

Judgement Day Skit

By Ward Ricker

Time: Approx. 15 minutes

Cast: Court announcer

God

Devil

Three people on trial:

Defendant 1: Pastor Peter Parsons

Defendant 2: Redneck Rick Rogers

Defendant 3: Atheist Andy Anderson

Angel

Props:

Throne

Desk

Gavel

Gauge with pointer. Has "go to heaven" at top and "Go to hell" at bottom, with 6 increments each way and corresponding pictures of some playing harp on cloud and someone screaming in flames. (Can have the pictures light up as pointer gets near.)

Gateway with flames behind it

Gateway with clouds, angels, harps, golden path...

If possible, have heaven elevated and hell lowered.

Sound effects:

Harp music - stronger as pointer gets closer to top of gauge

Sizzling sound - stronger as pointer gets closer to bottom of gauge

[PART 1: Pastor Peter Parsons]

Court announcer: "Court of the Most High. Case #7,393,393,493. Rev. Peter Parsons vs. God"

Defendant: Walks in. "You're God!"

God: "You look surprised!"

Defendant: "Well, I just meant...."

God: Gestures to angel, who moves the pointer from central position downward

[Note: Each time the angel moves the point upwards he smiles; when he moves it downward he frowns.]

Devil: Smiles

[Note: Each time the angel moves the pointer upwards the devil frowns. Each time downward, he smiles.]

Defendant: Looks surprised.

God: "Your name please?"

Defendant: "I'm Reverend Peter Parsons of the First Baptist Church of Pigeon Hollow. You know me, right?"

God: You're a reverend?

Defendant: "Well, yes sir. You know, I preached for 36 years...."

God: "You're a *preacher* and you're surprised?"

Defendant: "Well, it's just that I wasn't expecting...."

God: Dramatically gestures to angel who and pushes the pointer much lower.

Devil: Smiles

Defendant: Looks surprised

God: Starts fumbling through papers.

"Hmmm. Let's see. Reverend Peter Parsons.... Peter Parsons.... Aha!"

Pulls out a file of papers, throwing the rest over his shoulder.

"Let's see. Preacher at Pigeon Hollow Baptist Church for 36 years. Married. 3 kids. Non-smoker...."

Moves pointer up a notch.

Devil: Frowns

God: "...no alcohol, no drugs. No record of fondling underage boys."
 Moves pointer back up to center.

Devil: Frowns.

God: Looks at sheet again and grunts.
 "So, Mr. Peter Parsons....."

Defendant: Holds up pointer finger.
 "Ah, that's 'reverend,' sir, 'reverend'."

God: "So, Reverend Peter Parsons, why should we admit you to heaven?"

Defendant: "Well, as I started to say. I preached your word for 36 years at Pigeon Hollow Baptist church. I stood upon the word of god and baptized many into the faith."

God: Gestures to angel who moves pointer upward
 "And how much sinning did you do?"

Defendant: "Oh, no, god. Not me. I hardly ever sinned."

God: "Even in your heart?"

Defendant: "Well, not too often."

God: Signals to angel, who moves pointer upward.
 Looks at paper.
 "It says here that on May 23, 1989 you paid \$4,000 to hire a blasting company."

Defendant: "Oh yes, sir. That was when we built the addition onto the church. I paid for blasting the ledge out of the way from my own pocket."

God: "And why did you not just command the ledge to jump into the sea?"

Defendant: "Jump into the sea?"

God: "Yes. When my son was down there running around on your world he told you that if you had faith as an itty bitty mustard seed [gesturing] you would say to a mountain to be planted in the sea and it would do it. And this was just a little piece of ledge. Did you not believe what my son told you?"

Defendant: "Well, I didn't think he meant literally...."

God: Gestures to angel to move pointer downward.
 "It says here that you voted Republican."

Defendant: "Oh yes, sir. I always voted GOP -- God's Own Party." [Smiles]

God: Gestures to angel to move pointer upward.
 "And even in 2016 you voted for Donald Trump?"

