

# **SKETCH NIGHT: 10 COMEDY SKITS FOR TEENS**

**By Tim Kochenderfer**

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**MORNING ANNOUNCEMENTS – A MONOLOGUE**

**CHARACTER:** PRINCIPAL (1 Either)

**PROPS:** A podium

**RUNNING TIME:** 2 Minutes

***The PRINCIPAL stands at a podium.***

PRINCIPAL: Good morning students and staff. Principal Swanson here with your morning announcements.

Tonight is the drama club's second performance of the little known play, "Go Home, There is No Show Tonight." We want to remind you to please stick around for the entire program. Most of last night's audience left for some reason after the title was read.

We want to apologize for the terrifying moments that lead to the evacuation of the gymnasium during last night's varsity basketball game. After a lengthy investigation, it seems the company that provides the uniforms to our cheer team sent us gorilla costumes by mistake. The company says they will get things straightened out within 5 to 6 weeks. In the meantime, if you happen to see a gorilla or team of gorillas roaming around campus, please remember, real gorillas don't carry pom-poms, they are rarely cheerful and they typically don't perform acrobatic stunts.

Last year at this time I told you I was setting a goal, that our football team would win the state championship. Well we didn't win the championship last year. In fact, we lost every single game. Forfeited every one. Turns out we didn't even have a football team. We forgot to assemble one. Apparently that's frowned upon. I argued with the district that they should at least give us a couple of wins, but they refused. Football tryouts are tonight. Everyone who knows what football is, is encouraged to come.

If anyone has seen the cross country track team, please call the front office.

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Do you like computers and robots? Do you see a future for yourself in the exciting field of robotics? If so please come to the principal's office immediately! There is a robot rolling around the school claiming he is the principal! I demand to know who built it!

After three long and oppressive years of dictatorship, tomorrow marks the first student body election in over three years at this school. I'm proud to report that General Jason Gooley's reign of terror has ended. I would like to personally congratulate all of you who took part in the bloodless coup that sent Jason Gooley directly to detention, where he belongs.

Peanut butter squares will no longer be served in the school cafeteria due to a long and very heated argument between lunchroom workers and the geometry department. Let me just say this, some of them looked like squares and some of them did look like rectangles, but they were ALL delicious.

The school flagpole will be moved tomorrow from the north end of campus to the south lawn. Please keep this in mind when scheduling your after school fights.

Thank you for your attention and have a... (*phone rings*) Excuse me just a moment? (*into phone*) Hello... What?! How? Oh, okay I'll tell them. (*hangs up phone*) I apologize for that boys and girls, I have just been informed that Jason Gooley has once again seized control of the student government. That means tomorrow's election has been cancelled and in its place will be another loyalty march. Good to um, have you back General Gooley. Thank you for your attention and have a good day.

**END OF SKIT**

**FROG DISSECTION**

**CHARACTERS:** (7-13; 4 Males, 2 Females, 1-7 Either)

TEACHER	SARAH
BRETT	GIANT FROG
CHRISTOPHER	PYTHAGORAS
TOMMY	OTHER STUDENTS (0-6)

**PROPS:** Shoeboxes and markers.

**COSTUMES:** Frog Costume for Frog. Greek Toga for Pythagoras.

**RUNNING TIME:** 7 Minutes

**NOTES:** Divide stage into two portions, the classroom and the hallway.  
Lights up and down on settings appropriately.

***A TEACHER stands in front of the class taking attendance. TOMMY and CHRISTOPHER sit together and BRETT and SARAH sit together.***

TEACHER: And... Jenkins... here.

BRETT: Jenkins isn't here ma'am.

TEACHER: (*looks up*) Ah. So he isn't. Sorry. Late night last night.  
Well, today we delve into the amphibian anatomy as we dissect the frog.

CHRISTOPHER: (*raises hand*) I didn't get a frog. I think you gave me a person instead.

TEACHER: That's your lab partner.

CHRISTOPHER: Well he keeps ribbiting.

TOMMY: I do not! I told you I do not!

CHRISTOPHER: You don't suggest that I dissect him do you?

TEACHER: No Christopher, the frogs are inside the boxes on your desks.

CHRISTOPHER: Inside the boxes on our desks, just to be clear, not sitting beside us.

TEACHER: Yes, in the boxes, on your desks. We begin by mapping out our course. I want you to take the marker on your desk and draw a line down the frog's back.

*(CHRISTOPHER draws a line down the TOMMY's back.)*

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TOMMY: Ah! Ms. Femur, Chris just drew a line down my back!

TEACHER: Christopher! Stop pestering your lab partner! Tommy, stop interrupting class! Now, if everyone will open their diagrams and draw your attention to the right center...

CHRISTOPHER: Ms. Femur, Tommy just caught a fly with his tongue and ate it!

TOMMY: What?! I did not!

SARAH: Ewwwwwwwwww!

TOMMY: *(to SARAH)* I did not!

TEACHER: That is enough! Chris, stop annoying people! Tommy, stop denying things!

TOMMY: But I didn't do it!

TEACHER: What did I just say? You want detention? Now, class, on your desk you'll find a set of pins. I want you to place the first one into your frog's left flipper.

*(CHRISTOPHER places a pin in TOMMY's hand.)*

TOMMY: *(in pain)* Ah! Ow! Ah!!

CHRISTOPHER: Hold still!

TOMMY: *(to TEACHER)* He just jabbed me with a pin!

CHRISTOPHER: Stop moving your flippers!

TOMMY: I don't have flippers!

CHRISTOPHER: Ms. Femur, Tommy keeps lying to me!

TEACHER: Tommy, stop lying to people! I've had enough of your outbursts. I'm separating you! You're switching lab partners. Chris, you team up with Brett, Tommy, you team up with Sarah.

TOMMY: Thank you!

*(CHRISTOPHER switches places with BRETT. SARAH walks over to TOMMY's desk.)*

TEACHER: Good. Okay, now that the flippers are secure, I want you to remove the scalpel from the kit beside you and make a small incision down the...

CHRISTOPHER: Ms. Femur, Tommy just passed me a note that says "let's release all of the frogs!"

TOMMY: What?! I did not!

TEACHER: Tommy!

TOMMY: I didn't do it! I just switched seats! How could I possibly have had time to write a note, let alone pass it?

TEACHER: Are you questioning my understanding of time? I'm your science teacher! I was learning about time back when you were in kindergarten!

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TOMMY: I was learning about time back when I was in kindergarten too.

TEACHER: Ooohhhh that does it!

TOMMY: Come on Ms. Femur. Sarah, did you see me writing a note?

SARAH: I am trying to learn. I'm not paying attention to your antics.

TOMMY: What antics?!

TEACHER: That's it! Tommy! You're outta here! Go wait in the hall until class is over!

TOMMY: This is unbelievable! (*TOMMY turns to leave*)

CHRISTOPHER: Ms. Femur, can I release my frog too?

TOMMY: I'm not a frog you idiot!

TEACHER: Out!

*(Lights down on the class. TOMMY storms out into the hall, furious.)*

TOMMY: Unreal!

*(A GIANT FROG walks up.)*

GIANT FROG: Hey man.

TOMMY: Ahhhhh!!! Who are you?

GIANT FROG: I'm a giant frog. They kick you out too?

TOMMY: What do you mean did they kick you out too? You weren't in my biology class!

GIANT FROG: No, I just got kicked out of geometry. I don't buy that whole Pythagorean Theorem.

TOMMY: I... What are you doing in a math class?

GIANT FROG: Trying to learn. So what did they get you for?

TOMMY: This idiot in my class kept bothering me while we were dissecting.

GIANT FROG: And you're the one who got kicked out? Unreal. I hate when people bother me while I'm trying to digest.

TOMMY: No, not digest. Dissect. We were dissecting frogs.

GIANT FROG: Excuse me?

TOMMY: We were dissecting... Oh man.

*(The FROG becomes enraged.)*

GIANT FROG: Ribbbiiittt!!!

*(Lights back up on the classroom.)*

TEACHER: (*to CLASS*) Now that you've secured the right leg, I want you to make an incision....

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*(The GIANT FROG busts in)*

GIANT FROG: Stop right there!

TEACHER: Ahh!

CHRISTOPHER: Ms. Femur, Tommy returned to class even though you kicked him out.

