

# COMMUNION

## FIVE MONOLOGUES AND AN ODD CONVERSATION FOR EASTER

by  
David S. Lampel



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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

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The five pieces in this collection—monologues by the apostle John, Mary Magdalene, and two monologues by the apostle Peter, along with a monologue/conversation of Joseph of Arimathea with Nicodemus—can be used either individually or as a unified whole. Separately, they could be used to illustrate a sermon, Bible study, choir anthem, or other special music. They could also be inserted into a larger production, such as an Easter musical.

Used together, they portray the thoughts, regrets and joys of those closest to Jesus at the time of His death, burial, and resurrection. They are included in this script in roughly chronological order, so, if performed all at the same time, should be presented in this order.

Regarding interpretation, this writer would not presume to direct the actor from the pages of this script. However, I would challenge the actor to dare to be *understated* in his or her interpretation. Overly dramatic flourishes, extravagant, repetitive gestures, and screeching lines at full volume rarely accomplish their intended result. More effective (especially in pieces such as these) is the intensity of the body frozen in place by a powerful remembrance, the face silently expressing in the long, pregnant pause an emotion so terrible it dare not be put into words. Often the most moving, powerful performance is the one accomplished *without* theatrics.

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## HYMNS

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To facilitate the use of these scripts—either separately or as a whole—we have included the titles of traditional hymns that could be used in conjunction with their performances.

**JOHN**

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded..... Paul Gerhardt (based on poem by Bernard of Clairvaux)

And Can It Be?..... Charles Wesley

**JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA**

What Wondrous Love is This..... American Folk Hymn

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?..... Isaac Watts

**PETER**

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross..... Isaac Watts

The Old Rugged Cross..... George Bennard

**MARY MAGDALENE**

What a Friend we Have in Jesus..... Joseph M. Scriven

Lead Me to Calvary..... Jennie Evelyn Hussey

**ALL**

Grace Greater Than Our Sin..... Julia H. Johnston

Were You There?..... Traditional Spiritual

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## CHARACTERS

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Apostle John

Apostle Peter

Joseph of Arimathea

Nicodemus

Mary Magdalene

**JOHN**

***The Time: Between the death and resurrection of Jesus; describing His trial and crucifixion.***

***The Place: Jerusalem***

***House lights down.***

***Stage lights up.***

***Enter the apostle John. He is cautious, tentative, serious. He first “discovers” the audience, before addressing it. He is not quick to speak, but rather thoughtful, pensive.***

**John**

*(with his head cocked, listening)*

Listen. Listen to the sound of anger.

*(pause)*

I was there, you see, and I heard it all too well. I heard the shouting, the curses thrown at Him so innocent yet reviled. I felt the heat of a city wishing only to kill something, anything that could stand in for the enemy it truly hated: Rome. It was our impotence toward Rome that drove us to vent our anger toward the blameless Son of God.

*(pause; sadly)*

It was over. No turning back. Caesar himself couldn't have stopped the momentum that was driving Jesus to the cross. Secretly, Peter and I followed Him to the palace of Caiaphas, where He was questioned by the Council. We waited, down in the courtyard, calling the shadows friend and waiting for the Lord to emerge with His verdict.

*(shaking his head; with empathy)*

Poor Peter. Caught in the offense of which we were all guilty. Always ready to speak, no matter the consequence, foolish Peter laid himself open to charges of conspiracy. There were those of us who hated him for denying Jesus, but the hate they expended on Peter could just as well have been spent on themselves, for we all knew that we would have said and done the same, had we been challenged.

*(wistfully)*

1 At the time, I would gladly have exchanged the rest of my life for just  
 2 one more day with Him. But now I realize that in His leaving, Jesus  
 3 actually exchanged one terrible day of His for the remainder of mine.

4 *(long pause; more matter-of-factly)*

5 At last the theatrics of the Council and the Roman leaders were at  
 6 an end, and we made our way out the western gate of the city. The  
 7 procession was large and noisy. Parts of it bore an almost festive air, as  
 8 if the people were celebrating some grand and happy occasion.

9 *(more seriously)*

10 Other parts of the procession, however, were just the opposite, carried  
 11 along by the mournful dirge, heads bowed, women weeping, men  
 12 glassy-eyed.

