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SCRIPT SAMPLE

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PORTRAIT OF THE VIRGIN MARY FEEDING THE DINOSAURS
By Jeff Goode

Disclaimer

(enter Jeff, a small man with big glasses, dressed in a white lab coat, like a scientist.)

JEFF

Before we begin, I would like to say that
God asked me to write this play.

Or rather - because that would be a lie - God knew about this play, I tried to keep in touch
while I was working on it, and - while this play will not please some of his servants - I have
tried NOT to offend Our Lord nor Our Savior.

...And I think, from the response I've gotten, that I have succeeded as much as possible, in that
respect.

(emphatically:)

There is nothing in this play that will offend pious people and Christians. There is quite a bit
in this play that will offend religious people and those who call themselves Christians.
Religion is an unfortunate side effect of God's worship.

(suddenly:)

HERETICS! SINNERS! YOU WILL BURN IN HELL!

There, I've said it, so you don't have to. Now please leave quietly through the entrance doors at
the back of the theatre.

(he exits.)

(he comes back.)

(sincerely:)

I hope that the world becomes a better place shortly after the final curtain tonight. Or even, if
possible, by the first intermission - because we've got a lot of work ahead of us.

The Portrait of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs

(lights up on Leveaux, like a lecturer, with a pointer. He speaks to an imaginary audience seated beside the actual audience.)

LEVEAUX

"The Portrait of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs" --

Or, as we like to call it, "The P. of the V.M. F-ing the Dinosaurs" -- circa verified: 1520 is the correct date, that puts it near the end of Raphael's life 1520.

This little known work by one of the Early Renaissance Masters expresses a love of the natural which is nurtured by an understanding of the supernatural. An ironic reconciliation of science and theology during a period notorious for its religious intolerance, witchhunts and other ethical recriminations.

"The P. of the V.M.---"

I'm sorry, "of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs" is a wonderful folkloric image. The Virgin, awash with inspirational glow, extends a palmful of life-giving manna toward the Tyrannosaurus. Cherubim and shepherds hover about the docile T. Rex, perhaps soothing it, perhaps feeding off of its raw animal energy, while other Dinosaurs -- here an Allosaurus, here an Iguanodon, and this possibly a Pterodactyl -- gather to feed at the well of her generosity.

Note the graceful contrapunto of the Virgin, later appropriated by Michelangelo. And the exquisite detail in the features of the central dinosaur. Structurally, the composition is similar to The Nativity with the Mother at its center and the animals surrounding as witnesses to the heavenly moment.

But here, the Christ child is replaced with the most terrible of the terrible lizards, Tyrannosaurus Rex!

(lights out)

(the sound of a garage door opening as:)

(a screen rises to reveal two guys at a cafe, they are wearing Godzilla costumes and little green vests)

The Cafe Saurus

Phil. Mary said something to me today.

Jack. What's that?

Phil. "You're not going to live forever"

Jack. Me or you?

Phil. Everyone.

Jack. Phil, Nobody lives forever.

Phil. I know.

Jack. Then why did she think everyone was gonna live forever?

Phil. She doesn't.

Jack. Then why did she say we weren't gonna live forever?

Phil. We aren't, are we?

Jack. We're not?

Phil. That's what you said.

Jack. About what?

Phil. Living forever.

Jack. What about it?

Phil. We're not gonna do it!!

(pause)

Jack. (testy:) Well, who died and made you God?

Phil. (offended:) Excuse me?

Jack. What?

Phil. What did I say?

Jack. When?

Phil. Just now.

Jack. Just now sitting here?

Phil. Yes!

Jack. You don't remember?

Phil. Yes, I remember!

Jack. Then why are you asking me?

Phil. I don't wanna know what I said, I wanna know what I said.

Jack. You do, or you don't?

Phil. What are we talking about?

Jack. I don't remember.

Phil. Maybe we should start over.

(sound of a garage door closing on the scene)

Still Life by Rafael

(enter Rafael, reverently, with a bowl of fruit.)

(when he reaches center stage, a pedestal rises out of the floor for him to set it on.)

(a dancer appears and hands Rafael a palette.)

(Rafael takes his place at the easel.)

(dramatically, he begins. The instant he sets brush to canvas, underscoring begins.)

