



# Point Game

## From *The Gospel According to Us*

By Martha Bolton & Torry Martin

**Scripture References:** “Is this the love you show your friend?” (2 Samuel 16:17a)

**Additional Scriptures:** Proverbs 18:1; Galatians 6:4

**Themes:** Friendship; wrong motives

**Cast:**

SHARON and MISSY—Stereotypical self-absorbed wealthy socialites who are essentially clueless. Concerned more with their appearances of doing good, rather than actually doing it. They each have a penchant for beating the system

CHRISTY—Friendly and genuine

**Setting:** Church foyer/lobby

**Props:**

Bench  
Large plant  
Wig  
Hat with netting to cover the face  
Shawl  
Granny glasses  
Wheelchair

**Running time:** 7 minutes

*(Opens with SHARON pushing a disguised MISSY onstage in a wheelchair.)*

MISSY *(as old lady)*: Come on! Come on! We have to hurry! The next service is to start.

SHARON *(exhausted)*: Enough all ready! I’m exhausted. Let me rest for a minute.

MISSY: No time. Now, push!

SHARON *(huffing and puffing)*: Maybe I could if you were a little lighter in the saddle.

MISSY *(a beat while MISSY glares at SHARON)*: An out of shape body like yours could use a good workout.

SHARON *(glaring at Missy)*: You know, old lady, a runaway wheelchair can be a dangerous thing.

MISSY: So can a good right hook.

CHRISTY (*entering*): Sharon! Sharon! Yoo-hoo!

MISSY (*to SHARON*): Hold that thought.

CHRISTY: Oh good. I'm glad I caught you. I wanted to say goodbye to your friend, Mrs . . . Mrs . . . (*forgetting the visitor's name*)

MISSY: Uh . . . Jones.

CHRISTY: Yes! Mrs. Jones! It was such a pleasure to meet you! I'm so glad Sharon brought you to our church this morning to celebrate Friend Day with us.

MISSY: Oh, yes, wasn't it so very thoughtful of her to help out a poor invalid shut-in petite elderly person like myself.

SHARON (*rolls eyes at the drama, then to CHRISTY*): That does qualify for bonus points, right?

CHRISTY: Oh, Sharon, you're so funny. (*To MISSY.*) So did you enjoy the service, Mrs. Jones?

MISSY: The best I've heard! As soon as the preaching started I had a lovely nap!

CHRISTY: Pardon?

SHARON: She's a little tired. (*Pinches MISSY. MISSY reacts and gives her a look.*)

MISSY: Narcolepsy

CHRISTY: Oh. Well, listen, I'm starting a little Bible study at my house next Thursday and that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'd be tickled pink if you both could join us.

SHARON: Join you? For a Bible study?

MISSY (*fakes falling to sleep and snores. SHARON pinches her again*): Ow.

CHRISTY: Is that a yes?

MISSY: It was an ow . . . (*as she's still in the middle of saying "owww", SHARON pinches her again, causing her to hold the word*) . . . wwwwwwww!

CHRISTY: Trust me, you'll love it. We're going through Numbers.

MISSY: I hate math.

CHRISTY (*sweetly*): Oh you're such a noodle head. It's a book in the Bible. So we'll see you there?

SHARON: You mean after Friend Day? Why would you want her there then? I mean . . . you know what I mean.

CHRISTY: It doesn't have to be Friend Day to bring a friend to learn of God, does it?

MISSY (*to SHARON*): Does it, “noodle head”?

SHARON: Yes. (*MISSY pinches SHARON.*) I mean, no. I mean . . . of course not. Every day is Friend Day. But my friend here won’t be able to come to your Bible study because . . . well, I’m afraid . . . Mrs. Smith is very ill. Gravely ill.

CHRISTY: Who’s Mrs. Smith?

MISSY/SHARON: Me/Her

CHRISTY: I thought your name was Jones?

SHARON: See. She’s delirious. Gravely delirious.

MISSY: It’s Smith-Jones with a hyphen. I go by both. At the same time. Or separately.

SHARON: Can we go now?

CHRISTY: I’m so sorry you’re ill. Is it the narcolepsy?

MISSY: Yes, but it’s OK. I can sleep it off.

CHRISTY (*confused*): Oh . . . umm . . . of course. Well, it certainly was a pleasure having you with us today.

MISSY: Thank you.

CHRISTY: Friend Day is one of our most popular events. It reminds us how important it is to share the good news with our friends and neighbors. (*To MISSY*) I do hope you’ll come back.

MISSY: I wouldn’t hold my breath.

SHARON (*covering for her quickly*): And you shouldn’t! We don’t want you passing out again. (*To CHRISTY*) Poor thing. Halitosis. The narcolepsy puts her to sleep, the halitosis wakes her up.

