

# It's NOT All Relative



Ten Skits For Youth on the Post-Modern Way of Belief

Presented by  
Righteous Insanity & Sunday School Dropouts

# If It Feels Good

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Simon- A new age thinker

Lenny- A passer-by

Chuck- A cop

*Simon is on stage, holding a sign that says, "If it feels good, do it." Lenny enters, reads the sign.*

LENNY- Hi there.

SIMON- Hi.

LENNY- What's this, a political protest?

SIMON- Kind of. More of a moral protest.

LENNY- I see. What does it mean?

SIMON- I'm protesting the notion that there's an absolute set of morals that determine what's right and wrong for everyone.

LENNY- Sorry, you lost me. Care to explain in English?

SIMON- Well, see, just because of the Bible and the silly 10 commandments, people think there's only one set of morals for all of us to follow. But you can't expect everyone to live by the same set of morals, can you?

LENNY- I don't know, can you?

SIMON- Of course not. I believe each individual has the right to make up his own mind what's right and wrong, and to stick by those values.

LENNY- In other words, if it feels good, do it.

SIMON- Exactly.

LENNY- I see.

*Pause, then Lenny punches Simon in the face.*

SIMON- OWW... what was that for?

LENNY- Just following your advice. You know back in school one day I asked a bully why he was beating my face in, and he said it felt good and you know what? (*punches Simon again*) He was right!

SIMON- Oh, my face?

LENNY- I wonder if it feels as good in the (*punches Simon in the--*) stomach! And a (*karate chops Simon on the back, who falls*) chop to the back!

SIMON- Ohhhhhh!!!

LENNY- And a few kicks to the gut!!

*Lenny kicks Simon several times.*

LENNY- Wait right there. I want to try something else.

*Lenny runs off.*

SIMON- What are you doing? *(sees Lenny off)* Oh no.. no!!

*Lenny runs on with a folded metal chair and begins to beat Simon on the back as Simon howls.*

LENNY- Always thought that looked like fun on wrestling.

SIMON- Stop hurting me!!

LENNY- What?

SIMON- Stop hurting me!!

LENNY- Why should I?

SIMON- Because it's wrong, you moron!

LENNY- Are you judging me? Are you persecuting me for my values?

SIMON- No, I... I just don't want you to hurt me any more.

LENNY- But it *(kick)* feels *(kick)* so *(kick)* good!

*Chuck enters.*

CHUCK- Hey, hey, hey. What's going on here?

SIMON- Oh... thank goodness you're here. This guy's beating me up for no reason.

CHUCK- Is that a fact?

LENNY- No, sir, officer. I'm simply acting on my moral convictions. I believe if it feels good, you should do it.

CHUCK- And beating this guy up feels good?

LENNY- Oh yes, sir.

CHUCK- Who taught you that stupid philosophy?

*Lenny points at Simon.*

CHUCK- I see.

SIMON- What are you waiting for? Arrest him!

CHUCK- I can't do that, sir. He's got a constitutional right to freedom of religion.

SIMON- What? You must be mad.

CHUCK- Hey, don't take that attitude. Look at the bright side. *(pulls out his billy club)*  
You made two converts tonight.

SIMON- Oh no, not you!

*Chuck beats Simon with the club. Lenny kicks Simon. Simon howls in pain.*

CHUCK- Hey, you were right, man. This does feel good.

LENNY- You know what would feel really good? Tossing him off a bridge.

*They look at Simon with evil grins.*

SIMON- Oh no.

CHUCK- Let's do it!

*They pick up Simon and carry him off.*

SIMON- Wait!!! I changed my mind!! Let me go! I can't swim!

# The Mythology of Heaven

By John Cosper

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Spud- An alternative-type teenager; doesn't believe in God

Gabriel the archangel

Michael the archangel

Four Rejoicing Angels

*The stage is covered in a layer of smoke. A podium stands stage left. Gabriel is hidden behind the podium. Spud lays on the ground asleep. Spud wakes up.*

SPUD- Oh, man! (*stretches*) What a night! (*looks around, startled*) Wait a minute! Something's not right here! Where's my stereo? Where's my bed? Where's my room? (*sniffs*) Where's my teddy?

*Michael enters, walks over to Spud.*

MICHAEL- Hello there. I hope your journey was a pleasant one.

SPUD- Who are you?

MICHAEL- I am the archangel Michael. And you are?

SPUD- (*thinks this is a joke*) Jim Morrison.

MICHAEL- Nice to meet you, Mr. Morrison. This way, please?

SPUD- No way! Not until you tell me where I am!

MICHAEL- Come with me and I will tell you.

*Spud gets up and follows Michael over to the podium. Michael rings the bell. Gabriel pops up behind the podium.*

GABRIEL- Good morning, Michael. I see we have a new arrival.

MICHAEL- Gabriel, this is Jim Morrison.

GABRIEL- (*raises eyebrow*) I don't think so, Michael. Jim Morrison came through here a long time ago, remember?

SPUD- Whoa, Jim Morrison was here?

GABRIEL- Everybody comes through here eventually- Edison, Einstein, Socrates, Napoleon, Kurt Cobain.

SPUD- Kurt Cobain was here? Cool!

GABRIEL- Now, can you please tell me your real name?

SPUD- Spud Herman.

GABRIEL- Spud?

SPUD- Yeah.

