

Son of God

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2. We Meet on the Street	Words ©1986 Pam Moore
3. Every Joy	Words ©1986 Pam Moore
4. Gentle Jesus	Words Charles Wesley (v1); Les Sherlock (vs2-4)
5. The Arms of Jesus	Words ©1986 Pam Moore
10. Have You Seen His Hands	Words & Music ©1986 Sheila Blude
13. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross	Words Isaac Watts
15. I Dreamed	Words ©1986 Pam Moore
16. Alleluia Praise	Words ©1986 Pam Moore
17. Go With Our Love	Words ©1986 Pam Moore

ACT ONE

Scene One In The Kitchen

A breakfast table is set with two places. Stella is just finishing putting a foil package into a plastic container. Pete enters stage right and stands in the doorway, yawning.

STELLA: “Morning, bright eyes!”

PETE: (Yawning) “Hello!”

STELLA: “I was just going to come and wake you up with a nice cup of Alka Seltza.”

PETE: “Very funny!”

STELLA: “You won, then?”

PETE: “Eh?”

STELLA: “The clothes strewn across the floor had a celebratory air of abandon about them, I thought.”

PETE: (Sitting at the table) “Hope I didn’t disturb you.”

STELLA: “Oh no! I’m used to things going bump in the night after darts matches. It’s a pity Barry fell over the dustbin, though!”

PETE: “Silly idiot! I told him to watch out.”

STELLA: “Might have been better to have told him before he did it!”

PETE: (Absentmindedly as he disappears behind his morning newspaper) “Ah well! As long as we didn’t wake you.”

STELLA: “Look; I’ve done you tuna and mayonnaise today.”

PETE: (Groans)

STELLA: “Is that ok? And do you want an apple to take?”

PETE: “No thanks – too noisy!”

STELLA: “You did have a good time, didn’t you?”

PETE: “Yeah, it was great! Bit of a shambles at first, though. Their board fell off the wall and we had to wait while they fixed it with string.”

STELLA: “Very professional!”

PETE: “The best part was when their first man on – couldn’t hit a barn door if it fell on him – missed the board completely and put his dart right through the piece of string.” (Laughs, but stops abruptly, holding his sore head between his hands)
“Ouch!”

STELLA: “Did it break?”

PETE: “Yes, but only as he was pulling the dart out. It snapped clean in two and the board fell right on his foot.”

STELLA: “Star player, was he?”

PETE: (Chuckling) “They had to take him to hospital. They sent a text later – turned out he’d broken his little toe!”

STELLA: “Oh! Poor bloke!. What about the match?”

PETE: Well, that leg had to be abandoned...”

STELLA: “Which one was it – right, or left leg?”

PETE: “No... you are on form this morning, aren’t you? Very perky! I was referring to the match, actually. But it meant there was an even number of games and by the end the scores were equal, so I had to play the decider with their captain.”
(Pauses dramatically)

STELLA: “Well, go on. Who won?”

PETE: “It was a close one, but I beat him in the end, of course.”

STELLA: “Oh, of course! Who was their captain?”

PETE: “Eric Bristow.”¹

STELLA: “The world champion?” (For a moment Stella is thunderstruck. Then disbelief spreads over her face.)

PETE: “Well, we can all dream, can’t we?”

¹ Substitute the name of the current world champion here.

STELLA: "You haven't eaten anything."

PETE: "I think I'll wait until my stomach's finished the assault course. Just coffee's fine." (He disappears behind the newspaper again)

STELLA: "I had a good evening too. I went out."

PETE: "Oh yeah?"

STELLA: "Actually, I took up Jane's invitation to go to that thing at Christchurch."

PETE: "Really?"

STELLA: "Well, Jane had been on at me for some time to go and see what it was like, so I thought last night was as good a time as any... it wasn't at all how I expected... not a normal service like you see on telly."

PETE: "Hmmm?"

STELLA: "To be honest, I thought I'd be bored; but she's been a good friend to us so I thought I should go along." (Silence from Pete, so she continues) "Actually, I wasn't bored at all. Quite the opposite: I really enjoyed it... well more than that... are you listening, Pete?" (raising her voice slightly)

PETE: "What?" (Comes briefly from behind his paper and then goes straight back to it)

STELLA: "I said, would you prefer salt in your coffee this morning?"

PETE: "Oh, er... two please?"

STELLA: (Pulling newspaper down) "Pete!"

PETE: "What's up?"

STELLA: "I'm trying to tell you something."

PETE: "O.K; what have I done?"

STELLA: "You've not done anything!"

PETE: "Right; well let me read my paper in peace, then," (Starts to pick up the paper again)

STELLA: "It's what I've done... but it's difficult to put into words... I've... become... a Christian."

PETE: (After a pause) "Become a Christian? You always were one weren't you?"

STELLA: "Well, I thought so too, until last night."

PETE: "I mean, aren't we all? We live in a Christian country, don't we? I mean, I'm not exactly a heathen, am I?"

