

SKIT: The Gift of Blood

by Kurt Krueger

Mr. Every One: (Mr. One is lying supine on a table, covered by a red (scarlet) blanket. At his feet is a sign entitled “Mr. Every One.” After everyone has been seated, he slowly sits up and says): Let me tell ya. It’s been one of those morning. On my way over to _____ to give blood to the Red Cross, I was run over by the bloodmobile. Both my legs were cut, and I lost a ton of blood. They wanted to take me to the hospital, but I told them to bring me up here since it was my turn to give the devotion. Somebody called a doctor—she’s nice enough, but she’s a little too practical. Somebody else called a minister—nice, too, but kind of a dreamer. I think I’ll lay down now and go into shock. This should be interesting.

(MD and Rev. enter)

MD: Holy smokes!

Rev: Lord, have mercy.

(Nurse enters)

MD: Nurse, I need his BP, his pulse, his EKG, his blood type and approximate loss of blood. Set up an IV right away.

(Nurse is busy taking pulse, setting up IV, etc. and recording data on clipboard.)

Rev: Nurse. What’s his name?

Nurse: It says here that his name is Mr. Every One.

MD: Well, whoever this guy is, he’s a mess. The major arteries are cut on both legs and a massive infection is spreading throughout his body. I certainly hope he’s got Blue Cross insurance.

Rev: Blue Cross. (pause) Cross insurance. Cool.

MD: I’d better call the Red Cross. We may need more blood than I thought.

Rev: “Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.”

(Nurse gives MD clipboard)

MD: This guy needs some blood fast.

Rev: Sooner or later we all need blood.

MD: What are you babbling about?

Rev: “Given and shed for you for the remission of sins.”

MD: Look, we don’t need any nonsense talk right now. I’m trying to save this guy’s life.

Rev: Save his life. Cool.

(Nurse attaches IV to Mr. One.)

MD: Be careful with that blood, nurse. He’s got a rare blood type, and that blood is expensive.

Rev: Expensive? I know someone with the rarest blood of all, and it’s free.

MD: Free blood? I never use it. You can’t tell what you’re getting. More than like free blood is from some bum who’s had hepatitis.

Rev: The blood I’m talking about is for bums as well as royalty. It is over 2000 years old.

MD: What are you talking about? Nurse, how’s the patient doing?

Nurse: We’ve replaced two pints already; I hope we can save him.

Rev: The blood I’m talking of has already saved him.

MD: Look, Rev. Cool, or whatever your name is. You’ve been talking nonsense ever since you got here. Would you please explain yourself?

Rev: Okay, listen to this. (Rev. faces congregation) Help me explain this to the doctor. Let’s read Romans 5:8-9: But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Since we have now been justified by his blood, how much more shall we be saved from God’s wrath through him!

MD: I don't get it.

Nurse: I do. (The nurse walks to the cross behind the altar and uses adhesive medical tape to attach tube from arm of Mr. One to nailprints in Jesus' feet or foot of the cross.)

Rev: (Takes red [scarlet] blanket off Mr. One and replaces it with white sheet.)

MD: What in heaven's name are you doing?

Nurse: Oh, nothing.

Rev: Oh, everything.

MD: Come on. This guy's in real trouble. We'd better get him to Immanuel Hospital.

Nurse: Yeah. Take him to Immanuel.

Rev: Yeah. Immanuel. (Rev. turns and faces cross) Cool.

(Rev and Nurse exit)

MD: (pauses for a minute, puzzled. Shakes head as she exits.)

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