

A script from



“Though He Crush Me”

A Good Friday Sketch

by

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SYNOPSIS

Though He Crush Me is a surprising conversation between Christ and the devil moments before the Crucifixion.

This short play is a great illustration tool for teachers and communicators alike and serves as a powerful exploration of the enormous personal stakes and sacrifice for Christ as he goes to the cross. With his hands tied behind his back and about to face his greatest challenge yet, Christ is Intimidated and belittled by the devil who appears to make him doubt the divine plan. But Christ turns the conversation, and the devil, on their head with a powerful argument at the genius and wisdom of Heaven.

Though He Crush Me is certain to make audiences look at the story of Good Friday with new eyes.

WHO

Man
Dark Figure

PROPS

2 Chairs or Stools for both actors
Costumes can be black or neutral
Rope
Leather Gloves

HOW

Lighting can be kept simple. This is an advanced script for actors who are more experienced. We also recommend that this be directed by an experienced director.

TIME

Approximately 13 minutes

Lights up. A Man in white sits on a chair. His hands are tied behind his back. He stares at a Dark Figure.

Dark Figure: What? Why are you looking at me like that?

Man: You really think you'll win?

Dark Figure: Yes.

Man: You were blind from the beginning. What was it that distorted your vision? (*Laughs*).

The Dark Figure strikes the Man hard across the face.

Man: You really think you'll win.

Dark Figure: I already have. Look at you. Your arms are bound. You go to your death. They will beat you, strip you of your clothes. Skin your hide from your bones and nail you to that tree. You'll hurt so bad you'll cry for that wench you call mother. And she'll be there, with you. Watching. Weeping at the foot of your cross, covered in your blood, powerless to do a single thing, crying (*sarcastically*) "my son."

I don't think I'll win. I know I have.

Man: And what of the prophecies? A victorious Messiah? A world without the darkness you bring. What of those?

Dark Figure: What of them? I've got you in the grip of my hands. I could crush you right now if I wanted to.

But I won't.

I want it to hurt. To slowly drain the blood from your body until you beg for mercy. Your prophets will be proven false the moment you die. All the hope for your imagined world will die with you.

Man: (*Surprised*) You really think you'll win.

Dark Figure: Stop saying that! Wait a minute. Yes. I see. You're starting to believe it yourself. Starting to taste the bitterness of reality. Your little pipe dream.

Man: I came to this world to die.

Dark Figure: Well, we're a perfect team then, you and I. I've been chasing after you your whole miserable life. I came to this world to kill you.

Now it's my turn. (*Beat*) He always did have a sense of humor, didn't he? Well now it's my turn to laugh. Thousands of years—more—trying to find the seed and stamp it out, weed out the root of Jesse. And finally, you're here.

I haven't felt good in a long, long time, you know. But I feel good today.

I always disliked you. There was something about that smug little smile you always had on your face. Your arrogance. (*Mimicking*) "Yes Father. As you wish, Father. How can I serve you, Father?" Even before you put on the robes of carnal flesh and stepped into this world. *My world.*

Believe me when I say it will be with much satisfaction that I wipe that smile off your face today, for good. Forever. And on a cross!

It's perfect, really. You know what a cross means to daddy? You know what a cross means to all your mindless little followers. You'll be a curse. A byword.

Man: I gladly embrace my death.

Dark Figure: Gladly?

Man: I gladly go to my cross. I do it for the glory of my Father.

Dark Figure: Believe what you want. Say what you need. It will make my work a lot easier. Go like a sheep to the slaughter.

It's not as satisfying, though. I admit that you deny me some pleasure. I anticipated some more resistance. I have my minions on alert. They were hoping to raise a little hell.

Man: You won't raise your sword to this world forever, devil. Your time is short. It will run out. And then you will face your curse.

Dark Figure: Ha! Don't try to play that old mind-game with me. You can't intimidate me. Sure, Heaven has threatened me with fire for centuries.

But where is it? No, I'll continue to raise my sword when you're gone. You're just the beginning. I will hunt down your little

followers, every last one, and wipe the memory of them from the earth. They will scream like women as I steal their hope, and I won't stop until I drink every last drop of their blood.

The Man looks away, hides his face.

Dark Figure: What is it?

The Man looks at the Dark Figure, angrily.

(Taunting) Oh. Oh Yes. I know. It won't be long. They will join you in hell. Your poor, foolish disciples.

Did you see how they ran tonight, in the garden? The terror in their eyes as they finally realized the truth. Like children screaming in the dark, afraid at the sound of the wind.

Man: I'm ready for you to go, devil!

Dark Figure: Oh no.

The Dark Figure crouches in front of the Man, grabs him by the hair and yanks his face so they look at each other nose to nose.

No. I'm going to be right here. Like this. Right in your face until you pass from this life into the next. I've been waiting for this moment for too long and I am going to enjoy every second of it.

