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**“The Sin Sketch”**

by  
Dave Tippett

**What** As a playwright works to compose a sketch about sin for the church youth group, three teens act out the scenes as they're written (and deleted) and rewritten.

**Themes:** Sin, Redemption, Student Ministry, Teens, Easter

**Who** Playwright-male or female  
Teen 1-male  
Teen 2-female  
Teen 3-male

**When** Present

**Wear  
(Props)** Stage left- simple table, with computer (desktop or laptop) on it  
Chair at computer  
One red sock, and white sock  
Black marker

**Why** Matthew 9:13

**How** The Teens are acting out what Playwright types. Playwright is never aware of their presence, although the Teens are aware of Playwright's presence. Playwright does all the talking.

**Stage direction key:**

SL= Stage left  
SR= Stage right  
USC= Upstage Center  
CS= Center stage  
DS= Downstage  
DSL= Downstage Left  
DSR=Downstage right

**Time** Approximately 6 minutes

At curtain, we see **Playwright** sitting at computer and keyboard at SR. At USC stands **Teen 1, Teen 2, and Teen 3**. They are standing in a straight line, with their backs to audience, in neutral positions

**Playwright:** OK, OK. I've got to write this sketch and get it to pastor (*insert Local Youth Pastor or Youth Leader's name here*) for this week's teen group. OK, the theme is sin and the consequences of our actions. (*Pondering*) Consequences. Sin. (*Starts typing*) Sin.

**Teen 1** turns around and walks around stage with an ugly face, imitating a monster. Plays it BIG, typing and talking at once.

Sin prowls around our lives, trying to destroy us.

**Teen 2 & 3** 'unfreeze' and turn DS. **Teen 1** chases them around stage very melodramatically. Think old time silent movies ala villain with curly mustache, etc. Typing/talking

Sin tries to catch us and, er, um uh, do bad things. To us. And stuff.

**Teen 1** starts choking **Teen 2 & 3**.

Wait.

**Teens** freeze, no typing now.

Mannnn. This *stinks!*

**Playwright** hits the keyboard like he/she is deleting what they just typed.

Delete, delete, delete.

As **Playwright** hits keyboard, **Teens** go backward in their movements that they just made. i.e., **Teen 1** un-chokes the other two, they run backwards away from **Teen 1**, etc, and then **Teens** all return to their original spots, with backs to audience. All done like a video running backward. Pause. **Playwright** ponders.

OK, that didn't work. Hmm. Sin. Sin.

**Teen 1** turns around again, like the monster, thinking it's his/her 'cue' starts to run again. **Playwright**, to self.

No, not that again

**Teen 1** stops and returns to original spot.

Weell, maybe.

**Teen 1** turns back around and starts with the monster.

Nah.

*Teen 1 gives Playwright a "look" and turns back again.*

Wait! Got it! *(starts typing/talking rapidly)* OK, OK. We do the devil and angel on the shoulder thing. So, we have a teen...

*Teen 3 turns and comes down to center stage.*

...and uh, a devil and an angel appear on their shoulders.

*Teen 1&2 come up behind Teen 3 and put their hands on each of Teen 3's shoulders. The one playing the devil now has a red sock on their 'shoulder hand', and the one playing the angel now has the white sock on their 'shoulder hand'. Typing and talking, in high pitched voice.*

"Wait young person!" says the angel.

*Angel puppet is now 'speaking' on stage.*

Don't do anything you will regret. You can be good. And kind...and stuff. *(Voice changes to gruff, horse and devil puppet starts)* Don't listen to her. She is SO boring. Have you seen her Facebook profile picture? Back away from the donuts girlfriend, you know what I am sayin'? *(Angel responds)* Oh yeah? At least I'm not Twittering about EVERYTHING I am doing at the moment. 'Oh, I just sneezed. Oh, I just heard a dog barking. Oh, I just had gas. Oh, I— *(devil voice)* Oh, you wanna go? Bring it, goodie two shoes! *(Angel now)* Really? Really? It's ON!

*Puppets start fighting in front of Teen 3's face, while Playwright makes fighting sounds for a few moments, then stops.*

Wait.

*Puppets stop fighting and all 3 Teens freeze.*

Uhhhh, yeah. *(Sarcastically)* THAT'll work. Sigh. Back to the drawing board.

*Same deleting like last scene, and Teens doing the backward video thing per what they just did and finally return to original positions.*

Hmmm. Hmmm. Wait! OK, OK. *(Starts typing/talking)* One of the teen guys plays this football player at school.

*Teen 1 comes out, pretending to be a jock, struts around, shows muscles.*

Or maybe he's a nerd.

*Teen 1 switches personalities and pretends to be a nerd.*

Or maybe a head banger.

*Teen 1 starts jumping around, air guitar, etc.*

Or maybe the jock again.

*Teen 1 looking at Playwright, stops again and resumes the jock role.*

Then his girlfriend comes along...

*Teen 2 comes out.*

...and tells him that the party they went to got them both into trouble and her parents are really mad. Or wait.

