

Excerpt terms and conditions

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing



Creche

by
Monica Raymond

From...

35 in 10

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN

This excerpt contains strong language.



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our Web site: www.dramaticpublishing.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, P.O. Box 129, Woodstock IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMV by
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING
Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(35 IN 10)

ISBN: 1-58342-283-8

CRECHE

By
Monica Raymond

© 2002 by Monica Raymond

Creche was first produced at Boston Playwrights Platform in 2002. It was directed by Monica Raymond, and featured Jennifer Makhholm and Kay Moriarty.

CHARACTERS

TRACY: Female, 17, slender, attractive, appears totally normal, carries a backpack.

CHAI: Female, 17, scrawny, pale, sad, an outsider, slightly alarming-looking.

SETTING: A nativity display in a raised circular island in the middle of a shopping mall, surrounded by a circular seating ledge. A larger-than-life-sized papier-mâché Mary presides over the center of the island, which is also the center of the stage. The display is in a folk-art style, nicely done with piled straw and papier-mâché farm animals—in no way garish or embarrassing. The infant Jesus is missing.

TIME: Christmas Eve, 5:00 p.m.

CRECHE

AT THE CURTAIN: *We hear strands of “It Came Upon a Midnight Clear.” It plays for a moment, then fades. TRACY, her back to us, kneels on the ledge. CHAI enters.*

CHAI. You took baby Jesus.

TRACY. Oh God.

CHAI. I saw you take him.

TRACY. Who’re you? Aren’t you supposed to be shopping?

CHAI. I’m done with shopping. I bought my father an electric train car on eBay. It’s a caboose. I hope he likes it. It cost me thirty dollars. I’m afraid it’s fake, though. The real ones cost hundreds. And my sister’s getting a skull and crossbones. When she decides where she wants it, I told her I’d pay. I told her I’d do it for her for nothing, but she wants to go to one of the real places.

TRACY (*irritable*). Well, what’re you doing at the mall, then?

CHAI. I like to hang out with Mary and baby Jesus. I took the T and a bus to get here.

TRACY. Where do you come from?

CHAI. The projects.

TRACY. I thought they didn’t have projects anymore.

CHAI. They privatized ’em, so now they call ’em condos instead of projects. But they still got that shit linoleum,

still have those weird foam ceilings with all the little holes in 'em...

TRACY (*sympathetic*). Decor is important.

CHAI. Anyway, I like it here. It's peaceful.

TRACY. Peaceful? A mall? You've gotta be kidding.
(*Pause.*) You should go to church.

CHAI. Nah, I don't like church. Some greasy-ass minister with BO shaking my hand. (*Afterthought.*) Church is dangerous! You read about those kids that got molested? It's worse than school. No thanks, I'll take this.
(*Looks back at the creche.*) Only how'm I gonna hang out with baby Jesus now that you've stolen him?

TRACY (*testing*). You gonna report me?

CHAI. I should. That's not very nice to take Jesus all for yourself. What about the other people who want to be with him?

TRACY. You some kind of Jesus freak?

CHAI. Nah. I have an uncle that is. Born again. I went 'n got saved 'n shit, but the next week they wanted you out on some street corner giving out pamphlets. I mean, forget it!

TRACY. Are you gonna? Report me?

CHAI (*shrugs*). I'm not the police. (*Sigh.*) But you should give him back. I mean, on Christmas Eve...

TRACY (*opens backpack, pulls him out*). Here's your baby Jesus. (*CHAI, ecstatic, embraces him, and stands on the seat to place him back in the manger. TRACY stops her.*) I got something better than baby Jesus.

CHAI (*still facing toward the display*). There's nothing better'n baby— (*TRACY reaches into her backpack and pulls out a real newborn. CHAI turns.*) Oh—wow, that is better. I mean, it's a real one. A real little bab Jesus.