

## Welcome to the Church of Love

Sister Saint talks about the love in the church, but doesn't show it to a first time visitor. The visitor has no lines, but should speak volumes with her facial expressions and gestures.

### Characters & Props

Sister Saint – Funny hat, flamboyantly dressed, purse, giant bible

Visitor – Purse

Additional Props - Several chairs pushed together

(Visitor quietly enters and sits at one end of the chairs.)

(Sister Saint enters from the back of the church with much fanfare, waving at some people, snubbing others. She stops and greets a couple of people in the front, while snubbing others.) (speaks to someone in the crowd) Oh Sister \_\_\_\_, I'm so glad to see you. I just look forward to Sunday morning when I can come in and see all my brothers and sisters! There is so much love here!

(Sister Saint makes her way to where the visitor is seated. She stands and stares at the visitor who nervously smiles, waves, and looks around.) (Sister Saint clears her throat, getting the visitor's full attention.) You're sitting in my seat.

(The visitor apologetically gestures as if to explain.)

Oh, your first time here and you didn't know? (The visitor acts as if she is going to move.) No. I suppose it will be fine just this once. Scoot down.

(Sister Saint is talking to herself.) I've been a faithful member of this church for 27 years. Every Sunday morning 3<sup>rd</sup> row on the left. Then somebody just comes walking in off the street. That's all the thanks I get. (Looks at visitor.) I guess that's your silver minivan parked in the front row. Everyone knows I like to park in the front row. Next time be a dear, and park somewhere else.

Well, we are just so glad to have you here today! Like the sign says, “Welcome to the Church of Love”!

Is that what you usually wear when you go to church? (Visitor embarrassingly tugs at clothes apologetically.) No, no. Don't you worry about it. You look lovely. You know what they say, hold on to those clothes. Everything comes back in style... sooner or later. I've been on the church board for years to open up a clothes pantry so people like you who can't afford decent clothes can get some for free, but they just won't do it. I guess you'll just have to keep going to Good Will and make do.

It's been so long since we had a visitor here, I almost forgot... let me get your address so we can stop by and make a visit. Where do you live? (Visitor gestures like she is giving her address.) Oh really... maybe we'll just send a card instead. I don't think I want to drive my car there. You know the kind of people that live in that neighborhood.

(Sis Saint looks over her shoulder) Oh look. Here comes Sister Jones sashaying down the aisle. I can't stand her. She just loves to be seen by everyone. She's such a hypocrite. Have you ever seen such a ridiculous hat? (Visitor looks at Sister Saints hat.) Don't tell anybody I said this, but I think every now and then she takes a dip of snuff. That's right. Don't look. She's coming this way. (Both ladies look the other way.)

(Sis saint speaks to imaginary Sis Jones) Oh Sister Jones, what a lovely hat. I was just telling... what's your name again? (Visitor gestures like she is giving name.) Oh, it doesn't really matter. I was just telling her you're one of my dearest friends. Oh, I love you more! (turns to visitor after Sister Jones moves away) What a crock!

They're getting ready to start the music. I remember when old Sister Godfrey was our organist. We didn't have all this raising our hands and clapping and jumping up and down. She played hymns like “I shall not be moved” ...and honey we weren't. We didn't budge. Now we have a worship leader. I'm think she must have sung in some honky-tonks before she got saved. I can tell by looking, you've been in few of those places. You know what they're like.

(Sister Saint stands up.) Don't just sit there. Stand up. (Visitor raises her hands in worship and closes her eyes. Sister Saint is waving her hands around. Sister Saint nudges visitor.) What do you think of that color? (Visitor looks with question.) The nails. I usually have the girl do passion pink, but this time I went with peanut. You don't think it's too bright, do you? I don't want to draw attention to myself. I'm a very humble person.

(Visitor closes eyes to worship. Sister Saint nudges her.) See that lady waving that big diamond ring up in the air? Two words... cubic zirconia... I got better rings than that out of a gumball machine. And her husband's watch... Rolex my foot. I heard when he showed up to choir practice without it his wrist was green.

There's the trustee. You know what that means. Keep your hand on your wallet. Time for the offering. Seems like all this church wants is your money. Money for a school in Africa. Money for a missionary. You know the bible says God helps those to help themselves. I don't know how much they pay the pastor, but a paster only works about two hours a week on Sunday morning. But I'm always willing to do my part. I have a hundred-dollar bill. (Waves it around for everyone to see. Then attempts to see how much Visitor is giving.)

Here comes the deacon. That means testimony service. See that guy in the front row? He was addicted to drugs and alcohol and God saved him. Every testimony service it's the same old thing. He's so glad God delivered him. We know. We've heard it all before. See I told you. You know God's been good to me, but you don't hear me going around talking about it all the time.

Me testify? Of course. I'm just so glad I go to this church where we love and welcome everyone. (Looks at Visitor) Even if you're a sinful downtrodden outcast who hardly ever even goes to church, we still love you no matter how bad you are!

Now today is the first time our new pastor is preaching. Our old pastor retired. He was 82 years old. We had him just where we wanted him. His sermons were exactly 20 minutes on the nose. You could put your roast in the oven before church and it was cooked beautifully when you got home. I suppose we're going to have to work with this new guy to get him in line.

Oh, my goodness, look how young he is. And look at that haircut. Do you think he could be in a motorcycle gang. I'll bet he's got a tattoo. I'm just glad my mother went on to be with the Lord before this guy showed up.

Before he starts, he wants to introduce his wife. My roast is going to be burnt. Where is she? (Visitor stands up.) No, don't leave now. It won't be that bad. (Visitor gestures to herself.) Oh, you're the new pastor's wife? (Sister Saint hugs visitor.) Welcome to the Church of Love!