

a script from

# **231** WORSHIP

SCRIPT

TO

REMOVE

**"Jesus Has the Pen Now"**

By

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WATERMARK

AT

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**What** This monologue-driven script shows that Easter is not the end, but the beginning of each of our stories no matter how broken our pasts. Biblical figures who may have thought they were beyond redemption have lives that begin anew because of their interaction with Jesus. Becky, a modern day character, draws hope from the Bible, recognizing that if God can change broken lives then, He can change hers now.

Themes: Easter, Redemption, Hope, Shame, Grief, Death, the Thief, Adulterous Woman, Zacchaeus, Rejection

**Who** Thief  
Adulterous Woman  
Zacchaeus  
Mary Magdalene  
Becky

**When** Biblical Times, Present Time

**Costumes** Period Clothing for Biblical Figures  
Everyday Wear for Becky

**Props** Rock  
Pen  
Large Coin  
Handkerchief  
Crucifixion Nail  
Journal

**Why** John 8:2-11, John 11:11-16, Luke 19:1-10, Luke 23:39-43

**How** This sketch requires actors to "freeze" on stage when they are not performing their monologue. Actors should attempt to be as still as possible and freeze in positions that are easy to maintain so as not to disrupt the flow of the skit. The present day female character can easily be changed to a male role by changing the name. Suggestions for pauses or emphasis and use of props are included in the dialogue. During her dialogue, Becky is facing the audience, but is praying and not speaking to them directly. Conversely, the other actors are telling their stories to the audience. If available, stage lights can spotlight speakers.

**Time** 7 to 8 minutes

The skit begins with all actors "frozen" popcorn style across stage with the exception of **Becky**, who stands frozen with head down at center stage. Lights up. **Becky** unfreezes, looks out at the audience with pen and journal in her hands.

**Becky:** (prayerfully broken) Jesus, things are really messed up. I'm so defeated I want to give up. I don't see any way out of this situation. How in the world could my life be redeemed at this point? (sighs heavily, looking down again)

**Becky** freezes as **Adulterous Woman** unfreezes and looks thoughtfully at a rock that she holds reverently in her hand. She looks up from the rock to the audience as she begins speaking.

**Adulterous**

**Woman:** (reminiscent tone) Know what this is? (holds up rock to show audience) It's one of the stones that my accusers held at the temple courts. (lifts rock up and down as if weighing). It's pretty heavy. They planned to pelt me with this stone and others like it until I was dead. Harsh? (looks down at rock in hand) Maybe, but it's what the law said I deserved. I had been caught in the act. I'll never forget that day. (pauses and looks at audience) But not for the reason you might suspect. (nodding) Yes, it was the most scared I had ever been and the most ashamed. As I stood on quaking knees with tears streaming down my face, I resigned myself to my fate - I would be known only as an adulterous woman... humiliation was going to be the end of my story. (pause) And then, (emphasize, remembering with amazement) He was there, bending down and writing on the ground with His finger. He faced my accusers and they walked away without (emphasize and hold up one finger) one stone being cast. He didn't condemn me, but gave me a new mission - "Go and sin no more." So, no -I'll never forget that day... because my life didn't end with a painful mistake. Instead, a new chapter was written. One of hope and redemption. You see, I thought shame was the end of my story, but Jesus has the pen now.

**Adulterous Women** freezes and **Zacchaeus** unfreezes by holding a coin up to the light looking at it with interest.

**Zacchaeus:** *(still looking at coin when beginning lines)* You would think that being rich would have made me popular. *(shakes head and lowers coin to side, addressing audience)* Not even close. I mean, tax collectors are loveable, aren't they? *(laughs at self with derision)* I guess not much has changed, even with the passing of time. At any rate, my story starts in Jericho. I was a chief tax collector and, needless to say, I wasn't anyone's favorite person. I had heard that Jesus was coming to town and I wanted to know more about Him. There was a crowd forming and there was no way they were going to let Mr. Popular *(pointing to self with both thumbs)*, yours truly, through. So I climbed up in a tree to see. *(surprised delight)* And guess what? Jesus said, “Zacchaeus, hurry and come down, for today I must stay at your house.” *(pause)* Me?! This popular man wanted to come to *my* house? I didn't hesitate. While visiting with me, Jesus taught me a few things. I gave half my possessions to the poor and paid back people I had cheated. But even *before* I was the person I should have been, Jesus accepted me - flaws and all. No one had ever done that in my whole lonely existence. That day I was called a son of Abraham - *(with amazement)* I was chosen to be in the company of Jesus. You see, I thought rejection was the end of my story, but Jesus has the pen now.

