

The Next move in the Game

Note

The setting for this play works as extended promenade theatre. If you haven't, please view the video to see how this works. The only original music used in the play is the Jesus rap which comes with the license. Other music used should be checked for copywrite.

Extracts

Problems with Creation ...

God – I think I'll try creating the Earth first ...

Mike – Are you sure that's the right order, Lord, I ...

Mike – Are you Are you saying I can't do it the way I want?

Mike – No ...

God – Good.

Luci – Can you do your magic trick, can you? With your wand, please!

God – Oh, alright. *(God does a Tommy Cooper type impression with his stick)*
Abracadabera, abracazoo, I made the universe, now I'll make earth too.
(Nothing happens) Now why didn't that work. Technician, come here.

The Technician enters grumbling. S/he wears grubby overall and a pair of shabby wings.

Tech – What is it now? I can't do more than three hundred and fifty things at once. I'm halfway through doing the lighting arrangements for that new planetary system on the Outer Rim. C'mon then, what is it?

God – I do wish you'd be more congenial. And why don't you get rid of those scruffy wings.

Tech – If you had to work like I do. Just because that Michael's got new fangled ideas about smartening up the place. These wings were good enough when you put them on and they're staying.

Mike – I say.

Luci – You tell 'im.

Mike – I can do without your interference, thank you.

Luci – Oh yeah!

God – Be quiet you two. Technician, what is the problem.

Tech – The problem is it's not in the contract.

God – I beg your pardon?

Tech – I don't have to do it. It's the Umpire's job.

God – It is? Then why are you wasting time talking – get on with that lighting project (*Tech exits grumbling*). Umpire, can we get on with this?

Umpire – Are you requesting an intervention, God? I would remind you that you may only use one per set.

God – I know. One ... two ... three!

God waves his stick, the lights go up on Earth and the Umpire's Assistants throw a bucket of sand on set.

Is that it?

Mike – Don't forget those other things – plants, flowers, etc. They'll make the place quite cheerful.

God – I suppose so. One, two, three!

The Umpire's Assistants throws on to the set an assortment of plastic flowers, plants and animals.

I suppose it does make some difference.

All three characters look fixedly at the Earth for some seconds.

God – So what do we do now. All we can do is watch them grow.

Mike – It should be a fascinating experience, Lord (*God and Luci look at him disbelievingly*).

Luci – Yes, well, what you need, God, is something a little more intelligent to play with.

God – Not like us. I hope you're not suggesting creating beings like us?

Luci – No. Don't get me wrong. They'd only look a bit like us and have ... er ... third rate intelligence.

God – Well I'm glad about that, but I'm warning you, you'd better not be up to any tricks.

Luci – Who me? Look on the next page. That's one of them.

God – Man. I see. Doesn't look particularly bright, does he. Only third rate intelligence, eh?

Luci – Of course. (*crosses fingers behind back*) Go on, make him then. And with the words, will you, will you?

God - Oh, very well. (*waves stick and says like Tommy Cooper*) Jus' like that.

Adam is created in a blackout on Earth. He looks puzzled, explores the space, finds the sand and plastic objects, and begins to play with them like a young child.

God – Hmm, not bad for a first go. Well, what does he do?

Mike – Excellent point, Lord. Well Luci, what does he do?

Luci – He could ... Oh look, he's getting bored. (*to God*) Just like you. Only a joke.

God – Luci!

Luci – Please don't call me that. If you ask me, he needs someone like him.

God – OK, I'll create another Man ...

Luci – You can't do that ... I mean ... be liberal later. After all, they've got to breed.

God – Breed?

Mike – I told you to be careful.

Luci – Look, turn over the page and make one of those.

God – A WO-man.

Luci – Woman.

God – Woman. I see. Well, what's the difference?

Mike – Oh look, there's the difference!

Luci – *(Grabs the book quickly and slams it shut)* That's enough of that then. Just make her.

God – Now listen to me Lucifer. If you continue to behave like this I'll impose ...

Umpire – Could you continue with the game please? God's service.

God shrugs, waves his stick and Eve is created, walks onto the set and shyly goes up to Adam. Luci slyly waves his hand and points at Earth.

Eve – Well hello, what's a nice boy like you doing in a sandpit like this.

Luci waves his hand.

Adam – Of all the sandpits of the world, you had to pick this one!

God – Luci, was that you?

Luci – Well ...

God – I will not have interference in my good works.

Eve – Can I play ... It's a bit untidy, isn't it?

Adam – What's untidy?

Eve – I don't know. What's your name?

Adam – It's ... I don't know. What about you?

Eve – Oh, I don't know either.

Luci – Quick God, create one of those dark things.

God – What?

Luci – A night.

God waves his stick. Blackout on Earth.

God – Now I require an explanation.

Luci – They haven't got names, have they?

God – You're right. I suppose I must name them. One must take some responsibility. Well, who's got some ideas then?

Luci – Ideas? Well, you've 'ad a few before, so 'ave I and ... wait a sec'. You've 'ad 'em and I've 'ad 'em – Adam. That's it, and even he's 'ad 'em (*points to Mike*). Yes even he's 'ad 'em ... even ... 'ad 'em

God – I've had a brainwave. We'll call them Eve and Adam (*Luci groans*) Right, let's see what's going on down there. Day.

Lights up on Earth

Adam – (*Yawns*) That's better. It's a lovely morning, Eve.

Eve – What did you call me Adam?

Adam – And what did you call me?

Eve – You're Adam ...

Adam – And you're Eve (*pause*). That's nice. And the sandpit's nice. But ...

Eve – How did we get here?

Luci – I'm sorry God, you'll have to make another night.

Blackout on Earth.

