



Bible Drama Scripts presents

WE'RE GONNA MISS THAT BOAT!

By Patricia Souder

SYNOPSIS: Zeb and Sophie Mae, two of Noah's neighbors, ridicule Noah as he finishes loading the Ark. After disregarding Noah's last cry to get on the Ark, Zeb and Sophie Mae's ridicule turns to terror as the storm starts and they begin to realize that Noah's "flat-footed tub boat" is exactly what is needed to escape the coming flood.

SETTING: Noah's neighborhood as the last animals board the Ark.

CHARACTERS: Zeb and Sophie Mae, dressed as hillbillies.

PERFORMANCE TIME: Approximately 6 minutes.

PERFORMANCE NOTE: Characters say lines together when marked with a star.

TOPICS: Unbelief. Ridicule. Judgment. End times.

PERFORMANCE POSSIBILITIES: Men's, Women's, or Couples' events. Small groups.

Youth activities. Camps and conferences. High school and college groups. Vacation Bible School. Evangelistic outreaches.

BIBLE REFERENCES: Genesis 6, 7; Matthew 24:37, 38; Luke 17: 26, 27; Hebrews 11:7; I Peter 3:20.

PROPS: None needed. Storm sound effects could be used near the end.

ZEB

(Dressed as hillbillies, with appropriate mannerisms and speech patterns.)

Hey, Sophie Mae, d'ya see all dem animules
gittin' on that thar ark-boat?

(Gestures toward imaginary ark.)

I know what ya mean, Sophie Mae.

I been listenin' to the nayin'
an' brayin' fer hours.

Ya got that right, Sophie Mae.

Thar jest ain't no peace 'n quiet now that
Noah finished that thar ark-boat
an' called fer all them animules.

Yas, Sophie Mae . . .

Yer not tellin' me you'd miss that thar ole'
ark-boat if it floats away are ya, Sophie Mae?
(Slaps thighs and laughs derisively.)

SOPHIE MAE

(Shakes head back and forth.)

Don't needa see 'em, Zeb.

(Plugs ears.)

I ain't deaf

(Holds nose.)

An' my smeller ain't broke.

(Rolls eyes.)

I only wish it was.

An' the quack, quackin,'

Chee-cheein,'

Honk, honkin'

Oink-oinkin . . .

(Holds nose again.)

Pee-yew stinkin' . . .

Zeb . . .

Mr. Noah says it's gonna rain an'
thar's gonna be a flood an' that
the ark-boat's gonna float away.

ZEB

Yas, Sophie Mae . . .

How'm I s'posed to know, Puddin' Face?
Thar ain't never been sech a thing.

(Laughs again.)

I jest know it can't be all that bad if it takes
that thar ark-boat an' all them animules
away with it, now kin it?

(Shakes head and laughs again.)

Sophie Mae, you sound like you really is
gonna miss that thar ole' ark-boat . . .

It means git in the ark-boat, Sophie Mae.

It's not jest the animules ya don' wanna
be cooped up with, Sophie Mae.

Mr. Noah's a very narrow-minded man.
He don't like you an' me shackin' up
together, ya know.

SOPHIE MAE

(Joins Zeb in laughing, but is still troubled.)

Zeb . . .

What's a flood?

(Laughs a little, but looks worried.)

It's a miser'ble eye-sore, clutterin' up our view
an' all, but still . . .

*(Puts right hand over eyes and squints into the
distance.)*

Zeb, the zebras was last in line in that thar zoo-parade
An' they jest jumped in the boat.

Now Mr. Noah's shoutin' from the door of that ark boat,
"Come an' be saved!"

What do you s'pose that means, Zeb?

With all them animules?

I couldn't hardly stan' the noise an' stench
when they marched by.

I shure ain't gonna go git in a boat an' be
cooped up with 'em fer who-knows-how-long!

ZEB

(Angry.)

We ain't gittin' married, Sophie Mae,
an' that's that.

Mr. Noah don't know ever'thin'.

In fact, I'm not too shur he knows enythin'.
He ain't done nothin' but preach an' pound
fer mor'an a hunderd years an' all he's got
to show fer it is that big over-grown tub boat.
(Points and laughs convulsively.)

Now he's gone bonkers an' loaded his fam'ly
'n ev'ry kinda animule whatever lived in
that flat-footed tub.
(Shakes head sympathetically.)

'Course not, Sophie Mae.
No one ever knows what thar gittin' into
when they git married.
(Laughs at his own wit again.)

(Sharply)

Sophie Mae!
Take it from me: they're so all-fired
religious that they're daft.
They talk about judgment but thar ain't
nothin' bad happened fer over a hunderd years.
I tell ya, they done wasted thar lives, they have.

SOPHIE MAE

Ya mean, he thinks we oughta git married?
(Gets starry-eyed look and smiles broadly.)

(Looks down, disappointed.)

(Nods head as if trying to agree. Sighs.)
Yeah, yer prob'ly right, Zeb.

Poor Mrs. Noah! I wonder if she had any idea
what she was gittin' into when she married Mr. Noah.

(A little wistful.)

I always kinda liked those Noah people. . .

ZEB

Don' feel too sorry fer 'em, Sophie Mae.
It was thar choice.

(Looks into distance, then at Sophie Mae.)

Sophie Mae!

(They start running frantically.)

Even if we keep runnin' fast as we can . . .

(Stop and look at each other in terror.)

We're gonna miss that boat!

(Dramatic pause.)

We're really gonna miss that boat!

SOPHIE MAE

Them poor Noah people.

(Shakes head sadly.)

(Nods head as if trying to agree. Sighs.)

Yeah, yer prob'ly right, Zeb.

(Looks into distance again.)

Oh look, Mr. Noah's gittin' in the boat.

(Looks up.)

Hey, how come it's gittin' so dark?

(Reaches up and feels head with quizzical look.)

What's that fallin' on my head?

(Holds ears.)

An' what's that crashin' noise?

(Looks at Zeb in dismay.)

Zeb!

(They start running frantically.)

Even if we keep runnin' fast as we can . . .

(Stop and look at each other in terror.)

We're gonna miss that boat!

(Dramatic pause.)

We're really gonna miss that boat!