

## PRAYER MEETING

A Comedy Sketch about Sincere Prayer for 1 to 8 Actors

**Jeremiah 29:12**

*"...and pray to me, and I will hear you."*

written by

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## CAST

**REESE** (Male or Female) Sincerely burdened. Uncertain about how to pray.

**NEUROTIC** (Female) Petrified and easily triggered.

**BIG GUY ATHLETE** (Male or Female) Only prays when Coach leads before games.

**GOSSIP GIRL** (Female) Self-obsessed teen.

**MEDICAL OVER SHARER** (Male or Female) TMI regarding upcoming surgery.

**FORMAL CHANTER** (Male or Female) Only knows liturgical recitation.

**NEVER PRAYED OUTLOUD** (Male or Female) No idea what to say. Sticks with food.

**HIPPIE FEMINIST** (Female) Trending with all movements feminist and spiritual.

## BACK OF CHURCH SANCTUARY

*REESE enters Church Sanctuary from up center. It's unfamiliar territory.*

*(S)HE slowly, tentatively, walks halfway down the center aisle as she looks around at individuals, each praying privately.*

*NOTE: If same actor plays all characters, clarify transition between characters.*

*REESE stops halfway down the aisle, scanning people praying.*

### REESE

Everybody seems to know what they're doing.

*She sees a girl praying, sneaks up behind/beside her and listens in.*

### NEUROTIC

Dear God, or do you prefer Lord? Lord God, I just hope I don't get **Mad Cow Disease** from touching that escalator rail. You know I meant to wear my latex gloves, but I was in such a hurry when I realized I left my mask at Bath and Body Works. Well, not **all** my masks, I was still wearing two. But I took off the top one so I could smell their newest line of amazing sanitizing hand soaps. I couldn't decide between Endless Weekend or Fire Cracker Pop. What do you think? By the way, something that's been really stressing me...the **paint** they picked for the food court. It's really triggering my –

### REESE

Whoa! Maybe not.

*She sees another person praying close by and wanders over to eavesdrop.*

### BIG GUY ATHLETE

Hey God. Remember me? Quarterback...Park City Pandas. I was MVP last season...But, you already knew that. I caught the ball that took us to the finals...you probably got that in your VIP section, right?

You notice I've been checking in every Friday night this whole season. Always on one knee, helmet off. And just so you know, that was **not** me with my eyes open while Coach was praying. That was Jackso... nevermind.

Anyway, you know how I always ask you to destroy the other team? Especially the Aardvarks? By destroy I mean like...not like that thing you did in the flood or anything, just like hurt em...bad.

Anyway, looks like my dad's taking a new job. And we're moving.

So, next year I'll be playing for the Aardvarks. So just wondering if you have like a Request Reversal Form or something that I could like fill out? I searched online and didn't see anything.

So, I gotta go to practice now. I'll be checking back with you 'cause I got three more games this season...Ok, thanks. Bye.

GO **Pandas!** I mean **Aardvarks.**

I gotta work on that.

**REESE**

Whew!

*She spots another prayer and leans in to listen.*

**GOSSIP GIRL**

Lord, you know about the situation with our friend group, Lord. You know about the back biting and total breakdown of trust when Samanth – I don't want to gossip, so I'm just gonna say **S** showed up in the exact same dress as Jen – **J**. You know who I'm talking about, Lord. You see everything.

And you totally know what's going on between **G** and **R** and how it got back to **R** that **G** had told everybody that her hair looked like it had been cut through a cheese grater?

Also, of course you know how **L** texted **MB** – wait, Mary Beth – OK I was right, **MB** – about how **K** raced to invite everyone in the class to her Barbie Theme Party just hours after **K** had booked her Salon and Spa party for the exact same date.

So, if you care anything about me, then you've got to hurry and straighten out this whole mess, because now I have to choose.

And also help everybody to stop gossiping!

Oh, and P.S. I pray Dr. Bowman doesn't screw up this time on my lip filler. Amen.

*REESE reacts, moves to next prayer.*

**MEDICAL OVERSHARER**

Lord, I just want to lift up my **Great Uncle Rosco**, Lord, as he undergoes surgery for his deviated septum. And you know how dangerous a surgery can be at 94. Lord, first, heal that **big blister** he developed from blowing his nose too hard, and heal those **nasty cysts** in his nasal passages that continue to **drip** and **ooze**, with that **infectious stench** Lord -

*REESE escapes, looking nauseous.*

*Moves to another prayer.*

**FORMAL CHANTER***(sung monotone)*

O Thouest most Heavenly Almighty Savior, from the dawn of time Thou hast known us in our affliction, Thou Greatness. Thou hast seen fit to grant thy tender mercies upon our wretched souls from everlasting to everlasting, O Thouest Holiest One.

**REESE**

Nope.

*Moves to new person.*

**NEVER PRAYED OUTLOUD**

Uh...God...uh...I don't know what to say really...uh, thank you for these people and uh... our uh...**food!** Yeah, that's it! Our awesome food, God... Thanks for the uh Doritos-especially the cool ranch, bless the Ding Dongs, Ho Ho's, Twizlers and Skittles and Jolly Ranchers...all to the nourishment of our bodies. Right...Oh, and I pray for the starving children in Africa. Amen.

**REESE**

Definite nope.

*Moves to next.*

**HIPPIE FEMINIST**

Oh Mother God who is one with the universal feminine identity in all of us. Whatever your feminine will allows, O Mother God, let it be so. Amen and A Women.

**REESE**

Oh please!

*Giving up.*

That's enough.

*She looks up to pray.*

Uh...hello? If anyone's up there? ...I'm not really sure what I believe, when we pray...I'm sorry. I'm just being honest here.

But I'm hoping you know about my Mom's diagnosis. I haven't been able to sleep or concentrate, so...I'm worried about my classes and I can't stop crying, and I just feel overwhelmed.

And...I'm really scared.

So, if you can hear me, I need help. I wish you'd just fix everything, but I don't think it works that way.

So, if you won't change everything that's happening to me, then change **me**...so I can handle it.

Change me, Lord.

**THE END**

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