

A script from



“Road to Emmaus”

by

Eddie James and Tommy Woodard

- What** Two aged disciples of Jesus recount how they met the risen Lord on the way from Jerusalem to Emmaus. (Themes: Easter, Resurrection, Testimony, Jesus)
- Who** Actor 1/Cleopas
Actor 2/ Simon
- When** Bible Times with present day feel
- Wear (Props)** Clothes to make the actors look older (Optional)
- Why** Luke 24
- How** Do not be afraid to talk over each other’s lines. These are two guys who have known each other for sixty years, and can talk on top of each other and finish each other’s sentences without feelings being hurt. It will also help with pacing. Also a nice touch would be to adopt a slight Yiddish accent.
- Time** Approximately 10-12 minutes

Actor 1 and Actor 2 face the audience.

Actor 1: Cleopas and another believer were going to Emmaus, talking about what had happened in Jerusalem, about Jesus’ trial, death, and the curiosity of the empty tomb. As they walked along, a man they did not recognize joined them and asked them what they were talking about. Cleopas and the other believer shared with the stranger everything they had been discussing. As they walked, the stranger explained how all of the events of the past week pointed to the promised Messiah through the scripture of Moses and of the prophets, through the beginning of the Bible all the way through the end. They invited the man to have dinner with them, and there at dinner, the two disciples recognized that the stranger was actually Jesus raised from the dead. I’m sure they loved to tell that story for the rest of their lives. And it might have sounded a little like this.

The actors morph into two aged Jewish men, Cleopas and Simon.

Cleopas: I salute you, O Great Canasta King. You and your wife are the finest canasta players I’ve ever met.

Simon: That’s enough, that’s enough. We play the game of canasta the way it needs to be played, and let’s leave it at that.

Cleopas: Play it like it needs to be played? You play it like no one I’ve ever seen. You beat us in every hand we played last night.

Simon: Cleo, Cleo, it was just a game of canasta, let’s just leave it at that. Me and Ruth are good canasta players, but we don’t need to make a big production out of it or anything like that.

Cleopas: I have been...

Simon: Yes.

Cleopas: ... playing canasta for, I don’t know how long...

Simon: I know.

Cleopas: ... and I have never encountered someone who played as well as you. You beat us in every hand we played last night.

Simon: Stop it.

Cleopas: I bow to you, O great Masta of Canasta.

Simon: Stop it, stop it. Alright me and Ruth, we cheated.

Cleopas: What?

Simon: We cheated at canasta.

Cleopas: I knew it. I knew you were cheating.

Simon: You did not know we were cheating.

Cleopas: I had some idea you were cheating.

Simon: You had no idea we were cheating.

Cleopas: I had an inkling someone was cheating. I just didn't know if it was you or me.

Simon: No inkling whatsoever.

Cleopas: I had no clue you were cheating.

Simon: I'll give you that. I think these people want to hear the story.

Cleopas: They want to hear the story.

Simon: Everywhere we go, people say, "You were there, tell us the story." And we say alright. It doesn't matter, we like to...

Both: ... tell the story.

Cleopas: No, no, no, I'll tell the story, because I remember it like it was yesterday.

Simon: You don't remember anything about yesterday.

Cleopas: I remember it like yesterday, I'm telling you.

Simon: Alright, what did you have for lunch yesterday?

Cleopas: I had a salami sandwich on rye with a good Cobb salad. I love a good Cobb Salad.

Simon: Oy vey, you did not have any Cobb Salad.

Cleopas: I did too have Cobb Salad.

Simon: No you didn't. No you didn't, you had a little pickle, and a turkey sandwich on rye.

Cleopas: That's right. I don't even like Cobb Salad.

Simon: You hate Cobb Salad.

Cleopas: Too much Cobb. I guess you should tell the story.

Simon: Alright, I’ll tell the story. There we were...

Cleopas: I don’t like the way you tell the story. I’ll tell it.

