

Alien's

Q



Skit of the Week by Rich Melheim

SETTING: Church sanctuary

PROPS: A schlocky, miniature spaceship rigged on wire stretching from the back of the room to the front center, a piece of dry ice and a jar of water, a futuristic ray gun, applause sign

CHARACTERS: Teenagers 1-4, Alien, Narrator

NARRATOR: And now, the “(your church) Not-Ready-for-Any-Time Players” proudly present, “Beam Me Back Up, Scotty” or “The Alien’s Q.” (Hold up applause sign) We now join a group of normal teenagers meeting on a normal night to discuss the essential historicity of the Pentateuch as an alien spacecraft breaks through the atmosphere and comes hurtling down into their midst. (Lights flicker, dry ice is dropped in water, eerie music plays and the spaceship slides down to the center)

TEENAGER 1: Look, up in the sky!

TEENAGER 2: It’s a bird!

(All gasp)

TEENAGER 3: It’s a plane!

(All gasp)

TEENAGER 4: No, it’s a cheap, shoddy, imitation of a spaceship for this skit.

(All gasp. The lights go out, the Alien steps in and the lights come up.)

TEENAGER 1: Look, over there!

TEENAGER 2: It’s a monster!

(All gasp)

TEENAGER 3: It’s a ghost!

(All gasp)

TEENAGER 4: No, it’s a cheap, shoddy, imitation of an alien for this skit.

(Alien zaps Teenager 4 with the ray gun. His mouth locks closed and remains so for the rest of the skit.)

ALIEN: Greetings, blessed creatures of the

blue planet. I bring you greetings from the Emlick of Trendar.

TEENAGER 2: The what-lick of who-dar?

ALIEN: My boss. Take me to your leader.

TEENAGER 1: Our what?

ALIEN: Your leader. Tell me, Earth creatures, what place is this?

TEENAGER 2: This is our church.

ALIEN: Church? I know not the word. I haven’t been here often.

TEENAGER 3: (Under breath) You and 85 percent of last year’s confirmation class.

ALIEN: Tell me, Earth creatures, whose house is this?

TEENAGER 1: This is Jesus’ house.

ALIEN: Jesus? I know not this Jesus.

TEENAGER 3: (Under breath) You and 85 percent of last year’s confirmation class.

ALIEN: Tell me more. What year is this?

TEENAGER 2: It’s 2008 (or 2009.)

ALIEN: And by what means do you name your years?

TEENAGER 1: It’s 2008 (current year) because it is about 2,000 years after Jesus’ birth.

ALIEN: Named after the owner of this house? The owner must be an important man, indeed, to have all of earth’s time named after him. Who is this Jesus?

TEENAGER 2: Actually, he’s the Son of God.

ALIEN: (Gasp) You were visited by the Son! THE Son! Your leader whose house this is, who all of time is measured by, is THE Son of the Father from eternity?

TEENAGER 3: That’s the one.

ALIEN: (Gasp) Tell me, Earth creatures, was he born in a palace? Were his parents of royal ancestry?

TEENAGER 1: Well, he came from King David’s line, but he was born in a barn.

ALIEN: Born in a barn. A rather strange

place to birth a king. Tell me, O visited ones, did he live in magnificent castles? Did he attend the highest universities?

TEENAGER 2: Actually, he never travelled more than 100 miles from his home. And he didn’t get a lot of formal schooling. (Pause) He went fishing a lot.

ALIEN: This is indeed strange. Tell me, O visited ones, what did he do here?

TEENAGER 1: He taught us to love one another. To forgive. To share.

TEENAGER 2: And he did lots of miracles to help and heal people.

TEENAGER 3: And he lived a perfect life showing us how God would have us live and love one another.

ALIEN: Fascinating, Earth creatures. It must be a great thing to have him visit this planet. What did you do with this great king of all kings? Did you lay your riches at his feet?

TEENAGER 1: Well, no...

ALIEN: Did you bow down before him? Did you launch a new era of peace and prosperity in his honor?

TEENAGER 2: Uh, not exactly.

ALIEN: Did you write down his every word and give him the rulership over all the planet? The honors he deserved?

TEENAGER 3: Well, actually, no.

ALIEN: I must meet this greatest king of kings. Take me to him!

TEENAGER 1: We... can’t.

ALIEN: Why not? What did you do with him?

TEENAGER 4: (Blurting out) We killed him! (Lights out)

Although we wrote this skit for H2H, the idea was borrowed from an old camp sketch. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the original author, please contact us so we can give formal credit.