

A script from



## **"An Easter Carol"**

by  
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- What** A new spin on an old classic. Years after the crucifixion, a Centurion is visited by three people in a dream and learns that forgiveness is just a prayer away.  
**Themes:** Easter, Jesus, Cross, Crucifixion, Forgiveness, Salvation
- Who** Marcus  
Man  
Woman  
Jesus
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** Cot made to look like a Centurion's bed  
Bible costumes for all characters  
Centurion's armor- check with your local community theatre
- Why** 1 John 1:9; Isaiah 1:18; 2 Corinthians 5:17
- How** Keep the scenes moving and stay on top of queues. Keep the dialogue conversational and be careful not to overact.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

### **Scene 1**

*Lights up. There's a cot/bed on a stage. One man stands alone and is preparing for bed. His name is **Marcus** and he is dressed like a Centurion. He begins removing his armor or shoes, just anything to show that he is winding down before bed. Sitting on a shelf is a bowl of water and he uses it to clean his face and hands and lays down. He does this silently.*

**Marcus:** Lord...God...Jesus. I'm sorry. I'm so bad at this. I don't know what name to call you. I can barely get up the nerve to mention your name at all. I don't know how to do any of this. *(Pause)* Sometimes, I wonder if me believing in you just wasn't meant to be. Not just a few short years ago, I helped carry out your crucifixion and yet here I am now, calling out for you.

*Pause.*

**Marcus:** It's probably for the better that I'm so bad at this. After everything I've done...how could I possibly be one of yours?

*Rolls over in his cot / bed. Lights fade to black.*

### **Scene 2**

*Wind chimes sound. **Marcus** is talking in his sleep.*

**Marcus:** No, mother. I cleaned the chariot last time. It's his turn.

**Man:** Wake up, Marcus.

*Marcus shoots up.*

**Marcus:** What is it? What is it? Who are you? What's going on?

**Man:** Relax, relax. So sorry to wake you.

**Marcus:** How did you get in here?

**Man:** I could explain, but that would just present more questions. Suffice it to say, I'm here to see you.

**Marcus:** Me?

**Man:** Yes, Marcus. We used to know each other. It was brief, but we knew each other well.

**Marcus:** (Stares blankly for a few beats) Oh yeah. You're...uh..the..uh...guy... oh yeah. Totally remember you. So great seeing you again...guy.

**Man:** You don't recognize me do you?

**Marcus:** I'm so bad with names.

**Man:** And faces.

**Marcus:** And faces. I'm bad with a lot of things these days.

**Man:** I get the feeling you aren't just talking about faces and names.

**Marcus:** Sorry, what are you doing in my house, again?

**Man:** Marcus, do you consider yourself a bad man?

**Marcus:** Listen, I'm don't know who you think I am, but I'm a centurion. And I don't know if you are familiar with centurions, but as a standard policy, people don't mess with us and they certainly don't show up unannounced in our homes in the middle of the night...

**Man:** I mean you no harm Marcus. That's not why I'm here. Besides me, there will be 2 other visitors you will meet tonight and we are all here to help you. I am the first visitor.

**Marcus:** Okay, I think it's time for you to leave (gets up to confront Man #1).

**Man:** Know what you did, Marcus and it's ok. (This freezes Marcus). I know how that memory makes it so hard for you and I want to help.

**Marcus:** What do you know about how I feel?

**Man:** We all have pasts, my friend. I'm just as ashamed for my transgressions as you are for yours.

**Marcus:** What did you do?

**Man:** I was dishonorable. I disgraced my family and myself as a thief.

**Marcus:** A simple thief? That's hardly anything close to what I've done. Do you even have a clue to the things I've done? I've killed people, Friend. A great many and one of them may have been the Son of God. I don't mean to minimize your plight, but I was responsible for crucifying the Christ. That's much different than stealing from the marketplace.

**Man:** I know that seemingly my transgressions are nothing compared to yours, but in the sight of Christ, they are all the same, Marcus. We are all the same and he endured that crucifixion so that he could pay the price

for all our sins. Even the worst person you can imagine, even they are covered under Christ's blood, Marcus.

*Wind chimes sound. The stage darkens where **Man** is leaving **Marcus** sitting in his bed alone.*

**Marcus:** But I am the worst person I can imagine and I don't know how God could love me for what I did.

*He lays back down into bed.*

### **Scene 3**

*Wind chimes sound. **Marcus** is talking in his sleep.*

**Marcus:** Mom! I don't need a bath. I bathed three weeks ago!

**Woman:** Marcus. Wake up!

***Marcus** startles awake.*

**Marcus:** *(Trying to make sense of things)* You are a lady. *(Pause)* And you are in my home.

**Woman:** These things are true. They told me you were an astute one. I'm your second visitor, Marcus so listen up. I don't have much time with you.

**Marcus:** Who are you?

**Woman:** They said you wouldn't recognize me.

**Marcus:** Who said that? Who are all these they people? And why do people keep showing up in my house?

**Woman:** A question for another time, Boy. Why won't you accept God's forgiveness? You are familiar with the concept, yes?

**Marcus:** Of course I am.

**Woman:** Well then why do you continue to refuse it?

**Marcus:** Because I'm having a hard time believing it. It seems like a nice thing to say and talk about, but in practical terms, am I to really believe that someone like me is forgivable?

**Woman:** It seems like a strange thing to quibble with.

**Marcus:** How do you mean?

**Woman:** Marcus, do you believe that God is the sovereign Lord of the universe?

**Marcus:** I do.

**Woman:** Do you believe that He is omnipotent and omnipresent?

**Marcus:** I do.

**Woman:** So despite believing these things, these mind-bending things, you don't believe that this God who transcends reason and understand could also forgive you? That's the one thing that bothers you about this whole equation? Not the infinite nature of who he is or anything like that?

*Two pages have been omitted from this preview copy. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at [SkitGuys.com](http://SkitGuys.com)!*

**ENDING:**

**Jesus:** This man was with me the day I was crucified. (*Man steps next to Jesus and Jesus places his arm around him*) In fact, he was crucified too, but he repented. Now, he spends every day in paradise with me. And do you know what? He forgives you.

*Man steps back and Woman steps forward, where Jesus places his arm around her.*

**Jesus:** This, Marcus, is my mother, Mary. She watched me die and she watched your involvement in it. And do you know what? She also forgives you.

*Mary steps forward and hugs Marcus. Jesus follows after her and hugs him as well. He keeps him close and places his hands on Marcus's shoulders.*

*Wind chimes sound.*

**Jesus:** Marcus, you are loved. You are forgiven. And you are worthy. Don't let these nails bind you anymore (*Jesus hands him the nails that Marcus used to mount him to the cross.*)

*Lights go dark.*

**Scene 5**

*Marcus is talking in his sleep.*

**Marcus:** Mom, we're out of papyrus! How am I supposed to finish my Oratory homework without papyrus? Mom!

***Marcus** slowly wakes up. Then he shoots up from bed remembering all the happenings from last night.*

**Marcus:** What a wonderful dream. It felt so real, but it was still so very encouraging. Lord, I pray thanks to you for blessing me with such a rich and reassuring dream. I thank you for hope and for love and for forgiveness, Father. Even in the face of awful, terrible things. Amen. I think I'll fetch some papyrus and ink and write down...

*He gets up to get out of bed, but when he does, 4 nails tumble out, clanging onto the floor. Slowly, **Marcus** stares at them and picks them up. He looks at them deeply so that both he and the audience can understand what they are. Fade to black.*