

A script from



## “A Snapshot from Good Friday: Centurion”

Script 7

by

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- What** Centurion Longinus had carried out many executions, but this one in particular was unlike any he had ever experienced. **Themes:** Easter, Good Friday, Crucifixion, Purpose, Belief
- Who** Centurion, age 30-50
- When** After crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** Roman Centurion costume  
\*You can find this at your local community theatre or from a costume rental store.
- Why** Matthew 27:54
- How** We found that it worked well when the audience was not told in advance who each character was. The mystery drew them in. This fits well with the other six snapshots from Good Friday. Each feature one of the last sayings of Jesus from the cross.
- The Centurion should be played with a military bearing, but be careful not to cross the line into arrogance. He should be likable, but slightly aloof.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Very matter-of-fact, somber, yet with an undertone of puzzlement.*

**Centurion:** I am not unfamiliar with death. I've spent my life as a soldier in the service of the Empire. Early in my career, there were certainly long periods of time in which not one day passed that I did not see a fellow soldier or an enemy spill out his life blood on the ground.

And of course, for the past year, I've been the commander of this detachment, charged with guarding prisoners and overseeing executions. I've seen the worst of humanity—both among those who die and those who come to watch. It was not an assignment I would have chosen, but when word comes down from on high, a soldier does not question orders.

But today...today I have questions.

It was soldiers under my command who carried out Pilate's order to flog Him. It was soldiers under my command who followed Him through the streets to the Place of the Skull. It was soldiers under my command who tied the ropes and hammered the spikes that held Him to the cross.

And as my soldiers were busy carrying out their orders, it was I, Centurion Longinus, who, on the order of the authorities, nailed the sign above His head.

"This is Jesus," it said, "King of the Jews."

I had heard of Him, of course, heard tell of great wonders and wise teachings from those who followed Him, of rebellion and treason from the authorities of the region. I've heard him called a troublemaker, the Messiah, a rabble-rouser, a Healer, a criminal, and a Savior. How can one know what to believe?

But today... *(pauses, then changes direction suddenly)*

I've heard the last words of dozens, perhaps hundreds of men in my lifetime. I've heard them pleading for mercy, cursing those who sentenced them, even babbling nonsense.

Today...today I, obedient soldier Longinus, saw a death like none I've ever witnessed.

The sun had hidden itself for several hours by the time He died. The world felt...strange...uneasy, draped in a shadow of death. And when He died, the uneasiness erupted into chaos—it rumbled and quaked, and we struggled to keep our footing.

I would remember all of that, no doubt. But what I will remember even more, are the words I'd heard Him speak just before the moment of death. He turned His face to the sky and cried out,

"Father, into Your hands I commit My Spirit."

*(Pause)* Why did He look to heaven and call upon his father? Just who was He talking to?

It disturbs me. I've never seen someone die like that...no fear...just...purpose. And meaning.

The world shook today. *My world* shook today.

Jesus? King of the Jews? Soldiers are not trained for discussions of royalty. But surely: this man was the Son of God.

And I'm left with one question: What now?

*Lights fade.*

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