

# **The Birth of The Way Cool Jesus**

(A one-act play)  
**By Bailey O'Hehir**



## **Cast of characters**

GABRIEL  
GOD  
LUCIFER  
MARY  
JOSEPH  
INN KEEPER  
DONKEY  
STAR  
JERRY  
TERRY  
STEVE  
JESUS  
DRUMMER BOY

## **Author's notes**

1. Casting: A minimum of 9 talented actors could perform this. If you do this then costume/character changes would need to occur on stage in front of the audience, characters would probably need to have different accents, and there will be less opportunity for big set changes (unless you also have a backstage crew)

Recommended double casting:

GOD/ JERRY  
LUCIFER/ STAR  
INN KEEPER/ TERRY  
DONKEY/ JESUS  
STEVE/ DRUMMER BOY

However, if you want to cast more, the play allows for 13 separate roles, although some wouldn't have a very big speaking role.

2. Parts for girls: Any part could be played by a female. MARY is probably the only role that should be female, the rest could be either.

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*(Opening set can be as simple or as complicated as you want. Needs to at least hint at a living room of sorts. It would be best if the set could be transformed easily to be any location within the narrative. Eg. The living room chairs become rocks for the shepherds and a manger that can be stood on. That being said, the opening can be done in front of shut curtains or on the stage with a spot. You could also play the song ‘Jesus was way cool’ by King Missile beforehand to add to the atmosphere.)*

*(JERRY, TERRY, and STEVE come onto stage in front of fully shut curtains and a spot light. This is important because in this moment JERRY, TERRY, and STEVE are important.)*

**JERRY.** Good evening everyone! I’m Jerry-

**TERRY.** -I’m Terry-

**STEVE.** -And I’m Steve.

**JERRY.** And we are here to offer some disclaimers, isn’t that right Terry.

**TERRY.** That is very right Jerry. We are here to inform you that what you are about to see is purely intended for humoral value and not meant to offend or be offensive towards anyone. After all, we want everyone to have a fun and wonderful night, ain’t that right Steve.

**STEVE.** Yes.

**JERRY.** We also want to make you aware now that there will be audience interaction.

**TERRY.** And what’s that Jerry?

**JERRY.** Well Terry, audience interaction is when characters on stage either speak to, pick on, or get the audience to say things. Except for that middle one.

**TERRY.** We will not be picking on anyone tonight.

**STEVE.** Unless there’s any volunteers?

**JERRY.** Don’t be silly Steve.

**TERRY.** Well boys I think we ought to get back to our sheep!

**JERRY.** Right you are Terry!

*(JERRY and TERRY exit. STEVE goes to follow them and then looks out at the audience.)*

**STEVE.** Enjoy the show.

*(STEVE exits and GABRIEL wanders onto stage from the other side. He waves at/acknowledges the audience)*

**GABRIEL.** Welcome! How are we tonight? *(Wait for audience response. If there is none say something like 'I didn't realise my GPS had brought me to a grave yard instead of a theatre. That was terrible, I said – HOW ARE YOU' til there is an actual response)* Wonderful, now I am the archangel Gabriel, and I'm going to need you all to shush because I have a very important person to introduce. A V.I.P if I you will, and that V.I.P is the big G himself. That's right Godzilla!

*(Imitates Godzilla, something is thrown from off stage and hits GABRIEL who stops and collects himself)*

Kidding, I'm kidding.

*(Throws thing back off stage and prepares to go on with the show – then the thing is thrown straight back on. This can go on as long as you like. Really milk it. How easily entertained are this audience, really test their simple mindedness)*

*(To side stage)* Don't make me come off stage [actor's name] because I will. *(Thing isn't thrown on again)* Thank you. *(To the audience again)* Tonight's V.I.P is actually God. You probably believed me more when I said Godzilla right? Well you should believe me because I am telling the truth, I am, after all, the Archangel Gabriel, God's personal messenger. *(whispering to audience)* So why don't you all make me look good and make sure to clap when God comes in.

