THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST CHILD
A Divine Comedy

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ACT I

Digital.Director steps forward into the radiant spotlight and clears its throat.

Here?

Digital.Director says, “Don't be afraid!”

Digital.Director says, “I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people!”

Digital.Director says, “The Birth of the Christ Child,” by the Plaintext Players!

Rustle.

Cough.

BE QUIET.

One of many angels claps.

Digital.Director says, “This play has three parts”:

The Prologue in Heaven.

The Drama on Earth.

The Audience in Hell.

Digital.Director says, “This means you.”

Rip.

One of many angels snickers.

Digital.Director says, “In this, the Prologue, we will settle certain theological issues of first importance, such as”:

Why are we doing this?

Again.

Digital.Director adds, “Also certain dramaturgical issues, such as”:

Why are we doing this??

Digital.Director looks around at the Audience.

Digital.Director says, “So . . . does anybody have any questions?”

Can I go to the bathroom?

CURTAIN UP ON HEAVEN

Just what you thought. It just goes on and on.

In one corner, a pretty big angel is fanning its wings, reading what appears to be a script.
Heaven is, as you always suspected, beautiful and probably beyond your means.

Some other kinda weird angel, which appears to be smoldering at the edges, comes up behind him and scares him.

First.Angel says, “Not again!”

Smoking.Angel says, “O o (again?)”

First.Angel says, “It’s the same old story.”

Smoking.Angel says, “Which story?”

First.Angel says, “It’s enough to make the angels weep.”

Smoking.Angel brushes some embers from the hem of its smoldering robe.

Littlest.Angel says, “Can I play, too?”

First.Angel says, “You know, the one with the child, and the manger, and the animals, and the rest.”

Smoking.Angel says, “Oh no, not THAT again!”

One of many angels sits in a lazy boy watching reruns on a big-screen TV on a cloud.

Smoking.Angel glares at a particularly supercilious angel, who is penciling in his eyebrows.

Smoking.Angel [to Recording.Angel]: “I hope you’re getting this, because not even God will believe it.”

Recording.Angel readies his twenty-monk team of transcribing scribblers.

First.Angel says, “Every year, the same routine!”

Smoking.Angel says, “First.Angel, why can’t you let that story alone? Give it a rest?”

First.Angel says, “I got my orders.”

One of the Kindergarteners seems to have a big mouth.

Smoking.Angel says, “You always say that.”

First.Angel says, “Well, at least—at least it’s a play that even Kindergarteners can perform.”

First.Angel looks around for the usual suspects.

Recording.Angel fixes his tin-foil halo.

One Kindergartener picks a bugger and eats it.

Smoking.Angel says, “It’s a play only Kindergarteners WOULD perform.”

A hungry Kindergartener makes loud eating noises.

Lotsa angels run around whistling up some manger nonsense.

Recording.Angel is recording all he can bear to remember.

Smoking.Angel says, “You’re never going to get anywhere with this silly play, First.Angel. It’s laughable!”

Kindergarteners say, “It’s our favorite!”
An especially artistic angel works up an elaborate wax doll and places it carefully in the manger.

Smoking Angel points at the wax doll and grimaces.

First Angel [to Kindergarteners]: “I told you to keep away from the props!”

Smoking Angel says, “Oh good, a puppet show.”

Wax doll HIM, wax doll HER . . .

One Kindergartener is playing with himself.

Don’t speak German in Heaven.

First Angel says, “Well, but everybody kinda likes it. It’s in every store window, and—”

Smoking Angel [to First Angel]: “You really think they’ll get it right this time?”

Recording Angel points to his last full notebook, sealed with a sticker that says, “Do Not Open Till Judgment Day.”

Smoking Angel [to Recording Angel]: “Just make sure you spell my name right.”

Recording Angel writes, “Snokky Angel.”

First Angel glares at the Kindergarteners.

Smoking Angel says, “You really believe that five-year-olds will remember their lines? And that it will make some kind of . . . difference?”

One of the Kindergarteners opens his mouth wide and—eats the little Jesus doll!!!

First Angel says, “Oh shit, we are off to a great start.”

First Angel grabs the Kindergartener by the scruff of the neck.

Recording Angel sends first-rate heaven-sent recording bugs scurrying this way and that.

A satanic monkey dressed as a Kindergartener catches the crumbs as the wax figure crumbles in the angelic Kindergartener’s mouth.

