



drama by george

George Halitzka • Writer, Director, Educator
www.dramabygeorge.com

THIS IS NOT A FREE SCRIPT!
**Royalties must be paid to the author before
any public performance of this play is given.**

“Why Should I Pay You?”

I’m a freelance writer and theatre artist – that’s how I pay the rent. I depend on earning an income from my creative work. Besides, the law requires that you must have the author’s permission to use his/ her writings. (Trust me – I’m far too nice of a guy to rip off.)

“When Do I Owe Royalties?”

If you read over this script and it doesn’t fit your needs, you owe me nothing! However, if you plan to perform it, *whether or not admission is charged*, then you owe me a few bucks (on the honor system). The royalty is only \$15 under most circumstances – see the fine print below.

“What Does \$15 Get Me?”

A royalty of \$15 is due before your first public performance (or reading) is given. You may then use the script under the following terms:

- You are granted a non-exclusive license to use the script in one local nonprofit organization, church, or educational institution, *for the purpose of live performance only*. There is no limit on the number of performances you may give.
- Copying or transmitting the script, in paper or electronic form, is permitted only for production purposes (e.g., you can give it to actors, directors, and technicians). Please do not share copies of the script with anyone outside of your organization.
- You’re welcome to make one video recording of your live performance(s) for archival/ critique purposes. However, please don’t duplicate or share that recording.

This \$15 royalty explicitly does not apply to for-profit organizations, professional performances, and touring groups, who should contact the author for more information.

“How Do I Send the Money?”

Visit www.dramabygeorge.com/scripts to pay securely with a major credit card. If you have any questions or prefer to pay by check, contact me at george@dramabygeorge.com. Thanks for your interest in scripts by George Halitzka!

Creation Fall Redemption

3 Dramatic Readings for Worship

By George Halitzka

Copyright © 2007 by George Halitzka

Payment of a single royalty fee, according to the terms currently posted at www.dramabygeorge.com, entitles you to perform all of the scripts in this collection.

Creation

By George Halitzka

Imagine waking for the very first time; discovering the exquisitely novel sensation of bare skin on plush damp grass. The breeze rustling your--what is that?--hair. You blink into sunlight dappled by leaves; stand unsteadily on newfound legs; take a leap and laugh from sheer joy. You look above your head and reach for a ripe peach; feel juice dribble down the chin you didn't know you had. And there's another discovery--your hand! You gaze in wonder at this marvel that obeys every subconscious command, flexing four fingers and rotating that delightful thumb.

Suddenly you see someone walking towards you; smiling and laughing with delight. Someone like you but radiant; full of more-than-life; walking through the trees with big strides. He--if you dare call him a man--throws an arm around your shoulders. "Do you like it?" You grin; haven't discovered how to speak yet. "It's yours, you know," says He.

You take a walk with Yahweh through the budding leaves, amazed by *everything*. He points out the animals; the ones with the ridiculous-looking noses. "What do you think he looks like?" You move your mouth--surprisingly, sound comes out! "Elephant!" you say, swinging your arm like a trunk and delighting in the music of your own voice.

But as you wander through the trees, you begin to realize something. There are two elephants in the tall grass; two squirrels in the tree--even (unfortunately) two spiders in a web. Somehow, they're a bit--*different* from each other. "God," you ask timidly, "Could there be--another one? Like me?"

God just smiles. When you wake up after a little abdominal surgery, you marvel at the magnificent creature before you. She takes your breath away. She's like you, but . . . so much lovelier--gentler--*curvier*! "What do you think?" whispers God with a smile. You form the words: "She's . . . good. *Very good.*"

Have you ever wanted to taste the Garden? In the midst of a desolate night, have you longed to reach out for a gorgeous sunset? Have you wanted to say, "It's very good"--and

mean it? Every time we taste a ripe pear or a summer day, our hearts reach out for the cradle of perfection.

That's why today, we are here to celebrate Creation and Love . . . and the God who made them both.

COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL

Copyright © 2007 by George Halitzka

THIS IS NOT A FREE SCRIPT! A royalty must be paid before any public performance or reading is given, regardless of whether admission is charged. Visit www.dramabygeorge.com.

Fall

By George Halitzka

Eve was furious. She didn't care if he picked her flowers or came home with that puppy-dog look she used to think was cute. This time, his only hope was to get on his knees and *pray* she took him back.

It's not fair, Adam was thinking at the same moment. I remember when she thought I was God's gift to women. I could walk on water; my flabby gut was cute. Now every time I breathe, I'm committing a mortal sin. God, did I marry the wrong rib?

The Serpent feasted on it all; the anger and self-deception and pride. Thumbing his nose at heaven, he hurled thoughts like daggers--"Did God really say to put that scum you married *ahead* of yourself?" He gloried in the sin he ate like food, destroying creation one soul at a time that he might rule the chaos: a relationship broken; intimacy torn to shreds.

The trouble began one night on their walk hand-in-hand through the garden trees. Sometimes the lions kept them company; Eve scratched their majestic heads and Adam tussled with them in the grass. That night it was the Serpent who walked alongside while they went to meet Yahweh by the lake. As they passed the Middle Tree, the Serpent spoke the words that changed everything--"That looks good."

The Tree was a patchwork of deep shadows and verdant leaves in the slanting sunlight. Shining ripe fruits hung low over the grass. The Serpent reached into the branches and took a fruit in his outstretched fingers. "Did Yahweh really say you can't eat *any* of this delicious food?"

