

a script from



COLLECTIVE

## "First Sight"

by  
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**What** This easy to stage and short monologue highlights the journey of the blind beggar that Jesus heals at the Pool of Siloam. The man, now with his sight restored, talks about the moment of his healing, and how his first sight was that of love... the love and compassion of the Son of Man.

Themes: Love, Compassion, Spiritual Blindness, Hope

**Who** Man

**When** Bible times

**Costumes** Period clothing, somewhat disheveled

**Props** None

**Why** John 9: 1-41

**How** Empty stage. Encourage the actor to utilize the entire performance area during the monologue.

**Time** 3 minutes

At curtain, **Man** stumbles in, like he was pushed forward.

**Man:** *(takes a few stumbling steps then gains his composure)* Wow! *(looking back, brushing himself off)* I've never been kicked out of the temple before. Those priests were pretty mad. *(smiles)* Maybe it was my reaction when I first saw them... when I could actually physically see them. I said something like "Aren't you guys hot? What's with all the robes? Expecting a cold snap?" I guess my sarcasm wasn't appreciated, either. Hee hee. Especially when I made fun of them... and told them that *(in a voice)* If Jesus wasn't from God, how could he have healed my blindness? Restored my sight? Duh. *(pause, smile)* That didn't go over well.

*(pause)* My sight. *(looking around, starting to explore performance space)* Nothing... nothing looks like what I thought it would look like. The temple is so much bigger. The marketplace... I know the smells, but not what the people there look like. *(smiles)* And for some of them I wish I was still blind! *(looks up quickly, pointing up)* Kidding! Kidding!

*(walks a bit, then gestures down)* This is where I was. Yes, by the pool. Just another blind beggar, trying to survive. Until... Jesus saw me. At first sight. He was talking to his men about something regarding sin. I was half listening when all of a sudden, he's putting mud on my eyes! "Hey!", I yelled. "What are you doing?!" I struggled at first. The mud was wet and thick. Then he says to wash it off in the pool. I was still kind of shocked. But his tone. Soft but encouraging.

I relaxed and did it. I washed, and washed and then... *(pause, then moves down stage, contemplative tone)* My first sight was... *(pause, looking up)* Light. What I've always felt on my face before, now I could see. Light. I had to hold my hand up to my new eyes as I had to become used to its brilliance. And then, a face came in... in front of the light. A face. *His* face. Jesus, looking down at me.

Then it occurred to me. It's what I imagined... what love would look like. I've heard of it of course. Wished for it. But there, in front of me, I saw it. In him. In his light. It was love at first sight.

*(pause, transitioning to present again)* There's nothing else to say.  
*(gesturing behind him)* I told *them* that. They had all these questions.  
And I had my fun with them. But, in the end, my answer remained the same.

For I was blind but now I see. And now I see so much. Because of love.

*(pause)* I've got so many things to see for the first time. *(thinking, then)*  
Hmm, I'm going to need a new occupation too. I guess being a *pretend*  
blind beggar would be wrong. *(quick thought)* Then again... *(looking up again)* Again, kidding!

*(pause, thinking)* I better get back home. The family is still a little, well, spooked about it all. *(smile)* Maybe I'll pretend I'm still blind and mess with them a bit. *(pause)* Or not. Or maybe I'll remind them of the one who heals and lights the world.

So we can all see. *(thinks for a moment, then slowly exits).*

*Curtain.*