

The St. Wilfrid Mystery Playlet**by Johnny Jarman**

THE **GUIDE** ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE. HE WILL LEAD THEM FROM SCENE TO SCENE AS THEY FOLLOW WILFRID THROUGH THE MAIN HIGH POINTS OF HIS LIFE.

GUIDE:

I bid you all a welcome. and invite you all to see, what makes a sinful man a Saint - This Anniversary. (HE BOWS.)

ENTER TWO ANGELS, ONE WITH A HAPPY SMILING FACE MASK ONE WITH A SAD UNSMILING FACE MASK. THEY EACH CARRY A "NEON" PEN (FROM A NOVELTY SHOP) AND A LOOSE LEAF PAD FROM WHICH THEY CAN EXTRACT A PAGE AND FOLD IT TO SEAL IT.

GUIDE:

Regard! (HE POINTS TO AN ANGEL IN A "HAPPY SMILEY" MASK) He is the Angel who records all our good deeds.... (THE ANGEL ACKNOWLEDGES HIS INTRODUCTION VERY MODESTLY) And note also..... (HE POINTS TO THE OTHER ANGEL IN THE "SAD UNHAPPY" MASK) He is the Angel charged with the unhappy duty of recording all our failings.... They are here to oversee, like you and me, the path of a man's life...

BACKGROUND MUSIC STARTS

GUIDE:

Ahhhh.... Tis time for the story to begin...

THE TWO ANGELS **MIME** THE THINGS DESCRIBED IN THE FOLLOWING SPEECH

A GODLIKE VOICE OVER DECLARES.....

VOICE:

*

**Man has two attendant angels ever waiting at his side
 With him where'er he wanders, wheresoe'er his feet abide
 One to warn him when he falters and rebuke him if he stray
 One to leave him to his nature, and so let him go his way
 Two recording spirits reading, all his life's minutest part
 Looking in his soul and listening to the beatings of his heart
 Each with pen of fire electric writes the good or evil wrought
 Writes with truth that adds not, errs not Purpose - Action - Word
 and Thought**

**One, the Teacher and Reprover marks each Heaven-deserving
 deed
 Graves it with the lightning's vigour, seals it with the lightning's
 speed
 For the good that man achieveth, good beyond an Angel's doubt
 Such remains for aye and ever and cannot be blotted out**

**One Severe and Silent Watcher noteth every crime and guile
 Writes it with a holy duty, seals it not.... but waits a while
 If the evildoer cry not "Lord forgive me!" ere he sleeps
 Then the sad, stern Spirit seals it.. and the gentler Spirit weeps**

**To the sinner if repentance cometh soon with healing wings
 Then the dark account is cancelled and each joyful angel sings
 Whilst the erring one perceiveth, now his troublous hour is o'er
 Music , fragrant, wafted to him from a yet untrodden shore**

**Mild and mighty is forgiveness, meekly worn if meekly won
 Let our hearts go forth to seek it ere the setting of the sun
 Angels wait and long to hear us ask it ere the time be flown
 Let us give it and receive it ... before midnight cometh down.....**

GUIDE:

So Come good friends on a journey of a lifetime.... Not of your life
 time... But the life time of the man whose name is borne by our
 school... (ENTER: A YOUNG MAN IN PRIESTLY CLOTHES.) ...
 Brother Wilfrid....

**WILFRID WALKS AWAY TO THE NEXT SCENE WITH THE
 TWO RECORDING ANGELS FOLLOWING.**

* (Written by John Critchley Prince 1808 – 1866)

GUIDE:

Wilfrid was born in 634, the son of a Northumbrian landowner. When he was 14 yrs old, he was sent away to the Court of King Oswy, King of Northumbria. He was a studious boy and the Queen sent him, at his own request to the Monastery of Lindisfarne. After 3 years there, he was sent to Rome, where he became a pupil of Boniface, the Pope's archdeacon. On his way home, he stayed for 3 years at Lyons, where he received the tonsure from the bishop of Lyons, Annemundas.....

