

a script from  
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**“A Few Days Before and Many Years After”**  
**How-to and Intros**  
by  
Curt Cloninger

## SYNOPSIS

This script bundle includes three scripts that take place before Jesus' death, and three scripts that take place today. The first three monologues share stories of Peter, Mary, and Judas—people who had personal, significant encounters with Jesus and His ministry. The last three monologues feature people today, whose lives correlate to Peter, Mary, and Judas, and help audiences find themselves in the stories.

Script bundle includes:

### **A Few Years Before**

Pete Gets Called

Judas' Compromise

Mary's Empty Bottle

### **Many Years After**

Bass Fishing

Dying Gray

Maggie's Old Spice

## CAST

Part 1 "A Few Days Before"

Judas- dressed in nice clothes, a blazer and a button-down shirt

Mary- dressed in neutral, earth-tone colors

Peter- dressed in worn fishing clothes

Part 2 "And Many Years After"

Man (Bass Fishing)- dressed to go fishing- casual with a fishing hat

Man (Dying Gray)- dressed in a nice suit

Maggie- dressed casually

## PROPS

Tackle box

Fishing lure

Bar glass

Bottle of Old Spice

## SET

You can go as big or as simple as you want. See individual scripts for set suggestions.

## HOW

There are several options for how to use this series. Each script can stand on its own or they can be used all together.

Option A:

Originally, Part 1, "A Few Days Before", was performed on one Sunday and Part 2, "A Few Years After", was performed the following Sunday.

Option B:

These scripts can be spread out over 6 weeks, ending on Easter Sunday.

Option C:

Spread them out over 3 weeks, performing one from "A Few Days Before" and then it's counterpart from "Many Years After". For example:

Week 1- Pete Gets Called and Bass Fishing

Week 2- Judas' Compromise and Dying Gray

Week 3- Mary's Empty Bottle and Maggie's Old Spice

You may either have different actors for each script or double up the actors with their corresponding scripts (the same actress in "Mary's Empty Bottle" also performs "Maggie's Old Spice").

The opening narration can be divided up as a Reader's Theatre to include more people.

# PURCHASE "A Few Days Before"

*The following should be performed before the scripts Judas' Compromise, Mary's Empty Bottle and Pete Gets Called.*

**Narrator:** It was a few days before. A few days before Jesus gathered his followers in an upper room, in Jerusalem, for Passover. A few days before he prayed in the Garden, "Not my will, but yours be done". A few days before he received the kiss of betrayal. A few days before he was tried on trumped up charges. A few days before he was executed with two hardened criminals. A few days before they laid him, lifeless, in a borrowed tomb. And a few days before Jesus would come alive again proving, with a cosmic exclamation point, that he was, indeed, all he claimed to be: God of the Universe, Ruler of Life and Death.

But, a few days before all those things occurred, three people speak. And they don't know, these three people, what is yet to happen with Jesus.

They have all been with him. They have all heard his stories. They have all seen his wonders. He has been the same Jesus for all of them. The same Jesus: story-teller, healer, friend.

They have all seen him through their own eyes. Experienced him in their own way. And, just like us, they have all had the opportunity to respond.

Listen, this morning, to their stories.

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# PURCHASE "Many Years After"

*The following should be performed before the scripts Bass Fishing, Dying Gray and Maggie's Old Spice.*

**Narrator:** It is many years after. Many years after Jesus, the story-teller, the healer, the curious lover of the outcast, triumphantly rode a borrowed donkey into the city of Jerusalem. Many years after he gathered his friends for a last supper together, promising to be with them forever. Many years after he was betrayed, and tried, and executed. Many years after he was buried in a borrowed tomb. Many years after he came alive again, with that cosmic exclamation point.

It is many years after Jesus, from Nazareth, first claimed to be Lord of Life. Many years after he promised to triumphantly live in those who would recognize who he is and say "yes" to his loving reign over their lives.

It is many years after.

Today, hear the stories of three people, all these many years after. Two people who have said "yes" and one person who has said "no" to this Jesus.

