

NAME YOUR PRICE
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Purpose:

There are three things that determine something's value; the price paid for it, its sentimental value, and its scarcity. This skit attempts to portray the priceless nature of righteousness. Although we did not pay for it, it comes with a terrible price tag. It is an irreplaceable gift from our father and should be esteemed. There's no replacement for it in this world. The final scene is a grim reminder that like the rich young ruler, many covet the robe of righteousness. But few will pay the price for it.

Characters:

Dark Man -- allegory of the devil

Scott -- really the rich young ruler. His only real interest in the robe of righteousness is an attempt to beat the consequences of sin. He has no interest in the life style it represents.

Customers 1 - 3 -- These are all former recipients of robes of righteousness, who value them for different reasons.

Shopkeeper -- A weary pastor, sort of a Christ type, but much more world weary. He constantly hopes everyone will pay the price for true righteousness, but knows few will.

Props:

The stage is divided in two by a backdrop which acts as the outside wall of a clothing shop. It comes out at right angles to the audience. At the end of the wall closest to the audience, a small wall turns at ninety degrees to the first. On this, a sign reads "Fit for Life". Behind this wing wall are hidden three customers, robed in white. Inside the shop is a sales counter / desk, racks of clothes, and a single white robe, hanging by itself. If possible, a concealed black light should shine on it to make it glow.

The shopkeeper reads a Bible. He doesn't look up until Scott enters shop. Outside, as lights slowly come on, Scott is in conversation with Dark Man.

Dark Man: It doesn't matter to me how long I wait. I'll have you soon enough. And for the rest of time. *(Laughs)* You're mine now. You were mine from birth.

Scott: *(Worried)* How do you know? How do you know I haven't given my life to God?

Dark Man: Wrong clothes, Son. Your outfit says you're mine.

Scott: What clothes say different? I'll just go in there. Get a different outfit if that's all it takes.

Dark Man: It's not what you're wearing, boy! It's what you're not. *(Chuckles as he turns to walk away)* No robe of righteousness, no hope. Yeah, I'll definitely be seeing you later *(Dark man's laughter fades away as he walks off stage)*

Scott paces back and forth in front of the shop, scratching head. He takes out his wallet, counts his money, puts his wallet back in his pocket. He starts to enter shop when Customer 1 steps out, wearing

white robe.

Scott: Say, Buddy! That wouldn't happen to be a robe of righteousness, would it?

Customer 1: Why, yes! Isn't it beautiful?

Scott: Don't know about that. Seems pretty plain. But I need one. Come now, let's talk. What would you sell it to me for?

Customer 1: Why, it isn't for sale. What a strange question.

Scott: I should've known you would barter. Listen! I'll give you fifty dollars for it, tops! Not a dollar more. I know what robes are worth.

Customer 1: Not this one. This has sentimental value. It was given to me by my Father. He left it for me so I would remember him. Said he'd be gone a long while when he left. I wear it so when he returns, he'll know I'm his son. So he'll know who to take back to his new place. I love him. I love his gift. Sell it? You can't be serious, Sir! (*Customer 1 leaves stage, shaking his head*)

Scott: (*Paces, mutters*) Well! That didn't work. (*Looks up as second customer comes out the shop door*) Say, Fella! Just a minute!.

Customer 2: Yes, Sir?

Scott: That looks like one of those new robes of righteousness.

Customer 2: It is, but they're not new. Been around about 2000 years. Never go out of style, though.

Scott: Would you mind letting me try that on? For just a moment. So I could see if I'd like to own one?

Customer 2: Actually, yes. I would mind. These robes are tailor made for buyers. Not meant to be just tried on. Besides, they're so scarce. Can't take a chance on damaging this one.

Scott: Okay, fine! Forget trying it on. I'll just give you a hundred bucks for it. That should double your money.

Customer 2: You weren't listening. These are scarce. I feel lucky to have one. Nothing could make me part with it. (*He too walks off stage, leaving a very frustrated Scott behind*)

Scott paces back and forth as the third customer comes out of the shop.

Scott: Sir. I'll get right to the point. Whatever you paid for that robe, I'll give you double. Right now, if you will give it to me.

Customer 3: My robe of righteousness?

Scott: Absolutely!

Customer 3: *(Smiles)* Actually, Sir, I didn't pay the price required to own this. But I doubt you'll be willing to pay double.

Scott: Nonsense! My word's good. What did it cost? *(Reaches out hand for robe)*

Customer 3: It cost a man I love, his life. He died to get this robe for me. Tell me, Sir. You willing to double that cost? *(As Scott recoils back)* I didn't think so! If you want a robe of righteousness so badly, I'm afraid there's only one way to get one. *(With that, he points to the shop door, then leaves the stage)*

Scott watches him leave, then turns resolutely toward shop, squares shoulders back, and marches into shop. Shop keeper leisurely glances up from Bible, looks Scott up and down.

Scott: I've come about that robe. *(Scott points to the hanging robe of righteousness)*. I'd like one for my very own.

Shopkeeper: I doubt it. Wrong attitude! I can always tell who's willing to pay the price. And Mister? You can't afford it! *(He goes back to reading the Bible)*

Scott: *(Angry)* Look here! Just name a price. I'll pay it and be on my way.

Shopkeeper: *(Looks at him slowly)* Very well! The price is eight pints of your blood.

Scott: *(Steps backward)* Wha... what? That would cost me my life!

Shopkeeper: Well, yes it would. That's what you give in exchange for a robe of righteousness. The rest of your entire life.

Scott: *(Steps back slowly toward door. When he reaches it, he speaks again)* That's really.... That's just too much, sir!

Scott turns and exits the shop. As he does so, the shopkeeper shakes head, begins to read Bible again. Lights fade to nothing. In the darkness, the Dark Man's laughter is heard one more time.