

A script from



## **“A Season of Hope”**

by  
Sarah Wall

**What** While wrapping a present, a woman explains why her focus and priorities have shifted a little this Christmas.

**Themes:** Christmas, Hope, God With Us, Pain, Joy, Peace

**Who** Actress

**When** Present; Christmas

**Wear  
(Props)** Table or countertop  
Wrapping paper  
A really awkward item to wrap, like a lamp or a mixer- just not in a box  
Tape  
Bow

**Why** Psalm 34:18, Matthew 1:23

**How** Keep the dialogue conversational and the energy level up, careful not to let it drag.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Actress has before her a gift ready for wrapping. It can be anything, as long as it's an extremely awkward shape and difficult to wrap. The more appendages and pointy corners, the better. As she speaks, she begins to wrap, with great difficulty. Her tone isn't angry. She's lowering the bar and she's okay with it...glad about it, even. Though the task in front of her is giving her constant trouble, she's determined and in good spirits.*

I'm phoning it in this year. You heard me right. I'm phoning in Christmas! Taking the path of least resistance! Yessir, our gingerbread cookies will be rolled out by the kind folks at Tollhouse. Don't go looking for the cream on our pies to be whipped by hand. It's time to let that dream die a humane death. Just give it permission to go into the light. (whispers, "It's okay.")

The bows on our gifts will be stick-ons

*Holds up bow with sticky back,*

...and I certainly respect you too much to pretend that they'll match the wrapping paper. Oh, sure, our stockings will be hung by the chimney, but whether or not they're hung with CARE remains to be seen. I've just decided I can't duplicate Christmas the way it happens in the movies. All the winter wonderland-y chestnut-roasting... They needed script-writers, hair techs, make-up artists, countless re-takes, quiet on the set, and an entire production crew to make it happen. And I have...you know...hair? That's about all we've got in common here.

Now, don't misunderstand, I LOVE Christmas. This isn't a Grinch thing where my heart is two sizes too small, and I've got no plans to steal Christmas from anybody. As far as I'm concerned, Christmas is one of the main events of the year. It's just that...

So there's a family here in town. Three kids, and we heard a few days ago their mother was killed in a late-night car wreck. Right now. Right here at Christmastime. I can't stop thinking about them. I see photos, and that sick feeling in my stomach makes my eyes sting. If there ever was a safe zone -- a home base -- where tragedy shouldn't be allowed to touch us, it'd be Christmas. Have you ever had to hear people sing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," or "Home for the Holidays" when the lyrics pass through that kind of pain first? And if it's a gut-punch for ME, the how do THEY...? What about the people who've had Christmas, as they knew it, altered forever? The fact is, some people feel like Christmas has been stolen from them. I imagine every carol and every tradition only makes the ache in their bones scream louder. Where all the trappings of the party have been bagged up and carried off, never to be returned.

I guess that's why some of the extras don't seem quite as important to me right now. Sure, I want the cookie-baking and marshmallow-roasting and

boughs of holly...it's wonderful. It's just...if THAT's Christmas, if that's all there is, then there are people in the world who will never want to think about it again, you know?

But...but if Christmas is about God. God who sees our mess. God who knows exactly how much hurt there can be when we live in a world with a sin problem. And about the way He sent His Son, Jesus, to be quietly born in a filthy place. So that pain, sin, even death itself don't have the final word in our eternal conversation. If THAT'S Christmas. Doesn't it make every glowing light less insulting and more like a beacon of hope? Doesn't it make the tears shed through every song less hopeless, and more like an act of worship? For a heart-shattered family not far from here, there's no other option. Christmas is either about the hope we have in Jesus, or it's about nothing that matters much. Right?

In the middle of the mess...neck-deep in pain...that's where real Christmas means more than it ever has. Especially when the only joy you can find in the world is because the Lord has come. It means God sent an answer. Christmas promises us that the ugliest things will be beautiful in time, because it's the day Hope came for us.

*Happily puts a stick-on bow on top of the ugliest wrap job you've ever laid eyes on.*

Have you ever seen anything more gorgeous?

Joy to the world.

The LORD has come.

He's come. And He's coming again.

The Grinch had it right, I think.

"Maybe Christmas... perhaps... means a little bit more."

