

# DAY 1

## NOWHERE TO GO

### CAST:

- **Amun** (pronounced "AH-mun")—woman  
Life has been pretty good...up until now. But with your husband recently thrown in prison, you don't have any way to provide for your children. You're desperate to find safe shelter and the possibility for income so you can keep your family intact. Your extended family lives far away, and your options seem to be gone.
- **Imhotep** (pronounced "im-HOE-tep")—man  
You're a businessman through and through, and if someone can't pay the rent—out they go. Once you heard that Amun's husband was in jail, you knew she wouldn't be able to pay the rent. You're eager to get your monthly payment and are sure that someone else in town can deliver.
- **Jeweler**—man  
You're minding your business in your shop, until you hear Amun's hopeless cries. You're no hero, but you're willing to lend a hand to someone in need. You know what it's like to need a second chance, so it's no problem to help out and give Amun a bit of hope for the future.

### PROPS:

- fancy Egyptian costume for the Jeweler and Imhotep
- tattered Egyptian costume (or a simple Bible-times tunic) for Amun

### DRAWING A CROWD

(Five minutes after Families enter the Marketplace, Imhotep enters, dragging Amun by the elbow toward the Jewelry Shop.)

**Imhotep:** (Shouting) I said you had to be out by today! And I mean today!

**Amun:** (Crying) But my children! Where will they sleep? Imhotep, please! Give me another chance!

**Imhotep:** (To a child) Have you seen any soldiers around? I need to find a soldier to help me evict this woman. She and her children are trespassing on my property! (Asks other children or adults) Have you seen any soldiers around here? (Continues asking until he's drawn a crowd.)

Bible Point:



**God gives us hope.**

Bible Story:

**Joseph interprets dreams in prison.**

(Genesis 40:1-23)

Bible Verse:

**"For I know the plans I have for you," says the Lord. 'They are plans for good and not for disaster, to give you a future and a hope.'"**

(Jeremiah 29:11)



**my my my my**

This script has the role of the Jeweler written for a man, but you can make this work just as easily if your Jeweler is a woman. Simply tweak the script to reflect the gender of your Jeweler.





**Imhotep:** Your house is mine, and now your belongings are mine, too.

**Amun:** *(Desperately)* But I have nowhere to go. My family all live in Nubia—that's 7 days from here! And we have no food for the journey. We'd die trying to get there.

**Imhotep:** Well, maybe your husband should've thought of that before he went and got thrown into Pharaoh's prison. Now you have no way to pay my rent...*(looks around at crowd)* and there are plenty of people in town who *can!* *(Asks an adult standing nearby)* Do you need a house here in town? I've got a nice little place, just outside the village...

*(The Jeweler comes out of his shop and stands nearby, listening intently.)*

**Amun:** Imhotep, I know my husband shouldn't have stolen from Pharaoh, but please, *(falls to her knees, begging Imhotep)* have mercy. We have nothing... nowhere to go. There's no hope!

**Imhotep:** *(Disgusted)* I've got *nothing* for you. Would you prefer to join your husband in prison? *(Starts to pull Amun to her feet.)* I just need to find a soldier...

**Jeweler:** *(Somewhat quietly)* Excuse me, Imhotep. *(Waits to get his attention.)* I—I think I can help.

**Imhotep:** *(With an instant, phony smile)* Ah, yes, my friend. Do you need to rent a house? *(Points away from the Marketplace.)* It's a lovely spot, right near a palm tree with plenty of shade—

**Jeweler:** *(Shaking head and interrupting)* No, I've already got a place to live. *(Turns to Amun and speaks gently.)* And my wife and I would love to have you and your children join us.

*(Amun looks up in surprise, but a little suspiciously.)*

**Amun:** What?

**Jeweler:** My wife and I have an extra room now that our children are grown, and I could use a hand here in my shop. *(Motions to crowd and chuckles.)* As you can tell, we've gotten busy lately.

**Amun:** *(Amazed)* Do you mean you'd give me a home *and* a job?

**Imhotep:** *(To the Jeweler)* You're in for trouble, if you ask me! This riff-raff isn't worth the effort.

*(To Amun)* I expect you to move your things out of my house...today!

*(Imhotep storms off.)*

**Jeweler:** *(To Amun)* Now, if you head just a little ways out of town *(points away from the Marketplace)* to the well, you'll probably see my wife tending her little garden. Let her know what happened, and tell her that I said it's OK.

**Amun:** Sir, I—I'm speechless. You've given me hope again. How can I ever thank you?

**Jeweler:** Well, as soon as you get settled at home, you come back and you'll have plenty of helping to do around the shop!

**Amun:** I can't wait to tell my children! *(Calling to her children)* Remen! Hamamat!

*(Amun exits excitedly.)*





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