

Annunciation

a short play by
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SYNOPSIS: Sarah is surprised by a visit from the Archangel Gabriel, who tells her that she has been given a mission from God. Sarah is less than impressed, especially when she finds out the exact nature of that mission.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

SARAH, female - 20s or 30s

GABE, male - ageless

Scene: The living room in SARAH's apartment. The furniture is sparse: a couch, an end table or two. At rise, SARAH is sitting on the couch immersed in her laptop, or iPad, or phone, or other such device.

After a moment, there is a burst of music – perhaps the angelic sounds of a chorus. SARAH looks up, startled. After a moment, GABE enters. He is dressed entirely in white, but in "normal" clothes: i.e. pants and shirt, not an angelic robe.

GABE

Sarah Ellen Lansky! I bring you--

SARAH

Who the hell are you?

GABE

Let me finish! Sarah Ellen Lansky, I bring you tidings from the lord your God.

SARAH

Get out of here.

GABE

No. I come here with a message from the almighty.

SARAH

You better get out of here. I've got a gun!

GABE

You haven't. You don't believe in guns. May I continue now?

SARAH

Just... who are you? What are you doing here?

GABE

Well, I'm trying to tell you that, but you do seem to keep interrupting me.

SARAH

How did you get in here? I know I locked my door.

GABE

Yes. Yes, you did. I didn't come through the door. I descended in a shower of light.

SARAH

Right.

GABE

I came down in the bathroom, just so I wouldn't be too distracting.

SARAH

Who are you again?

GABE

If you must know, I'm the Archangel Gabriel.

SARAH

The Archangel Gabriel?

GABE

So I said. You can just call me Gabe.

SARAH

Look, um, I'm not really in the mood to talk to the Archangel Gabriel. I'm sure there are lots of people who would love to meet you; why don't you go somewhere else?

GABE

You don't believe me. You think I'm some crazy person who just wandered into your apartment, and now you're trying to humor me while you surreptitiously dial 911.

SARAH

No!

GABE

No?

SARAH

Well, yes.

GABE

Your skepticism is understandable but unfounded. I *am* the Archangel Gabriel.

SARAH

Sure you are.

GABE

I can prove it. Here. *(He pulls a deck of cards from his pocket, fans them, and offers them to SARAH.)* Pick a card.

SARAH

Doing card tricks is not going to make me think you're an angel.

GABE

Just pick one.

SARAH

Fine.

SARAH picks a card and looks at it.

GABE

Now, I want you to think of a memory...

SARAH

Aren't you going to guess what it is?

GABE

Oh, I know what it is. It's the five of diamonds.

SARAH

That's not much of a trick.

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM