

Scenes from “A Picture of Calvary”
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(Please feel free to make printed copies of the following for evaluation purposes. In order to receive the complete script or perform any portion of the script, you need to purchase either the Director’s Notebook or Download.) The first three pages give the order of the program as well as the Narrator’s parts. I have included samples of a few monologues as well as a couple of complete ones to give you an idea of what the program is like. *(There are fourteen included in the script; the script is flexible in that all monologues may be used or a combination of your choice.)* There are original songs for this program. Two are choir numbers. Two are solos. One is a duet and one a trio. We have had a wonderful response to this program! *(The program may be performed without the music, if desired.)*

Narrator: Tonight we invite you to step back in time with us, back over 2,000 years, to the foot of an old rugged cross. As you do, you will meet people (not the characters of some fictional story, but real people, as real as you and I) who were a part of that scene so long ago. Some were believers, some were not. Some sought His death, others mourned it. But each had a unique response to that Roman cross and the One Who was hanging there; the One hanging on the center of three crosses, the One over Whose head the inscription read, “Jesus of Nazareth The King of the Jews.”

Song: (choir) A Picture of Calvary

Judas Iscariot - Betrayed Him

Pontius Pilate - Ignored Him

Caiaphas - Rejected Him

Mary Magdalene - Received Him

Song: (duet-Caiaphas & Mary Magdalene) The Difference

Nicodemus - Ashamed of Him

Thomas - Doubted Him

Peter - Denied Him

Song: *(solo-Peter)* **Do I Deny My Lord**

Child - Trusted

Mary of Bethany - Worshiped Him

John, the Disciple - Adored Him

Mary, mother of Christ - Loved Him

Song: *(trio-Mary of Bethany, John, Mary the mother of Christ)* **Love, Worship, and Adore**

Paul - Persecuted Him

Lydia - Served Him

Centurion - Acknowledged Him

Song: *(solo-centurion)* **Such Wondrous Love**

Song - The Price of Forgiveness *(choir; At the end of the song, all freeze in positions* at the cross, according to the character portrayed. *See set design for positions.)*

Narrator: We have finished our picture of Calvary—or have we? Someone is missing; that someone is you. You may live in the 21st Century, but you, too, have a response - a response similar to one or more of these people. If you were to place yourself in this scene , who would you be like?

Are you an unbeliever? Perhaps you're like Caiaphas. You're a good living person. You don't consider yourself to be a sinner. Why should you need a Savior?

Or are you like Pilate, trying to ignore the issue, hoping your good works will outweigh your bad works in the end?

Some may even be like Judas Iscariot, putting on a convincing facade to those around you, but not truly one of God's children.

Have you, like the centurion, truly believed in your heart that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God? Have you come to Him, with child-like faith and trusted in His salvation?

As a born-again Christian, do you worship, love, and adore Him? Are you serving Him with your life? Or do you find yourself sometimes doubting Him, even denying Him by the kind of life you are living? Don't be ashamed of Him.

If you've never accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior from sin, if you don't have the hope of eternal life that He alone can give, don't reject Him because of what others might think. Please come now and let us show you, from God's Word, how you can become a new person in Christ.

If you're a believer, but need to get something right with the Lord tonight or just rededicate yourself to His service, please come. Don't put it off. Where are you in this picture of Calvary? Where do you need to be?

End with Prayer

**Judas Iscariot
Betrayed Him**

(The entire monologue for Judas is included in this sample.)

(enter - stage left) My name? I'm sure you'll have no trouble guessing. It's probably one of the darkest names in all of history, synonymous with the word "betrayal." So, now you know. Judas Iscariot.

Jesus Himself said it would have been better for me if I'd never been born!