13 *(pause, seeing it before him; beginning an extended crescendo—not of  
 14 volume, but of heavy intensity)*

15 I had seen it so many times before and had passed by it almost  
 16 unaware. But on this morning Golgotha seemed the most imposing,  
 17 depressing site on earth. There was nothing at all grand about the  
 18 execution field. It was little more than a sad, trampled expanse of rock  
 19 and thin soil just outside the city wall—a place where people died in  
 20 hideous torment—

21 *(wryly)*

22 —and, under the Roman oppression, with alarming regularity.

23 *(wincing from the painful image in his mind)*

24 The place called “The Skull” was littered with the sticks and poles of  
 25 past deaths. The wood—used and reused many times—was coated with  
 26 old blood reduced to many shades of ochre by the Judean sun. Below  
 27 the old upright poles were heavy stones jammed into the soil for  
 28 support; they, too, were splattered the same ugly shades.

29 *(embarrassed)*

30 We hung back, Peter and I, still afraid for our lives, but we saw  
 31 everything. We saw too much. We saw things that are now burned  
 32 permanently into our brains—images and memories that will be our  
 33 companions until we die.

34 *(struggling to describe the painful scene)*

35 The soldiers pushed Jesus down and laid Him out over the ground.

36 While several held Him there, one brute with practiced strokes drove

1 thick rusted spikes through each of His wrists and into the crosspiece  
2 timber. Jesus was silent throughout. I would have cried out, pleading  
3 for mercy, saying anything that might help me avoid such an awful  
4 death. But Jesus, experiencing every bit of the pain, accepted it silently.  
5 He would not revile those who reviled Him.

6 Several of the soldiers picked Him up, pinned now to the beam, and  
7 attached the crosspiece to the top of the upright pole. It dropped into  
8 place with a sickening thud. While two soldiers braced against the  
9 backside of the cross, a third shoved Jesus' lower legs up until both  
10 knees were bent and pushed out to one side. Then the executioner  
11 drove one last spike that passed through both his ankles.

12 *(long pause; ashamed to be describing his discomfort in comparison to the*  
13 *agony of the cross)*

14 I can't describe my misery. I can't describe the hollow, aching ring  
15 of my guilt. No, I hadn't renounced Jesus, as Peter, but I have no  
16 doubt that my words would have been similar to his, had anyone  
17 so inquired. Not having the courage to speak them out loud only  
18 compounded my shame.

19 The sight of His tortured body hanging before us stabbed into my  
20 heart like a slowly twisting knife. I wanted to be anywhere else but  
21 there, but I felt compelled to remain, as if this silent vigil—this  
22 tortured communion—could somehow relieve me of my complicity in  
23 His death.

24  
25 ***John exits.***

26  
27 ***Stage lights down.***

28 ***House lights up.***

1 **JOSEPH OF ARIMETHEA/NICODEMUS**

2  
3 *The Time: Just after the burial of Jesus; describing His death and*  
4 *burial.*

5 *The Place: Jerusalem*

6  
7 *House lights down.*

8 *Stage lights up.*

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10 *Note: In this monologue/dialogue, Nicodemus always addresses*  
11 *Joseph directly, as if in real time, while Joseph alternates between*  
12 *talking to the audience about Nicodemus in the past tense, and*  
13 *talking to Nicodemus directly, as if in real time. In other words,*  
14 *Joseph alternates between “now” and reliving what occurred*  
15 *earlier with Nicodemus. Whenever Joseph addresses the audience,*  
16 *Nicodemus remains in character, watching and listening to*  
17 *Joseph, but not acknowledging the audience.*

18  
19 *Enter Joseph of Arimathea.*

20  
21 **Joseph/Nicodemus**

22 *(Joseph, alone on stage, begins by himself)*

23 “Joseph,” my friend Nicodemus had said,

24 *(at this point Nicodemus appears near him—either by entering, or by*  
25 *illumination—speaking the line with Joseph)*

26 “He’s dying, and will need a tomb.”

27 *(now it is only Nicodemus speaking; to Joseph)*

28 Your family has one nearby, haven’t they?

29  
30 **Joseph**

31 *(to Nicodemus; flatly)*

32 There’s one available.

33 *(to the audience)*

34 My friend knew me well enough to accurately interpret my tone. He  
35 looked directly into my eyes and said,

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**Nicodemus**

*(to Joseph)*

It's time, Joseph. It's time to go public with what I know is in your heart.

