

A script from



“The Transformation of a Roman Centurion”

by
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- What** This skit takes an extreme look at how someone struggles with changing the essence of who they are. (Themes: Change, Mercy, Grace, Easter)
- Who** Sam, RC
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** One bench. Sam dressed casually and the Roman Centurion decked out with a breastplate, sword, and Roman helmet. The degree of commitment to the authenticity of the wardrobe can vary, but the essential message needs to imply of the character’s “Centurion-ness.”
- Why** Many of us feel cemented into our lives and lifestyles by our histories or habits. We mistakenly feel unworthy of God’s grace and we spend our time trying to find our place among life’s consolation prizes. But if a Roman Centurion can realize the renewing gift of Christ’s salvation, how can we not?
- How** “Roman Centurion” should play his role as though he is an actual centurion. There should be a gruffness to his mannerisms and something of a cultural disconnect.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

*The scene begins with a **Roman Centurion** sitting alone on a bench. His sword and helmet are sitting beside him. He is obviously in despair and holds his head in his hands.*

Sam approaches the bench.

Sam: *(Slows and quietly inspects the sitting **Centurion**)* Roman Centurion? Is that you?

RC: *(Looks up and quickly wipes his eyes as though he has been crying. He sniffs loudly before speaking and clears his throat)* Who's there? *(Draws his sword or makes some other aggressive movement)* What say you?

Sam: *(Shuffles backwards)* Whoa, whoa. Sorry! I didn't mean to scare you. *(Pause. Moves towards the **RC** with great concern)* Are you ok?

RC: Of course I'm ok. *(Say with great pride and conviction)* I'm a Centurion. I'm a leader of men and a warrior.

Sam: Then why have you been crying?

RC: These aren't tears. They....uh....are....my eyes were actually sweating.

Sam: Like your eyeballs were sweating?

RC: Exactly.

Sam: I don't think you have sweat glands on your eyeballs. That seems counterproductive, don't you think? It would seem like the sweat would make it difficult to....

RC: *(Seems to concede the point)* Who am I kidding, Sam? You're right. I've been weeping like a midwife.

Sam: Why is that?

RC: I just...it's just...I don't know. You wouldn't understand.

Sam: *(Sits down beside the **Centurion**)* Try me.

RC: It's just so hard being a Centurion. Especially nowadays. Sure, come Easter, everyone wants me so they can tell the crucifixion story. I'm not gonna lie, I get a rush out of yelling "CRUCIFY HIM!" but what about the other 364 days?

Sam scoots over slightly, as if in an effort to avoid an impending lightning bolt.

Sam: Surely you have other things you do outside of being a Centurion?

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- RC:** *(Looks annoyed)* Sam, you don't just turn the centurion switch on and off. You think I can just get rid of this animosity and hatred on command? Wrong. Here's what calms me down: Wheel of Fortune, pancakes, and Nicholas Sparks' The Notebook. In that order.
- Sam:** I didn't realize that being a Roman Centurion was that comprehensive. Have you thought about seeking out job markets with a need for your skill?
- RC:** Now that you mention it, I have tried party entertaining.
- Sam:** Party entertaining? You kinda went the other way there, huh?
- RC:** Yes. But among the torturers and executioners, I'm known as quite the comedian.
- Sam:** I wouldn't have guessed that. How does that usually play out?
- RC:** Not great. The 6 – 12 year old demographic doesn't really *(air quotations made with hands)* get me.
- Sam:** That is shocking.
- RC:** I've also tried selling Arbonne.
- Sam:** Wait, what? Arbonne?
- RC:** Yes. I've been told that I have gentle way about me underneath this gruff exterior.
- Sam:** So that translates to selling makeup?

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