

A script from



“A Snapshot from Good Friday: Jairus’ Daughter”

Script 4
by
Paul Neil

- What** Jairus, a leader in the synagogue, asked Jesus to heal his young daughter who was dying. By the time Jesus arrived at Jairus’ house, the young girl had died. In this script, that same young girl remembers meeting Jesus after He raised her from the dead. **Themes:** Easter, Good Friday, Miracle, Healing, Resurrection
- Who** Girl, 14-16
- When** After crucifixion
- Wear
(Props)** Biblical costume
- Why** Mark 5:21-43
- How** We found that it worked well when the audience was not told in advance who each character was. The mystery drew them in. This fits well with the other six Snapshots from Good Friday. Each feature one of the last sayings of Jesus from the cross.
- Time** Approximately 8 minutes

Girl enters and addresses the audience.

Girl: I was so hungry. The only thing I wanted was a cup of water and some of my mother’s stew, but I couldn’t even figure things out well enough to form the words. But that man...the one I’d never seen before then...He sent my little sister to get me something to eat. And...the second miracle that day...she did as she was told without arguing. *(Smiles slightly then...a more somber pause)* That was over a year and a half ago, but when I saw Him today...it all came flooding back.

(beat) My father didn’t want me here today. And my father is a man who is used to getting his way. In our family shop, he rules the roost. At the synagogue, people do what he says without question.

But at our house...between my little sister and my mom and me, he’s outnumbered. He’s good-natured about it. He grumbles about never having any quiet, about the house being overrun by ribbons and perfume and pretty fabrics, but I know deep down he loves being able to provide those things for us.

When the fever struck me year before last, he sat by my bedside for four days, swabbing my forehead with cool wet cloths. He sent my sister to fetch the physician, but he said there was nothing he could do for me. By the third evening, I was so weak I couldn’t open my eyes, and I couldn’t speak. But my father sat there, mopping the sweat, singing songs, and whispering “Be strong, my sweetness. Be strong.”

(beat) But I couldn’t be. There was no strength left. The sickness was too much. I was burning up from the inside out. I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t see. I couldn’t speak.

Fixes her gaze on the audience.

And then I died.

Funny, huh? Nobody should be able to *say* that. I shouldn’t be able to say that I remember dying. But I do. It was like being in a deep pit that collapsed in on me. Pressure, heat, darkness—and then...nothing.

But then...and this is confusing...then I felt somebody pick up my hand. I could feel the warmth of that other hand, but I knew my own hand was lifeless and cold. And somewhere in my dead mind I knew I shouldn’t be feeling anything...and I shouldn’t be *thinking about* how I shouldn’t be feeling anything. That tiny spark in the darkness...that moment of awareness that just shouldn’t have even been...it was the most baffling thing I can ever imagine feeling.

Then...I heard Him. At first, it was like hearing somebody from the next room, a voice muffled by distance. But He spoke again and said, "Little girl, get up."

I was annoyed for a second. From the time I was 9 I started hating being called little girl. And then I was ALMOST THIRTEEN!

But...the annoyance was burned away as that spark of awareness blazed into a flame, and then into an inferno, and then my eyes opened and before I knew it I was sitting up and then standing up and then before I could make any sense of things my parents were wrapping their arms around me. My mother was praying and thanking Yahweh, and my father was just repeating, "my sweetness, my sweetness" over and over again.

That's when the man I'd never seen sent my sister to get me a meal. Nothing had ever tasted better, and nothing has since.

From that moment, my father kept me by his side whenever possible.

He even took me to go hear the Teacher speak on the hillside not long after the day I died.

I saw people arriving at the hillside that day. Not to brag, but I think I'm one of the few true experts on what it's like to be dead. And I can tell you some of those people were just as dead as I had been in every way except physically.

And I saw some of those same people leaving after they heard Him, after He fed them.

And that spark that I had felt? It was in their eyes, in their conversations. Not an inferno yet, maybe not even a flame. But the spark was there.

It made me happy.

Today... Father wanted me to stay home.

He didn't think I would understand.

But I think I understand better than he does.

I know the man who brought me back to life that day is good, holy...perfect.

But a man that goes around setting fires like that...he makes people nervous, too.

He makes people nervous who've spent too many years keeping the flame under control, keeping it dim enough and cool enough that the darkness can skirt in pretty close. Those people finally got their way today. They crucified Him.

Today, standing by my father's side, I saw a nail sticking right through the hand that pulled me out of the pit.

He said, "I thirst."

I wish I could have sent my sister for a cup of water. If anyone ever deserved it, it was this powerful, compassionate, miracle working man.

He got a sponge full of vinegar shoved in his face instead.

My father broke down and sobbed.

You'd think I would, too. After all, I know what It's like when that pit starts to crumble and the light starts to fade and you're overcome by the shadow of suffering.

But I didn't weep. You wanna know why?

Because I know fire spreads...and even when you think it's gone out...the embers can burst back into life.

After all...I'm living proof.

Lights fade.