



Bible Drama Scripts  
presents

## MARY MAGDALENE AT THE TOMB

Monologue by Mary Magdalene after Jesus' resurrection

By Patricia Souder

**SYNOPSIS:** Mary Magdalene reflects on the horrors of Golgotha as she experiences the shock of the empty tomb. Her grief and confusion provide a backdrop for experiencing the wonder and power of the resurrection in “an upside-down world” where the cross becomes the means by which “God turns the world . . . and everyone who trusts in his Son . . . right side up again.”

**SETTING:** Garden Tomb after the Resurrection.

**CHARACTER:** MARY MAGDALENE.

**PERFORMANCE TIME:** 7-10 minutes.

**PERFORMANCE NOTES:** Become Mary Magdalene. Feel the piece and use appropriate facial and body gestures to interpret the sketch.

**TOPICS:** Easter. Resurrection. Redemption.

**PERFORMANCE POSSIBILITIES:** Worship services. Easter programs. Small groups. Evangelistic outreaches.

**BIBLE REFERENCES:** Matthew 27, 28; Mark 15, 16; Luke 23, 24; John 19, 20.

**PROPS:** Container of spices.

*Lights up as MARY MAGDALENE enters with a container of spices.*

I came to the tomb this morning bearing spices. But I also carried memories . . . memories of Golgotha. (*Places container on rock near tomb.*)

Golgotha . . . where all the ugliness and brutality that ever brewed within the human breast burst forth. Respect, reason, truth, justice, love . . . all hung suspended on the center cross that day.

I wept until I could weep no more.

Jesus, the kindest Man who ever lived . . .

Jesus, the One who set me free from demons that tormented me . . .

Jesus, my Lord and Master . . . had been falsely charged. He'd been smeared and jeered, stripped and whipped. And then He was nailed to a cross that was jolted into place.

How could the one who had given life to so many be dying on a cross as if he were a common criminal? And how could the crowds be cheering about it?

“Father, forgive them . . .”

Jesus spoke forgiveness in the midst of mayhem. I looked at him in amazement. Surely now the authorities would realize they'd made a mistake.

But no, the horror continued. I implored God to tear open the heavens and rain down judgment or to miraculously lift Christ from the cross.

Instead, darkness devoured the sun.

*Lights dim.*

It was a deep darkness. A midday darkness. An eerie darkness. A supernatural darkness. A darkness as if all light had been siphoned out of the universe.

The catcalls from the crowd stopped. People started to slink away. I stayed, mesmerized by the magnitude of what was happening. Surely we were about to witness a cataclysmic miracle.

Minutes dragged into hours, punctuated only by uneasy onlookers and the agonizing breaths of dying men impaled on crosses.

When I thought I would suffocate from grief, an anguished voice from the center cross cried, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

I closed my eyes and beat my hands on my chest. (*Beats her chest, then raises arms to question God.*) How could God abandon his son in the moment of his greatest need?

Then I heard a deep gasp and looked at the cross.

“Father, into Your hands I commit my spirit,” Jesus murmured and took one last breath.

The earth shook. Rocks and tombs split open. Dead people spilled out of the graves. The centurion exclaimed, “Surely he was the Son of God.”

I shuddered. Surely He was! But then why was this happening?

*Lights come up gradually.*

The soldiers stuck a spear in Jesus’ side to be sure he was dead, then pulled him from the cross. Nicodemus and Joseph took his body and wrapped it tenderly in clean, white linen. I followed them as they carried his body to this empty, silent sepulcher. Then I went home, confused and brokenhearted.

I returned to the tomb this morning, frightened but determined to anoint Jesus’ body with spices. I knew I couldn’t roll the stone away. I knew I might be arrested . . . or killed. I didn’t care. Life without Jesus isn’t worth living anyway!

When I arrived, I was surprised to find the stone had been rolled away. The tomb was empty! Jesus was gone!

I didn’t understand. “Oh, God,” I cried. “Who would further defile my lovely Lord by stealing his stone-cold body?”

Distraught, I searched for John and Peter. When I found them, I told them that Jesus was gone . . . that someone had taken His body. They ran to the tomb to check it out.

I followed but stayed outside weeping. They brushed past me on their way home.

After they left, I looked into the tomb again. There, through my tears, I saw two angels. “Why are you crying?” they asked.

Why was I crying? Wasn’t it obvious?

“They’ve taken my Lord away and I don’t know where to find Him,” I said.

Someone came up behind me and asked, “Why are you crying? Who are you looking for?”

Thinking he was the gardener, I turned and said, “Oh, sir, if you have taken my Lord away, please tell me where you have put him so I can go and get him.”

“Mary,” he said.

That’s all. Just . . . “Mary.”

But with that one word, life and hope returned. I knew that voice!

“Rabboni! Master!” I cried as I knelt before Him. (*Kneels. Reaches out to embrace him.*)

I would have hugged that new life out of Him if He hadn’t said, “Don’t hold unto me. I must return to my Father. Let go of Me, and go tell my disciples that I’m ascending to my Father and your Father, my God and your God.”

I didn’t want to leave Jesus, but when He said, “Go!” I went. (*Runs across stage.*)  
Running!

“Peter, John, Bartholomew, Andrew, Philip . . .  
LISTEN! JESUS IS ALIVE! I saw him! He sent me to tell you he’s returning to his Father.  
That’s why the tomb is empty. Jesus isn’t there because HE’S ALIVE!”

(*Looks at audience and shakes head.*) Why had we ever doubted? Jesus told us that he had to die but that he would rise again in three days. (*Shakes her head in disbelief and wonder.*) That’s why the chief priests insisted on posting guards at the tomb.

Sometimes I wonder about those of us who call ourselves Jesus’ friends. We can be so slow to understand . . . so slow to recognize who it is who walks among us. We look at the cross . . . or even the empty tomb . . . and see an upside-down world.

It is. But, wonder of all wonders, the cross is where God turns the world . . . and everyone who trusts in his Son . . . right side up again.

(*Picks up spice container*) I leave the Garden with all the spices I brought this morning . . . as well as with new memories. Memories I’ll never forget.

But I leave with so much more! I leave with the risen Christ. And life will never be the same. Not now. Not for eternity! (*Exits with great joy.*)

*Lights down.*

Optional festive ending:

Have a soloist or group sing (and possibly sign) “No Stone” by Steve Amerson  
or another joyous Easter song.

© Patricia Souder, 1995, 2000, 2012