*(TOMMY busts in.)*

TOMMY: That's not me! I'm not a frog you idiot!

GIANT FROG: Everyone, put down your scalpels. Look at you! Monsters, all of you! Your science book says what's inside of a frog, but oh no, you couldn't just take the book's word for it; you had to slaughter dozens of innocent frogs!

CHRISTOPHER: Not all of the frogs were that innocent. One of them disrupted class.

TOMMY: Hey! Shut up!

GIANT FROG: Yes, that's right, shut up! Let me tell you what's going to happen now. We're all going to take a nice field trip to the cemetery and give these frogs a proper burial!

TEACHER: You don't have the permission slips to take these students on an unauthorized field trip!

GIANT FROG: Ribbit! Well then, we'll just have to take a field trip...  
*(dramatic pause)* without permission slips!

TEACHER: Noooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

*(Enter PYTHAGORAS.)*

PYTHAGORAS: Stop right there!

TEACHER: Who are you?

PYTHAGORAS: I am Pythagoras! I heard someone here doesn't believe my theorem!

GIANT FROG: It's me!

PYTHAGORAS: In any right triangle, the area of the square whose side is the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the areas of the squares whose sides are the two legs!

GIANT FROG: No it's not!

PYTHAGORAS: Ahhhhhh!!!

*(PYTHAGORAS tackles the GIANT FROG. THEY begin to wrestle)*

TEACHER: Well, there you have it, A squared plus B squared equals C squared. Class dismissed.

STUDENT #1: But there's still 45 minutes left...

TEACHER: I said class dismissed.

**END OF SKIT**

**THE NEW GIRL**

**CHARACTERS:** (6; 5 Males, 1 Female)

TIM	MAT
JASON	NEW GIRL
BRIAN	ANOTHER GUY

**PROPS:** Plates, cups, tables and chairs.

**RUNNING TIME:** 5 Minutes

***TIM, JASON, MAT and BRIAN sit at a table at a diner. The NEW GIRL walks in and sits down at another table. JASON elbows MAT.***

JASON: Hey, isn't that the new girl at school?

MAT: Dude, she is so hot.

BRIAN: Man, I think I'm in love.

TIM: So are you guys just going to sit here?

JASON: What, you're going to talk to her?

*(TIM gets up.)*

MAT: Dude, she's probably heard every line in the book.

TIM: *(smooth)* Well, she hasn't met me yet, has she?

BRIAN: Tim, you don't have the best history of....

*(TIM walks off halfway through BRIAN's sentence. The GUYS watch TIM, concerned, as HE heads over to the NEW GIRL.)*

TIM: *(smooth)* Excuse me, I couldn't help but notice you. Could I get a Diet Pepsi please?

NEW GIRL: *(confused, slightly offended)* I... I don't work here.

TIM: *(suave)* I know. *(TIM smiles as if HE's just delivered a great line. There is an uncomfortable pause. TIM suddenly realizes what HE has said)* Wait! I mean, I know you don't work here because... Crap!

*(TIM runs from the NEW GIRL's table and dives behind the table where all the GUYS are sitting. HE peaks up from the table.)*

JASON: What are you doing?!

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TIM: Sorry, sorry, I got a little jumbled up there. I'm fine. I'm fine.

BRIAN: That was not fine!

TIM: *(dusts himself off)* I'm going back in.

MAT: No, don't go back in!

*(TIM grabs a cup off the table and walks back over to the NEW GIRL.)*

TIM: I'm sorry about that. What I meant to say was *I* work here and *you* ordered a Diet Pepsi.

NEW GIRL: If you work here, how come I saw you sitting over there with your friends when I walked in?

TIM: Hmm? That wasn't me. That was that guy. *(TIM points off to some other table)*

NEW GIRL: Oh. Well I never ordered a Diet Pepsi.

TIM: You didn't? Well who did?

NEW GIRL: I don't know.

TIM: Well these things aren't cheap.

NEW GIRL: Fine, I'll take it.

TIM: Okay, that will be twenty-five dollars.

NEW GIRL: Twenty-five dollars?! For a Diet Pepsi?!

TIM: Twenty-five dollars? Crap!

*(TIM panics and runs back to the GUYS, diving once again behind the table crashing to the floor.)*

JASON: Dude, what are you doing?!

BRIAN: You have to stop!

TIM: It's going really well.

MAT: Obviously it's not going well because you keep running back here and hiding behind the table!

TIM: It's obviously going great because I keep running back here and hiding behind the table!

MAT: Touché. *(pause)* Wait, no touché! That made no sense!

TIM: Oh it made... *(pause)* Crap!

*(TIM runs away from the GUYS in a panic. HE dives crashing behind the NEW GIRL's table.)*

NEW GIRL: What are you...

*(TIM realizes what HE's done and runs back and dives behind the GUYS table.)*

TIM: *(to MAT)* Look what you made me do?!

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BRIAN: Stop it!!

JASON: This is embarrassing Tim.

BRIAN: Dude, just give up! Look, she's over there talking to another guy now.

*(TIM looks over at the NEW GIRL's table. SHE's talking to ANOTHER GUY. It looks like HE is charming her. TIM gets up angry and walks over to her table.)*

MAT: Oh man.

NEW GIRL: *(to ANOTHER GUY)* That is so sweet of you to say!

TIM: *(to NEW GIRL)* Take what he just said, multiply it by two and attribute it to me.

NEW GIRL: *(to TIM)* Awww, that is really, really sweet! You're the sweetest guy ever!

ANOTHER GUY: What?! He can't just come over here and double what I said! It took me a half hour to think that up!

TIM: And I just thought that up off the cuff, so...

NEW GIRL: Aww, that is so spontaneous!

ANOTHER GUY: Fine! Then I'll triple what I said.

NEW GIRL: That's just overkill. It's insincere now.

ANOTHER GUY: Whatever!

*(ANOTHER GUY storms off, angry. TIM sits down)*

NEW GIRL: So, what made you notice me?

TIM: Well, you made a lot of noise when you walked in. Wait, that's no good. Crap!

*(TIM gets up to run but the NEW GIRL grabs him.)*

NEW GIRL: Wait! Don't run.

TIM: But I...

NEW GIRL: Stay here.

*(TIM sits back down.)*

TIM: And do what?

NEW GIRL: Stay here and... We'll... um... Crap!

*(The NEW GIRL gets up and runs off diving behind a table.)*

TIM: Weirdo.

**END OF SKIT**

**DRIVER'S EDUCATION**

**CHARACTERS:** (7; 1 Males, 6 Either)

INSTRUCTOR

STUDENT #4

STUDENT #1

PARAMEDIC #1

STUDENT #2

PARAMEDIC #2

STUDENT #3

**PROPS:** Desks and chairs. A stretcher.

**COSTUMES:** Paramedic uniforms

**RUNNING TIME:** 6 Minutes

***A group of STUDENTS sit silently in a classroom. Enter the INSTRUCTOR.***

INSTRUCTOR: Alright, alright, alright quiet down class. Quiet down!  
(*shouts*) That's enough! I said simmer down!

(*The STUDENTS look at one another, confused.*)

STUDENT #1: Sir, no one's talking.

INSTRUCTOR: You! What's your name?

STUDENT #1: Cory.

INSTRUCTOR: Gloria, when I say simmer down, that means one thing!

STUDENT #1: It's Cory!

INSTRUCTOR: (*furious*) Simmer... down! That's strike two! (*pause*) I'm here to tell you that I will be taking over this drivers training class because, as you know, your last instructor, Mister Stegbee, is no longer with us.

STUDENT #1: What?!

INSTRUCTOR: Pipe... down son! Now, I need to see just where you are as a class so I can determine if you're ready to hit the road. Let's get started. Who can tell me how to make a right turn?

(*STUDENT #2 raises his/her hand.*)

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INSTRUCTOR: Yes, you with the hand.

STUDENT #2: Me?

INSTRUCTOR: You're testing my patience. Yes, you! How do you make a right turn?

STUDENT #2: Flip your turn signal up and turn the wheel to the right.

INSTRUCTOR: Wrong! My gosh! How could you not know something so basic as... This is how you make a right turn! First, you must put the key in the ignition. Then, you must shift the vehicle into drive. You then put your foot down on the pedal until you reach the desired speed and THEN you turn your blinker on and turn the wheel to the right. Got it?! You can't just get into a car and start turning right! That's a huge and very basic mistake!

