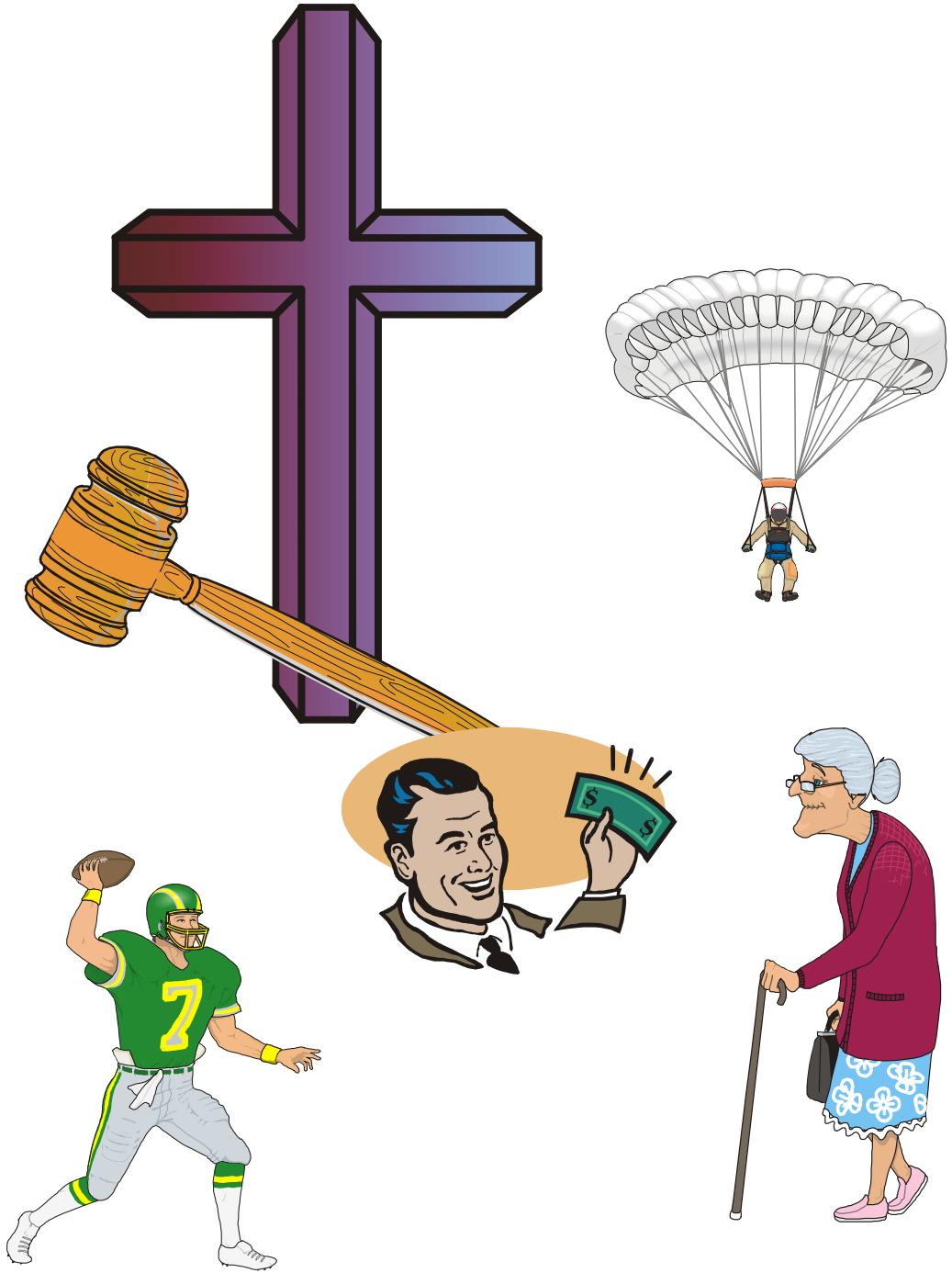


# Peetie Weetie

By Gary Millar and Scott Tunmer



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## Description



In this sketch, four very different people face their final judgement at the registration desk in the lobby of *Our Father's House*. As each of them gives an account for what they did in life, the audience is shown that many of the things that we regard as significant are actually meaningless when seen from an eternal perspective. Conversely, we see that the simple truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is most important – both in this life and beyond.

