“Do You Hear?”
by
David J. Swanson

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What</th>
<th>A man is followed by a sound that impacts him every time he commits a sin. Themes: Easter, Sin, Crucifixion, Cross</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Who</td>
<td>Actor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When</td>
<td>Present</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wear (Props)</td>
<td>SFX: Hammer hitting a nail</td>
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<tr>
<td>Why</td>
<td>Isaiah 53:5, 1 John 2:2</td>
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<tr>
<td>How</td>
<td>This will take some practice with whomever is running the SFX. It's possible to also have someone offstage, or even onstage for that matter, with a hammer and nail. Just make sure that it's loud enough to make an impact. You want the sound to almost echo throughout your space.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td>Approximately 4 minutes</td>
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Actor comes center stage in a pool of light. Everything else is dark or very dim. Actor can be any age, but his voice is that of a 30 year old male. He is dressed casually. He speaks slowly and calmly at first, giving plenty of room to ramp up at the end. He addresses the audience directly.

Actor: Do you ever hear that sound? Do you know what I mean? That sound, every so often, when you’re not thinking about it. Shhh. Listen. (Pause). I don’t hear it right now, but it’s like a clink, or a krink. Kind of like a

SFX: Hammer hitting a big nail.

Yeah. That’s it. Do you ever hear that?

At first, I didn’t know what it was. It was part of the noise that makes up my everyday life. It was faint. Sometimes barely perceptible. Some people go their whole lives without hearing it.

The first time I heard it, I was driving. For some reason I didn’t have the radio on and it was just me and my thoughts alone in the quiet of my car. I was driving along, doing about 45. And then some guy, I don’t know what he was thinking, he pulls out in front of me and then sits there at like 10 miles an hour. I slam on my brake and I’m like “You stupid-“

SFX: Hammer hitting a big nail.

I didn’t even get the next word out of my mouth. I thought it, and I heard-

SFX: Hammer hitting a big nail.

The next time I was at Wal-Mart. I had like a whole cart of stuff. Usually I just buy whatever I can carry, ’cause… I’m a guy. Anyway, this time, I’ve got a ton of stuff. So imagine my surprise when the clerk forgot to ring up the big bag of mulch I had in the bottom of my cart. Just totally forgot. She handed me my receipt and told me to have a nice day. I knew she missed it. I thought about saying something but then just… left. As I crossed the threshold of the door-

SFX: Hammer hitting a big nail.

Curious. Another time, I was having dinner with my wife. The waitress was kind and also attractive. I started to stare just a little longer than I-

SFX: Hammer hitting a big nail.

At work, when I was reading the Yahoo front page instead of working-
When I dismissed my kids when they wanted to talk-

Whenever I did something that I knew I shouldn’t, I’d hear that sound. Eventually I realized I was hearing it daily, sometimes multiple times a day. That sound. That ever present sound. Every time, without fail.

Then I went to an Easter service a few years back. They were recreating Good Friday in a passion play. The actor playing Jesus, bloody and torn, laid upon the cross, and a Roman soldier grabbed a huge spike and a heavy iron hammer, placed it in Jesus’ wrist and (makes motion of hammer and nail)

Again, the soldier drew back the hammer and

It was the same sound! Every sin I’d committed, every impure thought, every time I’d turned my back on God.

It wasn’t the Roman soldier who put Jesus on that cross. It wasn’t the Jews or Pilate. It wasn’t Satan. It was me who put Him on that cross! And I drove each one of the spikes myself! I did that! He died… for me.

Do you ever hear that sound? It’s faint. Do you ever hear that sound, every so often, when you’re not thinking about it?

Blackout