

AN ACT OF WORSHIP



Music and
Creative Arts



CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	4
GPS	6
THE GOOD SAMARITAN	12
ZAC THE RAP	18
TEAM JESUS!	20
THE SILENT NIGHT	25
THE STORM	31

INTRODUCTION

The Salvation Army believes drama can be much more than a means of entertainment and performance. It is a way of expressing faith, enhancing a theme or sermon in a meeting and a way of reaching out to non-Christians using a common medium. For many, drama has become synonymous with worship.

It is from this concept that the title for this new Music and Creative Arts publication is derived.

An ACT of Worship is just that: a book containing scripts that can be used within corps to enhance worship through drama.

The scripts cover various themes and are accessible to all, regardless of age, ability and size of group; there should be something for everyone.

Drama is unique in its style and presentation; subjectivity is present in its very writing. A certain degree of liberty may be taken within the pieces which would enhance the performance, whether to emphasise a point or to entertain.

Therefore, please approach these scripts in the manner in which they are written - not as Shakespearean plays or literal translations of the Bible, but rather as acts designed to encourage and enhance worship.

All scripts have been kindly gifted and we are extremely grateful to those who have given their time and talents back to God in this way. It is wonderful that one person's vision and creativity can be used by so many people in so many ways, with the common aim of bringing people closer to God.

Stephanie Lamplough

*Assistant Director of Music and Creative Arts
(Creative Arts)*

If you have any scripts or monologues that you would like to be included in future publications of **An ACT of Worship** please send them to music@salvationarmy.org.uk for consideration.



It is with this in mind that we share with you the Bible verse 1 Thessalonians 5:11 (NIV):

'Therefore encourage one another and build each other up, just as in fact you are doing.'

GPS

The scene highlights the fact that when we try and do things on our own, we undoubtedly end up lost. Despite our inevitable desire to follow our own path, God is always there waiting for us to ask for instructions and trust in his way.

Theme: Trust

Cast:



Mike



Marc



Sat Nav
(off stage)

Props: Two chairs, a steering wheel and satnav (these can be mimed).

Bible Reference: 'Whoever gives heed to instruction prospers, and blessed is the one who trusts in the Lord' (Proverbs 16:20 NIV).

Performance notes:

Both actors sit on the chairs centre stage. If a steering wheel and satnav are available, use them. If not, try to exaggerate where the steering wheel and satnav are, making sure that they are in the same place each time that you refer to them. Imaginary props have a tendency to move!

Be aware that when talking to someone next to you, you need to cheat the angle of your body so that you are facing the diagonal. This way your voice will project forward rather than to the side.

GPS

Written by Marc Brine



(Mike and Marc getting into a car, about to start some kind of long journey)



Marc Are you sure you know the way?

Mike I do, sort of.

Marc Oh, very reassuring: I do, sort of! How are we gonna get there if you don't know the way?

Mike Oh, don't you worry about that. Haven't I told you about my new satnav? GPS, instructions for us to see and hear, and it speaks every language under the sun! Foolproof! Completely foolproof!

Mark Good job it is with you around!

Mike *(Busy admiring his satnav, misses the insult)* What was that?

Marc Never mind.

Mike Yep, if you need to go on a journey, this baby'll get you there! *(Admires it)*

(Pause)



Marc Well... are you going to turn it on then?



Mike No.

Marc Sorry?

Mike I'm not going to use it for this journey.

Marc What?! You just said that you don't know the way.

Mike Oh, shush, we'll be fine.

(Mike steers, both look around as if lost; Marc is agitated; Mike looks unsure)

Marc Admit it: you're lost.

Mike Oh all right, we are lost.

Marc So, are you going to put your satnav on now?!

Mike Yeah, OK - I just thought I could get by without it.

Marc Yeah, but what's the point in that when you have it?

Mike Oh I don't know. I didn't want to embarrass myself, looking like I couldn't get there without it.

Marc Again: what's the point in that?! Put the destination in!



Mike *(tapping the screen)* Done!



Marc Hang on; I know where we are now!



Sat Nav *(Voice of SatNav is off-stage, using a microphone)*
At the end of the road, turn right.

Marc Don't listen to it! We definitely need to go left!

Mike But...

Marc Don't 'but' me! I know where we need to go!

Mike But...