## Purpose



To provide a segue into a presentation of the gospel in an outreach setting.

## Additional Information



Of course we all know that Heaven is not a hotel chain, and the judgement is not a registration desk in the lobby – but if it was, this is exactly what it would be like! The Bible does tell us, however, that there is a place that is being prepared for us – a place with many rooms. Oh, and there will be a few short questions to answer before you can go in!



**Category**  
Comedy



**Audience**  
Outreach



**Time**  
20 Minutes



**Difficulty**  
Medium

## Scripture References



**John 14:2 (NIV):** “In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I am going there to prepare a place for you.”

**1 Timothy 2:5 (NIV):** “For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.”

## Cast of Characters [4 Male, 1 Female, 1 Either]



**SAINT PETER:** As he mans the registration desk in the lobby of *Our Father's House*.

**ANGEL:** Acts as the security guard for **SAINT PETER**. (May be male or female. Optionally, a second angel may be added.)

**PRISCILLA FELDSPAR:** A godly old woman who has passed away in her sleep.

**CHESTER BERNARD DRAKE THE THIRD:** A middle-aged man who has spent his life in pursuit of material gains. (Think about the character of **Mr. Howell** from *Gilligan's Island*.)

**GEORGE WATT:** Not the "sharpest knife in the drawer" by most standards, but he possessed a simple, childlike faith.

**PEETIE WEETIE:** A young man who has tried to impress others by being something that he is not.

## Props



<i>Prop</i>	<i>Start Location</i>	<i>Notes</i>
A small table or desk	On Stage – in middle front	
Two chairs	Next to and behind the desk	
A small sign that says FEEDING THE SHEEP – BACK IN 5 MINUTES.	On top of the desk	
Some file folders	On top of the desk	
A pen or pencil	On top of the desk	
A clipboard	On top of the desk	
Two hotel-style keys	On top of the desk	
A pin or needle	On top of the desk	
A small wastebasket	Next to the desk	
Two small balloons	In <b>PEETIE</b> 's shirt sleeves	

## Costume



**SAINT PETER** wears a white or light-colored robe.

**ANGEL** wears a white or light-colored robe.

**PRISCILLA FELDSPAR** is dressed in a bathrobe and has curlers in her hair.

**CHESTER BERNARD DRAKE THE THIRD** is wearing a sharp-looking business suit and a tie.

**GEORGE WATT** is in a pair of overalls. There are tree branches sticking out of his pockets and sleeves. He is also wearing a pair of goggles on his head.

**PEETIE WEETIE** wears jeans and a football jersey. Inside each sleeve of the jersey is a balloon, placed to look like he has big muscles.

## Sound Effects



<i>Sound</i>	<i>Cue</i>	<i>Notes</i>
A loud buzzer	Whenever anyone tells a lie (see script)	The buzzer may either be activated off-stage by a sound person, or on-stage by the <b>ANGEL</b> .

## Lighting



General stage lighting, brighter in the center where the desk is located. Several characters will be entering from behind the audience. If a spotlight is available, it should be used for these characters as they enter.

## Scene



The registration desk in the lobby of *Our Father's House*. At the start of the sketch, the stage is empty. Off stage to the right is *heaven*, and off stage to the left is *hell*. **SAINT PETER** and the **ANGEL** will enter from the right. The rest of the characters will enter through the audience, from the back of the auditorium, and exit either left or right, depending upon the outcome of their time at the registration desk.

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## Script



*(The stage is empty when the lights come up. After the audience has had a moment to read the sign on the desk, SAINT PETER and the ANGEL enter. PETER takes his place at the desk while the ANGEL stands quietly in the background. PETER removes the sign from the desk and straightens up his folders.)*

PETER: Next!

*(PRISCILLA enters from the back, confused. She stops once or twice to look all around and above her, then continues to the desk in the front.)*

PETER: Have a seat.

PRISCILLA: Where am I?

PETER: Well, you passed away in your sleep last night and you're at the registration desk in the lobby of *Our Father's House*.

PRISCILLA: *(She looks around.)* Well there sure are a lot of rooms here.

PETER: Yes, well I just have a few questions to ask you. We'll start with your name.