**Joseph**

*(to audience)*

He was right, I knew it. This was a moment I had anticipated with dread.

*(to Nicodemus; protesting)*

It isn't me, but my family. I have no thought for my own position, my standing with the Council. But this will be hard on the family.

*(pause; to the audience)*

My objection sounded as feeble as it truly was. But Nicodemus, as always, was kind. Our relationship had been built on many years of living and working together, and wouldn't be jeopardized by my unsightly display of cowardice. He chose his words carefully.

**Nicodemus**

*(to Joseph; empathetically)*

I know what you're feeling. Remember that time I went to Him in the dead of night. I had no desire to reveal my interest in what Jesus had to say. It was only by His grace that He didn't call me on it.

*(pause; pointedly)*

Joseph, He's dying. I'm afraid of what will happen to the body if we don't step in. You have contacts with Pilate.

**Joseph**

Don't remind me.

**Nicodemus**

Get permission for us to remove the body. I'll see to the burial arrangements.

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**Joseph**

*(blurting out)*

Let us use agents. There's no need for personal involvement.

**Nicodemus**

Joseph, we've moved beyond politics now. This is no longer about taking sides, but about paying a debt. Jesus is doing this for us—you and me and everyone else. We owe Him everything. You owe Him everything.

***Nicodemus "fades" from the scene—either by exiting gracefully, or by lights going down on him—as Joseph continues to the audience.***

**Joseph**

*(after a pause; looking out over the audience, as if looking at the actual crucifixion scene)*

The twisted, lifeless body of Jesus was a sight almost too hideous to bear. That tender—even beautiful—face we had come to love was a battered mask of pain that hung limp upon His chest. Ribbons of dried blood caked His forehead below that ridiculous crown the soldiers had fashioned out of thorns.

*(wincing)*

The weight of His body pulling on His arms had enlarged the already gaping wounds in His wrists. His side revealed a deep gash, through which still oozed a clear liquid. Jesus looked like nothing more than a lifeless rag doll pinned to the side of a tree. And my heart broke over the torture He had received into that body—for me.

*(pause)*

It was odd, and more than a little frightening, to be handling the body of Jesus. But as quickly and respectfully as we could, we brought Him down from the cross.

*(speaking with profound physical discomfort)*

His weight had enlarged the holes in His wrists so that we were able to remove His arms while leaving the spikes in the wood. The spike that held His feet was finally, with great effort, extricated from the wood and His flesh.



(pause; regaining his composure)

1  
2 With the help of some onlookers, and even a few of the remaining  
3 soldiers, Nicodemus and I carried the body to the tomb. We didn't see  
4 any of Jesus' disciples.

(pause)

5  
6 We stood in the tomb, gazing down on Jesus, now wrapped for final  
7 burial. In a few moments we would roll the heavy stone into place,  
8 and permanently seal His body inside the cave.

9  
10 **During Joseph's last line Nicodemus reappears. The two men stand**  
11 **side-by-side, looking down at a point below them, between the**  
12 **audience and them, as if looking down at Christ's body.**

13  
14 **Nicodemus**

(quietly)

15  
16 How could we ever have imagined that this is how it would end?

17  
18 **Joseph**

19 He warned us.

20  
21 **Nicodemus**

22 Frankly, I wasn't always able to separate parable from fact. The temple  
23 still stands, but here He is—dead.

24  
25 **Joseph**

26 I don't know how it will all play out. Already His words are fading in  
27 my memory.

28  
29 **Nicodemus**

30 I remember some. That night long ago, when I visited Jesus in secret,  
31 He spoke of this night—I know it now.

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33 **Joseph**

(not turning)

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35 What did He say?

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**Nicodemus**

Jesus told me three things that night. He told me from where He had come, where He would be going, and how we could follow. He said that He had descended from heaven, and would be returning. Then—I understand it now—Jesus described what has just taken place. He said, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; so that whoever believes may in Him have eternal life.”

***Lights down slowly to black.***

or

***With great sadness the two men turn and exit together.***

**PETER (1)**

**The Time: In the period between Jesus' death and resurrection**

**The Place: Jerusalem**

**House lights down.**

**Stage lights up.**

**Enter Peter at a brisk pace, as if going somewhere. Suddenly he notices the audience.**

**Peter**

*(to audience; defensively)*

I suppose you would have known better. I suppose you would have understood everything Jesus said and did. Well, this simple fisherman didn't always get it the first time, all right?