*(GABRIEL readies himself and produces a trumpet of sorts. Could be an actual trumpet, a prop trumpet, or simply the actor miming one. Trumpet noises are produced from somewhere. GOD enters and does a sweeping bow. Hopefully the audience clap)*

**GOD.** *(To GABRIEL)* Very well-done Gabriel, you know how much I love to be warmly applauded. Did you ask them how they are?

**GABRIEL.** Yes, I did, they said they were [insert most common answer]

**GOD.** Oh good! That means they are in the perfect mood for a story. *(To audience)* Yes, a wonderful story, how about it? *(hopefully the audience understands audience interaction by now)* Goody gum drops, Gabriel, would you mind telling them the story of my only and most favourite son?

**GABRIEL.** I mean of course but-

**GOD.** *(interrupting)* Good angel. Make sure to remember the donkey, truly my favourite part.

*(GOD starts to leave)*

**GABRIEL.** Wait! I thought you were going to talk to them. I even told them I was introducing tonight's V.I.P.

**GOD.** And you did a wonderful job of introducing me, it's just that I have more important things to do than interact with such a filthy species, you know that. Besides, you tell this story awfully well. Tell you what, I'll even send someone to help you so that no detail is missed. Okay? Okay. *(To audience)* Be nice to Gabriel you lot and just remember, whenever you need me just pray and I'll get back to you, after I finish the more important stuff like beating that stray snake off my office ceiling fan. Speaking of... *(As GOD leaves stage)* I saw a big pole back here before the show, does anyone know where it went?

**GABRIEL.** Well... looks like I'm all alone. Again. It's fine though I really don't mind. I mean the story of Jesus, God's only son who he sent to die for your sins. Gosh, I wonder who God sent to help me.

*(Evil laughter from side stage. GABRIEL looks worriedly to the side. LUCIFER enters – it is very important that LUCIFER enters from the same side that the thing was being thrown from)*

**LUCIFER.** Hell-o brother.

**GABRIEL.** Lucifer! What are you doing here?

**LUCIFER.** Just popping in to say hi.

**GABRIEL.** Do you know who was throwing stuff at me?

**LUCIFER.** That may or may not have been me.

**GABRIEL.** Please don't tell me you're the person sent to help me with the story.

**LUCIFER.** Of course not.

**GABRIEL.** Oh, thank God.

**GOD.** *(From off-stage)* You're welcome.

**LUCIFER.** But I may or may not have persuaded the guy who was meant to be helping into taking a little time for himself and going on vacation.

**GABRIEL.** You wHAT?

**LUCIFER.** Oh, don't look at me like that he deserved it, besides, I would love to help.

**GABRIEL.** You would love to help?

**LUCIFER.** Yes! What story are we doing? Is it Adam and Eve where Eve is totally thrown under the bus by everyone and therefore God, who planned the bus throwing in the first place, unfairly punishes all women for eternity - or is it Noah's Ark where everyone but one family and a bunch of animals are drowned just because God was feeling pissy? *(To audience)* Those two happen to be my personal favourites.

**GABRIEL.** Jesus.

**LUCIFER.** Jesus?

**GABRIEL.** Yes. Jesus. I am telling-

**LUCIFER.** (*Interrupting*) We are telling.

**GABRIEL.** We are telling the story of Jesus, pre-birth all the way to post-death.

**LUCIFER.** Ew.

**GABRIEL.** What do you mean ew. You said you wanted to help.

**LUCIFER.** And I do, it's just... that story is kinda long... and mostly full of boring parts.

**GABRIEL.** Fine. We'll... just do his birth. I mean we do have to keep that lot interested after all. (*Gesturing to audience*)

**LUCIFER.** Oh, the apes with the attention span of a goldfish! (*waves at audience*) This is going to be so fun!

*(The lights change to light more of the stage and, if the curtains were shut, they open now. MARY and JOSEPH enter and sit on whatever version of chairs have been granted to them. All American Prophet is an option to play during this next bit if you can figure out timing)*

**GABRIEL.** I'm gonna take you back to Biblical times, somewhere between 6 and 4 BC. A happy little couple living in a shack in the holy land of Nazareth Israel.

