

# Psycho Popcorn Girl

by John Cospers

**Running Time:** Approximately 5 minutes

**Themes:** Envy, Jealousy

**Scripture Reference:** 1 Corinthians 12:14-24 (NIV)

**Synopsis:** A popcorn vendor with an attitude problem takes out her jealousy on her customers and friends. And when a helpful friend confronts her on her jealousy, it only provokes more jealousy.

**Cast:**

AUDREY—An envious popcorn girl

CHELSEA—Another popcorn girl

NATALIE—A girl who works at The Gap (or other hip store)

TROY—A handsome guy

KAYLA—Troy's girlfriend

**Production Suggestions:**

Actors—AUDREY needs to be very over the top, a crazy nut in a sane world.

Setting—The bleachers in a large stadium. Set a television on stage with a game playing, and all the actors play out the sketch in the audience.

Props—Popcorn vendor trays, bags of popcorn, other items found at a game.

Costumes—Uniforms for AUDREY and CHELSEA. Others should be dressed for the game. NATALIE wears a stylish jacket that could have come from The Gap.

Sound—None specified.

Lights—Spotlights on action in the audience.

*(Onstage, a large screen TV plays a football game. The action takes place in the stadium bleachers, which is the audience. The characters are lit in spotlight. AUDREY enters and crosses paths with CHELSEA. AUDREY has a full case of popcorn bags. CHELSEA's is empty. Both are wearing uniforms.)*

CHELSEA: Hi, Audrey.

AUDREY: Oh, hi, Chelsea.

CHELSEA: Slow night?



AUDREY: No, I just got here late.

CHELSEA: I was gonna say, it's not even the second quarter, and I'm already out.

AUDREY: So what, does that make you more special than me?

CHELSEA: No.

AUDREY: All right then. You really are a good seller.

CHELSEA: Thanks.

AUDREY: It seems like every time I turn around you're headed back for more. I wish I could sell like that.

CHELSEA: Thanks.

AUDREY: And you look so good in that uniform. It just fits you so well. Boy. I wish I looked as good as you do.

CHELSEA (*feeling uncomfortable*): Yeah, well, I better get going. People want their popcorn.

AUDREY: I hear ya.

(CHELSEA *exits*. NATALIE *walks up*.)

NATALIE: Hey, popcorn girl, gimme a bag.

AUDREY: Gimme a bag? Gimme a bag? What's that, an order? Like I'm subservient to you so you can skip over niceties like "May I . . ." and "Please"?

NATALIE: What are you talking about?

AUDREY: Oh, forgive me, your majesty, for speaking out of turn. For I, a lowly popcorn girl should never speak to such a noble woman finely clad in her Gap jacket in such a harsh manner.

NATALIE: Look, all I wanted was some popcorn.

AUDREY: And all I wanted was to be able to have a jacket from The Gap, like all the other girls, but my mommy was too cheap to buy me a Gap jacket. My mommy took me to Value City and said, "Here, Audrey. This one's only four bucks. Sure one sleeve is shorter than the other, but that's a small price to pay, isn't it?"

NATALIE: I work at The Gap. I bought the jacket myself.

AUDREY: Whoa, all hail, mighty Gap girl! Oh great one so superior to me. Why you shouldn't even be fooling with a popcorn girl like myself! You deserve your own boxed seat and sushi! Leave the popcorn for the stale, the lowly, the Wal-Mart shoppers like me!

NATALIE: Will you just give me some popcorn!

AUDREY: Give me that jacket, you shrew!

(AUDREY *grabs the jacket*. NATALIE *screams and pulls away*. TROY *walks up*.)



TROY: Two, please.

AUDREY (*about to go off on TROY*): Who do you think you— (*she sees TROY; it's love at first sight*) Uh, I mean . . . where have you been all my life?

TROY: Well for the next three hours I'm here at the game.

(AUDREY *laughs forcibly at his joke. TROY is confused by this.*)

TROY: So, how about that popcorn?

AUDREY: Sure. (*Hands him a bag*) One for you, (*hands him another bag*) and one for . . . is it your brother? Or your dad?

TROY: Actually, it's for my date.

(AUDREY *snatches the second bag away.*)

AUDREY: Date?

TROY: Is something wrong?

AUDREY (*snaps back*): Nothing. Nothing at all. What-E-TER gave you that idea?

TROY: Can I have my other bag of popcorn back? My girlfriend's really hungry.

AUDREY: Sure. (*Hands him the bag back*) Why not? Let her stuff her face, then swell up like a blimp. Then we'll see how attractive she is. While over here is a loving, beautiful angel just waiting to fulfill your every need.

(KAYLA *walks over.*)

TROY: Who?

AUDREY (*frustrated pause*): Me, you dumbbell!

KAYLA (*putting her hand on TROY's arm*): Troy, where's the popcorn?

TROY: In a minute. (*Fishes for money*)

AUDREY: Oh, I see. Protecting our territory. Hand on the arm means hands off. Well listen, sister, I'm more woman than you'll ever be, and if this meathead can't realize it, it's his loss not mine. Look at you! In your nice fancy clothes and that body. He doesn't stand a chance against that. Meanwhile girls like me dwell along the bottom like scavengers, grasping for whatever Y chromosomed creatures fall to the bottom. Why can't I ever get a guy like him? Huh? Someone tell me?

TROY (*hands AUDREY his money*): Tell you what, keep the change.

AUDREY: I don't want change!! I want you!!! (AUDREY *wraps her arms around TROY's neck, dropping all her popcorn.*) I need you! I love you!

TROY: Get away from me!

KAYLA: Let go of him!



AUDREY: Back off, Barbie doll! I'm not letting him get away.

(TROY *shakes* AUDREY *off*. TROY *and* KAYLA *run*. CHELSEA *walks up*.)

CHELSEA: What are you doing?

AUDREY: Nothing.

CHELSEA: Audrey, is something bothering you?

AUDREY: Why would you say that?

CHELSEA: I think I know what it is. Can I be honest with you for a moment? As a friend?

AUDREY: If you must.

CHELSEA: You are the most envious person I've ever met.

AUDREY: Me?

CHELSEA: Yeah, you. The way you wish you looked different, had nicer things, or had a boyfriend. They're all signs that you're unhappy. If you could only learn to be satisfied with the person you are inside, you could easily overcome it.

AUDREY: You know? You're right. I am an envious person. I hate my life. I hate my looks. I hate my job. I hate my clothes. Everywhere I look it seems like everyone has it better than me. Everyone is one step ahead. Thanks, Chelsea, for sharing that with me. *(Starting to get envious again)* I wish I could have the same wisdom and insight as you.

*(Blackout.)*



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