

a script from  
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**“The Veil is Torn”**

A Reader's Theater for Easter

by

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- What** This Readers Theater helps audiences think about the miracle and ministry of Jesus' life, and how everything He did on earth led up to His death, which coincided with the mystery of the temple veil tearing from top to bottom.  
**Themes:** Death, Victory, Veil, Easter, Lent, Resurrection, Christmas, Good Friday
- Who** Reader 1  
Reader 2  
Reader 3
- When** Present
- Wear  
(Props)** Your stage. Black folders for each reader.
- Why** Matthew 27:51
- How** This script includes two different versions. The first is shorter and the second is a little longer. This can also be used as a monologue.  
All Readers need to work together to maintain a consistent rhythm. It should feel as if one person is reading. For more ideas watch [How to Perform a Reader's Theatre](#) on SkitGuys.com!
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes for the shorter version; 6 minutes for the longer

**Shorter Version**

*Reader enter and address the audience.*

**Reader 1:** Here we stand, at the foot of the cross, where moments ago, Jesus has just breathed his last breath.

**Reader 2:** The skies are dark. A powerful earthquake has sent the crowd of observers into a near panic.

**Reader 3:** But something else happened that the crowd of witnesses could not have yet known.

**Reader 2:** To understand that event, follow us a few miles away and a little more than three decades back in time to witness the first breath of Jesus in a stable in Bethlehem.

**Reader 1:** At the moment of that first breath, the world around Him began to ripple, like a pond after you toss in a stone.

**Reader 3:** Let's travel to the temple. It's quiet, though far from empty. Priests and Levites move from place to place, offering prayers, cleaning up after the day's sacrifices and crowds.

**Reader 2:** Further in we go, through another gate, past more priests, fewer now.

**Reader 1:** And there it is.

**All:** The veil.

**Reader 3:** Sixty feet high.

**Reader 2:** Thirty feet wide.

**Reader 1:** Crimson and gold.

**Reader 2:** According to the traditional stories of the rabbis, it's as thick as a man's hand.

**Reader 3:** And when a new one is hung and the old one taken down to be cleansed, it is an effort that requires 300 priests working together.

**Reader 2:** It is massive.

**Reader 1:** It is imposing.

**Reader 3:** And it is there for one reason.

**Reader 2:** To separate us—

**Reader 3:** me, you, everyone—

**Reader 1:** from the presence of God.

**Reader 3:** Behind the veil lies the Holy of Holies, the Holiest Place, where once the Ark of the Covenant rested.

**Reader 1:** It is, in every way that matters, the throne room of God on earth.

**Reader 2:** No one except the high priest can pass through the veil, and he may only go there once a year, equipped with a rope around his ankle in case he drops dead, since no one could go in to retrieve him.

**Reader 3:** It is a very serious separation.

**Reader 1:** And perhaps it makes sense.

**Reader 2:** After all, who can withstand being in the presence of God?

**Reader 1:** But on the night we have traveled back to...

**Reader 3:** as a Baby lies in a feeding trough a few miles away,

**Reader 2:** perhaps in our imagined visit to the temple, we might see the Veil shudder just a bit.

**Reader 1:** Twelve years later, when that baby in the trough, now grown into an adolescent boy, stands nearby discussing the scriptures with aged respected scholars, do you think the fabric of the Veil weakened a tiny bit?

**Reader 2:** And when that boy, now grown into an unremarkable looking adult, is plunged beneath the waters of the Jordan river, emerging to the sound of a Divine voice announcing, "This is my Son, in whom I am well pleased," do you think the Veil shifted ever so slightly?

**Reader 1:** Sometimes things happen slowly.

**Reader 3:** Very slowly.

**Reader 2:** Maybe for nearly three and a half decades God was preparing the Veil for a moment so momentous that the priests would have scoffed at the possibility.

**Reader 1:** Maybe the Veil disintegrated a smidgen each time Jesus looked a beggar in the face and offered healing and forgiveness.

**Reader 3:** Or each time He called a tax collector or a fisherman or a tradesman to follow Him.

**Reader 1:** Or when He spoke words of challenge and redemption to a woman caught in the act

**Reader 2:** or to an ashamed woman drawing water all alone from the village well in the hottest part of the day.

**Reader 3:** Maybe the Veil was scored just a little when Jesus took the cold hand of a young girl and woke her from the dead,

**Reader 1:** when he took a stroll across the stormy waters of the Galilee,

**Reader 3:** when he had a showdown with the Pharisees,

**Reader 2:** or drove the dishonest moneychangers out of His Father's house.

**Reader 1:** Maybe the Veil was perforated a tiny bit when Jesus broke the bread and passed the cup,

**Reader 3:** when He sweat drops of blood in the garden,

**Reader 2:** when He smiled at His disciple Thomas and said, "I am the way, the truth, and the Life,"

**Reader 1:** or when he stood before the crowds and said, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

**Reader 3:** Maybe. We can't be sure.

**Reader 2:** But what we can be sure of...

**Reader 3:** When the same brow a young mother softly kissed was punctured by cruel thorns,

**Reader 1:** when the same hands that clutched at Joseph's robe in the stable were nailed to a wooden beam,

**Reader 2:** when the same body that rested on a bed of soft but scratchy hay, rose and fell against a roughhewn upright, gasping for breath,

**Reader 1:** the veil was in its last moments of usefulness.

**Reader 3:** And when the same voice that made its first cry in the village of Bethlehem, declared with authority, "It is finished" ...

