

# Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

## MY PLACE

by JOHN COSPER

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** Barabbas recalls his encounter with Christ, and tries to come to grips with Jesus dying in his place.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Depending on your purposes, you may put Barabbas in modern costume or historical. The emphasis should be on Barabbas' torment as to why an innocent man died for his crime.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Easter, Biblical Times

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Mark 15:6-15

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Easter

**SUGGESTED USE:** Seeker Service

**CHARACTERS:** Barabbas

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Modern or biblical dress

**SOUND:** Wireless or standing mic

**LIGHTING:** General stage or spotlight

**SETTING:** Unspecified

### Drama Ministry

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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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## MY PLACE *by John Cospers*

*BARABBAS enters.*

**BARABBAS:** I suppose I was the last person to have a close encounter with him, unless you count the men who drove the nails into his wrists. They should have been my wrists, in the eyes of Rome. But due to some politicking between Pilate and the High Council, I was released and Jesus was sent to his death. I never heard the man preach, never saw a miracle. For all I know, that's all folktales and nonsense. But I did have a chance to talk to him briefly. They threw him in a holding cell with me just before the circus on Pilate's balcony. He was a mess I mean beaten, bloodied, lucky to be alive. The soldiers really messed him over. They gave him the kind of treatment usually reserved for enemies of the state like me. He didn't belong there. I could tell just by looking at him that he was no criminal. That made it all the more incredible when I saw that he never spoke a word in his defense. He went where he was led without a complaint, without an argument. "Aren't you the one who claimed to be the king of the Jews?" I asked. "Are you the Messiah, the man who will deliver Israel from its chains?" He looked at me with weary eyes, and spoke with absolute peace. "You are correct in saying that I am." "Then call down your angels!" I said. "Call down the forces of God and save us! Destroy Rome as you destroyed Babylon! Set your people free!" "My kingdom is not of this world," he replied. "If it were, my servants would fight to prevent my arrest by the Jews. But my kingdom is in another place." The return of the Roman guards interrupted our conversation. They removed us from the cell and led us to the balcony of Pilate's home. There, the people of Jerusalem demanded my release and Jesus' death. The crime the Jews accused him of was the same crime that led them to imprison me: attempting to incite a rebellion. What a joke. Rebellions take wolves in sheep's clothing, like me. He went like a lamb to the altar without a single word. I've thought over and over about that day. Why was he killed instead of me? I've asked myself that same question over and over, but ... (*Shrugs*) Who am I to argue? He went to the cross and died in my place. And as much as I wanted to shrug him off and forget it ... not a day goes by that I don't wonder why he did it. I'd give anything for one more chance to talk, to know why he would choose to die in my place, when we both knew he had done nothing wrong.

..... *Lights down.*

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