And so you see how things were. *(holding up rope)* I never made it to His cross; though I helped send Him to it. I went to the chief priests, and for thirty pieces of silver promised to deliver Jesus into their hands. I led the group of soldiers and religious leaders to the Garden of Gethsemane. I knew He would be there—praying. Then, when at last I saw Him, I cried "Hail, Master!" and betrayed Him into evil hands with a kiss. It wasn't until after His mock trial by Caiaphas, when they were leading Him away to stand before Pilate, that I fully realized what I had done. When our religious leaders refused to accept the money back, I threw it down at their feet. I could no longer live with myself. I had sold my own soul to the devil. But instead of coming to Christ and begging His forgiveness, I decided to end it all, or so I thought.

Hell is a reality. There are those, even today, who claim the name of Jesus Christ, but they do not know Him personally. I walked and talked face to face with the Son of God, yet ended up in judgment. Scripture says, "the devils also believe" Who He is. It is one thing to acknowledge Him with your mind, even your voice. It is quite another to have Him living in your heart.

I was an expert at outwardly "living the life of a believer." I was so trusted by our group of twelve disciples that they put me in charge of the finances. I helped myself to it many times. I fooled everyone, everyone but Him. He knew all along. He even told me at the Passover meal that He knew I would betray Him.

Yes, I could put on an outward front that fooled everyone, but I was a fake, a betrayer. In the end, I was able to deceive everyone but God. *(exit)*

Mary Magdalene Received Him

(dimly lit stage. Enter, stage left, from in back of the stone wall. Walk slowly, hesitantly, as if embarrassed about the past) Everyone knew who I was. “Seven demons!” people would whisper. “Mary Magdalene is possessed with seven demons!” You have no idea what I suffered: the torment, the rejection, the sin. My life was like the darkest night when not even the moon casts its glow to light the way. There was no-one to help me; no-one really cared.

But then, one day, Jesus came into my life. He claimed to be the Messiah, the Son of God Himself. He said He had the power on earth to forgive sins! Here at last was One, the only One who could lift me out of the dungeon of sin and despair into which I had sunk. Here was the Only One Who could pardon my sin and exchange my night for day, my darkness for light, my sin for His righteousness, my eternal punishment for His eternal life!

Yes, I believed what He said. In faith, believing that He was, indeed, the Christ, I asked him to forgive me. I begged Him to free me from the seven demons that haunted me. It happened that very moment. They were gone, gone! My life was totally different from that day on.

(There is more to this monologue which is included in the Director’s Notebook and Script Download.)

Song: (duet with Caiaphas) - The Difference

(exit)

Peter Denied Him

(enter-stage right, by garden. Spoken with much emotion and regret) What can I say. Mention the name of Peter and everyone knows—I denied Him.

Oh, I had been so bold, so confident. “Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death!”

But Jesus knew me better than I knew myself. He knew my spirit was willing, but my flesh was weak. So very weak.

(with boldness) Oh yes, if it had come to a fight, I could have wielded a sword against the enemy as well as anyone else! Remember? I was the one who cut off the ear of the high priest’s servant!

(reflectively) But to stand by and listen to the trumped up charges of the false witnesses and to hear Him answer nothing. I felt it was a losing cause. Here was my Master, the Man I had followed for three years, the One I was convinced was the Messiah, the anointed One from God who would redeem Israel--here He was, standing before His accusers as a meek lamb.

Don’t you understand? They were calling for his crucifixion! I knew I could be next. Fear gripped my heart. *(ridiculing himself)* I could face the soldiers out there in the garden, but not a little maid on the porch of the High Priest, Caiaphas. All she did was ask if I were one of his disciples. But it was something about the way she said it, in an accusing tone, like—like He was some sort of criminal. I didn’t want to be associated with Him. *(long dramatic pause)*

There is more to this monologue here which is included in the Director’s Notebook and Script Download.)