SCENE 2: LYONS - FRANCE

ANNEMUNDAS COME TO GREET BRO. WILFRID AS HE ARRIVES AT THE SCENE

ANNEMUNDAS: Welcome, welcome brother Wilfrid.. Oh , it's good to see your smile
Come, have some soup and bread with us, and talk with me awhile
You know, my instincts tell me that your character is good
The time you spent in Rome has served you finely, as it should...

THEY SIT AT A TABLE

WILFRID

I thank thee Annemundas from the bottom of my heart
The kindness that you've shown to me will never e're depart
I long to be a priest of God, to serve his finest cause
So I'll do whate'er I need to do. I'll even wash the floors

ANNEMUNDAS

Come don't be hasty Wilfrid, you've got all your life to live
Youth should not be squandered, better love and laugh and give
Now my niece desires a husband and I am in full accord
To see her wed to you, my boy, together serve the Lord...

WILFRID STANDS AND WALKS ROUND THE TABLE
THINKING...

WILFRID:

I am truly grateful sir, and thank you for your hope
 But I want to serve in singleness, just like our b'loved Pope
 For , when in Rome with Boniface, I learned a lesson grand
 That tho' most girls are pretty, they're so hard to understand

So until then I'll be a bach'lor boy and thats the way I'll stay.
 I bet some enterprising lad will sing those words one day...
 So, thank you Annemundas, but my plans are set in stone
 I'll serve the Lord, a single man, yet I'll not be alone..

THE TWO RECORDING SPIRITS LOOK AT EACH OTHER
 AND THE GOOD ANGEL WRITES VIGOROUSLY ON HIS
 PAD

ANNEMUNDAS

Such a shame young Wilfrid, for I had great plans for thee
 I'd hoped that you and her would give an heir to me...
 But you are good and faithful and determined in your way
 To do all things for God and let his biddings fill your day.

ENTER A BAND OF SOLDIERS WITH SWORDS DRAWN

SOLDIER

Aha! a brace of Catholics in traitorous meeting found
 Lets kill them both right here and now and plant them in the ground
 Their blood will soak into the earth and please our ruling King
 So, where's your all protective lord? Come, shout to him, nay, sing!

WILFRID

If this instant be my final one, then let me speak up now
 A priest of God I will become and am faithful to my vow
 But I am Saxon by my birth and therefore use your wit
 You cannot harm my head of hair or what is left of it.
 (RUBS TONSURE)

SOLDIER: Begone! you clever Saxon, go! Depart from out my sight
 And let me carry on the weeding out of all our Catholic blight
 And when we conquer England we shall do the same thing there
 Make sure that when we meet again, your head be full head of hair!

WILFRID DEPARTS FOLLOWED BY THE TWO ANGELS AS
 THE SOLDIERS TAKE ANNEMUNDAS AWAY

END OF SCENE 2

GUIDE: Wilfrid is allowed to return to England where he makes his way to Ripon. He is determined to introduce Roman rules and practices, which didn't go down too well with the established Columbite Monks there... They were following the ways of the Scottish form of Christianity, which was at odds with that of Rome...

SCENE 3

RIPON, ENGLAND

WILFRID MEETS THREE COLUMBITE MONKS

WILFRID: Columbite Brothers! Pray, come forth,
 What joy to be back here in t' North
 To Ripon and with Gods good grace
 This monastery will be my base

1st MONK Oh Wilfrid we have lost our seat
 We have no place to rest our feet
 For now you've come, we realise
 That Benedictines win this prize

2nd MONK Tis true Oh Wilfrid, hear our plea
 We thought this was OUR Monastr'y
 We have to move ourselves with all

To t'other side of Hadrian's wall

3rd MONK

Come brothers, let us pack our bags,
We Columbites will fly our flags
Among the fells of Higher lands
Leave Ripon here in Wilfrid's hands

THE 3 COLUMBITE MONKS TURN AND EXIT.

WILFRID THEN TURNS TO AUDIENCE AND GLEEFULLY
RUBS HIS HANDS TOGETHER

WILFRID:

What plans I have to spread the Word
To see that Roman rules be heard
And every man in every home
will look to God and list to Rome.

