

## THE CHRISTMAS SOLDIER

by Stephen D. Larson

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** A Roman soldier finishes his watch and wakes an innkeeper for some food and to tell him of an unusual experience he just had that involved some shepherds and a newborn baby in a manger.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Encourage your actor not to go overboard with the SOLDIER's anger and disgust—keeping his irritation as genuine as possible will make his account of the Christ child all the more effective.

**TIME:** Over 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Christmas, Biblical Times

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Luke 2:1-20

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Christmas

**SUGGESTED USE:** Worship Service, Christmas Service

**CHARACTERS:** ROMAN SOLDIER

**PROPS:** Crude table and chair/bench, ancient oil lamp (optional), goblet and wine jug, round loaf of bread

**COSTUMES:** Roman soldier of the first century

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone; loud "door knocking" sound effect.

**LIGHTING:** General stage; could be a little dim to suggest the lamp-lit interior of an inn

**SETTING:** An inn in Bethlehem

### Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com  
www.DramaMinistry.com  
ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of  
**Belden Worship Resources**  
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: **Regi Stone**

Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

Copyright ©2011 by Drama Ministry. Material is intended for use by the subscriber in the subscriber's local church. With the exception of scripts, no issue may be reproduced by any means. As a subscriber, you may make as many copies of scripts as needed in your church only. You may perform the sketch as often as you wish at no additional cost. Scripts and performance rights are not transferable between churches and cannot be resold. You may not use the sketch for any commercial or fundraising purpose, and usage rights do not extend to video, radio, television or film.

## THE CHRISTMAS SOLDIER *by Stephen D. Larson*

*At the opening the stage is set as an inn circa 0 AD—for this is the night of Christ's birth. There is a rude table and a chair to sit on. There is a loaf of bread and a jug of wine with a goblet on the table. We hear a loud knocking at the door. After a few moments, the door opens and a ROMAN SOLDIER enters. He speaks to an unseen innkeeper.*

**Roman Soldier:** It's about time you opened that door! When a man is hungry, don't keep him waiting! Don't act like you don't understand me. I may have only been here a few months, but I've learned enough of your gibberish to make myself understood. I don't care what time of the night it is! I just got off my watch and I'm hungry!

*The SOLDIER seats himself at the table and removes his helmet, placing it on the table. He pours some wine and picks up the bread.*

Is this all you have? Bring me some real food. *(Wiping off the table)* Dirty, disgusting country. I don't know how you can live here. Hot as Hades in the day, freezing at night. Dust, insects, rocks. What did I ever do to deserve getting sent to this godforsaken place? *(He tears off a hunk of bread and wolfs it down.)*

You don't like us much, do you? Fair enough. I don't like you, either, you or your stinking country. You don't want us here and I don't want to be here. But that's the way it is, so we might as well make the best of a bad situation, eh?

You, at least, should be grateful to us, though. You're an innkeeper, right? You rely on travelers for your business. And what made the roads safe for travel? *(He draws his sword, stabbing it into the table.)* Roman iron, that's what. Every bandit in this country knows that, if he's caught, he'll either be gutted on the spot or hung out to rot on a cross. That's why you should be grateful we're here, to keep you and your countrymen safe from the rest of you and your countrymen.

*(He sighs wearily.)* Gods! I'll be glad when this census is over. Don't look so disgusted, Innkeeper. It's no inconvenience to you. In fact, it's just another reason you should be grateful. All these extra people coming to town just means more business for you.

Yeah, I don't know what you've got to complain about. At least you're home. My home is more than a thousand miles away. You should see Rome, Innkeeper, though I doubt you ever will. Fine buildings, real roads, fountains, temples. You may think the world of this little town of yours, but it's no Rome... *(Snorts derisively)* This isn't even Jerusalem.

*(Looking around)* That your wife and kid asleep in the corner there? Nice looking boy... for a Jew. When I got my orders to leave Rome, I had to leave my wife behind. She just found out she was pregnant, too. Our first child. She was due this month, in fact. I could be a father and not even know it.