

Drama Sketches

**ON MISSION
TO SHARE
JESUS**

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HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT

(OMTSJ Sunday Morning Drama Sketch)

Setting: A young lady seated in a chair reading her Bible. Enters a second young lady carrying a large mocked up sunflower with nine petals walking slowly toward the seated lady and reciting as follows while pulling off each petal and dropping them to the floor:

ASHLEY: He loves me (first petal); He loves me not (second petal); He loves me (third petal); He loves me not (fourth petal); He loves me (fifth petal); He loves me not (sixth petal); He loves me (seventh petal); He loves me not (eighth petal); He loves me (ninth petal)

ASHLEY: (Excitedly shouting and jumping up and down) He loves me! Yes, He loves me! Bethany, Bethany, He loves me!

BETHANY: Who loves you?

ASHLEY: Jesus! Jesus loves me!

BETHANY: Well, for heaven's sake, Ashley, I could have told you that.

ASHLEY: Really? (pensive pause) Why didn't you?

Drama Sketches

THE DARKNESS OF SIN

(The Dark Bead)

Setting: Two men on a weekend camping trip. It is night and they are sitting around a campfire. (Minimal props. It is not necessary to have a campfire. The actors can play as if there is one in front of them. Also, the actors need to understand that their roles require some intense emotion toward the end of the script)

BOB: It's perfect weather for camping.

JOHN: Yeah. I'll have to admit, this was a good idea you had. I really did need to get away, if only for one night.

BOB: Our wives understand. You need some time just with the guys.

JOHN: Yeah, but I think Anne really wanted to come. She loves the outdoors, and she would have had a great time with your Sherri.

BOB: (suddenly cold) Whatever.

(Uncomfortable pause. Then Bob tries to change the subject.)

BOB: You want something else to eat?

JOHN: No, two burnt hot dogs are enough for me.

BOB: They wouldn't have been so burnt if you hadn't let them fall into the fire.

JOHN: I like them that way. Some ash and a few twigs are good for you. And a little burnt doesn't hurt anybody.

BOB: (Not really joking) I hope so, that's the way Sherri cooks all the time.

JOHN: (pausing, thinking about that last remark) You know, Bob, I've been meaning to ask you something. How are you and Sherri doing?

BOB: O.K. I guess.

JOHN: Just O.K.?

BOB: She won't leave me alone. She nags all the time. I can't wait to get out of the house.

JOHN: Really?

BOB: In fact, the only reason I didn't ask you to stay out here all weekend is because I knew you had to go to church Sunday.

Drama Sketches

JOHN: You know, Bob, we've known each other forever. I don't know how to ask this, but (pausing, thinking for the right words) the last year or so, you've been a different person.

BOB: What do you mean?

JOHN: I don't know, you've been . . . distant. Even when I'm over at your house, you seem distant to Sherri, distant to the kids . . . it's like your mind is somewhere else.

BOB: Well . . . my mind has a tendency to wander.

JOHN: Wander where?

BOB: (more emotional) All right, all right! So maybe I'm not the perfect man like you. Maybe I have made a few mistakes. Are you going to get into my face like Sherri?

JOHN: Bob, I'm your friend. I don't know what you've done. But, listen, you have a sweet wife, and a beautiful family. You have a great job with that big promotion last year. Don't blow your life now.

BOB: (raises his voice) But I have blown it! Do you understand? I've already blown it.

JOHN: And it's eating you up, isn't it?

BOB: (very intense now) Yes! I know how to ACT like the confident and secure man. When people ask me, "How's the wife and kids?", I say, "Oh, great! We're just one, big happy family!", but I hate myself. I'm not happy. (looking at the sky) My insides are as black as that sky.

JOHN: (tenderly) I want to help. What do you need most right now?

BOB: (long pause and sighs) Forgiveness.

JOHN: You know, Bob, you're not alone in this. I need forgiveness, we all need forgiveness. Sin creates darkness in our lives and separates us from a holy God. Bob, no matter what you've done, if you're willing to change, God is ready and willing to give you just what you need most . . . forgiveness.

BLACKOUT

Drama Sketches

REDEMPTION

(The Red Bead)

Setting: A daughter is packing to leave to go to college for the first time. Mom enters and they have that last “mother-daughter” talk. Minimal props needed. One small suitcase and some clothes.

MOM: Kellie, well tomorrow’s the big day. How’s your packing going?

KELLIE: I’m almost done. I just have this last suitcase.

MOM: I can’t believe my baby is going off to college. Where have the years gone?

KELLIE: Now, you’re not going to start crying again, are you?

MOM: Oh no . . . well, maybe. You are my only child. This house will be empty when you leave.

KELLIE: I know. (pauses) Mom, maybe I shouldn’t go. Maybe I should just go to the community college for my first year.

