



*The Rock is a Youth
Ministry of Ascension
Lutheran Church*

Back To The Tomb

Based on John 20:1-18 & Matt 28:5-12

Doc: Matt Williams
Marty: Michael
DeLorean: Cardboard Box with Foil
Guard 1: Matt Skarshaug (foot bandaged)
Guard 2: Ryan (head bandaged)
Angel 1: Joe
Angel 2: Zach
Mary M.: Peri
Salome Annee
Mary TMOJ: Allee
Peter: Toby
John: Nathan
Jesus: Oliver

Setting: A parody of the 1985 hit movie "Back to the Future."
Marty finds friend Doc and takes a journey with him
in his time machine in search of the tomb of Jesus.

(Play "The Power of Love" music as an introduction.)

Doc: Marty, so glad you're here! Just in time!

Marty: *(Chewing a carrot.)* Eh, what's up Doc?

Doc: I'm getting ready to take the DeLorean back to first
century Palestine.

Marty: Say, what happened to the DeLorean, Doc. It looks
a bit worse for the wear.

Doc: Don't tell anyone, Marty. It's a Prius with a stainless
DeLorean-like body.

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- Marty: Good thing we made the movie in 1985, Doc. So what you looking for in 1st century Palestine?
- Doc: Well, some people think they might have found the tomb of Jesus, so I'm going to see if I can find the actual tomb.
- Marty: Hold it. Don't tell me. Then you'd be able to mark the tomb so when you return to the 21st century you could see if they've identified the right tomb.
- Doc: Precisely!
- Marty: *(To audience.)* And if you followed that, you're way too awake for a Sunrise Service!
- Doc: Quick, get in the car. We don't have any time to lose. The sunrise service is almost over, and if we don't get going...
- Marty: Yeah, yeah, I know. If we don't get going we'll never make it back for Brigitte's delicious Easter Breakfast at 8:00 a.m
- Doc: Exactly! And you never, ever, want to keep Brigitte waiting, right Johannes?

(Marty and Doc get in car. "Power of Love" music plays.)

- Marty: Wow, that was quick. Where are we, Doc?
- Doc: The question is WHEN are we, Marty.
- Marty: Hmm, well it looks like we're in the neighborhood. There's a couple Roman Centurions. *(Marty and Doc get out of car and walk toward Centurions.)*
- Guard 1: So I was cleaning my feet last night, and I was trying to figure out a way of get the mud out from under my big toenail, so I took one of those—what do you call em?

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- Guard 2: Double-edged sword.
- Guard 1: Yeah, that's it. I took my double-edged sword and was working it back and forth, when my hand slipped and...
- Guard 2: I can't ask you to help me count to twenty any more, can I.
- Guard 1: No, 16, 17 at best. Man I hate it when that happens.
- Guard 2: That reminds me of the time I was cleaning the wax out of my ear, so I took one of those—what do you call em?
- Guard 1: Spears?
- Guard 2: Yeah, that's it. I took the spear and was twisting it up and down to see if I could reach a little more wax, when—wouldn't you know it...
- Guard 1: Your wife comes in the room.
- Guard 2: Exactly! My wife comes through the door, which hits the end of the spear, so the spear gets lodged in my head.
- Guard 1: Been there. Done that. Man I hate it when that happens.
- Doc: Pardon me, gentlemen, but we're looking for the tomb of Jesus of Nazareth...
- Guard 2: I didn't do it.
- Guard 1: Yeah, it wasn't our fault. His disciples snuck in and took the body while we were asleep.
- Marty: Sleeping on the job? Say, you guys better come clean or we'll have to report you to your superiors, and you know what they do to guards who neglect their duty. (*Makes slicing action at neck.*)

