

A script from



## “Homeless for Christmas”

by

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- What** A well off businessman learns the true meaning of Christmas from an unlikely source. **Themes:** Christmas, Family, Jesus, Salvation, Holidays, Materialism
- Who** Nicholas      David  
Stanley      Sara  
Lisa      Rhythm Team of Drummers and Percussionists
- When** Christmas
- Wear (Props)** Nice coats and outfits for the family  
Business suit for Nicholas  
Homeless attire for Stanley and the percussion team  
Cell phone
- Why** John 3:16, Isaiah 9:6, Matthew 1:18-25
- How** Keep the dialogue casual and watch your timing. Don't get too overdramatic with this one, it should feel like a very natural conversation. Be sure and rehearse the timing with the percussion team very well so those transitions are smooth.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

**Nicholas** enters in a three-piece suit after a long day at work and is walking around looking for cell phone reception.

**Nicholas:** You would think that with today's technology, cell phone companies could supply you with better reception. It's not like I'm in middle of nowhere! *(Pause)* Finally, one bar. *(Dials)* Hi, honey . . . now, don't start with me. You have no idea how great my day has been and . . . I know what time it is . . . I know it's Christmas Eve and yes, I realize dinner is getting colder . . . Yes, I . . . I do understand the candles are almost burned out, but my timing belt broke and the car's dead . . . Well, I'm sorry. It's not like it's my fault . . . Yeah, I'm at Central and 5th. You can't miss me. I'm the only normal looking person here . . . *(sarcastically)* No, please take your time. I love it here. *(Hangs up and sighs)*

**Stanley:** Car died, huh?

**Nicholas:** Why do you care?

**Stanley:** Doesn't everybody care at Christmas?

**Nicholas:** Christmas? Don't get me started on Christmas. People will use anything to get out of work. Christmas is so overplayed and it's commercialized beyond belief. I mean, what's with those dancing Santa's? And then, there are the cartoons with the cheesy clay characters that seem to keep reappearing in your living room every year without invitation. Plus, I can't tell you how many useless presents I've received over the years and how much hard-earned money I've spent on the obligatory gifts in return. And then, of course, you have everyone trying to outdo each other with the most notable party, complete with tacky sweaters, fruitcake that was probably left over from the year before, and goofy games . . . which only leads me to ask the question — who came up with "white elephant" gifts anyway? And if that's not enough, you know that somewhere at some point in this grand holiday, you're going to inadvertently walk under some mistletoe and then have to kiss the freak who shot it down!

**Stanley:** *(Interrupts)* Whoa, take it easy! I can assure you that there's more to Christmas than that. Man, you have got to relax. Here's a trick I learned a while back . . . Huh... snap... snap... snap... *(Repeat)*

*Insert rhythm team of drummers and percussionists who "play" the items around the scene.*

**Stanley:** So, do you *(suddenly realizing he doesn't know his name)* . . . hey, what did you say was your name?

**Nicholas:** I didn't, but it's Nicholas — Nicholas Brinks III.

**Stanley:** So, Nick . . . (*interrupted by Nicholas*)

**Nicholas:** No, it’s Nicholas.

**Stanley:** Okay, *Nicholas*, feel better?

**Nicholas:** Actually, yes. Now, what were we talking about?

**Stanley:** Christmas, you know, spending time with your family and opening presents in the glow of the fireplace. I can just smell the scent of freshly cut Christmas trees and all those great holiday meals and desserts! And, of course, there’s watching your family grow closer together. Something about this season always brings a warm flood of holiday memories of years past.

**Nicholas:** I never think of those things.

**Stanley:** Hmm . . .

**Nicholas:** Anyway, if all those things are so great, why are you out here on a Christmas Eve? This hardly smells like freshly cut Christmas trees, and certainly nobody out here is dining on any fantastic holiday meals.

**Stanley:** I guess it seems a little strange, huh?

**Nicholas:** Well, yeah. You talked with so much emotion and some familiarity, yet I don’t exactly see the in-laws, a lovely wife, and two and a half kids running around — unless, of course, that’s grandma pushing around that old, Wal-mart shopping cart. And I don’t think being surrounded by smelly guys opening brown paper bags by burning barrels of trash is the same as unwrapping gifts in the cozy glow of a fireplace, either.

**Stanley:** (*Chuckles understandingly*) Guess not.

**Nicholas:** So, why *are* you here with folks you can’t possibly have anything in common with (*smiles facetiously*) except for maybe that coat?

**Stanley:** (*Smiles acceptingly*) These guys aren’t so bad. Hey, at least shopping carts don’t break down on Christmas Eve! Most of them have just missed the turn, if you know what I mean. I figure I might be able to help them in some way. Sometimes, just hanging out with people reveals a lot about who they are and where they’re headed. So here I am — hoping I can help somebody find a little of the life they’ve missed out on or lost sight of. It seems like the right place to be, especially at a sentimental holiday season when most people tend to evaluate what’s most important to them. So, what are you reflecting on this Christmas?

**Nicholas:** Me? Oh, well, life's great! You see, the firm has just started this new venture and I'm the man chosen to manage it. The project involves new software that you use to calculate and manage your personal portfolios for up to five years. The advantages are incredible! It allows you trade, buy, sell, whatever you want with the click of a mouse. Impressive huh?

**Stanley:** *(Appears to be thinking about something else)* Have any kids?

**Nicholas:** Yeah, two. This program will also allow you and your broker to advise and revise "live" to your PDA or phone. And the coolest part is that it is all secure and upgradeable as we update the software over the years. We should be wrapping up beta testing over the next couple of weeks, and if all goes well, we'll release in mid-March.