Marc GO LEFT!

(Mike steers left, grimacing)

Sat Nav Recalculating. DO A U-TURN, DO A U-TURN!

Mike See!

Marc Oh, ignore it, it just needs to calculate a new route.

(Both look at the satnav)

Marc Oops.



Mike Now look; that's added an extra twenty minutes to the journey!



Marc I'm sorry... maybe we should stick with the satnav for a bit!



Mike (annoyed) I think that would be wise.

Sat Nav At the roundabout, take the third exit.

(Mike does)

Sat Nav Bear left.

(Mike does)

Marc Hey, it's pretty good that this satnav can help us find the right way even after we've messed up!

Mike We've messed up?

Marc Er - yes! I may have ignored it, but who didn't even turn it on in the first place?

Mike Oh yeah! Point taken!

(They drive silently for a while)



Sat Nav In two hundred yards, turn left. Then you have reached your destination.



Marc Yeah, it's pretty awesome really; even after some really stupid mistakes, we've still ended up at the right place.



Mike Yep. *(They get out of the car, and start to leave)* Would've been easier if we'd just listened in the first place, though...

*Voice off-stage (can be the same person, but no longer putting on the SatNav voice):
Whoever gives heed to instruction prospers, and blessed is the one who trusts in the Lord.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

The scene shows that a helping neighbour can come in unexpected ways and that compassion is often found in the least likely of places.

Theme: Kindness and forgiveness

Cast:



Narrator (N)



Man



Thug 1



Thug 2



Thug 3



Natasha



Business-
man



Sid



Paramedics/
doctor

Props: coffee cup, half-eaten muffin, mobile phone, doctor's case.

Bible Reference: Luke 10

Performance notes:

You may want to start with the Narrator at the front on either side.

It will help if the Man comes from the back of the room when he enters and makes his way to the front whilst singing. Natasha, Businessman and Sid should follow in his footsteps and exit towards the back. The Thugs and Paramedics can enter from either side.

The Good Samaritan

Written by Claire Brine



Narrator One day, a man was walking from his workplace in Jerusalem to his home in Jericho.



Man *(singing - tune of 'Oh what a beautiful morning' from Oklahoma)*
Oh what a beautiful evening! It's been a beautiful day!
I've got a beautiful feeling, everything's going my way...



N And it was! With chai latte in one hand and lemon poppy seed muffin in the other, all was well with the world.
At home, the Times cryptic crossword waited for him, as did his new garden furniture, which he was looking forward to trying out for the first time. Our happy chappy was so happy that he just couldn't resist singing about it.

Man *(singing - tune of 'I Feel Pretty' from West Side Story)*
I feel happy, oh so happy,
Oh so happy and clappy and brrriiiight!
And I pity any man who isn't me tonight...

N But... things didn't stay quite so great for quite so long. You see, just as our happy chappy was enjoying a quiet stroll through the park, he was set upon by a bunch of pesky kids.

Thug 1 Look at that old dude, humming and skipping along!



Thug 2 What's he got to be so happy about?



Thug 3 Let's wipe that smile off his face!



N So, for no good reason, the gang of greasy oiks beat up our happy chappy to within an inch of his life.
(Thugs beat him up).
Then, to add further insult to injury... they took his chai latte and lemon poppy seed muffin and ran off.



Man Nooooooooooooooooo!!!

N As our happy chappy lay on the floor, close to death *(Man screams in pain...)*, and feeling very sad *(sobbing wails)* he didn't think it was such a beautiful morning any more.

Man *(singing - tune of 'Nobody knows the troubles I've seen' by Louis Armstrong)*
Nobody knows the troubles I've seen,
Nobody knows my sorrow...

N He laid there for ages... and ages.

Man *(plaintively)* Heeeeeeeeeelp meeeeeeee!

N But no one came. Until... what luck! A respectable citizen walked by.

Natasha *(Enters. Speaks to audience in a posh accent)*
Hi, I'm Nataaaaasha and I'm fabulously rich.



Because of my great wealth, I see it as my responsibility to help others who are less fortunate than me, so three years ago I started volunteering for charity. Everyone should do their bit to help others, that's my motto. It's so rewarding to know that I'm making a difference to the needy.



N As she was walking along, Natasha...

Natasha It's 'Nataaaaasha'.

