

A script from



“A Holy Week Narration”

by
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- What** A poetic holy week narration from the perspective of the Mother who loved him, the Disciples who were called by him, the people who put their hope in him, and those who would try to destroy him. **Themes:** Easter, Passion Week, Jesus, Crucifixion
- Who** Narrator 1: Mary the Mother of Jesus & the Women disciples
Narrator 2: The Disciples
Narrator 3: The People
Narrator 4: Judas/Religious Leaders/the Enemy
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** *See prop and costume list at the end of this script.
- Why** Luke 2:19, Matthew 4:19, John 12:12-13, Genesis 3:15
- How** Memorize or read off script. (Narrator 4 probably best memorized) Can “fudge” the big wooden cross by putting a cross picture/cutout on a prominent wall that you can still nail into ideally but you can pretend to “nail”. Look for opportunities to involve the congregation/audience by possibly handing out nails, palms, pieces of fishing net and using these in the sermon/talk to illustrate the message further.
- Time** Approximately 10 minutes

Narrator 4: *(loud from the back of the room...arms outstretched as though in a cross shape)*

Prepare the way of the Lord!
Make straight paths for him!
The Lord is near!
The Lord...Emmanuel...is here!

Narrator 1: *(dressed like Mary. In her hands a hammer and some nails)*

Jesus, little baby, once rocked sweetly to sleep
Now grown and gone
From his mother's arms.
Until he returned,
If he ever returned,

Giving a nod to the hammer and nails in her hands.

I guess his carpentry would keep.
He looked into his Mother's eyes
And Mary knew that look
That even on the day he was born too quickly took
Her baby from the manger.
And raised him to be a man
Who would wear out sandals near and far
As he preached in word and deed across the land.
Mary, did you know when Gabriel came that defining day
And you barely blinked and answered "yes."
Could you really even begin to guess
How it would feel when God would too soon say
That sweet baby that you kissed and cared for
That darling boy that you prayed and cheered for
That precious child that you lived and feared for
Must up and perhaps forever walk away?
Away from mother.

Lifting them ever so slightly.

Away from hammer.
Away from nails.
At least for today.

Again acknowledging subtly, the items.

So, Mary would keep these treasures from your childhood until then.
Perhaps she thought you might have to use them one day again.
Mary, your heart is on our minds.
Oh, help us to hold
Christ with such adoration and affection as you did

With a mother's love so constant,
So irrevocable,
so bold.

Freeze

Narrator 2: *(dressed as a disciple holding the fishing net)*

A scrappy man, this Jesus.
He looked like most men those days.
No earthly thing to make him shimmer.
Despite popular depiction,
No halo or glowing haze.
He was a man, and those who followed him could all see that plainly,
That he was plain.
And yet, this man was extraordinary.
There was something in his name.
Yeshua.
That's Jesus.
And it means "he saves"
He would live a life with no regrets

Showing the net a bit.

And save his children with fishing nets.
He would change forever ancient mindsets
That said God was far
And loved so little.
Jesus said, I am Love.
And love would be in the middle,
In the very heart of his mission
Because the very heart of God
Was now walking once again on earth among them
And drawing to Himself once again
what had always belonged to Him.
Though Eve and Adam faltered
This Jesus, he would not.
He lived the perfect life that Eden promised.
The life with God that we thought was not enough.
He welcomed the rich.
He welcomed the poor.

Showing the net again.

He called *all* to be fishermen.
And by *doing so*, restore
The truth that God loves all Man.
And that he casts his net wide.

So wide that not anyone in need of rescue
need be left on the outside.
And some called him Savior, Teacher, Rabbi.
And some called him worse.
Some praised, loved and followed him.
And some cursed
His low birth and low living
Since it did not encourage their own
Selfish faith and sinful dealings.
Jesus said love God and love others.
And this left some reeling
That to love was not enough!
And this ragamuffin man, this Jesus,
In *their* tangling web of nets might get caught.
But those who would listen and hear him preach his sermons
On mountain tops and the moments he would live
Would find this Jesus had more to give
Than just hope.
He had heaven.

Holding out the net again.

Now disciples followed with *new* fishing nets
Made to rescue God's floundering children.

Freeze

Narrator 3: *(dressed as the People holding the palms)*

How the people must have rejoiced
To hear the voice
Of one calling in the desert
Of their dry, weary lives.
Will all the world convert
For this man with the wide eyes
Riding, adored, into Jerusalem?
What was he to them?
How they wondered,
The people that gathered.
What *does* the King of kings look like?
How *does* the Lord of lords make an entrance?
By sword and shield?
What does God wield
While the people praise his footsteps?
That day he rode into Jerusalem
On his brow, the hot sun
And the heated stares of the powers that be.