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## **“Pete Gets Called”**

**From the series “A Few Days Before and Many Years After”**

by  
Curt Cloninger

- What** The disciple, Peter, recounts the stories of the times Jesus called him to follow, and how he didn't hesitate once. He shares several miracles he witnessed during his time following Jesus. This monologue takes place before Jesus' triumphant entry to Jerusalem.
- Themes:** Easter, Calling, Purpose, Following, Faith
- Who** Peter
- When** Bible times with a modern twist
- Wear (Props)** Peter wears neutral, earth-tone colors. He's a fisherman by trade, so his clothes are well worn.  
Rope or fishing net  
Short stool or bench to sit on (optional)
- Why** Matthew 4:18-22
- How** Pete, the Apostle, talks to the audience, as to one person. Pete is “rough around the edges” but very comfortable in his own skin. He is quick to chuckle at himself and quick to say what he thinks. As a fisherman, he is accustomed to being busy with his hands, so he fiddles with a small piece of rope the whole time he talks, experimenting with different knots. Pete is in a good mood, telling this story a couple of weeks before Jesus' Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem. He is totally unaware of what is about to happen over the next week.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

*Pete speaks to the audience, rope or net in hand.*

**Pete:** It usually took him calling me awhile before I came running. He told me, my daddy, that I was too young to be deaf, so I must just be stubborn. *(He chuckles)* Yep. That tells it pretty good, I guess. Stubborn. I don't know...maybe I figured he didn't really mean it until he'd called me three or four times. Funny thing, that...getting called.

*He fiddles with a knot for a moment before talking again.*

I'd heard about him, the Preacher, Jesus. Well...word gets around. But I didn't pay much attention to it. I've never had much use for preachers. Most of 'em seem like a bunch of soft-handed mama's boys who've never done an honest day's work in their life.

Now...I heard this one could spin a yarn, but, shoot...that don't mean much. I can spin a yarn. Shoot, every fisherman I know can spin a yarn. That don't make us special.

But my brother, Andy, he'd heard this fellow talk a time or two. And Andy said there was something different about him. Well, Andy's a pretty good judge of things, so I figured I might just give him a shot, the Preacher, if he ever showed up around where we were fishing.

And he did. He shows up. Talks a bit. Lots of people listening to him. He **can** spin a yarn. I'll give you that. But then, the Preacher tells me and Andy he wants to go fishing. That's what really got me paying attention. So, I check out his hands first. They're calloused. Alright. Let's go fishing.

After we catch a mess of fish...that's a whole other story...he looks at me, the Preacher...looks me right in the eye. I've never trusted a man who won't look me in the eye. He looks me in the eye and he says, "Pete, you come with me." Says it right out. No apologies. No beating around the bush. Just "come with me, Pete."

So I do it. I go with him.

*He takes a beat, chuckles.*

It's been a wild ride, I'll tell ya. And that was just the **first** time he called me.

*He takes a beat, fiddles with a knot.*

Awhile back...I don't know...maybe a couple of years ago...me and the boys are tagging along behind him, like usual, when this fellow runs up,

all upset. And he begs Jesus to come quick 'cause his little girl is dying. Well, by the time we get to the fellow's house she's already dead. Everybody's carrying on, wailing and so forth. But Jesus, he calls for three of us to go with him, right into the girl's bedroom. And sure enough, she's dead as a door-nail.

Well...Jesus don't miss a lick. He just looks right at this dead girl and tells her to get up. *(After a slight chuckle)* And she does it too, sure as you're born. Just like she was just taking a little nap. He called me in, Jesus. Called me in, to see that.

*After a beat, remembering another time.*

Aw...you're gonna like this one.

A few months ago, we're all crossing the lake...middle of the night. It's blowing a bit. Choppy. Jesus ain't with us. Well, I look up from my rowing, and here comes somebody, just strolling across the lake like it was the normal thing to do. All the boys are scared to death. I admit I was a little scared myself.

But I holler out, "Hey Jesus, if that's you, just call me over to you."

He laughs and hollers back, "It's me, Pete. Come on over!"

So I did, just strolling over to him, easy-peasy, right on top of the water. *(After a self-deprecating chuckle)* Well, then I got a little nervous and he had to fish me out. The boys still haven't let me live that one down.

Just the other day, he calls for me and the boys...my fishing boys, James and John...he calls us to go to the top of this mountain with him. We get up there, and, all of sudden, it's like the sun was shining right out of him. Just...blinding.

*He points to where Moses and Elijah are, one on each side of Jesus.*

And there's Moses and there's Elijah, with Jesus right between 'em. And I'm thinking "this could be the strangest thing I've seen all week".

