

A script from



“A Snapshot from Good Friday: John”

Script 3

by

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- What** John reflects on his time with the Jesus and the day he was called to follow his Messiah. **Themes:** Easter, Good Friday, Purpose, Calling, Unity
- Who** John
- When** After Jesus' crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** Biblical costume
- Why** Matthew 4:18-22
- How** We found that it worked well when the audience was not told in advance who each character was. The mystery drew them in. This fits well with the other six snapshots from Good Friday. Each feature one of the last sayings of Jesus from the cross.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

John addresses the audience.

John: They say particular senses are linked really closely with memory. I guess that's true. The smell of burned bread definitely brings back strong memories of my mother's cooking.

But I think...the one that does it for me is the sense of touch. Just thinking about a certain texture can take me back to a moment.

Like...the rough lines of a fishing net sliding through my hands. No matter how old I get, or how far from the lake, I'll never forget how it feels to tie a knot, to mend a hole in a torn net. You can lose a lot of good fish if you're not careful, and when that's your livelihood, you learn to mend those holes quickly and carefully.

(Holds his hands up and looks at them) That's what I was doing that day when we first heard his voice. I was tying knots and my brother was gathering it up as I did, so it didn't get tangled. Not fun, but necessary.

We'd been out to hear the Wilderness Preacher a few times. He was captivating—wild hair, strange garments. And he had told us to watch for the Messiah, that He was close. He told us to be watching. So I was! I listened to all the rumors about conquerors and potential rulers and those who claimed to be the Deliverer. But I just couldn't figure out who it was supposed to be...and what I was supposed to do about it even if I figured it out.

And then, it happened. That day, when I was just sitting there with my brother on our boat anchored just offshore, working hard fixing the nets, came a voice from the shore.

"Follow me." I can't explain to you how those words hit me. I didn't just hear them, I FELT them. I looked at the man on the shore, and He looked back. Again, He said, "Follow me." It wasn't harsh. It wasn't a command. It was an invitation, an exclamation, an opportunity.

And I didn't know it then, but those words? They were a promise.

I let the net fall, and I followed Him. The last three years have gone by quickly, and right now...much of it is a blur.

But I remember how some things felt. I remember stooping down and feeling what was left of the mud he made with saliva and dirt, while he stepped forward and spread it on that blind man's eyes. It just felt like regular mud! But using it, He made that man see.

I remember reaching in and picking up the last piece of bread, feeling the bottom of the basket with my fingers...only to reach in a moment later and find that there was still more. I remember the hungry hands of people grasping for bread that only moments ago, hadn't even existed.

I remember picking up a shard of a broken jar which seconds earlier had held valuable perfume. I remember tracing my thumb over the sharp edge while he spoke gently to the young woman who had poured that perfume out.

(Quieter) I remember the feeling of my shoulder resting against Him as the thirteen of us reclined around the table last night. I remember reaching out for Him too late...feeling his cloak pulled from my fingers as the soldiers led Him away.

I remember.

What will I remember of today? *(Pauses, looks at his hand)* I will remember the feeling of His mother's head resting on my shoulder. I will remember the warmth of her quiet tears soaking through my cloak. I will remember how she trembled as He spoke to us both.

(Looks up) He hung there, in agony, and then came that same voice that called me to follow, not as strong, but just as clear, first to His mother, then to me:

"Woman, behold your son; behold your mother. "

In His last moments, from within that dark shadow of aloneness, he reminded us that we are not MEANT to be alone; he reminded us of our need for each other. We are meant to be woven together...much like a net...depending on the strength of another, mending the broken places, working together for His purpose.

Looks at his hands.

I will remember.

Lights fade.