

THE RESURRECTION

The Original Stageplay

CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT

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SAMPLE SCRIPT



SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP

Bartimeus and Thomas stand at CS all dressed in long coats and detective hats and sunglasses as if they are undercover...but their hair is no longer black and Thomas only has one good foot.

THOMAS: What time is it?

BARTIMEUS: eh.

Thomas rolls his eyes.

THOMAS: Time?

BARTIMEUS: Mine...what mine?

THOMAS (*shouts*): WHAT TIME IS IT?

BARTIMEUS: Why do you always shout at me?

THOMAS: HOW ELSE CAN YOU HEAR?

BARTIMEUS: Nothing is wrong with my hearing, and please stop shouting.

THOMAS: What time is it?

BARTIMEUS: eh.

Thomas gives up. He grabs Bartimeus' wrist and looks at the time.

BARTIMEUS: Hey.

Bartimeus pulls his hand away.

THOMAS: He's one hour late. We should go, maybe something happened to him. They probably kidnapped him or something.

BARTIMEUS: eh.

THOMAS: You know what, you should be home.

BARTIMEUS: Dome, what dome?

Thomas gives up.

Enter cloaked figure.

HEROD: Psst.

Thomas looks in the direction of the sound; he jumps back a bit when he sees the cloaked figure.

Herod gestures with his finger for Thomas to come closer.

Thomas shakes his head no, visibly afraid.

Herod gestures again even more forcibly.

Thomas shakes his head no again.

HEROD: It's me, you dimwit.

THOMAS: Me who...?

Herod pulls the hood from over his head.

HEROD: Me.

He replaces the hood.

THOMAS: I didn't catch the face. Could you repeat...

HEROD: GET OVER HERE!

Bartimeus whips around to see Herod. He jumps back. Thomas goes over to him and Bartimeus follows.

BARTIMEUS: Who, who's that?

THOMAS: Herod.

BARTIMEUS: Nimrod. I thought he was dead!

THOMAS: I said, HEROD...not Nimrod!

HEROD: Shh!

BARTIMEUS: There you go shouting again.

Thomas shakes his head.

They stand before the cloaked figure.

*Herod pulls a file from under his cloak and hands it to Thomas, who passes it
On to Bartimeus, who digs in right away.*

HEROD: I still can't believe he can see.

THOMAS: Yeah, so...what's this about Chief? *(pats his bad leg)* I can't stand out here all day you know.

HEROD: We are not as young as we used to be, huh.

THOMAS: Well, they say you're as old as you feel.

HEROD: Indeed. Anyway, as you may have read...some very strange events have occurred here over the past few weeks and it is all linked to one Man.

THOMAS: Jesus of Nazareth.

HEROD: Yes. It is said that he has caused quite a stir among the people. It seems his influence may have a lasting effect on this world. I fear, we may never, ever be the way we used to be because of this man.

THOMAS: Yes. He does have a way to cause...change.

HEROD: Well, he's dead.

Thomas is wide eyed. He hits Bartimeus who pulls his head out of the file.

BARTIMEUS: What?

THOMAS: Jesus is dead.

BARTIMEUS: Whose bed?

THOMAS (*shouts*): HE'S DEAD!

BARTIMEUS: Who? What...Dead? You just shouted. Dead, how? Who's dead?

HEROD: He was crucified?

BARTIMEUS: Mummified? Someone was mummified...Here in Jerusalem....and here I thought this only happens in Egypt.

Bartimeus walks away shaking his head in disbelief.

THOMAS: Go on, chief. You still haven't told me why we're here.

HEROD: I'm getting to that. There was talk among his disciples that He was the Son of God...you know that, right?

THOMAS: Yes.

HEROD: Well, He is said to have said that he would die and rise again on the third day.

THOMAS: He said that?

HEROD: Actually, that's what they said he said.

THOMAS: Who said he said?

HEROD: The people said the disciples said that he said that.

Thomas scratches his chin.

THOMAS: Interesting.

