

Skit #3: Apostles' Creed—Creator

Dramatis Personae:

Charlie

Chris

Donald Samuelson (A TV Reporter)

(Charlie & Chris are on stage, talking inaudibly between themselves. Enter Donald with a microphone.)

DONALD: This is Donald Samuelson for ANZ News, reporting live at the site of a plane crash. (To Charlie) Sir, what do you know about the crash?

CHARLIE: My name's Charlie Niwrad. Now, I didn't actually see it, but I've learned a few things just from studying the crash site.

DONALD: Really? What can you tell us?

CHARLIE: Well, first of all, you'll notice smoke coming from the wreckage. I believe that the pilot was smoking, and the smoke in the cockpit obscured his vision.

CHRIS: Charlie, you don't know what you're talking about! I was on the plane!

DONALD: (To Chris.) Excuse me, sir. I'll get to you in a minute. (To Charlie) Obscured his vision?

CHARLIE: Yeah, that caused him to fly in a pattern that just happens to be the mating behavior of an Arabian Roc, the giant birds mentioned in the Sinbad story!

DONALD: Giant birds from Arabia? How would it get here?

CHRIS: Hold on a minute! That story is a fairy tale! There's no such thing! The plane went down because of turbulence and a loose wing bolt!

CHARLIE: That's right, turbulence caused by the flapping of the enormous wings of the Arabian Roc. Those birds can carry off elephants to feed to their babies!

DONALD: (To Chris) Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to wait. This man is clearly an expert in aircraft and the effects of gargantuan aviary phenomena. I think our viewers would agree that an expert opinion is of *much* greater value than that of an eyewitness! (To Charlie) Mr. Niwrad, How do you know it was a giant bird?

CHARLIE: Well, you'll notice over there on that pier, that it's covered with bird droppings and feathers. No normal bird could leave that quantity of droppings.

CHRIS: That pier is covered with seagulls! Of *course* it's covered with droppings! This is nuts!

DONALD: Sir, if you won't stop, I'll have to call the police. You're obviously under some shock from the crash.

CHARLIE: Yeah, you'd be in shock too if a baby roc chewed you up and spit you out! You'll have to excuse my friend.

CHRIS: Baby Roc? Charlie, what are you talking about?

CHARLIE: (To Donald) You see that white cloth over there? That's the shell of a baby roc. The mother lays the egg in flight, and the baby rips through the soft, cloth-like shell and immediately begins to fly and look for food. This one apparently mistook my friend, Chris, for a flying fish! It's a good thing they don't like the taste of humans!

CHRIS: That's not an egg! It's my parachute! I...oh, never mind! (Chris exits angrily.)

DONALD: What's with him?

CHARLIE: Just shaken up. Look, let's go grab a bite to eat, and I'll tell you about how that same bird caused El Niño and its connection to children's television!

DONALD: Okay!

(Exeunt)