

Above All ©

Where is your focus when you go through trials? Above all that Christ endured throughout His life, His focus was on you. Above all.

Key words: vision alone focus

Scripture reference: Christ's final days on earth.

Cast:

This monologue drama involves one male actor, perhaps under 40 years old. His fictitious character is a "guard in training" who has been witness to different events in Christ's life.

Set:

No particular set necessary.

Sound:

If possible, lapel microphones on the actor would be best.

At the end of the drama, a recording of the song, "Above All" by Michael W. Smith will be played, if available. This song is available from your local Christian bookstore or see: <http://www.worshipmusic.com/6766700474.html>

(c) 1999 Integrity's Hosanna! Music / LenSongs Publishing

Costume:

Actor, a guard, should be in period costume.

Lighting:

If available, a single spot light.

Script:

Scene opens as single spot comes on to an empty center stage. Actor enters from stage left, frantically yelling.

Nathan: Hello? Hello! Is anyone home? It's Nathan! *(Looks into audience.)* Oh, good! I was hoping you'd be here. I just had to talk to someone. I have this strange feeling inside. I can't get rid of it! I . . . *(pauses and looks at audience)*. Sorry, I guess I should explain what I'm talking about, huh? Well, you must have heard the news by now – His body is gone. Some thought that a few of the followers stole it, but I don't see how they could have gotten into the cave. *(Pauses as he looks into audience.)* Oh, yeah, I guess I'm still not making sense. Sorry. Well, this strange feeling all started a while ago.

You see, part of my training is that I have to follow around the older, more experienced guards so I learn what to do. For the most part, it's not too bad. We're usually doing different things every day so, I get to see a lot of things first hand that I have only heard about growing up. But, one of the

things I didn't like was having to watch that Jesus guy. He was definitely different, no question on that!

We spent a lot of days following Him around just to make sure He wasn't causing too much trouble. You see, this guy has attracted a lot of followers, and you and I both know that you have to watch out for these radicals. The guys told me that if we let this Jesus character get too much out of control, then pretty soon He could be quite the threat to the local leadership. I wasn't supposed to repeat that, but now I don't really think it matters.

(Pauses to look at audience.)

Okay, okay, I'll get to my point. From what I gather, this business of following people around isn't all that uncommon. But for some reason, the guys really give it to this Jesus. I don't know what the problem is, but He must have really done something bad because the guys barely let Him take a step without yelling and screaming horrible things at Him. I didn't think what Jesus was doing was so bad at all, He seemed like He was just a nice guy telling people some stories. But I kept my mouth shut because there was no way I wanted the guards yelling at me the way they were hollerin' at Jesus, that's for sure. I mean I've heard the guys really give it to an old blind man or maybe even yell some pretty mean stuff to that young widow who lives in town. But it really seemed like they were trying to make up stuff about this Jesus, just to see how He would react! I know it seems strange, but you know what's even stranger than that? Every time the guys would start up the insults with Jesus, He would just turn away and look right at me! At me!

I thought at first I was imagining this. I thought, this guy doesn't know me from any of the other soldiers, so why would He keep looking at me? He's gotta know that I wasn't going to help Him! He was on His own! Then, there was when they decided that this guy was more trouble than what they were gonna put up with, so they decided to have him crucified, with a couple other troublemakers just like Him.

I was on duty that day too. Well, we called it crowd control, but there was no way any of us guys were doing anything to keep the angry crowds away from Him. You wouldn't believe what these people did to Him – they screamed horrible things at Him that even I know are lies, they spit on Him and threw things at Him! I didn't know what to do, so I looked at a few of the other guards, and do you know something? They actually had smiles on their faces! Smiles! The ones that were supposed to protect Him seemed like they were actually enjoying watching this.

One thing I will never forget, though. Through all this, when He passed by me, He looked me right in the eye again! Again! Now that's too much of a coincidence, isn't it?

Pauses and looks to the audience.

Well it gets even more strange! Later on, once He was up on the cross, we had to stick around and make sure no one tried to pull Him down or nothin'. The crowd had pretty much cleared, so a few of the guys were taking a break. Some of them were even gambling to see who would get to keep the poor guy's clothes. In training, I don't remember them saying it was okay to do stuff like that, but like I say, I wasn't gonna mention anything for fear they do somethin' awful to me! Give me a break, I am the new guy here!

Pauses to look at audience.

Hey, don't look at me that way! I gotta take care of myself, you know! I kinda got into this job a bit later in my life. I'm just thankful they hired on a guy in his thirties, rather than going for the usual eighteen year old! *(Thinks to himself a moment.)* I heard that this Jesus guy was around my age. Woooooooo.

Anyway, while we were on the job at the cross, I just happen to look up to see if this guy had died yet, and guess what – He was looking right at me again! I wanted so bad to shout out at Him, *(frantically yell)*, 'What is it? What do You want from me? You know I can't do anything for You! So why do You keep looking at me as if I matter to You? You don't even know me, and yet every time You look at me, it's as though You know exactly what I'm thinking! Stop! Don't look at me like You're doing me some kind of favor! Think of Yourself and all the pain that You're going through! Man! Shouldn't You be yelling at us, cursing us out, begging us for mercy or something? The low-life's on the other crosses are!

Don't look at me like that! You don't know me – You couldn't possibly know me! Why are You doing this? Look, way I see it, if You would have just done what they asked You to do, You wouldn't be in this mess in the first place! Why are Your eyes on me? Why are you thinking of me?

Pauses for a moment.

Well, I guess that brings me here. You can see why I'm a little disturbed. Why did He keep looking at me? Why were His eyes on me every time He went through trouble. Don't get me wrong, it wasn't like He was looking at me as though I was to blame for what He was going through. It was more like He was gladly taking all that abuse so that someone I didn't have to.

Looks at audience.

I know, it sounds crazy. I mean, when I think of it, where are my eyes focused when my life is turned upside down. I just can't take in the fact that when Jesus' life was in turmoil, His eyes were focused on me. When

He was rejected and all alone, there on that cross. He was treated like garbage by many people all through His life. He seemed like a good person, just trying to do good, and yet they, *(pause)*, I ridiculed Him, killed Him, and took His dead body and basically threw it behind a stone.

But His eyes were still on me.

Why did He do it? Why did He go through all this?

The rose of Sharon, someone said. A rose? A trampled rose. Trampled in the dust of a senseless death on a cruel cross. If He was who He really said He was, don't you think He could have escaped all that torment? I mean why would He want to show people like me all that He went through? He definitely wasn't showing off or making Himself look good. It was as though He wanted just me to see that He enduring this. Why me? I didn't care about Him! And He didn't even know me! How could He know me? It sure felt like He did, though. Maybe that's why His eyes were on me. He knew what He was doing because He was doing it for me. For me alone.

Slowly, and with great thought.

Above all, when His life was in pieces, His eyes were focused on me, He thought of me. When my life is in pieces, above all, where are my eyes focused? *(pause)* Above all.

Spot light fades and actor exits stage left

If available, play a recording of the song, "Above All".