

“Out of the Water”

by
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What When Pharaoh orders all baby boys to be killed, a young mother, Jochebed, and her daughter, Miriam, vow to save their baby boy. Tearfully, they place him in a basket in the Nile River. But God had plans for this small child and guides him into the arms of the Pharaoh’s daughter, Bithiah.

Themes: Kids Ministry, Baby Moses, God's Plan, Sacrifice, Trust

Who Jochebed
Miriam
Bithiah
Eliana

When Biblical times

Wear (Props) Baby doll wrapped in cloth blanket
Long basket big enough for doll to fit in
A few reeds are placed on either side of the stage
Blue fabric can be placed on the ground in between the reeds to indicate water.

Why Exodus 2

How The optional effect of basket floating down the river could be done with fishing line tied to basket and being pulled down the “water” from one set of reeds to the other by a stagehand offstage. You could also choose to have an optional sound effect of baby crying.

Time Approximately 6 minutes

At start of scene, **Miriam** enters, carrying basket. She looks around nervously.

Miriam: *(waving offstage at **Jochebed** to enter)* It's alright, Mother. There's no one here.

Jochebed enters, carrying baby doll wrapped in a blanket.

Jochebed: We must be quiet, Miriam. If anyone hears us, they will take your baby brother and throw him in the Nile.

Miriam: I don't understand, Mother. Why would anyone want to hurt a sweet little baby? *(Crosses to **Jochebed** and looks down at doll)*

Jochebed: The population in Egypt has grown rapidly in the last number of years. Pharaoh fears that the number of Hebrews will grow larger than he can control. He worries that the men will form an army and attack him.

Miriam: So that's why he ordered all the baby boys to be thrown into the Nile River.

Jochebed: Yes. *(Looking down at doll)* But I can't let that happen. Not to my baby boy.

Miriam: *(puts her finger inside the blanket, then looks at **Jochebed** with a smile)* He grabbed my finger!

Jochebed: *(smiling at **Miriam**)* He must know he has a sister that loves him very much.

Miriam: But why can't we just go on hiding him? You've hidden him for the last three months without anyone finding him.

Jochebed: He is growing older and his cries are growing louder. I fear our neighbors are growing suspicious.

Miriam: But our neighbors are our friends. Surely, they won't turn us in.

Jochebed: Pharaoh has spies everywhere.

Miriam: But our neighbors are Hebrews like us. And Pharaoh enslaves all Hebrews. Why would they help Pharaoh?

Jochebed: In the hope of making their lives a little better, I suppose. The life of a Hebrew slave is hard, as we well know. Any amount of comfort the Pharaoh might provide would be tempting to our friends and neighbors, I'm afraid.

Sound of female laughter is heard offstage.

Miriam: *(looking around, nervously)* What was that?

Jochebed: That was the sound of laughter. Someone must be coming. We must do what we came here for.

Miriam holds out basket while Jochebed puts doll inside and arranges blankets while Miriam says next line.

Miriam: Do you really think this is going to work? What if someone finds him?

Jochebed: We must trust in God to keep him safe. We have to put him in God's hands now. *(Crosses with Miriam to water's edge. She bends down and kisses doll on the head)* Goodbye, my sweet boy. May God watch over you all of your days.

Miriam: And may your days be long and many. *(Kisses doll on the head then helps Jochebed put the basket in the water near the reeds as sound of laughter is heard, louder now)* The laughter is getting closer. We must leave this place, Mother.

Jochebed: *(tearfully)* I can't leave him just yet. Let's hide over here, behind these reeds. I promise you; we won't be caught.

Jochebed takes Miriam's arm and guides her to hide behind reeds as Bithiah and Eliana enter. Eliana carries a basket with oils and a towel.

****NOTE optional special effect of basket floating down the river could occur as they enter, with basket stopping at second set of reeds.*

Bithiah: *(laughing)* If I didn't know any better, I'd say that heron thought you were carrying his lunch in that basket.

Eliana: Well he gave me quite a scare, that's for sure!

Bithiah: He would have been awfully surprised if he had gotten ahold of the contents of that basket. I'm not sure how tasty my bath oils are to a heron!

Eliana: Maybe then he would've left us alone!

Bithiah: *(putting her arm around Eliana)* I thought you did a fine job scaring him off, Eliana.

