

THE WITNESS

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: One of the false witnesses at the trial of Christ remembers His time in court.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: There should be an unmistakable tone shift and drop in pretense when Yaron moves from his slick sales pitch to his moment of true revelation.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Easter; Sin; Judgment; Bible story

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 26:59; Mark 14:56; Romans 6:23

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter; Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon starter / illustration

CHARACTERS:
YARON

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Biblical

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

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THE WITNESS *by Scott Crain*

Lights up on YARON.

YARON: Some men say their word is gold.

Not mine. Mine's pure silver.

Seven pieces of silver, to be specific.

You see, most people would agree that honesty is a rare commodity these days, and, like any other commodity, that means it can be bought and sold. Seven shekels, that's my price. For seven shekels, I'll stand up in a court of law and testify to, well... whatever you want.

And I'm a professional, so whatever lies you've paid me to say will absolutely sound like the truth. The whole truth. And nothing but the truth. *(smiles charmingly)* Or your money back.

In my line of work, it doesn't pay to be nose-y. So when a couple of very wealthy clients approached me one night and asked me to point the finger at a local rabble-rouser in court, to swear up and down that I witnessed him, you know... rousing... rabble... I shook hands, no questions asked.

Showed up early, looking the very image of a concerned and upstanding citizen. Took my place near the bench and mentally ran through my lines. Decided I'd play it kinda compassionate, like a concerned parent. Thought about putting a little bit of a hitch in my voice, like I was maybe fighting tears when I pointed the finger at the guy.

I'm just working up some eye moisture by... *(yawns with a closed mouth, demonstrating)* ... yawning... *(again)*... at the back of my throat... like I'm so emotionally moved...

Drops the theatricality, lost in the memory.

...when all of a sudden they bring in the accused.

Beat. His eyes are still wet and red from the fake tears, but his expression is now dead earnest.

And I see, for the first time, who I'm being paid to testify against.

I froze. *(shakes his head, as if trying to clear it)* The high priest, uh, he was yelling, and then all eyes were on me... His eyes were on me... and I knew it was my turn to speak out, but I... I couldn't remember my lines.

It was like looking into the face of God. The face of perfect Truth. And, as strange as it sounds, I felt like we were the ones being tried somehow, not Him. That the eyes of a