Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Christian Publishers. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Christian Publishers. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author’s billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: Produced by special arrangement with Christian Publishers.

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Christian Publishers.
I SAW HIM

By Emily Pardue
CAST OF CHARACTERS

CUP

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

CAIAPHAS’ HOUSE

WHIP

ROBE

CROWN OF THORNS

STONE PAVEMENT

GOLGOTHA

TOMB

CROSS

ANGEL 1

ANGEL 2
PRODUCTION NOTES

Synopsis: Inanimate objects tell what they saw and felt during the events leading up to the Crucifixion. The roles may be played by males or females.

Playing Time: About 25 minutes.

Props: Candles (ten). If desired, props suggestive of the various inanimate objects may be held by the characters: Cup — pottery chalice, Caiaphas’ House — drawing of a wealthy person’s biblical house, Garden of Gethsemane — leafy tree branch, Whip — a stick with a length of leather attached, Robe — a purple biblical robe, Crown of Thorns — grapevine wreath, Stone Pavement — large flat rock, Golgotha — clod of dirt with grass, Cross — crude wooden cross, Tomb — big stone.

Costumes: The characters should dress in black, e.g. capes, robes, turtlenecks with pants, etc. The angels should wear light-colored clothing (no wings or halos).

Lights: Dim or turn off the house lights for the candlelit processional of the characters. If your church has theatrical lighting, a spotlight on the individual characters as they deliver their mini-monologs adds impact to the presentation.

Music: Any solemn hymn from the Lenten section of your hymnal will be suitable for the processional of the characters. Any joyous, upbeat hymn from the Easter section will work as the closing congregational number.

Sound Effects: Strike a hammer on metal for the “ringing hammer” effect in the processional.
SUGGESTED STAGING

The characters are to make their part as real and as full as they can in their small space. They should not move outside of a leg span of their designated spot.
(The sanctuary lights are dimmed or turned off. ANGELS 1 and 2 are in place, preferably in the choir loft or some other higher location. It is best if they are not seen until it is their turn to speak. The other CHARACTERS enter from the rear of the sanctuary or from the side in the order in which they speak: CUP, GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, CAIAPHAS’ HOUSE, WHIP, ROBE, CROWN OF THORNS, STONE PAVEMENT, GOLGOTHA, TOMB, CROSS. [TOMB speaks last, but the CROSS is the last to enter.] All hold lit candles.)

**PROCESSIONAL HYMN:** (Sung by the CHARACTERS as they walk in.) “Ah, Holy Jesus,” “Were You There?” or any solemn Lenten hymn.

(The hammer begins to ring as all take their places and the hymn ends. When the CROSS is in place, they all blow out their candles on the fourth ring of the hammer and turn so their backs are to the audience. The hammer rings three more times.)

**CUP:** (Turns around and speaks somberly.) That evening, I ... I couldn’t get a feel for what was really happening. Jesus and his disciples shared a close fellowship, but that night everything seemed to change. He took me, the cup, in his hands. (Gestures with hands.) I felt an overwhelming sense of apprehension, yet a challenge. Then he gave thanks. Why, he called the bread they ate his body and the wine they drank his blood. It didn’t make sense to me! (Pauses, thinks.) Then he said that somebody at that table would betray him. Well, that was too much, even for me. I had seen him with them before. He really loved them. Who would want to betray him? They were all so close. (CUP freezes.)

**GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE:** (Turns to face audience and speaks in a gossipy, busybody manner.) What did I see? I’ve seen a lot of things in my Garden of Gethsemane, but this incident will haunt me forever. I saw Jesus enter with two of his disciples, James and John. Then he left those two and went on a little farther, where he began...
talking to his father. I thought it a little strange, for I
didn’t see anyone, but he kept calling on his father.
(Shakes head.) He cried! (Slowly, with emphasis) He cried.
This man was hurting, and I ached for him. He was
weighed down by a heavy burden that he couldn’t
unload. His friends didn’t help—they kept falling
asleep. He cried out again.
(Pauses.) His sweat was like drops of blood, and it
puddled on my ground. My rock that he leaned on was
soaked. When he finished praying and went to his
friends, a crowd came. Then one fellow stepped away
from the crowd and kissed him on the cheek. I tell
you—it was mad! One of Jesus’ friends even pulled his
sword and cut the ear off one of the leaders of the
group! (Slowly) Then they took him away. There was so
much confusion! And my garden is usually such a
peaceful place. What a night! (GARDEN OF
GETHSEMANE freezes.)
CAIAPHAS’ HOUSE: (Turns to audience and speaks indignantly.)
What nonsense! It had been a quiet evening here at
Caiaphas’ House until they brought that man, Jesus,
here. The utter blasphemy of it all! Of course the Jewish
council convened here and was correct in all its ways.
The high priest, being the just man that he is, listened
to the testimonies from the Sanhedrin. (Bolder) They
had proven information against Jesus! The high priest
gave him a chance to defend himself, but he said
absolutely nothing. He didn’t even answer the high
priest. How arrogant! How disrespectful! Then the high
priest asked him if he was the Christ, the Son of the
Blessed One. (Throws hands up.) That man actually
answered that he was the Christ! Can you believe that?
(Crosses arms.) Well, I tell you ... Anyone who would be so
bold as to make a statement like that could never be
King of the Jews! Indeed! (CAIAPHAS’ HOUSE freezes.)
WHIP: *(Turns around and speaks, confused.)* There was so much confusion on that day. Pilate had seen Jesus already. You could tell that Pilate was really troubled by him and the crowd that had gathered. Pilate tried to appease them by saying that he would punish that man. *(Proudly)* That would have been my job, the whip. Hey, it would have been forty lashes at the most. But the people wouldn’t hear of it. They demanded that the man be crucified!

