



Bible Drama Scripts
presents

**MALCHUS—
MAN WITH THE MIRACLE EAR**

Monologue by Malchus, Caiaphas's servant, whose ear was chopped off by Peter the night Jesus was arrested

By Patricia Souder

SYNOPSIS: As Caiaphas's servant, Malchus was in a key position to observe the religious leaders as they plotted Jesus' arrest. When Peter sliced off his ear in the Garden of Gethsemane, Malchus experienced an unforgettable night in which an unforgettable Man gave him a miracle ear that changed his life. That Miracle Worker is still at work healing and changing lives.

SETTING: Garden of Gethsemane.

CHARACTER: MALCHUS, Caiaphas's servant. Wears simple tunic of fine fabric tied with satin cord to reflect his position as servant of the high priest who wore elegant garments.

PERFORMANCE TIME: 7-10 minutes.

PERFORMANCE NOTES: Tell the story in an expressive, conversational style to draw listeners into the experience. Add gestures and act out as appropriate.

TOPICS: Jesus' arrest and crucifixion. Miracles. Healing. Hearing God's voice.

PERFORMANCE POSSIBILITIES: Maundy Thursday or Good Friday services. Worship services.

BIBLE REFERENCES: Matthew 26: 3-5, 47-68; Mark 14:43-65; Luke 22:47-53, 63-71; John 11:49-51, 18:1-24

PROPS: Small table. Stool. Lantern.

Lights up as MALCHUS enters with lantern. Places lantern on table as greets audience. Can pace or sit on stool as appropriate throughout monologue.

Hi there. Malchus here.

Malchus, longtime servant of Caiaphas, the high priest.

Malchus, the man with the miracle ear. *(Cups his hand over his right ear)*

Compliments of an unforgettable Man on an unforgettable night. *(Shakes head and smiles)*

Oh, what a night! I got shoved to the front of a mob of religious leaders and soldiers. Normally, these guys tangled and wrangled with each other. But that night, they joined forces. And, strangely, they all lined up behind a rather unlikely-looking man they called Judas. Judas Iscariot. *(Shakes head and rolls eyes. Paces as he continues)*

I'd heard that name before. I'd even seen that face before. *(Pauses to think)*

Ah, yes. Judas had come to see the chief priests not long after they'd had a big meeting with the scribes and elders at Caiaphas's palace to figure out how to get rid of Jesus.

Jesus had gotten pretty popular, you know, feeding thousands of people and making lame people walk and blind people see.

And after Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead . . . Well, everyone was very excited!

Last Sunday, huge crowds lined the streets, waving palm branches and shouting, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" as he rode into Jerusalem on a donkey.

That terrified the chief priests. Jerusalem would be maxed out for Passover. What if there was an uprising? Rome would march in and strip them of their power. *(Sits on stool)*

Caiaphas didn't want any trouble during Passover. He summed up their discussion by saying, "One man must die for the people so that the whole nation doesn't perish."

Not long after that, Judas came to see the chief priests. I heard them whisper that he was one of Jesus' disciples. And I heard Judas ask how much they would pay him to lead them to Jesus.

It sounded a bit odd. After all, if even half the things I'd heard about Jesus were true, he must have been a charming, charismatic special prophet from God. *(Stands. Faces audience.)*

But I'd never met Jesus. And I work for Caiaphas. My job is to keep quiet and do what I'm told.

So, I do. But that doesn't mean I don't notice what's going on.

When Judas came back to say, “This is the night. Follow me,” I sensed darkness and evil. I was told to bring a lantern, (*Picks up lantern*) but most everyone else carried clubs and swords. I figured there must be a huge crowd ready to stage a massive insurrection. (*Scrunches shoulders and shakes as if scared.*)

Judas led us to a quiet garden filled with ancient, gnarled olive trees. He walked straight up to a weary-looking man and kissed him on the cheek, saying, “Greetings, Rabbi.”

The Rabbi looked harmless enough. Not at all how I thought Jesus would look. And there were only a handful of men with him.

“Whom do you want?” he asked.

“Jesus of Nazareth,” the mob replied.

“I am He.”

He sounded noble. Regal. Like he was in charge.

As a matter of fact, he was! When he spoke, we all fell backward. (*Act out*)

I dropped my lantern and had to scramble to hold it right side up so it didn’t start a fire.

We got up. Gingerly.

The Rabbi spoke again. Forcefully. “I am He. Take me. But don’t hurt my followers.”

As the soldiers and high priests came forward to seize Jesus, one of his men pulled out a sword and swung it at me.

I ducked just in time to keep him from splitting my head open. But . . . (*Eyes grow wide*) he sliced off my ear!

(*Eyes and mouth reflect intense pain*) Oh, did that hurt! (*Covers right ear*) Sharp, throbbing pain! (*Strokes right side of face as if feeling blood*) Warm blood streaking down my face. (*Covers mouth*) I stifled a scream and almost fell down again.

Through my pain, I heard the Rabbi’s quiet voice of authority. “Peter, put away your sword. Don’t you know I could pray and my Father would . . .”

He kept talking. But I didn’t hear what he said because the side of my head throbbed with pain. Warm blood dribbled down my cheek.

I almost fainted. Then I felt a gentle touch. And a surge of warmth where my right ear used to be.

I reached up (*Reaches up and feels his right ear*) . . . and felt . . . a new ear!

No more pain. No more blood. (*Carefully feels and tugs on ear*) I tugged on it. There was no doubt: I HAD A BRAND-NEW EAR! A MIRACLE EAR!

The Rabbi they were tying up had given me a new ear! A miracle like that required supernatural power.

I'd heard rumors that Jesus might be the Messiah. Who else could do such a thing? So, why were the religious leaders arresting him? They should have welcomed him.

I had no choice but to follow the crowd back to Caiaphas's palace. There, I had to stand by to do his bidding as he presided over a mock trial. Even I knew it was illegal to hold a trial at night. And, it was obvious there were no honest witnesses.

Yet, Jesus was convicted. Beaten. Ridiculed. Condemned to be crucified.

The next morning, he was dragged out onto the main street to carry his cross. He was so weak, he fell beneath the cross and a bystander was ordered to carry it.

It was all wrong! Terribly wrong!

My miracle ear allowed me to hear the deeper implications of the sounds and voices around me.

This Rabbi . . . the One called Jesus . . . was much more than an ordinary rabbi. He was the real deal. The genuine Messiah. And wrong as everything seemed, I knew Jesus was part of some great, grand mysterious plan far beyond human understanding.

Oh yes, Caiaphas would continue to demand my service . . . but my allegiance and spirit would forever belong to Jesus.

Well, that's my story of an unforgettable night when an unforgettable man gave me a miracle ear and changed my life.

This Miracle Worker wants to change your life, too.

So, if you have ears to hear, be sure to listen.

And if you've been wounded by others, let him heal you.

You'll be so glad you did.