Defendant: "Oh yes, sir. I always voted Repub...."

God: Gestures to angel to move pointer downward twice as far.
 "Let's see. It says here that you sang in nursing homes every Tuesday."

Defendant: "Oh, yes sir. Every Tuesday evening we were right there cheering up those old folks."

God: Gestures to angel to move pointer upward.
 "And you worked in a soup kitchen every other Thursday."

Defendant: "Yes."

God: Gestures to angel to move pointer upward.
 "And I don't see any record of you cheating on your wife."

Defendant: "Oh, god, no! Never would I have done that."

God: "That was a phrase of address, not taking my name in vain, I trust."

Defendant: Nervously: "Oh no, Mr. God. Never would I do that either!"

God: Gestures to angel to move the pointer upward.
 "It seems that by the time that you retired from preaching you had built up a bit of a nest egg."

Defendant: "Oh, yes, sir. I always managed my money very wisely. Never wasted it on booze or tobacco. Always put some away for a rainy day."

God: "So you did not trust me to take care of you on rainy days as my son told you I took care of the sparrows?"

Defendant: "Well, ahh, you know, I always thought you wanted me to manage...."

God: Gestures to angel to move pointer downward.
 "And it says here that you came down with cancer in your late 50s."

Defendant: "Oh, yes sir, that was a difficult time, but I trusted in you to get me through it."

God: "And that your rich Uncle Clyde paid for expensive treatments to save your life."
Defendant: "Oh well, yes, Uncle Clyde was such a generous soul -- and god-fearing, too. But I always gave you the credit for..."
God: "And you let him do this for you?"
Defendant: Looking confused: "Yes, sir."
God: "And why did you want to stave off death. Did you not want to go to heaven?"
Defendant: "Well, of course I did, but I was only in my 50s....."
God: Angrily: "Did you not want to meet me?"
Defendant: Looks at god mouth agape, not knowing what to say.
God: Gestures all the way downward.
Angel: Moves the pointer to the bottom.
Defendant looks with horror as devil grabs him by the arm and drags him away, protesting, "But, but Mr. God,...."

[PART 2: Redneck Rick Rogers]

Court announcer: "Court of the Most High. Case #7,393,393,494. Mr. Rick Rogers."
God: "Your name please?"
Defendant: "Rick Rogers"
God: Starts fumbling through papers. Pulls out another folder.
God: From where?
Defendant: "New Orleans, Louisiana."
God: Starts to gesture to move pointer downward, then stops.
"We'll let that one pass."
Defendant: Looks puzzled.
God: opening folder: "And what was your occupation, Mr. Rogers?"
Defendant: "I was a an iron worker, Sir."
God: Looking at file: "Ah, yes. Employed by Stevenson Steel Construction for 35 years. Reported to be an excellent worker."
Signals to angel who moves pointer upward.
Defendant: Smiles
God: Continues reading file: "Attended church regularly."
Signals to angel to move pointer upward.
Defendant: Smiles.
God: "Sang in the choir."
Gestures to angel who moves pointer upward.
Defendant: Smiles
God: "Several sex partners before being married."
Defendant: Looks concerned
God: Looks at defendant and then at angel, then shrugs shoulders. "Let it pass."
Looks at file again and wrinkles his brow: "Oh, but this one is listed as being while you were married, and it doesn't look like your wife's name."
Defendant: looks around nervously and puts finger to mouth. "Shhh!"
God: Looks over rim of glasses and shakes his head. Gestures to angel who moves pointer downward.
Defendant: frowns
God: "Married for 25 years..."
Nods approvingly and gestures to angel to move pointer upward.
Defendant: Smiles
God: squints at the file: "...and then divorced!"
Defendant: Looks concerned
God: signals to angel to move pointer downward
"Three kids. Non-smoker. Social drinker."
Signals to angel to move pointer up a notch.
Defendant: Smiles

God: "Caught three times poaching alligators in the bayous."
Signals to angel to move pointer downward.

