

PATTERNS IN THE BLOODLINE

The Original Stageplay



Cleveland O. McLeish

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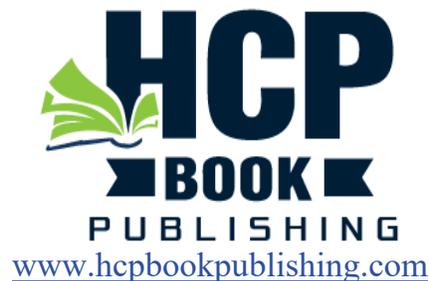


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Characters

MALE

Abram
Isaac
Jacob
Esau
Blime
Angel

FEMALE

Sarai
Rebecca
Wife

Setting

The stage is bare, except for a fire and two rocks to sit or lean against.

The Story

This story examines the life of three generations — Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob — and highlights how sin can allow the boundaries of our bloodline to be breached, leading to more chaos in future generations unless God is allowed to address the issue.

Play Details

Length: 45-60 Minutes

Cast: 6 Males, 3 Females.

Audience: Teens & Adults

Genre: Biblical Drama

The Script



SCENE 1

VOICE: Abram, go from your country, your people and your father's household to the land I will show you. I will make you into a great nation, and I will bless you; I will make your name great, and you will be a blessing. I will bless those who bless you, and whoever curses you I will curse; and all peoples on earth will be blessed through you.

Pause.

LIGHTS UP

Abraham & Lot sit by a fire side.

LOT: So, uncle, where are we going?

ABRAM: I don't know.

Pause.

LOT: But what do you mean?

ABRAM: I don't know where we are going.

Lot looks confused.

LOT: Why are we going if we don't know where we are going?

ABRAM: I don't know why either.

Pause.

LOT: You know why I choose to tag along, Uncle. I am very concerned about you and I can't imagine poor Sarah having to deal with you alone.

ABRAM: Why are you so concerned?

LOT: Wouldn't you be concerned if I started doing the crazy things a Voice told me in my head?

ABRAM: Not in my head. My heart.

LOT: How can you tell the difference?

Pause.

LOT: How can you be 100% sure that the Voice you heard was God?

ABRAM: Well, that's why I'm going... to find out. You can't know it's God unless you act on it.

LOT: Faith without works is dead, right?

ABRAM: Exactly.

LOT: You know what, you are a Wacko. I am starting to think if that voice told you to kill your only son, you would.

ABRAM: (*hurt*) Well, good thing I don't have a son.

Pause.

LOT: Sorry, I didn't mean that.

ABRAM: It's fine.

They sit in silence for a beat.

LOT: You know, you can still have a son....with a much younger woman that is.

SARAI: (*V.O.*) Boy, bridle your tongue before I cut it from your mouth.

Sarai enters.

LOT: My wife would probably appreciate that. Hi Sarai.

Sarai comes between Lot and Abram. She faces Lot.

SARAI: Where is your wife, by the way?

LOT: Sleeping, as usual.

SARAI: That woman is as passive as a pillar of salt.

LOT: I like when she sleeps. I don't have to listen to her constant nagging. (To Abram) She did not want to come.

ABRAM: Well, I am glad you both did.

LOT: I should go check on her. See you later.

Lot exits.

Sarai settles down.

SARAI: So, my lord, can I ask you something?

ABRAM: Sure.

SARAI: Where are we heading to?

ABRAM: I just did this with Lot.

SARAI: I just have a very bad feeling about this.

ABRAM: Faith sometimes opposes feelings.

SARAI: Not sometimes for me. All the time. Your God doesn't make it easy either. He says things that are usually either impossible or extremely unreasonable.

Pause.

ABRAM: On that note, there is one more thing I didn't tell you.

SARAI: Oh boy. I do hate when you say that.

Pause.

ABRAM: Well, do you want to hear?

SARAI: Not really.

ABRAM: C'mon Sarai.

SARAI: Did it come from the same voice in your head?

ABRAM: My heart. Not my head.

SARAI: Right. Is it worse than leaving home and going without knowing where and why?

ABRAM: Maybe.

SARAI: My bowels suddenly feels a little bit loose.

Abram reaches for some leaves. He hands them to Sarai.

ABRAM: I will wait until you have relieved yourself. Do be careful of the snakes in the bush. The last time —

SARAI: Stop! Whatever was coming down, just went back up.

Pause.

Sarai sighs.

SARAI: Okay, just tell me.

ABRAM: God says we are going to have a son.

Pause.

SARAI: I am not adopting. I told you that already.

ABRAM: No, we are having a son. The normal way, you know.

SARAI: We... or you? The choice of word here is very critical.

ABRAM: You and me.

Pause.

Sarah laughs herself into a frenzy.

SARAI: If that's the same voice that told you to go on this journey, we might as well turn back now.

ABRAM: You don't believe God can do it?

SARAI: I am barren, Abram. Last time I looked up that word, it meant unable to conceive. Besides, you are not as, you know, up to the task as you used to be.

ABRAM: What?

SARAI: You know, you don't get up like you used to, you know, and when you do it's a very short journey, you know, you kinda need some resurrection power —

ABRAM: Enough!

Abram gets up.

ABRAM: We should get some sleep. We should get to Egypt in the morning.

SARAI: Go on and leave me to my thoughts for a bit. You have given me much to think about.