God – What now?

Luci – They're pretty thick, aren't they?

Mike – That's right, minimal intelligence. We can't have them thinking above their station, now can we? Otherwise the whole order of things will eventually crumble. Won't it?

God – Indeed.

Luci- Quite, quite ... It really would put a spanner in the works if someone gave them a higher form of knowledge, so they could think logically, for instance?

God – Yes it would. Thankfully that's not going to happen!

Luci – *(Casually)* Anyway ... I'll see you both later ... It's market day and I've got to get in a good supply of apples.

God – Apples? What does he want apples for?

God's Son ...

God – *(to the audience)* Now you see what I have to endure, dissatisfied retainers of all kinds, not to mention Lucifer. In the last millennia he's really been up to all sorts of hanky panky. *(whispers)* And that Technician, he may be good but what with all the extra jobs scanning for Luci's naughty handiwork, he's getting more irritable by the century. *(as though asked by audience)* What Michael? He'll do as he's told. He'll winge from time to time, Michael, but in the end ...

Mike re-enters shaking his head with an enormous ledger.

So, let's get it over with, give it to me straight, as those people whose accent got changed by Luci ...

Mike – Americans ...

God – Say.

Mike – Are you sure you wouldn't like to sit? No. Here goes then. *(he flicks through the book)* Oh dear.

God – Get on with it.

Mike – As you say. Well it does appear from the records that your creation hasn't done very well so far. Lots of violence, and I hate to say it often done in your name. It seems the men, as opposed to the wo-men, are particularly good at engaging in wholesale slaughter, conquest, enslaving others – need I go on.

God – No, I don't think you'd bett ...

Mike – Right then, at the moment let's see who's on top. Ah yes, the Romans. *(getting enthusiastic again)* You're going to find this very interesting.

God shakes his head but Mike carries on, moving towards the audience.

It's really simple. All you do is bear down on a country with invincible might, smash them into submission, get a few of the leaders on your side and then declare peace and if anybody breaks the peace they either get killed or made slaves.

God – *(gloomily)* Yes, yes. Well, something's got to be done about it.

Mike – It's such a serious situation that I think it must be a case for direct intervention.

God – I'm sorry?

Mike – It's about time you sent some silly idiot down there to sort things out.

God – What's the use, I've already sent you.

Mike – Charming. Well if that's the way you feel about it why don't you go down there yourself?

God – Don't be ridiculous. Michael if I were to do that, Luci will try to sneak up here and take over my position. I don't need to remind you of all the extra hours you had to put in the last time that was attempted.

Mike – *(shuddering)* Er yes, true, the civil war in heaven. I see what you mean. Perhaps that's not such a good idea. One moment, I have it. Brilliant! Listen Lord, you're omnipotent, aren't you?

God – I told you not to mention that.

Mike – Omni-potent, all powerful.

God – Oh that, I see, yes of course I am. And?

Mike – Use your magic stick.

God – To do what?

Mike – Well if you can't go, why not send your son?

God – But I haven't got a son.

Mike – Use your magic stick to create one.

God – Oh, you mean, "Jus' like that!"

Mike – That's it, "Jus' like that."

God – That Michael, is a very good idea. I'm glad I thought of it. *(Mike groans)*
Now, let's think of a name for him ...

Lights up on Hell.

Luci – Did you hear that Mephs? He wants to create a son.

Mephs – Yeah, Jesus, that's a good un'.

God – What did you say Mephs, Jesus. Not bad that, what do you say Mike?

Mike – Yes, I think I can say, without qualification, that it has the right classical sound to it. Well, thank you Mephs, you've been a great help.

Mephs smacks his head, then Luci smacks his head.

God – Good, we'll call my son Jesus.

Who's in Charge

God – I'm not letting my creations run things down there. If you ask me they're after my position. No, I've decided, definitely, to terminate the game.

Luci – You can't do it. I've nearly won.

God – I think you've seriously misjudged these humans. If I go, you go too.

Luci – Rubbish.

God – You'll thank me for this later. Michael, bring me the red switch, we'll use their own nuclear arsenals against them.

Mike – Are you sure Lord?

God – Of course. Now what're those two little countries we could start it off from?

Mike – You mean Israel and Iran. Can I remind you that your son came from the country where Israel is now?

God – Good, we'll get them to start it first.

Luci – *(to Mephs)* He's serious. *(to God)* You can't.

God – I can and will.

Luci – In that case you leave me no choice, I'll have to play – The Joker.

Brassy fanfare as assistants parade the Joker card around Earth, then they exit. Lights up on Earth.

Umpire – Ladies and Gentlemen, the first Joker of the match has been played by Lucifer. Lucifer, this entitles you to challenge God to a duel on Earth. You may use appropriate projectiles at ten paces. You and your seconds may prepare.

God and Luci walk solemnly onto Earth, pretend to shake hands, elaborately take off jackets, etc. and walk back five paces each from the dividing line. They are joined on their respective sides by Mephs, holding a violin case, and Mike holding a brief case.

Umpire – Gentlemen, are you ready – fire!

Mephs and Mike open their cases which are full of rolled up balls of paper which they throw at each other and then into the audience. They are so engrossed in this that they do not notice that Mr Computer systems and Ms Mass Media have casually entered and taken up their positions in Heaven and Hell while Mr Energy and Mr Consumerism have taken up positions blocking the exits dividing the audience.

Mike – (noticing what has happened) I say. God ... God ... look.

God – Stop interrupting. What? It's those Business people. Luci, this is your fault.

Luci – It's not, you should've been watching.

Mr Computer Systems – Well, that's much better, it seems we've made it at last.

Ms Mass Media – Yes, up in our rightful positions.