

## BETWEEN TWO STEVES

by JOHN COSPER

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** A teenage girl tells the story of the two Steves who rode the bus with her. One Steve was always friendly. The Christian Steve never said a word to her - except to judge her. When she had a problem, she turned to the Steve that had always been friendly - and made a regretful decision.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Two actors can be placed on stage to portray the two Steves. You can have them side by side with Jennifer, or have each character set apart in a spotlight.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1F

**TOPIC:** Being a witness, loving others

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Matthew 7:1-3

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Student ministry

**CHARACTERS:**

JENNIFER - a teenage girl

**PROPS:** Backpack

**COSTUMES:** School clothes

**SOUND:** Wireless mics if desired;

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Neighborhood sidewalk

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*Jennifer walks to center, carrying a backpack, dressed as if she's waiting for the school bus.*

JENNIFER: I used to ride the bus to school between two Steves. One Steve lived in the apartments across from the park. The other Steve lived on my block, but I never really knew him.

Steve from the apartments was a friendly guy. Always smiling, always happy. Always ready for a laugh. He was also usually drunk, even at 7:30 am. But it could have been worse. He could have been the other Steve.

Steve from up the block was quiet. He never smiled, never seemed happy. He didn't want to ride the bus, and he definitely didn't like the other Steve. When Steve from the apartments was too drunk to even stand up, Steve from up the block shook his head. He didn't like the other Steve. Never thought he was funny.

Steve from the apartments wasn't a great student. I saw his report card once, and if I brought one home like his... well, I'd have been in worse shape than I already was. Steve from the block didn't think it was so funny. He was on the honor roll... I think. He never really spoke to us.

If I can say one nice thing for Steve from up the block, the boy knew how to dress. Always looked nice, always clean, and kind of handsome. Steve from the apartments might have been handsome too - if he shaved, cut his hair, and wore something other than his dad's concert T-shirts from the 80's.

Still, Steve from the apartments was a good guy. He always asked how I was. He always remembered my birthday - even if he always "forgot" to get me something. Steve wanted to be my friend, and I was glad to have him.

*Pause, as her mood shifts, remembering a very bad time at home.*

Things got worse at home. They were never good between my step-mom and me, but that day... I couldn't take it any more. When I got to the bus station, I was sobbing. I poured out my heart to the two Steves that day. I told them why I was upset. I told them I didn't know what to do. I told them I wanted the pain to go away.

Steve from up the block spoke to me. He said he knew someone who loved me. He told me his friend could give me peace, and all I had to do was admit that I was a sinner.

Steve from the apartment didn't tell me about someone else who could "fix" me. He hugged me. He told me he loved me. He told me all I needed to do was get high.

Steve from the block was furious. He called the other Steve a fool, and he told me if I