

Act 1/Scene 2: Ted/Randall Assignment (“Assignment”)

PLAYERS: Ted, Randall, Michael, Lucia, Jeremiel, SIRI, Elvira

Michael, Lucia and Jeremiel are conferring SR. Ted and Randall enter from SL.

Ted: *(Looks around, relieved)* See, Randall, I told you! We’re not late. We’re the first ones here!

Randall: Early? That’s a first! Do you think we can talk them into giving us a real assignment this time, Ted?

Ted: Think? I don’t think. I know! Great things are going down, Randall, m’ friend, and you and I are going down with them.

Randall: Hey, look. There he is. Michael, himself!

Ted: *(Ted and Randall approach Michael)* Michael.

Randall: Your most esteemed and powerful arch-angelness.

Michael: You’re late, boys.

Lucia: Theodosious and Randall, late again!

Ted: Imposs . . . *(Catching himself)* Sorry. I meant to say . . . are you sure, sir?

Michael: Everyone’s been assigned and dispatched.

Ted: But, Michael, surely there’s some assignment left uncovered.

Randall: Something dangerous, perhaps?

Ted: *And, challenging! (Looking off in the distance. In his mind, already victoriously completing the assignment)* Something utterly crucial to the destiny of all mankind!

Michael: *(This earnest appeal captures his attention)* A matter of eternal consequence?

Lucia: Michael, may we see you? In private.

Jeremiel: *(Ted and Randall move away and Michael, Jeremiel and Lucia confer)* Michael! These guys have fumbled every task they’ve been given — for centuries!

Lucia: They are our oldest and most unreliable trainees.

Michael: I think it’s time to give them a shot at something

Lucia: Something, goof proof, if you’re wise.

Michael: Actually, something wise is exactly what I have in mind.

Lucia: I'm not following you.

Michael: Ted and Randall are going to escort the Wise Men . . . from Herod's Palace to the Stable.

Jeremiel: What are the Wise Men doing at Herod's Palace?

Michael: Stopping for directions.

Lucia: Men asking for directions? How novel . . .

Jeremiel: How much trouble could they get into? These are, after all, Wise Men. How much help could they need?

(Michael crosses to Ted and Randall)

Michael: Boys, you are just the angels for a very important assignment.

Ted: We can handle it, sir.

Randall: Whatever it is, sir!

Ted: Whatever it is, sir!

Ted/Rand: What is it?

Michael: You'll be taking charge of the Wise Men.

Ted: Wise Men. Perfect!

Randall: Excellent!

Michael: They'll be traveling from the east — pick them, tonight, at the Palace of King Herod.

Ted: Got it!

Michael: Herod rules Judea under Caesar Augustus.

Randall: Got it!

Michael: Just get them to follow the star.

Ted: Got it!

Michael: Make sure they get to the manger — safely!

Ted/Rand: Got it!

Michael: Oh, and time is of the essence here.

Ted/Rand: *(after Michael leaves - to each other)* You got it?

Randall: I thought you got it!

Ted: I got the part about the — I mean . . . you were supposed to get it!

Randall: I got it. Kinda. Sure. King Herod, Caesar, palace. Sure, I got it. I mean what could possibly go wrong?

Ted: Right. Okay. Not a problem. Ready to fly? “Time IS of the essence!”

Randall: And we don’t want to be late! Which is why we need my latest and greatest invention . . . *(He pulls out SIRI)* Meet SIRI — a Supersonic Intellectual Repositioning Interface for ATS.

Ted: You have permission to use the Angelic Transport System?

Randall: Siri bypasses that! You give her certain information parameters . . . she locates people or events as to place and time, then submits a transport request *directly* to ATS. No administrative approval needed, and it cuts travel time to a millisecond! Listen to this . . . Hey, SIRI?

Siri voice responds.

SIRI: What can I help you with?

Randall: We just need to provide some ATS parameters like . . . Travel to see the King at Herod’s.

SIRI: I’m sorry, I missed that last word.

Randall: Herod’s.

SIRI: Ok, how do you spell that name (Herod’s)?

Randall: You can answer this one, Ted.

Ted: H-A-R (pronounced “arah”) R-O-D-S? *(like spelling bee)* Harrods. *(then to Randall)* And, we’ll be undercover, right?

Randall: Right! Add undercover to the request . . . an arrival time of Christmas Eve . . . and, read back those parameters, please.

SIRI: Alright, here’s what I’ve got. Location: Harrods. Status: King at; Undercover. Arrival Time: Christmas Eve.

Ted: Sounds perfect!

Randall: Beam us out!

SIRI: Sorry, Captain. Your Tricorder is in stand-alone mode.

Randall: Opps, I’ll just switch to interface mode . . . like this . . .

SIRI: ATS interface engaged. Coordinates confirmed. Activating transport beam.

Transport beam appears, encompassing Ted and Randall.

Randall: And, we're off!

SIRI: You can't tell, but I'm waving . . .

Transport lighting effect that allows Ted/Randall to disappear.

