



*Written by  
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## Hard Labor

**Scripture:** Colossians 3:23, 24

**Dramatic Category:** Skit

**NOTE:**

This skit can stand alone; however, it is skit #1 of a 4-skit “Collected Skits On A Theme” entitled, “Signs From God.” The series serves as an excellent dramatic illustration for a sermon series on God's gift to us, and includes the following skits:

1. “Hard Labor” (skit #S15)
2. “Run To Win” (skit #MS3)
3. “Construction Zone” (skit #MS2)
4. “Finding ‘H’” (skit #DS2)

*It is ideal if the same cast can perform all the skits in this “Signs From God” series; however, varied casts can perform them.*

**Topic:** Taking responsibilities seriously

**Performance Time:** 6 minutes

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

**Objective:**

This skit is a snapshot of the eventual outcome of irresponsibility. It is excellent in setting up a sermon on the importance of setting good work habits in one's youth, for adulthood is always an extension of youthful values.

**Synopsis:**

Uncle Buzz comes to visit, but he is nothing like his nephew, Bruce, imagined him to be. He is lazy, irresponsible, soaks his relatives for his livelihood, and is always looking for entertainment; other than that, he's quite a decent guy for a 40 year-old man! Suddenly, young Bruce sees value in doing his homework, keeping his room clean, and taking responsibility a little more seriously.

**Cast:**

Bruce: *A "cool" teenager, who sees no point in hard work*  
Mom: *Bruce's mother, who tries to motivate young Bruce*  
Dad: *Bruce's father, who gives him a lecture about his future*  
Uncle Buzz: *A slovenly, no-account, who sponges off of others*  
Maryanne: *Bruce's teenaged sister*  
Jenny: *Maryanne's teenaged friend*

**Props:**

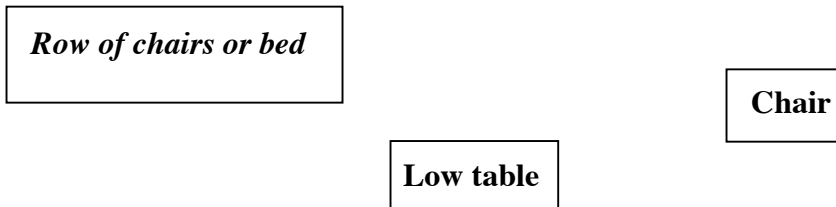
Junk to clutter Bruce's room: clothes, sports equipment, books, food, etc.  
Socks that are filled with newspaper, so they stand up  
Schoolbooks  
A low table  
A blanket or bedspread  
4 chairs or a bed  
A spool of string (long enough to stretch across the stage)

**Lights:** General stage lighting

**Sound:** A "crashing sound," like trash cans banging together.

**Staging Note:**

*Arrange the stage like Bruce's room. Use a row of chairs for the bed, drape a blanket over it, and litter it with teenaged room paraphernalia.*



## The Script:

*(Jenny and Maryanne cautiously enter Bruce's room. Maryanne ties a string to the door handle (which is any object off stage that will hold string so it looks like the string is attached to something) so she and Jenny will not get lost in the clutter of Bruce's room. A pair of socks stands up all by themselves in the center of the room. The room is a terrible mess. Bruce is in the room, but he hears them coming and hides under some clothes.)*

**Maryanne:** I hope Bugs is in here.

**Jenny:** Bugs, what a weird name for a rabbit.

**Maryanne:** It's not weird. Bugs is my bunny. Bugs bunny, get it.  
I can't find him anywhere in the house, so maybe he got into my brother's room.  
I just hope he doesn't die in there.

**Jenny:** Die there? Why would he die in your brother's room?

**Maryanne:** You'll see.  
*(She takes a string out and ties it to the door.)*

*(They enter the room and stare at the terrible mess!)*

**Jenny:** Wow! This is an awesome room!  
So, why are you tying a string to the door?

**Maryanne:** That's the only way out of my little brother's room.  
This room is dangerous.  
Animals and small children have gotten lost in this mess,  
and have never been heard from again!  
I just hope bugs is in here somewhere.

