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**“Who but You”**

by  
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**What** Mary Magdalene shares about her life before Jesus, how He transformed it, and her journey through His crucifixion and resurrection.

**Themes:** Crucifixion, Resurrection, Redemption, Forgiveness, Jesus, Easter

**Who** Mary Magdalene

**When** Present or Biblical times

**Wear (Props)** Performer could either wear more traditional, Biblical attire or go simple and modern.

**Why** Luke 8:1-2, John 19:25, Matthew 28:1-7

**How** Performer should be dynamic, rising and falling in volume, speed, and intensity, between sorrow and hopefulness. Was originally written as an introduction or lead-in to the song “Alive” by Natalie Grant for an Easter service, but could also stand on its own.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*A woman, Mary Magdalene, stands alone on the stage.*

**Mary M:** You know that moment when you realize that you're lost? That you're feeling around in the darkness, searching for something but you don't really know what it is or what it looks like? It's an abyss, and you're just falling through it.

And when you realize you don't know where you are who you are anymore, you panic and desperately try to find a way out. And the longer you struggle, the longer you wander through the endless darkness, the more you start to wonder if maybe there is no way out. Maybe darkness is all there is.

And then you run deeper into it, suddenly afraid of the light. Suddenly afraid of being exposed for the person that you are. Suddenly unwilling to acknowledge the possibility of an existence outside the darkness, just in case there isn't one.

*Beat*

My name is Mary Magdalene. And that darkness, that abyss...it was my home. It was my prison.

*Hopeful, lighter.*

For me, meeting Jesus was like having the blindfold ripped away from my eyes. It was like... feeling the warmth of the sun after years in cold darkness. It was like walking without shackles for the first time in my life.

All my baggage, my past, my demons were stripped away by this man.

It was freedom I had never known.

And it wasn't just me. He'd done that for all of us. Given us hope.

Jesus saw something in me that I had never seen in myself. I was a lost cause. An outcast. I was...I was broken.

But He loves every lost cause. He reaches for the outcasts. He died for the broken. *(Softly)* He died for the broken.

I suppose I didn't realize at the time what my past would cost. I was free. I was forgiven. I was wiped clean of my sins by Jesus.

It wasn't until that day on Calvary that I realized a price must still be paid for what I did. That death was the only answer.

*Building emotionally.*

Jesus hadn't just taken my sins from me. He had put them on himself. He paid the price I owed. Died the death that I deserved.

I watched it happen. He was hanging on that cross, pierced and beaten, mocked and tormented, stripped of his pride and of his flesh. I watched this man die...for me.

*Beat. Mourning, numb.*

Just like that, He was gone. The One we had followed for so long. The One who'd given us a reason for living, a purpose...He was just...gone. Jesus had made me whole again. Losing Him was like losing a part of myself.

*Shift back to hopeful, growing to wonder.*

Three days later, I went to His tomb. When I got there, the ground started shaking. I was terrified. Even the men guarding His tomb fled in fear. When I looked up, the stone in front of the entrance had been rolled away. An angel told me that Jesus had risen. My heart was filled with joy and fear all at once.

Who but Jesus could die such a brutal death and be raised to life after three whole days? Who but Jesus could take a broken person like me and put the pieces back together? Who but Jesus could make blind men see and lame men walk? Who but Jesus could give hope to entire nations?

When I saw Jesus for the first time after His death, I fell to His feet. He was risen! He was alive!

Who but Jesus could overcome death...with love?

*Lights down.*

AT

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