STELLA: "For the first time it started to mean something to me. I believed it! The difference is, it's become personal. I asked God to make Himself real to me, and He has. I'm different, Pete. I want Him to run my life now. He's changed me!"

PETE: "Well, you look the same to me; and that's pretty good from where I'm sitting, so come here and give us a cuddle. You'll be making me jealous with that kind of talk."

STELLA: "Don't change the subject."

PETE: "Which one?"

STELLA: "You're avoiding the issue!"

PETE: "So are you."

STELLA: "Can't you be serious for one minute?"

PETE: "I was being," (pouring more coffee into his cup)

STELLA: "This is important to me, Pete. It's not about religion; it's something that's real. Something that really happened in history."

PETE: "What are you on about?"

STELLA: "That it's true. Jesus really did come to this planet so that the likes of us could know God."

PETE: "Know God?"

STELLA: "I only realised last night we owe Him an apology."

PETE: "Owe Him an apology?"

STELLA: "I don't mean just us: I mean all of us... everyone... the whole human race. 'Jesus died for us' isn't just a cliché, it's true! He did. And it's the most important thing that's happened in the whole history of the world."

PETE: "Have you been hanging around that Jane Reynolds again?"

STELLA: "What's that got to do with it?"

PETE: "You sound just like her!"

STELLA: "Well, it's true it was her who got me thinking. Do you remember she tried to tell us ages ago about our not being able to get to God except through Jesus – and we just took the Mickey? Well, it's suddenly clicked. I know now what she's been talking about."

PETE: "I'm glad somebody does!"

STELLA: "I thought you liked Jane?"

PETE: "She's all right; but you said it yourself – she's over the top when it comes to religion."

STELLA: "Yes, but now I see that it's a relationship she's excited about, not a philosophy."

PETE: "How can you have a relationship with God? You can't even see Him! I'd much rather have the flesh and blood sort any day – given half the chance."

STELLA: "Look. They're having a mid-week service on Wednesday. Why don't you come?"

PETE: "No way!"

STELLA: "How can you say you are logical and reasonable if you're not even prepared listen?" (Realises she has spoken too sharply) "Surely you've got to accept God on His own terms?"

PETE: "Don't tell me what I've got to do, Stella!"

STELLA: "The Bible calls it... being... reconciled to God... through His Son."

PETE: "And I call it 'Cobblers', so let's forget it. O.K.?"

STELLA: "What are you scared of?"

PETE: "Look." (Tries to keep his patience) "I've heard all about these 'Billy Graham' type meetings. It's dangerous. Perfectly ordinary, reasonable people get carried away in the heat of the moment, and start flocking out, falling on their knees and making a spectacle of themselves."

STELLA: (Looks down, guiltily)

PETE: "You didn't, did you?"

STELLA: (Nods)

PETE: "Oh streuth! How are we going to live that one down?"

STELLA: "I don't want to live it down. I want everyone to know about it."

PETE: "Well, you could at least have had a bit of consideration for me. What would the blokes at work think?"

STELLA: "I don't think any of them were there."

PETE: "Yeah? Well, that's one good thing about it. Most people have something better to do with their Sundays."

STELLA: "Actually, the Church was quite full."

PETE: "Look. If you want to join a bunch of old fogies and misfits, that's up to you; but leave me out of it." (Gets up to go out)

STELLA: "Pete, please. It's not like that."

PETE: "For the last time, Stella, religion is for losers!" (Exits stage right)

STELLA: "Who'll be the losers when Jesus comes back?"

PETE: (Appears in doorway with coat on, carrying briefcase) "What's that?"

STELLA: "What could be more important than being ready for the next life, Pete?"

PETE: "Oh! That's how they do it, is it? Scare you to death with talk of hellfire and brimstone, and 'Hey Presto', another convert to help pour money into their coffers."

STELLA: "Pete! That's just cynical!"

PETE: (Shouting) "Yes, well! I'm sorry, but I've had enough and I've got work to do." (Exits stage left)

STELLA: "Oh! Your sandwiches," (Picks them up and exits stage left)

Scene Two Managing Director's Office

The Managing Director is seated at an office desk, telephone in hand.

M.D.: (On telephone) "Yes. Indonesia sounds great, dear..." (Knocking sound) "Oh, there's someone to see me now, so I must go darling. We'll sort it out when I come home. Bye... Come!"

PETE: (Enters stage left nervously and stands in front of the desk)

M.D.: "Ah! Peter! Good of you to come. Have you caught up with the news of what has been happening over the weekend?"

PETE: "I've not heard anything official, sir."

M.D.: "No! I don't suppose you will have done. Everyone's been told to keep it under wraps until I've been able to speak to various people... Well, er... Peter. Do sit down, by the way... makes the place look untidy, you know?" (Nervous cough) "It's like this. I know you've been expecting promotion to the new executive position we were going to create, and to be fair the job should be yours. However, I'm sure you're aware that the company has been under some considerable financial pressure recently, and things finally came to a head at the end of last week."