Defendant: Concerned look again.

God: "Okay, Mr. Rogers, why should I admit you to heaven?"

Defendant: "Well, Sir, Your Holiness, like you have already pointed out, I went to church every week and sang in the choir."

God: "And which church was that?"

Defendant: "The Southside First Baptist Church, sir."

God: (speaking to angel) "And what kind of church did that Peter Parsons fella preach at?"

Angel: "Baptist, sir."

God: Signals to move pointer downward.

Defendant: Frowns.

God: "What else?"

Defendant: "I gave generously every time the offering plate was passed."

God: Gestures to angel who moves pointer upward
"And besides screwing around behind your wife's back and killing my precious bayou creatures, how much sinning did you do?"

Defendant: "Oh, no, god. That's all. You got 'em all. I never did no more sinning after that. Well, as long as you don't count farting in front of Mrs. Wethermeyer that time in church."

God: Ponderously, "Wethermeyer ... Wethermeyer...? Oh, that old bi....!"
Signals to angel to move pointer upward.
"And how often did you read my book?"

Defendant: "Your book, sir?"

God: "Yes, my book. The Holy Bible, my good book. How often did you read your Bible?"

Defendant: "You mean I was supposed to read....?"

God: Signals to angel who moves pointer downward.
"Anything else I should take into consideration, Mr. Rogers?"

Defendant: "Well, I raised three god-fearing children. One of them became a preacher."

God: "What kind?"

Defendant: Nervously: "Presbyterian."

God: Signals to move pointer upward.

Defendant: "And another one became a doctor -- a gy-nee-cologist."

God: Signals to move pointer upward.

Defendant: "And the third one became a lawyer."

God: Signals to move pointer downward twice as far.
"Anything else, Mr. Rogers?"

Defendant: "Well, not that I can think of, but I never did nobody no harm, none except those alligators, that is."

God: "Signals to move pointer upward."
Looks questioningly at the pointer, and then at the angel.

Angel: Shrugs, with unsure look.

God: "Ahh, what the h... ah, heaven. Let's give him a break."
Turning to defendant: "You may enter heaven."

Angel: Escorts happy man to heaven's gate.

[PART 3: Atheist Andy Anderson]

Angel: Comes back.

Court announcer: "Court of the Most High. Case #7,393,393,495. Mr. Atheist Andy Jones."

God: "Your name please?"

Defendant: "Andy Jones."

God: Starts fumbling through papers.
"Andy Jones, Andy Jones ... Ah, here it is."
Pulls out another folder.

As he opens it: "Where are you from, Mr. Jones?"

Defendant: "San Francisco."

God: "That city of sin! How could you live in that city of sin?"

Defendant: "Oh, it wasn't bad at all, sir. They're actually quite nice folks, for the most part."

God: "I see."
Looks at file.
"It says here that you are an atheist."

Defendant: "Well, yes. I *was*, sir."

God: gestures to angel to move pointer downward
reading file: "Married seven years. Divorced."
Gestures angel to move pointer downward.
"Only one child! Hmm. That wasn't very good output. Why did you not make more of the gifts that I gave you. You remember I told them way back in Genesis to be fruitful and multiply. Why didn't you do your part?"

Defendant: "Well, sir. It seems that people have been following your command very well. It was getting rather crowded down there. So much pollution. So much consumption. The earth warming from all those people burning all that carbon you stored down in the ground. Getting hard to feed all those mouths. I thought it best not to contribute too heavily to the problem."

God: "Oh, I see. Well, okay."
Looking at file: "Let's see. Gave to charities..."
Gestures to move pointer upward.
"Active in your community..."
Gestures to move pointer upward.
"A rather long list of sex partners!" [Pulls aside several pages one by one.] "And with all those you only managed one kid?"

God: "Contraception, sir. Great stuff!"

God: Scowls. Gestures to move pointer downward.

God: "Haven't been to church since you were 13."