ENTER A TROUPE OF SCOTTISH MONKS WITH **TARTAN**
HABITS ON

LEADING MONK (HEAVY GLASWEGIAN ACCENT)

Excuse me young Wilfrid say I
Whats all this "Rome" pie in the sky?
We don't need the Pope
To dictate us our hope
We want to live quietly, Och aye!

CHORUS OF MONKS

No, we don't need the Pope
To dictate us our hope
We want to live quietly, Och aye!

LEADING MONK

If you have your way in this thing
None of our bells will we ring
We'll all go on strike

And the Lord would not like
The racket we'd make when we sing

CHORUS

Yes we'll all go on strike
And the lord would not like
The racket we'd make when we sing

LEADING MONK

You're in for one Heck of a fight
Cos we know the wrong from the right
To Whitby lets go
And the Synod will blow
Your Roman ideals out of sight

CHORUS

Oh, to Whitby lets go
And the Synod will blow
Your Roman ideals, yes your Roman ideals, yes your Roman
ideas out of sight!!

ALL THE SCOTTISH MONKS EXIT WITH WILFRID
FOLLOWING

END OF SCENE 3

GUIDE:

Come on friends, lets see how Wilfrid gets on at the Synod of Whitby. Remember, Britain was in its Christian infancy. People were celebrating all sorts of weird and wonderful things under the umbrella of Christianity. Wilfrid wanted to Unify the faith, to make all the celebrations the same throughout the land... This synod will debate the issues and vote to have Rome's rules, or the Scottish Church's standards... Bishop Colman versus Wilfrid the zealous priest.... Ah... here we are at Whitby.....

SCENE 4

THE SYNOD AT WHITBY

WILFRID AND HIS TWO RECORDING SPIRITS ENTER THE SCENE.

THERE IS A LONG REFECTORY TABLE SERVING AS A
DEBATING PLACE.

AT ONE END SITS **BISHOP COLMAN**.
WILFRID TAKES HIS PLACE AT THE OPPOSING END

THERE ARE BISHOPS IN TARTAN CLOTHES SEATED ALL
ALONG THE BACK OF THE TABLE FROM THE CENTRE
OUT TO WHERE **BISHOP COLMAN** SITS

OTHER BISHOPS WEARING THE ROYAL PURPLE OF
ROME FROM THE CENTRE OUT TO WHERE **WILFRID** HAS
SAT DOWN

ALL FACE THE AUDIENCE EXCEPT FOR WILFRID AND
TABLE

THE **PRESIDING BISHOP** IN NEUTRAL WHITE GARB THE
CENTRE OF THE TABLE RISES

PRESIDING BISHOP:

Order Brothers, best of order
Welcome those from o'er the Border
We have to come to some decision
As just to who should lead our mission?

(INDICATES WIFRID)

At one end, Rome, dear Wilfrid stands
To advocate the Pope's commands
His speech, I hope be smooth as satin
'Cos I don't know a word of Latin

(INDICATES BISHOP COLMAN)

And here our Bishop Colman sits
To answer for the Celtic Brits
It is our hope that both of you
Can sort this out and PDQ

PRES. BISHOP cont. We must put down our petty squabbles
 Rid ourselves of all our troubles
 Concentrate our minds to do
 All the work God wants us to.

WILFRID RISES

WILFRID: Brothers, what a grand occasion, let my tongue show sweet persuasion
 All my life, I've done no more, than find out what God loves us for
 We are here to serve him right, not to disagree and fight.
 Like mindless dwarves, we clash together, we are not big , we are not
 clever
 So let us wait on him on high, to show what to do and why.

WILFRID SITS AS BISHOP COLMAN RISES

COLMAN Wilfrid, brother, I can see, what your Roman heart to be
 We are British, through and through, Our roots go deep in this land too
 As Christian folk we love, not hate, and wish that Rome would not dictate
 That our traditions disappear and we along with them I fear!
 When Easter comes, we'll celebrate, with eggs and buns and chocolate!

