

Christian Scripts Set 2

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Introduction

LifeLine Productions is dedicated to presenting the Gospel message and Biblical truths in an entertaining and thought-provoking form. We aim to plant seeds in the hearts of those who do not know Jesus Christ as Savior, and to challenge and encourage believers to a stronger walk with their Lord.

We are thankful to you for ordering this set of scripts. It is our prayer that your drama group, youth group or whatever type of group you have will be effective with this material and that God will use our collective work for His good. You are on the front-line; you have the opportunity through your performance to touch someone and lead them to Christ. May God bless your faithfulness in this task.

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The Blank Check

Theme: Trusting God instead of trusting material things.

People: 2 (3 if you include the person who steals the bag)

Props: Big bag stuffed with paper with a "\$" on it.

Scene: The Banker (*Angel*) is stamping paperwork at the pulpit. Darryl enters . He is carrying a piece of paper and is looking around as if looking for something or someone.

Darryl: Uh, excuse me.

Banker: Yes, may I help you?

Darryl: I received this in the mail this morning... (*Hands the paper to the Banker. The Banker looks at it and becomes totally surprised*)

Banker: Oh my!

Darryl: What?

Banker: Oh my goodness!

Darryl: What? What?

Banker: Oh my! Oh my! Oh my! (*Runs to the side of the stage and shouts*) Hey guys!! Look!! I finally got one!! (*Darryl has followed close behind. The Banker turns with his back to Darryl and does not see Darryl where he left him. When he turns and finally sees Darryl, he is slightly startled*) Oh! Here you are sir, this is truly an honor.

Darryl: Really, why?

Banker: (*Incredulously*) Don't you know what this is?

Darryl: It looks like a check.

Banker: This is not just a check sir, THIS is a Blank Check.

Darryl: Yeah? So what's the catch?

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Banker: No catch sir, you fill it out and we will fill it. (*Hands the check back to Darryl with a pen.*)

Darryl: You mean if I fill this out for \$10.00...

Banker: We will give you a crisp ten dollar bill.

Darryl: Yeah? So if I fill this out for say, (*Slowly*) twenty dollars...

Banker: We will give you a new twenty dollar bill.

Darryl: Really?

Banker: Why of course sir, look who it's endorsed by.

Darryl: (*Looks at the check*) God.

Banker: That's right sir.

Darryl: Well, I suppose his credit is good. (*Really pushing his luck now*) Suppose I was to put a hundred dollars down on this check...

Banker: Sir, we would give you a new, crisp one hundred dollar bill.

Darryl: Well, shazam! (*Writes on the check.*) Here you go! Give me my hundred dollars.

Banker: (*Totally amazed at the meager amount he is asking. He stops to look at the check to savor the moment.*) Oh, oh! This is truly an honor.

Darryl: Yeah sure. Can I have my money now?

Banker: (*Runs to shout off stage*) Guys! He only wants a hundred dollars! Isn't that great! (*Runs back to Darryl*) Sir, may I just shake your hand?

Darryl: Yeah sure, can I have my money now?

Banker: I feel like I'm in the presence of Solomon, who was given the choice of all the riches or power in the world and all he wanted was wisdom.

Darryl: Right. Is this going to take long?

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Banker: Just like Solomon, God has offered you riches, and instead of being overcome by greed, all you ask for is your immediate needs. God honors men of your stature sir.

Darryl: Right. Can I have my money now?

Banker: Oh, of course sir. It is sure nice meeting a man of your stature, not at all like the other men who have received blank checks.

Darryl: Other men?

Banker: Oh yes, Howard Hughs, he went totally insane; Donald Trump, he only wanted to buy every casino in the world; some computer nerd named Gates... *(As the banker is talking he can see the expression change on Darryl's face from joy at receiving \$100 to extreme horror that he has given up his opportunity for riches. When the banker sees this he slowly stops talking and reluctantly hands the check back to Darryl. Darryl is overcome with greed as he snatches the check from the Banker's hand.)*

Darryl: GIVE ME THAT! MINE! MINE! ALL MINE! WHEN YOU SAID ANY AMOUNT, YOU MEANT...ANY AMOUNT! WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FILL THIS OUT A LITTLE MORE SERIOUSLY! *(Starts to write)* NINE, *(Takes a deep breath and turns the check over and keeps on writing)* NINE, NINE AND NINETY NINE CENTS. HERE, CASH THIS BABY!!

Banker: *(The Banker is very disappointed in Darryl. He takes the check, looks it over and starts to read.)* Nine hundred and ninety nine quintillion, nine hundred and ninety nine quadrillion, nine hundred and ninety nine trillion, *(turns the check over)* nine hundred and ninety nine billion, nine hundred and ninety nine million, nine hundred and ninety nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine dollars...and ninety nine cents.

Darryl: If you can read it, it's not big enough. *(Reaches for the check, but the Banker pulls it away.)*

Banker: It's big enough.

Darryl: Yeah, you're right, I shouldn't get greedy.

Banker: But as big as this is, it could be bigger.

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Darryl: Yeah, I know, I wrote my nines too big.

Banker: No, if you leave the amount blank and just sign it...this could be worth 10 times more than this.

Darryl: Really? 10 times?

Banker: Why sure! Probably even 100 times or even a thousand times bigger.

Darryl: A thousand? Well, here, give me that check. (*Reaches out and takes check*) I just erase these nines, right?

Banker: Right. (*Darryl starts to erase*) You won't be sorry for this decision sir.

Darryl: (*Darryl hands back the check*) Here you go.

Banker: (*The Banker takes the check and puts it aside to continue his work*) No siree, you won't be sorry for this decision.

Darryl: (*Wide eyed and still eagerly waiting for money*) So...uh, how much do I get?

Banker: Excuse me?

Darryl: You said I get more money, how-how much more?

Banker: Oh! No, it's not how much you get but how long you get it.

Darryl: How long I get it?

Banker: Here, let me see if I can explain. How long do you think that 999 quadrillion dollars would have lasted you, sixty, seventy years?

Darryl: Yeah, sure.

Banker: And then it's gone. No more. But say God decided to give you a dollar a day. (*Darryl's expression changes, but not too much, when he hears a dollar a day. His new expression remains constant during the Banker's speech.*) Now everyday, for the rest of your life, he gives you a dollar. But his care doesn't stop when you die. He continues taking care of you. A thousand, million, a quadrillion years can go by and God will still be taking care of you. Soon your money would triple, quadruple

The Blank Check

- because God's care is eternal. So all you're doing, by leaving the check blank, is telling God you trust him, that's all. *(Long Pause)*
- Darryl:** *(Incredulously)* A dollar?
- Banker:** Well, that was just an example.
- Darryl:** A DOLLAR!!??
- Banker:** That was the first number to come to my mind.
- Darryl:** GIVE ME THAT CHECK BACK!!! *(Reluctantly the Banker hands the check back)* I ALMOST FELL FOR THAT!!! *(Darryl starts to write)* A dollar...HA!!! Nine, nine, nine, nine, nine, I'm writing my nines smaller this time!!! Nine, point nine nine. *(Hands the check back)* Here, now cash that.
- Banker:** But...
- Darryl:** DON'T TRY TO TALK ME OUT OF IT, JUST GIVE ME THE MONEY!!!
- Banker:** Very well...*(The Banker goes in back to get a big bag of money. It could be a laundry bag full of newspaper.)* Here you go.
- Darryl:** *(Darryl grabs the bag with all the gusto he can muster.)* MINE! MINE! IT'S ALL MINE! HA HA HA HA HA HA!!! IT'S ALL MINE!! *(Darryl holds on to the bag as if someone is trying to steal it. Then he turns to the Banker and speaks.)* Look, you can tell God he don't have to worry about me, okay? I don't have to worry about God providing for me because I got everything I need right here. And I got needs, man. I need a new car; I need a new stereo system; and a new house. I don't know how God is going to provide for me but now I don't have to worry because...everything I need is right here *(holds up the bag)* in this bag. *(As he is holding up the bag someone runs up and grabs it and runs off stage.)* HEY! HEY!! THAT'S MINE!! *(Darryl runs after the thief)* COME BACK HERE YOU THIEF!! THAT'S MINE!!!
- Banker:** Oh well, easy come, easy go.

Sinning 101

Theme: Man's sin nature.

People: A lot. Use your whole preschool class if possible.

Props: You can really play this up with a sign titling the class "Sinning 101", wear a white smock with lots of pencils, wear thick glasses, use a pointer and talk real goofy. Or you can just have the kids come in, and you talk to them naturally. Either way will work.

Scene: Before your congregation, attempt to teach the young kids in your Church how to lie, cheat and steal.

This is not a skit! This is not a skit to be memorized. There is no script. It is one of the clearest ways to illustrate the sin nature of man.

Have as many young kids as you can muster come up on stage. The more, the better the odds someone will cooperate with you. The age of the kids could be Kindergarten on down, but it might be good to have one plant of a 7 year old in the group. Explain to the group and the congregation that you are going to teach them how to sin. The discourse could go something like this:

Good morning class. It is our hope to make all of you kids more human. So today we are going to teach all of you how to sin. I am sure this is a new concept to all of you, because I'm sure no one has ever taught any one of you the finer details of sinning.

We will start off with lying. Now I know none of you know what lying is.

Hopefully here is when one of the kids will speak out and claim they know how to lie. If not, try to put them on the defensive by saying:

Seeing that all of you have absolutely no idea how to lie, I don't want any one of you to feel stupid or anything. It's only natural that you might feel dumb on the subject of lying because no one has ever taught you the subject as I'm about to.

This shouldn't last long, as one of the kids will inform you that they know what lying is. Just respond:

Sinning 101

Teacher: No, no. I'm not talking about when you lie down. The lying I'm talking about is completely different.

Child: Yeah, you're talking about when you say something that isn't true.

Teacher: (*Surprised*) Well, yeah! How did you know that?

Child: I don't know, I just knew it.

Teacher: Well, didn't anyone teach you?

Child: No, I taught myself.

Teacher: Does anyone else here know how to lie?

(Class holds up their hands.)

Teacher: You mean all of you know how to lie?

At this point the class will be into it and know it's all right to speak out. Pry into individual kids on how they learned how to lie. Make it clear that none of kids were taught the idea. The truth will be made clear that it's not something we learn but just know. From there go on to stealing and cheating. The kids will love it because they will feel real smart already knowing what you are trying to teach.

After you realize the kids already know the fundamentals of sinning, you just look to the Pastor and tell him that you can't teach the kids something they already know.

End

The Carousel

Theme: Serving Christ versus Christ serving us.

People: 4 (or 3 if you reduce Jules and Larry to one person.)

Props: A buzzer sound, and a pamphlet.

Scene: The airport baggage claim area. **Jules, Larry, Bob** and **Morris** all walk on stage looking around for their carousel to claim their luggage. They can be wearing skiing gear or carrying coats and basic stuff you would carry on a jet. **Jules** walks over, looks up and sees on an imaginary monitor the carousel on which their luggage will be coming.

Jules: Hey guys! According to this, our luggage will be on carousel "E".

Larry: That's this one!

*(Everyone stands in a line facing the audience. Both **Larry** and **Jules** are obviously impatient. They are tapping their feet, staring at their watches. All of them, except **Morris**, keep looking to the left waiting for the carousel to begin. **Bob** is real bubbly. When portraying **Bob**, think of a four year old standing in line waiting to see Santa Claus. He stands in line between **Larry** and **Jules**. As he stands, he is rocking back and forth, swinging his hands and has one big dorky looking grin on his face. The success of the skit depends on how dorky the smile. **Larry** and **Jules** have worked with **Bob** for years and have come to tolerate him. All the while, **Morris** is standing off to the side staring at the ground, oblivious to what is going on around him.)*

Bob: E-yuck. *(E-yuck is a real dorky sounding laugh)* Are you sure "E's" the one? I mean we wouldn't want to miss today! Huh guys?!

