

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

A Dramatic Monolog

by
Bob Dockendorf



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other—without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER
A Dramatic Monolog

Bob Dockendorf

Copyright 1949 by the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

INTRODUCTION: The story of Christ's betrayal by Judas Iscariot is well-known to Christians everywhere. What happened to Judas during the interim between his receiving the thirty pieces of silver and his decision to commit suicide by hanging himself is not known. This monolog is not based on any documentary material but is merely an idea--an idea hatched and nurtured in the mind of the author.

JUDAS: (He appears to be not too sure that he has done the right thing. He is being plagued by what is generally known as a conscience. He holds in his hand thirty imaginary pieces of silver. Looks furtively around. Stares wide-eyed and greedily at his ransom.) Thirty pieces of silver and it's mine, all mine. Thirty pieces of silver. (As he fingers the precious coins he emits a half laugh.) And to think, I was only offered twenty-six pieces, but I was clever, plenty clever, and raised the bounty. "After all," I said, "twenty pieces is not much and six is very little--especially for one who claims to be a GOD. Is not a God worth more than a man, and did you not pay twenty-six pieces of silver for the capture of Justin, the shepherd, a lowly shepherd?" Ah, yes, Judas, you were crafty.

(He pauses as though the word has an unpleasant sound to it.) "Crafty?" (He shudders a trifle) I don't like that word; it sounds too harsh. Clever sounds better. Clever--clever. Yes, that's much better. (Pauses, while he fingers the coins. Suddenly, he snaps out of his thinking.)

I must count though. I wouldn't want to trust those priests too much. Why, I wouldn't put it past those men to cheat me. (Dreamily) Thirty pieces of silver!

(He begins to count slowly. As he counts each coin, he becomes pensive or dreamy.)

One--two--three--Ah, yes, how well I remember! "Make it thirty-three," I had exclaimed, "thirty-three pieces and I shall lead you to Him." Those tightwads! (Pauses as he thinks over past events) Oh, well, I got thirty and that is better than twenty-six.--Or did I? I'd better finish counting. Four--five--six--seven-- (He begins to think over the past events and his counting becomes slower and slower and softer and softer, so that the seventh number is barely audible. For a brief second he is silent as though lost in thought.)

Mary! His mother! How well I remember our first meeting. She was barely aware of herself; she was so worried about Him--His health. He had been working very hard. What was it she said to me? Oh, yes, she asked if I were one of His followers. I remember now. Why, I think I almost remember her exact words. "Will you take care of Him? He looks so tired--so weary! Will you look after Him? He has no time for me any more; He's been so busy. Please, Judas, take good care of Him, and do let me know if he becomes ill. I worry about Him so much!"

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---