LOUD CHEER FROM THE TARTAN CLAD MONKS

WILFRID Dear brothers please do not forget, I too have British blood, but yet
 Whate'er my mind and body will, my love for Christ is richer still
 To be a Christian is the first, not holding onto all thats cursed
 Let Saint Peter lead the call , He holds the kingdom's keys withal...

MURMURINGS OF GRUDGING ACCEPTANCE BY THE TARTAN MONKS

COLMAN I see that I have no defence, St Peter stands at heaven's fence
 If we continue to oppose, the gates of heaven will be closed
 Besides the coffers, in our Church are empty, we are in the lurch
 I cannot see how we can grow alongside Rome's triumphant show.
 I think it best that we withdraw... Come brothers. we'll oppose no more.

PRESIDING BISHOP RISES

PRESIDING BISHOP: Order Brothers, best of order
 Let us vote to end disorder
 Having listened hard and long
 Wilfrid's right and Colman's wrong

GREAT CHEERS FROM THE PURPLE CLAD BISHOPS TO THE
 ANNOYANCE AND CHAGRIN OF THE TARTAN CLAD MONKS...
 WHO SLOWLY LEAVE THEIR SEATS AND FILE OUT OF THE
 SCENE

WILFRID MOVES TO THE FRONT OF THE TABLE IN FRONT OF
 THE AUDIENCE IN FULL FOCUS AND KNEELS

THE **PRESIDING BISHOP** GOES TO **COLMAN** AND REMOVES
 HIS CROSS OF OFFICE FROM AROUND HIS NECK, MOVES TO
 THE KNEELING **WILFRID** AND PLACES IT AROUND HIS NECK

PRESIDING BISHOP: Arise.... Bishop Wilfrid!

THE TWO RECORDING SPIRITS STAND EACH SIDE OF HIM AND
 EACH PAT HIM GENTLY ON THE SHOULDERS AS THE GAIETY
 GOES ON...

THEN AS THE MUSIC ENDS AND THE MONKS DISPERSE,
WIFRID RISES AND DEPARTS WITH HIS TWO ANGELIC
 COMPANIONS.

END OF SCENE 4

WILFRID MOVES TO THE NEXT SCENE. AS HE MAKES HIS WAY, HE GOES THROUGH A SMALL SCREENED OFF AREA WHEREBY HIS PLACE CAN BE TAKEN BY ANOTHER ACTOR, PORTRAYING AN OLDER BISHOP WILFRID.

THE TWO RECORDING SPIRITS WALK BY THE SCREEN STAYING IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE AS THE TRANSITION IS MADE, THEREBY GIVING THE IMPRESSION OF CONTINUITY, WE FOLLOWING WILFRID'S JOURNEY.

GUIDE:

So, having gained election as Bishop, Wilfrid went to France to be consecrated. Wilfrid's zeal for Roman Christianity was so great, that he refused to be consecrated here in England by the Northern Bishops, whom he regarded as schismatics, - dividers of the faith. On Wilfrid's return from France, he was shipwrecked off the coast of Sussex. men of Sussex were not renowned for their charity... It is no accident that this county was the first to hear the immortal lines ; Sussex born, Sussex bred, Strong in the arm, thick in the head...

SCENE 5

AN IMPRESSION OF A RAGING SEA IS GIVEN WITH ASSISTANTS SHAKING AND PULLING A LIGHT BLUE POLYTHENE MEMBRANE. (HOPEFULLY A LIGHT BREEZE MIGHT HELP WITH THE BILLOWING EFFECTS)

WILFRID IS SEEN EMERGING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE POLYTHENE, "SWIMMING" AS IF TO SHORE. HE EMERGES CLEAR OF THE POLYTHENE SEA AND AS HE DOES SO.... THE POLYTHENE IS LAID TO ONE SIDE TEMPORARILY

WILFRID IS ALONE ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. HE LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS

WILFRID:

I thank thee Lord for sparing me
My life saved from that raging sea
Your precious work is still my goal,
So fuse your spirit with my soul...