Jules: Yes, Bob, "E's" the one.

*(**Bob** is getting nervous. He has an important day planned that he does not want to miss. As nervous as he is, he never loses the grin; it may wear down, but he still maintains his front. As he gets nervous he begins to pace and look around at all the other people getting their luggage. Maybe he can find someone that could explain the delay. **Jules** and **Larry** ignore **Bob**.)*

Bob: Are you absolutely sure? You know, they could have put the wrong letter on the monitor. If this was our carousel don't you think our luggage would have been here by now? Look, those people over there are getting their luggage! *(**Bob** loses the smile.)* We got off our plane the same time as they did! *(Panic sets in.)* How come they're getting their luggage now and we're not?! There's something wrong here!

The Carousel

Our luggage is gone, that's what it is! OUR WEEKEND IS RUINED!! I KNEW THIS WAS TOO GOOD TO HOPE FOR!!!

(An off stage buzzer sounds)

Larry: Yo Bob, here comes our luggage.

Bob: Oh! Okay. (*Bob resumes his position in line, still rocking and resumes his dorky smile.*) Boy I tell you! Isn't life wonderful? (*Bob looks to Jules and Larry, neither one is paying attention to him. But that doesn't matter. Bob's too happy to deal with little annoyances like that.*) I mean, isn't God just wonderful? I have such a loving God. Have I ever told you guys how much God's blessed me? Huh? Have I?

Jules: Yes Bob.

Bob: All my life I loved skiing. I live for skiing. And here God gives me a job where the boss loves to ski as much as I do. So much that he takes the whole company on an annual ski trip. Not only that, but he makes sure we get the early bird so we can have first crack at the slopes. Boy, I tell you guys, there's nothing like skiing down a virgin hill, the crispness of the air, the smell of pine. You know, that's...

Jules and Larry: God's country out there. (*They've heard it all before, time and time again.*)

Larry: Yes, Bob, we know.

Bob: (*Everyone pauses as they follow a piece of luggage going by. Nope, it's not any one of theirs. The discussion resumes.*) Yeah well, I tell you, I've never been so blessed in all my life. There's no way I could have ever gotten this job without God's help. (*Another piece of luggage goes by.*) I tell you guys, I have a real wonderful, loving God who just showers blessings on me left and right. You know, He could be...

Jules and Larry: Our God too.

Bob: (*Bob pauses to regain composure.*) That's right. Because He didn't just die on the cross for me, He...

Jules and Larry: Died on the cross for all of us.

Bob: Uh, that's...that's right. And don't ever forget, it doesn't matter what you've done, God...

Jules and Larry: Will still love us. (*Both Jules and Larry find their luggage and start to leave.*)

Jules: Yes, Bob, you've told us all time and time again.

The Carousel

Larry: Hey Bob! Don't take too long; the shuttle's already here and will be leaving in about five minutes.

Bob: Hey! You don't worry about me. You just keep my seat warm.

*(Here **Bob** shows his real colors. He is left alone on stage with **Morris**. When he looks at **Morris** he wears his grin from ear to ear. Nothing wrong here. But when he looks to the chute, his face shows a genuine concern that his luggage will not show up in time to catch the early morning shuttle. **Bob** stands next to **Morris** and gives him a playful jab in the arm. **Bob** is oblivious to fact that something is obviously bothering **Morris**.) We're going to have a great time, huh? E-yuck (Looks to Chute, still no luggage. Big smile as he looks back to **Morris**.) Ain't God wonderful? (Still no luggage.)*

Jules: *(From off stage.)* Yo! Bob! Come on! We're almost ready to go!

Bob: ANY SECOND NOW! *(To **Morris**)* Our luggage will be here any moment now, you just have to have faith. E-yuck

*(Just then the buzzer sounds and the carousel stops. **Bob**'s luggage is not on the carousel. At first he can't believe that the carousel has stopped. He stares at the carousel to try to make it move. Then he bends down to try to push the carousel by hand. **Morris** is still staring.)*

Larry: Hey Bob! Come on! I can't hold your place much longer!

Bob: *(**Bob** drops to his knees in earnest prayer.)* OH LORD! YOU'VE BROUGHT ME SO CLOSE, PLEASE DON'T TAKE THIS WEEKEND AWAY. JUST AS MOSES WAS SO CLOSE TO THE PROMISE LAND, I CAN TASTE THE SNOW, LORD!! OH LORD, OF ANYONE, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I NEED THIS TIME! SO I ASK YOU, PLEASE, PLEASE, LET MY LUGGAGE COME! *(Opens his eyes to look at the chute. Nothing.)* OH LORD!! I'M BEGGING YOU, I'M POURING MY HEART TO YOU, I'M...

(The buzzer sounds and the carousel starts one more time.)

Bob: YES!! YES!!! YESSSS!!!! I'M SAVED!!! AND THERE'S MY LUGGAGE!! PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW, PRAISE HIM ALL CREATURES HERE BELOW, PRAISE HIM ABOVE YE HEAVENLY HOST, PRAISE FATHER SON AND HOLY GHOST!! AMEN!! *(Just as he says amen, his luggage arrives at his feet. He grabs it and is on his way...but.)*

Morris: What's it all about Bob?

The Carousel

Bob: Uh, uh, say what?

Morris: Twelve years of marriage Bob, and she just walks out on me. I just don't understand it.

Bob: Uh, yeah, listen can we find your luggage and talk about this on the shuttle?

Morris: I gave her a house, nice car. We never went without. Yet there was something missing in our lives Bob. I just can't figure out what it was.

Larry: Come on Bob! The motor's running!

Bob: (*Bob is torn between desire and service. He tries diligently to work both out.*) UHH!
Why don't we just head for the slopes, huh guy? I'm sure you'll feel much better with the smell of pine and...

Morris: She wanted a swimming pool, I gave her a swimming pool; she wanted a necklace, I gave her a necklace. I always gave her what she wanted. But, she still left me Bob.

Bob: Listen! I feel really bad, but the shuttle is going to be leaving any minute and if we're not on it...

Morris: I'm a good guy, aren't I Bob? What did I do wrong? What did I miss? What was missing in our lives?

Larry: Bob! The driver's ready! (*Really impatiently.*) Come on!

Bob: (*Definitely torn between the two.*) Uh...Hey! I know! Why don't we talk about this on the Shuttle! Yeah! Is this your luggage here? Doesn't matter, I'm sure there's something in here that will fit you. We'll just take this luggage and get on that shuttle and talk our fool heads off, huh, what do you say?

Morris: No, Bob, you go ahead. I just don't feel like being with people right now. Besides, there's something inside of me telling me that the answers are here in this airport.

Bob: (*Relieved to be released from his spiritual obligation to Morris.*) YES!!! Good!! Right!! And I'm sure if you look real hard you'll find it. YO GUYS, HANG ON! I'M ON MY WAY!!

Morris: Oh look, a Hare Krishna, they always seem so happy. Maybe they have the answers.

Bob: WHOAH GUYS!! HOLD ON!! (*This is said real fast.*) Look, Morris, (*Bob looks in several pockets 'til he finds what he's looking for*) here's a pamphlet. All of your answers are in here. Look at how these kids are full of dirt, and they can't get it off, and then they walk into this tunnel, and when they get to the other side they are

The Carousel

clean. So what you have to do is walk through the tunnel and all of your dirt comes off. Do you understand?

Morris: (*Morris is holding the pamphlet and is definitely confused.*) No.

Larry: (*Comes up on stage*) Bob! Come on! We have to go now!

Bob: (*Bob looks to Morris, then to Larry, Morris, Larry. Then he looks up to heaven with a real mad look on his face. He knows what he has to do.*) Go ahead, go on without me.

Larry: Go without you?!!

Bob: Yeah, I'll catch the afternoon shuttle.

Larry: The afternoon Shuttle?! The snow will be slush by then.

Bob: (*With a sigh*) I know.

Larry: Suit yourself guy! I'm outta here!

Bob: Say Morris! They have a coffee shop here that serves great Danish. What do you say we go and grab a couple.

(*Both Bob and Morris walk off stage.*)

End

The Great Concern

Theme: The reality of Heaven.

People: 2

Props: Angel wings if you can 'wing' it. (*sorry*)

Scene: Angel is at the pulpit working at whatever. Lenny enters.

Lenny: Excuse me, is this where you can express your concerns?

Angel: Yes, it is.

Lenny: Good. There has been something on my mind for a long time, and now I would like to get it off my mind.

Angel: What is it?

Lenny: After much consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I don't want to go to Heaven.

Angel: You don't want to go to Heaven?

Lenny: That's right. I don't want to go to Heaven.

Angel: Well, I suppose that could be easily arranged. (*Starts to open some paperwork as if he's going to erase something.*)

Lenny: No! No! Wait! I don't want to go to the other place either!

Angel: Well, then, exactly where do you want to go?

Lenny: I don't want to go anywhere. I want to stay right where I am.

Angel: Let me get this straight, you would rather stay here than go to Heaven.

Lenny: That's right.

Angel: Why?

Lenny: Things are going good here. I have everything I could possibly want. I have a house with 2500 square feet at 7.5% interest, fixed. Not so big that it is too burdensome to take care of, but not so small that I feel cramped. I just paid off my Toyota Camry

The Great Concern

and it has only 30,000 miles on it. My sister just married a guy who works for a cruise line, and I can get a pretty nice vacation at cost. I own my business and I'm my own boss. I'm not married and have no major demands on my life. What more could God offer me in Heaven?

Angel: I'm sorry but I can't help but feel that you are forfeiting a lot, after all God has one of his rooms in his mansion prepared for you.

Lenny: Yeah, but does it have a computerized environmental system and a complete entertainment system built into the wall?

Angel: I'm sure God will take care of the environment and entertainment. And as far as transportation goes in Heaven, I think God has something a little better planned than automobiles.

Lenny: Well, whatever it is, can it compare with driving down the coastline in a convertible Camry? Listen, I've heard a lot about Heaven. It sounds real good, too good. I know how good I have it here and as far as I'm concerned a bird in the hand is worth two in Heaven. So if you could, just tell God I would prefer to stay here.

Angel: Okay, if you would prefer to stay right where you are for the rest of eternity. (*Starts to go through the paperwork*)

Lenny: Wait a minute, uh, eternity?

Angel: That's right, forever and ever. A long time.

Lenny: Listen, you know, maybe I ought to look a little bit harder into this Heaven thing. So, never mind what I just said, okay?

Angel: It's really no problem to fix you up. (*All set to mark what is needed*) I don't believe I have your name.

Lenny: GOOD! GOOD! Then forget you ever saw me!

Angel: If you insist sir.

End

Three Days of Satan's Glory

Theme: Easter story from Satan's perspective.

People: 4

Scene: Satan walks on stage and starts...

Satan: It is done!! Three years of ministry, a lifetime of preparation and centuries of prophecies... all gone. All that God has done for mankind I have destroyed. This will be considered my greatest moment. Perhaps greater than when I deceived Eve into eating the forbidden fruit. And how simple it was. Looking back it was probably foolish of me to fear that the Son of God would personally come into my realm. But now it is over, and His body lies rotting in the pit of a grave. Such a fool He was. Did He truly think that by healing a few sick individuals or by feeding a mob He could convince everyone that He is the creator? Walking on water could be a magician's ploy and calming the storm shall be thought of as mere coincidence. Did He truly believe that the spineless Apostles He chose could overcome my kingdom? How easy it was to corrupt their hearts, to turn them against Him or have them run away. The people will not remember His teaching, but they will remember the company He kept. With the corrupt leaders and prostitutes, how easy it will be to destroy His character. They will remember His ministry as being financially corrupt. A poor teacher who could not even get His own Apostles to listen to His teachings. It is a shame He will be forgotten so soon, people will never know how great my triumph really was. How I corrupted God's religious leaders, caused the death of His prophets, and finally, the crucifixion of His very Son. And how simple it was to get the very people who once adored Him to chose a murderer in His place.

