

Drama Ministry®

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WITNESSES TO GOOD FRIDAY

by Joanna Jones

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Three people who came into contact with Jesus speak to him at the foot of the cross. One is a believer, one a doubter, one an unbeliever.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Although set in the first century at Calvary, this scene can be done effectively with a bare stage and modern attire.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 4

TOPIC: Good Friday, Easter

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 27:33-56

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

MERCHANT
PROSTITUTE
MADAM
SOLDIER

PROPS: A purple robe

COSTUMES: Modern or Biblical dress

SOUND: Four wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage (spotlight, if desired)

SETTING: The foot of the cross

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Lights up on a MERCHANT, standing at the foot of the cross, looking up.

MERCHANT: Look at you. Naked. Scarred. It's terrible. But it's our law. A just punishment for a blasphemer.

You didn't scare me. "Sell everything you have, leave your family, and follow me." Like you knew my whole life to that moment. I almost did it. I am the sole heir to the finest linen makers in Judea. You asked me to walk away from a fortune! My family!

To do what? Eat fish in the desert? Live like a gypsy with common fishermen, prostitutes, and tax collectors? Land in jail? My mother would disown me if she knew I was there.

But I gave you the finest robe in my possession. Beautiful, hand-sewn linen, purple accent. 50 stitches per inch. That should have been enough for you.

I was right not to follow you. I was right to cheer for Barabbas. I was right, I'm sure of it. I was right.

Lights shift to a PROSTITUTE crying at the foot of the cross. An older woman—her former MADAM—stands behind her.

MADAM: Stop your pointless crying. Come back to the house.

PROSTITUTE: Leave us alone.

MADAM: Oh, Honey, there is no us. Only you. He's dead. It's over. Look up, look at him.

PROSTITUTE: It's not over. He's coming back—any minute now. He said ...

MADAM: He said all kinds of things. And you're young. You aren't the first who left my care to chase some man and live happily ever after.

PROSTITUTE: He's not just some man!

MADAM: His breath is gone, his head hangs limp and look—he bleeds like any other man.

PROSTITUTE: He said to worship him and I did.

MADAM: Of course you did. That's what we do, what I taught you. To worship men... comfort them...love them

PROSTITUTE: He loved me. He did, but he never...you know...he never wanted me to... and he comforted me. It can't be over. It can't be a lie.