A MOB OF HEATHENS APPEAR IN SCRUFFY AND UNKEMPT
GARB

THEY ALL CROWD ROUND HIM JEERING AND
THREATENING HIM

FIRST HEATHEN

Hey! Look just what the sea's washed up!
Perhaps he hides a golden cup
To slit his neck would give me pleasure
If he's secreting some treasure!

ALL THE HEATHENS DANCE AROUND THE KNEELING
WILFRID, WAVING SPEARS AND SWORDS AND
PRETENDING TO JAB AT HIM AS THEY GO ROUND

SECOND HEATHEN:

Hold on boys, he's wearing silk.
I fancy he is cath'lic ilk
They makes us change our ways of living.
And if we don't, they's unforgiving!

THEY ALL DANCE ANGRILY AGAIN ROUND HIM

FIRST HEATHEN

It ain't been your lucky day.
Shipwrecked in a Sussex bay
To watch as all your goods get pinched
- And then to end up getting lynched!

THEY ALL DANCE ANGRILY AROUND HIM AGAIN

SECOND HEATHEN

Hey boys, a moment, hear my speech,
Let's take his life upon this beach
Better still, his life be shorter
If we chuck him in the water!

THE HEATHENS PICK UP **WILFRID** AND CARRY HIM TO WHERE THE POLYTHENE SEA IS NOW BILLOWING ONCE AGAIN

THEY DEPOSIT HIM INTO THE "SEA" AND LEAVE THE STAGE LAUGHING AND SLAPPING EACH OTHER IN CONGRATULATION.

WILFRID "SWIMS" BACK TO THE SCREENED OFF AREA AND TO SAFETY.

THE POLYTHENE SEA IS REMOVED... AND **WILFRID** ONCE MORE EMERGES ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE NEXT SCENE

END OF SCENE 5

GUIDE:

Wilfrid scrambled aboard his little boat and struck out to sea where he landed further along the coast... in Kent, not far from Sandwich. From there, he journeyed to Northumbria, only to discover, that someone had been appointed bishop in his place...

SCENE 6

A HELPER MONK COMES TO WILFRID AND GIVES HIM A CUP OF WINE

WILFRID:

Thank you Brother, thank you, This cup of wine will sooth me
It's sad to see when I returned, they'd acted to remove me
I know I've been away a while, but that is no excuse
To give my Bishopric away and put me out of use.
This fellow Chad that has my seat, Why is he there? What for?
I have a mind to visit him and sling him out the door.

THE RECORDING ANGEL WHO RECORDS THE GOOD DEEDS
SHAKES HIS HEAD VIGOROUSLY AND THE OTHER ANGEL
WRITES ON HIS PAD

MONK :

Father Wilfrid, don't despair, there's other work to do
Lots of heathens in this land might turn to Christ through you
So let him have the seat at York, there's only room for one
You do some missionary work and have a bit of fun

WILFRID

This wine is good, it calms my soul. I'll start my tour tomorrow
I'll pray for missionary zeal to lift me from my sorrow
Good brother no more wine for me, I need my senses keen
To be a soldier for the Lord, the bravest ever seen
I'll work to see the laws of Rome established in this land
So take this cup away from me, or I'll not be fit to stand.

**WILFRID GIVES THE WINE CUP TO THE MONK WHO
DEPARTS.**

**WILFRID GETS UP FROM THE TABLE AND KNEELS IN
PRAYER**

MUSIC

A SWEET MELODY PLAYS

THE "GOOD DEEDS" ANGEL WRITES ON HIS PAD
TRIUMPHANTLY.

THE "BAD DEEDS" ANGEL TEARS UP HIS SCROLL AND
DROPS IT TO THE FLOOR.

THE GOOD DEEDS ANGEL WAGS A FINGER AT HIM AND
MAKES HIM PICK UP THE LITTER.

