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SCRIPT
TO

“A Disguised Christmas Blessing”

By

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What Mistaken Identity. Misunderstood motives. Confusing conversations. Hilarity ensues when Lena, who had planned to introduce her new boyfriend to her family this Christmas Eve, gets stuck with a flat tire and her new beau arrives at her family's home before her. With the arrival of a few other unexpected guests, her family is left to wrongly assume which gentleman is to be their future son-in-law.

Christ didn't come as a King, or as a Warrior, or as any other expected Leader. He came as a humble baby, something that although prophesied, was completely unexpected. This script will tee up a sermon based on our mistaken perceptions of Christ.

Themes: Mistaken Identity, Christmas, Ensemble, Unexpected, Prophecy

Who Dean: 50-60s
Vickey: 50-60s
Lena: mid to late 20s
Sam: early to mid 20s
Sara: late teens to early 20s
Grandma: 70s
Joe: mid to late 20s
Chris: early 30s
Derek: mid to late 20s
Nick: mid 20s

When Present Day

Props Devotional Book, Coffee Table, End Table, Lamp, Decorated Christmas Tree, Skis, Clothes, Briefcase, Papers, Wrapping Paper, Tape, Bag, Presents, Cell Phones (3x), Hallway table, Coat Hanger, Wireless Landline Phone, Kitchen Table, 4 Chairs, Two Pizza Boxes, Pizzas (the family is seen eating), Cookware, Uncooked Meatballs (this can be done with playdough), Soda, Car Rag, Wallet, Money, Suitcase, Cigarette Box, Cigarette, Bag for Lena's ornament, Bag for Sara's small group presents, Coats

How

Costume Design:

The Jones family can be dressed in casual Christmas attire that can also be worn to a Christmas Eve service. Example: Nice jeans with a button-down shirt / Jeans with a Christmas sweater

Joe: He should be dressed in a pizza delivery uniform

Chris: He should be dressed casually, but well put together. Example: Jeans and a nice polo

Derek: Derek should be dressed in a business suit, one that would fit the dress code of a prestigious law firm office.

Nick: He should be dressed sloppily. He can have holes in his jeans with a baggy untucked shirt.

Set Design:

The stage is set as the Jones' family home. Upstage center there is a foyer area with a large front door. Stage left of the door is a large window. Stage left of the window is a closet that holds coats and other winter gear. In between the window and the closet stands a coat hanger. Stage right of the front door is a stairway leading up and offstage.

There should be a wall that hides the top of the stairway from the audience. The foyer turns into a hallway as it moves stage right. In front of the stairway, in the hallway there is a long narrow table holding a landline telephone.

At the end of the hallway upstage right, there is another door that leads to the family's garage.

Downstage right there is a kitchen. In the kitchen, there is a refrigerator that stands downstage right. Upstage of the refrigerator there is a kitchen sink that turns into a counter which makes an L shape as it winds around the kitchen.

The kitchen and the hallway are separated by the counter that serves as a type of breakfast bar. In the center of the kitchen there is a large table. On the stage left side of the kitchen there is a stove and some more counter space.

Downstage left there is a living room. The living room and the kitchen are separated by an imaginary wall. The people in the kitchen should not be able to see the people in the living room and vice versa. On the kitchen side there should be a stove facing the imaginary wall and on the living room side a large couch should back up to the imaginary wall. The living room should have two couches facing each other. One on the stage right side and the other on the stage left side of the living room. Down stage left there should be a decorated Christmas tree. In the center of the living room there should be a coffee table. Upstage of the stage left couch there is a small end table with a lamp on it.

The foyer area should be set higher than the stage left living room, so that the actors need to step down one step in order to enter the living room area.

Sound Design:

There needs to be a realistic sounding doorbell. Ideally it would be just slightly slow: "Ding-Dong" so that it really over emphasizes when it rings. This can easily be found online.

Time 40-45 minutes

Scene 1

The stage is set as the Jones' family home. There are piles of clothes on the stage right couch and the coffee table is filled with papers. Dean's briefcase is upstage of the stage left couch.

Underneath the coffee table, there are a couple unwrapped presents along with some wrapping paper.

*The **Jones family** is sitting in the living room as a family. They are reading from a Christmas devotional. The lights are dim.*

Dean: *(reading the title of the devotional)* The Missed Blessing of Christmas.

Dean clears his throat and begins reading out loud.

Dean: Of all the gifts that you may find under your tree this year, it is the gift of Christ himself that is the greatest blessing you will ever receive. The baby Jesus wasn't an ordinary baby. He was the Messiah. And it was his birth, life, and victory over death that saved the world.

Dean passes the devotional book to **Vicky**.

Vicky: However, when the baby Jesus was born many missed this blessing. They mistook him for a commoner, a trouble maker, and even a false prophet. They weren't expecting a baby. They wanted a warrior King who would deliver them from Roman oppression.

Vicky passes the devotional to **Grandma**.

