

A script from



## **“A Snapshot from Good Friday: Peter”**

Script 1  
by  
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- What** Peter wrestles with his betrayal of Jesus. He knows that Jesus will forgive him, but can he forgive himself?  
**Themes:** Easter, Peter, Forgiveness
- Who** Peter
- When** Bible times, Good Friday
- Wear (Props)** Bible costume
- Why** Luke 22:54-62
- 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

*Peter addresses the audience.*

**Peter:** My name? *(Starts to form a "P"; stops himself, pauses)* Call me Simon. It's not important anyway.

You look like a traveler. Were you at Golgotha today?

*Pause*

I was. I didn't plan to be, but I was.

*Laughs scornfully at himself, then continues, growing gradually more agitated.*

Plans. What a joke. I didn't plan any of this. None of this was my expectation. I was his right-hand man! I thought I had it figured out. I mean, I knew I never had HIM figured out.

You've heard of Him, no doubt. The healer, the rabbi, the rebel.

But He's more than that to me. You know I was one of the first ones He asked to follow Him, right? I got in on the ground floor. I laughed with Him. I fished with Him. I ate with Him. I sat around the fire with Him. I heard Him talk about His father, and I was the first one to GET IT. I was the first one to speak the truth everyone else was afraid to put into words.

*Pulls himself together, dropping his agitation.*

*(Chuckles softly)* He looked at us and he said "Just who do you think I am?" I'll never forget it. He had the most curious look in his eye when He asked us that. You know what it reminded me of? He kind of looked the way my wife looks when I walk in the door and she's prepared my favorite meal. It's a look of anticipation... waiting for my reaction when I smell the lamb roasting in her special mix of spices.

That's the look he had. A look of excited anticipation—to see if we got it, to see us react when we realized the truth.

And I did. I got it. And I spoke it aloud! He was the Messiah. The anointed one! The one sent to deliver us and fix the mess we're in. And I knew first! He told me I was a ROCK. Andrew told me he must have meant "DUMB as a rock".

But I knew what he meant. I was ready to be the general of His army. More than ready... I was eager! Waiting for the moment to prove my worth to Him.

PLURCHASE  
Last night I thought that moment had come. When the priests showed up with the soldiers to arrest Him, I drew my sword and rushed at the soldiers arresting Him. THAT'S what the Messiah's right hand man is supposed to do.

Except...He said no. He told me to put my sword away, and he healed the wound I'd inflicted.

*(sincere)* I didn't get it.

*Pause*

They took Him away. Tried Him. Beat Him. Crucified Him.

He warned me I would deny Him. I argued with Him. Told Him He was crazy. Told Him I'd die for Him.

But here I am. I ran. I fled the soldiers. *(scoffs bitterly)* I couldn't even stand up to a servant girl when she said she recognized me. Some general. Scared of a little girl.

*(anguished)* He was my friend. How could I have done that?

*(pause)* I went back. Like I said, I was there. Cloak over my head, making sure to stay in the middle of the crowd so nobody would see me. I couldn't even bring myself to look at Him.

But I could hear. And over the murmuring of the crowd, I heard His voice—the voice I've learned so well the past three years. Weakened, yes. Anguished, yes. Strained, certainly. But still familiar.

And of all the incredible things I've heard and seen following Him, His words in that moment top the list.

Father...forgive them...for they know not what they do.

And standing there, lost in the shadow of my betrayal...I knew...I was one of THEM.

He forgave me. I know it.

*Long pause, then...directly to the audience.*

But I can't bring myself to accept it. *(Beat, then with pleading in his voice)* Can I?

*Lights fade.*