**Stanley:** What are your kids' names?

**Nicholas:** Huh? Oh, Sara and David. I've got the leading guys working with me on this. One's got an international network of the sharpest in the field, the other is the best the company has to offer in software development, and I have them both.

**Stanley:** *(Still distant from Nicholas's conversation)* Wow, I bet they're great. How old are they?

**Nicholas:** Gosh, I don't know. I think Bill's probably in his late 30's and Kevin just celebrated the big "4-0" right before Thanksgiving. You should have seen that party...

**Stanley:** *(Interrupts)* Your kids, Nicholas, how old are your kids?

**Nicholas:** Oh...David's 17 and Sara just started high school back in the fall.

**Stanley:** Nicholas, I want you to see something.

**Nicholas:** What?

**Stanley:** Just come and see. Trust me.

*Children's choir or kids' worship team could sing here.*

**Stanley:** Nicholas, have you ever thought about what Christmas *really* means? I don't mean the traditions and the trimmings. I mean, do you ever wonder why we celebrate — why it's a significant time?

**Nicholas:** Not recently. When I was a kid, we spent every Christmas with my grandfather. Every year he would give the same little speech about true love and lasting peace, and then he would read a story from the Bible. Grandpa died when I was in the third or fourth grade and my dad didn't

believe in God, so we never really talked anymore about anything from the Bible. I guess the only thing I really recall about the story was, of course, baby Jesus and some angels singing. If I remember correctly, there was something about a star, too . . . I don't know. I do know that every time he would read that story, he would cry a little and then close his eyes and with a gentle smile on his face, he would whisper "thank you." (*Thinking and almost talking to himself*) I wonder why he always said that . . .

**Stanley:** Sounds like your grandfather really understood the way God displayed his heart for people at Christmas. You see, without Jesus — the Son of the one true God — coming in . . . (*interrupted by Nicholas' cell phone ringing*)

**Nicholas:** Oh, one second... (*answers phone*) Yes? You're right around the corner, right? What? That's hardly a crisis. I'm sure nobody minds if the napkins don't match your centerpieces...you're stopping on the way? It's getting a little cold, can't you just...get whichever color you want, I...gold, silver, I don't know. Ask Sara. (*Fake the signal breaking up*) Honey... breaking up...sorry, I...later . . .

**Stanley:** Was that your wife? Everything okay?

**Nicholas:** Oh, yeah. She's fine. She gets so worked up about things that don't really matter. If she would just focus on the things that make a difference, she'd probably be a lot more excited about life.

**Stanley:** Sounds like other people I've talked to lately. How did you two meet?

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**ENDING:**

**Nicholas:** Um, I . . . I guess, I don't have a clue.

**Stanley:** He said, "Good. Then you're one step closer to knowing Him." Well, that certainly wasn't the response I thought I would get. He explained to me that people are *not* compatible with a perfect God and that we can never do enough good things to make up the difference. He showed me in the Bible that Jesus Christ, God's own Son, left heaven and was born as a baby on earth.

**Nicholas:** Wait a minute. Left Heaven? God? I thought Heaven was great and perfect. You know, no crime or sadness or sickness. I don't understand . . . why would anybody leave all that?

**Stanley:** Amazing, huh? He left a place where angels sang to Him constantly to be with the human race. Just look around here. You're right; it doesn't compare. But in obedience to His Father and in love for us, He came. This guy also pointed out to me how Jesus grew up and never did anything wrong in His entire life. He also showed me how the very Son of God let Himself be killed and how He was buried for three days and then came back to life. He did all this so that if we — if *you* recognize that you need Jesus, if you believe in Him and what He did for you, and if you tell God that, He makes you compatible with a perfect God. Jesus takes your punishment and makes up the difference. Nicholas, would you ever consider this . . .

*Stanley and Nicholas pantomime conversation, Nicholas' prayer of salvation, embrace, look of new joy during song*

*Choir, worship team, or special music could be inserted here.*

**Teens:** Dad? Dad?

**Lisa:** Oh, good — we found you. I'm sorry we took so long. It's just that when we finally got to the store, I couldn't find a parking space anywhere with all these last minute shoppers. Then, I couldn't find the right one and . . .

**Nicholas:** *(Interrupts wife with a hug)* It's okay. I knew you would get here, soon enough. You took just the right amount of time. I love you. Merry Christmas.

**Lisa:** *(Lisa hugs him back awkwardly)* Did something happen? Are you okay?

**Nicholas:** Better than I've ever been! *(Hugs his son & kisses his daughter on the forehead)* Honey, I'll be ready to go in just a minute.

*Kids start to arguing on the side; Lisa torn between both conversations; Nicholas turns to address Stanley.*

*Could insert a rhythm team of drummers and percussionist to "play" the items in the junkyard set—barrels, car parts, buckets, etc.*

**Nicholas:** Stanley, I don't really know exactly what to say. Thank you. I don't think — I *know* — it was not an accident that my car broke down here tonight. I don't quite understand everything that's just happened, but I know I want my family to hear what you've told me. Do you think that tonight or some time later . . . I don't know . . . maybe, you could help *me* explain to them . . .

*Both conversations are interrupted by Mom's outburst.*

**Lisa:** Would you two stop! I'm sick and tired of hearing you guys act like you're six years old. I am *trying* to make this a beautiful Christmas!

**Nicholas:** Hey, guys, you need to relax. This is Stanley and he taught me an interesting, new technique. Try this... Huh... snap... snap... snap...  
(Repeat)

*Insert rhythm team—drummers & percussionists*

*Lights fade. The end.*