

a script from



WORSHIP

“My Christmas Connection: Charles Dickens”

By
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What In this monologue the audience is challenged to guess the true identity of the character and his connection to Christmas. This portion of the larger script, “My Christmas Connection,” focuses on Charles Dickens as he begins to create his masterpiece, *A Christmas Carol*. He writes this work of art in order to convey the idea of true freedom and justice to the people of England.

Themes: Christmas, Monologues, Redemption, Truth, Freedom, Justice, Identity

Who Charles Dickens

When England 1843

Costumes Dickens characters should be dressed in black.

Props Chair, Decorated Christmas Tree, Present, Leather Bound Notebook, Pencil, Top Hat,

Why Isaiah 9:6 “For unto us a child is born, unto to us a son is given.”
Matthew 25:40 “Truly I say to you, to the extent that you did it for one of the least of these brothers or sisters of Mine, you did it for Me.”

How The character’s true identity is revealed throughout the monologue; however, it is never stated directly. If you would prefer to have the character directly state who he is, adjust the end lines of the monologue.

Dickens: Who am I? Charles Dickens. A man who, (*he looks up*) with God’s blessing, is going to make a difference.

Time 4 minutes

Upstage right there is a large decorated Christmas tree with presents under it.

Center stage there is a chair.

Director's Note: Dickens is lively, animated and boisterous. Play with this and feel free to create even more physical comedic moments.

A man enters from behind the audience. He is carrying a small, leather bound notebook and pencil. He is mumbling to himself as he walks, as if composing a storyline in his head. He scurries to the left side of the stage tripping up the stairs to the stage. He quickly recovers, turning to the left side of the stage as if to see what he tripped on. As he does, he stumbles backwards into the chair that is center stage. He falls over the chair, landing on his backside and turns toward the audience.

Dickens: Who am I?

He shakes his head, dusts himself off, and stands.

Dickens: A man who wants to make a difference. Someone who wants to say something.

He paces.

Dickens: *(referring to the notebook)* I don't have any space left to write, to speak, to create. It's not that I have writer's block – my brain won't slow down. Trying to answer too many questions. Trying to solve too many problems. I'm not making any sense.

He turns toward the audience.

Dickens: But I have to say something. I have to create something to make them hear, understand. It's not enough to enforce laws. Parliament can't write any law that'll change a man's heart. How can the people of England be so blind? So immoral? These are children! Children we're talking about, working in these horrible conditions.

Defeated. He sits.

Dickens: Political pamphlets aren't enough. I need more. I need to do more.

Putting his head in his hands.

Dickens: How can I make them listen?

Determined to write. He opens his notebook.

Dickens: I have a voice – a louder one than some. I just have to figure out how to use it this time. Another story? Another political pamphlet? I've done those before. This one needs to be different. Unique.

Pause.

Dickens: A political drama? No, a comedy.

Frustrated, he pounds his fist into his hand.

Dickens: No. No. Meaning, purpose, virtue – can they even be captured in a fiction? What am I doing?

Pause.

He shivers.

Dickens: It's freezing in here.

He stands up abruptly and looks toward stageright as if looking out a window.

Dickens: *(mumbling to himself)* How much more snow are we going to get? I hate snow. I mean it's pretty at Christmas-

An idea has struck him.

Dickens: Christmas. *(beat)* Christmas. A holiday classic would turn heads. One that would be remembered for the ages. It's so easy.

He sits and starts to write.

Dickens: A story about St Nick-

He scratches out the idea.

Dickens: About a righteous man who knew how to keep Christmas well-
He scratches out the idea.

Dickens: No! A story about a man who did not. Yes! A fool – no, a malicious scoundrel who hated – *despised* Christmas. What better way to show the importance of the matter!
Getting more excited.

Dickens: Yes, yes! A man whose life is completely and totally devoid of Christmas.
He stands and moves toward the Christmas tree.

He grabs a present and moves back towards the chair as he contemplates.

Dickens begins to act out a scene as he creates it in his head.
He stands on the chair.

Dickens: *(in Fred's voice)* "A Happy... no – a Merry Christmas to you, Uncle! God save you!"
He jumps down from the chair, now as Scrooge.

Dickens: "Every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be... baked... *boiled* in his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart."
Dickens faces the audience, pleased with his creation.

Dicken: Oh, I like that!
He writes in his notebook.
Pauses.

He stands and paces again.

Dickens: *(talking to himself)* He should hate even the word. Christmas. Happy Christmas. Merry merry merry Christmas.

He continues to pace.

Dickens: Christmas? Christmas? *(in Scrooge's voice, trying to work out the phrase)*
Rubbish. Poppycock. Humbug! *(Dickens is pleased with the last attempt)*
Yes!

He writes.

Dickens: Bah-Humbug.

He writes again.

Dickens: Marley was dead to begin with. Old Marley was dead as a doornail.

He stands.

Dickens: Where am I going with this? It can start with darkness, but it must end with life.

Putting his head in his hands and rubbing his face.

Dickens: A catch phrase. Something memorable.

He paces.

Dickens: God's with us. No. God goes before us. Blessing to you. God bless you... no, us...

He has an idea. He writes.

Dickens: God bless us - everyone.

He grabs a top hat out of the present.

Dickens: Who am I?

Confidently, he puts on the top hat.

Dickens: A man who, *(he looks up)* with God's blessing, is going to make a difference.

As he exits, he jubilantly calls to the audience.

Dickens: A merry, merry, merry Christmas!

Grabbing his pencil and notebook he quickly exits off stage left.

Lights out.

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