First Angel says, “That’s it!”

Smoking Angel laughs.

First Angel says, “He’s playing the Christ Child!”

Smoking Angel says, “Well, it’s an incarnation of sorts . . .”

First Angel flings the Kindergartener right through the Pearly Gates.

A star is born.

ACTUALLY, THE CURTAIN KINDA HATES TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.

CURTAIN DRIFTS RELUCTANTLY DOWN ON THIS EXCELLENT LOCATION.

The star streaks towards earth, with a musical sound like the laughter of Kindergarteners.

CURTAIN DOWN ON STREAKING STAR.
ACT II, SCENE 1

THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE SHEPHERDS.

CURTAIN UP ON A STARRY NIGHT IN EAST NOWHERE.

A field at night, overseen by homeless stars.

Somewhere near Munich.

First.Angel tiptoes gingerly into the heavens above the suburbs of Bethlehem.

The ground is littered with sheep of all stripes.

First.Angel whispers, “Okay, everybody ready?”

Three shepherds tending their flocks by night.

First.Angel appears to be wearing one of those awful blue hospital gowns from Providence General.

First.Angel pulls a scroll out of that stupid pocket they put in front of the hospital gown.

The scroll rolls over hill and dale and lands with a thunk at the manger, though nobody in this scene hears it quite yet.

First.Angel takes a deep breath and sings!

The shepherds look around as their sheep rustle in disturbance.

Recording.Angel fails to record any of this.

First.Angel sings in a loud voice!

First.Angel sings, “Don’t be afraid!”

First.Shepherd drops dead as a doornail.

A sheep bleats and laughs and bleeeehhhh.

Recording.Angel writes about a frosty snowman with a carrot nose.

First.Angel looks down in disgust.

First.Angel sings, “I bring you glad tidings!”

Second.Shepherd keels over dead.

Smoking.Angel drifts quietly in on a cloud of smoke from its singed robe.

First.Angel sings, “Of great joy, which shall be to all people!”

Third.Shepherd stares at the sky.

Recording.Angel writes about a lonely deer with a red nose.

Smoking.Angel kneels and feels the pulse of the Second.Shepherd.

First.Angel says, “Oh, for Christ’s sake, not again.”

Sheep try to sing along with First.Angel.

Smoking.Angel stands and beckons to the Third.Shepherd.

Smoking.Angel [to First.Angel]: “This always happens—you don’t know your own strength.”

Third.Shepherd looks over his shoulder.

First.Angel says, “foruntoyouthisdayisborninthecityofDavidetc.”
Now that’s some typing.

Recording.Angel got it all on tape.

Smoking.Angel says, “Third.Shepherd, there is something you need to see.”

First.Angel [to Smoking.Angel]: “What is with this shepherd?”

First.Angel looks around.

Smoking.Angel [to Third.Shepherd]: “You don’t want to stay in this field with your dead friends and this demented angel, do you?”

Recording.Angel looks around for the demented angel.

Third.Shepherd swats the sky.

Smoking.Angel [to First.Angel]: “Be quiet! Haven’t you done enough for one night?”

First.Angel says, “I’m going to be left out here in East Nowhere singing to a bunch of sheep?”

Smoking.Angel [to Third.Shepherd]: “Would you like to come see a baby?”

Third.Shepherd stares at both angels.

BLEEEHEHHHEHHHEMOO

Mystical.sheep looks up into the heavens.

Smoking.Angel takes Third.Shepherd gently by the hand.

Smoking.Angel [to Third.Shepherd]: “It’s like a lamb, this child.”

Mystical sheep cries, “AGNUS DEI!!!”

Smoking.Angel [to Third.Shepherd]: “Come with me, it’s a long way . . .”

Meeehhehe.

The sheep go wild.

Recording.Angel clears his vocal cords.

The sheep burst into song.

Third.Shepherd mumbles something about this not being in his job description.

AGNUS DEI!!!

Allllllleeeeeellllllllllllllllllooooolia.

One sheep tries to get the microphone . . .

Smoking.Angel [to Third.Shepherd]: “Fear not! I will not let you die before you have seen the Child.”

Third.Shepherd feels so much better.

First.Angel stares at this scene in disbelief.

Third.Shepherd tries to remember if he sent in his last life insurance payment.

First.Angel says, “This was supposed to go somewhat differently.”

