

WE THREE KINGS

A musical

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Summary:

The three wise men – Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar – begin their quest to follow a star that they believe will lead them to the new king. But Melchior is troubled with strange visions, from beings that call themselves ‘Petraeus’. What do they mean, when they say that the three kings, will never be kings again?

The play is more or less built around T.S. Eliot's “Journey of the Magi”, and you may wish to consider a recital of this poem before the play starts. It is designed to have multiple musical points that can be done with small bands. Running time is about 1.5 hours with music; minimum cast requirement is eight actors, minimum band is one guitar, one violin, one piano.



Play Structure and Production Notes:

Cast:

Melchior, Balthasar and Gaspar: The wise men, only Gaspar needs to look clearly old (flowing white beard, etc.) These three parts often have quite lengthy sequences; to make it easier, the script can be put on the charts and scrolls that they keep having in each scene.

Petraeus: Multiple interchangeable angels. Although some (P1 to P4) seem written as individual personalities, there's really no need. As few as three and as many as twenty angels can cover the characters.

Little Drummer Boy, Soldier, King Herod: Smaller roles that are not too hard to do. For maximum comic effect the Little Drummer Boy character should ideally be done by a highly recognisable or very, um, "rotund" member of the congregation. We even had the Drummer boy and King Herod played by the same person, with lent an odd sort of edge to the play that I hadn't anticipated.

Music: Can be done with a guitar, violin, and piano/organ.

Main songs: (These are done in their entirety, or the tune is used at major points in the musical)

O come o come Emmanuel / Scarborough Fair / We Three Kings

Little Drummer Boy, Do you hear what I hear

Silent Night (Instrumental), O Come All Ye Faithful

Mini songs: (Brief versions of these songs are sung, no more than one or two verses.)

O Holy Night, First Noel, Good King Wenceslas, God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Medley: (Choose a few carols to round out the night) Jingle Bell Rock, Mary's Boy Child, Feliz Navidad

Staging:

We divided the stage into an upstage area and downstage, with only using a table for whenever there was a bed in the scene, moved upstage and out of the way whenever action occurred elsewhere. A lot of the entrances can be done from the audience in, which will make it more engaging. Lighting is complex for the last scene, but otherwise a simple omni will suffice. The Petraeus sequences will do best the more bizarre the staging – smoke, the angels twirling brightly coloured ribbon, multicoloured lights, even lasers – anything to increase the contrast between the visions and reality will do well. We just had two lighting systems – ambient full stage and a lower light with more of a focus on the middle – and that was fine for the whole show. We also started Act 2 with a computer animation of a trek through the desert for the instrumental "Little Drummer Boy".

Enjoy playing around with this and let us know about your production efforts!

- Neil Jeyasingam

Act 1:

Scene 1:

SONG: O COME O COME EMMANUEL

(Melchior is asleep midstage. PETRAEUS enter – they are three figures dressed in flowing red, green and white. They run and move mystically around Melchior, as they speak in eldritch tones...)

P1: Melchior! Melchior! Awaken, Melchior! We have a message for you!

P2: There is much work for you to do!

P1: You must listen, heed our tale!

P3: Or we may send it in the mail!

(P1 and P2 look at P3. Melchior snores loudly, and abruptly. They continue.)

P1: Disturb thy slumber, know our speech!

P2: Wake and listen, we beseech!

P3: Arise and wake, do not be slow,

P1: For you, dear sir, have far to go...

(Melchior snores again. P1 looks at the others, then kicks Melchior.)

Melchior: Ow! What...who are,

P1: How nice of you to join us!

P2: You may call us – Petraeus.

P3: You have but twelve days to travel

P1: For our tale we'll now unravel

Melchior: What are you creatures, what do you want of me?

(Bold sequences are sung to the tune of "We Three Kings")

P2: **Why, you are Melchior, are you not?**

P3: **Wise man to the Sultan's court?**

P1: **Watcher of the stars above?**

P2: **Knowledge is thy one true love?**

P3: **You must start on your attempt!**

P1: **Find thy way to Bethlehem!**

P2: **Follow ye the lighted star**

P3: **The Son of Man will not be far...**

P(All): Follow ye the lighted star...

