

The Heavenly Express

By Sharon Kay Chatwell

SKIT:

Evangelical outreach skit written for 10–12 students. Youth (ages 10-18 years).

LENGTH:

12-15 minutes

SYNOPSIS:

Newman comes to a typical seeming train platform and finds it to be anything but typical. Elderberry and Newman watch as several people attempt to board the Heavenly Express. Some get on and some do not. Elderberry explains to Newman how to get a ticket, and what cost was paid for it on Calvary.

CHARACTERS:

Conductor	<i>Dressed in old fashioned conductor outfit with a whistle</i>
Elderberry	<i>The voice of wisdom. Leads Newman to Christ</i>
Newman	<i>The new guy who learns about the Heavenly Express</i>
Ticket Sales	<i>Provides tickets to those who will go on Heavenly Express</i>
Lady	<i>Has her ticket and everything is in order</i>
Rich Man	<i>Proud and wants to be important to others</i>
Old Woman	<i>Wants to be treated special because she is old and decrepit</i>
Husband	<i>Wants his family to get on the train and out of his hair</i>
Wife	<i>Wants family together in heaven</i>
Son	<i>Totally awesome dude, but hard for his folks to understand</i>
Extras	<i>As available: Can board train from time to time. No lines.</i>

SETTING:

An old time train station. There are benches (or chairs) for people to sit on angled at STAGE RIGHT. One bench facing audience is at CENTERSTAGE FRONT. A table, with a chair behind it, sits at STAGE LEFT. There is a sign pointing off STAGE LEFT that says simply "TO TRAINS".

PROPS:

Whistle (or Train Whistle) for Conductor to blow at beginning and ending of skit.
Table and chairs to denote waiting area of train station.
Sign that says "To Trains" pointing off STAGE LEFT

LIGHTING:

Up Full Onstage.

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SKIT – THE HEAVENLY EXPRESS

[AS SCENE OPENS: ELDERBERRY is sitting on the bench located at CENTERSTAGE, facing the audience. The TICKET SALES person sits behind the table at STAGE LEFT. From time to time EXTRAS may appear at STAGE RIGHT, sit in chairs, wait for others, and then cross to STAGE LEFT to get on train. These EXTRAS need not speak. CONDUCTOR ENTERS from STAGE LEFT and crosses to CENTERSTAGE FRONT.]

[CONDUCTOR blows whistle.]

CONDUCTOR: All aboard! The Heavenly Express is leaving soon from Track #1. Have your tickets ready for inspection! No one will be allowed to board the train without a ticket! All Aboard!!

[CONDUCTOR EXITS STAGE LEFT. NEWMAN ENTERS from STAGE RIGHT crosses to STAGE LEFT, looks around, then returns to CENTERSTAGE. ELDERBERRY smiles and watches him with curiosity. NEWMAN notices ELDERBERRY and smiles back. NEWMAN comes and SITS DOWN on bench.]

NEWMAN: Excuse me, sir... What are we doing here?

ELDERBERRY: I beg your pardon?

NEWMAN: What are we doing here? I mean, I don't remember anything before here, and now I seem to be here; but I'm not sure why.

ELDERBERRY: Oh, that's simple. We're just waiting for the train to leave.

NEWMAN: What train?

ELDERBERRY: The Heavenly Express. It'll leave soon from platform #1, and we'll all want to be on it.

NEWMAN: Are you sure?

ELDERBERRY: Oh, yes. The Conductor just made an announcement.

NEWMAN: Well, hadn't we better get on board?

ELDERBERRY: Oh, absolutely. Please go right ahead.

NEWMAN: OK. *(pause)* Aren't you coming?

ELDERBERRY: Sure, but it's not time for me just yet. I have a few things left to do first.

[LADY ENTERS STAGE RIGHT and crosses to bench at CENTERSTAGE.]

LADY: Excuse me, is this the way to the Heavenly Express?

ELDERBERRY: Oh, yes ma'am, this is the way.