PRISCILLA: My name? My name is Mrs. Priscilla Feldspar.

PETER: *(He looks through his folders.)* Feldspar... Feldspar... Ah, here it is: Priscilla Feldspar. *(Examining her file.)* Hmm. Um-hum. Um-hum. Well, Mrs. Feldspar, your case history looks quite complete. I just have one question...

PRISCILLA: Is there a problem?

PETER: No, no. I just wondered if you wanted a room with a view of the streets of gold or the Crystal Sea.

PRISCILLA: I've always enjoyed an ocean view...

PETER: I know just the room! You'll be in number 718.

*(PRISCILLA takes the key from PETER and exits to the right.)*

PETER: *(Shouting to PRISCILLA as she walks off stage.)* Oh, and Mrs. Feldspar! Don't forget about the banquet tonight at seven o'clock!

Next!

*(CHESTER BERNARD DRAKE THE THIRD enters from the back. He stops once and looks around, then nods his head confidently. He seems to have figured out where he is and why, but he is not yet completely sure. He continues to the front where he pats himself to see if all of this is real. He then pats the desk and pokes PETER in the shoulder, again, trying to determine if this is real.)*

PETER: Aren't you going to ask me where you are? Usually, that's the first thing anyone asks.

CHESTER: No, my boy, I think I have a pretty good idea where I am. I'm in heaven. Right?

PETER: Not exactly: You're at the reception area in the lobby of *Our Father's House*.

CHESTER: Oh. That would explain all the rooms. *(Pauses for a moment.)* Which one's mine?

PETER: I need to ask you a few questions first. Can I have your name please?

**CHESTER:** Yes. It's Chester Bernard Drake. The Third.  
*(PETER begins to search for the right folder.)*

**CHESTER:** In fact I have my business card right here... *(He reaches for his wallet, but it's not there.)* That's funny – I always have my wallet with me. *(He continues to search himself.)*  
  
*(PETER has found the folder and is looking it over.)*

**CHESTER:** And what about my bags? I never travel anywhere without my bags! All of my important *things* are in my bags! *(Now reassuring himself.)* Oh... They must already be in my room.

**PETER:** Your bags aren't here, Mr. Drake. You're not allowed to bring anything with you.

**CHESTER:** Oh... *Can't take it with you*, huh? OK, I'm flexible. I can adjust...

**PETER:** It says here that your job was the most important thing in your life.

**CHESTER:** That's not true! My family always came first!  
  
*(BUZZER sounds. CHESTER is startled by the sound. PETER is unmoved – this happens all the time.)*

**CHESTER:** What was that?

**PETER:** That, Mr. Drake, was our lie detector. You have to tell the truth here.

**CHESTER:** Oh, I get it! You want me to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

**PETER:** So help you God.  
  
*(All traces of sarcasm disappear from CHESTER's face.)*

**CHESTER:** I guess my work was more important than my family – sometimes.  
  
*(BUZZER sounds.)*

**CHESTER:** My work was always more important than my family.

**PETER:** It says here that your career was more important to you than anything. Even more important than God. *(Looks up.)*  
  
*(CHESTER slumps down in his seat, realizing that he has blown it. The ANGEL comes and escorts CHESTER off to the left of the stage. PETER takes one last look at the file, shakes his head and sighs.)*

**PETER:** What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world, but loses his soul?  
  
Next!

*(GEORGE WATT stumbles in clumsily from the back, as if he has fallen in to the sketch. He looks all around, very confused, and makes his way to the desk.)*

**GEORGE:** Holy cow! I don't think I've ever seen so many rooms in all my life! *(Pauses, looking around, confused.)* Where am I, anyway?