*Lights fade.*

AT

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A script from



## **“A Season of Hope- Male Version”**

by  
Sarah Wall

- What** While wrapping a present, a man explains why his focus and priorities have shifted a little this Christmas.  
**Themes:** Christmas, Hope, God With Us, Pain, Joy, Peace
- Who** Actor
- When** Present; Christmas
- Wear (Props)** Table or countertop  
Wrapping paper  
A really awkward item to wrap, like a lamp or a mixer- just not in a box  
Tape  
Bow
- Why** Psalm 34:18, Matthew 1:23
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and the energy level up, careful not to let it drag. Be sure that the noise from wrapping the present doesn't distract too much from the dialogue. Work with the wrapping while practicing your lines to give you a good idea of how it'll work.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

**Actor** has before him a gift ready for wrapping. It can be anything, as long as it's an extremely awkward shape and difficult to wrap. The more appendages and pointy corners, the better. As he speaks, he begins to wrap, with great difficulty. His tone isn't angry. He's lowering the bar and he's okay with it...glad about it, even. Though the task in front of him is giving him constant trouble, he's determined and in good spirits.

We're phoning it in this year.

You heard me right. We're phoning in Christmas! Me, my wife, kids, the dogs...

*Notices dog off stage.*

Lookit that dog over there! Don't even care. Just layin' there without his Christmas sweater on...

*Back to audience.*

We're taking the path of least resistance! Yessir, our gingerbread cookies will be rolled out by the kind folks at Tollhouse. Don't go thinkin' the cream on our pies will be whipped by hand, either. Time to let that dream die a humane death. Just give it permission to go into the light.

*Whispers, "It's okay."*

If there are bows on our gifts, they will be stick-ons.

*Holds up bow with sticky back.*

And frankly, I respect you too much to pretend they're gonna match the wrapping paper. Oh, sure, our stockings will be hung by the chimney, but whether or not they're hung with CARE remains to be seen. We've just decided we can't duplicate Christmas the way it happens in the movies. All the winter wonderland-y chestnut-roasting... They needed script-writers, hair techs, make-up artists....they had countless re-takes, quiet on the set, and an entire production crew to make it happen. And I have a house full of characters that insist off going off script.

Now, don't misunderstand, I LOVE Christmas. Always have. This isn't a Grinch thing where my heart is two sizes too small, and I've got no plans to steal Christmas from anybody. As far as I'm concerned, Christmas is one of the main events of the year. It's just that...

So there's a family here in town. 3 kids, and we heard a few days ago. Their mother was killed in a late-night car wreck. Right now. Right here at Christmas time. I can't stop thinking about them. I see photos, and

that sick feeling in my stomach makes my eyes sting. If there ever was a safe zone -- a home base -- where tragedy shouldn't be allowed to touch us, it'd be Christmas.

You ever had to hear people sing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," or "Home for the Holidays" and it feels like the lyrics are just making fun of you? And if it's a gut-punch for ME, then how do THEY...? What about the people who've had Christmas, as they knew it, altered forever? The fact is, some people feel like Christmas has been stolen from them. I imagine every carol and every tradition only makes the ache in their bones scream louder. Like all the trappings of the party have been bagged up and carried off, never to be returned.

I guess that's why some of the extras don't seem quite as important to us right now. Sure, when it comes to Christmas lights? I want the house covered. Seriously, I want the brightness to almost be offensive to your retinas. Christmas trees? Grab an axe and chop that sucker down yourself. But NOT from your neighbor's yard. The Clark's still haven't forgiven us... And if you're making those peanut butter cookies with the chocolate kiss in the middle, I'll take a baker's dozen. It's just...if THAT's Christmas, if that's all there is, then there are people in the world who will never want to think about it again, you know?

But...but if Christmas is about God. God who sees our mess. God who knows exactly how much hurt there can be when we live in a world with a sin problem. And about the way He sent His Son, Jesus, to be quietly born in a filthy place. So that Pain, Sin, even Death itself don't have the final word in our eternal conversation. If THAT'S Christmas. Doesn't it make every glowing light less insulting and more like a beacon of hope? Doesn't it make the tears shed through every song less hopeless, and more like an act of worship? For a heart-shattered family not far from here, there's no other option. Christmas is either about the hope we have in Jesus, or it's about nothing that matters much. Right?

In the middle of the mess...neck-deep in pain...that's where real Christmas means more than it ever has.

Especially when the only joy you can find in the world is because the Lord has come.

It means God sent an answer. A game-changer. Christmas is a promise that the ugliest things will be beautiful in time, because it's the day Hope came for us.

*Happily puts a stick-on bow on top of the ugliest wrap job you've ever laid eyes on.*

That is all KINDS of right!

Joy to the world.

The LORD has come.

He's come. And He's coming again.

The Grinch had it right eventually, I think.

"Maybe Christmas . . . perhaps . . . means a little bit more."