

# *At the Foot of the Cross*

A thought-provoking drama sketch for Good Friday or Easter by  
Brian T. Whitaker, Whitaker Writings

**Cast:** Three characters in Bible-time costumes (2M, 1M or F); Six characters in modern-day clothing, each appropriate to character (3M and 3F, though most parts could be adapted to either gender)

**Summary:** This drama juxtaposes several people's reactions at the foot of the cross. Part 1 shows three Bible-time characters, each with his/her reaction to Jesus' body hanging on the cross. These characters do not interact with each other, and do not hear each other in their own private reflections. Part 2 shows six modern-day characters, five of them asking if Jesus could possibly love and forgive them. They do not speak to each other, and do not notice each other, but their lines intermingle to show how each person has a similar need for Christ's love and forgiveness.

This drama is designed for use in a Good Friday or Easter service, though it could certainly be used at other times. This could also be used well by a youth/college group as an evangelistic outreach script.

Whenever this is done, this drama should be followed by a clear gospel presentation.

Time: 15-20 minutes

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# At the Foot of the Cross

By Brian T. Whitaker, Whitaker Writings

*This drama juxtaposes several people's reactions at the foot of the cross. The "cross" is a point offstage, over the audience/congregation, and all characters look up at the same point as they speak.*

*Part 1 shows three Bible-time characters, each with his/her reaction to Jesus' body hanging on the cross. These characters do not interact with each other, and do not hear each other in their own private reflections.*

*Part 2 shows six modern-day characters, looking up at the cross, five of them asking if Jesus could possibly love and forgive them. They do not speak to each other, and do not notice each other. But their lines intermingle and even double over each other to show how each one has a similar need for Christ's love and forgiveness.*

## Part 1 (the day of Jesus' death)

*All three characters are present on the stage the whole time, but do not interact with each other at all. The characters who are not speaking are frozen in a comfortable position, not moving until their lines come up.*

### **Disciple (could be male or female):**

*(softly, humbly)* Now what do we do, Jesus? I've followed You for three years, walking all over the countryside, listening intently to Your teaching. I've watched You cast out demons, heal the sick and blind and lame, and even raise the dead. I placed every hope in You and Your power. I was sure You were the promised Messiah.

*[lines omitted here]*

### **Zealot:**

*(prideful, arrogant, spiteful, picking up on last line but in a very different tone)* Now what, Jesus? I thought you were going to free us! I thought you were going to overthrow the Roman rule.

*[lines omitted here]*

*(turns away angrily, spitefully)* Well, not anymore.

*(he turns his back on the cross and walks a few steps away, then freezes in place)*

### **Roman Soldier (with blood-stained hands):**

*(penitent, almost to the point of anguish, holding his bloody hands up toward the cross)* I'm so sorry, Jesus! Please forgive me! I thought this was the right thing to do. I thought You were guilty. I thought Your punishment was well-deserved.

*[lines omitted here]*

*(changes tone to one of surprise, reflection)* But then You said it: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." You barely whispered it, but I heard You as clearly as if You had shouted it in my ear. Your words pierced my soul and mind, just as I had pierced Your hands and feet. While my comrades gambled to win Your clothes, I just stood here, captivated by the One I just crucified.

*[lines omitted here]*

*(pleading, anguished)* Can You possibly forgive me? Please forgive me!

*(falls to knees and freezes there)*

*(Lights Out)*

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## Part 2 (modern day)

### Characters:

Wealthy businessman (**WB**)—expensive suit, but looking slightly disheveled and tired with tie loosened and top shirt button undone

Adulteress (**A**)—wearing a red dress and high heels, overdone makeup and hair, but mascara streaked down her face as if she's been crying

Gang member (**GM**)—teen or young man, leather jacket, rough-looking face, tough exterior hiding years of drugs, pain, and abuse

Refugee (**R**)—with little more than the tattered clothes on her back, feelings of not belonging, and the hope of a better life in a new place

Self-righteous man (**SRM**)—a man who scorns Jesus' payment and wants to take his chances with God because his good deeds "far" outweigh his bad deeds

Church lady (**CL**)—woman who has always done the "right" things, but now realizes that her deeds are worthless, and recognizes her need for salvation

*All six characters are present on the stage at the same time, though they do not interact with each other at all. The characters who are not speaking are frozen in a comfortable position, not moving until their lines come up.*

**WB:** (*gestures to the cross*) Could this be for me? Could Your death on the cross actually pay for my sins? I mean, You have no idea what I've done. You have no idea how much trouble I'm in right now. I'll be lucky if I ever breathe air outside of prison again.