MOM: Oh, no. I’ll be fine. You need to go. I know you’ve been looking forward to being on your own.

KELLIE: But Mom, you’ll be all alone. I know you’ve been lonely ever since Dad died.

MOM: I can’t believe it’s been five years. He would be so proud of you, Kellie.

KELLIE: I really miss him. You know, Mom, I love you. Sit down here, and let’s talk.

MOM: (excited) Oh, this is like old times. What shall we talk about?

KELLIE: I know that I made a lot of changes my senior year. I wear my hair differently, I made some new friends, and I started going to church. And what I want to say is that . . .

MOM: (interrupting) Now, Kellie, you know I said it was all right for you to go to that church.

KELLIE: I know, Mom, but what I want to say is that I really wanted you to go with me. And I thought you could have made some new friends there.

Drama Breeches

MOM: I understand, but I haven't been in church since I was a little girl, I don't know anyone there, and I didn't think I'd be comfortable.

KELLIE: You know, last Sunday the pastor spoke about the time when Jesus died and the significance of the cross. Jesus paid the ultimate price to redeem us from our sins. When I heard him say the word redeemed it reminded me why I became a Christian last summer.

MOM: I don't think this is turning out to be the sweet mother-daughter talk that I'd hoped for.

KELLIE: No, listen. This is what I'm trying to say. I can fully understand what the word redeemed means.

KELLIE: Mom, I know that you weren't able to have children, and I'm your adopted daughter, and I . . . (interrupting)

MOM: Oh, Kellie, you are my daughter. I love you just as much as if I had given birth to you. When your father and I went to the orphanage, we saw you and instantly loved you.

KELLIE: I know, this is what I am wanting to say. In many ways I feel more loved because you chose me. That makes me feel so special.

MOM: You are special.

KELLIE: You and Dad adopted me. You took me in, protected me, provided for me and made me feel loved. In a sense, you redeemed me.

MOM: (obviously moved, she stands and looks out the window) Oh, Kellie, I have dreaded tomorrow. Sometimes I think you're the only one who loves me. Ever since your dad died, I've isolated myself. I have so much bitterness. And now, you're going away . . . what am I going to do?

KELLIE: I will always love you. And God loves you, too.

MOM: Is it too late for me? Do you think I could ask God if He will . . . (pause) redeem me?

KELLIE: Oh, yes mom, you can. (They embrace) He will redeem you.

Drama Breeches

CHANGE IN PLANS

(Blue Bead)

Setting: Five people waiting in line for entrance into heaven: An OLD LADY in a hospital gown; A YOUNG PERSON with a steering wheel in her hand; A JOGGER with a sweat band on his head, running in place; A PREACHER with a BIG Bible; A PERSON holding a candle burning on both ends.

OLD LADY: Isn't it wonderful to finally get here. I waited many years for this. I've lived for the day that I would finally die, so I could come home. That's the best part of getting old, knowing you're soon coming home. (To the young person) You're so young. How did you get here?

YOUNG PERSON: It's a mistake. I'm really not supposed to be here yet. I was just cruising along . . . maybe a little fast . . . and I didn't make that last curve.

JOGGER: Can you believe this? I've always been a picture of health. I jogged 10 miles every day, did 300 pushups, ate alfalfa, lived clean, and went to bed early every night. And I still died!

PREACHER: The Good Book says, "It is appointed unto man once to die and after that he gets his desserts." I'm glad to say, I deserve to be here. How about you, young woman. (To the candle holder) What brought you here?

CANDLE HOLDER: I just worked myself to death . . . burned the candle at both ends. I had so much to do. I never seemed to get finished. Day and night, night and day. Well, I'm glad to be here, I can use the rest.

ANGEL: (Holding a halo over her head) Guess what I just heard! The Good Lord has decided to save everybody. Isn't that wonderful?

YOUNG PERSON: I knew it! What a rip-off!

OLD LADY: Save everybody? I gave up 40 years of my life to get a place up here. I worked hard becoming good and pure. I went to church every Sunday and read that Bible every day while the rest of the world was out having a good time doing whatever they wanted to do. I took my very best casseroles to those dumb potluck suppers—and now all my heathen neighbors are going to be up here too!

PREACHER: It's a sin, that's what it is—a sin. A sin against all of us who persevered over the years. I've preached, baptized people, visited the sick, encouraged everyone, and now I find out it was all in vain.

Drama Sketches

JOGGER: I can tell you right now, the good Lord is too good for His own good. He doesn't want all those slobs up here. Somebody needs to explain justice to Him. Maybe He's forgotten about sowing and reaping.