GABRIEL- Your given name is...Spud?

SPUD- Yeah.

GABRIEL- If I looked at your birth certificate, the thing would say...Spud?

SPUD- Not exactly.

GABRIEL- I need your real name please.

SPUD- (*mutters*) Pickens Wainwright Herman, the third.

GABRIEL- Louder, please?

SPUD- (*yells*) Pickens Wainwright Herman, the third!

GABRIEL- Well, I understand your reluctance. (*shakes head*) Parents can be so cruel.

SPUD- Now will somebody please tell me where I am?

*The Rejoicing Angels enter, run to down stage right and look over the edge to "earth."*

ANGEL 1- Right down there! He's going to say it!

ANGEL 2- Where?

ANGEL 1- There!

ANGEL 3- Keep it down! I want to hear him!

ANGEL 4- Hear who?

ANGELS 2&3- Shhhhhh!

*Short pause.*

ANGEL 1- (*shouts*) That's it! He did it!

*The angels jump, cheer, and dance their way off stage.*

MICHAEL- Ahh, nothing like the sound of rejoicing angels at another sinner finding Jesus.

SPUD- You mean those guys were...and you guys are...then this place must be... (*moans in disbelief*) Awwwwww, man! In college they told us this was all bull crap!

MICHAEL- Well they were wrong then, weren't they?

GABRIEL- Indeed. Now let's have a look at your record.

*Gabriel opens his book.*

SPUD- You mean...you've been keeping records on me?

MICHAEL- We keep records on everybody.

GABRIEL- Every cuss word, every impure thought, every act of disobedience.

SPUD- I wasn't that bad, was I? How many times did I take the Lord's name in vain?

GABRIEL- Let me see.

*Gabriel pulls out a calculator- one with a roll of paper would work best- and begins to "add up" Spud's sins. He takes a long time to get the total.*

GABRIEL- A million, six.

SPUD- Ooooooooooh! That hurts! What about lying? I didn't lie that much...did I?

GABRIEL- Lying? Come on, Spud, my calculator only goes to ten digits.

SPUD- Very funny.

GABRIEL- (*shakes his head*) Trouble with parents, friends at school, parties, pranks, and...huh! I didn't realize they still sold Cherry Bombs.

SPUD- What does it matter, anyway? After all, right and wrong are relative terms...aren't they?

MICHAEL- What do you mean relative?

SPUD- What's "wrong" to one person may be perfectly okay to another, so we all have to accept each other's beliefs.

GABRIEL- Where did you hear that?

SPUD- Sociology class. There is no absolute right or wrong. Mr. Phipps wrote it on the board first day of class- "There are no absolutes."

MICHAEL- Yes, but by saying that, aren't you in fact making an absolute statement?

SPUD- *(pause, then)* Awww, man!

GABRIEL- I know it sounded like a lovely thought, but there is one God and one absolute system of right and wrong. You can ignore it, but you can't escape it.

SPUD- But there are so many different religions in this world. There's got to be another way.

MICHAEL- Nope. Just the one.

SPUD- What about Buddhism?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Shintoism?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Tao?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Hinduism?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Wicca?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Christian Science?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Mormonism?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Jehovah's Witnesses?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Scientology?

MICHAEL- No.

SPUD- Then how?

MICHAEL- Jesus.

SPUD- *(groans)* Oh, must we always go back to him?

MICHAEL- Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There is no other way to Heaven but through him.

*Gabriel flips to the front of the book to look for the seal.*

GABRIEL- I'm sorry, Spud, but I don't see that you ever accepted Jesus as your Savior. Looks like your reservation is downstairs.

SPUD- No! No, I won't go!

MICHAEL- Spud, when you put your faith in a world without absolutes, you gave up your freedom of choice...and your responsibility. So from now on, your choices have all been made for you.

GABRIEL- Look at it this way, Spud. If you're right, and there are no absolutes, pain and suffering must be relative, too.

SPUD- And if I'm wrong?

GABRIEL- It'll be absolute Hell, won't it?

# Judge Gone Wild

By Jack Hall

[www.sundayschooldropouts.com](http://www.sundayschooldropouts.com)

## CHARACTERS

Trish Keibler- A news reporter

Carrie Flowers- A Supreme Court nominee

Senators Birch, Miller, McKinley- Judiciary committee members

TV Announcer (voice)

Wacky Guy- Host of "Girls Gone Wild" (voice)

Young Carrie (voice)

Photographers and other media types (optional)

*The stage is set like a Senate hearing room. Carrie sits at a table with a microphone. The Senators sit on a raised platform behind their own long table. If possible, photographers are scattered behind Carrie. A small TV is down center, facing backstage. TV news show-type music plays.*

ANNOUNCER: This is Cable News. August 8, 2036. Now, live in Washington, here's Trish Keibler.

*Trish enters with a microphone.*

TRISH: Welcome back. The Senate Judiciary Committee is in its third day of hearings for Supreme Court nominee Carrie Flowers, and while both parties have expressed approval for Mrs. Flowers as a judge, Senator Edward Birch has promised a bombshell in today's round of questioning.

*Trish exits.*

MILLER: Judge Flowers, I want you to know I had my reservations coming into these hearings. We don't need partisan thinkers who are going to legislate from the bench. But in these hearings, we have found you to be a fair-minded woman with great integrity and moral character.