**Jenny:** *(stepping on a bug)*  
I don't know if your rabbit is in here,  
but there's lots of other bugs around.  
I just killed one!  
*(She holds it up for Maryanne to see.)*

**Maryanne:** *(She screams, then adopts a secretive air.)*  
Shhh! Bruce might be in here.  
*(inching forward holding onto the string with Jenny following close behind)*  
You never know!

**Jenny:** *(noticing the socks)*  
Awesome! Socks that stand up by themselves.  
*(picking one up)* Did he do this with glue?

**Maryanne:** No, sweat; sweat and dirt!  
He never washes his clothes.

**Jenny:** *(Oddly enough, she is impressed.)* Wow! What a concept!

**Bruce:**  
*(Bruce rises up from the floor covered in clothing like a mummy. His arms are outstretched and he startles the girls. They scream loudly and head for the door, but he blocks them.)*

Beware the curse of the mummy on all who trespass in the room of the walking dead!  
You will be strangled by the cord of doom!

*(He grabs the string the girls are trailing and heads for the girls' throats. They scream even louder.)*

Unless you give me some quarters for the arcade!

**Maryanne:** Stop it!  
I'm not giving you any more quarters!  
I'm just looking for bugs, my rabbit.  
Have you seen him?

**Bruce:** No, I haven't seen bugs.

**Jenny:** *(stomping on the floor and killing another bug)*  
I have!

*(She picks the bug up and hands it to Bruce.)*  
Here, there's more where it came from.

*(She starts kicking clothes around and stepping on bugs at random.)*

**Maryanne:** *(Grabbing Jenny by the arm.)* Come on! Bugs isn't in here.

**Jenny:** Oh yes there are, thousands of 'em. Look!  
*(She lifts up some clothes and Maryanne screams.)*

**Maryanne:** You should clean this mess up! Be responsible!  
A little work wouldn't kill you, 'ya know.

**Jenny:** Yeah, but it might kill the bugs!  
*(They exit.)*

**Bruce:** *(mimicking them)* It might kill the bugs.

*(His mimic is interrupted by Mom who enters Bruce's room.)*

**Mom:** Bruce! You have got to clean up this room!  
Take a little pride in yourself.  
This room says a lot about who you are.  
You don't want people to think you are lazy, or disorganized,  
or that you just don't care, do you?

*(She kneels down beside him.)*  
Come on Bruce.

*(He mouths the words as she says them.)*

I've asked you a thousand times to do your fair share around here.  
Now, get to work! Clean up your room because you are going to have a visitor.  
*(She exits!)*

**Bruce:**  
*(Picking up some gum on his shoe. He reaches down, pulls the gum off of the shoe.)*

Hey, here's that gum I lost. I knew it was in here somewhere.

*(He picks some stuff off of the gum, then puts it into his mouth. He pauses for a moment.)*

A visitor? Mom! What visitor? Who's coming?

**Mom:** *(Mom re-enters.)* Your father will tell you.

**Bruce:** *(His eyes widen.)* Oh yeah?

**Dad:** *(enters the room carefully)* Hi. Is it safe to enter this place?

**Bruce:** Sure, Dad. Come on in.  
*(Bruce moves some clothes over.)*

**Dad:** I have some bad news, and some bad news,  
which one do you want to hear first?

**Bruce:** Don't you mean good news and bad news?

**Dad:** No, just bad news!

**Bruce:** Okay, then give me the bad news first.

**Dad:** *(staring at Bruce)* Your Uncle Buzz is coming to live with us.

**Bruce:** What!

**Dad:** And he's going to stay with you, in your room!

**Bruce:** No!

**Dad:** Now do you want to hear the bad news?

**Bruce:** That was bad news!

**Dad:** Right, and here's some more.  
*(He sets some books in front of Bruce as he speaks.)*

You are on restriction for the next month until your grades improve.  
Why don't you do your homework?

**Bruce:** I forget sometimes. I think about other stuff.

**Dad:** I will help you remember.  
No TV, no bike riding, no friends over; just homework!  
And I want to see a report from your teacher at the end of every week.  
You've got to get to work, young man if you ever expect to have a good life.

