

## **“The Best Jobs” – a short play about angels**

*Trevor, an angel, enters. He is dressed in white with large wings, which he removes, as if they were a backpack. He turns and is addressed by Angela, another angel*

Angela        Hi, Trev!

Trevor        Hi Ange! Ah, these old wings are getting a bit tired and frayed round the edges – a bit like myself these days

Angela        Give them to me and I’ll fix them up for you; they’ll be as good as new tomorrow

Trevor        Thanks, Ange, that’s very nice of you

Angela        Good day?

Trevor        Hell of a day! I suppose I shouldn’t be saying that up here, but my Bertie’s being a little devil just lately. Who ever heard of a delinquent six year old? I’ve spent most of the day trying to keep him from running out into the road. He seems to think it’s some sort of game, but if I’d not been there, he’d have been toast, several times. How’s yours?

Angela        Kelly? She’s a teenager, so what do you expect? Time was, she’d be saying her prayers every night and asking us to look after her, but not now. No, she’s got attitude. No guardian angel prayers for us any more. She doesn’t even believe we exist and turned away from the boss as well. I still keep an eye on her, though, you know, just in case

Trevor        Yeah, just in case. You know, Ange, I’m really fed up of all this. Flying around the place every day trying to protect ungrateful kids and missing out on all the best jobs. I keep getting passed over when the best jobs come along

Angela        Don’t worry, Trevor; I’m sure your day will come

Trevor        Yeah, that’s what Michael keeps saying. He told me to get fit, so I have to go to the gym every day after work and do all these silly exercises

*He practises gymnastic exercises*

Another thirty years, he said, and you’ll have the biggest job of all, but, you know what, I don’t believe him, if past experience is anything to go by. I got passed over for that passover job – flying round Egypt wreaking havoc and destruction and then parting the red sea. What a trick that was! I’d have loved that Ange, think of it – one wave of the arm and the waters just parted. Nice one! But not for me. Then there was the job on Zecharaiah –you should have seen his face. He’s old and the message was, ‘your wife’s going to have a son called John’. He says, ‘what? You’re winding me up,’ so then he got struck

dumb as a punishment until the lad was born. Elizabeth didn't know what to make of it but she was so grateful. Then the Mary job – brilliant. I got down to the last three for that and thought I had a good chance, but Michael did his theatrical bit – “and the angel chosen for the Mary job is....” And I thought, Trevor, say Trevor, go on, give me a chance! But no....Gabriel got it. Michael's been watching too much of the wrong TV, if you ask me. She was great, you know, Mary – well, she was a bit puzzled, not being married and that, but all the same she agreed to the job straight away. Some woman, that. Then, to make matters worse, he sent Gabriel to Joseph as well, to tell him that he would have to look after the boss even though he wasn't his real Dad. Great bloke, Joe, trusting, you know. He took it really well if you ask me. He was going to have a quiet separation until Gabe went down to tell him where the boy was coming from, then he just agreed as well. Top people those two, top people, and I wasn't allowed to get near them. And then, to make matters even worse, I get sacked from the heavenly choir. ‘The choirmaster doesn't like your ‘alleluias’, I was told. Some choirmaster he is. Whoever heard of an angel called ‘Gareth’? Just because he taught a few soldiers' wives to sing and some yahoos from a housing estate in Basildon, he thinks he's up for the choir of angels. Sacked me, just like that he did, in front of all the others. It was so humiliating.

Angela        Never mind, Trevor; it's not the end of the world

Trevor        My ‘alleluias’, Ange, are as good as anybody's, and the rate I'm going, even if it was the end of the world, you can bet your bottom dollar that I wouldn't be the one chosen to announce it.

*He carries on with his gymnastic tasks*

We're messengers, Ange, not glorified baby-sitters. Our very being is to give people messages from the boss, and if we can't do that, what's the point? That was a great job in Bethlehem, you know, with the choir. Those poor shepherds. Didn't know what hit them. Probably thought it was the cold, or the drink or something like that. You should have seen their faces – I've never seen fear like it. “Today, a Saviour has been born for you; he is Christ the Lord”. Brilliant; frit the living daylights out of them, only I wasn't the one to have the pleasure and pride of doing it. They left me at home, because my ‘alleluias weren't good enough’.

Angela        But he promised you the big job, didn't he?

