

## The Big Date (Skit)

The following skit works great for Valentine's Day. A teenage couple, Bill and Karen, have just met each other after being introduced by common friends. This is the first date for both. They have just arrived at a local restaurant for a meal.

Bill: (Embarrassed) Hi, Karen,

Karen: (Equally embarrassed) Hi, Bill.

Bill: (Still embarrassed) Hi, Karen.

Karen: (Still embarrassed) Hi, Bill.

Bill: Gosh, this is so....(He leaves sentence floating.)

Karen: Yes, it is so....(She also leaves the sentence floating.)

Bill: Karen, eh, have you had many dates before?

Karen: The only date I've ever had was on August 13<sup>th</sup>.

Bill: Oh really, what was that?

Karen: My birthday. (Karen then drops her comb on the floor.)

Bill: Oh here! I'll get it. (As he stoops over, he falls down on the floor.) I guess I fell for that one, but at least I had a nice trip. (As Bill stands up, he forgets to pick up the comb.)

Karen: Oh, Bill, you're so funny! (Suddenly serious) But would you mind picking up my Comb?

Bill: (Embarrassed) Oh yeah, I guess forgot. (As Bill squats down, sound effects are heard of his pants ripping. As he reaches behind him to check out what part Ripped, he falls backwards from his squatting position over to his back. At that Moment a waiter comes to take the order and not seeing Bill, trips over him and Falls to the floor.)

Karen: Oh my goodness!

Waiter: (regaining composure) What in the world were you doing on the floor sir?

Aren't our seats comfortable enough?

Bill: Oh no. The seats are just fine. I was just checking to see if the floor was on the level.

Waiter: (Unbelievably) I don't know about the floor, but are you on the level? (Waiter Then notices the rip, and seeing the chance for a pun replies.....) By the way Sir, something terrible has happened to your pants.

Bill: Yes I know. Isn't that a rip-off? (Both men stand.)

Waiter: Well, would you like me to do anything?

Bill: Yea, how about turning your head when I leave?

Waiter: (Unbelievably) Sure thing....Hey, I'll be back in a minute to take your order. (As waiter leaves, bill sits back down at the table.)

Karen: bill I really appreciate your efforts, but my comb is still on the floor.

Bill: I'm sorry, Karen, but that waiter crushed my ear when he fell on me. What did you say?

Karen: I said my comb is still on the floor.

Bill: (Sheepishly) Your phone is in the store?

Karen: NO! MY COMB IS ON THE FLOOR!

Bill: (Sheepishly) Oh! I'm sorry. (Bends down and gets the comb.) Well, we may as well order, there's no use in waiting around.

Karen: I don't mind waiting. Sometimes I even like to wait around.

Bill: What?

Karen: I said, it gives me a lift sometimes to wait.

Bill: Yea, I like weightlifting too.

Karen: Oh good-grief. Not to change the subject, but what did you do today?

Bill: I got things all straightened out.

Karen: What do you mean?

Bill: I mean I did my ironing. Aren't you impressed?

Karen: Not a great deal. I did my laundry today.

Bill: I thought I smelled bleach! But I thought it was just your hair.

Karen: (Offended) Well, I never...

Bill: Well you ought to, I can't stand the color of your hair.

Karen: BILL! You've hurt my feelings!

Bill: (Bashfully) Oh, I'm sorry. Speaking of laundry, do you know the money changing Machines they have in there?

Karen: Well, not personally, but go ahead.

Bill: Well, I wanted to prove how stupid those machines are, so I put a five-dollar bill in one and it still gave me change for a dollar. Just to make sure it was no fluke, I put a ten-dollar bill in the next time and it *still* gave me change for a dollar. I bet you never realized how *stupid* those machines are, have you?

Karen: That doesn't make sense.

Bill: What do you mean?

Karen: I mean you lost thirteen dollars and you are saying the machines are stupid.

Bill: Well, I only did it for a change.

Karen: That's what all the money changers are for; a change.

Bill: That makes sense.

Waiter: I don't mean to interrupt, but are you ready to order?

Bill: Huh?

Waiter: Your order?

Bill: What?

Waiter: ORDER, ORDER!

Bill: What are you, a judge?

Waiter: I don't know about that, but whenever I go to play tennis I wind up in a court.

Bill: You ought to get out of that racket.

Waiter: (Looks up and states pleadingly.) Why me? . . . Have you decided what you would like to eat?

Bill: Yes, I'll take the New York Sirloin steak, baked potato, corn, tossed salad with French dressing, and a large Coke. That's all.

Karen: What about me, Bill?

Bill: (Surprised) Aren't you going to buy your own?

Karen: Of course not, it's not proper.

Bill: O.K O.K. Waiter, she'll have a small Coke.

Waiter: You're not going too far overboard are you?

Bill: Don't be silly. We're nowhere near water, much less on a ship.

Karen: You may be right there, but you're *still* all wet. (Karen then throws her glass of water all over Bill and they exit.)