STUDENT #2: Yes, but that's not what I was...

INSTRUCTOR: If you want to talk, raise your hand!

*(STUDENT #2 raises his/her hand. The INSTRUCTOR moves on.)*

Okay, who can tell me what to do at a stop light?

*(The STUDENTS all raise their hands. The INSTRUCTOR points to STUDENT #1.)*

Yes, you.

STUDENT #1: I assume you're talking about if the vehicle is already moving?

INSTRUCTOR: Assuming I'm talking about if the vehicle is moving is not what you do at a stop light. Can someone here CORRECTLY answer the question? What do you do at a stop light?

*(The STUDENTS reluctantly raise their hands. The INSTRUCTOR points to STUDENT #3.)*

Yes, you!

STUDENT #3: Stop?

INSTRUCTOR: Wrong! My gosh, how do you get by in this world? Do I have to answer everything for this... What do you do at a stop light? First, you must determine what color the light is. If it is red, then you stop. You don't just stop at every color you see, you'll cause an accident! This is worse than I thought.

STUDENT #1: Sir, with all due respect, I don't think...

INSTRUCTOR: *(furious; mocking)* Sir, with all due respect I don't think I should talk without raising my hand! *(to the CLASS)* This is really bad people. I'm very concerned about you all. It terrifies me to think

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that you will all be on the road one day. We need to move on. Let's simulate a real life driving experience. Who wants to volunteer?

*(STUDENT #4 raises his/her hand.)*

Yes, you. You may either comment, or come forward.

*(STUDENT #4 approaches the front of the class. The INSTRUCTOR grabs two chairs and places them side by side)*

*(to STUDENT #4) Have a seat.*

*(The INSTRUCTOR sits where the passenger in a car would sit; STUDENT #4 sits in the driver's seat.)*

STUDENT #4: Like this?

INSTRUCTOR: Yes. Now start driving.

STUDENT #4: *(uncomfortable)* Um, okay.

*(STUDENT #4 pretends to put a key in the ignition, pretends she/he is holding onto a steering wheel and pretends to put the fake car into gear.)*

INSTRUCTOR: Good. Very good! This is refreshing. I'm glad to see there is at least one person in this class who paid attention to the late Mister Stegbee.

STUDENT #1: He's dead?!

INSTRUCTOR: Quiet! Now, you'll notice how she(*he*) has her(*his*) hands on the steering wheel. It's the ten and two position. That's perfect. You'll also notice... *(looks up terrified)* Look out!!!!!! Ahhhh!!!

*(The INSTRUCTOR hurls himself/herself forward on the ground. STUDENT #4 stands up, startled.)*

STUDENT #4: What?! What?!

INSTRUCTOR: Ah! Ow! *(The INSTRUCTOR gets up, as if injured)* What were you thinking?!

STUDENT #4: What?! What did I do?!

INSTRUCTOR: What did you do?! You ran right through that red light and slammed into that truck!

STUDENT #4: What?! What red light! You didn't tell me there was a red light!

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INSTRUCTOR: I didn't tell you?! Let me tell you something! There isn't always going to be someone in the car to tell you there is a red light! You have to observe these things for yourself!

STUDENT #4: But, you didn't....

*(The INSTRUCTOR looks up again terrified.)*

INSTRUCTOR: Ahhh!!!

STUDENT #4: *(alarmed)* What?! What?!

INSTRUCTOR: You left our car in gear!! It's going to drift out right into traffic! Oh man, the principal is going to have my job! We have to stop it. We... *(The INSTRUCTOR rushes forward then looks up, terrified; screams)* Ahhhhhhhhh!!!!!! *(The INSTRUCTOR hurls himself/herself onto the ground.)*

STUDENT #4: What?! What happened now?!

INSTRUCTOR: *(gasping)* I've... I've broken my own rule. Never... step out... in the... middle... of... traffic. Hurry, flag... down... an ambulance!

STUDENT #4: Where?! I don't...

INSTRUCTOR: *(gasping)* Hurry!!!

*(STUDENT #4, confused, looks off stage and halfheartedly waves her/his hands. All of the sudden, much to the surprise of the whole class, PARAMEDIC #1 and PARAMEDIC #2 rush on carrying a stretcher.)*

PARAMEDIC #1: My gosh! This man(woman) needs to get to the hospital!

*(The PARAMEDICS load the INSTRUCTOR up on the stretcher.)*

PARAMEDIC #2: It's a good thing you flagged us down!

STUDENT #4: But...

PARAMEDIC #2: Let's move! Move! Move!

*(The PARAMEDICS rush off with the INSTRUCTOR.)*

**END OF SKIT**

**FOOTBALL PRACTICE**

**CHARACTERS:** (15-20 Males)

COACH

PLAYER #1

PLAYER #2

PLAYER #3

PLAYER #4

PLAYER #5

PLAYER #6

PLAYER #7

PLAYER #8

COACH #2

OTHER PLAYERS (5-10)

**PROPS:** Whistle, A football, 4 flower bouquets, a baton, bag of bikini tops

**COSTUMES:** Football Jerseys, bikini tops

**RUNNING TIME:** 9 Minutes

***PLAYERS #1-8 await football practice. Enter the COACH. HE blows a whistle around his neck.***

COACH: Gentlemen! Let me congratulate all of you on making the team! You are now part of a very elite squad.

PLAYER #1: What do you mean we made the team? I thought these were tryouts.

COACH: Tryouts?! What do you think this is? The Miss America Beauty Pageant?

PLAYER #1: We have too many players for a football team.

COACH: Oh do we now? And who do you think you are? The judge of the Miss America Beauty Pageant?!

PLAYER #1: No, I...

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COACH: Alright. Let's get started. (*pulls out a football*) Now, who can tell me what this is?

PLAYER #2: That's a football coach!

COACH: No! I am a football coach! That is just a football! On the ground! Give me 20!

(*PLAYER #2 drops down and begins doing push-ups.*)

What... what's he doing?

PLAYER #3: That's a push-up coach!

COACH: That is not a push-up coach! That is one of your teammates! I will not have you assigning positions on this team! I am in charge! Understand?! You too! Give me 20!

PLAYER #3: Give you 20 what coach?

COACH: What coach?! I'm the only coach here! Do you understand that?! Anyone here think they're a coach?!

(*There is a pause.*)

PLAYER #4: Coach...

COACH: No you're not! I'm the coach!! Got it!

PLAYER #4: No...

COACH: Yes!

PLAYER #4: No, li...

COACH: Yes!

PLAYER #4: No! Co...

COACH: Yes I am!!! I am the coach!

PLAYER #4: No, coach...

COACH: Oh, I'm no coach?! You're no coach!! Let me tell you something, the only reason you're on this team at all is because you showed up today! That's it! If you hadn't, I would have cut you so fast!

PLAYER #4: That doesn't make any sense.

PLAYER #3: Look, coach...

(*The COACH turns sharply towards PLAYER #3.*)

PLAYER #5: (*to PLAYER #3*) Stop saying the word coach after things! It obviously infuriates him!

COACH: It's day one people! Day one of football season and you're already showboating like it's the talent portion of the Miss America Beauty Pageant! Let me assure you, it is not!

ALL: Yes coach!

COACH: Good! (*to PLAYERS #1-4*) Now, you four, give me 20!

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PLAYER #1: We don't understand what you mean by that.

COACH: My goodness son, what are you from a different state?! My gosh, it's like we both speak the same language, but you don't know what I'm talking about!

PLAYER #2: That's exactly what it is!

COACH: (*points*) Down the track, you four, I want you to sprint! Pluck 20 roses from the rose bush over there! Wrap them up in something nice! Make sure they're well pruned!

*(The PLAYERS all look at one another, confused.)*

PLAYER #3: What?

COACH: Give me 20!! Move! Move! Move!

*(PLAYERS #1-4 dash off stage.)*

Good! Alright, the key to winning this year will be discipline. Discipline is formed through habit. Good habits start with intense drills. Understand?

ALL: Yes coach!

COACH: Good. (*to PLAYERS #5-8*) Alright, you four ladies, step forward! Line up!

