

# The Confessor

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## CHARACTERS

Blade- A rebellious young man

Jane- His mom

A Commercial Announcer

Dirk – The Confessor

*Blade is on stage, sitting on a couch watching TV, Jane enters and sighs, dramatically.*

JANE: Kevin, why do you sit here all day watching that devil music?

BLADE: My name is not Kevin! It's Blade!

JANE: Your name is Kevin, and this is not who I raised you to be.

BLADE: You're not the boss of me! Stop preaching!

JANE: I can't help it! Why can't you accept Jesus and be a good pastor or a missionary like your brothers?

BLADE: Because I don't like God!

JANE: Kevin, don't say that!

BLADE: My name is Blade, and I don't like God!

*Jane and Blade freeze. The Announcer enters.*

ANNOUNCER: It's heart-breaking when a child chooses to rebel against that old time religion. Despite your best efforts to raise the next Billy Graham, you end up with the next Richard Dawkins. But what can you do? You could devote yourself to praying for your child. That could mean years of heartache and tears, never knowing if this could be the night you get that call from the morgue to identify the body. Or, you could call the one man who can help: The Confessor.

*Dirk enters. He carries a duffel bag and wears a nice, blue suit.*

DIRK: Hello, ma'am. What seems to be the trouble?

JANE: It's my son, Kevin. He doesn't believe in the Lord.

DIRK: Is that so, Kevin?

BLADE: My name is Blade, and don't even think about preaching at me, preacher man!

DIRK: Ha ha ha. I'm no preacher, son. I'm the Confessor.

BLADE: What's the difference?

DIRK: Well, a preacher only goes after sinners with one weapon, the Word of God. I prefer to carry an arsenal.

BLADE: What kind of arsenal?

*Dirk opens the duffel bag and begins to empty it.*

DIRK: Let's see. Over-sized Bible. Over-sized Concordance. Brass Knuckles.

BLADE: Brass knuckles?

DIRK: Nun-chucks, lead pipe, knife, bigger knife, mace, hammer, bigger hammer, awl.

BLADE: What are you going to do with all that?

DIRK: That all depends on you. But before we begin, I want you to know one thing.

Whatever hell you go through today is nothing, nothing compared to the Hell I plan to save you from.

BLADE: I don't believe in Hell! And I don't believe in God.

*Dirk picks up the concordance.*

DIRK: What was that?

BLADE: I don't believe in God!

*Dirk smacks Blade in the face with the concordance. Blade crumples in a heap.*

DIRK: Say that again!

*Blade staggers to his feet.*

BLADE: I said I don't believe in God!

*Dirk screams and tackles Blade into the couch, flipping it over. There are sound effects of punching and lots and LOTS of screaming by Blade. They then roll and rock the couch back upright, falling onto the floor in front of the couch. Blade grabs the small knife.*

BLADE: Get back! I have a knife!

*Dirk grabs the larger knife.*

DIRK: I have a bigger knife!

*Blade turns and runs off. Dirk chases him, screaming. Off stage, we hear lots of violence and screaming as the Announcer speaks.*

ANNOUNCER: Why waste years of your life, fasting and praying for the soul of your lost lamb, when the Confessor can extract a sincere, repentant confession of faith in a matter of hours? The Confessor has years of experience in this line of work, and he won't give up until your son or daughter is saved.

*Blade staggers on stage. He has an identical shirt to the one he was wearing, but it is now ripped and blood-streaked. Dirk walks on after him. Blade stumbles and falls. Dirk kneels beside him.*

DIRK: Now say it with me. I believe in Jesus Christ.

BLADE: No!

*Dirk slams Blade's head to the stage.*

DIRK: I believe in Jesus Christ.

BLADE: No!

*Dirk slams Blade's head again.*

DIRK: I believe in Jesus Christ.

BLADE: No!

*Dirk slams his head again. This time, drop a fake eyeball to the stage, letting it roll off the stage.*

BLADE: Oww! My eye!

DIRK: Come on, Kevin, Let's make that good confession. I believe in Jesus Christ.

BLADE: I believe in Jesus Christ.

DIRK: And I accept him as my Savior for the forgiveness of my sins.

BLADE: And I accept him as my Savior for the forgiveness of my sins.

JANE: Oh, Kevin, I am so happy!

DIRK: You think you're happy, imagine how the Lord feels.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, there will be rejoicing in Heaven and on Earth when your prodigal finally repents. And lest you think we end our work there—

DIRK: One final question, ma'am. What is your denomination?

JANE: Baptist.

DIRK: Do you have a pool?

JANE: Of course.

*Dirk walks over to Blade and lifts him up.*

DIRK: Come on, Kevin! Time to get baptized!

*Blade screams as Dirk exits.*

JANE: Wait for me! I need to get the camera!

*Jane exits.*

ANNOUNCER: The Confessor. He'll make a saint out of you, even if it kills you.