

a script from



WORSHIP

"Why Are You Looking Up?"

By
Andrew Kooman

What Jesus just ascended to heaven and the disciples are stuck, staring at the sky. Can you blame them? As they stand in shock, unsure what to do, an angel appears to remind them that the best is yet to come and they need to go to receive the Holy Spirit.

Themes: Easter, Resurrection, Holy Spirit, Ascension, Hope, Obedience, Faith

Who Mary
John
Peter
Angel

When Moments after Jesus has ascended to heaven.

Costumes Period clothing

Props None

Why Acts 1:11; John 21:20-23

How The characters are in deep grief. Use the moments when they freeze in place like statues to elevate the drama and motion of the characters who are unfrozen and speaking.

Time 2-3 minutes

The actors take position on stage and look up, **Peter** and **John** standing. **Mary** kneels. They all freeze in place like marble statues, staring at the sky.

The **Angel**, dressed in all white, walks onto stage. His eyes are always on the disciples. He doesn't look up. He scans the audience and then the disciples before he speaks.

Angel: Men of Galilee, why are you standing here, looking up to the sky?

When the **Angel** says the words, all those frozen in time awake with a start. They look at the **Angel**, then back at the sky. All but **Peter** look back to the sky and freeze in place again. **Peter** steps to the **Angel**, the **Angel** is also frozen, looking out over the audience.

Peter: Why am I looking at the sky?

Realizing the **Angel** is unresponsive, frozen in time, **Peter** looks to the audience.

Peter: Is this guy joking? Why am I looking at the sky?

Peter points above and behind him without looking where he's pointing. His eyes fixed on the audience with bewilderment.

Peter: Did you not just see it too? The hope of the world, the hope of nations, my own living hope just disappeared in front of my eyes. Floated up to heaven like Elijah. I would of grabbed hold of his ankles and ascended with him, but I was too shocked to move.

The **Angel** turns his head, still standing like a statue, and looks at **Peter**.

Angel: But he's no longer here.

John awakens from his stance at the **Angel's** words and steps toward **Peter**.

John: What in the Nazareth? Is what we saw real?

Peter: If by “what we saw” you mean did I just see our Savior disappear before our eyes, like he was pulled on an invisible string up through the clouds? Yes, John, I saw it too.

John: You know I have vivid dreams... that my imagination takes over.

Peter: I've always thought you should have that checked out.

John: You saw it too, right, Peter?

Peter: I just told you.

John: Jesus was here one moment and now he's gone.

Peter: Poof!

John: Swept up in a cloud.

Peter: I know, John. I know.

John: Days in mourning, days afraid and then—

Peter: All that fear shattered when he appeared to us in our hide out.

John: And just like that he's gone from us again! *(stepping toward the **Angel**)*
Did he fly away on his own or was he taken?

Peter: *(remembering)* Death could not corrupt him.

Angel: And the earth cannot keep him.

John: As he went, it was like I saw a door open up, and it stood open, Peter.
Did you hear the voice... like a trumpet?

Peter: *(rolling his eyes)* No John. I didn't see or hear anything other than our Lord floating away, and disappearing into the sky. As if that wasn't enough —

Mary unfreezes now from where she's kneeled.

Mary: What did the voice say, John?

Mary starts to stand up and **John** steps to her quickly to help her.

John: “Come up here, and I will show you what must take place after this.”

Peter: *(looking up to the sky)* He can go but I can’t?

Angel: What is that to you?

Mary, John return their gaze to the sky. **Peter** looks at the angel. The **Angel** is now unfrozen.

Peter: *(to himself, remembering as if in a fog)* Those were his last words to me.

Mary: *(to the Angel)* Can we not go too?

Angel: You cannot.

Peter: Give us a good reason why!

Angel: You have somewhere else to be.

At the words they all take a step back, as if slapped, as if hit with a memory.

Mary: *(stepping to Peter)* I wanted to be with him a little longer.

Peter: What if he was taken up in a wind? What if he’s just beyond the hills?

John: Peter.

Mary: *(gently pressing her hand against Peter’s shoulder)* These angels tend to be right. I should know.

Peter: But I *need* him.

Mary: We all do.

Peter: There was more to say.

Mary: I know.

Peter: More to do!

Mary reaches out for Peter's hand. He looks at it but doesn't reach out for it. He looks up at the sky, mouth open as if in a plea. He takes a deep breath, fighting tears then finally looks down at the world around him, then at Mary's hand still outstretched. He nods his head, conceding. He takes her hand. Mary squeezes Peter's hand.

Mary now holds her hand out for John.

Mary: He made us a promise, Peter. He had to leave so we could receive it.

John takes Mary's hand. They hold each other's hands in a line, suddenly stronger together.

John: Let's go receive what he promised to give.

They start walking off the stage together. Before they exit, Peter asks:

Peter: So, how do you think the Spirit will come, same as at the baptism, like a dove?

Mary: I was wondering the same thing.

They exit. The Angel is left standing. He turns from looking at the sky to the audience. He holds out his hands wide and speaks to the congregation.

Angel: Men of Galilee, why do you stand here looking up into the sky?
This same Jesus who has been taken up from you into heaven will come back in the same way you saw him go into heaven.

It's time to receive.

Lights fade to end the play.