

JUST SAY THE WORD

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This short skit can be used to illustrate a message on marriage, communication or kindness towards others. Discussion could take place arising from this script on various communication mistakes made by both Abel and Mabel. For example, generalisation, exaggeration, changing the question, bringing up irrelevant past issues, sarcasm, emotional coercion and so on. There could also be discussion on attitudes or to what extent the fruit of the Holy Spirit is evident in each of them. And so on.

Abel: Mabel, where are the car keys?

Mabel: On the hook.

Abel: They are *not* on the hook.

Mabel: That's where they should be, Abel.

Abel: I know where they *should* be.

Mabel: Have you looked on the shelf?

Abel: Yes I have looked on the shelf.

Mabel: Well, Abel, you had them last.

Abel: I did *not* have them last. You went to the shop this morning. You had the keys. So where are the car keys?

Mabel: I dunno. Look, Sweetie, you can see I'm busy. I don't want to be bothered with the wretched car keys right now.

Abel (slowly and deliberately): Mabel, I need to use the car. Where are the keys!

Mabel: You've got eyes in your head, haven't you? You find them!

Abel: What! Why should I have to find them? Why don't you put things back where they belong?

Mabel: You can talk. You left your socks on the floor again last night.

Abel (slowly and deliberately): What have my socks got to do with the car keys?

Mabel: You ought to know Mr Smart Guy. You're the one with brains around here.

Abel: Well somebody's got to have some brains in this place.

Mabel: I don't see why you're blaming me, Abel. You're always losing things yourself.

Abel: That is simply not true!

Mabel: It is true. You remember that time in 1987 when we were going to a show and you couldn't find the tickets?

Abel: What! I didn't know I was married to a history book.

Mabel: My mother was right in what she said about you.

Abel: Your mother. What's she got to do with it!

Mabel (sniffs, starts to cry): You don't love me anymore.

Abel: Of course I love you, you stupid idiot!

Abel thrusts his hands in his pockets in anger, looks up sheepishly and produces the keys.

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