Defendant: "No, sir. That's when I became an atheist."

God: "Did you never read the book that I sent you?"

Defendant: "Oh, yes, sir, I did. When I was 13. That's why I became an atheist."

God: Gives him a dirty look.
"You frequently have been heard saying things like 'For god's sake' and 'For Christ's sake'. If you were an atheist why were you concerned for the sake of me or my son?"

Defendant: Looks nervous, "Well, ah, I ..." and then blurts out, "I thought that if I appealed to concern for your reputation it might bring out the best in people, sir."

God: "Oh, I see." Gestures to move pointer upward.
Turns back to file: "It says here that you taught evolutionary biology in a local college."

Defendant: "Yes, sir."

God: "Did you not know that I put out an APB on that? No teaching evolution!"

Defendant: "Yes, sir. But what was I supposed to do about all those fossils that you hid in the ground? You didn't hide them well enough, and lots of people found them. I had to explain something to my students."

God: Grunts, and continues. "And it says here that you came down with a rare blood disease when you were 35, and that the doctors treated you with gene therapy derived from chimpanzees."

Defendant: "Yes, sir."

God: "And why would they do that?"

Defendant: "They said it would likely work because of humans' close relationship with chimps."

God: Angrily, "More of that evolution garbage!"

Defendant: "I lived forty more years after that, sir."

God: With a grimace, "I see."
Turns back to file: "So it says here that you volunteered with the Red Cross."

Defendant: "Yes, sir."

God: Gestures to move pointer upward.
 "Hmmm. It seems that you were frequently heard using the f-word."

Defendant: sheepishly, "Yes, sir."

God: Gestures to angel to move pointer downward. Looks back at papers, then back at angel, and gestures to move it downward again. Pointer should be in middle at this point
 "That was a good thing to do. What prompted you to do that?"

Defendant: "Well, someone has to help people who are suffering due to acts of god, sir."

God: "Oh, I see."

Angel: With thoughtful look, turns pointer to face toward god and moves pointer downward.

God: Looks at angel quizzically, then back at defendant. "Let's see. Nonracist. Nonjudgmental. No drunken bar brawls. Good! I'm glad that you treated the objects of my creation kindly."

Defendant: "Oh, yes sir. Never drowned or burned to death a single one of them."

Angel: Continuing to face god, moves pointer downward 1 notch. God gives worried look.

God: "Non disciplinarian. Hmmm. Have you not read where I said, 'Spare the rod; spoil the child?'"

Defendant: Well, yes, god, but when you sent that chicken pox around when he was a baby and almost killed him, I figured he had suffered enough."

Angel: Moves pointer downward 1 notch. God gives more worried look each time.

God: "Hmm. It says that you allowed a homosexual person to stay in your home once. Did you not know that I do not approve of those folks' behavior?"

Defendant: "Yes, but I couldn't find any good rocks around to stone him to death as you commanded, so I gave in to my empathy and compassion."

Angel: Moves pointer downward 1 notch. God gives more worried look each time.

God: "Now, it seems that you once told Barney Hogsworth to, and I quote, 'Go to hell!' Did you not think that that was a horrible thing to wish upon your fellow man?"

Defendant: "Oh, yes sir. It certainly was. I admit, I shouldn't have said that. I didn't actually send anyone there, though."

Angel: Moves pointer downward 1 notch. God gives more worried look each time.

God: "It says here that you burned your draft card."

Defendant: "Yes, sir. I did."

God: "And why would you do that? Did you not think that you should serve your country and kill off a few of those bad guys that I hate?"

Defendant: "Well, yes, I thought of that, sir, but I was afraid that perhaps some of the more Bible believing sort might follow the example shown in your book and send me in to slaughter innocent women and children."

Angel: Dramatically moves pointer downward to bottom, approaches god and takes him by the arm.

God: Exclaims, wide-eyed, "But ... but ...no... you can't ... but I'm ..." as the angel leads him off to hell and the devil dances in joy.