FLOWERS: Thank you, Senator. My parents raised me to love God and love others. And I have lived by their high moral standards all my life.

MILLER: Mr. McKinley, I yield the rest of my time to the chair.

MCKINLEY: Thank you, Mr. Miller. That concludes this round of questioning. If there are no objections, we can move into the next phase of this process.

BIRCH: Mr. McKinley? If I may have a moment to take the floor.

MCKINLEY: The chair recognizes the Senator from Massachusetts.

BIRCH: Thank you. Mrs. Flowers, we all know you to be a good wife and mother.

FLOWERS: That is correct.

BIRCH: You support ten different charities. You vote your conscience versus the party. You're an evangelical Christian from Alabama who is best friends with your gay neighbors.

FLOWERS: Tammy and Judy are great Americans, Senator.

BIRCH: I bet they are. However, this hearing is about you and your fitness to sit on the highest bench. And last night, I found reason to doubt your qualifications when I put this video into my machine!

*Senator Birch holds up a DVD of "Girls Gone Wild." The photographers gasp and start snapping faster.*

MILLER: Senator, forgive my interruption, but is that a "Girls Gone Wild" video?"

BIRCH: Yes, Mr. Miller, it is.

MCKINLEY: Mr. Birch, what does that video have to do with these confirmation hearings, as if I couldn't guess?

BIRCH: If I may direct everyone's attention to the television?

*Senator Birch picks up a remote control and aims it at the TV. Calypso music plays.*

WACKY GUY: *(voice)* Welcome to Girls Gone Wild, Spring Break 2006, where wacky, horny coeds from all over the country have come to Panama City for the party of a lifetime. Hey there, little coed, what's your name and where are you from?

CARRIE: *(voice)* I'm Carrie from Alabama, woooo!

WACKY GUY: *(voice)* Hi, Carrie. I dare you to flash our camera.

CARRIE: *(voice)* Okay. WOOOOOOOOO! YEAH!

*Senator Birch turns off the TV. The room is all abuzz now. Senator McKinley bangs his gavel.*

MCKINLEY: Order! This room will come to order!

BIRCH: Mrs. Flowers, was that you on that video?

FLOWERS: Uh, yes, Senator, it was.

BIRCH: And were those your tater tots we saw on that video?

FLOWERS: Yes they-- Well, I wouldn't exactly call them tater tots.

MILLER: I would.

BIRCH: Mrs. Flowers, can you explain to us why we should consider you for the Supreme Court, given what we just saw?

FLOWERS: I dunno. I was young, it was spring break, and I was a little drunk.

BIRCH: A little drunk? A few moments ago, you told us how your parents raised you to be a moral person. And now you want us to excuse this video because you were a little drunk?

FLOWERS: Oh come on. I was a little rebellious in college. You guys went through that stage, right?

MCKINLEY: *(looking at Birch)* Some of us never grow out of it. Where did you get that tape, Ed?

BIRCH: My "Girls Gone Wild" collection is not on trial here. She is.

MILLER: You have more of these? I wanna borrow some!

BIRCH: Later, Bill.

FLOWERS: This is insane. So what if I went off and got wild over spring break? What does that have to do with anything? We wouldn't know about this if Senator Dirty Old Man wasn't watching those videos.

BIRCH: Watch your mouth, Mrs. Small-Berries.

MCKINLEY: Order! That's enough, Ed. Mrs. Flowers, while I certainly agree with your assessment that my colleagues are a couple of perverts, it is you whose integrity is in question. This may seem like an insignificant little thing--

MILLER: Try two insignificant little things.

FLOWERS: It is insignificant! It was one stupid night, and if I had known it would be brought up all these years later, I never would have done it.

MCKINLEY: It's a shame you didn't think about that at the time. This committee will recess for lunch.

*The Senators stand to leave. Carrie Flowers hides her head in her hands as the photographers snap away. Trish enters.*

TRISH: Shocking revelations from the past threaten to derail yet another Supreme Court candidate. For Cable News, I'm Trish Keibler.

*Trish exits, as does Senator McKinley. Senators Birch and Miller walk downstage, where Birch collects his video.*

MILLER: Boy, Trish is hot.

BIRCH: She was on "Girls Gone Wild", too.

MILLER: I gotta see that!

BIRCH: Come on, we'll pick it up on the way to Hooters.

*Birch and Miller exit. Blackout.*

# Fall of the House of Bricks

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

The Three Pigs

Father Hog

The Big Bad Wolf

*The Narrator enters. The Three Pigs and Father Hog enter as he/she begins the story.*

NARR: Once upon a time there were three pigs. These pigs were the sons of a wealthy hog who owned the largest and most respected construction company in all of Fairy Land. When the pigs were fully grown, each one decided to set out and build homes of their own.

FATHER: Sons, I've been building houses for years. I know everything there is to know about building a solid home that will last and stand up to any test. So if you want my help...

PIG 1: Ehh, who needs ya?

PIG 2: Building houses isn't that hard!

PIG 3: We can do it on our own.

*The little pigs walk away from their Father.*

FATHER: Well, okay, but if you change your minds...

PIG 1: Beat it, Pops!

*Father Hog exits.*

NARR: Now the first little pig was a total fool. He was more interested in the things he could put in his home than what he used to put up his home. That's why he built a house out of straw.

