

**THE GRANDFATHER PARADOX**  
**ACT 1: SCENE 2**

*Jesus's Workshop. A board at the back with various tools hanging from it. Wood shavings on the floor. A bookcase is to one side. Jesus is planing a piece of wood on a bench while humming/scatting the song 'Jesus Christ Superstar.' A mallet is also on the bench. And a lampshade is in the corner.*

*Jesus gets more and more animated and picks up a couple of thin pieces of wood and starts using them as drum sticks. He's generally dancing about wildly and spinning etc.*

*2 Nazis (IRMA and ARTHUR) in full uniform, enter behind JESUS.*

**IRMA:** Jesus Christ?

*Facing the audience, JESUS puts his arms up and sings flamboyantly.*

**JESUS:** *(Sings)* Superstar! Do you think, you're what they, say you are?  
*(Speaking)* Have you come for the bookcase? I wasn't expecting you 'til this afternoon, but it's ok, you can take it now if the varnish's dry.

**IRMA:** We've not come to take the bookcase. Nein, we've come to take your life. *(Raises a gun (a luger) and points it at Jesus).*

*ARTHUR grabs the mallet off the bench and strikes IRMA on the back of the head. IRMA collapses to the floor.*

**JESUS:** Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What's going on?

**ARTHUR:** Are you really Jesus Christ, Son of God, The Messiah?

*JESUS is staring at the mallet that ARTHUR is still holding. ARTHUR realises and puts the mallet back on the bench.*

Sorry.

**JESUS:** Did Herod send you? Are you tax collectors? Look I'm all paid up 'till the Passover. I gave Judas Escariot the money yesterday, he said he was on the way to the tax office. Don't tell me he didn't pay you? That double-crossing Judas!

**ARTHUR:** It is an honour to meet you Lord. But I'm afraid we don't have much time...We were sent here to kill you, not by King Herod but by Adolf Hitler.

**JESUS:** Hitler? *(thinking)* Hitler from Samaria? Did I make a sideboard for him last Winter?

**ARTHUR:** I don't think so... What I'm about to tell you will seem preposterous, incomprehensible even, but it's all true.

**JESUS:** Do not fret my son, I can tell that you are a righteous man. And I know in my heart that you will only speak the truth. Please proceed.

**ARTHUR:** I have travelled from the future, using a time machine created by evil Nazis, in order to assassinate you, Jesus, King of the Jews.

*Pause.*

*JESUS looks straight-faced then bursts out laughing.*

**JESUS:** Don't be ridiculous! *(Looking around)* Did Peter put you up to this? Peter! Where are you hiding?

**ARTHUR:** Please! If I'm not back soon they will send others.

*Pause.*

**JESUS:** You really believe this don't you?

**ARTHUR:** I know how crazy it all sounds, but it's true. About 2000 years from now, the world will be embroiled in a terrible war and the Jewish people are being persecuted once again, but this time by an evil tyrant called Adolf Hitler.

**JESUS:** Not from Samaria?

**ARTHUR:** No, and unfortunately, it gets worse – much worse. In my time, the Fallen Angel, Satan has devised a plan to defeat you and open the flood gates of Hell. And he's using Adolf Hitler to help him.

**JESUS:** So Satan and this Hitler character are in cahoots. *(Pause)*. Sounds like a recipe for disaster.

**ARTHUR:** Yes, you could say that.

*Enter MARY MAGDALEN.*

**MARY:** Hi Jesus. Your mother said you were back here *(sharp intake of breath)*. What's happened? *(Looking at IRMA lying on the floor)*.

**JESUS:** *(Looking at ARTHUR)*. This is my friend Mary Magdalen. Mary, I think this man just saved my life.

**ARTHUR:** It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm sorry Jesus but we really must hurry.

**JESUS:** I'm not going anywhere until I know exactly what's going on. For a start who are you?

**ARTHUR:** Sorry. My name's Arthur Cartwright. I come from...the country known in this time as Britannia.

**JESUS:** Yes I know of this place. It is where my Father located Hell.

**MARY:** Eh? I didn't realise Hell was a physical place.

**ARTHUR:** Yes, Hell is actually a vast network of catacombs buried deep beneath the centre of my country.

**JESUS:** You are well informed.

**ARTHUR:** The Devil is trying to find the key to the gates of Hell. And when he does, he will release all of his demons to wreak havoc on mankind.

