

A script from



“A Snapshot from Good Friday: The Mother of the Good Criminal”

Script 2
by
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- What** The mother of a young man who took the wrong path; she is struggling with losing him and trying to absorb what she has seen and heard.
Themes: Easter, Good Friday, Believing, Crucifixion
- Who** Tabitha
- When** After the crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** Biblical costume for Tabitha
- Why** Luke 23:39-43
- How** We found that it worked well when the audience was not told in advance who each character was. The mystery drew them. 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

Tabitha addresses the audience.

Tabitha: *(with a numb sort of calm)* He's gone. My son. Gone. Executed.

He has a name, you know. Not that anyone in that blood-hungry crowd cared, but his name is Dismas. I named him after my father. He was a good man. He died when Dismas was just a toddler, but right after the baby was born, my father came to visit. He was so proud to be his namesake.

He sat me down and he said, "Tabitha, here's what I want you to remember: He's a boy. Take him to synagogue. Teach him the ways of our people. Most important, daughter, teach him of God, of justice, and mercy, and humility."

And I did. He was quite a good student, you know. He learned the books of the law by heart.

He was a good boy. Always looking out for the underdog. He never could stand to see someone being bullied. More than once the Rabbi came by to talk to his father and me about how Dismas had shoved down a bigger boy or hit someone for picking on the smaller boys.

I told him, more than once, that he had to learn to control his temper. He always said the same thing, "Remember, Mama...Proverbs says "Speak up for the people who have no voice, for the rights of all the down-and-outers."

It was hard to argue with that, though I scolded him for his methods.

As he got older, those methods got more extreme. These last few years, as the Romans have tightened their grip on our region, Dismas became more of a rebel. He let his anger get the best of him. I saw him less and less. He turned from the compassion and kindness to violence and retribution.

Last week, it caught up with him. The neighbor boy came running to tell me that Dismas had been arrested and was going on trial. I hurried to the prefect's court and arrived just in time to hear the verdict: Guilty of Treason against the Roman Government.

I hadn't seen Dismas in months but I threw myself in front of him and turned to face Pilate. I pleaded for him to have mercy; I tried to explain his motives.

It did no good. He was sentenced to be crucified.

This morning, at Golgotha, my son carried his cross past me. Through tears, I told him I loved him. He told me he loved me and then said, "Remember, Mama...speak for the voiceless."

And then the soldiers shoved me aside and led him to the top of the hill. I turned away as they carried out his sentence, but I couldn't leave. After a while, I looked at the scene on the hilltop. The man in the middle had been beaten badly, and the man on the other side of him was yelling vile insults. My son, my Dismas, even as he hung there in agony, spoke up. He said, "Can't you see this man is innocent?"

(struggling) My compassionate boy. Denied mercy himself, he still found the strength to call for mercy for another. And then...he spoke to the man on the middle cross: "Remember me when you come into your kingdom."

(pause) The man in the middle, bloody, bruised, struggling for every breath, turned his face toward my son. With great effort, he spoke: "Today you will be with me in paradise."

I don't know much about that man in the middle, but it seems Dismas might have. I've heard his name. I want to believe Him. I want to believe He has the power to deliver my son into paradise...and maybe...he can deliver me there as well.

No, I don't WANT to believe. I DO believe.

Closes eyes, turns face upward.

Savior, remember me.

Lights fade.