**LUCIFER.** You mean Mary and Joseph of Nazareth?

**GABRIEL.** Yes, that young couple raised Jesus Christ.

**LUCIFER.** They raised Jesus Christ?

*(If you decided to play All American Prophet, this is where it would abruptly stop)*

**GABRIEL.** (*Beat. To Lucifer*) Lucifer if you are going to help tell the story, help tell the story, do not repeat me.

**LUCIFER.** Fine fine. Just leave it to me Gabriel, I won't let you down. Now shoo, you're on soon.

*(GABRIEL shakes his head and exits the stage muttering something about stupid siblings)*

Where were we? Oh yes, Mary and Joseph. Lovely couple. Very much recently married, and being the good Christians they were, they had decided to wait to try and bring a lil' miracle into the world.

**MARY.** Joseph dear, what would you think if I said I wanted to have a baby?

**JOSEPH.** I say that I would support you and the baby, I mean you're the one who has to birth it not me. *(To audience)* Thank God am I right.

**GOD.** *(Off-stage)* You are very right.

**MARY.** Well... I shall keep that in mind for the future. Would you look at the time, shall we go to bed?

**JOSEPH.** I like the sound of that.

**LUCIFER.** And so, they went to bed... Where no funny business occurred. At least not that kind of funny business. Joseph did however have a vision of an angel appear to him as he slept. And not just any angel, God's own personal messenger - the one - the only - Gabriel!

*(GABRIEL enters and LUCIFER encourages the audience to clap)*

**JOSEPH.** Who are you!

**GABRIEL.** I am the archangel Gabriel, and I am here to deliver you a very important message.

**JOSEPH.** What message could be so important that you would interrupt my R.A.M sleep cycle. Scientists say it's very important.

**GABRIEL.** First of all, it's R.E.M, second of all if you just shush, I can tell you. *(Joseph shushes)* Thank you. My message comes from straight from God. You and your wife Mary have been given a very important job.

**JOSEPH.** What kind of job? Do we get to find and write new parts of the bible? Do we get to embark on some sort of quest for a long-lost treasure? Do I have to kill some brother that I didn't know I had and then when God asks me where he is, I ask him if I look like a brother keeper?

**GABRIEL.** What - no. Just shush okay. Your wife has been selected to carry the son of Christ.

**JOSEPH.** Christ? But that's... that's just a different name for God. *(ready to fight)* Is he here now huh? If he wants to know my wife, he's going to have to smite me face to face. WHERE ARE YOU HIDING YOU SNAKE.

**LUCIFER.** And with that Joseph awoke from his fitful sleep to find Mary no longer in bed.

**JOSEPH.** Mary? Where are you?

*(JOSEPH runs off stage in search of his wife, who's somewhere else on stage, or maybe she enters again. You may have taken her off during the dream, maybe you didn't. Who am I to dictate your directing choices. Whatever your choice, she is now pregnant.)*

**MARY.** I knew I had eaten a lot at dinner, but I didn't think it was that much. This is the most intense food baby I've ever had.

**GABRIEL.** Food baby is half right.

**MARY.** Ah! Who are you?

**GABRIEL.** I am the archangel Gabriel, and I am here to deliver you a very important message.

*(JOSEPH enters again)*

**JOSEPH.** Hey wait a minute. That sounds terribly familiar. *(He spots GABRIEL).* You!

**GABRIEL.** Me.

**MARY.** Wait you know this guy?

**JOSEPH.** Yeah, he just interrupted my R.A.M sleep to tell me God was going to impregnate you.

**GABRIEL.** It's R.E.M.

**JOSEPH.** Whatever arch man.

**MARY.** I'm sorry, this is God's fault?

**GABRIEL.** Did you just call me an arch man?

**JOSEPH.** You heard me... arch man.

**MARY.** I'm sorry did you say God made me pregnant.

*(They both ignore MARY and start circling each other. Typical men.)*

**GABRIEL.** How dare you. I was witness to the creation of the universe; I was witness to the creation of the scummy creatures that evolved into scummy people like you!

