

POTTER'S PRIDE
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Lights come up on two angels, Jesus together. As Jesus speaks with Michael and Gabriel, he calls for vessels of clay come forward for review.

Gabriel: You haven't been around much lately, Lord. What taking up your time?

Jesus: Pottery. It's very time consuming, if done right. And rest assured, I do it right!

Michael: You do all things well. But I thought you'd given up making things from clay. You know, after Adam, ...the fall...

Jesus: Actually, Michael, the Adam project's still ongoing. It's my pet project. My new work's just a minor variation on my first pieces. Did you realize? it's easier to modify the shape of a vessel from the inside? Just exert a little pressure now and then?

Michael: Lord? Potters have been doing that for centuries!

Jesus: Yes! But in the upper room, I started doing it with people. And I tell you guys. It works!

Gabriel: Really? Any finished products made that way?

Jesus: Well, most are in my Father's house. But I do have a few works in progress outside. I'll show you. *(Jesus calls offstage)* Hey, Fellows! Come in here!

Three vases of various shapes shuffle in. They are large cardboard cutouts of a large vase, pitcher, and flower pot, strapped to actors. Legs are visible, but arms should be hidden Vessels line up for review.

Jesus: These are nearly done. How glorious they will be when finished.

Gabriel: I'm always surprised by your work. Considering the raw material you begin with.

Michael: Well, you can tell they're not finished yet. That one's a little cracked! *(Michael points to vase on end, where sure enough, a chalk "crack" is visible)*

Jesus: *(Frowns)* It wasn't there yesterday. Oh well, sometimes those develop from outside stresses. I can fix it in a jiffy.

Jesus steps to vase, begins to rub hand back and forth over line to smooth it, make it disappear. Actor's hand with big white glove comes from around vase, slaps Jesus' hand away.

Jesus: Hey! What're you doing! I'm trying to fix you!

Vase: Well, it hurts!

Jesus: I know, but I'd never harm you if it wasn't necessary to perfect you. (*Reaches out again*)

Vase: (*Avoids him*) I don't like being worked on.

Jesus: You must let me. You're of no use with that crack in you. In your present condition, you can't hold the oil I want to keep in you. (*Jesus reaches out again*)

Vase: (*Slaps Jesus' hand again*) I'll figure out a way to fix myself. Thanks anyway.

Jesus: (*Sighs and turns to angels*) Can't work with this one after all. Might as well throw it out.

Lights start to dim as angels begin to drag the protesting pot away.

Vase: On the other hand, go ahead and work on me. I was just being a little temperamental. Actually, a little foolish.

Jesus: I can fix that! (*Walks toward vase smiling, as lights go out*)