Even though we get so far away from what God intended us to use our hands for, He still loves us and sent His Son to provide a way for us to be with Him forever. In this dramatic scene of monologues, 7 different people express their need to change their actions. Be careful not to be melodramatic or overact, these are dramatic monologues, so work hard to make them real. People in our audience should be able to identify with someone in this script.

Actors will be lined up on stage. They will have their heads down until it is their turn to deliver their lines. After delivering their monologues, actors freeze with their hands out in front of them with palms up. After the last lines are read (by Jesus) the actors will turn and quietly walk off stage in single file.

**Woman #1:** These hands. I remember the first time they picked up a drink. *First* it was just to fit in, *then* it was to have fun and get the party started, *then* it was to take the edge off a rough week. But pretty soon I was taking the edge off *every night.* And then suddenly it wasn’t so fun anymore, it wasn’t fun *at all,* especially when these hands got on a steering wheel after a *really* rough week and I was pulled over by a cop for drunk driving. And even now I *still* reach for a drink every single night and my friends think I have a problem and my family won’t talk to me. How can I stop these hands?

**Student:** These hands did something I’m really ashamed of. I was taking a test and it was so hard and I had studied and studied but…I just went blank. So I looked over at Julia’s paper, she *always* gets A’s without even trying, it’s not *fair!* So the next thing I know I’m picking up my pencil and *copying* all her answers. I know it was wrong but…what if I get into trouble because of these hands?

**Man #1:** These hands have led me to places I *never* should have gone…like flipping through *magazines* I never should have looked at. It seemed harmless back in high school but now here I am a middle aged man and its escalated to the *internet.* I can’t seem to help typing in these web addresses when I’m bored or stressed out at the office….I’m *really* a good person but if my boss found out…I *need* to stop but it seems like it’s *all* I think about. How do I erase this from my mind? How am I supposed to restrain these hands?

**Teen girl:** These hands have written things you would *not* believe! Really mean, *horrible* things! When I’m texting or on Facebook or tweeting or whatever it’s like it’s not even *me,* it just seems so *easy* to gossip or lie or lash out at people, it’s like I practically forget they have feelings too! I’ve hurt so many people, even people who considered me *a friend!* And *now* I’m being accused of *cyber* bullying! Is it even possible to change my reputation with these hands…?

**Man #2:** These hands have worked hard as long as I can remember. Odd jobs as a kid, first real job at sixteen, worked my way through college, corporate job practically the day after I graduated…Working hard, that’s a *good* thing right? I mean it’s *admirable* for a man to work long hours to take care of his family so he can give them everything…but somehow those days started earlier and got longer and I’d work later and…and well, I was just trying to get ahead! I was just trying to be the best provider I could be! Now suddenly my family is complaining that I’m *gone* too much, I *travel* too much, I don’t spend enough *time* with them! I mean c’mon, you can’t have it both ways! Looks like all my hard work isn’t paying off, in fact it’s *backfired* and my wife is threatening to leave and take the kids with her. Will I ever be able to make things right with these hands?
Teen boy: These hands...man, I get so angry sometimes I wanna punch someone! Or in this case, something, I broke 4 bones in my hand when I punched a wall. Yeah, dumb, I know, but one minute I’m fine and the next, something will set me off...THIS time it was because some guy was talking to MY girlfriend at a party. I know that sounds like no big deal but it was the way he was talking to her and...well, he’s just lucky I took it out on the wall and not on his face...man, is there something wrong with me? I just can’t control these hands...

Woman #2: These hands...I can still remember the day they held my first credit card! What an incredible feeling, I could just walk in a store and buy anything I wanted just by running a little plastic card through a machine! I mean I started out with good intentions, I would only use it to buy presents for family or friends or to gas up the car or whatever...but then I started getting all these credit card offers and before I knew it I was holding a dozen credit cards and had bills stacked up all around me! Who knew that something so small could cause so much trouble? And then the more debt I had the more I shopped to fight the depression of being in debt! I guess that’s what they call a vicious circle. And now my life is a mess, I feel so empty, all because of these hands...

Jesus: These hands? These hands were nailed to a cross for you. For your every sin, these hands bled...for every wrong word, every wrong thought, every wrong action. These hands can bring healing. These hands can bring forgiveness. These hands can bring victory over every wrong thing that enslaves you. In these hands, you can have life, freedom, closeness with God who created you. You see, I took up your infirmities and carried your sorrows. I was stricken, smitten, and afflicted. I was pierced for your iniquity. The punishment that can bring you peace was upon Me, and by My wounds you are healed. You all, like sheep, have gone astray. Each of you has turned to his own way. And My Father has laid on Me the iniquity of you all. I was assigned a grave with the wicked, though I had done no violence, nor had any deceit in My mouth. Yet, it was My Father’s will to crush Me and cause Me to suffer, and make My life a guilt offering. But the will of the Lord will prosper in My hand. I, the righteous servant, justify many and bore your iniquities. I have poured out my life unto death and was numbered with the transgressors. I bore the sin of many and made intercession for the transgressors. Call on Me! Follow Me! Take My hand.
Good Friday People

Thomas

Peter

Bar

Barabbas

2 Women