

a script from



WORSHIP

“My Christmas Connection: Rahab”

By
Rachel Benjamin

What In this monologue the audience is challenged to guess the true identity of the character and her connection to Christmas. This portion of the larger script, “My Christmas Connection,” portrays Rahab as she talks about forgiveness and redemption found only in Christ.

Themes: Christmas, Monologues, Redemption, Truth, Forgiveness, Identity

Who Rahab

When This script is written for Modern Day.

Costumes Rahab should be dressed in black.

Props Chair, Bible, Scarlet Rope

Why Isaiah 9:6 “For unto us a child is born, unto to us a son is given.”

2 Corinthians 5:17 “Therefore if anyone is in Christ, this person is a new creation; the old things passed away; behold, new things have come.”

Matthew 1: 5 “Salmon fathered Boaz by Rahab..”

How The script was originally written so that the audience would be unaware of the character’s identity at the beginning of the monologue. The character’s true identity is revealed throughout the monologue; however, it is never stated directly. If you would prefer to have the character directly state who she is, feel free to adjust the following lines at the end of the monologue.

Rahab: Who am I? I am forgiven. I am redeemed. I am Rahab.

Time 3 minutes

Director's Note: This monologue should have a heavy tone. The weight of what Rahab has been saved from should be felt in the way that this monologue is delivered.

The stage is bare except for a chair centerstage with a Bible resting on top of it.

A woman enters upstage right carrying a scarlet rope. She moves to centerstage and falls on the floor as if begging.

Rahab: Who am I?

Beat.

Rahab: Who am I that you would come to my house? Or show me mercy? But as I have been kind to you, show kindness to me and my family.

Beat.

Rahab: Your life for mine.

She desperately ties the scarlet rope to the base of the centerstage chair.

Beat.

Rahab: My life wasn't worth saving. Who was I really? Just a girl who loved her family. A daughter who disappointed her father. A woman with no future and a past better forgotten.

Beat.

Rahab: Who am I? Well, I'm scared of heights. I like to stay on solid ground. I know a thing or two about foundations crumbling. Things that you thought would stand the test of time, walls you were so sure would protect you and keep you safe, I've seen them crumble. Literally. The dust of walls collapsing is a sight you don't soon forget.

Beat.

Rahab: I should have died that day. I deserved to. God alone knows the total destruction my sin caused in my own life as well as in others. A holy God would have been justified in condemning me that day. But instead I was shown mercy. I was forgiven. I was redeemed.

She grabs the Bible.

Rahab: *(referring to the Bible)* I don't belong here. I don't understand why I'm here – or even mentioned. But here I sit with my name written on the page for all to read - the story of redemption, a life changed. I was the opposite of married. I was anti-marriage. Why would a man want to build a family with me? But... after that day, one man did. And we had a son, and *he* had a son. And on it went until suddenly I had a family line. A line that meant something, that led to something- to someone. Why me? All I did was believe. When you see thousands of men marching and marching for days and blowing trumpets, and then you see what I saw, all you can do is believe.

Beat.

Rahab: *(confident)* Who am I? I am forgiven. I am redeemed. I have been shown mercy and named in the genealogy of my Lord and my God. The walls of Jericho, which should have claimed my life, instead brought freedom and a saving grace that I didn't deserve.

Beat.

Rahab: The day of my should-have-been death, brought me to my Savior.

She exits.