

A script from



"The Death Camp"

by
Curt Cloninger

What A dramatic retelling of the Parable of the Sower as seen through the eyes of four different individuals "trapped" in a death camp.

Themes: Parable of the Sower, Belief, Faith, Redemption, Freedom, Death, Sin, Salvation

Who The Realist
The Intellectual
The Materialist
The Rescuer

When Present

Wear (Props) No props are necessary. Each actor can dress according to their character as best as they can. You might have stools or chairs for the actors to use, although it might be best not to have every actor sit in order to create different levels.

Why Matthew 13:1-23

How Each monologue is presented independently of each other. The first three are performed straight ahead to an unseen character. The fourth is spoken to the audience. The fourth can be followed by "Be Ye Glad", the song by Michael Kelly Blanchard. Be sure to have a director for this piece. It's best to have someone watching and giving feedback during rehearsal.

If you have someone who is talented with video and editing it's also possible to video each monologue to use during your worship service.

Time Approximately 5-7 minutes

Each actor takes their place on stage.

THE REALIST *(A cocky cynic)*

I've heard it all, pal. I've been in here a long time and I've heard every hare-brained scheme there is. And that's all they are. You know why they call it a "concentration camp"? Because you're stuck. And all you can do is concentrate. You concentrate all day, all night, on the fact that you're here. You're stuck. You concentrate on the fact that every day a few more disappear, off to some wall, some oven, some mass grave. After awhile you try to concentrate on anything else. But you can't do it. You're stuck. Meanwhile, some idiots try to make things up. They make up stories about being out, being free, living in some fantasy world. They spread rumors. "The war's almost over." "They're releasing prisoners." "Someone dug a tunnel." "Someone's got a key." "People are escaping every day." They're rumors. That's all they are. Rumors. So don't tell me any rumors. I'm a realist. I watch people disappear every day. And I concentrate. That's what you do here.

THE INTELLECTUAL *(An effete, intellectual snob)*

I've started a little discussion group here. Oh, nothing earth shaking, mind you. Nothing on a par of one of our round-tables at the university. We're a bit short on intellectual fire power here. Mostly we talk about the meaning of this whole experience. Try to make some sense of it. Actually, there are quite a few relatively good amateur philosophers here. They all look up to me, of course, being the only Ph.D. And then, of course, we have our share of the intellectual wannabe's. Some of them with some pretty...limited ideas. One fellow recently, a young fellow. Quite bright, but terribly gullible. He came to the meeting with some sort of news about discovering "A Way Out" (as he put it). Well, I must say, he spoke quite convincingly.

Almost one full page has been omitted from this preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

THE RESCUER *(Excited, trying to persuade the audience to join in the escape)*

Look, at first I didn't believe it either. There are so many rumors. People get desperate. Make things up. This guy came to me two weeks ago and said there was a way out. I didn't believe him at first. But the more he talked...there was something about the way he told me. So, I followed him. He led me to the north gate, somehow or other produced a key and we walked right out. Got to the edge of those woods there. He gave me the key and then he said, "Now, you go get some others out."
(Laughs) And that was it. I've been back in here probably sixty, seventy

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times getting people out. Look, I know this sounds crazy. But, I've got a key. There's a way out of here. You don't have to die.

I've got a key.

Lights fade.