

## Our Father Who Art in Heaven

### Taglines:

**Our Father, who art in heaven. Hallowed be your name**

Who is God?:

- God our Father is an awesome, powerful, beautiful, good etc God
- He is a God that we are called to adore

### Basic Premise:

*There is a sculpture competition, involving three artists. One of the artists is very esoteric and thoughtful, but slightly pompous. Another is more over the top, an arty-farty type. The third says little, spending most of his time worrying about his work. Eventually it comes round to the three of them being made to unveil their various works under the theme of 'beauty'. The first two have blabbered on about their 'influences' and finding their 'inner artist'. Yet such is their devotion to thinking about issues surrounding their subject; they fail to actually produce any artwork. With no flourish or ceremony, the third artist opens the side of the marquee to reveal the night sky. As he displays this to the audience, he reads out a bible verse describing the beauty of God's creation.*

### General Notes:

### The Script:

*Curtain opens on three artists, in the middle of discussing their work (concealed under various cloths):*

Sylvia: When I was invited to produce a piece of artwork under the title of 'beauty', my initial reply was no. When one is such a respected and renowned international artiste, it is hardly likely that one would choose to sink to these gaudy exhibitions to display a wonderful talent! The vast majority of the public always fail to appreciate my unique painting style.

Tarquin: So why did you enter then?

S: The more I thought about it, and the deeper I searched into my soul for the true meaning of beauty, I realised that the public can only learn from an artist who is able to stimulate the mind. And that is why I stepped into the breach (*exaggerated flourish of the hand*)

T: Stimulate their minds! Bore them to tears more like!

S: Excuse me?

T: You've got to understand what the public want, give them artwork that they can relate to. Paintings are so passé now my dear – what the public respond to in the cultural world of today are videos, the Internet, computer generated images. Give them a commentary; tell them what the work is about. Offer them the chance to understand your inspiration!

D: (*piping up nervously*) But surely the best art isn't like that, it's about forming your own opinions from the works that you see...

T: Rubbish! Take today for example. We were given one word – beauty. So I thought, what is beauty, where is beauty, why are things beautiful, how are things beautiful, who is beautiful?

D: Right...

T: And from that I started to produce a truly magnificent, 3 and a half hour multimedia experience.

S: 3 and a half hours!

T: Of course – only an exhibition of that length can do my work justice. The quality of the work is tremendous and the message it sends out to the world is truly fabulous. Every second of that time is needed to encapsulate the full extent of my ability to encompass all forms of creative media.

S: Well *my* approach is less about trying to pander to the demands of the modern public and more about reflecting the talent of a *true* artist. I have drawn on my valuable experiences of my previous work and used that as *my* inspiration.

T: (*supposedly to himself, although loud enough for Sylvia to hear*) Not that anyone apart from you will understand it.

S: (*insulted, but defiant*) Well we'll have to let the audience judge won't we? (*gestures to the audience*)

*Pause*

T (to Dave): So what's your story? How did you come to produce your work?

D: I'd rather not say.

T: You're an artist for crying out loud! It's your job to explain things to the layman!

D: I'd just rather let people judge my efforts for themselves. (*Humbly*) Hopefully they'll see some good in it.

*Pause*

D: (*tentatively*) So who wants to go first?

S: Why don't we let Tarquin?

T: Err...

S: What's the problem?

T: Nothing, I just thought it would be courteous to let the lady go first!

S: Oh no Tarquin, I couldn't possibly...

T: I insist Sylvia, honestly.

S: Well there are a few finishing touches I need to make, I...erm...

D: You haven't got anything to display have you?

S: Sorry?

D: You've spent all this time blathering on about your work, yet you haven't got anything to show for it.

S: It's not like that at all!

D: Ok then, well you won't mind if I do this...(*he removes a sheet to reveal an empty box*)

S: What are you doing?

D: Just as I thought.

S: Well, art is about the experience darling, the experience of making it and the experience it offers to the public.

D: But there's nothing there!

S: There will be, soon. Good things come to those who wait. Besides, the appetite of the public has been wetted and it will be all the more worth it when it is finished.

*Pause*

D: Well, in that case let's see what Tarquin has to offer.

*He removes Tarquin's cloth. Again we see just an empty box sitting on top of the table*

*(Sarcastically)* What a surprise!

T: As Sylvia has pointed out, truly great art takes a great deal of time and effort.

D: It's certainly taken you time. *(Aside)* Not so sure about the effort though...

T: Excuse me?

D: Nothing! *(Beat)* Don't you understand that this is a celebration of beauty? What about these gathered guests who have paid good money to see something? What are you going to tell them?

T: They know my capability to deliver. They'll just have to wait a little bit, that's all. *(David shakes his head)*

*Pause*

T: OK then Mr Bigshot. Where's your piece of artwork?

*With an understated and simple manner, David walks across to the side of the marquee and pulls back the side of the marquee. He reveals the night sky. As he does so he reads out the following verse:*

'The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands'  
(Psalm 19 NIV)

*Pause*

T+S: *(folding their arms)* But that's not your artwork!

D: *(shrugs his shoulders)* Maybe not.

T: The criteria for the competition clearly states...

D: I've delivered on the demand to show these people beauty. And I've satisfied my own desire to appreciate beauty for myself.

***Current word count of script - 897***