Lights up on Michael and Elvira (who has entered)

Elvira: *Those two* are my assignment?

Michael: "Those two" were created with some pretty amazing gifts – they're resourceful, kindhearted . . . **and** they never stop trying.

Elvira: They can be trying alright!

Michael: They've got a few lessons to learn. And they're going to be in and out of trouble several times before as they reach the end of this journey. That's why I'm going with you. We'll just run a little celestial interference every now and then — when they need it

Elvira: Alright, where are we headed first?

Michael: The City of London in the year 1903. Ted and Randall will be at Harrods Department Store.

Elvira: The Harrods with the heavenly confectionary department?

Michael: You will be . . . window shopping.

Elvira: How about one teensy weensy pound of chocolate-dipped macaroons?

Michael: You do what you need to do. I'll see what I can do.

Elvira: Got it.

******* END TED/RANDALL ASSIGNMENT ("Assignment") *******

Act 1/Scene 3: Street Urchins' Scheme ("Urchins")

PLAYERS: Patch, Runt, The Rat Gang (Maggot, Fingers, Pushy).

Setting: *An alleyway near Harrods in Victorian London, Christmas Eve 2003.*

Runt: Hey, Patch, what we doing for food today?

Maggot: Yeah, Patch, I'm hungry as a starving rat. When we gonna get something to eat?

Patch: Blimey, mates, hold on now, hold on. Has Patch ever let you down yet? What did I tell you? Stick with me and someday we all be living like kings, no more of this here scrounging around.

Fingers: You gonna parade around like those blokes in Parliament?

Pushy: Have crumpets and tea with the Queen of England?

Maggot: Play cricket with the royals?

Pushy: Buy your britches at Harrods?

Runt: And then, what you gonna do, Patch, once you got everything, huh?

Patch: Once I got everything? Why, everything's nice for most blokes, I suppose . . . But not me!

Fingers: Hay, the parade's down Knightsbridge today with the King of England himself!

Maggot: Oh, how I love a parade!

Pushy: Yeah, lots of easy gents with fat pockets waiting to be picked!

Patch: The street is jus' now wakin' up! So, blend in, Rats, smile real friendly like, and keep you fingers nice 'nd light.

All but Patch/Runt scatter off. Runt starts off but sees Patch remaining behind, and turns back.

Runt: Hey, Patch. You are coming?

Patch: Yeah, Runt, I'm coming.

Runt: And, we'd be doing the same tricks as always, right?

Patch: Same as always. *(Runt leans down to pull a fake bloodied head rag out of his sock.)* And, little brother *(as Runt looks up in Patch's face, Patch tussles Runt's hair)* steer clear of the coopers, hey?

******* END STREET URCHINS' SCHEME ("Urchins") *******

Act 1/Scene 4(b): London/Shopping (“London/Shopping”)

PLAYERS: Conductor, Mistress Lewis, Father Christmas, Ted, Randall, Chief Guard, Yeomen (NS).

Conductor: Trolley! Now arriving at everything Harrods. Where you'll find everything for everybody everywhere!

Mistress L: Children. Remember your manners. Nathan, don't push! *(Sees Father Christmas)* Father Christmas! Yoo-hoo! Children, don't you want to stop and see Father Christmas?

Father C: And a very Merry Christmas to you, Mistress Lewis. I must say, you are looking quite lovely this afternoon. *Quite* lovely. And children, I'm so happy to see you all again! I have surprises in store for all my good boys and girls. Mistress Lewis, tell me, have they been good this year?

Mistress L: Well, mostly, Nicholas, but . . .

Ted and Randall enter:

Ted: Randall, are we there?

Randall: Well, we're definitely somewhere.

Ted: Look there's Harrods!

Randall: It just takes the right coordinates.

The Chief Guard and Yeoman King's Guards enter and take places.

Chief Grd: Make way. Make way. Prepare a path for the King!

Ted: And, here comes the King!

Randall: So, the Wise Men must be nearby.

Ted: Perhaps this fellow can direct us. *(Approaches guard, who cannot respond)* Excuse me, sir, my friends and I are in need of some assistance.

Randall: Are you sure he can see us? Maybe we're invisible.

Ted: I can see you, Randall. Can you see me?

Randall: Affirmative. Let me try. *(to guard)* Did you see some Wise Men come by here? He's some kind of trance.

Ted: No doubt the work of evil, trying to thwart our mission. Let me try this one. *(to guard)* Sir human person, we're on a mission of eternal consequence, and we need some information. *(still nothing)*

Randall: Time is of the essence! *(No response.)* I'm afraid they're too far gone.

Ted: If we don't find the Wise Men soon, we're gonna mess up our assignment.

***** **END LONDON/SHOPPING (“London/Shopping”)** *****

Act 1/Scene 4(d): London/Parade (“London/Parade”)

PLAYERS: Officer Nelms, Ted, Randall, Annie, Patch, Runt, Michael, Chief Guard, SIRI, Elvira

Of. Nelms: It would appear lads, that you are a wee bit misplaced . . .

Ted: Thank you . . . we’re

Of. Nelms: (*Regarding their attire*) . . . angels?

Ted: Why, yes. We’re looking for the Wise Men.

Of. Nelms: Yeah. Wise Men, shepherds, the whole lot . . . ye’ll find the Nativity’s over at Piccadilly -- outside St. James. (*Big Ben chimes*) Better hurry. Ye’re going to be late!

A distraught Miss Annie enters from the Bakery Shoppe door holding Runt, who has been caught shoplifting Christmas biscuits, by the collar. She crosses to DSLC, followed by Patch.

Annie: Stop your wiggling boy!

Patch: I told you, Miss Annie. He weren’t stealing nothin’. He were just browsing your scrumptious baked goods – while our Uncle Winfield went to get some fancy-schmancy perfume for my great Aunt Agatha.

Of. Nelms: Well, well . . . Runt and Patch. Out for the day with Uncle Winfield again? Only last time, if memory serves, he’d gone off to find your wee crippled cousin who had wandered off to the toy shoppe.

Runt: And I didn’t mean to trip y’re sister right onto her backside neither. Why, it was detestable how those folks were laughing at Miss Ruby, her bloomers being exposed for all to see.

Annie: Nelms. See the hooligan gets locked up for good this time. He’d have had the gingerbread house if he could have stuffed it under his filthy little coat!

Michael: (*Disguised as a Reverend*) But, Miss Annie. It is Christmas Eve. Perhaps a wee reprieve?

Annie: Christmas Eve or not, I work my fingers to the bone to make a decent living. And, stealing, I will not tolerate . . . Reprieve indeed

Of. Nelms: Leave the ruffian to me, ladies. I’ll see he causes you no further trouble!

Runt: Now Gov’na. You don’t rightly think I’d be pinching on Christmas Eve . . .

Patch: Why our poor Mum would be turning over in her grave if she thought . . .

This is interrupted by loud trumpet fanfare

Chief Grd.: Their royal majesties, the King and Queen, bring you Christmas greetings.

Of. Nelms: I'm going to have to deal with you later.

Patch: I can watch him for you, sir.

Of. Nelms: Right! Do I have gullible written on me forehead?

Of. Nelms: *(clearing path for the King/Queen)* Hey, you two, stand clear. And, watch this scoundrel until I get back!

Crowd: Long live the King! Long live the King!

Patch: Yeah! Long live the King - all high and mighty in his prestigious royal palace!

Ted/Rand: Palace? Right.!

Ted: Patch, is your name is it?

Patch: And who would it be what's doing the asking . . . *(referring to his dress)* sirs, is it?

Randall: Young man, is it? As if I could tell behind all that dirt?

Ted: My friend and I are in need of information here.

Randall: And, I'm sure we could find some way to compensate you for your assistance.

Patch: Well now, that would be an horse of a different color, mates. *(Taking a step forward)* Preston Paddington Parks at your service. But blokes 'round here calls me Patch. Me clothes, ye know . . . And, that there, what's got himself in a bit of a pickle, is me brother.

Runt: William Winston Wadsworth Weatherington Parks, the third.

Patch: Runt!

Ted: Well, Patch . . . and Runt . . . Randall here, and I, are on a mission of eternal consequence. We've been assigned the highly sensitive task of escorting three wise men from the king's palace to . . . shall we say . . . a divine appointment.

Patch: Well, I'm impressed, alright. Why, for a pence or two I'm sure 'ave seen a palace. And, for a shilling, why I'm positive I can get you into the palace. But for a nice shiny gold sovereign, I'm bettin' I can get you an audience with the King 'imself!

Runt: And then we might even throw in a few extra Royals for nuffin!

Randall: Ted! While these reform school dropouts are pullin' your leg, King Harrod is getting away!

Patch: King Harrod?

Randall: King H-A-R-R-O-D.

Patch: And they call me simple? Even I know that ain't King Herod!

Runt: That's 'is Majesty, King Edward of England.

Ted: King Edward? Of England?

Randall: Not Harrod of Judea?

Michael: A prudent familiarity with the Good Book, my sons, would enlighten you that that could not possibly be King H-E-R-O-D!

Randall: H-E-R-O-D?

Randall pulls out SIRI.

Ted: Patch, what's the date?

Patch: Christmas Eve, 1903 –

Runt: (*snickering*) all day long!

Ted: Obviously not the days of Caesar Augustus.

Randall: SIRI?

SIRI: Go ahead, I'm listening.

Runt: Hey, what's that?

Randall: I need to correct a slight miscalculation.

Ted: We're some 1900 years too late!

SIRI: I'm sorry, I don't understand some 1900 years too late, but I can look that up for you.

Randall: SIRI, add "Caesar's" to the parameters please.

SIRI: Location modified to include Caesar.

Randall: Adding "palace" couldn't hurt . . . and "star".

SIRI: Hmm, I'm not finding anything for "Adding "palace" couldn't hurt . . . and "star".

