will help you forget your troubles. Go ahead!

*(She puts the bottle into the hand supported by the sling. He holds the bottle in the same way she did. Drugs exits.)*

**Jeff:** *(to himself)* Relax. Unwind. Right.  
*(He takes a few breaths.)*

*(Dirty Dude walks by with his nose in a magazine. He has 2 sets of a ball-and-chains attached to his leg, and he drags them along as he walks. He bumps right into Jeff, then looks up in disgust.)*

**Jeff:** Watch where you're going!

**Dirty Dude:** Hey, man, I've got better stuff to watch than you.  
Check this out.  
*(He shows Jeff the picture. Jeff's eyes bulge and he looks up fast.)*

**Jeff:** Who is that? Where did you get that?

**Dirty Dude:** I can get a million of these.  
Here, take this one. It'll keep your mind occupied...  
*(He jabs him in the ribs)* if you know what I mean.

*(As Jeff looks at the magazine, Dirty Dude attaches the ball-and-chain to Jeff's leg, then he leaves.)*

*(Jeff rapidly looks through the magazine and stares wildly.)*

**Loose Lady:** *(approaches Jeff with two chains wrapped around her neck.)*  
Hi there.

*(She stands really close to him, and peeks into the magazine.)*

**Jeff:** *(obviously flustered)* Oh, hi.  
*(He puts away the magazine by tucking it into the back of his pants.)*  
I ah...I was just.

**Loose Lady:** I know what you were reading.

*(She wraps her chains around Jeff's neck tightly as she talks. She hands him a business card as she exits.)*

Call me.

**Jeff:** *(Hardly able to breathe.)* Call you?  
I... I can't even breathe, how can I call...  
how can I run?  
Man, this stuff is heavy.

*(He tries to run in place, but he can hardly move.)*  
I can't get... this is just too....

**Discouragement:** Hard?  
That's what it is, man.  
It's just too hard.  
Why don't you quit?

*(Discouragement wears chains all over her body, and she carries an additional chain like a rope draped over her arm with the end of it in her hand. She clips the end of her chain to the chain at Jeff's ankle and begins to walk around him, winding a chain from his ankle up to his neck, like a spider would wrap a fly in a web.)*

You're not going anywhere all tied up like that.  
Pack it in!  
It's all over.

**Jeff:** I've got to get rid of this stuff.  
I can't make any time like this.  
I'm gonna' loose the race.

**Discouragement:** Lose the race?  
You're not even gonna' start the race.  
I told you, it's all over.  
You haven't got a chance.  
You can't do it!  
Give up!

**Jeff:** I was supposed to run a race.

**Discouragement:** You're kidding.

**Jeff:** I was supposed to win.

**Discouragement:** *(taking a long look at him)*  
You, a winner?  
Yeah, right.  
Dream on!

**Jeff:** I'm trapped.  
I can't even move.  
What am I going to do?

**Discouragement:** Stop caring.

**Jeff:** *(looking at her with a puzzled expression)* What?

**Discouragement:** Just tell yourself, "It's not important," and stop caring.  
That's what I always do.

*(During her talk with Jeff, she ends the chain at his neck, takes a large padlock out of her pocket and attaches the chain with it right below Jeff's ear.)*

Just tune out.  
Don't care.  
*(She snaps the lock very obviously, then exits.)*

**Jeff:** I don't care.  
I really don't.  
What does it matter?  
I'll never get these things off.  
So what?  
*(Jeff sinks to the floor.)*

**Coach:**  
*(Enters and stops short. He stares at Jeff who sits center stage all bound up in the chains.)*

We missed you in the starting blocks.

**Jeff:** I can't run.  
Not like this.

**Coach:** Why did you do this?

**Jeff:** It wasn't my fault, coach!  
This girl came by, and she gave me this.  
*(He pulls out the joint.)*

and she gave me some pills, too;  
then a girl....

**Coach:** Did she force you to smoke this?  
*(throwing the joint on the ground and stepping on it)*

**Jeff:** No, but then she gave me this bottle of....  
*(holding out the bottle)*

**Coach:** Did she hold a gun to your head?

**Jeff:** No, but then a guy came by and he gave me this.  
*(He holds the magazine out for the coach. Coach knocks it out of his hand.)*

**Coach:** Nobody forced you, Jeff.  
You made your own choices!  
Don't say this is not your fault.

**Jeff:** *(trying to justify himself)*  
I'm not the one that gave me these things.

**Coach:** But you're the one who took them.  
It was your choice.  
You can't control anybody's choice but yours!

**Jeff:** *(thinking)* I blew the race, didn't I?

**Coach:** If that's the choice you want to stay with.

**Jeff:** It's what I'm stuck with.  
Look at me!  
I can't run!

**Coach:** Choices can work backwards, too.  
One right choice can fix a whole series of bad ones.

**Jeff:** I sure want to back out of these choices, coach.  
*(He struggles to lift himself up off of the ground.)*  
I wanna' run.

**Coach:**  
*(He takes a key out of his pocket and unlocks the padlock. He begins to unwind each chain as he speaks.)*

Faith is the key.  
Your choices will either set you free or tie you up.  
God's on your side, Jeff.  
Why don't you make a choice to be on His?

**Jeff:** Can He get me out of these?

**Coach:** He specializes in setting people free;  
but His is not the first move.  
Yours is.  
Faith in Him is the one right choice that sets the rest of life on the right track.

**Jeff:** Track?  
I wanna' run, coach.  
God's track.  
*(free of the chains and running again)*

**Coach:** That's the inside track. *(They run off together.)*

**NOTE: Sermon Suggestion:**

After Jeff and the Coach leave the stage, the pastor steps into the same area, standing among the chains lying on the floor. He picks up one chain at a time and talks about the grasp that this particular sin has on us and how it “entangles us” in life. Each time, dropping the chain with a loud “thud” when he issues the challenge to “keep your eyes fixed on Jesus.”