

## PENTECOST

Written by Ted Swartz and Lee Eshleman

**Characters:** Reporter Chuck Orien, Buster

**Scripture:** Acts 2:37-47

**Props:** microphone to simulate talking to camera

**Length:** 6 minutes

**Setting:** outside market

CHUCK: Good day and welcome to the noon report, coming to you live from Jerusalem. Jerusalem: a busy bustling crossroads of culture. The folks that are here! Parthynians, Pamphylians, Cretans and Cappodolians, to name just a few. It's Pentecost—a Jewish festival in celebration of the harvest. With so many people crowding in for the celebrations, it would seem that most anything could happen, and this morning, something did. I have with me an eyewitness who was in the heart of the city when the story broke.

*(BUSTER wanders in, a bit dumbstruck at the surrounding.)*

CHUCK: Sir, could you tell us your name, please.

BUSTER: Buster.

CHUCK: Buster... *(Searching for a last name.)*

BUSTER: Buster.

CHUCK: All right, Buster, tell us ... just what happened here today?

BUSTER: Buster's Vegetables. This week's special's gourds—three for a buck.

CHUCK: You sell vegetables?

BUSTER: Yes sir, Buster's Vegetables. Three gourds for a buck—this week's special.

CHUCK: Fine, thank you, Buster.

BUSTER: Just through Saturday.

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CHUCK: Thank you, Buster, if you could tell us what you witnessed.

BUSTER: Isa good day, lotsa folks in town. *(To CHUCK)* Gourds wasa going real good.

CHUCK: Yes...

BUSTER: ... when I heard a noise like a big wind.

CHUCK: A wind?

BUSTER: A big wind.

CHUCK: He heard a wind. Ladies and gentleman, a wind. Not just a breeze, a gust, a gentle circulation, but a wind.

BUSTER: *(Has been just looking at CHUCK..)* Yea. It was kinda spooky.

CHUCK: Yes, yes. There was great spooky wind. Blowing things around.

BUSTER: No now, I never said nothin' about a wind blowin'.

CHUCK: Now Buster, I might remind you that in front of this vast audience you said there was a wind, a big wind, you called it.

BUSTER: No sir, I said there was a noise like a wind. If there was a blowing I woulda noticed that.

CHUCK: Really?

BUSTER: Yesser, I woulda.

CHUCK: So we have established that there was in fact a noise like a big wind. Now, wasn't there something about ... fire?

BUSTER: Fire?

CHUCK: Yes fire, a roaring inferno perhaps of vast and devastating proportions.

BUSTER: Well, I guess there was at that. It come about the time that big noise wasa dying down.

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CHUCK: So at this point the structure was burning. A flaming derelict in danger of collapsing catastrophically at any time, at any time.

BUSTER: Now, I didn't say nothing about anything burning.

CHUCK: Once again, I want to remind you that you are in front of a vast number of people.

BUSTER: And iffen any of em wants gourds, they's three for a dollar.

CHUCK: Buster, the burning fire.

BUSTER: I said they was fire, didn't say nothing about anything burning.

CHUCK: So there was a noise like a wind but no wind, fire but no burning. Do I have it right?

BUSTER: Yes sir, you do.

CHUCK: And this was what was remarkable?

BUSTER: Well, as you say, I did remark on it.

CHUCK: Exactly.

BUSTER: Wouldn't call it the most remarkable.

CHUCK: No?

BUSTER: No sir.

*(Long pause, CHUCK: will have to drag it out of him)*

CHUCK: Buster.

BUSTER: Yes sir?

CHUCK: What would you call the most remarkable?

BUSTER: Well sir, a whole bunch a these folks, they started talkin'.

CHUCK: That's it?

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BUSTER: See they starting talkin' in different languages.

CHUCK: Well Buster, there are people from different parts of the area here.  
(*Is proud of his ability to rattle off these names.*) Parthynians, Pamphylans,  
Judeans, Libyans, Cretans, Mesopotamians, Egyptians...

BUSTER: No sir, that's not what I meant. I couldn't understand nothin' they was  
saying, and ah speak pretty good.

CHUCK: Yes, yes, you do Buster. But let's talk about the "languages".

BUSTER: WHEEWWWWW. Then there was all sorts of languages being thrown  
around. I heard one fella quit one and start in on another one. It was like  
the whole world was a talkin' at the same time. (*Short pause.*) I's pretty  
sure they was all drunk.

CHUCK: Yes?

BUSTER: They said they wasn't, was pretty adamant about it. It was only 10 o'clock  
in the A.M.—gourds was going real good.

CHUCK: So they were not drunk.

BUSTER: No sir. My cousin Jethro he's from Panphobia and he said he could  
understand everything this one fella wasa sayin'.

CHUCK: Buster, it's Pamphylia. Panphobia is the fear of everything.

BUSTER: It was pretty scary.

CHUCK: Yes, Buster, what everyone is wondering is: What were they saying?  
What were they saying?

BUSTER: My cousin Jethro says they was all talkin' about the wonders of God.  
Now, Jethro talkin' about God, that's a wonder in itself.

CHUCK: Jethro's not a religious man?

BUSTER: Not normally. Normally Jethro talks about pastry—he's gotta bagel shop.  
But on this occasion he couldn't stop talkin' about everything he heard—  
'bout God, and God's wonders—in his own language.

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CHUCK: Thank you Buster, that is remarkable. (*Back to TV studio.*) Roger, it's been a day of wonders here in Jerusalem. I wonder about a wind that rushes without blowing, a fire that blazes without burning. I wonder exactly what God's up to that has so many people talking.

BUSTER: If you're wondering, gourds is still three for a buck—just through Saturday.

CHUCK: This has been Chuck Orion here at Pentecost in Jerusalem ... Have a gourd night..... have a good night.

BUSTER: (*As they are leaving.*) That was good—gourd night, can I use that?

THE END

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