Messenger 1: *(Comes running in with urgent news, Satan ignores him and continues. The messenger will not interrupt him until he is recognized.)* Uh, sir, sir...

Satan: But now it is done and the world is mine. No more do I have to worry about the prophecies of my demise. I have outdone the best God had to offer.

Messenger 1: *(Slightly waving his hands to get Satan's attention)* Uh, sir...

Satan: Soon I shall have the whole world bow down at my feet, and I shall look up to the very face of God and laugh!! *(Truly agitated that his greatest moment should be interrupted, he responds with a broad waving of the arms)* WHAT!!!! WHAT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU SHOULD INTERRUPT MY MOMENT OF GLORY?!!

Messenger 1: *(Really hopes his message warrants the interruption)* Uh... The tomb, sir, it's empty.

Three Days of Satan's Glory

Satan: *(Not realizing the implications at first)* So, find the body and put it back.

Messenger 1: That's just it, sir. We've looked everywhere and we can't find it, uh, sir.

Satan: *(Feeling the first pangs of panic. Tries to maintain a sense of calmness)* H-how can that be? I put guards at the tomb, it was sealed! *(Feeling a little bit desperate)* We had better find him before His followers get the wrong idea.

Messenger 1: Not to worry sir, we have spirits looking everywhere for Him.

Satan: Find Him!! It would be disastrous if He were to escape! *(Messenger 1 leaves)*

Messenger 2: *(Runs in, out of breath)* The Nazarene sir, He was sighted.

Satan: Where! Where is He?!

Messenger 2: He was sighted in the prison preaching to the spirits, sir.

Satan: *(Outraged)* THOSE ARE MY SPIRITS!! I CORRUPTED THEM!! HE HAS NO RIGHT TO THEM!! BRING HIM TO ME!!!

Messenger 2: I'm sorry sir, but He is no longer there.

Satan: FIND HIM!!!

Messenger 2: Yes sir. *(Messenger 2 runs off stage and Messenger 1 enters)*

Messenger 1: Sir! We understand he has appeared before some women at the tomb, and He has appeared before some of the Apostles in the upper room.

Satan: *(Horror comes across the face of Satan)* No, That's the last thing we want! We have to stop Him before this gets out of hand! *(Messenger 2 runs in. Messenger 1 stays to listen)*

Messenger 2: Sir! The Nazarene was seen having breakfast with His Apostles. What should we do?

Satan: We have to stop Him! We can't have His Apostles thinking that all of the prophecies pertaining to Him could be true! This could strengthen them. We have to grab Him before too many people see Him otherwise this thing will be bigger than we can control!

Three Days of Satan's Glory

Messenger 3: Sir! The Nazarene was spotted talking to over 500 people!

Satan: Did you grab Him??!!!

Messenger 3: No sir, He went home to sit at the right hand of His Father, sir.

Satan: So we... we can't touch Him.

Messenger 3: What should we do sir?

(Satan is horrified. He feels the noose closing in around his neck. He is fully aware of the implications of the last events. He wraps his arms around himself in a feeling of insecurity. He slowly paces back and forth thinking to himself)

Messenger 3: Sir?

Satan: *(Slowly as if thinking this out cautiously)* We must put a halt to any growth His message may bring. We must use the religious leaders to see that all believers are persecuted. I want the best Pharisee put on the job!

Messenger 1: That would be Saul sir.

Messenger 2: Yes sir! He hates this movement almost as much as we do.

Messenger 3: That's true sir. When we had Stephen stoned, Saul held the coats of those who did the stoning.

Satan: Good, good. *(To Messenger 3)* See to it that Saul finds every follower there is. Have him lock them up, or better yet, have them KILLED!! The sooner they are all gone the better. GO!!!!

Messenger 3: Yes sir! *(Runs off stage)*

Satan: *(Begins his insecure pacing again and mumbles to himself. The other Messengers stand nervously by not knowing what to do.)* This has got to stop, this wasn't supposed to happen, we have to destroy Him. He can't win. I need to think, I've got to think. *(Satan goes into another room or sits in a chair off to the side in a corner.)*

Messenger 3: *(Comes back on stage rather timidly)* Where is the Master? I have some bad news for him.

Messenger 1: He's in his room over there.

Three Days of Satan's Glory

Messenger 2: What's the bad news?

Messenger 3: Saul is no longer destroying Churches, but he is now called Paul, and he's establishing Churches. Do any of you guys want to tell him?

Messenger 1: I ain't telling him.

Messenger 2: No way am I going to tell him.

Messenger 3: Why don't we let him figure that out.

Messenger 2: Sounds good to me.

Messenger 1: I'm all for that. *(All three leave)*

End

The Petition

Theme: The Gospel, forgiveness of Jesus.

People: 2

Note: This is a good skit to do with your Pastor. No one expects it to be a skit. It really wakes up a congregation.

Props: A computer read out, or any long list such as a clipboard with a lot of paper and a pen.

Scene: Either the Pastor is giving a sermon or a speaker is talking. Lenny is in the audience trying to get someone's attention and is being quite obvious about it.

Lenny: Pssst! Pssst! *(Whispering real loud. This is your opportunity to embarrass someone who doesn't expect it, so choose your subject well.)* Hey, Bob! Bob! Can you sign this...

Pastor: Lenny, what are you doing?

Lenny: *(Caught! Acts real embarrassed)* What? Uh, nothing really, just tying up a few loose ends. Go on, great sermon.

Pastor: *(Hesitantly)* Thank you. *(Goes on talking)*

Lenny: Pssst! Bob! Can you sign this?

Pastor: Lenny! What are you doing? What do you mean "tying up a few loose ends?"

Lenny: I'm just having people sign this form.

Pastor: Exactly what is so important about that form that you must interrupt my sermon?

Lenny: It's just a form I'm having people sign, saying that I'm not to be held responsible for any wrong doing on my part.

Pastor: Uh-huh. So tell me Lenny, why are you doing this?

Lenny: Well, I've been thinking about this for a long time, and I feel I have this whole religion thing figured out.

Pastor: Okay.

Lenny: You and I, we're all going to die, right?

Pastor: Right.

The Petition

Lenny: Well, someday Jesus is going to judge all of our lives, and He'll probably have quite a few things to say about my life...

Pastor: No doubt.

Lenny: *(Pauses to think about the jab he just received.)* Anyway, when he starts to list all the bad things I've done in my life, I'll hand Him this list, and He'll have to say, "Well, it looks like we can't hold these things against you because no one else is holding you responsible, so you'll have to just go on in." And I'll get into heaven.

Pastor: *(Pauses, speaks with apprehension)* Uh-huh.

Lenny: As a matter of fact, *(fans through the list)* since I have your attention now, and you're so hard to get a hold of, *(walks up to the pulpit)* could you sign here?

Pastor: Wait a minute, let me get this straight. You want me to sign this form stating that you are not to be held responsible for anything you've done wrong to me.

Lenny: Right. And date it to if you would.

Pastor: What about my car?

Lenny: I'm sorry, what about your car?

Pastor: You borrowed my car and bashed in the fender. It's costing me \$500 to have it fixed.

Lenny: Right. That's why you're on the list.

Pastor: Wouldn't it be better if you just paid for the damages?

Lenny: *(Slight pause to reflect the question)* Nooo. It would be better if you just signed here.

Pastor: *(Reluctantly)* Okay, You're probably not going to pay me back anyway. *(Lenny gets excited to have another signature. The Pastor signs and then flips through the list.)* I don't think this list will help you on judgment day. There seems to be a couple of names missing here.

Lenny: What names? I've been working on this for a long time!

Pastor: I don't see Wanda Winklemeyer's name here.

Lenny: What! Wanda, I never talk to her, why should her name be on the list?

Pastor: Did you see how she was dressed today?

The Petition

Lenny: Hoooo boy! Did you see her? Man did you see her outfit? She looked so hot...
(*Looks at the Pastors convicting glare*) Uh, that would be, like, lust right. (*Lenny writes Wanda's name into his list*) Wanda Winklemeyer...

Pastor: I see another problem.

Lenny: (*Thinks real hard and then writes.*) Carol Lumbroski...

Pastor: No, I'm talking about Phil Bollinger.

Lenny: Hey! I don't look at Phil that way!

Pastor: No! He's on your list, but you don't have his signature.

Lenny: Oh yeah, right. Phil's a great guy, he'll sign. No problem.

Pastor: Phil died last month.

Lenny: (*Pauses to think*) Maybe that's why he hasn't returned my calls. Okay, that could be a problem.

Pastor: (*Flips through the list again*) I see you don't have Jesus on this list.

Lenny: Haven't you heard a word I said? He's the reason I'm doing this.

Pastor: Sure, but what about your sins against Him?

Lenny: What sins? I never talk to Him.

Pastor: Well, that's part of the problem. But Jesus said that whatever you do to these you do to Him. So in fact, your problem is not only with these people but with Jesus too.

Lenny: Gee, I didn't think about that.

Pastor: Here, (*rips off a corner of a page and writes on it and hands it to Lenny*) instead of working on that list, why don't you work on this list.

Lenny: Jesus?

Pastor: Sure. He wants to forgive us so bad, He died on the cross for us. All you have to do is ask Him.

Lenny: I guess you're right. I'll do this right away. (*Starts to walk off stage.*)

Pastor: Uh, Lenny, what about your list?

The Petition

Lenny: Oh you can have it.

Pastor: But don't you care about your friends?

Lenny: *(Embarrassedly walks back to retrieve his list.)* Oh yeah, right.

End

Variation: **Another subtle variation to this skit, it reminds us how easy it is to break some of the commandments. The variation goes as follows:**

Pastor: I don't see Wanda Winklemeyer's name here.

Lenny: What! Wanda, I never talk to her, why should her name be on the list?

Pastor: Did you see how she was dressed today?

Lenny: Hoooo boy! Did you see her today!! Man! You'd swear to God she was the foxiest lady arou... *(Looks at the Pastors convicting glare)* Uh, that would be, like, lust right. *(Lenny writes Wanda's name into his list)*

Lenny: What sins? I never talk to Him.

Pastor: Well, that's part of the problem. But just a moment ago you used His name in vain. Besides Jesus said that whatever you do to these you do to Him. So in fact, your problem is not only with these people but mainly with Jesus.

Salvation According To Morris Winklemeyer

Theme: The supreme love of Jesus. The Cross and what it means.

Props: A table, three chairs and some plans (blueprint or computer readout).

People: 3

Scene: Morris (or whoever) walks up and addresses the audience from one side of the stage.

Morris: The Bible states in Hebrews 4:3 that the plan of salvation was laid from the foundation of the world. If that is true and I was placed in the position of Jesus during the planning stages of our world, I think things would have turned out quite differently as you will see.

(At this time both God and the Spirit walk up on stage and take a seat at a table. If you have a door to your stage Morris could at this time walk off stage to enter through the door. God is a very matter of fact type of person. The Holy Spirit looks on, just glad to be there.)

Morris: Uh, excuse me, my name's Morris, I was told that there would be a planning session for our world in here.

God: *(Both God and the Holy Spirit rise.)* Enter! Enter! Congratulations! *(God shakes Morris's hand as does the Holy Spirit.)* We've been watching you, and I must say it is a pleasure to have you as my son.

Morris: Thank you. It's an honor sir.

God: Well, you're just in time. We've been going over some ideas for the beginning of our world.

Morris: Great! I wouldn't want to miss this for the world, ha ha! Excuse the pun.

God: *(Unravels a huge blueprint.)* Now, let's say we begin creation *(looks over the plan for the perfect spot.)* here.

