## His Last Words

Words and Music by **Ruth Elaine Schram** 



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## MONOLOGUE: SOLDIER

Soldier turns to face congregation. If desired, he may have a long purple cloak or garment over his arm, positioned so that a seamless section will be visible to congregation when held up.

All other characters freeze in position.

(harshly, with disgust) I've put lots of men on crosses, and I never get used to it. It's one of those parts of my job as a soldier that I do because I have to do it. No questions asked. But the sounds, the sights, the smell (shaking head, turning up nose)...it's disgusting.

(without emotion) A wretched way to die, too...miserable. But, (harrumph) murderers and thieves don't deserve anything less.

(looking at priest[s and angry mob]) These people must hate this man in the middle. I wonder what he ever did to them. (beginning to soften slightly) Doesn't really look like a thief or a murderer, but, then, you never can tell.

(more emotive) Had this really nice robe, too, (holding up robe and admiring it) woven in one piece from top to bottom. We split up his other clothes among us—the tunic, the sandals and his other garments. But this cloak! It's a beauty, almost regal. We decided rather than rip it up, we would \*bet on it. (pausing, smiling slyly, adding a tiny "ha" laugh if desired) And, I won.

(*looking down, thoughtfully; sighing*) I've forgotten most of the other men that have died here. But I don't think I'll ever forget this one. He seems...more than innocent... righteous somehow. (*speculatively*) I wonder what he did to these people.

Soldier turns back to scene.

Characters resume action, focusing attention on cross.

\*If desired, Soldier may say "cast lots for it" rather than "bet on it."

## Father, Forgive Them

SAB

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