PETE: "I knew that things were getting a little tight while we were in the development stages of..."

M.D.: "Yes, quite! But we reached the point that, last Saturday, the shareholders were forced by our creditors into accepting the takeover bid that had been made some time ago."

PETE: "They've not sold out to them?"

M.D.: "I'm afraid they had no choice."

PETE: "I see."

M.D.: "It's bad news for you, I'm afraid. The deal is expected to be completed by this afternoon, and as the new owners obviously will not want to double up on staff they already have, I have to issue the redundancy notices before five o'clock tonight." (Another cough) "I'm sorry to have to tell you that you are one of the men surplus to their requirements."

PETE: "You're sacking ME?"

M.D.: "Not my decision, Peter; but they have little choice. They already have sufficient personnel in your department, and one of the conditions of the deal is that their people get preference over ours."

PETE: "How long have I got?"

M.D.: "They have agreed to very generous redundancy settlements for those affected, so you should have plenty of time to decide what to do for the future."

PETE: "I see."

M.D.: "Look. I'm sorry we haven't had the chance to talk about this before; but they are giving three month's pay in lieu of notice. Your desk must be cleared before you leave this afternoon, I'm afraid. I really am sorry, Peter. You've done a good job for us, and I know it doesn't seem fair. But you know how these things work." (Holds out his hand to Pete)

PETE: (Nods and stands, accepting the proffered handshake)

M.D.: "Goodbye, Peter. Hope you don't have to wait too long to find something else."

Pete turns and exits stage left, while the M.D. continues with paperwork on his desk.

Scene Three The Street

Pete stands at a bus stop. Bill enters stage left, limping..

BILL: "Hello, Pete! How are you?"

PETE: "Hello, Bill! Nice to see you. How's the foot."

BILL: "Not too bad, thanks. It's a bit painful, but at least I can get about."

PETE: "I didn't think you'd be in today."

BILL: "No, I wouldn't have been; but the boss rang up to see if I could go in to see him for a few minutes. Great news about the takeover, isn't it?"

PETE: "Well, I could see it coming a mile off."

BILL: "Marvellous for me, of course. My department's doubling in size and even though I will be second-in-command to their chap, I'll be getting more money for virtually the same job."

PETE: "Best thing that's happened for years."

BILL: "Will it affect you much?"

PETE: "They've offered me a big promotion, but I'm not sure if I'll take it."

BILL: "You won't take it?"

PETE: "No. I've been thinking for some time I could do with a change, and this is the perfect time to do it."

BILL: "Are you sure everything's ok, Pete?"

PETE: "Of course! Why shouldn't they be?"

BILL: "Just thought you looked a bit pale, that's all."

PETE: "Well, I'm fine."

BILL: "Alright; I'm sorry. Didn't mean to pry."

PETE: "There's nothing to pry into."

BILL: "O.K. Well, I must go or I'll miss my train. Congrats on last night, by the way!"

PETE: "Last night?"

BILL: "The darts match!"

PETE: "Oh! That. Yes, thanks!"

BILL: (Moving to exit, stage right) "Cheers!"

PETE: "See you!"

(Sings) We meet in the street, "How are things," we ask.
"Just fine, how are you?" we reply.

But my smile is as false as a circus clown's
And the words I speak are a lie.

Oh! Why can't we share with each other?
Oh! Why can't we say how we feel?
Why, when our heart is falling apart,
Are we so afraid to be real?

But each time we meet it is just the same:
"I'm fine. How are you?" we'll say.
And we hand each other yet another stone
And the wall grows higher each day.

Oh! Why can't we share with each other?
Oh! Why can't we say how we feel?
Why, when our heart is falling apart,
Are we so afraid to be real?

Scene Four The Kitchen

Stella is setting the table for a meal as Pete enters stage left.

STELLA: "Hello, love! You're early tonight. Finished your project at last?"

PETE: "Not exactly!"

STELLA: "I'm sorry about this morning, darling. It was the wrong time. Listen, I've been thinking that what we need is a holiday. We haven't had a break for ages. So I popped into the Travel Agent's today, and I thought we could have a nice cosy evening looking at brochures. What do you say? There's a fantastic bargain on a trip to Tenerife – all included. Wait a minute, I'll see if I can find it."

PETE: "What's for tea?"

STELLA: "Macaroni cheese... What's the matter, love? Are you still angry about this morning?"

PETE: "Not about this morning. I've had a bit of a disappointment today, that's all."

STELLA: "Is it about that promotion?"

PETE: "Yeah! They've sacked me instead!"

STELLA: (Shocked) "Sacked you?"

PETE: (Sings) Every joy soon gives way to a sorrow.
Every smile soon reverts to a frown.
Every hard-won success turns to failure and mess.
Struggle up, and you'll soon be knocked down.

Revelations are followed by darkness

Where you wander, confused and in pain,
'Til you sort it all out, bid farewell to your doubt,
Then it happens all over again.