Grandma: Jesus *was* a warrior King. He defeated death and the grave. Jesus *did* deliver his people, but not from Rome. He delivered them from eternal life without him. Even though the prophets foretold his birth, no one was looking for a baby. He came in a way that was different and unexpected.

Grandma passes the devotional to **Lena**.

Lena: Today we can be as blind as they were two thousand years ago. Even today we can miss God's greatest gift – his greatest blessings – because they come in ways that are different and unexpected.

Lena passes the devotional to Sam.

Sam: As you celebrate Christmas this year, put away your wrong perceptions, or ideals or viewpoints. Choose to see the God of the Bible – the Christ, the Messiah, our Great Deliverer- for who He is, how He has revealed Himself, and what He has done.

Sam passes the devotional to Sara.

Sara: This year as you open presents with your loved ones, don't miss the greatest blessing the world has ever received – Jesus. (To Sam) You only left me one line.

Sam: (to **Sara**) It was a short devotional.

Dean: Ok. Ok. Any thoughts?

Sara: I'm starving. Did we order the pizza yet?

Vicky: Thoughts *about* the devotional.

Silence.

Dean: Nothing?

Sam: Jesus.

Sara: Always the right answer.

Vicky: Alright you two. Tradition is tradition. We're reading this devotional and talking about it together as a family.

Lena: I think it's interesting that even though Isaiah clearly said the Messiah was coming as a baby – no one was looking for a baby.

Sara: I don't understand why they weren't.

Grandma: Hindsight is 20/20.

Lena: What does it say?

Lena *grabs the devotional and reads from it.*

Lena: Wrong perceptions, ideals, viewpoints. *(she looks up)* I think all of that can play into how we read the Bible.

Grandma: Exactly. That's why it's important to come to the Bible with a humble heart, asking God to reveal Himself-

Sam: Rather than just trying to hear what we *want* to hear.

Vicky: Or *think* we should hear.

Dean: We need to come to the Bible asking God what *He* wants us to hear and learn.

Dean *looks at his watch.*

Dean: Alright, the Christmas Eve service starts in about two hours and we still have some packing to do.

Sara: And pizza to eat.

Dean: Let's pray.

The family bows their heads together.

Dean: Heavenly Father, thank you for this time together as a family as we celebrate your birth. Help us be vigilant to see you for who You are, not who we think you should be. Thank you for the blessing of Jesus, our Savior. Allow us to be a blessing this Christmas as we travel. In Jesus name,

All: Amen.

Dean reaches towards the end table and turns on the light. As he does, the lights go up on stage. The entire mood of the show needs to change. Instead of stillness and reflection the following scene should have the feel of excited chaos as the family prepares for Christmas travel plans.

Scene 2

The coffee table is covered with papers. **Dean** moves towards the papers and starts to sort them. **Grandma** moves to the kitchen and begins cooking meatballs. **Lena** and **Sara** both go to the pile of clothes on the couch and begin to fold and sort them. **Sam** moves to the garage, offstage right, to start collecting his skis.

The following scene's dialogue and movement should happen fast with the feel of excited chaos.

Vicky: (to **Dean**) Dean, did you check us in yet?

Dean: Yup. Boarding at 6am. We each have one checked bag and one carry on.

Sara: Just one?

Dean: I'm paying for a Christmas trip to the Rockies. (referring to **Sara** and **Lena**) You ladies can't make it fit all in one suitcase?

Sara: It'll be tight. Your present just might not make the cut.

Dean: I can live with that.

Sara and **Lena** grab a bunch of clothes and exit up the stairs.

Sam enters through the garage door with his skis and moves towards the front door.

Vicky approaches **Dean**. They're conversation is in a stage whisper.

Vicky: I'm excited to meet Lena's new boyfriend.

Dean: *(unenthusiastically)* Can't wait to meet him.

Vicky: You're a terrible liar.

Dean: Why did we agree to let him come with us? This is a *brand new* relationship, what if it doesn't work out? We don't even know anything about the guy.

Vicky: She's never brought a boy home before. This one must be special.

Vicky starts folding the clothes on the couch.

Sara enters from upstairs and stands on the stairs as she reads a text message off of her phone.

Sara: *(complaining)* Mrs. Bush just texted me. She's sick and wants to know if I can fill in for her at Sunday School.

Sam: It's not Sunday.

Sara: You know what I mean. What am I supposed to teach about?

Sam: On Christmas Eve? I think you're supposed to teach about Jesus.

Sara gives **Sam** a look.

Sam exits through the front door with his skis.

Vicky: What age group do you help with again?

Sara: Middle school girls.

Vicky: I'll help you come up with something.

Phone rings.

***Sara** finishes coming down the stairs and answers the phone.*

Sara: Hello. *(listening)* One minute, please. *(calling up the stairs)* Lena! It's for you.

***Lena** enters from down the stairs. **Sara** gives **Lena** the phone.*

***Sara** moves to the living room, takes the wrapping paper and presents under the coffee table and starts wrapping them.*

Lena: This is Lena.

***Sam** re-enters from the front door.*

Sam: Who still uses a landline?