ABRAM: You are not sleepy?

SARAI: Abram, you have given me a lot to think about. Just leave me alone for a while. Okay?

ABRAM: Sarai, you are a beautiful woman and I fear for my life. When we get to Egypt, can you please tell them you are my sister?

Pause.

SARAI: Okay, my master.

ABRAM: It is true that you are my half-sister.

SARAI: So I am telling a half lie.

ABRAM: It's the best way. They will treat me well because of you.

Abram exits.

BLINE enters. He is dressed in a black/red suit.

BLINE: *(laughs)* A half lie is all I need to get into this bloodline.

Bline embraces Sarah. She is unaware of his presence.

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE II

VOICE: Isaac, go not down into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of. Sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and will bless thee; for unto thee, and unto thy seed, I will give all these countries, and I will perform the oath which I swore unto Abraham thy father; and I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes and my laws.

LIGHTS UP

Isaac and Rebecca sit around the fire.

REBECCA: Are you okay, Isaac?

ISAAC: Rebecca, my mother is dead. My father is dead. My half-brother hates me. There's a famine in this land, but I have a fair woman by my side, so I am awesome.

REBECCA: Are you sure?

ISAAC: Yes.

REBECCA: I am hungry. Absolutely famished.

ISAAC: Me too.

Pause.

ISAAC: So, guess what. I have prayed to the Lord to give us a child. He said yes.

REBECCA: You have been saying that for 20 years.

ISAAC: My father waited for 25 years before I came.

REBECCA: Why does God always make us wait so long? It's frustrating.

ISAAC: Remember, a day is like 1000 years to the Lord. 20 years for us is a few seconds for God.

REBECCA: I have heard the stories of your father. I was hoping you would be different, more realistic.

ISAAC: If my father was realistic, I would not be here. If I become too realistic, then I may stop what God wants to bring into this world.

Pause.

REBECCA: Right.

ISAAC: I thought you wanted a child.

REBECCA: I did. 20 years ago. It's much easier now to believe the reality that I am barren than chase fantasies. Last time I checked on the definition of barren, it means unable to conceive.

ISAAC: If my father taught me nothing else, he taught me faith.

REBECCA: Your father tried to kill you.

ISAAC: He was just being obedient.

REBECCA: To the same voice you listen to now?

ISAAC: Why do you struggle to believe God?

REBECCA: Why does He make everything so hard? Why make us wait 20 years after saying yes to having a child.

ISAAC: I am pretty sure it has to do with His timing.

REBECCA: So, it doesn't matter what we want?

ISAAC: Well, He said yes.

REBECCA: Don't mock me, Isaac.

ISAAC: "What sorrow awaits those who argue with their Creator. Does a clay pot argue with its maker? Does the clay dispute with the one who shapes it, saying, 'Stop, you're doing it wrong!' Does the pot exclaim, 'How clumsy can you be?'"

Rebecca is shaking her head.

REBECCA: So, we should not ask any questions?

ISAAC: You will get more answers if you asked the right question.

REBECCA: You know what, whatever. We have nothing for dinner. We have had nothing for days. The famine is getting worse. I hear there is plenty of food in Egypt.

Pause.

REBECCA: I think we should go to Egypt.

ISAAC: Uhm, God says we shouldn't.

Pause.

REBECCA: Isaac, do you see any manna on the ground? Or quail blowing in on the east wind? If we stay here, we will starve to death.

ISAAC: God says stay and plant. If He took care of my father, He will take care of us.

REBECCA: What if you are wrong?

ISAAC: God will bring the increase. Wait and see.

REBECCA: Many have planted, and not seen any increase.

ISAAC: We will. Trust me. Better yet, trust God.

REBECCA: I can last 20 years without a child — but not without food.

ISAAC: God is just going to blow your mind. You just wait and see. I am excited.

REBECCA: I am hungry.

ISAAC: You focus on the wrong things, Rebecca.

REBECCA: Gee — like father like son. You know what, whatever.

Blime enters. He stoops down, and whispers in Isaac's ear.

ISAAC: Okay, Rebecca. I will go and see King Abimelech. But you must do me a favor. You are a beautiful woman, and they will kill me to get you, so can you say you are my sister?

Pause.

REBECCA: You want me to lie?

ISAAC: They will kill me if you don't.

Rebecca feels a bit ill.

REBECCA: Can you get me some water, please?

ISAAC: Are you okay?

Rebecca rubs her stomach.

ISAAC: Are you having digestive issues?

Isaac begins to gather leaves.

REBECCA: I am not having digestive issues. I just need some water — please.

ISAAC: Okay.

Isaac exits quickly.

Blina stays close, watching the scene.

REBECCA: What is this?

Rebecca thinks.

REBECCA: Okay — ask the right questions, and I will get answers. (looks up) God, what is happening in my stomach?

VOICE: Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger.

REBECCA: *(confused)* Two?

Pause.

Isaac comes back with the water.

REBECCA: *(in tears)* Isaac, I heard His voice?

ISAAC: Whose voice?

REBECCA: You were right. When you ask the right questions, He answers.

ISAAC: God spoke to you?

REBECCA: Yes.

ISAAC: Really? What did He say?

REBECCA: We are pregnant. With twins.

ISAAC: Twins?

They celebrate together.

Blina smiles.

BLINA: Two. Perfect. One is mine.

LIGHTS OUT