

A script from



“Spirit Talk”
by
Ted and Nancie Lowe

- What** The story of the Battle of Jericho... sort of. (Themes: Courage, Faithfulness, Responsibility, Prayer, Choices, Leadership)
- Who** Beth, female angel
Thomas, male angel
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** Stools
Halos
Robes
- Why** Joshua 6:1-20
- How** This sketch should be customized to fit your group. Comedic timing is crucial.
- Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

Scene One: The scene opens with Beth and Thomas observing a youth group's meeting. They are sitting on their stools in halos and robes.

Beth: Oh Thomas, would you look at all the kids down there at youth group having a great time?

Thomas: Please don't call them kids. They're called students and/or young adults.

Beth: Why compared to us, they're babies...

Thomas: They are not babies...

Beth: Excuse me, but wasn't that you who just had his 2000th birthday last week?

Thomas: I told you not to bring that up...

Beth: But we gave you such a fun party...

Thomas: Having the creator of the universe scream (*Deep and loud voice*) "Surprise!" isn't exactly my idea of fun.

Beth: (*Laughing hysterically*) You looked like you were about to wet your robe. (*Laughs again*) And people down there wonder where those "unexpected showers" come from. (*Like the voice of God*) "Surprise!" (*Laughing*)

Thomas: Enough foolishness. We've got work to do. There's our client. What's his name again?

Beth: Michael. He looks so cute when he is unsure of himself.

Thomas: I can't believe he's here, after he drifted so far away. I can't believe that he would come anywhere near a church.

Beth: (*Dumbfounded by his response*) You can't believe he's here? You sit on a cloud, you've been alive for two thousand years...

Thomas: Don't be sarcastic.

Beth: I'm sorry. But I just wish you would lighten up a little bit. You should be rejoicing he's here...not questioning it. You're an angel.

Thomas: Well, I just worry about him. I mean what if this is his one and only window...(*Under his breath, almost afraid to say*) to get it together.

Beth: Don't talk that way.

- Thomas:** It's just that he has had chance after chance, so many close calls. Do I need to remind you of last week?
- Beth:** *(Not wanting to hear it, more stern)* No you don't! *(Pulling herself together, quieter)* I know that Michael pushes the envelope, and he breaks my heart too, but can't we just celebrate that he's here in a good place again?
- Thomas:** Yes, I'm sorry. I'm being so negative.
- Beth:** Thank you. *(Spots youth pastor)* Oh would you look at the youth pastor? He is so...so...oh what's the word?
- Thomas:** *(Displeased)* Silly.
- Beth:** No he's not silly he's...he's...he's just *(In a bad Spanish accent)* living la vida loca.
- Thomas:** *(Aghast)* Did you just say, "He's living la vida loca?"
- Beth:** *(Shakes her slightly to signal "yes", changing the subject)* Oh would you look at that Steve? *(Could possibly be a member of your band)* He is such an incredible musician. And our Michael loves music. Maybe that's what will reach him. Would you look at Steve's clothes? He is so much fun. You know we should think about giving ourselves a little new-millennium update. Maybe something out of denim, or...
- Thomas:** This robe has lasted this long, it will last at least until Christ goes back...
- Beth:** Oh we should live a little, Thomas. Maybe I should do something to my hair, *(Pulling her hair up and around)* like Candy. *(Could possibly be a female member of the band)*...she looks so cute...And maybe you could do your hair sort of like Steve's.
- Thomas:** His hair is too messy.
- Beth:** *(Frustrated with Thomas, slowly)* At least he has some.
- Thomas:** All this talk about clothes and hair, and our client is down there in his first Christian experience since he started drifting. *(Takes a deep breath)* We have to focus on him.
- Beth:** *(Cheerfully)* What's he looking at?
- Thomas:** *(Somewhat pleased)* It's not what, it's who?

- Beth:** *(Now motherly and displeased)* Why, he is not here to pick up on some little young thing.
- Thomas:** *(Proud, under his breath)* That's my boy.
- Beth:** What did you say?
- Thomas:** Nothing. I said nothing.
- Beth:** He's still looking. Thomas do something.
- Thomas:** Like what?
- Beth:** Like I don't know...something.
- Thomas:** I...
- Beth:** Fine then, I'll just take care of her myself.
- Thomas:** You wouldn't.
- Beth:** I would. *(Points hand out and down and taps her index figure, looks to the left)* Michael, this is for your own good. *(Looks to the right)* Take this young lady...full bladder. *(Pause)* There she goes. *(Smiles and wrings her hands)*
- Thomas:** You think girls are his only trouble.
- Beth:** No...I...
- Thomas:** No is right. It's everything. *(Pause)* You know, part of me wants to blame his parents for his drifting away from God. No one stays married anymore. It's like he just keeps getting farther and farther out of reach. He hangs out with the wrong people, does all the wrong things, goes to all the wrong places. You know the only reason he's here is to be around Bathroom Girl...and you can't make her disappear all weekend.
- Beth:** You want to try me?
- Thomas:** Beth, what are we going to do? *(Soft and somewhat desperate, staring at Michael)* Doesn't he realize that God is crazy about him?
- Beth:** No he doesn't. That's the problem... he's forgotten.
- Thomas:** But how do we help him remember? How do we make him understand? All he has to do is reach out and God, wonderful, *(Smiling)* shows-up-at-your-surprise-party, God... God, who builds the mountains, God who stirs the sea, God who is great and big, but