Lena: *(to **Sam**)* Aunt Matilda. *(into the phone)* Aunt Matilda, you have the wrong Lena. One minute. *(calling to **Grandma**)* Grandma, it's for you.

***Sam** sits on the stairs, texting on his phone.*

***Grandma** moves to the foyer from the kitchen. She takes the phone from **Lena**.*

Grandma: This is Lena.

***Grandma** takes the phone and goes upstairs, moving around **Sam**.*

***Lena** moves to the living room.*

Lena: Sara, did you pick up-

Lena and **Sara** say the next line together. **Sara** is remembering that she forgot.

Lena&Sara: The ornament.

Sara: Lena, I'm so sorry.

Lena: Are you kidding me? You promised.

Sara: I completely forgot.

Lena: How could you?

Vicky: Ladies, what's going on?

Lena: Sara can't remember anything.

Sara: Lena asked me to pick up an ornament for her.

Lena: My friends are doing an ornament exchange tonight at church. Sara was going to save me a trip when she went shopping this afternoon.

Sara grabs an ornament off of the tree.

Sara: Just use one of ours.

Sara hands the ornament to **Lena**.

Lena: (reading off the ornament) Baby's first Christmas?

Lena gives **Sara** the ornament back.

Lena moves to the foyer and opens the closet door. She starts to put on her boots.

Vicky approaches **Lena**.

Vicky: (to **Lena**) Where are you going?

Lena: They have cute ornaments down the street at the bookstore.

Vicky: Wait a minute. We're supposed to meet your boyfriend tonight.

Lena: I'll be back in half an hour - max.

Vicky: What if he gets here before you get back? We don't even know his name.

Dean: Why don't we know his name?

Lena: I just want you to meet him altogether.

Sam: Why can't we know his name?

Lena: I thought the surprise would make it more special.

Lena puts on her coat.

Sara: At least give us a hint.

Lena: He's tall and handsome and funny.

Sam: Handsome and funny – that could be anyone.

Lena: He's really smart, and he just got this great job.

Sam: Way to narrow it down.

Lena: I'll be right back.

Vicky: Be quick.

Lena exits through the front door.

Dean is still milling through the papers on the coffee table.

Vicky: *(referring to the papers on the coffee table)* What's all this?

Dean: Bruce wants this paperwork for the trial. Jessica is stopping by tonight to pick it up.

Grandma enters from upstairs, once again moving around **Sam** who is still seated on the stairs. She hangs up the phone and moves to the living room.

Vicky: Jessica is coming here tonight? I thought even paralegals were supposed to get a break on Christmas Eve.

Dean: *(agreeing)* She's doing me a huge favor.

Dean puts the files in his briefcase. He puts the briefcase upstage of the couch, then starts to make his way upstairs.

Grandma: That was Matilda. My flight for tomorrow just got canceled because of the storm.

Vicky: Good. That means you can come to Colorado with us.

Grandma: *(dismissing Vicky's comment)* I promised to spend Christmas with my sister this year. Matilda's grandson booked me a flight for tonight.

Vicky: Tonight?

Grandma: The storm isn't supposed to get there till tomorrow. My best chance of getting in is leaving tonight. You guys go to the Christmas Eve service, and I'll get one of those Goobers.

Vicky: What?

Grandma: You know – those umm, goober things.

Everyone stares at her.

Grandma: Like a chauffeur.

Sara: You mean an Uber?

Grandma: Yes.

Sam: You don't have a cellphone but you know what an Uber is?

Vicky: Don't call an Uber. You don't know who's driving those things. We'll drive you.

***Vicky** heads towards the kitchen and continues cooking the meatballs.*

***Grandma** exits upstairs with the rest of the clothes.*

Grandma: (referring to **Sam**) Sam, we have things called couches.

***Sam**, still texting, moves to the living room and sits on the couch.*

***Sara** finishes wrapping the presents.*

Sam: Who are the presents for?

Sara: My small group. (beat) Hey, what'd you end up getting Dad for Christmas?

Sam: Those new golf clubs he's been wanting. I have them hidden in the garage.

Sara: Sam! Where did you get that kind of money?

Sam: I sold the Barracuda.

Sara: You did what?

Sam: Remember when I brought it in for some work last month?

Sara: Yeah.

Sam: Well, I guess one of Will's other customers saw the Barracuda and asked for my info. Will asked me, and I told him I'd talk to the guy thinking it would come to nothing. But when he called, he made me an offer I couldn't refuse. He wants it pretty bad. I guess he's hoping it'll be a surprise Christmas gift.

Sara: But you love that car.

Sam: Yeah. But I love the idea of a down payment for a house too. And turns out, those college loans have to be paid back at some point. Adulting is more expensive than I thought it would be.

Sara: Dad will love the golf clubs. Least you could do after he put up with you all these years.

Slight pause.

Sara: With all that extra cash what did you get me?

Sam: *(throwing his hands in the air)* I need a down payment for a house, remember?

Sam stands and moves to the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator and stands there looking at it.

Dean enters from upstairs with more papers in his hands. He puts the papers on the coffee table in the living room and moves toward the kitchen.