Just beware when the future looks rosy,
For it's just when things start going well
That a bolt from the blue will be aimed right at you,
Blasting hopes of your Heaven to Hell.

Look at love, joy and hope with suspicion.
Hearts are easy to break, hard to mend.
Know that darkness for sure will go on and endure,
And that only the rainbows will end.

STELLA: "Oh Pete! My love! I'm sorry! What can I say?"

PETE: "There's nothing to say! I'm finished, and everyone else's life goes on just the same!

STELLA: "You're not finished, Pete! You're bound to get another job. Probably better than the last one."

PETE: "Not a chance! There's only two firms around here in my line of work, and they've just amalgamated."

STELLA: "Amalgamated?"

PETE: "That's why they gave me the push. Our chaps are expendable, but tomorrow morning some bright twit fresh from University will make himself at home behind my desk, just because he happened to work for the right firm, while after years of good service I get thrown on the scrap heap!"

STELLA: "There must be something we can do."

PETE: "There is. I sign on and join the unemployed millions."

STELLA: "I didn't mean that."

PETE: "It's no good raising your hopes, love. Whatever happens we're going to have to pull our belts in from now."

STELLA: (Hesitantly) "There is... there is one thing we could do."

PETE: "What's that?"

STELLA: "I know you got cross with me about what I said this morning; but the preacher last night said God was able to work everything out for good when we give our lives to Him... We could... we could... pray."

PETE: (Voice rising) "Pray... Pray... What's the good of that?" (Then more gently) "I know you mean well, love; but religion's no good at a time like this."

STELLA: “But I know He loves us, Pete. I’m sure He could do something.”

PETE: “A fine way He’s got of showing love, I must say!”

STELLA: “Please, Pete. Give it a try. You’ve got nothing to lose. Come with me to…”

PETE: (Losing his temper) “So that’s what you think of me – I’ve got nothing to lose! It’s alright when I’ve got a good job and bringing in plenty of money to keep you in luxury; but as soon as I lose my job I’m no good to you! I’ve got nothing to lose!”

STELLA: “I didn’t mean…”

PETE: “Well, I’ll tell you what I’ve got to lose. I’ve got my integrity, that’s what I’ve got. And I’ve still got some pride. If you think because things have gone wrong for me, I’m going to sit with a load of old women pleading to a non-existent God to wave a magic wand and put it all right again, you’ve got another think coming.”

STELLA: “Please, love…”

PETE: “Don’t ‘please love’ me! Even if everybody is against me – even if my own wife is against me – I’ll sort something out, just you see. You have to make your own way in this life. I don’t need a religious crutch to help me sort out my life.”

STELLA: (Also losing her temper) “I’m not against you. Why don’t you listen to me?”

PETE: “Because you talk rot, that’s why. It’s bad enough losing my job without you nagging me as well.”

STELLA: “It’s not rot. You just won’t listen to me!”

PETE: (Exiting stage left) “I’m going out. And I’ll be back late, so don’t wait up for me.” (The door slams).

STELLA: (Through the closed door) “I won’t, don’t worry,” (Goes back to sit at the table, elbows on the table, head in hands) “And I’m supposed to be a Christian; and now I’ve ruined everything.”

Scene Five The Bedroom

There is a double bed, with a lamp on a bedside table on each side. Stella enters stage right, ready for bed, and sits on it.

STELLA: “I know I should pray before I go to bed. But I don’t know how to do it. I’ve never prayed before. Although, when I was a small girl I used to say my prayers with my mum; but that was just a childish poem. I don’t suppose God would mind though. It’s better than nothing. I think He’ll understand.” (She kneels by the side of the bed and sings)

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;

Look upon a little child.
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Father, please meet with my man.
He has done the best he can.
But I know his best won't do.
He is poor compared with You.

I love him so very much.
Please let him know Your kind touch.
Please change him into Your son.
Please unite us both as one.

Lord, I know You answer prayer.
I believe You're always there.
I give to You everything.
In our home, Lord, reign as King.

(She gets into bed, pulls the covers over her and turns out the table light. After a brief pause, she puts the light back on, gets out of bed and kneels down once again) "Amen... sorry, I forgot to say it!"

(Getting back into bed) "I don't know if that's important, but you can't be too careful, can you?"

Scene Six The Lounge

The lounge is set with two easy chairs, and other typical furniture. There is a Bible on the arm of one chair. Pete enters stage left, with a cup of a bed-time drink in his hand. About to sit in one of the chairs to drink it, he see the Bible on the arm of the other one, picks it up and idly flips through it as he drinks. Jesus enters stage right as soon as he opens the Bible. Pete is unaware of His presence.

JESUS: (Sings) You have been rejected, oh, so many times before.
Have lost your trust in everyone; your heart is sick and sore.
Lonely, cold, afraid, you feel the sun will never shine,
For too many arms have dropped you. Come to mine.

Longing for a love you think can never quite be yours.
All the love you've known 'til now has had so many flaws.
Demands been made upon you, 'til you're weary, and you pine
For arms that will not drop you. Come to mine.