N Nataaaaasha came across our injured, not-so-happy chappy.

Natasha Oh my goodness, how frightful! What on earth has happened here?
Listen, I would help, but I'm on my way to a charity dinner and this is a brand new suit. It cost me an arm and a leg so I wouldn't want to get it ruined. And I'm sure I wouldn't be able to lift you on my own anyway. You look like you've had more than your fair share of pasties. So it's probably best if I leave you for someone else. It's a busy road, I'm sure they'll be someone along very soon. Hold tight, old chap. Toodlepip.

N So Nataaaaasha scurried off. *(Natasha exits).*

Man *(Sits up)*
Great help she was!
(Lies back down)

N Then, a second respectable-looking citizen came along, but he barely noticed our injured friend.



Businessman

(Enters and talks constantly on mobile phone)
So once the merger goes through, we're hoping to be in a position to create a hundred new jobs, which would be fantastic! Not only for people living in the town, of course, but it'll also be great for the company's image, to be seen as caring and wholesome and...



(steps over man and keeps walking)
Yes, exactly! We just need to keep our eyes open and look for more opportunities to show it. Anyway I'll talk to you again soon. Ta-raaa. *(Exits).*

N Turns out respectable citizen number two was just as useless as respectable citizen number one. Our not-so-happy chappy was beginning to feel hopeless and desperate. What was he going to do?

Man Isn't it obvious? I'm going to DIE! I can't hang on much longer!

N Just as all was looking lost, a NOT-so-respectable looking citizen rolled up. *(Enter Sid)*
His name was Sid. Now... how can I describe Sid? Well, Sid was a bit of a geezer. Sid had piercings and tattoos, bad breath and wore a sinister-looking hoodie. Wherever Sid went, drama tended to follow. Would you say that's fair, Sid?

Sid Yep. Spot on.

N But, unbeknown to many, Sid also had a heart of gold. He loved people. And when he saw our not-so-happy chappy fighting for his life, he stepped in to help.



Sid Flippin' 'eck, what's happened here?
(Crouches down to man)
You all right, pal?
(Man tries to move)
Hang on, don't move, I'll call for an ambulance. And don't you worry; I'll come with you to make sure you're all right. You just stay still.

N The ambulance arrived
(Paramedics enter)
and took our happy chappy to the hospital.
(They carry injured man off)
While he was receiving treatment, Sid had a word with one of the doctors.

Sid Look - err - is he going to be all right? I want to make sure he's in the best possible hands, you see. You do whatever it takes to make him better. And when he's ready to leave, just give me a call. I'll make sure he gets home OK.

N The doctor assured Sid that they would do their very best for the injured man, and thanked him for his kindness.
(Sid and Doctor exit)
That night, as our happy chappy laid in his hospital bed, he couldn't help but say a little prayer. He thanked God for keeping him alive when he was so close to death. He thanked God for the hospital staff, who were taking such good care of him. And lastly, he thanked God for Sid, vowing that as soon as he was well enough, he was going to treat his good neighbour to a chai latte and lemon poppy seed muffin. Extra-large, of course. *(pause)*
And Jesus said: 'Which one was the true neighbour?'

ZAC THE RAP

This monologue is based on the story of Zacchaeus the tax collector. The rap style gives the familiar story a different feel.

Theme: Forgiveness and change

Cast:



Narrator/
Rapper (N)



Beatboxer



Audience
participation (A)

Props: A baseball cap placed backwards and shades worn by the narrator, two microphones.

Biblical Reference: Luke 19

Performance notes:

The relaxed rapping beat needs to begin before the narrator starts and can be done on or off stage. Both actors need to be fully committed to this style or it might appear a little awkward. The main actor needs to be standing centre stage in a relaxed pose with attitude. The more over the top this is, the more the audience will get onside. The rapper would need to tell the audience what to say and signal when they need to repeat the refrain each time, perhaps by pointing the microphone out towards them.

Zac the Rap

Written by Catherine Wyles

(Beatboxer begins the beat pattern)

N There was a man named Zac in Jericho,
He wasn't very big but he had a lot of dough.

