



Written by
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"It's Your Lucky Day"!

Scripture: Psalm 23: 6

*"Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever."*

Dramatic Category: Skit

Topic: Rejoice in salvation now, and look forward to Heaven!

Performance Time: 5 minutes

Objective:

To remind Christians that we have won the "spiritual lottery." So many of us lose track of what has actually happened to us when we "freely receive" salvation and the hope of eternal life; that's why we "rejoice in the Lord, always." (*Phil. 4:4*)

Cast:

"The Bickersons"

Frank Bickerson: *A man whose glass is "half empty."*

Donna Bickerson: *Frank's wife, who is overjoyed at winning the Lottery!*

Off-stage TV Announcer: *Speaks into a microphone*

Synopsis:

Frank Bickerson wins the Lottery! You'd think he'd be overjoyed, but No! He sees only the dark side of his circumstances despite his overwhelming blessing of winning 6 million dollars! His wife keeps listing how amazing their life will become, but with each of her joyous declarations, Frank dwells on the troubles this fortune will bring: weird relatives will pop up; he has to pay outrageous taxes; it's a bad time to invest; they will have to move, and moving is such a hassle! Like Frank, we dwell on the negatives in life and forget that we are "spiritual millionaires."

Props:

A remote control

A newspaper

(Optional: a few mugs on the table, some magazines; perhaps a standing lamp between them.)

Technical Considerations:

Set: At downstage, center

1. Two **chairs** (recliners?) center stage
2. Some kind of a **box** that looks like a TV with its back to the audience, so Frank and Donna face it, looking at the audience
3. A coffee table between the chairs

Light: Center stage pool

Sound Option: Game show music to play down and under the TV announcer.

The Script:

(Frank sits center stage; he is flipping through the channels; Donna is straining to watch something, but he won't hold the program long enough for her lock on to it.)

Frank: I don't know why we pay for cable! If you're not a sports nut, or a food nut, or morally nuts, there's nothing out there for ya'.

Donna: Go to channel 43; the lottery numbers are coming on any minute.
(She glances nervously at her watch.)

(Frank flips the remote control; Donna leans forward; eagerly clutching her lottery ticket.)

Frank: Now there's a waste of a dollar.

Donna: Oh Frank, who knows; we might win! The jackpot is up to six million dollars!

(Frank changes the channel, but picks up his newspaper. He is not interested in the lottery. The TV Announcer speaks--over game show music-- into a microphone so the audience can hear.)

Announcer: Tonight's winning numbers are: six,

Donna: *(shocked)* We have six!

Frank: *(cynical, hardly looking up from his paper)* So do six million other people.

Announcer: One,

Donna: *(wide-eyed)* We have one!

Frank: *(disinterested)* Right, one chance in a hundred million.

Announcer: Eight,

Donna: *(short of breath)* Frank....we have eight!

Frank: *(becoming interested)* we do?

Announcer: Nine,

Frank: Don't tell me we have nine.

Donna: *(staring directly at the TV, she nods her head, "Yes.")*

(Frank leans in to see Donna's ticket, but he can't see it because she clutches it too close to her face.)

Announcer: And now for our final number:
(Frank and Donna both stare at the ticket, not the TV) Seven!

Donna: *(jumping to her feet)* We won! Frank! We won!
(She hugs him wildly and begins running around the chairs.)

Announcer: Congratulations to our winners.
Now, for a look at tomorrow's weather.

(Frank mutes the TV)

Donna: *(grabbing Frank's shoulder)* We just won the lottery!
Six million dollars! Frank, we're millionaires!

Frank: *(Staring out at the TV with a glazed look, no expression.)*
Uh huh.

Donna: *(turning Frank's face towards her)* We just won six million dollars!
Do you know what that means?

Frank: *(freeing himself from Donna's grip, but still very dead-pan)*
Yeah, I do.

Donna: *(more soberly)* Say something, Frank! Aren't you excited?

Frank: *(in sharp contrast to Donna's enthusiasm)*
How much of that do we have to pay in taxes?

Donna: Taxes? I don't know.

Frank: I think its about half, so now we're down to three million.

Donna: Who cares! The important thing is that we are millionaires!
(She jumps up and down like a little girl.)
Oh Frank, we can finally travel !

Frank: Yeah, like the world is safe for millionaires on holiday.
(He sits back in his chair, still staring.)
Where I am going to invest this? Every market is down.
(He opens his newspaper, and reads the business section.)

Donna: *(growing in enthusiasm despite Frank's sobriety)*
We could fly my sister out to visit.

Frank: Here it comes. First your sister, then every parasite relative we've got is going end up on our front porch like a pack of stray dogs.

Donna: *(insulted)* My sister is not a parasite!

Frank: Not yet!

Donna: *(trying to remain positive)* We could build a guest house.
(dreaming) No, not a guest house. We could move.

Frank: Why? They'll follow us.

Donna: *(thrilled)* We'll have a beautiful new house with all new furniture!

Frank: *(bothered)* Great! Now I gotta' get some boxes.

Donna: *(dreamily)* Oh Frank, our entire lives will start over; everything's going to be so beautiful.

Frank: I hate change.

Donna: *(looking in the direction of the TV)* Oh...turn on the sound. The Lottery numbers are coming up again.

Frank: Give me the ticket. Let's double check this.
(Donna hands him the ticket.)

Announcer: *(game show music comes up)*
Tonight's winning numbers are: six,

Donna: *(pointing over Frank's shoulder at the number)* We have six!

Frank: *(repeating)* Six.

Announcer: One,

Donna: *(continuing to point)* We have one.

Frank: One.

Announcer: Eight,

Donna: *(jumping up and down)* See, Frank, we have eight!

Frank: *(still cynical)* I can see that.

Announcer: Nine,

Donna: *(running around the room with joy and chanting)* We won, we won!

(Frank stares at the TV and at the ticket; he waves at Donna, who keeps dancing, to hush.)

Announcer: And now for our final number: Seven!

Frank: *(jumping to his feet)* Seven?

Donna: *(She stops dead in her tracks, walks over and grabs the ticket from Frank.)* Let me see that.

(She stares at the TV) The final number is eleven!

Frank: *(pointing to the ticket)* It's seven; not eleven.

Donna: I heard eleven.

Frank: *(trying to console her)* It's seven Donna, sorry.
(He returns to his chair and picks up his paper.)

Donna: *(stares at him in disbelief.)* Aren't you even sad?
We just lost a fortune! *(She exits in tears, whining about her lost fortune.)*
All that money...just gone!

Frank: *(he begins to open the paper on his lap and sighs.)*
Well, that's one less thing to worry about.

The End....Lights out....Players exit.

Sermon Option:

The pastor may want to approach the empty set and *pick up the lottery ticket*, stressing that we have won the "*spiritual lottery*." We are millionaires for eternity, dwelling in our heavenly mansions made by Jesus, who descended in power to save us from our sins. We lose track of that, and --like Frank--we live negatively in the face of blessings, dwelling on life's trouble, forgetting to "set our minds on things above." (*Col. 3:2*)