

A script from



## “Resurrection Story”

by  
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- What** John 20 is retold through the eyes of Mary Magdalene, Peter, and Thomas.  
**Themes:** Easter, Resurrection, Belief, Doubt
- Who** Mary  
Peter  
Thomas
- When** Bible Times
- Wear (Props)** Biblical clothing or you may use modern clothes for each character, but wear neutral or earth tone colors. Mary can wear a simple scarf over her head.
- Why** John 20:31
- How** The characters are speaking directly to the audience as if re-telling their story. Characters should be separated on three different parts of the stage until the very end. Suggested blocking: Mary (Stage Right), Peter (Center Stage), Thomas (Stage Left)
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

**Mary, Peter and Thomas** enter from separate places on the stage. **Mary** addresses the audience.

**Mary:** It was still dark. I couldn't go...not when it was light. I had too many tears. I was afraid I'd never stop crying. I brought the spices; he deserved a proper burial. I had so many questions. Why? What now? Was it all a lie? There were no answers, so I just kept walking.

**Peter:** Lock the door! I ordered for them to lock it! I had believed a lie and now they were going to kill me too. Paranoid? Maybe. But I watched them beat him and now I knew they'd come for me too. I had denied him. God forgive me, I denied Him. I was so afraid that if I let them find me, I'd deny Him again.

**Mary:** I had imagined every scenario in my head. Perhaps the guards would help us roll away the stone. Maybe they would be kind and realize we just want to anoint the body of our Lord. That was wishful thinking, I know. The men who murdered him, be kind? I thought maybe...maybe God would give me the strength to roll it away myself. Maybe I'd be arrested right there. Who else would want to anoint his body other than a professed follower? Maybe they wouldn't arrest me. Maybe they'd just kill me. Who would miss a prostitute? According to Jewish law, wasn't I already supposed to be dead? I drove myself crazy thinking I had imagined every possible scenario. But when I got to the gravesite, I realized I was wrong. I hadn't pictured this.

**Peter:** I had given up everything. Everything. And he just stood there. Jesus just stood there. I saw him raise Lazarus, with my own eyes, I saw Jesus do it! And... he let himself be crucified. Why? None of it made any sense.

**Mary:** It was as if the nightmare just wouldn't end. I started to cry louder and louder, "Who's taken him? Who's taken him?! They have taken away my Lord and I don't know where they have put him. Please tell me! Tell me who's taken Him."

**Thomas:** Alive? He was here and everyone saw Him but me? I missed it. I was too late. I wasn't important enough. I guess I just wasn't the favorite disciple. Whatever. I don't believe them. I won't believe them.

**Peter:** I was with John when the women came back from the tomb. Alive? What? I ran to the grave. But he wasn't there. I didn't know what to think. I wanted to...I couldn't believe. Not this time. I didn't have the strength to believe anymore.

**Thomas:** I told them, I said, "Unless I see the nail marks in his hands and put my finger where the nails were, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe it!"

**Mary:** In one last desperate breath I asked, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have put him, and I will get him. It was then that the gardener turned to me and said,

**Thomas:** "Thomas-"

**Peter:** "Peter-"

**Mary:** "Mary." He said my name. And I knew it was Him.

**Peter:** In that instant everything changed.

**Thomas:** I touched his hands and feet and I believed.

**All:** I believed.

**Mary:** He really was Alive. (*Mary goes to Peter*) He's Alive!

**Peter:** (*Peter goes to Thomas*) He's Alive!

**Thomas:** (*To audience*) He's Alive! (*Beat*) I know. I know how to doubt. My Lord understands doubt. But I'm telling you this so that you don't have to. I'm telling you the truth so you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that by believing you can have life in His name. He's Alive.

*Lights fade.*

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