

**“The Telltale Talent” Preview Sample #2**  
**Written by Frederick Passmore**

(Continued...)

Stan: *(Raising his hands.)* Again with the trick answers. Okay, it's a shovel, I know they're used for digging. I just hope you aren't telling me to dig up something around here.

Angel: I am. Something has been buried here that must be exhumed. *(He extends the shovel handle to Stan, and points to the grave.)*

Stan: *(Refusing the shovel.)* Oh, no, I ain't digging up nothing dead in a cemetery. I've watched enough horror movies to know that's somewhere I don't want to go.

Angel: *(Still holding out the shovel handle.)* What you must disinter is not dead. At least, not yet.

Stan: A premature burial? Man, you are seriously creeping me out here. *(Pushing back the handle.)* No way, you do it!

Angel: I cannot. *(Swinging the handle back to Stan.)* The grave can only be opened by the one who buried that which is in it. Stanley, start digging.

Stan: I've never buried anything but a cat I ran over in my driveway! I know it was dead. But I still wouldn't dig it up!

Angel: Remember why you are here, and do not be afraid.

Stan: Yeah, right, I'm here to learn something. I guess you can't just tell me what it is...

Angel: Lessons must be earned to be truly learned.

Stan: I thought you'd say something like that. Alright, give it. *(He takes the shovel.)* Where do I dig?

Angel: *(Pointing to a nearby tombstone.)* Here!

Stan: *(Reading the epitaph.)* "Here Lies The Talent Of Stan Tallman..." Hey, that's me! I mean, a talent of mine, at least. But I've never buried a talent!

***Begin Cut #6 on the soundtrack CD.*** *(Dramatic music underscores the revelation of the name on the tombstone, and soon a heartbeat begins to be heard, steadily growing louder under the Angel's lines.)*

Angel: Haven't you? Every time you refuse to use a talent for God's glory, when given the opportunity, you throw a shovelful of dirt over it. Until, finally, it lies forgotten, to wither away and decay. But it is not too late for you. Listen... it lives! *(He motions to the grave mound.)* Unearth it. It may still be revived! Exercise it, and strengthen it through constant use!

Stan: But, I have so much to do, I don't have the time! Besides, there's not much the Lord could do with the little talent I had. There are so many others with so much more! Surely they're more responsible than I am to use them. *(He hands the shovel back to the angel.)*

Angel: I fear the lesson is lost on you. *(He drops the shovel beside the grave.)* So be it.

Stan: It's not that I don't care, I just doubt that I'm really that import... *(He hears a sound and stops.)* What is that? Sounds like a funeral procession.

*(Voices are heard, moaning and wailing, as the music on soundtrack Cut #6 continues. A funeral dirge begins playing. A line of people, dressed in dark tattered clothes, walk slowly, very slowly, in single file onto the stage. Chained together, all of their heads are hung in despair and they sway as they approach, groaning. They are heading toward the mausoleum.)*

Stan: Who are they? Why are they lamenting?

Angel: Don't you know them? Look closer.

Stan: *(Gingerly moving closer, he examines their lowered faces in the dim light.)* They do look familiar... but I can't place them. Where are they going?

Angel: To their doom!

*(Suddenly all of the people look up with one accord and moan accusations as they point at him.)*

Lost Souls: *(Simultaneously, each saying some of the lines.)* It's him! He's the one! He's the reason we are here!

Stan: *(Recoiling back)* What do you mean? I've done nothing to... wait. I know you! *(To the angel.)* I do know them! These are all people that I've seen at church.. and work! I've seen many of them in the congregation several times!

Lost Souls: It's his fault! He's to blame! Curse you, Stan! We hate you! Why did you do it?

*(The first in line arrives at the mausoleum entrance, which slowly opens with a creak. Flashing, dancing lights like flame can be seen, as a fog drifts out.)*

Stan: *(Back beside the angel, looking in horror at the people.)* Why do they blame me?

Angel: These are the people that were never reached for the Lord with the talents He gave you. They are your responsibility, for you were meant to do what would have touched their hearts and opened them to His word. Because you have buried your talent alive, they are entering eternity, lost without the Lord.

*(The heartbeat continues to grow louder. As he speaks, the first person in line enters the tomb door. They are lost in the fog with a scream.)*

Stan: *(Frantic, he clutches the Angel's robe.)* No! Please, no! I never meant for this to happen! I never knew I could make such a difference! I never realized so much was depending on me!

Angel: The Lord depends upon each of his children to bring in their share of the harvest of souls. If you shirk it, who will do it?

*(The Lost Souls continue to enter the tomb, screaming as they enter and are swallowed up by the fiery smoke.)*

Stan: *(Covering his ears to shut out the screams, he falls to his knees.)* I can't take it! Please, no more!

*(Continues....)*