

A script from



“Glorious Interruption”

by
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- What** A story is told of a young couple with romantic notions of marriage when their ideal vision for the future is suddenly interrupted by God. Themes: Marriage, Christmas, God’s plan, Romance, Love, Mary, Joseph, Expectations
- Who** 1 or 2 Narrators
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Black binder with script inside
- Why** Matthew 1:18-24
- How** While playing the provided instrumental music underneath, simply have a person or a couple sit on a stool(s) and read the story. While the narrator(s) should have an interesting and sincere quality to their voice(s), it should not be acted out. Allow the story to speak for itself.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

The Narrator(s) address the audience.

He was about to be married. He was nervous, yet his feet were far from cold. While he would never admit it, even to his closest friends, he dreamed of his life with his future bride. He dreamed they would laugh together. He dreamed of all the quirks, all the imperfections, all the things -only those who are married- can experience. He loved the idea of being in a room full of his favorite people, and yet one glance could tell his wife, "I would rather be just with you." He loved the idea that they would love together, having a level of intimacy that would keep both of them smiling throughout the day. He was going to be married. That was a good thing. He knew his future wife was not just any woman. She was unique. She had a certain air and innocence that made his stomach flip. She was rare. His friends teased him that he "*had it bad*." They warned him that the dream of marriage was seldom the reality of marriage. Yet their warnings just served to make her all the more real to him. She was different.

He was going to be married. He wanted to married. The wedding was just around the corner.

Across town was his future wife. She was pondering how her life was about to be so radically changed. Her emotions were greatly mixed. She had friends whose dreams for their marriage almost immediately vanished after they had said, "I do". It would seem these types of thoughts would rob her joy. Yet her thoughts of doubt were trumped by her thoughts of hope. After all, she had been dreaming about her wedding since she was a little girl. As a child, she dreamed of being a princess, and every princess has a prince. Her prince would be handsome and strong and would sweep her off her feet. Yet as she grew older, she no longer dreamed of a prince, just a husband who looked and acted like one. She dreamed the two of them would dance and laugh at parties, as if no one else was in the room--all the while loving the fact that all who watched them, knew their relationship was different. She dreamed of a man who would treat her like a princess, on days when she felt like anything but. While her hopes and dreams could fill many treasure chests, her hopes weren't based on fantasy. Her future husband was exceptional, not in stature and position, but in character. She had worked hard to find out everything about him. And she loved what she had found. He was extraordinary; not because he was strong or even very handsome, but because he was unique. He was a man who worked hard to do the right things, but never lost himself or his God in the process. He was different; she knew in her heart of hearts he was oh so different... different in the best sense of the word.

She was going to be married. She wanted to be married. The wedding was just around the corner.

It was in the midst of their readiness; that their hopes and dreams were, to say the very least...interrupted.

He was informed that his wife-to-be... was pregnant. Pregnant. The mere word left him stunned, feeling nothing, feeling everything. With one word, his dreams for his life, his whole life, would forever be changed. He knew the baby could not be his own. They had never slept together. How could she do this to him? How could she appear to be one thing, and be so tragically another?

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

As they traveled, their conversation was strained. Yet there was a surreal knowledge that they didn't have to figure it all out. They just had to take the next step. When they finally arrived, they were completely exhausted. They both desperately needed to rest. Yet all the things Joseph wanted for his wife and baby... were unavailable. They would regrettably have to stay the night in conditions fit only for an animal. Yet there they were, and his pride took it amazingly well. His heart was purely focused on the ones he now loved the most. They just had to get through one night. He would figure out everything else in the morning. But morning came too late. The baby was born. Unto the world a child was born. No man had ever felt more like a real father than he did in that moment. He had been entrusted to marry the mother who had been found fit, to carry God's baby boy. He was entrusted to father the **Creator of the universe**. Mary, exhausted from childbirth, lay back as Joseph handed Jesus to her. Joseph then lay down beside her, while what little strength he had left drained out of him. Mary and Joseph had just experienced something even more miraculous than the birth of a child. They held the **Savior of the world** in their arms.

The birth of Jesus, gloriously interrupted Mary and Joseph's plan for their marriage, and that same baby, later gave up his life to gloriously interrupt...ours.

Lights out.