

# *tonight, heaven touches earth*

Created by Randy Vader and Jay Rouse  
Drama Companion  
by Rose Aspinall

*Through a series of short vignettes we get a unique glimpse into the lives of those people who experienced the Christmas story first hand. Each scene offers a look into a different aspect of the story, examining the hopes and fears of each participant. Because the scenes are not interrelated the casting is flexible. If you are short on men you can easily assign someone to more than one role.*

**SCENE 1: 2 men 1 woman (non-speaking)**

**SCENE 2: 3 men**

**SCENE 3: 1 man 1 woman 1 baby (or doll)**

**SCENE 4: 3 men**

**SCENE 5: pantomime - same characters as scenes 2 and 3**

---

**Song: Tonight, Heaven Touches Earth**

**Song: The People Who Walk Now in Darkness**

**Song: Tonight**

## **Scene 1**

Begins page 28 – (before Sing Gloria!)

CAST:

Achim: Friend of Zechariah and Elizabeth, of indiscriminate age. Anxious to share the latest in gossip.

Gershon: A carpenter, friend of Achim, an acquaintance of Zechariah and Elizabeth

Elizabeth: Mother of John, the Baptist

*The two men are sitting in the marketplace. Gershon has a partially finished piece of wood on his lap that he sands and wipes down as he talks.*

*The set for these pieces can be very flexible. If you have limited resources, the set can be as simple as two men and a bench. If you are ready to make this into a fuller production, you may want to create an entire marketplace with extra booths for other tradesmen – potters, weavers, tanners. On another side, add an Inn and a cave with a manger where Jesus will be born. You can have extras or choir members serve as people transacting business in the marketplace.*

Achim:            *(Adamantly)* I'm telling you, speechless!

Gershon:         Zechariah? I've never known him to be such!

Achim:            Well, it's true. I was there, I tell you. It's been 8 months now and he's not spoken a word since.

Gershon:         What do you make of it, then?

Achim:            *(Holding up a finger)* Ah, now there is a question...one might even say a good question.

Gershon:         Well, does this good question have an answer?

Achim:            Zechariah had an answer, if you want to believe it. It does seem a bit far fetched though.

Gershon:         I thought you said he was mute?

Achim:            I said he was mute not that his fingers were broken. He's an educated man, he can read and write!

Gershon:         *(Sighing)* So, are you going to tell me or not?

Achim:            *(Bursting at the seams)* Here it is, then. Zechariah says he saw an angel.

Gershon:         An angel?

Achim:            None other than Gabriel himself.

Gershon:         Gabriel?

Achim:            Are you as deaf as Zechariah is mute? He saw the angel Gabriel. And Gabriel told him that God heard his prayers and that he and Elizabeth would bear a son.

Gershon:         *(Dismissively)* Bah, that's crazy! Everyone knows their time is long since past.

Achim: Tell it to Gabriel. Zechariah didn't believe him either and Gabriel didn't take too kindly to that. *(Poking his chest with his finger for emphasis)* "I stand in the presence of God", says he. "He sent me to speak to you", says he. Next thing you know... *(Makes a motion with his hand snapping his fingers closed, indicating a closed mouth)*

Gershon: *(Raising his eyebrows and shaking his head)* Zechariah and Elizabeth are good people. If the Almighty is going to hear anyone's prayers then it's theirs. *(Raising his voice and leaning toward Achim to emphasize his point)* But I'm telling you, it's not possible. Elizabeth's time is past.

*At this pronouncement, we see an elderly Elizabeth entering the marketplace from the other side of the room. She is obviously pregnant. Achim watches smugly as Gershon's mouth drops open.*

Achim: *(Crosses arms, his eyes following Elizabeth's slow approach)* Yup, long since past.

Gershon: *(Mouth agape)* Will the wonders of the Almighty never cease?!

Achim: Apparently not. *(Nodding in toward Elizabeth)* No ordinary child this one. Word has gotten round. He is born to prepare us for the coming of Messiah.