On his shoulders the government
And the well worn clothing of humanity.

Raising the palms up.

And some would lift up palms to praise him.

Lowering them as though to put them down but keeping them in hand.

And honor him by putting them under his feet.
But one, or two,
Would have nothing to do
With this crownless king
That a *donkey* would bring.
He walked with men.
He welcomed children.
He loved the outcast.
He valued women.
And a very varied people praised
With voices raised

Lifting the branches and waving them.

Hosanna! Hosanna!
Blessed is he
Who has come to rescue the likes of me!

Holding the palm branches and studying them, almost talking to the branches.

Such hope placed in a twig yanked from a tree full of life.
But separated from that tree, it would not survive
Much longer than a week.
Even less, I think. (*Foreshadowing*)
Oh, may our praise not be

Lifting one palm in one hand up.

So full one moment

Moving the other palm in the other hand downward.

And the next moment dying.

Freeze

Narrator 4: (*loud from the back of the room...arms outstretched as though in a cross shape*)

PURCHASE
Prepare the way of the Lord!
Make straight paths for him!
The Lord is near!
The Lord...Emmanuel...is here!

Moving to front.

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The day that evil had dreaded
On his doorstep.
And darkness would muster the strength of the enemy.
And prep
the world to fight against heaven's great philosophy:
That love
And not rules,
Not religion,
Is the key
To opening the pearly gates.
The darkness hates
This simple truth, you see.
And the enemy would feed them lies,
And lines,
Like, "Do this. Not that.
Say this this many times.
Stand this way, not that way."
Darkness would blur the lines
Between day and night
And wrong and right
And black and white.
And paint everything a rather appealing neutral gray
And say
Be comfortable.
Be cozy.
Be whatever you may
Choose to be.
Just don't...choose...love.
Because love is the mission of Heaven above.

*Grabbing the net out of the hands of **Narrator 2**. **Narrator 2** is scared and runs away.*

God is Love, you say?
And love conquers all?
Come what may?
Will Love conquer this?

Throwing the net over the cross/Jesus.

Betrayed with a kiss

Blows a big dramatic kiss toward the cross/Jesus.

Caught by the very ones he came to save.
It's been said that Love is the answer to this great divide
That Adam and Eve tried to to hide
From that day in the garden.
God will forgive?
And give
Back heaven so that you may forever live?

Laughing a bit and then taking the palm branches out of the hands of Narrator 3 who runs offstage or behind the screen

How can you live if you are dead?
No royal robes for this king's back.

Holding up the palm branches.

He will get the whip instead.

***ALTERNATE ENDING BEGINS HERE**

Taking the palm branches and whipping the cross/Jesus a few times each time with a "grunt" noise or similar exertion noise as one might make during such an action.

Just one more step and we'll be free
Of this sickening simple philosophy
That loving God
And loving others
Is how heaven exists on Earth.
Ever since his humble birth
He dared to tell the unworthy of their worth.

Moving toward Narrator 1

But no.
No more.
What's in store?

Taking the nails and hammer from Narrator 1. Narrator 1 reaches for them and then falls to her knees weeping silently.

You've kept these, I see.
They'll come in...handy. *(Alluding to the nails going in the hands)*

He moves to the cross and hammers the three nails into the wooden cross or "hammers" them with the sound of hammering.

There.
It's done!
The enemy has won!
Love is dead.
Hate has reared its ugly head.
It's just as evil said.
King of the who?
King of the dead.

To the audience...

Where does that leave *you*?

Crowing loudly while exiting.

Cock-a-doodle-dooooooooo!

Exits

Narrator 1 is left weeping now quietly aloud and then slowly exits.

***ALTERNATE ENDING**

*Laughing a bit and then taking the palm branches out of the hands of **Narrator 3** who runs offstage or behind the screen*

How can you live if you are dead?
No royal robes for this king's back.

Holding up the palm branches.

He will get the whip instead.

*Taking the nails and hammer from **Narrator 1**. **Narrator 1** reaches for them and then falls to her knees weeping silently.*

You've kept these, I see.

They'll come in... *(to the audience)* handy.

Alluding to the nails going in the hands, he shakes them in his hand a bit menacingly.

Crowing loudly while exiting.

Cock-a-doodle-dooooooooo!

Exits

***Narrator 1** is left weeping now quietly aloud and then slowly exits.*

Props and Attire:

Attire can be neutral modern day.

Narrator 1 in pastel blue and light colors,

Narrator 2 in khakis and plain colored brown tee shirt,

Narrator 3 in neutral colors...not black.

Narrator 4 in blacks and grays.

No writing on the apparel. Held props are:

Hammer and nails

Nautical fishing net large enough to "cast" over the large wooden cross

Palm branches

Large wooden cross standing alone or mounted on wall

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