

## Soldier's Guilt ©

Written by CurrentDaySoldier

**Theme:** The memories of the soldier who carried out Herod's instructions, performed the wishes of the Romans, the uncommitted and, (especially and unbelievably), those in the church. He who, with pleasure, satisfaction and cold-hearted skill, took the "preparing" of the Nazarene itinerant preacher for crucifixion upon a cruel cross. The soldier who, more than even the nominal "followers" of Jesus, saw in Jesus' actions and the absence of reaction, the clear message: "Truly this was the Son of God!" The Roman soldier was there in his role as a "peacekeeper."  
This riveting drama written by an anonymous current day "peacekeeper."

**Cast:** 1 (monologue)

**Bible Reference:** Isaiah 53:5

**Set:** bare

**Sound:** wireless mic

**Song:** Were You There When They Crucified My Lord, attributed to Old Plantation Hymn listings in 1899, (available in many locations online [such as](#))

**Costumes:** traditional or contemporary

**Props:** none

**Special Instructions:** optional song "Were You There" played at the end to darkened stage. Optionally portions of the song may be played at intervals through the piece.

**Time:** 9, (12+ with song)

**Script:**

*actor comes onstage*

I knew this was going to be the peak of my career.

I knew I was at best a little above average from day 1. Herod would never let me be an executioner so I was the one who "prepared" those who would be executed.

Why me? Well I was born from some pretty hardy stock. 6' 230lbs and in that time I was a big man. Not a giant and there were bigger and stronger but Herod saw that I was always giving it everything I had.

I never backed down.

I made my prisoners wish for death.

**SONG:** Optionally a chorus of "Were You There"

I'm rambling. Maybe you don't get it.

My point is that from 15 years old my lot in life was to learn how to fight and beat prisoners, and I was good at both. I did as I was told to do and I did it well. I never paid attention to their screams or the blood on the floor that I often slipped in myself. We had 3 choices, the whip, the rod, or my personal favourite the cat o nine tails . . .

Or as I call it The Cat. That thing was savage. Sure I was good with the whip and could leave some good welts or even make him bleed. Rods, well let's just say it would be like having rocks hurled at you. My partner was able to break bones but he was a monster even by Roman standards.

But The Cat. That was a work of art. Whoever created it needs a medal. In fact the guy who did was actually promoted to executioner. And that is a weapon of torture that can't be beat.

It was like any other day and we got our orders. This time Herod actually specifically said don't kill him but make it severe. Fine line but I can do that. What he did I don't care. Who he is I don't care. His blood will mess up like anyone else's. And I will look like the hero for doing what I'm good at.

He walked out and knelt at the post. Tough guy eh? When everyone else comes out it takes 2 of us to hold him and 1 to tie his wrists. Nobody does this . . . he will pay dearly for thinking this will be a cake walk.

SONG:            Optionally a chorus "We're Here There"

He knelt down, removed his own robe, and put his wrists on the clamps.

This was the guy who was a carpenter.

He was close to my size. He had monster hands. Typical carpenter. His arms and back showed the muscle of 25 years of manual labour.

I had been about a block down the road when he started turning towards the temple. I remembered thinking then, that will be one wicked fight. I either have to deal with him-he's crazy. . . . Crazy is a whole different fight. I've been taught to fight. But he had this thing about him that it didn't matter what happened to him, it was about something bigger. So when I see him kneel down and allow himself to be tied up I can't help but breathe a small sigh of relief.

He's tied up, now the fun begins.

What will it be for this carpenter who dared to think it will be easy. Should we go straight to my favourite or get there. We have all afternoon and like Herod said "make it severe!"

HAHA!

Herod's the boss!

We grab rods and he stands up.

Is he actually pulling this nonsense with me. . . taunting me to the point of standing up and daring me to do this. . . . He has no clue who I am or what's about to happen.

Then the oddest thing.

He looks up and whispers something to who knows who.

Like I said he's crazy!

We take turns and in my anger I lay that rod into his back harder than I've ever beaten anyone before!

The welts are as thick as my thumb and I can hear his agony!

Good thing. . . !

This will teach him for pushing the limits with me.

SONG:            Optionally a chorus of "Were You There"

*(pause, from this point actor loses some bravado, speaks more slowly with pauses)*

But . . . he's still standing . . . how?

Well, nobody said that a beating has to be restricted to his back and if he won't get down I'll make it happen myself. A few good rods on the back of his legs and he was down where he needed to be. Now we can get on with it. Partner and I both had enough of this and laid into him like animals.

Finally the boss said stop.

Good thing I was losing my breath. He was passed out and covered in bruises.

That had to be what Herod meant when he said "severe."

But what is going on?

I'm still coughing up a lung and this time the carpenter starts to move.

He's on his knees and now on his feet. I can't see those bruised muscles and I have can't understand why or how stood up after that.

How dare he?

Does he not realize what else I can do to him?!

Now it's on!

Now I'm going to finish this once and for all.

It's time for The Cat!

Cat's hooks not all that long but those hooks on the end will tear flesh with every hit. Now he will . . . pay!

As always we start on his back. It's not long before it looks like shredded beef. That 25 years of muscle will never work for him again. My face and arms are covered in his blood . . .

Covered in his blood, *(slowly and with emotion)* . . .

This was not a routine job for me now.

Now it's personal.

SONG:            Optionally a chorus of "Were You There"

*(pauses, thinks, more unsure)*

But . . .

Really what else can we do?

The boss looks at him, then at us, . . . and must want to go over Herod's head . . . because he tells us to flip him over and do the same thing to his chest.

