

How Jesus Did It – A five minute Sketch

[A group of three soldiers carry **Jesus'** body into the tomb and place him on the platform. Having laid him out, the three soldiers turn around and walk back out. With grunts and moans, the three of them then roll the rock into the doorway of the front of the tomb.]

They turn to one another.

Soldier 1 : Right, he's in there now.

Soldier 2: *(after looking over his shoulder.)* Ah, for the love of God.

Soldier 3: What?

Soldier 2: *(gesturing back with his head.)* It's, Mary in' it.

Soldier 3: Where?

Soldier 2: *(Gesturing with his head again.)* There.

Soldier 3: *(looking around)*...Where?

Soldier 2: *(more violently nodding his head back.)* There!

Soldier 3: *(Looking again)*... Where?

Soldier 2: For fuck sake. *(Turning around)* oh great! Well, she's seen me looking over now hasn't she? Nice one, Garry. Why don't you just open your eyes next time? Ah, she's already upset. Now she thinks we're talking about her, you tit.

Soldier 3: *(sheepishly)* Sorry!

Soldier 1: Enough of that. She's leaving now anyway. Just leave her be. Look, one of us has to stay and guard it for a couple of hours from thieves and ...well, to make sure Mary doesn't come back and try and get there.

Soldier 2: It took three of us to move that rock in there, how is she going to move it on her own?

Soldier 3: Well, with the power of mother's love isn't it?

Soldier 2: ...

Soldier 3: That's what they say isn't it? When a mother's child is in danger, she gathers the strength of a hundred men. I reckon she could move that with no bother if she wanted to.

Soldier 2: Bit late now isn't it? The danger has been and gone. He's dead.

Soldier 3: Maybe it only works when he's dead.

Soldier 2: What is the point in that? That doesn't help anyone.

Soldier 3: ... Maybe she-

Soldier 1: -Nothing is going to happen to Mary! She is not going to gather up the strength to move the rock. But one of us still has to stay guard.

Soldier 2: So how do we decide?

Soldier 1: We do what we always do... Rock, Parchment, Blade.

[They all make a fist and bring it up to their chests.]

on my count: 1, 2, 3.

[Soldier 1 and Soldier 2 make blade with their index finger. Soldier 3 makes parchment with his open hand.]

Soldier 2: Ha! Unlucky.

Soldier 3: Aw, I don't get it, I always do parchment and I never win. You'd think I'd win at least once with it.

[Soldier 1 and Soldier 2 look at each other and shake their heads]

Soldier 1: Right, that's settled it then. Garry, you're staying.

Soldier 2: Enjoy. Haha.

Soldier 1: All you need to do is stay here till first light tomorrow.

Soldier 3: Ok. Oh, wait! What time is first light?

Soldier 2: (sarcastically) It's when you see the first light.

Soldier 3: Ok. Oh and can I go to the toilet?

Soldier 1: Well, If you must, but hurry back to your post. Stay sharp.

Soldier 3: Ok.. And can I...

Soldier 1: -Enough with the questions. Look, as long as no one goes in or out of the cave, you can do what you want. We'll see you tomorrow.

Soldier 2: Try and not mess this up. Although I know I'm asking for a miracle.

[Soldier 1 and soldier 2 walk off leaving soldier 3. He walks over to the rock covering the cave and kicks it lightly].

Soldier 3: Ouch!

[He takes helmet off and places it on the floor. Meanwhile, Jesus begins to wake. He is bloodied and bruised with nothing but a rag cloth around his waist. He looks up and down his brutally hurt body.]

Jesus: Oh my dad! (*Looking at his wrists*) Stone me, and call me Christ!

[Soldier 3 looks back at the cave]

Look at that. Well, at least they patched me up a bit.

[Upon hearing the voice in the cave, Soldier 3 perks up.]

Soldier 3: Hello?

Jesus: Hello?

Soldier 3: ...Hello?

Jesus: You already said that.

Soldier 3: Jesus?

Jesus: Speaking.

Soldier 3: (*Alarmed*) No! No, no, no. You're not supposed be alive.

Jesus: Always nice to hear.

Soldier 3: Look, just go back to being dead and it will all be fine.

Jesus: Tempting as that is, I think I'll probably stick around for a bit.

Soldier 3: No. You have to. You're not allowed to be alive.

Jesus: Whoa, whoa whoa. Hold your donkey's, panicky Pete. Anyone would think its judgement day the way you're acting. Just chill dude. No one even knows that I'm alive yet.

Soldier 3: How did you even survive? The last I saw of you, you were definitely dead.

Jesus: Dead? No! No, what I did was, I sent my body into a state of unconsciousness. It's quite a good trick actually. It means that I didn't feel the pain that I otherwise would have had to endure. You know, from being nailed to the cross and stuff. (*Thinking to himself*). One of my disciple buddies taught me how to do it. I'm sure his name was Blaine. Someone Blaine. Davith maybe? I can't remember. So yeah, and then I guess it's these spirits that you guys rubbed all over me to stop my corpse from smelling that has brought me round.

[Licking his arm]

Phwar. Some strong stuff, this.