**JESUS:** There is no key. The gates are guarded by an Angel.

**ARTHUR:** Not any more. But don't worry. I have found the key and have put it somewhere safe.

**MARY:** Jesus, why don't you heal this man? He's obviously, cuckoo! (*'cuckoo' said in a sing-song manner*).

**JESUS:** I fear that he tells the truth Mary. (*Turning to ARTHUR*) But how did you get here? How can you travel – through time?

**ARTHUR:** Britannia is one of the countries fighting Hitler and his armies.

**MARY:** Hitler from Samaria?

**JESUS:** No, another Hitler.

**ARTHUR:** I've been working under-cover in Hitler's time travel division.

**MARY:** You've come from the future?

**JESUS:** But what is this, time machine you talk about?

**ARTHUR:** Hitler has some of the world's greatest minds working for him. At first the progress was slow; the early time travelling devices created were not large and could only transport small animals such as shrews and terrapins. But the team's big break came when they successfully transported Hitler's midget brother Frank, 15 minutes into the past. Although Frank himself wasn't that pleased with the results.

**MARY:** Why, what happened?

**ARTHUR:** Well, because two identical bodies can't occupy the same space and time; when future Frank materialised in the lab, just as present Frank

was getting prepped for the journey, they collided, ripping a hole in the space time continuum and the two Franks exploded.

**MARY:** Sounds nasty.

**ARTHUR:** It was. There were bits of midget everywhere.

**JESUS:** Ok... If I'm willing to believe what you're telling me, what now? What can we do about it?

**ARTHUR:** Our first priority is to get you somewhere safe. You need to come with me.

**JESUS:** Where to, or should I say when to?

**ARTHUR:** I suggest we travel into the future, to the Lincolnshire village of Higgsfield, where I'm from. I need to collect something from there and then we can work out what to do next.

**JESUS:** I don't know.

**MARY:** Why don't you pray and ask your Father for guidance?

*ARTHUR looks at his watch and sighs.*

**JESUS:** Yes, good idea Mary. (*JESUS kneels down, bows his head and puts his hands together*). Eternal Father, grant me knowledge of your will today and give me the strength to carry it out. I am unsure of the path you desire for me. Help me to walk in your light...(Pause). Father in Heaven, I beg of you – answer my prayer.

*Pause.*

*ARTHUR looks around nervously, cups his hand over his mouth and speaks in a low booming voice.*

**ARTHUR:** Behold, I am here my Son!

**JESUS:** Mary it's him!...Merciful Father, show me the way, what is your divine will?

**ARTHUR:** The man who stands before you has spaketh the truth; he doth come from the future.

**JESUS:** Spaketh?

**ARTHUR:** Did I say 'spaketh?' I meant speaketh. Is that the right word? Anyway, thou must go with the time traveller.

*While this is going on, MARY is looking dubiously at ARTHUR.*

**JESUS:** You sound different Father. Is everything ok?

**ARTHUR:** Yes... Tickety boo.

**MARY:** Tickety boo?!

**ARTHUR:** (*Clears throat*). You must make haste. Get thee unto the land of Lincolnshire.

**JESUS:** Thank you Father. I will do as you command. Amen. (*JESUS stands up*). Well that was fairly conclusive.

**MARY:** (*Whispering loudly*) Jesus, I don't think that was your Father speaking. I think it was Arthur.

**JESUS:** I know it was Arthur.

*ARTHUR overhears.*

**ARTHUR:** You knew it was me?

**JESUS:** Of course I knew. I'm not an idiot. Anyway my Father doesn't sound anything like that. Spaketh?! What was that all about?

