

Noah

Bob Rinfret





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FREEVIEW**WARNING—COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL!**

NOAH

By

Robert Rinfret

Cast

Noah	Age could be forties to seventies.
Mrs. Noah	Age could be forties to seventies.
Patron 1	Male/Female, fifties plus.
Patron 2	Male/Female, fifties plus.
Mrs. Raul (Innkeeper)	Female, forties plus.
Building Inspector	Male/Female, forties to fifties

Place:

Ancient Babylon

Time:

Shortly before the Flood

Setting: A sheet of plywood placed upon two saw horses is set to one side. There is wood lying around and some tools.

At Rise: NOAH enters from SR, reading a set of blueprints. He is dressed as a shepherd but wears a tool belt and hardhat. He mumbles to himself. He walks toward the table looking back and forth over his shoulder and then up to the heavens. He finally puts the blueprints on the table.

NOAH: *(calling offstage)* Be careful with that. You're building an Ark not a goat house. My sons, they're idiots. *(Shaking his head, he looks toward heaven.)* Why me? Why did you have to pick me? Couldn't you find someone who knows more about this kind of thing? I mean look at this. *(showing the plans)* So many cubits long. So many cubits high. A window here. A door there. How am I supposed to understand all this? Besides I have a confession to make. I don't even know what

a cubit is.

(SOUND CUE: A thunderclap)

NOAH: (*cringing*) All right, all right, it was only a suggestion. What a temper. I just don't get it. Here I am, minding my own business, tending my flock, listening to the wife complain about the price of feed, and all of a sudden, I get this urge to build a boat. *A boat!* Of all the silly—

(SOUND CUE: another thunderclap)

NOAH: (*sarcastically*) I mean, Gee! What a great idea. (*He looks up again, expecting another thunderclap, but nothing happens*) Couldn't it be something simple, like a goat house? Goats I know, boats, not so much. And not just any boat mind you, but a big boat. I mean a *really* big boat. (*picking up the plans again*) For three days and nights I stayed up drawing this. I didn't know what I was doing, but there I was. Night after sleepless night. Drawing. I didn't know I had it in me.

(SOUND CUE: another thunderclap; smaller this time)

NOAH: Okay. *You* had it in me. But even you gotta admit, I'm doing a pretty good job. (*He looks off SR.*) I mean look at it. Great, huh? Luckily those sons of mine took pity on me and offered to help. I've got say, they surprised me. So did their wives. Wives! Speaking of wives, did I tell you what *mine* said when I told her about this?

(*A light comes up SL. MRS. NOAH stands at a table fixing dinner. NOAH walks over to the table and sits down. MRS. NOAH serves him and stands with her arms crossed.*)

MRS. NOAH: You want to build a what?

NOAH: A boat!

MRS. NOAH: A boat?

NOAH: Yes! A boat.

MRS. NOAH: For two years I've been after you to fix the hole in the roof, and I get nothing. Too busy you said. I'm not a carpenter you said. But now, all of a sudden, you want to build a boat.

NOAH: Yes! Well, an Ark actually.

MRS. NOAH: Oh, excuse me, not just a boat, but an Ark. An Ark! Here, in the middle of the wilderness!

NOAH: I know it sounds a little strange.

MRS. NOAH: A little strange? A *little* strange? No, my husband, fishing without a pole is a little strange. Eating soup with a fork is a little strange. Wanting to take up camel racing at your age is a little strange. But this...this is *nuts!* Have you lost your mind? What happened? Did one of the mules kick you in the head or something?

NOAH: (*sarcastically*) No! I was not kicked in the head.

MRS. NOAH: Come here, let me feel it. (*She tries to feel his forehead.*)

NOAH: Stop that. There is nothing wrong with my head.

MRS. NOAH: It's those bums down at the tavern, isn't it? They put you up to this, right? You made some stupid bet on the chariot races and lost, and this is your punishment.

NOAH: What, I can't have any idea of my own?

MRS. NOAH: I know you. The last good idea you had was to close the door when it rains. No, this is someone else's doing. Come on, out with it, who put you up to this?

NOAH: Well...maybe I did have a *little* help.

MRS. NOAH: Aha! I knew it. Who was it? I'll bet it was that no good Saul wasn't it? I should have known. When you two get together

NOAH: It wasn't Saul.

END OF FREEVIEW
You'll want to read and perform this show!

