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“Behold the Servant King!”

by
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What In this Palm Sunday monologue, a man recalls his frustration growing up with a "perfect" older brother. It wasn't until he witnessed Jesus riding into town on a donkey that he realized that his brother is the King of the world.

Themes: Easter, Palm Sunday, Savior, King, Jesus, Monologue

Who Actor- male

When Bible times, but modern dress

**Wear
(Props)** Actor wears modern clothes.
No props needed.

Why Matthew 21:1-11

How Speak to the audience as if speaking to one person. Be conversational with your dialogue and paint a picture as if you're reliving the events. Let the story build. It will unfold through the story you are talking about.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Man speaking as if to one person.

Man: My older brother was what they call a "spitfire". Man, did he have an attitude! Now...now...not an attitude like "he's all that." Nah...his attitude is like "you're all that...and he just loves it." He loved everybody. He was always into everything and everybody. Drove me nuts, growing up. Everybody loved this guy, like he was king of the neighborhood. Well...okay. Actually, that's not true. I hated him. I mean...I'm his little brother, second in line, you know? He's what I had to live up to my whole life.

I was never like my brother. My brain freezes sometimes. Took me a minute to remember my own name one day. My brother always treated everyone like they were a friend...ah...no, that's not right. He always treated them like they were the best. No wait. That's not quite it. He always treated people...it's not... "nice". Nah...it's like...he always treated other people like they had worth...you know, like they were something. Like their story or life or just the moment he was with them...like it was valuable.

I hated him...while everybody just...well, like what happened with our dog. Our dog...it was just a dog, you know, and I never really paid attention to it. But anyhow, one day it's gone. I thought it ran off or something...until dinnertime. And there's my brother rattling about some family that he bumped into that was moving and were just staying overnight up the street, but they didn't have any work. The father was going to a new job just north of here and, so...he gave them our dog. Just about swallowed my tongue.

I'm saying, "Our dog!" and beans are spitting out of my mouth. And of course, mom is saying, "Well, that's nice." And she's pushing a napkin in my mouth just as I'm trying to say, "He gave away our dog?!" And he just goes right on, saying, "You know they had this little boy and girl and they looked real sad and right then our dog ran up. And you should have seen them. They were all over him. So, I told them his name and asked if it was okay for them to have him and the parents were actually "real happy to get a dog" they said.

And that's why I hated him. He always acted that way. You'd walk down the street with him and he'd dash over and help someone pick up a box that was heavy, or just step away from you and open a door for someone carrying a load, or he'd pick up something somebody dropped. And then he'd be right up alongside you, asking you questions about what you thought or about life or friends you both had. And I hated it because I would answer his questions, even when I didn't want to, even when I wanted to hate him so much, I could taste it.

And then, the best thing that could have happened...he disappeared. One day he just left. Split. Gone. It was a while, but he came back. He had these quiet conversations with Mom, and she was all worried, talking to him about clothes and eating and stuff. As far as I was concerned, he had given up on the family.

He was a freak, okay? There was a time when everything was going south. Work was scarce. We were living off mom's vegetable garden a couple of weeks. And that's when he shows up. Him, and he brings a couple of friends. I kicked them out. "He's your brother," Mom says to me. "He ran out on that job a while ago," I told her. Just before the door of her room shut, I heard her say, "I never knew that was a job."

A couple of years went by...it was around the holidays and I went up to the capital with the family...I had business to take care of and it was a good excuse. Somebody had to take care of our interests. And I was good at it. I made a killing up there and didn't even get my hands dirty. In fact, things wrapped up early this one evening and I went out feeling on top of the world. So, I took a walk. I was a winner! King of the world!

Down at the edge of the city, where you can see the hills, I hear music. The sun's still got a couple of hours before it's down, but across from me the light is just focused on this hillside and there's a group of people starting down the main road like some sort of parade. People are dancing and singing. A parade! Excellent!

And the people just keep coming...over the top of the hill and down into the valley that leads up into the city. And then, there toward the end of the parade...it's a guy on a little donkey. And I knew who it was even as far away as that. Jesus, my brother. And I realize that the people are stopping and letting him pass; they're throwing their cloaks down on the ground for his donkey to walk on.

Behind me two guys come up and start talking as they're watching with me. "It's him," one says. "This is only going to be trouble." And now you can hear the people calling, "Blessed is the king! Blessed is the king!" "Now they're making him king!" says the first guy. "It's all right. It's all right," says the second. "He will be stopped."

People in authority don't like people who rock the boat. I can see him coming up through the crowd and they're all waving palm branches over him and cheering. People are ready for a guy like this and...there's only one way to stop a guy like this...you have to kill him. And right then...it hit me...all my life, all I've ever wanted to be...is him!

So, I turned to these guys behind me. "Blessed is the king! Blessed is the king who comes in the name of the Lord." And I looked back and there he was, right over my shoulder, looking at me...smiling. And then he

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PURCHASE
was gone swept along with the crowd...and I went back to where we
were staying...to tell the family I'd seen him...Jesus...King of the world.
Lights fade.

SCRIPT

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