

PERUSAL SCRIPT

A Son Is Given

by
Stephen Tomek I



Newport, Maine

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A SON IS GIVEN

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ORDER #3371

Characters — 6m, 7f, 4-8 either (23-24 characters)

Clayton Millfield

Kelly Millfield — Clayton's Daughter

Ann Jasper — a Care Center Volunteer

Nurse

John

Mary

Joseph

Young Mary

Old Sage

Shepherd 1

Shepherd 2

Shepherd 3

Carolers

Young Bill — Clayton's Son

Young Ann

Woman

Angel

Jesus

TIME: the 1960s & 1940s (and the Meridien of Time)

SETTINGS:

- a care center
- a home in Israel
- a stable in Bethlehem
- a WW2 mess hall & battlefield

A SON IS GIVEN by Stephen Tomek – Principal Characters: 6m, 7f (4-8 ensemble roles) About 20 minutes. 4 locations. Contemporary and period costumes. Twin Oaks Care Center resident Clayton Millfield just can't get into the spirit of Christmas since he lost his son in World War II. Things seem to be no different this year until a new social worker by the name of Ann Jasper comes along. Ann eventually reveals a long hidden personal secret that lets Clayton know that his son was a real hero. Interspersed with humor and the grand message of God's gift of His only Son, this play will have your audience both laughing and crying. **ORDER #3371**

STEPHEN TOMEK — Nestled in the rolling hills of Eastern Pennsylvania, Ormrod and its scenic quarries was Stephen's stomping grounds as a child. At thirteen he was sent to a boarding school in West Virginia where he spent the next seven years including two years of college. He later finished college with a BTH working as a RA. Always bi-vocational, he has pastored and worked in Ohio, South Carolina, and North Carolina. He is currently Vice president of the Bible Methodist of Tennessee. He and his wife Angela now live in Langsville, Ohio and pastor in Rutland, OH. Four of their five children live near them and one is on missionary assignment in Montana.

A SON IS GIVEN

SCENE 1 — opens at the Twin Oaks Care Center in Room 101 – CLAYTON Millfield sits in his wheelchair (or chair) turning on the radio – Click

RADIO VOICE: And don't forget folks, there's just five more shopping days 'til Christmas. So get down to the Oaktown Mall for all your...

CLAYTON: *(reaches up and clicks off the radio.)* Oh... it's that time again...shopping... carols...gifts, Christmas plays, chestnuts roasting by an open fire, all the
(sarcastically)

WONDERFUL things about this WONDERFUL time of year...UGH – If I can just make it through another one without going batty. I just...

KELLY: *(walks through door)* Hi Grandpa – I catch you talking to yourself again?
(giggles)

CLAYTON: *(cheering some)* Oh you little...

KELLY: Now, now Grandpa. Hey do you know what today is? It's your weekly wheelchair zoooooom time!

CLAYTON: OH no!

KELLY: OHHH Yesss Grandpa. Now buckle up. And today, instead of singing our regular Old Man Tucker songs we're going to sing...

CLAYTON: *(Sharply)* NO!

KELLY: No what?

CLAYTON: No Christmas carols.

KELLY: Now, now Grandpa, don't be a scrooge. Are you ready?

CLAYTON: No

KELLY: Now Grandpa, we always...

CLAYTON: Aw, all right, I can see I'm not gonna win.

KELLY: Great! Let's go!

(KELLY starts pushing)

Heere wee goo-o! Let's sing "Joy to the World"... "Joy to the world the Lord has come..."

(Stops)

Now Pa, that just won't do, you're not singing! You always sing on "Home on the Range."

CLAYTON: Yes, but I don't feel...

KELLY: Come on Grandpa, please...

CLAYTON: OH, all right.

(KELLY starts singing again with CLAYTON singing along very halfheartedly. KELLY pushes out of the room past a NURSE and ANN JASPER.)

ANN: He didn't sound too enthusiastic did he?

NURSE: Well, it's kind of a bad time of year for Mr. Millfield.