*(PLAYER #5, PLAYER #6, PLAYER #7 and PLAYER #8 step forward and get into a line. THEY hunch forward and get into a defensive stance.)*

What is this? What is this?! What kind of posture is that?! Stand up straight! Stand up straight!

*(The four PLAYERS, confused, straighten up.)*

Come on! Chins up! Chins up! Shoulders back!

*(The four PLAYERS, even more confused, adjust their posture.)*

My gosh, would it kill you to smile?!

PLAYER #6: Smile?

COACH: Yes! Smile! Now! Do it now!

*(The PLAYERS all smile.)*

Left arms up!

*(The PLAYERS lift their left arms up, fully extended.)*

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No! That's too high! Lower! Hand at face level! Cradle your right arm! Form a cradle!

*(The PLAYERS adjust.)*

Now wave your hand! *(threatening)* Wave them!

*(The PLAYERS wave.)*

Put a knee forward. Slightly forward!

*(The PLAYERS follow.)*

PLAYER #7: *(troubled)* What does this have to do with football coach?

COACH: This doesn't have to do with being a football coach! This has to do with being a football player! Get your minds off of me! Focus on yourselves! You've got to stay focused! This ain't the evening wear portion of the Miss America beauty pageant!

*(PLAYERS #1-4 return with bouquets of flowers.)*

COACH: *(to PLAYERS #1-4)* What in blue blazes took you so long?!

PLAYER #1: The stems were all picky.

COACH: My gosh, toughen up! You're men! Now hand those flowers off! In the cradle! Move! Move! Move!

*(PLAYERS #1-4 hand the flowers off into the cradled arms of PLAYERS #5-8 who are still waving, confused.)*

PLAYER #6: This is embarrassing coach!

COACH: Oh, I'm an embarrassment am I?!

PLAYER #6: No! I feel like a woman!

COACH: A woman?! This is a man's team son! You want to be on a team of women, go join the Miss America Beauty Pageant!

PLAYER #7: But...

COACH: Never mind, never mind. Take a knee, everyone take a knee.

*(The TEAM takes a knee around the COACH.)*

Alright, look, I realize this is our first day together. Working as a team is something that takes some getting used to, so let's move onto something a little more simple. *(to PLAYER #8)* You. Stand up.

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*(PLAYER #8 stands.)*

What's your name son?

PLAYER #8: Charlie Coach.

COACH: Alright Charlie Coach, let me ask you something. You got any talents?

PLAYER #8: Well, I'm pretty good a knocking guys over.

COACH: What kind of talent is that?

PLAYER #8: Well I... I'm pretty fast. I'm a good runner.

COACH: You're a good runner? And what benefit... Son, you only have so much space to run.

PLAYER #8: *(confused)* Yes, I... I know.

COACH: Come on, what else?

PLAYER #8: Well... I got a pretty good arm. I can throw.

COACH: There you go! That's key son! That is key! *(The COACH pulls out a baton)* Show us what you can do with this.

*(PLAYER #8 takes the baton, confused. HE looks at it, looks at the COACH for a moment, then hurls the baton off stage like a football.)*

Ahhh!!!! What are you doing?!!!

PLAYER #8: You told me to throw it!

COACH: I told you to show us what you can do!!! That was our only baton! Look how far you threw that! It's gone!

PLAYER #4: Coach, what does any of this have to do with football?

ALL: Yeah.

COACH: *(to PLAYER #4)* You! Stand up!

*(PLAYER #4 stands up.)*

So we've got a hot shot on the team do we? Well, let's see how great you are. Alright, get this. It's 4th quarter, with less than 30 seconds on the clock. Central is up on us, 20 to 14. It's 4th and goal and you're the quarterback. Answer me one question. If you had one wish, what would it be?

PLAYER #4: To run the ball in for a game winning touchdown, coach!

COACH: Wrong! World Peace! The answer to 'if you had one wish, what would it be' is always world peace! My gosh, are you a bunch of amateurs here?! What do you people think this is?! The Miss America Beauty Pageant?!

PLAYER #3: *(angry)* Alright that's it! I'm sick of this! You keep telling us that this isn't the Miss America Beauty Pageant, yet all the drills you keep teaching us, the flowers, the smiling, the waving, the baton twirling, the question and answer period, they all seem to be in preparation for the Miss America Beauty Pageant!

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ALL: Yeah!

COACH: (*serious*) Guys. Hear me out. Years ago, I stood where you're standing today. I was on this team. We were state champions. State champions! We beat Central every year! Every year! We haven't beaten them in over a decade! The smiling and waving? Those are drills of concentration. It's key on the football field. The baton twirling, yeah, power is great but in this game it won't get you anywhere without control. The question and answer, I just, I just want you to keep your priorities in order.

*(The TEAM looks guilty.)*

The coach at Central is an old rival of mine. I want to bring a little pride back to this school. If I've been difficult, or unreasonable, it's because I want to win. Now, does anyone else want to win?!

ALL: Yeah!

COACH: Does anyone else here want to take home a state championship?!

ALL: Yeah!

COACH: Does anyone else here want to beat Central?!

ALL: Yeah!!!!!!!!!!!!

*(The TEAM is all fired up. The COACH opens up a bag and pulls out a bikini top.)*

COACH: Then put these on!

*(The COACH tosses the bikini top at the PLAYERS.)*

ALL: Ah!

PLAYER #2: That's a woman's bikini top!

COACH: Yeah!

PLAYER #7: I'm not wearing a woman's bikini top!

COACH: What you think it's demeaning?! You want to win you better get over your contemporary progressive views and suck it up!

PLAYER #5: That's it! This isn't football! I don't know what this is, but it ain't football. I'm out of here.

PLAYER #2: I am too!

ALL: Me too!

*(The PLAYERS storm off stage.)*

COACH: Yeah, go ahead! Go ahead and quit! You're a bunch of losers! You'll never know what it's like to achieve true football glory!

(COACH #2 enters.)

COACH #2: Looks like your team forfeits another season coach!

COACH: Go away!

COACH #2: You'll never beat Central! (*yells off stage*) Take the field boys!

(*The CENTRAL FOOTBALL TEAM storms on stage wearing bikini tops.*)

**END OF SKIT**

**DONUT STORE ROBBERY 101**

**CHARACTERS:** (5-12 Either)

ROBBER

STUDENT #2

CLERK

STUDENT #3

STUDENT #1

OTHER STUDENTS (0-7)

**PROPS:** A counter, desks, chairs, a toy gun (Note: Robber can use finger instead of a toy gun)

**RUNNING TIME:** 5 Minutes

***A CLERK works behind a counter with his back to the audience. A ROBBER enters, walks up to the counter and pulls out a gun. The ROBBER breathes as if about to say something, but stops and looks confused. The CLERK turns around, startled.***

ROBBER: Um, hello, I um... Hmmm. I... (*thinks*) Hmmm. I've... (*pause*) I've come for something. I just... Hmm.

CLERK: (*scared*) Is it money, sir?

ROBBER: Money? No, no my good man, this is a donut shop.

CLERK: You have a gun.

ROBBER: Yes. (*pause*) I have a gun. (*thinks*) Why am I brandishing this gun?

CLERK: Have you come to rob me sir?

ROBBER: Have I come to rob you? (*pause*) Yes.

CLERK: So you want money then.

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ROBBER: (*reflects*) No, no I don't think I do.

CLERK: Donuts then?

ROBBER: Please, why would I brandish a gun if all I wanted was donuts?

CLERK: I don't know sir.

ROBBER: That's it! I need bullets. Bullets for this gun please.

CLERK: This is a donut shop sir.

ROBBER: Yes, I realize that young man and this is a robbery. Hand over the bullets!

CLERK: We don't have bullets. Look, there's a gun store three blocks down.

ROBBER: Look this is your last warning. Hand over the bullets and no one gets hurt.

CLERK: Well no one gets hurt anyway because obviously you don't have any bullets in that gun.

ROBBER: How do you know I'm not just low on bullets and am stocking up so I don't run out?

CLERK: I...

ROBBER: Give me all of your donuts!

CLERK: What?

ROBBER: You heard me.

CLERK: Okay now what are you going to do with all of these donuts?

ROBBER: What do you think I'm going to do with them? I'm going to eat them.

CLERK: You can't eat all of these at once.

