



THERE MUST BE AN ANGEL
BY
COLIN BARROW

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

Registered, protected and Monitored by Copyright

This script is protected by copyright laws.
No performance of this script-IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without
payment of the appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.
For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at
info@smithscripts.co.uk

There Must be an Angel



A romantic comedy play

by

Colin Barrow

THERE MUST BE AN ANGEL

This play has a light humorous content and can be produced on any stage, whether large or small. It will work easily with black stage cloths with the use of a free-standing Church type window with back lighting and a door archway leading off stage. Alternatively, you can build a set if you wish. The stage can have as much, or as little, furnishing to suit the space in addition to what's required by the script. With a cast of six, there is flexibility for the ages of the cast. The costuming is simple everyday clothing with only the Vicar having a clerical type shirt to show his status. The play gives humour, drama and a strong story with its unexpected twist at its close.

Synopsis

The action of the play takes place in the vestry of a village Church. After a Sunday morning service, Reverend Andrew Hewitt is found by loyal Church-goer and Church warden Sarah indulging in a large glass of wine in the vestry. He claims that he has seen a ghost in the Lady Chapel. The ghost is of Tracey Hunt, a past love of Andrew who has no knowledge of the fact that she was killed in action whilst serving in the army. Throughout the week Tracey appears, unseen by the cast, asking questions whilst characters find themselves giving impromptu answers for no reason. And that not only gives humour, but it also pushes the story along. Andrew Hewitt is recently ordained and has a more modern approach to running the Church. He clashes with the more traditional Sarah who has her feet in the past. Sarah also has reservations that Reverend Hewitt entertains a young lady, Abi, in the Vicarage for unbridled passion. After a sunny Monday, the night becomes a stormy one and when Andrew enters the Church late at night he is seen by Karen, a divorced homeless lady with virtually no money. According to his faith, he gives shelter and help to Karen, which leads her to camp out in the vestry. The week has its ups and downs when finally, on Saturday, Andrew and Abi finish whatever relationship they had. This allows Karen to move into the Vicarage for Saturday night and then she leaves on the Sunday with her suitcase packed. John, the Church Verger, is a very calm, collected man who see things as they are and never becomes involved, but is supportive to the Vicar in all aspects. Reverend Hewitt finds after the morning service he has no love in his life other than his Angel, Tracey. Or is there an unexpected twist?

Running time: One hour thirty minutes approximately, not including the interval.

Time: The present day

This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of America, Australasia and all countries of the Berne and Universal copyright conventions.

It is an infringement of the Copyright to give a public performance or public reading of this script before written permission given or the correct fee paid and a licence has been issued.

All rights, including Stage, Motion Picture, Radio, Television, Public Reading and Translation into foreign Languages, are strictly reserved.

Other than under the terms and conditions of the licence issued for this script. NO part of this script may lawfully be REPRODUCED in ANY form or by ANY means including photocopying, cut and paste, retyping, typescript, Recording (including video/DVD recording), manuscript, electronic, mechanical, or otherwise - or be transmitted or stored in a retrieval system, WITHOUT PRIOR PERMISSION.

```
<a class="copyrighted-badge" title="Copyrighted.com Registered & Protected" target="_blank" href="https://www.copyrighted.com/work/gcX5ecy0ASsdWwPo"></a><script src="https://static.copyrighted.com/badges/helper.js"></script>
```

This play is dedicated to my sister Christine, who sadly lost her fight with cancer and her daughter Joanna, who played Abi in this play at its premiere

The profits after expenditure from the premiere of this play raised money for a Devon Cancer support group. Performed at Newton Poppleford, Devon and Cygnet Theatre, Exeter, Devon,

October 19th - 26th 2019

Cast

2 male 4 female

Reverend Andrew Hewitt

Sarah Matthews.....Church warden

Abi Wright..... Girlfriend of Andrew

Tracey Hunt..... The Angel (ghost)

John Phillips.... Verger

Karen Jackson.... A divorcee

Casting notes: In general, the ages are flexible, the main criteria to aim for would be that Abi, Karen and Tracey would be compatible in their ages for a romantic relationship with Andrew.

