

A script from



“The Last Days: Washing the Disciples Feet”

by
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- What** A dramatic narrative of Jesus washing his disciples’ feet. Themes: Servant, Jesus, Disciples, Humble, Betray, Judas, Peter, Forgiveness
- Who** Narrator 1
Narrator 2
(The narrators can be male or female, although 1 male and 1 female may work best)
- When** Biblical Times (The Last Supper)
- Wear (Props)** 2 stools with music stands
Basin
Towel
Pitcher
Narrators should wear neutral colors
- Why** John 13
- How** Dim the lights, and create the feel of a cozy upper room. Place the basin with the towel draped over it and the pitcher next to it in a prominent well-lit place. You can also dress the center stage area with props for the last supper—a blanket on the ground, pillows that people would repose on, a plate with bread and a cup for the wine.
- Time** Approximately 4-5 minutes

The **Narrators** enter and address the audience.

Narrator 1: In a room just upstairs God sits among friends...and would-be enemies. His disciples repose about him. On his left. On his right. Their feet engrossed by the same muck and mire caked upon his. Why wouldn't they be? They have walked the same streets. Trod the same paths. They have followed their Rabbi and the dust off his heels has covered their bodies telling of where they've been. Where he has led them. The dirt tells a story of the life God incarnate firsthand instructed them, inspired them to live by living it first.

Narrator 2: Their Rabbi stands. In the middle of their simple meal, in the middle of their peaceful repose he stands. The disciples have grown to know their Teacher to be abrupt, forthright, unusual even at times and once again they're about to witness something great and yet something so small.

Narrator 1: Removing his outer robes their Rabbi exchanges them for a towel. Tying it around his waist his hands reach with designed purpose for a large bowl and a pitcher of water. With resolve he moves back to the table where these twelve men now sit silently watching him. Wondering at him. He never ceases to amaze them. Well, most of them.

Narrator 2: Dropping to his knees he sits at the feet of Andrew. He reaches out, and without a word takes his foot up in his hands and begins washing Andrew's feet. Andrew is frozen by his own confusion. His brow furrows and his body tenses at the sight of his Rabbi kneeling just below him performing the work of a common servant. A slave even. His Rabbi looks up at him. Smiles. Andrew's tension lessens by his friends reassuring face. Turning his head to the eyes he knows are watching him Andrew communicates his confusion back to his fellow disciples with the same face they convey to him. Looking down his feet are clean but the Rabbi is not finished.

Narrator 1: He moves to James and taking up the same posture begins to wash his feet. James too is still and silent as his Teacher, his friend, washes away the dirt and dinge crusted to his feet. All eyes are on their Rabbi as he finishes and does not stop with these two.

Narrator 2: No. He moves to Philip with the same determination and then Bartholomew followed by James, son of Alphaeus, washing their feet too. Still no one has spoken except one, who leaned in closely to the man beside him to whisper (*leaning toward **Narrator 1** and whispering*), "What is he doing?"

Narrator 1: Only to be met with an answer in the form of the shrugging of his shoulders. (*Shrugs shoulders.*)

Narrator 2: Matthew followed by Thaddaeus were the next to have their feet washed followed by John, then Simon. All sat in astonishment. All sat in disbelief for one reason or another.

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ENDING:

Narrator 2: "Not every one of you?" The ominous phrase rang in every ear. And there was one man left. One pair of dirty feet still in need of washing. At the end of the row sat one who purposefully distanced himself from the head of the table. He purposefully abandoned a closer seat. But the basin still in hand and his feet still in reach Jesus did as he would do with any man in desperate need. And taking up the floor at Judas' feet the Lord washed with equal, if not great care those feet that were in that moment he knew itching to further stray. Those feet that in a moment would run away and betray him.

Narrator 1: Sweat on his brow, he returned the bowl and towel and dressing resumed his place. And he said to them, "Do you understand what I have done to you? You call me Teacher and Lord, and you are right, for so I am. If then, your Lord, Your Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that you should do as I have done for you."

Narrator 2: You have given us an example that we should do as you have done for us.

Narrator 1: Do as you have done.

Narrator 2: Live as you have lived.

Lights fade. The end.