

“Lazarus”

by

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What: Lazarus has just come out of the tomb, and shares his miraculous tale. (Themes: Bible Story, Death, Power of Christ, Prayer, God’s faithfulness)

Who: Lazarus

When: Bible times

Why: John 11:1-44

Wear (Props): Burial clothes in which to wrap Lazarus

How: Monologues can be daunting. We advise that you memorize it one page at a time. Look over the script and then do it from memory as best you can – it won’t be word-for-word, but that’s okay. Check what you missed, do it again, and once you feel comfortable with that page move on to the next one. In no time you’ll have it memorized and it will be your own.

Lazarus enters, wrapped in burial clothes, dazed by what he has just experienced. (NOTE: You may even want to wrap him up like a mummy to the point that he has to hop in). He enters halfway in. Stops, looks confused. Looks back at where he came from. Looks back toward center stage. Pauses. Slowly moves forward to center stage. Pauses. Looks out at audience

Lazarus: Can you see me? I mean, I'm really here right? 'Cause... I'm... not... sure... what just happened. *(Long pause)* I just woke up in a tomb. *(Pause)* HELLO! A tomb! Ya know... R-I-P... The final resting place... Days Inn for the dead. Can you imagine?

I know, I know, you think I'm crazy. I would too. But I'm not... I don't think.

Wait. Let me back up. Okay, I got sick one day, nothing big, just a little upset stomach. I just thought I'd eaten a bad chalupa or something. So my stomach is hurting and I'm a little more gassy than usual, what are ya going to do? But then, this thing won't go away. It gets worse. So I take some Pepsid, I take some Pepto, nothing works.

I tell my sister Mary to pray for me... she's such great prayer. However, she ain't so good at keeping a secret. She blabs to my other sister Martha that I'm sick. Martha, God bless her, is a bit of a busybody. She's always trying to "help" people. Translation: She's bossy and thinks she knows what everybody else should be doing.

Martha comes running in. *(As Martha)* "Oh Lazarus are you okay? Here lie down, have a sip of water, put this cloth on your head, let me take your temperature, oh my you're burning up!" *(As Self)* So I'm like, "leave me alone. I'm fine" But apparently I wasn't.

Lazarus:

A day later and I can't get out of bed. I don't know what it was, but every time I got out of bed, I felt like I'd been punched in the gut. So now I'm getting a little worried. I mean, what's wrong with me. Martha's flitting around the house, (*As Martha*) "Try this, eat this, drink this." Mary's at the foot of my bed praying, (*As Mary*) "Please don't let him die... please don't let him die." I thought I was going to die. (Chuckles, then thinks about it) Hmm... I guess I was.

Then all the sudden I get this thought, I wish Jesus was here. He was a family friend, and we loved it when He came over. Life could be crazy and when Jesus came over it all calmed down. So I say out loud, "If Jesus were here... I bet I'd feel better."

Well, that put the sisters into overdrive. Mary starts praying, (*As Mary*) "Send Jesus, send Jesus, send Jesus." At one point, she actually put her fingers on her temples and started acting like she was talking to him via telekinesis (*Put's fingers on temples and like Mary*) "Come in Jesus. Jesus come in. Do you read me. This is foot washer calling Son of Man... Come in Son of Man... Do you read me." Martha, on the other hand, starts shouting at people, (*As Martha*) "Do you know where Jesus is? Can any of you help me find Jesus? You, why are you just standing there... Go find Jesus. Mary, don't just kneel there, go get Jesus!"

I just knew Jesus would come. It even made me feel a little better thinking about it. A day goes by, no Jesus. But I knew He would come. Another day, no Jesus and I'm getting worse, but I knew He would come, I just knew it. My sisters were talking to each other, "Where is He? This is not like Him. Why isn't he here?" But I just assured them, "Don't

Lazarus:

worry. He'll come. He's our friend. He loves and cares for us. Oh He'll come."