But you're so afraid of love you fight it when it's near.
Tender hands held out to you cause you to hide in fear,
For you feel if you accept it you'll pay penalty and fine.
But these arms will not drop you. Come to mine.

Longing for my love to fill you. One day, yes, it will.
Though of heartache, suffering, you feel you've had your fill.

I've set for you a banquet and one day at it you'll dine.
You'll feel strong arms around you. They'll be mine.

On that day you'll know at last that you're secure with me.
Suffering is in the past, my love has set you free
From all the hurts that you've sustained at each point down the line.
You'll know arms forever round you; and they're mine.

(Jesus slowly exits stage right as Pete puts the Bible back on the chair. During the final verse Pete finishes his drink, gets up, and exits stage left as the final words are sung.)

CHOIR: Arms that will not drop you, will not smother or oppress.
Holding you, enfolding you in deepest tenderness.
Supporting you, transporting you to realms of life and light
The everlasting arms of Jesus hold you tight.

Scene Seven The Bedroom

Pete and Stella are asleep in bed. Angel enters stage right, goes up to Pete and wakes him with some difficulty.

PETE: "What's going on here?"

ANGEL: "Ah! So you're awake at last!"

PETE: "Who on earth are you; and what are you doing in my bedroom?"

ANGEL: "On earth; in heaven; it makes no difference to me where I am, I'm just the same.
And I've come here to talk to you."

PETE: "What are you on about? Who are you?"

ANGEL: "If you must know, I'm an angel."

PETE: "An angel? There's no such thing. I don't believe in fairies. I'm going to call the police." (Tries to get out of bed, but freezes and cannot move, as Angel gestures with his hand)

PETE: "What's happening? Why can't I move? How did you do it?"

ANGEL: "I told you. I'm an angel."

PETE: "Alright, if you say so."

Angel drops his hand and Pete falls back into bed.

PETE: "Well. What do you want?"

ANGEL: "It's not so much what I want as what you are going to want. But I'm here because your wife asked me to come."

PETE: "She did?"

ANGEL: "Well, not in so many words; but she did ask God to work in your life, and this is the way He has chosen to do it. I must say you are very privileged: it's very rare that I get a job like this."

PETE: "Stella prayed for me? I'll kill her!"

Pete turns to grab Stella but Angel points at him again and he freezes.

ANGEL: "Not while I'm around you won't!"

After a brief paus Angel drops his hand and Pete falls back in the bed.

PETE: "I'll have to wait 'til after you've gone then!"

ANGEL: "I don't think God will allow that to happen!"

PETE: "You speak about God as if He was a person. Well, I have to tell you that I don't believe in a God like that. He is just the good that is in all of us."

ANGEL: "Really"

PETE: "But of course! All that superstitious nonsense about some old man in the sky has long since been disproved by science. Everything is here because it just evolved that way. We're not ignorant savages living in caves now, you know. We don't need religion anymore."

ANGEL: (Standing back in an 'operatic-style' pose, He sings)
Just because things seem to happen and you can't see why
You assume it's all by chance, and let these things pass by.
Yet you know that all effects must have a cause to be.
Well, the cause is God, but you're so blind you cannot see.

Apples always fall to earth; two and two make four.
Frozen water hardens, yet with heat as steam it soars.
You can live because you know that you can trust these laws.
Well, these laws are God, whom you would rather just ignore.

Planets orbit round the sun and each maintains its place.
All the universe obeys the laws of time and space.
Bu you are too 'wise' to look and see what all things show.
Well, they show it's God who holds all things, as all things know.

PETE: "I suppose you've not got a bad voice for an angel."

ANGEL: "Do you really think so? They wouldn't let me in the choir for a long time, you know."

PETE: "How long?"

ANGEL: “In earth time I suppose it would be about 32 million years. I put my application in long before the universe was created, you know.”

PETE: “Oh come on! This is ridiculous. I don’t believe you’re an angel. I don’t believe in God; and even if you believe all that rot about all of creation revealing God, I don’t. So you might as well push off and practice your singing somewhere else, and let me get some sleep.” (He turns over with his back to the angel and pulls the covers over his head)

ANGEL: (After a pause, thinking) “Aha!”

Pete ignores him.

ANGEL: (Louder) “Aha!”

Pete continues to ignore him.

ANGEL: (Pulling the covers back and shouting in Pete’s ear) “Aha!”

PETE: (Sitting up) “What do you mean, ‘Aha?’”

ANGEL: “You said, ‘all of creation’. CREATION! So you do believe it after all!”

PETE: “No I don’t. It’s just a manner of speaking. I DO NOT BELIEVE IT!”

ANGEL: “Well, I’m here to tell you that whether you believe it or not, it makes no difference to the truth. I know it’s true because I live in the spiritual realm and I’ve seen it for myself. You can only speak from your own experience, and that is far too limited to be accurate. But while your beliefs don’t have any effect on the truth, they certainly have an effect on you, and it makes the difference between heaven and hell.”