Sara finishes wrapping the presents; she puts them in a bag and leaves the bag under the tree.

Vicky: *(to Dean)* Did you order the pizza?

Dean grabs a meatball from the stove.

Vicky slaps his hand.

Dean: *(with his mouth full)* Why are we still ordering pizza?

Vicky: It's tradition. The kids could never wait till after the service to eat.

Dean: I know the feeling.

Vicky slaps his hand for a second time.

Dean: I just need a snack.

Dean successfully steals one more meatball and sits at the kitchen table.

Sam finally decides on a soda. He closes the fridge and also sits at the table.

Sara also moves towards the kitchen and leans against the counter, on her phone.

Vicky's cell phone, which is on the kitchen table, rings.

Dean picks it up.

Dean: *(to Vicky)* It's Lena.

Vicky: *(to Dean)* My hands are full. Put it on speaker.

Dean answers the phone.

Vicky: Hey sweetie-

Lena: *(over the phone)* Mom - I got a flat tire.

Dean: I'm on my way.

Lena: *(over the phone)* No. Don't. I ran into Mr. Beck from church. He's helping me put on the spare. But my phone is dying - and my boyfriend might -

Lena's phone dies

Vicky: Lena? Lena? Her phone died.

Sara: She didn't tell us her boyfriend's name. How are we going to know who he is?

Dean: How many nice young men are going to be stopping by our house this evening?

The doorbell rings.

Vicky: It's probably him!

Lights down.

Scene 3

Vicky quickly washes her hands.

Sam and **Dean** remain unmoved at the table.

Sara is leaning on the breakfast bar upstage right.

Vicky: (to **Sam**) Go answer the door.

Sam: I say we make him wait a few minutes.

Vicky: (to **Dean**) Dean! Answer the door.

Dean: I like the idea of making him sweat it out a few minutes.

Sara: Let him get extra nervous.

Vicky is finished washing her hands and rushes to the door.

Sara follows her.

Vicky opens the door.

Joe is outside dressed in a pizza delivery uniform and is holding two boxes of pizza.

Joe: Merry Christmas! Two meat-lover pizzas. One with stuffed crust.
(looking at **Vicky**) No plain cheese this year?

Vicky: I lost the coin toss.

Joe understandingly nods.

Vicky: Come on in, Joe.

Sara: (yelling back to **Dean** and **Sam**) It's just Joe.

Joe enters.

Joe: It's just Joe?

Dean: Good. I'm starving.

Vicky, Sara, and Joe move back to the kitchen. **Joe** places the pizza boxes on the kitchen table. The family begins to eat. **Dean** and **Sam** sit at the table. **Vicky** grabs a piece while still cooking at the stove. **Sara** sits on the counter. **Joe** leans on the upstage breakfast bar.

Dean: (to **Joe**) Joe, have a slice with us.

Joe: No, thank you. I'm pizza-ed out.

Sara: There's no such thing.

Vicky: How do you always happen to be working on Christmas Eve?

Joe: Can't beat the tips.

Sam: Dominic's is still the best. I dream of this pizza when I'm away at school.

Sara: I heard Dominic's is closing.

Vicky: No! (to **Joe**) Is that true?

Dean: I hope not. That pizzeria has been a staple in this neighborhood for years.

Joe: Mr. Rossi wants to retire.

Vicky: I thought Mario was going to take it over?

Joe: He decided to go to law school.

Dean: Really? Is he planning on coming back home after school? My firm could have a job for him. (to **Vicky**) Why is hiring good help so hard? We lost another paralegal this week.

Vicky: Again? I thought you liked this last one.

Dean: Couldn't cut it. Bruce wants me to hire his nephew.

Vicky: As a paralegal?

Dean: Until he passes the bar.

Vicky: Do you like him?

Dean: I haven't met him yet. I'll meet him when we get back from Colorado, but I don't know if I like the idea of hiring family.

Vicky: Bruce has been a good partner for years. If he thinks his nephew can cut it - maybe he can.

Dean: I don't know. Maybe.

Sam: You're too intimidating.

Dean: I'm a prosecutor. It's my job to be intimidating.

Sara: Your paralegals always seem scared of you.

Dean: (to **Joe**) Am I scary?

Joe: They just realize what a great opportunity it is to work for you.

Dean: You're my favorite delivery guy, you know that? Want to be a paralegal?

Joe: No, Sir.

Dean: I thought you had a master's degree in business.

Joe: I do.

Dean: What do you plan on doing with that?

Vicky: (referring to **Joe**) Mr. Entrepreneur here is going to start a business one day-

Dean: That old lemonade stand again, huh?

Vicky rinses her hands.

Vicky: (to **Dean**) I should check on your mom. (to **Sara**) Sara, let's go help Grandma pack.

Vicky leaves the kitchen and moves to the stairway. Noticing the papers in the living room, she shouts back to **Dean**.

Vicky: What are we doing with this mess?

Dean: Don't touch those! Jessica will be here soon.

