

Roman numerals and narrator



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

BITHMARK By: A.

C. Patacsil Cast of Characters Narrator 1-Effective storyteller, warm, intimate with the audience. When he reads the Lord's lines his tone becomes solemn, authoritative, dignified. Narrator 2-His voice is respectful, as benefits an angel of the lord.

The Readers stand at a small platform with Narrator 1 [The Lord] in the center. Slightly to his right is Narrator 2 [Israfel]. Use soft lights. Narrator 1It came to pass that after five days of over time work, the Lord faced the n task of creating someone to live his newly created world.

He summoned the Angel Israfel. Prepare the Heavenly Oven," He orders. " And the Dough – you know what to do. " Narrator 2" Lord it shall be done," said the angel.

And forth he went to the Baking Chamber. He flapped his wings a couple of times. " it's certainly warm in here," he murmured to himself. He prepared the Dough and then heated the Oven. He studied the gauges, " Hmmm .

. . 555," he said, as he hurried back to the Lord. " The Oven is ready, Lord," he said Narrator 1" Then go to it," the Lord said.

Narrator 2Israfel went back to the Baking Chamber and set the dial at 555 C. he put the finishing touches on the Dough, then placed it carefully in the Oven. He began counting, " Once one thousand, two two thousand, three three thousand" until he reached " ten ten thousand. " " That should do it," he said, and took the man out of the oven. Narrator 1Horror of horrors! The

man was burnt almost to a crisp. Narrator 2The angel hurriedly moulded another Dough, set the oven at 5.

55 C and again counted to ten ten thousand. Narrator 1He eagerly took his handwork. It still was not perfect; it was too light colored. Narrator 2“ Oh, Lord,” he murmured carefully moulding another dough. This time he set the oven 55. 5 C.

he again counted to ten ten thousand and waited anxiously for the result. Narrator 1This time he was satisfied and went in triumph to the Lord with his creations from the Heavenly Oven. “ It took you long enough. ” The Lord said.

Narrator 2“ Lord, there were failures,” said the angel. He presented the Black Man, saying “ This, Lord, was overdone. ” He turned to the White Man, “ And this, Lord, was underdone. ” He presented the Brown Man.

“ Golden Brown, Lord,” he said proudly. Narrator 1“ Good, good,” the Lord said, adding, “ But don’t discard the other two. Place the Black one in Africa. The other one .

. . let’s see – yes, place him in that swampland called Europe. The Lord turned to the Brown Man and touched him slightly on the forehead, saying, “ Your home will be the Emerald Isles in the Eastern Sea. ” The Lord motioned to the angel to the stand beside the Brown Man.

He touched the Brown Man’s brow several times. “ You will be religious. ” “ You will be strong. ” “ You will be industrious. ” “ You will be hospitable. ” Narrator 2“ Lord,” Israfel remarked.

“ You seem to be tinkering a great deal with this one. ” Narrator 1 “ He needs it,” the Lord said. He paused. “ He will need it. ” He continued.

“ You will be patient; you will be loving; you will be faithful; you will be eager to learn. The Lord turned to the angel. “ That should suffice. He will be able to cope. ” Narrator 2 “ Lord, what about .

. . ” Narrator 1 “ What about what? ” Narrator 2 “ Lord, that cross on his back.

” Narrator 1 The Lord looked closely at the Man’s back. Sure enough, there was the faint outline of a cross, becoming darker and darker every second.

“ I didn’t put it there,” the Lord said. “ Did you see the Black Angel around the premise? ” Narrator 2 Israfel said, “ Lord, I did not see him, but I seem to remember hearing a flutter of wings when I placed the third Dough in the Oven. Narrator 1 “ No matter,” said the Lord. “ Let that be his birthmark. ” He turned back to the brown man. “ You will be called Malakas,” he said.

He touched the Man’s right side, and a beautiful maiden stood by the Man’s side. “ Take her hand,” the Lord said. He turned to the girl: “ You are Maganda. Malakas will need you to help carry that cross.

” Narrator 1 & 2 Together: And thus it came to pass that Malakas became the ancestor of fifty-five million Filipinos living on seven thousand emerald isles located at the eastern fringe of the earth.