Morris: Yeah! That looks good. *(Morris just goes along with the meeting, not really contributing anything.)*

God: Here, we will create a world that is self-sustaining, where life can grow in perfect balance. We will fill it with wonders so grand they shout its creator's name and splendors so small, there can be no doubt about the wisdom used in creating the world.

Morris: And butterflies, let's not forget butterflies. *(To the Holy Spirit.)* I really like butterflies.

Salvation According To Morris Winklemeyer

God: Of course. Now in the midst of this world we will create man.

Morris: Well, I don't know if man is such a good idea. How about building a golf course. I bet we could make one...heck-of-a...one really great golf course. Just think of it, no greens fees, no waiting. What do you think? Huh? Huh? *(Both God and the Holy Spirit just look at Morris waiting for him to finish talking.)* Right. So we create man. And then what?

God: We will make man more special than any other creation. We will give him the ability to commune with us, to know us, to love us as we love him. And we will give him all he needs to live and grow.

Morris: Okay, okay. So we make man like us, then what.

God: Then we create the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

Morris: Wait! Wait! Wait a minute. We have a chance to do this right here. Do we really need evil in our world?

God: For man to prove his love for us he must be able to choose to love us. We will give man the freedom to do anything he wants. But in order for him to show his love for us we will give him one command to follow.

Morris: That should be easy enough. Then we make golf courses, right?

God: No. Man will succumb to temptation. He will defy our commandment by doing things his own way thus bringing sin and separation of fellowship with us to all mankind. Because of this grievous act, man will be doomed to an eternity of hell.

Morris: See? What did I tell you guys? Listen, I have this great idea. Instead of 18 holes, how about 30 or 50 holes. Shoot, er shucks, uh, we'll have a real long time to play, so we could have a hundred holes.

God: No.

Morris: No?

God: Now is our chance to show our love for man.

Morris: *(Disappointedly)* Oh.

God: First we will inform man of our intention to redeem him. Then we will give man ways to atone for his sin that is symbolic of the redemption we will offer.

Morris: Yeah, I guess that would be the right thing to do.

Salvation According To Morris Winklemeyer

God: Then we will give man a set of commandments, rules to live by. These rules will protect man, much like a mother protects her child.

Morris: Okay! So man has his rules. Now he's doing all right. (*Points to plans.*) Over here should be a great place for our golf course, level ground, a few water traps...

God: No.

Morris: (*Kind of aggravated that his ideas are being ignored*) No?!

God: Man will be unable to keep our rules.

Morris: Sooooo, we'll give them easier rules!

God: No. Part of the reason we give man our commandments is to show man that he is a sinner. Man will know his need of a savior.

Morris: Oh yeah, I knew that.

God: Then we will send prophet after prophet to foretell everything about you.

Morris: Me?

God: That is right. You will be the instrument by which all men will be saved.

Morris: Really? Me?

God: We will have to make it clear, beyond a doubt, that you are the one in which man must believe to be saved.

Morris: Right! We don't want anyone to have doubts about (*proudly points to himself*) me!

God: Then, in a specific moment in time, a time revealed by hundreds of prophecies, you will be born of a virgin.

Morris: Uh, excuse me?

God: You have to show man what we expect of him. Your life has to exemplify all the qualities of God. It is with your presence that the wisdom, power and love of God will be made manifest.

Morris: Oh yeah, sure, I can do that.

Salvation According To Morris Winklemeyer

God: You will feed the poor and heal the sick.

Morris: *(Becoming more excited about this program.)* Yeah! Feed them poor people!

God: People will flock to you by the thousands shouting Hosanna.

Morris: HOSANNA!! All right this is getting good!

God: You will offer your kingdom to the people at this time.

Morris: Yeah! And I'll be a real good king too.

God: No. The people will reject your kingdom.

Morris: Uh, excuse me?

God: You will be arrested on trumped-up charges. Unable to convict you, false witnesses will bear testimony against you. You will be beaten, humiliated and disgraced as you stand before those who loved you, only to hear them call for a murderer to be saved in your place. All who stood by your side will flee from you. You will then be stripped and nailed to a cross where you will hang for three hours 'til your death.

(Morris has a smile on his face as he is still for a second or two waiting to hear the punch line to the obvious "joke" he just heard. When God and the Holy Spirit both stare blankly at Morris he responds.)

Morris: Your joking, right?

God: No. You will be the sacrifice for man.

Morris: What! ME!??

God: Yes, you, who has no sin, will pay the penalty for those who have sinned. You will be the way for man to finally redeem himself for his sin. You will be the door to heaven.

Morris: *(Becoming rather anxious.)* Whoa! Have we really put a lot of thought into this.

God: Yes. You will be the perfect sign of our love for man.

Morris: Wait, wait, wait a minute. I'm sure we can come up with something better if we try real hard. I know! Suppose we create an Angel that we like REAL hard. And he gets put up on the cross. Wouldn't that work?

God: No, the sacrifice must come from us.

Salvation According To Morris Winklemeyer

Morris: Well, what about you? Why don't you die on the cross!?

God: It is harder to give up that which you hold dearest than to give up your own life. So for this to be a perfect sacrifice I must give my Son.

Morris: Well! What about this guy? Who are you?

Spirit: I'm the Holy Spirit. I'd do it but the nails wouldn't stick in my hands.

Morris: *(Morris feels like his back is against the wall as his future is looking really bleak.)* Look! You're asking me to put myself on a cross for what? *(Looks at plans.)* All I see is a bunch of low life scum here. Show me one person worthy of me giving up an appendix let alone die on a cross for. And look at this life I'm living down there. I'm born in a barn for crying out loud! That's no way for deity to enter a world! You can have all the angels in heaven trumpeting my appearance, but you can't secure for me one lousy room? And look at this! I have no money? I'm forced to live off the generosity of others for food and shelter? Why even false prophets live better than this. They get mansions and servants and everything! But me? NOOOOO! At best, I get to ride a donkey! Look, if you're going to get me to do something about saving this bunch, you're going to have to come up with something a lot better than this!

God: Well then, I propose we put this to a vote. All those in favor of this plan say, "Aye."

God & Spirit: Aye!

God: Opposed.

Morris: *(There is a pause as Morris realizes he is stuck with the inevitable.)* Uh, Nay.

God: Well! Then it's agreed. We begin tomorrow. *(Both God and The Holy Spirit get up and walk off stage leaving Morris to address the audience.)*

Morris: I don't know about you, but I can't help thinking that if the plan of salvation was put into any of our hands, things would be considerably different. But Jesus went of his own free will. He did die on a cross as was written centuries before. He did not go reluctantly, but with love and hope that everyone will accept his gift of life.

End

Late for Work

Theme: Lying.

People: 2

Scene: Jensen walks in front of the stage and starts pacing.

Jenson: Oh man I'm so late! What am I going to tell the boss. Uh, let's see, my Aunt died! No, too morbid. The traffic was heavy! Yeah that's it! The traffic was heavy! "I'm sorry I'm late sir, but the traffic was heavy." No, too official, "I'm sorry I'm late sir but the traffic was heavy." No too friendly. "I'm sorry I'm late sir, but the traffic was heavy." That's it. *(Enters the building)*

Boss: Jensen.

Jenson: I'm sorry I'm heavy sir, but the traffic was late.

Boss: What?

Jenson: *(laughing at his own joke)* I'm sorry I'm heavy... I mean I'm sorry I'm traffic but the heavy was late, I mean the late was heavy, no the late was traffic, uh the traffic was late...

Boss: Jensen, what are you talking about?

Jenson: My Aunt died sir. Terrible thing.

Boss: What?

Jenson: Uh... *(Thinking real slow)* the... traffic... was... heavy! Yeah! That's it! The traffic was heavy sir.

Boss: Oh really, I don't remember it being so heavy.

Jenson: *(Desperation set's in. Jenson has to think of a new plan on the spot)* Uhhh... That was... before the... bus crash.

Boss: *(With a slight bit of suspicion)* A bus crash?

Jenson: Uh, yeah, a bus full of nuns.

Boss: Nuns.

Jenson: It was terrible sir, it hit a telephone pole and burst into flames.

Late for Work

Boss: Goodness, I hope no one was hurt.

Jenson: Oh no! sir. We were able to get all of the nuns out just in time.

Boss: Oh. I don't see any soot or smoke on your clothes.

Jenson: Uh... that's because there were only ten nuns and I was the eleventh car. They ran out of nuns before I got there.

Boss: I see. Well, I'll hear all about this on the 6:00 news.

Jenson: Uh! I don't think so sir.

Boss: Oh?

Jenson: Yes sir, we got those nuns out and the fire put out and the nuns took off before any camera crews could get there.

Boss: Is that right? Well you had better get to work after such an adventurous morning.
(*Starts to walk away.*)

Jenson: Yes sir! (*Looks away, relief sets in.*)

Boss: (*Turns to Jensen*) Oh, by the way, your wife called and said you'd accidentally slept in and would be a little late this morning.

Jenson: Uh... thank you sir.

Boss: Oh yes, Jensen, give my regards to your uncle.

Jenson: My uncle sir?

Boss: Your aunt died?

End

I Don't Do Anything

Theme: Doing the little things for God are just as important as the big things for God.

People: 2 (*Husband and wife.*)

Scene: Mavis walks in with a plunger. Renee is sitting doing some stitchery.

Mavis: Well, I got Mrs. Wilson's toilet to flush. It looks like this weekend I'll have to mow her lawn again.

Renee: I'm sure she really appreciates it. So how is she doing?

Mavis: Pretty good for an 85 year old lady. She told me that the Springers are converting their warehouse into a place to house the homeless. You know, we ought to do something like that.

Renee: Like what?

Mavis: Well, uh, like opening up our garage to the homeless when it's real cold.

Renee: We don't have a garage; we have a carport.

Mavis: Oh, yeah. Well, everybody I know is doing real big things for the Lord. Like the Jensions, they used half their apple crop to give to needy families. I want to do something like that, something big in this community for the Lord.

Renee: You do quite a bit dear...

Mavis: No I don't! Maybe we could grow corn or something in the back yard.

Renee: Considering we can touch the fence from the back door, I don't think you'll be getting a lot of crops. Dear, you do a lot for the Lord. They may not be big, but they're just as important.

Mavis: So tell me, what have I done for the Lord this last week?

Renee: You unclogged Mrs. Wilson's toilet.

Mavis: What? Bob is organizing a summer Bible study for the kids in the neighborhood. Sam is creating a prayer group with the Christians he works with, and me, I unclog toilets! Wow! I can see the people filling the Churches now!

Renee: It may not seem like a lot, but I think that God gives just as much importance to those things as he does the big things.

I Don't Do Anything

Mavis: How do you figure that?

Renee: Well, if everyone was feeding thousands, or housing the homeless or preaching to the multitude, then Mrs. Wilson's toilet would never flush.

End

You Never Told Me

Theme: The importance of telling others about Christ.

People: 3 or 5

Scene: Two guys are standing at the front of the audience/congregation. They are both in front of the podium/pulpit. One is obviously angry and the other is feeling real bad about the situation they are in. They stand silently with these attitudes for about 10 seconds before Lenny breaks the silence.

Lenny: Okay, it was stupid to play golf during a thunder storm.

Mavis: YOUR DARN RIGHT IT WAS STUPID!! (*Mimicking*) "Oh, it's not going to rain, that's just high fog."

Lenny: Well, they didn't look like thunder clouds.

Mavis: It's bad enough that you talked me into playing golf, but, when you got hit by lightning, did you have to grab onto me?!

(Mavis folds his arms and turns away in anger. There is a brief moment of silence)

Lenny: Mavis.

Mavis: What.

Lenny: Do you remember when you told me your feelings about Christianity and Jesus?

