

IN HIS SHOES

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: One of the Roman guards who cast lots for Jesus' clothing relates his encounter with the teacher from Galilee.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: As with all monologues, it may be helpful for the actor to mentally choose a receiver who Marcus is speaking to and why—in order to keep his delivery focused.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Crucifixion, Resurrection, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: John 19:16-42, Matthew 27:33-28:20

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Sermon Introduction

CHARACTERS:
MARCUS

PROPS: A small pouch of money

COSTUMES: Biblical

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

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IN HIS SHOES *by Scott Crain*

Lights up on MARCUS, his eyes downcast.

MARCUS: I'm wearing his shoes. The teacher from Galilee. The one we put up three days ago. We cast lots for his clothes—everything the man was wearing—and I ended up with his shoes.

He frowns down at the sandals on his feet.

Not the best end of the deal, really. The man had a beautiful tunic, woven all in one piece, with no seams, but Lucius got that. I've never been lucky with rolling the bones. Never been lucky at much of anything, really.

He sighs.

I don't make trouble. As a soldier, I learned long ago that the nail that sticks up is the first one to get hammered down, so I keep my head low and do as I'm told.

Maybe that's why they give me jobs like this one. Crucifixion detail. It takes a certain kind of man, you see, to kill another, especially in this way. It's not like on the battlefield, when it's kill or be killed. Execution's a whole different animal. And crucifixion, well...

Let's just say it's not for the faint of heart.

I heard someplace that crucifixion is such an agonizing experience, there wasn't even a word strong enough in our language to accurately describe it. It's why they invented the word "excruciating". From the Latin "ex cruce", meaning "out of the cross".

Spreads his hands.

Anyway. The trick is, to not think of the prisoners as people. Real people, with friends and families and dreams of their own.

If you're going to nail someone to a piece of wood and then watch while they slowly suffocate and bleed to death, you have to think of them as an animal. Like maybe as a sheep being slaughtered. Something like that. That's how I do it, at least.

So when they told me to nail the Nazarene to the cross and wait with the others until he was dead, I didn't think twice. It's not my job to think.

I didn't think about what he could've done to make the Jewish priests so angry.

Didn't think about why the inscription over his head called him the "King of the Jews".

Didn't think about why a man who dedicated his life to healing and helping people needed to die in such a brutal way.