PIG 1: That's right, baby, and with the money I saved, I'm gonna a jumbo-sized TV, a waterbed, and a solid gold toilet!

NARR: The second pig saw this and thought...

PIG 2: What an idiot. A house of straw? That will never last. But a solid gold toilet would be nice. I know! I can build my house out of sticks. Then I can still afford the solid gold toilet.

NARR: The third pig saw this and just shook his head.

PIG 3: You morons! You think straw and sticks are the building tools for a good house? I'm not gonna spare a single expense on my house! I'm gonna learn everything there is to know about building a house, and then I'm going to build the best house you ever saw!

NARR: The third little pig read every book there was on the art of framing, brick laying, electrical wiring, plumbing, and roofing. He spent hundreds of hours reading everything there was to know about building construction and hundreds more planning his dream

house.

*Father Hog enters.*

FATHER: Nice job, son. Mind if I have a look at those?

PIG 3; Forget it, Pops. I don't need your help.

FATHER: But son, if you don't start by--

PIG 3: If I want your help, I will ask for it. Buh bye!

*Father Hog exits.*

NARR: Then, with his plans all made, the third pig built the strongest brick house you ever saw.

PIG 3: And Dad didn't think I could do it myself! I guess I showed him!

NARR: Well, I don't have to tell you what happened next. Along came the Big Bad Wolf.

*The Wolf enters.*

WOLF: Am I really bad? Is it bad for a carnivore to take the life of another creature? I don't have the digestive system to process fruits and vegetables, and the protein and nutrition I get from pigs--

NARR: Hey, Mr. Philosopher, this isn't about you. It's about them.

WOLF: Fine. But one of these days, I'd love the opportunity to--

NARR: Just blow some houses down.

WOLF: All right already!

*The Wolf blows. Pigs 1 and 2 react as if their houses were blown in. The Wolf attacks them both and bites and kills them.*

NARR: The Wolf destroyed the houses of straw and sticks and ate everyone he found inside.

WOLF: Is that a solid gold toilet? Awesome!

NARR: Then he set his sights on the house of bricks.

WOLF: All right, brick boy, open up.

PIG 3: You have to say the line first!

WOLF: I am not saying the line!

PIG 3: Please?

WOLF: No! I'm tired of playing the stooge!

NARR: Come on. Say it for the kids.

WOLF: Fine! Little pig, little pig... let me in.

PIG 3: Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!

WOLF: Then I'll huff and puff, blah blah blah.

*The Wolf blows.*

NARR: The Wolf blew as hard as he could, but he just could not blow down the house of

bricks.

PIG 3: Ha ha ha ha! Loser!

NARR: But then, the Wolf noticed something.

WOLF: Hey! There's no foundation to this house!

*The Wolf gets on the stage and begins to dig.*

PIG 3: Hey, what are you doing?

WOLF: Digging!

PIG 3: You're supposed to go down the chimney!

WOLF: And get my tail burned off like some Warner Brothers cartoon? No way!

PIG 3: Stop digging!

WOLF: No!

PIG 3: You can't do this!

WOLF: Yes I can!

PIG 3: It's not right!

WOLF: I'm an apex predator! It's what I do!

PIG 3: But I read all the books! I spared no expense!

WOLF: You forgot to lay a solid foundation for your house!

*The Wolf stands.*

WOLF: And now, you're dead.

*The Wolf bites the pig. Father Hog enters.*

NARR: If only the little pig had bothered to ask his father for help, he would have learned...

FATHER: Before you can build your house, you have to lay a solid foundation. If there's no foundation, the house will never last. It may not be blown over by the wind, but it will never last.

NARR: The third pig didn't listen, and he paid the price. And thus ends the true story the three little pigs.

*The Wolf clears his throat.*

NARR: Oh get over yourself.

# Chat Buddies

By Jack Hall

[www.sundayschooldropouts.com](http://www.sundayschooldropouts.com)

## CHARACTERS

Michelle- A gorgeous young woman

Ed and Laura- A married couple

Dan and Helen- Another married couple

*Two church pews are on stage, one in front of the other. Dan and Helen sit in the back pew. Ed and Laura enter and sit in the front. Michelle enters, sits in the front pew beside Ed. She looks at Ed, does a double take.*

MICHELLE: Excuse me, you look familiar. Have we met?

ED: I'm not sure.

MICHELLE: You just look so familiar to me. I wish I could place it. What's your name?

ED: Ed.

MICHELLE: I'm Michelle. Have you been in my work?

ED: I don't know. Where do you work?

MICHELLE: Tony's Pizza.

ED: Nope, not lately.

MICHELLE: Maybe I've been to your work.

ED: I don't think so. I'm an architect.

MICHELLE: Hmm. It's so strange. I know I know you from some place.

LAURA: Friend of yours, Ed?

ED: I don't think so, dear. I guess I have one of those faces.

MICHELLE: I've got it!! Face Chat!

ED: *(a chill down his spine)* What?

MICHELLE: Face Chat! We've chatted on our webcams.

ED: No, I, I, I don't think that's possible, Miss.

MICHELLE: It had to be you. Your screen name was Sexy Ed. Remember? And I said it was so cute.

*Behind Ed and Michelle, Dan starts to overhear the conversation. He listens with gossip-loving glee. Helen sees Michelle and tries to hide in a bulletin.*

LAURA: I'm sorry, where did you say you chatted with my husband?