Mavis: Yeah. (*Chuckles*)

Lenny: Did you ever change your mind?

Angel: (*Enters the scene. Walks up behind the pulpit before Mavis has a chance to answer, Mavis stops chuckling*) Only two today I see. Must be the new drunk driving laws. Well, let's check to see if your names are written in the Book of Life. (*Opens a big Picture book that is very decorated.*)

Mavis: Well Lenny, this is it. Now we'll see if all those charity drives and the overnights with them orphan kids paid off or not.

Angel: Leonard Paul Woolcot, your name is in the Book of Life.

Mavis: ALL RIGHT!! We did it! We're in!! All Right!!

You Never Told Me

Angel: (*Puzzled at Mavis's reaction looks closely at the Book to see if he hasn't made a mistake.*) Excuse me, I'm sorry but I don't see your name in the book.

Mavis: Oh that's Smyth with a "y". It's a common mistake. Look again, you'll find it.

Angel: (*Turns a page or two*) No, no, I don't see it anywhere in here. I'm sorry but you'll have to go through the door in the back.

Mavis: Wait a minute, that can't be! There must be a mistake! If he's in, then I have to be in. We were raised together, we went to school together, we got married the same day, we've been playing golf together for 20 years! How could he be in the Book and I'm not?

Angel: He accepted Christ as his savior, you didn't.

Mavis: (*Turns to Lenny*) What?

Lenny: Well, you remember preacher Charley at work? Well, we had lunch one day and...

Mavis: You never told me about this!

Lenny: I was going to, but I was afraid I would loose you as a friend.

(The Angel realizes that Mavis is not budging and leaves the pulpit to escort Mavis off the stage.)

Mavis: Loose me as a friend? When you told me I was drinking too much, you weren't concerned about our friendship; when you told me I was being a lousy husband, you weren't concerned about our friendship; but something as important as heaven or hell, now you get concerned?!

Lenny: I didn't think you would listen, Mavis.

Mavis: You didn't think I would listen?! I listened to you when you said to buy a BETA instead of a VHS VCR! I listened to you when you said I should buy a Chevy Vega. I listened to you when you told me that buying property was a bad idea! What makes you think I wouldn't listen to my best friend about Jesus? Lenny, why didn't you tell me?

(During Mavis' dialog, the Angel grabs Mavis and moves him towards the back door. Door slams shut)

Lenny: I'm sorry Mavis (*Slowly walks off stage*)

Angel: (*Returns to the pulpit and says to the audience*) Next.

End

You Never Told Me

Note: The timing of when Mavis is escorted off stage depends on where the door is and how far it is from the actors. Whether you use the Angel to escort Mavis off stage or additional ushers is up to you. If you use ushers have them come forward when they learn that Mavis has to go through the 'other' door. Have them time their escort so that Mavis is through the door when he asks; "Why didn't you tell me." A loud slam can be real effective here.

Just Add Sugar

- Theme:** Communication in marriage.
- People:** 2
- Props:** Groceries, TV dinners, chocolate milk, Breyers ice cream (*or any expensive ice cream*), toilet paper, raisin bread, jar of beef jerky.
- Scene:** **Denise** is sitting at home when **Lenny** walks in with 2 or 3 bags of groceries.
- Lenny:** Hi honey, I'm home.
- Denise:** Oh good, you remembered to go shopping. Did you get everything on the list?
- Lenny:** Actually hun, I lost the list. But don't worry, I think I have everything covered. If not, I got about eight TV dinners.
- Denise:** You lost the list? You did get the non fat-milk like I asked, right?
- Lenny:** Not exactly...
- Denise:** Well, low-fat is all right too.
- Lenny:** It's not exactly low-fat either.
- Denise:** You didn't get whole milk did you?
- Lenny:** Actually I thought it might be a nice change to get chocolate milk.
- Denise:** CHOCOLATE MILK?!
- Lenny:** Sure, and as a matter of fact, while I was in the dairy section I got some of this.
- Denise:** Breyers Ice Cream?! That's so expensive!
- Lenny:** Hey, nothing but the best for this family.
- Denise:** I'm surprised you didn't get butterscotch topping to go along with it.
- Lenny:** That would be in the bag over there with the toilet paper.
- Denise:** There are six packs of toilet paper in here.
- Lenny:** Yeah, can you believe it, almost 50 rolls of toilet paper for under eight dollars. Who says there's a recession?

Just Add Sugar

- Denise:** Well, that's fine, but do we need 50 rolls of toilet paper?
- Lenny:** Hun, you can never have too much toilet paper.
- Denise:** Did you get whole wheat bread?
- Lenny:** No. I found something better... raisin bread! And check this out! They have peanut butter and jelly in the same jar! What will they think of next?
- Denise:** I can't make just peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches for the kids' lunches. They need something more wholesome than that! They will need fruit and...
- Lenny:** Fruit? I have that covered! I got some Hostess fruit pies for lunch.
- Denise:** You didn't get anything on the list at all! You didn't get any vegetables...
- Lenny:** Well, Hun, I didn't have to, look, these TV dinners already have vegetables in them. See this one has peas, this one has carrots and, look, this one has peas and carrots.
- Denise:** Did you get meat? No.
- Lenny:** Ah, contraire, I got a whole jar of beef jerky, not that pressed cardboard stuff either but the real thing.
- Denise:** I sent you to the store to get some healthy food and all you get is junk, garbage! There is not one thing here that I can use!
- Lenny:** *(Holds up a pack)* Toilet paper.
- Denise:** WE HAVE ONE TOILET! WE DON'T NEED 50 ROLLS! *(Takes a breath, regains composure)* We need milk, you get chocolate milk; we need vegetables, you get beef jerky. I asked you to get Nutri-grain high fibre cereal and you got *(reaches in bag and pulls out box)* Sugar Smacks!
- Lenny:** Now hun, I admit I may have gone a little over board, but the fact is that nutri-stuff we get for cereal, well, it tastes like cardboard. I thought for a change we might get something with taste in this house. I love you dearly, but low-sodium salt lightly sprinkled on a celery stick is not my idea of an afternoon snack. Are you aware that there is not one grain of sugar in this house!?! I know that for a fact, because I've seen ants die of starvation before my very eyes! A guy can only take so many desserts of cottage cheese and yogurt. Do you know why our kids like Sunday School so much? It's not because they want to learn about the Bible, it's because that's their only chance to eat a snack without nutri-sweet in it. I just thought it would be nice to have something with flavor in the house, that's all.

Just Add Sugar

Denise: Well, I guess I might have gone a little overboard on it. I just want to do what's right for the family.

Lenny: We can work something out here, can't we?

Denise: How about the next time we need to go shopping we do it together. That way I can watch you to make sure you don't get to much junk...

Lenny: And I can make sure you get something with taste in the house.

Denise: Deal.

Lenny: Does that mean I can keep the beef jerky?

Denise: Sure, put it next to the pickled pigs feet from the last time you went shopping.

End

A Tribute to Mothers

Theme: A great mother's day tribute.

People: 1

Props: A couch or 3 chairs, some pillows, a remote control and a telephone.

Scene: 3 chairs are set up on stage, 2 facing each other with one placed in between. The idea is to make a couch. If you have a couch readily available then use that. The man of the household enters and flops on his 'couch.'

"Okay, kids, enough of the cartoons, daddy wants to watch a little T.V. now. Hey, hey, stop that whining now. I worked hard, and I deserve a little relaxation, so I don't want to hear any whining out of you. As a matter of fact I don't want to hear any whining, yelling or shouting from either of you because your mother also worked hard today, and she has a headache. So let's show her a little respect and be quiet, okay?"

"Let's see, we'll watch 'Cheers'. HEY HONEY!! HOW'S DINNER COMING? YOU GOT SOME HUNGRY KIDS IN HERE!! Bobby, move your head, I can't see. What Tracy? You want something to drink? Okay, go ask mother, and she will get you something. I liked 'Cheers' better when Diane was on. Bobby, move your head, I can't see. HEY HONEY! WE GOT ANY OF THEM 'DUCKY' CRACKERS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE'RE OUT OF THEM? DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WANTED SOME A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO? Boy, I tell you, send a woman out to do shopping and all they get is raw meat and vegetables.

Tracy, stay off the couch with that drink now. Bobby, move your head, I can't see. Tracy, get off the couch with that drink now, BUT BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR CUP... *(Pause to take breath)* HONEY! CAN YOU BRING IN A TOWEL OR SOMETHING, TRACY JUST SPILLED HER PUNCH ON THE COUCH... WHAT? WELL, I WOULD, BUT I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS PROGRAM. Tracy, go get a clean shirt on, okay? Bobby, move your head, I can't see the T.V. What Tracy? You don't have any clean shirts? HEY HUN! TRACY DOESN'T HAVE ANY CLEAN CLOTHES. HAVEN'T WE BEEN KEEPING UP WITH THE LAUNDRY? Boy, buy a new washing machine and she never uses it. Well, Tracy, go ask your mother to wipe you off and tell her to hurry on this couch before it stains. Bobby, move your head, I can't see the T.V. What Tracy? Mommy's not in the kitchen? She's lying down? Really? *(Husband gets up and starts to walk toward bedroom door, looks at Bobby)* HEY! Don't you touch that control now, you hear?"

(As if talking to wife lying in bed) Hey honey? Don't you feel well? That headache really does hurt, doesn't it. Well, you don't worry about dinner, I'll take care of that.

A Tribute to Mothers

What was that? You know, that 'HA'. You don't think I can take care of dinner, do you. Well, it's not like I've been married to you all my life. I used to be a bachelor before I married you. *(Starts making his way toward the pulpit)* As a matter of fact I used to be in charge of dinners in our dorm and no one went hungry. Not one! *(Mumbling)* Don't think I can handle dinner... *(Pick up telephone)* Hello, I'd like to order two large pizza's with everything on top...

End

The Telephone Call

- Theme:** Christian service and what it means.
- People:** 5
- Props:** A telephone, paper towels and an off-stage microphone.
- Scene:** The stage is empty except for a telephone (and some light furniture if you wish). The phone starts to ring and Shirley enters.
- Shirley:** (*Running on stage*) I got it! I got it! Hello...
- Jesus:** (*Off Stage*) Hello Shirley, Shirley Dower...
- Shirley:** Speaking.
- Jesus:** This is the Lord Jesus. I would like to come and visit you in a couple of minutes if that would be all right with you?
- Shirley:** The Lord visiting me? Oh! Of course you can come to visit! I would be most honored!
- Jesus:** Fine, I will be there.
- Shirley:** Oh my, the Lord coming to visit me. Am I ready for such a visit? I can't think of any sin that I haven't confessed. I believe I have forgiven all my friends their transgressions. I guess I'm ready for this visit. (*Looking around the house*) Wait! He can't come now, this place is a mess!! (*Grabs roll of paper towels and starts to clean frantically, throwing soiled paper all over the place.*)
- Sound:** Door bell ringing.
- Shirley:** Oh dear, not now. Who is it? (*Opens door*)
- Lenny:** Hi Shirley, it's me. Uh, this is kind of embarrassing. It's a long period between paychecks and uh, well, we don't have enough food to feed the family. So I was wondering if you had any spare food or even some leftovers 'til payday?
- Shirley:** I don't have time to get you any food right now! You'll have to go. I have a very important visitor coming so please go! (*Shirley shuts the door and goes back to cleaning.*) He's coming any minute! I've got to get this place cleaned.
- Sound:** Door bell
- Shirley:** Oh now what? (*Opens door*)

The Telephone Call

Mavis: I'm so sorry to interrupt you, but our car broke down, and I was wondering if it would be possible for us to stay here until the tow truck could get here?

Shirley: I'm sorry but that's simply out of the question. I have a real important guest coming today so please leave! I don't have much more time, and my house is such a mess! Please go! (*Shuts the door and grabs a plastic bag to gather all the soiled paper towels she's been throwing around.*) People always come at the most inopportune time!!

