

The Story of Job

[The stage is divided in half. God and the angels are on stage left. The narrator takes center stage, and Job is on the right. Job looks busy working. God and the heavenly host are talking among themselves. Satan is crouching around behind Job and the Narrator, looking them over.]

Narrator: (gestures toward Job) Job was a great man. He always did what was good and right. God blessed Job with a large family and vast riches. (Pause then gestures toward God) Job didn't know it, but he was being talked about in heaven. (Step backwards, downstage)

Satan: (moves away from Job and joins the heavenly host)

God: (to Satan) Where have you come from Satan?

Satan: From going about the earth.

God: Have you considered my servant Job? There is no one like him; he is blameless and upright, a man who fears God and shuns evil.

Satan: Does Job fear God for nothing? You protect him and everything he has? You have blessed all that he does. But stretch out your hand and strike everything he has, and he will surely curse you to your face.

God: Very well then, everything he has is in your hands, but don't lay a finger on him. (The angels silently talk among themselves as they leave the stage. God remains onstage, watching.)

Satan: (smiles and bows low, then exits)

Narrator: (steps forward, upstage, looking sad and shaking his/her head) One day, some very bad things happened to Job.

Messenger 1: (runs in, very sad and falls at Job's feet) The oxen were plowing and the donkeys were grazing nearby when the enemy attacked and carried them off. They put the servants to the sword, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you! (moves to the side, sitting on the floor, looking extremely sad and sorrowful.)

Job: (looks sad, reaches down to comfort the servant)

Messenger 2: (runs in, very sad and falls at Job's feet) The fire of God fell from the sky and burned up the sheep and the servants, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you! (moves to the side, sitting on the floor, looking sad)

Job: (looks sad, reaches down and comforts the servant)

Messenger 3: (runs in, very sad and falls at Job's feet) Bad people swept down on your camels and carried them off. They put the servants to the sword, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you! (moves to the side, sitting on the floor, looking sad)

Job: (looks sad, reaches down to comfort the servant)

Messenger 4: (runs in, very sad and falls at Job's feet) Your sons and daughters were having a party at the oldest brother's house, when suddenly a mighty wind swept in from the desert and struck the four corners of the house. It fell on them and they are dead, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you! (moves to the side, sitting on the floor, looking sad)

Job: (terribly sad, pulls at his clothes and falls to ground, holding his head) Naked I came into the world and naked I will depart. The LORD gave and the LORD has taken away; may the name of the LORD be praised.

Narrator: (steps forward, upstage) In all this, Job did not sin by charging God with wrongdoing.

[The messengers leave the stage. Job remains very sad, sitting on the floor. The angels and Satan return to stage left]

Narrator: (Gesture towards the heavenly host) On another day, the angels came to present themselves before the LORD and Satan also came with them.

God: (to Satan) Where have you come from Satan?

Satan: From going about the earth.

God: Have you considered my servant Job? There is no one like him; he is blameless and upright, a man who fears God and shuns evil. And he still maintains his integrity, though you incited me against him to ruin him without any reason.

Satan: Skin for skin! A man will give all he has for his own life. But stretch out your hand and strike his flesh and bones, and he will surely curse you to your face.

God: Very well, then, he is in your hands; but you must spare his life. (The angels silently talk among themselves as they leave the stage. God remains onstage, watching.)

Satan: (Smiles and bows low, then moves menacingly towards Job.)

Narrator: (moves forward upstage; while the narrator is speaking Satan begins gesturing at Job and Job acts out as being hit, suffering in pain, writhing on the floor, occasionally crying out.) So, Satan went out from the presence of the LORD and afflicted Job with painful sores from the soles of his feet to the top of his head.

Job's Wife: (walking across the stage; then looking with horror and surprise at Job) Are you still holding on to your integrity? Curse God and die!

Job: (in agony) You are talking like a foolish woman. Shall we accept good from God, and not trouble?

Narrator: In all this, Job did not sin in what he said.

(Job sits on the floor, still in agony. Clothing is removed from his arms to reveal the sores and Job tries to touch them, clearly hurting.)

Job's Friends: (look with horror at Job and shake their heads. They circle around him as the narrator speaks and then sit in a half circle around Job, facing the audience.)

Narrator: Job's friends heard about all the troubles. They came to sympathize and comfort him. They could hardly recognize him; they began to weep aloud, and they tore their robes and sprinkled dust on their heads. Then, they sat on the ground with him for seven days and seven nights. No one said a word to him, because they saw how great his suffering was.

Job: (sadly) Sighing comes to me instead of food. My groans pour out like water. What I feared has come upon me; what I dreaded has happened to me. I have no peace, no quietness; I have no rest, but only turmoil.

Friend 1: Who being innocent, has ever perished? Where the upright ever destroyed? Blessed is the person that God corrects; so do not despise the discipline of the Almighty.

Job: (turns towards God) If I have sinned, what have I done to you, O watcher of men? Why have you made me your target? Have I become a burden to you? Why do you not pardon my offenses and forgive my sins?

Friend 2: Does God pervert justice? Does the Almighty pervert what is right? Surely God does not reject a blameless man or strengthen the hands of evildoers.

Job: (to the friend) Yes, I know this is true, but how can a mortal be righteous before God? (gesturing towards God) He is not a man like me that I might answer him, that we might confront each other in court. If only there were someone to arbitrate between us, to lay his hand upon us both.

Friend 3: Job, be sensible. The lamp of the wicked is snuffed out; the flame of his fire stops burning. The light in his tent becomes dark; the lamp beside him goes out.

Job: I cry that I've been wronged, but get no response. I call for help, but there is no justice (pause, then with a deep sigh) I know that my Redeemer lives, and that, in the end, he will stand upon the earth. And after my skin has been destroyed, yet in my flesh I will see God; (points to self, then to eyes) I myself will see him with my own eyes – I, and not another. How my heart yearns within me!

(Job's friends rise slowly and exit. Job remains on the floor holding his head)

God: (stands up and speaks boldly) Who is this that darkens my counsel with words without knowledge? Brace yourself like a man; I will question you, and you shall answer me.

Job: (sits up and looks to God)

God: Where were you when I laid the earth's foundation? Tell me, if you understand. Who marked off its dimensions? Surely you know! Who stretched a measuring line across it?

Job: (shakes his head and looks down)

God: Have you comprehended the vast expanses of the earth? Tell me, if you know all this. What is the way to the abode of light? And where does darkness reside? Do you know the paths to their dwellings? Surely you know, for you were already born! You have lived so many years!

Job: (looks up briefly, then shakes and lowers his head)

God: Will the one who contends with the Almighty correct him? Let him who accuses God answer him!

Job: (looking up) I am unworthy--how can I reply to you? I put my hand over my mouth.

God: Would you discredit my justice? Would you condemn me to justify yourself?

Job: Surely I spoke of things I did not understand, things too wonderful for me to know. (looking down) Therefore I despise myself and repent in dust and ashes.

Narrator: God made Job prosperous again and gave him twice as much as he had before.

Job: (stands upright and stretches with a smile; friends come back on stage smiling with new clothes to help Job get dressed.)

Narrator: God blessed the latter part of Job's life more than the first. After this, Job lived a hundred and forty years; he saw his children and their children to the fourth generation. And so he died, old and full of years.

Job: (laughing and talking with friends, they leave the stage)

The End