Melchior: Follow the...wait, where are you,

(P exit, lights on full)

Melchior: Wait! What are – where am I – oh, no, not again...

(Knock)

Balthasar: Melchior! Melchior! Open this door, I need to talk to you.

Melchior: Oh, (goes to stage right, opens the door), Balthasar, I'm glad to see you,

Balthasar: Well met, old friend – why, you look shaken. Is it –

Melchior: The dream again. Yes.

Balthasar: Recurring dreams are not uncommon, you realise.

Melchior: Unfortunately, my friend, not too many recurring dreams have progressive chronology.

Balthasar: What?

Melchior: This time, I apparently have twelve days to make some journey. It was thirteen days yesterday, and fourteen days the day before that. They're counting down to something. I wish I understood what it was.

Balthasar: I wish I understood why you always go to sleep in your robes.

Melchior: I keep telling you, they're my only set of clothes. I'm a wise man, you know how much the academic world pays.

Balthasar: Then, what do you do on laundry day?

Melchior: Laun – dry?

Balthasar: Never mind, I didn't come here to discuss all that – I think I may have a solution to what these beings called "Petraeus" keep talking about. (Unfolds large complicated star charts on ground)

Melchior: How do you mean?

Balthasar: Well, they keep talking about a lighted star heading towards Bethlehem, don't they? Have a look at this two week projection here, of the stars of Jupiter and Saturn,

Melchior: I see. They coincide here, and head –

Balthasar: In a westward progression. They'll form a powerful "lighted star" tonight, and will keep going towards the west. And, if my star charts are accurate, I think they will go directly over Bethlehem.

Melchior: This is...this is incredible! We must tell Gaspar immediately.

Balthasar: My friend – you have been having a vision!

Melchior: N- no. Don't call it that.

Balthasar: But – but you have! It correlates well with testamentary prophecies – you are aware what the Jews have been saying for

Melchior: For many years, yes I am, and I understand your interest in historical records, but I am a man of science. A good star chart, a selection of herbs and a bit of philosophy is good enough for me. (Laughs at this. Realises Balthasar isn't laughing. Corrects self.) Anyway, I feel better knowing that you can back me up on this.

Balthasar: And you have foretold the coming of the future king!

Melchior: I'm not sure what it is I have seen,

Balthasar: Oh come now, Melchior,

Melchior: With respect, friend, I am very aware that, while I am one of the advisers to the royal court, I am relatively young in my years. I will not repeat the mistakes that many of my colleagues have made – I will tread carefully, and correctly, to make sure that I always go in the right path. Let's go! (Starts walking stage right.)

Balthasar: That's the wrong way.

Melchior: Ah. Then we shall go this way. (Starts walking back stage)

Balthasar: Uh. You're going to the bathroom.

Melchior: Are you sure?

Balthasar: It's your house, you know.

Melchior: Ah. In that case. Lead on!

(Balthasar starts walking stage left. Melchior starts walking upstage, almost falls off the stage, then follows Melchior)

MINI-SONG: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Scene 2:

Melchior: (Arriving from stage left) Lord Gaspar! Lord Gaspar! It is us, Melchior and Balthasar.

Balthasar: Why do you still call him that? You know as well as I do that we are all equal advisors to the court.

Melchior: I know, but Lord Gaspar was my mentor for ten years. Old habits die hard.

Balthasar: Old? You're the youngest advisor we have! And if that's so, why don't you call me Lord Balthasar?

Melchior: Well. You're different.

Balthasar: How so?

Melchior: You're...shorter.

Gaspar: (Arriving from stage right) But no less, and no wiser than any of us, Melchior. Well met.

Melchior: Well met, lord.

Balthasar: Gaspar, I hadn't had the chance to speak with you, but I have made an astounding discovery.

Gaspar: As have I. I was contemplating the vision that you had, Melchior. You do remember that it has been 854 years since Jupiter, our royal star, has met Saturn in the sign of Pisces?

