

A script from



"Forget This!"

by
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What As a family rushes to prepare for a Christmas pageant, they inadvertently leave their Bible behind. In this humorous script, audiences are encouraged to not forget the real reason for the season.

Themes: Christmas, Reason for the Season

Who Dad
Mom
Daughter- teen
Son- 8-10 years-old

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Bible
Table
Lamp
Lightsaber
Laser blaster
Daughter wears a skirt that's considered inappropriate (be careful with what she wears onstage, nothing that would offend your audience). She later changes into pants.
Son is wearing a bathrobe
Mom and Dad are dressed appropriately for a Christmas church service

Why Matthew 6:33

How For added dramatic effect, Dad may endeavor to stand in front of the table holding the lamp and bible until its climactic reveal at the scene's conclusion. A dresser may be required to assist Daughter in changing from skirt to slacks during the performance.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Dad stands center stage tapping his foot and periodically checking his cell device. Dad sighs.

Dad: I am counting to ten! And when I am done counting to ten I am going to walk out the door, get in the car, start the engine with this key and leave every last soul that is not in said car when said ignition is started! Am I being clear! Do you hear me! Fine! One ... Two ... Three ... Four ... Five ... Halfway there! Six! Seven ... Eight ... Nine *(Pause)* Nine point five! Ten! *(Pause)* I am done counting to ten! *(Pause)* I am starting to rethink many life decisions! I am wishing I had joined the Merchant Marines! I am going! I am going! I am—

Daughter: *(enters wearing skirt)* Hi, Daddy. is everyone ready?

Dad: Where do you think you're going?

Daughter: The Christmas Pageant, silly!

Dad: I'm not going anywhere with you dressed like that!

Daughter: It's clean I just washed—

Dad: "Clean" is a relative word, Pumpkin. There's I-just-bought-a-gallon-of-Fabuloso- "Here!-Come-smell-the-kitchen" clean, and then there's the other sort of clean. The clean where I can take my daughter to a church function without having to start all my conversations with "No, she hasn't become a Vegas Showgirl, we think it's just a phase!"

Daughter: Well it's too late now—

Dad: For modesty, there's time!

Mom: *(enters)* Listen to your father, dear.

Dad: We just took out a second mortgage to buy those pleated slacks. Put those on.

Daughter: But everyone owns a pair of those slacks. I'll be dressed like everyone else!

Dad: Well if you wanted to stand out, why did we buy the slacks in the first place.

Daughter: Well, I still want to fit in *(exits)*.

Dad: *(to his wife)* Get in the car. We're driving to Tijuana to start a new life.

Mom: That sounds wonderful, Honey, but first, did you remember to fill up?

Dad: Yes, dear.

Mom: Good, because I may need to make a stop on the way to pick up some paper plates. Also, I need you to load the brownies and Rice Krispy Treats into the trunk, get the weather report for the drive home in case we need to leave early and call Mom—tell her to save our place on the usual pew.

Dad: The car has gas, the brownies and treats are loaded, there's no snow in the forecast until January and your mother hates me. Now, will you please get in the car?

Mom: Just a few more last-minute chores. I need to grab a pair of earrings, feed the cat, help our daughter pick out the right blouse and, apparently, call Mom. You can help by making sure your son has put on his nativity costume. Can you remember all that?

Dad: *(offstage)* Son! Are you in costume?

Son: Yeah!

Dad: Done.

Mom: Good. Now, don't forget the brownies *(exits)*.

Dad: I didn't forget the brownies! You forgot the brownies and then you forgot that I didn't forget the brownies!

Son: *(enters holding lightsaber and wearing a bathrobe, breathing heavily)*
The circle is now complete.

Dad: Nice try but you're supposed to be a shepherd not a Sith Lord. Lose the lightsaber and keep the robe. Now!

Son: I find your lack of faith disturbing.

Dad: Back in your room, find a shepherd staff before your mom gets back or no tablet time this weekend!

Son: Never tell me the odds.

Dad: Now!

Son: *(muttering as he exits)* I am one with the force. The force is with me ... I am one with the force. The force is with me ... I am one with the force ...

Dad: I have a bad feeling about this.

Mom: *(enters putting on earrings)* Well, I can't seem to find the brownies.

Dad: We'll survive.

Daughter: *(enters wearing slacks)* If I end up wearing the same thing as Brooke, I will never, ever forgive you.

Dad: I'll survive.

Son: *(enters holding blaster pistol)* Good ... Good ... Let the hate flow through you.

Mom: Honey, don't forget we need to get gas on the way.

Dad: That's it! Everybody in the car! Sweetie, if Brooke or Camden or the Pastor is wearing the same pleated slacks, I hereby give you permission to wear a bikini on Easter Sunday. Son, keep the laser and if anyone asks, tell them we couldn't afford a stick because we bought the pants your sister hates. Baby, repeat after me...the brownies are in the car—

Mom: What about—

Dad: And the Rice Krispy Treats and the paper plates and your earrings and the cat! Let's move out people. If we break every speed limit in the tri-county area we'll have just enough time to be fashionably late. Now, move! We're heading out before we remind ourselves of something else we forgot. Go! Go! Go!

Son: *(exits)* Warp three engage!

Daughter: *(exits)* Um, that's Star Trek—

Mom: *(speaking on phone as she exits)* Mom? Grab us a seat and leave room for the cat, we're on our way.

Dad: Okay...keys? Check. Phone? Check. Overwhelming foreboding of exhaustion and dread? Check. For once, we remembered everything. *(Exits, revealing Bible illuminated by lamp on table)*

Mom: *(offstage)* Honey! Aren't you forgetting something? Something important?

Dad: *(enters, slapping self on forehead repeatedly)* Of course! Of course! Of course. *(Dad turns lamp off)* Voila! Scatter brained kids always leaving the lights on...like money just grows on trees... *(Lights fade)*