***Vicky** and **Sara** exit upstairs.*

Vicky: *(calling to **Dean** as she's going upstairs)* If the doorbell rings, answer it - and BE NICE!

***Dean** moves to the living room and starts to put the rest of the papers in his briefcase.*

Joe: *(to **Sam**)* I heard a rumor you sold the Cuda.

Sam: He's stopping by any minute to pick it up.

Joe: What made you do something that stupid?

Sam: This guy made me a deal I couldn't refuse.

Joe: Does your dad know?

Sam: Not yet. He'd probably try and talk me out of it.

Joe: That's exactly what I'm going to do.

Sam: Well at least help me put the final coat of wax on while you do.

***Sam** and **Joe** exit stage right into the garage.*

Lights down.

Scene 4

Dean puts the briefcase next to the front door and starts to turn back towards the living room. As he does, the doorbell rings.

Dean reluctantly turns towards the door. He looks up the stairs to see if **Vicky** is going to come down.

Doorbell rings again.

Dean: (to himself) Be nice.

Dean answers the door.

Chris: Hi. I'm Chris.

Dean: Hi.

Chris: Is umm...

Dean: There's been a delay. A flat tire.

Chris: Oh no. Is it still...

Dean: They're fixing it as we speak. Just another few minutes.

Dean fully opens the door and gestures for **Chris** to come in.

Dean: Come on in.

Chris enters. They awkwardly shake hands.

Dean: It's nice to meet you.

Awkward pause as they stand in the foyer.

Dean: Would you like to sit down?

Chris: That's ok. If it's just going to be a few minutes. I can wait here.

Dean: This will give us a few minutes to talk - mano a mano.

Chris: About what?

Dean: You know.

Chris: I don't.

Pause.

Dean: I think it goes without saying that she's pretty important to me.

Chris: Yeah. She's a beauty.

Dean: She is.

Pause.

Dean: I'd like to get to know you a little bit more.

Chris *reluctantly agrees. They both go to sit in the living room.*

Chris: *(hesitantly)* What do you want to know?

Dean: What do you do?

Chris: I'm a financial consultant.

Dean: That sounds like a solid job.

Chris: Yeah. I do ok.

Dean: Good financial head on your shoulders. Planning for the future.
Retirement.

Chris: Right.

Pause.

Chris: Listen, I got the money if that's what you're worried about.

Dean: I'm not worried. Just asking.

Pause.

Chris: Thanks for letting me stop by on Christmas Eve. I know this must be a little inconvenient.

Dean: No problem at all.

Chris: I've been in the market for a while. And once I saw her – I mean it's hard to find one in mint condition these days.

Dean: It's been a bit, but I have to admit it was easier in my day.

Chris: Just trying to find one that hasn't had too much work done is tough.

Dean: Uh huh.

Chris: I can promise you that I'll take good care of her.

Dean: Taking care of her... uh well, that's a big decision. Are you sure you're not moving too fast?

Chris: I don't want to pass up something good. You know?

Dean: Yeah-

Chris: If I didn't make an offer, I knew someone else would.

Dean: So, you two already have an agreement?

Chris: That's why I'm here.

Dean: I see. Does your family know yet?

Chris: No. Not at all. But I can only keep it under wraps for so long.

Dean: Why all the secrets?

Chris: With it being Christmas and everything...

Dean: Surprise the family all together.

Chris: Exactly.

Pause.

Chris: I know taking her off your hands, on Christmas Eve -

Dean: It *is* a little sudden, but I can understand wanting to make the holiday special.

Chris: I mean I know she's worth more than I can offer -

Dean: Well, you seem like a nice guy.

Chris: She'll be in good hands.

Dean: That's nice to hear you say that.

Chris: And if I ever decide to get rid of her, I'll call you first.

Pause.

Dean *awkwardly laughs.*

Dean: *(not impressed)* Good one.

Chris: So, umm is there anything I should know?

Dean: Like what?

Chris: One-time owner, that kind of thing.

Dean: What are we talking about? It's not like she's just an old car.

Chris: Absolutely, of course not. She's a classic.

Dean: Exactly.

Dean *stands.*

Dean: I'll be right back.

Chris *remains on the couch.*

Vicky *comes down the stairs as Dean is going upstairs.*

Vicky: Dean? Where are you going?

Dean: I need a minute.

Dean *exits upstairs.*

Vicky *does not notice Chris in the living room.*

Doorbell rings.

Vicky fixes her hair quickly and expectantly opens the door. She is obviously very pleased with seeing a young gentleman in a suit and immediately assumes this is Lena's boyfriend.

Vicky: Hello.

Lights down.

Scene 5

Chris is still seated on the couch, checking his phone.

Vicky and **Derek** do not notice him.

Vicky stands at the door, ushering **Derek** inside.

Throughout the scene, **Derek's** lines are said with a quick nervousness.

Derek: Hi. I'm not sure I'm at the right place.

Vicky: Come in. Come in. You're a young handsome man dressed in a suit. I'm guessing you're in the right place.