Then it was my turn. It’s not that I like my job, but it’s what I do. I whip people. *(Pauses, slower.)* When my three prongs sliced his back, blood gushed. I hit him again. He began going down. *(Apologetically)* I kept on striking him. I had no control over the flogger who used me. It was then I understood that the flogger and I were both being used. He was being used to vent the frustrations of the high council. I was being used to vent his frustrations. But what could I do? Hey, it’s a job. *(The WHIP freezes.)*

ROBE: *(Turns around and speaks arrogantly.)* A robe as fine as I am isn’t for everyone. You have to be someone to wear it. Not just anyone can dress in purple, you know. The color of royalty. I mean, it just doesn’t look good on everyone. You must have a certain oomph to wear it. *(Indignantly)* Imagine that! The soldiers brought me, the scarlet robe, to aid in their ridicule of him. How absurd! Imagine using me for something so petty. *(More compassion)* But when they draped me on his bloody back, I knew that I was too heavy for him. He even staggered under my weight. I tried to keep my weight off of him. What else could I do? And the blood! I felt it seep through my fibers. I wondered how I would ever get clean again. *(The ROBE freezes.)*

CROWN OF THORNS: *(Turns around and speaks.)* While all the commotion was going on, I was being braided into a
circular piece of some sort. Now, anyone that knows me
knows that my thorns are the longest and the strongest
of the thorn family. (Proudly) My thorns do not bend. We
are a sturdy breed. (Slower) Then they planted me on
that man’s head! What was I being used for? It made no
sense to me. My fingers of thorns sank into his head,
and blood gushed! (Changes to a more somber tone.) When I
felt his skull, I knew this man was in pain, and I was the
cause of it. He closed his eyes and groaned from my
sting. (Lowers head and freezes.)

STONE PAVEMENT: (Turns around and speaks.) I heard them
coming. I didn’t know what to believe. There was so
much going on that day. Pilate wanted to set Jesus free,
but the people insisted that if he did, he was no friend
of Caesar’s. You know politics. Pilate became disgusted
with it all, and he brought the man here. They call me
Gabbatha! I am the stone pavement. (Uses hand to
describe.) I am part of the Tower of Antonia that borders
the northwest corner of the temple complex. I have a
beautiful view of the courtyard below. And on all
special events, I am the main seat. “Here is your king!”
(Pause) Pilate told them.

Well ... I listened to what the crowd below demanded
of Pilate. (With emphasis) “Crucify him! Take him away!”
the people began shouting. Even the chief priest
bellowed. (Louder) “Crucify him!” (Pause) I don’t know
what Jesus was accused of, but he lost. Pilate finally
gave in. And the man, he just stood there quietly. I don’t
know. It’s really not my place to say. I just bear the load
of all the traffic. (STONE PAVEMENT freezes.)

GOLGOTHA: (Turns around and speaks proudly.) “The Skull.”
That’s what they call me. When we need to show the
people who’s boss, I’m the one. I’m where it all ends ...
Golgotha! As they came up my hill, I watched in pride.
Three that day! I had not held three crucifixions in
quite a while. I was attracting so much attention. This
was my day to be known! But when the one in the
middle died, everything changed. It got so dark that it
looked like the blackest night. The stars ran, the moon
hid! I shook so uncontrollably that my trees came loose.
Animals fled, people fell, rocks broke, and tombs split
open. Never have I witnessed such upheaval. What a
day! My time of recognition turned into a chaotic
nightmare. (GOLGOTHA freezes.)

CROSS: (Turns around and speaks.) Jesus fell under my
weight. The soldiers ordered another man to carry me
for him — perhaps so they could beat him easier. At the
top of Golgotha, they laid me on the ground. They
pushed him to the ground and laid him on me. He
winced when his raw back touched me. He cried out in
pain as they hammered a spike through his hand into
me. He cried out in pain! His flesh fused with my wood
as the spike drove through him and then me. Then they
hammered another spike into his other hand. Then they
placed one of his feet on top of the other. A soldier then
hammered still another spike down through both of his
feet. (Groan) Why? (Nervously) They shoved me into the
hole to stand us up. My weight sunk into the ground.
His skin ripped as his weight fell on the spikes. His
bloody back slid down as my splinters gripped his flesh
and shredded what was left of his skin. His blood mixed
with my oils. He cried out as we both hung there
together.

As we became one, I knew that I was all Jesus had
left. Then he called out to his father. (Shakes head.) I
didn’t see his father — just a few friends and his mother
at my foot. Then the man commended his Spirit to his
father. I didn’t understand that. But I did understand
when he said, “It is finished.” And then he died. I felt so
close to him during that short time. Later, the soldiers
Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

I SAW HIM

by Emily Pardue.

For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS
P.O. Box 248 - Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-844-841-6387 - Fax (319) 368-8011
customerservice@christianpub.com