

Holy Spirit

***Aim :** This piece was originally written for a service at Pentecost, but with a few changes at the beginning it can be used at any time. It is a reminder of the Holy Spirit's constant presence and creativity.*

Characters: 2 people :

Sam

Holy Spirit

Both characters can be played by either gender although I have written Sam as female and the Holy Spirit as male. Just change the words slightly where necessary

Props/Costumes : overalls & white gloves (optional, see notes)

torch

Coloured ribbons (could be taped onto a stick for ease of movement)

Smart jacket/coat & briefcase

Papers & phone

Light bulb

Mug

Bible

***Notes :** The success of this piece lies in the characterisation of the Holy Spirit. He/she should be played in the style of a silent movie star/clown. Their actions and facial expressions are expansive, compared to the natural style of Sam. Although there are frustrations along the way, the Holy Spirit should be warm and gentle towards Sam. To emphasise the clown characteristics, we dressed the Holy Spirit in overalls with splashes of colour on them and a pair of white gloves.*

Holy Spirit

As Sam is asleep, the Holy Spirit shines a torch into her face to wake her up.

Sam) Another day. Another good day hopefully. The start of a busy week though. Strange day yesterday. At church they said it was Pentecost. The Church's birthday, they called it. The day the Holy Spirit came and zapped the disciples and everyone around them by the sound of it. It was a good service actually, nice to look back on such an amazing event, celebrate it. . . It's not for me though, all that weird stuff. I mean I believe in God, of course I do. God the Father, God the Son, and God the . er. . .

HS presents himself to her several times, by stepping forward and waving his hands in the manner of a music hall dancer or a magician presenting a trick. Sam shows nothing to register his appearance, but thinks to herself

Oh yeah, of course and God the Holy Spirit. Funny one that. I mean, God the Father I can understand, he's there for guidance, to lead the way, show me how to live.

HS nods fervently in agreement

And God the Son, Jesus, well he's my friend, my companion, he showed me his love in the most amazing way. *HS again nods in agreement*

But God the Holy Spirit? Well, that bit's just like an extra if you want it, isn't it?

HS does a double take as he realizes what she's just said

I've heard it described as creator.

HS acts like a great artist

Empowerer,

HS shows off his muscles

Comforter

HS shows his caring side

But I can quite easily do all those things on my own.

HS helps Sam into her jacket and hands her a briefcase which she accepts without acknowledgement

Besides I haven't got time to wait for this supernatural presence to kick into action, it's go, go, go, particularly in my line of work.

As she sets off to go, HS sweeps coloured ribbons over and to the side of Sam in an arc. This stops her in her tracks.

Wow, look at that! Gorgeous! Sometimes things like that really make you stop in your tracks don't they?

HS looks hopeful

You can't help but think that, well, science is great isn't it?

HS drops the ribbons on the floor in frustration

Incredible.

Sam walks across the stage, puts down her briefcase and picks up a pile of papers

As soon as I'm at work I'm on the go. Everyone seems to want a bit of me. It feels like I need two pairs of hands. I don't know how I manage to keep going sometimes, I really don't.

HS takes papers off her, hands her the phone which she answers

There seems to be a dozen questions and deadlines to meet.

She puts the phone back down and HS takes it off her and hands back the papers

And then they expect me to come up with good ideas when I'm almost too tired to think.

HS holds a light bulb over her head and she smiles as though an idea has suddenly come to her

But I always seem to manage it – on my own.

HS shrugs and walks away

But then of course there are decisions away from work. Decisions about home and family and career and relationships. It's easy to feel like you're heading in the wrong direction.

During this HS hurries back to Sam and is frantically signaling for her to go in one direction, but she turns and starts walking the other way. He dashes round and blocks her way, like a policeman directing traffic, and she turns back and walks the way he was directing.

It always seems to work out okay in the end though. Funny that really.

By now HS is looking exhausted and deflated. He begins to trudge off

In the evenings, at home, I have the chance to relax a bit. Stop and think. Reflect. My thoughts often turn to God then.

During the above HS perks up and comes back and helps her off with her jacket. She sits back down on the chair. He hands her a mug and she takes a sip

Hmm. That's better.

HS passes her a bible

I find the bible a bit intimidating. I try and use it to help me get to know more about God, but it's where to start, isn't it?

HS leans over her and opens the bible and she reads from it

“The Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you everything and make you remember all that I have told you.” . . . Hmm, well, that’s all very well and good. But I still don’t see any evidence of it. And I’m too tired to think about it now. Maybe tomorrow, after a good night’s sleep.

HS begins to fan her gently

Funny how some nights the worries of the day seem to melt away. Maybe that’s the Holy Spirit, eh? Maybe.

HS shrugs and gently puts his hand out so she can rest her head upon it to sleep.