**WILFRID RISES AND WE FOLLOW HIM TO A SIGNPOST
WHICH READS: "MERCIA WELCOMES CAREFUL
CHARIOT DRIVERS"**

HE TURNS TO WHERE THE SIGNPOST IS LEADING AND ENTERS THROUGH A SCREEN OUT OF SIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE

END OF SCENE 6

MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT WITH THE GUIDE'S SPEECH

GUIDE:

Wilfrid served with a zeal, Working in Mercia, Lichfield and even as far south as Kent. After three years, he got word that Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury had visited Northumbria and had instigated the withdrawal of St Chad from his beloved seat at York. At once, Wilfrid went north and once more became Bishop of York. During his tenure of the See, he acted with great vigour and energy, completing the work of enforcing the Roman obedience against the scottish monks. He founded a great many Benedictine Monasteries and completely rebuilt the Minster at York, all the while, living a life of simplicity and restraint. It seemed that God was in his heaven and all was well in the world of Wilfrid, Bishop of York. That is, until the Archbishop of Canterbury, Theodore, suddenly had an unbright idea.....

MUSIC FADES

SCENE 7

WILFRID IS AT HIS DESK WHEN A SCROLL IS HANDED TO HIM BY A MONK . HE OPENS IT.

WILFRID

A letter from dear Theodore? The seal is his, no doubt
I fancy it's important, so I'd better read it out
"To Wilfrid. Bishop serving York, Greetings come to thee
I here inform you of my plan to split you into three"
(PAUSE)

That sounds a little painful, even though I'm lined and cracked
I'm rather fond of all my bits, I'd rather stay intact
(CONTINUES READING)

"A Bishop over Lindisfarne, and one at Hexham too
Another one to serve Witherne, All three will rule with you"

WILFRID SITS HEAVILY DOWN, DISAPPOINTED

WILFRID**(RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT)**

He has no right to split the See, his action is absurd
I need no other Bishops here to promulgate God's word

He cannot do this thing to me, it is not right, nor proper
I'll go to Rome at once this night and he will come a cropper

In Rome, I'll call a special meet, an audience with the Pope
And Theodore can hang himself, now he's got the rope.

URGENT MUSIC PLAYS

**WILFRID MOVES QUICKLY TO THE EDGE OF THE STAGE
AND PICKS UP A TRAVELLING BAG AND RETURNS TO
FRONT OF STAGE FACES THE AUDIENCE**

WILFRID**(PASSIONATELY)**

Of all the troubles I have faced, and I've been in the pits
Is that which comes from one's own kind... It cuts your heart to
bits!

**HE PAUSES BEFORE TRUDGING OFF STAGE
PURPOSEFULLY CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY HIS ANGELIC
COMPANIONS**

GUIDE

So Wilfrid set off for Rome to appeal to the Pope. On the way
there, his enemies tried to intercept him, but only managed to stop
another Bishop instead, who's name was Winfrid, Bishop of
Lichfield. Wilfrid proceeded to Rome unhindered.

MUSIC BEGINS

ENTER ARCHBISHOP THEODORE AND THREE BISHOPS

GUIDE

Meanwhile, back in York, Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury replied to Wilfrid's action by consecrating the three Bishops in Wilfrid's own Church...

A MIME

IS PERFORMED TO MUSIC OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE THREE BISHOPS.

MUSIC FADES

AS THE CONSECRATION SCENE ENDS.

END OF SCENE 7**GUIDE:**

As we make our way to Rome to see how Wilfrid is getting on, let us remind ourselves of the situation at hand. The Archbishop of Canterbury Theodore has made a decision to subdivide the Diocese without Authority of Rome. Wilfrid sees this as a form of independence from the main church. And his whole life has been dedicated to the obedience to Rome's authority in all matters relating to Christian faith. Ah... here we are in Rome... in the very council meeting between Wilfrid, Bishop of York, Theodore's representative and the holy Father himself, Pope Agatho.

SCENE 8**POPE AGATHO:**

It pleases us to see you Brother Wilfrid
Reports I hear about you, always good
Your work in England's great
You're a master of debate
And I hear you make a wicked Yorkshire Pud.