Sound: Door bell

Shirley: Oh dear, not now! I'm not ready yet! (*Runs to the door and primps herself before she opens it. As she opens it she realizes it is not the Lord.*) What! What!! WHAT!!!

Dale: Well, I was going to ask if I could borrow a twenty until payday, but I can see you're busy.

Shirley: Yes! Yes! I'm very busy! Now please leave! Oh wait a minute!

Dale: (*With hope in his voice*) Yes?

Shirley: (*Hands Dale the plastic bag*) Could you put this in the garbage on your way out? Thank you. (*Shuts door*) Now my place looks better. Now where is He? He said he would be here.

Sound: Telephone ring

Shirley: Hello?

Jesus: Shirley...

Shirley: Oh, Jesus! I've been waiting! When are you coming?

Jesus: I've already been there, three times, but you wouldn't let me in.

End

Misinterpretations

Theme: Jesus is the alternative we need.

People: 3

Scene: Greg is standing at one end of the stage. Mavis and Lenny come walking down center aisle. As they come, they are talking.

Mavis: Hey man, I wonder if we can get some drugs around this town. I'm starting to come down.

Lenny: Yeah, I'm beginning to feel normal too. *(Both stop at center stage and look at Greg who has not noticed them yet.)* Hey! There's someone who looks like they can get us some drugs.

Mavis: Hey be careful man, he could be a narc.

Lenny: I have it covered, it's not what you say, but how you say it. Uh, excuse me. Do you know where we could go to, uh, say become spiritually enhanced or say, feel real good? Uh, you know what I'm saying?

Greg: Of course. I know exactly what you're looking for. Follow me.

Mavis: Uh, will we get high where we're going? *(Lenny groans at the obvious question.)*

Greg: All the way to heaven.

Mavis: Sounds good to me. Let's go. *(They start walking. The pace will be real slow and basically back and forth. When the group runs out of room to walk Greg will say; "Turn here" and backtrack across the stage.)*

Lenny: *(Still a little unsure)* So what do you got that's going to make us feel so good?

Greg: Everything I need is right in here. *(Holds up his Bible)*

Lenny: Oh hey! That's cool.

Mavis: A Bible?! *(When Mavis and Lenny talk, it's between themselves as if Greg couldn't hear.)*

Lenny: Yeah man, that's where he keeps his stash.

Mavis: Oh, cool place. Nobody would think of looking there.

Lenny: So what's your favorite in there?

Misinterpretations

Greg: Uh, let's see, John's good, but I think I like Luke the best.

Lenny: Oh yeah. Lukes are good.

Mavis: Lukes?

Lenny: Yeah, you know, downers.

Mavis: I always called them ludes, man.

Lenny: Well, you can call them lukes or ludes.

Mavis: I didn't know that.

Lenny: *(To Greg)* Say guy, we aren't going to get into any heavy stuff, are we?

Greg: No, it's not like we're going to be rolling in the aisles or anything.

Mavis: Oh yeah, I hate when that happens.

Greg: Then again, have you guys ever spoke in tongues before?

Lenny: Oh sure! Just last week, Mavis spoke in tongues all day long.

Greg: Really, I'm impressed.

Mavis: When did I do that?

Lenny: Remember when you took that hand full of uppers, and you couldn't stop talking? Well, that's called speaking in tongues.

Mavis: Really? I didn't know that.

Lenny: Cut it out man, you're embarrassing me. I wonder if we're going to get some good stuff or home grown.

Mavis: Hmmm. I don't know.

Lenny: Hey guy, is this going to cost us anything.

Greg: No, of course not. It's totally free.

Lenny and Mavis: HOME GROWN.

Misinterpretations

Greg: No, we're just a small group who like to share their trials, tribulations and triumphs so we can edify one another. Does either one of you have anything you would like to share with the group?

Mavis: *(Reaches into his pocket)* Well, I got a couple of roaches... **(Lenny jabs Mavis in the side)**

Greg: Excuse me?

Lenny: Nothing! Nothing!

Greg: Well, here we are.

Lenny: Wait a minute! This is a church!

Greg: Well yeah, where did you think I was taking you?

Mavis: Actually, we thought you were going to get us some dr... **(Lenny Jabs Mavis again)**
Ow! You do that one more time and I'll...

Lenny: A CHURCH!! We were looking for a church. But it's later than we thought, and we have to be going. Let's go Mavis.

Mavis: I'm going to stay.

Lenny: You're going to stay?

Mavis: Yeah, everything he's been talking about, I've been looking for. There's got to be something to this Jesus person. I'm going to check it out.

Lenny: Well, if you're going to stay, then maybe I'll check it out too.

Greg: You won't be sorry.

End

Andy's School for Christian Etiquette

Theme: Christian individuality; God made us who we are for a reason.

People: 5

Props: Music stand, music, bread dough, mirror, clipboard, whistle.

Scene: *Andy enters giving instructions to an off stage group as if leaving one group and entering another.*

Andy: *(To off stage group)* That's fifteen minutes on your knees in prayer!

(Andy has a clipboard, pen and whistle that he wears around his neck. Clearly resembling a coach-like attitude. As he enters the classroom, he reviews each student's progress. Sally is sitting center stage. She is holding a mirror and a piece of paper. She glances at her list of "instructions" and then tries to demonstrate different 'reverent' facial expressions. One eye is closed to represent an attitude of prayer while the other eye is open to check to see how she is doing. Andy walks by her, watches her, then writes something on his clipboard giving the impression that he has graded her. As he leaves he says approvingly:)

Andy: Nice facial expressions.

(Mary is standing behind a music stand. Both hands clasped together in front of her reverently. She has been miming words of a song during Andy's inspection of Sally. As Andy approaches her, she clears her throat and sings, out of key:)

Mary: Praise God from whom all blessings... comes from!

(Clearly more practice is needed. Mary has an expression of hopeful approval. Andy begins to grade her on his clipboard. As he leaves her, he politely encourages her by saying:)

Andy: Nice work, but practice makes perfect.

(They both nod politely, Mary continues miming her words. Andy moves to George. George is standing behind a table kneading bread dough. He has an apron on, and he is covered with flour. Andy watches George knead the bread. Smiling, Andy writes something on his clipboard and says to George eagerly:)

Andy: I hope that will be ready for tonight's banquet.

(Just then John enters the stage.)

John: Excuse me, the secretary at the front desk said I could find Andy here.

Andy's School for Christian Etiquette

Andy: That's me.

John: I received this brochure on your school, Andy's School for Christian Etiquette. Exactly what is that?

Andy: Well, we teach new Christians how they should act now that they are a new creature in Christ.

John: How they should act?

Andy: Sure, we have classes that cover the basics, do's and don'ts during grace, facial expressions during group prayer, and our favorite, how to sing... even though you don't know the words.

John: Well, that's nice, but won't a little time and experience cover those situations?

Andy: That's true, but that's not all we cover.

John: It's not?

Andy: Oh good heavens no! We also cover behavior modifications.

John: Behavior modifications?

Andy: Oh yes! Everybody has little quirks in their personalities, well, we just perfect them with our classes.

John: You perfect them?

Andy: Sure, take Sally over here.

John: Oh I know Sally, she's that real shy, quiet lady.

Andy: Mm... A little too shy. But with our class she has improved quite a bit. Sally! Would you come here please?

Sally: *(Shouting at the top of her lungs)* SURE, NO PROBLEM! HOW ARE YOU DOING? SALLY'S THE NAME! WHAT'S YOURS?

John: *(Slightly shouting)* UH... my name's...

Sally: SURE IS GREAT TO BE ALIVE! PRAISE GOD! WELL I'VE GOT TO GO NOW! SEE YOU!

Andy's School for Christian Etiquette

- John:** (*Looking at Andy*) Awfully loud isn't she?
- Andy:** (*Proudly*) Yeah, isn't it great? Now take Mary there. For years she's been a good Christian. But, she never really talked about Christ. Oh she truly loved Christ, and she did all she could to help people, and if you asked her about something she would tell you all she knew, but other than that she never talked about Christ...until she came to Andy's School for Christian Etiquette. Mary, do you have a second?
- Mary:** (*In a monotone voice*) Sure, Praise God, in the name of Christ, what can I do for you? Glory be to the God on high.
- Andy:** Tell our friend what you think of our school.
- Mary:** Why, as God is true, I'd be glad to, Praise God. Isn't God great?
- John:** Uh... yes he is.
- Mary:** He is so holy.
- John:** Right. So tell me...
- Mary:** He is so great.
- John:** Uh, yeah, thank you.
- Mary:** The sun would not shine without him.
- John:** (*Reluctantly*) Well, it's been great talking to...
- Mary:** (*Walking off stage*) Trees would not grow...birds would not fly...
- Andy:** (*Proudly*) One of our best students!
- John:** She never did tell me what she thought about your school.
- Andy:** Now George, over here, used to be one of those pushy used car salesmen before he became a Christian.
- John:** Used to be?
- Andy:** That was until he came to Andy's School for Christian Etiquette. He used to be real pushy, loud, and obnoxious. When he became a Christian he didn't know how to act. Then he came here, and we really fined tuned him.
- George:** (*With a thick King James accent*) Good evening brethren. Thy sun, it shineth brightly today, doth it not?

Andy's School for Christian Etiquette

- John:** Yes it doth, er does...er, it is bright outside.
- George:** *(To Andy)* Your friend, be it he is new here? Doth he come from afar?
- John:** No, I live down the road. You used to sell cars?
- George:** Thy days of my past are far removed from me. Now I am a Christian. If thou wouldest excuse me, I hasten to make bread now.
- John:** *(To Andy)* Make bread?
- Andy:** Once you've sold cars, there is not much else you could do. But isn't he a fine Christian?
- John:** Sure, if that's your idea of a Christian.
- Andy:** Oh? What do you mean?
- John:** You're molding these people into your idea of Christianity .
- Andy:** I'm perfecting them.
- John:** Perfecting? What's wrong with a shy Christian? *(Sally begins to overhear the conversation)* If God made that person shy, then who are we to say He was wrong? So Mary never went around preaching about Christ! *(Mary stops what he's doing and listens in.)* One good deed from her was probably worth a thousand words. Now all she does is talk and nothing else! *(Everyone is listening in now)* And what's wrong with a pushy Christian car salesman? Who knows how big that mission field is?
- Andy:** Someone has to tell people how to act.
- John:** We are all individuals. God made us that way. Let God tell them how he wants them to act. If we tell them, all we will do is give them a watered down version of how we think God want's them to act.
- George:** *(Dropping his King James accent)* You know that makes sense. I didn't think God wanted me to stop selling cars, just be honest about it. I think he felt an honest Christian car salesman could be a very effective testimony.
- Andy:** But what about when to close your eyes during prayer?
- Sally:** *(Meekly)* You know being quiet gives me more opportunities to listen to people. Being bold, as I was taught, never gave me a chance to hear what people had to say. If I could listen more, I probably could help people with their problems more because I would know what's going on.

Andy's School for Christian Etiquette

Andy: *(Nervously, as if loosing control)* Well sure, but what about what to do with the communion cup once you're finished with it?

Mary: You know, no one asks me about Christ any more. I enjoyed helping people. At least that way when they asked about God I knew they were interested.

Andy: But your forgetting about sweaty palms when holding hands during worship services! Someone has to teach about that!

John: Don't you see? God made us individually, for a purpose. Who we are and what we do is up to God. It's our job to seek God's will, not yours.

(John, Sally, Mary and George start to walk off the stage)

Andy: *(Angrily)* Fine! Go ahead and leave Andy's School for Christian Etiquette. But next time you're in a prayer circle and no one knows who's going to start, YOU JUST THINK OF ME!!!!

