

THE SERVANT

by Scott Crain

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: A Jewish servant recalls the night he witnessed the Last Supper.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: This monologue can be used either alone, or as the first of three monologues, alongside "The Carpenter" and "The Gardener".

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Easter, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 22:7-20, John 13:1-20

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service, Sermon Starter

CHARACTERS: REUBEN

PROPS: Clay pitcher, wooden bowl, towel

COSTUMES: Biblical

SOUND: General

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A first-century Jewish home

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THE SERVANT *by Scott Crain*

Lights up on REUBEN, a Jewish servant. He carries a clay pitcher and as he speaks, begins to pour water into a broad wooden bowl.

REUBEN: I was fetching water when they approached me. Fetching water from the main well in the town square—woman’s work, I know—but there I was in the heat of the day, trundling along with a sloshing pitcher of water on my back, my eyes on the street ahead of me, when suddenly I see two pair of grubby feet blocking my path.

“We’ve been told to follow you,” they said. Two men, Galileans by the sound of their accents, and I was too tired and sweaty to ask or argue what they meant, so off we went, the three of us, back to the master’s house, me leaving a wet trail of water behind me as I bobbed and weaved around the others on the street.

When we reached the house, they told my master that their teacher was looking for a guest room to observe the Passover with his disciples. (*Smiles crookedly*) I expected my master to send the two men on their way—there’s a furnished room upstairs, but these two men couldn’t afford the rental rate, that was plain for even me to see. But instead, the master showed the room and told them to make themselves at home, as if everything had already been arranged. (*Gesturing to himself*) Even offered to provide his own servants to help with the meal.

Beat.

I’ve waited table for countless Passover meals in my time, but this one was unlike all the rest. (*Pause*) The host of the meal was a teacher named Jesus, but he didn’t act as a host usually does. I was preparing to wash the feet of the guests, but he took the bowl and towel from me and began to wash the feet of his own followers instead. I was mystified, and so were they: one of them even objected. But Jesus looked at the man and said, “If I don’t wash your feet, then you have no part of me.”

What followed was even stranger. After they had eaten, Jesus took the bread and gave thanks, then offered it to the men saying, “This is my body, which is broken for you.” Then they each ate of it. Then he raised a cup and said, “This is my blood, which is shed for you.” And they drank it.

It’s difficult to explain, but I almost felt like an intruder. The bread, the wine, the words he spoke—it seemed like some sacred event. The air was still as he spoke to his followers about betrayal and blood, about love and loss. I found myself wanting to ask him for an explanation. What did these things mean? But he left the room with his disciples, and they didn’t return.

I’ve heard rumors this morning that this good man met a bad end, on the hill called Calvary.