

A script from



“The Pharisee and The Triumphal Entry”

by
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- What** A Pharisee bitterly describes Jesus’s triumphal entry into Jerusalem, how the crowds cheered him, accepted him and praised him. **Themes:** Palm Sunday, Pharisees, Spiritual Blindness, Triumphal Entry
- Who** Pharisee
Woman
Man
- When** Biblical times
- Wear (Props)** Biblically appropriate costumes. Pharisee should have a distinguished and different costume than the Man and Woman. Search online for pictures of how Pharisees dressed.
- Why** Jesus’s entry into Jerusalem was a time of celebration for those who believed and followed him, but for some, it was the beginning of the end, or so they thought.
Luke 19:28-40; John 12:12-19
- How** Use Man and Woman as part of the storytelling process. Make them move and come alive like moving illustrations for the story the Pharisee is telling. Work their placement for however works best for your lighting and your stage size. Make the Pharisee’s anger build and build through the piece. His last line should be haunting.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Pharisee comes on stage. Behind him is **Woman**, who freezes, holding a palm branch. **Man** is on the other side of the stage, also frozen, with a cloak.*

Pharisee comes to the front of the stage, studies the crowd for a moment before speaking directly to them.

Pharisee: He's a trouble maker. That's how I describe him. You would understand if you were there. If you had seen what a frenzy he caused, what an uproar. People were shouting and making way for him, following him all the way down the Mount of Olives, pushing and shoving to get closer to him. (*deeply troubled*) But...it was more than just the shouting and cheering. Yes, indeed. Much more.

Woman comes to life, waves the palm branch high over her head.

Woman: Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord! Blessed is the King!

She freezes again.

Pharisee: Blasphemy! Who does he think he is...surely not the fulfillment of the Zechariah's prophecy of the One riding in on a donkey? Nonsense! What shall we do for liberation? Beat the Romans with our palm leaves? No, this was no savior, but why were they not humiliated by this behavior?

Man unfreezes and throws his cloak before him on the ground.

Man: Peace on earth and glory in the highest heaven!

He then freezes.

Pharisee: But nevertheless, here they were, cheering him. Did they not know that all the great conquerors ride stallions and chariots into the gates of the city? (*Beat*) There was talk that many of them came because of a rumor, a rumor that caught the wind like a wildfire.

Man and Woman rush together to the center of the stage.

Man: Is it true? Did Jesus raise a man from the dead?

Woman: It was Lazarus! He resurrected Lazarus from the dead! Many people saw it happen!

They freeze. Pharisee now paces on the stage, not as indignant, but more contemplative.

Pharisee: Truly, I doubt the crowd would've been so large had it not been for Passover. Quite a strategic calculation on his part if you ask me. Wait

until Passover and then make this triumphant entry? (laughs) Nonsense, if you ask me.

M&W: Blessings on the King who comes in the name of the Lord! Peace in heaven and glory in the highest heaven!

They don't freeze this time, but quietly whisper to each other in excitement.

Pharisee: How dare they! He is not the Messiah. He is only an imposter. And I couldn't take it any longer.

*Pharisee begins to move so he is behind the **Man** and **Woman**. He continues to talk as he does this.*

Pharisee: While my brothers stood around gawking at this madness, claiming there was nothing to be done, that everyone had already gone after him, I had the gumption to confront him. I walked to the path he was taking (*he pushes his way through the **Man** and **Woman***) and raised my voice to him. (*Shakes his fist at the imaginary Jesus on a colt that rides past him*) Teacher! Rebuke your followers for saying things like that!

*He lets the scene disappear as the **Man** and **Woman** freeze again. He returns to the front of the stage, the memory fading, but not the emotion.*

Pharisee: Do you know what he said to me?

M&W: (*in almost a haunting, distant way*) If they kept quiet, the stones along the road would burst into cheers.

Pharisee: (*scoffs*) I suppose insinuating that even a rock can see he's the Messiah, but I cannot. They are the blind ones! Not me! He is nothing more than a pathetic wanna-be, riding in on a lowly colt with his message of peace. Isn't that all the proof Jerusalem needs, to know this man will never deliver them from anything at all? (*beat*) Well, it's all the proof I need, and I intend to make sure this man is seen for who he really is.

Lights down.

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