

A close-up photograph of a man's hand holding a black Bible. The man is wearing blue denim jeans and a white t-shirt with an orange stripe. The background is plain white. The Bible is held in his right hand, and the pages are visible on the right side.

THE DELIVERER

The Original Stageplay

CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT

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Sample Script



Opening Scene

LIGHTS COME UP

Thomas, dressed in full white, is standing between rows of benches. He seems lost.

THOMAS: Where am I? *(looks around)* This place seems so familiar.

VOICE: Thomas.

Thomas spins around trying to locate the source of the voice.

VOICE: Thomas.

Thomas realizes that the voice is coming from above.

THOMAS: If that is You, Lord, I'm listening.

VOICE: Take off your shoes, for the place you stand is Holy Ground.

THOMAS: God, it's me, Thomas, not Moses.

VOICE: Take off your shoes!

Thomas quickly pulls his shoes off.

VOICE: I have chosen you to bring deliverance to my people. It is time.

THOMAS: Time for what, Lord?

VOICE: To bring deliverance to my people.

THOMAS: I thought I was already doing that.

VOICE: You must visit your mother's church this Sunday.

THOMAS: But, Lord, there is a reason I moved out of Blacktop. I don't want to go back there, and I have a lot of responsibilities here.

VOICE: Remember Jonah....Remember Paul....Remember Ananias and Saphira....

THOMAS: What time on Sunday?

LIGHTS OUT

Scene 1

LIGHTS UP

SETTING: *An old church.*

There is no one here except an old man sitting on the front bench.

He just sits there staring out at nothing.

The door to the back (DS) creaks open and Thomas steps in. He's dressed in his best 'Sunday wear.' He carefully steps in not looking around, and slowly tries to close the door without it making a sound...which is hopeless of course.

He turns around slowly expecting many eyes to be looking his way....the only other two eyes in the room remain focused on the audience.

THOMAS: I am either late or this church no longer keeps on a Sunday.

He walks to the front where the old man is sitting.

THOMAS: Hello.

The man doesn't respond.

Thomas comes around and stands directly in front of him.

THOMAS: Excuse me!

The man looks up at Thomas and smiles.

THOMAS: Can you tell me where I can find the Church of God?

OLD MAN: Young man, you need to speak up. I see your mouth moving, but I hear no words. The doctor says I have a hearing problem, and I have no money to fill the description.

THOMAS: *(talks loudly)* You mean prescription?

OLD MAN: No need to shout. Just speak up.

THOMAS: Where is everybody?

The old man looks around.

OLD MAN: This is everybody.

THOMAS: There is just you.

OLD MAN: Yep.

THOMAS: What happened to the church?

OLD MAN: Discriminated about three years now.

THOMAS: You mean disseminated?

OLD MAN: Don't correct my English, son. It's annoying.

THOMAS: *(continues to talk loudly)* What happened?

OLD MAN: People change, some find another church...others just stay home and watch TD Jakes. If you asked me, I would blame technology. The world was gravitating towards it, the church was not.

THOMAS: Why would people need to find another church?

OLD MAN: Problems, man...problems. People find it hard to agree these days. They're always quarreling and fighting over something stupid....one by one, they just stop coming.

THOMAS: I don't believe what I'm hearing. This was such a vibrant church. I can't believe it's dead.

OLD MAN: What business do you have here?

Thomas pauses to reflect.

THOMAS: I was raised in this church. My mother used to come here before she died. I used to go to Sunday School right here.

OLD MAN: Who was your mother?

THOMAS: People called her Mother Memo. Some knew her as fire stick.

OLD MAN: Fire stick was your mama. *(laughs)* That woman was something else. *(looks at Thomas)* So you was that young boy who always used the bathroom, but afraid to flush it?

THOMAS *(smiles at the memory)* Yes?

OLD MAN: I remember you. You get big and it looks like you made something of yourself. Can I have five dollars?

Thomas digs in his pocket and takes out a few bills and hands them to the Old Man.

OLD MAN: God bless your soul, boy. *(Counts the money)* I'm sorry they killed your mother's church, but that's life. Nothing good lasts. *(gets up to leave)* Do me a favour and keep an eye on things. Need to go to the shop.

Old man heads for the exit.

OLD MAN: You want anything?

Thomas shakes his head no.

OLD MAN: Right. You town folks don't eat from shop.

Old man exits.

Thomas is saddened by all that he has heard. He walks around a bit considering the old man's words.

He takes a seat and lifts his eyes to heaven.....for a moment he remembers his mother almost as if he could hear her voice singing in the background (play background music).....tears fill his eyes.....

The familiar noisy sound of the front door pulls Thomas back to reality. He turns to see Pastor Jones entering...closing the door behind him.

Thomas stands to his feet. Pastor is a little surprised to see him.

THOMAS: Greetings, sir.

JONES: And you are?

THOMAS: My name is Thomas Memo. I used to come to this church.

JONES: Wait...(laughs)...when did you get so big, boy? You used to use the toilet and could not flush it.

THOMAS: Yes.

JONES: Come give my hand a hearty shake.

They approach each other and shake hands.

JONES: Man...I haven't seen you since you started high school.

THOMAS: It was rough...lost my head for a bit there.

JONES: Yeah, it happens. You turned your back on church. If I remember correctly, you did not even come to your mother's funeral.

THOMAS: I...couldn't. I didn't want to see her in a coffin.

JONES: Boy...it's life. One minute you're alive, the next minute you're dead and cold, lifeless, breathless, motionless...

THOMAS (*changing the subject*): I came today to enjoy the service.

Pastor Jones is sad...he looks away.

THOMAS: What happened to the church, sir?

JONES: People happen. A new generation of people. (*changing the subject*)
Did you see an old man?

THOMAS: He went to the shop. Why are you changing the subject?

JONES: It's too painful to talk about, man.

THOMAS: Well, Mama always said it's better to talk, than keep it inside. It can be poisonous.

Pause.

JONES: I'm already poisoned.

THOMAS: What happened to the church, sir? People should be here right now worshipping God....what happened?

JONES: It's not easy having a congregation with everyone pulling in their own direction. There was no unity among the young and the old, leaders were disagreeing on everything, nobody was studying the Bible or trying to live Christ-like. Everyone was just doing their own thing. *(pause)* A kingdom that is divided against itself must fall.

THOMAS: As the pastor, you should not have given up.

JONES: Can the pastor alone make a church?

THOMAS: It's not about you. If the present membership abandoned the church, you should have gone out to win new souls for the kingdom. As I see it, you're not doing either.

JONES: The fighting and politics in church these days, it's best the non-Christians stay out there and enjoy themselves.

THOMAS: You don't sound like a pastor.

JONES: I am not a pastor anymore.

THOMAS: I am disappointed in you, sir.

JONES: Just take my advice.....go back to your town life and forget about this place.

THOMAS: And leave this place to the devil. I don't think so.

Thomas turns on his heels and exits almost knocking the Old Man over as he enters with his shopping bag.

OLD MAN: What's wrong with him?

JONES: *(shouts)* Young people these days. Always going around trying to save the world.

OLD MAN: He almost knocked me over.

JONES: So, did you buy the pepsi?

OLD MAN: Of course...did you bring the rum?

JONES: I have it right here.

OLD MAN: A little wine is good for the stomach, right?

JONES: Yeees, preach it brother.

OLD MAN: I will preach later. Right now, let's drink and be merry.

They exit as....

LIGHTS FADE

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FAQ

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