

PIERCED

by MOLLY WU

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Mary, the mother of Jesus, recalls the death of her firstborn Son and the call He gave each of us to take up our cross and follow Him.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Since this is a monologue, you may be tempted to think it will require less rehearsal time than a regular sketch. After all, there is only one actor. And it's shorter than a sketch. True, but look at it this way: There is only one actor, so she alone must keep the audience's attention. It's shorter than a sketch, so there is less time for the audience to get the point and make the necessary connections. So make sure you take enough rehearsal time to prepare your actor for her big responsibility.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: The Crucifixion, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 2:35, John 19:17-37

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service, Seeker Service

CHARACTERS: MARY

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Biblical

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
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**

Copyright ©2011 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

PIERCED *by Molly Wu*

Lights up on MARY, a middle-aged Jewish woman.

MARY: He placed our hearts inside a cage made of bone. *(Smiles sadly)* Must have known what fragile things they would be. *(She holds a fist in front of her, appraising it)* No bigger than a man's fist, or so I'm told. A little thing, really. Such a little thing, to cause so much trouble.

When the prophet blessed our son, he spoke of my heart, too. Of the pain that would pierce me like a sword. I carried my son for nine months but I would carry that pain for so much longer. Growing inside of me. Breathing and expanding, inside this tiny cage.

He was born to die, or so they say. It's easy to eulogize a man that way, I suppose, if you didn't know him. If you didn't love him, as I loved him. Easy to call him a misguided prophet or a small-town boy with delusions of grandeur. *(Smiles, but there are tears threatening in her eyes)* They didn't know my Yeshua. Didn't see him walking in the hills, talking to God like a man talks to his friend. Didn't see him smile at the ocean's waves like he could cup them in the palm of his hands. Didn't see him weep over the crippled legs of a little girl.

Delusions of grandeur? *(Shakes her head)* Jesus never wanted anything but for his heavenly Father to be everything. What kind of king wants someone else on the throne? He said, "I can do nothing of myself, but what I see the Father do." *(Nods, sadly)*

What I see the Father do. Makes me think of my little boy, standing outside Joseph's workshop, his face scrunched up in concentration, learning his trade by watching a master at work.

That's all the son of God wanted, you see. All he ever wanted. Just to do his Father's work. And so he kept his eyes on the Father, and for thirty three years, I kept my eyes on him.

I watched him walk in his Father's footsteps, knowing full well where those steps would someday have to take him. Knowing it even when his followers didn't.

Beat. Her expression deepens, darkens.

And two days ago, those footsteps led him up a rocky hill. And men took my little Yeshua and nailed him to a tree. *(Tears well and begin to run down her weathered face)* I watched him, helpless, while he cried out to his Father. Watched until I thought my heart would burst.

She drops her head, her voice choking off in a sob.