ANN: Really?

NURSE: Yes, he's always down this week before Christmas. It has to do with a son he lost in the second world war this time of year – 20 years ago.

ANN: OH, that's bad.

NURSE: Yes it is, to make matters worse I hear his son's birthday was this week too. Talk about a double whammy. I can't blame him for being sad.

(Thinking)

Say Ann, you're a new volunteer here. Maybe a different face would cheer him up a little. Think you could stop in and see him sometime?

ANN: Sure, I'd be glad to... What's the room number?

NURSE: 101

(KELLY and CLAYTON come back by singing "We Wish You a Merry Christmas")

ANN: *(looking sympathetic)* I can at least give it a try.

Congregational/Audience Song-

SCENE 2 — opens in the disciple John's home. **MARY** (the mother of Jesus) and **JOHN** are talking.

JOHN: Mother, weep not, for these two days since Jesus' death you have not ceased in your crying. Come, we must have some food, and then you must rest.

MARY: Oh John, you have been so kind to me since taking me into your home. But I am a mother, and my son is...is...

JOHN: Yes Mother, He is gone. But we have been much blessed by His life and wisdom. Israel is a different country today, because of Him.

MARY: Yes, it is true, we have been blessed for the thirty-three years of His life, every moment of it. From the moment the angel told me of His conception, to the last great supper with you, his beloved friends in the upper room...But yet, I cannot help but wonder why...Why his untimely death. If He could have lived thirty more years, what great things He could have performed, what changes could have been wrought, what power he could have had to rule this world with His righteous goodness. I...just...don't understand.

JOHN: None of us understand Mother. And perhaps we never will.

(He turns away and looks toward Heaven in distress)

OH God, If I only knew what to say to comfort this Mother...The mother of your only begotten Son, Jesus.

(Turns back around)

Mother, if...

(He notices some items setting on the table – gifts saved from the shepherds long ago.)

...Mother, look,

(walks over to gifts)

look at this, gifts given to you from the shepherds on that night so long ago. I wasn't there, but do I remember you telling of the words those humble men spoke to you when they presented them on that night. Do you remember them?

MARY: Yes, John, I remember. I'll never forget, that beautiful night, out in the stable, holding the most valuable treasure of my life in my arms...

(LIGHT goes to manger scene — YOUNG MARY holding JESUS.)

YOUNG MARY: Isn't He beautiful Joseph? Look, He has dimples just like

(looks at Joseph)

uh His... uh.

JOSEPH: It's all right Mary, we both know He's God's Son, just like the angels told us, but I will do my best to raise Him as a good father should.

YOUNG MARY: I know.

(commotion outside, Joseph steps to look out door)
What is it Joseph?

JOSEPH: You won't believe this, but you have visitors.

YOUNG MARY: At this time of the night?!?!?

JOSEPH: Yes, and they're a rough and
(*SHEPHERDS step into the room, JOSEPH sniffs.*)
smelly lot too.

(*SHEPHERDS step farther into the room, OLD SAGE steps in behind them and stands off watching.*)

SHEPHERD 1: Howdy there, Ma'am,... sir. Sorry to stop in so late tonight, but we ah... just couldn't help it.
(*MARY and JOSEPH look quizzical.*)

SHEPHERD 2: Yes you see, we were over yonder in the fields watching our ole sheep when a great bunch of heaven-ly bein's just came out of no-where and started singin'.

SHEPHERD 3: Yes siree, you should of heard that song, they sang - Glory to God in the heaven.

SHEPHERD 2: Highest!

SHEPHERD 3: Yea, Whatever, and then they said – Peace on Earth, good will toward ya'll.

SHEPHERD 2: Men!

SHEPHERD 3: Yea, that too.

SHEPHERD 1: Anyway, they told us a Saviour was born tonight, in this here stable under the big stars. We grabbed a few gifts and got here as fast as we could.

SHEPHERD 2 and 3: Yea!