Derek: *(looking at his suit)* I just left the office, and I was instructed to meet Mr. Jones here.

Vicky: Instructed? You didn't hear it from me but she *can* be a bit demanding at times. Don't tell her I said that.

Derek: Of course not. I wasn't implying anything of the sort. This has been an amazing experience, and I am just so grateful to have the opportunity.

Pause.

Vicky: It's nice to meet you too.

Derek: I don't want to intrude with this being Christmas Eve.

Vicky: You're not intruding at all. My husband will be right down, why don't you come with me to the kitchen.

Derek: Sure.

Vicky: Please excuse the house. We've just been so busy getting ready for the trip.

Derek: Well, anything I can do to help. It's just an honor to be able to assist in any way I can.

Vicky: I'm making meatballs. You can help me.

Derek: Umm... sure. Absolutely.

Derek rolls up his sleeves.

Derek sits at the kitchen table. **Vicky** hands him a bowl with raw meat, and he begins rolling meatballs. **Vicky** continues to stand at the stove.

Vicky: So, tell me about yourself.

Derek: *(nervous and fast)* My father was a businessman, my mother a teacher. I graduated high school valedictorian... went on to Harvard law. I graduated with honors and plan to pass the bar exam this coming year. I don't smoke, drink or gamble. I'm a diligent hard worker and pride myself on punctuality. I'm eager to learn and very teachable.

Vicky: Ok.

Derek: Does that sound too rehearsed?

Vicky: Maybe a little.

Derek: I'm just really nervous to meet Mr. Jones. I want him to think that I'm worthy of this.

Vicky: Well, we all want this to work. Maybe just take a breath between valedictorian and Harvard law.

Derek: Ok. Sure. I can rework that part.

Vicky: So, you're a lawyer?

Derek: I will be. Did I leave that part out?

Vicky: No. I think I heard that.

Pause.

Vicky: So, what do you do for fun?

Derek: *(quickly)* Nothing. Work is everything to me.

Vicky: Oh.

Derek: Unless of course that's important to Mr. Jones.

Vicky: Well, I think he'd be reassured to know that you're able to relax and -

Derek: Absolutely. Absolutely. I can pick up any hobby he thinks necessary. I am focused and ready to put the hours in to make this successful.

Vicky: What does your family think of um -

Derek: They're thrilled.

Vicky: That's nice to hear.

Derek: Honestly, probably more excited than I am. I wasn't sure this was what I wanted. It took me a while, but my mom really convinced me that, you know, this might not come again. Don't tell Mr. Jones I said that. No time like the present! I'm just really really nervous.

Vicky: Right.

Derek: I mean I want it to work out - I'd be devastated if it didn't work out, but if in a couple years I need to go a different direction at least I have some experience.

Vicky audibly breaths out.

Vicky: Listen, it's always been Dean's dream to have a lawyer date his daughter.

Derek: Date his daughter?

Vicky: I know he's going to be thrilled to meet you.

Derek: Ok. I can ummm...

Vicky: He just wants you to treat her right.

Derek: Of course.

Vicky: I need a second.

Vicky stands.

Lights down.

Scene 6

Vicky moves to the foyer.

Dean comes back down the stairs.

They meet in the foyer.

Dean: If I'm being honest, I don't know if I'm ready for them to get engaged.

Sara enters from upstairs.

Sara: Who's getting engaged?

Sam enters from stage right and sees **Derek** in the kitchen.

Dean: He didn't even ask me.

Vicky: You haven't met him yet.

Dean: I've met him enough.

Sam: Who's in the kitchen?

Vicky: Lena's boyfriend.

Sara: Then who's in the living room?

Dean: Lena's boyfriend.

Vicky: Don't be ridiculous. He's making meatballs in the kitchen.

Dean: *(referring to **Chris**)* Then who's he?

Doorbell rings.

Dean hesitantly answers the door.

Nick is leaning against the door.

Nick: What's up? I'm looking for Lena.

Dean shuts the door leaving **Nick** outside and turns back towards his family.

Lights down.

Scene 7

Dean and **Vicky** both stand on either side of the door.

Sara is still on the stairway.

Sam is in front of the stairway.

Dean: I've only got one extra plane ticket.

Sam: Is this like the Bachelor where we get to pick which one we want to keep?

Sara: Kitchen guy is the cutest.

Vicky: Lena did say he was handsome.

Dean: She said he was tall.

Vicky: Living room guy is taller.

Sara: How can you tell? They're both sitting down.

Sam: She said he had a great job.

Dean: Living room is a financial consultant.

Vicky: Kitchen guy graduated from Harvard.

Dean: Harvard?

Sara: I'm starting to get confused. Do the contestants have names?

Doorbell rings again.

Vicky starts to re-open the door.

Sam: Are we sure we want to know who's behind door number three?

Dean: He did ask for her by name.

Sara: What if there's more coming?

Vicky: How many more can there be?

Sam: I didn't think Lena was this popular.

Dean: Me either.

Vicky: Dean!

Dean: There must be an explanation.

Dean moves Vicky aside and opens the door.

