

Angels

An Angel of Light and an Angel of Darkness feud over who is in charge of Cindy.
Approx 6 mins
3 characters

Lights fade up

INTRO: [Optional intro for tent missions] There are spiritual forces at work all around us – both good and evil. This sketch describes how those forces can influence us, even when we are not aware of them. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you Angels.

CINDY -- *(enters with Bible, sits in chair DC, reads, while the two angels interact behind her)*

ANGEL -- *(worldly, sly, enters looks both ways while crossing to Cindy, rolls up sleeves, raises hands, as if she's about to cast a spell on Cindy)*

GRACE -- *(naive, enters, sees Angel)* Excuse me....

ANGEL -- *(freezes, looks around, caught with hands raised, smooths own hair)* You talking to me?

GRACE -- Yes, I think there's been a mistake. I think she's...

ANGEL -- You can see me?

GRACE -- Well, of course, I can see you. Angels can see everything, including other angels. But, I'm afraid we've got our wires crossed.

ANGEL -- We do?

GRACE -- Yes. *(pulls slip of paper from pocket)* According to this dispatch sheet, Cindy, here, has been assigned to me. *(points to paper)* See? But it looks like YOU were already assigned to her. You ARE an angel, aren't you?

ANGEL -- Yes, of course. Well, it looks like they went and did it again.

GRACE -- What do you mean?

ANGEL -- The dispatchers are always issuing dupes.

GRACE -- Dupes?

ANGEL -- Duplicate assignments. Two angels for one human being. Dupes. You know.

GRACE -- I thought everything in Heaven was perfect. How could they...

ANGEL -- You must be new at this GUARDIAN angel business, aren't you?

GRACE -- Well, yes. I used to be in the chorus of the Heavenly Host. But they reassigned me to guard duty. *(points at Cindy)* Cindy is my first assignment. *(smiles nervously)*

ANGEL -- I've guarded Cindy since she became a Christian. You'd better go back to dispatch and tell them about the dupe. *(turns to Cindy as soon as Grace turns away)*

GRACE -- *(pause)* Oh.... alright... *(points offstage)* I'll just go back to dispatch and *(begins to exit)* tell them about the, ah,... *(turns back, snaps fingers expectantly)* about the, ah,...

ANGEL -- The dupe. It happens all the time, especially to new guardian angels. *(fans the air at Grace)* Hurry along, now. Some poor human is probably going without a guardian angel because of this mess up. *(turns to Cindy as soon as Grace turns away, raises hands)*

GRACE -- *(turns to exit)* Yes, I should probably hurry... *(stops, turns back)* Oh. I need to know your name.

ANGEL -- *(caught with hands raised, freezes, smooth own hair)* My name?

GRACE -- Yes, I'm sure the dispatcher will want to know who's guarding Cindy.

ANGEL -- They already have me listed. It's in the book. You hurry along now. You've got to get reassigned. *(turns to Cindy as soon as Grace turns away)*

GRACE -- Yes, I guess you're right. *(turns to exit, stops, turns back)* Listen, I hate to be a pest, but, if they assigned me to the wrong human being -- you know, a DUPE -- they may have accidentally removed your name from the book. So, what was your name?

ANGEL -- *(caught with hands raised, smooths hair)* Huh?

GRACE -- Your name?

ANGEL -- Ah, Angel.

GRACE -- Angel? As in...

BOTH --- Guardian Angel.

ANGEL -- That's right.

GRACE -- That's cute. What a cute name. *(shakes Angel's hand vigorously, smile)* Nice to meet you, Angel. My name is Grace.

ANGEL -- *(pries hand away, looks at watch)* Gee, look at the time. You'd better get going. *(turns to Cindy as soon as Grace turns away)*

GRACE -- Oh, yes. *(turns to exit)* I'm sure I'll get used to the routine some day. This is all very confusing. *(stops, turns back)* By the way, Angel, when were you assigned to Cindy?

ANGEL -- *(caught again, smooths hair, irritated)* What difference does it make?

GRACE -- Well, I don't know how this works. But, if they can't find your name, they may have to cross-reference it with the date that you were assigned to Cindy.

ANGEL -- All human beings are assigned a guardian angel when they accept *(uncomfortable)* J.... when they accept *(uncomfortable)* J.... when they convert to the faith. I've been guarding Cindy since Easter of 1995.