(Refrain)
That's Zac... Zac the Rap

A That's Zac... Zac the Rap

N The people didn't like him and that's a fact,
He did a mighty lot of this (money grabbing)
And an awful lot of that. (tapping pocket)

(Refrain)
Did Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

A Did Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

N But that didn't matter to this Jesus man,
He came along and had a plan.
He saw old Zac sitting up in the tree,
How did he get there?

Don't ask me!
But he saw Zac and he saw his need,
Said, 'Come on down, Zac, I want a feed.'

(Refrain)
Down Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

A Down Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

N Now Zac he changed because of that tea,
He gave away his goods to charity.

(Refrain)
Did Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

A Did Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

N Yes, Zac he changed and his family too,
They all became saved and so can you!

(Refrain)
Like Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

A Like Zac... Zac the Rap
(repeat)

TEAM JESUS!

When we think about the influential people in Jesus' lifetime, we think about the disciples who were his friends and who helped to grow the Church. But what about the disciples' children? If the disciples did have children (which would have been the norm), what would their opinion have been about the life of Jesus? This scene is a fantasy snapshot of the youngsters' moments after Jesus' ascension, examining the conversations that may have gone on between them.

Theme: Faith

Cast:



Peter Junior
(Si - in reference to Simon's name change in the New Testament)



Andrew Junior
(Andy)



Bartholomew Junior
(Bart)



Thomas Junior
(Tom)



Mum
(off stage voice)

Biblical Reference: Luke 24

Performance notes:

The scene may need to be set before the performance so that the audience is aware of the fictional element of this sketch. If you feel comfortable, explain this in your own words, or alternatively quote the opening paragraph above 'Theme'.

Andy, Bart, and Tom should start centre stage talking in a group 'hanging out'. Be aware that throughout the piece, characters will be grouped together and talking to each other. It is important that whenever this occurs characters are angled so that their backs are not to the audience and their voices are projected towards the audience. Make sure that all characters exit the same way and that the last few lines are directed forward before moving off-stage.

Team Jesus!

Written by Stephanie Lamplough



(Andy, Bart and Tom begin on stage 'hanging out' and talking in a group)
(Si comes running in from back of hall)



Si Did you hear? Did you hear?



Andy Calm down! Calm down! Don't get your cassock in a twist.



Bart What is it this time, Si?

Si You're never going to believe what my dad told me about Jesus!

Tom (aside) No, probably not.

Bart Now, now, Tom, hear him out.



Si Well, my dad just came back from the Mount of Olives and he looked kind of weird, like all sad, but a bit happy at the same time, and he had this strange look in his eyes and my mum was like...



Andy Come on, Si, get to the point.



Si Well, you know the teacher, Jesus, who they crucified?



Tom Who could forget that? There was all that hoo-hah about the guards who lost him.

Bart They didn't lose him.

Tom Well, one minute there was a dead body and the next there wasn't. Somebody was careless and somebody lost him.

Bart Or... Si's dad was right and the gardener that the women saw was Jesus!

Tom Do you realise how ridiculous that sounds? I saw him die. I know we weren't meant to, we promised our mums we wouldn't, but I went anyway. I knew I wouldn't believe it unless I saw it with my own eyes. He... was... dead! There is no way he just woke up the next day, got dressed as a gardener and went for a walk in the gardens. No way!

Andy Hang on a minute, Tom. Don't forget it's your dad who saw his hands. You told us he put his fingers where the nails had been. You told us how 'sick' it was. So what now? That wasn't enough? Now, a few weeks later, you don't believe?



Tom Well, I never saw them myself, did I?



Si *(Si jumps up and down waving his arms)*
Hello? Guys? Over here?



As I was saying before doubting Tom got in on the act, my dad has just come back from the Mount of Olives and he said that Jesus has left, this time for good. They saw him rise up into the sky...



Tom You have got to be kidding me!

Bart Rise up into the sky? You've got to admit that sounds a bit weird.

Tom It's more than a bit weird - it's bonkers!

Si If you don't believe me, ask your own dads, 'cos they were all there!
Anyway, my dad said there was a really bright light that filled the sky and Jesus just, kind of, blended into the light and was in the sky and... I don't know. My dad sounded really weird when he was telling us, but I think that's what happened. And then he said Jesus was gone for good this time. He told them he was going back to his Father...

Tom You see, now there's another thing - fancy having God as your dad? I can't get my head around that...

Andy Tom, will you just be quiet and keep your negative comments to yourself?