Balthasar: Uh.

Gaspar: They are likely to coincide, and young Melchior's vision may be testament to this. Now, what did you have to say?

Balthasar: Oh. Nothing.

Melchior: What shall we do?

Gaspar: I put that to you, Royal appointed Advisor. Surely our path is made clear.

Melchior: We –

Balthasar: We invade!

(Gaspar and Melchior look at Balthasar)

Balthasar: Oh come on. You know the king likes it when we tell him to invade. Looks much more official if it comes from one of us. Come on, we're due for a little war or something.

Gaspar: You are a bit hasty, my fellow. No, Melchior's vision tells us that this is something special for him. I wonder even what our role in this may be.

Melchior: I'm sorry, Lord Gaspar?

Gaspar: The beings known as Petraeus want you to follow the star. I suggest that you should. We will offer assistance.

Balthasar: Assistance? Apologies, Gaspar, but surely it is right that you should lead us,

Gaspar: I am not sure if any of us should lead. All I can say is that we must depart. And we must depart today.

Melchior: Today?

Gaspar: There is no time to waste. We have a long journey, and now that we have a path, we have but twelve days to follow it.

Melchior: And find the Son of Man...

(All silent in reverence. Balthasar suddenly looks up.)

Balthasar: I've got to pack!

Scene 3:

(Melchior asleep in the middle of the stage as before. Petraeus ring round him)

MINI-SONG: Good King Wenceslas

**Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring winter fuel.**

P1: Do you know of the future?

P2: Do you, or your tutors?

P3: We sang of a king who did wonderful things

P1: One day the world will think you three are kings

P2: They never will know of poor young Melchior

P3: A wise man but still ever so Junior!

(All three laugh. Melchior awakes)

Melchior: What – oh, it is you. Uh. Greetings

P: Greetings! Salutations!

P1: And great

P2: expectations!

P3: (Suddenly serious) From ye who will never be the same again.

Melchior: What? (As they leave) What did you say? Hello?

(Lights on)

Petraeus!

Balthasar: Melchior! Aren't you ready yet?

Melchior: It...they came back.

Balthasar: Again? But we're on our way.

Melchior: No, this time was different.

Balthasar: You'll have to tell me about it when we get there. Now, are you all ready? Have you got everything? Food supplies?

Melchior: I've got chestnuts. If we roast them on an open fire, they should go well. We should bring some meat, though.

Balthasar: I have three French hens. Much better than the German ones. And have you brought things to trade?

Melchior: Trade?

Balthasar: I've got bells. Shiny dangling things, they fetch an excellent price in those little tribes.

Melchior: Bells? What kind of bells?

Balthasar: Oh, all sorts...Silver bells, Jingle bells, Jingle bell rock... Oh, and Five Gold Rings

(Band at this point plays the "Five Gold Rings" chords.)

(Balthasar and Melchior look at each other.)

Melchior: Did you hear something?

Balthasar: No. Come on, Gaspar's waiting outside, you always keep him waiting, you don't want to be the same again, do you?

Melchior: No. (Balthasar continues off.) I mean. For me to be the same... (Shakes head, follows Balthasar)

Act 2:

SONG: THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY (Instrumental)

Scene 1:

Balthasar: (Entering from left) I can't believe you set all my geese free.

Melchior: We couldn't keep taking them any further, Balthasar, who asked you to bring that many?

Balthasar: I like goose.

Melchior: You are a goose! Who brings six geese on a trek across the desert?

Balthasar: They were expensive! And they were all a-laying, too!

Melchior: Well, that's just

Gaspar: We have been some way into our journey. What is our progress?

Melchior: (Quietened) Good, lord Gaspar, we should be nearing Jerusalem in two days.

Balthasar: Not to mention my turtle doves, I mean they

(The magi hear a loud thumping. They stop, and look at each other.)

Melchior: You, uh, you do hear that, right?

Balthazar: I don't think it's another vision, Melchior, I'm sure I heard it too.

