

“Believe: Pontius Pilate”

by
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What As the man who condemned Jesus to death on a cross, Pilate reflects on his experience. Jesus challenged his power but refused to answer to the charges against Him. Pilate saw Jesus die, and later saw an empty tomb. While he won't call himself a believer, he knows that he is the one responsible for Jesus' crucifixion.

Themes: Good Friday, Regret, Belief, Resurrection, Easter

Who Pontius Pilate

When Bible times with modern twist

**Wear
(Props)** Pilate is dressed in shirt, tie, and slacks.
Leather chair, as if he is in an office.

Why Matthew 27

How Pilate wears the past on his face, in his eyes. He's a shadow of who he used to be. As you prepare to perform this monologue, take some time to go back over the events of what he is describing, even acting it out, so that you can get a better understanding of the feelings and emotions of what he experienced that day.

For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch “Believe: Pontius Pilate” at SkitGuys.com.

Time Approximately 3 minutes

Pontius Pilate wears the past on his face, in his eyes. He's a shadow of who he used to be.

Pilate: I worked hard for power. Played the game well. Did all the necessary bidding. Compromised here and there—with the promise for a greater good on the other side. I earned my power.

Beat

Jesus didn't seem to agree with me. The day He stood before me, I felt pity for him at first glance.

Beat

He was quiet, unassuming...unsettling to be around. He challenged my power—privately, I might add—in a way no one ever had, and certainly no one whose life hung in my hands. He looked me right in the face and said, "You wouldn't have any authority over me if it hadn't been given to you from above."

Quietly awed at the memory.

The crowd charge him of a laundry list of crimes. I demanded to know if the charges were true. The guards jeered for the fun of it. And there he stood, the whole world against him, and felt no need to answer any of us. And that's when I knew—this is what they were afraid of, what they were willing to turn the whole city upside down for.

Beat

I saw the blood pool at his feet. His eye swelled shut. His lip split right here—

Points to it on his own lip.

Three days later...that tomb was empty. And my city filled up with angry mobs, conspiracy theorists and...believers.

This has haunted him for years.

I don't call myself a believer. But I know one thing to be true...

Desperation in his eyes.

There's not enough water in the world to wash my hands clean of this.

He is overcome with emotion as lights fade.