

“Peter”

by
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What: A monologue from Peter’s point of view of the events of Passion Week. (Themes: Easter, Grace, Forgiveness)

Who: The Apostle Peter

When: Biblical times with modern flair

Why: John 18:15-18, 25-27, 21:15-19

Wear (Props): None

How: This monologue is simply the actor talking (in a New York-type accent) to the audience. It works well for any audience. No costuming, except for perhaps a ball cap.

Audience: Adult Worship, High School



Peter:

I'm glad to be with you today. I have a story to tell you. This is like, whoa. I don't know how I'm going to set this up, but I will.

I mean, there I was, and there we all were. Let me just say this, if I had known this was going to be the "Last Supper," I would've dressed better. I didn't know.

So, there we were with Jesus. We're eating, we're talking. Bartholomew is talking to Andrew. James is talking to John. Everyone is talking about something. And I am looking at Jesus. I'm just looking at Him. He's right there. And, well, I'm a sensitive guy, what can I say? I'm looking at Him, and I start welling up. I look at Him and I say, "Jesus, I love you. I love you. I love you, Jesus."

And He looks at me. He gets this look in His eyes and says, "I love you, too, Peter, but you'll deny me three times before the rooster crows."

Huh? What's that all about? Hello? I just told Him I loved Him, and here He's telling me about some rooster crowing. I didn't understand. It kind of hurt my heart.

But, anyway, we get through talking, and Jesus takes off His cloak, and He gets this basin. We all know what He wants to do; He wants to wash our feet. The King wants to wash our feet. So, we start talking to ourselves. "He wants to wash our feet. We can't let Him wash our feet. He's the King. He can't wash our feet. Who's gonna tell Him?"

Raises hand.



Peter:

Hello! Me. I always do. Foot-in-the-mouth-Peter. There I am. He's the King. He can't wash our feet. That would be like asking the President over for dinner and taking him to Denny's. You just don't do it.

So I look at Him, and I say, "You can't wash our feet. You just can't."

And He looks at me, and He gets that look in His eyes, and says, "Well, Peter, then you can have nothing to do with me."

So, I'm like, "Oooh, ouch." And I say, "Jesus, do whatever you need to do with me. Wash my feet, wash my hair, wash my whole body. You can even wash under my fingernails if you want to.

And He goes, "No, Peter, your feet will be fine." So He washed our feet. There He was teaching us this amazing lesson on becoming a servant and I almost missed it.

The whole night was just a blur, okay? I just didn't comprehend – none of us could comprehend everything that was going on. One minute, He's washing our feet, the next, we're in this garden and Jesus is praying off by Himself. I fell asleep. I'm not proud of it. I had a big meal, so sue me. We all keep nodding off. Next thing I know, Judas is planting a kiss on Jesus' cheek and I cut off some guy's ear. Oh, it was a mistake, it was a mistake. Jesus is taken away, and what did we all do? We all scattered.

Later, I was at this campfire. Alone. Someone came up to me and said, (*Pointing*) "You, you



Peter:

were with Him. You were with that Jew who claims to be the Son of God. You were with that Jew weren't you?" I brush them off, "No, you must be mistaken."

But one of the guards recognizes me from the whole ear incident in the garden, and says, "Get him. He was with Him."

I say, "No, no, I'm not."

Then some wiseguy says, "You have to be with him, I can tell by your accent." This is the way I talk I can't help that. So I scream at them- say a few things I'm not proud of- and I say, "I don't know Him!" I mean, come on. What would you do? I didn't know what to say.

Pause.

And then, I heard the most blood-curdling sound. I hear this rooster crowing, and at that moment, I was looking in to the eyes of Jesus as they were leading Him out. There's no escaping His gaze, you know what I'm saying? So, what did I do? I ran. And what did they do? They killed Him.

It was pretty bad. We were all moping around, feeling bad, feeling sad. Three days later, though, we were all in the upper room, and we hear Mary running towards the house. She tells us that His tomb is empty, that someone must've stolen His body.

So John raced me down there, and if he tells you he beat me he's lying. And I'm there and I'm looking, and I tell you, He wasn't there. The tomb's empty.

