

A script from



“Leah's Lament”

by
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- What** How do we react when we endure hardship? What do we say to God when He keeps us from what we feel we deserve? Read as Leah struggles between relying on Him and becoming embittered. **Themes:** Jealousy, Bitterness, Relationships, Idolatry
- Who** Leah – The "plain one," older sister of Jacob's beloved Rachel
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** Biblical costume
A wooden table spread with a large, plain cloth
Smaller, more exotic cloth
Shallow bowl of water and a clay cup are on the table as well
- Why** Genesis 29:16-30; Hebrews 12:14-15; 1 Peter 5:7
- How** The person playing this character should be a strong actor. Remember that emotion doesn't always have to be loud and over-the-top. Sometimes it's reserved and inward, as if being suppressed, but intense. Keep the pacing up and the dialogue moving.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

Leah enters softly crying, her fingers bluing in an angry clench. She kneels, calms herself, speaking persuasively, wooingly.

Leah: Almighty One, Elohim, God of Jacob...my Jacob. God of our great cousin Isaac...Look at me. Again on my knees. Night after night I have sought, begged you to grant me Jacob's attention, his affection. I have fasted and sacrificed, obeyed your mysterious commandments. Like Jacob, I have forsaken our family gods, and worshipped you alone.

Rising, pacing.

No. Even as a child, even before Jacob, I sought you. You know this. I believed you were more powerful, more real, more present than the others. And now...have I been wrong? Are you no more than Ziporah's totems or Bilhah's river spirits? Should I have prayed to them? Is that what you want? You are driving me from you, Master! This is everything to me. And you have not answered me...in the manner I asked.

This humiliation is too great. To be passed over before everyone. To be ignored by him, the one I have prayed for, longed for, in favor of my youngest sister! She will bear children first—Lord, how I long for children! She will have her own tent, her own servants. And I...I will be left to care for my besotted dung heap of a father!

Softening, remembering.

Ever since Jacob drew water from our well, I felt—*knew* that you meant him for me. His love for you thrilled me and confirmed that he was meant for me. Though Rachel saw him first and brought him to us, I knew that I, as the oldest daughter, was the one who was meant for him.

She dips a clay cup into the water bowl.

It was I who rushed to bring Jacob a drink when he returned from the fields. But his eyes always searched for Rachel. It was I who made kirahni and roasted lamb for him. But his appetite was for Rachel. Her conversation. Her kisses. Her well-deep eyes.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

I have a beauty, Elohim. You whispered it to me. I know you did...I thought you did. You said you had a special plan for me. I thought you did. Was I wrong? Did you lie?

After a long moment, she rises, her mood darkening.

I have loved Rachel, Master. But Jacob is mine. And he should have chosen me. It should have been me.

She pushes the delicate cloth to the ground and crushes it under her foot.

It should have been me.

She exits. Lights out. The end.