General note for the cast: The character Tracey Hunt is a ghost of herself, therefore unseen by any of the cast. Where she has dialogue with other cast members, she must deliver it quickly without pause. *The script has been written with this in mind to make it work.* This means in general the remaining cast carry on with their dialogue almost as if she hasn't spoken. The exception to this is where Tracey and another character appear in conversation, although they can't see her.

Character and costume details

Andrew Hewitt: Vicar of the Church. He is modern in thought and has a kind and caring nature. Casually dressed as a modern-day Vicar and wears a clerical type shirt. He also requires a rain coat and hat, pyjamas, dressing gown and slippers

Sarah Matthews: She's a loyal church-goer and warden who wants to see things run like they were under the old Vicar. She's acted at least sixty years of age

Abi Wright: Is a girlfriend of Andrew and of similar age to him. She wears what can only be described as, free flowing mystical ethnic clothes with lots of beads and bangles, etc.

Tracey Hunt: A ghost of herself. Similar age to Andrew. She wears a flowing blue dress and skin make-up to be only a hint of pale, *not deathly pale! Although playing the Angel, there is not the need of wings or halo!*

John Phillips: The Verger who is easy going and non-interfering. Smartly dressed and can be of any age.

Karen Jackson: Similar age to Andrew. Costumed casually in jeans with a suitable top. She also requires a rain coat with hood or a separate hat

The Stage Set

The script is written with a plain stage in mind with just the use of a free-standing Church type window and door arch for entry and exit. There is no door, as the main Vestry door is presumably off stage. However, this can be a built set of a Vestry if you wish. Other than the furnishings required by the script any additions are to your own requirements. To create the illusion of Tracey appearing and vanishing, you can extend the back wing flat further on stage and she can suddenly appear or disappear from its edge. A light focused onto her will also give a more Angelic appearance. Alternatively, you could use a gauze structure to blend in with the back cloth drop which she is behind and illuminated when she is needed to be visible. Another option could be a large frame of a biblical portrait painted onto the gauze adding to the stage set and lit accordingly when required to give a magic effect. Or you may have ideas of your own.

Synopsis of scenes

ACT ONE

- Scene one - Sunday
- Scene two - Monday morning
- Scene three - Monday night
- Scene four - Monday, midnight
- Scene five - Tuesday

ACT TWO

- Scene one - The following Saturday
- Scene two - Saturday afternoon
- Scene three - Sunday morning

There must be an Angel

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

SUNDAY

Andrew is stood looking at the window with a large glass of wine. There is an opened packet of sweet biscuits on the desk

Sarah: *(off)* Cooee. Vicar, are you there? *(Enters)* Vicar, are, you – (see him) ah, you are here.

Andrew: How can I help, Miss Matthews? *(Takes a sip of wine from a large glass)*

Sarah: It's the flowers. I don't think broccoli and bind weed is quite appropriate for the Altar.

Andrew: I don't see why not. They're all Gods flowers and they were in my garden.

Sarah: That's as maybe, but it's not what we are used to here. May I suggest you are not to be included in the flower rota.

Andrew: You can suggest it, but I won't allow it. This is my Church and I see no reason to buy flowers when there are ample growing in the parish of one form or another. *(Takes another sip of wine)*

Sarah frowns a little at the taking of wine

Sarah: I'm not sure what the flower ladies will think of that.

Andrew: What flower ladies? As far as I can make out it's just you.

Sarah: Well – yes – it is. But you never know when I can twist another's arm to help.

Andrew: And in the meantime, you shall do the flowers one week and I shall do them the other with no cost to the Church. *(Takes a sip of wine)*

Sarah: *(muttering going toward the door)* Well I shan't use broccoli and bind weed! *(Stops)*

Andrew: Is there something else?