Randall: You have to be very literal with SIRI – like this. Siri, add "star" to status, and read back those parameters.

SIRI: Ok, check it out. Christmas Eve, Caesar's, Palace, Star.

Randall: That should do it. Beam us out.

Patch: Hey, exactly what are you?

SIRI: Engaging ATS interface. Coordinates confirmed. Requesting transport beam.

Of. Nelms: Ok, Runt . . . time to head to the station.

Elvira: *(Deliberately bumping into the officer which sends her packages flying everywhere)*
Now look what you've done, you clumsy man!

Of. Nelms: *(Nelms stops to help Elvira pick up her packages)* Sorry, mam.

Ted: Boys, you better scoot on home . . . and quick!

Patch: We ain't got no home, sir.

Runt: Our Mum passed and our Pap . . . he took off to who knows where.

Ted: Then you're coming with us!

SIRI: Activating transport beam.

SIRI light disappears and, when the banners clear, Ted, Randall, Patch and Runt are gone.

Elvira: *(As Nelms hands her a bouquet broken flowers)* And won't these just look lovely on my buffet!

Of. Nelms: Sorry, again, mam! *(turns around and realizes the boys are gone)* Those scoundrels!!!! *(to Michael)* Pardon me, Reverend, did you see a boy in a plaid hat and his brother about this high?

Michael: I'd try the alley, Officer.

Nelms exits SL looking for Patch and Runt.

Evira crosses in.

Michael: Clever work, Elvira. *(handing her a candy bag)* Worthy of a few macaroons!

Elvira: You do know they've picked up two strays?

Michael: I'd say they showed great kindness to the unfortunate lads . . .

Elvira: So the ruffians are part of your plan?

Michael: Actually, they *are* the plan . . .

Elvira: I see, and where are the six of us headed now?

Michael: To the 2018 Christmas Eve extravaganza at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.

Elvira: Caesar's Palace? You mean, I get to be one of those high rollers in Sin City?

Michael: *(giving her an incredulous look)* No . . . but, I do have something fun I mind. I'll explain along the way.

******* END LONDON/PARADE *******

Act 1/Scene 5: Zelda Gambles All (“Vegas/Zelda”)

PLAYERS: Myrtle, Oscar, Zelda, Dealer

Myrtle: Can you believe it, Zelda? You, Oscar, Gracie and little old me in Las Vegas, Nevada!

Oscar: Kind of makes staying online all night to get them tickets worth it, don't it, Zelda?!

Myrtle, Oscar, Gracie and everyone on stage freezes as spotlights hit Zelda.

Zelda: Hello, Las Vegas. My name is Zelda Louise Pinchefsy, president of the Elvis Presley Fan Club -- Pulaski, Virginia chapter. My best friend Myrtle here is the Secretary/Treasurer — and my husband, Oscar, is Vice President.

You might not believe it to look at him now, but my Oscar won the Elvis look-alike contest at the 1993 Pulaski County Fair. As a matter of fact it was his dark and handsome physique that first caught my eye. It was love at first sight, so Oscar and I got married two weeks later — and, nine months after that (*moves to Gracie*), our little sweetheart, Gracie, here was born. We named her Gracie on a count of we went to Graceland on our honeymoon. ANYWAY, that has nothing to do with why I'm here.

Me and my friends are in Vegas, of course, for the 50th Anniversary Celebration of Elvis' 1968 Comeback Show — and we've got tickets to see the very first episode of the Nationwide Search for the King — which is going to be just the greatest Elvis Impersonator Contest ever. But, before we left home, I sat my sugar bear Oscar down (*moves back to Oscar and physically pushes him into a sitting position*) and this is what I said. While we're in Vegas to see Elvis, Oscar, I said, I might as well win us a big ol' bucket of money. I'm tired of staying home night after night, flopped in front of the TV — me switching back and forth between Greys Anatomy and NCIS and you ruining your physique munchin' on Doritos and stuffin' your face with hohos — while the world just passes us by. Get ready for a change, Oscar honey, I said, because I am going to win me a fortune! And HE said . . .

Oscar: (*unfreeze*) Zelda Louise, you can't even win Friday night Bunco, how do you think you're gonna win in Vegas? (*freeze*)

Zelda: What my sugar bear did not know, is that I just happen to have in my possession a secret weapon. This is a lucky charm passed down to me by my Great Great Aunt Irma who won the First Baptist Bingo Championship in 1912 AND 1913." It worked for her, and it's gonna work for me! So, prepare yourself, Las Vegas, Zelda Louise Pinchefsy is going to break the bank!

Zelda: This one is for you, Aunt Irma!

Myrtle: Zelda, don't you think . . .

Zelda: Oh, loosen your girdle, Myrtle!

Oscar: I think you should listen to Myrtle, Zelda.

Zelda: All or nothing on 23.

***** End Zelda Gambles All

Act 1/Scene 5: Wise Guys (“Vegas/Wise Guys”)

PLAYERS: Patch, Ted, Randall, Vinnie, Zelda, Oscar Myrtle

Patch: Right. So you drags me away from me Rat Gang what looks to me to keep them from starving on the streets, and takes me searching for some King who I . . . *(The plush surroundings capture Patch’s attention)*. . . must say has himself a mighty fine palace here.

Ted: *(to Vinnie)* Sir, we require assistance in a matter of eternal consequence.

Randall: We are attempting to locate the Wise Men.

Vinnie: Wise Men? You mean wise guys, or what?

Randall: Yes, wise guys . . . whatever you call them here.

Vinnie: Hey, no wise guys here. This place is legit.

Ted: No wise guys, huh? We were told that . . .

Vinnie: Who tol’ you? Huh? You lookin’ for trouble? Cuz I can show you trouble!

Patch: *(Patch takes on her street-wise kid role)* Calm down, cap’ns. What a disguise! Even *(getting Vinnie’s name from his name tag)* . . . Vinnie . . . here . . . didn’t recognize you.

Vinnie: Disguise? You mean the dress thing?

Patch: They’re on the lam . . . and they need to see the boss man.

Vinnie: Mr. Big? 

Patch: . . . his long lost brothers.

Vinnie: *(To Joey)* Tell Mr. Big . . .his brothers are here. *(Then to Ted/Randall and kids)* And youse guys . . . stay where I can keep an eye on you.

Zelda crosses DS dejectedly, comforted by Oscar and Myrtle and followed by the Fan Club.

Zelda: I can’t believe it, Oscar. Just call me Zelda Zilch — we’re right back where we started — with nothing, zippo, nada. Why, I don’t even have . . . a tissue!

Oscar: Things could be worse Snookums . . .

Myrtle: You still have a front and center seat to Search for the King.

Zelda: Where do you think that money came from?

Oscar: Not your ticket?

Zelda: Sold it for \$200 smackeroos to the bus driver.

Randall: *(Has overheard)* Excuse me, mam. I didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but did you say you were going to see the King? *(Zelda begins to hyperventilate.)*

Myrtle: *(to Randall)* Now look what you did! You, you . . . BRUTE! *(Then, following after Zelda)* Zelda, wait! You still have our tickets don’t you?

***** **END WISE GUYS (“Vegas/Wise Guys”)** *****

Act 1/Scene 6: Vegas Search for Elvis.

PLAYERS: Michael, Ted, Elvira, Zelda, Oscar, Matt, Smith, Jones, Elvira, Judge, Bubba

Michael: *(Disguised as the Announcer)* Ladies and Gentlemen, those of you lucky enough to have a ticket for our final show of this evening will want to make your way to your seats.

Michael: *(Seeing Ted, Randall)* Make your way to your seats . . .

Ted: Those must be our seats, right there.

Michael: Welcome to episode 1 of the Nationwide Search for the King! I'm Mike Angelotti and I'm filling in this evening for your scheduled announcer, Ron Klipp, who has been unexpectedly detained. This evening's competition features three contestants chosen by random drawing from among the many Elvis wannabes here this evening. And, the contest will be judged by local radio announcers Ms. Wanda Smith and Ms. Rona Jones, and special guest judge, the incomparable Oprah Winfree.

Elvira enters, dressed as an Oprah look-alike, but obviously not the real deal.

Elvira: *(taking the microphone from the Announcer)* Mr. Announcerman and precious guests, my dear cousin Oprah, who also was unexpectedly detained, has asked me . . . Miss Elvira Winfree . . . to fill in for her on this most momentous occasion. And things won't miss a beat, I promise . . . since we're just two peas in pod. *(She sits)*

Michael: Alrighty then . . . This contest will be governed by the three-strike rule. Meaning that each Elvis will continue to perform unless and until he receives three strikes . . . at which time he will concede the floor to the next contestant.

Michael: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, its time to Search for the King . . .

Zelda: Whoa, hold up just a minute! I just need to find my seat . . . *(to Oscar)* Myrtle is a good friend, insisting that I take her ticket like that, isn't she, Oscar. *(finding an empty seat)* Can you scoot over some, sweetheart.

Oscar: Zelda, honey . . .

Zelda: And, a little bit more . . . for my Sugar Bear Oscar . . .

Oscar: Zelda, baby, please . . .

Michael: Mam, do I need to escort you out . . .

Zelda: No, no, we're fine now, thank you.

Michael: Without FURTHER ado, put your hands together for contestant number 1, Matt Lubienski, a high school music teacher from Des Moines, Iowa, who just wants to be your teddy bear, and three of his teacher associates backing him up as Jordanaires.

Matt: SUNG: Baby let me be,
Your lovin teddy bear *(Jones buzzes)*

Put a chain around my neck,
And lead me anywhere *(Smith buzzes)*
Oh let me be
Your teddy bear. *(Elvira buzzes)*

Michael: Matt, you got three strikes . . .

Matt: Yes. I have to say, I didn't see that coming.

Michael: Ok. Let's find out why. Ms. Smith?

Smith: No offense, Matt; but that look is just a real stretch after you hit double nickels.

