

A script from



## “Peter's Denial”

by  
The Skit Guys

- What** Watch as Peter painfully recounts the events leading up to his darkest hour. Great video for Good Friday Services. **Themes:** Betrayal, Rooster, Lent, Deny, Crucified, Good Friday
- Who** Simon Peter
- When** After Jesus' crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** Casual, modern day clothing
- Why** Luke 22:54-62
- How** Be careful not to overact. The dialogue should be very conversational, as if you're speaking to one person. For more ideas on how to perform this monologue, watch the video "Peter's Denial" at [SkitGuys.com](http://SkitGuys.com).
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

*Peter is sitting in a chair or on a stool. He addresses the audience.*

**Peter:** They say the rooster crow is God's wake up call. At least it was for me.

The whole night was just a blur, okay? I just didn't comprehend— none of us could comprehend everything that was going on. One minute, he's washing our feet, the next we're in this garden and Jesus is off praying by himself.

I fell asleep. I'm not proud of it. I had a big meal. Bread makes me sleepy. We all keep nodding off. Next thing I know, Judas is planting a kiss on Jesus' cheek and I cut off some guy's ear. It was a mistake...I'm a fisherman not a swordsman. *(Beat)* Jesus is taken away, and we all ran.

It wasn't but a couple of hours before I looked him in the eye and told him, "Even if everyone else abandons you, I never will". So, I stopped running and went back. The guards took Jesus to the High Priest's house.

I try to get in and I'm standing at the door and this girl comes up to me and says, *(pointing)* "You, you were with Him. You were with that Jew who claims to be the Son of God. You are one of his disciples?" I felt eyes looking at me from all around. Someone was asking if I knew Jesus. I could feel my face flush with fear. I'd been exposed and I lashed out in a mix of embarrassment and fear. *(Beat)* I brush her off, "No, you got the wrong guy."

I finally get in and I'm warming up by the fire in the middle of the courtyard when one of the guards recognizes me from the whole ear incident in the garden, and says, "Get him. He was with Him." I say, "No, no, I'm not."

It was easier the second time...to deny him.

Then some wise guy says, "You have to be with him, I can tell by your accent." This is the way I talk, I can't help that. So I scream at them...say a few things I'm not proud of...and I say, "I don't know Him! I don't know him! How else can I say it?! I don't know him!"

And then, I heard the most blood-curdling sound. I hear that rooster crowing. And that's when Jesus turned and looked at me.

*(Weeping)* He knew.

I was looking in to the eyes of Jesus as they were leading Him out. There's no escaping His gaze.

PURCHASE  
*(Almost to himself/mocking himself/beating himself up)* "Even if I have to die with you Jesus, I'll never disown you."  
*(Weeping)* What a joke.

I mean, come on. What would you do? I ran. I ran so fast for so long. And what did they do? They killed him.

*(Beat)* They crucified Jesus.

SCRIPT

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