

LifeLine Productions

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1000 Points to Heaven

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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1000 Points to Heaven

Theme: We do not get into Heaven because of our good works.

People: 2

Scene: Only an open stage is needed. The Angel should have wings and possibly a halo and be dressed in a white robe. Bob is dress as you would expect a Doctor to dress when he is not at work.

Angel: *(Angel has been doing this for thousands of years. Been there, done that, seen it all.)* Number five billion, two hundred twenty three thousand and fifty-nine!

Bob: That's me! That's me!

Angel: Wait here. You'll be next.

Bob: *(A little nervous, paces a little.)* So I guess the Big Guy is in there, huh? *(Angel doesn't respond.)* You know, the BIG guy? You know...*(holding up fingers like quotation marks)* BIG...you know...God.

Angel: *(Agitated.)* I know whom you're talking about!

Bob: Oh yeah! Of course you would! I mean, you work right next to the man, uh, the spirit...supreme being...God!, uh God. After all, you're up to *(looks at ticket)* five billion people, I'm sure you've seen it all huh?

Angel: *(It's been a long day attitude.)* Oh, yeah.

Bob: I bet you've seen some real bad people come through here, huh?

Angel: Yep.

Bob: Boy, I would've hated to be in their shoes, standing before God, finding out your life doesn't add up. Oh yeah. But I don't have to worry. You see, I've lived a good life. *(Pulls paper out of pocket.)* Take a look at this. "Outstanding Samaritan Award- 1993." Pretty impressive, huh?

Angel: *(Not impressed.)* Uh-huh.

Bob: Yep, pulled a cat out a raging fire. Oh, yeah. No problem. Out of curiosity, just how many points do you need to get into Heaven?

Angel: Points?

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Bob: You know, how good do you have to be? Exactly, just what level of goodness do you have to achieve in order to get into Heaven? You know, how many points do you need?

Angel: *(Making it up as he goes.)* Oh...ummm...1,000.

Bob: A thousand?

Angel: Sure.

Bob: Piece of cake. I was a great husband. I taught classes on how to have a successful marriage. So, how many points do you think I'll get for that?

Angel: Uh...two.

Bob: *(Expecting a much larger number.)* Excuse me?

Angel: Two points.

Bob: TWO POINTS?!

Angel: Sure, yes...two points.

Bob: Eighteen years of marriage, and all I get is two points!??

Angel: Yep, that's what you get.

Bob: HAVE YOU SEEN THE WOMAN I MARRIED?!!

Angel: Two points! She'll probably get four!

Bob: Fine! Okay, I was a good father. How many points for that?

Angel: Two points.

Bob: What! I even went to PTA meetings!

Angel: Oh! PTA meetings...three points.

Bob: Three!? Well, how much for being a doctor, now I saved lives.

Angel: Mmmm...two points.

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Bob: Twelve years of medical school, and all I get is two points?!

Angel: Hey! That's the rules.

Bob: Well, how many points do I get for pulling that cat out of the building?!

Angel: What do you mean how many points? You already got your award.

Bob: What award! ALL I GOT WAS THIS STUPID PIECE OF PAPER!!! *(Throws paper down.)*

Angel: And congratulations.

Bob: So to get into Heaven I need...

Angel: 1000 points.

Bob: And I have...

Angel: Seven. It's time for you to go in now.

Bob: Now wait a minute! Wait a minute! I'm not a bad person! I'm a pretty good guy. If all I get is seven points, how does anyone get into Heaven?

Angel: They don't take the test.

Bob: What!? Now why not?

Angel: Because they know they don't meet God's standards.

Bob: Then how do they get into Heaven?

Angel: They've asked Jesus to take the test for them. They get in on his score, not theirs. Now, it's time for you to go in. Don't forget your award. *(Bob reluctantly takes his award and leaves. Angel addresses the audience.)* Number five billion, two hundred twenty three thousand and sixty! *(Looks at audience.)* Must be tomorrow's candidate. *(Walks off stage.)*