ED: It's nothing, dear!

MICHELLE: FaceChat.com, the place on line for people who want to meet people who want to... haha, you know.

LAURA: No, do tell.

MICHELLE: Well, first we connect through a private room, then we turn on the webcams—

ED: No we don't!

LAURA: Ed, is this true?

ED: Of course not!

MICHELLE: He didn't tell me he was married, of course. I wouldn't have cared. He was very creative.

LAURA: Could have fooled me!

ED: It's nonsense, dear! I've never done anything like that! Ever!

LAURA: Never?

ED: Never ever.

LAURA: I know you, Ed. Your vein pops out of your neck when you lie, and it's popping right now.

ED: Look, maybe I got on one of those sites a time or two. But that was a long time ago.

LAURA: How long?

MICHELLE: Two weeks.

ED: Years! Two years!

LAURA: Two years?

ED: Yes!

LAURA: We've been married for four.

ED: Oh crud.

MICHELLE: It's no big deal, ma'am. I never would dream of taking him away from you. But guys like Ed sometimes have special needs, and once they work those out, they can come back to you like nothing ever happened.

LAURA: Or they can just never come back to me at all!

*Laura gets up and leaves.*

MICHELLE: Oops. I think we made her mad, Ed.

ED: WE made her mad??

MICHELLE: Hey, I didn't make you get on FaceChat. I just let you pick me up.

ED: And boy do I regret it, you little... Laura, wait! Come back! I can explain!

*Ed follows Laura. Dan leans up.*

DAN: You really chatted with Ed online a few weeks ago?

MICHELLE: Eh, who knows? He's cute enough, I would have.

DAN: So you just made all that up?

MICHELLE: Yeah.

DAN: How did you know that he...

MICHELLE: You'd be amazed who all is on those websites.

DAN: I can only imagine.

MICHELLE: Crazy stuff. Isn't that right, Hottie Helen?

*Dan does a double take with his wife.*

DAN: Helen?!?

*Blackout.*

# Grimm Morality

By John Cospers

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## CHARACTERS

Grimm- A storyteller

Barry, Larry, Gary- Pigs

The Big Bad Wolf

Red Riding Hood

Goldilocks

Papa Bear, Mama Bear, Baby Bear

A Princess

*A brick house facade is on stage. The song "Brick House" plays. Gary sits out in front, reading the paper. Barry and Larry run on.*

BARRY: Gary! You gotta save us!

GARY: What's going on?

LARRY: The big bad wolf is going on! He blew down my house of straw!

BARRY: Then he trashed my house of sticks!

GARY: Well, look who has come to me for shelter now?

BARRY: Gary, don't play games! He's coming!!

GARY: No worries, boys. Follow me inside.

*The pigs run in the house and shut the door. The Wolf enters, as does Grimm.*

GRIMM: The three pigs dashed in the house, just before the Wolf arrived. He pounded on the door.

WOLF: *(knocks on the door)* Little pig, little pig, let me in!

GARY: Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!

WOLF: Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!

*The Wolf starts blowing.*

GRIMM: He huffed and puffed and huffed some more, but it was no use. The bricks would not give.

WOLF: All right, pigs! Now I'm really mad!!

GARY: Oh no! I hope he's not going to climb down the chimney!

*The Wolf hears the next narration, and shakes his head. He pulls out a crowbar and starts to open the door.*

GRIMM: The Wolf looked, and saw there was in fact a chimney. He walked around the side and climbed the wall to the roof. But little did the wolf know that the pigs had lit a fire in the fireplace. So when the wolf--

*The door opens.*

LARRY: What the--!?!?!

*The Wolf growls, entering the house. The pigs scream in bloody terror as they are slaughtered.*

GRIMM: Hey! HEY!! Wolf!!

WOLF: What??

GRIMM: What are you doing?

WOLF: Eating pork chops!

GRIMM: You're not supposed to do that.

WOLF: I'm a wolf, dummy. It's exactly what I do!

GRIMM: Stop eating those pigs! They're supposed to be safe!

WOLF: Says who?

GRIMM: Says the moral of this story, that the pig who built the strongest, safest house gets to--

WOLF: Yeah, yeah. Stop trying to impose your morals on me.

GRIMM: They're not my morals. They're universal.

WOLF: Whatever. There are no absolutes, and your moral wrong is interfering with my dinner!

*Red Riding Hood enters, skipping and singing.*

RED: Oh my, look! A big bad wolf! I hope he won't interfere with me on my way to grandma's house!

WOLF: No worries, Red. Off you go.

RED: What??

GRIMM: Wolf, you're supposed to ask where she's going so little children can learn a lesson about talking to strangers.

WOLF: What do I care? I just ate!

RED: So what does that mean? We're throwing out the story?

WOLF: We're throwing it all out. No morals, no lessons. If it feels good do it.

RED: In that case, the heck with grandma!

*Red rips off her hood and little girl dress, revealing a red sequined gown.*

RED: Red's going to Vegas!!

GRIMM: You can't abandon your grandmother like that!

RED: Why not? Wolfie's already eaten, and the crazy old bat smells like mothballs!

*Goldilocks runs on screaming.*

GOLDI: Big bear... chase me! Big bear... chase me!

RED: Hey, Goldi, you okay?

