

“Pedicure for the Soul”

by
Jenny Craiger

What Becky is waiting for a professional pedicure when Jesus arrives to complete the task. Becky tries to convince Jesus that, not only should He avoid her feet, He should stay away from her until she fixes a few things in her life. She soon discovers that Jesus is the only one that can really clean up her feet and her life.

Themes: Maundy Thursday, Washing of Feet, Jesus as Servant and Savior, Easter, Humor

Who Jesus
Becky

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Pumice stone
White Cloth
Basin of Water
Other Pedicure Items (to set scene)
Stool
Chair
Magazine
Large Towel

Why John 13:2-17

How The actors should perform lines with attention to comedic timing and reflective moments. Jesus can be dressed in present day clothing (jeans and white t-shirt) or biblical clothing depending on preference of the director.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

*Becky is sitting in a comfortable chair with her feet in a basin of water which is resting on a large towel. There is a short stool sitting next to her feet. She is reading a magazine and appears relaxed. Jesus whistles or hums a hymn/praise song while walking onto the stage carrying items for the pedicure, including a white cloth and pumice stone. As soon as **Becky** sees **Jesus**, she sits up abruptly in her chair.*

Becky: Oh, it's Jesus! *(Nervous and confused)* What are you doing here?

Jesus: Hi Becky! I'm here to do your pedicure.

*Puts down the items and sits on the stool in front of **Becky**. He starts to prepare the cloth and other pedicure tools around the basin. Speechless for a second, **Becky** watches **Jesus**. As she realizes His intent, she jumps up in the basin of water and steps out of it onto the towel.*

Becky: I...I...Jesus, get up from there!

Jesus: *(Jesus stands up and puts His hand on **Becky's** shoulder to gently push her back in the chair) Whoa there! I've cleaned feet before. (Smiling) Trust me, I have good references. Relax! (Stunned, **Becky** sits but doesn't put her feet in the basin)*

Becky: Relax? I don't think so.

Jesus: *(sits back down on the stool next to **Becky**, making eye contact) Becky, what's the problem?*

Becky: What's the problem?! You can't touch my feet, Jesus. I've been a little busy lately and they've been GROSSLY neglected...and I do literally mean gross.

Jesus: I'm sure of seen worse.

Becky: Jesus, my feet are kind of scaly.

Jesus: And?

Becky: And they have some cracks.

Jesus: And?

Becky: And my toenails are...well...unpolished to put it nicely.

Jesus: *(points to self) Remember? Jesus? Becky, I already know what condition your feet are in. (Chuckling) That's why I'm here to attend to them.*

Becky: *(begrudgingly)* Okay, You may know the shape their in, but that's exactly why you can't TOUCH them. You're...well...You're Jesus.

Jesus: Becky, that's exactly why I should touch them. I can clean up those poor, neglected feet. Now, stop avoiding, and put them back in the basin.

Becky: *(hesitant to tell Jesus no, so questioningly)* No?

Jesus: *(challenging her refusal, raising an eyebrow)* No?

Becky: No, please?

Jesus: Becky, what's really going on?

Becky: *(sighs heavily)* Okay. *(Pauses as if seeking courage)* You see, the problem is actually much bigger than my yucky feet.

Jesus: *(nods knowingly, saying next line as statement rather than question)* And that's why you don't want Me near you.

Becky: *(sadly)* Yes. No! I mean, I DO want You near me. *(Looks away from Jesus, ashamed)* But the truth is that right now my whole life is as bad as my gross feet. I've made some terrible choices, hurt a lot of people...and I've got all this baggage just weighing me down...stuff I need to fix. I'm dirty right now, Jesus, and you really shouldn't be around me.

Jesus: *(gently turns Becky's head back in His direction with her chin)* Becky, You and I both know that I already know about all those things.

Becky: *(gets up and starts pacing on stage. Pleading)* But Jesus, it's so awful. There are things that I'm so ashamed of. You shouldn't be cleaning my feet! I should be cleaning Your feet! *(Stops pacing center stage with head bowed)* And at this point I'm not even good enough to touch a scrap of Your clothing.

Jesus: *(stands up and walks over to Becky, speaking gently but chidingly)* Becky, you know who I am. I died on a cross because of all those ugly things you're trying to hide from Me. But I already paid for those bad choices, so you don't have to carry around that baggage. And now, I'm here, ready to clean your feet and soul if you'll let Me. *(Pauses)* You know, Becky, unless I wash you, you have no part with Me.

Becky: *(looks up quickly at Jesus)* No part with you? *(Hurries back to the chair and places feet in the basin; takes a deep breath)* Okay, Jesus. I'm ready for my pedicure. And you can also give me a manicure and wash my hair, too, if that's what it takes!

*Jesus smiles at **Becky** and goes back to the stool beside **Becky's** feet. He picks up one of **Becky's** feet and starts to wipe it with the cloth.*

Becky: Jesus?

Jesus: Yes, Becky.

Becky: Is this like a pedicure for the soul?

Jesus: *(chuckling)* I guess you could say that.

Becky: Well, then I definitely didn't bring a big enough tip.

Both laugh together.

Becky: *(serious)* Thank you, Jesus.

Jesus: I love you, Becky.

Becky: I love you, too, Jesus.

Lights down.