ROBBER: I'm not going to eat them all at once. I'm going to eat some of them now and some of them throughout the year.

CLERK: They won't keep all year long. They'll all spoil.

ROBBER: Okay then, okay. How about this. Give me two donuts every morning for the rest of the year or I'll blow your brains out.

CLERK: Okay, you really think you're going to successfully rob me every morning for the rest of the year?

ROBBER: Yes.

CLERK: I'll be ready for you.

ROBBER: No you won't because I'll surprise you every morning when you open your doors at eight a.m. There I'll be. Bam. You know.

CLERK: So now you're giving me your robbery schedule. I'll just call the police.

ROBBER: No you won't because I'll take your phone.

CLERK: I have access to other phones.

ROBBER: No you won't.

*(There is a pause while the CLERK waits for further explanation. There is none.)*

CLERK: Why won't I?

ROBBER: Why would you?

*(Another pause.)*

CLERK: Because I do.

*(Pause while the ROBBER stares at the CLERK, trying to think of something.)*

You know you're really a bad robber.

ROBBER: No I'm not.

CLERK: Yes you are.

ROBBER: No I'm not!

*(The ROBBER bursts into tears and runs out the door. Lights up to reveal a number of STUDENTS sitting at desks.)*

CLERK: *(to the STUDENTS)* You see class. That was the wrong way to rob a donut store. If you don't come in with a strong plan, a smart clerk can easily outwit you and send you running and crying out the door. That concludes today's lecture on how to rob a donut shop. Tomorrow, how to rob a pet store without getting bit. Any questions?

STUDENT #1: What does this have to do with biology?

CLERK: Virtually nothing.

STUDENT #2: Then why are you teaching this to a biology class?

CLERK: Biology class? Wait I... Is this... Were we in room 403?

STUDENT #1: 401.

CLERK: 401? How embarrassing. I've got to go!

*(HE runs out the door, crying. STUDENT #1 stands up.)*

STUDENT #1: You see class, that was the wrong way to teach a class how to rob a donut store. If you don't come in with a strong lesson plan, a smart student can easily outwit you, sending you running and crying out the door. Are there any questions?

STUDENT #2: Yes, can we leave?

STUDENT #1: You didn't like my lesson?

*(HE runs out the door crying.)*

STUDENT #2: You see class, that was the wrong way to teach a class how to teach a class how to rob a donut store. If you don't...

STUDENT #3: Shut up!

**END OF SKIT**

**DAVE AND THE DEVIL**

**CHARACTERS:** (4; 1 Male, 1 Female, 2 Either)

NARRATOR

THE DEVIL

DAVE

JUDY JOHNSON

**PROPS:** Furniture for Dave to trip over (chair, chest, bed, something to that effect.)

**COSTUME:** Cape, horns and goatee for the Devil.

**MUSIC:** Romantic music, Evil sounding music, thunder crashing sound effect.

**RUNNING TIME:** 4 Minutes

***A bedroom. DAVE stares longingly out the window.***

NARRATOR: When Dave was 17 years old, he would have given anything for just one kiss from Judy Johnson.

DAVE: (*sighs*) I'd give anything for just one kiss from Judy Johnson.

(*THE DEVIL appears on stage as if out of nowhere.*)

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THE DEVIL: Anything?!

DAVE: *(startled)* Ah!

THE DEVIL: Even... *(wicked pause)* ...your soul?

DAVE: Well, no, I wouldn't give that.

THE DEVIL: *(furious)* Well than don't say 'anything!'

DAVE: Sorry.

THE DEVIL: It's not alright!

DAVE: Hey! You're the one who came here!

THE DEVIL: That's because you said 'anything!' I could have taken hundreds of souls by now!

DAVE: Well you're wasting time arguing with me!

THE DEVIL: Shut up!

DAVE: You shut up!

THE DEVIL: You shut up! *(THE DEVIL turns to leave.)*

DAVE: You shut up!

*(THE DEVIL turns back.)*

THE DEVIL: You shut up!

DAVE: You!

THE DEVIL: Why don't you!

*(THE DEVIL leaves. DAVE looks off, longingly again daydreaming of JUDY JOHNSON.)*

DAVE: I'd give anything, except my soul, for just one kiss from Judy Johnson.

*(THE DEVIL walks in, excited.)*

THE DEVIL: *(wickedly)* Anything?! Even... your soul?

DAVE: I just said anything except my soul!

THE DEVIL: *(angry)* Well you mumbled that last part! Don't mumble!

DAVE: I did not!

THE DEVIL: You did too!

DAVE: Did not!

THE DEVIL: Did too! Now shut up!

DAVE: You shut up!

THE DEVIL: You!

DAVE: Why don't you!

THE DEVIL: Why don't you!

*(THE DEVIL walks out, angry. DAVE, once again stares off longingly.)*

DAVE: I'd give anything for just one kiss from Judy Johnson.

*(Enter JUDY JOHNSON, excited.)*

JUDY: *(wickedly, similar to THE DEVIL)* Anything?!

DAVE: *(startled)* Ah!

JUDY: Even... *(wicked pause)* ...your soul?!

DAVE: For you Judy Johnson? Yes.

*(THE DEVIL storms in, angry.)*

THE DEVIL: Oh that's not even fair!

DAVE: What?

THE DEVIL: You said you wouldn't give your soul!

DAVE: I thought you left.

THE DEVIL: Well I didn't! I was hiding behind your bookcase the entire time!

JUDY: Well I was behind the bookcase too and I don't remember seeing any devil.

THE DEVIL: What are you talking about?! I said hi!

JUDY: You did not! You were all acting like I wasn't back there the entire time!

THE DEVIL: Ah ha! So you did see me back there! You're a liar!

DAVE: Leave her alone dude.

THE DEVIL: *(frustrated)* Fine! *(THE DEVIL storms off.)*

JUDY: You just saved me from the Devil!

*(JUDY kisses DAVE.)*

DAVE: Woo hoo! And I didn't even have to give you my soul!

JUDY: So um, do you want to start a relationship or something?

DAVE: Nope, I just wanted *one* kiss. Now if you'll excuse me...

*(Music kicks in. DAVE tries rushing off like THE DEVIL, but trips into some furniture.)*

NARRATOR: Dave tried to vanish like the Devil, but instead fell over and broke his leg. And thus ends one of the great romances in American History.

**END OF SKIT**

**EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL**

**CHARACTERS:** (6; 1 Male, 2 Females, 3 Either)

STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT	SECRETARY
VICE PRESIDENT	NARRATOR
TREASURER	PRINCIPAL

**PROPS:** A table

**RUNNING TIME:** 11 Minutes

***The CLASS PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER AND CLASS SECRETARY sit around a table.***

CLASS PRESIDENT: This emergency meeting of the senior class will now get underway. Ladies and gentlemen, we face a dire situation. Today...

SECRETARY: We really should read the minutes.

VICE PRESIDENT: Yeah, good point.

CLASS PRESIDENT: This is an emergency meeting. There are no minutes.

SECRETARY: Well then legally this isn't a meeting.

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TREASURER: Well we could vote in new stipulations giving legality to minuteless meetings in an emergency situation.

VICE PRESIDENT: Ooo good idea!

CLASS PRESIDENT: *(getting more frustrated)* The very fact that we would take the time to vote on something like that undermines the fact that this is an emergency!

SECRETARY: In order to pass a measure like that we would likely need a general student body vote.

VICE PRESIDENT: True.

CLASS PRESIDENT: No! We don't have time!

VICE PRESIDENT: All in favor of a general student body vote to allow minuteless meetings in an emergency situation say aye!

VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER, SECRETARY: Aye!

VICE PRESIDENT: To the polls!

*(The VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER and SECRETARY all stand up.)*

CLASS PRESIDENT: No!!!

*(The lights go down on the meeting room. A NARRATOR's voice is heard.)*

NARRATOR: Three days later....

*(Lights back up on the meeting room. The CLASS PRESIDENT, TREASURER and SECRETARY all sit around the table.)*

VICE PRESIDENT: I am pleased to announce that the measure to allow minuteless meetings in the event of an emergency has passed!

SECRETARY and TREASURER: Here, here!

CLASS PRESIDENT: Great. Now can we please...

VICE PRESIDENT: Let's take this moment now to recognize everyone whose hard work and efforts led to this very important change.