Soldier 3: Look, Please die. I would really appreciate it. They already think that I'm un-incompetent. I just know that they will blame this on me. Please die.

Jesus: I feel for you my friend but, sorry, I just can't die right now. Quite like living, although I am in considerable pain... It's quite dark in here. Cold as well.

Soldier 3: (*Loudly*) Shh! Keep it down.

Jesus: Ah, bro. I haven't felt this rough since the morning after the last supper. I was so wasted that night, and that morning was messy. I don't even remember most of it. If only there was a way to somehow get pictures of moments of the night, and then like, display them all somewhere public so that all your friends (and potential employers) could all see those moment. And then possibly comment on those portraits and pass judgment on one another about how drunk we all were and all those moment made us, 'laugh out loud'.... That would be awesome.

[They both ponder what that would be like.]

Soldier 3: Yeah, that would be good. (*Snapping back into the realisation of his situation.*) But no! Go back to dead. I mean, Die! Don't be alive again.

Jesus: Don't sweat it dude. Look, just get me out of here and I'll pretend like it was a miracle or something.

Soldier 3: I can't. I'm supposed to make sure no one goes in.

Jesus: It's ok man, no one needs to go in. I just need to get out.

Soldier 3: No. Just stay in there. I can't help you.

[Jesus has a think and comes up with an idea.]

Jesus: Ah, ok that's fine. You just do what you have to... oh wait. Is this your wallet?

Soldier 3: What? Ah no. Not again. Is it the one with the leaf tied up with a bit of string?

Jesus: (*looking at his empty palm.*)Er, yeah. That's the one. Got it right here. Sitting in my hand.

Soldier 3: Crap!

Jesus: Alright man. So why don't you just move this rock out of the way and then I can give it to you?

Soldier 3: Okay, okay. But you have to promise not come out of the cave.

Jesus: I promise not, under any circumstances, to not come out of the cave.

[They both get ready to move the rock]

Soldier 3: Ok good. Right then, I'll start counting, *then* we move it.

Jesus: Ok... Wait. What? When do we move it?

Soldier 3: When I count.

Jesus: How do I know what number we're going to move on?

Soldier 3: I'm going to count.

Jesus: Count to what?

Soldier 3: To when we move it.

Jesus: Ok, this is like talking to brick wall.

Soldier 3: Oh wait, here's my wallet. That must be someone else's.

Jesus: Ah, that's good then. Saves us having to move this big old rock.

Soldier 3: Phew, that was lucky.

Jesus: It was, very.

[An awkward silence]

Jesus: SO... When do you finish then?

Soldier 3: At first light I think.

Jesus: Ah, man that sucks. They've got you doing the graveyard shift then.

Soldier 3: Nah, just here.

Jesus: No, it's an expression. I meant... Never mind.

[Jesus wonders around and has another think and comes up with a new idea]

So then, If we going to be here for a while, How's about you and me about a game?

Soldier 3: (Perking up) That sounds like fun. I like games. Games make the day go by.

Jesus: Yeah. Yeah, they are fun.

Soldier 3: Let's play... I spy. 'I spy with my little eye...'

Jesus: -Wait! I can't see outside and I have no idea where I am. That wouldn't be very fun. No let's play...

Soldier 3: Ooh, I know. Think of a number.

Jesus: (Sighs) Right... okay.

Soldier 3: Is it bigger than ten?

Jesus: Yes.

Soldier 3: Ah, wow. You win. That was good. Have you played before?

Jesus: Er, must have been beginners luck. How's about now we'll do my game. It's called... tug of rock. What you have to do is, we both grab the rock and see if we can pull it towards us. And whoever gets the rock wins...

[After a slight delay.]

Soldier 3: Yeah I haven't played that game before. That sounds fun.

Jesus: Right then dude. Grab a hold of the rock, and get a good grip on the sucker. Are you ready?

Soldier 3: (*Laughing*) I think I'm going to win.

Jesus: (*To himself*) Yeah, I've got a feeling you might. (*Getting ready to push*) This time, we'll go when I say three ok. Right, one... two... three...

[*Soldier 3 begins to pull and Jesus pushes from the other side. Soldier 3 laughs as he enjoys the game.*]

Jesus: (straining) Oop, I think I'm winning.

Soldier 3: (*Laughing more intensely as he pulls harder*) Oh no you don't.

[*The rock suddenly begins to roll towards the soldier. He falls off his feet as the bolder rolls over him, crushing him. Jesus emerges smiling.*]

Jesus: Well my friend, looks like you did beat... Oh dear... Sorry.

[*Seeing the crushed soldier and biting his lip.*]

(*Looking to the sky*) Look I'm sorry. I didn't mean to okay. Don't go judging me. Not after the past few days I've had. (*Looking at the Soldier*) He brought it on himself. (*Jesus sniggers.*) Too soon? Too soon! Okay, hearing you on that one.

[*Using all his might, Jesus rolls the rock back into the mouth of the tomb and looks around. He prays for the Soldier then drags his body to the river, where he lets it float down stream.*]

ENDS SCENE