HEROD: Your job is simple. It can only be one of two explanations. Either what they said He said is true...or the body was stolen to look like what they said he said was true...

THOMAS: Ummm.

HEROD: This is a hush hush mission, so you have to play it cool and don't worry...you'll be well compensated for this job.

THOMAS: I'm depending on that.

HEROD: Find Jesus' body and arrest the culprits who removed it from the grave. Avoid the media at all cost and tell no one about this.

THOMAS: Hush hush.

HEROD: Exactly. The rest is in that file.

THOMAS: Ok...you can depend on us Chief.

HEROD: I sure hope so.

Herod glances around and quickly exits.

Bartimeus reads something in the file and his mouth drops open. He runs over to Thomas.

BARTIMEUS: Thomas...it says here that Jesus is dead.

Thomas rolls his eyes. He grabs the file from Bartimeus and Exits.

BARTIMEUS: He's dead. I can't believe it...He never seemed like the kind that could...die. Thomas...can you believe it?

He sees that Thomas is gone. He jots offstage behind him.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 2

LIGHTS UP

Thomas and Bartimeus are standing outside a door.

BARTIMEUS: I think this is the place.

THOMAS: YOU SURE?

BARTIMEUS: Yeah. You just shouted.

THOMAS: I guess we have to start somewhere.

BARTIMEUS: Don't look like a harlot's house to me.

THOMAS: HOW EXACTLY DOES A HARLOT'S HOUSE LOOK?

BARTIMEUS: I Dunno. I imagine there would be lots of women outside here spinning around that light pole in skimpy clothes looking at us with cat-eyes...maybe a pimp would be over there under his shaggy coat choking on an Italian cigar and over...

THOMAS: ALRIGHT. I GET YOUR POINT.

BARTIMEUS: Shouting...

THOMAS: LET'S JUST DO THIS. *(sighs)* God I'm too old for this job.

Thomas limps to the door and knocks.

Bartimeus also knocks.

Thomas knocks again.

Bartimeus knocks again.

This continues until someone answers the door.

MARY: What...Are you guys trying out for the band or something?

THOMAS: No, we...we were just playing. Yeah, anyway...we're with the HBI...

Mary puts out a hand.

MARY: Say that again.

THOMAS: Ok. No...we...we were just playing. Yeah, anyway...we're with the HBI...

Mary puts out a hand again.

MARY: The HBI.

THOMAS: Yep.

MARY: The Herod's Bureau of Investigations?

THOMAS: Uh, yep. That is correct.

Mary starts laughing hard....Thomas is a little embarrassed. She speaks only after she can stop laughing.

MARY: Shouldn't you guys be in an old age home or something, drinking tea and playing chess?

THOMAS: Your sarcasm is a little bit insulting, ma'am.

MARY: Well anyway, I don't know what you two gentlemen want, but if you need me to help you with something...you're gonna have to show me some ID.

Thomas and Bartimeus look at each other...then pull out two badges and hold them out before Mary. She looks at them and starts laughing again.

MARY: These badges expired thirty-two years ago.

THOMAS: We're still waiting for the renewal.

MARY: Right. Anyway guys, thank you for dropping by. I really did enjoy this visit.

Mary closes the door.

Thomas turns to Bartimeus.

THOMAS: FROM HERE ON WE TELL NO ONE WE WORK FOR THE HBI...OK.

BARTIMEUS: Why not?

THOMAS: JUST DO AS I SAY, BARTY.

Thomas knocks again.

Mary opens the door.

MARY: Yes.

THOMAS: We have a few questions we would like to ask.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY: Fine. But I'm only doing this because I respect elders. You know that?

THOMAS: That's fine for now.

Mary allows them to enter.

MARY: Please have a seat.

Thomas sits. Bartimeus remains standing.

MARY: Sir, you may have a seat.

BARTIMEUS: Whatever for?

MARY: Excuse me?

BARTIMEUS: Why would I need a sheet?

THOMAS: SEAT, Barty.

BARTIMEUS: Ohhhh, yes, thank you, ma'am.

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