

HEAVENLY GRAFFITI
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Purpose:

This sketch gives us a modern day example of our Savior's mercy to someone caught doing wrong. It doesn't excuse the sin, just shows compassion to the sinner. How often in our everyday lives and jobs do we have the opportunity to demonstrate this? How often do we seize the opportunity?

Characters:

Jimmy -- A young teenager trying to belong. Unfortunately the group he joins is a gang. Initiation involves a crime against society. He gets caught on his first attempt.

Shopkeeper -- He's really struggled trying to make his business successful. He's had repeated encounters with young kids like Jimmy. He is tired of it. Usually the perpetrators get away, but this time he caught one and wants him to pay!

Policeman -- Truly a public servant. He sees his job having a more lasting affect than slapping hands, arresting people, and collecting fines. He's been deeply affected by his perceived failure as a father to stop his own son from ruining his life. He actively tries redirect other kids before it's too late.

High Priest, Jesus, Woman caught in the act of adultery

Props:

On the left side of the stage is a simple cardboard backdrop of the street front of a building. A lot of time need not be spent on this. Spray painted across it are words in red, "JIMMY WAS HERE". This is covered in cloth, which is removed after lights are out to signify the beginning of the skit. In the darkness, right before the lights come up, an aerosol can (hair spray, covered in red paper) is heard being used.

Lights come on suddenly. A startled Jimmy looks to the side as a man steps around storefront suddenly to grab Jimmy's his arm before he can run. A policeman closes in from the other side.

Shopkeeper: *(Harshly)* Got you, Punk. Knew if I hung around after hours, I'd catch you. Now I'm going to teach you a lesson you will never forget!

Jimmy: I didn't mean anything by it

Policeman: *(Takes him from the shop keeper)* I'll deal with this now. The question is what we should do with you? *(Voice begins to soften)* My, but you're young. About the same age as my boy. What possessed you to do this, Boy? Do you know what the consequences for this can be?

Jimmy: *(Head down, contrite)* Juvy hall. Then prison for the rest of my life.

Shopkeeper: That sounds appropriate!

Policeman: *(Frowns)* That would definitely be worst case. I just want to know why you did it.

Jimmy: The guys said I was a punk. Wouldn't let me hang around them. I just got tired of playing by myself. They said I could prove I was big enough to hang with them by doing something bad. (Shrugs) So I did.

Policeman: Why graffiti?

Jimmy: *(Long silence)* You got an important job. Respect. Nobody even knows I'm alive. I just wanted to let people know I was alive. Right in this neighborhood. If I died tomorrow, at least my name woulda hung around longer. Even if they didn't like it, I'd have mattered to someone. Right now, I don't matter to any one now.

Policeman: *(Puts an arm around Jimmy's shoulders)* You won't believe it, but you matter to me. If you give me your word never to do anything like this again, I'll let you go. Deal?

Shopkeeper: Hey! Someone's got to clean up this mess. Someone's got to pay.

Policeman: *(Still looking at Jimmy)* I'll clean it up. I'll pay.

Jimmy: I promise, but why? I don't deserve this.

Policeman: My son's life was wrecked by crime. A long time ago. I won't watch any other life destroyed that way. Not if I can stop it. Go on now! Get out of here!

Lights fade to nothing...the shop keeper, policeman, and Jimmy exit the stage . Lights come up on the other side of stage, where Jesus is stands. The high priest comes in, dragging the woman caught in adultery behind him...

High Priest: Okay, Master. Got one for you. Absolutely guilty as sin. Caught red handed. Punishable by death under the laws given by God. Should we stone her?

Jesus frowns, stoops and absentmindedly writes in the dust.

High Priest: Come on, Man! You were pretty vocal when you embarrassing us. What are we to do with her?

Jesus: *(Looks up)* If you have no sin in your own life, throw the first stone! *(Goes back to his scribbling)*

Angry High Priest starts to throw a stone, not at the woman, but at Jesus. He thinks better of it, fidgets for a moment, then stalks off stag. The woman is left standing alone.

Jesus: *(Looks up)* Woman, where are your accusers? *(Stands up)*

Woman: Lord, I have none!

Jesus: Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more! *(Begins to exit from the stage)*

Woman: But I was guilty! Who will pay?

Jesus: *(Smiles)* I will

Woman: But why?

Jesus: I walk in power among you, but people don't know me. Maybe I just want someone to know who I really am. To know that I lived here. My name remembered from time to time once I'm gone. My life to matter to at least one who deserved judgment, but instead received mercy. *(Jesus steps to door to exit)* Before long, I'll write my name on the fleshly tables of men's hearts. *(Makes the motions of dusting off his hands... and smiles)* Why not start now? Who knows who this dust will become? *(Jesus turns and exits)*

Woman: *(Goes to look at the place where Jesus wrote. Looks up in wonder as lights begin to dim and slowly says)* Jesus ... was ... here?

Lights go out.