

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

UNTOUCHED

by Scott Crain

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: An old Jewish woman from Nazareth recalls her encounter with the so-called healer named Jesus.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Specificity is important—be sure the actress portraying Abigail is clear on whom she's "talking" to, where they're standing, what they're saying, etc. in order to make the implied conversation clear to the audience.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Faith, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Mark 6:1-6

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service, Seeker Service

CHARACTERS: ABIGAIL

PROPS: A wooden crutch

COSTUMES: Biblical attire

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: General stage

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Lights up on ABIGAIL, an old woman leaning heavily on a wooden crutch.

ABIGAIL: I heard you the first time—I may have a bad leg, but my ears work just fine, thank you kindly. I was just trying to remember when it was that I met him. Must’ve been—(*Shakes her head*)—eight years ago now. (*Frowns*) No, seven. It was seven. Because Harsha got her sight back seven years ago this spring, and it was Harsha who told me about him in the first place.

Now don’t you get impatient with me, Sir. You ask me if I remember the man, and I do, but I’ll tell it in my way and in my time, thank you kindly. (*Scratches her head*) Now, like I say, it was seven years ago that Harsha comes running into my house screaming and laughing like a child and yelling, “He touched me! He touched me!” Now, just so you know, Harsha’d lost her sight when she was a baby—had these filmy white patches in each of “em.” But that day she came running in, both her eyes were as clear and blue as the sky, and she shouted, “I can see, Abby! I can see!” And so she could. (*Shakes her head smiling*) Her eyes have been fine ever since.

I said, “What happened to you?”, and she told me about this healer—the man you asked about—said she met him at the seashore. Said people in the South were coming to him by the thousands. Said all he asked her was, “Do you believe I’m able to heal you?”, and when she said, “Yes”, he touched her eyes, and lickety split, she had her sight back.

Shakes her head. She pauses as if she’s listening to a question, then, irritated:

No, I didn’t see it happen. I just told you: I was in my house when Harsha came in. I’m just telling you what I heard from her. (*Pauses, then, still with irritation*) Well, I’m gettin’ to that, if you’ll stop interrupting.

Pauses, regaining her story

Now, it was the following winter when the man actually came here to Nazareth. Oh, Harsha was all a-flutter. “Come with me to the square, Abby. Come with me to the square and meet him. He can fix your leg—I know he can!” (*She raises her hand in a gesture of surrender and sighs.*) So, off I go, with Harsha dragging me along behind her like an old wagon with one bad wheel. I get to the square and there he is, surrounded by folks from the neighborhood.

I was about to tell Harsha we should wait our turn, when she yells out to him, “Master! Do you remember me?” And he turned and smiled at her and said that he did. And then she said, “I want you to meet a friend of mine. This is Abigail. I was hoping you could help her.” And then he looks at me, and that’s when I realized I knew him from somewhere. I must’ve looked like an old fool standing there gawking at him.