Bart Well said, Andy. Go on, Si.



Si Thanks, guys. So, he told them that he was going back to his Father in Heaven, except there was something about some Spirit... that was also Jesus. Or did he say God coming to help them? Oh I don't know, it all sounds so weird now, but my dad was so sure and I believe him.



Mum *(off-stage)* Boys, it's time to go back for dinner before prayers. You can catch up again later.

(Boys start to walk off stage, Tom in front)

Andy Hey, Si!

Si Yep?

Andy I believe you and your dad.

Bart Yeah, me too.

Si Team Jesus?

Andy and Bart Team Jesus!

SILENT NIGHT

Theme: Silent Night primarily focuses on events and characters surrounding the Christmas story, such as the innkeeper's wife and the shepherd. However, the inclusion of the soldier reminds us that the words associated with Jesus' birth are synonymous with peace throughout the world and throughout time.

Theme: Christmas

Cast:



Composer



Innkeeper's
Wife



Shepherd



Soldier



Carol
Singers

Performance directions:

This can be performed as a series of monologues separated by carol singers singing a verse from 'Silent Night'; or you could select just one of the monologues as a stand-alone piece.

If all of the monologues are being performed, all four characters should be positioned on the stage from the beginning. Each character should stay frozen in a suitable position until it is their time to talk, as this will create an effective visual throughout. These monologues will work well with traditional costumes.

The Silent Night - Character Scripts

Written by Stephen Burns

Four monologues based on the idea of a 'Silent Night'.



Composer

The 'Silent Night' carol was born out of necessity. There have been many fanciful stories that have accompanied my most famous composition; allow me to put some of them to rest. It was Christmas Eve, the year was 1818, and my friend Josef Mohr came to me with a six-stanza poem he had written two years previously. I was a mere elementary school teacher, who happened also to be choirmaster and organist at my local church. Josef was the priest who had been asked to prepare a new carol for the Christmas Eve mass. People tell me that there are now legendary anecdotes about the circumstances of that evening. For example, that a crazed mouse had eaten through the bellows of the church organ, and had only left the specific notes used in 'Silent Night' playable; that the organ itself had been damaged causing me to have to find an alternate instrument. I am certainly a humble musician, and therefore I'm not surprised to hear that this carol has been credited to the great composers of the time like Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. They would all have been most pleased with my simple efforts. The truth is this: it was in my small apartment above the school house that I composed the carol which now has spread worldwide and become a lot of people's favourite Christmas carol. It was written for a guitar upon request; it was performed that very evening by myself and the church choir repeating the last two lines of each verse. I hold no claims to musical greatness; you will not hear any great masterworks from my pen. I do know, however, that in that upper room something very special happened. Through words and

melody came the retelling in song of the most glorious night in history. 'Silent Night' became my gift to the world, and it was inspired by our Heavenly Father who gave the greatest gift of all. Christ the Saviour is born!



Innkeeper's Wife

The 'Silent Night!' Well it wasn't that silent for me - it was one of the busiest nights of the year! When you're married to Bethlehem's self-proclaimed commercial real estate star and entrepreneur of the year, there's never a dull moment. My husband thinks he could sell sand to the nomads of the Sahara! In truth he owns one hotel, a stable, and his mother's house... when eventually she 'moves on!' (Points upwards and pulls a grimace). You may or may not have heard of his latest invention. It's a type of sandal which is moulded from some sort of strange new oily material he found in the Red Sea, and the sandals have holes all over to allow the feet to breathe! He wants to call them 'Alligators'; I've told him he's wasting his time - it'll never catch on! Anyway, let's get back to the night in question. As soon as my husband heard about the census, he was so excited. Never have I seen him work so hard to make every single room in our hotel liveable, and he'd over-booked the place two times over. We even had to stay at his mother's house ourselves because he'd rented our rooms to the paying customers. Don likes to tell people that Bethlehem is going to be the next Babylon, with tourists flooding in to taste the cultural quintessence of this capital of class! The truth is that anyone born in Bethlehem can't wait to get out of the place. That's why we're the only real hotel! But to his credit, on the night before the census took place we were packed. He was eventually turning people away - with a tear in his eye, may I add, not because of their discomfort, but the fact that he was watching the money walk

