

A script from



“Whiner at the Water”

by
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- What** A modern day take on the John 5 story of Jesus healing the cripple at the pool of Bethesda. **Themes:** Miracles, Healing, Thankful, Faith
- Who** Whiner
- When** Bible Times
- Wear (Props)** The actor can either be in neutral modern day clothes or in a biblical costume. He is holding a letter.
- Why** John 5
- How** The actor is deadpan, and speaks with little enthusiasm. He is not happy about what has happened to him.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

"The Whiner" addresses the audience as if to one person.

Whiner: My cousin, Fred, told me I needed to write this letter. "It's the least you could do," says Fred. "You at least owe him a letter." Yeah, well...whatever.

See, I've got these bum legs. Well...I **had** bum legs. Thirty-eight years. Bum legs. I worked it into a gig...sort of, the bum legs...you know...being a cripple...begging and stuff. My cousin Fred would drop me off at the pool every morning, pick me up at night on his way home from work. Yeah, the pool. You know, Bethesda. People got healed there. Supposedly. The water would get all stirred up, and then everybody, all the misfits, would start pushing and shoving to get to the water. And whoever got there first, sometimes they'd get healed. That was the deal. Yeah...whatever.

But, I was never the first one in the water 'cause I was a cripple, right? Everybody else always beat me there. Tell you the truth, it didn't bother me much. After about the third year, I quit trying to, you know...to even get there. I just stayed in the shade and made the best of it.

Here's how it worked: I'd sit there, all crippled and everything. People would walk by. They'd see me sitting there, looking all pitiful. Then I'd sort of look over toward the water, and kind of roll my eyes. Then they'd say to me, "Man, if you could only get in that water, you could get healed"

Then I'd sigh and I'd say, "Yeah, but I can't there quick enough, you know, 'cause of my bum legs."

Then they'd usually feel bad enough to pass me a little cash. It was a pretty good gig.

So, anyway, one morning I'm sitting in the shade at the pool, minding my own business. This guy walks up to me. Looked like a decent enough guy. I was pretty sure he was gonna give me some love. You know, do the "if you could only get in the water" comment.

So, I had my answer all ready. But the guy looks right at me and he says...get this...he says, "do you want to get well?" (What?) That kind of threw me, you know. I wasn't sure how to answer that one. So, I just went with the usual, "Somebody always beats me to the water." Then I tried to look a little extra sad. This guy looked like a soft touch.

The guy didn't even bite on that. He just says, "Pick up your mat and walk." He didn't say it all sweet or anything. He just said it. "Pick up your

mat and walk", like I didn't have a choice. Like I **had** to do it. "Pick up your mat and walk." So, I did. I picked up my mat and walked. Walked home. Didn't even wait for my cousin Fred. Well, everybody was pretty freaked out, congratulating me and everything.

Then it hit me, "Crud. I just lost my job."

So, anyway, I'm complaining to my cousin Fred about it, and he gets all ticked. Tells me how sinful I am for not being "thankful". Calls me pitiful for always making excuses. Yeah, whatever. Then he makes me sit down and write this guy a letter.

I didn't even know the guy's name. I wrote him this:

Reads the letter out loud.

Dear Guy who made me walk,

Thanks for fixing my bum legs and everything, I guess. Although now I've gotta find a real job and all the religious people are mad at me because you did it on a church day. So, anyway, thanks. Really. Thanks loads.

Me.

P.S. If you happen to know of any jobs, I guess I might be interested. Especially if they involve sitting in the shade by a pool.