

CROSS MY HEART

by TERRIE TODD

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A first-century Judean woman speaks to the audience about what she knows of Jesus... and His cross.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The interesting challenge with this monologue is that the character portrayed here lived in Jesus' time, but is here speaking directly to her twenty-first-century audience. This is where we employ the theatrical convention "willing suspension of disbelief." That means the audience and the actors "agree" to dispense with reality for a little while for the sake of the drama. This woman's message is much more powerful because she was there with Jesus when He was alive and she is here with us now to tell her story and to encourage us to live our faith. Intellectually, we know that can't happen, but for the sake of the drama, we willingly agree that she lived then and can talk to us about it now.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Good Friday, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: John 19, John 20

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter

SUGGESTED USE: Good Friday Service

CHARACTERS:

Judean Woman—healed of her former bitterness, her story still carries an edge
Optional Voiceover—a male voice would provide more contrast but not required

Option 1: Introduction is read as a voice-over by another person

Option 2: Actor enters in ordinary modern dress and addresses the audience, using her real first name. This provides a qualifying prologue to the monologue and gives audience "permission" to enter in.

PROPS: A large wooden cross

COSTUMES: First century Judean

SOUND: One wireless microphone. One voiceover microphone, optional.

LIGHTING: General stage; spot on cross would be helpful.

SETTING: This piece cannot be rushed and should be delivered as though the ideas are being thought of as they're expressed.

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
www.DramaMinistry.com
ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: **Regi Stone**

Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

Copyright ©2011 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

CROSS MY HEART *by Terrie Todd*

Lights are dim just long enough for actor to take her place beside a large wooden cross standing, center. (If using voiceover option, lights would come up for the first time here.) As the lights come back up, we see her leaning her forehead on it and one hand gently touching it. Slowly she lifts her eyes to the top of the cross, then turns, takes a few steps downstage, looks around at the audience, and begins to speak.

WOMAN: How can I help you understand? You, who live here, now. Twenty centuries have come and gone since...*(Gesturing to cross)*...this. It must seem very long ago and far away to you. Yet, there's got to be some way I can help you understand. After all, I was there. Oh, I don't mean there there, I wasn't in the habit of hanging around crucifixions, but I saw him a couple of times. In fact, I was close enough I could have touched him. *(Pause)* I wish now that I had.

No, I'm not one of the women you've read about in your Bible—I wasn't raised from the dead or healed of some dreaded disease. I didn't pour perfume on his feet. I didn't even believe. See, these messiah-types come and go. That's what my husband said, and I agreed. We—the children and I—were not to have anything to do with the man or the fanatics who followed him around. "It'll pass," we thought. I was still in my early twenties at the time. I remember being in the market with two toddlers in tow and number three on the way. I worried that I wouldn't be able to make my purchases and get home again without becoming exhausted or losing track of one of the kids. There was a commotion going on just up the street and I heard someone say it was that teacher from Nazareth. I waddled a little closer to the group out of curiosity. "Maybe if I can just get a glimpse of this character, I'll know what all the fuss is about," I thought. But there was nothing particularly attractive about the man. In fact, it took me awhile to figure out which one he was. Jesus was telling some kind of story, but I didn't hang around to listen. I didn't see what the big deal was. These people just didn't have enough to do. While I, on the other hand, had more than enough to do!

The second time I saw him two years had gone by and he was more in the news than ever. Seems you couldn't go anywhere without hearing his name. There were stories of blind people being given their sight and the paralyzed walking. I was in a neighboring town, helping my sister who had just delivered her first baby. Word spread very quickly that Jesus was in town, too, and my sister got all excited about taking her baby to Jesus for a blessing. I thought she was crazy, but you know how it is—you don't argue with a post-partum woman! When we got there, Jesus was surrounded with people as usual. Suddenly, my five year-old grabs my hand and starts pulling me straight through the crowd, right to this man! I was embarrassed by the attention and shocked, because my boy was usually very shy. Jesus lifted him right up onto his lap and said something about all of us needing to be like little children in order to see God's kingdom. It didn't make a lot of sense to me; I just wanted to get out of there.