CLASS PRESIDENT: No! We don't have time for that! We are in an emergency situation and we already wasted three days voting!

TREASURER: *(offended)* Wasted three days?

VICE PRESIDENT: You know, a lot of people went to a lot of trouble to pass a measure that you spearheaded!

CLASS PRESIDENT: I did not spearhead....

VICE PRESIDENT: It will only take a few moments. *(to SECRETARY)* Proceed. For the passing of Senior Class proposition twenty one point eight seven three, I would like to acknowledge the following people...

CLASS PRESIDENT: *(impatient)* Come on!

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VICE PRESIDENT: Madam secretary, for your swiftness in constructing an emergency ballot and getting the wording approved by the council.

SECRETARY: My pleasure.

VICE PRESIDENT: Madam treasurer, for your boldness in recognizing that immediate action had to be taken. I commend you for walking right up to the principal and demanding a vote be held this week.

TREASURER: He kept telling me that now wasn't a good time and that I shouldn't interrupt him while he's trying to break up a fight in the hallway.

SECRETARY: Pfft, of course, it's never a good time with him.

TREASURER: Yes well, I finally convinced him that democracy rises above the common school brawl.

VICE PRESIDENT and SECRETARY: Here, here!

VICE PRESIDENT: That fist fight lasted for hours, but the political battle was won in moments, thanks to you!

CLASS PRESIDENT: People please! We're in extreme....

VICE PRESIDENT: And we of course must recognize our treasurer also for her 'get out the vote' campaign. *(to TREASURER)* Thanks to your actions, we had the largest student body non-general election vote this school has ever seen! Eight votes!

SECRETARY: Outstanding!

TREASURER: *(to VICE PRESIDENT)* Well let us not forget your efforts. If you hadn't mailed out those absentee ballots to all of the kids who were absent, their voices may not have been heard!

CLASS PRESIDENT: Yes and none of them mailed those ballots back. People, I'm begging you, this is an emerg....

VICE PRESIDENT: *(beaming)* I am so proud of this student government today. So proud! We need to celebrate!

SECRETARY: Ooo, I like the sound of that!

*(The CLASS PRESIDENT looks around in disbelief.)*

VICE PRESIDENT: To the coffee shop!

CLASS PRESIDENT: No!!!!

*(The lights go down on the room. The NARRATOR's voice is heard)*

NARRATOR: The next day.

*(Lights back up on the room. EVERYONE goes to take a seat)*

TREASURER: *(to VICE PRESIDENT)* How are you feeling?

VICE PRESIDENT: Question is, how are you feeling?

TREASURER: Man, I had a lot of coffee.

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SECRETARY: Me too! I got like no sleep!

VICE PRESIDENT: Me either!

CLASS PRESIDENT: (*furious*) I didn't either! You know why?! Because this school stands on the brink of disaster and I can't get you....

SECRETARY: You know, it really isn't fair to the students we represent to vote on a tired mind.

TREASURER: No it isn't.

CLASS PRESIDENT: What?

VICE PRESIDENT: Good point.

SECRETARY: I move we all head home and get some rest.

TREASURER: Second!

SECRETARY: Then we can tackle this issue with fresh minds! How does that sound Class President Henderson?

CLASS PRESIDENT: Terrible!

SECRETARY: All in favor?

VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER, SECRETARY: Aye!

CLASS PRESIDENT: No!

SECRETARY: See ya tomorrow!

*(The VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER and SECRETARY all get up. The lights go down.)*

NARRATOR: The next day.

*(The VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER and SECRETARY all take a seat around the visibly annoyed CLASS PRESIDENT)*

VICE PRESIDENT: (*chipper*) How's everyone feeling?

SECRETARY: Oh, much better!

CLASS PRESIDENT: Alright, we can't wait any longer! We as a class face an emergency unlike any other faced by a student body perhaps in the history of this school. This emergency meeting really must begin!

VICE PRESIDENT: Here, here!

TREASURER: Yes!

CLASS PRESIDENT: Good!

VICE PRESIDENT: Alright, this minuteless emergency meeting is now underway.

CLASS PRESIDENT: Finally! Now, as you may or may not have noticed...

SECRETARY: (*disturbed*) Hmmm.

VICE PRESIDENT: (*to SECRETARY*) What is it?

SECRETARY: Oh, nothing.

CLASS PRESIDENT: Listen!

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VICE PRESIDENT: No, no what's bothering you?

CLASS PRESIDENT: There's no time!

SECRETARY: Well... It's just that... Okay, it's just that the whole minuteless part is very troubling. I mean, we voted to allow it in emergency situations, it's just that...

VICE PRESIDENT: It's just that what?

SECRETARY: It's just that... I mean how do we define an emergency situation? What if we go through this whole meeting and find out that it's not an emergency and really we've just violated the rights of the entire student body.

TREASURER: Oh, good point!

CLASS PRESIDENT: It is an emergency! A huge emergency! It's been five days! We desperately need to...

VICE PRESIDENT: Okay, okay, just hold on a moment. Let's all talk. How do we define an emergency?

CLASS PRESIDENT: Something that needs to be discussed immediately! Like this!

SECRETARY: Yes, but that's so subjective. We really need to draft up a solid definition and put this situation to the test to see if it meets emergency standards.

CLASS PRESIDENT: Alright, look forget it. Let's just draft up minutes then! We can't wait...

TREASURER: Well, actually we couldn't just slap together our own definition of an emergency and then approve it. That wouldn't be right. We'd need approval.

SECRETARY: Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

TREASURER: Another student body vote!

CLASS PRESIDENT: No!

SECRETARY: Well technically, it would be an emergency vote.

VICE PRESIDENT: An emergency vote on the definition of emergency! I love it!

CLASS PRESIDENT: No! People, I...

VICE PRESIDENT: To the polls!

CLASS PRESIDENT: No!!!!

*(Lights down as EVERYONE gets up in excitement.)*

NARRATOR: Another five days later.

*(Lights back up. EVERYONE sits around the table. The CLASS PRESIDENT sits with his head in his hands.)*

VICE PRESIDENT: Well, it's been another tough battle but we did it!

TREASURER: Yes, congratulations to all. This is a victory indeed.

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VICE PRESIDENT: Yes! Madam secretary, you really came through and scrapped together an impressive turnout.

SECRETARY: Only five votes.

VICE PRESIDENT: Yes, but at one point we had zero votes. I mean, imagine if we put this measure up for a vote and we had zero votes. We would never get this issue resolved.

CLASS PRESIDENT: Fine, fine, fine!!!! Now can we please talk...

VICE PRESIDENT: Is anyone here thinking what I'm thinking?

CLASS PRESIDENT: (*disturbed*) What?

TREASURER: To the coffee shop!

VICE PRESIDENT: Hizzah!

CLASS PRESIDENT: No!!!

(*The VICE PRESIDENT, SECRETARY and TREASURER all get up, excited.*)

NARRATOR: Three months later.

(*Lights up. The VICE PRESIDENT, SECRETARY and TREASURER sit at the table. The CLASS PRESIDENT is notably missing.*)

VICE PRESIDENT: What an amazing three months this has been! What an amazing three months! We've instituted a whole new dimension to student democracy. We issued new procedures for class emergencies. We've defined how an emergency should be defined, we've instituted new ballots and separate ballot colors for any emergency measure that might require a vote in student government and we've devised a method by which students who wish to obtain minutes can still do so in minuteless meetings. This has truly been an exciting and unforgettable experience.

SECRETARY: Indeed.

TREASURER: Here, here!

VICE PRESIDENT: Good. Now, Class President Henderson, please, proceed. What is this emergency?

(*EVERYONE looks at the empty seat then looks around.*)

President Henderson?

TREASURER: Where has he gone?

(*Enter the PRINCIPAL.*)

PRINCIPAL: I'm afraid that Class President Henderson has been eaten by a tiger!

SECRETARY: What?!

VICE PRESIDENT: How is that possible?!

PRINCIPAL: How is that possible? Oh, he tried to warn you. Tried several times. You see, that was the emergency he was desperately trying to discuss here in council. There was a tiger roaming the hallways of this school and he wanted a vote on whether to take action to get rid of the beast. Now that tiger has mauled three students. I hope you're happy with yourselves!