GOLDI: I am now that I've learned my lesson. I never should have eaten that porridge.

WOLF: Don't beat yourself up, girlfriend. We've thrown out the morals in our stories.

GOLDI: We have?

*Grimm, Red, and Wolf say the next line together.*

WOLF/RED: Yeah.

GRIMM: No!!

GOLDI: Pssh! In that case...

*Papa Bear enters roaring. Goldi whips out a Glock and shoots him dead.*

GRIMM: You killed Papa Bear.

GOLDI: He was too mean!

*Mama Bear enters.*

MAMA: Sweetie, look, there's no need to get all violent. So you ate porridge and broke Junior's chair. That doesn't mean--

*Goldi shoots Mama dead.*

GRIMM: What was that for?

GOLDI: She was too nice.

*Junior Bear enters.*

JUNIOR: Hey what did you do to my bed?

*Goldi shoots Junior dead.*

WOLF: That was juuuuuust right!

GRIMM: That's not right! It's wrong! Murder is wrong!

GOLDI: They're bears! They were gonna eat me.

GRIMM: You broke into their house.

RED: Aw, I am so tired of this. Goldi, Wolfie, you coming to Vegas?

WOLF: Why not?

GOLDI: Sounds good.

*Goldi, Wolf, and Red exit.*

GRIMM: Hey, come back! We have more lessons to teach! There IS a right and wrong! And gambling is a WRONG! You'll see! You'll be sorry!

*The Princess enters, with a rubber glove on one hand, holding a frog.*

PRINCESS: Excuse me, are you the one who decided the right thing for me to do was to kiss this frog?

GRIMM: Yeah, why?

*The Princess slugs Grimm in the stomach, throws the frog down, and exits, as Grimm moans in pain. Blackout.*

# Truth is Relative

By Jack Hall

[www.sundayschooldropouts.com](http://www.sundayschooldropouts.com)

## CHARACTERS

Gary- A skeptical TV host

Jim- Gary's neighbor

A Doctor

A Cop

*The stage is set like a talk show. Gary sits at a desk. A couch is beside the desk.*

GARY: Hello, and welcome to Truth is Relative, the show dedicated to the proving once and for all that truth is, in fact, relative. What's true for you is not true for me, and by the time this show is over, I'm going to prove it. Please welcome my first guest, my neighbor Jim.

*Jim enters. He sits on the couch next to Gary.*

GARY: Hi there, Jim.

JIM: Hi, Gary. Thanks for having me.

GARY: Jim is here to help me with a little demonstration. We're going to prove that truth is relative. Are you ready?

JIM: Absolutely.

*Gary pulls out a gun.*

GARY: Jim, what am I holding in my hand?

JIM: That would be a handgun.

GARY: Are you sure this is a handgun?

JIM: Well, it looks like one.

GARY: It does, but Jim, a lot of things can take this shape. Like cigarette lighters.

JIM: Cigarette lighters shaped like handguns.

GARY: Are they cigarette lighters shaped like handguns? Or are handguns shaped like cigarette lighters?

JIM: I'm pretty sure it's cigarette lighters shaped like handguns.

GARY: Careful, Jim. Don't push your values on me.

JIM: Sorry.

GARY: Now, Jim, if I aimed this undefined object at someone and pulled the trigger, what would happen?

JIM: It would fire a bullet into their body.

GARY: Goodness, that might kill someone... if that was the truth.

JIM: It is the truth, Gary.

GARY: No no, Jim! Keep your value judgments to yourself.

JIM: It's not a value judgment. A gun is a deadly weapon.

GARY: Who said it was a gun?  
JIM: It's a gun!  
GARY: Only if you believe it to be true.  
JIM: Who doesn't believe that?  
GARY: I don't.  
JIM: I do!  
GARY: Let's agree to disagree.  
JIM: No!  
GARY: Listen, Jim, this is not a gun, and it is not at all dangerous to another human being.  
JIM: That's not true.  
GARY: It's true to me.  
JIM: All right then. Prove it!  
GARY: Very well. I'm going to fire this gun at Jim, and it will not kill him.  
JIM: What the--

*Gary shoots Jim. Jim dies. Gary screams.*

GARY: Oh! Oh my, that, uh... Wow. I did not expect that. Jim? Jim, can you hear me?  
JIM!!! Oh boy, uh... well, I'm not sure what just happened. But I know, because truth is relative, that this is not a handgun, and Jim is not dead. I know this because I define my own truth, and the truth is--

*A doctor rushes on.*

DOCTOR: What happened? I was in the next studio, and I heard a gunshot.  
GARY: Well it didn't come from in here, because this is not a gun.  
DOCTOR: Sure looks like one. *touches Jim's neck*) This man is dead.  
GARY: No he's not.  
DOCTOR: Did you kill him?  
GARY: Don't be ridiculous.  
DOCTOR: You're holding the gun.  
GARY: No I'm not.  
DOCTOR: He's been shot in the chest at point blank range.  
GARY: No he hasn't!  
DOCTOR: What are you, some kind of nut? Face facts, the man is dead.  
GARY: Don't enforce your values on me.  
DOCTOR: Values, shmalues. This boy's join the choir triumphant.  
GARY: I don't believe in heaven either!