GRACE -- *(tilts head)* That's funny. They told me that she just accepted Jesus...

ANGEL -- *(gasps)*

GRACE -- ...as her personal saviour. What's the matter?

ANGEL -- Nothing. It's just an allergy. *(pats her own chest)*

GRACE -- Well, I may be new to the guardian business, but I'm not new to being an angel. And I know that angels don't have allergies. This is a joke, right?.... *(points at Angel, smiles)* Something they do to new recruits?

ANGEL -- Yeah, yeah, that's it.

GRACE -- *(smiles)* I knew it. That's very funny. So, why did you gasp when I said the name of Jesus?

ANGEL -- *(gasps)*

GRACE -- There. You did it again.

ANGEL -- No, I didn't.

GRACE -- Yes, you did. Jesus.

ANGEL -- *(gasps)*

GRACE -- See? That proves it. Jesus.

ANGEL -- *(gasps)* Will you stop that!?

GRACE -- Why? I love the name of Jesus.

ANGEL -- *(gasps)*

GRACE -- When I was in the chorus of the Heavenly Host we sang the name of Jesus...

ANGEL -- *(gasps)*

GRACE -- ...all the time. *(sings to audience, while Angel covers her ears)* Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, there's just something about that name...

ANGEL -- *(irritated)* Shouldn't you be going now?

GRACE -- *(stops singing, looks to Angel)* Huh?

ANGEL -- *(irritated)* I said, shouldn't you be going now? We're all quite familiar with that stupid song.

GRACE -- You're not an angel of light.

ANGEL -- I am too. I'm as light as light can be.

GRACE -- I may be new at this guardian stuff, but it doesn't take a genius to notice that you can't speak the name of the Lord J...

ANGEL -- *(holds ears, interrupts)*...Shouldn't you be going now?

GRACE -- You not only can't speak his name, but you can't stand to hear it either. Jesus.

ANGEL -- *(gasps, grabs own throat, holds up hand to stop Grace)* Stop it!

GRACE -- You're an angel alright. But you're an angel of darkness.

ANGEL -- *(smiles)* Well, sister, I guess I underestimated you.

GRACE -- Don't call me sister. You're no sister of mine. The training supervisor said you demons were devious, but I had no idea. You were going to fill Cindy's mind with worldly thoughts so she wouldn't grow in the Lord, weren't you?

ANGEL -- Hey, no hard feelings. It's my job.

GRACE -- You should leave now.

ANGEL -- *(points at the top of Grace's head)* Say, is your halo on crooked or is just me? *(while grace is distracted, points at Cindy, twirls finger in small circles)*

GRACE -- My halo? *(looks up, feels for halo)* Angels don't have halos. That just something they showed in paintings to...

CINDY -- *(looks up from book)* Where in the world did that thought come from?

GRACE -- *(irritated, hands on hips, shakes head, sighs)* Very clever. *(turns, bends over speaks in Cindy's ear)* It's okay, Cindy. A thought is not a sin. Set it aside and get back to your Bible.

CINDY -- I guess it's not a sin to have a thought come into my mind. Oh, well... *(shrugs, resumes reading)*

GRACE -- *(to Angel, points to exit)* Now, you'd better leave.

ANGEL -- *(points at Grace's legs)* Say, I hate to mention this but your slip is showing. *(while Grace is distracted, points at Cindy, twirls finger in small circles)*

GRACE -- *(looks down, turns in both directions)* Where? No, it isn't. My slip isn't show....

CINDY -- *(looks up from Bible)* There it goes again. I haven't thought about that is years.

GRACE -- *(irritated, points at Angel)* You are clever. You are really clever. *(bends, speaks in Cindy's ear)* It's okay, Cindy. It was just a thought. Set it aside and get back to your Bible....

CINDY -- (*shrugs, resumes reading*)

GRACE -- (*to Angel*) You'd better leave now.

ANGEL -- (*smiles*) Why? This is kind of fun. (*points at Cindy*)

GRACE -- (*steps between Angel and Cindy*) I rebuke you in the name of Jesus.

ANGEL -- (*gasps, grabs throat, backs toward exit*) Oh, sure, now you play dirty. I dare you to rebuke me in somebody else's name.

GRACE -- (*follows, singing, as both exit*) Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, there's just something about that name...

CINDY -- (*looks at watch*) Oh, oh, time to go. (*stands, exits, singing*) Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, there's just something about that name...

Lights fade out

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