PETE: “Heaven and hell? Now I do know you’re a fake. Everyone knows that was just a story made up by the religious bigots of the day to scare the masses into doing what they were told.”

ANGEL: “Sure of that, are you?”

PETE: “Of course. In any case, if God was a God of love He would never send anyone to hell for eternity.”

ANGEL: (Gasping in shock) “God sends no human to hell. Hell is for the devil and all his demonic hordes. It’s not God who sends people to hell: they send themselves!”

PETE: “What do you mean by that?”

ANGEL: “God has given you the freedom to choose whether you want to live with Him or not; and plenty of opportunity while living on earth to do it. But if you choose not, well there is only one place where God is not present in all His glory, and that is hell. If you choose to go your own way in life instead of His, that is what you are choosing. Hell! It’s your choice, not His. If you pick up that book by your

bed, you'll see it says that God is not willing that any should perish but that all should have eternal life."

PETE: "That's hardly a choice, is it? Saying you can freely choose, but if your choice doesn't suit God He blasts you into Hell!"

ANGEL: "Even heaven would be like hell for anyone who chooses to live apart from God, because His presence fills it. Hell is the only place where they could exist if they want to follow their own desires. What makes it such a terrible place is that it will be populated only by those who want their own way."

PETE: "Yes, but why does it have to be that way? God is the one making the rules, so why doesn't He change them and allow folk to live the kind of lives they choose – in peace?"

ANGEL: "You humans are so illogical it's not true! You invent your own ideas about what God is like, then use your illusions to criticise Him with! God makes no rules. He simply acts according to His own nature, which never changes. And His nature is love, and justice. He made you in His image, and even though you've marred your nature with your sin, it can still respond to its maker. Your own instincts tell you that wrong-doing demands punishment. You accept this as a basis on which to build your civilisations; yet you say God is wrong to do the same."

PETE: "If God was a God of love He would find some way to keep people out of hell."

ANGEL: (Losing his patience.) "If God was a God of love? IF GOD WAS A GOD OF LOVE? I'll show you if God is a God of love or not. You come with me."

Angel grabs Pete, drags him out of bed, and pulls him along as they both exit stage right.

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene Eight The Holy Land at the time of Christ

A typical manger scene, with Joseph, Mary, shepherds, wise men and angels around the manger. Angel and Pete enter stage left, with Angel still pulling him, and stand to one side of the stage.

ANGEL: “Look well, human. This is how much God loves you. This is what He has done to keep you from Hell.”

CHOIR: You’re the Son of God. You’re the Son of God.
You are the Son of God.
You’re the Son of God. You’re the Son of God.
You are the Son of God.

By You were all things made
In heaven and on earth
Things seen and unseen
Thrones dominions and powers.

You’re the Son of God etc...

You’re before all things.
By You all things consist.
You’re first in everything.
All fullness dwells in You.

You’re the Son of God etc...

Though in God’s own form
You did not cling there to stay
But You emptied what You were
To be a man – a slave.

You’re the Son of God etc...

(As the song concludes all, apart from Pete and Angel, exit stage left)

ANGEL: “You dare to suggest that there is something God could do for humans that He has not done yet? When He gave up everything to become like you? Well, you’ve seen nothing yet. Now look. This was for you.”

(Music starts as Roman soldiers enter stage left, carrying a box with a slot in the middle large enough to support the cross and set it centre stage. Jesus enters stage left with the cross on His shoulders. A soldier takes it and fixes it in the box and the cross remains in position throughout the rest of the musical. He then forces Jesus up to it and ‘nails’ His hands and feet to it)

JESUS: (Sings) This cross I wear upon my back,
A cloak of wood with clasps of iron,
This crown I bear upon my head

Producing ruby jewels there,
I gladly choose this garb of love
Which though so painful now to me
Is battle dress in which I fight
To gain my bride and set her free.

I take God's curse upon my soul.
I take the devil's hate and scorn.
I take the worst that man can do
This is the reason I was born.
That in this fire of agony
These gifts in me may be transformed
To blessing, love and praise –
The best as dowry for the bride I'll win.

This thirty-three year human shell
Which took me through the world so well
Now carries all earth's hurt and pain.
Every sickness, all its sin.
This load's so great for me to bear,
But there's one thing that's left to do.
My life must end, that as I die
My evil burden will die too.
IT IS FINISHED. (He slumps in death)

CHOIR: It is finished. It is finished.
This was the Son of God.
You are the Son of God.

(During the following song the soldier 'releases' Jesus's hands and feet from the 'nails', allowing Jesus to slump over his shoulder. He then carries Him off-stage left. All on stage then exit stage left apart from Pete and Angel)

ANGEL: (Moving to centre stage) That's how much He cares. That's how much He cares.
He knew that when He came to earth
His end would be upon that tree.
And in those hours racked with pain
All mankind's sin in Him would be.
Each demon's foulest deed condensed
Inside this man's humanity.
That's how much He cares. That's how much He cares.