*A Cop enters.*

COP: Someone fire a gun in here?  
GARY: I'm afraid there's been a mistake. This is not a gggg-

*The Cop knocks the gun out of Gary's hand and tackles him to the ground.*

COP: You're under arrest, sir.  
GARY: For what?  
COP: Murder one.  
GARY: I didn't murder anybody!  
COP: You just shot that guy.  
GARY: I did not!  
COP: You had the gun in your hands.  
GARY: That's not a gun!  
COP: You're a murderer.  
GARY: Don't enforce your values on me!

*The Cop lifts Gary to his feet.*

COP: I'll let the other fellas in county do that.  
GARY: Well, folks, as you can see, we have a long way to go before we can live in a society where everyone respects everyone else's values.  
COP: Oh, knock it off.  
GARY: Say no to intolerance! Choose your own truth.  
COP: Okay then. This won't hurt a bit

*The Cop whacks Gary in the head.*

GARY: Owww, that did hurt!  
COP: No it didn't!

*The Cop drags Gary off.*

# Snake in the Box

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Linda- A sensible thinker

Hilary- An independent thinker

LINDA: This is Hilary.

HILARY: Hello.

LINDA: Hilary does not believe that anyone has the right to tell her how to believe on any subject.

HILARY: That's right, I don't.

LINDA: Hilary believes that people are biased.

HILARY: They are, and that bias affects everything they say.

LINDA: When it comes to politics--

HILARY: No, don't even bother.

LINDA: Religion--

HILARY: *(covers her ears)* I'm not listening!

LINDA: Even recommending a movie--

HILARY: If you liked it, it's probably terrible.

LINDA: People like Hilary believe everything is relative.

HILARY: What do you mean, people like me? Are you stereotyping me? Because I will not be labeled!

LINDA: What's right for you is not what's right for her.

HILARY: I can make up my own mind, thank you.

LINDA: As far as she's concerned, one idea is no better than another.

HILARY: It's all relative.

LINDA: You believe your way.

HILARY: I'll believe mine.

LINDA: No winners.

HILARY: No losers.

LINDA: You say po-tay-to.

HILARY: I say po-tah-to.

LINDA: You say there's only one way...

HILARY: I say there are many ways.

LINDA: She doesn't need your guidance.

HILARY: I can figure it out on my own.

LINDA: And don't you dare try to tell her different.

HILARY: You can't do it.

LINDA: Not even if her life depended on it.

HILARY: Not even - what?

LINDA: Take this box for example.

HILARY: *(takes the box)* What's in it?

LINDA: A snake.

*Hilary squeaks with fear.*

LINDA: You know, snakes are interesting creatures. Some snakes are pretty harmless, and some are really dangerous.

HILARY: What kind of snake is in here?

LINDA: Why do you ask? You're not afraid are you?

HILARY: Yes!

LINDA: You wouldn't be if you knew that was a harmless rat snake.

HILARY: Is that what it is?

LINDA: Could be. Or it might also be a copperhead.

*Hilary shrieks. Linda casually pulls out a small book on snakes.*

LINDA: You know, times like this, a little guide book might come in handy. Help you make a life-saving decision.

HILARY: Can I have the book? Please?

LINDA: No, you don't need the book.

HILARY: Yes I do!

LINDA: You're an independent thinker. No one's going to tell you what's what.

HILARY: For Pete's sake, just tell me what it is!

LINDA: Are you sure?

HILARY: I've never been more sure of anything in my LIFE!

LINDA: I didn't think you needed any help.

HILARY: I didn't think so either, but this changes everything!!

# In the Interest of Fairness

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Announcer

Pastor

Non-Pastor

ANNOUNCER: There's been a lot of talk in the news about a thing called, "The Fairness Doctrine." Simply defined, the Fairness Doctrine means that any point of view expressed on broadcast radio or television would have to be countered by the opposite point of view. Both opinions would be given equal weight, and equal time, meaning for every hour of Rush Limbaugh you broadcast, you would have to present one hour of Keith Olbermann. It sounds simple, but what if this doctrine were applied beyond just the media? What if the Fairness Doctrine were to reach inside the church itself?

*The Announcer exits. A Pastor enters and stands at a podium with a cross in front. The Non-Pastor enters and stands at an identical podium with a question mark in front. Both men wear identical suits, or robes in reverse colors.*

PASTOR: This is the day the Lord has made.

NON-PASTOR: Today was a complete and total accident.

PASTOR: Let us rejoice and be glad.

NON-PASTOR: Let's all take a moment to dwell on the people who have made our lives miserable.

PASTOR: The Lord formed us from the dust of the Earth.

NON-PASTOR: You are all monkeys.

PASTOR: He placed man in the garden, and put him in charge of all creation.

NON-PASTOR: Then man invented greenhouse gasses and wrecked the dang place.

PASTOR: Then came the snake.

NON-PASTOR: Then came the guilt trip.

PASTOR: The man and woman sinned.

NON-PASTOR: Adam and Eve did nothing wrong.

PASTOR: God punished them for their sin.

NON-PASTOR: They were were repressed by a right-wing nutcase.

PASTOR: And he cast them out of the garden.

NON-PASTOR: Their constitutional rights were violated.

PASTOR: The Lord could have struck us down, wiped us out in his anger.