LADY: Good, I don't want to be late. Let's see... have I got everything?
Yes, here's my ticket. I'm ready. Well, here I go! Good bye!

ELDERBERRY: Good bye! Have a pleasant journey.

[LADY EXITS STAGE LEFT.]

NEWMAN: Ticket! You didn't say I needed a ticket!

ELDERBERRY: Well, of course you need a ticket, everybody needs a ticket. You can't ride on a train without a ticket.

NEWMAN: How much are they? I'm not sure how much money I have.

ELDERBERRY: Oh, you can't buy them with money.

NEWMAN: Why not?

ELDERBERRY: Because they're free.

NEWMAN: Free?

[RICH MAN ENTERS from STAGE RIGHT just in time to overhear last of conversation and speaks to ELDERBERRY.]

RICH MAN: Ridiculous!

ELDERBERRY: Pardon me?

RICH MAN: Ridiculous, anything that important can't be free.

ELDERBERRY: Oh, sure. They're free for us.

RICH MAN: Why?

ELDERBERRY: Basically because we don't have anything good enough to pay for them.

RICH MAN: Oh, what do you know? I have a gold-edged, platinum-plated, flame-resistant, Master Sir-Charge.

ELDERBERRY: Very impressive.

RICH MAN: I have a line of credit a mile long at a prestigious National Bank.

ELDERBERRY: Congratulations.

RICH MAN: Thank you. And believe me, if anyone can buy one of these tickets, I can.

[RICH MAN crosses to TICKET SALES person.]

RICH MAN: I'd like one ticket on the Heavenly Express, please. Money is no object. And I want to travel First Class.

TICKET SALES: Oh, all of the tickets on the Heavenly Express are 1st Class, sir.

RICH MAN: What!! No class distinction?

TICKET SALES: Oh, no sir.

RICH MAN: You mean just anyone can get onboard this train?

TICKET SALES: Yes, sir... Absolutely anyone.

RICH MAN: Young lady, do you know who I am? Do you mean to tell me that I would have to ride on the same train as everyone else!

TICKET SALES: Yes, sir.

RICH MAN: Well, I'm not interested. I mean if just anyone can go, then it must not be a trip worth taking. And I can assure you that I wouldn't like it once I arrived.

TICKET SALES: I'm very sorry sir. I hope you'll reconsider.

RICH MAN: Never.

TICKET SALES: God is not willing that any should perish.

RICH MAN: Oh, what do you know?

[RICH MAN EXITS STAGE RIGHT.]

NEWMAN: He didn't ask her how much.

ELDERBERRY: I already told you, they're free.

NEWMAN: Oh, what do you know?

ELDERBERRY: *(Referring to TICKET SALES person.)* Ask her.

[NEWMAN crosses to TICKET SALES person.]

NEWMAN: Excuse me ma'am. How much are the tickets worth?

TICKET SALES: They're priceless.

NEWMAN: Well, if they're priceless, then how can anyone afford them?

TICKET SALES: With man it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.

(NEWMAN returns to bench with ELDERBERRY.)

NEWMAN: I think your ticket sales lady has "issues." She's talking nonsense.

ELDERBERRY: No, no. She's right. You'll see.

[OLD WOMAN ENTERS from STAGE RIGHT and speaks to ELDERBERRY.]

OLD WOMAN: Excuse me, young man, is this the way to the Heavenly Express?

ELDERBERRY: Yes, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN: Well, could you help me over there? I'm not as young as I look, you know.

ELDERBERRY: Oh, yes ma'am. *(He gets up and starts helping her over there.)*

OLD WOMAN: And I'm not getting any younger standing here!

ELDERBERRY: Yes ma'am.

OLD WOMAN: My heart's weak, my knees creak, my vision's lousy... I mean look at me... I'm a mess.

ELDERBERRY: Yes, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN: Don't be smart young man. *(To TICKET SALES person)* I'd like a ticket on the Heavenly Express please.

TICKET SALES: Of course, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN: And I'd like a seat in the section reserved for those of us who can't get around as quickly as others. In other words, I want to pre-board; and be sure to have a wheel chair waiting for me when I arrive.

