Lost in the Lobby

Lost in the Lobby — VBS Skit for Kids (10 min)

WHAT

Two new kids arrive at VBS clutching crumpled folders. Every classroom door looks the same and the hallway is louder than a school bus. Just as they decide to leave, the loudest, friendliest lobby greeter in church history pops up wearing the brightest T-shirt in the building and refuses to let anyone feel out of place. By the end, the kids and the audience hear the line VBS exists to say out loud: you are not lost, you are invited. The skit opens VBS the way Jesus opens the kingdom — by saying "you belong here" before the lesson starts.

THEME

You are not lost. You are invited. The welcome is the same either way.

WHO

MAYA — New kid, age 8. Holds her folder like a shield. Cautious, smart, watching everything.

BEN — Maya's little brother, age 6. Has already lost half a granola bar. Loud.

PATTI — Lobby greeter. Brightest shirt in the building. Dialed up to eleven.

OFFICER DALE — Volunteer security guard. Takes the job too seriously. Soft heart underneath.

NARRATOR — Steps forward at the end. Quiet. Kind. Speaks when the noise has stopped.

HOW (STYLE / TONE)

Big lobby energy for the first six minutes. Run gags, balloons, doors that look identical, kids reading room numbers backwards. Then a hard stop on the noise — Patti and Officer Dale freeze in place — so the Narrator's last line lands in real silence. The point is not the comedy. The comedy is the welcome mat. The welcome mat is the gospel.

PROPS

- Two VBS folders (oversized for visibility)
- A bright lobby T-shirt with VBS WELCOME CREW printed on it
- Three identical fake classroom doors (cardboard) with room numbers 12, 21, 102
- A clipboard for Officer Dale
- A small bouquet of balloons (3–5)
- A whistle on a lanyard (for Officer Dale to never quite blow)

TIME

10 minutes

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Scene 1 — Two New Kids and Three Identical Doors

(Stage is a stretched-out church lobby. Three identical cardboard doors stand upstage in a slight arc. The room numbers — 12, 21, 102 — are big enough to read from the back row. MAYA enters from stage left clutching a VBS folder to her chest. BEN follows, dragging his folder by one corner like a sled.)

NARRATOR: Some kids walk into VBS like they own the place. Some kids walk into VBS like they accidentally walked into the wrong building. This story is about the second kind.

MAYA (whispering)
Ben. Stop. Read the doors.

BEN (loud)
Twelve. Twenty-one. One-oh-two.

MAYA
Quietly, Ben.

BEN (still loud)
QUIETLY TWELVE. QUIETLY TWENTY-ONE. QUIETLY ONE-OH-TWO.

(Maya turns her folder upside down, looks at the room number printed on the front, and turns it right-side-up again. She squints at door 21.)

MAYA
It says room twelve. That door says twenty-one. Twenty-one is just twelve walking backwards.

BEN
So we go to twelve.

MAYA
There is no twelve. There's just one-oh-two and twenty-one. And the bathroom.

BEN (brightening)
Bathroom?

MAYA
We are not going to the bathroom for ten minutes again.

(Ben sits down on the floor in protest. Maya sighs the sigh of an older sister who has done this exact thing in three other parking lots this week.)

MAYA (to herself)
Mom said this would be fun. Mom said the people would be nice. Mom is at Target.

BEN (from the floor)
I want to go to Target.

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MAYA
Get up.

BEN
I am not lost. I am tired.

MAYA (gently)
We are both lost. Get up. We are leaving.

(Maya turns toward the door they came in. Ben stands. They take one step toward the exit. From offstage right, somewhere behind a column, comes a voice so bright it sounds like it has its own light bulb.)

PATTI (offstage)
OH NO YOU DON'T.

(Maya freezes. Ben freezes. They turn slowly. PATTI bursts onstage in the brightest T-shirt the prop closet owns. She is holding three balloons in one hand and a name-tag stack in the other.)

Scene 2 — The Welcome Crew Arrives

PATTI (radiant)
You are not leaving. You just got here. I saw you walk in. I clocked you the second you came through that door. Patti sees everything.

MAYA (small)
We can't find our room.

PATTI
Sweetheart. Honey. Listen to me. You are not lost. You are early to the best part.

BEN
What's the best part?

PATTI
The part where I find you. Look at this T-shirt. You think a person wears a T-shirt this bright if they are not committed to finding you?

(Patti hands Ben a balloon without asking. Ben blinks. Maya half-smiles.)

MAYA
Our room is twelve.

PATTI (squinting at the doors)
Twelve? Twelve-twelve? Or just regular twelve? Because regular twelve is right behind that door that says twenty-one. They renumbered everything in nineteen ninety-eight and then forgot.

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BEN
WHAT?

PATTI
It's a long story, baby.

