

**THAT'S THE TICKET**  
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*Skit opens in airport terminal, complete with ticket counter, chairs in waiting area. From time to time, intercom crackles into life. Two Youth on Missions workers, Dave and Joe, and lone girl, sit with one piece patched luggage. The two workers discuss recent trip as they wait to board.*

**Joe:** *(Sighs, stretches back in seat)* Man! I wanna be home, but... don't want this trip to end yet. What a powerful presence of God in this crusade. Almost like you could just turn and talk to Him.

**Dave:** You seen some of the puddle jumpers leaving here? Might get a chance to talk directly with God. Before we get home.

**Joe:** Shhh!!! *(Looks around)* That wouldn't bother you, but some people fear dying. *(He looks at girl, who is obviously upset, back at Dave, then turn to girl and clears throat)* Uh, ... Miss?

**Girl:** *(Quiet, doesn't look up)* Yes?

**Joe:** It's okay! Really! He was just shooting his mouth off. I'm sure the planes are safe.

**Girl:** *(Head still down)* Yes. I'm sure they are.

**Dave:** Miss? Are you all right?

**Girl:** Yes! Of course! *(Turns her head away)*

*The boys are momentarily baffled, look at each other, shrug, and resume conversation.*

**Dave:** So! Ready to become a missionary yet?

**Joe:** Not sure. Don't know if what I feel is compassion, or really a call of God on my life.

**Dave:** So how will you know?

**Joe:** Know what?

**Dave:** If you're doing the will of God?

**Joe:** *(Frustrated)* Isn't that the million dollar question? I don't know. I hear some people have dreams. Or God speak to them. Or ... I don't know. Some miraculous sign so they're sure. Me? I just ask and ask God what he wants me to do. And he tells me nothing.

**Dave:** *(Dramatic)* Hey Joe! This is a message from God! Serve me!!!

**Joe:** That's not funny! You got any idea what I'd give to be absolutely sure of God's will for my life?

**Dave:** *(Leans forward, studies Joe intently)* Really, Joe? What is in your bag there? *(Gesture toward knapsack under Joe's seat)*

**Joe:** My carry-on stuff for the plane. *(He turns and looks at girl again)* Why?

**Dave:** Your Bible in there?

**Joe:** *(Frowns)* Of course! Carry it everywhere I go. .. Dave? Something's really wrong with her.

*Voice on the intercom clearly heard, announcing first boarding for Flight 303 to Los Angeles, California in the United States. Girl puts face down in hands and begins to cry, Both boys rush to her side.*

**Dave:** Miss! Please tell us what's wrong. Maybe we can help!

**Girl:** *(Face down, sobbing)* I have been gone... three months ... don't have money left... just want to get home... *(totally wretched)* ... and now I lost my ticket.

**Joe:** You sure you had it when you got here?

**Girl:** I bought it here. The man at the counter said it would get me home.

**Dave:** Have you looked through your stuff?

**Girl:** *(Motions down at suitcase)* This is all I have. I've torn it apart looking.

**Joe:** Could it have been stolen?

**Girl:** I don't see how. I bought it, sat down, haven't moved since. *(Begins to cry again)* That plane's my last chance to get back home. And I can't get on without my ticket!

**Joe:** *(Stand, addresses an invisible crowd gathering around)* Listen, Folks! This girl had a ticket when she sat down. It has to be here somewhere. Everyone start looking. Anywhere you can think of. *(Begins motions of looking under nonexistent chairs, in nonexistent trash cans, etc.)*

**Dave:** *(To girl)* Listen, Miss. If they don't find it in the next few minutes, we'll take up a collection. See what we can do. Or, better yet, let's talk to the ticket agent. See if he remembers selling you a ticket. If he does, and you let him know you lost yours, maybe he'll give you another!

*Dave extends hand to her, helps her to a standing position. As she stands, he stares at packet of paper below her. She turns to see what he looks at, lets out a scream that brings everything to a halt.*

**Girl:** *(In disbelief)* My ticket! It's my ticket! I can't believe it! I've been sitting on it all this time. *(Grabs ticket, hugs it to her)* I'm going home! I'm really going home! *(Turns to Joe, grabs him, hugs him)* Oh, thank you! *(Does same to Dave)* You're both so nice! I'm going home. *(Picks up suitcase, hurries off stage as intercom announces final boarding call for Flight 303. As she leaves, she is saying...)* Wow. I was sitting on it all along.

*Dave and Joe, all smiles, sit down again.*

**Joe:** That was incredible.

**Dave:** Well, Glad it turned out like it did. That was awesome. Now where were we? Oh yes. I was asking you. Have you read your entire Bible?

**Joe:** Uh ... not completely. Not yet. Why? I just need to know the will of God for my life. You know. To make my calling and election sure?

**Dave:** (*Stands*) How about that? Two people in the same airport, both sitting on their tickets!

*He pats Joe on the shoulder and walks away as the lights fade.*