*Both Teens freeze*

Maybe the girlfriend is actually a woman from the future recounting what happened when SHE was a teen and was talking to her boyfriend about how she sinned in high school and it ruined her life in the future, and then they both get into this cool time machine and....

*Teen 1 & 2 just stare at Playwright, with puzzled looks. Playwright stops typing, reading the computer screen.*

Whoa. Man, that's worse than the puppets!!! UGGGG.

*Same deleting like last scene, and Teens going rapidly backwards per what they just did and finally return to original positions, although with less energy this time.*

*Playwright gets up, paces.*

Come on, come on, you can do this. (Pause) Wait! Wait! (Returns to computer) OK, OK. (Typing/talking) They are all on this deserted island...

*Teen 1 & 2 drag themselves to center stage and look forlorn.*

They complain how far from God they are, stranded on this island of sin. Like Survivor...when it was good.

*Teen 1 comes out, makes monster face, then lies down and Teen 2 & 3 stand on him, or have one foot on him and one foot on floor.*

When suddenly there is a, uh, ummm, er, giant hurricane...

*Teen 2 & 3 act like they are braving a strong wind.*

Wait. No, a flood...  
*They now pretend to be drowning.*

No, wait, a swarm of killer bees descends during a hurricane and a flood...

*All 3 Teens start racing around stage, swatting at 'bees,' general screaming and chaos as Playwright continues to talk/type. After a few moments, all 3 Teens end up in a big pile CS.*

Orrrrr not.

*Teens freeze, looking angrily at Playwright. Starts deleting and Teens starts to slowly go backward, but then just throw up their hands and drag themselves to their neutral positions*

Sin. Sin

*Teen 1 turns and makes very halfhearted monster.*

Maybe show them how sin started! Adam and Eve are in the garden

*Teen 2 and 3 turn and walk around as if they are in awe, but also trying to cover their bodies.*

Then, Satan, in the form of a snake, tempts Eve with the apple that God told her and Adam never to eat

*Teen 1 acts like a snake and gives Teen 2 the apple. She eats it. Teen 3 hits his head.*

Doh! Then God kicks them out of the garden

*Teen 2 & 3 walk across the stage, heads hung low, Teen 1 struts around)*

And then...and then— *(in great frustration)* that's all I got!! UUUUGGG!

*Teens throw up their hands, and now refuse to go to neutral positions, and start to leave the stage in disgust.*

This is just not working. How can I communicate how serious sin is and its consequences...and how serious God takes it? I—wait, wait. ONE more time.

*Teens stop. Look at each other. Then reluctantly return to neutral positions.*

Jesus came to earth...

*Teen 1 turns and walks DSC, no goofing around now.*

...to tell us all about his Father's love.

*Teen 2 and 3 now join Teen 1. Teen 2 & 3 sit at Teen 1's feet and look up, as Teen 1 pretends to be teaching them. Pause as this unfolds.*

But soon the religious leaders of the day...

*Teen 2 & 3 suddenly take on an ugly demeanor, stand up, grab Teen 1 and push him DSR.*

...hated Jesus because he said love, not laws, was most important. They got the Romans...

*Teens 2 & 3 pretend to wave in unseen soldiers and point at Teen 1.*

...to agree to have Jesus put to death.

*Teen 2 & 3 drag Teen 1 to DSC. There, Teen 1 stands perfectly still, head and arms hand straight down. Teen 3 comes up behind Teen 1, while Teen 2 takes a few steps away.*

Jesus was nailed to a cross.

*Teen 3 holds their arms straight out from their sides, imitating a cross. Teen 2 then moves in. She takes each of Teen 1's hands and makes a quick black circle using a black marker in the center of each of Teen 1's hands, and then slaps Teen 1's hands back onto the outstretched arms of Teen 3. Teen 1 keeps his hands pressed back against Teen 3's arms. Teen 2 then steps back again and freezes. Pause for effect.*

There, God provided forgiveness for every bad attitude and action committed against Him...in other words, sin. On the cross, Jesus took on our sin as his own, because he loved us enough to make a way for us all to get back to God. When Jesus was about to die, he said, "Father, forgive them.

*Pause, Teen 2 puts her hands to her face, pause.*

It is finished. Father take me in your arms." And God did.

*Teen 1 goes limp and falls back into Teen 3's arms. Teen 3 catches him, and Teen 2 comes over to help. Teens 2 & 3 then lower Teen 1 to floor, and all stop. Pause. Then Teen 1 slowly straightens up, puts his hand on the shoulders of a now amazed Teen 2 & 3. Teen 1 shows them the marks on his hands. They hug, and then all three slowly exit. Pause.*

Sin. Keeps us separated from God. The blood of Jesus, bringing us back.

*Pause, stops typing.*

Huh. *(Pause)* This...this wasn't so hard after all.  
*Peers at computer screen, hits one final key, then...*  
Saved.

*Slow blackout as Playwright freezes.*

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