Angels sing, “Hallelujah! A child is born!”

First.Angel [to Smoking.Angel]: “I thought we rehearsed this.”

The.grateful.angels make a comeback in heaven.

And the animals . . .
Baaaaa.

One ewe sings alone.

First. Angel wrestles with the fact that the only character who seems to grasp this scene is an animal.

Hosannah in the Highest!

Angels sing, “Eternity is torn! Nothing will ever be the same!”

“Who is Annah?” asks a sheep.

First. Angel joins in the chorus, albeit reluctantly.

Angels sing, “Joy is come, and sorrow too!”

First. Angel decides not to argue with a hit.

“Hey, my name is Annah,” says the other...

Some sheep wander off.

Smoking. Angel walks slowly into the darkness with the Third. Shepherd fumbling by its side.

Drops breadcrumbs.

THE CURTAIN HAS HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS SCENE.

CURTAIN DOWN ON HILLS AND DALES.

The stars exit sky left, singing.

ACT II, SCENE 2

THE SO-CALLED MANGER SCENE.
Plus cardboardGeese, cardboardCows, cardboardMongoose . . .

Three Wise Men, a coupla camels, the royal entourage.

I hate cardboard.

Plus a cardboardSatanicMonkey.

CardboardCats eating cardboardRats.

Two elephants, one from India, one from Africa, one with howdah, one without.

Third.Shepherd raises his hand.

Third.Shepherd is hailing a cab.

Jesus.Mary.and.Joseph are stuck in all this mess.

The requisite flock of sheep, and some animals which cannot even be identified except that they have four legs.

All flat.

A well-chewed plush puppy.

Three blind mice.

And several mice that spook the elephants . . . whoops, there went the back wall.

Even flat animal turds.

No expense has been spared.

Several knights on horseback and the remains of the scenery from the old train set.

The hay is REAL.


And odor.

Margery Kempe, Pater Anastasio and St. Ignatius Loyola.

Really?

The city of Naples.

It’s wired for electricity.

Something smells here.

Ok, go for it.

It’s the monkey.

Recording.Angel looks up to see if anyone put up the star.

Nope.

With little New England houses and cotton on the chimneys.

First.Angel arrives late.

Recording.Angel says, “What, NO STAR?”

Strangely, the stable is silent; these animals do not moo, growl, quack, honk, or whatever.

Jesus.Mary.and.Joseph hope no rain will come, because it might not be so good for a cardboard existence.

Moo.

You have to supply your own sounds.

Recording.Angel writes about a big, fat, juicy star anyway.
Smoking.Angel says, “Third.Shepherd, you are invited to worship this charming baby.”

Recording.Angel decides to put a star on the cover of his next full notebook.

Where, you can’t even find it any more.

Jesus is especially radiant.

Bahhhh.

First.Angel buries his head in the straw.

Third.Shepherd stares at the Smoking.Angel.

Smoking.Angel [to Third.Shepherd]: “It is a charming baby, is it not, even though it’s cardboard?”

Mary, Jesus, and Joseph blink slowly on and off.

Red.

Third.Shepherd kneels and prays before the cardboard beings.

Green.

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No.

Recording.Angel gets a ladder.

Bang bang.

Smoking.Angel says, “O o (Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!”)

That oughta do it.

Recording.Angel is secretly afraid of heights.

Just then, something awful streaks across the sky.

Third.Shepherd looks to the left.

Recording.Angel doesn’t really care if the star is there or not . . . as long as he records that there was a star, there was a star.

ACT II, SCENE 3

THE THREE.DEAD.MEN ARRIVE AND DEPART.

Still the stable.

The angels sing in a minor key.

Figures.

Figurines.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph are somehow stuck in the middle.

Flat as ever.

Recording.Angel seals another full notebook with a “Do Not Open Till Judgment Day” sticker.

Recording.Angel starts to have doubts about the star.
Three Dead Men grope toward something they have seen in a dream.

If only the three wise women would show up.

Smoking Angel leans in the doorway, smoking thoughtfully.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph have something to show the world.

Three Dead Men fall on their face in the stable.

This night the stars do not just shimmer, they shimmy across the sky, clustering near the stable.

There would at least be some good food.

Three Dead Men say, “We have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.”

Practical gifts.

Three Dead Men are from East St. Louis.

So why come to this desert hellhole?

Three Dead Men fall on their face in the hay, splattering bundles.

