

THE CREATION CHRONICLES

Created by Ted & Lee

Scene: ABRAHAM

Characters: Abraham, Gabriel

Scripture text: Genesis 15:1-5

Props: two folding chairs, water in a mug, book

Length: 10 minutes

ABRAHAM comes pattering out, carrying two chairs, which he places center stage. Puts mug of water near chair.

ABRAM: *(To offstage)* Ishmael! Boy! Yea, I'm talkin' to you. It's time to get in and help your mother with dinner. ... Don't sass me son, I'm not in the mood for it. We've got important company coming. Ishmael! Boy, don't ride that, that's gonna be dinner. It gets 'em riled up, they're real tough to eat, we'll be chewin' till Tuesday ... Now get yourself in here, and *(Laughs)* Heh heh, I told you. He kicked you right off, didn't he? Just rub it, it'll feel better. *(Sees GABRIEL)* Oh, there you are...

GABRIEL: *(Enters with book in hand and extends his arms in pronouncement)* Greetings. I am Gabriel...

ABRAM: *(Grabs his hand and shakes it heartily)* Boy, you're a big fella, aren't you. Always an honor. Here, take a seat. *(GABRIEL sits and begins digging through his gold book for his "script")* Ishmael! Bring this fella a drink. That's my son, Ishmael. He's a good boy. Kinda wild but a good boy. He just turned 13, you know how they are. *(Imitates a puberty stricken breaking voice)* "Hello, my name is Ishmael." *(Laughs)* I never get tired of hearing that. So, now, can I get you a drink? It'll be a while until dinner. I know it's hot out here.

GABRIEL: No. I'm fine. You know, I just came through your nephew Lot's place, in the Jordan Valley. It's cooler there. A nice river flowing through...

ABRAM: Ah, water's over-rated. Now the desert, that makes you tough.

GABRIEL: That's why you chose this? You could've had anything you wanted. Why did you give Lot first pick?

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****PURCHASE REQUIRED FOR PERFORMANCE AND DUPLICATION****

ABRAM: It was reverse psychology; I never thought he'd take it. Besides I was never much for cities. Sodom stinks and Gomorrah's overcrowded. I gotta have room.

GABRIEL: Room to roam?

ABRAM: Room to move.

GABRIEL: You're a ramblin' guy?

ABRAM: I'm a rolling stone. *(They share a laugh)* So, what can I do you for ... ah ... What did you say your name was?

GABRIEL: Gabriel. I am Gabriel.

ABRAM: Gabriel. Abram.

GABRIEL: I know.

ABRAM: Now Gabe. Can I call ya Gabe?

GABRIEL: Can I call you Abe?

ABRAM: Well, that'd be Gabe and Abe. Gabe and Abe and Abe and Gabe.

GABRIEL: A couple of ramblin' guys!

ABRAM: Rollin' stones!

GABRIEL: That's us!!

(They laugh together, then trail off)

ABRAM: That's not a pun, is it?

GABRIEL: *(With a look up)* No, no.

ABRAM: Now Gabe, did you notice the altar coming in? Everywhere I go, puttin' up an altar. Keeping my side of the bargain. If it's one thing I got out here, it's rocks!

GABRIEL: Which brings me to this. *(Indicates the book)* This is from ... *(Gestures heavenward)* As a new sign of this covenant, you are to take the foreskin of each male member of each...

ABRAM: Take it where?

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GABRIEL: *(Pause as GABRIEL checks in his book)* Off. *(ABRAM has just taken a drink and spews water when he hears this)* As a new sign of this covenant you are to take the foreskin of each male member of each household ... off.

ABRAM: Let me see that...

GABRIEL: *(Hands him the book)* There's a diagram right here.

ABRAM: That's gonna sting a little. He's gotta funny sense of humor, don't he?

GABRIEL: He wants to begin with you.

ABRAM: That's great. That's just great. *(Crosses his legs)* So it appears that I'm giving something up. What's in it for me?

GABRIEL: That's also why I'm here.

ABRAM: I'm glad there's another reason.

GABRIEL: Abram, I have come today to tell you that the Lord will keep his promise to you. You will have a son!

ABRAM: Well, Gabe, I've got a son. It's Ishmael. I talked about him before. He's kinda wild but he's a good boy.

GABRIEL: I know. But you will have another son.

ABRAM: Now how in the world am I gonna ... Oh, I see! Another wife!
(Takes drink but doesn't swallow)

GABRIEL: No, with Sarah.

ABRAM: *(Spews water)* Sarah?

GABRIEL: You and Sarah together will have a son. It will be through her that the nations will rise up.

ABRAM: *(Waits a beat, then begins laughing hysterically. GABRIEL joins even though he doesn't know why. ABRAM regains control.)* Oh, you got me. You got the old sheepherder. Me and Sarah ... that's a good one.

GABRIEL: Abram ... the Lord meant what he said.

ABRAM: Gabe, she's 90. I'll go slow for you. See, there's a time to do this

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sort of thing. Sarah, God bless her, is a little beyond that time. You fellas done missed it, she's too old. Now me, maybe I'm still as fertile as Lot's back forty, but I can't do it myself, you see it takes two.

GABRIEL: I understand the process. Nevertheless, it's true. You and Sarah together will have a son.

ABRAM: You're not kidding are you?

GABRIEL: No Abe, I'm not.

ABRAM: Another son.

GABRIEL: Yes.

ABRAM: Tell me about him.

GABRIEL: His name is to be Isaac, which means...

TOGETHER: "...he laughs".

ABRAM: Isaac.

GABRIEL: He'll be the spittin' image of you.

ABRAM: So he'll be a handsome little bugger.

GABRIEL: He'll be the spittin' image of you.

ABRAM: *(Laughs, then stops when he realizes he has a problem)* Wait, wait. What about Ishmael?

GABRIEL: No, not him.

ABRAM: What do you mean?

GABRIEL: This promise is not for him.

ABRAM: *(Looks at him, rises to leave)* Okay, no deal.

GABRIEL: You can't do that.

ABRAM: It appears that I just did.

GABRIEL: This is the Lord you're dealing with here.

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ABRAM: As I recall, he called me, I didn't call him

GABRIEL: Stay there. (*Begins flipping through the book*) There's gotta be something about that in here. (*Finds it*) Ishmael also will be blessed. His descendants too will become a great nation.

ABRAM: He would do that.

GABRIEL: (*A deep breath*) Yes.

ABRAM: He's kinda wild.

GABRIEL: I know, you said.

ABRAM: But he's my son.

GABRIEL: He also will be exceedingly fruitful ... but live at odds with his kin. (*Closes book; steps away*) Come here, Abraham.

ABRAHAM: It's Abram.

GABRIEL: Come here, Abraham, father of many nations. (*GABRIEL takes him outside, points to the sky*) Look to the heavens. The stars. Can you count them?

ABRAHAM: That's a lot of stars, son.

GABRIEL: So shall your descendants be.

ABRAHAM: (*Speechless for a time, looking at the stars*) All those stars. I guess it might take two sons.... Sarah, never mind dinner!! (*Rushes off stage*)

GABRIEL: (*Looking at the sky*) So many stars. So many unknown patterns. So much yet to come.

END

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