

A script from



“My Christmas Chaos”

by
Sarah Wall

- What** A frazzled young woman struggles with the disenchantment that can come when our holiday expectations don't align with reality, and the idols we mistakenly establish in our hearts. Themes: Christmas, Idols, Expectations, Parents, Family, Traditions
- Who** 1 Female
- When** Christmas Present
- Wear (Props)** Can be as elaborate as you want. She is wrapping presents as she is talking.
Wrapping paper
Scissors
Table
Box to wrap
Tape
- Why** Exodus 20:30
- How** This script can also be performed with no action at all. She may simply speak to the audience or she may do some other holiday activity like decorating a tree. Be conversational and personable, as if you are speaking to one person. If you are using props, be sure to work with them as you deliver the monologue. Block different sections of the script. For instance, be aware of which places in the script you will have a gift wrapped. (Blocking is putting action and movement with the lines- i.e. “move to stage left while saying “...Christmas has had different plans.” Etc.) If you don't practice the action and plan on “winging” it on stage, chances are you'll be tripped up.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

Actress is wrapping presents, decorating a tree, or some other holiday activity.

If you had asked me 3 hours ago what I most wanted for Christmas this year, I would have without hesitation answered, "An aspirin!"

I'm exhausted.

This year we're spending Christmas at grandma's house. And that sounds PERFECT from the outset, doesn't it? Played out in my head, it was all

...over the river...

...through the woods...

...and visions of dancing sugar plums. In my mind's eye, Norman Rockwell would be annoyed at the amount of nostalgia our holiday would conjure. Honestly, when the season began I was prepared to convert all grinches with two turtledoves, a partridge in a pear tree, and a good dose of yesteryear. Although, this year, it seems Christmas has had different plans.

But, I mean, this *is* CHRISTMAS, right? I'm celebrating the birth of my Savior! Halls are being decked with boughs of holly, for cryin' out loud! I just KNEW all would be well because here at Grandma's house there would be stockings hung by the chimney with care, and we'd drown the year's misadventures in hot chocolate with mini-marshmallows. Bring on the yuletide quaintness and serenity!

I suppose there should be a label for this kind of wishful thinking. "Holiday-Induced Oblivion," maybe....brought on by an acute nog deficiency of some sort.

Well anyway, on Christmas Eve we like to get the whole extended family together. And since this doesn't happen every year, it's a welcomed novelty for us. I guess there is a part of me (somewhere in a very naïve part of my consciousness) that chooses to remember these gatherings like a scene out of the movie "White Christmas." Inevitably, I'm genuinely surprised when we DON'T all sit around the fire singing about the wonders of snow in pitch-perfect harmony.

Nope. Not even close.

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

ENDING:

Though I didn't like to admit it, I was worshipping the customs....not the Christ. In that moment, right there in the middle of my chaos, the Prince of

Peace drew me out of my private temper tantrum and tenderly reclaimed His rightful place in my heart...and my holiday. And for that I'm grateful.

So this year I have the pleasure of celebrating the birth of a King, and the rebirth He offers to us all. Alright, so maybe our Christmas memories will be a bit.....unconventional. Maybe Norman Rockwell **would** be horrified at the sheer mayhem of it all. But I like to look at it this way: We'll be heading home soon...and then I've got a WHOLE YEAR to shake the memory of my great aunt's dentures falling into the mashed potato bowl. Paint THAT, Rockwell.

Merry Christmas! (*Lights out.*)