

File #31-2

A Tale of Three Not-So Wise Men [Christmas]

## CHRISTMAS PLAY

### A TALE OF THREE NOT-SO-WISE MEN

5 in Play

READER: The three men trudged along the dark, narrow street in Bethlehem, their sandals flapping on the stones.

One was a Priest, one a Temple scribe, and the other a shopkeeper.

PRIEST: "Where did you say this stable is?" [demanded the Priest impatiently]

SHOPKEEPER: "Directly behind the Inn".

PRIEST: "If what you say is true, then this is the case we've been waiting for, the Governor can't ignore this one—we'll take it directly to Herod if he does".

SCRIBE: [speaking sharply] "But why should the Governor pay any attention to this? People have been coming in from all over the province for years to pay their taxes, and every year somebody must sleep in the street".

PRIEST: "Yes, but this is the first time a woman has been sent to a stable to give birth to her child. Even Herod won't stand for this! Gentile, though he is, neither Caesar nor Herod wants that stirred up. But if the Governor doesn't let the Temple funds alone and give us our share of the tax money so we can feed and house our people decently, I can't be responsible for what will happen".

SCRIBE: [with a mocking grin on his face] "If they are hungry, why don't you get busy with your sacrifices to the GOD of Moses? He sent Moses once, you know".

PRIEST: [angrily] "Don't start that again! I must go through the motions, yes, but you know as well as I that the GOD of Moses is dead—if he ever lived. We've got to work this out through Herod".

READER: The three men abruptly turned a corner. There before them a crowd of townspeople was gathering about the wide door of a ramshackle building.

[a strange stillness hung over the scene]

PRIEST: [elbowing a man and his wife aside and peering through the opening] "Look at that filth! [he cried, his voice grated loud above the whispers of the crowd] Nothing on the floor but dirty straw and the child lies in a common manger. The Inn keeper should be flogged!"

SCRIBE: [looking puzzled] "But the light—there is no lantern—where is it from?"

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SHOPKEEPER: [looking up] "It is from the star! [pointing and pushing forward to the side of the Priest] See the radiance on the face of the child—and the countenance of the mother—see how it glows! There is more here than the people know".

PRIEST: [shaking his head and muttering] "Terrible, terrible, this is the time such an outrage will not be tolerated. I will see the Governor immediately".

SCRIBE: [shaking his head] "I don't know—I just don't know—the light—I don't understand the light and the voice—the music—like angels singing".

[low singing or humming in the background, or even low music]

SHOPKEEPER: [the shopkeeper's eyes are fixed on the star, his face shining] [slowly he turns to the Priest] "You seek an answer to the problem of the people. You won't find that in Herod's Laws, nor in Caesars wealth. Look up—the answer is in the light of the star!"

READER: [reads] Luke 2:15-16

ALL SING: Away in a Manger

READER: [reads] Luke 2:17-18

ALL SING: Silent Night

THIS CONCLUDES OUR LITTLE PROGRAM