Sarah: *(turns to face Andrew)* There is. It's not gone unnoticed that you entertain a lady with regular occurrence at the Vicarage.

Andrew: By whom?

- Sarah:** Mrs. Bristow, who's house overlooks the Vicarage and me. We feel it's not proper that on Church property, cavorting and the pleasures of love should take place before marriage. I have also mentioned it to Mr. Phillips, the Verger.
- Andrew:** And what were his views? (*Takes a sip of wine*)
- Sarah:** That we should mind our own business and not pry into your personal life.
- Andrew:** The words of a wise man.
- Sarah:** It's not that I wish to stand in the way of love, Vicar. But I do know that either on the Vicarage deeds or attached legal document it's mentioned that gambling or hocus pocus, etc, is prohibited. My worry is that somewhere in the small print there could be restrictions of – well – you know, unbridled passion?
- Andrew:** Well if you find it in the small print we shall deal with it then, and not now. (*Takes a sip of wine*)
- Sarah:** (*curtly*) Do you think it right and proper for a Vicar to drink? Not only drink, but do it in the Church vestry
- Andrew:** Well, Miss. Matthews, if it offends you, look upon it that I am taking a private communion.
- Sarah:** (*firmly*) I shall do no such thing.
- Andrew:** Then you shall just have to lump it or like it. (*Takes a sip of wine*)
- Sarah:** It seems to me that standards are slipping with newly ordained vicars, Vicar. Modernism, that's what it amounts to and it's not all that it's cracked up to be.
- Andrew:** Do you not fancy a tipple yourself?
- Sarah:** There's a lot of things I fancy, but my upbringing allows me to refrain from such frivolity.
- Andrew:** (*offering*) Red or white?
- Sarah:** On the other hand, if it was good enough for Jesus, I'll have a large red, Vicar.
- Andrew:** Take a seat. (*Pours a large red wine and tops his own glass up*)
- Sarah:** (*sits*) I always feel a drink is too wet without a nibble to go with it.
- Andrew:** There are some communion wafers in the cupboard.

Sarah: Those make me thirsty.

Andrew: *(gives her the glass of wine)* Would you prefer some of my cream biscuits? *(Picking up an open packet of biscuits)*

Sarah: Well – I don't want to impose – I didn't mean to –

Andrew: *(offering biscuits)* Tuck in Miss Matthews.

Sarah takes one or two biscuits. Andrew returns and takes one or two for himself and picks up his full glass of wine

Sarah: *(waiting)* Well?

Andrew: *(sits)* What?

Sarah: We are in the Church. Should you not say a few words?

Andrew: Enjoy the moment on the tongue. Look out tum, here it comes.
(Begin to indulge)

Sarah: Not what I'd call religious words, Vicar.

Andrew: That's because I don't feel like saying any.

Sarah: Oh – right – I see. *(Begins to indulge)*

Andrew: Do you know this Church well?

Sarah: Baptised here as a baby and been coming ever since one way or another.

Andrew: And what of the afterlife?

Sarah: We're all on the glorious journey, Vicar.

Andrew: I mean has the Church any ghosts that you're aware of?

Sarah: I don't know about ghosts, but I'd like to think that the spirits of all those who have worshipped here are within its fabric.

Andrew: I saw what I believed was a ghost in the Lady Chapel.

Sarah: How many wines have you had, Vicar?

Andrew: It was seeing it that made me open the wine.

Sarah: *(taken aback slightly)* Oh. I've not heard of any such hauntings, but you do hear about these things all the same. In the Lady Chapel you say?

Andrew: Just as if she was alive. A blue dress, a normal complexion that just seem to drift off into nothing on my seeing her.

Sarah: The sun coming through the stain glass windows, can cast some shadows at times.

Andrew: She was not a shadow, I knew her.

Sarah: *(keenly)* You knew her! *(Takes a good mouthful of wine)* Who?

Andrew: Tracey Hunt.

Sarah: And she died?

