**SKIT: JESUS LOVES ME**

[**Note:** There are only two people in the skit. The principal role is a young girl learning about love. The young girl is the only one who says anything. The other person acts out the other characters **non-verbally** in the skit. In the first paragraph he is her imaginary friend; the second paragraph, her father; the third paragraph, her boyfriend; the fourth paragraph, Jesus.]

The little girl: When I was little, I had an imaginary friend. Everyday we would laugh and play and I would tell him my deepest secrets and he wouldn't tell anyone. But one day my mommy told me she couldn't see my imaginary friend and that he wasn't real. She said I had to play with my other friends and she said I had to say goodbye to my imaginary friend. Bye...

When I was a little older, I played on a softball team. My dad would come to all the games to watch me. I always tried really hard so he would be proud of me and love me. I learned if I stepped up to the plate and I swung and hit the ball and ran to first base, and second base, and third base and sometimes even home that after the game I would get a big hug and sometimes I'd even get a snow cone. But I also learned that if I stepped up to the plate and I swung and I missed and then I swung and I missed and then I swung and I missed and I struck out that there wouldn't be a hug after the game and you can bet I wouldn't get a snow cone.

When I was in high school, I had a boyfriend. He was awesome. He was such a stud. We did everything together. We'd go to movies. We'd drive in his cool car. We'd eat dinner. We had a great time. He said he loved me. But then he said that he wanted more sexually. I said I didn't want to so he found someone else.

I understand. I understand why people love you if you give them things. I understand why people love you if you do what they want you to do. I understand why people love you if you make them look good. I understand. No, I don't understand. Why can't someone love me just because I'm me. Why can't someone love me without any conditions. Why can't someone love me.

Both parts: Sing Jesus loves me.

**SKIT: JESUS LOVES ME** (Alternative Script)

*(Note: This is an alternative script for a boys’ weekend. There are three people in this skit.* *The principal role is a young boy learning about love. The young boy is the only one who* *says anything. The other people, (a man and a girl) acts out the other characters in the skit.* *In the first paragraph the man is his imaginary friend,- the second paragraph, his father, the* *third paragraph, the girl is his girlfriend, the fourth paragraph, the two are his supportive* *friends stand on either side of him and gesture from him to the cross to indicate the association of God’s unconditional love for him. The two people who are acting out the* *different forms of love should act his words out nonverbally)*

**The Little Boy:**  When I was little, I had an imaginary friend. Everyday we would laugh and play and I would tell him my deepest secrets and he wouldn't tell anyone. But one day my mommy told me she couldn't see my imaginary friend and that he wasn't real. She said I had to play with my other friends and she said I had to say goodbye to my imaginary friend. Bye...

When I was a little older, I played on a baseball team. My dad would come to all the games to watch me. I always tried really hard so he would be proud of me and love me. I learned if I stepped up to the plate and I swung and hit the ball and ran to first base, and second base, and third base and sometimes even home that after the game I would get a big hug and sometimes I'd even get a snow cone. But I also learned that if I stepped up to the plate and I swung and I missed; and then I swung and I missed; and then I swung and I missed and I struck out that there wouldn't be a hug after the game and you can bet I wouldn't get a snow cone.

When I was in high school, I had a girlfriend. She was awesome. She was so good looking. We did everything together. We'd go to movies. We had a great time. She said she loved me. But then she said that she wanted to do things that I didn't want to do. She thought it was cool to party, and get drunk, and high. I said I didn't want to so she found someone else.

I understand. I understand why people love you if you give them things. I understand why people love you if you do what they want you to do. I understand why people love you if you make them look good. I understand. No, I don't understand. Why can't someone love me just because I'm me. Why can't someone love me without any conditions? Why can't someone love me?

**All** parts: Sing Jesus loves me.