



# Crossring Drama

## ABRAHAM, ISAAC AND MUM

*Matthew Dawkins, Phil Price and others*

*Abraham and Isaac went up a mountain, after God had told Abraham to sacrifice his own son. After Abraham had proven himself committed, God provided a ram for the sacrifice instead, saving Isaac's life. This play tells the story of what happened after that: Sarah clearly wasn't too pleased that her husband had just tried to kill their only son...*

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*Scene: Sarah sitting on chair in middle of stage reading a book. Isaac enters in grumpy teenager mood.*

**Sarah:** Hello son, how was your day?

**Isaac:** It was all right.

**Sarah:** Did you do anything interesting today?

**Isaac:** Dad and I went up on a mountain with a donkey, we made an altar, and he tried to sacrifice me.

**Sarah:** *(not listening)* That's nice dear. Did you tidy your room?

**Isaac:** No, I'll do it later.

**Sarah:** No, you;ll do it now!

**Isaac:** No, Mum, I'm going to play football!

**Sarah:** Don't be silly dear, football hasn't been invented yet.

**Isaac:** Well ... I'll go and play tiddly-winks then.

**Sarah:** Okay, but make sure you're back for supper at 6.

**Isaac:** *(grunts, exits)*

**Abraham:** *(enters, smiling)* Hello dearest!

**Sarah:** Hello dear, how was your day?

**Abraham:** Oh it was fantastic! Really got that father-son bonding thing going today!

**Sarah:** Did you do anything interesting?

**Abraham:** Yeah, we went up the mountain, and chopped firewood and practiced tying knots, and...

**Sarah:** Oh right, like the scouts then?

**Abraham:** Well, kind of.

**Sarah:** So what were you doing up there then?

**Abraham:** Oh, I was just going up there to sacrifice Isaac actually.

**Sarah:** Oh, right. *(suddenly clicks)* What? You are joking, right?

**Abraham:** Err...well...um...no?

**Sarah:** You took our son up the mountain so you could sacrifice him??! What were you thinking??

**Abraham:** Well, God said it would be a good idea...

**Sarah:** If God told you to jump off a bridge, would you do that? Hmm??

**Abraham:** Err...yes?

**Sarah:** *(beats Abraham with book/paper/whatever)* How many sons do you think we've got, eh? Do you think we can just pop down to the adoption agency and get ourselves a son? How do you think that would look? "Oh hello, madam, what can I do for you?" "Yes I'd like to buy a new son, we sacrificed our other one!" *(starts beating Abraham again)*

**Abraham:** Well, if we told them God told us to...

**Sarah:** Great! We'd look like religious nutcases!! *(carries on beating Abraham)*

**Angel:** *(appears between Abraham and Sarah. Clears throat)*

**Sarah:** And who is this? Did you invite him?

**Abraham:** I've never seen him before in my life. Apart from when he told me not to kill Isaac.

**Sarah:** Oh, so he was in on it too was he? *(beats Angel)*

**Abraham:** *(tries to restrain Sarah)* No! You can't do that, he's an angel! *(Sarah stops beating)*

**Angel:** *(straightens himself up)* I am the Angel of the Lord.

**Sarah:** Yeah right, and I'm Peter Stringfellow!

**Angel:** Erm, no, seriously, I'm the Angel of the Lord.

**Sarah:** Really? So why are you wearing jeans?

**Angel:** My pinstripe suit is in the wash.

**Sarah:** Okay then, mister Angel of the Lord, what hath the Lord God got to say about all this, huh?

**Angel:** I swear by myself, declares the Lord, that because you have done this and have not withheld your son, your only son, I will surely bless you and make your descendants as numerous as the stars in



the sky and as the sand on the seashore. Your descendants will take possession of the cities of their enemies, and through your offspring all nations on earth will be blessed, because you have obeyed me.

**Sarah:** Oh.

*(pause)*

**Isaac:** *(enters, cheerfully)* Who's up for a game of tiddly-winks?

**Angel:** Ooh, yeah, that sounds like fun! Excuse me... *(exits with Isaac. Abraham & Sarah look on in amazement)*

**Abraham:** So, err, do you fancy ram for dinner tonight?

*(exeunt)*

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