Third Shepherd looks on curiously.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph feel that everybody is looking at them again.

Splattering?

Third Shepherd writes a gift list.

Three Dead Men say, “We saw the star.”

Three Dead Men say, “It was the last thing we saw.”

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph emit a radiant shine.

Three Dead Men are blind.

Jesus is radioactive.

Three Dead Men say, “We had a vision, each of us.”

First Dead Man saw the star.

Three Dead Men say, “A radiant star.”

On the ground are scattered the gifts:

Gold.

Second Dead Man thinks it was the Mars Lander.

Frankincense.

And myrrh.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph thought the gifts were just for them.

Third Dead Man says, “I know you won’t believe this, but I swear, it looked exactly like a five-year-old.”

Third Shepherd thinks the baby was robbed.

Jesus wants to play now.

Second Dead Man says, “I had a vision.”

He is very developed for his age already.

Second Dead Man says, “Every child under two years old was dead.”
Smoking.Angel shudders.

THE CURTAIN WRAPS ITSELF IN ITSELF.

Third.Dead.Man says, “I saw an angel.”

Three.Dead.Men say, “The angel said—”

Recording.Angel is starting to like this story, even though he’s written it 1,999 times.

Three.Dead.Men say, “The angel said—”

Smoking.Angel says, “That’s enough, First.Angel!”

Third.Shepherd runs in circles.

This is so scary.

Smoking.Angel grabs the Three.Dead.Men and shakes them.

And the angels sing.

Smoking.Angel says, “Get out of here, you fools! Right now!”

Three.Dead.Men stumble out the stable door.

Smoking.Angel says, “Go home, you Dead.Men.”

Third.Shepherd wants to see the gifts.

Recording.Angel tells his twenty-monk team to keep on writing.

Three.Dead.Men say, “The angel said to go home.”

Smoking.Angel says, “Go home by another way, ANY other way!”

Go back to your own country.

Third.Shepherd is incoherent.

Jesus.Mary.and.Joseph can’t move.

Third.Shepherd calls 911.

Smoking.Angel fumes.

Third.Shepherd tries to get help but doesn’t know the street address.

THE CURTAIN CUTS THIS OFF AS IT CANNOT STAND VIOLENCE IN THE THEATRE.

THE CURTAIN WOULD RATHER BE IN HELL.

Third.Shepherd lights up a cigarette . . . Was it good for you?

WHICH IS COMING UP.

Everything ends up in hell here.

Go home, go home.

Another way.

ACT III

THE AUDIENCE IN HELL.

Smoking.Angel has a question about that last scene, when we get to the questions part.


Australia has nothing to do with this particular performance, as it is summer there, and this is a Christmas pageant.
It’s just someplace we like to go.

You know, like Heaven, Hell, Palestine, Australia.

Desert.

And none of us has actually been there, so it could be anything.

Lots of palm trees.

Sand.

Wait a minute—palm trees in Hell?

Gives you that kind of vast feeling.

What about the flames and all that?

Recording. Angel’s real-life avatar is going to get his ass fired.

Boredom is worse.

In the long run.

Stage lights come up slowly, dimly illuminating three figures:

The prophet Isaiah, standing stage left like a monumental pillar.

Stage right, the Cumaean Sibyl, who is intent on writing briefly on each of a pile of leaves and tossing them into a broad basket.

And Satan, who is sitting cross-legged with his back to you, staring into the distance.

A curtain that has cloaked the back stage wall parts slowly in the middle, revealing the silent manger scene of Act II on Earth.

GOT THAT? OKAY.

META-CURTAIN UP.

Tax season never ends.

THE CURTAIN OF HELL LIFTS ITS SKIRTS.

Election season never ends.

Endless story problems.


A headline is visible: BABE BIRTHS KID—AGAIN!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Isaiah leers at Sibyl.

Satan turns to the business section.

Of course.

Leaf.

A subhead is visible: RESISTANT Y2K BUGS INVADE NET.

Satan says, “O o (My man Gates is on the job.)”

Leaf.

Recording. Angel smokes a wee bit of crack to spice up his notes.

NEWS FLASH: BERLIN WALL GOES BACK UP AS TOURIST TRAP.

Satan picks up a handful of leaves and stokes the hellfire.
Sibyl writes about a golden age.

CLINTON RESIGNS: NO ONE NOTICES.

Satan turns again to the drama section.