But now to matters serious in truth
You feel that things are not so good at home
Perhaps you'd like to say
Why you travelled all this way
To beg an audience with me, here in Rome?

WILFRID APPROACHES AND ACKNOWLEDGES THE POPE

WILFRID:

Oh Father I'm a deeply troubled man
 I wish that Rome were near as it could be
 My work is incomplete
 Yet my Diocesan seat
 Has been taken and divided into three

This is no whinging Bishop you can hear
 I truly want that Rome should be in charge
 If each does what he wants
 They'll be drinking from the fonts
 And communion meals will be brown bread and marge

THE POPE PUTS UP HIS HAND TO STAUNCH WILFRID'S
 FLOW

POPE AGATHO:

I see the situation's bad my son
 You want all men the Roman way to live
 But you have had your say
 Please be seated and give way
 To Canterbury's representative

THE **BISHOP** GETS TO HIS FEET AND WALKS AROUND
 FOR A FEW MOMENTS, TRYING TO EFFECT AN AIR OF
 THOUGHTFULNESS AND WISDOM

BISHOP

Pray Father, I shall speak with truth and light
 My brother Theodore is faithful too
 He wants to serve the land
 You have given to his hand
 And give Wilfrid help for all the work to do

The Diocese is large to oversee
 And all men sometimes need a helping hand
 The good work Wilfrid does

Gives the sheep a real buzz
We think his Diocese is undermanned

POPE AGATHO PUTS UP A HAND. - HE HAS HEARD
ENOUGH...

POPE AGATHO I have to say, your argument is sound
That Wilfrid's done some sterling work indeed
But Theodore should not
Do this thing unless he got
A letter from the Council to proceed

So Wilfrid, go back home and carry on
Your Diocese is safe with you for sure
But you shall subdivide
And have others at your side
Bring England under Rome forever more!

TRIUMPHANT FANFARE

THE COUNCIL DISPERSES AND **WILFRID** DEPARTS THE
SCENE FOLLOWED BY HIS TWO ANGELIC SCRIBES

WE FOLLOW HIM TO A PLACE WHERE HE IS MANACLED
AND SEATED ON A WOODEN CRATE

END OF SCENE 8

GUIDE

Wilfrid, once again victorious returns to England and York with the decision. But instead of going back and continuing the work, The King of Northumbria, while not disputing the right of Rome to settle the question, said that it was Wilfrid had brought the decision, and promptly had him imprisoned at Bambrough.

SCENE 9

A **JAILER** APPROACHES HOLDING A LARGE WOODEN STICK. HE STANDS BESIDE WILFRID

JAILER

So, what you in for? Fleecing the sheep? Or sending the good folk off to sleep
 With boring sermons on Sunday mornin'? Well, listen up priest, I'll give you fair warnin'
 Me, myself, I - am in charge of this nick. And I deals out sermons with the help of this stick.

HE SHOWS HIM A LONG THICK POLE AND THREATENS HIM WITH IT.

So I want no nonsense, you just be good. Or happen, I'll smite you a blow from this wood.
 If you're looking for trouble, then listen to me... You'll find it real quick with a capital T

THE **JAILER** DEPARTS AND WILFRID LOOKS HEAVENWARD

(THROUGH THE NEXT SPEECH, **WILFRID** TURNS FROM A DESPAIRING MAN SPEAKING SLOWLY, LIFELESSLY TO MAN RENEWED IN VIGOUR AND POWER, DETERMINED TO CONTINUE HIS MISSION WITH A ZEAL, IN SPITE OF THIS SETBACK)

WILFRID:

What desolation I have found.
 With Bamborough's prison walls around

Is this it Lord? Am I to be
 Guest of ungracious majesty?

Oh Lord, what wrongness did I do?
 These bonds are surely not from you

To Christ and Rome, I gave my life
 Yet now I suffer nought but strife

I've worked so hard... to bring Rome's rule
 Yet the jailer treats me like a fool

However much I weigh things up
 It seems I have the poisoned cup

Sweet Jesu, I'll not make a fuss
 Do all good men get treated thus?