*(soberly)*

He did everything He could to get through to us, but His mind was still the mind of God. And I don't imagine you would have fared any better than I.

*(nostalgically; pleasantly)*

Listening to Jesus could be like hearing the song of dawn dancing across the Sea of Galilee. It could be like hearing the first meadowlarks of spring echoing through the old olive trees of Capernaum.

*(more seriously)*

But it could also be like unrolling an ancient book and reading from it things far beyond the mind of man.

*(pause)*

We were unsure of ourselves from the start. From even the finding of the house and room where we would celebrate the Passover—look for a man carrying a pitcher of water?—we didn't know what to expect. Yes, He had told us of His approaching death, but to our ears these were words from that ancient book—words that made no sense. He was still young.

*(with wonder)*

1 We gathered in that room, and I could feel the moment vibrating in  
2 my chest: the Passover meeting with this death Jesus spoke of. But I  
3 couldn't make sense of it.

4 *(quickly angry)*

5 And that made me angry. I wanted to strike out at something, or  
6 someone.

7 *(calming himself)*

8 We all entered that room unsure of ourselves, like young sailors on a  
9 stormy sea. The deck was rolling beneath our feet, and land was far off.

10 *(beat)*

11 Am I excusing myself? Perhaps. I never grew accustomed to the Lord's  
12 rebukes. Each one was as painful as the first.

13 *(irritably)*

14 At the supper we were all so preoccupied arguing with each other that  
15 we ignored the most basic courtesies. We were so distracted by our  
16 ambition and establishing our pecking order that no one noticed that  
17 our feet were still filthy from the street!

18 *(beat)*

19 No one but Jesus. Without a word he filled a basin, tied a towel  
20 around his waist, and began washing our feet.

21 *(shaking his head)*

22 I was mortified. For the Master to be performing this menial task—for  
23 Him to have to! How embarrassing.

24 *(wryly)*

25 Still, I didn't offer myself in His place. Apparently my shame was not  
26 enough to spur me to action.

27 *(pause)*

28 When I protested, He said, "Peter, you don't understand now what I am  
29 doing—but you will later."

30 *(sarcastically)*

31 Well, that cleared it up.

32 *(beat)*

33 Not wishing to wait for understanding, I blurted out, "No! You're not  
34 going to wash my feet—now or ever!"

35 *(pause)*

36

1 Then Jesus gave me that look—the look that can wither fig trees. With  
 2 a measured tone He said, “If I do not wash you, you have no part of  
 3 Me.”

4 *(incredulous)*

5 My mind raced. What does that have to do with my feet being dirty?  
 6 No part of Him? No part of the one who had changed my life from the  
 7 ground up? The one who took me out of the boat and set me before  
 8 men, speaking in His name? No part of Him?

9 *(beat)*

10 I threw off my robe and pleaded with Him,

11 *(with arms outstretched; dramatically)*

12 “Lord, don’t stop at my feet! Wash all of me!”

13  
 14 ***Peter freezes in this position, as if waiting expectantly for Jesus’***  
 15 ***approval of his magnanimous gesture. Not receiving it, he slowly***  
 16 ***transitions down to a more humbled attitude.***

17  
 18 **PETER**

19 *(quietly)*

20 What Jesus said next was no lilting bird song or beam of morning  
 21 sunshine, but was straight out of that dusty book. “If you have already  
 22 bathed,” said He, “then only the feet need cleaning. You are clean from  
 23 head to toe. Peter, you are already clean—but someone here is not.”

24 *(long pause, thinking; troubled)*

25 Now that He’s gone, I wonder if I’ll ever understand what Jesus said  
 26 to us. Sometimes, when I try, His words fill my mind like angry fish  
 27 caught in a net—thrashing about, all jumbled together...

28 He said I was clean—but what does that mean? Right now I don’t feel  
 29 very clean at all. I feel like someone slogging through the mud flats,  
 30 sinking deeper and deeper with every step.