He violently pushes away the Man's head and starts to pace the room.

You really love them, don't you?

Man: Who?

Dark Figure: Your God-forsaken disciples!

Man: I do. So much that I willingly die for them. They are the children of God.

Dark Figure: They are not! They're impostors. They're thieves. They supplanted *us*! They stole our place. Those stupid doe-eyed creatures with love in their hearts and the power to choose. What a fool he was to give them this world! What an idiot to give them such power!

The Man laughs again, loudly, strongly.

Dark Figure: Shut up! Curse you, what?

Man: You fear them.

Dark Figure: No.

Man: And you're jealous too, aren't you?

Dark Figure: I'm not! They're weak. They're easily fooled. They readily give their power away without ever realizing its potential and they do it to feed their...stomachs. They give away their power simply to comfort their flesh. I don't fear or envy them. I simply hate them.

Man: Why?

Dark Figure: I hate them because they remind me of him (*Pointing to the air*)!

But there's more. (*Seething*) I hate them because had I been given such blessing from Heaven, had I been given the position of a son, I would have done incredible things. I would have tamed this mad world. I would have pursued a greatness the universe had never known, not walked with the Creator in the cool of the day. All that *potential!* All that power and all they wanted with God was love!

So I took that, too. I stole that from them.

Man: But I have given it back.

Dark Figure: And that's the reason I hate you.

Man: Hate is a lesser power, devil. You don't believe that, but one day you will realize it. Love is greater. Love will swallow up your hate.

Dark Figure: Here we go, the old party line. The great teacher speaks! You're so convincing when your hands are tied behind your back.

The Dark Figure walks over to Man and squats beside him. He reaches out and touches his head, runs his finger tenderly along his face then stops, hand cradling his cheek.

Did you ever really think it would end like this?

Do you think you'll be able to hold up under all that pain?

The Dark Figure strikes the Man brutally. The Man screams. The Dark Figure stands up and chuckles. The Man regains composure through a fit of heavy breaths.

Dark Figure: That's right, it's going to hurt. You should be afraid. You'll want to curse God before you die.

Man: Oh Father—

Dark Figure: Yes, call out to him. Let's see if he'll save you. Oh wait, weren't you just saying he sent you here for this very purpose? I see it. I see it there, within you, you know.

Man: What?

Dark Figure: Fear! Doubt.

Man: You've never been a good judge of me, devil.

Dark Figure: Oh no? You can't tell a lie, or so goes the word on the street. Look me in the eyes and tell me that you're not afraid.

The Man jumps to his feet. The Dark Figure is thrown back in surprise. He slips on the ground and struggles to find his feet.

Man: Of course, I'm afraid! Of course, I have doubt! I'm a Man. They're about to humiliate me. Rip the flesh off my back with their leather whips. Drive nails through my skin and bone. Of course, I fear the pain and doubt whether I'll endure it!

The Man turns from the Dark Figure and stares at some sight far off in the distance. He gains some composure. After a moment, he turns back to the Dark Figure.

But I do not fear death. I do not fear that my death will be in vain. And, devil, surely I do not fear you.

Dark Figure: Is that so?

Man: I don't doubt my Father. I don't doubt the wisdom of his plan. Though he crush me, yet I will praise him. His plan, it's the only way to make right what for so long has been wrong. It's the only way to draw all men to God—to break the curse you brought to this world with your rebellion.

Dark Figure: Stop pretending. It's unbreakable.

Man: Don't you see? I go to make all things new.

All things! You thought it was difficult to find and uproot the divine seed before when it was planted in one tribe. Wait until that root is transplanted and multiplied to every tribe in this world.

I go to the cross to make all things new, and the Spirit of power in me that gives me strength to die will raise me again, and then I will breathe on the children of God and that same Spirit will inhabit them and they will have the power...they will have—ha!

(Laughing) The power to finally say no to you! To once for all say no to you.

And when you shed their blood, that blood will water the divine seed and a hundred more plants will grow. You'll have troublesome weeds all over your garden, and they'll never be eradicated. Weeds? Trees! *Deeply* rooted. Planted by streams of water that will bear much fruit.

The Man starts walking toward the Dark Figure speaking until he stands face to face.

So, you go ahead with your ingenious plan. And I will go ahead and accomplish the will of Heaven. I gladly go to my cross. It's nothing! I will be a curse and a byword. Heap on my name all the shame that you would. I scorn it. I scorn all of it! I glory in it, for my defeat will be the very wisdom, no—

My defeat will be the victory of God!

The Dark Figure is sullen, quiet. The Man walks back to the chair and sits down. The Dark Figure pulls leather gloves from out of his pocket and puts them on his hands.

Dark Figure: Guards! It's time. I've heard enough.

As he exits, the Dark Figure turns and looks at the Man.

Make him bleed.

Lights fade to end the play.