

A script from



"The Reason for the Season"

by
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What	A harried Christmas shopper takes her holiday frustrations out on a charity bell ringer. Themes: Jesus, Shopping, Materialism, What Matters
Who	Laura Tim Addie
When	Present; Christmas
Wear (Props)	Red charity bucket Santa hat Bell Shopping sacks Credit card Cell phone
Why	Colossians 3:2; Matthew 6:33
How	Laura is frustrated, but be careful not to go too over-the-top. Keep it conversational and real instead of cartoony and overacted.
Time	Approximately 5 minutes

Laura and her daughter, **Addie**, are leaving a busy store. **Laura's** arms are filled with sacks and she's looking irritated. **Addie** is following, texting on her phone.

Laura: Where did I park the car?

She's looking in the distance, trying to figure out the general area she parked in.

Laura: Addie, where did we park?

Addie: *(Barely paying attention as she continues to text; totally serious)* The parking lot, I think.

Laura: *(Sighing and rolling her eyes)* I can't even remember which side we parked on.

Tim: Merry Christmas! MERRRRY Christmas! Ho ho ho!!! Merry Christmas!

Laura: Sir, can you zip it for a second? I can't think with all that racket.

Tim stops saying anything, but continues to ring his bell.

Laura: Deck the Halls is about to become Deck the Bells. Do you get what I'm saying?

Tim: While you're thinking about where your car is, would you like to donate some spare change? We help families in need and–

Laura: Right now I'm in need of finding my car, okay?

Laura looks for a few more seconds.

Laura: We're just going to have to go wander. Addie, come on.

Tim: *(As they walk off)* Ma'am, perhaps even a quarter?

Laura's expression flashes with anger. She turns around, bags in hand, and stomps back to Tim.

Laura: Did you just call me a hoarder?

Tim: I said quarter.

Laura: You called me a quarter hoarder? Let me tell you something, Mister. This isn't for me. *(She holds up the shopping bags)* Not a single present for me! Okay? So don't judge me.

Tim: Ma'am, I wasn't–

Laura: Uh huh. Sure. I know what you're thinking. I'm made of money. Well. I'm NOT. Would I love to throw in some money? Sure. But I've got eight more people to buy for, and three of those I have to spend fifty dollars on because that's how much they spend on me. Two of them, I can't even remember their names. Okay? So don't stand there in your high and mighty red outfit and your holier-than-thou Santa hat and judge me because I don't stick a few hundred dollars in.

Tim: Ma'am, just some spare change would make a difference. If everybody just gave a-

Laura: Fine! *(She digs in her purse and pulls out a credit card)* Here.

Tim: Um...we don't take credit cards.

Laura: Fine! *(She sticks out her phone toward him.)*

Tim: Or Apple Pay. Ma'am, okay, look. I know we don't know each other, and I've only observed you for a short time, but I sense you're unhappy.

Laura: I'm happy! Excuse me if I don't come with a little silver bell and a ho ho hat!

Tim: I'm just wondering if I could help you refocus on what Christmas is all about.

Laura: The meaning of the season.

Tim: Yes.

Laura: Jesus.

Tim: That's right.

Laura: Yes, well, correct me if I'm wrong, but he's the one that started this nonsense.

Tim: Uh...

Laura: Nothing against him. Truthfully, he had the right idea. I mean, a three gift maximum, right? Gold, frankincense, myrrh. If you ask me, he was reasonable right from the beginning.

Tim: *(Utterly confused)* Okay...well, um, Merry Christmas.

Laura: Okay, *fine*. If I have anything left over, I'll come back and give it to you, okay?

Tim: Anything would be appreciated.

Laura: By the way, you really should consider taking credit cards. Nobody uses cash anymore.

***Laura** stomps off. **Addie**, who was listening while texting, looks embarrassed by her mother's behavior.*

Addie: Um...I don't have any money.

Tim: No problem.

Addie: Would you like the rest of my rollover minutes? Or I think I have a Bitcoin.

Tim: Uh...that's kind of you, but no thanks. *(Beat)* How about giving a little of your time?

Addie: *(Smiles)* Yeah. I can do that.

Tim: Merry Christmas.

Lights down.