

A script from



“Encounters With Christ: Salome at the Tomb”

by
The Skit Guys

- What** Watch as Mary Salome recounts her Easter Sunday story. An empty tomb, guards silenced and angels. With an empty tomb, guards silenced and angels all involved, her sandals couldn't carry her fast enough. Use in the weeks leading up to Easter and it's perfect for Easter Sunday.
Themes: Easter, Resurrection, Jesus, Death, Victory, Tomb
- Who** Mary Salome
- When** After the crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** You can wear modern day clothes, but feel free to wear a Bible-times costume
- Why** John 20:11-18
- How** In a dramatic piece like this, it's easy to overact. Be cautious not to do so, since sometimes our overacting can distract from the message. Simply tell the story and try to understand what your character is seeing and has been through. Paint a picture for your audience. Be sure to give yourself plenty of time to rehearse.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Mary enters and addresses the audience.

Mary: I'm not sure how...

what would be the word for 'terrified' AND 'excited?' Do you know? All I know is we were both of those things that morning, and that I ran faster than sandals ought to take you. We had to tell everyone else what happened!

After Jesus was crucified, it was all over. I mean, were we wrong about Him? We must have been. Jesus was dead. So we hid. We hid in fear. Then on Sunday morning a small group of us women went to prepare his body with spices and ointments. It was the very least we could do, even if none of it made sense. For three days, the longest three days of my life, we were afraid.

Oh, but Sunday...

My head raced faster than my feet as we bolted from the tomb. The rest of the disciples will not believe us when we try to explain: A massive, sealed tombstone...moved. The Roman guards...silenced. Blinding angels. Unnecessary grave-clothes now neatly folded lay silent in the tomb as if they had a secret to tell.

If a picture's worth a thousand words, then an empty tomb holds a thousand promises. Because...do you see what this means?? We'd been waiting for the Messiah to come and restore Israel. Jesus exceeded all expectations. He was a Messiah that none of us could contain...we were hoping too small.

It means...well...whatever has been taken from us, God can restore! *(The smile of hope starts to permeate; these can be ah-ha moments, building blocks of excitement as Mary tells her epiphany's)* He lives! So we can live, too! Our greatest roadblock- it's been removed- because not even the doors of death will shut out the certainty of life with Jesus! It means our strongest enemy is already defeated. So, you tell me- what rival can stand against Him?

Kings, presidents, the powers-that-be...whatever's happening now, and whatever's to come...the lowest lows and the highest highs...none of these can make that grave less empty. Nothing- no temple veil, no checkered past, no hellish lie- will stop the mortal from putting on immortality. He's softened the sting of death. And swallowed our defeat in victory.

I don't have all the answers. But standing near those discarded grave-clothes, those secret-keeping pieces of cloth...well...the secret's out now. He's not dead. He's not missing! He's not been taken away. He's

alive! He walked out of this tomb and left death and these grave clothes behind. If there is a way to be had, it's through Him. If there is hope in this world, His name is Jesus the Christ. He's alive! The Messiah! Our Messiah! My Messiah!

Yes...Jesus...He's alive! The secret is out!

Lights out.

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