

BACK SEAT DRIVER
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This skit opens with a boy and girl sitting in two chairs (the front seat of a car). They are fairly well lit. Behind them is sitting a hooded and cloaked Jesus in pretty dim light. As the skit opens, the boy is “driving” with his left hand. His right is folded up on the back of the nonexistent seat. He puts both hands on the nonexistent wheel, applies the nonexistent brake, and brings the nonexistent car to a stop.

Girl: *(Looks toward boy after looking out the window side)* So! What’d you think of the youth pastor’s little talk tonight?

Boy: What about it? Which part?

Girl: That part about if Jesus is really in us, will he enjoy what we do? As much as we do?

Boy: I think it’s taking things a little too far. I mean, if Jesus didn’t like what we’re doing, I’m sure he’d just tell us.

Girl: *(Shrugs)* I suppose so!

Boy: For example! The six inch separation rule. You really think that something like this would bother a God? Who created us male and female? *(As he says the last part, he leans toward the girl, puts his arm around her. He is preparing to kiss her when he realizes someone is in the back seat. Jesus has lowered the cloak hood and is visible. The boy freezes in place for a second)*

Boy: *(Terrified)* What? Who are you? What do you want?

Jesus: Have I been so long with you? And you still don’t know me?

Boy: *(After a long pause)* You’ve got to be kidding! You can’t be Jesus! Can you?

Jesus nods. The boy immediately removes his arm from around the girl’s shoulder. He turns to face the front of the car, totally freaked out.

Girl: *(Stares at the boy like he’s crazy)* What’s wrong with you? Who were you talking to?

Boy: *(Jerks his thumb toward the back seat)* Je... Jes...

Girl: What?

Boy: Jesus. He’s here!

Girl: Of course he is.

Boy: No! He’s here! In the back seat! Look!

Girl: *(Turns and looks behind her. By this time, Jesus has raised the hood to cover his face. She cannot see him)* Okkaaay! I don't believe this.

Boy: *(Jerks his head around. He can no longer see Jesus either. He shakes his head in bewilderment)* I guess that message got to me. More than I thought. *(Waits a moment)* Well, I know just the thing to distract me. Want to go to the house. Got a new computer game. Called "Dukem, nukem, and cookem" It's got twenty-seven levels of firepower. Including total world annihilation. It's awesome!

Girl: No thanks. Really don't like those violent games. Besides? *(She laughs)* What would your friend in the back seat say?

The boy also laughs and casually looks up, as if in a rear view mirror. In the back seat. Jesus has again removed his hood and is "visible" again. The boy jumps, visibly startled.

Jesus: Actually? I don't care for them either!

Boy: *(Looks away, and rubs his eyes. As he does, Jesus puts the hood back on. The boy looks again toward the mirror location and shakes his head. He cannot see any one)* Wow! I'm starting to lose it. My nerves must be shot. Maybe some music will help..

As he says this, he reaches to the location a radio would be. He turns a nonexistent knob. When he does this, a rap song with non-objectionable words begins to blast out.

Girl: You've got me paranoid now. You think Jesus would care for this music?

Boy: *(Looks again into the mirror. Jesus is once again unhooded, is wincing, and has put hands over his ears. The boy reaches out, turns the knob again, and the radio falls silent. He sighs deeply)* Guess he doesn't!

Girl: Listen, Honey! Let's try this.

She reaches to the "radio", punches some "preset" button, then turns the knob. The sound of a worship chorus comes drifting out. Both lean back in their seats...

Girl: Don't you think this is better? For us? For Jesus?

Boy: *(Somewhat sarcastic)* Hey! Why wonder? *(Turns in seat and addresses Jesus directly)* This okay with you? *(The girl has also turned, has seen Jesus, and is frozen in disbelief)*

Jesus: Actually, I love it. Thank you! And Son? Any time you really want to know what pleases me? Just ask. I'll be sure to let you know. Thank you both for asking. Not many do!

With this, Jesus leans back in his seat, pulls the hood up again over his face. The lights fade away as he does so