Gaspar: Remember, friends, there will be many tests on our path towards understanding.

Offstage: BA RUM PUM PUM – PUM!

(All three freeze again. They watch, as arising from stage right, is an apparition consisting of a large man with a small hat, and a little drum set slung around his neck, with a stick in each hand. He pauses for a while, then rhythmlessly attempts to tap out a tune, then shouts out)

Drummer: BA RUM PUM PUM – PUM!

(pause)

Balthasar: Well, as tests go, this is a pretty weird one.

Melchior: Um. Who are

Drummer: BA RUM PUM PUM – PUM!

Melchior: Uh. Ok, Mr Pum,

Drummer: I am – the Little Drummer Boy. (Taps on drum set to demonstrate).

Balthasar: Little. Drummer. Boy.

Drummer: That's right.

(Pause)

Melchior: *(prompting)* What are you doing here?

Drummer: I am going to see the King!

Melchior: Herod?

Drummer: No, you, The Newborn King! I shall go, and because I have no gifts to give him, I shall play for him. (Taps on drum again, and) BA RUM PUM

Balthasar: Uh, little boy. Please don't.

Gaspar: Is it not dangerous for you to be out here on your own?

Drummer: Not really, once they hear my singing, people tend to leave me alone.

Melchior: Sorry, can I clarify? Why is there a drummer boy in the middle of the desert?

Drummer: Well why are there three men dressed up as ornamental candles in the desert?

Balthasar: We're, uh, going to Bethlehem.

Drummer: Hey, are you going to see the King as well?

Melchior: Uh, yes?

Drummer: So what are you getting him?

Melchior: What? Oh, no, this isn't like that, we are wise men from the East who have travelled far to herald a prophecy which we have foretold, it's not like we're just visiting and dropping off gifts,

Balthasar: What?

Melchior: What. You mean.

Balthasar: Didn't you get anything? You can't turn up to see the Newborn King of Kings without a present?

Melchior: You can't be serious? What do you get the Lord of the Universe? A teddy bear? Gaspar? Did you get him something?

Gaspar: I have brought a small amount of gold. I feel it will be invaluable for his parents to assist in his early start.

Balthasar: Well, I have brought him finest incense, as befits his priestly background, and the great religious role he has to bring the world.

Melchior: Incense? You brought incense? You cheapskate, you work in a temple!

Balthasar: I am a wise man. A wise, *practical* man.

Melchior: Well, I guess I could pick up something on the way.

Drummer: Yeah, I'm sure there's a gift shop in the desert. (Laughing) BA RUM PUM PUM – PUM!

(Pause)

Melchior: Did you just laugh Ba rum pump um – never mind, please go away.

Drummer: Very well, sirs. Good luck on your journey, we shall meet again! Remember me, remember my name! Remember me, the drummer boy!

(Drummer boy exits, Ba rum pum puming away.)

Balthasar: No one really takes wise men seriously out here, do they?

Gaspar: Let us press on, we have much ground to cover.

(They continue on. Pause. The drummer boy follows quickly behind.)

Scene 2:

(Balthasar is asleep. Petraeus arrives and surrounds him as they sing)

P1: **Frankincense to offer have I**

P2: **Incense owns a deity nigh!**

P3: **Prayer and praising, all men raising**

P1: **But who is left your praises to sing?**

Balthasar: What... who..

P2: You may call us Petraeus!

P3: Your friend, he has met us!

P1: Wise men you are three

P2: How much wiser are thee?

Balthasar: You...You appeared to Melchior? What do you want

(They dance bizarrely around Balthasar)

P1: **You must know the world will change!**

P2: **None shall praise your name again!**

P3: **You rule by stars to kings and queens,**

P1: **But know not what the new child means!**

Balthasar: He...he is the new ruler! Do not belittle me, spirits! I know your game

P2: But be you the same?

P3: You shall never more be kings!

(All 3): (Singing as they leave) You shall never more be kings!

Balthasar: Wait! What do you mean? Who are you!

(Lights return)

Melchior: (Coming from side) Balthasar? Are you all right?