(From stage left, OFFICER DALE marches in. Khaki shorts, polo shirt, whistle on a lanyard around his neck. He carries a clipboard like it might explode. He stops three feet from the kids and assesses the situation with great seriousness.)

OFFICER DALE
Patti. Code yellow.

PATTI
Dale, sweetheart. They are kids. They are not a code yellow.

OFFICER DALE (whispering)
Patti. They were facing the door. They were leaving the building. Patti. That is a code yellow.

PATTI
It is not a code yellow. It is a welcome opportunity.

OFFICER DALE
I am writing it up as a code yellow.

(Officer Dale takes a tiny pen from behind his ear and clicks it like he is on a SWAT team. Ben is delighted. Maya is starting to thaw.)

BEN
Are you a real police?

OFFICER DALE (with great dignity)
I am a volunteer. I have a whistle. The whistle is real.

BEN
Blow it.

OFFICER DALE
I cannot blow the whistle inside the building.

BEN
Why?

OFFICER DALE
Pastor said. Pastor was very specific.

PATTI (cheerfully)
Dale, focus. We are walking these kids to room twelve.

OFFICER DALE

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I will lead. You bring up the rear. We will form a hallway escort. Ben, you are point. Maya, you are middle. Patti, you are caboose.

BEN (pumping the air)
I AM POINT.

Scene 3 — A Hilariously Over-the-Top Tour

(Officer Dale lines them up in a tiny single-file train. They march in place with great seriousness. Patti hands Maya a balloon. Maya holds it like she has never held a balloon before.)

OFFICER DALE (calling)
Left. Left. Left, right, left.

BEN
Left, right, left.

OFFICER DALE
Hallway A — clear. Hallway B — clear. Hallway C — that is a closet, do not go in there.

PATTI
On your left, kids — that is the snack room. The snack room is sacred. Strawberries. Pretzels. The lemon cookies that taste like the kingdom of heaven.

BEN
I want a lemon cookie.

PATTI
After your lesson, baby. The cookies wait for no kid.

MAYA (warming up)
What if we don't like the lesson?

PATTI (kindly)
Sweetheart. The lesson is not a thing you have to like or not like. The lesson is a thing somebody is going to tell you because they love you. You can decide later what you do with it.

(Officer Dale halts the train in front of door 21.)

OFFICER DALE
We have arrived at room twelve.

MAYA
That door says twenty-one.

OFFICER DALE

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Yes.

MAYA

But our room is twelve.

OFFICER DALE

Yes.

BEN

I am very confused.

PATTI (laying it down)

Babies. The number on the door does not match the room because nineteen ninety-eight. The room behind that door is room twelve. The room you are looking for is right here. You are not lost. You were never lost. You just had bad signage.

(Maya looks at the door for a long beat. Something settles in her shoulders. She nods slowly.)

MAYA

Okay.

PATTI

Okay?

MAYA

Okay. We're going in.

BEN

I am point.

PATTI

You are point, baby.

(Officer Dale snaps a slow, very serious salute. Patti claps once. Ben pushes the door open with both hands. Maya pauses on the threshold and looks back.)

MAYA

Will you still be here when we come back out?

PATTI (instantly)

Sweetheart. I have been here every Tuesday for nineteen years. I will be in this lobby until somebody carries me out of it. Yes. We will be here.

OFFICER DALE

I will also be here. I have not finished my code yellow paperwork.

MAYA (small smile)

Okay.

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(Maya steps through the door. Ben follows, balloon bobbing. The door swings closed. Officer Dale and Patti hold their pose for a long beat as the lobby noise fades.)

Final Moment — The Narrator Steps Forward

(PATTI and OFFICER DALE freeze in place mid-cheer. The lobby noise drops to nothing. Lights warm slightly center stage. The NARRATOR walks out from upstage and stops just in front of the frozen lobby crew. The narrator does not speak loudly. The narrator just speaks.)

NARRATOR: Two new kids walked into a building. They were lost. They were ready to leave. And before any of them could say the lesson out loud, the lobby of the church said it for them — by being too loud, too bright, too friendly, too willing to walk them down a hallway with a balloon and a clipboard and a whistle nobody was allowed to blow.

NARRATOR: Jesus said the same thing to a tax collector who was hiding in a tree, and to a thief on a cross who had nothing left to offer, and to a woman at a well who thought nobody would ever come looking for her. He said, you are not lost. You are invited. Come and follow me.

NARRATOR: If you walked into this room today and you are not sure if you belong — listen. The welcome is the same either way. The welcome is the same for the loud kid and the quiet kid. The welcome is the same for the kid who knows every Bible story and the kid who can't find the right door. You are not lost. You are invited. And the lobby has been waiting on you.

(Lights fade slowly to black. Patti and Officer Dale unfreeze just before the lights are out and break into a quiet, pleased grin. Hold the dark.)

(END)

END

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