**PETER:** This is the reception area in the lobby of *Our Father's House*.

**GEORGE:** Whose father?

**PETER:** The Father.

**GEORGE:** Ooooo. Nice House.

**PETER:** If you'd just take a seat, I need to ask you a few questions.

**GEORGE:** OK. *(Sits.)*

**PETER:** Alright, let's start with your name.

**GEORGE:** Watt.

*(As is about to become apparent, PETER thinks that GEORGE is saying "what?" instead of "Watt," his last name.)*

**PETER:** I said I'd like to start with your name.

**GEORGE:** Watt.

**PETER:** Sir, In order to pull your file, I need to have your last name.

**GEORGE:** Watt.

**PETER:** OK, let's forget about your last name. Why don't you give me your first name.

**GEORGE:** George.

**PETER:** Good, George. Very good! So that would make your full name George what?

**GEORGE:** That's right.

**PETER:** George – I have to have your last name. What is your last name?

**GEORGE:** That's right! W-A-T-T. Watt. George Watt.

**PETER:** Oh, I'm sorry Mr. Watt. Let's see. This is your file right here. *(Looks through file.)* Um-hum. Um-hum.

*(GEORGE has a short attention span. While PETER flips through the file, GEORGE is looking around.)*

**GEORGE:** Wow, this place is really big!

PETER: What?

GEORGE: No, please – call me George!

PETER: It says here that you came to us as a result of a skydiving accident.

GEORGE: Uh-huh.

PETER: What happened?

GEORGE: I have no idea!

PETER: Did the plane crash on takeoff?

GEORGE: *(GEORGE stands and acts out the plane's takeoff, then sits back down, and thinks for a moment.)* Nope.

PETER: Well did you have trouble getting out of the plane?

GEORGE: *(GEORGE stands and acts this out as well, then sits back down, and thinks for a moment.)* Nope.

PETER: Well... Did your parachute not open?

GEORGE: *(GEORGE stands and acts out his jump, making the sound effects of the air rushing past him. He then mimes grabbing the ripcord on the front of his chest. It's not there! There is a big look of surprise on his face! He goes for the backup chute. It's not there either! He then grabs at himself frantically trying to find a ripcord, but there is nothing there. He stops and calmly sits back down.)* That's it.

PETER: That's it, huh? It didn't open?

GEORGE: No. That's it!

PETER: I don't understand.

GEORGE: Did you ever go someplace and you just feel like you're forgetting something?

PETER: Yeah...

GEORGE: Well that's it!

*(PETER understands now and winces at the thought of what just happened to poor GEORGE.)*

GEORGE: *(Felling a little ashamed.)* You must think I'm the dumbest person you ever met.

PETER: No, no, no. We get people like you all the time.

*(BUZZER sounds. This time PETER is startled. This has never happened to him before.)*

PETER: Well, we've had a few people that...

*(BUZZER sounds.)*

PETER: I know there was at least one guy that...

*(BUZZER sounds. PETER pauses, knowing that he has to tell the truth, but afraid to hurt GEORGE's feelings.)*

PETER: George.

GEORGE: Yeah...

PETER: You are, without question, the dumbest person I've ever met.

GEORGE: *(GEORGE is not hurt at all. He just shrugs his shoulders and smiles.)* I know.

PETER: I've done some pretty dumb things in my day too. I guess that's why we need a Savior, huh?

GEORGE: Yeah, I don't know where I'd be without him.

PETER: I do. *(PETER picks up a key and gives it to GEORGE.)* Hey you're in room 207! That's right down the hall from me!

*(GEORGE takes the key and starts to head toward the back of the auditorium, where he came in.)*

PETER: Pssst! George!

GEORGE: Huh?

PETER: *(PETER points to the right.)* That way!

*(GEORGE exits to the right, singing "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know" to himself as he walks off-stage.)*

PETER: *(PETER looks over toward GEORGE and smiles.)* Unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.

Next!

*(PEETIE WEETIE enters from the back. He stops once and looks around. He confidently approaches the desk in the front.)*

PETER: Have a seat.

PEETIE: Where am I?

PETER: This is the reception area in the lobby of *Our Father's House*.

PEETIE: You mean the "Our Father" of "Our Father who art in Heaven?"

**PETER:** That's the one.

**PEETIE:** Does he actually use all of these rooms?

**PETER:** Someday they'll all be full. OK, if we can get started, I'd like to have your name please.

**PEETIE:** *(With great confidence.)* Butch. Butch Washington.

*(BUZZER sounds. PETER is not startled, but is confused – after all, no one lies about his name! PETER looks at the ANGEL who just shrugs his shoulders.)*

**PEETIE:** What was that?

**PETER:** That was our lie detector. You have to tell the truth here. Let's try this again: What is your name?

**PEETIE:** *(Not as confident this time.)* Willie Peterson.

*(BUZZER sounds.)*

**PETER:** Look, this is not a good start. Let's begin again. You give me your name and we'll forget about the buzzer. Now, what is your name?