CANDLE HOLDER: You're right. We need to get organized. Let's form a committee that can go in and lobby for us. We can call ourselves the Major Morality. Now we need to assign everybody a job. It's really not fair. Why should we have done all the work while they had all the fun; and yet they get the same reward as we do?

ANGEL: Excuse me again. I'm very sorry but I misunderstood. What He said was, "All who believed would be saved."

PREACHER: That's more like it.

CANDLE HOLDER
& JOGGER: Yeah! Right on!

OLD LADY: Now that's good, honey. Move on over and let us through.

ANGEL: I'm going to have to ask you all to leave now. He's expecting some of His children any time now.

YOUNG PERSON: But we are His children!

ANGEL: I don't think so. He said I would know them by their love.

Drama Sketches

FORGIVENESS

(The White Bead)

Setting: A woman is doing her laundry at a laundromat. Her friend, carrying a basket of dirty clothes, enters. Minimal props are needed: Two laundry baskets with clothes and a long folding table.

SUSAN: (entering) Hello, Shelia. I see you're up to your eyeballs in dirty clothes again.

SHELIA: (sorting clothes) Yeah, I've got a bumper crop today.

SUSAN: Me too. It seems like I'm spending more and more time down here and less and less time doing something I like to do.

SHELIA: You know, I'm really getting sick of this. When will my husband ever give in and buy me a "NEW" washer and dryer?

SUSAN: He's just like my Steve. He's so afraid of getting one penny into debt. You know, Shelia, sometimes I wonder if our husbands really appreciate us.

SHELIA: Do you think they would ever spend two or three hours down here once or twice a week?

SUSAN: They wouldn't spend two or three minutes.

SHELIA: Look at Joey's jeans. How does he ever get them this dirty?

SUSAN: He's a teenager. Wow, you'll never get that stain out.

SHELIA: You may be right. (looking through pockets) And look at all this stuff in here. How many times have I told him to empty his pockets before he puts his clothes in the hamper?

SUSAN: If there's any quarters in there, I could use them for the dryer.

SHELIA: (chuckling) Joey never has any money. (pulls folded paper out)

SUSAN: What's that?

SHELIA: (reading) "Youth Pizza Blitz Tonight"

Drama Breeches

SUSAN: What's that? A food fight?

SHELIA: No, the kids at church go to their friends' houses and invite them back for pizza. It introduces new kids to the church.

SUSAN: (unimpressed) Oh, how nice.

SHELIA: You know, Susan, speaking of church, I've been meaning to ask you . . .

SUSAN: (interrupting) Oh no, I think I'm about to be blitzed!

SHELIA: No, no, I just know that you and your family don't attend church anywhere and I thought . . .

SUSAN: (interrupting again) . . . that's just the way I like it.

SHELIA: Why?

SUSAN: (more coldly) I have never been loved at any church I've been to.

SHELIA: Oh, I don't believe that.

SUSAN: It's true. All that love and forgiveness stuff is fake.

SHELIA: (keeping her patience) Now wait a minute. How many years have we been friends? Am I like that to you?

SUSAN: Well, no. O.K., maybe it's not fake, but I just don't buy it, that's all.

SHELIA: You know, Susan. Please understand, I'm not trying to be mean, but the fact is that Jesus loves us and came to this earth and died on the cross so our sins could be forgiven. Why is that so hard for so many people to grasp?

SUSAN: (quickly) Because people like me . . . (slower, with more emotion) you know it's easier to forgive . . . than to forget. I need more than just the lip service of forgiveness.

SHELIA: (with thoughtful insight) You're carrying a lot of baggage inside, aren't you?

SUSAN: (looks away and sighs) A whole lot. (looks back to Shelia) Shelia, I've done a lot of things I've regretted. The inside of my life looks like the outside of Joey's jeans. I never get clean.

SHELIA: Susan, Jesus came to forgive us . . . and to save us. If you will put your trust in Him, not only will He forgive your past, He will clean you and make you brand new.

GROWING UP

(The Green Bead)

Setting: An adult son visits his father. The father is going through a trunk of memories. Bill, his son, enters carrying a suitcase.

BILL: Hello, Dad.

FATHER: Bill! Welcome home. How was your trip?

BILL: It was fine. It's so good to see you. It's been a long time.

FATHER: Yes. It has.

BILL: Where's Mom?

FATHER: She went to the store. She's planning on making her famous strawberry cake.

BILL: Oh, boy, that's my favorite.

FATHER: I know. So, have a seat. I bet you're tired.

BILL: I'm all right (looking at old trunk). What's this?

FATHER: Memories. I guess I was just warming up for your visit.

BILL: Look, some of my old trophies.

FATHER: Remember that one? Your first T-ball trophy.

BILL: T-ball. Those were the days. You know, I was the only one on my team to strike out in T-ball.

FATHER: Well, face it, son, you never were much of a ball player.

