

John 13:34-35

CHARACTERS: 7 men, 1-3 non speaking men can be added.

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Biblical attire

SETTING: None specified

(General noise, confusion and arguing. Some men are standing, other sitting.)

Peter: *(Entering)* Get quiet, all of you *(Noise quiets down)* I guess we're missing James and a couple of the others but we'll get started anyway. Jesus left us with the task of spreading the gospel. Somehow we have to show all men we are his disciples. We have to figure out a way to do this. Any ideas?

(John (sitting) raises his hand. Throughout the skit someone next to him physically puts his hand down whenever he raises it to speak)

Andrew: I agree, Peter. It's essential to get the word out that we are his disciples. Allot of us fish. We could put a message on the sail of our boats. Everybody along the Sea of Galilee would get the message. We could expand to other bodies of water....

(Andrew and Peter seem interested, nodding, etc. The others look doubtful)

Thomas :*(Cutting him off)* I doubt that will work

(Thomas and Andrew glare at each other. John raises his hand to be called on. Someone forces it down)

Peter: Simon. What do you think?

Simon: We could get the Zealots to pass out flyers

Thomas: flyer? What's a flyer?

Simon: It's this little scroll thing....

Thomas: *(Cutting him off)* I doubt that would work - half our audience can't read

Andrew: *(Disgusted)* Thomas, you doubt everything. *(In a sing song childish voice)* Doubting Thomas *(This is picked up by two or three other disciples who join in)* Doubting Thomas, Doubting Thomas.

Peter: Stop it! All of you. We have work here to do to spread the word. (*John once again raises his hand to speak and once again someone puts it down*)

Bartholomew: Hey guys, picture this. You know how all the people get into those circuses the Romans are always having? We could do our own circus? Of course nobody would get killed. (*Now on a roll, speaking faster, louder and being more animated*) and different people in the audience could hold up these big signs with scriptures.... (*Simon leans toward him like he can't believe the nonsense coming out of his mouth*) And in the middle of the battle the gladiators could stop and point their swords at the scriptures. .. And (*Finally catching on that no one else is showing the least bit of enthusiasm for his plan. They are all looking at him like he's crazy. He withdraws sheepishly out of sight.*)

Peter: (*Getting the meeting back on track*) Yes, Andrew what is your idea

Andrew: Why don't we make banners and put them up at the temple?

Thomas: Dumb idea. You know how the chief priests and teachers of the law feel about us. They'd have them torn up and us in jail in a heartbeat.

(*John finally stands up and starts waving wildly. Two other disciples press him back into his seat and put down his hand*)

Matthew: (*Thinking out loud*) Maybe not the temple... how about at every tax collector's booth. I mean everybody pays taxes...

Thomas: Matthew, I don't think we want to be associated with any tax collectors

Matthew: (*Very indignant, about ready to start a fist fight*) Oh yeah! You don't want to associate with tax collectors?

Thomas: (*backing up, getting apologetic, a little scared, wanting to avoid a fight*) I wasn't talking about RETIRED tax collectors.

John: (*Finally standing up, boldly and separating the two*) It's this kind of stuff, fighting and arguing, (*Pointing at Matthew and Thomas*) that's going to give Christians a bad name.

Peter: So what bright idea do you suggest?

John: (*Interrupting*) Peter, let's just do what Jesus said to do (*Rest of the disciples seem lost and confused, turn to each other, shrugging, etc.*)

Peter: (*Totally confused*) what do you mean?

John: He said “All men everywhere will know you are my disciples if you love one another.”

Peter and all (*Beat to soak in*) Yeah, good idea, sure that would work, great idea, why didn't I think of that, etc.

Thomas: Even I don't doubt that would work. (*They all smile, slap hands, Matthew and Thomas even hug*)

Peter: John, you gotta write this down somewhere in case this question comes up later.

John: (*Looking around for a quill and scroll*) Yeah, I was going to write a book someday anyway.