

“THIEF ON THE CROSS”

By
Terry Stanley

Synopsis

The thief who was saved on the cross explains the events that lead to his crucifixion, his experience on the cross next to Jesus, and his decision to give his life to Christ.

Scripture

Luke 23:40-43

Ministry Lesson

To show it's never too late to be saved by God's grace. Salvation is by faith, not by works.

Ministry Focus

Salvation

Genre: Drama

Cast

1 Adult Male - 30+

Setting

Modern day

Props

None

Costume

Biblical attire

Time: 4 mins.

Sound Effect

None

Director's Notes

In this monologue, the character goes through various emotional states. Experiment with the complexities of his life; lack of loving parents, no guidance, negative peer pressure, resentment, and anger. All of these life experiences lead him, even prepared him for his encounter with Jesus on the cross. Hanging there on the cross is where he acknowledges his failures, regrets his mistakes, and submits to the Savior. Try to dramatically exhibit the changes in the character's life; from hopelessness to hopeful; proud to humble; and lost to saved.

FADE IN

THE THIEF IS POSITIONED AT STAGE-CENTER. HIS HEAD IS BOWED. SLOWLY HE LIFTS HIS HEAD TO ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE.

(Sorrowfully) It's a day I'll never forget...the day Christ saved me. For me, it was more than just an ordinary day. It was the day I was dying. More than just dying, I was being crucified along side the Master. *(Back to normal)* I've come back to share with you what happened that day, over 2,000 years ago. *(pause)* Strange isn't it? The day Jesus died was the day I received life. Prior to that day, my life was in many ways like the life you live today. Life in Jerusalem had many problems. My personal family had many problems. Oh, my mother and father were together, but there was no love between them, or for my brothers and me. *(Increasing Intensity)* Yes, I was abused as a child. Neglected as a child. Despised for being a child. Times were rough. You had to grow up fast on the streets of Jerusalem...or you would not grow up at all. There was no one to take care of me. I had to take care of myself. The Priests? They weren't looking out for me. The Pharisees and Saducees? They were out there trying to impress the people with their pious ways, perpetrating men of God, walking around with long robes quoting laws, and shouting prayers in the streets. Those prayers were not helping me. Those prayers were not giving me hope or showing me how to live right. My soul was LOST and all they wanted to know was if I was obeying the LAW! Nooooo, the Priests were not helping me. They were more interested in helping themselves and maintaining their political and religious positions in the temple. *(beat)* The Government? *(sarcastic laugh)* The Government was not helping me. Rome was the most powerful nation in the world. Caesar's authority was absolute, his army ruthless, and his mercy non-existent. All Rome cared about was that I paid my taxes!

(Calms Down) Like I said, my life in Jerusalem was much like your life today. I didn't have plans, hopes, or dreams for my life. I just lived

to survive and I survived so I would live. So I became a thief...the best thief in the entire city. It's funny, my older brothers and friends all got caught doing the same thing I was doing. Strange how you never think anything bad will happen to you. *(Boldly)* I'll never get caught. No one will ever see me. *(Humble)* I didn't know God then, but God knew me. God saw everything I did and patiently waited for me to change, but I wasn't going to change. My own sin and greed blinded me. So I reasoned that I would learn from my brothers' mistakes that cost them their lives, and I would survive. But God is not mocked; you reap what you sow.

(Sorrowfully) The day finally came when God removed his mercy from me. I was arrested, convicted, and sent to the cross to be crucified. *(NORMAL)* The other thief and I were already on the cross when Jesus arrived. Hanging 20 feet high on a cross, I could see the huge crowd following Jesus to Golgotha. They were jeering and shouting at Jesus as his body limped under the weight of the cross. *(With Disbelief)* When he finally reached Calvary, I couldn't believe what I saw. His back was scarred with the burns of the soldiers' whips, and his face and eyes were swollen from the soldiers' beatings. And upon his head was a crown of thorns that stuck deep into his skin. Even in my agonizing pain, I felt sympathy for his suffering. *(Distraught)* Tears filled my eyes and my heart began to break with every nail that was forced into his body *(smashing fist in hand 3 times very hard)*. *(Back to normal)* Then the soldiers holstered him up on the cross between the other thief and I. The noise from the crowd was deafening, but somehow I heard the other thief being crucified speak to Jesus, saying "If thou be the Christ, then save thyself and us". My initial instinct was to beg for my life along with the other thief, but I just felt there was something different about this man. You see, I had heard about Jesus before. I had heard how he healed the sick, cast out demons, and gave sight to the

blind. He taught people to love one another and their enemies. He spoke of a home for the homeless and rest for the weary....

- End of Preview -

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