

TOO MUCH TROUBLE
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Purpose:

Miracles are supposed to require just a little faith. For some, even that is too much. Instead, they remain in sickness, sin, or problems. Blame is placed elsewhere and they become martyrs to their need.

Characters:

Lame Man, Blind Man, and Man with the Palsy -- all have sick or infirm for some time. They lay around the pool, hoping to get in when the waters are troubled. They've become friends of sort. In spite of their needs, they've not lost hope and are intend to act when the time comes.

Lazy Man 1 - 3: these men also have afflictions but for what every reason, be it laziness, cynicism, fear of not being healed, , they fail to act when hope is extended.

Bystander: Friend of blind man.

Props:

A blue tarp to suggest the pool. Edges may be indicated in any manner. The appropriate canes, cots, or blankets to support the image of the men's illnesses.

Light comes up to reveal group of blind, lame, and sick men lying around blue tarp representing pool. Moaning and groaning abounds. Noise is pierced by a single voice.

Lame Man: Hey! The water's moving! *(He rolls off of his blanket and desperately rolls over and over till on tarp. Two others try, but are too slow to beat him to the tarp. Others just watch. The blind man and the sick man are the losers. The lame man "swims" to the side, hoists himself up, leaps to his feet, and cries out)* I can walk! I'm healed. Look! I'm healed. Praise be to God. The priests won't believe this! *(He runs off the stage, leaping and dancing)*

Lazy Man 1: *(Mocking)* What a childish display of emotion. How embarrassing.

Bystander: *(Hurries onstage to the blind man)* Get up, my friend! Wait till you see what ... never mind. You'll never believe what's happening. Jesus is here in town. You know, the healer! If anyone can help you, he can.

Blind Man: How will I find him?

Bystander: What are friends for? Come on! Let's go! *(Takes blind man by arm, leads him off stage)*

Lazy Man 2: Want to go see this Jesus?

Lazy Man 1: Naah! When you've seen one so called "healer", trust me, you've seen them all. *(They laugh together)*

Blind man comes running back in.

Blind Man: Where's the man sick of palsy? Where's my friend?

Lazy Man 2: (*Points*) Right there. You blind or something?

Blind Man: I was. Don't you recognize me? I just left. I've been healed by Jesus! I came for my friend, but I don't know what he looks like. I need to hear his voice.

Palsy Man: Over here, Friend.

Blind Man: (*Goes to him, pulls him to his feet*) There you are! Man, you look good. Come on! This man is the answer to all our prayers. I know he can heal you too. He's Jesus. (*Turns to the lazy men*) You want to come too?

Lazy Man 3: Maybe some time when it's more convenient. (*Disdainful*) We're pretty busy right now.

Blind man shrugs, he and man with palsy leave.

Lazy Man 1: It's not fair that God's afflicted us with these diseases. Why us? We're as good as anyone else!

Lazy Man 2: If God really cared, he'd come down here and heal us. What kind of God doesn't care when people are hurting?

Lights begin to go down.

Lazy Man 3: Sometimes I wonder if there really is a God. I mean, what does it take to get your needs met, anyway?

Lights fade to nothing.