

Miracle

MAX

Skit of the Week by Rich Melheim

SETTING: Jerusalem Butcher Shop

PROPS: High back chair, pipe, meat cleaver, slab of meat, butcher paper

CHARACTERS: Narrator, Mordecai, Mother, Max, Customer (All with heavy Yiddish accents, except for the Narrator, who speaks with a British accent a la Monty Python)

NARRATOR: (Looking up from book with pipe in hand) Good evening. Welcome to the next episode of Master Pieces Theater. Tonight we bring you the sad tale of Miracle Max, a “wanna be healer” who is having trouble competing with the miracles of Jesus and whose mother always wanted him to be a doctor. We join our anti-hero, his mother and his uncle Mordecai in a Jerusalem butcher shop, discussing their woes.

MOTHER: I can’t understand it, Mordecai! My boy could have been a famous doctor. He is just as good as this Jesus of Nazareth kid, but he doesn’t have the kind of resumé that will get him into medical school. No miracles. No healings. Nothing that will get him noticed. What’s a mother to do?

MORDECAI: (Slamming cleaver into meat) These things take time.

MOTHER: Time? Look how old he’s getting. It will be a miracle if they take him at this age. You should be more help! He’s your nephew. Do something!

MORDECAI: Hey! I got a day job. I’m trying to get the kid some publicity, but he’s not exactly making things easy for me.

MAX: I try. God knows I try. What about my healings last week?

MOTHER: You call those healings? You made the lame to hear and the deaf to walk. Big deal.

MORDECAI: The lame to hear and the deaf to walk? Now if you do it the other way around, maybe I could help you.

MOTHER: Why can’t you be more like Jesus?

MAX: Ah! Jesus! Why do you have to keep bringing him up? I try!

MOTHER: Jesus. Now his miracles are real miracles. He makes the lame to walk and the deaf to hear. That’s what you should do.

MAX: I wish I could! I’ve been watching him since we were in grade school, but he never gives a clue to how he pulls it off.

MORDECAI: And the blind man! Did you see that one? He gave the man sight!

MAX: I saw it and I tried it.

MOTHER: My boy spit in the mud, just like Jesus. Made a mixture and rubbed it in this guy’s eyes. Just like Jesus. Said the magic words.

MORDECAI: What magic words did he say?

MAX/MOTHER: Here’s mud in your eye!

MORDECAI: And did it work?

MAX: No. Not so well.

CUSTOMER: (Walking in) The usual today, Mordecai.

MORDECAI: Coming right up. (Slamming the cleaver into the meat). Hey neighbor, what do you think of that Jesus kid? Have you seen him?

CUSTOMER: Jesus of Nazareth? Now he’s something else. I saw him cleanse ten lepers just like that! (Clicking fingers) And the woman who had been bleeding for years? All she had to do was touch the hem of his garment, she was healed. Did you ever hear such a thing?

MAX: I stopped a guy from bleeding once, too.

CUSTOMER: What did you do?

MAX: Applied a tourniquet. (Pause) Around his neck. (Pause) Gave me the chance to attempt a resurrection.

CUSTOMER: And how did that go?

MAX: Not so good. But hey, I should get

points for trying, right?

CUSTOMER: Speaking of resurrection, this Jesus kid raised my uncle’s neighbor’s nephew Lazarus from the dead.

MOTHER: Not from the dead?

MAX: Maybe he was sleeping.

CUSTOMER: No. From the dead. I saw it myself. Four days the guy was dead.

MORDECAI: I saw it too. First he’s dead, then suddenly he’s walking around, asking me for a salami on rye.

MAX: What did Jesus do?

CUSTOMER: He went to the entrance of the burial chamber prayed, and cried “Lazarus, come forth!” And bang! Out comes my uncle’s neighbor’s nephew.

MOTHER: Maybe you should try it? Go on! Try it!

MAX: (To the meat on the table) Cow! Come forth! Cow! Come forth!

MORDECAI: Give up, the cow’s been dead for more than four days.

MAX: (To the meat on the table) Cow! Come forth! Cow! Come forth!

MORDECAI: Face it. Jesus’ miracle power comes directly from God. Yours is just wishful thinking.

MAX: (Lifting the meat off the table) Abra-cow-dabra! Bovine arise!

