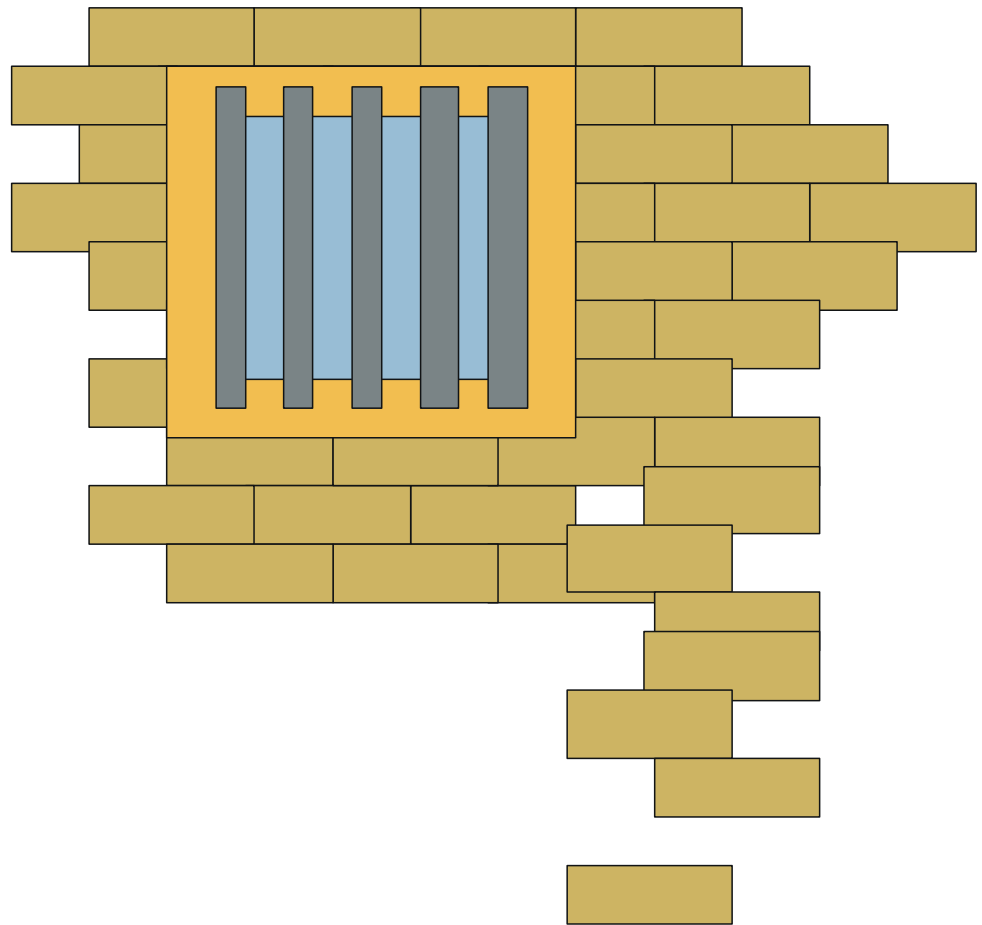


# Walls

By Gary Millar and Scott Tunmer



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## Description



When this average family has a discussion, thoughtless words build invisible walls between them.

## Purpose



To show how we can erect barriers between each other without even realizing it.

## Additional Information



This skit is pretty easy to perform, but we rated the difficulty as *medium* because there is some prop work required beforehand. If you take a trip to your local appliance store, you should be able to get the four refrigerator boxes with no problem.



**Category**  
Comedy



**Audience**  
Any



**Time**  
10 Minutes



**Difficulty**  
Medium

## Scripture Reference



**Proverbs 12:18 (NIV):** “Reckless words pierce like a sword, but the tongue of the wise brings healing.”

## Cast of Characters [3 Male, 2 Female]



**DAD:** A middle-aged man. Not the most sensitive guy in the world.

**MOM:** Quite the talkative woman.

**SON:** A teenager who generally gets to do what he wants, mostly because of apathy on the part of **DAD**.

**DAUGHTER:** The somewhat jealous younger sister.

**BUILDER:** A man who builds walls between the members of the family as hurtful words are uttered. He is invisible to the other members of the cast. Optionally, a second builder could be added.

## Props



<i>Prop</i>	<i>Start Location</i>	<i>Notes</i>
About 20 small cardboard boxes painted to look like bricks or cinder blocks.	Off stage	Shoeboxes could be used for this.
Four refrigerator boxes, painted (or drawn) to look like a brick wall.	Off stage	
A Chair	On stage	
A newspaper	With <b>DAD</b>	
Ironing board with iron	On stage	This prop is optional.
A small table	On stage	
Tablecloth	On table	
Monopoly board game	Out of sight, under table	
Chess board and pieces	Out of sight, under table	A chess clock is optional

## Costume



**BUILDER** wears a pair of coveralls and a tool belt.

**FAMILY** should be dressed like a typical family at home.

## Sound Effects



No sound effects are required.

## Lighting



General stage lighting.

## Scene



The family living room.