Michael: Ms. Jones?

Jones: Matt, your Teddy Bear needs to keep his paws out of the honey jar.

Michael: And, Miss Elvira . . .

Elvira: *(Grabs mic and circles Matt)* Well, Matt, if you were a map of the Western Hemisphere, your North America's got it going on. But south of the equator . . . honey, you need more sizzle in your swivel.

Michael: Ok, Matt. There you have it. But you still have a chance to advance to the next round, based on our judges' final decision.

(Matt exits, dejected and Michael returns to his position)

Michael: Next up, let's hear it for King Elvis contestant Number 2, Jonathan Marshall, a circuit court judge, wearing a replica of Elvis's signature white jumpsuit purchased by the Judge on his yearly pilgrimage to Graceland. Take it away Judge . . .

Judge: I'm dedicating this song to my lovely wife Marie, back home in Richmond, Virginia.
Are you lonesome tonight *(Smith buzzes)*
Do you miss me tonight *(Jones and Elvira buzz)*

Michael: Judge Marshall . . . Judge Marshall, you've struck out! *(Crossing to judges)* Elvira, why were you so quick to give the Judge a strike?

Elvira: I can sum it up in just two words, Judge – voice lessons

Jones: Let's just say that Judge Marshall needs to spend his musical career like he did his legal career . . . on the bench.

Smith: I'll second that motion.

Michael: Oooo. That's harsh. Judge, do you have any parting words for our judges?

Judge: You better hope you never get a traffic ticket in my jurisdiction . . . *(huffs off)*

Michael: Considering there's no where to go but up, let's bring on our final contestant, Bubba Clampett, a plumber who hails from Skunk Holler, Georgia, singing "My Way."

[Elvis No. 3 – Bubba sings "My Way"]

And now the end is near, So I face the final curtain
My friend, Ill say it clear, Ill state my case of which I'm certain

I've lived a life that's full, I've traveled each and every highway
And more, much more than this, I did it my way

(He goes for a really high note and murders it, glass shatters and all the judges, hit their buttons simultaneously)

Michael: Judges, you buzzed in unison – let me guess, was it the high note?

Jones: That clinched it for me, Bubba – but, before that, it was the hair. I mean, it's . . .

All Judges: **BAD!**

Elvira: Let me just make a positive comment to Bubba the Plumber here.

Bubba: I'm glad at least one person around here appreciates talent when they see it.

Elvira: The next time you're on the job and come across a clogged up commode? Forget the plunger – that note will do the trick! Woosh! Right on outta there!

Bubba turns beet red and huffs off.

Michael: Well, there you have it Elvis fans. The first three contestants in the Nationwide Search for the King: And, while our judges deliberate which of these gentlemen will advance to the next round of competition . . .

Zelda: *(Jumping up)* Wait, just wait a minute . . . there's one more here . . .

Oscar: Zelda, sit down.

Zelda: No, Oscar, this is your big chance. You could wipe the floor with those guys on a bad day.

Oscar: Zelda, you are making a scene.

Zelda: I'll make more of a scene if you don't get up on that stage. *(She propels Oscar to the stage and speaks to the band)* He's going to do CC Rider, key of C. Give him 6 measures for an intro. And if you do not know that Elvis ALWAYS made his entrance to CC Rider -- then I'd suggest you come on out to Pulaski for a history lesson.

******* END VEGAS SEARCHES FOR ELVIS ("Vegas/Elvis") *******

Act 1/Scene 7: Vegas Closes Down.

Players: Michael, Ted, Randall, Patch, SIRI, Vinnie, Mr. Big, Elvira, Joey

Michael: Thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen. And now, the management of Caesar's Palace, wishes you a very Merry Christmas and a New Year where your every gamble is a winner.

Ted/Rand: Caesar's Palace?

Patch: That's what the gent said. Caesar's Palace! (*noticing people arguing, rushing, etc. and drawing Runt close to him*) Which isn't all it's cracked up to be!

Ted: Randall!

Randall: (*Pulls out SIRI*) Checking now . . . Siri?

SIRI: I'm here.

Randall: Confirm current travel parameters . . . **with** category delineators, please.

SIRI: Time: Christmas Eve. Status: Star. Location: Caesar, Palace.

Ted: Another slight miscalculation?

Stagehands bring in a large box for packing up equipment.

Randall: Sorry, SIRI

SIRI: No need to apologize.

Randall: Move Caesar from to the Time Category, add King H-E-R-O-D to Location . . .

SIRI: Done.

Elvira: (*from offstage*) Hey, I need a hand over here . . . quick!

Stagehands rush off, leaving the trunk behind. As they exit, Elvira enters and watches.

Ted: We need to find the Wise Men?

SIRI: I found a couple of Wise Men fairly close to you.

Vinnie, Joey, Mr. Big are heard off stage.

Patch: Quick! Inside the trunk!

SIRI: I'm not finding anything for "inside the trunk." (*all climb in*)

Randall: Shush!

SIRI: Ok, if you insist.