Andrew: That's just it, I don't know. After a disagreement and through circumstances, the last contact I had was seven years ago. She went into the armed forces.

Sarah: *(looking at the door with thought)* How odd. *(Looks back at Andrew)* And you don't know if she's alive or dead?

Andrew: No.

Sarah: *(gulps back the last of her wine)* Well, Vicar. *(Stands)* If you ask me, what you thought you saw, was figment of your imagination. *(Looks at Andrew with a frown)*

Andrew: *(becoming more in thought and speaks without thinking)* Just standing there as if she was waiting for me.

Sarah: *(moving to exit with a concerned look)* Dr Ryedale has a sympathetic ear when he has a mind to listen, which is not often I regret to say. He might be able to give you a pack of pills, they have pills for almost anything these days.

Andrew: *(in deep thought and not really paying attention)* And knowing I'd seen her, she elegantly drifted off.

Sarah: *(at the door way)* And if you take my advice you'll put the cork in the bottle, Vicar. *(Hiccups and exits)*

Andrew: *(almost to himself creating a quiet calm)* Suppose I could have imagined it all. Tracey came to my mind subconsciously like a flash back from the past. *(Mini pause)* And yet - it was so real - as if she was about to speak to me. But all I heard was nothing - a pure silence – an eerie silence.

Abi enters with quick swift abruptness delivering her line as soon as Andrew has said, "eerie silence". As soon as she speaks Andrew jumps with fright with a noise to suit

- Abi:** *(with good volume)* What did Sarah Matthews want?
- Andrew:** For goodness sake, Abi. I don't know if my heart is in my head or underpants!
- Abi:** I didn't mean to frighten you.
- Andrew:** Not mean to but did.
- Abi:** So, what was Miss Nosy Parker wanting?
- Andrew:** Not appreciating my floral art and a tut tut of disgust over our unbridled passion. *(Sits)*
- Abi:** Nothing misses the radar in this village, does it?
- Andrew:** Only things of no importance.
- Abi:** Many in Church this morning?
- Andrew:** About fifteen or so. Certainly not the crowd at my first service six weeks ago vetting their new vicar.
- Abi:** Perhaps the thought of another of your sermons put them off. *(Sits on his lap and gives him a kiss)*
- Andrew:** I don't think they are what the Miss Matthews' of this parish like.
- Abi:** I used to think of better things rather than listen to your spiel.
- Andrew:** Don't I know it! The gestures you were directing at me from the back of the Church were quite off putting.
- Abi:** But it made you cut them short with thoughts of lust and an eager urge to make love.
- Andrew:** Now you don't attend, I seem to have lost that creativity that I used to be able to put into them.
- Abi:** Well, Andrew Hewitt. *(Stands holding his hand to lead him off)* Maybe we can get a little of your creative energy flowing again in the Vicarage? *(Bends over and kisses him)*
- Andrew:** *(stands)* I'll bring the wine. *(Picks up the bottle)* It will only go off.
- Abi:** *(goes to a cupboard and removes another bottle of wine)* What you save on the flowers, Vicar, you can spend on the wine. *(Grabs his hand and they exit quickly happily)*

Tracy appears as if my magic from another stage area as Abi grabs Andrews hand and leads him off

Tracey: There he goes, but she's not the one for Andrew. He thinks it's love, but in reality it's only lust and a relationship cannot be built on lust alone. The fool that I was, let him slip through my fingers because I wanted a career in the army. And look what's happened, I got myself killed by a sniper. If only I wasn't so pig-headed, if only I saw what I had. If only – well it's all too late for, *if only's* now, that ship has sailed long ago. Still, his dream to become Vicar of a Church has arrived and I should be by his side as a wife to support him. But I'm not, and that's my fault for being so damn stubborn. But I can be his guardian angel now that I've passed over. Oh Lord, one prayer that's all I ask, 'let me witness his finding of true love for life'. Amen.

Black-out

Registered, protected and Monitored by Copyright