**Zacchaeus** freezes and **Mary Magdalene** unfreezes holding a handkerchief with both hands.

**Mary**

**Magdalene:** This handkerchief has been with me for most of my life. *(holds up cloth for audience to see before holding it in front of her again)* You might not be able to see it, but it's been marked by sadness and despair. *(reminiscing thoughtfully but without pain)* Maybe some of you know the kind of pain that I'm talking about. It's that gut-wrenching grief that doesn't seem to have an end in sight. It's the sorrow you experience after losing what you hold dear... and that's where I thought my story would end. Let me paint you the picture. I had been living the high life - following Jesus from place to place and watching his ministry grow. I was privileged to sit at His feet and bask in his presence. There was *no one* like Him and no other place I wanted to be. I was blissfully content. In fact, up until that point, it was the happiest I had ever been in my life. *(pause, looks down)*

And then, overnight, everything changed. My rabbi was betrayed. He was mocked, stripped, and a crown of thorns punctured his scalp. *(looks back at audience)* I sobbed inconsolably as I watched him carry the cross that he would be nailed upon. I saw Him die *(emphasize)* right in front of me. My grief was palpable. *(pause)* Three days later, I went to the tomb to tend to the body. For solace? I'm not sure. But, He wasn't there! *(with desperation)* More loss? I couldn't even visit Him at His grave? *(with wonder)* And then, I heard my name... "Mary." *(excited)* Could it be? Rabboni? He's risen! Jesus is alive! He overcame death! No more anguish! Now I use this handkerchief *(holds up handkerchief)* for tears of joy! You see, I thought grief was the end of my story, but Jesus has the pen now.

**Mary Magdalene** freezes and **Thief** unfreezes. He holds a crucifixion nail up in contemplation before lowering it and addressing the audience.

**Thief:** When you know you're about to die, you take an accounting of your life... at least that's what happened to me. I thought back to every lousy decision that led me to that cross. I was a thief - a scoundrel. Each nail *(lifting nail and holding it over chest as if piercing heart)* that pierced my skin, pricked my heart, too. I knew death was exactly what I deserved. The end of my story was going to be an eternity of regret. I was lost... so far from the path I should have walked, and now the time for change had run out. Or at least, that's what I thought. I was one of three being nailed on a cross at Golgotha. When I heard the other criminal mock the man called Jesus, I couldn't hold my tongue. "Don't you even fear God, seeing you are under the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong." You see, for all the bad I had done, I was given a gift in my final moments on earth. I recognized the Savior, the author of mercy. "Lord, remember me when you come into Your Kingdom." *(with awed delight)* And after my desperate plea, Jesus spoke the sweetest words I have ever heard. "Assuredly I tell you, today you will be with Me in Paradise." Me? A thief, a good-for-nothing, sinner will conquer death?

A prisoner set free! This nail (*holds nail out to audience again*) can't hurt me any longer. I'm no longer a slave to sin and death. You see, I thought death was the end of my story, but Jesus has the pen now.

**Thief** freezes as **Becky** unfreezes, moving in the same position as the start of skit.

**Becky:** (*prayerfully broken*) Jesus, things are really messed up. I'm so defeated I want to give up. I don't see any way out of this situation. How in the world could my life be redeemed at this point? (*sighs heavily, looks down and pauses, then looks up with determination*) I don't know the answer to that. But I know from Your Word, that You don't leave us where we are. You meet us at our worst moments and change the end of our story. I don't know what You have in store for me, but here it goes. (**Becky** *kneels down and places pen and journal down reverently*) I trust You to write a new chapter for me. To be the author of my life. Jesus, (*pause*) you have the pen now.

*Lights down.*