"Oh, no," said Eve, "we can eat from all the other trees. But we can't touch this one or we'll . . ." Her tongue tasted the unfamiliar word, unsure of what it meant--"die."

The Serpent chuckled gently. "I love you earth-people--so *naïve*." He pulled them close with his conspiratorial air. "You won't die. You'll understand good and evil. You'll become . . . like *Yahweh*."

Adam and Eve stared, incredulous. Could it be . . . was Yahweh keeping such a thing from them? Could they be like him, so powerful they could discern the mysteries of the garden? Adam thought of enchanting fruit to appear on his table instead of the daily gathering; not only speaking the beasts' languages but commanding them to do his will. Eve thought of conversing with Yahweh as a peer instead of a learner. What, after all, was death? It was completely outside their experience.

The Serpent plucked a fruit and bit deeply. They watched for the promised judgment; the lightning bolt from heaven . . . and nothing happened! So with the air of a child robbing the cookie jar, Eve reached out and split an entire fruit with her husband. It was only then they discovered the knowledge for which they had paid so dearly: Shame.

"Adam, where are you?"

Adam spoke not as a beloved child, but a cringing criminal behind a tall bush. "I hid because I was naked."

"Who told you so?"

"Well, the woman made me do it!"

Eve couldn't believe it; he was right there beside her! "But the Serpent made *me* do it!"

Only the Evil One was silent. He knew better than to corrupt his work with the truth. And so with tears of grief and anguish, Yahweh banished his proudest creations from the garden of perfection.

Love is a rare commodity in a world where everyone selfishly seeks their own forbidden fruit. But still we walk the broken road of life with a secret hope: that somehow, someday, we'll rediscover the unbroken intimacy we know was ours. Once upon a time in a Garden.

Copyright © 2007 by George Halitzka

THIS IS NOT A FREE SCRIPT! A royalty must be paid before any public performance or reading is given, regardless of whether admission is charged. Visit www.dramabygeorge.com.

Redemption

By George Halitzka

It wasn't right. If she saw it a thousand times more, it never would be. Eve remembered the first time death entered her world--that lion, killed with the sharpened stone. She was actually sick when Adam dragged home the beast. It was still warm as they tore apart the carcass for meat. Ever since, she hated the gooey, sweetish scent of blood.

But what else could they have done? It was colder now, and they were terribly hungry, and they hadn't see Yahweh face-to-face in months, and . . . they begged for another way in their God-talk; begged until Adam was too weak to hunt. In the end, there was no other way. Only the lion's lame leg allowed its death. The death that kept them alive.

Then came the flesh of her flesh. It happened to him, too. Abel was so cold; that's what she remembered. They kept him in the tent until he began to smell like the lion . . . then they found a place for him under the fig tree. He liked figs.

And now, after all the sunrises and sunsets; hunting and hunger; lovemaking and arguments and sheer *surviving* . . . what had it come to? Adam's spirit seemed unlikely to hold on; a cold and lifeless body might greet her in the morning.

She repeated the words through tears; repeated what Adam had heard in his God-talk: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart: for love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

But it wasn't true. Her love was not as strong as death. She tried, with Abel--tried to call him back; cradled him and kissed him as when he was a child. He stayed gone. She refused to speak to Yahweh for many months.

Yesterday she and Adam had fought in the morning--about what, she didn't remember. But he needed her help in the field; it was almost the harvest. So reluctantly, she headed down the trail, walking haughtily in front of him. Then just past the stream . . . she spotted the venomous coil and forked tongue in the path. There was no escape--she screamed--the serpent tensed to strike--she braced herself for the sharp wound and the agonizing death.

But then *he* saw the danger. Adam darted ahead of her; threw himself into the path. The viper lashed out at its new victim; a single fang gashed her husband's heel. But only for a moment. Then, wincing in pain, he ground the cunning evil head into the dust with his good foot.

Adam limped back to the hut, leaning on his wife. He began to shiver and cringe with pain. He showed her to suck the venom, but afterwards still sweated and writhed and cursed. Adam saw things . . . more snakes; snakes that weren't there. It had been many months since Abel was buried under the fig tree, but now Eve started talking to Yahweh again. She begged now for her husband's life . . . "Set me as a seal upon thine heart: for love is strong as death. . . ."
" She fell asleep from exhaustion.

The next day she awoke with a sense of foreboding. The world seemed unnaturally silent. Then she remembered--Adam! She ran to where he was covered in many furs against the fever. Ran and felt his heart . . . it beat! She shook him from exhausted sleep; kissed his lips before he stirred.

He lived! She kissed him again; pulled his weak but warm arms around her; whispered her fears . . . "I thought you were like Abel . . . the lion." He touched her face gently. Then he whispered the words: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart: for love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

As they pulled each other close, she remembered the prophesy. The lone word of encouragement the day they were banished from God's presence into this desert of death. One day, Yahweh would crush the snake that had bitten her husband's heel; crush the death that had almost claimed his soul. She didn't understand all of what it meant. But she knew that while *her* love was not always as strong as death . . . Yahweh's was.

Copyright © 2007 by George Halitzka

THIS IS NOT A FREE SCRIPT! A royalty must be paid before any public performance or reading is given, regardless of whether admission is charged. Visit www.dramabygeorge.com.