“Who Do You Say I Am?”
Bartimaeus (Blind Man)
by
Skit Guys Studios

What
A former blind man relives his life-changing encounter with Jesus.
Themes: Easter, Passion Week, Healing, Miracles

Who
Bartimaeus

When
Bible times

Wear
Biblical costume
Palm branch
You can have a bare stage with a small stool or you can go bigger and create a village street or temple scene. Use baskets, rugs, pottery, etc.

Why
Matthew 20:29-34, Mark 10:46-52

How
It’s important not just to relay this story, but to relive it. Bartimaeus experienced the things he is saying, so really paint a picture with your words and your actions. Your mission is to help the audience believe that they are right there with you on the streets of Jericho as Jesus passes by…to feel what it’s like to see the cure for your disease right in front of you and to desperately call out to be healed.
For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch the video “Who Do You Say I Am: Blind Man” at SkitGuys.com.

Time
Approximately 4 minutes
CUE MUSIC (if using) The former blind man Bartimaeus, 50s, sits down, contemplative at first.

Bartimaeus: You first have to understand the noise…the crowd. Man, this was Jericho. I could hear them as they were on the road. And it’s not just because I had great hearing to make up for my blind eyes. No. It was a roar…cheering, clapping, singing. As it got closer, I tried to listen more carefully, to understand what they were saying.

I could tell they were coming my way. Several of us sit on the main road leading into Jericho, where the most people come and go. I know people by how they walk, how they drag their feet or don’t. Every day I sat there and waited for mercy, but I couldn’t imagine what was coming.

All I could do was listen.

CUE SOUND F/X: A distant roar of the crowd, cheering, singing…

I suddenly realized… (choking up) they cheered for Him. This was the man I’d heard them whispering about. Some grumbled even just speaking his name. Others thought he was the Messiah.

And a handful…had witnessed him heal people.

Long pause.

I crawled closer to the road, afraid I might get trampled. From the sound of it, many were following him out the gates.

Reliving it…

Is it Him? Is it the Teacher? The One? Please, anybody, who is it? Is it Him?

Someone said yes, it was Jesus, and to this day, I can’t explain it, but I just yelled. (Building in emotion) I yelled louder than I ever had. I had no chance of being heard over the crowd, and they were hushing me but…

The focal point is out over the audience, as if he were “seeing” Jesus, or hearing Him pass by. An excruciating plea—

Son of David, have mercy on me!

Back to audience. Let it wash over you that Jesus is moving toward you.

…and He…He stopped and came to me. He asked me what I wanted, and I said, “To see!” Though I think he already knew that.
He pauses to wipe away tears. He can now see; Bleary-eyed…

**Bartimaeus:** And like that…all I'd always hoped to lay eyes on was before me.

*With joy* I followed him that day. And the next. And the next. And what I saw amazed me…the men who could see the best seemed the most blinded. But as for who I say he is?

*Bartimaeus reaches down for something we can’t see. He has grabbed a palm branch.*

Well, one day I was yelling for him to heal me. And now I'm following him into Jerusalem, yelling to anyone who has ears to hear that he is Hosanna in the Highest. The Messiah!

*Lights fade.*