

THE CREATION CHRONICLES

Created by Ted & Lee

Scene: ADVENT

Characters: God, Gabriel

Scripture text: Luke 2

Props: desk, desk chair, computer keyboard, lamp, notebook papers, clipboard, 4 x 8 pieces of cardboard, candle, candleholder

Length: 10 minutes

(The office is empty. GABRIEL comes in holding one of the 4 x 8 pieces of cardboard and a clipboard.)

GABRIEL: Lord, I figured out what this is *(Showing cardboard)*, it only took me 300 years. It's a whale, right? *(Notices the office is empty.)* Lord? It's a whale ... possibly a very large artichoke ...

(An idea comes to him; he can sit at the Lord's desk. Looks around and sneaks over, plunks down. Hits a key on the keyboard on the desk. Then looks out into the heavens. He has accidentally deleted something.)

Oops! *(Notices the same paper that GOD was writing on. Sits and reads)*

“Wonderful counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting father, the ...”

(That's all on the paper. he flips it over and there's no more. He goes back, repeats and begins to do it with the music, comes to the gap, a pause. He then stumbles upon the final phrase. He writes it on the scrap.)

“The Prince of Peace!”

(Begins to sing the whole thing very enthusiastically until he notices GOD standing there. He immediately covers himself by pretending to dust with the sleeve of his gown.)

GABRIEL: AHH. I was just ... ah ... it's very dusty... *(GOD comes over to the paper, reads what GABRIEL has added, looks at him.)* I just thought...

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GOD: I believe that works. It certainly does. *(Pause)* You wanted to see me about something?

GABRIEL: Yes, Lord. I was just in the angel locker room and there's a posting for a new job, an announcement job. And I want to do this one. I want this job.

GOD: An announcement job?

GABRIEL: Yes.

GOD: *(A smile)* After the Zechariah incident?

GABRIEL: I feel I never really had a chance to explain my side of that...

GOD: Gabriel, the gig was easy. You go to the old man, and tell him he's gonna have a son, and he's supposed to name him John. Easy. You get in, you get out. Instead you lose you cool and the guy's mute for nine months.

GABRIEL: He wasn't showing respect for my position.

GOD: GABRIEL, he's 90 ... you scare him half to death and tell him he's gonna have a son. I think respect for your position was the last thing on his mind. Least he didn't laugh at you.

GABRIEL: True. He couldn't.

GOD: Right ... I forgot. Which announcement?

GABRIEL: Which announcement?! *(Reads it to him)* Appear to a 15 year old virgin. Tell her she's going to give birth. To the son of God.

GOD: Yes, Isn't it wonderful?

GABRIEL: Wonderful? Sure ... it's great. I mean, it has some inherent flaws ... but on the whole, I'd say it's wonderful ... counselor.

GOD: Inherent flaws?

GABRIEL: Well, it seems a bit small.

GOD: Small.

GABRIEL: This ah, this method seems a little underwhelming.

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GOD: Underwhelming.

GABRIEL: Well, let me put it another way. The son of God? Your son. This is new, isn't it? This is it, right?

GOD: Yes.

GABRIEL: Well, it seems that something like this, unparalleled in history, shouldn't sneak in the back door. It should be big. Explosive. Not little like this. I mean you can do whatever you want...

GOD: Thank you.

GABRIEL: Of course, but it just seems that for this you would go in big, some real oomph, a larger splash, the coming kingdom and all that. Well how bout a little of the ole celestial pomp? How about it we pull out all the stops, one big blazing entrance ... rolling peals of thunder, flashing columns of fire and lightning and then the very last thing, shake the very foundations of the Earth. Then everyone would know, THIS is a God thing.

GOD: Gabriel. I like this. (*Indicates work order*) I like this God thing.

GABRIEL: But some unknown girl, raising a helpless infant ... kind of risky isn't it?

GOD: Working with people's always risky, you know that.

GABRIEL: (*Pause*) Can I wrestle her?

GOD: Wrestle her?

GABRIEL: Yea, like I did with Jacob.

GOD: NO, you can't wrestle her.

GABRIEL: Because I think I figured out what went wrong there. If I hadn't pressed so hard right here, I wouldn't have popped his hip out of joint. This spot here is very vulnerable. (*Illustrate with a hip swing*) It's like press and pop, press and pop...

GOD: You can't wrestle her! You just go and tell her.

GABRIEL: Did you just give me the job?

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GOD: (*Nods assent*) But Gabriel ... No surprises. This girl cannot afford to be mute for nine months. (*Raises eyebrow*)

GABRIEL: I understand. You can count on me. (*Starts to exit*)

GOD: Gabriel ... I'm not opposed to a certain amount of pomp. In fact I'd like you to get that band of yours together.

GABRIEL: The Heavenly Host?

GOD: (*Puts arm around GABE, walking him to the door*) There's a few shepherds I'd like you to do a gig for...

GABRIEL: What a great idea.

GOD: I thought so.

GABRIEL: They're the common folk.

GOD: (*Moving back to the desk*) Can you get the fellow who plays the upright bass?

GABRIEL: Fats?

GOD: Yea, I love his work.

GABRIEL: Yeah, he could give it that bluesy edge. Yeah, we'll take the whole band out, I think at night. And the shepherds will be there ... abiding, or whatever they do, and I'll say something like: "Hark!" or, "Is this thing on?" And then I'll begin to sing. (*Pause*) What should I sing?

GOD: Just give them the news Gabe, give them the news.

(*GABRIEL exits. GOD lights candle; turns off the desk lamp. Exits*)

END

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