**Reader 2:** The veil ripped itself in two, from top to bottom.

**Reader 1:** The presence of God flooded through our messy, dirty world like an overflowing ocean.

**Reader 2:** And three days later, the baby, born into a stable, would be reborn from the Tomb, the conqueror of death's dark domain,

**Reader 3:** the Savior,

**Reader 1:** the Messiah,

**Reader 2:** the King.

**All:** The veil is torn.

**Reader 1:** Joy to the world! The Lord is come.

*Lights out.*

**Longer Version**

*Readers enter and address the audience.*

**Reader 1:** Here we stand, at the foot of the cross, where moments ago, Jesus has just breathed his last breath.

**Reader 2:** The skies are dark. A powerful earthquake has sent the crowd of observers into a near panic.

**Reader 3:** But something else happened that the crowd of witnesses could not have yet known.

**Reader 2:** To understand that event, follow us a few miles away and a little more than three decades back in time to witness the first breath of Jesus in a stable in Bethlehem.

**Reader 1:** At the moment of that first breath, the world around Him began to ripple, like a pond after you toss in a stone.

**Reader 3:** Only those who were paying attention felt those ripples.

**Reader 1:** Nearby, the shepherds felt something, and after confirmation from a host of angels, responded by finding the baby and offering worship.

**Reader 2:** A great distance away, a group of learned men studying the stars certainly were paying attention. The Wise Men would begin a journey that led them to a house where they would lay valuable gifts before the young Messiah.

**Reader 3:** And in Jerusalem, just five or six miles away?

**Reader 1:** Let's travel to the temple. It's quiet, though far from empty. Priests and Levites move from place to place, offering prayers, cleaning up after the day's sacrifices and crowds.

**Reader 2:** Stay a little longer in the Court of Women.

**Reader 3:** Over in the corner, there's an old woman gratefully receiving some food from a priest.

**Reader 1:** It doesn't matter what time we arrive; Anna's there day and night, praying for the Messiah to come redeem her people.

**Reader 3:** And over in another corner, there's Simeon. In years to come, he will be known as the God Receiver, but for now, he's just a devout follower, praying to Yahweh for comfort and consolation to come to the Israelites.

**Reader 2:** Further in we go, through another gate, past more priests, fewer now.

**Reader 1:** And there it is.

**All:** The veil.

**Reader 3:** Sixty feet high.

**Reader 2:** Thirty feet wide.

**Reader 1:** Crimson and gold.

**Reader 2:** According to the traditional stories of the rabbis, it's as thick as a man's hand.

**Reader 3:** And when a new one is hung and the old one taken down to be cleansed, it is an effort that requires 300 priests working together.

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**Reader 1:** It is, in every way that matters, the throne room of God on earth.

**Reader 2:** No one except the high priest can pass through the veil, and he may only go there once a year, equipped with a rope around his ankle in case he drops dead, since no one could go in to retrieve him.

**Reader 3:** It is a very serious separation.

**Reader 1:** And perhaps it makes sense.

**Reader 2:** After all, who can withstand being in the presence of God?

**Reader 1:** But on the night we have traveled back to...

**Reader 3:** as a Baby lies in a feeding trough a few miles away,

**Reader 2:** perhaps in our imagined visit to the temple, we might see the Veil shudder just a bit.

**Reader 3:** Maybe a priest senses it, pauses to look over his shoulder, but shrugs it off.

**Reader 1:** Twelve years later, when that baby in the trough, now grown into an adolescent boy, stands just yards away discussing the scriptures with men born decades before, do you think the fabric of the Veil weakened a tiny bit?

**Reader 2:** And what about when that boy, now grown into an unremarkable looking adult, is plunged beneath the waters of the Jordan river, emerging to the sound of a Divine voice announcing, "This is my Son, in whom I am well pleased," do you think the Veil shifted ever so slightly?

**Reader 1:** Sometimes things happen slowly.

**Reader 3:** Very slowly.

**Reader 2:** Maybe for nearly three and a half decades the presence of God, supposedly contained and restricted to the space behind the Veil, was

preparing the Veil for a moment so momentous that the priests would have scoffed at the possibility.

**Reader 1:** Maybe the Veil disintegrated a smidgen each time Jesus looked a beggar in the face and offered healing and forgiveness.

**Reader 3:** Or each time He called a tax collector or a fisherman or a tradesman to follow Him.

**Reader 1:** Or when He spoke words of challenge and redemption to a woman caught in the act,

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**Reader 3:** And when the same voice that made its first cry in the village of Bethlehem, declared with authority, "It is finished"...

**Reader 2:** The veil ripped itself in two, from top to bottom.

**Reader 1:** The presence of God, never subject to human restrictions in the first place, flooded through our messy, dirty world like an overflowing ocean.

**Reader 2:** And three days later, the baby, born into a stable, would be reborn from the Tomb, the conqueror of death's dark domain,

**Reader 3:** the Savior,

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