Gershon: *(Eyes wide)* The Messiah?

Achim: The Messiah!

*Lights fade*

***Song: Sing Gloria!***

## Scene 2

Begins page 39 – *(before Listen to the Angels Singin')*

CAST:

Eliakim: Older shepherd

Jehiel: Shepherd, brother of Eliakim

Uri: Shepherd, young teen

It is very dark. Jehiel and Uri huddle beside a dying fire while Eliakim sleeps a little distance away stretched out on a bed roll. It is completely quiet except for his intermittent snoring. Uri rubs his eyes and yawns.

Jehiel: Uri, get some sleep. It is nearly time to wake Eliakim anyway. I'm tired of his snoring. Tomorrow we'll move the flock. It will be a long day.

Uri: *(slapping at an insect on his neck)* I can't sleep. Jehiel?

Jehial: What?

Uri: Don't you get tired of watching other people's sheep?

Jehial: Why? Sheep are sheep. They won't smell any different if I own them.

Uri: But, don't you want your own sheep?

Jehial: *(Frowning)* No.

Uri: Why not?

Jehial: What do you mean, why not?

Uri: Well, my grandfather and my father were shepherds and now, I'm sitting here on the same ground watching sheep that are destined for temple sacrifices. I want my own sheep, not the sheep of others.

Jehial: Uri, you think too much. You ate today did you not?

Uri: *(Shrugging)* I did. It's not enough.

Jehial: *(Exasperated)* We're having this conversation again?

Uri: *(Simply)* Nothing has changed since we had this conversation before.

Jehial: When will you learn, Uri? Things don't change. Your grandfather, your father and now you, all doing the same thing. That should tell you something. These sheep don't get a say in their fate and neither do you. I'd advise you to do your job and find a good wife....Uri? Are you listening? *(his voice trails off)*

*Uri is no longer paying attention, he is gazing in wonder at the sky. Gershon stops talking and looks up as well....his eyes grow wide and fearful.*

Jehial: Uri, what's going on? What is that?

*Uri is shaking his head in wonder. He stumbles toward the sleeping Eliakim and shakes him awake. All three of them crouch low, holding up their arms to shield their eyes.*

Eliakim: *(Fearfully)* Angels!

Lights out

***Song: Listen to the Angels Singin'***

## Scene 3

Starts page 48 – *(before Lullaby at the Manger)*

This scene opens quietly. An exhausted Mary is laying with her eyes closed, head in Joseph's lap. Joseph is stroking her damp and disheveled hair. The Baby lies comfortably nearby in the manger. After a moment, Mary's eyes open. Her voice sounds tired, worn out.

Mary: Joseph?

Joseph: Yes?

Mary: Does He still sleep?

Joseph: *(Gently)* He does. Rest, you are tired.

Mary: Joseph?

Joseph: Yes?

Mary: He's beautiful, isn't He?

Joseph: He is Mary, as beautiful as His mother.

Mary: *(Hesitantly)* And His Father?

Joseph: *(After a moment)* His Father's light shines through His face.

Mary: *(Lifting her head from his lap and sitting up)* You're a good man, Joseph. You know, He is your son too.

Joseph: With God's help, *(his voice breaks and it takes him a moment to finish)* Mary, I'll do my best. That's all I can promise.

Mary: *(Grasping his hand)* It is enough. Joseph, will you bring Him to me?

*Joseph gets up and lifts the Baby from the manger and lays Him gently in Mary's arms. They both look in wonder at the Child.*

Mary: Oh Joseph, what does all this mean? *(Stroking the baby's cheek)* This little One to be given the throne of David? How? When? Is all this really happening?

Joseph: *(Shaking his head)* A mystery...I cannot fathom the ways of God. I only know, He brought us this far. He will be faithful.

Mary: Why would He choose me, Joseph? I'll fail Him.