RAFAEL

Orange.

Apple.

Baa-naa-naa...

Grapegrapegrapegrapegrapegrapegrape.

BOOOOOOOOWL.

(a brilliant light appears under the bowl, transforming the simple earthenware vessel into a scintillating goblet of gold and gems)

Mmm.

(as Rafael passionately applies a few more colors, the whole stage, and particularly the bowl of fruit begins to glow with pulsing colored lights.)

Unh.

(with a slash of his brush, Rafael causes a gigantic platinum stalagmite to erupt out of the ground. With a few more strokes, three more stalagmites emerge through the floor.)

Ah mmm.

(as he continues to paint, the pulsing lights begin to flash more wildly.)

(the music swells.)

(with a synthetic screech, two meteors soar across the stage and off. Their glittering tails remain suspended in the air like patterns of frost on a window.)

(large pastel blobs - like bean bag chairs - fall from above, plummeting to the stage and landing with the sound of tympani.)

(a huge wave of water billows in from the side stage. It crests and then crashes in front of the bowl of fruit. It rises again, and billows about the stage, rising and falling, rising and falling as the music thrashes dramatically.)

(Finally, in a cataclysmic display, everything onstage bursts into flames. Music climaxes suddenly. Lights scream.)

(...as the music quickly ebbs, the lights begin to recede. The wave vanishes in a squirt of foam. The pastel blobs get up and saunter off the stage.)

(as Rafael leaves his easel, a final scurry of dancers bearing large plastic bananas and oranges cross the stage behind him and exit.)

(Rafael walks to the bowl of fruit, exhausted.)

I need a woman.

(Blackout)

Eat your Cheerios, Jesus

(lights up on Mary and Jesus at the breakfast table. Jesus playing with his food.)

MARY

Eat your Cheerios, Jesus.

(he eats)

Did you clean your room?

(silence)

I'm going to be worshipped someday too, you know. A warped sect of Romans is going to pray to me for favors from God.

And you know what I'm going to say?

"You want me to pull strings for you? I couldn't even get him to eat his Cheerios. I couldn't get him to clean his room. Don't talk to me about intercession."

"Jesus", I said "Don't talk back to the Romans, you'll get yourself killed---"

JESUS

(completely taken aback:)

What!!

MARY

What does he do?

"They'll crucify you," I said. Does it do any good? No, it doesn't do any good.

"Jesus," I said, "stay away from that Judas boy, he's no good---"

JESUS

What!?

MARY

What does he do?

"He's no good", I said. Does he listen? No!

(Jesus, stunned, just stares at her)

What are you looking at?

JESUS

Mother, how do you know these things? Is this a prophecy?

MARY

Son, history puts words in your mouth.

Look, who said, "I cannot tell a lie"?

JESUS

George Washington.

MARY

WRONG! George Washington's biographer said, "I cannot tell a lie." George Washington never said it. He never chopped down a cherry tree. He lied to his father all the time. But history likes a good story, and now the cherry tree is just as real as his wooden teeth.

(Jesus digests this idea)

You wanna hear a prophecy?

What if I told you that 2000 years from now an overweight woman who looks nothing like me, in a dress I wouldn't be caught dead in, will sit in front of thirty¹ morons, claiming to be me, ranting and spouting language that would make me spin in my grave, that would make me blush to hear it - IF I understood English, which I don't.

And what if I said she'll do this:

(she does something uncharacteristic)

And this:

(does something else)

And what if I said she'd do this:

(does a handspring)

And what if I told you her name was...

(she grabs a program out of the audience and reads the name of the actor playing Mary:)

...Daniele O'Laughlin.²

You'd say it was preposterous!

(points at audience:)

They'll say it was prophecy!

"That Virgin Mary," they'll say, "what a woman! I used to think she was milk toast, but now I have new insight! Now I understand her a little better! Now, after seeing this travesty, I think

¹size of the audience

²(...or whatever)

I like her! She had spunk. And what a visionary! Her prophecies were so accurate! Down to the letter! Did you know she predicted the crucifixion?"

JESUS

(flabbergasted:)

I - I don't know what to say.

MARY

Then shut up and eat your Cheerios.

END SAMPLE.