

A script from



“Hat in Hand”

by
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- What** Ron and Chip were business partners until Chip swindled Ron out of \$300,000. That was several years ago. Chip is now a Christian and has come to Ron to ask for forgiveness. Ron may not be ready.
Themes: Forgiveness , Bitterness, Friendship, Repentance
- Who** Chip
Ron
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Setting is a suburban yard
Lawn mower
Baseball cap
Envelope
- Why** Matthew 6:14-15; Matthew 18:15-19; Isaiah 1:18;
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and don't overact. Be sure to have someone watch while you rehearse to give feedback and direction.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Ron is hunched over, fiddling with his lawnmower. Chip approaches and stands unnoticed for a moment, watching Ron. Then Chip hesitantly walks up and speaks.

Chip: *(Hesitantly)* Hey.

Ron: *(Wearing a baseball cap, continues to work on the mower, without looking up. Doesn't know who he's speaking to)* Hey yourself.

Chip: Having trouble with that thing?

Ron: Yeah, I- *(looks up and sees who is speaking to him. The sun is slightly in his eyes, so he shields them)* Chip?

Chip: Yeah...yeah....it's me.

Ron: *(Stands up. There is a very uncomfortable pause)* Well...

Chip: Well...it's been awhile.

Ron: A long while.

Chip: Yeah.

Ron: *(Very uncomfortable)* So...you just passing through?

Chip: No...actually...I live here now.

Ron: Here?

Chip: Yeah. Here. In Atlanta.

Ron: *(Taken back)* Ah.

Chip: I've got an apartment...and a job as a programmer.

Ron: How...how long have you been here?

Chip: About six months now.

Ron: Oh.

Chip: It took me awhile to work up- to come here...to see you...

Ron: *(Cold)* Yeah.

Chip: I wasn't real sure...what you would think of that. *(Ron just looks at Chip)* I wasn't real sure-

Ron: *(After a long beat)* Let me to make this easy for you, Chip. I've got a hat. *(He takes off the baseball cap he's wearing and hands it to Chip)* Here. You

know the old saying. Now you can approach me with "your hat in your hand". I'm afraid that's all I've got left to give you.

Chip: *(Plunging ahead)* Ron, I need you to forgive me. You need...you to forgive me.

Ron: *(Somewhat incredulous)* Oh. I do?

Chip: Yeah.

Ron: *(Bitter)* And why is that, Chip?

Chip: Because I've got a gut full of remorse and you've got a gut full of anger, and neither one of us needs that in our gut. We're not getting-

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ENDING:

Ron: What's this?

Ron: It's my cell number. I'd love to get together with you...when you're ready. *(He hesitates)* There's also a check in there.

Ron: A check?

Chip: Yeah.

Ron: I thought your gambling debts busted you.

Chip: Yeah, they did. But, you know me. I got a real...creative lawyer and he managed to let me keep my house. I just sold it. There was a hundred twenty thousand dollars in equity. *(Indicating the envelope)* It's all there. A cashier's check. Only a hundred eighty thousand to go. Well, I'll see you. *(He turns and starts to walk off, then realizes that he still has Ron's baseball cap in his hands.)* Oh. Here. Sorry.

Ron: *(Unsure of what to do. Almost tenderly)* No. Keep the hat. *(After a pause)* Listen, I'll call you sometime.

Lights fade.