31 *(to audience; pointedly)*

32 Why did He leave us this way, with so many questions left  
 33 unanswered?

34  
 35 ***Lights go to black.***

36 ***Exit Peter.***

**PETER (2)**

**The Time: Between the death and resurrection of Jesus; describing the now-deserted Golgotha.**

**The Place: Jerusalem**

**House lights down.**

**Stage lights up.**

**Enter Peter. He is a robust, energetic sort—slow of thought, but quick to speak.**

**Peter**

*(beginning sadly nostalgic, becoming happier telling the story)*

There were happy days, long ago, when my brother and I would put out into the Sea of Galilee, visiting one of our regular sweet spots just off the shore of Capernaum. The weight of the net, as we hauled it back into the boat, would be almost too much to bear.

*(energetically)*

We'd throw everything we had into the ropes, straining, bending our backs to it. Sweat would pour off us, spill into our eyes till we couldn't see, leaving the rope slippery in our hands.

*(pause)*

What pleasant pain we felt in our arms and backs once the catch was in. Our arms would throb, our backs felt as if they would never again straighten, the palms of our hands burned from the tough rope—but soon we'd be back at it, tossing the empty net out over the waves, then hauling its new catch back in.

*(with a pleasant sigh)*

Ah, those were the days!

*(suddenly more melancholy)*

How I long for them, those days of happy ignorance. I wonder now if I'll ever again know such peace. For the last three years I've lived with God—

*(darkly)*

and now I've had a hand in killing Him.

1         *(very long pause as Peter goes back into his thoughts, and decides how to*  
 2             *communicate them; more stilted than before)*

3         Last night, after they buried Jesus, I went out into the city. The streets  
 4         were so silent and black, and I wrapped the blackness about me and  
 5         tried to forget what I had done. Even then I was afraid—I was so afraid  
 6         someone would see me and identify me with Him. I was so ashamed,  
 7         but I couldn't stop being afraid for myself. In my mind I remembered  
 8         what Jesus had said—that there was a reason for His dying. But in my  
 9         heart I saw only a coward who denied even knowing Him.

10             *(sharply angry)*

11         He had trusted me, and I thought only of myself.

12             *(pause; beginning an extended crescendo)*

13         The street was empty—that twisted street that had been filled with  
 14         people laughing and mocking and spitting their hatred. It was empty,  
 15         and I embraced the emptiness like an old friend who understands  
 16         your pain when no one else can.

17             *(with regret)*

18         Now, for the first time since that day Jesus had called me, I could no  
 19         longer feel Him beside me. I was alone. So very much alone.

20             *(pause)*

21         The guard was asleep, and soon I was outside the city. Golgotha was  
 22         nearby; from the city gate you could already smell the lingering death.  
 23         I didn't really want to see it, but something outside of myself had  
 24         brought me back.

25             *(with increasing anxiety)*

26         The path was still muddy from the storm. I tripped on the wet stones  
 27         in the dark. I prayed that a bolt of lightning would strike me down  
 28         and end my wretched misery.

29             *(dully)*

30         But soon I was there—and that ugly stand of wood was still there. Try  
 31         as I might, I couldn't keep my eyes from traveling up that post, to the  
 32         crossbeam that was still in place.

33             *(beat)*

34         God in heaven! My heart was ripped in two by what I saw—the spikes  
 35         still there, still embedded in the wood and still painted with His

36

1 blood. I couldn't look on that cross without seeing the dying body of  
2 Jesus.

3 *(fiercely)*

4 I knew the cross was empty—I knew He was no longer there, but—He  
5 was!

6 *(more quietly)*

7 He was.

8  
9 ***Peter's eyes open, and slowly become filled with horror as he  
10 realizes his responsibility in the death of Jesus.***

11  
12 **Peter**

13 *(with self-loathing)*

14 And I put Him there. My cowardice put Him there.

15  
16 ***Peter turns away, weeping with shame. Then he is hit with a  
17 new realization—that it may not be true that he alone bears the  
18 responsibility. Working through his jumbled, tortured thoughts, he  
19 regains some of his composure and returns to the audience.***

20  
21 **Peter**

22 *(haltingly)*

23 But if, as my heart tells me, I alone am responsible for His death, then  
24 that would mean that Jesus died only for me. And that's not what He  
25 said:

26 *(anxiously trying to recall Jesus' words)*

27 "...even the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to  
28 give His life a ransom—for many."

29 *(confidently)*

30 No, we all put Him there. The soldiers drove the spikes, but we all held  
31 Him down so they could. And we all were pulling on that rope that  
32 lifted Him into place. We all left Him to die alone—stripped of His  
33 friends, stripped of His dignity.

