



SESSION 4

BIBLE STORY SKIT

Jesus Forgives Zacchaeus

Materials: Tree (potted palm, tree painted on cardboard, etc.).

Preparation: None.

Characters

Zack: Tax collector, a really short man

Jake: Tax collector, a really tall man

Beth: Bible-times woman

Leah: Bible-times woman

Seth: Leah's husband

Amos: Poor Bible-times man

Matt: Former friend of Zack's

Narrator

Scene: Street in the Bible-times city of Jericho.

(Zack and Jake enter. Jake sits down under a tree. Zack looks around curiously.)

Zack: Hey, Jake, what's all that commotion in the street?

Jake: Zack, notice that I am sitting. To find out what's happening, I would have to get up and climb that tree in order to see ANYTHING.

Zack: Aw, Jake! You're so tall you could probably see if you just stood UP.

Jake: That would require me to move from my comfortable seat.

Zack: Oh, yeah. Bad idea. But aren't you the LEAST bit curious?

Jake: Nope. Not a bit. But whatever it is, it's NOISY! I'll never get an afternoon nap this way!

Zack: I'll go see if someone else knows what's going on. *(Beth, Seth and Leah enter.)* Shalom, good people. What's happening down the street?

Beth: Well, if we're GOOD people, what does that make YOU, tax collector?! Nothing's going on that would gain you more money, so go home!

Leah: Besides, you've already got our last coin. You can't collect any more taxes from us!

Seth: Ladies! Shh! Don't make him mad!

Leah: What difference does it make? We've got nothing left but the clothes on our backs!

Beth: Next thing, he'll be wanting those, too!

Zack: I don't want your clothes, I just want . . .

Leah: What? Our clothes aren't GOOD enough for you? You sneaking Roman thief!

Seth: Let's go, ladies! Excuse us, Zack, but we're on our way to the bank for a loan. *(Beth, Seth and Leah exit.)*

Zack: Still awake, Jake? Boy, those three are cranky! Just because I took their goats and oxen . . . Look, I left them their donkey!

Jake: Yep. They just need to be more positive. Takes a bit of doing to adjust after taxes.

Zack: Who do they think they ARE? Roman law says we must take what we NEED to support ourselves. Do they want me to break the LAW?!

Jake: Guess that fancy new house you built kind of rubs them the wrong way. They're just jealous. *(Amos enters.)*

Zack: Hey, Amos, what's happening up the street?

Amos: It'll COST you. Silver—right here in this hand, first!

Zack: Just to find out what's going on?

Amos: Hey, SOMEBODY took my entire savings in taxes when I bought a few goats!

Zack: It's not MY idea to charge everyone taxes. It's the LAW.

Amos: Yeah, but it's ROMAN law. And it was YOUR idea to overcharge me! *(Amos exits.)*

Zack: Another cranky citizen of the Empire. Maybe I should take up farming.

Jake: HA! That's a good one! Then I'd get to tax YOU! I'd LOVE to have your new house!

Zack: Very funny, Cutthroat Jake. SOMEONE'S gotta tell me what's going on. *(Matt enters.)* Hey, Matt, what's going on?

Matt: Not much. The wife's finally well. Kids need new sandals. Gotta go! Bye! *(He turns to leave, but Zack reaches out and stops him.)*

Zack: No, no. What's going on up the STREET?

Matt: Gabe's got shoes on sale. Beth's selling yesterday's bread cheap. Gotta go!

Zack: THAT'S not what all the excitement is about. TALK to me, Matt! We were BEST FRIENDS when we were young!

Matt: Yeah. We WERE. Past tense. Look, the commotion is about Jesus. He's coming down the street. But I've really gotta go! Mind letting go of my robe?

Zack: Jesus! I've heard of Him. He's supposed to be a fantastic speaker.

Matt: He is. He talks about God and forgiveness and stuff. Listen, with your reputation, I'd rather not be seen talking to you. I've gotta go.

Zack: Er, right. . . . Well, thanks for telling me what's going on, old friend.

Jake: So . . . your old friend Matt doesn't want to be seen talking to a tax collector, eh?

Zack: That really hurts. We were so close! He even let me have his butterfly collection.

Jake: Well, I'm your only friend now . . . me and the other tax collectors. Listen, after I get some sleep, we'll go take some widow's house as payment for taxes. That'll cheer you up.

Zack: It just doesn't hold the same excitement it used to. But I'd sure like to see that Jesus. I just can't see past all these people!

Jake: Zacchaeus, get outta here. Go climb a tree and let me sleep!

Zack: Climb a tree! What a great idea! *(He exits.)*

Jake: Yeah, right . . . *(Snores.)*

Narrator: Sometime later . . .

Zack: *(Running back on stage.)* Jake! Jake! You'll never believe what happened! JESUS is coming to MY house for dinner! Can you believe it? Jesus is coming to see ME! A tax collector!

Jake: Good! Now it'll quiet down and I can get some sleep!