

Being Specific in Prayer Skit #8

The Poetry

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Diggers. The Recording Angel

Wormole. The Prayer Answering Angel

Mr. Smarts. The Boss Angel. (Who settles disputes between the other two.)

Christian.

Props

Chairs x 2

Coffee mugs x 2

Clipboard

Narrator. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven, so Diggers the Recording Angel, and Wormole, the Prayer Answering Angel are having a cup of coffee, while they wait for some action."

(Wormole is sipping his coffee, Diggers is mouthing some words.)

Worm. "What are you muttering?"

Dig. "I'm not muttering, it's a Poetry."

Worm. "A Poetry?"

Dig. "Yes...You speak it, and it rhymes."

Worm. "Say it then."

Dig. "Hm-hmm" (Clearing his throat.) "There was a young man from... Rheims..Who married the girl of his dreams...She failed to mention...That he was her pension...Then snuffed him and lived like a Queen."

Worm. "Hey, that's good...Where did you learn that?"

Dig. "I read it in a book, on assignment."

Worm. "What?...You're supposed to be busy doing your job on Assignment?"

Dig. "I was....I was babysitting this old Gander...And he slept most of the time."

Worm. "So you read his books?"

Dig. "Nah...He read this one out loud, then he fell asleep....So I read it."

Worm. "Maybe we should make one up?"

Dig. "About Smarties?"

Worm. "Yeah!" (Laughing.)

Dig. "There once was an Angel named Smarties....Who never got invites to parties..."

Worm. (Interrupting.) "No!"

Dig. "What?"

Worm. "He's a Senior..We'd get busted to detention."

Dig. "Okay...There once was an Angel named Hamster.."

Worm. (Interrupting again.) "No!...He's a Senior too."

Chr. (Goes to his knees.)

Worm. "Incoming...Incoming..."

Chr. (Speaking with an Australian accent.) "Dear Jesus...My Dahlia is really sick...And we have to leave for the wedding on Tassie in the morning...Can you help us please?"

Dig. "Of course we can...Just leave it to us."

Chr. "Thanks."

Worm. (Writing on clipboard.)

Sma. (Mr Smarts enters.) "Was that an incoming?"

Dig. "Yeah."

Sma. "Grade one, two, or three?"

Dig. "What was it Wormy?"

Worm. "Here you read it...You do it better than me." (Handing clipboard to Digger.)

Dig. (Reads clipboard...Then looks at Wormole...Then at Mr Smarts..Then at clipboard again.)

Sma. "Come on Boy!"

Dig. (Hesitantly.) "There once was a man from Tasmania...Who had a sick girlfriend named Dahlia..Yikes and begorrah...We'll fix her tomorrah...And they can be wed in Tasmania." (Turns to Wormole). "That was good Wormy!"

Worm. "Well...First time."

(Both look at Mr Smarts and shut up.)

Sma. "Is that what he said?"

Worm. "Sort of...I made it into a Poetry."

Sma. "What's Apoetry?"

Worm. "Digs read this book on Assignment called Poetry, and..."

Sma. (Grunts.)

Dig. "I barely touched it!"

Sma. (Looks at Diggers, then leaves shaking his head.)

Worm. "You are so lucky!"

Dig. "I think Dahlia is his horse."

Worm. "Okay...Who had a sick horse named Dahlia...Still rhymes...Shall we make up another one?"

Dig. "About Wing and Boot?"

Worm. "Yeah!"

Dig. "Okay...Two Angels named Wingnut and Bootlace...Got something stuck all over their faces..."

Worm. "Doesn't quite rhyme.."

Dig. "No..Okay...I'll try again."

(They turn and walk off, talking together.)

End

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