

## THE LAMB

by Scott Crain

**GENRE:** Dramatic Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** A young Jewish girl recounts her terrifying experience in Jerusalem during Passover.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Keep the emotion of the closing moments as genuine as possible, allowing TABITHA to get 'caught up' in the retelling.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Crucifixion, Biblical Times

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Matthew 27

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Easter

**SUGGESTED USE:** Sermon Illustration, Sermon Starter

**CHARACTERS:** TABITHA - a Jewish girl, perhaps 12 years old

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Biblical

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Unspecified

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*Lights up on TABITHA, a twelve year old Jewish girl in biblical attire.*

**TABITHA:** The trouble started when I let go of Papa's hand. He told me "Stay close, Tabitha. Jerusalem can be a dangerous place. Hold tight to the lamb. There will be many thousands of people in the city today for Passover, and you mustn't leave my sight."

And I didn't.

At least, I tried not to. But he was right: there were people everywhere—pushing and shoving their way past us on every side, and Papa was moving so fast that I had to run just to keep up, and the lamb...*(She holds out the crook of her left arm, miming the motion of carrying a lamb)*...was so nervous. Maybe because of all the strange sights and sounds. Maybe because somehow, he knew what was coming.

*She looks fondly down at the invisible lamb.*

Our Passover lamb. Papa always picked the best one of the flock. It had to be perfect, he said. A spotless lamb, to be stretched out on the altar—sacrificed, so its blood could cover our sins for one more year. It was the most important thing our family did—the most important thing we could do—and I'd never been allowed to make the trip to Jerusalem for Passover before.

So when the lamb started to wriggle out of my arm, *(Raising her arm to illustrate)* I let go of Papa's hand—just for a moment—to get a better grip. But the lamb jumped free. It kind of skittered to its feet on the road and then just bolted, running off between people's legs.

*Pause, her face awash with conflict.*

Papa was already disappearing into the crowds ahead while the lamb ran down a street to our left. I didn't have time to think—I had to catch it. I had to. I turned down the street where the lamb disappeared. There were even more people here, but the crowd was different.

Angry.

Some of them were yelling, some were crying, but they were all pushing forward. A river of people, all moving in the same direction, and suddenly I was swept up in the current. I tried to fight it, even yelled out for help, but nobody was listening.

Where were they taking me?

Where was everybody going?