Balthasar: Melchior! They...they came for me! They said. They said we would never more be kings.

Melchior: What? They...they said something like that to me to. Said we would never be the same again.

Gaspar: Balthasar and Melchior, awaken. We have arrived at Jerusalem. I bring a visitor.

Soldier: Lord Balthasar. Lord Melchior. On behalf of my lord, King Herod, I bid thee welcome to Jerusalem.

Melchior: We are never far from Kings, are we.

Soldier: No, sire, as befits your fine learning. My lord has heard of your mission, and is greatly interested. He bids thee to do his kingdom the honour of being respite for your persons for tonight, as you complete your journey.

Gaspar: What say you, gentlemen? We have been travelling far.

Balthasar: A free bed and a free meal! And I think we still have time, there is another day to go, isn't there?

Melchior: Yes. Yes, I think we can all use the rest.

Gaspar: Very well, my colleagues and I appear to be in agreement. Lead us on, soldier.

Melchior: Thank you for your kind hospitality. We didn't catch your name, by the way.

Soldier: Certainly, sire. It is Petraeus.

Scene 3:

SONG: DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR (1st verse sung by Balthasar, 2nd verse sung by Soldier, 3rd verse sung by Herod)

Soldier: His lordship and most excellent majesty, may his kingdom reign for a thousand generations – King Herod of Jerusalem!

Herod: Come forward, gentlemen. I am, King Herod.

Gaspar: Greetings, sire. I, Lord Gaspar, High Astrological Advisor of the Zoroastrian court of Persia, introduce to thee my colleagues, Melchior, and Balthasar.

Melchior: Hail, sire. Greetings from afar.

Balthasar: Greetings. Thanks for the free meal, I've never eaten partridge stuffed with pear before.

Herod: Well met, noble sirs. I have called you for a purpose. I have been informed of your quest, and my advisors have spoken to me of it's...importance. I therefore bid you, go and make a careful search for the child. As soon as you find him, report to me, so that I too may go and worship him.

Gaspar: Sire?

Herod: Do as I request.

Melchior: King Herod, pardon us, but...we are in Jerusalem. Bethlehem is only five miles from us. You can easily attend with your soldiers if you wish to meet the new king,

Herod: (Suddenly) I am the only king!

Balthasar: OK...

Herod: (recovering, now calm.) The child will be an emblem of goodness and light. I must receive him in the proper way. You are aware of who I am, others must be similarly aware. Do as I request, good sirs. (leaves)

Balthasar: What was that about?

Gaspar: I am not sure. Stay here awhile, I will attend to the soldiers and see our belongings are returned. (Leaves)

Melchior: Speaking of soldiers,

Balthasar: I know, I've been thinking of the same thing. It's just too bizarre.

Melchior: Why was his name Petraeus?

Balthasar: I don't know. Still, at least they treat us the way we deserve to be.

Melchior: How do you mean?

Balthasar: You're still so full of false modesty! Melchior, realise what this is. We are wise men, travelling distant lands on a sacred quest! It's a noble endeavour; we are entitled to some luxury. They might even buy you some new clothes.

(Melchior pauses and looks out at the sky for a while.)

Balthasar: Melchior?

Melchior: (Distantly) I think I understand.

Balthasar: Great! Now explain it to me already.

Melchior: Balthasar, do you know who we are going to see?

Balthasar: The new king,

Melchior: But what does it mean?

Balthasar: Mean? We have presided over major events before. Royal coronations, annexations of nations, natural disasters,

Melchior: But what does it mean, Balthasar, what does it mean? Why is this a major event? Why is this great? We are going to witness the birth, but the birth of who? And why is this so important that everything is going to change?

Balthasar: Of course I...I mean...*(realising)* this is what the Petraeus were talking about, weren't they?

Melchior: We are never going to be the same. Is there...is there something we are going to lose?

Act 3:

Scene 1:

MINI-SONG: FIRST NOEL (sung by Petraeus)

And by the light of that same star

Three Wise men came from country far

To seek for a King was their intent

And to follow the star wherever it went.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel

Born is the King of Israel!