*(The PRINCIPAL storms out. The OTHERS just sit there, dazed by the news.)*

VICE PRESIDENT: Wow.

SECRETARY: That is indeed sobering.

TREASURER: Mmmm Hmmm.

VICE PRESIDENT: Do you know what this means?

SECRETARY: *(excited)* Emergency Class Presidential Election?!

VICE PRESIDENT: Yes!

TREASURER: Ooo how exciting!

VICE PRESIDENT: I'll draft up a sample ballot!

SECRETARY: I'll draft up the requirements and qualifications of an interim president!

TREASURER: I'll put the responsibilities of an interim president up for a vote!

VICE PRESIDENT: To the polls!

*(THEY all rush out, excited)*

**END OF SKIT**

**DO YOU WORK HERE?**

**CHARACTERS:** (2 Either)

CUSTOMER

STOCK CLERK

**PROPS:** Cans of soup, fake moustache, paper nametag

**RUNNING TIME:** 4 Minutes

***A STOCK CLERK is stocking a shelf. A CUSTOMER approaches.***

CUSTOMER: Excuse me. Do you work here?

STOCK CLERK: *(looks around)* Who me? *(pause)* No.

CUSTOMER: If you don't work here, what's that you're doing?

STOCK CLERK: What this? Oh. Just shopping I guess. *(concerned)*  
Why? What does it look like I'm doing?

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CUSTOMER: Well, from the looks of it, it appears you're stocking a shelf.

STOCK CLERK: (*alarmed*) Who told that?!

CUSTOMER: No one, it's just I...

STOCK CLERK: Where did you get that idea?!

CUSTOMER: Nowhere, it's just that if you were shopping, wouldn't you be removing the cans rather than stacking them on the shelf?

STOCK CLERK: Not re... hmmm. I guess you're right. I haven't quite gotten the hang of this shopping thing yet.

CUSTOMER: Well if you don't work here, why are you wearing a Frank's Market vest?

STOCK CLERK: Wha... (*looks down, startled*) Ahhh! I guess I do work here. Um, can I help you?

CUSTOMER: Yes, do you have...

STOCK CLERK: Ah, no we don't.

CUSTOMER: Wait a minute, how would you know if you have it or not when I haven't even said what the product is.

STOCK CLERK: Oh I doubt we have it. We don't have much of anything here.

CUSTOMER: Not much of anything?! This is one of the largest stores in the area!

STOCK CLERK: Yes, well it's a lot smaller than it looks. Oh please, leave me alone!

CUSTOMER: Look, I'll leave you alone if you answer one question. Where is the soup you had in your ad??

STOCK CLERK: I don't know. (*the STOCK CLERK goes back to work*)

CUSTOMER: Well, could you find someone who does know?

STOCK CLERK: No.

CUSTOMER: Why not?!

STOCK CLERK: Look, I don't even think we carry soup.

CUSTOMER: Yes you do! I saw it in your ad!

STOCK CLERK: Yes, well I guess the lesson learned is don't believe everything you read.

CUSTOMER: Alright, I've had enough of this! Go get your manager! I want to complain!

STOCK CLERK: Fine. I'll be right back.

*(The STOCK CLERK leaves. HE returns one second later)*

I'm sorry, he's not here. Maybe there's something I could help you with.

CUSTOMER: What do you mean he's not here?! You didn't even look!

STOCK CLERK: Yes I did!

CUSTOMER: How could you have?! You were only gone for a second!

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STOCK CLERK: Yes, but in that second I ran through the entire store at the speed of light searching it from top to bottom.

CUSTOMER: Alright, I'm giving you until the count of ten to go get your manager or I'm going to call your district manager!

STOCK CLERK: Okay, I'll go get him. Geez, just hold your horses for a second.

*(The STOCK CLERK walks off stage. HE returns a couple of seconds later wearing a fake moustache made out of paper and a wrinkled up piece of paper taped to his vest that reads 'manager.)*

*(trying to disguise his voice)* Hello, I'm the manager, what seems to be the problem?

CUSTOMER: Yes one of your... Hey you're not the manager! You're that pesky kid!

STOCK CLERK: *(accidentally in regular voice)* No I'm not... *(returns to deep voice)* I mean, no I'm not.

CUSTOMER: *(angry)* Yes you are!

*(The CUSTOMER rips off the STOCK CLERK's moustache.)*

Now go get your manager!

STOCK CLERK: We don't have a manager.

CUSTOMER: That's it! I'm leaving! I'm never shopping here again!

STOCK CLERK: Oh come on, please?

CUSTOMER: Well, alright, you talked me into it.

**END OF SKIT**

**MIND WANDERING STUDENT THEATER**

**CHARACTERS:** (8-13; 4-7 Males, 1 Female, 3-5 Either)

PRINCIPAL	A WHALE
MR. JOHANSON	CAPTAIN AHAB
MRS. JOHANSON	CREW MEMBER #1
NARRATOR	CREW MEMBER #2
DR. JEYKLL	THOMAS EDISON
MISTER HYDE	LEON
DEAN	

**DOUBLING:** Dr. Jekyll can play Captain Ahab and Thomas Edison. Mr. Hyde can play Crew Member #1 and Leon. Dean can play Crew Member #2

**PROPS:** Diploma, Phone, Harpoon, Glasses

**RUNNING TIME:** 10 Minutes

**A PRINCIPAL sits at a desk. Enter MR. JOHANSON and MRS. JOHANSON.**

PRINCIPAL: Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Johanson. Thank you for coming.

MRS. JOHANSON: Oh how could we not. Our little Charlie, being inducted into the National Honors Society. We wouldn't miss it!

PRINCIPAL: I'm afraid you may have misheard my message somehow Mrs. Johanson. I didn't say Charlie is being inducted into the National Honors...

MR. JOHANSON: See, I told you he didn't say National Honors Society honey, he said Dead Poets Society.

MRS. JOHANSON: You didn't even hear the message dear...

PRINCIPAL: We don't have a Dead Poets Society. And I'm afraid it's definitely not the National Honors Society either. Charlie's not being inducted into anything I'm afraid. Charlie is on the brink of failing out of school.

MRS. JOHANSON: What?!

MR. JOHANSON: How is that possible?! Charlie's gotten nothing but A's.

PRINCIPAL: Charlie's gotten nothing but F's Mr. Johanson.

MRS. JOHANSON: But his teachers, they've had nothing but wonderful things to say about Charlie.

PRINCIPAL: Charlie's teachers have nothing but terrible things to say, I'm afraid. I'm not sure where you're coming up with this.

MR. JOHANSON: Well I'm not sure where you're coming up with your theory that our son is a bad student.

PRINCIPAL: It's no theory Mr. Johanson. It appears that Charlie pays attention to only about half of what he hears or reads and just makes up the other half.

MR. JOHANSON: So wait, our son *is* being inducted into the National Honors Society?

PRINCIPAL: No! I didn't say anything about the National Honors Society! I'm saying that Charlie isn't paying attention half of the time!

MRS. JOHANSON: Well, I find all of this hard to believe.

PRINCIPAL: I was afraid you would say that, so I took the liberty of calling in our theater troop to perform Charlie's last book report. (*summons off stage*) Come in please.

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*(Enter THEATER TROOP consisting of a NARRATOR, a DEAN, DOCTOR JEKYLL and MISTER HYDE.)*

MRS. JOHANSON: Why is the volleyball team here?

PRINCIPAL: Theater troop! Mr. and Mrs. Johanson, this is your son's book report on Robert Louis Stevenson's classic tale, The Strange Case of Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde. *(to THEATER TROOP)* Students, if you'll please.

*(The THEATER TROOP gets into position. DOCTOR JEKYLL stares at himself in an imaginary mirror, disturbed.)*

NARRATOR: Doctor Jekyll stared at himself in the mirror, in horror. He could feel the potion burning through him. The transformation was underway.

*(MISTER HYDE steps in.)*

MISTER HYDE: You're a weak man, Doctor Jekyll! A weak man! I'll take it from here! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

DOCTOR JEKYLL: A weak man am I? Okay, 'Mister' Hyde.

MISTER HYDE: What?! What are you implying?!

DOCTOR JEKYLL: Hmm? Oh nothing.

MISTER HYDE: Then why did you just emphasize the word 'Mister'?

DOCTOR JEKYLL: No reason.

