

“What God Sees”



**Theme: Acceptance, Appearance,
Perspective, Identity**

Defending the world from bad drama ... one skit at a time.

“What God Sees”

by

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- What:** Three people getting ready for school/work. One of them God’s perspective regarding her appearance and His acceptance of her. She receives the truth and is changed. (Themes: Acceptance, Appearance, Perspective, Identity)
- Who:** One Two
Three God
- When:** Present day
- Why:** Psalm 139:14
- Wear (Props):** Make-up table with brush, gel, make-up, etc. on it
- How:** Each character looks in the mirror in front of the make-up table. God whispers what He sees, but they don’t always hear the truth. Characters don’t see God. They appear to be talking to themselves, alone in their respective bathrooms or bedrooms. Characters freeze whenever God speaks. *Great use of female actors.* God can be back stage with microphone.

There is a table center. It is a vanity of sorts that has grooming type items on it. In front of the table is an imaginary mirror. One enters with a sever case of bed-head. He picks up a brush and gel.

One: Would you look at this! I knew it wasn't going to lie down today... (*Growls*) Ugh! (*Freeze*)

God: (*Offstage, amused*) I kind of like it like that.

One: I can't go to school looking like this! Just call me Porcupine Head. I'm hopeless. That's what I am. (*Freeze*)

God: I formed you. I made you just the way you are. And right now, I'm looking at on for My most prized creations.

One: (*Stops on a bunch of gel*) I give up. Bald is really starting to look good!

One realizes it's pointless and runs out.

God: (*Hurt*) You always look good to Me. I love you.

Two enters in a tizzy.

Two: Would you look at the time? I'm going to be late. Why couldn't I have been born with one of those perfect people faces like... (*Freeze*)

God: You know, nobody is perfect. But I love you just the way you are. You're created in My image.

Two: Where's a professional make-up artist when you need one? No, forget that, this face needs a complete overhaul. Yeah... one of those laser peel treatments would probably do the trick. Just peel it all off and start over! (*Freeze*)

God: Dear child, why do you put down all that I have given you? You are lovely to me. Doesn't My opinion count?

Two: I'm so sick of looking at myself in this mirror. *(Sadly)* I bet everyone else is sick of looking at me, too. *(Freeze)*

God: Not Me. I never tire of looking at you. I love you.

Two exits shaking her head sadly as she walks offstage. Three enters.

Three: *(Looking like se just woke up)* Oh, boy. This is gonna take a while. I better get started. *(Starts putting hair up)* What is the deal with this hair?

God: *(Delighted)* You toss and turn when you sleep. How cute is that? Each one of my creations is unique and special to Me.

Three: What is this? A zit? Not today! Pa-leese... Just call me Pizza Face! Ugh! *(Freeze)*

God: Sorry that's life, kid. *(Laughs)* Zits just come with being a teen. I think you look great!

Three: *(Ranting to God, but never realizing He will answer her)* See, here it is, God. First of all, I'm way too short. Like shorter than your average preschooler. Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating just a little. Secondly... you call this hair? Thirdly, were you having a bad day when You chose this nose and these ears? And fourthly, did you have to build me like my Dad? What were you thinking, God? What were you thinking?

God: You really want to know?

- Three:** *(Startled, she actually starts to hear Him)* Well, um, yeah sure. Ummm. You don't have to actually give me an answer. I was just... you know... spouting off. But sure, if you feel like it... okay.
- God:** *(Thoughtfully)* First of all – I thought it might be nice if you and your Mom were the same height, and by the way, I think you're perfect just exactly the way you are.
- Three:** You do?
- God:** I made you didn't I? And you know what? I chose your nose and those cute little ears. I wanted your hair to be just that shade, and I really liked what you've done with it. I think you look beautiful!
- Three:** *(Happily soaking up the attention)* Really?
- God:** And last, but not least, if I built every person the same, you would all look like paper dolls. I have big plans for you! I want you to like how I fashioned you. I enjoyed creating you, and I chose you to be Mine before you were even born. Did you know that? If you could only believe Me. *(Gently)* I know every single hair on that pretty head of yours, and I...
- Three:** *(Eagerly)* Yes? You what?
- God:** Well, I just love you so much. You're so special, and I had hoped...
- Three:** You had hoped what?
- God:** *(Slowly and distinctly)* That you would love My creation too.

Three: *(Finally gets it, eyes look up to Heaven)* I will praise you, Lord, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvelous are your works, and my soul knows that full well. Psalm 139:14.

She exits. The end.

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