P1: Do ye not wonder who we be,

P2: Who we are, we one, we three,

P3: Why Petraeus be our name

P1: And for the soldier be the same

Gaspar: All that I can think of, is that the name you chose defines not who you are, but what you do. You are Petraeus, because you too are soldiers. Of a sort. Aren't Angels the soldiers of God?

(P1,2,3 look at each other for a bit.)

P2: Wise you be, but wiser still

P3: Be the man who knows he will

P1: Be lost and found go round and round

P2: And hear the same unknowing sound

Gaspar: Well, I think that you must be talking about the sound of the drummer boy. I guess it's to remind us that there is much we still do not understand, and that no man will never be completely wise. The answers may confound us, but the answers are there, and what matters is to continue to look for truth, and never to take ourselves too seriously.

(P1, P2 and P3 look at each other. They try singing.)

P1: **Know ye then our riddle of thought,**

P2: **Why your role of kings be in doubt,**

Gaspar: (Abruptly) You mean how you told Melchior and Balthasar how they would not be the same anymore? Because the coming of the Son of Man will change who we are. We enjoy elevated positions as astrologers to the court, but our knowledge of God will change forever how we see ourselves. We who were kings among men will never more be kings.

(P1, P2 and P3 pause.)

P1: You're really ruining our fun here.

Gaspar: Sorry.

P2: Did you really know the whole time?

Gaspar: I had some ideas.

P2: How?

Gaspar: I'm a wise man.

(P look at each other, then storm off angrily. P1 sheepishly returns)

P1: Hey, um, you're not going to tell the others, are you?

Gaspar: Each man walks his own path to understanding.

P1: (Looks at Gaspar)

Gaspar: No.

P1: Uh, good. Because we have a big musical number at the end.

Gaspar: Are you going to keep singing "We Three Kings"? It's a nice tune, but it's probably getting a bit overdone.

P1: Well it's the name of the show, after all.

(pause. Then P1 walks off.)

Scene 2:

Balthasar: Well what do you think it means then?

Melchior: We have travelled so far, so far...

Balthasar: Melchior? Are you alright?

Melchior: What do you follow?

Balthasar: What?

Melchior: Come on, Balthasar, I can't do this on my own, tell me what you follow.

Balthasar: A star. Do what on your own?

Melchior: Why?

Balthasar: It's. Well, it's a special star, you know, the conjunction of both Jupiter and Saturn.

Melchior: No, no, that's not why we follow. That's just what we do. We haven't thought about it because it is what we have done for so long, and living in it for so long has meant that we're blind to what it means.

Balthasar: I don't follow you.

Melchior: We follow it because it is all that we have ever done. We are astrologers. All three of us are. Good ones, and we have been rewarded accordingly. Your life has been about reading the patterns in the skies and divining events of great importance, and it has what has led to you being here. But what if I told you that what we are following will end who we are?

Balthasar: What? What are you talking about? We have foretold the coming of the king of the Jews!

Melchior: And are you Jewish?

Balthasar: Well. No. But, this is important.

Melchior: Why? If you're not Jewish? And what if I told you that his coming will change everything you know? You will no longer have your position in society. You advise kings! But what if I told you that is the last star that will ever tell a king what to do. And after the child arrives, you will never more be who you are.

Balthasar: Kings will not respect the stars? But, if they do not listen to the stars,

Melchior: Then they will never listen to you. Anyway, what do you care? You're not even of the right religion, what do you care if the King of the Jews arrives?

Gaspar: (Entering from side) No. It is not as you say.

Melchior: I know it's not.

Balthasar: Melchior, you're starting to scare me.

Gaspar: Do not worry, Balthasar. He has been walking this road longer than you have. Pray tell us, Melchior.

Balthasar: Tell us what?

Gaspar: Tell us what the star means.

Melchior: He's not just King of the Jews. He is the new King, the only King. He is Lord. And it doesn't matter who you are, or what you do, or even what you believe. What matters is that he comes for all of us.

