

a script from



WORSHIP

"My Christmas Connection: Wiseman"

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 the Wiseman as he searches for the new born king.

Themes: Christmas, Monologue, Redemption, Wiseman, Identity

Who Wiseman

When Bible Times

Costumes Wiseman should be dressed in black.

Props Decorated Christmas Tree, Presents, Ornamental Head Covering

Why Isaiah 9:6 "For unto us a child is born, unto to us a son is given."

Matthew 2: 1-12

How The script was originally written so that the audience would be unaware of the character's identity at the beginning of the monologue. 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, feel free to adjust the following lines at the end of the monologue.

Wiseman: Who am I? A Wiseman in search of the King. (*looking up*) Guide us to thy perfect light.

Time 5 minutes

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

Center stage there is a chair.

Director's Note: This should be playful and conversational, as if the Wiseman is speaking to a close friend.

A man in sandals enters from behind the audience.

He makes his way through the audience till he is directly in front of centerstage.

Wiseman: *(to the audience)* Who am I?

Beat.

Wiseman: Where am I going?

Beat.

Wiseman: More importantly, where am I? I have no idea. Isn't that just a metaphor of life? Where are we and where are we going?

Sincerely and more lighthearted.

Wiseman: But honestly at the moment I have absolutely no idea where I am. Which is frustrating, because when you give up home and reputation, spend a significant part of your lifetime savings... ok all of it... to travel, it's usually a good idea to know where you're going. Truth is, I don't even know my final destination. And I don't know who to ask. Not that I like asking. I'm the wisest guy I know. I'm paid to be. There, I said it. Am I fulfilling a stereotype? So be it. I don't like asking for directions. But it's even harder when everyone thinks your map is a joke, your mission a myth, and your destination a figment of your imagination.

He shrugs.

Wiseman: Maybe it is.

He moves on to the stage. He shifts the chair so that it is once again facing the audience. He sits in the chair, takes off his sandals, and begins to rub his feet.

Wiseman: My feet are killing me. The moor and mountain without a good sole shoe... it's tricky. There are no cobblers on the way to Jerusalem. At least I think that's where we're going. It's harder when your map keeps disappearing. Starless nights are not that uncommon. I didn't really factor that in. How long did it take? How many days, months, years did I travel? I'm not there yet, so even I don't know. If only someone could figure out a way to have a system that didn't depend on weather. A kind of... positioning system that could tell you where you were and exactly where you were going – that is an idea that would make someone rich.

He puts his sandals back on and stands.

Wiseman: Do I have doubts? Of course I do. Did I risk all – livelihood, riches, my reputation for some desperate hope?

Beat.

Wiseman: I guess we'll see.

He begins to move toward the Christmas tree.

Wiseman: But this hope that there is a King... a King of the Universe born today. If it's true – really true, nothing else matters. We've been studying and watching and now traveling for so long. I have to find him.

He mumbles to himself as he selects a present, opens it and pulls out an ornamented head piece.

Wiseman: I'm starving and tired. If there was just a place to rest and stop. A place with food and a bed – that place would make a killing. Once this journey is done, I'm implementing these ideas.

He puts the headpiece on.

Wiseman: Who am I? A lost man in search of the King. *(earnestly, looking to the sky)* Guide us to thy perfect light.

He starts moving toward stageright, checks the sky then exits off stage left.