

1. HARV'S NERVOUS SERVICE

(Wages of Sin - Romans 6:23)

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Number of Puppets – Two: Gramps (older gentleman) and Harv (hippy type)
Props Needed – Three packages, fake money on a stick

GRAMPS: Let's see, I have to get all this work done and I don't have much time.

HARV: **(Enters)** Hey, hey, what do you say, Gramps?

GRAMPS: **(Looks around)** Who's got cramps?

HARV: **(Shouts)** Hello, Gramps!

GRAMPS: **(Sees Harv)** Oh, hello, Harv. Good to see you. Too bad about your cramps.

HARV: No, Gramps. I'm all right, Dwight. I just wanted to know if I could be of service.

GRAMPS: You're nervous? What for?

HARV: No, Gramps. I know you're busy here getting ready for the church service tonight and I wanted to help.

GRAMPS: You want some kelp?

HARV: No, help! Help!

GRAMPS: Uh oh! Somebody's yelling for help! I'll go call the police. **(Starts out)**

HARV: Wait, Nate!

GRAMPS: Too late? Too bad. Say, while you're here, how'd you like to help me?

HARV: Sure. I want to serve the Lord, Ford. I want to be important.

GRAMPS: You want to be in Portland? I don't have anything for you to do there. But there is an important job you can do here.

HARV: Hey, I can handle that.

GRAMPS: I'll even pay you for it.

HARV: Hey, I like money, Sonny.

GRAMPS: I'll give you ten dollars if you move those packages from over there (points right) to over there. **(Points left)**

HARV: **(To himself)** Move packages?

GRAMPS: This will give me the chance to run some errands. I'll pay you when I get back.

HARV: But Gramps...

GRAMPS: Oh, yeah. I forgot about your cramps. Just take it easy and don't strain yourself. See you later. **(Exits)**

HARV: I didn't want to move packages. I wanted to serve the Lord by doing something spectacular. By doing something people would notice. I want to be a big cheese, Louise...the head honcho, Poncho. Oh, well. At least I'll get ten dollars out of it. **(Exits right. Returns carrying a package to left and exits. Crosses back and forth several times moving packages from right to left. Finally enters with package and drops it)** Ow! I dropped it on my foot! **(Hops around)** Man, this is just too much work. Well, at least I'm finished.. Boy, I did a great job, Bob.

GRAMPS: **(Enters)** Oh, look. You're done. This looks really good. You certainly earned your pay all right. Here you go. **(Give Harv the money)**

HARV: **(Looks at money in hand)** Is that all?

GRAMPS: No, it's not a ball. It's ten dollars.

HARV: No, I mean, I really worked hard here, sweating and struggling. I think I should get more like twenty dollars. Maybe even thirty.

GRAMPS: Thirsty? I'll get you a drink of water. **(Starts out)**

HARV: Gramps!

GRAMPS: Yeah, a drink will help those cramps.

HARV: **(Loud and carefully)** I...want...more...money!

GRAMPS: You want more money? Now, wait a minute, Harv. We agreed on ten dollars. That's your wage.

HARV: I don't want a wage. I need to buy dinner tonight so I want more money.

GRAMPS: Who's funny? I'm serious. A wage is a payment that you have earned. Like in the Bible it says, the wages of sin is death. When people disobey God, they earn death. That means they deserve to be separated from God. Death is the wage for breaking God's law, just like ten dollars is the wage for what you did.

HARV: Yeah, I get that, but how am I going to get dinner?

GRAMPS: Sinner? That's right. Each person is a sinner. That's why they deserved to be separated from God. But God loved people so much that He didn't want to give them what they deserved. The Bible says that even though the wages of sin is death, the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.

HARV: What's that mean, Gene?

GRAMPS: No, He wasn't mean. God loves people. He gives eternal life to everyone who believes in Jesus. That's pretty nice of Him. And I want to be nice to you, too.

HARV: You're going to give me another ten dollars?

GRAMPS: Tin collars? Why would I give you that? What I'll do for you is invite you to dinner.

HARV: Dinner? Hey, when do we eat, Pete?

GRAMPS: You say you're beat? Well, if you're too tired, we'll just have to cancel that dinner.

HARV: What?

GRAMPS: Too bad. We were having your favorite...Macaroni and Cheezits. **(Exits)**

HARV: **(Looks at audience and groans)** Wait Gramps! **(Runs off)**