

A script from



## **“Lazarus”**

by  
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- What** Lazarus has just come out of the tomb, and shares his miraculous tale. (Themes: Bible story, Death, Power of Christ, Prayer, God’s faithfulness)
- Who** Lazarus
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** Burial clothes in which to wrap Lazarus
- Why** John 11:1-44
- How** Monologues can be daunting. We advise that you memorize it one page at a time. Look over the script and then do it from memory as best you can – it won’t be word-for-word, but that’s okay. Check what you missed, do it again, and once you feel comfortable with that page move on to the next one. In no time you’ll have it memorized and it will be your own.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

*Lazarus enters, wrapped in burial clothes, dazed by what he has just experienced. (NOTE: You may even want to wrap him up like a mummy to the point that he has to hop in). He enters halfway in. Stops, looks confused. Looks back at where he came from. Looks back toward center stage. Pauses. Slowly moves forward to center stage. Pauses. Looks out at audience*

**Lazarus:** Can you see me? I mean, I'm really here right? 'Cause... I'm... not... sure... what just happened. (*Long pause*) I just woke up in a tomb. (*Pause*) HELLO! A tomb! Ya know... R-I-P... The final resting place... Days Inn for the dead. Can you imagine?

I know, I know, you think I'm crazy. I would too. But I'm not... I don't think.

Wait. Let me back up. Okay, I got sick one day, nothing big, just a little upset stomach. I just thought I'd eaten a bad chalupa or something. So my stomach is hurting and I'm a little more gassy than usual, what are ya going to do? But then, this thing won't go away. It gets worse. So I take some Pepcid, I take some Pepto, nothing works.

I tell my sister Mary to pray for me... she's such great prayer. However, she ain't so good at keeping a secret. She blabs to my other sister Martha that I'm sick. Martha, God bless her, is a bit of a busybody. She's always trying to "help" people. Translation: She's bossy and thinks she knows what everybody else should be doing.

Martha comes running in. (*As Martha*) "Oh Lazarus are you okay? Here lie down, have a sip of water, put this cloth on your head, let me take your temperature, oh my you're burning up!" (*As Self*) So I'm like, "leave me alone. I'm fine." But apparently I wasn't.

A day later and I can't get out of bed. I don't know what it was, but every time I got out of bed, I felt like I'd been punched in the gut. So now I'm getting a little worried. I mean, what's wrong with me? Martha's flitting around the house, (*As Martha*) "Try this, eat this, drink this." Mary's at the foot of my bed praying, (*As Mary*) "Please don't let him die... please don't let him die." I thought I was going to die. (Chuckles, then thinks about it) Hmm... I guess I was.

Then all the sudden I get this thought, I wish Jesus was here. He was a family friend, and we loved it when He came over. Life could be crazy and when Jesus came over it all calmed down. So I say out loud, "If Jesus were here... I bet I'd feel better."

Well, that put the sisters into overdrive. Mary starts praying, (*As Mary*) "Send Jesus, send Jesus, send Jesus." At one point, she actually put her fingers on her temples and started acting like she was talking to him via telekinesis (*Puts fingers on temples and says as Mary*) "Come in Jesus.

Jesus come in. Do you read me? This is Foot Washer calling Son of Man.... Come in Son of Man... Do you read me?” Martha, on the other hand, starts shouting at people, (*As Martha*) “Do you know where Jesus is? Can any of you help me find Jesus? You, why are you just standing there... Go find Jesus. Mary, don’t just kneel there, go get Jesus!”

I just knew Jesus would come. It even made me feel a little better thinking about it. A day goes by, no Jesus. But I knew He would come. Another day, no Jesus and I’m getting worse, but I knew He would come, I just knew it. My sisters were talking to each other, “Where is He? This is not like Him. Why isn’t he here?” But I just assured them, “Don’t worry. He’ll come. He’s our friend. He loves and cares for us. Oh He’ll come.”

Meanwhile I’m starting to fade in and out. I’m having great conversations with my uncle Samuel. Only one problem... he died about ten years ago! (*Makes “freaked out” face and shivers like he’s crept out*) Creepy ain’t it? However, I have to admit he was doing pretty good for a dead guy.

So anyway, day three and no Jesus. Now I’m talking to other people that have “gone before me.” My Aunt Rebecca, my Grandpa Joe and they’re saying things like, “Hey Laz, you can come to our place tomorrow,” and I think it sounds pretty good. Meanwhile my sisters are beside themselves. I keep asking them, why are you crying, Uncle Samuel looks good to me.” That doesn’t seem to help. I reassure them one more time, “Don’t worry, He’ll come.” Then, it starts to get very dark, and, like you’ve heard before, there was this bright light.

The next thing I know I hear someone calling my name, “Lazarus! Come out!” I was groggy, you know how you feel right after you slept a few hours too long, or a few days too long. And I don’t want to wake up for some reason. It was like I was having this really great dream and I didn’t want it to end. My eyes are still closed and I’m thinking to myself, “That voice, I know that voice.” And then I realize it... He came. I knew He would... He always does.

I open my eyes, expecting to see Mary at my feet and maybe smell some of Martha’s cooking. But... I... don’t. Instead, I see Uncle Samuel... or what’s left of him wrapped in stuff like this (*Holds up his burial clothes*) and I smell... something rotten. I mean it was awful. Then I have the worst revelation of my life... that smell is me. Needless to say, I freaked out. I struggle to get to my feet and begin to hop out of this tomb desperately trying to get away from my dead Uncle and my own smell.

As I hop out, I see this crowd of people all staring at me. No one’s moving a muscle. They’re not smiling. They’re not crying. They all just have this blank look on their face like they’ve just seen a ghost.