Hell burns.

Sibyl considers speaking up, but knows it would leave Satan no wiser.

Sibyl develops her own language.

Satan says, “It says here that ‘the current production of *The Birth of the Christ Child*, while tawdry in the extreme, makes significant inroads into . . . ‘ “

Satan [to Sibyl]: “Inroads into WHAT, may I ask?”


Satan says, “And they spelled my name wrong AGAIN!!!”

Satan picks up a leaf and reads.

Sibyl writes, “Thank You.”

Satan says, “THANK YOU????”

A satanic monkey outfitted with a breastplate jumps on Satan’s lap and begins to do a lap dance.

Isaiah stares stonily at Satan.

Recording. Angel mumbles into his mike.

Sibyl knows she is more of an experimental writer.

Leaf.

Another leaf.

The monkey points through the meta-curtain at the baby in a manger.

Sibyl thinks she is on to something here: LEAF+LEAF=PAPYRUS.

The painted child in the manger scene at the back has a lot of teeth for a newborn.

Recording. Angel gives credit for inventing papyrus to a man.

Satan [to Sibyl]: “What if this time they get it right?”

The painted child smiles toothily at the monkey.

The monkey screams.

Innumerable. Souls in Hell crowd over to the meta-curtain and point their bony fingers at the manger scene, crying, “It’s Him!”

Hell breaks loose!

Satan screams!

The painted child’s face wrinkles up in the monkeylike way of newborns.

Satan [to monkey]: “Why, the Christ Child looks just like you, monk!”

Monkey see, monkey do.

Innumerable. Souls in Hell crowd around the monkey, looking for that elusive resemblance.

The monkey jumps on Isaiah’s head.
Isaiah cries, “The Lord called me from the womb!”

Oh, please.

Isaiah says, “He has made my mouth like a sharp sword!”

Satan [to Isaiah]: “Right, but what about this monkey.child?”

Recording. Angel isn’t kissing Isaiah.

Isaiah says, “He said, ‘I will make you a light of nations!”

Satan [to Isaiah]: “Are you telling me they got it right?”

Sibyl foresees something, but doesn’t tell.

NASA is afraid to tell the world that the Mars Lander is broadcasting this scene from Hell.

Isaiah says, “Behold, I dry up the sea with my rebuke!”

The monkey grows three more heads for future scenes on earth.

Sometimes people think that Sibyl is autistic.

Isaiah says, “I clothe the heavens with blackness and make sackcloth their covering!”

Smoking. Angel appears quietly through a crack in the rock, trailing singed and tattered robes.

Isaiah says, “And there will be Kings shut their mouths on account of Him!”

If only.

Satan wonders if Isaiah would consider breaking his 700-year record of incomprehensibility.

Satan bites into an apple, his favorite fruit.

The monkey eats an apple; it learns quickly.

Sibyl wishes they would shut up, because she cannot concentrate.

First. Angel drifts gingerly down into the fracas.

First. Angel’s robes bear a suspicious resemblance to a Brown University doctoral gown.

Isaiah says, “And he will divide the booty with the strong!”

First. Angel settles into a corner to listen to a few bars of Isaiah.

Isaiah says, “And I will sprinkle many nations!”

Sibyl is shocked.

Isaiah says, “Their fish stink for lack of water!”

Satan is lulled to sleep by the director’s, I mean, Isaiah’s voice.

Isaiah says, “Behold! You were sold for your iniquities!”

Isaiah says, “And what they had not heard they will understand!”

First. Angel finds that line particularly apt.
Sibyl was sure people knew that newspaper was her invention.

Recording. Angel gives credit for the invention of newsprint to a man.

Smoking. Angel looks around from the rock where it is sitting quietly, smoking.

Isaiah says, “Who has a case against me??”

Recording. Angel knows that God only knows what he writes down.

First. Angel sings, “Satan, I have a message for you!

Satan is roused from his slumber.

Satan [to First. Angel]: “Don’t believe everything you read in the newspaper.”

First. Angel prepares to sing the second aria of the evening.

Sibyl says to herself that she has a case for Isaiah.

Isaiah says, “I will not be ashamed!”

First. Angel sings, “YOUR NUMBER IS UP!”

Isaiah says, “The LORD GOD has opened my ear!”

Where did that pesky monkey go?

Not in the ear, I hope.

Satan says, “Lotto over fifteen million again?”

