

**THANKS FOR NOTHING**  
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*Lights come up on stage, set up to look like deserted street. On the roadside lays the victim of a mugging. He groans loudly.*

**Christian 1:** *(Comes onto stage, frowns, looks at watch, mutters)* Budgets, schedules, meetings, humbug. Another night wasted on church stuff. Who even cares? We talk and plan, but there's never enough money to do anything. *(He walks by victim as he says this last part. Then stops, backs up, looks down at victim)* Hello! What do we have here?

**Victim:** *(Groans)* I'm hurt! I need help!

**Christian 1:** *(Very brisk)* That's exactly why our church exists. To help those with needs. Are you a member?

**Victim:** *(Gasps)* Why?

**Christian 1:** Oh, we like to take care of our own first. Funds are very limited.

**Victim:** How ... become ... member?

**Christian 1:** Will you help support the church financially? Through tithes and offerings?

**Victim:** Coat ... wallet .... maybe money in it!

**Christian 1:** *(Leans down, rummages through victim's coat, pulls out wallet, extracts two dollar bills. And smiles)* Well, well! Be it ever so small, God can multiply it.

**Victim:** Help ..... me now?

**Christian 1:** *(Walks offstage, calls back)* Sorry! Not my calling! Why we hired a pastor. I'll let him know a new member needs help. You should hear from him soon. *(Christian 1 leaves stage)*

*Christian 2 is bubbly, outgoing, and energetic. He comes bursting in from other side and skids to a stop beside victim. He stoops over, picks up limp hand of victim, "gives him five" with his other hand. The victim cries out in pain.*

**Christian 2:** *(Oblivious)* Hey, Man! Nice to see you! How you doing today!

**Victim:** Got .... to be .... kidding

**Christian 2:** Well, hey! I know you're a little down right now. But I know just the guy to help you.

**Victim:** Your ..... pastor?

**Christian 2:** *(Grabs victim's hand, high fives it again. Another loud groan)* Absolutely right, Man! Not only him, but our whole church. Hey! I bet you don't attend anywhere right now. Right? I mean, obviously! You need to join our church..

**Victim:** No... more .... money!

**Christian 2:** Don't be ridiculous. All we need *(As he speaks, he fishes in pocket for membership card, pen which he places in and under hand of victim)* is for you to sign this card, Man. It's painless for just about everyone .. except you! Ha!! Get it?

**Victim:** *(Scrawls out signature on card, which Christian 2 picks up, scans)* Help me .... now?

**Christian 2:** *(ignores him, leaves stage with hand raised in a sign of victory)* Got another one! That's three this week. At this rate, we'll be the biggest in town. *(He leaves stage and victim)*

*At this point, Christian 3 comes be-bopping in from other side, dressed to the hilt, including sunglasses. When he gets to victim, he stops peers down at him over top of shades.*

**Christian 3:** Say! Whatever are you doing down there in such an unfashionable state?

**Victim:** Got .... mugged. *(Sighs)*

**Christian 3:** *(Squats beside him)* Well, I guess it's understandable, then. Couldn't be helped. Don't even worry about it. *(Looks him over critically)* Besides, the grunge look is really coming in. You might be more in fashion than you think.

**Victim:** Please! ..... Need help!

**Christian 3:** Be glad to help. *(He leans down, straightens the victim's shirt and tie)* There! You look better now. *(Victim just groans. Slight pause)* Hey, listen! I know a good joke to cheer you up. What happens to the survivors when a red ship collides with a blue ship?

**Victim:** ...Phone?

**Christian 3:** *(Pulls out cell phone)* Of course I have a phone! Always have one. My carrier's "Global". Ninety free minutes every month. Crystal clear reception. Can you believe how much the cost of these things has dropped?

**Victim:** 9...1...1?

**Christian 3:** Why wouldn't I be able to dial 911? I can call anywhere in the US with this baby. It's a real blessing. Isn't God good? Isn't this a beautiful day to be alive?

*At this point, victim painfully and dramatically expires. Just then, two paramedics come rushing onto stage, carrying stretcher.*

**Paramedic 1:** Got a phone call from some pastor! How's the victim doing?

**Christian 3:** Oh, he just died!

**Paramedic 1:** When?

**Christian 3:** About a minute ago.

**Paramedic 2:** *(Points to phone in Christian's hand)* You the one who called?

**Christian 3:** Oh no! I never interfere in other people's business. Live and let live, that's what I say.

**Paramedic 2:** *(Incredulous)* But you actually let him die. You sat here, watching him die, and didn't helped him? Didn't even call for help?

**Christian 3:** *(Gets huffy)* He was going to die, sooner or later. We all do, you know. Sure, I thought he needed help. But it's not my right to force my opinion on others. I know I hate that. I didn't want to risk offending him.

**Paramedic 1:** Did you do anything for him?

**Christian 3:** Did my best to make him feel good about himself. That way, he died happy. Looking good. *(Stands up, dusts himself off)* Well, another day, another good deed!

*Christian 3 walks off stage, paramedics staring after him. Lights go down on the set.*