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## Script



*(MOM and DAD are on stage when the lights come up. MOM is ironing and DAD is sitting in his chair reading the paper. DAUGHTER enters from the side and is about to ask if she can go out. SON rushes up the aisle and interrupts her.)*

**DAUGHTER:** Dad, can I –

**SON:** Hey! Dad, can I go out?

**DAD:** Whatever.

**DAUGHTER:** Can I go too?

**DAD:** No.

**DAUGHTER:** *(To SON.)* That's not fair. You always get to do whatever you want and I never get to do anything.

**SON:** That's not true.

**DAUGHTER:** Oh yeah? You can ask Dad for anything and he'd say yes, no matter how crazy it is, but he always says no to me. Go ahead. Ask him for something ridiculous.

**SON:** You don't know what you're talking about.

*(BUILDER enters and places a couple of bricks between SON and DAUGHTER, and then exits.)*

**DAUGHTER:** Then go on: Ask him.

**SON:** Alright. Dad, can I go out and rob a bank with the guys?

**DAD:** Whatever.

**DAUGHTER:** And can I go out with the nuns to feed the orphans?

**DAD:** No.

**DAUGHTER:** See?

*(SON shrugs shoulders.)*

**MOM:** You know, Rick, I don't see why she can't go out. I mean, when I was her age, I was always able to go out. And besides, we know most of her friends, and they're all good kids.

*(DAD and the rest of the family have heard these monologues before. DAD mimes hanging himself while the kids roll their eyes. MOM continues on.)*

**MOM:** I mean, except for that red-haired girl – I'm not so sure about her. I knew a red-haired girl when I was a teenager, and she was nothing but trouble. But when I was a teenager, kids were different. But I know our daughter and she's a good responsible kid. So, I mean, what do you think? Can she go out?

**DAD:** If I let her go, will you shut up?

*(BUILDER enters and places several bricks between MOM and DAD.)*

**DAUGHTER:** *(Puts her hand over MOM's mouth.)* Mom! Shut up and he'll let me go!

*(BUILDER also places several bricks between MOM and DAUGHTER, and then exits.)*

**SON:** *(Trying to make a quick getaway, but doesn't make it.)* Well, I guess I'll be going...

**MOM:** And just where do you think you're going, young man? We are in the middle of a family discussion here, and no one is going anywhere until we are finished.

*(This time SON mimes hanging himself, and then stands with a blank look on his face as he begins to drool. DAUGHTER pulls out the Monopoly game and then Chess and they play as MOM rambles on and on. BUILDER enters with more bricks at various points.)*

**MOM:** That's right. You just stay right where you are. I don't know why everyone wants to run out of here all the time. There's plenty to do right here in our own home. We are a family and we should start acting like one. Back in the old days people stayed home more and things were better. That's one of the problems in the world today. No one wants to talk anymore and nothing gets resolved. If families today had more communication, I'll bet you people would be happier. I remember back when I was a little girl and it just seemed like people talked more back then. People didn't watch as much TV in those days either.

**SON:** Geeze! If you shut up, I'll stay home!

*(SON and DAD start laughing and high-five each other. MOM starts to cry, but they don't notice. BUILDER brings in a lot of bricks this time – so many that he can hardly carry them.)*

**DAUGHTER:** *(Drawing attention to MOM.)* Ahem...

**DAD:** O.K. I'm sorry.

*(A moment of silence as they realize that they have been insensitive to MOM. BUILDER comes in and removes a couple of blocks. Before he is able to exit with them, he will have to turn around and bring them back in.)*

**SON:** *(Hesitant.)* So... Can I go?

DAD: Whatever.

DAUGHTER: Me too?

DAD: No.

*(MOM opens her mouth, but before she can get a word out, DAD interrupts her.)*

DAD: Shut up!

*(BUILDER turns around and brings the bricks back.)*

SON: I guess that's settled. I'll be going now.

DAUGHTER: *(Stopping SON from leaving.)* Wait a minute. I'm way more responsible than you. If anyone should be allowed to go out, it should be me. I even get better grades than you do.

SON: Better grades in what? Lunch? Home economics?

MOM: *(Erupting.)* That is it! I am sick...

SON/DGHTER: *(Finishing MOM's sentence together.)* ...And tired!

*(MOM shoots the kids a sharp look. The kids remain quiet. BUILDER enters with the refrigerator boxes and quickly places them over all of the members of the family, starting with MOM. As soon as there is a box over MOM, she continues with her line.)*

MOM: Don't you dare roll your eyes up at me. Look at me when I'm talking to you, young lady. Wipe that smirk of your face...

*(All apologize insincerely.)*

SON: Sorry.

DAD: Sorry.

DAUGHTER: Sorry.

MOM: There – That's better.

DAD: Alright, you can both go out.

*(SON and DAUGHTER exit, still covered by the boxes.)*

MOM: Well, I guess it's just you and me. How about we have a nice quiet evening at home? We could make some popcorn and watch a movie.

DAD: Sure, sounds like a good idea.

MOM: You know, honey, somehow I just don't feel like we're as close as we used to be.

*(They get as close as possible in the boxes.)*

**DAD:** Nah, we're as close as we ever were.

*(Lights fade out.)*