**ARTHUR:** I thought it sounded quite - 'biblical.'

*IRMA moans.*

**MARY:** (*Looking at IRMA*). Oh no! I think she's starting to wake up.

**ARTHUR:** Just tap her on the head with that mallet will you.

**MARY:** Tap her on the head? I don't want to hurt her.

**ARTHUR:** She just tried to kill Jesus!

*MARY picks up the mallet and lightly hits IRMA on the head.*

**IRMA:** (*In a daze*). Ow!

**ARTHUR:** Harder.

*MARY hits her lightly again.*

**IRMA:** Ow!

**ARTHUR:** Harder!

*MARY hits her again, repeatedly. But still not that hard.*

**IRMA:** Ow! Ow! Ow!

*JESUS grabs Mary's hand.*

**JESUS:** Enough! (*Jesus places a hand on IRMA'S head and IRMA slumps down*).

**MARY:** Have you killed her?

**JESUS:** Of course not. I've just put her into a deep sleep.

**MARY:** Well why didn't you do that to start with?

**JESUS:** You looked like you were enjoying yourself.

**MARY:** (*Raises her eyes and sighs*). Shouldn't we hide her somewhere?

**ARTHUR:** We need to get out of here. (*Pointing to a lampshade in the corner*) Just put that lampshade on her head.

*MARY does as instructed and looks questioningly at ARTHUR.*

**ARTHUR:** It'll have to do.

*An old lady wanders on stage, shakily walking with a stick.*

**OLD LADY:** Excuse me kind Sir.

*ARTHUR looks at them.*

**ARTHUR:** Oh No!..Jesus we don't have time for this.

**JESUS:** There is always time for the old and infirm. Yes my dear?

**OLD LADY:** Are you the Messiah that everyone is talking about? The Son of God, friend to the poor, healer of the sick?

**JESUS:** Yes, I am. Now how may I help you?

**OLD LADY:** I've got this sore patch just above my lip (*pointing to a red spot just above the corner of her mouth*).

*JESUS peers at the spot. He then touches it with his finger and sucks his finger.*

**JESUS:** It's just a spot of jam. Strawberry jam.

**OLD LADY:** Jam?!

*JESUS nods and wipes the rest off with his sleeve.*

**JESUS:** There - all sorted.

**OLD LADY:** Oh! Thank you Lord! Thank you so much! (*Putting her arms around JESUS, she gives him a big hug*). I was worried sick that it was leprosy.

**JESUS:** No, (*slightly embarrassed*) just jam.

*OLD LADY sees IRMA and points to her.*

**GIRL:** What's that?

**JESUS:** That? Erm, just a lamp.

**GIRL:** Looks like a woman with a lampshade on her head.

**JESUS:** A woman?

**GIRL:** Yes! Look, there's her legs, her body, her arms. (*Pointing*).

**JESUS:** Oh yes! I suppose it does look a bit like a woman, now that you come to mention it. Erm, was there anything else I can assist you with?

**OLD LADY:** Yes, sorry (*handing her walking stick to Jesus*) my walking stick has a crack in it, do you think you could repair it.

**JESUS:** Erm...Yeah...Ok! (*Confused*).

**OLD LADY:** Thanks, see you later (*skips happily off singing*)-  
I, haven't got leprosy – I, haven't got leprosy.'

**ARTHUR:** Please Jesus, we need to leave (*begging*). The future of mankind is at stake.

**JESUS:** Mary, please tell Joseph and my mother to go and wait at Peter's house. I'll meet you there later.

**MARY:** All right, but be careful Jesus.

**JESUS:** I'll be back before you know it.

**ARTHUR:** We might even be back before he knows it!

*MARY exits one way and JESUS and ARTHUR exit the other. This leaves IRMA wearing her lampshade on stage. IRMA starts to moan. MARY comes back on, grabs the mallet, removes the lampshade and whacks IRMA on the head.*

**MARY:** I bloody hate Nazis!

**CURTAINS CLOSE**