TICKET SALES: I'm sorry ma'am. There is no such reserved section, and we do not pre-board.

OLD WOMAN: What!! No special reserved section? Don't you see how decrepit I am? Don't you feel sorry for me? Can't you feel my pain?

TICKET SALES: But where you are going on the Heavenly Express there will be no more pain or sorrow. There will be no illness and no death. And God, Himself, will wipe away every tear from your eye.

OLD WOMAN: Listen here, little girl. I've spent a lifetime getting into this shape, and no one's going to tell me that I have to give it all up just to get on a train!

TICKET SALES: But this is no ordinary train.

OLD WOMAN: Oh, what do you know?

[OLD WOMAN EXITS STAGE RIGHT. HUSBAND and WIFE ENTER STAGE RIGHT and appear to wait for someone. Finally SON appears and they are all together.]

NEWMAN: *(referring to Old Woman who is leaving)* Now that's sad.

ELDERBERRY: You ain't seen nothin' yet. Look at these guys.

(HUSBAND, WIFE AND SON walk to CENTERSTAGE.)

HUSBAND: OK here we are, all together, finally. You, son, stand up straight.

SON: Dude, lay off.

WIFE: That is no way to speak to your father, young man.

SON: OK... Dude, chill.

HUSBAND: I don't understand him. Do you understand him? I've never understood him.

SON: Dude, it is like, not hard.

WIFE: Let's try and remember why we are here. OK, boys?

HUSBAND: Very well, we are here to meet the Heavenly Express. Do you each have your tickets?

SON: Dude, I've got mine.

WIFE: And I have mine.

HUSBAND: Wonderful. "All Aboard!" as they say.

WIFE: Dear, where's your ticket?

HUSBAND: Oh, I'm sure I have mine here somewhere, now let's get you on board.

SON: Dude, aren't you coming?

HUSBAND: Certainly, certainly... now hurry, you don't want to miss your train.

WIFE: Darling, you must come with us, we're a family.

HUSBAND: Yes, well, I know that. But there are some things that we just don't do as a family. And this is one of those things. You know I've never agreed with you on some things, dear, and this just happens to be one of them. This is difficult for me to say, but I just won't be making this trip with you. You will have to go alone.

WIFE: No. No! Get on the train, darling! You don't want to miss it! Really!

HUSBAND: Dear, I'm sorry, but the idea of spending eternity married to you, and trying to translate for our son here, is ... more than I can stand. Now, go on both of you!

SON: Dude, Heaven is a joyous and righteous place. And no one is married to anyone there, for they are all like the angels.

HUSBAND: Oh, what do you know?

(HUSBAND EXITS STAGE RIGHT. WIFE AND SON sadly EXIT STAGE LEFT.)

NEWMAN: What a pathetic display! Listen, tell me how to get one of those priceless tickets that you can't buy with money, that gets you onto a

train with no class distinctions and no special reservations, and takes you to a place where there is no sickness, sorrow, or death, and everyone is eternally joyous and happy.

ELDERBERRY: Accept Jesus, the Son of God, as your Savior and Lord. It is His righteousness alone that can reserve you a place on the train. It is His death on the cross that pays the price for your ticket. He is the Way.

NEWMAN: I believe. *(He stands and prays.)* Jesus, Son of God, I am a sinner. Nothing I can do, nothing I possess, can buy my way into Heaven. I accept you as my Savior and Lord. Thank you for what you did on the cross to pay my price and to guarantee my place in Heaven. Amen.

(As prayer ends, TICKET SALES person crosses to CENTERSTAGE FRONT with a ticket. CONDUCTOR ENTERS at STAGE RIGHT.)

ELDERBERRY: *(Shaking hands with NEWMAN.)* Welcome to your new life in Christ.

TICKET SALES: Your ticket, sir.

NEWMAN: *(in amazement)* Well, what do you know?

CONDUCTOR: All Aboard!

[CONDUCTOR blows whistle.]

THE END