

A script from



“Encounters With Christ: Simon of Cyrene”

by
The Skit Guys

- What** Simon of Cyrene made the long journey to celebrate Passover in Jerusalem. Little did he know that this Friday would go down in history. Use in the weeks leading up to Easter and it’s a great video for Good Friday. **Themes:** Easter, Cross, Jesus, Sacrifice
- Who** Simon
- When** After the crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** Modern day clothes are fine, but feel free to wear a Bible-times costume.
- Why** Mark 15:21
- 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 8-10 minutes

Simon enters and addresses the audience.

Simon: I was going into the city to celebrate Passover- while He...He was being led out of the city to become the Passover Lamb. And we didn't have any idea.

I was determined to celebrate Passover in Jerusalem. I'd traveled over 1500 miles and when I got there...the city...it was an incredible sight. A sight I wasn't expecting. The crowd seemed ten times larger than the last Passover. There were angry mobs in the street, people everywhere.

People kept shouting the name, "Jesus." Some were crying. Roman guards were moving people back as this man with a beam across his back, bloodied beyond recognition, was making his way down the street.

The guards were leading him to "the place of the skull- Golgotha". As I was trying to make sense of the anger and shouting and the weeping... so much weeping...Roman guard grabbed me, literally pulled me from the crowd ordering me to carry this man's cross. I had traveled a long while to come celebrate...if I carried His cross, his blood would stain me and prevent me from celebrating the Passover.

But the Romans have authority over us, to order us to carry it for at least a mile. Maybe even more.

I froze. I didn't know what to do...until I saw him. Him! I saw what the fuss was all about. This man that claimed to be the son of God. I saw him with my own two eyes and I could not pull myself away from him.

(Beat) Or what was left of him.

His body was mutilated to where one could hardly see a man behind the blood - almost like pounds of beaten flesh standing upright. His eyes met mine. This was not a criminal or a crazed man with grandiose ideas, this was an encounter with the one who was sent. The Messiah. He was carrying His cross, step by step barely able to stand.

I told myself, "Don't cause trouble with the Romans. Just carry his cross. Take up his cross, Simon, and do it. Forget about your Passover sacrifices and just...do it."

But as I put my arm around him, as we walked, as I felt the weight of the cross on my shoulders upon my back I was also trying to help Jesus whose knees kept buckling under a weight that seemed to go beyond the wooden cross. He was walking with the weight of the whole world on his shoulders.

But we kept walking...together. I carried what I could but he was carrying so much more...I heard the insults...to him and now to me. I felt the spit, I felt his blood on my skin, I could see the scars and the wounds all over his body. A crown of thorns had been mashed on his head, blood ran into his eyes. I heard people yell, "Where is your heavenly father now Jesus?! Prophecy you liar!"

The laughing, the mocking.

(Gaining composure) They took him to Calvary, placed him on a Roman Cross. Nailed his hands and feet. Stood him upright and I watched him. For six hours he strained to stretch as far as he could to get air to his lungs.

I looked down...seeing my hands stained with Jesus' blood. *(Realizes it)* I was so worried about his blood making me unclean...when in reality...it's what made me clean.

(Back to the scene) He gasped for his last breath and He died.

That day, I picked up... *(it hits him)* my cross. I helped Jesus carry my cross. And Jesus hung and died on my cross.

Lights fade.

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