(*reflectively*) I didn't mean for it to get so out of control. At first I padded a couple of accounts and used the extra money to buy gifts for clients and friends. Then I needed that new Lexus to impress everyone, so I siphoned off some additional money, thinking of it as a "business expense."

But I couldn't say that about the addition on the house or the cottage up north. I bought those just to make my life more relaxing outside of the office. "No big deal," right?

I just couldn't stop. Once I started getting some of the things I wanted, I wanted more and more. (*with contempt*) More money, more stuff, more, more, more.

(*slowly, deliberately, reflectively*) "Embezzlement." "Stealing." Those are scary words.

(*Pauses*) "Prison." Even scarier.

Now what, Jesus? Can You possibly forgive me for things like this?

**WB** and **A** together. Can You possibly love me after what I've done?

**A:** All I wanted was to be loved and accepted, to be appreciated for who I was.

(*Smiles as she thinks back*) Walter did that for me. He took me out to special restaurants. He bought me beautiful dresses and expensive jewelry. He treated me like royalty.

*[lines omitted here]*

*(looks back up at cross)* So now what, Jesus? Now that I've done all of this, how could anyone ever love me again?

**A** and **GM** together: Could You possibly love someone like me?

**GM:** Jesus, I don't know where to begin. I've done so many wrong things that I don't even know what's right anymore.

*[lines omitted here]*

*(looking up at the cross)* Jesus, could You possibly forgive me?

**WB:** *(echoing)* Could You possibly forgive me?

**A:** *(echoing)* Could You possibly forgive me?

*[lines omitted here]*

**R:** There's nothing left for me in my country. My home is destroyed. Most of my family are gone. I just can't take all of the fighting anymore. All of the poverty. All of the disease. I want to be anywhere but there.

*[lines omitted here]*

*(a little more animated)* I need hope. I need acceptance. I need love.

*(looking up at the cross)* Could You possibly love me?

**WB:** *(echoing)* Could You possibly love me?

**R:** Could You accept me, Jesus?

**GM:** *(echoing)* Could You accept me, Jesus?

**SRM:** *(with a critical, condescending edge in his voice)* I don't know why you did this, Jesus. Seems kind of worthless to me. I hear that you died to forgive people of sins, but I certainly don't need that! I didn't ask you to die for my sins. After all, I've lived a very good life. Sure, a little wine here, a few women there—but everybody does that. You should see the messes that some of my coworkers have gotten themselves into! I look like a saint next to them!

*[lines omitted here]*

Need forgiveness? Need the cross? Not me. I don't need you.

*(He turns his back on the cross and walks a few steps away from the rest of the people on stage. He remains there through the rest of the drama.)*

**A:** I need You, Jesus.

**R:** I need You, Jesus.

**GM:** I need Your forgiveness, Jesus.

**WB:** Please forgive me, Jesus.

**CL:** I need You, Jesus. For so long I didn't realize I needed You. I had been going to church practically every week since I was born.

*[lines omitted here]*

*(with humble understanding)* But now I realize I need something more.

**A:** *(echoing)* Something more

**WB:** *(echoing)* Something more

**CL:** I've begun to realize how empty those accomplishments are. Not that these things were bad, but I've missed the point all of these years.

*[several lines omitted here]*

Right here, right now, Jesus, I say that I need You.

**GM:** *(echoing)* I need You

*[lines omitted here]*

**A, WB, R, GM, CL:** I need You, Jesus.

*(Lights Out)*

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