

HARD EVIDENCE

by MOLLY WU

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: Joseph of Arimathea, the man who pled for Jesus' body, tells of the night that Christ was tried and wonders what it might mean for all mankind.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The horror of the trials, beatings, and crucifixion have already taken place when the monologue begins, so keep JOSEPH's tone somber, still numb with shock.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Easter, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 26-28, Mark 14-16

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Illustration, Sermon Starter

CHARACTERS:
JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Biblical

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

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www.DramaMinistry.com
ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: Regi Stone
Executive Editor: Kimberlee Crisafulli / Assistant Editor: Scott Crain

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HARD EVIDENCE *by Molly Wu*

Lights up on JOSEPH, a wealthy middle-aged Jewish man. His eyes are hollow, empty.

JOSEPH: It was a farce from the very beginning. A blasted show trial.

He looks down at his weathered hands.

I've given my life to the study of his law. Brought up my children to obey its precepts.

Closes his eyes, quoting, with feeling:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

He sighs, dropping his head.

The Jewish legal system is among the most fair in all of human history. I've always taken such pride in that fact. Such pride. Until the Passover came. Until I saw my friends and brothers of the Sanhedrin willing to break their own laws, ignore their own statutes, and make mockery of the justice system we've always fought so hard to protect.

Bribery.

Conspiracy.

Testimony of false witnesses.

On and on the list goes. The men of the Council broke nearly a dozen of our own rules for jurisprudence and through it all, he hardly said a word. Just stood there, as gentle and quiet as a lamb, while they yelled and railed and spit at him and mocked him.

And what could I do but watch? Helpless as a lamb myself, as my teacher and my friend was convicted.

His voice catches in his throat.

While my precious Lord was crucified and killed.

A tear slips down his cheek, and it is a moment before he can continue, his voice now choked with tears.

I asked for his body, and laid him in my own tomb. Then watched, as they sealed him into that small, dark place.

And as the stone settled in position, it seemed the world itself was a smaller, darker place.