

ON THAT DAY

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*Monologue for Good Friday

(Actor to be holding a journal in their hands, speaking to the crowd, tentative to open the journal before them—to read the words on the page of their memories from watching Jesus walk to be crucified)

“You see, it’s been years upon years since I’ve looked back on what I saw that day—how I really felt—I mean, REALLY felt...”

(Actor to open their journal and flip to the page of their journal entry from “That day”, and recount the memories on the pages in front of the audience)

“And as He passed down the narrow road way, people screaming in every direction...”

“Crucify Him! Crucify Him!”

“And the shrieking of women’s mournful hearts, was too much to bear. This was too much for ANYONE to bear, and yet here was this Jesus bearing so much more...”

“This large heavy cross over his already broken body, the very tool of Him own death...

Blood was pouring off of his face and rolling off of His fingertips...

I wanted to get closer and yet my body would not let me move a single inch—I was frozen stiff...”

“The crowds continued to mock, and the crowds continued to weep. The crowds continued to look on and follow this slow act of murder. Some didn’t even flinch and I felt hate from their eyes. There were others who cringed and I sensed overwhelming love from their reaching hands.”

“It all seemed to happen so fast and yet at the same time this brutality was going on forever...”

“We approached the hill.”

“Jesus was beaten. I joined the crowd of flinchers.”

“Large nails were hammered into His flesh—into the thick wood of His cross. After the yelling and agony—there was silence...”

“As I looked up I saw that “Above his head they placed the written charge against Him: THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS.”