

UP, UP AND COMPETE!

By Tere L. Turner

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DEDICATION

This book is lovingly dedicated to "The Ready for Christ's Time Players" drama ministry team. Their love of excellence is surpassed only by their love for the Lord. Coaching this group of dedicated young people has been one of the greatest joys of my life.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Have you had trouble finding competition pieces for your teens? Whether for Christian school fine arts competition or state-wide church competition, this is the book for you! Included in this award-winning collection are eight monologues and seven speeches suitable for competition. (* by titles indicates a national first place winner). Your teens will also enjoy using them as devotional lead-ins to spice up youth meetings. And as the teens' teacher/director, you'll enjoy "The Why's and How's of Christian Youth Drama Ministry" at the back of this script.

PART ONE: MONOLOGUES

*MALCHUS

WHERE ARE THY ACCUSERS?

PETER

A GOOD SAMARITAN

SIMEON

VASHTI

A STRANGER IN A STRANGER LAND

LOVING HANDS

PART TWO: SPEECHES

*THE LIE

FISHING

THE SINS OF THE PHARISEES

POVERTY

LOOKING THROUGH THE EYES OF JESUS

TIGER

IS IGNORANCE A SIN?

MALCHUS

STORY: How Jesus changed Malchus' life.

CHARACTER: Male, biblical costume.

My life used to make sense. I understood the world and my place in it. The boss would say, "Malchus, jump!" Then, I'd say, "Yes sir, your high priestly - ness! Jumping, sir! How high, sir?" It wasn't complicated. I didn't have any second thoughts or divided loyalties. After all, I was on the side of the good people.

But everything changed a few nights ago when I went with a group of soldiers to arrest a Galilean troublemaker named Jesus. I should have been ready for a fight; after all, there was that time in the temple. Jesus had gotten mad, made a whip and drove the money changers out! He turned over tables, released the doves and everything! Boy, the boss sure was mad! But anyway, the boss's informant assured us that Jesus didn't usually behave like that, so I just wasn't as careful as I should have been. When we first got to the garden I thought it was going to be easy! The informant went up to Jesus and gave Him a kiss, which was our cue to move in. But all of a sudden one of Jesus' followers drew a sword and lunged at me! The guy was aiming for my throat! But, thanks to my cat-like reflexes, I got out of the way just in time! Well, almost in time. I stepped back just in time to see MY RIGHT EAR LAYING ON THE GROUND! The guy was hollering at Jesus to run, and to be honest, if Jesus had run He would have gotten away because Jesus was NOT a priority at that point. I was trying to keep from bleeding to death! But Jesus didn't run. Instead, He picked up my ear off the ground and slapped it back on.

What? You say that you find my story hard to believe? Well, take a number! The boss didn't buy it either! When I told him about Jesus and my ear he got real mad and told me that what I was saying was blasphemy and that I'd better never, NEVER say it again. "How can the truth be blasphemy?" I asked. He just got madder and told me to leave. Later, the boss called me into his office and asked me if maybe I was "mistaken" about my ear. "After all," he said, "it was dark and in the confusion ... maybe the sword just cut a piece of your turban." Yeah, right! Like I don't know the difference between a piece of cloth and my own skin! But I could tell from the boss's tone of voice that he was not interested in hearing the truth ... so I just told him what he wanted to hear and didn't think anymore about it. That is until today. Today I heard the most incredible rumor. People are saying that Jesus is alive! Now, I know He was dead when we took Him off the cross. The boss says, "The disciples stole the body!" And, you see, that's my dilemma. Because every time I look in a mirror or touch my ear I have to wonder, could it be true? Could Jesus be the Son of God like people are saying? I don't know! All I know is the bad guy saved my ear, and the good people are telling lies about it, so I have to find out the truth. I'm going to find the guy who cut off my ear and ask him. What was his name again? Oh yeah, Peter.

The End

WHERE ARE THY ACCUSERS?

STORY: The woman who was caught in the act of adultery.

CHARACTER: Female, biblical costume.

I was so scared! My hands still shake when I think about it. I know what I did was wrong! My life was such a mess; I can't even begin to explain all the problems that made ... adultery ... seem like a good idea.

I know that crowd sure didn't want to hear any excuses. When they caught us, they grabbed me and dragged me through the streets. People spat on me, hit and kicked me. All the while they were calling me the most awful names! Someone in the crowd hollered, "Stone her!" and I'm sure they would have, too, if it hadn't been for that man, Jesus.

I don't know why they brought me to Him, but they threw me down at His feet and told Him what I'd been caught doing. I was humiliated! I'd never been so ashamed in my life! Jesus said something to the people who were there but I was so heartsick, I wasn't even listening.

Jesus didn't say one word to me! He didn't even look at me! He just bent down and began writing in the dirt! "Oh, He must really hate me," I thought, "Why doesn't He say something? Anything!"

Finally, after a very long time, He spoke. And with the kindest voice I'd ever heard, He asked me a question, "Woman, where are thy accusers?" The love in His voice stunned me. I couldn't even answer Him. "Woman," He asked again, "is no one left to condemn thee?" "No one, Sir," I finally managed to choke out. "Then neither do I condemn thee. Now go, and sin no more."

