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“The Thief”

by
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What A man recounts his crimes and his punishment, reflecting on the man he truly is. His story eventually reveals his identity as the thief on the cross, and he expresses his astonishment when the Savior accepts him in spite of all he'd done.

Themes: Forgiveness, Grace, Mercy, Savior, Salvation, Shame, Crucifixion, Sins

Who Thief

When Undetermined

**Wear
(Props)** Abstract-feeling clothes...off-white, non-descript, a little timeless feel to them
Stool
Rolled piece of paper

Why Luke 23:39-43

How There is a bit of a reveal at the end as to who this man is. It shouldn't be clear from the beginning—he's an everyday man, that maybe we can identify with, who then becomes the well-known Biblical figure Thief on the Cross. His delivery should be genuine, but not overly dramatic.

Time Approximately 3 minutes

He sits on a simple stool, with a simple spotlight and a simple off-white outfit. He holds a rolled piece of paper in his hand.

Thief: Much of what I did on this earth involved an attempt to be significant somehow. Make a name for myself, even if people cursed it along the way. At least they were saying it. *(beat)* You could take one look at me and know. Maybe it was the look I had in my eye. Maybe how I dressed. I never knew for sure, but it happened even when I was a kid. People whispered about me. Some even said it out loud. "Here comes trouble."

He fingers the rolled paper in his hand.

How could I argue with it? Every time I came to that fork in the road, I chose the path of least resistance. I guess debauchery is another word for it. It seemed harmless. First in my head. Then in ways that I thought no one would notice. Then somehow it became my way of life. It became me. I was debauchery. I was indecent. Immoral. Impure. The one to blame.

He looks in the distance like he can see his whole life before him.

You know, condemnation didn't stir me much. My constant companion, it made sure I knew I was never enough. But shame...now, shame I hadn't known. I'd sufficiently hidden in the shadows. Now I was in the light. Looking people in the eye— *(his emotions interrupt him)* Looking people in the eye as I...

He still can't say it. He slowly unrolls the paper in his hand.

That day, all my crimes were listed. First read aloud. Then nailed above my head. As I hung there, the pain was agonizing. But there was something that hurt worse. It was something nobody could see. It was suddenly understanding the person I really was. The person nobody knew. Or I thought nobody knew.

He finally stands...reads over the list in his hand.

When he said that I would be with him in paradise, he looked right into my soul. What else could I do but let him? I could feel myself slipping away. Hope was gone now. Any chance to make up for what I'd done was over. I was getting what I deserved for who I really was. And there he hung next to me, dying for crimes he never committed, telling me I'd be able to come with him. Who had ever told me that? Who'd ever said in my whole life, "You're with me" ...?

He averts his eyes to the paper again, smiles a little. It is an emotional moment. He lets go of the paper, but he is letting go of much more.

PURCHASE

He knew everything about me. And I barely knew him at all. But I believed him. That's all he needed.

And then, he never let me go.

Light fades.

SCRIPT

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