(Introduction to song begins) Ask yourself— **song: “Do I Deny My Lord?”** *(Should fall to his knees on second verse, “I come on bended knee—,” and should remain in that position until after the song has ended and lights are down, then exit.)*

John Adored Him

(enter - stage right, onto raised platform) I admit it, at first I fled. John, the beloved apostle, probably the closest of all the disciples to our Lord, yet I fled in fear. *(walk down a few stairs, sit - stage left)* A crowd of men had come to the garden with swords and spears, lanterns, and torches. I watched in horrified astonishment as Judas betrayed our Master with a kiss. I saw the soldiers fall to the ground at Jesus's Divine presence and the power of His words, when, in answer to their question if He were indeed the Christ, He said simply, "I AM." Then, after Peter impetuously drew out his sword and cut off the right ear of the High Priest's servant, I witnessed still another of Jesus's miracles, as He gently restored the man to complete wholeness. I stood by, confused, dazed, frightened, as they bound the hands of my Lord and led Him away. Then I ran.

(get up) But I couldn't leave Him for long. He was my Master, my friend. I adored Him because I knew He was the Son of God. And so Peter and I followed Him to Caiaphas's palace. There, I watched helplessly, as our religious leaders brought false witnesses against him, then blindfolded him and took turns slapping His face, daring Him to name His attacker.

(speaking, while walking up to the platform) Later, as I walked up that hill to Calvary, I felt defeated, as if I'd lost forever the dearest friend I'd ever had. I found His mother, Mary, and stood by her side, wanting to shield her from His suffering. But how could I? She heard the blasphemy of those who ridiculed Him, saying, *(turn abruptly towards the cross - reenact the actions and words of the angry crowd)* "You who destroy the temple and build it in three days, save Yourself, and come down from the cross!" *(to the audience)* The chief priests also taunted Him, *(reenact the words of the priests)* "He saved other; Himself He cannot save. Let the Christ, the King of Israel, descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe!" *(turn back towards the audience, speak brokenly)* Even one of the thieves, dying on a cross beside Him, scornfully berated Him.

(looking to the right, as if envisioning how things were) Mary could see, as well as I, the soldiers gambling for His clothes, laughing, joking together over His agony.

There is more to this monologue here in the Director's Notebook and Script Download.

(walking slowly down the stairs) It was a dark day for all of us. But you know, as well as I, that the grave could not hold Him; death was not His end. He rose three days later, then, after being seen by over five hundred people, He ascended into Heaven.

That's where Jesus is today, glorified and seated in Heaven at the right hand of the throne of God. Each person who has ever lived will one day kneel before Him, either as a redeemed sinner saved by grace or a condemned soul, who rejected His free gift of salvation, awaiting His judgment. But either way, He will receive the honor He deserves, *(with strong conviction)* "for God hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name" a name to be adored, *(kneel, facing the audience)* "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow... and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." *(Freeze in position until beginning of song, "Love, Worship, and Adore." Exit after song.)*

**Mary (*Christ's Mother*)
Loved Him**

(The entire monologue for Mary is included in this sample.)

(enter-stage left in front of wall, cross over to bench while speaking) If I could have, I would have chosen to have been anywhere but at the foot of His cross that day. *(glance up at cross, then turn away from it)* Every time I dared to glance up at His tortured body, every jeering, hateful remark from the mob... *(pause, as if it is very painful to remember)* They even laughed at Him—laughed at His terrible suffering. It was just as Simeon had prophesied, like a sword piercing through my own soul.

I wanted to run. I wanted to take Him down from there, to hold Him in my arms once more, to take away the pain, the humiliation! I was His mother! Yet, His face, His dear precious face that had always been so full of gentleness, love, and forgiveness—it was so distorted by the horrible things they'd done to Him! I hardly recognized my own Son!

(sit on bench) All He had ever done was good! He'd fed the multitudes, He'd healed the sick and lame, He'd even raised the dead! Yet they crucified Him as if—as if He were a common criminal! They nailed His hands and feet. Sometimes I can still hear that hammer pounding, pounding. I can still see the soldiers gambling over His coat. *(cover ears with hands, close eyes, as if hearing and seeing it all again)* I can hear the mocking crowd...!