away!
Well, in the early hours of the morning a young couple knocked at our door. They told us about their long journey, and they couldn't hide the fact that the young lady was also very pregnant. How could we turn them away? Ever the problem-solver, my husband came up with a solution: he would allow them to use the stable for free. Free! Now that was a miracle in itself! However, he would charge them if he had to move the animals! They accepted so gratefully that we both felt terrible. Obviously we eventually heard about the boy that was born in our stable. The King of kings and Lord of lords, they said! Don is so excited about plans for that stable now, with a theme park planned for 12 AD; and yet I like to remember that our Saviour was born to this earth not in a palace, but in our lowly stable.
That 'Silent Night' was one of the busiest of our lives, and yet from all of the confusion came the Saviour of all mankind.



Shepherd

The 'Silent Night' was just that - silent... that was, until a heavenly throng arrived and shook the very foundations of the hill where we were minding our own business! We shepherds always seem to get poor representation at this time of year, and I'm here to put that right. I am not some dullard who was after a career as a sheep caregiver. This idea that every single shepherd eats with his hands like some sort of savage, grunts because he doesn't have the mental capacity to speak, and signs his name with an 'X' because the mystery of writing might blow his pea-sized brain, is unfounded! NO! Surely some of you have been forced into the family business, or maybe delivered the daily news scroll for a while whilst studying at the synagogue? That does not make you into a caveman shepherd herder! Unfortunately there are far too many of my work

colleagues who reinforce the stereotype. Jacob - or 'Tiny' as we call him - is an excellent example of your cliché. He mainly enjoys sleeping, eating, and seeing how many sheep he can carry at one time (his record is 27, by the way). Yet even Tiny couldn't miss what was going on that evening.
That night the sheep did as they always did - ate whatever grass they could find, slept and waited to be picked up by Tiny. I was off on my own studying the Scriptures when everything changed. To be visited by one angel is unique, but when you also get the full choir to back it up, that's something even Tiny will never forget... and he thinks his real name actually is 'Tiny'! After some discussion, the general consensus was that it had really just happened and we should probably go and check out this baby. Some thought the choir might return but this time with lightning bolts, so we hurried down the hill. I was astounded that the Messiah I had read about in Isaiah could be born here amongst us.
I have been known to be rather sarcastic and sceptical. However, the scene of serenity I saw in that stable removed any of the questions that I may have had. All I could do was kneel and worship the child who would go on to be our Saviour. I doubted the logic in Christ being revealed to such commoners as shepherds, that we should be the first to see him in all of his glory and then be charged with sharing the good news - it seemed comical at first. And yet it was for us that God sent his Son, for the 'whosoever'.
The 'Silent Night' will forever be with me, and I am proud to say that I am a lowly shepherd who knelt at the feet of Christ.



Soldier

The 'Silent Night' was never meant to happen. It wasn't approved by those who were commanding officers, and yet anyone who was there will tell you that it was the most sensible act in what had been

THE STORM

an unbelievably stressful few months. It was Christmas Eve, 1914, and the British troops had been dug in their trenches for three weeks. A stalemate had ensued with neither the British nor the Germans making any headway in what was turning out to be a bloody encounter. Morale was low and the end of the war seemed to be an awfully long way off. Those of us on duty that night in the cold, damp and rotten trench couldn't help but think of Christmas at home.

The first sign of what was to come came from the German side of the trenches. Across 'no man's land' there could be seen small areas of light. There were strict instructions about the black-outs during the night, as any erroneous light would usually be followed by aggressive gunfire to that area, and yet tonight that wasn't on anyone's mind. Along with the candlelight came the voices of the German soldiers singing 'Stille Nacht'. We immediately recognised the carol 'Silent Night', and joined in with the beautiful melody. That sound was the most foreign thing to hear in the desolate and war-torn land. The carol singing lasted throughout much of the night.

In the morning, Christmas morning, both sides left their trenches and exchanged gifts with one another in the middle of 'no man's land'. It was a time of sharing on both sides, a release of the great tension of the past few months and a chance to look into the eyes of the enemy and to see if they were just normal men like us. A football was produced and a game started, and I promise you I was never offside for that goal!

The 'Silent Night' will forever be a light shining in the darkness, like those candles across 'no man's land'. In the midst of the war that should have ended all wars, Christ's birth was celebrated by two foes. He is and always will be my Wonderful Counsellor and Prince of Peace.