That's how much He loves. That's how much He loves.
There's not a child that cries in pain,
In anguish or despairingly
That He doesn't see and feel the same
And groans to see that one set free.
He couldn't stand by but had to come
To take Himself that agony.
That's how much He loves. That's how much He loves.

That's how hard He fights. That's how hard He fights.

He sees mankind – His pride and joy –
Despoiled and tortured by His foe;
His rage against the devil’s hordes
Sends Him to earth to crush them low.
Absorbing in Himself their powers,
Destroying each last one – alone!
That’s how hard He fights. That’s how hard He fights.

Look hard at that cross! Look hard at that cross!
See, there hangs one who loves you more
Than anyone in time and space.
See there is love revealed
Which you can never find in any place.
Can you reject the one whose death
For you means you can know God’s grace?
Look hard at that cross. Look hard at that cross.

(Angel moves back to Pete, as a woman enters stage left and goes to the cross,
gently stroking it. Then she turns, and looks at Pete)

WOMAN: (Sings.) Have you seen His hands?
The walk that Jesus took?
Have you seen how He’s bleeding?
The King, the people mock.
Have you seen His brow?
His body so beaten and frail?
Have you seen His crown of thorns?
His face, so grey and pale?

Can you see the love
Pouring out of Him?
He’s taking all our blame;
He’s taking all our sin.
Oh Lamb of God
My Prince of Peace,
Forgive me. I never knew
Until I came to Calvary
And fixed my eyes on You.

Oh our Saviour’s cross!
Lord, what You went through!
You suffered there for us.
Christ died there just for you. (As she finishes her finger is pointing straight at
Pete, but then slowly moves it away to rake across the audience. She then exits
stage left)

PETE: “Is this real? Tell me it’s not real. Tell me I’m dreaming.”

ANGEL: “You’re not dreaming. This is real. That’s a real cross. Real nails. This is a real
event in history, and God has allowed me to bring you here to witness it.”

PETE: “We are really here? 2,000 years in the past?”

ANGEL: “That’s right. It’s not difficult for the Creator of the universe.”

PETE: (After a pause, looking at the cross and then back to Angel) “Then could you take me back a little further in the past?”

ANGEL: (After a pause, thinking) “It’s possible.”

PETE: “Then could you take me back to see Jesus in heaven; but before He came down from there to become a baby on earth?”

ANGEL: (After another pause) “I’m not sure about that.”

PETE: “Please angel. Please do it. It’s most important. There’s something I must say to Him.”

ANGEL: (After another pause, as though he is listening) “I can’t take you right into heaven, but I can take you to a point where you can see inside at the time when Jesus was just about to leave. Hold my hand.”

(Jesus enters stage left, wearing a robe and a crown, and goes to centre stage. Pete starts toward Him, but then stops)

PETE: “Please, I’m sorry, but I must speak to you…”

PETE: (Sings) Jesus, please don’t come down here,
We’ll cause You too much pain down here,
We’ll smear Your lovely Name down here,
We’ll crush you.

JESUS: (Sings) Child, I have to come down there,
I see you have such pain down there,
I want to change your name down there,
I love you.

CHOIR: Christ, though in the form of God, left His home and became a man;
Even more, He embraced pain and death just for you and me.

PETE: Jesus, please don’t come down here,
We simply are not worth the price
It’s we who ought to die, not You,
We’ll murder You.

JESUS: Child, I have to come down there,
You’re worth so much to me, I’ll gladly
Pay sin’s awful price to set you
Fully free.

CHOIR: He who knew no sin became sin – yes, became vile sin,
And His life we tore away and He died for you and me.

PETE: Lord, I’m glad You came down here,
I praise Your lovely Name down here,

I bow before Your throne down here,
I love You.

JESUS: Child My plans for you are great,
I'm going to take you home to stay,
I'm going to be forever with you
Loving you.

CHOIR: Christ will come again for us so that we might be with Him,
And forever be like Him as He is in love.
Christ, though in the form of God, left His home and became a man;
Even more, He CONQUERED pain and death just for you and me.

ANGEL: "Look here! Let me tell you the rest of the story."

(Sings) See the world's Creator rising from His great majestic throne.
See the angels line His pathway as He leaves His glorious home.
Hear the roar of acclamation as He rides to meet His foes.
Here the angels proudly praise Him as to earth in power He goes.

(Jesus exits stage left)

CHOIR: Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah to our King.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah to our King.

(Joseph, Mary with Baby and shepherds enter stage left)

CHOIR: Sudden silence! In amazement angels see their God reach earth.
Not the mighty fighting warrior, but a helpless human birth.
Then as realisation dawns they follow Him to hills nearby,
Praising God to startled shepherds: "Glory to the God on high!"

(Joseph, Mary with Baby and shepherds exit stage left)

CHOIR: Hallelujah... etc.

(During next verse, Satan enters stage left and circles the cross, gloating)

CHOIR: God in weakness as an earthling, Satan musters all his power.
"I'll destroy this God incarnate, then all things to me must bow."
But the weapons Jesus uses are not those that Satan knows:
Love's His sword and for His clothing, pain and death and all our sin.

