

LifeLine Productions

P.O. Box 9401 Santa Rosa, CA 95405

www.lifelinepro.com

It Is Time

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 script. 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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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!

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

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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?

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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 new 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?