Balthasar: A king who does not follow the stars, but the stars follow him. But, but...but what will I be in the new world? (Walks away, thoughtful)

Melchior: Nothing! (Shocked pause) All I have worked for, my whole life, all I have known – it is for nothing!

Gaspar: (Slightly amused) Your whole life?

Melchior: They must know who I am! Remember me, remember my name! They must remember me!

Gaspar: That seems somehow familiar to me.

Balthasar: So be it. (Turns around) Melchior, my friend, I know you are better than that. If that is all you want, if all you wish to be is that of your own design, your own vanity – I am sorry, but you are no better than the drummer boy, or King Herod. I know you can be more. I believe the new King, wants you to be more. It no longer matters who we are. In fact, we will have to lose who we are. They will not remember our names. We may never have existed. But they will know our quest.

(Gaspar walks up to Melchior, and puts his hand on his shoulder.)

Melchior: Lord Gaspar?

Gaspar: It is simple, my friend. Do not put yourself into the Christmas Story...find yourself in it.

SONG: O HOLY NIGHT (1st verse sung by Petraeus, then change key and all sing together)

Scene 3:

(All dark. Single spotlight on Gaspar on the right.)

Gaspar: Nothing mattered any more.
I completed my dues, I worked
through the harshest times, for
all that I tried to be and to say
Was for naught. I worked to become
the person that I could be proud of,
a master worthy of an apprentice
a father to a child I'll never have
And for all that I did, there was something within
that said This is Not Enough.
It said that there is something greater
It said that I could be a part of it.

(Guitar starts playing. The tune to Silent Night starts playing. Second spotlight on Balthasar to the left)

Balthasar: I still have not accepted. How can I?
I have barely begun to understand.
I reached a point years ago, where I knew all
that there was to know
And now it seems I know nothing at all.

I should be fighting. I know I should, I should scream

This Is Not Fair. But all I can feel, all I can know

Is a stillness and satisfaction I can not describe.

It will not make my dreams come true.

It will help me remember what my dreams are supposed to be.

(Violin joins in with the guitar. Petraeus start filing in amongst the audience during the next speech, holding candles)

Melchior: All things that I know are changing

I do not know what they will change to

I used to think my life was my own.

Now I know it is a gift, that I will some day return.

I used to believe in order, and in logic.

(laughing) Then I met drummers in the desert.

I used to think of honour, and glory.

Then I learned to laugh at myself.

I used to believe in power.

Now I think I know more of what that means.

I used to think of death as an end.

I'm not sure about that any more.

Petraeus: (Joins in the Silent night background by humming the tune.)

Gaspar: Nothing matters any more. None of the pain,

None of the fear. There is something greater,

Balthasar: And we are part of it. We, who are the first Christians.

Gaspar: We are the first to worship, and the first to know what worship means.

Balthasar: To fall at our knees

Gaspar: To embrace infinity

Balthasar: And to be lifted, and surprised by joy.

Gaspar: To find ourselves in the unknowable

Balthasar: For in death,

Gaspar: There is life.

(Organ / synthesiser pad completes the Silent Night sequence, with the Petraeus changing to “Aahs” to finish the song. All silent. Melchior steps forward.)

Melchior: Myrrh is mine. It's bitter perfume. Breathes a life of...change.

(Gaspar and Balthasar step forward)

Melchior: Brothers, I have chosen my gift. To herald the death of our old lives, the gift of myrrh.

Balthasar: Well done, brother.

Gaspar: Well done.

Melchior: We...we will be forgotten, though. They'll never know our names, they'll never...

Balthasar: You know what. I just don't care.

Gaspar: Me neither. Come, Melchior, let us finish our journey.

Melchior: Very well. (Addressing the audience) And after this night, we three, we magi...we will no longer be kings. We will no longer rule. We will be but ordinary people. But we will always be the first to worship the new King. And, because of Him, we will never die.

MAIN SONG: O Come All Ye Faithful

CAROL MEDLEY: Jingle Bell Rock, Mary's Boy Child, Feliz Navidad