As Randall climbs in, he drops SIRI., starts to retrieve it, but hears the Wise Guys coming and leaves it. Once the trunk lid is closed, Elvira picks up the device.

Joey, Vinnie and Mr. Big (enter / USR) and cross to DSR Thrust.

Vinnie: They were right here, boss.

Mr. Big: Then where are they Vinnie?

Vinnie: We'll find them.

Mr. Big: No mistakes, Vinnie.

Elvira: *(To SIRI)* SIRI. . . Engage transport.

Transport beam appears on the trunk.

Vinnie: *What?* *(opens the trunk, but no one is inside)*

Joey: Let's try the bar, boss.

Vinnie: Not a bad idea!

Michael: *(Crossing to Elvira)* You are enjoying this quite a bit, aren't you, Elvira?

Elvira: It's amusing! They dropped this . . . *(holding up SIRI)*

Michael: I know . . . it's all . . .

Both: Part of the plan.

Michael: Yes. It's time Ted and Randall discover they can fly on their own . . . literally and figuratively.

Elvira: So, we're off duty?

Michael: Not quite. I need you to delay the Wisemen.

Elvira: I thought the whole purpose was to get them to the stable.

Michael: They have a divine appointment along the way . . .

Elvira: This is getting complicated . . .

Michael: It's really quite simple! Wayward children, Angels and even Wise Kings ***all*** have lessons to learn. It's the way we discover our true purpose.

******* END VEGAS CHRISTMAS CLOSES DOWN**

Act 2/Scene 9: At Herod's Palace.

Players: Ted, Randall, Patch, Runt, King Herod, Salome, Guard, two of Herod's Concubines, Guard, Jewish Leadership in Herod's Court [Eusebios, Justus and Michael (disguised as Jewish leader)], Gaspar, Elvira.

Patch: What is this place?

Ted: (*Seeing the Biblical scene in front of him*) This is it!

Randall: (*Nodding*) I think you're right.

Herod enters with Salome.

Patch: There's a king, if I ever saw one. What I wouldn't give for power like he's got!

Ted: That is an evil king, Patch. He's got power all right, but it'll never last.

Wise Men enter

Randall: Hold on Ted! Look over there

Patch: Whoa!

Salome: Your majesty. These are wise men from the east in search of a new King.

Herod: Let our esteemed guests approach.

Elvira: (*to Balthazar, who is carrying a large bag*) Let me hold that for you, my Lord. (*He hands the bag to Elvira*)

Guard: Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar of Persia, your Highness.

Justus: (*To Eusebios as they are huddling*) These foreigners have caused quite a stir with their inquiries in the City. Herod has many questions.

Michael: (*Disguised as a Jewish leader*) Perhaps, Justus, our guests have some answers . . .

Gaspar: You wish to speak with us, King Herod?

Herod: Yes. I understand, Gaspar, that you are looking for someone?

Gaspar: We seek he who has been born King of the Jews.

Herod: King of the Jews? Well, what makes you think you will find him here . . . this King of the Jews?

Gaspar: We are studiers of the stars, your Excellency. A nova portending his birth, has led us thus far. We have come to worship him.

Herod: Eusebios?

Eusebios: Yes, my King.

Herod: Our guests seek the birthplace of the long-awaited Messiah. Can you recount that prophesy for them, Eusebios?

Eusebios: The words of the prophet Micah: "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

Herod: *(To the Wise Men)* There is your answer then. Search in Bethlehem.

Gaspar: *(To Melchoir and Belthasar)* We are very near the end of our journey. *(Back to Herod)* And we'll not trouble you further, your Excellency. *(He bows, turns to leave)*

Elvira quickly sneaks out USR with Balthazar's bag.

Herod: *(Calling after him)* Gaspar . . . When you find this King, return to me with the news, that I may also go and worship him.

Wisemen leave.

Herod: *(Dropping all pretense)* What are you looking at? Get out - all of you!

All exit except Salome and a pair of his concubines. Herod crosses DSL (disturbed).

Randall: Let's go.

Ted: No, wait. Something is not right here . . . *(they crouch back down to listen).*

Concub 1: A new King . . . tsk, tsk, tsk. What are you going to do Herod?

Herod: I am Herod the Great! King of all Judea! Should I wring my hands like a woman in fear of some prophesy?

Concub 2: They wish to worship him.

Herod: Should I tremble at the mention of an infant?

Concub 2: It's a long journey from Persia, Herod. He could be . . .

Salome: Two years of age, probably less. Certainly small and helpless.

Concub 1: Yet, if the Jews place their hope in this king . . .

Salome: Is that a risk that you can take, your majesty?

Herod: We must strike the child down before it's too late. Follow me!

Randall: *(Emerging from hiding)* If the Wisemen return here, they'll be playing right into Herod's evil plan.

Ted: We have warn them.

Randall: But, they've got a head start . . . and SIRI's back in Vegas!

Ted: There has to be another way . . .

Patch: So, if I've got this right, them Wise Men you've been looking for have traveled for *months* to see this King of the Jews?