Trevor        Yes, but all the big jobs have gone. How could there be any more? And he said it would take thirty years

Angela        Well, Trev, thirty years is like a week up here, so you keep going and hold your breath. Some day soon, you're in a for huge surprise

Trevor            Trouble is Ange, I've sort of given up hope, you know, of anything really special happening to me. It's the hierarchy, that's what it is –not supposed to be hierarchies up here; we're all supposed to be the same, but there is –angels, like you and me and then arch-angels, like them, swanning around, looking important and the making life difficult for the rest of us.

Angela            Don't give up hope, Trevor; your day will come and soon, you see

Trevor            Do you know something I don't?

Angela            How could I? *(she smiles)*. Here, I'll take your wings for you and fix them up so that they're ready for the big day *(She exits)*

Trevor            Big day, eh? There'll never be a big day for me now; all my chances are gone

*Voice is heard off stage*

Michael           Trevor, Trevor, are you there? Are you there, Trevor?

Trevor            Yes, I'm here. I'd better do some of these exercises so he thinks I'm still trying to get fit.

*He begins his exercises as Michael enters*

Michael           Ah, there you are. Glad to see you're getting fit. You're going to need to be soon.

Trevor            Oh yes, Michael; I'm really fit now and raring to go

Michael           Good. Now, Trevor, I've got this really big job for you to do and really important message to give. It's the most important message of all and I want you to tell it to everyone. Do you think you're up for it?

Trevor            *(under his breath)* Yess! Oh, yes, Michael, I'm definitely up for it. You just say the word and I'm your angel. I won't let you down.

Michael           Well, it's rather difficult and highly confidential for the moment, so listen carefully *(he whispers in Trevor's ear)*

Trevor            You want me to do what?

Michael           You heard me, didn't you?

Trevor            Yes, I heard you all right. So that's why you were getting me to do all those exercises, so that I could you know...?

Michael           Exactly

Trevor            Then I have to wait until...?

Michael           Exactly

Trevor           And then give the message, yes?

Michael          Perfect. I knew you were just the angel for a job like this. So the best of luck – not that you'll need it, I'm sure

Trevor           No, Michael, you can depend on me for certain

Michael          I thought so. Well, I'll see you then, afterwards...

Trevor           Oh yes, certainly....afterwards

*Michael exits*

Yess! *(he shouts)* Angela, I need my wings now *(he exits)*

*The scene changes to Easter Sunday morning. Trevor enters and notices a large stone.*

Trevor           Blimey! It's big. No wonder he wanted me to get fit...now if I can just budge it a little bit, I might be able to roll it away.

*Business ensues when he tries to move the stone and eventually manages it before collapsing in a heap, exhausted. Eventually a figure emerges, covered in white cloths*

Jesus            Morning! Lovely day

Trevor           Morning, er, sir! Yes it is

Jesus            All right are we?

Trevor           Yes, of course, you?

Jesus            Couldn't be better. Look, thanks very much for rolling that stone away. Must have been quite a job

Trevor           Oh no, sir, no trouble at all, no trouble at all

Jesus            Well, thanks, anyway. Well, I'd better be off. Things to do, people to see, don't you know . I take it I can leave you to do the necessary here?

Trevor           Yes, of course, sir; I'd be delighted

Jesus            I always knew I could depend on you. Michael told me all about you and how loyal and eager you were.

Trevor           Did he...really?

Jesus            Oh yes...said you were by far the best angel for this job, and I'm sure you will be

Trevor           Oh yes, sir, I'll do my very best and thank you, thank you so much

Jesus            Well, I'll be off then and I'll see you, well soon, I hope

Trevor            Yes sir, very soon, I hope so too

*Jesus exits and Trevor sits on the stone. Music. Three women enter*

Narrator        A reading from St.Mark's gospel. Very early in the morning on the first day of the week the women went to the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus. They had been saying to one another "who will roll away the stone for us from the entrance to the tomb?" But when they looked they could see that the stone, which was very big had already been rolled back. On entering the tomb, they saw a young man dressed in white seated on the right hand side, and they were struck with amazement, but he said to them:

Trevor            Do not be afraid. You are looking for Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He has risen, he is not here. See here is the place where they laid him. But you must go and tell his disciples that he is going before you to Galilee; you will see him there just as he told you.

Narrator        Filled with awe and great joy, the women ran quickly away from the tomb and went to tell the disciples

*The women exit, leaving Trevor alone*

Trevor            Yess!.....Ange, they saved the best job for me after all

**END**