MORDECAI: (Taking the meat from Max and wrapping it up for the Customer) Yeah. Jesus is something special. You can try to imitate him, but he is one of a kind. He’s got the power of God. The true power of God. (To Customer) That’ll be \$18.80.

CUSTOMER: \$18.80? Why, that’s highway robbery! Last week Jesus fed us all on a hillside for free with five loaves and two fishes! 5000 of us!

MORDECAI: Yeah, well I’m not Jesus, either. \$18.80. I’ve got overhead.

MAX: (Following customer out) Cow! Come forth! Bovine arise!

MOTHER: (Sigh) Maybe he should just go talk with Jesus. I heard he is accepting people as followers whether they have an impressive resumé or not.

MAX: (Shouting from outside the room) Holy cow! Come forth! Bovine arise!

NARRATOR: Will Miracle Max become a follower of Jesus? Will he give up trying to conjure power of his own and go to God? And will his mother ever quit comparing him to the Messiah? Stay tuned until next week for another episode of Master Pieces Theater.

Blind JUSTICE

Skit of the Week by Pete Erickson

CHARACTERS: Bailiff, Judge Law, Jesus, Prosecutors 1 & 2, Man, Mother

SETTING: Court Room

PROPS: Robe, gavel, white wig for judge

BAILIFF: Hear ye! Hear ye! I now call to order the 5th Circuit Temple Council. Judge Law presiding.

JUDGE LAW: I'm ready to hear the case of the "People vs. the Blind Man." Prosecution, are you ready?

PROSECUTORS: Ready, your honor.

JUDGE LAW: Counselor Jesus, are you ready?

JESUS: I am.

JUDGE LAW: I am? Ha ha ha. You're the Great I AM and you're saying, "I am!" That's rich. (Ahem) Well, let's get on with it. Prosecutors, you may start.

PROSECUTOR 2: Then we call our first witness: this supposed blind man's mother.

BAILIFF: Mother, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

MOTHER: I do.

PROSECUTOR 2: All right. Ma'am will you please point your son out to the court. (Mother points toward Blind Man, who waves back at her)

PROSECUTOR 1: Let it be known that the women pointed out the man who was born blind as a result of his sins.

JESUS: Objection your honor! Hearsay and conjecture.

JUDGE: Sustained.

PROSECUTOR 1: I'll withdraw. Ma'am, is it true your son was born without sight?

MOTHER: Yes.

PROSECUTOR 2: Yet now he has sight. Can you explain this?

MOTHER: Look, I know that this fine looking boy is my son. And I know he was born blind. But I don't know why he now

sees or who opened his eyes.

JESUS: Objection, your honor. She knows.

JUDGE LAW: I'll allow it for now.

PROSECUTOR 1: I have nothing further.

JUDGE: Jesus, your witness.

JESUS: No questions, judge.

JUDGE: Okay. Next witness.

PROSECUTOR 2: The people call doctor of optometry, Dr. C. A. Lot, to the stand.

PROSECUTOR 1: Doctor, did you examine this supposed blind man?

DOCTOR: I did.

PROSECUTOR 1: What did you find?

DOCTOR: I found the man to have excellent vision in both eyes.

PROSECUTOR 2: Is it possible, sir, that this man could have faked his affliction because it would help him as a beggar?

JESUS: Objection! Leading question!

JUDGE: Sustained. Watch it, counselor.

PROSECUTOR 2: Sorry. Nothing further.

JUDGE: Jesus, your witness.

JESUS: No questions, sir.

JUDGE: Okay. Let's wrap this up! I'm having a few Pharisees for lunch.

JESUS: Serve them well done.

JUDGE: Ha! Well done! Well done! Ha ha ha!

PROSECUTOR 1: Objection, your honor.

JUDGE: On what grounds?

PROSECUTOR 2: You obviously like him better than us.

JUDGE: Hey, what can I say? God's got better jokes than you. Overruled.

PROSECUTOR 1: Sir, we have pages of depositions in which you have described the so-called miraculous healing event you experienced. But if it pleases the court, I would like to brush over a few details.

BLIND MAN: I've got nothing to hide.

PROSECUTOR 1: Do you realize, the day you supposedly were healed was the Sabbath?

JESUS: I'd like to know where this is

going.

PROSECUTOR 1: Can you point out the person who restored your sight? (Man points to Jesus)

PROSECUTOR 1: Let it be noted that the man pointed to Jesus; a man who associates with sinners, and heals and teaches on the Sabbath without a license.

