

BEHOLD, the LAMB of GOD

By Arthur Bounds

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STORY

A Roman captain, unusually worn, weary, and affected from witnessing Jesus' crucifixion, questions several villagers by a well. An old man, a woman, a child - they all knew and loved Jesus. The captain even meets the centurion who pierced Jesus' side while on the cross, a man now horrified by his own actions. When a young woman rushes in to tell the news of the resurrection, the Roman captain bows down and declares, "He was ... no, he is the son of God." A play which shows the power and the promise of the season.

PLAYING TIME: Approx. 25 minutes.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 m, 4 w)

**ROMAN CAPTAIN
OLD MAN
OLD WOMAN
ROMAN SOLDIER
WOMAN AT THE WELL
BOY
BOY'S MOTHER
WOMAN AT THE TOMB**

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TIME: Jerusalem at the time of Christ.

SETTING: The village square, a stone well is CS.

COSTUMES: Traditional Middle East dress/ Roman uniforms.

PROPERTIES: A well; two water jugs; a lance; sword and helmet for Roman Captain.

LIGHTING and SOUND: As indicated in script - hammering, thunder, a rooster crowing and suggested music.

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(BEFORE CURTAIN: In the darkness we hear the sounds of turmoil, cries of anguish, and blows of hammering of nails.)

VOICE: *(Offstage.)* Father, into your hands I commit my spirit.

(There are cries of anguish, a loud CLAP of thunder and the SOUND of an earthquake. Then there is silence.)

VOICE: *(Offstage.)* Behold - the lamb of God!

(AT RISE: It is early morning, a rooster crows in the background. From SL, an elderly MAN enters, rubbing his eyes and stretching. He walks toward the well.)

OLD MAN: Ah, my bones do ache today. *(Looks about.)*
How good it is to hear the usual sounds once again.
Even that old rooster sounds good to my old ears. After three days of turmoil and then that terrible crucifixion...
(Shakes HIS head.) I am getting to an age when I need peace and tranquillity.

(From SR, a ROMAN CAPTAIN appears, walking slowly towards the well.)

OLD MAN: Oh, I cannot avoid him now. He saw me. Oh well. *(Loudly.)* And good morning to you, mighty soldier of Rome. At last it is over, eh?

CAPTAIN: *(Wearily.)* Yes, it is over and I hope that I never go through something like that again. A battle is one thing, but this ...

OLD MAN: *(Laughs.)* Perhaps it is getting too much even for the likes of you. All this killing. Three of them were killed that day, huh? And that good man Jesus ... he is dead.

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CAPTAIN: Odd that you should refer to him as that good man. That was my exact thought during his final hour. *(Looks around to see if anyone overhead HIS comment.)* At least from what I could see he was a good man. He wasn't armed, had no army to command ... oh, maybe a dozen or so men who walked by his side, but to no avail were they. Not like the other two that hung along side of him.

OLD MAN: And that Barabbas, an out-and-out thief he was, and he was let go. *(Spits.)*

CAPTAIN: *(With a shrug.)* That was the peoples' wish.

OLD MAN: *(Moving closer to the ROMAN CAPTAIN.)* And the people always get their wish, huh? It was those chief priests that swayed the crowd.

CAPTAIN: Enough of your spouting, old one. It is all over with ... and yet I still have an uneasy feeling about everything that has happened here. I have been a legionnaire for many years, but this was the worst I ever had to witness. I had no involvement, mind you, but ... well, no matter. It is done and life goes on.

OLD MAN: And so it goes. Today dawned just as it always does. I have to tend to my sheep and you to your soldiering. Life does go on.

CAPTAIN: If you had been there ... were you there by any chance? There was such a crowd.

OLD MAN: I did not want to be there ... I have seen these crucifixions many times.

CAPTAIN: So have I. But never like this. He was treated like a common criminal. And when he cried out the sky turned black. There was thunder. And the very earth shook beneath my feet. *(Looks down at the ground.)*

OLD MAN: *(Looking up at the sky.)* Well, that was days ago. The sky appears to be its usual self this morning. Blue ... clear as always. So you see, nothing has changed.

(TWO WOMEN, supporting a GRIEVING WOMAN in their center, slowly enter from USR.)

End of Freeview

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