Then out of nowhere comes this big thunder voice,

**"THIS IS MY BE-LOVED BOY. LISTEN TO HIM!"**

Well, lickety-split I'm on my face in the dirt. I'm down there for I don't know how long. Then Jesus, he helps me up and he says, "It's alright, Pete. Don't be scared." *(He chuckles)* Fat chance.

But he keeps on doing it. Keeps calling me. I don't know why. I reckon he knows I'm stubborn.

Now, it ain't all been sweetness and light. He's called me **out** a few times, too. The other day, after we'd come down from that mountain, he started talking crazy, saying all kinds of stuff. Telling us that he's gonna get killed. Well, I didn't want to hear that. So, in front of all the guys, I shut him down. He turns on me, and like that (*he snaps his fingers*) he calls me out right in front of everybody.

"You hush up, Pete," he says. "That's the devil talking. One of these days you're gonna understand all this. But, for right now, just shut your mouth.

*Fiddles with the rope. Takes a reflective beat.*

It's not always easy, coming when he calls. Just today...well...it was a tough day. A lot of folks leaving, what with all the hard stuff he's been saying lately. So, today he says to us all, he says,

"Are y'all gonna leave too?"

I guess I'm either too quick to mouth off or smarter than I look, but I tell him,

"Jesus, where are we gonna go? You're the only one who's got the truth."

He just looks at me, for the longest time.

I don't know what's gonna happen next. But I'll tell you this: I'm just gonna keep coming, when he calls.

*Lights fade.*

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**“Judas’ Compromise”**  
**From the Series “A Few Days Before and Many Years After”**  
by  
Curt Cloninger

- What** In this monologue, Judas tries to convince the audience (and himself) that his betrayal of Jesus was actually more of an opportunity—a side deal—that he took and compares his actions to the parable of the shrewd manager.
- Themes:** Betrayal, Greed, Easter, Compromise, Right and Wrong, Monologue, Dramatic
- Who** Judas
- When** Bible times, but modern twist
- Wear (Props)** Judas is dressed nicely, in an open collared shirt and a sports coat. The setting is a bar where he is sipping a glass of whiskey (optional).
- Why** Matthew 26:14-26
- How** As the monologue progresses, Judas becomes more and more desperate, trying to convince himself of the words that he is saying. He speaks after his betrayal and before his suicide.
- Time** Approximately 3 minutes

*Judas sips a glass of whiskey (optional) as he addresses the audience. He has just betrayed Jesus and is trying to convince himself that he did the right thing.*

**Judas:** I have learned to live my life, quite comfortably, in the gray. There are those who might say that this is not possible. Well, they would be wrong. There are those...simple people who are convinced that life can be only black or white. Simple people who can't imagine living in the "tension of ambiguity". These are people with no imagination. These are people who use words like "faithless" and "betrayal".

I find that a rather...harsh, unbending word: "betrayal". So...black and white. I think if a fellow was honest...any normal fellow, he would have to admit to the necessity of gray.

Sometimes, things can't be just black and white. Sometimes, if you want your influence to be long-lasting, a fellow has to...to give a little.

Jesus, of all people, should understand this. He, of all people. If he would just...give a little, life could be easier...for all of us. We could be accepted by everyone, not just by the...the simple people, but by those who have the power to really make things different, long-term...to make life easier...for all of us. You would think that he, of all people, would grasp this.

He is always telling stories about how things should be. Stories about some new...Kingdom. That is all well and good...a new Kingdom. I understand...apparently, he's going to change the world. Well, you don't change the world with just stories, told to simple people. Changing the world takes power...takes aligning with people in power. And, oh...by the way...it might take a little money as well.

Does he honestly think that some new Kingdom is going to just...magically appear, just because he tells some story about it? He is so...so stubborn in his rightness, in his...simplicity. He truly does not seem to understand the need for compromise.

He told a story once...a story about a crafty man who stole money from his boss, and when he was caught, the man worked a "side-deal" with all the people who owed his boss money. The crafty fellow worked a "side-deal". He told that story, Jesus. And, by the way, Jesus said that the boss commended the crafty fellow for his shrewdness. The boss commended him!

It's almost too obvious.

