

Drama Ministry®

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JACKALS

by Scott Crain

GENRE: Dramatic monologue

SYNOPSIS: A magi who chose late to follow the star of Bethlehem recounts his arduous journey to find the Messiah.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Casting is important; ZIMRI needs to be old enough to feel the weariness of advanced years, but lively enough to carry the story with energy.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Christmas; Faith

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 2:1-12

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Christmas

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Starter, Worship Service

CHARACTERS:
ZIMRI

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Biblical (a wise man of the East)

SOUND: Wireless microphone (optional)

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

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JACKALS *by Scott Crain*

Lights up on ZIMRI, an older man of the East, his features wrinkled and dark as leather. His tone is somber, world-weary.

ZIMRI: I told them to go ahead without me. That chasing stars across windswept deserts was a young man's game, and that I'd catch up when I could.

I'd just purchased a new estate, and the seller had offered his oldest daughter as part of the contract. A new wife. *(holding up three thick fingers)* My third. *(he smiles mischievously)* Zamirah. With eyes the color of mocha and a round belly. Ha! *(he pats his own stomach with satisfaction)* I couldn't possibly leave for some mad quest to the savage climes of the western horizon. I was too busy, you see. A new wife, new land, new business opportunities.

They were the excuses of a coward, of course. Lies. No more true for the fact that I half-believed them myself. I could see the disappointment in my friends' eyes, but I had no intentions of going, and they had no intentions of waiting, so...

He shrugs, in a grand, futile gesture, and sighs.

The trouble is, I was bored with the new business in a week. Bored with the new wife in an hour. With her shrill voice in my ears and the pressures of the new estate, suddenly an adventure out West didn't sound so bad.

So I packed as much as a single camel could carry. The others had left in a mighty caravan with a baggage train, and I thought if I packed light and traveled alone, I could move faster and catch up to them in short order. How far ahead could they possibly be? They couldn't have left more than a week before me. Surely no more than two.

Beat.

But the miles stretched on. I followed their trail through dangerous mountain passes and lonely deserts, and after many weeks, the journey became less...glamorous...than it had seemed from the comfort of my home. The world had grown since last I'd journeyed this way, and I had not. Instead of gaining ground, it seemed I was falling farther and farther behind with each passing day. Their trail became less distinct.

The horizon itself seemed to mock me, stretching out into hot sweltering sands. The nights were worse, as I huddled close to the reek of my sleeping camel for warmth, haunted by dreams of my friends out there ahead, laughing at me. This new God they were searching for, this king of the Jews, He was laughing, too. Making sport of an old man who chased Him on trembling knees.

I became terrified of bandits, and worse. Wild animals haunt these lands, but it wouldn't take a large beast to kill a feeble old man like me. Sometimes jackals follow