**Bruce:** I've got a good life; look I found my gum.  
*(He blows a bubble.)*

**Dad:** *(exiting)* Learn to work, son, or you won't be able to afford gum;  
'cause I'm not paying your bills forever!  
*(He pops Bruce's gum, and it spreads out all over his face.)*

**Bruce:** *(following Dad to the door, but calling for Mom)* Mom!

**Mom:** What?

**Bruce:** I don't want Uncle Buzz in my room!

**Mom:** Nobody wants your Uncle Buzz.  
That's why he's coming here.  
We have to let him in. He's my brother.

**Bruce:** But Mom!

**Mom:** It'll just be for a little while, I hope.  
Maybe he'll be able to hold down a job this time.  
  
Shhh! Here he comes.  
*(She exits.)*

**Bruce:** Why me! Oh, man.  
*(He leans on the books.)*

I don't believe this...not my...

**Buzz:** Uncle Buzz to the rescue!  
*(He puts Bruce in a head lock and rubs his head as if to say, "Hey, buddy!")*

**Bruce:** I don't need to be rescued, Uncle Buzz.

**Buzz:** *(moving over to the stack of books)*  
Oh yes you do! I'll rescue you from the evils of homework.  
*(He knocks the books off the table.)*

Come on, let's go over to the arcade and kill some time.  
You think your dad would give us some quarters?

**Bruce:** Ah...I don't think so.  
Hey, are you really staying with...

**Buzz:** With you, my man!  
Me and you together again.  
Just like the good ol' days.

**Bruce:** The good ol' days were just last month.  
Did you loose your job again?

**Buzz:** Ah, it was a dumb job.  
They said I was lazy, and that my desk was real disorganized.  
Hey, I love this room, man.  
It's real comfortable, if you know what I mean.  
*(He makes himself comfortable on some clothes.)*

**Bruce:** They fired you 'cause you were disorganized?

**Buzz:** No, not just that. They said I didn't "take pride in my work;  
that I didn't do my fair share of the work around there."  
That's crazy. I was a good worker...  
when I remembered to go to work.

**Bruce:** When you remembered to go?

**Buzz:** Yeah, I forget sometimes! I think about other stuff.

**Bruce:** Oh, man...Uncle Buzz.  
We've told you a thousand times to....

**Buzz:** Get to work, yeah. I know. I will.  
I've got my whole life ahead of me. I'm only forty!  
Some day I'll settle down, get a job, get married.

*(He takes Bruce by the arm, as though he was a bride, and marches downstage, center.)*

Ha! Can you see me married?  
Man, that's scary!  
All that responsibility!

You got any quarters for the arcade?

*(Bruce just stands there staring at Uncle Buzz. He appears to be daydreaming.)*

**Buzz:** *(snapping his fingers in Bruce's face.)* Hey, snap out of it man!  
Did I ever tell you that my name's not really Buzz.  
That's only a nickname.  
My real name's Bruce.  
You were named after me.  
We're a lot alike, you and me.

*(Bruce stands dumbfounded as Uncle Buzz exits. He walks over to his desk and begins to clean it up. He picks up the homework books off of the floor and opens one of them.)*

**Bruce:** *(to himself, loudly)* We're a lot alike? No we're not!

*(He begins cleaning up his room. At first he slowly picks things up, then he gets "into it," and speeds up. Jenny enters and stares at him.)*

**Jenny:** Why are you messing up your room?

**Bruce:** I'm not messing it up; I'm cleaning it up!

**Jenny:** But it was so, you...you know; creative, wild, awesome!

**Bruce:** Lazy! Disorganized.

**Maryanne:** *(poking her head into his room)* What's the matter with you?

**Bruce:** I take pride in my room. It says a lot about who I am.

**Mom:** *(walking by)* Maryanne, have you seen my...  
Bruce! What are you doing?

**Bruce:** My fair share around here, Mom.  
I've got to get to work if I ever expect to have a good life.

**Mom:** *(calling to Dad)* Honey, look.  
Bruce is cleaning his room!



**Dad:** *(amazed, as Bruce finishes the room and sits down to do his homework)*  
Now that's good news!

**Bruce:** What are you all staring at?  
A kid's got to learn how to work while he's young;  
otherwise, he could end up like....  
*(He is interrupted by the loud crash of metal)*

**SOUND: A LOUD, CRASHING NOISE**

**All:** *(They all look at each other.)* Uncle Buzz!

**Mom:** *(apologetically)* He asked to borrow the car.

**The End**