Nick: We still doing this?

Dean: Lena's running a few minutes late.

Nick: Should I wait in the car?

Slight pause.

Dean turns to his family and shrugs.

Vicky interjects, giving **Dean** a look.

Vicky: (to **Nick**) Don't be ridiculous. We'd love to have you come in.

*Slight pause as **Nick** enters.*

Vicky: (awkwardly) This is my husband, Dean. And Sam and Sara. I'm Vicky.

Nick: Nick.

Slight pause.

Nick: I don't usually do the meet and greet thing.

Vicky: Oh. Ok.

Nick: I'm just saying, it's Christmas so I made an exception.

Dean: (sarcastically) Thanks.

Nick: Time is money, you know?

Pause.

Nick pulls a cigarette box out of his pocket and takes out a cigarette.

Nick: Mind if I smoke?

Dean: Yes.

Lights down.

Scene 8

Dean, Vicky, Sam and Sara are still in the foyer with **Nick**.

Chris is still on the couch in the living room.

Derek begins to move from the kitchen to the foyer.

Vicky: (to **Nick**) Won't you sit down?

Vicky motions toward the living room.

Derek enters the foyer.

Derek: (to **Vicky**) How many more of these do you want me to –

Derek sees **Dean** and holds out his hand, still full of meatballs.

Derek: Mr. Jones it is such a pleasure to finally meet you.

Dean sees **Derek's** hand full of meat and doesn't shake it.

Derek puts the meatball down on the narrow hallway table. He tries to wipe his hands on his suit.

Derek: (to **Dean**) I've heard so much about you. Thank you for inviting me into your house.

Derek once again holds out his hand to shake **Dean's** hand.

Dean looks at his hand, refusing to shake it.

Dean: (unsure of what to say) Sure. Sit down.

Dean motions for him to sit in the living room as well.

Chris, Derek, Sam, and Sara are all now in the living room.

Vicky and **Dean** remain in the foyer.

Joe enters from the stage right garage door with a rag in his hand. He moves toward the foyer.

Joe: That should do it.

Vicky: Joe, I didn't know you were still here. Dean, would you pay Joe for the pizza?

Joe: No. I'm not waiting for payment-

Dean: I thought you paid him?

Vicky: I thought you did.

Dean: Why didn't you pay him when you ordered the pizza?

Vicky: I didn't order the pizza, you did.

Dean pulls out his wallet.

Dean: No, I didn't. *(handing Joe some cash from his wallet)* Here son, keep the change.

Joe: I...

Dean: *(leading Joe to the door)* Good to see you, Joe. Tell your parents we said hi.

Joe: The pizza is on the house.

Vicky: It's looking like it's going to be a long night – we'll see you at church. Merry Christmas.

*They shuffle **Joe** out of the door.*

***Joe** stands at the window, looking in.*

***Dean** and **Vicky** enter the living room.*

Dean: I need someone to explain to me exactly what is going on here. Clearly, there's been a misunderstanding.

Derek: Sir, if I may, I think I'm the best candidate here.

Dean: Really?

Derek: I can get my references to you by morning, but I want you to know that I'm here for the long haul. Along with my law degree I have a minor in human relations. I'm committed to making you happy. *(to **Sara**)* And it would be an honor to take you out to dinner, as well.

Sara: Excuse me?

***Chris** stands.*

Chris: I've got to get going. My wife is going to get suspicious.

Vicky: Your wife?

Dean: She doesn't know about this?

Chris: She's starting to catch on that I'm up to something. I'd like to keep it quiet until it's a sure thing.

Pause.

Dean: What about you?

Nick leans back on the couch and puts his feet on the coffee table.

Nick: Usually I get paid by the minute, so I got all night.

Doorbell rings.

Lights down.

Scene 9

Vicky starts toward the door.

Dean: Don't answer that door.

Vicky: But what if it's...

Dean: I can't do another one.

Lena enters from the stage right garage door and walks through the kitchen to the foyer. She is holding a small bag.

Lena: Sorry that took so long. Dad, I parked it in the garage so you can look at...

Lena sees the group in the living room and stops in the foyer.

Lena: I didn't know we were having a party.

Dean: Lena, did you know he was married?

Lena: Who is?

Chris: I'm married. So, what?

Derek: I'm still single. But definitely open to a relationship.

Chris: What does that have to do with anything? I have the money.

Derek: I – I can get money.

Chris: I have cash.

Nick: Just to be clear, Christmas Eve tips are cash only.

Derek: Why are we paying him?

Lena: Exactly what is going on here?

Dean: You tell me.

Vicky: (*referring to **Chris***) Isn't he your boyfriend?

Lena: I'm not dating him.

Dean: Really? Well he seems to think you're a classic in mint condition and is ready to take you off my hands.

Lena: What?

Sam realizes who **Chris** is.

Sam: Oh no.

Sam moves towards **Chris**.

Sam: (*shaking **Chris'** hand*) You must be Chris. You here for the Cuda?

Chris: Yeah.

Sam: It's in the garage.

