

A BUCKET OF WORMS

by STEPHEN D. LARSON

GENRE: Comedy/Light Drama

SYNOPSIS: While dodging yet another street evangelist, Joe runs into an angel and a hands-on demonstration of his inability to earn salvation by his own efforts. A lighthearted metaphor with a sobering message for unbelievers.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: It would probably be best to cast this either male/male or female/female. Initially, JOE should act as if ANGEL is invisible. Also, JOE should not appear to be flippant; he believes in an afterlife and sincerely believes that he's not a bad guy, that his own merit will earn him salvation. ANGEL should be serene and composed, but not unemotional. He has compassion for JOE and wants to see him saved.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Sin, Salvation

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Romans 3:25, Galatians 3:13, Ephesians 2:8-9

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Introduction, Transition to Communion Service

CHARACTERS:

JOE (or JOAN) — Can be male or female. (Be sure to change the dialogue as appropriate.) Basically a good person, the sort who believes that they really don't need God's grace because they're really not that bad and their good works should be enough to get them into Heaven.

ANGEL — A heavenly messenger. Can be male or female.

PROPS: Large cross; bucket; three long nails; hammer; a tract; trash can of the type often seen on street corners

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage lighting. Bright spotlight for ANGEL and one for the cross.

SETTING: City sidewalk

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
www.DramaMinistry.com
ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: **Regi Stone**

Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

Copyright ©2011 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

A BUCKET OF WORMS *by Stephen D. Larson*

As the lights come up, JOE enters, tract in hand. He looks back over his shoulder, evidently talking to someone. ANGEL is already on stage, but JOE apparently doesn't see him. In fact, he almost runs right into him.

JOE: Yeah, thanks, I'll read it when I get the chance.

He stops and glances at the tract in his hand, shaking his head.

JOE: Where do these people come from? This must be the fifth one of these I've gotten this week. (*Reading the title*) "Do you know where you're going?" Sure! I'm going to lunch, if I can get past all these holy hand-out people.

ANGEL: I don't think that's what it means.

JOE: (*Startled*) Whoa! Oh...sorry. You kinda startled me. I didn't see you.

ANGEL: I know.

JOE: I was just looking at this thing that guy handed me.

He crumples it and tosses it into a trash can.

ANGEL: Aren't you going to read it?

JOE: Naw, I've seen enough of them to know what it says. "You can't get to Heaven on your own." "Jesus is the only way to be saved."

ANGEL: And you don't believe that?

JOE: Well, Jesus may be all right for other people...

ANGEL: Other people?

JOE: Yeah. You know, the bad guys—murderers, drunks, prostitutes—but I don't need anybody to get me into Heaven.

ANGEL: So, you're perfect, then?

JOE: Well, hey, I'm no angel—say, who are you, anyway?

ANGEL: An angel.

JOE: Yeah, right.

ANGEL: Really.

JOE: You're serious, aren't you?

A BUCKET OF WORMS *by Stephen D. Larson*

He looks around.

ANGEL: What are you looking for?

JOE: The guys with the butterfly nets.

ANGEL: Joe, I really am an angel.

JOE: Don't give me that. How'd you know my name?

ANGEL: Let's see, how would you put it? "Duh!"

JOE: Okay, if you're an angel, why aren't you glowing?

ANGEL: *(Sighs)* Do I really have to?

JOE: It would sure go a long way toward convincing me.

ANGEL: Fine.

The spotlight suddenly illuminates ANGEL for a few seconds. JOE shields his eyes at the brilliance.

ANGEL: Satisfied?

JOE: Yeah...yeah, I am. So...you're an angel. What do you want with me?

ANGEL: Well, the word "angel" means "messenger." I've been sent to give you a message.

JOE: Which is...?

ANGEL retrieves the crumpled tract from the trash and hands it to him.

JOE: What? You're saying this stuff is right? Look at this. "Jesus died for your sins." "Jesus is the only way to salvation." That's what you're saying?

ANGEL: That's not what I'm saying.

JOE: I didn't think so.