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- Guard 2: Hey, that's not fair. The chief priests said they'd cover for us.
- Guard 1: Okay, okay. This is what happened. There's this loud rumble, and this bodybuilder—
- Guard 1: Bodybuilder nothing. It was an angel, and there must have been a dozen of 'em! We tried to fight 'em off, but there were just too...
- Guard 2: Fight him off? You're exaggerating again, Ernie!
- Guard 1: Well he handled that stone like an army of men. And his appearance was like lightning and his clothes were a white as snow. I went for my sword and...
- Guard 2: Went for your sword? The only thing we went for was the ground. Ernie, you know you and me both passed out shortly after we saw him.
- Guard 1: Yeah, well the next thing you know I'm fading in and out of my stupor and the big guy is sitting on the rock making some comment about Burt here being a girlie man.
- Guard 2: He was talking about you, Ernie.
- Doc: Great Scott, Marty! We have no time for this.
- Marty: Look, fellas, if you want us to keep quiet so you can keep your reputation and the money the elders gave you, tell us where we can find this tomb.
- Guard 1: Two blocks down on the left. You can't miss it. People have been swarming there all day...

(Marty & Doc walk towards tomb, when Hans & Franz appear wearing Anaheim Angels hats.)

- Marty: Hey, where did you two come from? And where did you get the Angels hats in 1st Century Palestine?

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- Doc: Marty, don't you get it, these are angels, and they have Angels baseball caps because they are not bound to the space-time-continuum like the rest of these people.
- Marty: Either that or they know that wearing a Cubs or Cardinals hat would start a holy war in this congregation.
- Marty: Angels, huh? So what are your names? Michael, Gabriel?
- Angel 1: I am Hans.
- Angel 2: And I am Franz.
- Angels 1 & 2: We came to pump (*clap*) Him up! (*points to heaven.*)
- Marty: Hans and Franz? Earth angels!
- Angel 1: Earth Angel. I really, really, like that song.
- Doc: So you must be the ones who scared the life out of the guards.
- Angel 2: That was Hans. Those girly men could never have survived the presence of both of us.
- Angel 1: Ya, that's for sure.
- Marty: So perhaps you two could direct us to the tomb.
- Angel 1: What is the hang-up you humans have with tombs and graveyards. Why do you look for the living among the dead.
- Angel 2: We're telling you, Jesus is alive, and if you believe in him, you can live, though you die also.
- Angel 1: (*3 women walk by them.*) But if you don't believe us, talk to his followers. They are beginning to understand, and someday will come to a greater understanding when the Holy Spirit comes to them.

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Doc: Great Scott!

Angel 1: No. Great God. Now go hear the witness of his followers. *(Points to the women.)*

(Marty & Doc walk towards tomb. Three women walking ahead of them drop a container of spice, which Marty picks up.)

Marty: Hmm. *(Reading the label.)* Tones spice? Ankeny, Iowa? Go figure. Pardon me, lady, but I think you dropped your spice.

Mary TMOJ: Oh, thank you, but we have no need for that now anyway. Haven't you heard the good news: the Lord has risen from the dead!

Doc: Great Scott! The Lord? Then you know him! You know the man: Jesus of Nazareth?

Mary: Know the man Jesus? Oh, I've known lots of men in my life, and I'm not too proud of that. But this Jesus—oh, he was no man.

Marty: You...you...you must be Mary Magdalene! And you *(looks at Mary TMOJ)* must be Mary the mother of Jesus?

Mary TMOJ: Oh no, you have me confused with the mother of the Lord. No, don't feel bad. I get it all the time. So many Mary's and so few women in the New Testament! Oivey! I'm Mary the mother of James, but you can call me Mary M-T-O-J. They all do.

Salome: We all call her Mary Ma-tage. It sounds French.

Marty: And you, *(looks at Salome)*, you must be the mother of John and James, the wife of Zebedee the fisherman? Don't tell me, don't tell me...Salami.

Salome: Do I look like cold meat. It's pronounced Sa-loam-ey.

Mary M.: I kinda like Salami!