If they do then what's the point?
 You might as well bold thieves anoint!

THE ANGEL RECORDING BAD THINGS STARTS TO WRITE
 ON HIS PAD.

THE OTHER ANGEL WATCHES IMPASSIVELY AS
 WILFRID WANDERS AROUND AND AROUND PONDERING

Forgive me Lord, I must be mad
 I should know better, speaking bad

THE GOOD DEEDS ANGEL PUTS HIS THUMBS UP AT HIS
 COMPANION WHO RIPS UP THE NOTE HE HAS JUST
 MADE OF WILFRID'S CONDUCT

But in self pity I forgot
 That this is all of Satan's plot

You set the pattern Lord, I see....
 You gave your life, hung on a tree

That all who want to follow you
 Have to go a hard road too

Yet you did not do one thing wrong
 And all your enemies proved strong

This way , it seems ... then proves me right.
 True servants always have to fight

Think Lord, of those whom you have sent

They suffered too.... harsh punishment.

My time in here has made me strong
I know I'll prove those others wrong

If I get out,. I vow this night
To slave for Christ ... with all my might!...

BURST OF TRIUMPHANT MUSIC SOUNDS

THE ACCOMPANYING "GOOD DEEDS" ANGEL WRITING
VIGOROUSLY IN HIS SCROLL

WILFRID REMAINS SEATED ALMOST STATUESQUE
WITH AN EXPRESSION OF DETERMINATION AND ZEAL
ON HIS FACE.

MUSIC STARTS

GUIDE:

And so he did....Wilfrid was released from prison only to be driven out of his beloved Diocese. Where did he go? Believe it or not, Wilfrid grasped the opportunity with both hands and went working among those very same Sussex heathens who had almost killed him fifteen years before.... In time, he got back his position as Bishop of York. And once again, because of a dispute, he didn't hesitate to go back to Rome again, this time, for the final time... Again,he came away victorious. but was taken ill and almost died en route to England. When he recovered and returned, and once again, he was treated badly by the English hierarchy. At a synod, it was decided to give Wilfrid Hexham and Ripon, but not York, his beloved and favourite place. But Wilfrid, an upright and steadfast man, accepted it because the Authority of Rome had been vindicated...

WILFRID RISES AND SLOWLY, CONFIDENTLY WALKS OFF
THE SET.

THE TWO ANGELS WHO HAVE FOLLOWED HIM
THROUGHOUT HIS JOURNEY STAY CENTRE
STAGE.WATCHING HIM DEPART

WILFRID WALKS OUT OF SIGHT.

THE ANGEL WHO HAS HAD THE ASSIGNMENT OF WRITING THE BAD DEEDS, TAKES HIS SCROLL AND RIPS IT INTO PIECES, MUCH TO THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANION ANGEL.

THE OTHER "GOOD DEEDS" ANGEL THEN STARTS TO SHOW HIS COMPANION ALL WIFRID TRIUMPHS AND SUCCESSES, WHICH HE ACKNOWLEDGES.

THE "GOOD DEEDS" ANGEL THEN ROLLS UP THE RECORD OF WILFRIDS LIFE AND SEALS IT.... THEY THEN PART AND STAND AT EACH SIDE OF THE STAGE

GUIDE:

Beyond all others of his time, Wilfrid stands out as the great defender of the rights of the Holy See. Rome's right to rule. He fought all his life, first against Bishop Colman and the influence of the Scottish Monks, then against Theodore and others afterward....

WILFRID ENTERS IN WHITE SHINING VESTMENTS AND STANDS CENTRE STAGE, BETWEEN THE TWO ANGELS

GUIDE:

To Wilfrid, above all others is due the establishment of the authority of the Roman See in England, and for that reason, this man will always have a very high place among the English saints. Saint Wilfrid!

MUSIC CLIMAXES

WILFRID BOWS HIS HEAD IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AS THE ANGELS HOLD OUT THEIR HANDS IN HONOUR TO HIM

MUSIC FINISHES

THE END