BILL: Yeah, I know. I didn't get your talent in that area.

FATHER: But you sure made up for it with your music.

BILL: You don't think that Mom's going to make me sing and play the piano, do you?

Drama Snatches

FATHER: (laughs) I remember all those times she begged you to sing those songs from the Lawrence Welk show.

BILL: And all those hymns.

FATHER: She loves to hear you sing. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea to humor her a little, after all it's been so long since . . .

BILL: (interrupting, suddenly uncomfortable) Yeah, I know. Look, Dad, I have something to say about that. . .

FATHER: (quickly) I know, Bill. I know. Let me clear the air so we don't end up in another fight. Your mother and I decided that we're not going to preach to you. We're just going to love you. We're glad you're home.

BILL: I understand, but there's a reason why I flew 1,000 miles to come home.

FATHER: Do you need money?

BILL: No, no, I'm fine. We need to talk.

FATHER: Are you sick?

BILL: No, just listen. Years ago—the last time I was in this room, I hated your guts. And when I walked out that door, I vowed never to see you and Mom again. I'd had it up to here with your religion. I didn't want you. And I didn't want God.

FATHER: I know, son.

BILL: I left, searching for my dream. And, as you probably know, it turned into a nightmare. But I was stubborn. It would take a brick wall for me to see the truth.

FATHER: Go on, I'm listening.

BILL: Well, two weeks ago . . . I ran into that brick wall. (more emotional) And, I found Jesus waiting there for me. Dad, those sermons paid off, I'm a believer now. (they have a strong, emotional embrace)

FATHER: Oh, I love you so much. Welcome home, son, welcome home.

BILL: Dad, I need to know what to do now. I want to be a responsible member of God's family and I don't want to wreck it like I did my own family.

Drama Sketches

FATHER: Bill, I know that you are a man now. The days of T-ball are gone. But, understand that spiritually you are a newborn baby. Your main responsibility is to grow in obedience to God, and to begin to fathom the depths of His love and His plan for your life.

BILL: So, should I be baptized and join a church?

FATHER: Yes. Now that you're a believer you need to associate yourself with a local church and baptism is your testimony to the world that you were once dead in your sins. The old Bill was buried, and raised, like Jesus was, to walk with a new life.

BILL: I sure have a lot of growing up to do.

FATHER: Yes, but it will be exciting. Get into God's Word. It is the instruction book for your life. Bill, He will speak to you and confirm His plan for your life through His Word. And you know what?

BILL: What?

FATHER: I'm going to have to buy a new trunk.

BILL: Why?

FATHER: To put all the future memories in. You are only beginning to see the miracles of God.

BILL: Thanks, Dad.

FATHER: I think I hear your mother driving up. Let's go tell her.

BILL: I can't wait.

BOTH EXIT

Drama Sketches

HEAVEN'S WELCOME

(S e c o n d K n o t)

Setting: Secretary is busy at her desk. Man enters, approaches—need 2 people for this drama.

MAN: Excuse me.

SECRETARY: Oh, hello. I'm your heavenly receptionist. What can I do for you?

MAN: Just tell Him I'm here.

SECRETARY: Maybe you could give me your name and I could check the files just to see if He'll want to see you.

MAN: Sure, I'm John Michaels.

SECRETARY: (Checking files) Let's see . . . M, Mary, Meyer, Miller . . . no, what did you say?

MAN: Michaels.

SECRETARY: Right, Michaels, Albert Michaels.

MAN: My grandfather. He was a preacher, you know.

SECRETARY: Right, and a godly man he was, here we have it, Bonnie Michaels!

MAN: No, that's my mother. Really a saint. It's John, John Michaels.

SECRETARY: Leroy Michaels, Sandra Michaels, Thomas Michaels. I'm sorry, it's not here. Why do you think He would want to see you?

MAN: Well, I'm a good man. You can tell what kind of family I come from. I attended church three times a week, made it to all the special meetings. I sang in the church choir, and I never missed a church social.

SECRETARY: I see, well just because you live in a barn doesn't make you a cow, and just because you sit in the church building doesn't mean you . . .

MAN: I understand, but I did many good things. I visited the sick, strengthened my brother, entertained strangers, sent sympathy cards . . .

Drama Sketches

SECRETARY: How nice. Yet works do not save a man. You could give your body to be burned and do it for the wrong reasons.

MAN: But I did it for the right reasons. I know there's a God. Why else would I have worked so hard?

SECRETARY: Even the devil believes and trembles. I'm sorry. You're a good man. I can tell that. But I don't think He'll be wanting to see you. If you'll just go to your left, you'll pass through the door of no exits.

MAN: No exits. The door of no exits. Oh, God have mercy!

Drama Sketches



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