

Christian “No I’m not!”

Farmer “Yes you are! I can smell you Dingos a mile off...You want me to sell you Granddaddy’s farm for a sack of feathers an’ buy another one for a truck load of gold bars!”

Christian “No I don’t!”

Farmer “Yes....you do!...You better get outta here or I’ll shoot ya an’ use ya’ for dog tucker!”

(Christian turns takes two steps and puts on mask, staying turned away)

Farmer (In a rage) “The cheek of it!...Them Real Estate blokes...Bold as Brass....thinks he can come around here an’ pull old Granddaddy’s farm out from under me feet!” (Has heart attack and dies.)

Hell Sign held up.

Farmer opens eyes in Hell looking around. “Well strike me dead, where am I now? Strewth it’s hot in here!” (Notices other person) “Hey mate, can ya open a coupla windows....it’s a scorcher in here!”

Masked person “There aren’t any!”

Farmer “What?...No windows?...Open the door then!”

Masked person “There isn’t one!”

Farmer “What?...No windows, no doors....what sort of outfit is this?”

Masked person “Dunno!”

Farmer “How’d we get in here?”

Masked person “Dunno!”

Farmer “Are you a Politician or something?”

Masked person “Dunno!”

Farmer “Okay...so you are...Hey, that’s what this is! It’s them Politicians!...I warned everyone!...I warned ‘em....I said you mark my words...You vote in a Labour Government an’ you won’t know where you’re going or how you got there!...And it’s happened!...The Rat bags...They’ve confiscated me farm an’ locked me up in The Looney Bin for threatnin’ that Real Estate bloke...I’ve worked every day of my life an’ twice on Saturday an’ this is how they repay me! (Looking up) There’s gonna be hell to pay for this!”

Farmer. “Okay...who’s in charge here?...Come on out I wanna see ya!...I’m gonna write to Health an’ Safety an’ tell them allll about this place!....(counts on fingers) No windows!...No doors!....No dunny!...They’ll be round here an’ shut you down in a flash!...Come on out!...Okay I’m feelin’ generous....Fifty bucks to the first person to open a door!...Fifty bucks to spend however you want!...Okay Seventy Five an’ that’s me final offer!...A hundred an’ I’ll only say it once....A hundred bucks you hear that?...A hundred bucks!...One twenny!....When I catch the Rat bag what runs this outfit I’ll kick ya so hard you’ll be wishin’ you was born without a backside!....I’m gonna get that Real Estate bloke an’ his mate Jesus Christ an’ we’ll round up all you Rat bags an’ throw ya’ in Hell!...You hear that?...Every person in this place is going to end up in Hell!...An’ it’s no laughing matter!”

The End

The Masked person takes off mask, and says ‘Hell is no laughing matter. It’s a real literal place. You can choose to spend Eternity with Jesus Christ or without Jesus Christ. But that decision is made during our Earthly life and cannot be altered after we die....Presenting short Gospel Message.

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