(*Awkward silence for a few moments*)

JOSEPH: Well, uh, are you going to present them?

SHEPHERD 2: We thought you'd never ask. I'm first.

SHEPHERD 1: Oh no your not, I'm the oldest and I'll go first.

SHEPHERD 2: Oh...all right.

SHEPHERD 1: *(pulls out his spear)* See here, I brought Him my favoritest spear 'cuz, I know that a King like Him's gonna need one to take to battle like all the Kings does. 'Cept, He'll be the greatest King of all, 'cause He'll be Saviour like the angel said. And looky here, this will double up as a staff in case the boy wants to watch sheep sometime!

JOSEPH: Thank you for the gift, kind shepherd.

SHEPHERD 1: Your verr' welcome

JOSEPH: And what do you have to bring?
(looks at Shepherd 2)

SHEPHERD 2: Well sir, I brought Him this here sheep skin. I figger the Mrs. Here can fix him a fancy robe like the kings wear in them courts when they see someone 'portant. Yes sir this here King will have the best robe.

JOSEPH: Thank you kind shepherd. I'm sure His mother will make Him a beautiful robe with this skin.

(Everyone quiet)

SHEPHERD 3: Are you gonna ask me?

JOSEPH: Yes, young shepherd. What would you offer the King?

SHEPHERD 3: Well, uh –
(looks embarrassed)
Really I don't have much. Just this here rock.

SHEPHERD 1 and 2: *(incredulously)* Rock?

SHEPHERD 3: Hey, it's my favorite rock. I found it when I was a young-un. I shined it up real perty and kept it for somethin'. Now I know what somethin' or should I say some-un' I kept it fer.

SHEPHERD 1: How could you do such a thing Marcus. Give me that rock right now. Surely you've got something better.

SHEPHERD 3: But it's the best thing I got.

SHEPHERD 1: Give...it...to...me...now!

JOSEPH: Wait, wait, wait, kind shepherd.

(Looks at Shepherd 1) It's fine. If it's the best this boy has, it will be a fine gift for the King. Besides, you never know when you might need a good...uh...stone for something.

SHEPHERD 3: Thank you much sir. It is my best, and now I present it to him.

(kneels and offers the rock)
Here ya go king, the perttiest rock in the world.

JOSEPH: Thank you.

(looks at OLD SAGE)
And as for you, do you also have a gift to offer, oh Shepherd.

OLD SAGE: Sir, I am not a shepherd as you suppose, I am Rabbi Mathius. I study the scriptures daily concerning the Messiah that must come. Because of the timing of the scriptures and the unusual star I have come to this lowly manger. I believe that I have found Him whom I have been looking for these many years, the great King and our Messiah!

SHEPHERD 3: Wow!

OLD SAGE: I have watched the shepherds present their gifts and have something to say about them. May I speak now?

(Joseph nods)
Thank you. The gifts given seem like simple things brought by poor men, but in reality each gift has a deeper meaning than it openly seems. I start with the spear given by this shepherd. Just a spear you may say, but this spear is also a symbol of a great event that will happen in the life of our Messiah. As the prophet Zechariah spoke... "and they shall look upon me, whom they have peirced." The fleece is a reminder of the prophetic words of Isaiah. He spoke: "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he openeth not His mouth."

SHEPHERD 2: I had no idea my gift meant that.

SHEPHERD 3: And what 'bout mine? Does my rock mean anythin'?

OLD SAGE: Indeed, our King and great Psalmist David spoke of the Messiah as a stone when he said, "the stone which the builder will reject will become the head of the corner."

SHEPHERD 3: That's neat.

JOSEPH: I don't think so. What doest thou mean by these things oh sage: Piercing? Brought as a lamb to the slaughter? Rejection?

OLD SAGE: I know not the details, but this I know, only by the shedding of the blood of a spotless lamb is there redemption for a sinful man. I say unto you – Behold, the lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!