NON-PASTOR: Because that's just the kind of guy he is.  
PASTOR: Instead, he sent his son Jesus.  
NON-PASTOR: Whom we will now refer to as, "He Who Must Not Be Named."  
PASTOR: He was born of a virgin.  
NON-PASTOR: And I'm the Queen of Sheba.  
PASTOR: He suffered under Pontius Pilate.  
NON-PASTOR: As will anyone who prays in school.  
PASTOR: He was put to death on a cross.  
NON-PASTOR: So he could REALLY pile on the guilt.  
PASTOR: But on the third day, he rose from the grave.  
NON-PASTOR: And if you say his name three times while looking in a mirror, he'll magically appear and GET you!  
PASTOR: Jesus is the way, the truth, the life.  
NON-PASTOR: No he isn't.  
PASTOR: He is the only way to salvation.  
NON-PASTOR: Besides Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Mormonism, Paganism, Zoroastrianism, Communism, Atheism, and Antidisestablishmentarianism.  
PASTOR: The Lord is good.  
NON-PASTOR: The Lord is a big meanie.  
PASTOR: Let us go forth and tell the world.  
NON-PASTOR: Keep it to yourselves, people.  
PASTOR: The Lord be with you, where ever you go.  
NON-PASTOR: I want a restraining order.

# Death by Cream Pie

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Dave- A health nut

Katie- A restaurant worker

Craig and Lucy- A "smart" couple

Billy- A restaurant manager

*A few tables and chairs are set up. Craig and Lucy are sitting at a table, eating cream pies. Dave walks up to a counter where Katie is waiting.*

KATIE: Hi, welcome to Healthy Shack. May I help you?

DAVE: Yes, I'd like something lean and light. I'm on a diet.

KATIE: You came to the right place. Nothing but the finest health food here.

DAVE: Good. Give me a salad. Lots of greens, light on the dressing, please. And maybe a water to drink.

KATIE: Salad?

DAVE: Yes, a salad.

*Katie laughs condescendingly.*

KATIE: Are you some kind of nut job? Hey, folks, this guy wants to eat healthy so he ordered a salad!

*Craig and Lucy laugh.*

CRAIG: What an idiot!

DAVE: Okay, this is weird, but I really want a salad.

KATIE: If you want a salad, go to another restaurant. This is a health food restaurant. We sell health food.

DAVE: Okay. What kind of health food do you have?

KATIE: Pie.

DAVE: Pie??

KATIE: Cream pies. Chocolate, butterscotch, Key lime, coconut cream, peanut butter.

DAVE: You sell pies?

KATIE: And cakes. Boston cream, red velvet, German chocolate...

DAVE: That's garbage.

*Craig and Lucy drop their forks loudly on their plates, appalled by what they heard.*

CRAIG: Dude, what are you talking about?

LUCY: Pie is the healthiest thing you can eat! The richer the better!

CRAIG: And only second to pie is cake!

DAVE: That's not right.

KATIE: (*stern*) It is right, sir.

DAVE: Says who?

KATIE: (*cocky, self-righteous*) The management of this restaurant. And anybody else in this world who has half a brain, am I right?

LUCY: She's right!

CRAIG: (*joking*) What a wacko. I bet he still buys vegetables.

DAVE: Of course I do.

CRAIG: (*sober*) Wow. What a sad, pathetic man you are.

LUCY: Why would you torture yourself like that?

DAVE: Because I want to live a long, healthy life.

CRAIG: Sad. Just sad.

DAVE: Look, I don't know what kind of gag this is, but it's not funny. I'd like to see your manager.

KATIE: Certainly, sir. (*whistles off*) Billy! We've got a veggie-head!

*Billy enters.*

BILLY: What seems to be the trouble, sir?

DAVE: The trouble, sir, is I came in here expecting to buy health food and all you're selling is pie. LUCY: And cake.

DAVE: And cake!

BILLY: (*doesn't see the problem*) And?

DAVE: And?? And?? Pies and cakes are not health food!!

BILLY: Yes they are.

DAVE: No, no, no!

BILLY: Sir, I realize there was a time in this country when pies and cakes were frowned upon, and vegetables and other dirt foods were held up as sacred and healthy. But it's time to come into the 21st century. Cream pies are health food. So are cakes. And if you can't accept that, I suggest you leave.

CRAIG: Yeah, get out of here!

LUCY: I don't want to hear your lies!

DAVE: Lies? These people are the liars! Not me!

*Billy pills out a pack of cigarettes.*

BILLY: Look, why don't we just calm down, sir. Here, have a smoke.

DAVE: I don't want a cigarette!

BILLY: It's tobacco! It's one of the healthiest things you can put in your body! Now smoke up!

*Dave looks around.*

DAVE: So you're telling me everything I was ever taught about food was... wrong?

KATIE: Uh, yeah!

DAVE: And pies and cakes are... health food?

BILLY: Yes.

DAVE: I see. *(pause)* I guess, give me a chocolate cream pie then.

KATIE: *(smiles, happy to see he's seen the light)* Yes, sir. Right away.

*Billy pats Dave on the back.*

BILLY: I knew you were a decent fella.

*Billy walks off. Rod enters.*

ROD: *(smooth, like Rod Serling)* And so it was, the human race came to believe that pies and cakes were health foods. And once the whole world came around to this new, enlightened view of the food pyramid, *(in a loud, harsh tone)* they all died!!!

*Everyone looks up at Rod, shocked.*

ROD: Well what did you expect? You're eating pie for crying out loud!

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