

A script from



“Silent Night, Smartphone Night”

by
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- What** John leads his son Connor into the dark, cold night to look at stars (as opposed to Connor’s phone). Conversations about the Wise Men and Jesus’ birth lead to a lesson for both father and son. **Themes:** Christmas, Wise Men, Family, Traditions, Teens, Technology
- Who** John, a pastor in his 40s or 50s
Connor, his teenage son
- When** Present; Christmas
- Wear (Props)** John and Connor both wear parkas, beanies and gloves
Connor has a smartphone
- Why** Matthew 2:1-12
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and the pacing up, careful not to drag. John and Connor are father and son, so be sure that is apparent in their interactions with one other (i.e. John’s hand on Conner’s shoulder, etc.).
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

John and Connor are trudging through the snow. John is looking up in wonder at the sky. Connor is staring at the screen of his smartphone.

Connor: Remind me why we came out here for a walk, Dad? It's cold!

John: I know. We'll go in soon, and you can have your hot chocolate—

Connor: And we'll watch the movie with Grandpa, right?

John: Yes. Family tradition. But I wanted you to see this first, Connor.

Connor: What?

John stops walking and Connor, still staring at his phone, runs into him.

John: Look.

Connor looks around, but not up.

Connor: I don't see anything.

John: Up.

Connor: Oh. Wow!

John: Amazing, isn't it?

Connor: I don't think I've ever seen stars like this!

John: This is what I love about your grandparents' farm. I miss this when we're in the city.

Connor puts his phone in his pocket.

Connor: Is it always like this?

John: On clear nights. Winter's the best. See how it sparkles?

Connor rubs his eyes.

Connor: It's like playing a game of Bejewelled, only...the diamonds are all stars.

John: When I was your age, we didn't have cell phones. We had to use our imaginations a little more.

Connor: Did you bring me out here just to get me to turn off my phone?

John: No. But I'm not sad you did.

Connor: So, what would you imagine?

John: Seeing all these stars, I can't help but wonder what it was like for the wise men. Travelling all those lonely nights through the dark, in the cold, gazing at the sky, to follow the star.

Connor: No Siri. No Google maps. How would they know where to go?

John: How did any of us find our way before Siri?

Connor: Must have been some bright star.

John: Think about this: They'd lose sight of it in the day when the sun swallowed up the night. What an adventure! Talk about walking by faith, not by sight...and doing so at night!

Connor: How did they even know the star meant Jesus was going to be born?

John: Good question. It's one of the more incredible parts of the Christmas story.

Connor: There's a lot of incredible in the Christmas story.

John: True. You know what else I'd do as a kid out here?

Connor: What?

John: Wait. Do you hear that?

Connor leans in the direction John is leaning, to listen.

Connor: No. What is it?

John: Can you hear the thump of hooves as all the world's powers rush toward Bethlehem? Angels and soldiers, shepherds and kings—some to worship, some to try to destroy a little child?

Connor: I get it now. You're preparing for your Christmas sermon.

John: I guess I'm working out a few ideas. But I really just wanted to stare at the stars with you for a few minutes. Get lost in the miracle of the sky at Christmas time. No smartphones.

John puts his arm around Connor.

John: Is that okay?

Connor: I'm cool with that.

John: Good.

Connor: But you know what's really amazing?

John: What's that?

Connor: That little child they went to see? You now, hidden away in a forgotten town, wrapped up in poor man's clothes? He was the light of the world. His light coulda been snuffed out like a little candle. Poof! But, turns out he shines brighter than any of these stars.

John's jaw drops and he looks at Connor, surprised by his wisdom and his son's way with words. Connor continues to stare at the night sky, pretending he doesn't notice his dad.

Connor: There's a Bible app on my phone dad. And the church podcasts your sermons. I'm not always just gaming, you know.

John: Well...thank God for technology.

Connor: Come on. Let's go back inside. I can't feel my toes.

Connor starts to walk away and pulls out his phone again, staring at it while walking. John steals one last look at the night sky.

Connor: You know, Dad, I think we should make this another one of our Christmas traditions.

John smiles and starts to follow his son.

John: I'd like that very much.

Lights fade.

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