I felt free! For the first time since I could remember I felt clean and beautiful! I should have said something to Him, but I didn't. I didn't know how to even begin to thank Him for what He'd given me. I just hugged Him and ran away.

I never saw Jesus again ... that is until today. When I saw Him, they were dragging Him through the streets! There was a crown of thorns smashed into His head! He'd been beaten so badly, I didn't even recognize his face, except for His kind, gentle eyes. I would have known those eyes anywhere. It was awful! Even after He fell to the ground the people were still punching and kicking Him. Someone in the crowd yelled, "Crucify Him!"

I started to run away, but I didn't because for just a moment, those gentle eyes met mine. I saw His tears. He saw my tears, and through all His pain ... He smiled at me. Jesus smiled ... at me!

The End

PETER

STORY: *Jesus changed Peter from an arrogant, self-righteous follower into a useful disciple.*

CHARACTER: *Male, biblical costume.*

I've always been a hothead! "More guts than brains," as my father used to say. It's just that when I believe in something, I go all out ... and I believed in Jesus! I knew He was God's Son! When I said that I would die for Him, I meant it! So why did I keep failing Him? Well, I can give you the answer in one word, pride. I was determined to follow Jesus my way, not His.

Like the day Jesus told us that He had to go to Jerusalem and be killed there. I was outraged! I told Him that I would never allow such a terrible thing to happen to Him. I thought Jesus would be pleased to have such a loyal friend but instead of the pat on the back I was expecting, He called me Satan ... and told me to get behind Him! I never said so but I was a little bit offended by that comparison. After all, I was only looking out for Him.

In the garden the night Jesus was arrested, He asked me to stay awake and pray. Now, I tried, I really did, but it had been a long day and we'd eaten a huge supper. I didn't see the harm in a short nap; after all, there was always time to pray later, right? So I fell asleep. Jesus came back twice to wake me up and remind me to pray. The third time He woke me up, time had run out, the soldiers had come for Him.

Well, I knew how to handle that situation! I wasn't going to let them take my Lord without a fight! So I drew my sword and cut off the ear of Malchus, a flunky on the high priest's payroll. "Run, Jesus!" I hollered. Maybe I'd slept through prayer time but I'd come through for Him when it really mattered, right? Wrong. Instead of making His escape, Jesus picked the guy's ear up off the ground and put it back on! What a waste of a miracle! Then He gave me one of His "why did you do a stupid thing like that" looks that I'd come to know so well. I had failed Him again.

I hate to admit it but the stunt in the garden was nothing compared to what I did later that night. Jesus warned me, He told me that I would deny Him three times before the sun came up, but I didn't believe Him. "Maybe the others, Jesus, but not me!" Yep, me. I'm still not sure how it happened. One minute I was in the high priest's courtyard, waiting for my chance to rescue Him, when a servant girl asked me if I was one of Jesus' followers. Before I knew what was coming out of my mouth, I said "NO." I don't know why I said it but after I'd denied Him the first time, the lie came out easier twenty minutes later when she asked me again. "Look, I already told you, I don't know the guy." By the time a man by the fire barrel asked me about Jesus, I'd gotten so good at lying I even had the nerve to bring God into it! "I swear by God Himself, I don't know that man!" I never would have believed that I could do that to Him, but it's amazing how low you can sink when your pride gets in the way.

(Continued next page.)

Have you ever been caught in a lie? Boy, I was. Just about the time I'd denied knowing Jesus for the third time, I saw Him looking at me, and the look in His eyes made me want to cry. I would have understood if He'd looked at me in anger or disgust, but Jesus looked so sad. I knew I'd broken His heart.

As I watched that toad, Malchus, and his pals drag Jesus away, I wondered how he could be a part of hurting Jesus after what He'd done for him earlier that night. Then I remembered how much Jesus had done for me, and how I'd just betrayed Him. Realizing that I wasn't any better than Malchus, well, that was too much! I ran away, too ashamed to face anybody after what I'd done.

After Jesus came back, I heard that He was looking for me. When I saw Him on the shore I was so happy that He was alive but I was afraid to face Him after what I'd done. I knew He must hate me and the worst part was knowing that I deserved to be hated. Still, I had to talk to Him so I jumped into the water and swam to shore, prepared to beg for His forgiveness and hope He wouldn't destroy me. You have to remember, I'd seen Him raise folks from the dead and I figured ... well, you know what I figured! That's why my meeting with Jesus was such a shock.

"Peter, son of Jonah, do you love Me more than these," He asked. Before that night in the courtyard I would have thrown my chest out and bragged about how I loved Him more than anyone else on the planet, but not now. I didn't have that kind of pride in me anymore. All I could do was hang my head and say, "Lord, you know I love You!" He smiled at me and said, "Then feed my sheep."

Can you imagine it! He chose ME. Not the confident bragging me, but the humble, wind-knocked-out-of-my-sails me, to help spread the message of His kingdom! See, I'd finally learned the lesson Jesus had been teaching me for so long. He never needed a man who had great confidence in his own abilities. What Jesus needs is people who are willing to follow Him ... His way.

The End

End of Freeview

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