MISSY: Vicious cycle.

CHRISTY: Oh. Well I’ve got a scootie-toot-toot!

(*SHARON and MISSY roll their eyes to each other and CHRISTY exits. After a beat . . . t*)

MISSY: Is she gone?

SHARON (*looking around*): Yeah. She tooted away. The coast is clear.

MISSY (*standing up from wheelchair*): All right. Your turn.

SHARON (*looking in the distance for CHRISTY*): Wait!

MISSY (*thinking that SHARON is backing out of their plan:*) Oh no, you can’t back out now. The deal was that I’d play your visitor during the first service so

you'd win points, then you'd play mine for the second service so I'd win points. Now put this wig on and get in there!

*(She hands the wig to SHARON just as SHARON is noticing CHRISTY offstage.)*

SHARON: Quick! *(tosses the wig back to CHRISTY)* Put it on! She's coming back!

*(SHARON quickly steps in front of MISSY so MISSY can put the wig back on. Without a mirror, though, she puts it on backwards and askew. CHRISTY enters SL.)*

CHRISTY: Oh, yoo-hoo! Sharon! Toot-toot!

SHARON: Yes?

MISSY *(under her breath)*: Tooter broken?

CHRISTY: Say, it just occurred to me that if you and your friend can't make it to the Bible study, then maybe we could bring the Bible study to you.

MISSY: Oh, I wouldn't want you to do that.

CHRISTY: It's OK.

MISSY: No, really. I wouldn't want you to do that.

CHRISTY: I know you're just not wanting to be a bother. But that's what friends do. It would be my pleasure. Especially since you're so ill.

MISSY: I'm getting sicker by the moment.

CHRISTY: So just tell me where you live, Mrs. Jones, and we'll all be there Thursday night.

MISSY: 4377 Main Street.

SHARON: 4377 Main Street? That's my house!

CHRISTY: Oh, how nice of you to volunteer!

SHARON: What? Oh, I mean don't get me wrong, I'd love to host the Bible study, but my house *(thinking quickly)* is being reroofed.

CHRISTY: Oh, we've all been through building programs. A little drywall won't bother us.

SHARON: It's also being tented for termites.

CHRISTY: I'll bring extra cake.

SHARON: And the painters are there.

CHRISTY: Just more souls to witness to. So what do you say, around 7:00?

SHARON *(surrendering)*: Uh, yeah. I guess so, sure.

CHRISTY: Okeydokey then! This'll be so much fun. *(to Mrs. Jones)* Did you . . .

your . . . (*pointing her finger indicating MISSY's backward wig*) . . . oh, never mind. We'll see you on Thursday. (*CHRISTY goes to hug MISSY.*) We're huggers here. (*As CHRISTY hugs MISSY, MISSY's wig gets caught on her brooch so that when she pulls back, MISSY's wig comes back with her. This can be done by CHRISTY miming trying to get the wig undone when what she is really doing is attaching it to the brooch. She can pull it off with the brooch as she pulls away. Surprised.*) Missy!

SHARON (*pretending to be surprised as well*): Missy!

CHRISTY: You tricked me! You tricky-trickster! You're not an old lady!

SHARON: Well she's no spring chicken.

CHRISTY: What on earth are you two up to?

SHARON: Yeah, what are you up to, Missy?

MISSY: Drop it, Sharon. We've been caught in the act.

CHRISTY: The act of what?

MISSY (*to CHRISTY*): We were just trying to get extra points.

SHARON: Yeah, I guess we got a little caught up in the contest.

CHRISTY: What contest? What points?

SHARON: The "Bring a Friend to Church" contest.

CHRISTY: It's not a contest, sillies. It's just a day where we bring our friends to church.

MISSY: You mean there aren't any points?

CHRISTY: Just eternal ones. They're the best kind anyway. Right?

MISSY: Right?

SHARON (*a beat*): Right.

CHRISTY: But we can still have the Bible Study at your house, Sharon. Right?

MISSY: Right

SHARON (*less enthusiastically*): Right. I suppose what we did deserves some kind of punishment.

MISSY: You shouldn't think of hosting a Bible Study as punishment, Sharon.

CHRISTY: There'll be about thirty of us.

MISSY: OK, maybe you should.

SHARON: All right, we'll see you at 7 o'clock at my house.

MISSY: Oh, and Christy, feel free to bring a friend.

(MISSY *smiles at SHARON who collapses in the wheelchair.*)

SHARON: Thirty people, my house, this Thursday. Thanks a lot, Missy.

MISSY: Don't mention it. That's what friends are for. (A beat) Silly.

Blackout



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