

## **DRAMA (2): DOUBTING CASTLE**

**Cast:** Christian, Hopeful, Narrator, Giant, Giant's Wife

**Props:** A candle, a rope, a knife and a bottle of poison

**Christian:** *(wailing)*

It's all my fault....I should never have suggested we walked on the grass. We should never have left the Straight and Narrow Way. Now look to where I've brought you.

**Hopeful:**

Don't blame yourself. If it weren't for you, I would have gone no further than Lucre Hill.

**Narrator:**

Around them in the dark, cockroaches clicked and scurried. The stench was terrible and it seemed as if the Giant had forgotten their very existence. At last the door swung open and light fell like blades across the soiled straw and hurt their eyes.

**Giant:**

Still 'live then? Fort you mighta killed each uver by now, quarrelling 'bout who wuz to blame.

**Hopeful:**

Of course not....we're friends and we have every faith that our King will save us.

**Giant:** *(laughing)*

Your King? None knows you's here! Strayed off the King's 'ighway, din' you? Gived yoursels inna my 'ands, din' you? Now you's in my keepin'! Heared tell, that King o' yourn died coupla thousan' year back. Ain't foolin' yoursels there's a Golden City at enda that road, is you? No such fing. Just a road goes round the world and back to wherevers you started.

**Hopeful:**

We're poor Pilgrims....no one will pay a ransom for us. We're of no use to you as hostages....why should you want to keep us here?

**Giant:**

Don't mean to keep you 'ere. Mean for yous to die.

**Hopeful:** *(boldly)*

We're not afraid....we've been in worse places than this and we've won through, with the help of our King.

**Narrator:**

Giant Despair slammed the door shut again with such force that cockroaches showered down from the ceiling. Upstairs, his Giant Wife summoned him to bed by thumping the feather mattress beside her. She was whale-shaped and blubbery, her hair falling about her like seaweed, her mouth round as a blow hole.

**Giant's Wife:**

How fare the prisoners, my bonny barnacle?

**Giant:**

Not good, my little lumpen lovely. So far so fearless....I fear.

**Giant's Wife:**

Then give 'em a clout or two with your club, sweeting....that's my advice. That will soon knock the courage outa them.

**Narrator:**

The Giant followed his wife's advice, took his great club and beat the prisoners mercilessly, clubbing them so hard they fell on top of one another in a groaning heap.

**Giant:**

Despair and die, wormlings! My wife sends 'er salutations and says, "Why not kill yourselves? End will come quicker that way."

**Narrator:**

He left a candle behind, a rope, a knife and a bottle of poison.

**Hopeful:** (*shouting after him*)

We have been in worse straits....we shall win through....with the help of our King.

**Narrator:**

But the Giant had gone. The silence of Doubting Castle bore down upon them.

**Christian:**

When?

**Hopeful:**

When what?

**Christian:**

When have we been in a worse situation than this? I can't think of one.

**Hopeful:**

Bear up my friend....where there's life there's hope!

**Narrator:**

The Giant continued to visit Christian and Hopeful daily in the dungeon, torturing them with doubts and fears, beating them senseless with his club until they craved the blessed release of death.

Upstairs the Giant's Wife was starting to sulk.

**Giant's Wife:**

Shame on you, my hummocking lummock....ain't those pilgrims despaired yet?

**Giant:**

Not yet, lumpkin. I'm afeared we 'ave to eat 'em as they are....all stiff set in their ways and believing.

**Giant's Wife:** (*growling*)

You know the enemy won't pay us the reward lessen they despair! Take 'em out the morrow and show 'em the bones of them men you've ripped asunder ....that'll soften their haughtiness.

**Giant:** (*tenderly*)

What a treasure you are to me.

**Narrator:**

So next day, Christian and Hopeful were allowed to leave their dungeon and, weighed down with chains, taken to the courtyard to see the bones of those who had died in Doubting Castle.

**Giant:**

Alla these pilgrims stayed till they grasped the troof. Troof is, there's nothing after death but darkness and dust.

**Giant's Wife:**

Better off dead, my dearios....better off dead.

**Hopeful:**

Where there's life there's hope.

**Narrator:**

Christian said nothing. He had begun to wonder if it could be true after all....if there really was a Golden City or could it be a fairy tale invented by the likes of the Preacher.

Hopeful knew what he was thinking and was afraid. At their darkest and most desperate hour, Christian remembered the Key which the Preacher had given them along with the Guidebook and the Scroll.

On the Key were written the words: Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

It slid into the keyhole as sweetly as oil, the door swung open and healing sunlight washed over them.

Both Pilgrims....though bruised and gasping....did not stop running till they reached the safety of the Pilgrim's Way.

*(End of Drama)*