(LIGHT goes back to John's house)

JOHN: Surely the words and gifts of the shepherds, and the prophecies of the sage speak of a deeper meaning to all the events of the last few days. I'm sure your Son has not died in vain... Come, let us eat Mother.

(Reaches for her hand and MARY takes it.)

MARY: I shall. I feel better now, better because I know we shall soon see the reason for His death. We shall know my Son has not died in vain.

(LIGHTS out)

Congregational/Audience Song-

SCENE 3 — opens in room 101 with ANN doing chores around room. She is talking and CLAYTON is sulking.

ANN: Well Mr. Millfield, where do you want this picture?

(No answer.)

Is this good?

(Holds up to the spot. CLAYTON grunts)

...or how about...here?

(CLAYTON grunts)

Oookaaay

(Rolls eyes)

...Uh, Mr. Millfields, how can I put this where you want it if you won't speak to me?

(No answer.)

I've been working here for three days and you haven't said one word yet besides "grunt".

KELLY: That's right Grandpa, you haven't said one word to Miss Jasper since she started here. And Grandpa I know you're nicer than that.

(CLAYTON grunts)

Well, Ok Grandpa, I guess we'll have to take another Christmas Carol wheel chair ride.

CLAYTON: NO!

KELLY: Ah Ah. Got ya to say something.

(ALL grin, even CLAYTON)

ANN: *(walks over and sits next to Clayton)* It's all right Mr. Millfield, everybody has depressing times now and then.

KELLY: Yea Gramps, even me. Do you remember the time...

CLAYTON: I know...when you lost your pet hamster.

KELLY: Yes and...

CLAYTON: He was gone for three days.

KELLY: Well, yea, but then...

CLAYTON: You cried for the whole three days.

KELLY: Grandpa!

CLAYTON: Well, you told that story a thousand times Kelly.

(ALL laugh. After a moment...)

Whew, You know, it actually felt good to laugh...

ANN: It always does Mr. Millfield.

CLAYTON: Oh, just call me Clayton.

ANN: All right – Clayton it is. And Clayton, it's sure nice to hear you talk a little.

CLAYTON: Well, I am sorry for being such a grumpy grandpa, but it's just...just that...I...

(sigh)

...Oh nothing!...Kelly knows, maybe she can tell you.

ANN: I...already know about Bill...I...

CLAYTON: You...know about my William?

ANN: Uh, yes...um...Kelly told me about him.

CLAYTON: (*thoughtful*) He was a great boy. I just don't understand why...why he had to give his young life so far away. And then they couldn't tell me much about his death. Just when, where, and something about him dying...protecting others. They gave me his medals.

KELLY: Uncle William was a real hero!

ANN: He surely must have been.

CLAYTON: Oh, there's no doubt in my mind or his mother's, I know. A lot of his friends feel that way too...But you know, a lot of folks have had doubts about the war ...did we need to be there...was it necessary...did our boys die in vain? I don't know...I'd hate to think that Bill died in vain.

(*ANN wipes a tear from her eye. Notices Ann's tears*)

I'm sorry Ann, I didn't mean to upset you!

ANN: No. No, Clayton. It's perfectly all right. I...a...I...lost someone in the same war. Someone I really loved.

CLAYTON: I'm sorry, I didn't know.

ANN: It's fine Clayton. I'm just glad you were able to talk about it. I couldn't for a long time.

CLAYTON: Me neither.

ANN: And...I want you to know Clayton. I don't believe for one moment that your son or my friend died in vain. No matter what anybody thinks or says about the war, our soldiers gave their best because they were asked and they believed in a bigger cause, the cause of freedom.

CLAYTON: (*reaches for Ann's hand*) Thank you, Ann. I think so too.

NURSE: (*looks in room*) Mr. Millfield, it's about time for lunch in the cafeteria.

ANN: I guess I'd better get to the next room. See you tomorrow Grumps...I mean Gramps.

(*ANN grins. ALL laugh as the NURSE wheels CLAYTON out.*)

Congregational/Audience Song-

7 MORE PAGES TO THE END