

SAVIOR

Written by

Grace

OVER BLACK

AS WE SLOWLY FADE INTO...

A mist which enshrouds a rather barren garden. A YOUNG MAN, early 30s is half crouched, half kneeling, its only occupant. His head bowed, he rests it on his arm against an outcropping of rock. As we come closer, we see that his body trembles, his breath ragged.

A disembodied MALE VOICE shatters the silence.

VOICE
(O.C.)
Why do you suffer so?

The young man startles and looks about, seeing no one. Sweat beads his brow.

YOUNG MAN
(uneasily)
Who are you?

He continues to look to and fro for who has disturbed him.

VOICE
You know who I am.

YOUNG MAN
I do not. Leave me now, I desire
to be alone.

He looks about, still searching for the origin of the Voice.

VOICE
Surely you know you are never
alone; and you in fact know me
well...I am Legion.

Recognition and concern flood the young man's face, as he growls his words to the unseen.

YOUNG MAN
Get out.

His imperative is ignored. The Voice, whom we now know as LEGION continues.

LEGION
It would seem that your goodness
goes unnoticed.

The young man turns away and bows his head again.

LEGION (CONT'D)

Instead of reward you are met with
punishment for your deeds.

CLOSE on the Young Man, he does not look toward the Voice,
but he is warily attentive.

YOUNG MAN

You know nothing of my deeds.

LEGION

To the contrary, you are of great
interest to us. We have watched
closely and we would like to offer
a gift to you.

The Young Man now looks toward the Voice, still unseen.

YOUNG MAN

What do you mean? I want no gift
from you. I want nothing from you.

LEGION

But it would be our pleasure to
honor one such as you. It is only
for you to name what you would
choose and it will be yours. What
shall it be? Wealth? Power?
Immortality perhaps? We know no
limit.

The Young Man narrows his eyes in recognition.

YOUNG MAN

You have offered this before.

LEGION

(with a note of
satisfaction)

Ah, so you do remember us.

YOUNG MAN

I need no gift from you. I already
possess the only power I require.

LEGION

Truly? And you are aware of what
awaits you?

YOUNG MAN

(solemnly)

I am aware.

LEGION

Then save yourself with this
"power" you prize so highly.

The Young Man lowers his eyes and almost whispers his response, the weight of it sagging his shoulders.

YOUNG MAN

(deliberately)

I cannot.

LEGION

Surely you know this is
foolishness. Once again, we offer
the world and all its treasure for
your taking, yet you cling to what
forsakes you.

A beat as if the unseen entity is considering further coercion.

LEGION (CONT'D)

What if we told you that if you
decline, we would destroy the world
this day? It is certainly within
our power to do so.

Concern darkens the Young Man's face.

YOUNG MAN

And what if I told you, that I am
the only one who can save it?

From O.C. comes riotous laughter as from a number of men.

LEGION

(sneering)

Look at you in your wretched
weakness, what power do you have to
save the world? You cannot even
save yourself. Where is this
power? Tell us of it.

YOUNG MAN

Being who you are, you cannot
perceive it and the world also
knows it not, for this mighty power
is hidden where most would never
think to search - within
themselves; unseen, but there
nonetheless. It is within me.

He slaps his chest for effect.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

It is within all men. My journey here, my purpose, has been to make them understand this. The power within me is their power as well.

O. C. More laughter from the unseen group.

LEGION

Oh, but you are mistaken, we are indeed familiar with that "power". We take great delight in men misusing it against themselves continually, with our help of course.

O.C. More laughter with sounds of agreement.

YOUNG MAN

Your time is short. I grow weary of your presence. Leave me.

LEGION

Your time is short also, it would seem. Again, we beg of you, accept our gift, save yourself, join us and forsake whatever power you claim as yours for it seems weak and ineffective at best.

The Young Man glares into the darkness as he speaks deliberately.

YOUNG MAN

Listen closely to my words. There are only two great powers that rule the Earth and the Heavens. The first is Love. The other is Fear. Only these two. Nothing more. All that is emanates from one or the other. The good, the noble, the sacrificial, the honorable all are the offspring of Love. Hatred, anger, violence, greed are then likewise the children of Fear. You have nothing to offer me that I do not already possess; because of these two, I have already chosen the more powerful, the one, despite your conceit, you know nothing of.

A beat.

An uncomfortable, unseen murmuring in the darkness ensues.

LEGION

Very well. But know, at any time that the pain of sacrifice becomes too great, we will await only a whisper from you and our gift will be yours.

The Young Man shakes his head, still glaring into the darkness.

YOUNG MAN

Do not await my call. It will never come. I have no use for the darkness that envelops you.

LEGION

As you wish, our friend. And now, as you insist, we will leave you. But not without a fond farewell, a measure of our affection, if you will...

A beat as silence again descends. The Young Man looks about, not sure he is again alone, when...

O.C. Another MALE VOICE.

VOICE

Teacher? Are you here?

A SECOND YOUNG MAN, a FRIEND, about the same age as the first, appears and approaches with a broad smile.

FRIEND

There you are! I've been looking everywhere for you. Are you all right? You look like you've seen Hell itself!

The first Young Man is somewhat startled by the sudden appearance. He takes a deep breath and swallows his apprehension. He holds up his hand in greeting.

YOUNG MAN

No. No. I'm all right. I just needed some time alone. To think. To pray.

FRIEND

I've missed you. I was worried about you, Yeshua...my brother.

The Young Man smiles longingly at his Friend and nods knowingly. He sighs in surrender.

YOUNG MAN
Do what you must.

The Friend takes the Young Man in his arms in an enveloping hug and kisses...his cheek.

From O.S. The RUSTLING of METAL WEAPONS and the heavy TROMPING of FEET approaches.

FADE OUT.

EPILOGUE:

Through the grueling sacrifice of Friday, the power in Him had been diminished; but in the darkness and in the silence of the tomb, it regained its strength. The strength of the Resurrection. From the silence of Saturday came the holy power of Sunday. The power ordained from the beginning that was to save the world. The power He had chosen. The power, as He had said, that is hidden within us, that is not overcome by the darkness. The power of Love.

THE END