

THE CREATION CHRONICLES

Created by Ted & Lee

Scene: Tower of Babel

Characters: Frank, Rudy – two brick layers

Scripture text: Genesis 11:1-9

Props: tool box, wrench, tape measure, banana, rubber chicken, small piece of paper in Rudy's pocket, along with a pencil

Length: 8 minutes

(PERFORMANCE NOTE: Near the end of this scene, the two characters find they cannot communicate; their languages are confused. As scripted, Rudy's language is a combination of Spanish, French, German and some advertising words. Frank's are mostly Polish or Italian baseball players. These words aren't sacrosanct. If some other words work for your actors and work well with the rhythms, that's fine.)

FRANK: My family's always been into bricks. My father before me, his father before him, and his father before him, all the way back to when someone said, "Well, now that the water's gone down, what we gonna do with all this mud? This here flood mud." Make bricks. Don't know how I ever got up here, though. I never was much for heights. The money's good though.

RUDY: *(Enters)* Good day, Frank.

FRANK: Good day, Rudy.

RUDY: Is it hot enough for you?

FRANK: Oh yeah, it's a real scorcher.

RUDY: How's that?

FRANK: I said it's a real scorcher.

RUDY: Well, whaddya mean?

FRANK: I mean, the day. It's hot.

RUDY: Phew! You know it!

FRANK: I think we're too close to the sun.

RUDY: Oh, come on, Frank.

FRANK: I mean it. I think we was meant to stay closer to earth.

RUDY: Now Frank, don't go chokin' the bagpipe on me here.

FRANK: This whole thing is startin' to give me a real weasel under the carpet feeling.

RUDY: Now Frank, you sound like a ten-dollar walrus in a vinyl jumpsuit. This is the greatest thing in the world.

FRANK: Maybe. What's it for? Why we gotta build a tower?

RUDY: Not just A tower, THE tower. The greatest thing in the world.

FRANK: I think you've got an edifice complex.

RUDY: C'mere, Frank. Look way down there.

FRANK: You know I don't like to do that.

RUDY: C'mon now. Look down there. What do you see?

FRANK: All the people look like little dots.

RUDY: And they're gettin' smaller by the minute. *(Pause)*

FRANK: I think I just wet myself. *(Walks away from the edge)* I did. I wet myself. *(Shakes pant leg)*

RUDY: We get high enough you'll never be wet again. We'll see what God sees.

FRANK: I don't want to see what God sees. Nor should you.

RUDY: Yessir, we're gonna make a name for ourselves.

FRANK: I've already got a name. Frank.

RUDY: Yessirreebob. We get high enough we'll even see the future.

FRANK: The future? I don't wanna see the future. Today scares me plenty.

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RUDY: You know what I see, Frank? One word: plastics.

FRANK: Plastics?

RUDY: Yessirreebob: plastics, yep and telephones, implants, cloning. Yessirreebob.

FRANK: Why do you keep callin' me Bob?! I'm Frank.

RUDY: You see, Bob, we'll control it all ... today AND tomorrow!

FRANK: We're just a couple a bricklayers.

RUDY: There ain't nothin' we can't do!

FRANK: It ain't right to talk like that.

RUDY: We'll be just like God!

FRANK: Don't say that! Stop that talk! (*FRANK and RUDY both freeze and look up.*) Did you hear somethin'?

RUDY: Naaaaaw. It was nothin'. Let's get to work. (*They work for a time*) Amigo, dame das brauten.

FRANK: Come again, ole buddy?

RUDY: Das brauten. Necesito das brauten, para la pared.

FRANK: Are you feeling all right?

RUDY: Alli! (*Points to work box*) Vite! Vite!

FRANK: Ah. (*Holds up a wrench*)

RUDY: No, no, no. Brauten. Das brauten.

FRANK: Brauten ... Ay. (*Holds up a tape measure*)

RUDY: Eso es schnitzel, yo quiero brauten. Ahora! Vite! Das brauten.

FRANK: AAAAH!! (*Holds up banana*)

RUDY: (*Grabs banana*) Haaaaaa! Das brauten! (*Mimes hitting with hammer*) Duck, duck, duck!

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FRANK: Duck, duck, duck?

RUDY: Duck, duck, duck!

FRANK: Ah! Duck, duck, duck. (*Holds up rubber chicken*)

RUDY: AAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEE!!!! (*Grabs the chicken*) Frank, have you plumb lost your marbles? I ask for a chisel and you hand me a monkey wrench; I ask again and I get a tape measure, a banana and now this plucked duck. Is it so hard to give a guy a chisel?

FRANK: Chisel?

RUDY: Yes, a chisel.

FRANK: Vas is das chisel?

RUDY: A chisel. Sharp on one end and you hit the other end with a hammer, you bonehead.

FRANK: Bonehead?

RUDY: Do I have to put it in writing? 'Cause I sure can. C-H-I-Z-E-L. Chisel.

(*FRANK takes it, looks, then turns it upside down.*)

RUDY: Hold it right! (*RUDY turns it around, but FRANK turns it back again.*)
Hold it right! (*Again tilt paper and head sideways*)
AAAAAAiiiiiiyyyyyy! Heinlein Dumbkopf!

FRANK: Dumpkopt! Yine schweinhooks!

RUDY: Scungili, au'jourd'hui!

FRANK: Conigliari!

RUDY: Champs-elysee Pinata!

FRANK: Garbonzo Yastremzski!

RUDY: Pinata! Pinata! FIESTA pinata! Cinco de MAYO pinata!

(*FRANK exits, calling back another Polish or Italian baseball player, or other foreign language word*)

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RUDY: NIKE! FAHRVEGNUGEN! (*FRANK has left. RUDY attempts to call him back.*) Franco. Lo siento! Volver! Franco, mi amigo! (*Looks around; is totally alone; looks into the sky.*) Hellllllllooooooo?
(*RUDY bends down and begins hurriedly gathering tools; runs out with them*)

END

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SCRIPT
PREVIEW

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