End

Pick a Date

Theme: Sin, salvation and the need for a Savior.

People: 2

Props: A computer read out, a telephone, and wings if you can muster some up.

Scene: An **Angel** is at the pulpit busily pouring over some paperwork. A tough looking individual enters (*Think of a cross between John Wayne and Clint Eastwood. A cowboy hat would be helpful to make the image.*) He looks around briefly as if looking for something and then goes over to the **Angel**, somewhat embarrassed to have to ask for directions.

Angel: Excuse me, may I help you?

Duke:: Uh, yeah, I was told that the door to heaven was in here.

Angel: Well, that would be this door over here.

Duke:: (*Relieved to finally find the door*) Oh thank you. Well, you just go on ahead with what you got going there, don't let me bother you.

(Tips his hat and heads for the door to heaven. As he reaches the door he yanks on it only to find it is locked. Duke tries the door again and again but to no avail. Trying not to look the fool, he tips his hat forward and makes his way back to the Angel. The Angel, without looking up, holds up a finger to signify that he needs one more minute to finish what he is working on. Duke, while he is waiting, looks down at his watch and sees that it is not working. He holds it up to his ear, shakes it and then taps it. After he taps it the Angel finally finishes his paperwork and acknowledges his presence.)

Angel: May I help you?

Duke: Uh, it's locked.

Angel: Of course it's locked, no one gets through without having their life judged first.

Duke: Oh, you judge my life, and then I get to go.

Angel: That's right. (*Flips through a computer read out*) Let's see, you would be Duke Walker, right?

Duke: Hey that's right! How did you know that?

Angel: Sir this is heaven, we know everything. Let's see now, oh joy, you're slated for Preliminary Judgment.

Duke: Preliminary Judgment?

Angel: It's just a matter of simplifying the process of Judgment. With the amount of sin a person of the 80's or 90's can do, it was becoming a terrible burden on our computer time. So we reduced your judgment to one sin a day on this read out...

Duke: *(Rather perturbed)* A COMPUTER READ OUT? I GET TO HEAVEN AND MY LIFE'S ON A COMPUTER READ OUT? Hey look! I was expecting something a lot more personal than this!

Angel: Well sir, if it's personal you want, no problem! We'll have God come down here personally, and he'll go over your whole life, one to one. *(Angel grabs a phone and starts dialing)*

Duke: Well, that's better.

Angel: *(Dials as he talks)* No problem at all. He'll go over all your life's actions *(Duke smiles smugly at that thought)*, list out all the sin in your life *(Duke stops smiling)*, and detail all the impure thoughts you ever had, because God knows everything.

Duke: *(Panics and lunges for the telephone to hang it up)* NO, THAT'S OKAY!

Angel: Are you sure? It's a toll free call.

Duke: Oh yeah, no need to bother God. You say that this only lists one sin a day?

Angel: Assuming of course that you sinned that day.

Duke: Fine! So what do I do to go through that door?

Angel: Just pick a date between June 12, 1965 *(or comparative birth date to whoever is playing Duke)* to yesterday, and we will see whether you sinned or not on that day.

Duke: So I just pick a date, and I get to go. *(Out of site of the Angel he points to the heaven door.)*

Angel: That's right, just pick a date.

Duke: Okay, let's see how about April 2nd, 1967.

Angel: April, April *(looks through computer read out)*, here it is. Oh I'm terribly sorry. On that date you told your teacher that you lost a box of crayons when in fact you stole them the day before.

Pick a Date

Duke: Is that all? Shoot, I've done a lot worse than that in my life.

Angel: *(Perks an eyebrow)* Oh...

Duke: Well, not a whole lot worse.

Angel: Regardless, you chose a date on which you sinned, so here is a pass for that door over there. *(Points to a door other than heaven)*

Duke: Hey, wait a minute. That's not the door to heaven!

Angel: Of course not. That's the door to the *other* place.

Duke: What?!! For a lousy box of crayons?!

Angel: Well sir, you chose a day in which you sinned, actually with this sin you broke two of the commandments, "thou shall not steal," and "thou shall not bear false witness."

Duke: Wait, wait, you mean if I pick a day in which I didn't sin, I get to go through that door? *(Points to the heaven door.)*

Angel: Well, yes.

Duke: *(Becoming very stressed)* Then I get another pick!

Angel: Uh, you've already had your pick.

Duke: Wait a minute, you never told me how important this was, I get another pick!

Angel: This is highly irregular...

Duke: I GET ANOTHER PICK!!!!!!!!!!

Angel: FINE!! TAKE ANOTHER PICK!

Duke: Okay, a day that I was really good.

Angel: That would be helpful.

Duke: Let's see, when are you normally good? I know, Christmas time! Okay, Christmas Eve, 1984, the year I bought my wife that really nice present.

Angel: That would be your 2nd wife?

Pick a Date

Duke: Uh, yeah.

Angel: Let's see... Christmas... 1984... OOoooo.

Duke: Ooo?

Angel: Oooo. Massive use of the Lord's name in vain.

Duke: Massive use... on Christmas Eve?

Angel: Well, according to this, you finally got around to doing your Christmas shopping and couldn't find a parking spot. And when you did find one...

Duke: Oh yeah, that guy in the four wheel drive pulled right in front of me.

Angel: Right. So if you will take your ticket down...

Duke: Wait a minute! Uh, how about January 4th 1991?

Angel: Uh... lewd and lascivious thoughts.

Duke: January 5th?

Angel: Lewd and lascivious thoughts.

Duke: 6th?

Angel: Lewd and las... look there's a three month period you can forget about when Wanda Winklemeyer was your secretary.

Duke: Wasn't there ever a time that I didn't sin?

Angel: I really doubt that. (*Starts to thumb through readout*) no, no, no way, nope... wait a minute.

Duke: Yes!

Angel: Here's three days in which you didn't sin once.

Duke: YEAH?!! I was a pretty good guy, huh?

Angel: Actually you were in a coma for those three days. Your ticket...

Duke: Come on guy! Can't you give me a break?

Angel: You don't understand do you. Jesus gave you a big break, he died on the cross for you. He doesn't want anyone to go through that door (*points to the door to hell*). He knows that all men are sinners and must be punished. But he offered to pay that

Pick a Date

punishment for you, all you had to do was accept his gift, put your trust in him. Oh he gave you a break all right, but he gave you a special break. He gave you parents who were Christians. Even though you were a regular at Sunday School you never listened. He gave you a best friend who was a Christian. You only laughed at him when the other guys came around. Your first wife was a Christian. But instead of listening to her, you decided to divorce her. God reached out to you time and time again, but you decided to do it your own way, and now you have a life of sin you must reckon with, so if you will *please*, take your ticket and be gone! I have work to do. *(There are two options to end this skit. One is to have Duke walk through the door as commanded and the Angel looking to the audience and saying, "Next." The other is this continuance.)*

Duke: *(As the Angel starts to walk away)* You know... *(Angel stops)* You're right. I should have listened to them. *(Angel turns to listen)* I don't know what I was thinking about. But now it all makes sense. Now I want to do it.

Angel: Do what?

Duke: I want to give my life to God.

Angel: Don't you understand, you don't have a life!

Duke: Well, that's rude.

Angel: Your life is over, it's done!

Duke: W-What do you mean?

Angel: Look at your watch, and tell me what time it is.

Duke: Well, I can't, my watch stopped.

Angel: That's because the moment you died your life stopped. Your time to accept Jesus as your Savior *(Angel reaches out and grabs Dukes arm and points to his watch)* stopped. *(Gently the Angel puts the ticket into Dukes hand. These lines are said with some compassion.)* Now... you must go. *(Duke looks down at his ticket and with some resolve slowly walks away.)* Next!

End

The Sower

- Theme:** The parable of the Sower.
- People:** Six speaking parts. More can assemble if desired.
- Props:** A box or pulpit.
- Scene:** The actual blocking can vary with the amount of space you have. But the basics are this: have the narrator standing off to the side of the stage; to the left or to the right place a pulpit or box for someone to stand behind or on to speak from; the Pastor speaks to the crowd from the box/pulpit.
- Narrator:** There was once a Sower who sowed some seeds...
- Pastor:** People listen! Because of our sin we are doomed to an eternity in hell! But because Jesus loved us so much, he paid the penalty for us by dying on the cross. If you just put your trust in Jesus, all your sins will be forgiven.
- Narrator:** Now the seeds that he sowed scattered many places... (*Cast begins to slowly disperse*) Some seeds fell by the wayside...
- Way Side Seed:** (*Walking away from the box*) So that's Christianity, that a living God who had created the universe, would submit himself to an agonizing death just so a sinner like me could believe and not be condemned. (*Ponders for a bit*) No way! (*Walks away*)
- Narrator:** But never taking root the birds soon came and carried them away. Some seeds fell among the stony soil and sprang up quickly.
- Stony Seed:** Boy! Just to think that Jesus died for me. Boy I believe! Yes siree! I sure do believe in Jesus. He's my friend, I'd never let him down. No siree, not me!
- Way Side Seed:** (*Standing off to one side, listening to Stony Seed talk.*) So what are you, one of those Christians?
- Stony Seed:** Who me? Me?! Ha! No... why? Do I look like a Christian? Don't be ridiculous! I'm not one of them. Mind your own business! (*Walks away with head down hoping no one else noticed.*)
- Narrator:** But because the roots had no place in the rocky soil to take root, it withered away when the sun came up. Some seeds were thrown among the thorns and sprang up.
- Thorny Seed:** (*Walking with the Preacher*) That was a real good message. You can count on me being there this Sunday.

The Sower

Pastor: Great! As a matter of fact, if you're interested, this Friday night a bunch of us are getting together for some fellowship. Would you like to come?

Thorny Seed: Nah, Friday's the night me and the guys go out bar hoppin'.

Pastor: *(Hesitantly)* Oh, I see.

Thorny Seed: *(With a tinge of guilt)* Uh, I guess that sort of thing is frowned upon by the Church, isn't it.

Pastor: Well, that's between you and God.

Thorny Seed: Man, that means I'll have to stop hunting for chicks.

Pastor: Look, that's up to you...

Thorny Seed: No more poker, no more hustling pool... Listen! About this Sunday, I just remembered, I have to, uh, do something. So I won't be able to come this week. Maybe next week, Okay?

Pastor: *(Disappointed)* Sure, maybe next week. *(Both walk in two different directions off stage.)*

Narrator: But the thorns sprang up and choked off what started to grow. But some seeds fell into good ground, *(Good Seed walks forward and kneels to pray)* it's roots went deep and grew to be a mighty tree. *(Good Seed gets up to stand on the box. People begin to gather. Preferably new people.)* Soon this mighty seed began to spread it's own seed throughout the land.

Good Seed: People listen and hear! Let me tell you the wonderful news of Jesus Christ!..

Narrator: And so it is with the Sower. Ask yourself, what kind of seed are you and have you sown any seeds lately?

End

It Is Time

Theme: Facing judgement.

People: 3

Props: A black hood for the "Death" character would be nice, but not necessary.

Scene: Bob is laying over a chair as if dead.

Death: *(Looking at his watch or hour glass)* It is time.

Bob: *(Just awakening, as to how Bob should act, think massive hangover)* Oooooohhhh... headache! *(Eyes still not open, Bob reaches out to grab something)* coffee... *(puzzled he can't find the coffee)* coffee pot... *(Not finding his coffee pot in it's usual place, Bob opens his eyes but has not seen Death yet.)* Kitchen?.. *(When he finally sees Death, he is totally surprised.)* YOW!!! *(Takes a deep breath, puts his hand on his heart)* Who are you? What are you doing here?

Death: Come.

Bob: Wait a minute. Who are you?!

Death: Death.