**PEETIE:** *(Mumbles this unintelligibly.)* Peetie Weetie.

**PETER:** Excuse me?

**PEETIE:** *(A little louder.)* Peetie Weetie.

**PETER:** I'm sorry, but you have to speak up.

**PEETIE:** Peetie Weetie!

*(PETER snickers and tries to cover it up as he searches for the file.)*

**PETER:** It seems there are some gaps in your record. Let's see... you were on the high school football team...

**PEETIE:** Yes sir! Star quarterback!

*(BUZZER sounds.)*

**PEETIE:** Did I say "star quarterback?" I meant back-up quarterback.

*(BUZZER sounds.)*

**PEETIE:** I washed the uniforms.

**PETER:** Aw... you married your high school sweetheart!

**PEETIE:** Yup! No woman could ever resist me!

(BUZZER sounds.)

PEETIE: Well... she couldn't resist me...  
(BUZZER sounds.)

PEETIE: It was arranged by our parents.

PETER: I don't mean to stare, but I can't help but notice how big your muscles are. How'd you get so big?

PEETIE: Worked out everyday!

(BUZZER sounds.)

PEETIE: Well, it was more a combination of eating right and working out...

(BUZZER sounds. PETER takes the pin that is on the desk, stands up, goes to each side of PEETIE and pops the balloons.)

PEETIE: Alright... They're balloons.

PETER: Have you ever read the Bible?

PEETIE: Every day!

(BUZZER sounds.)

PEETIE: Well, a couple of times a week.

(BUZZER sounds.)

PEETIE: I read the Bible occasionally.

(The BUZZER does not sound. Everyone is a little surprised, but PEETIE decides he is going to try to use this opportunity to score points.)

PEETIE: In fact... I've always been impressed by the teachings of Jesus.

(The BUZZER still does not sound. PETER is impressed and surprised.)

PETER: That's good! Now if we can...

PEETIE: In fact, one of my favorite teachings comes from the gospel of Matthew.

(PETER is now giving PEETIE his full attention and is really pulling for him.)

PEETIE: (Very confident this time.) Jesus said that the wise man built his house on the rock. The rains descended, the floods came, and the wind blew. But that house stood strong!

PETER: You really have read the Bible, haven't you?

PEETIE: (Interrupting.) But the foolish man... He built his house out of straw. Then the wolf came and he huffed and he puffed and he blew that man's house down!

**PETER:** *(Under his breath.)* I should have seen that one coming, now shouldn't I have?

**PEETIE:** And then there's all the people I helped and all the good things I did...

**PETER:** The Bible clearly says: "it is by grace you have been saved, through faith—and this not from yourselves, it is the gift of God—not by works, so that no one can boast."

**PEETIE:** Faith? I have faith! I believe in God!

**PETER:** You believe that there is one God. Good! Even the demons believe that—and shudder.

**PEETIE:** But I really believe. I mean, I was even raised in a Christian home. In fact... That's it! **(PEETIE grabs the clipboard from the desk and looks for his mother's name.)** Weetie, Weetie... Here it is: Ethel Weetie. That's my mother. Ask her. She'll tell you to let me in!

**PETER:** Jesus said, "I am the way and the truth and the life." No one comes to the Father except through him.

**PEETIE:** I know, but if you'll just ask her, I'm sure...

**PETER:** Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved.

**PEETIE:** I think I'd like to talk to a lawyer now.

**PETER:** There is one mediator between God and man...

**PEETIE:** Good! Give me his name, please. **(PEETIE grabs the pencil from the desk.)**

**PETER:** The man Christ Jesus!

**(PEETIE slumps down in his chair.)**

**PETER:** You see, you can't ignore Jesus Christ. The only thing that matters is how you've responded to God's Son. And it says here, Mr. Weetie, that you've rejected him.

**(PEETIE is about to argue or give another story, but he pauses, looks at the ANGEL, and sits back quietly. The ANGEL comes and escorts him out to the left. PETER discards the file, and then looks directly at the audience.)**

Who's next?

**(Lights out.)**