

# Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

## POOLSIDE

by SCOTT CRAIN

**GENRE:** Dramatic Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** After receiving a grim diagnosis from her doctor, a woman turns to the Great Physician with some tough questions.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Annie's tone is a far cry from accusatory, or even self-pitying. She's coming to terms with a very serious situation, and is asking real questions.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Healing, Miracles

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** John 5:1-13

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Seeker Service, Sermon Starter

**CHARACTERS:** ANNIE

**PROPS:** A Bible, a cane, a lawn chair

**COSTUMES:** Contemporary

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** The side of a backyard pool

### Drama Ministry

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*Lights up as ANNIE enters, walking with the aid of a cane. Her other hand carries a Bible, her index finger stuck somewhere in the Gospels. She eases into the lawn chair and sighs. Leans the cane against the side of the chair and opens the Bible to the place that her finger was holding.*

**ANNIE:** Well. Here I am. Sitting by the pool. Sitting by the pool instead of making laps in it like I usually do this time of day. Kind of depressing, but with my ankles on strike, about the best I could manage these days is a clumsy dogpaddle, and somehow that seems even more depressing than sitting here. I suppose I could dangle my feet in the water, but the way my feet have been treating me, I'm not sure they deserve a soak, so here I sit.

Just you and me, Lord.

*Beat.*

So yesterday the pastor's teaching out of John five. The story of how Jesus healed the lame man at the pool of Bethesda. He said it was a wonderful story, and I guess it is. An angel apparently came down from time to time to stir the waters of the pool, and whoever stepped into the waters first would be healed of what ailed 'em. But this poor guy's an invalid, so he never manages to make it to the water in time—somebody always beats him to it.

Then one day Jesus walks up to the man and asks him if he wants to be made well. Strange question, but the man says 'yes', and just like that (*Snaps her fingers*) you healed him. Red letter day for that guy.

The pastor says there's still a pool there in Jerusalem, and a beautiful church, so two thousand years later, we can still remember the miracle you performed. Then he went on to talk about your healing hand and compassion, but to tell you the truth, I didn't hear much of the rest of his sermon. (*She frowns down at the page of the Bible spread open on her lap*) I just kept reading the story over and over again.

It says, "Here a great number of disabled people used to lie—the blind, the lame, the paralyzed."

"A great number."

*She looks up, brow furrowed.*

And I thought to myself, 'How many lame beggars did you walk past that day?'

How many did you leave sitting by the pool with broken limbs that would never be healed?