Bob: DEATH! Whoah! Hold on there, you got the wrong guy! As you can definitely see, I ain't dead. I mean, do I look dead? Can a dead guy dance? *(Does a little dance)* Can a... can a dead guy...

(Death takes two steps forward and points to the ground. Bob becomes curious as he is talking and looking down.)

Bob: What? Hey! That's my car wrapped around that tree... Hey, that's me in that tree... *(moves elbow behind his head as if to imitate what he is seeing)* how do I do that? What happened down there?

Death: You drank, you drove, you crashed, and you died. Now, if you will, it is time.

Bob: You mean... I'm dead?

Death: Yes.

Bob: But I don't feel dead. I can still see, I can still feel. How can I be dead?

Death: Everyone has a soul that continues after the body has died. And now your soul must pass through this door! *(Death points to any door.)* So now, if you will, COME!

It Is Time

Bob: *(Walks near door.)* So what's behind this door?

Death: Judgment.

Bob: JUDGMENT! *(Jumps to the other side of Death to get far away from the door of Judgment.)* Wait a minute, wait a minute. Let me think, Judgment, Judgment, let's see, that's where they take all the bad things in your life and put them on one scale *(Bob holds out both hands imitating a scale as he is saying this. When he talks about the bad things he slowly lowers one side and raises the other as if the scale has become unbalanced.)* and then take all the good things in life and put them on the other scale. *(Rapidly lowers the other hand and raises the other as if a heavy weight had been put on the good scale.)* And which ever scale falls determine which place you go. Right?

Death: Wrong. To get into heaven, God demands perfection. One sin and you're out.

Bob: PERFECTION!! *(Thinking to himself)* Well let's see, perfection. Well, I suppose I could handle that...

Death: Do you truly think you could come up to God's standards?

Bob: Hey, no problem. I went to church.

Death: To find business contacts.

Bob: Well, I gave money to the church.

Death: For the tax write off.

Bob: I gave money to friends.

Death: At 20% interest.

Bob: I, uh, well I prayed!

Death: Once for an inside straight and once for a 49er field goal.

Bob: Well, I uh, I, uh...

Death: What did you do for Jesus?

(Just then Al enters the stage.)

Al: Excuse me, I'm confused. Exactly where am I supposed to go?

Bob: *(Astonished)* Al?

It Is Time

Al: Hi Bob.

Death: You go through the Gates of Glory, which are over there. (**Death** points to another door or another area which is away from the door of Judgment.)

Al: Thank you. See you Bob, I hope.

Bob: (*Confused*) Yeah, right. (*Looking to Death, he is rather agitated.*) Wait a minute. Just wait a minute! There's something definitely wrong here. I know Al. I know Al real well. That guy is slime! He's a liar, a cheat, and he'll steal you blind! Now, you mean to tell me that that type of person gets into heaven and I don't?! Well, let me tell you a thing or...

Death: (*Very agitated*) SILENCE! How dare you stand in judgment of one of God's children. He may have lived a life of degradation. All he ever knew was how to survive. All his life, he never knew what God had done for him and the first time he was told of Jesus Christ he got on his knees and accepted Him as his Savior. So as far as God is concerned all his sins never existed.

Bob: I thought he was acting real peculiar...

Death: QUIET! You on the other hand were given every opportunity to believe in Him. He gave you Christian parents, a Christian school and he gave you Christian friends. And in all that, you still never accepted Christ as your Savior. You had to do it your own way. Now it's time for you to walk through that door! COME, IT IS TIME!

Bob: (*Bob's attitude has changed now that he realizes that he was wrong.*) W-w-wait a minute. I-I didn't know.

Death: (*Slowly both make their way to the door. Death points to the door as he walks. He is moving Bob towards the door. Bob in the mean time is subconsciously walking backward toward the door as he pleads with Death.*) You never listened!

Bob: Wait, g-give me another chance, now that I know, I'll be good!

Death: It's too late for that.

Bob: B-but if you don't give me another chance, you'll be wasting a life!

Death: It was you who wasted a life.

Bob: (Now steps through the door. He shouts real loud) WAIT!!!!

Death: (*Slams door shut. The louder the slam, the bigger the impact on the audience. After he shuts the door, he turns and looks to the audience.*) Next?

Give It All

Theme: Understanding what God wants.

People: 2 (one hidden with a microphone).

Props: Microphone.

Scene: John steps up to the front of the audience or congregation.

John: *(Looks around to make sure one no else is there so he can talk in private. He finally talks in desperation.)* Okay, God! What does it take!? What do you want from me?! Look, I admit it. My life's a shamble. My marriage is falling apart, my business is failing, I'm up to my ears in debt. Well, I always hear people say, "Give it to God, give it to God." Well, I want to give it to you! So what do you want?! Just tell me what you want!... *(Silence)* Nothing. *(John starts to walk away.)*

Voice: John...

John: *(Totally surprised to hear a voice.)* Uh, yes... God?

Voice: Do you have a wallet?

John: Uh, yeah, sure.

Voice: How much money is in your wallet?

John: *(Opens wallet and thumbs through it)* About four dollars, and a coupon for a free rental at Blockbuster Video.

Voice: I'll take it.

John: Yeah? Sure, no problem! *(Kind of excited that the cost of giving was so cheap.)* I'll drop it in the collection plate first thing Sunday morning. *(Starts to walk away.)*

Voice: Credit cards?

John: *(Returns to center stage)* Uh, excuse me?

Voice: Do you have any credit cards?

John: Well, yeah, Mastercard and Visa, but they're both maxed out.

Voice: I'll take them.

John: Are you sure? They both come with a horrendous bill.

Voice: That's all right, I'll take them.

John: Well, okay.

Voice: Do you have a checking account?

Give It All

John: Yeah, but I'm overdrawn.

Voice: I'll take it. Savings account?

John: Yeah, I have a couple hundred in savings.

Voice: I'll take it.

John: *(Really getting puzzled now.)* Uh, yeah, sure.

Voice: Do you have a business?

John: Yeah, if you want to call it that. I'm about to go bankrupt.

Voice: I'll take it.

John: You can have it.

Voice: Do you have a car?

John: *(Excitedly)* Oh yeah! I have this '94 Corvette that's cherry red...

Voice: I'll take it.

John: WHAT?! My car!!

Voice: You asked what I wanted.

John: Oh yeah. Go ahead then, take my car.

Voice: Do you have a house?

John: Sure, we just got it a couple of... *(Pauses after he finally starts catching on)*

Voice: I'll take it.

John: Right. Sure, go ahead. Take the house.

Voice: Are you married?

John: Yeah, I have a beautiful wife. But things aren't going so well now.

Voice: I'll take her.

John: MY WIFE!?

Voice: Children?

John: Two, Tracy and Adam. I suppose you'll be wanting them too, huh?

Voice: Uh-huh.

Give It All

John: Fine. (*Real upset now.*) Wait a minute! I come to you with my miserable life and I ask you what you want from me. So far you've taken my wallet, credit cards, checking account, saving account, my business, my car, my house, wife and kids. The only thing I have left are the clothes on my back!

Voice: I'll take them.

John: (*John stands there for a second or two with his shoulder drooped down real low. Before he starts to walk away he looks to the audience and says...*) Boy, talk about the high cost of Christianity.

Voice: John.

John: (*Really mad now.*) WHAT!!! (*Repenting for his outburst*) I mean, what Lord?

Voice: I have in my possession a wallet with four dollars in it, some credit cards, a checking account, savings account, a printing business, a nice car, a house, a beautiful wife with two children...

John: (*Slightly sarcastic*) Yeah, like I'm real happy for you God.

Voice: I want you to take care of them for me.

John: (*incredulously*) Say what?!

Voice: Take this wallet with the credit cards, and see to it they are dealt with appropriately. Drive this car with care, see to it that this business is run properly, and take care of this woman and her children, because they belong to me now.

John: Yes God! No problem! (*Starts to exit with a bounce in his step*)

Voice: John.

John: Yes God?

Voice: Those video coupons, make sure they're wholesome movies.

End

Committee on Evangelism

Theme: Evangelism, just do it.

People: 6

Scene: Bob, Al and Amy are grouped together looking at Don who is very, very depressed. Don is working away from the group unaware of the discussion taking place.

Bob: Boy, Don sure is depressed.

Al: Yeah, his wife is divorcing him.

Amy: He lost all that money in the stock market.

Bob: And his son just joined a punk rock group.

Al: Yep, Don sure is depressed.

Amy: You know, someone should talk to him about Jesus.

Al: He sure could use some good news now.

Bob: Yeah, if anyone needed to hear about Jesus now, it sure is Don.

*(Slight pause as everyone looks at **Bob** who is shaking his head in agreement with the conclusion of the committee. He reacts when he sees the rest looking at him to do the job.)*

Bob: Uh, I'd talk to him, but I don't have time for a major commitment right now. *(Both **Bob** and **Al** look at **Amy**.)*

Amy: Don't look at me. I don't have the guts to talk to people about stuff like that. *(**Amy** and **Bob** look to **Al**.)*

Al: Oh hey! I'd like to talk to Don, but I'm up for a promotion, and I can't afford to have any talk going around about me being weird or anything.

*(**Don** walks by the committee to get something.)*

Bob: *(Talking loudly)* Boy, that sure was one football game last night!

Al: Yeah! Best one I've seen all year.

Committee on Evangelism

- Amy:** Uh, yeah. That was some home-run, huh guys? (**Don** walks by the group; the discussion resumes.)
- Amy:** Well, someone has to talk to him. (As the rest are in deep thought, **Gus** walks in doing something like delivering paper.)
- Bob:** I know! Let's get Gus to talk to him!
- Amy:** Yeah! Gus'll say anything!
- Al:** Yeah! And everybody already thinks Gus is weird!
- Bob:** (Shouting) Hey Gus!
- Gus:** What?
- Bob:** (Talking as if taking someone into confidence) Listen, Don over there is real depressed about his divorce and all.
- Gus:** Is he getting a divorce? I didn't know that.
- Bob:** Yeah, well, we thought someone should talk to him about Jesus. So if you get some time maybe...
- Gus:** You want me to talk to him about Jesus?
- Bob:** Sure, when you get some time.
- Gus:** Hey! It's no problem. Hey Don!
- Bob:** (Panic set's into the committee; all turn around to hide their faces. **Bob** reacts in a loud whisper.) Not now!
- Gus:** If not now, when? Hey Don!
- Don:** (Really depressed) Yeah?
- Gus:** I understand life's been real tough on you lately.
- Don:** Yeah, I guess you could say that.
- Gus:** Well, listen, if it would be okay, I would like to get together with you at lunch and pray with you to God for some help.

Committee on Evangelism

Don: Well, I don't know. Do you really think that will help?

Gus: Oh hey! When it comes to prayer, God is just sitting up there waiting for someone to ask Him for help. *(Looking to the committee)* Right guys? *(Not expecting to be involved in the discussion, they react accordingly.)*

Bob, Amy and Al: What? Oh yeah, right, sure.

Don: Do you really think God would listen to someone like me?

Gus: Give him a chance. So will you pray with me at lunch?

Don: Yeah, I'd like that. *(Don walks off stage.)*

Gus: *(To Don)* See you at noon! *(To the committee)* Is that what you wanted?

Bob, Amy and Al: Oh yeah, right, sure! *(Gus walks off stage. Bob, Amy and Al stand looking at each other in amazement. Finally Bob breaks the silence.)*

Bob: I could've done that.

Al: Yeah, I could've done that too.

Amy: That looked real easy.

(Someone else walks on stage looking real depressed.)

Amy: Boy that person looks real depressed.

Bob: Yeah. Someone should talk to him about Jesus.

(Both look to Bob in hopes he will talk to the depressed person.)

Bob: Oh hey! I'd talk to him but, uh, I have to get going now.

End

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(2) LifeLine Productions Christian Skits Set 2