

DON'T YOU SEE?

by JOANNA JONES

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A young woman whose blindness was healed by Jesus is interrogated by the elders of the day.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: It is suggested that the woman speak to three unseen high priests— forward straight ahead, to her left, and to her right. She should move slowly and keep her eyes fairly still so that it might be interpreted that she still is blind. Her unseen father can be placed to her left on stage.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Faith, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 7:34-35

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

JUDY—aged twenty, contemporary speech

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Neutral dress (not clearly indicating biblical time)

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: Spotlight or general stage

SETTING: A room in the temple; can be represented with a single wooden chair in aspotlight

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Lights up on JUDY. She is speaking to three unseen interrogators in the temple.

JUDY: I don't know why you all are interrogating me. I'm a simple woman with a simple story. I'm not sure why you still don't understand.

(Laughs) I'm sorry. I beg your pardons, sirs; it's just funny to me that I am so important today when I have been nothing in your eyes for twenty years.

I know you consider that the blind are like the lame and the widows. I always thought my life would be a bunch of nothing whenever my father died and that no man would ever marry me. I heard my momma beg for your comfort when she worried about my future. And I even heard your response.

I must be mistaken...it sounded like you suggested I could always join those certain women on the outside of town, you know, if worse came to worst.

You're surprised? You don't know that blind people can hear real well?

I can recognize Daddy's footsteps on the stone walk. I can hear the neighbors tell secrets; I can hear their children tell lies. I can even hear nighttime come; how the air changes. I hear the law when I sit in the temple with Momma. I understand some of it, and don't understand most of it. Sometimes, I can even hear the voice of God when I thank him for the life he has given me. That he has given me a life at all.

...His voice? It's like the wind and the waves and the birds and the sea all wrapped up together.

...No, he doesn't say much to me. He just lets me know he loves me.

...I would never ask for more.

...Yes. Saturday. I keep telling you—SATURDAY.

It started like any other Saturday. Daddy took me on a walk through the town. Momma fixed my hair and made sure my dress was clean. Daddy stood in front of me so I could feel him standing there and he said, "I love you, Judy." I said, "I love you too, Daddy," and I reached out my hand. His hand is always there waiting for me. He held me tight and guided me out the door and through the streets.

Right away I knew...something was...There were all these voices and everyone was talking about a stranger was in town. Some people say he is a disgrace to this temple and God's people. But other people say he's wonderful; he's everything we have been waiting for. One man said he is the words written in the book come to life.

Like I said, I am a simple woman, and I didn't understand everything I heard.