MISTER HYDE: What?! What you don't think I have it in me to become a doctor?!

DOCTOR JEKYLL: Well, quite frankly, no.

MISTER HYDE: Yeah?! Well I'll show you!

*(MISTER HYDE storms off. DOCTOR JEKYLL walks away.)*

NARRATOR #2: And with that Mister Hyde hit the books. He spent countless hours studying until finally, it was graduation day.

*(MISTER HYDE puts on a graduation cap. Enter the DEAN.)*

DEAN: Congratulations Mister Hyde. This is well deserved. *(hands over the diploma)* Well deserved indeed!

MISTER HYDE: What do you mean 'Mister' Hyde?! It's Doctor now!

DEAN: Nope, sorry. This is beauty school.

MISTER HYDE: *(furious)* Dang it!!!!

NARRATOR: And thus ends the famous tale, Jekyll and Hyde.

*(MR. and MRS. JOHANSON applaud profusely.)*

PRINCIPAL: What are you...

*(The THEATER TROOP bows.)*

Thank you students, that will be enough.

*(The THEATER TROOP walks off.)*

MR. JOHANSON: Well that was brilliant. I don't know how he got all those pyrotechnics in there but those explosions were amazing.

PRINCIPAL: Pyro... There were no pyrotechnics!

MRS. JOHANSON: I have to agree with my husband Principal Swanson, that story had everything.

PRINCIPAL: No it didn't! It was incorrect.

MR. JOHANSON: It was one report Principal Swanson. I hardly think it's a true reflection of our son's ability to play football.

PRINCIPAL: Your son doesn't play football! We're talking about his grades! It's not just one report. *(summons THEATER TROOP in)* Let's take a look at your son's interpretation of Herman Melville's Moby Dick shall we?

*(Enter NARRATOR.)*

Students if you would.

NARRATOR: The crew of the Pequod was exhausted. They had survived the squall but morale was beginning to wear thin. Things, however, were about to change. The whale they had spent months chasing had been spotted just off the starboard bow. Captain Ahab gathered the men to prepare them for the mission they were now about to face.

*(Enter CAPTAIN AHAB and CREW MEMBERS.)*

CAPTAIN AHAB: Arrrrr, mateys, our moment is upon us. Moby Dick, the monstrous whale that took me leg is just off our starboard bow. It has been years, but revenge is finally mine!

*(Enter a WHALE carrying a harpoon.)*

WHALE: Not so fast!

*(The entire CREW turns around startled.)*

CAPTAIN AHAB: Great Scott!

WHALE: Wrong! It is I, Moby Dick!

CREW MEMBER #1: Yarr, how did he...

CAPTAIN AHAB: Arrr!!! Never mind that! At him boys!

*(The CREW goes to lunge at the WHALE, but HE brandishes the harpoon.)*

WHALE: Back!

CREW MEMBER #2: He's got a harpoon!

*(EVERYONE falls back.)*

CREW MEMBER #1: Seriously captain, I don't see how a whale...

CAPTAIN AHAB: Silence! *(to WHALE)* Ye foul creature! Ye took me leg!

WHALE: And it was delicious! Now I'm back for the other one!

CAPTAIN AHAB: Yarr! Over my dead...

CREW MEMBER #1: Captain! Wait! Ye said that Moby Dick be a giant whale.

CAPTAIN AHAB: Yarr, what of it?!

CREW MEMBER #1: Well this creature tis pretty small by whale standards.

CAPTAIN AHAB: So?

CREW MEMBER #2: And it can speak English. Seems like somethin' ye would have mentioned to us.

CAPTAIN AHAB: Arr what are ye gettin' at?

CREW MEMBER #2: Seems suspicious.

CAPTAIN AHAB: Yarr, how so?

CREW MEMBER #2: Well whales also don't have the opposable thumbs to handle a harpoon.

CAPTAIN AHAB: Okay...

CREW MEMBER #1: And whales don't board ships.

CAPTAIN AHAB: Yarr, I don't follow.

NARRATOR: This lasted for several more hours until Captain Ahab finally realized...

CAPTAIN AHAB: Egad! This isn't Moby Dick at all!

NARRATOR #2: It had been a setup. When Captain Ahab and his men returned to New England, their worst fears had been realized. While they were away the real Moby Dick had broken into their homes and stolen all of their stuff. And thus concludes the classic tale of Moby Dick.

(MR. and MRS JOHANSON clap.)

PRINCIPAL: Thank you students.

(Exit THEATER TROOP.)

MR. JOHANSON: Man, so close to a first down.

PRINCIPAL: First down?! What are you talking about?

MRS. JOHANSON: I don't understand what the problem with that was.

PRINCIPAL: You don't understand the problem?

MRS. JOHANSON: No.

PRINCIPAL: Mrs. Johanson, Moby Dick did not break into homes and rob sailors while they were at sea.

MR. JOHANSON: Maybe it's your theater troop's rendition that's the problem.

PRINCIPAL: The theater troop doesn't enter into it.

MRS. JOHANSON: Look, so our son's not good at geometry...

PRINCIPAL: Literature!

MRS. JOHANSON: Literature, whatever. It's one subject.

PRINCIPAL: Oh really? Let's take a look at how Charlie's doing in history class. Troop! (*summons TROOP*)

(Enter NARRATOR, THOMAS EDISON and LEON.)

PRINCIPAL: May I present your son's report on the invention of the light bulb? Troop?

NARRATOR: The year was 1879. A young Thomas Edison was working on an invention that would change the way people would see the world, kaleidoscopic glasses. However, it was getting dark and Edison was having trouble seeing himself.

(EDISON is holding a match trying to work on a pair of glasses. The match burns up to his finger tips.)

THOMAS EDISON: (*in pain*) Ah!! (*drops the match*) That is the third match I've burnt myself with this year!

LEON: That is ridiculous sir!

THOMAS EDISON: Shut up and assist me Leon. We will scrap the kaleidoscopic glasses for now and work on an invention that will keep people from burning themselves. Fire-proof gloves!

LEON: Sir, if I could, the gloves you speak of already exist. What if, instead, we invented a contraption that did away with matches all together?

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THOMAS EDISON: Do away with matches?! Leon you've gone mad!  
I'm calling for the insane asylum.

*(EDISON heads for the door, but then an idea hits him.)*

If only there were some sort of device that allowed me to call the mental asylum without having to leave the lab!

LEON: I'm afraid no such invention exists sir.

THOMAS EDISON: That's it! We'll build such a device and then I will call for the asylum and they will take you away!

NARRATOR: So Edison and his assistant spent the next several weeks hard at work until at last they developed a contraption very similar to the modern telephone. The two men then lay cable connecting Edison's lab with the insane asylum and connected the phone.

THOMAS EDISON: And now the moment of truth! I will call for the insane asylum to take you away without leaving the lab.

LEON: Fascinating.

THOMAS EDISON: Quiet Leon. *(EDISON picks up the phone)*

NARRATOR: Unfortunately for Edison, the doctors at the insane asylum had no idea what was making that ringing noise, so they smashed the device with a hammer.

THOMAS EDISON: No answer. Must not work. Fine Leon, we'll do your stupid idea instead.

NARRATOR: Three weeks later, the light bulb was invented somehow. And that concludes this important chapter in American History.

*(MR. and MRS. JOHANSON applaud. The THEATER TROOP bows and walks off.)*

MR. JOHANSON: Well, you have to admit, that was pretty good, given our son has never played the trombone before.

PRINCIPAL: Trombone?! What are you talking about?! That was his history report!

MRS. JOHANSON: I have to agree with my husband. I mean should my son have gone for the two point conversion? Maybe not, but we could arm chair quarterback all day long Principal Swanson.

PRINCIPAL: What?!

MR. JOHANSON: What I think my wife is trying to say, Principal Swanson is that we hear you loud and clear. Our son shouldn't be wearing a cape to school. We'll talk with him as soon as we get home.

PRINCIPAL: *(furious)* A cape?! You know something, you're right! This isn't Charlie's fault at all! Not at all! It's your fault! It's obvious that neither of you can pay attention to anything for more than a minute

and then you just make up the rest of whatever you see or hear! Charlie is learning from you! And if you don't change your ways your son never will! Now, if you'll excuse me! (*The PRINCIPAL storms out.*)

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