ANGEL: That's what God is saying. I'm just a messenger.

JOE: Look. You're an angel, so you know all about me, right?

ANGEL: I'm not omniscient, Joe. I only know what I've been told.

A BUCKET OF WORMS *by Stephen D. Larson*

JOE: Well, you must've been told that I'm a pretty good guy. I mean, I've never killed anybody, I don't steal, I don't hop into the sack with every girl I meet, I don't even litter. I'm not saying I'm perfect, but I figure I do enough good stuff to make up for the bad things I've done.

ANGEL: Really? Are you sure?

JOE: Well, pretty sure. I go to church, I give to charities...

ANGEL: So you're relying on your good works to get you into Heaven.

JOE: Right. I mean, that's what I've always believed—be a man, make it on your own, don't expect the other guy to do it for you.

ANGEL: Self-reliance is a good thing...

JOE: Right!

ANGEL: But not in every case. And when it comes to getting into Heaven, it's never the case.

JOE: C'mon! Good works don't count for anything?

ANGEL: I know of only one work that has ever done anyone of the human race any eternal good. I suppose if you could do that...

JOE: Try me.

ANGEL: Very well.

ANGEL reaches into the trash can and produces a large plastic bucket.

JOE: Wait a minute! That wasn't there a minute ago.

ANGEL hands the bucket to JOE.

JOE: What's this?

ANGEL: Your sins.

JOE: *(Looking into the bucket)* Oh, gross! They look like...worms!

ANGEL: To you, yes. Since you have a particular loathing of worms, they appear to you in that form. Imagine how they appear to the Most Holy God.

JOE: What am I supposed to do with them? This isn't like one of those reality shows where I have to eat them, is it?

A BUCKET OF WORMS *by Stephen D. Larson*

ANGEL: No, nothing like that.

JOE: (*Relieved*) Good!

ANGEL: All you have to do is take them out of the bucket and nail them to that cross.

The light comes up on the cross.

JOE: Eww! You mean I have to...touch them?

ANGEL: And nail them to the cross.

JOE: Well...I suppose...If I can do that I can get into Heaven without any of this Jesus stuff, right?

ANGEL: (*Nods*) It's a one-time offer.

JOE: (*Starts to reach his hand into the bucket, then pulls it out*) Uh, just how many are there?

ANGEL: Two thousand twenty-seven.

JOE: Two thousand...? Well, I guess that's not too bad over the course of a lifetime, right?

ANGEL: Actually, this bucket only represents your sins so far this year.

JOE: No way!

ANGEL: We have a bucket for every year of your life. Some buckets are quite a bit larger than this one. They contain every petty word you've spoken, every unclean act you've committed, every wicked thought you've ever had. Would you like to see them all right now?

JOE: No! I mean, if I've gotta do it, I think I better take it one bucket at a time.

ANGEL: As you wish. (*Pulls a hammer from the trash can and hands it to JOE*) You have six hours. Go.

JOE: Whoa! Time out! You mean I've gotta do it all in just six hours?! Even if I can do just six worms—

ANGEL: Sins.

JOE: Whatever! Even if I can do six a minute, it'll take me six hours just to do this bucket alone!

ANGEL: Only five point six hours, actually.

A BUCKET OF WORMS *by Stephen D. Larson*

JOE: I can't do it. I need more time.

ANGEL: You have six hours. Go.

JOE: Aren't you listening? I can't do it. Nobody can do it! Nobody can nail all my sins to that cross in just six hours. It's impossible!

ANGEL: *(With great tenderness)* God did it, Joe. And it only took him these three nails.

He produces three long, blood-stained nails from his pocket and hands them to JOE. JOE stares at them, then turns and looks at the cross.

..... *Lights down.*

Copyright 2011 Stephen D. Larson, published by Drama Ministry
PO Box 40387, Nashville, TN, 37204 · Phone: 1-866-859-7622 · Fax: 1-615-463-9139 · E-mail: service@DramaMinistry.com

Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue of Drama Ministry may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed for your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film outside your church.