

Outside The Tomb

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(Scene opens with Mary crumpled on the floor wailing. Mary lifts herself up to a kneeling position cries out to God.)

Mary: No! His body's gone. Jesus my Lord has been taken away! Father God, why have you forsaken my Lord even in His burial-- buried in a borrowed tomb and now His body stolen by some grave robbers! And I've been robbed, too even of the chance to anoint His lifeless body.

He was forsaken and died and I'm forsaken and live. He was my only hope, my reason for living and now He's gone. Oh, if I could only see Him one more time, I'd thank Him for freeing me from the continual torment of demonic oppression. If I could just hear Him say my name again. With the power of His voice He brought hope to me when I'd only known darkness and despair. How can I go on without Him? He gave meaning to my life and now, now, He is ...dead.

"It is finished," He'd said. And then he breathed His last. I never thought this whole thing would end in death. How could a ministry with such power end at the hands of a few men and how could a crowd who loved Him one minute yell "Crucify Him" the next? It just doesn't make sense that the Way, the Truth and the Life would hang lifeless on a wooden cross, but I saw it myself. And now it's injury added to insult that His dead body has been stolen and is once more defiled at the hands of men.

It is finished, over and done with and now I'm left alone-- more lonely than I've ever been before. I don't know why I feel compelled to stay here, but where else can I go? What will I do without Him?

The men were the ones seen most in Jesus' public ministry, but the other Mary and I were there, too. We followed Him closely. We thought He was the answer to every problem we'd ever have. We expected Him to bring freedom and waited hoping. Even on Friday when insults were hurled at Him, I thought "Surely He'll come down off that cross any minute and pronounce Himself as the King we all thought Him to be." But He didn't. Instead, the Light of the world was extinguished, snuffed out. When the sun stopped shining we were surrounded by darkness for hours. It was the darkest dark I'd ever known.....until now.

(Mary falls to her knees again.)

Oh, Father, “into your hands He committed His spirit” and into your hands I now commit mine. As He asked you to take this cup from Him if it be your will, I ask you to take this one from me. (Jesus enters from the side while Mary is still speaking) Show me how to live and breathe again.

Jesus: Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you’re looking for?

Mary: Sir, if you’ve carried Him away, tell me where you’ve put Him and I will get Him. I only want to anoint Him properly for His burial.

Jesus: Mary.

Mary: (Finally looking up) Rabbi? Teacher!But how could it be? (She rises to look Him in the face)

Jesus: The prophecy is fulfilled for you, Mary, and for all who will believe“ The people who walk in darkness have seen a great light.” There’s now no need for you to live in despair. Death has now been swallowed up in victory! The light has dawned. Go quickly and tell Peter, John and the others.

Mary: (Embracing Jesus) No Lord, I can’t leave your side! Not again. I’m afraid I’ll never see you again.

Jesus: (Gently pushing Mary to arm’s length) There’s no need to hold on to me Mary, believe me, you’ll never be alone again! I *will* return to my Father. But I will always be with those who believe in me. I must show myself to my brother’s and the rest of my followers. You go tell them Mary. Tell them that the son of man has risen just as he said he would. Don’t be afraid but do as I say. Go tell them what you’ve seen and heard.

Mary: Oh, Jesus, it *is* you. You’ve brought us hope once again!

(Mary exits down the aisle telling everyone as she goes, “I’ve seen the Lord. Jesus is alive.”)

Jesus: Father, we did it. My work here is finished but theirs is just beginning.

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