

Jarrood (calls out from his bed): I wasn't alone, Mommy. My guardian angel stayed with me all the time.

Mr. Hendrix: What guardian angel?

Jarrood: The angel who helped me get out of the fire -- sitting right over here. (Jarrood turns toward where the empty chair is and says in a puzzled voice) My angel was sitting in that chair when I went to sleep. When I woke up I was so happy to see you that I didn't notice that my angel is gone.

Mrs. Hendrix: Honey, if you keep up like this, you're going to wear out your angel. Nurse, who was the person that stayed with Jarrood?

Nurse (puzzled): Well, I don't know. I guess we were so worried about your son that we didn't think to ask for a name. He had a bandage around his head and on both of his hands, that's why Jarrood thought he was an angel -- because he was wearing so much white. We asked if he was a relative of Jarrood's and he said that he had been walking in the area when he saw the fire. When he got to the site, the residents said that a little boy had run into the burning building to get a girl that was still inside. Your son had found the girl and was running back, got almost to the door and tripped. The man helped Jarrood and the girl to get outside, and then started putting out the flames on Jarrood's clothes, that's why his hands got so badly burned. But we never even thought to ask his name.

Mrs. Hendrix (writes a note on a piece of paper and hands it to the nurse): If he comes back to check on Jarrood, would you give him this note?

Nurse: Sure, I'll put it at the desk and make sure the other girls know it is there, just in case he comes when I'm not here.

Mr. Hendrix: Well, we'd better get started home.

(Curtain closes as everyone gets ready to leave the hospital room.)

Scene Six

Mrs. Cook – mother of young girl

Kendra Cook – Daughter

Leslie Matlock

(Imaginary setting is in the shared hallway of two apartments across the hall from each other. Since we need the piano for this scene, you will need to modify where the apartment of the musician is, so when Kendra knocks on the pianist's door, it needs to relate to where the musician is. Kendra would be in the hallway, the pianist at one door, her mother at the opposite door. *Unless someone else is playing the piano for sound effects but not actually the speaking character.*)

(Curtain opens as Kendra leaves her doorway and walks into the apartment hallway.)

Kendra (shouts over her shoulder): I'm getting the mail, Mom. (Then she turns and calls back to her Mom) Mom, come here, listen.

(Then we start hearing the sounds from a piano, hesitant, not always correct harmony, then a good phrase of music, and then hesitant with mistakes, and then the hands fall on the keyboard in frustrated discord. Kendra hesitates in the hallway, then she hears someone's voice moaning.)

Leslie: I can't do it, they don't work right, my hands just don't work right. Why me, why me?

(Mrs. Cook knocks on the door, after a delay Leslie comes to the door.)

Leslie (frowning and impatient): What do you want? If you're here to sell something I either have it or don't need it. (Turns to walk away)

Mrs. Cook: Excuse me, my daughter heard you playing and stopped to listen to the music, and then it sounded like something fell on the piano. I waited just a minute to see if someone needed help, and then I heard you say your hands don't work right. Is there anything I can do to help?

Leslie: If you're here to feel sorry for me, I've been doing plenty of that myself and certainly don't need any help in that department.

Mrs. Cook: You want to tell me about it? Perhaps I can help somehow.

Leslie (holding out hands, speaking with irritation): What good can YOU do for these two crippled hands? I'm a musician, that was my job, but then my hands got burned. I just got my bandages off a few days ago, but my fingers are so stiff and hurt so bad. All my dishes are dirty because I can't put my hands in the dishwasher. I've been eating cold food because I can't stand the heat from the stove when trying to stir my food. If I want to use these hands at all, I have to keep up my therapy. Right, I'm sure you want to help, what can YOU do for ME – Play the piano? Do the dishes? Clean the house? Do my therapy for me? Sorry, thanks for the offer, but I don't think so! (Turns quickly and starts to walk away. Mrs. Cook calls out.)

Mrs. Cook: Wait, please, wait! Maybe I CAN help!

Leslie (turns and looks back with a questioning look): If you are as helpful as you are persistent, maybe you can. (Leans against door to listen.)

Mrs. Cook: I heard you play the piano. It sounded SO pretty even with the mistakes. I would LOVE for Kendra to be able to continue her piano lessons but we are new in town and haven't found a teacher yet.

Leslie: What does that have to do with me, with my hands?

Mrs. Cook (excitedly): I usually fix supper each evening. If you'd like, I could send you a plate of home-cooked food every evening we are home. Then, once a week, while you are giving Kendra her piano lessons, I could do your dishes from your lunch and breakfast. Please say you will!

Leslie (hesitantly): I may not be any good at giving piano lessons. Playing an instrument is different than teaching someone else how to play. But I'm willing to try if you'd like.

Kendra: Oh, thank you! You are an answer to prayer.

Leslie (questioningly): Prayer? How does prayer and piano lessons go together?

Kendra: Because I've been praying that somehow God would make it possible for me to have piano lessons again. And God has just answered my prayer.

Leslie (grumpily): Me and God don't have a lot to do with each other so I don't think He used me to answer any prayers.

Kendra: Oh, sir, can't you see how God worked it out? You can teach piano, you can't cook and do dishes. I want to LEARN to play piano, and my mother can cook and do dishes. What a PERFECT answer to prayer. (Curiously) Uh, you said that you and God don't have a lot to do with each other. I don't know why you think that, because the Bible says that God sent His Son, Jesus, to DIE for us. If I loved someone enough to DIE for them, I'd be real upset if I was ignored.

Leslie (sarcastically): Well, look what God has done for me so far! (Holds out hands.)

(Curtain closes as all turn to walk away.)

Scene Seven

Mrs. Cook

Kendra Cook

Leslie Matlock

(Curtain opens with Mrs. Cook and Kendra standing at Leslie's apartment door, they have Christmas decorations in hand and are knocking on door. Leslie greets them at the door.)

Leslie: Ready for another lesson? My dishes are ready for a cleaning!

Mrs. Cook (holding up some decorations): And how about a few Christmas decorations? We had some left over.