

A script from



## "Tell Me the Story"

by  
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- What** This script is designed to be presented on Christmas Eve sometime before the Christmas sermon or story of the birth of Jesus is shared. It expresses in one person speaking a monologue the many voices and thoughts of those who are drawn to Christmas. It is written in two parts but the first part can be performed independently without using the second part. Themes: Longing, Christmas, Evangelism, Non-believers, Church
- Who** Narrator
- When** Christmas Eve; Present
- Wear (Props)** The person should be dressed neither male nor female. Black pants, black top, white/silver tie, hair tied back if female so as to better represent the voice as neither male nor female, but everyone. Gray or other neutral colored scarf and gloves.
- Why** Luke 2:1-20, Matthew 1:18-25;2:1-12
- How** This monologue has a poetic feel and a rhythm to it. Be careful not to fall into a "sing-songy" pattern, however. Speak it on a more conversational level.
- Time** Part 1- approximately 2-4 minutes; Part 2- approximately 1-2 minutes

**PART 1**

**NARRATOR:**

*Rising from where they have been seated in a pew or as they enter the sanctuary and are walking down one of the aisles.*

Tell me the story. I'm here, so why not? But tell me a story that's not fake. No fluff. I want more than singing. I want more than pretty lights.

Because I came here tonight out of duty, guilt, tradition.

I came here tonight because, well, that's how it's always been.

I came here tonight because I'm just trying to fit into what I think must matter because so many of us are here.

Because I could be somewhere else. But for some reason I'm not. I've put all the other stuff on a shelf for a moment, for some reason I don't quite know myself.

Yes, presents need wrapping. Cookies need baking, children entertaining, relatives need greetings and feedings and their own dreamings of this holiday to come true.

And yet all that to be done and I'm here...just like you  
in my close quarters seating  
after competing  
for parking and our place.  
And if I'm honest I'll face the real reason I came.

There's a longing, an ache, a hole I can't name  
and it lives in my soul like a flickering, faltering flame  
just waiting for someone to fan it.

I need someone to claim this holiday for more than wrapping paper, glitzy glamour, sugar cookies and a clamor down Candy Cane lane. Because Christmas has become what I get tomorrow under the tree. And what I get tomorrow is shiny stuff  
and pretty fluff  
and the horrible feeling that I still don't have enough.

Because tomorrow my trappings and hopes are scattered  
and open at my feet  
and I still feel incomplete.

The spirit of Christmas morning is too quickly the spirit of Christmas past.  
Oh how fast it flees.

And in here there's still that void, there's a vacancy  
that Bethlehem lacked.  
And I want Christmas back from where this world has dug its grave.  
Because I've heard Jesus saves.

I long for Christmas.

Maybe for what it used to be or what it really is. So tell me the story of a baby  
in a manger.

After all, what's the danger?

It's just a pretty little story- angels, shepherds, wise men, sheep. Not much  
there to deck the halls with. Not much there that will keep come tomorrow  
because it's just a pretty little story that tomorrow doesn't matter...or it's  
exactly what I'm after.

Either way, I have ears to hear. So tell me the story. *(Taking a seat among the  
congregation)* I'll be right here.

The **Narrator** then sits there the whole service participating in everything just as any  
member of the congregation may.

## PART 2

Part 2 is written specifically for those who want to add a "kicker" at the very end of their  
Christmas Eve service. This small monologue, presented by the same person who presented  
Part 1, occurs right after the singing of "Joy to the World" and during a time when many  
churches light candles among their entire congregations

Still holding the burning candle in hand; the song "Joy to the World" has just ended.

Joy to the world? Joy. *(Speaking to the candle)* What do you say little flame?  
Because we're walking out those doors on a cold winter night. There are winds  
of the world out there we must fight to make sure your light stays bright.  
*(Blowing out the candle and putting it down nearby)* Even when Christmas is  
over...if it's ever really over. And I don't want tomorrow to have gifts but no  
presence.

Maybe the story hasn't ended. *(Putting on gloves)*  
For so long we've pretended the baby born in a manger doesn't grow up  
someday.  
Maybe that's how we lose our way.

We try to wrap Christmas up and then kick it out on the curb when the  
needles start to fall  
and the New Year calls for new commitments that put your hope,  
your joy,

your spirit,  
and Truth months away.

*(Putting on scarf)* Christmas, maybe you're more than a story. Maybe this year  
you'll stay.

*The end.*

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