

Noah On Deck

By Doug Irving & Gary Randolph



Theme and Purpose

Isaiah wrote, "Those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary." This sketch does not illustrate that great verse. It more illustrates the opposite, which is where most of us live. Amy Grant wrote, "I'm caught in between the now and the not yet; sometimes it seems like forever and ever." It is a common story. The Israelites wandered forty years before reaching the Promised Land. David spent fifteen years between being anointed king and being crowned king. Abraham waited decades for God to fulfill the promise of an heir. Many of us still struggle with temptation or doubt or fear. Or we are waiting for God to provide for us through economic problems or health crises. At times "waiting upon the Lord" can be a difficult experience. But we believe by faith that God will finish the work He started. He will fulfill all His promises.

Cast list	Noah – in Biblical costume plus homemade-looking crutch, pirate eye patch and pirate hat or scarf – maybe two stuffed parrots on one shoulder Wife (Noah's wife) – in Biblical costume Shem (Noah's son) – in Biblical costume
Approximate Running Time	4 minutes
Scene Description	On the deck of the ark. The stage could be decorated with wooden barrels or wooden crates draped with netting. Or you could build a section of the ship rail that the actors perform behind.
Prop List	Black eye patch constructed partly with thread to be tear-away Homemade crutch (2x2 nailed in a T shape with the crosspiece wrapped in cloth)
Other Production Notes	None
Related Scriptures	Gen 6-8; Psalm 5:3; Psalm 27:14; Psalm 33:20; Isaiah 40:31; Phil 1:6
Song Suggestions	The Now and the Not Yet; We Wait; Should the Harvest Never Come

Noah enters wearing combination Bible/pirate costume. He places a hand above his eyes and peers out on the horizon over the heads of the audience. He straightens and breathes in deeply.

Noah:

Arr. She be another fine bee-u-tee-ful day out on the open sea - a salty breeze in yer face and the great, grand sea air fillin' yer lungs.

Wife enters.

Noah: *(to wife)*

Ahoy, me beauty!

Wife:

Noah, for the last time, I'm not *(mocking his pirate talk)* ye beauty. I'm your wife. Would you knock off the pirate talk! We aren't pirates. We can't be pirates. There are no other ships to board. There are no towns to plunder - or whatever it is pirates do. We're out here on the water all by ourselves.

Shem enters during Noah's next line.

Noah:

Avast! Now, lass, ye know I just be talkin' this here piratey talk for the sake o' the lads. They be finding it funny. Isn't that right, Shem, me boy?

Shem:

Yeah, for the first hundred times, maybe. It's getting a little old, Dad.

Noah:

Well, blow me down! Shiver me timbers! Chain me up and sink me down to Davy Jones'...

Wife and Shem: *(together)*

Noah!

Noah: *(meekly)*

...locker. Sorry.

Wife:

And you have two perfectly good eyes! (*pulling Noah's eye patch off his face*) And two good legs! (*yanking his crutch away from him and tossing it overboard*)

Noah struggles to stand on two legs and blinks his eye to adjust it to the light.

Wife:

Frankly, everything is getting a little bit old on this ark. Feeding the animals. Cleaning up after the animals. Keeping the carnivores away from the other animals.

Shem:

Speaking of which, I had to take a break. The smell down there! Whew!

Wife:

Not that it's such a picnic up here on deck. Not a thing on the horizon but mile after mile of sea. And the constant rolling and pitching (*Shem starts to look seasick*) - the up and down - the swell of wave after wave (*Shem runs off stage looking sick*). Oh, sorry, honey.

Shem: (*calling from offstage, sounding sick*)
That's okay, Mom.

Wife: (to Noah)

"It will be like a cruise," you said. Well we haven't had a port-of-call for five stinkin' months. I want vegetables. I want a salad! An orange maybe. Is that too much to ask? How long are we going to be stuck on this stupid boat?

Noah:

It's not a boat. It be... an arrrk.

Wife:

Oh, shut-up!

Noah:

We be waitin'...

Wife: (*pointing finger at him*)
Noah!

Shem re-enters during Noah's next line.

Noah: *(switching to non-pirate talk)*

I mean, we are waiting on the Lord. He did save us from the flood. Now we just have to wait it out on these mighty rolling waves...

Shem:

Please no more talk about rolling waves!

Noah:

Aye. We have to wait it out in this here aaark for God to deliver us back to dry land.

Wife:

But who knew that waiting on the Lord involved so much... so much waiting ... and waiting... day after day after day? Will it ever end?

Noah:

God will provide. He promised.

Shem:

Will - as in future tense. Right now we're stuck between the promise and the fulfillment.

Noah:

Arr, thar's the rub. *(Wife shoots him a look. He drops the pirate persona.)* There's... There's the rub. The truth is, it's driving me a little batty, too. I think that's part of the reason for the pirate thing. I'm getting a little funny in the head, a little *(back to the pirate lingo)* mixed up in me missen mast, if ye know what I mean.

Wife:

Great. Just great.

Shem:

But God did say he wouldn't forget us, right?

Noah:

Aye, Shem. But it's hard to argue timing with someone who lives in eternity. *(pause a beat)* Meanwhile, we be waitin'.

Wife:

Well, I'll be waiting on the other side of the arrk. Come on, Shem. How about some shuffleboard?

Shem and wife begin to exit.

Shem:

Again? I wish this ship had a climbing wall.

Wife:

I wish it had a spa. But Mister Animal Planet over there used up all the space on stalls. I thought we could leave the moles and opossums. Who needs them? But nooo...

Noah watches them go then turns to scan the horizon.

Noah: *(excited)*

Ahoy, mateys! Thar be land! Thar be... No, it isn't. It's a whale. *(disappointed)* Arrr.

Noah shakes his head and exits.

Fade to black

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