*Becoming more agitated.*

So, you may call it betrayal. I call it something else. I call it opportunity. I worked a side-deal! Thirty pieces of silver...that's hardly getting rich. I left a good job to follow him...to bet on him. I have just...recouped some of my losses.

Oh, don't get me wrong. I have seen amazing things. He is truly...an amazing man. I do not deny that. He is an amazing man. But he is stubborn in his rightness.

All I have done is hedge my bets. All I have done is force him to show his hand, to compromise, just a small bit, with those in power. I ask you...what harm is there in **that**? If he wants to change the world, he needs to wise up. You don't get something for nothing.

If he would just compromise, like a normal man, I could live with that.

*Lights fade.*

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**“Mary’s Empty Bottle”**  
**From the series “A Few Days Before and Many Years After”**  
by  
Curt Cloninger

**What** Mary of Bethany shares what it was like to feel small and insignificant, until Jesus looked at her and spoke directly to her. His kindness led her to anoint his feet with perfume, and no matter the cost, she’d do it all again.

**Themes:** Easter, Sacrifice, Kindness

**Who** Mary of Bethany

**When** Bible times with a modern twist

**Wear (Props)** Mary can wear neutral, earth-tone clothes—nothing bright. She holds a perfume-sized bottle

**Why** Matthew 26:6-13; John 12:1-8

**How** The actress should speak to the audience as if speaking to one person, like an intimate conversation. The audience should see the events as Mary tells them, so paint a picture with your words.

**Time** Approximately 3 minutes

*Mary of Bethany fiddles with an empty perfume bottle. She speaks quietly, almost shyly, and directly to the audience, as to one person.*

**Mary:** I'm not sure this is worth much of anything. Not now. There's still a bit of smell to it, but now it's just an empty bottle. But I can't... seem to bring myself to throw it away.

*She looks at the bottle lovingly for a moment, remembering the story.*

"Don't scold her."

That's what he said. Out loud, he said it, to all of those men.

"Don't scold her. Leave her alone. Years from now, people will still be talking about what she did for me."

I don't... I don't know what he meant: "What I did for him". I did nothing for him. I only returned his kindness.

He seemed so tired. And I had perfume. And, it just seemed... right.

*She fiddles with the bottle, remembering her past.*

So many men, for so many years, whispering about me. "She is a worthless, crazy dog." Whispering, these men. Plotting their evil. As if I couldn't hear them. But I could. I **could** hear them.

I had little defense from them, except to make myself very small. Try to be invisible. Try to stay very far away.

But then one day I saw **him** at a distance, walking with his friends. He was laughing. And there were women... women! Following along behind. As he came closer, I tried to turn away, to cover my face. To make myself invisible. But he walked right up to me. He saw me. And he spoke. To me. To my face. He spoke. He asked my name. He was kind to me. Kind.

So... I had no choice. When he walked away, I followed him at a distance. I followed, like a beaten but hungry dog, following someone who has kindly offered a scrap of food.

It has been a while now that I have followed. No longer at a distance. I have come close. I have learned that I can trust him, trust his kindness. He has become... well... he is... food to me.

*Takes a beat, as she turns the bottle in her hand.*

PURCHASE  
I have known for a while that he speaks words of life. But lately, he has also spoken dark words. And I worry about what is to come. So, the other night, when all were gathered at table, I had no choice but to return his kindness. To make him ready for whatever is to come.

I do not know what is to come. But I will follow him, no matter. I am no longer a wounded dog. I am a woman he has claimed with his kindness.

SCRIPT  
If no one speaks well of me, I will follow him still.

If all speak well of me...well...if I had more perfume, I would waste it again.

All of it. On him.

*Lights fade.*

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## **“Bass Fishing”**

**From the series “A Few Days Before and Many Years After”**

by  
Curt Cloninger

**What** A man shares the story of his special fishing lure, given to him by a friend who led him to Jesus. He learns to trust God with everything, because He is in control.

**Themes:** Salvation, Inheritance, Born Again, Hope, Gospel

**Who** Man

**When** Present

**Wear  
(Props)** Tackle Box  
Fishing Lure  
Chair or bench for him to sit on

**Why** 1 Peter 1:3-4

**How** Keep the dialogue conversational, as if you’re speaking to one or two people. Be careful not to rush the dialogue, but at the same time don’t let it drag on. Put some passion in your voice and really make the audience relive this experience with you.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*A man fiddles with his tackle box, taking out and examining bass lures while he speaks. He's very "happy go lucky," just glad to be alive and telling his story.*

**Man:** It usually took him calling me awhile before I came running. He told me, my daddy, that I was too young to be deaf, so I must be stubborn. *(He chuckles)* Yep.