Dean: You sold the Barracuda?

Sam: (to **Dean**) At least the married guy isn't taking your daughter.

Dean: That car's like my second daughter.

Sara: I'm your second daughter.

Vicky: (to **Lena**, referring to **Derek**) So, you're dating Mr. Harvard?

Lena: Who?

Sara: If you're not interested -

Vicky: Lena, he's a lawyer.

***Dean** is starting to realize who **Derek** is.*

Dean: Hold on a minute. (to **Derek**) What's your name, son?

Derek: Derek Cook.

***Dean** realizes who it is.*

Dean: You're Bruce's nephew?

Derek: And hopefully the next lawyer to join your firm.

Dean: Jessica must have sent you.

Derek: I guess, the new guy gets the Christmas Eve errands. Jessica said you had some legal documents for me to pick up.

Dean: In my briefcase.

*Slight pause as **Dean** and **Vicky** painfully look at **Nick**.*

Vicky: So, Nick -

Grandma enters from upstairs and moves to the living room.

Grandma: Is my Uber-thing here? I thought I put the order in correctly.

Nick: Lena Jones?

Grandma: That's me.

Nick: I'm being held hostage in the living room.

Grandma: Thank you for coming to the door. I know my family feels so much better meeting you first.

Pause.

Dean: (to **Nick**) You're an Uber driver?

Nick: Yup.

Vicky: Ok. Well, that explains a lot. (to **Lena**) I guess he's just not here yet.

Doorbell rings.

Joe looks through the window and waves.

Lena opens the door.

Lena and **Joe** stand in the center of the foyer area.

Lena: Mom and Dad, I'm dating Joe.

Dean and **Vicky** join them in the foyer.

Sara and **Sam** move toward the foyer as well.

Dean: Joe?

Lena: Yeah.

Vicky: Joe?

Lena: Yes.

Sara: He's not tall.

Lena: Taller than me.

Sam: You said he was funny.

Joe: I'm funny.

Sara: He's not funny.

Lena: I think he is.

Vicky: What about the great job?

Dean: He delivers pizzas.

Lena: He just bought Dominic's.

Dean: You bought the pizzeria from Mr. Rossi?

Joe: Yes, Sir.

Pause.

Lena: I called and ordered the pizza earlier today.

Joe: We thought if I brought the pizza – *(He hands **Dean** back the cash)* which, of course, is on the house this year - Lena and I could tell you about us then.

Dean: Well, this is umm...

Sara: Different.

Vicky: I'm sorry. It's just not what we were expecting.

Lena: We've been friends for a while.

Vicky: Since you were children.

*Joe puts his arm around **Lena**.* .

Joe: Friendship is a great way to start a relationship, right?

Lena: We started hanging out more and... it just kind of happened.

Sam: Well at least we don't have to go to Colorado with Harvard guy.

Derek: Was there a chance I was going to Colorado?

Dean: *(ignoring **Derek**)* This is great news. I'm sorry we got so confused.

Vicky hugs Joe. Dean shakes his hand.

Lena: Well, now that you have all met my boyfriend, we should get going.

Dean: *(looking at his watch)* We don't want to be late to the Christmas Eve service.

Sam: *(to Family)* I'll meet you guys out front. *(to **Chris**)* The car's in the garage.

Sam grabs his coat. Then he and **Chris** exit through the stage right garage door.

Grandma: We'd better go too, or we'll miss the plane.

Nick: Ready when you are.

Dean exits upstairs and re-enters with a suitcase.

Vicky and **Sara** hug **Grandma**.

Vicky: Have a safe flight.

Dean brings the suitcase to the door and hands it to **Nick**.

Dean hugs **Grandma**.

Dean: Merry Christmas, Mom.

Grandma and **Nick** exit through the front door.

Dean grabs the briefcase near the door and hands it to **Derek**.

Dean: (to **Derek**) Thanks for stopping by. I really appreciate it.

Dean ushers **Derek** through the front door.

Dean: Thanks again.

Everyone grabs their coats from the front closet.

Sara: I can't forget the presents for my small group.

Sara grabs the bag of presents under the tree.

Vicky: (to **Sara**, remembering) Sweetie, I'm sorry I didn't help you with your lesson. We can brainstorm in the car.

Sara: That's ok. I think I know what I want to teach them about.

Vicky: What?

Sara: Well, I've been inspired by tonight's events and our family devotional.

Lena: Really?

Sara: Christ didn't come as a King or as a Warrior or as any other expected Leader. He came as a humble baby, something that although prophesied, was completely unexpected. He was different than what we thought he was going to be but he was perfectly everything we needed. I think the idea of a blessing in disguise is something we can all relate to.

Slight pause.

Derek pokes his head back in the front door.

Derek: Just to be clear. Seeing as how you have two daughters - I'm still single, willing, and *available* to go to Colorado if necessary.

Dean ushers **Derek** back out the door.

Dean also exits.

Vicky and **Sara** exit next.

Lena grabs her ornament bag.

Joe and **Lena** join hands, then exit together.

Lights down.

End of play.