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“Forgiven at Christmas”

by
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What As Hannah meets with a counselor for the first time, she bemoans the holidays which makes her feel guilty and ashamed. Ultimately, she realizes what it means to truly be forgiven.

Themes: Sin, Forgiveness, Salvation, Easter, Christmas, Monologue

Who Hannah

When Present

Wear Contemporary professional clothing. Hannah should convey and adult just out
(Props) of college.
Chair
Small coffee table
Box of tissues

Why Psalm 51:7, Hebrews 9:14, 1 John 4:9-10; Psalm 103:12

How The interplay between the projected words and the actor is very important. We used two classroom projectors and then projected them on the walls behind the actor. We ran a video that was paused and played to keep up with the actor, but the same effect could also be accomplished with a slideshow (eg. Powerpoint or Pro Presenter) that advanced as each word is uttered.

The actor is speaking to a doctor who is unseen and unheard. Her reactions should reflect that. “Listen” and respond. Find a fixed position where the doctor would be.

Time Approximately 7 minutes

A single chair in a pool of light. A small coffee table with a box of tissues on it.

Hannah enters a bit nervous and unsure.

Hannah: Hi. I'm Hannah...your three o'clock.

Beat

Do I sit here, or...?

Beat

I just thought maybe there was a couch or something where I was supposed to lie down. Talk about my dreams or whatever.

She listens to the unseen and unheard doctor; laughs.

Yeah, okay. Sorry, this is my first time in counseling. My mom thought this would help. I'm kind of...freaking out on the inside.

Hannah sits. After a bit...

It's Christmas time. I always loved this time of year. It's...so innocent. There's a sense of being with family. Of eating way too many desserts. All the Hallmark Channel movies end with a snowstorm on Christmas Eve and an inappropriate number of hugs.

Beat

And the smiles. Everyone smiles. It's like we all decide for about a month that we live in Disneyland or something. And suddenly every house—well, the fun houses, are awash with twinkling lights. I love that.

Beat

It all helps you...forget yourself, you know? Forget the real you. If Halloween is about pretending you're someone awful, Christmas is about pretending you're the best kind of you.

Hannah gets antsy and stands and paces.

Even the people at church are in a good mood. You know how church—well, I don't know if you do or not. But church...can be hard...for me at least. And most of the year there's just a...blanket. It smothers you. Puts out any fire you might have. But at Christmas, there are lit trees, and sparkly garland and live, I kid you not, live animals in churches! And there's a baby... God is a cute, little, often plastic, baby. And we sing merry songs about wisemen and figgy pudding and shepherds watching their flocks. And you can just forget yourself.

She thinks

Actually, I think the figgy pudding one is a school choir kind of thing, but still...

She grows somber.

Easter is the worst. Christmas is candy canes and sing-a-longs and glittery paper boxes. Easter is blood and torture and pain. I feel it worst at Easter. The sense that... *I* did that. The things I've done. You can never escape that, you know. It haunts you.

The doctor, unseen and unheard, asks a question.

Oh, don't even get me started. If I could write everything I've done, every horrible thing I've done, on the walls, first you'd need a bigger office. Second, you'd be mortified.

Beat

Try you?

Laughs

Why not? Okay, how about this. I'm...lazy.

*SFX: On the walls behind **Hannah**, the word "Lazy" appears.*

That's right. I tell my friends that I'm busy, but really I'm just selfish. I don't want to get out of my sweats and go help them.

SFX: The word "selfish" also appears on the wall. As she speaks her sins are written on the wall, eventually overtaking what she says and adding hundreds more.

During the hurricanes, I watched those fundraising commercials and I didn't do one thing to help anyone. I'm terrible with money. I'm both greedy and stingy.

I'm a liar. So many lies. Some big, some small. I once told a guy I was totally into professional wrestling. UGH!

I'm jealous. I can't even tell you how many times I've yelled at my friends. My family, too. They bear the brunt of my anger issues, I think. See? See? You don't even want to hear it. There's more. I gossip. The juicy, dirty kind of gossip too. I've stolen before. Things I had no right to. Things that never belonged to me.

The word "adultery" appears in the ever-growing list of sins on the wall.

Drinking. Drugs. Prescription *and* the kind you try in college. When I'm alone, in my head, I curse like a sailor. You don't believe me? It's true. All of it. Do I need to go on? Do you get the gist...doctor?

She listens. She calms a bit.

Of course, I still go to church.

Beat

Because of Jesus. He makes it so I can go to Heaven.

Beat. Then, matter-of-fact...

You really don't go to church, do you? He died on the cross, you know? To pay the penalty for our sins? You learn that in Sunday School.

SFX: On the wall behind her, blood flows from the top to the bottom dripping down the walls. The walls turn red as she talks.

What is the problem? Are you kidding? The problem is that God is Omniscient, get it? He doesn't forget *anything*. There's nothing he doesn't know. So yeah, I'll get into Heaven. But God knows. And he looks at me like "Oh... you pathetic little girl. Such a disappointment. Why did I even bother coming to earth? Why did I even bother...with you?"

Beat

I'll get into Heaven, but like, just barely. The lowest form of life. The lowest rung on the ladder.

Beat

SFX: The walls turn a brilliant white.

Jesus? What? If he...what? You don't get it, do you?

Points behind her to the walls.

That's me. Everything on these walls. You look at me and you see this hair, these clothes, this drawn-on smile. God knows better. When He looks at me he sees the grotesque, and the despicable. He sees my inner monster. He sees everything. When God looks at ME He sees THIS.

She gestures to the walls then turns to look. She is stunned.

I don't understand. I... I don't... What happened? I told you everything. Where are they? What happened to my sins?

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SFX: The words "It is finished" appear on the wall.

BLACKOUT

PURCHASE
SCRIPT
TO
REMOVE
WATERMARK
AT
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