**JOSEPH.** That's real funny coming from a guy wearing a dress.

**GABRIEL.** I am an angel of the Lord; I therefore don't really have a gender so I can wear whatever I want. Besides, I could be naked and still smite you off the side of this earth.

**JOSEPH.** Oh yeah?

**GABRIEL.** Yeah!

*(They are seconds away from GABRIEL entirely wrecking JOSEPH'S evening when MARY somehow intervenes. This could be by physically tearing them a part or maybe she just screams from where she is standing. She is, after all, heavily pregnant.)*

**MARY.** I said, *(at GABRIEL)* did you say God made me pregnant.

**GABRIEL.** More or less, yes.

**MARY.** Why?

**GABRIEL.** Because you are good. And pure. You are the virgin Mary.

**JOSEPH.** Only cause God got in the way. Stupid God.

**MARY.** What should I do?

**GABRIEL.** Find somewhere safe to give birth and stay away from house ceilings.

**JOSEPH.** Ceilings?

**MARY.** What have ceilings got to do with it?

**GABRIEL.** Ceilings and people named Mary aren't always the best mix. Things could get a little... heated.

**JOSEPH.** Heated?

**MARY.** What like the ceiling comes to life and we have a disagreement?

**GABRIEL.** No more like you die in a fire and your son basically becomes cursed from there on out. We can't have the son of Christ becoming cursed, now can we.

*(MARY and JOSEPH shake their heads)*

Good. Stay away from ceilings. I shall return sometime later when help is needed most, just call me and I shall appear.

*(GABRIEL leaves. MARY and JOSEPH exchange glances)*

**JOSEPH.** Come on then, let's go look for somewhere safe that isn't a house with a ceiling.

*(MARY and JOSEPH exit)*

**LUCIFER.** And so, Mary and Joseph started their search. But heading Gabriel's warning proved tricky. They looked and looked but couldn't find anywhere safe enough that wasn't a house with a ceiling, til finally they came upon an Inn.

**JOSEPH.** It's technically not a house...

**MARY.** Good enough for me. I don't think I could walk another step. My feet are killing me, my back is now concave, and I've been craving water melon for the last hour.

*(JOSEPH knocks on the door; or the air. Good doors are hard to find these days. INN KEEPER enters looking... like an Inn keeper.)*

**INN KEEPER.** What can I do you for?

**JOSEPH.** My wife is pregnant and due very soon. We need somewhere to stay.

**INN KEEPER.** No can do.

**MARY.** What why?

**INN KEEPER.** We're all full up. We actually just loaned our last bit of floor space to a very nice family of rabbits. You're too late.

**JOSEPH.** I'm sorry maybe you didn't hear me. My wife is pregnant.

**INN KEEPER.** So is the rabbit's, well most the time.

**MARY.** I am carrying a certified miracle.

**INN KEEPER.** I'm sure you are. Every baby is their mum's little miracle.

**MARY.** No, this is actually the son of God.

*(INN KEEPER looks JOSEPH up and down.)*

**INN KEEPER.** He don't much look like the Lord.

**JOSEPH.** Oh no, I'm not the father. Biologically at least.

**INN KEEPER.** You been committing unlawful hanky-panky? Well now that's just disgusting. I wouldn't offer you the corner of the Inn where we keep the water pails to catch drips even if we had it available. Good day to you!

*(INN KEEPER slams the door and exits. Or maybe he slams the air. Like I said, good doors, so hard to get in this day and age)*

**LUCIFER.** Feeling very disgruntled and highly insulted, the two collected themselves and tried to brainstorm what they should do. They couldn't find anywhere in town that would take them in. And since one of them is pregnant and the other one is Joseph, their brainstorming lasted about three seconds before they both gave up on ideas entirely. Luckily for them a farmer had passed through town earlier that day. He was a good hard-working man, and his animals worked just as hard, well, except for this ass.

*(DONKEY enters)*

This one was absolutely useless. No matter how hard the farmer had tried, this particular donkey just wouldn't do as he was told. So, the farmer had sold him, and when I say sold him, I mean distracted him with grass and then took off when he wasn't looking.

~ **END OF TEASER** ~