Eliana: *(with a curtsy)* Why, thank you, Your Highness. *(Puts down basket and starts to flap her arms like wings)* I suppose a girl with wings can look pretty frightening, even to a heron.

Eliana runs around, flapping her wings and making bird noises while Bithiah laughs.

Bithiah: I'd say it's funny, rather than frightening. But then again, you are my servant.

Eliana: *(stops flapping her arms and crosses back to basket, picking it up)* And as your servant, I really should get you ready for your bath. If we don't get back soon, your father will be angry.

Bithiah: *(with a sigh)* My father is always angry. A few extra minutes of peace and quiet down by the Nile won't make any difference.

Eliana: *(taking a brush out of the basket and handing it to Bithiah)* Very well. Let me just check the temperature of the water while you start to comb your hair.

Crosses to reeds where basket is located as Bithiah brushes her hair and stares off into the distance.

Bithiah: I wonder what it would be like if I wasn't the Pharaoh's daughter.

Eliana: Trust me, Your Highness, you don't want to know.

Bithiah: It can't be that bad.

Eliana: Just ask any one of the Hebrew slaves.

Bithiah: But your life isn't so bad, is it Eliana?

Eliana: *(turning back to Bithiah)* Of course not. You are a kind and caring mistress, Your Majesty. Not all of the slaves are so lucky. Most spend countless hours a day in the hot sun laboring in the field for your father.

Bithiah: I suppose you are right.

Eliana: *(sees basket in the water)* What is this? *(Bends down and picks up basket, draws blanket aside)* Why, it's a baby!

Bithiah: A baby? Let me see!

Eliana brings basket to Bithiah, who looks down into basket.

**Optional sound effect of baby crying could be used.*

Miriam: Oh no! The Pharaoh's daughter found him.

Jochebed: We must put our faith in God that everything will be alright.

Bithiah: Well, isn't she just precious?

Eliana: *(moving the blanket aside)* I think the baby is a *he*.

Bithiah: *(chuckling)* Well, so *he* is. He must be one of the Hebrew babies.

Eliana: But I thought your father ordered all male Hebrew babies to be thrown into the Nile.

Bithiah: *(taking doll out of the basket and cradling it in her arms)* We found him in the Nile, didn't we?

Eliana: Yes, Your Highness. But I don't think your father meant for the babies to be floating down the river in a basket.

Bithiah: That just makes this little boy special then, doesn't it?

Eliana: What are you going to do with him?

Bithiah: I'm going to keep him, of course.

Miriam: *(turning to Jochebed)* Did you hear that! She's going to keep him.

Jochebed: *(putting a hand to her chest, relieved)* I knew God would keep him safe.

Eliana: Your father will never allow it.

Bithiah: Let me worry about my father.

Jochebed: My son is safe. We must go now, Miriam. *(Turns to exit with Miriam)*

Bithiah: I suppose I'm going to need to find a wet nurse for him.

Miriam: *(stopping)* Did you hear that, Mother?

Eliana: Shall I go and get one of the Hebrew women to nurse him for you?

Miriam runs out of hiding and crosses to Eliana and Bithiah.

Miriam: I know a woman who could nurse your baby for you!

Motions for Jochebed to cross. When Jochebed reaches them, Miriam takes her arm.

This is my mother, Jochebed. She is a wonderful mother and would take such good care of your baby.

Bithiah: Is that so? Can you nurse my baby for me?

Jochebed: *(with eyes downcast)* I can.

Bithiah: Then it's settled. You'll take my baby and nurse him for me until he's old enough to join me at the palace. I know it's a lot to ask, so of course I'd be happy to pay you for your services.

Jochebed: *(looking up, with tears in your eyes)* Your kindness and generosity is more than I could have hoped for, Your Highness.

Bithiah: Then I suppose all that's left to do is to introduce you to my son.

Holds out baby to Jochebed, who takes him and looks down at him, as does Bithiah.

Jochebed: What a lucky baby to have such a kind mother.

Bithiah: *(looks at Jochebed)* And such a caring nurse. *(Touches baby in blanket)*

Eliana: What will be the baby's name?

Bithiah: *(thoughtfully, after a moment)* I think I will call him Moses, which means to pull out of the water.

Eliana: Because out of the water came Moses.

Miriam: And out of the water comes life and love and hope for the future.

All look at doll. End of scene.