Isaiah says, “HE who vindicates me is near!!”

First. Angel sings, “The Child!”

First. Angel sings, “The Child in the manger in that unforgettable Act II!”

Smoking. Angel says, “O o (numbers).”

If you’d ask Sibyl, you could win more often.

First. Angel sings, “He will harrow Hell!”

Isaiah says, “THE END IS NEAR!”

First. Angel sings, “He will open the Gates of Heaven!”

We can only pray.

Smoking. Angel says calmly, “He will not harrow Hell.”

Recording. Angel’s real-life avatar flails his arms aimlessly at his overbearing boss.

Smoking. Angel says, “He will not open Heaven.”


First. Angel says, “Not again!”

Satan adjusts his horns.

Sibyl actually helped develop palmtop computers.

Smoking. Angel [to Satan]: “You’re in trouble, too, you know.”

Isaiah says, “The moth will eat them!”

Satan [to Smoking. Angel]: “I’m always in trouble. I’m Satan.”
Recording.Angel gives credit for the invention of palmtop computers to a man.

Isaiah says, “For what had not been told them they will see!”

Smoking.Angel cries, “Mathematics!”

First.Angel looks over to see if Recording.Angel has been doing any arithmetic on that palmtop computer.

Recording.Angel is perfect in every way.

So it is written.

Ich wünsche keinen Widerspruch.

So shall it be.

Satan glares at Recording.Angel.

Recording.Angel glares back.

Only the numbers don’t add up.

They never do.

Aura prima est.

Smoking.Angel says, “You’re all ranting about ONE God and THREE acts and TWO THOUSAND years . . . well, so what?”

Smoke and mirrors, please.

I forgot how it continues.

The Holy Trio.

Smoking.Angel [to Satan]: “Do you remember the Fall from Heaven?”

It hurt like hell.

First.Angel looks it up in Paradise Lost.

I forgot how to count.

Satan says, “Like it was yesterday.”

Paradise Lost falls open to Book Two.

NINE DAYS THEY FELL.

Smoking.Angel says, “Well, I fell four and a half?”

First.Angel says, “O o (You could give these people a script from God Almighty, and they wouldn’t play it.)”

Satan [to Smoking.Angel]: “So is that how come you’re singing and not burning?”

Smoking.Angel says, “Didn’t you ever wonder what became of me?”

We must be close to J-Day.

First.Angel says, “You expect me to keep billions of angels straight in my mind?”

Lottery hits infinity . . . everyone leave now and buy a ticket!

Recording.Angel gets anxious, hoping he wrote enough down.

First.Angel remembers that those wings smelled slightly sulphurous, even back in Act I.

Someone call 911.

Someone call CNN.

Sibyl knows that Recording.Angel is too slow to get this.
Smoking.Angel [to Satan]: “I fell into—entropy.”

Recording.Angel writes about how fast he is.

Satan [to Smoking.Angel]: “Sort of near Mars, I’ve heard of it.”

Smoking.Angel [to Satan]: “I felt myself falling—apart.”

Recording.Angel writes Sibyl right outta history.

Smoking.Angel [to First.Angel]: “I’ve heard you sing the beauty of the mathematical, but you’ve never sung the consequences!”

Smoking.Angel says, “It’s over, First. Angel.”

Satan doesn’t believe Smoking.Angel for one minute.

Satan stuffs a handful of the Sibyl’s leaves right into the mouth of a certain prophet.

Smoking.Angel says, “You, me, Satan, God, it ALL ENDS.”

Really?

There’s an end to this?

First.Angel folds his script into a paper hat and pulls it WAY over his ears.

Smoking.Angel points to the painted infant and the monkey double.

Smoking.Angel says, “Triangulate THAT!”

Smoking.Angel points to the end of the universe some billions of years from now.

It’s not nice to point.

The figure of a Child fills the sky.

Oh no, don’t tell me.

It’s that Kindergartener we kicked out of Heaven.

He wears a gold crown and imperial robes.

The Child seems to have aged over the course of this performance.

Haven’t we all.

The globe spins.

The globe smokes.

The Child holds out the globe.

“Here,” says the Child.

“This is for you.”

GESEGENETE WEIH NACHTEN

The end?

No way.

Thank you for the 2000th Coming.

Go home.

Another way.

THE CURTAIN DOES ITS JOB AND DROPS ON YOU ALL.

END