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“Honored”

by
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- What** In this moving skit perfect for Maundy Thursday or Good Friday, Peter, Mary of Bethany, and Matthew reflect on the events of Holy Week, particularly the Last Supper, and what it means to honor or be honored by Jesus. This script can be used in conjunction with the scripts Beloved and Resurrected as a series for your Holy Week services.
- Themes: Good Friday, Maundy Thursday, Last Supper, Simon Peter, Mary of Bethany, Matthew, Anointed, Easter, Crucifixion
- Who** Mary of Bethany
Simon Peter
Matthew
- When** Biblical Times
- Costumes and Props** Biblical attire
- Why** John 12:1-8, John 13:1-17, Matthew 26:17-30
- How** Bare stage. It would be impactful for them to stand around a cross or a shadow of a cross, or perhaps the stage can be dark with light reflected on each in such a way that their shadows create a cross. If using lighting to create the cross, another option is to have the actors move around the stage throughout the scene, but then have the scene culminate with the actors' shadows creating the cross.
- Time** Approximately 4-5 minutes

Mary of Bethany is center with Peter and Matthew to the right and left of her, with space in between them. They address the audience.

Peter: I stood beside Him.

Mary: I anointed Him.

Matthew: I gave up everything for Him.

Peter: And on that day.

Matthew: The last day.

Mary: The quiet before the storm.

All: I sat with Him.

Peter: Never knowing it would be the last time.

Matthew steps forward, or a light shines on her and dims on Peter and Mary of Bethany.

Matthew: I guess you could say I wasn't the most well-liked man in Capernaum. Tax collectors never are. Despised is more like it. But at that time nothing meant more to me than money, and Rome made it very easy for tax collectors to fill our purses.... *(as if picking a coin out of the air)* take a little more here, *(holds out his other hand)* charge some extra there. Anything above and beyond the taxes due to Rome went straight in my pocket. But that all changed the day Jesus walked up to my booth and said, "Follow me." It was as if something came over me...a light perhaps...a truth...the knowledge that gold and riches were nothing compared to the riches of heaven. So I left it all behind, right there and then, and began my new life.

Matthew steps back or a spotlight goes down on him and up on Mary of Bethany.

Mary: Family can be tough. Don't get me wrong, I love my brother and sister very much. My brother Lazarus is kind and steady and my sister Martha is capable and secure. But like most siblings we have moments when we don't quite get along. The day Jesus came for supper was like that. My sister spent the day in the kitchen, cooking and cleaning and preparing a special meal for Jesus and his men. I was aware that she wanted my help—she made sure I knew that my place was in the kitchen...that my job was to serve. But when Jesus began to speak, I just had to listen. In that moment my place was not in the kitchen...it was at Jesus's feet. And when she became angry with me, Jesus was the one who reminded her that there was more than one way to serve.

Mary of Bethany steps back or a spotlight goes down on her and up on Peter.

Peter: My brother Andrew was the one who introduced me to Him. I was out doing what I did best...my calling, I guess you could say—casting my net and bringing in the day's catch. I was securing my boat at the end of an unproductive day of fishing when Andrew came running up, excited that Jesus was here. I wanted nothing more than to head home to my wife and the hot meal she had ready for me, but Andrew was insistent. *(shrugs)* And sure, when I heard Jesus speak I was intrigued. But the next day... in a boat with my brother on the Sea of Galilee, Jesus came and asked us to follow him...and I knew then and there what my true calling was—

*Peter steps back as lights come up on **Matthew** and **Mary of Bethany**.*

Matthew: I am made of more than money.

Mary: I am where I'm supposed to be.

Peter: I am a fisher of men.

All: I am a disciple of Jesus.

***Mary of Bethany** steps forward, or a light shines on her and dims on **Peter** and **Matthew**.*

Mary: He got so mad at me...Judas, not Jesus. *(grows troubled, remembering)* Jesus was visiting in our home along with his disciples. As usual, Martha was tending to the meal, serving Jesus the best way she could. And while Lazarus was talking to some of the disciples, I crept back to my room and retrieved the aromatic oil I'd bought in the market a few days before. True—it had cost me everything I had saved, but it was worth it if I could use it to glorify my Lord. *(kneels down, reenacting as she remembers)* So just as I had before, I knelt beside Jesus and used the oil to anoint his feet, then dried them with my hair. *(sighs)* But Judas thought it was a waste of money—that the oil should've been sold and the money given to the poor. Once more Jesus defended me, telling Judas that we would always have the poor, but wouldn't always have him. *(thinks, sadly)* If only I'd known then how soon that would be.

***Mary of Bethany** bows her head or spotlight goes down on her and up on **Peter**.*

Peter: Put yourself in my shoes. There I was in the upper room, getting ready to celebrate Passover and Jesus was kneeling at my feet—feet that had been walking all day in hot sandals—feet covered in dirt and mud and...who knows what. That was not the place for my Lord! I should've been the one to wash *his* feet, not the other way around! But he insisted. *(kneels down, reenacting as he remembers)* He knelt in front of me, his outer clothes off, a towel tied around his waist. He took my foot in his hand, poured the water over it, and washed the dirt away. He said

if he didn't wash me then I would have no share with him. *(think, sadly)* I see now he wasn't talking about my feet.

Peter bows his head or spotlight goes down on him and up on Matthew, who crosses to center.

Matthew: It wasn't your typical Passover meal. I guess some of it was...we ate, we drank...we talked and teased. But there was something else...something hanging over everyone...something foreboding...always there...unsure...unsettling. And then Jesus picked up the bread. *(stops, thinking, looks down at his hands as if he holds the bread)* He called it his body. His body? How could an ordinary piece of bread be the body of our Lord? And then the cup. *(holds a hand up and looks at it as if holding a cup)* His blood of the covenant, poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins. *(brings his hands down and looks at it)* In that moment I didn't understand—

All: What did He want from me?

Mary of Bethany and Peter stand.

Mary: He talked so much during that Passover week about what was to come.

Matthew: Betrayal.

Peter: Denial.

Mary: Death.

Peter: But it was all there, wasn't it? He was doing everything he could to let us know.

All: It was time.

Peter: He'd be gone in a few days. And He knew it.

Matthew: All that week, during the celebrations,

Mary: And in the quiet moments.

Peter: He instructed us on what must be done.

Matthew: He taught us how to spread His word.

Mary: He guided us on how to live.

Peter: So that when He was no longer with us—

All: We would never forget.

Mary: To cherish the ones we hold dear.

Peter: To humble ourselves in service to others.

Matthew: To remember Him when we eat and drink.

All: The body and the blood.

Mary: Because to care for one another is to glorify God.

Matthew: I see it now.

Peter: I'm listening.

Mary: I finally understand.

Peter: So now in all that I do,

Matthew: And all that I say,

Mary: He will forevermore be—

All: Honored.

Lights down on scene or may remain on the cross. End of scene.