

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

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I Was There

By Bob Rictor

Synopsis: This skit is written in hopes that it will help people better understand their own culpability in the death of Jesus, and rejoice in his resurrection and forgiveness.

Cast:

3 Narrators on stage
1 Person in the Choir
1 Person seated in Congregation left
1 Person seated in Congregation Right
1 Person seated in the Balcony

Musicians:

1 Soloist singing "Were You There"
1 Soloist and whole choir singing "He's Alive"

Sound FX:

Sounds of the Crucifixion

Microphones:

4 lapel microphones
3 microphones on stands
2 hand-held soloist microphones

The scene begins with the soloist off to one side. Narrators 1, 2 & 3 are either seated on stools or standing center stage.

Soloist: *(A cappella)*

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Ooooooh, Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Narrator 1:

I was there. I was there when Jesus was crucified.

Narrator 2:

So was I.

Narrator 3:

So was I.

Narrator 1:

I was there in the courtroom when witness after witness spewed out lies and treachery against an innocent man. And I was there when the Sanhedrin pronounced him guilty, even though they knew he was not.

Narrator 2:

I was there when they stripped him naked and marched him out in public. And I was there when they ripped that naked flesh off his body at the whipping post.

Narrator 3:

I was there when they pulled his beard out in chunks and beat him beyond recognition. And I was there when they drove the nails through his hands and feet and left him to die a slow, agonizing death.

Off Stage Sound FX:

Nails being hammered, screams of pain. Could possibly use audio from the JESUS film, THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST, or JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Narrator 1:

You see, it was my lies that accused him. It was my deceit that convicted him.

Narrator 2:

In my own lust, I stripped him naked. It was my immorality that humiliated him. My abuse of God's plan for marriage that ripped the skin off of the one who lovingly gave me that precious gift.

Narrator 3:

The curses I've screamed at others were the curses heaped on my Lord. In my anger, I was the one who mercilessly beat Jesus to a pulp. The violence that seethes just under my skin pierced his skin.

Person in Choir:

(Stands) It was my arrogance that spit in his face.

Person in Congregation Left:

(Stands) How many times have I betrayed him ... and for far less than thirty pieces of silver?

Person in Balcony:

(Stands) Every time I've taken God for granted, every time I've trivialized His word, I've mocked Him. It was me. I am the one who rammed the crown of thorns on his head.

Person in Congregation Right:

(Stands) No. It was me. I am the guilty one. It was my sin that killed him. It was my lust. My pride. My anger. He didn't deserve to die. It should have been me.

PowerPoint:

All we like sheep have gone astray; We have turned, every one, to his own way; And the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Isaiah 53:6

Choir: He's Alive

*THE GATES AND DOORS WERE BARRED
AND ALL THE WINDOWS FASTENED DOWN
I SPENT THE NIGHT IN SLEEPLESSNESS
AND ROSE AT EVERY SOUND*

*HALF IN HOPELESS SORROW
AND HALF IN FEAR THE DAY
WOULD FIND THE SOLDIERS BREAKING THROUGH
TO DRAG US ALL AWAY*

*AND JUST BEFORE THE SUNRISE
I HEARD SOMETHING AT THE WALL
THE GATE BEGAN TO RATTLE
AND A VOICE BEGAN TO CALL*

*I HURRIED TO THE WINDOW
AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE STREET
EXPECTING SWORDS AND TORCHES
AND THE SOUND OF SOLDIERS FEET*

*THERE WAS NO ONE THERE BUT MARY
SO I WENT DOWN TO LET HER IN
JOHN STOOD THERE BESIDE ME
AS SHE TOLD US WHERE SHE'D BEEN*

*SHE SAID THEY'VE MOVED HIM IN THE NIGHT
AND NONE OF US KNOWS WHERE
THE STONE'S BEEN ROLLED AWAY
AND NOW HIS BODY ISN'T THERE*

*WE BOTH RAN T'WARD THE GARDEN
AND THEN JOHN RAN ON AHEAD
WE FOUND THE STONE AND THE EMPTY TOMB
JUST THE WAY THAT MARY SAID*

*BUT THE WINDING SHEET THEY WRAPPED HIM IN
WAS JUST AN EMPTY SHELL
AND HOW OR WHERE THEY'D TAKEN HIM
WAS MORE THAN I COULD TELL*

*SOMETHING STRANGE HAD HAPPENED THERE
JUST WHAT I DID NOT KNOW
JOHN BELIEVED A MIRACLE
BUT I JUST TURNED TO GO*

*CIRCUMSTANCE AND SPECULATION
DIDN'T LIFT ME VERY HIGH
'CAUSE I'D SEEN THEM CRUCIFY HIM,
AND THEN I SAW HIM DIE*

*BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE AGAIN
THE GUILT AND ANGUISH CAME
EVERYTHING I'D PROMISED HIM
JUST ADDED TO MY SHAME*

*WHEN AT LAST IT CAME TO CHOICES
I DENIED I KNEW HIS NAME
AND EVEN IF HE WAS ALIVE,
IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME*

*SUDDENLY THE AIR WAS FILLED
WITH A STRANGE AND SWEET PERFUME
LIGHT THAT CAME FROM EVERYWHERE
DROVE SHADOWS FROM THE ROOM*

*JESUS STOOD BEFORE ME
WITH HIS ARMS HELD OPEN WIDE
AND I FELL DOWN ON MY KNEES
AND I JUST CLUNG TO HIM AND CRIED*

*HE RAISED ME TO MY FEET
AND AS I LOOKED INTO HIS EYES
LOVE WAS SHINING OUT FROM HIM
LIKE SUNLIGHT FROM THE SKIES*

*GUILT AND MY CONFUSION
DISAPPEARED IN SWEET RELEASE
AND EVERY FEAR I'D EVERY HAD
JUST MELTED INTO PEACE*

*HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE AND I'M FORGIVEN
HEAVEN'S GATES ARE OPENED WIDE*

*HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE AND I'M FORGIVEN
HEAVEN'S GATES ARE OPENED WIDE*

*HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE AND I'M FORGIVEN
HEAVEN'S GATES ARE OPENED WIDE*

*HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE,
HE'S ALIVE . . .*

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