

A script from



"Anna"

by
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- What** Anna, the prophetess, sits in front of the temple...waiting and hoping for the coming Messiah. **Themes:** Christmas, Easter, Monologue, Savior, Messiah, Hope, Future, Prophecy
- Who** Anna-50's+
- When** Bible Times
- Wear (Props)** Basket of Daisies
Shawl
Head Covering
- Why** Luke 2:22-40
- How** Keep your dialogue conversational. You may use a bench to sit on, but it might be more interesting to have some blocking, meaning stand up and talk to the audience at times. Be sure to read the passage in Luke listed above to find out more about Anna.
- Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes

An old woman sits with a bundle of daisies at the entrance to the church. She wears a shawl, and a head covering. She speaks to the audience as to one person.

Anna: Would you like a flower? *(The unseen person refuses the offer, thinking the flower is for sale)* No...totally free. No charge, whatsoever. My pleasure. Times are hard. It's the least I could do, to give away a flower. *(Cheerfully)* There's nothing like a daisy to brighten up a day, don't you think? They're such...happy flowers, daisies. Happy flowers.

(After a beat) I wish that was all it took, don't you? To make the world right again. Some well-intentioned old lady hands you a daisy, and all of a sudden, all is well the world. Well, we both know better, now, don't we? All is not well with the world. We are grown-ups here. We know better. All is not well. *(Reflectively)* There is a madman who seems to take some perverse delight in the slaughter of our...our innocents. How many have died? I think no one knows, really. All is not well.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

I think there are others, now, more than ever, who want to believe. They come here, like you, to hope...to pray. Some of them have never prayed before. But they join those of us who never seem to leave...who can't seem to let go of hope. *(She nods toward an unseen Simeon)* My old friend Simeon, there. He sits in that courtyard. He's sat there for years. *(With a smile)* He should be dead by now. But he's stubborn. He won't let go. He's a fixture.

(With a smile) I suppose I am too. Stubborn. And a fixture. I will wait.

(After a beat) In the meantime, I will give you this flower. They're happy flowers ...daisies.

Lights fade.