Theme: Obedience

This script is based on a story (origin unknown) that is often used by preachers during sermons to emphasise that, as Christians, we are often so wrapped up in our own Christian journey that we fail to see what God is asking of us.

Cast:



Narrator (N)



Phil



Policeman



Rower



Mountain Rescuer (M R)



God

Props: Police hat, oars, rope ladder (theses can be mimed).

Sound effects may also be used to enhance the performance. These can be pre-recorded or performed vocally.

Performance notes:

The Narrator should be placed either stage left or stage right and the man (Phil) in the centre. If possible the use of three levels will help with performance. This could mean starting on ground level and then moving up to a platform and then perhaps a box, but it will depend on where it is being staged.

Helicopters and rowing boats may seem a little inaccessible, but sound effects and miming can help to create the same effect. Humour can be injected into the performance by using both of these. Adapting the script to make it more personal to the person playing Phil will also add humour.

The Storm

Written by Dan Elson



N One day, in a small village, there lived a good Christian man named Phil.



Phil Hello!



N In Phil's small village a storm was coming. The rain hammered on the roof, the winds howled, and Phil prayed to God...

Phil Dear Lord, a storm is coming - please save me!

N After an hour there was a knock on the door. Phil went across, answered the door and found a policeman outside, who said...

Policeman *(Enters)* Evening, sir! I'm afraid there's a terrible storm coming, sir, and we've been told to evacuate the village - you'll have to come with me.

Phil Don't worry about me...

N said Phil.

Phil I'm a good Christian man. I've prayed to God. He'll save me.

N So the policeman left to evacuate the rest of the villagers. *(Policeman exits.)* Over time the storm



worsened and the village started to flood. Phil was worried, but still confident that God would save him before the water rose too high. He decided to go upstairs where the carpet wasn't wet, and to pray.

Phil Dear Lord, a storm is here, the flood is rising - please save me!

N Just then there was a tap on the window. Phil waded across the bedroom, opened the window and found a man in a rowing boat.

Rower *(Enters)* Hey, mate! What are you doing in there? The flood is getting worse and worse! Get in my boat and I'll row us to somewhere safe.

Phil Don't worry about me!

N said Phil...

Phil I'm a good Christian man. I go to church. I say my prayers. I'm sure that God will save me.

N So the man in the boat rowed away, confused and frustrated. *(Rower exits.)* Time passed and the flood continued to rise. Phil's bedroom started to fill up with water - so Phil climbed up on to the roof. He was starting to panic, so he prayed...

Phil Dear Lord, what are you doing? The storm is ruining my house, everyone has left the village, I need you to come and save me!



N Just then Phil noticed the sound of a helicopter up above. A rope ladder dropped down, and a man from the helicopter shouted down...



M R *(Enters)* You need to grab the rope ladder and climb up. The storm is still going to get worse – we’ve been told we can’t fly any more – come back with us now – this is your last chance!



Phil Don’t worry about me!

N said Phil....

Phil Save yourself! I’m a good Christian man. I go to church. I even play the *baritone. Surely God has to save me!

N And so the helicopter flew away, *(Mountain Rescuer exits.)* and as it disappeared from view the storm raged, the flood waters rose and Phil drowned.

Phil *(drowns dramatically)*

(God enters)

N When Phil opened his eyes he saw that he was at the entrance to Heaven. He smiled to himself, and then he saw God.

Phil Where were you, God? I’ve been good my whole life. I went to church. I said my prayers. I even played the *baritone! But when I needed you – you weren’t there.



N Phil said. God looked sad, and very calmly and quietly said:



God You didn’t recognise me, Phil. When the storms came, I sent a policeman to warn you to leave, but you wouldn’t listen. When the flood started I sent a rower to take you to safety, but you wouldn’t go. Even when the floods were as high as a house, I sent a man in a helicopter to lift you to safety, but you still wouldn’t go. I love you, Phil. Whenever you have needed me I have always been there – you just weren’t ready to see me.

**Baritone can be changed to any instrument or leadership title for comedy effect*



The Salvation Army is a Church and registered Charity in England (214779), Wales (214779), Scotland (SC009359) and the Republic of Ireland (CHY6399)

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