

A script from



“First Christmas: Wise Man”

by
The Skit Guys

- What** The Wise Man recounts his journey and the surprise at the end of it all.
Themes: Christmas, Nativity, Jesus
- Who** Wise Man
- When** After Christ is born
- Wear (Props)** Table with books, a telescope, globe, etc...anything to help people get the idea that this guy studies...a lot.
- Why** Matthew 2:1-2, 9-12
- How** The wise man is more of a scientist or professor type. He would've been a learned man. Think glasses, tidy appearance, khakis, sweater vest maybe, or a buttoned shirt. Speaks with a deliberateness and a thoughtfulness. He wants to make sure that he gets things just right. This person needs to have the air of a scholar.
- Time** Approximately 3-4 minutes

The Wise Man addresses the audience.

Wise Man: God had been silent for over 400 years. We knew, because we had been listening...in a sense.

My job? My job was to listen. People who talk a lot—you don't call them wise, do you? No. There are a lot of other names that we have for them and wise is not one of them.

In my position, I looked for signs everywhere. A star for example. I can look at a star and watch and wait and see what it's trying to tell us. I read once about a star that would announce a new King. And then one day...there it was. A beacon in the night. A star unlike any I'd ever seen before. *(Beat.)*

So, I followed it. There were a few of us and yes, we actually followed a star. *(Pause)* It was so bizarre. This star lead us...it moved and we followed. Our journey took two years and it led us to Judea.

And then...it stopped...shining down over a small cottage. Our journey ended not at a palace fit for a king, but at the home of a peasant.

This was it. We gathered our thoughts, our gifts, and did what we could to contain our emotions.

And behind those doors we found a new King. A King who commands the movement of the stars of the sky, and yet came to live among His people. A King that spoke and His word became flesh. God was finished being silent.

We knelt down that night. Yes, we knelt before the baby boy. And each of us laid gifts at his feet. We had to, we couldn't help it. Four hundred years of silence broken by the cries of the Son of God.