

# **NO STRINGS**

**By Rod**

*Based on the Thunderbirds TV programme. The characters from the programme need to act as if being controlled as puppets. Jesus does not. Much of the humour and visual impact will depend on how well the actors can give the illusion of being puppets.*

*The final words from the Bible are from John 8 v 36*

## **CAST**

*Jeff Tracey* Father of the family and leader of International Rescue.

*Alan Tracey* One of his grown-up sons.

*Brains* The boffin of the outfit. Wears thick horn-rimmed glasses.

*Lady Penelope* Their glamorous spy.

*Jesus*

*Jeff and Lady Penelope are on stage. Perhaps relaxing together with a drink.*

Alan [From off stage. Urgently] Alan Tracey to control. Come in Father.

Jeff Control here. Come in, Alan. What appears to be the problem?

Alan We've got a visitor.

Jeff Who is it, Alan?

Alan I don't know, Father. I've never seen him before and I don't know how he got here. Our radar didn't pick him up. He didn't come in any sort of vehicle. He just .. appeared.

Jeff Well you'd better get to him quickly and bring him up here.

Alan F.A.B., Father.

Lady P How intriguing. I'm dying to meet this stranger. I like a man of mystery.

Jeff I'm not sure. We do have to be careful with strangers. I need to meet him before I form a judgement. I think I'll call in Brains to see what he thinks. [Speaking into intercom] Control to Brains.

Brains [From off stage] Brains to control.

Jeff Could you step up to Control, Brains? We've got a mysterious visitor.

Brains Ye..ye..yes Mr Tracey. I'll be right up.

Alan [Entering] Here is our visitor, Father. He says his name is Jesus. Jesus, this is my father, Jeff Tracey and over here is Lady Penelope.

Lady P I'm very pleased to meet you, Jesus. That's an interesting name.

Jesus It means saviour. I am the International Rescuer. I have come to set you free.

Jeff International Rescuer? I think there's some mistake. We don't need to be set free. It's quite the reverse actually. We do the rescuing. We are International Rescue – not you.

Jesus But I have come to set you free from your strings.

Lady P Whatever do you mean?

Jesus I want to cut your strings for you.

Jeff Don't be ridiculous man. [*Brains enters*] We need to have our strings to move about. Isn't that true, Brains?

Brains Ye..ye..yes, Mr Tracey. In the Earth's gravitational field of 9.81 Newtons per kilogram we need an upward force provided by the tension in the strings to support us and lift our limbs. Without our strings we'd collapse in a heap on the floor.

Lady P We couldn't allow that. Life would be no fun at all if we spent the whole time collapsed on the floor. We need our strings to live life to the full.

Jesus But that's where you're wrong. Have you ever thought who's pulling your strings?

Lady P Well, er, er I don't know. Some puppeteer I suppose.

Jesus So you're not really free are you?

Alan He's got a point there, Penelope.

Jeff It won't work I tell you. The BBC promised to remove our strings but all they did was airbrush them out. It didn't make the slightest difference.

Jesus I don't want to airbrush out your strings. I want to cut them completely and then breathe new life into you. Then you will be able to move around on your own – completely free of any puppeteer.

Brains Science shows clearly that it cannot be done.

Lady P I'm happy as I am thanks.

Jeff I need a lot more convincing that what you say is true. With our strings cut we'd be in an awful mess. Then we'd be no use to anyone. International Rescue would be at an end.

Jesus On the contrary, International Rescue would be born again with a totally new field of operation.

Alan I'll give it a go. If what you say is true it sounds great. I'm fed up with these strings.

Jesus Good for you, Alan. *[Produces large pair of scissors and cuts strings. Arms first, then head, then legs and finally body. At each cut Alan slumps before finally falling to the floor]*

Lady P Oh dear. What have you done to poor Alan?

Brains Logical scientific proof is never wrong.

Jeff I thought you were a charlatan from the moment I clapped eyes on you. International Rescuer indeed. I'm going to throw you off Tracey Island. *[The three move towards Jesus]*

Jesus *[Holding hand up in stop sign] Wait. [He bends down to lay his hand on Alan. Alan slowly comes to life and rises. He starts to move about.]*

Alan It's true. I can move without my strings. Look Father. Look Penelope. I can walk like a real person. I can even run. Wow this is F.A.B., Father, F.A.B. Talk about "Thunderbirds are Go". *[He rushes around excitedly]* Come on you three. Why don't you give it a try? I'm free, I'm free, I'm free!

Jesus If the Son will set you free, you will be free indeed.

*THE END*