Hallelujah... etc.

CHOIR: In His death as God hung helpless, Satan thought he'd won at last.

(Jesus enters stage left, still in robe and crown, and points at Satan, who immediately squirms, and exits stage left)

CHOIR: Then Christ rose from death in triumph, trampling evil in the dust.
Now He lives and reigns forever, seated on His mighty throne.
Angels praise the Great Jehovah, as we join them in their song.

Hallelujah... etc.

PETE: (Going to the cross, sings)
When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ, my God.
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingling down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

(Turns to Jesus)

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

(Kneels before Jesus)

Jesus, my Saviour, Lord, I give
To You my soul, my life, my all.

As choir begin the next song, Jesus kneels beside Pete and puts His arm around him, finally pulling his head onto His chest.

CHOIR: You're a son of God. You're a son of God.
You are a son of God.
You're a son of God. You're a son of God.
You are a son of God.

God's adopted you into His family.
You've been born anew to be who you should be.

(Pete stands and joins the choir in the chorus. Jesus and Angel exit stage left as they sing)

CHOIR (PETE): You're a son of God. (I'm a son of God.)
You're a son of God. (I'm a son of God.)
You're now a son of God. (I am now a son of God.)

You're a son of God. (I'm a son of God.)
You're a son of God. (I'm a son of God.)
You're now a son of God. (I'm now a son of the living God.)

Scene Nine The Bedroom

(Pete remains standing, arms raised, eyes closed as all exit and the bed is pushed onto stage right with Stella in it, asleep. An alarm clock bell rings)

STELLA: “Pete! What is it?” (Switching the alarm clock off) “Couldn’t you sleep?”

PETE: (Opening his eyes, and realising where he is, lowers his arms) “Stella... I... I’ve... seen Him. Jesus, I mean. I’ve seen what He did. What it cost Him. I... I...”

(Sings) I dreamed that I slept in His arms last night
And He pillowed my head on His breast.
Protected and shielded, loved, secure;
I relaxed, content, at rest.

I lay in His arms and I shut my eyes
In deepest, sweetest prayer,
And He rocked me gently and held me close,
‘Til I knew not a single care.

I cuddled up close to Him like a child
And He sheltered me from all harm,
And I found a resting place, warm, safe,
Encircled in loving arms.

And each beat of His heart told me I was His,
That His arms would be always there
To love me, to hold me, to pick me up,
My burdens and worries share.

My anger ceased and my pain was soothed,
And I passed from the storms to calm.
My hurt was healed and my longings met
As I fell asleep in His arms.

And there I rested secure all night
Knowing comfort and peace and care.
And at dawn I awoke, and it wasn’t a dream
For His presence lingered there.

STELLA: (Going over to Pete and putting her arms around him) “Pete! That’s beautiful. I can hardly believe it!”

PETE: “I can hardly believe it myself. Was it real? Did it really happen? Maybe it was just a dream after all... But I don’t think that matters, really. I’ve seen now what Jesus did for me, and I can never be the same again after that. Stella... I’m sorry about those things that I said. You were right, all along. And – thank you for praying for me.”

STELLA: “How did you know I’d prayed for you?”

PETE: “There was a lot I learned last night; and I’m sure there’s still a whole lot more to learn before we’re through.”

STELLA: “Like what we are going to do now you don’t have a job?”

PETE: “I think we both know what we’re going to do about that!”

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia praise!
God has told us He is with us
Now and all our days.
Alleluia! Alleluia! We can be quite sure
That His promise stands forever.
We can rest secure.

STELLA: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Though
Darkness comes and hides Him from us
Down and down we go.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Cold and grey it seems.
Isolated, lost, despairing,
Still, our God redeems.

BOTH: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Yet
Those we love, believed and trusted
Suddenly reject.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Friendless and alone.
God is there and though we’re broken
He’ll stand by His own.

Add CHOIR: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Stay
Hold on through the clouds and darkness
Sunshine’s on its way.
Alleluia! Alleluia! We can’t understand.
Then one day we realise
God had it all in hand.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Sing.
God has told us He is with us
Right through everything.
Once confounded, now surrounded
With His love, we raise
Hearts and hands and voices to Him.
Alleluia! Praise.

CURTAIN

Any appropriate epilogue can be given at this point. Then the entire cast and choir come on stage for finale

ALL: Go with our love in your heart.
Go with God’s blessing on you.
Encouraged and comforted, strengthened, empowered,

Refreshed and anointed anew.

Go with His peace in your mind.
Resting in Him as you go.
Knowing you're led by the God of all Truth,
That others His teaching might know.

Go with our songs on your lips
To cheer you each moment, each day.
Enfolded, upheld by His loving arms,
Kept safe in His love while away.

Go in the knowledge you're loved;
That those of us here really care.
Go in security, knowing that we're
Remembering you, remembering you,
Remembering you always in prayer.