Runt: And he's just a baby, but King Herod is so afraid of him, what he wants him killed?

Ted: The star!

Pat/Runt: Huh?

Ted: If the Wise Men can follow the star . . .we can follow the star!

Randall: Ted! You're a genius!

Ted: Well, I try . . .

Patch: I don't know about no star --- but, if I was you, I'd hike them dresses up and get moving if you want to catch up with the Wise Men.

All exit.

END HEROD'S PALACE

Act 2/Scene 10: Outside Herod's Palace.

Players: *Omid, Balthazar, Michael, Elvira*

Omid: I have retraced your steps master . . . the satchel is nowhere to be found.

Balthazar: We dare not delay further lest we lose sight of the star. Advise Gaspar and Melchoir we will be moving on.

The Servant bows and exits and Michael emerges from the shadows.

Michael: Pardon me, esteemed one, may I approach? (*Balthazar beckons him on.*) I am Micah, called by the most high God, Jehovah, to be a teacher among the Jews.

Balthazar: What business have you with me the, Micah?

Michael: I am curious about this child you seek. You say he will be called King of the Jews.

Balthazar: Yes, by a study of your people's own prophecies, I believe it to be so.

Michael: The Jewish people have suffered mightily under the heavy hand of Rome. Thy cry out for the deliverer Jehovah has promised through his prophets. But the prophecies seem confusing. They speak of a powerful conquering King; yet also of a child born in Bethlehem. Sometimes it seems as if Jehovah speaks in riddles.

Balthazar: I do not know of your God, Jehovah; but a star of such brilliance and magnitude as that which has let us here certainly foretells the birth of a child unlike any other. If you wish to journey with us to Bethlehem, perhaps we can unravel this mystery together.

Michael: I will go with you then.

Elvira, who has been watching from the shadows, emerges holding out Balthazar's sachel.

Elvira: Your excellency, I believe this belongs to you.

Balthazar: You have my gratitude woman . . .

Elvira bows her head in acknowledgment.

Balthazar: And, with no further reason to delay, Micah, we can be on our way. The star grows brighter by the moment it seems.

Michael: I will meet you at the gate.

Elvira: Another lesson learned?

Michael: Yes, and the boys will make it to the stable at the perfect time.

Elvira: I'll meet you there.

***** **END OF OUTSIDE HEROD'S PALACE**

Act 2/Scene 12: A Matter of Eternal Consequence

PLAYERS: Ted, Randall, Patch, Runt, Michael, Elvira

Ted: Look! *(Relieved)* We're not too late.

Randall: They're still here.

Runt: You sure I ain't dead or nothing, since I'm guessing those would be angels I've been seeing.

Ted: I can assure you, you are very much alive.

Patch: I know I ain't never been here before, but this looks like someplace I remember . . . somehow?

Randall: Wise Men, Shepherds, Star, Manger, BABY . . . ring any bells . . . Christmas Bells?

Patch: Wait . . . you ain't trying to tell us . . .

Runt: We're at THAT stable?

Ted: On the birthday of Jesus -- God's Son . . .

Runt: But, that ain't a true story. *(turns to Patch)* Is it, Patch?

Patch: I thought rich folks just made that up -- so's they'd have some reason to shop and party with their hoity-toity friends.

Ted: How do I even begin . . . ?

Michael reveals himself from his disguise and Elvira appears.

Randall: Michael?

Michael: Perhaps you could begin by explaining to your young friends who you are.

Ted: We're angels.

Runt: Angels?

Patch: *(Sarcastically)* Right!

Ted: On a mission to find the Wise Men . . .

Randall: . . . and lead them safely here.

Ted: *(Apologetically, directed to Michael)* Somehow we got . . . diverted along the way.

Michael: Do you believe God is displeased — or taken unaware? Sometimes diversions *(referring to Patch and Runt)* are the whole purpose for the journey.

Ted: Bringing these boys here was our mission all along?

Michael: . . . and, the lessons they, and you, learned along the way.

Runt: *(referring to the manger)* . . . but, the Son of God could have anything He wants . . . and he's poorer than me. At least I was born in a house!

Michael's gesture indicates that he is leaving Ted and Randall to take the lead in talking to the children here.

Ted: A person's real worth has nothing to do with how privileged they are . . . like your King back in England, or how rich they are they are . . . like the folks in Vegas, or even how powerful they are . . . like King Herod. That's why, Jesus, King of all that is in Heaven and on Earth, has chosen to begin his earthly life in a stable as a poor and helpless baby.

Randall: Because, even though He will never be rich or powerful while He lives here on earth, what He says here -- and what he does -- will affect the course of history more than any person who has lived before Him or will live after Him.

Michael: He has come to teach us about God's love . . . and about His purpose for each and every person . . . and Angel . . . He created.

Runt: Are you sure could love somebody like me.

Patch: Or have a purpose for somebody like me?

Ted: Well, none of us is perfect. In fact, that's exactly the point . . .

END A MATTER OF ETERNAL CONSEQUENCE