34 *(having finally convinced himself)*



1 Jesus died for all of us—not just me. We’re all guilty of the sins for  
2 which He died.

3 (pause)

4 It was an ugly way to die, but then,  
5 (more pointedly to the members of the audience; knowingly)  
6 He died for ugly things, didn’t He. There’s no pleasant way to die for  
7 the sins of all humanity.

8

9 **Peter exits.**

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11 **Stage lights down.**

12 **House lights up.**

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**MARY MAGDALENE**

*The Time: After the resurrection of Jesus; describing His appearance outside the tomb.*

*The Place: Jerusalem*

*House lights down.*

*Stage lights up.*

*Note: Mary of Magdala was not a prostitute; she had been possessed by demons. Don't play her as a "loose woman," but (for example) play her just a bit erratic, or eccentric—as if there remains a lingering residue of her earlier personality.*

*Enter Mary.*

**Mary**

They always said I was crazy, and for most of my life I guess I was. I never was in my right mind—until I met Jesus.

*(pause; more thoughtful)*

There is no love stronger than the love that accepts you for who you are—and that is how Jesus loved me. When we first met I was a mess. He found me as I had been since my earliest days: mad as a wet hen. Everywhere I went I became the center of attention, because no one could ignore the foul-mouthed demons that lived in me.

*(longer pause; thinking back)*

He was teaching, and healing the sick in our small town by the Sea of Galilee, and I was there because I was everywhere in those days—like a nagging headache that never lets you know peace. The people tried to ignore me, but I wouldn't let them.

*(reflecting her attitude and behavior at the time)*

If I could have no peace, then neither could they; if I had to live with the constant torment, then I would be a constant torment to them.

*(with a shrug)*

Don't ask me why; it's just how I was.

*(pause)*

1 But Jesus didn't ignore me. Even in my state of incoherent babbling  
2 and screaming I still could understand that here was a man who  
3 cared for me as I was. No one had ever loved me like that. No one had  
4 ever reached down into my torment to lift me out; everyone else had  
5 always expected me to reach up to them.

6 *(pause; reliving the morning at the tomb)*

7 Oh, what a cold, miserable morning it was. I don't think any of us had  
8 slept the night before. Ever since I had helped Nicodemus and Joseph  
9 place Him in the tomb, I had been unable to shake the feeling that we  
10 hadn't done enough for Him. Even with the extravagant amounts of  
11 burial spices Nicodemus had supplied, it didn't seem enough. Jesus had  
12 done so much for me—I simply had to do more, even if only to attend  
13 to His burial.

14 *(pause; heavier, darkly)*

15 I wasn't one to frequent cemeteries. After the sleepless night I was  
16 bleary-eyed and disoriented—like walking the dark streets of a strange  
17 city and imagining that the lights represent familiar landmarks. The  
18 tomb looked strange, different from the last time I had been there,  
19 only a short while before.

20 At first it was all just a blur: the open tomb, the angels, running back  
21 for the disciples, returning with them, then being left alone there and  
22 hating the cloak of confusion I was unable to throw off.

23 *(long pause; with warmth)*

24 I thought he was the gardener. Doesn't every garden have a gardener,  
25 someone to tend and tidy and keep the riff-raff away? I only wanted  
26 to go home and sleep and forget that my Master was now gone forever.  
27 But he persisted: "Whom are you seeking?" And I still didn't recognize  
28 Him. Then He spoke once more, and it was as if that heavy cloak of  
29 confusion was suddenly lifted away—as if the voice of an old friend  
30 had just entered the conversation.

31 *(pause; pleasantly)*

32 Jesus had always said my name in a warm, gentle way—like a brook  
33 gently tumbling over rounded pebbles, like song birds just waking  
34 to the dawn. In an instant I knew it was Him, and all doubt and  
35 confusion left me.

36 *(pause; thinking back)*

1 There is a tender little song we would sing in the neighborhood when  
2 I was a girl. I've forgotten most of it—except for one phrase:

3 "Know my name;  
4 Call me friend."

5 My precious Lord was alive! But Jesus was more than my Master, He  
6 was my friend. He knew my name, and in His speaking that one  
7 simple word—my name—I remembered the true depth of His love for  
8 me—His love for everyone who knew His.

9

10 **Mary exits.**

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12 **Stage lights down.**

13 **House lights up.**

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# HIS COMPANY SCRIPTS

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