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- Salome: *(Talking with her hands.)* Whatever! That's neither here nor there. So you know my boys James and John, do you? They're good Jewish boys, don't you know. Oh, the Messiah they're not, but they do their best. And better yet, they know the Messiah.
- Marty: Doc! Don't you get it. These are the Spice Girls.
- Marry M.: M&M Spice.
- Mary TMOJ: Ma-tage Spice.
- Salome: And Salome Spice.
- Mary M.: But we really prefer to be called women.
- Mary TMOJ: Speak for yourself, M&M. When you get to be our age, girls is nice. *(To audience.)* Some of you ladies out there can relate to this, can't you?
- Doc: Great Scott! Marty, your right. These are the three women that brought sweet embalming spices to the tomb early on Easter morning to anoint the body of Jesus.
- Marty: So you must know where the tomb is?
- Mary TMOJ: Know where the tomb is? I should say so. Why we were among the first to arrive at the tomb after the angel removed the stone. In fact, the angel was still there after we arrived. And a fine looking young man he was...
- Mary M.: Fine looking young man? Why you nearly had a conniption when you saw him.
- Salome: We all did. And who wouldn't? But after a few remarks about us being afraid girly girls, he was so reassuring. He told us Jesus was gone, and that we should go tell the disciples he was raised from the dead.

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- Marty: And you did tell them didn't you?
- Mary M.: Ah yes, but you know, men. They didn't want to believe the word of a woman. They had to check it out themselves. Why, I told Peter and John...
- Salome: (*Speaks with her hands.*) That's my son, you know. John. Oh, he's not the businessman that his father Zebedee was, but people like him. You know what they call him, don't you? I'll tell you... they call him "The disciple that Jesus Loved".
- Doc: Great Scott! The disciples. Of course. Why you ladies must know where the disciples are, don't you?
- Salome: Oivey! Kids these days, you can hardly keep up with them. Say, did you know my son John out-ran Peter getting to the tomb? Peter. Yeah, it's true.
- Mary M.: There they are. (*Points.*) Johnny! Peter! Come here.
- Salome: Johnny! You come right over here now! (*John & Peter come join the group.*) Johnny, take your hands out of your pockets. Stand up straight.
- John: Mother, you're embarrassing me again.
- Salome: (*To audience.*) Can you blame me. A mother only wants what is best for her child, right? (*Blows her nose and pretends to cry. To John.*) Now, Johnny, I'd like you to meet these...ah...these...I'm sorry but I didn't catch your names.
- Marty: I'm Marty and this is my friend Doc Brown.
- Mary TMOJ: Oh, a Doctor you say! Hmm. You should meet Luke. He's a doctor too.
- Salome: Well, we best be going and leave you men to discuss the big events of the day. What with Jesus being back from the dead and all, I'm sure there are lots of plans you'll be wanting to make for the coming

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kingdom. Bye now. (*Women exit.*)

Doc: So you two are Peter and John. Well, perhaps you could direct us to the tomb.

John: Well, we could. But you guys know there really isn't much there to see anymore

Marty: Not much to see?

Peter: Oh, there's strips of linen laying around that covered the Lord's body before he rose from the dead, but the angels are gone.

John: And the main attraction—Jesus of Nazareth—why you're as likely to run into him out here as you are in the tomb.

(Jesus appears in the DeLorean.)

Jesus: And you're as likely to find him in the 21st century as you are in 1st century Palestine.

John & Peter: Lord!

Marty: So you mean we don't need to locate the tomb, and it doesn't matter if we ever locate just exactly where you were buried.

Jesus: You heard the angel—Why do you look for the living among the dead?

Doc: And we don't need a time machine to find you?

Jesus: Behold, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age.

Marty: And the scriptures, like the book of John, were written...

John: These are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that by believing you may have life in his name.

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Doc: And to find you...

Jesus: Behold, I stand at the door of your heart and knock.
If anyone hears my voice and opens the door I will
come into him.

Peter: Amen. Or in Norwegian...

All: Ya, sure, you betcha.

(Play "The Power of Love" music to conclude.)