He was bound and determined, my daddy, that I was gonna be a fisherman, like him. But I had no desire to be a fisherman. At least, not like him. His idea of fishing was to put a line in the river, baited with an old hot dog.

Then he'd just sit there...all day in the hot sun...looking at the bobber...waiting for a catfish to come along.

To me, that wasn't fishing. It was just...glorified boredom. So, whenever he'd call me, I'd do my best to turn a deaf ear and avoid it.

*(He chuckles again)* Yep. I'm stubborn.

*He pulls out a bass lure, examines it before he continues, telling his story and the story of the lure.*

I've got this buddy, Oliver. Well, nobody calls him that. Everybody calls him Ollie. He gave me this lure, Ollie, a few of years ago. Told me it was... "special". Well, I didn't know any better at the time, so I just assumed he was telling the truth.

I know Ollie from work. Known him for about eight years now. When I first met him, I was pretty...down. I'd just broken up with my long-time girlfriend. I was having a real rough patch at work. The company was doing bad. There were all kinds of layoffs. I figured I was probably next. Everybody was at each other's throats, all stressed out.

Well, everybody except Ollie. Ollie just seemed to...to float above it all. Never seemed ruffled. Never seemed worried about much of anything. Just...steady.

I remember...it was a Friday afternoon. There was a rumor going around that more pink slips were coming at the end of the day. I was worried sick. I ran into Ollie in the break room. He was smiling, like he'd just won the lottery. I just looked at him for a second, shaking my head. Then I said, "Ollie, you must be on drugs, or something. How come you never get upset by all this stuff going on?" He laughs. Then he says, "Well...I guess you might say that I've got a secret inheritance."

I wasn't sure what to say to that. So I just mumble, "Must be nice."

He says, "Oh, it is." Then he takes a sip of his coffee. And then he says, "I'll tell you what. I'm going fishing tomorrow. Why don't you come with me, and I'll fill you in on it?"

Well, to me, fishing meant sitting on the bank of a muddy river, waiting for a catfish to eat your hot dog. So, I say, "I don't think so, Ollie. I'm not much of a fisherman."

He laughs, and says, "Well, it's your funeral. But, just think about it. You might like my boat." Then he walks away.

And I'm standing there, thinking, "Boat? Hmm... maybe he **does** have an inheritance."

End of the day, that Friday, Ollie walks in my office and he puts this lure on my desk. He says, "This is my special lure. It's for you, if you come fishing with me tomorrow."

So I did. I guess my curiosity got the best of me. Ollie picks me up early. We go out on the lake. In his boat. Nice boat. And he teaches me how to fish for bass. Not a hot dog in sight. I caught a few, too. Kind of got me hooked on it.

On the way back from the lake we stop at a Waffle House for a late lunch. And I ask him then... I say, "Okay, Ollie, what's this about a secret inheritance?"

He says, "You really wanna know?"

"Well I asked you, didn't I?"

He laughs, takes a sip of coffee. Then he says, "All right then, you asked for it. Now I'm gonna quote you some Bible. 'God has caused me to be born again to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance that is imperishable, undefiled and unfading, kept in heaven, for me.'"

"That's quite a mouthful," I say to him. "What in the world does it mean?"

He grins and says, "It means I don't have to worry about anything, 'cause Jesus is in control of **everything**...including me."

Well, Ollie told me a lot of stuff at that Waffle House. I'm stubborn. I'll admit it. But, all of it...all the stuff Ollie told me about Jesus...all of it, eventually, made sense.

PURCHASE

Long story short...I went bass fishing with Ollie, and I'm the one who got caught.

And Jesus...well...he's been in control of me ever since.

*He holds up the lure, shows it to the audience.*

SCRIPT

So, this one here...it's my special lure. I guess I don't have to explain why.

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## **“Dying Gray”**

**From the series “A Few Days Before and Many Years After”**

by  
Curt Cloninger

**What** Jim sits in a bar reflecting on experiences he had with his aunt in her church as a young boy. For her, faith is black and white, but for Jim, he prefers to live in the gray.

