

A script from



"The Price of a Puppy"

by
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- What** A woman reflects on her childhood and learning what the true meaning of what a "gift" really is. **Themes:** Christmas, Gift, Free, Family, Responsibility , Earn
- Who** Woman
*Dad
*Mom
*Daughter
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** This scene is set in a mall. You may go as simple or as elaborate as you want.
Paper for Christmas Wish List
- Why** John 3:16; Ephesians 2:8-9
- How** *This script was originally written as a monologue with the Woman playing all of the characters. If that is the direction you take, be sure that there is a definite distinction between each character. Put the "Dad," "Mom" and "Daughter" in different place. For instance, when you are playing the Dad, take a step stage left and address the "Daughter" and so on. Have someone you trust give you good feedback and watch you rehearse. If you choose to use different actors, they should "freeze" when the Woman is speaking.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Woman enters stage right carrying shopping bags. Christmas music is playing softly in the background. As she nears center stage, she does a double take toward an imaginary window. She slowly draws near smiling, and then after looking to make sure no one is watching, the **Woman** begins a conversation with the "puppy in the window".

Woman: *(Mimes tapping on the window)* Hey little fellow. Aren't you cute? Yep, you're a cutie. You need a home for Christmas don't you? Someplace warm, with lots of love... *(Woman "notices" and then addresses the audience)* Oh no, not me. I already have four, precious, sometimes messy *(pointing to puppy)* squirming bundles of responsibility. They fit in the large breed category called children. And they're already housebroken...mostly. They use the bathroom instead of the carpet, rarely chew on the furniture. Once Hunter's braces got stuck in the upholstery and the slobbering affection ceased once all their teeth came in. I get big 'ol bear hugs now.

(Looking back at the window) Still, there was time when I wanted the puppy in the window...in fact when I was ten, I presented my wish list to my parents. *(She becomes a little girl)* Dad, I present to you the Christmas Wish List. *(She lowers voice, imitating her father)* It's October.

(To the audience) I knew a puppy was going to take some work, this was not the time for procrastination.

(As "Dad"; unfolds the sheet of paper, reads and then flips it over) It's rather brief.

(As Daughter) Yes sir...a statement of the importance of that one, very, very...very special gift.

(As Dad; raising eyebrows) Gutsy move.

(To audience) A calculated risk on my part. Limit their choices and then what can a parent do? Ruin their precious girl's Christmas by denying her the one, I repeat the ONE thing her heart desire's most?

(As Dad) Well, I'm not sure you're ready for that kind of responsibility. Feeding, walking, bathing...a puppy depends on you. You can't say "I'll feed it later" or "sorry, I forgot."

(As Daughter; delivered with a firm head nod) Oh, I'm ready.

(As Dad; skeptical) How many times have I run over your bike in the last month?

(There is an awkward beat before she turns to audience) Alright, this was not going as planned—time for a different approach.

(As Daughter; she is very formal) Hello, Mother.

(As Mom; mimes folding clothes and appears a little confused at the formal approach) Hello, Daughter.

(As Daughter) Mother, it has come to my attention that you are an excellent mother. You give me food and make me wash my hands, my hair is hardly ever tangled...*(searching for more compliments)* my bed is always clean and I am healthy because you make me play on the swing outside.

(As Mom; dubiously) Umm, thank you.

(As Daughter) I think I need more responsibility so that I too can become a shining example of motherhood.

(As Mom; continuing with her folding) Is this about the puppy?

(As Daughter) How did you...but Dad was in the other...and I just left...you guys are scary.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

While Rascal chewed on my mom's robe and peed on my brother's new slinky dad talked about the true gift of Christmas that is sometimes lost in the wrappings and bows...the gift of grace, of life, of an eternal relationship with God sacrificially given through Christ and his death on the cross. There is nothing we can do to earn this amazing gift; we can't work hard enough, we'll never be good enough. And God doesn't withhold it from us because of our failures. *(Walking back to the imaginary window she mimes placing a hand to the pane and smiles)* There is absolutely nothing in your past or in my past, which can separate us from God's gift. You just have to accept it and the extreme love with which it is offered...*(picking up her packages)* and say thank you, a thank you is always nice.

Lights fade. The end.