JESUS: Objection! Who's on trial here?

JUDGE: Sustained. Go on.

PROSECUTOR 2: What exactly did he do?

BLIND MAN: He spread mud on my eyes and instructed me to go to Siloam and wash.

PROSECUTOR 2: Aha! Mud! And you could see? Where did this man come from?

BLIND MAN: You claim to be teachers of God. And this man healed my blindness, yet you do not know where he comes from? We know God does not listen to sinners, but he does listen to one who worships him and obeys his will.

PROSECUTOR 1: And your point is?

BLIND MAN: Never since the world began has it been heard that anyone opened the eyes of a person born blind. If this man were not from God, he could do nothing.

PROSECUTOR 2: Your honor I would like to strike that last statement from the record!

JUDGE: The statement stands. It is a direct answer to the previous question. Do you have anything further, counselors?

PROSECUTOR 1: No sir, the people rest.

JUDGE: Jesus?

JESUS: Just a question or two, judge. (To Blind Man) Sir, do you believe in the Son of Man?

BLIND MAN: Tell me who he is and I will.

JESUS: I am!

JUDGE: I am! Ha ha ha ha ha! What a kidder. This guy's great.

BLIND MAN: Lord, I believe.

PROSECUTOR 2: Your honor, this is a spectacle! I would like you to find the defense in contempt of court and censure him from teaching in the Temple.

JUDGE: This case has locked up enough of the court's precious time. I am throwing it out on the basis of the state's weak evidence.

PROSECUTOR 2: What? Preposterous!

JUDGE: Also, you didn't have any good jokes. That's always important. This court is adjourned.

Praying For

A MIRACLE

Skit of the Week by PJ McCluskey

SETTING: School

PROPS: None

CHARACTERS: Chris and Pat

(Chris enters to center stage. Pat is kneeling in prayer)

CHRIS: Drop a contact lens?

(Pat looks up, then resumes silent prayer)

CHRIS: New yoga position?

PAT: (Looks up and stops prayer) If you don't mind, I am *praying*.

CHRIS: (Dropping to a knee) For what? I'll pray with you.

PAT: No, no, no. I'm in need of a *miracle*.

CHRIS: A miracle? You're not praying for Red Bull™ to flow from the water fountain again, are you?

PAT: No. This is *way* more serious.

CHRIS: X-Ray vision? Mind reading?

PAT: Nope, but good ideas.

CHRIS: Then what miracle has actually dropped you to your knees to pray?

PAT: (Sighs) I just took my science final and am praying for a miracle.

CHRIS: Funny, I actually prayed that you would *study*. I guess that was too much of a miracle.

PAT: C'mon! I thought I was a good candidate for a miracle. I read some Bible stuff where a dude had *leopardsly* and Jesus healed him.

CHRIS: *Leopards-ly?* (Laughs) Yes. There was a "dude" who actually grew spots and whiskers and Jesus *did* heal him.

PAT: (Unfazed) See, you know the story. There are a lot of miracle stories like that. I thought I could just add to the legacy of Jesus.

CHRIS: That would be quite a resume-builder for Jesus.

PAT: Seriously, a *real* miracle hasn't happened for *years*.

CHRIS: Miracles happen every day! A doctor can hold a heart in his or her hands and fix it. That's a *miracle*. Many types of cancer are no longer a certain death sentence. *That* is a miracle. Then there are miracles of the spirit that happen to heal the heart and soul of a person...

PAT: Yeah! I read about the woman at the well from *Malaria*. She had a ton of husbands but Jesus still talked to her and welcomed her.

CHRIS: You say *Malaria*, I say *Samaria*, whatever. But you're right. And in most of the cases Jesus told people that their

faith had healed them.

PAT: What's your point?

CHRIS: I just think you're desperate – not faithful. These people had no control, for the most part, over their ailment – but you had every chance to study. You don't need a miracle. You need a kick in a pants.

PAT: You're right. In fact, aren't you always right? (Looks out at audience) Every time we are in front of these people, (points to audience) I'm the dumb one and you're Mr. Smarty Bible Man. Can't I just be right for once?

CHRIS: Now *that* would be a miracle we could write about.

PAT: Huh?

CHRIS: That's what I thought. Let's go.