**Themes:** Easter, Unbelief, Salvation, Complacent, Hope, Faith, Doubt

**Who** Man- late 40's-60's

**When** Present

**Wear (Props)** The setting is in a bar. You can go as big or small with the set as you'd like. If you do not have a way to do a bar, simply use a small table and chair instead.  
Prop- glass

The actor is well dressed in a suit.

**Why** John 3:18-19; Mark 16:16

**How** Keep the dialogue conversational and watch the pacing, being careful not to let the dialogue drag. You want to paint a picture of your character's life, so really pay attention to the emotions and conflict this man is going through.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*A well-dressed man sits at a table and nurses a drink. He talks to an unseen bartender. He is very full of himself, but not far under the surface, obviously depressed, and valiantly trying to make the most of things. And failing, miserably.*

**Man:** I have learned to live my life, quite comfortably, in the gray. There are those...simple people who might say that this is not possible. Simple people who can't imagine living in the "tension of ambiguity".

*He takes a drink, and a beat, remembering, with a dismissive chuckle...*

Simple people... Do you want to hear something funny? I had this great aunt. Gerdie. Never married. No money to speak of. Lived in a little house in the hills of Tennessee. One summer...I must have been fourteen years old...I don't know why...I guess they could find no other place to send me...but my wealthy parents farmed me out to her that summer, so they could travel the world for two months, unencumbered...by me.

It was quite the experience, those two months. You see, Gerdie was about as simple as they come. "Backwoods religious". She would drag me with her, three or four times a week, to this little country church where people like her would "testify" and sing curious songs and carry on about "Jesus this" and "Jesus that". Gerdie would often bang an old tambourine that she carried with her.

I remember one particular hot summer night at this church, Gerdie, (as she described it later) "got happy and danced". My great aunt twirling around holding these...these large plastic palm fronds, for some reason. Making a complete fool of herself.

When we got back to her house that night, over hot chocolate, I asked her why she would do something like that...dance around with palm fronds. She looked at me, Gerdie, with this...this almost pitying look, and she said, "Honey, why would I **not** 'get happy and dance'? King Jesus has set me free." It was all so...black and white to her. So simple.

*He takes a sip from his glass, then sits quiet for a moment, remembering. He takes another sip, then continues.*

Years later...I was probably in my late thirties, early forties, working in New York City, and comfortably living off my inheritance. Gerdie (who was, amazingly, still alive) came to visit me in the city. Well...she didn't come for me. She came to be a...a "Prayer Warrior" (as she described it) at a Billy Graham Crusade. Of course she invited me to go with her to the crusade. And, out of curiosity, I did. It was the first time I'd been at a church service since that summer, all those years before. Basically, the

same dog and pony show. Just bigger. And no dancing. Then the preacher, Billy Graham, got up. And, I remember, one of the stories he told...from the Bible, I suppose...was about some rich guy in Hell, looking up at some beggar in Heaven. He told a bunch of stories, but that's the one that stuck in my head. Eventually he made an altar call, and people streamed to the stage. It all seemed so cut and dry. So...simple.

We got back to my apartment late that night. Gerdie sipped a hot chocolate. I sipped a Scotch. She asked me what I thought of the evening. I didn't want to hurt her feelings. So, I said, "It was fascinating, Gerdie". Then she asked me if I'd understood the "invitation" (as she called it). I wasn't quite sure what to say to her. So I said, "Oh, yes. It was quite convicting" (I figured that would get her off my back). I said, "That Billy Graham certainly gave me a lot to chew on".

And then Gerdie, this old woman, she took my face in her hands and looked me right in the eye. And she said, "It's actually very simple: You need to be a beggar, Jimmy. You need to be a beggar". I just gave her a weak smile and made my way to bed.

Every year after the crusade, she'd send me a birthday card. Picture of Jesus on the front. And she'd always sign it the same way: "Happy Birthday, Jimmy. I'm praying for you to be a beggar." Every year, until the year she died. I guess it was twenty years ago, or so. I didn't make her funeral.

The great man himself died...what...a month ago? I didn't make his funeral either. Well, I wasn't invited, of course. I **did** catch a few minutes of it on the news. It was nice. Simple. Black and white.

