

# **THE LITTLE ANGEL WHO WAS ALWAYS LATE**

*By Leola Baker*

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**STORY**

Annie is the saddest-looking angel in Heaven! With a broken wing, a crooked halo, untidy hair, and always a pile of mending to do, she is just too busy to even get to choir rehearsal on time. The angels all know something very, very important is about to happen. When the Heavenly Father chooses Annie to stand guard over his newborn son, all the other angels work hard to get her ready, and most of all, make sure she will be on time.

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

**ANNIE:** Very small girl.

**FIRST ANGEL:** Friend of Annie.

**SECOND ANGEL:** Another.

**THIRD ANGEL:** Another.

**FOURTH ANGEL:** Another.

**FIFTH ANGEL:** Another.

**CHOIR OF ANGELS:** The five angels mentioned above.

**UNCLE GABRIEL:** Choir Director.

**TIMEKEEPER**

**TIMEKEEPER'S ASSISTANT**

**JOSEPH**

**MARY**

**BABY JESUS:** For manger scene.

**SYNOPSIS:** 5 Episodes.

**PLAYING TIME:** 20 minutes.

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**EPISODE I**

(Heaven)

*(AT RISE: A very disheveled ANNIE is sitting on a "cloud" [a large cushion covered by a sheet] mending an angel's robe. Annie has only one wing on, a crooked halo, untidy hair, etc. However, her cloud is very neat with a broom and dustpan in one corner. Her mending [choir robes] is in a neat pile. In the background, stars and clouds are visible; off to the side is an ancient, large clock with Roman numerals, reading two o'clock. As Annie mends, the FIRST ANGEL enters with a wing in her hand.)*

FIRST: Hi, Annie. I found your wing way over on the west side. I wanted to bring it to you so that Uncle Gabriel won't scold you for being late to choir rehearsals. *(SHE gives the wing to ANNIE who puts it to one side. The First Angel sits down on the cloud.)*

ANNIE: Thank you. I knew I lost my wing the other day, but I just haven't had time to go looking for it.

FIRST: No wonder you don't have any time. You are always mending gowns for those silly girls who do not know any better than to play on the Milky Way. Besides, those girls are lazy.

ANNIE: You are right. Tomorrow I will forget my mending and go to the wing factory. *(Pause.)* But, oh dear! It will take me twice as long to travel with only one wing!

FIRST: Well, don't forget. I have to go and take care of the nursery. *(SHE stands.)* 'Bye, now.

ANNIE: Good-bye. Thank you for bringing my wing back. *(FIRST exits and ANNIE resumes mending. After a moment, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH ANGELS appear before her. Each has a gown to be mended.)*

SECOND: Here you are, Annie. *(SHE drops her gown in front of ANNIE. ALL the others do the same.)* My goodness, you are a sight. Your hair isn't combed and your wing has fallen off again. Why, you must be the saddest-looking angel in all of heaven! *(THEY laugh.)*

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ANNIE: I may be very sad-looking, but remember who mends all of your gowns while you are having a good time.

SECOND: (*Chastened.*) You are right, Annie. I will bring my brush the next time and fix your hair for you.

ANNIE: That would be nice. (*THEY leave saying good-bye, with the exception of the THIRD ANGEL who lingers behind and sits down on the cloud. After the others are gone, she speaks.*)

THIRD: Guess I'll stay here for awhile. One gets so tired of running around with those silly girls. Tell me, Annie, doesn't it seem like a long time here in Heaven?

ANNE: Yes, time does seem long. Look at God's great time clock in the corner. (*THEY both turn to look at the clock.*) It has been two o'clock for two centuries.

THIRD: Two centuries! Why that clock must be slow.

ANNIE: Not really. The scriptures tell us that a thousand years is as a day with the Lord. The older angels say when God commands the hands of the clock to move, the hands will move rapidly.

THIRD: Perhaps my feet had better move. My cloud is in sad need of cleaning. (*SHE rises to exit.*) 'Bye, Annie.

ANNIE: Good-bye. (*After THIRD ANGEL leaves, ANNIE looks at the clock once more and resumes her sewing.* CURTAIN.)

**EPISODE II**

(Choir Rehearsal)

(AT RISE: The CHOIR OF ANGELS is singing, "Holy, Holy, Holy," conducted by GABRIEL. While they are singing, a sorry-looking ANNIE enters, still disheveled and with her wing in her hand. When Gabriel sees her, he stops conducting and stares at her.)

GABRIEL: Late again, Annie?

ANNIE: (Meekly.) Yes, Sir.

GABRIEL: Child, what is the matter with you? This is the third time that you have been late to choir rehearsal. (Notices HER wing.) Why haven't you gotten your wing fixed?

ANNIE: The wing factory was closed when I arrived there.

GABRIEL: Why didn't you start earlier?

ANNIE: I did, Sir, but a cherub was crying because he had lost his way, so I took him back to the nursery.

GABRIEL: Well, Annie, you are excused this time but be sure to get that wing fixed tomorrow.

ANNIE: Yes, Uncle Gabriel. (SHE takes her place in the choir and THEY resume sing "Holy, Holy ,Holy.")

GABRIEL: (Stops THEM; speaks rebukingly.) Come, children, your singing sounds weary. Our Heavenly Father has given instructions that the choir is to sing its best! Before I forget, all those who play instruments must polish them to the highest shine and report back here tomorrow. (The CHOIR looks surprised.)

FOURTH: Oh, Uncle Gabriel! What is going on? Is something going to happen?

GABRIEL: Now child, we must not question our Heavenly Father's will, we must be obedient.

FOURTH: Yes, Uncle Gabriel. (CHOIR resumes singing.)

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