Simon: Fine, go ahead tell the story.

Cleopas: There we were. It had been the worst weekend of our lives.

Simon: Yes.

Cleopas: They crucified Jesus...

Simon: Yes.

Cleopas: We put him in the tomb...

Simon: Put him in the tomb. Good, good.

Cleopas: We were all scared. We were up in the upper room...

Simon: Yes.

Cleopas: We were as nervous as a cat in a room full of rockers.

Simon: Alright, I’ve got to stop you there. Just to clarify, there were no cats and there were no rockers. John may have had a dog, but that is highly debatable.

Cleopas: I’m speaking metaphorically here.

Simon: I just want to make sure it’s clear.

Cleopas: I think it’s clear.

Simon: Alright, go ahead.

Cleopas: There we were. We were as nervous as... (*Looks at Simon*) We were shaking in our boots.

Simon: Time out. Hold it right there. We were not wearing boots. We had sandals. There were no boots.

Cleopas: I’m speaking metaphorically here.

Simon: I just want to make sure it’s clear.

Cleopas: Somebody needs to get Hooked on Phoenix here.

- Simon:** It's "phonics."
- Cleopas:** Yeah, yeah, whatever. So anyway, there we are. We're upstairs in the upper room...
- Simon:** No rocking chairs, no boots, no cats, maybe a dog. Continue.
- Cleopas:** Okay. But we're scared.
- Simon:** We're scared.
- Cleopas:** Because of what had happened.
- Simon:** Yes.
- Cleopas:** We hear a commotion outside. We hear Mary outside.
- Simon:** Yes, we hear Mary. Off in the distance. Do you remember that? She was yelling frantically. It sounded like she was yelling, "Beehive! Beehive!"
- Cleopas:** That's right.
- Simon:** You remember?
- Cleopas:** That's right because I remember telling you, "If there're bees keep them away from me, 'cause I'm allergic."
- Simon:** You are not allergic to bees.
- Cleopas:** I'm telling you when I get stung, I puff up...
- Simon:** No, you do not. I've known you for sixty years. You do not puff up or anything like that.
- Cleopas:** I get a red blotch wherever it was I got stung.
- Simon:** No, you are not allergic. There's no red blotch whatsoever.
- Cleopas:** Well, it stings for a minute, and I cry.
- Simon:** I'll give you that.
- Cleopas:** So I didn't want the bees around me.
- Simon:** No bees whatsoever. Then she busts open the door, and she's saying, "He's alive! He's alive!" Now, Mary. Sweet Mary.
- Cleopas:** Sweet Mary. God bless her.
- Simon:** God bless her, but sometimes...

Cleopas: Sometimes, she gets confused.

Simon: She gets a little confused.

Cleopas: So I remember saying to you, "I think she went to the wrong tomb."

Simon: And it was getting chaotic, so we left.

Cleopas: We had a long walk home.

Simon: About seven miles.

Cleopas: To Emmaus.

Simon: So we get on the road to Emmaus, and we're walking and talking.

Cleopas: We're talking and walking.

Simon: And what we're we talking about?

Cleopas: We were talking about young Thaddeus.

Simon: But before that we were talking about Pilate and how many chins he had. I said three, you said six, and it was going on and on and on.

Cleopas: The truth was, he was a large man. So anyway, we're walking and talking.

Simon: Talking and walking.

Cleopas: And we were talking about young Thaddeus. I was saying he should go to parochial school, and you were saying he should go to public school. And I knew he should go to a parochial school because I had been the superintendent of a parochial school for thirty years.

Simon: No, you were not the superintendent of any school for thirty years.

Cleopas: I was a teacher for twenty-five years at a...

Simon: No, no you were not a teacher.

Cleopas: I was a janitor for ten years.

Simon: No janitor.

Cleopas: I helped clean up after a ball game once.

Simon: I'll give you that. Continue.