*He takes another sip of his whiskey. Then, wistfully...*

Do you want to hear something funny? I've actually never wanted to be...a beggar. I prefer to hedge my bets. Even though, sometimes I fear that the...the tension of living in the gray, might actually kill me some day. And...I might just be a little scared of dying.

*To the bartender.*

Well...hit me again. Straight up this time. And...make it a double.

*Lights fade.*

**“Maggie’s Old Spice”**  
**From the Series “A Few Days Later and Many Years After”**  
by  
Curt Cloninger

- What** Maggie holds her husband’s empty bottle of Old Spice as she remembers how he lived a life filled with love for Jesus and grace for others. As he lay dying, he asked her to pour out the entire bottle on him, just like Mary did for Jesus.
- Themes:** Glory, Salvation, Joy, Easter
- Who** Maggie
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Maggie wears casual clothes and holds an Old Spice bottle. You can have Maggie simply standing on stage to deliver her monologue. You can also have her sitting at a table with a cup of coffee, as if she’s in her kitchen.
- Why** John 17:22; Romans 1:16; Nehemiah 8:10
- How** Maggie should speak to the audience as if she is speaking to one person. Really paint a picture of her relationship with her husband, smiling through memories and missing him so much.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Maggie holds an empty Old Spice cologne bottle, a precious treasure. She speaks to the audience.*

**Maggie:** I'm not sure this is worth much of anything. There's still a bit of smell to it, but now it's just an empty bottle. But I sure can't bring myself to throw it away.

This was Javy's last bottle of Old Spice. *(She smiles a shy, bemused smile)* He loved this stuff. Wore it every day. All his employees—the guys in his shop—they used to tease him all the time.

"Javy, car mechanics don't need to smell that good."

He didn't care. He said it made him feel like a rich man, 'cause only rich men wear cologne every day.

The kids always knew... Father's Day, birthdays, Christmas... just get him Old Spice. He **loved** his Old Spice.

*She pauses, a reflective beat.*

He quit wearing it for a little while when he first got diagnosed. Somehow or other, the cancer messed with his sense of smell. But then he told me one day,

"Just because I can't smell it, there's no reason I shouldn't keep smelling good to everybody else."

So...he started wearing it again. Everybody knew it was Javy...before he even walked in the room. They could smell him. Javy called that his, uh...his "smell of glory". Well, that's pretty much what Javy was all about: glory. He even named the shop "Glory Auto Repair".

I met him...met Javy, when I took my car in to him for an oil change twenty-one years ago. When I tried to pay him, he told me the first oil change was "free, like grace". *(That's what he said)* *(She chuckles)* I figured he was trying to hit on me. But then he started talking about Jesus. How Jesus had turned his life around and given him the "smell of glory".

*She takes a beat, reflecting.*

We were married for twenty years. He made a good living with that auto shop. But he told me, right from the start when we met, that the whole reason he had that shop was that it gave him a good way to brag on Jesus. And brag he did.

*Another reflective beat.*

You know, when he got diagnosed, he was already well into Stage 4. But he seemed just as calm as could be. He told me, "Maggie, I've been getting ready for this for the last thirty years." He really wasn't scared, about dying.

The last few days, he was in hospice. He'd already gotten everything in order for me...and the kids...and the shop. Said his "see you later" to all his guys.

It was just me and him in the room. He whispers to me,

"Maggie, put some Old Spice on me before I go. I figure if it was good enough for Jesus it's good enough for me."

Then he's quiet for a little bit. Then he kind of smiles and whispers,

"Heck just pour out the whole bottle on me. That way Jesus'll know that it's me, coming."

*She chuckles, takes a long pause, takes the top off the bottle and takes a long smell. Then, quietly, confidently, she speaks.*

Here's the thing: for Javy, all of this...this Jesus stuff...Jesus dying and coming back alive again so that he could give us his glory...share it with us...for Javy, that wasn't just a bunch of pie in the sky. It was real. As real as this bottle here.

And it's the same for me. That's not to say this hasn't been hard. It has. And I miss him. I miss him something fierce. But I know that there's a promise I can hold on to: Jesus makes everything right. I can smell that. It's not going away. Jesus makes everything right.

And I'm gonna see Javy again. And I'm gonna see Jesus. That's not just some "feel good" thing you say at a funeral. It's real. I can smell it. I'm gonna see 'em both.

It's just a matter of time. A matter of time.

*She smells the bottle one more time, and shyly grins.*