And where were His disciples when He needed them? All of them had fled. All but John. Dear, faithful John. It was no wonder my blessed Son asked him to look after me when He was gone. My husband, Joseph, was dead. I had other children, of course, but Jesus was my first-born; He felt it was His responsibility. He had always been a perfect child. After all, He was God's Son come in the flesh. In the midst of His anguish, He cared enough about me to see that my needs were met. That's what He was like—always thinking of others, never Himself.

(rising, obviously agitated) And Judas—Judas! Never would I have dreamed that he could betray my Son! He had seemed so loyal, so genuine. He'd been in my home many times. How could he—I wanted to hate him for what he'd done.

But, I couldn't. Even though I didn't understand, at the time, all that was happening, I knew that somehow God was taking all these things and working them out together according to His perfect plan.

The Lord had chosen me to birth His Son into the world, His little Emmanuel, "God with us." I had been blessed above all women. I remember telling my cousin, Elizabeth, when the Holy Spirit revealed to her that I was carrying the Messiah, "My soul magnifies the Lord and my spirit has rejoiced in God my Savior. You see, I knew that His coming was for me as much as for anyone who would call on His name. I was a sinner like everyone else. I needed Him to save my soul just as much as the most wicked sinner in the world! I had put Him on that cross! He was hanging there for my sins! My sins! *(pause)* And yours!

They laid Him in a tomb, and it seemed like the end. But only a few days later He raised from the dead by His own power. I saw Him! Oh, what a reunion that was! To see my blessed Son alive again before He was taken up into Heaven.

Oh, how I loved Him as a little babe in my arms in that stable in Bethlehem. How I loved Him for setting an example for His followers by His sinless life. How I loved Him for the miracles He had performed, the compassion He had shown. How I loved Him for willingly dying for me! How I loved Him for bringing victory over the grave, not just for Himself, but for all those who would believe in him.

I will spend all of eternity with Him, not because I was His earthly mother, but because He is my Savior!

Song: Love, Worship, and Adore (*trio with Mary of Bethany, John, and Mary-mother of Christ; exit after song*)

Centurion Acknowledged Christ

(enter - stage right, near the cross) Yes, I was in charge of His crucifixion. I was proud of that fact. *(sarcastically, as if realizing now how foolish it was to have thought it an honor.)* It was an honor to have been chosen to oversee the death of One Who had caused such a public outcry. The people had even requested that a notorious criminal, Barabas was his name, be released, and that this Jesus take his place.

(quieter, with regret) I was present at His “trial.” I witnessed the scourging Pilate had ordered. You’ve never seen a scourging, have you? We Romans are very adept at torture. The whip is made of leather straps attached to a short wooden handle. A sharp piece of metal or bone is secured to the end of each lash. We’re trained to crack the scourge in such a way that it wraps around the victim’s body. Then we pull back hard; tearing, mangling, deforming the flesh. Some don’t survive.

(with great remorse and emotion, as if tormented) He was extremely weak by then, yet we soldiers thought it would be “amusing” to mock Him as the “King of the Jews!” That’s what He had claimed to be, you know. Someone found a scarlet robe, so we threw it over His shoulders. It clung to His oozing wounds. We handed Him a reed for a royal scepter. We even gave Him a crown--only it was a crown plaited from thorns! We took the reed from His hand and used it to pound the sharp barbs into His brow, then took turns slapping His bloodied, swollen face. We knelt before Him in mock homage, deriding him with our taunts of, “Hail, King of the Jews!” We took clumps of His beard and ripped it off His face; we even spat on Him in contempt. Yet He stood there in quiet dignity, with meekness and courage.

(There is more to this monologue here which is included in the Director’s Notebook and Script Download.)

Song: Such Wondrous Love *(He should kneel at the end of the last verse - “I humbly bow to Thee...”)*

(After song, rises, walks up the platform to the foot of the cross. Should be 3/4 towards audience and “crowd.”)

(With great conviction) Surely this man was the Son of God! (exit, unless a part of the choir)