

A script from



“The Call of Christmas: Zechariah”

by
Skit Guys Studios

- What** While performing priestly duties at the temple, Zechariah is met by a heavenly stranger, who gives him news so unexpected God renders him utterly silent.
Themes: Prophecy, Prayers Answered, When God is Silent
- Who** Zechariah
Narrator
Voice of Gabriel (voice only, performed or recorded)
Young Zechariah
Young Elizabeth
Old Elizabeth
- When** Biblical times
- Wear** An altar,
(Props) Bowl of incense
Larger-type candle
Swaddled baby
- Why** Luke 1:5-25
- How** The Narrator is as much a part of the scene as the other characters, although he weaves around Zechariah, Elizabeth and the props completely unseen by them. He is the storyteller, beckoning the audience into the scene while explaining what is happening. Zechariah only reacts to the Angel, whose voice is heard and whose light cues his own story.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

The stage is totally DARK.

Narrator: *(In the dark, he lights a large candle he holds while pulling the audience into the story)* Have you ever been quiet for a long time? Not opening your mouth—not saying a word? I'm talking complete silence. God was quiet, for over 300 years.

As DIM LIGHTS COME SLOWLY UP on the stage, **Zechariah** emerges from STAGE RIGHT, respectfully, prayerfully, walking across the stage toward an altar on STAGE LEFT, his priestly garments flowing behind him. He holds a bowl of incense. The **Narrator** sets the candle down on a small nearby table and walks to CENTER STAGE, to watch **Zechariah** walk past him to the altar.

Zechariah: *(Muttering the Shema)* Sh'ma Israel Adonai Eloheinu Adonai Ehad. *(He continues to repeat this softly as he walks toward the altar.)*

Narrator: *(Interpreting over Zechariah)* Hear, O Israel: the Lord is our God, the Lord is One. Hear, O Israel: the Lord is our God, the Lord is One. Already, this was an extraordinary day for Zechariah. He'd performed many priestly duties over the years, but on this day, he was entering the Holy Place, kindling the incense upon the golden altar, perhaps for the very first time in his life. *(Narrator sweeps hand toward Zechariah)* It was about to be even more than that.

Zechariah begins lighting the ceremonial incense at the altar as **Narrator** returns to the table where the candle is lit.

Narrator: *(As he returns to the table)* You see, the muteness from the Creator of the universe, the one who claims the Earth as his footstool, was about to break His silence.

Gabriel: *(Softly; voice only)* Zechariah.

Zechariah turns to look. The **Narrator** blows out the light on the candle.

Zechariah searches for the source of the voice, wandering the stage for a moment. The **Narrator** watches. Then A BURST OF SPOTLIGHT knocks **Zechariah** to his knees in fright. He drops the bowl of incense to the ground as he crumbles in fear. The incense spills.

Attempting to shade his eyes, he tries to look at the source of light that is nearly blinding him.

Gabriel: Zechariah, do not be afraid. Your prayer has been answered. Your wife Elizabeth will bear you a son. You are to call him John.

Zechariah: A son?

Gabriel: He will have great joy. He will be great in the eyes of the Lord. He will be filled with the Holy Spirit. He will turn many to the Lord their God. He will come with the power of Elijah.

Zechariah: How can this be?

Gabriel: He will prepare the people for the Lord. He will turn the hearts of the fathers back to their children.

Zechariah: I am an old man! My wife—

Gabriel: I am Gabriel! I stand in the very presence of God!

***Zechariah** puts his hands over his head, bending toward the floor in fear.*

*The spotlight diminishes on **Zechariah** and he FREEZES, bowed before the "Angel". The **Narrator** approaches **Zechariah**. He observes him for a moment.*

Narrator: To understand this moment, you must know the heartache from which it was birthed.

*As spotlight goes dark, **Narrator** directs that audience's attention to STAGE LEFT, where a **Young Zechariah** enters. He seems distraught as he paces and prays.*

Narrator: This was a man who in his younger years had cried out to God, for in his heart, there was a place of emptiness, a place he had asked God to fill time and time again.

Young Z: My wife, the precious woman she is, is childless and grief stricken, though she still honors You with her praises. Hear our prayers, O God!

***Narrator** turns his attention to STAGE RIGHT where a **Younger Elizabeth** walks on, praying but clearly crying out to the Lord. **Young Elizabeth** and **Young Zechariah** remain on opposite sides of the stage.*

Young E: My God, show me great mercy, show me great mercy...for many say it is hopeless, but you, O Lord, know we serve and worship You. Out of a barren womb you, O God, breathe new life!

***Young Elizabeth** collapses into a heap of tears on the floor, but then she goes to her knees and praises God with her hands held high.*

Young Z: She honors you with all that she is, O God. With her words, her attitude, her heart. You are our God, no matter what.

***Young Zechariah** begins silently worshiping. **Young Elizabeth** is silently singing praises.*

Narrator: Elizabeth fought the grief with praise and prayer, faithfully returning to the Lord over and over. And what the Lord told Zechariah would turn everything on its head.

Young Elizabeth and Young Zechariah exit on opposite sides of the stage. **Zechariah**, still frozen in a ball of fear, unfreezes as the bright spotlight returns. He shields his eyes.

Gabriel: It is He who sent me to bring you the Good News! You will be silent and unable to speak until the child is born. For what he has spoken will be fulfilled.

The bright light fades and the stage lighting returns to slightly dim. **Zechariah** is in complete shock as he tries to stand. Narrator steps beside him to watch as he tries to speak. **Old Elizabeth** enters from STAGE RIGHT, slower now but still praying and praising. **Zechariah** spots her and rushes to her, trying to share the exciting news, but he can't speak!

Old Elizabeth tries to understand all the boisterous gestures he's making. The conversation is mimed underneath the **Narrator's** lines.

Narrator: And so it begins. The mundane becomes majestic. The ritual becomes radiant. The lost are found now and the faithful...well...the faithful become the conduit that God uses to show us His mighty miracles and His endless love for the world.

Old Elizabeth gets excited by the minute, hugging **Zechariah** as she begins to understand.

Narrator: When God speaks the Heavens rise and the Earth bows. They take each other's hands and kneel in praise and prayer to God.

Narrator: Prophecy is fulfilled and He leads us to holy ground that was once hollow. Hope grows where hurt was rooted.

The **Narrator** stoops and sweeps up with his hand some of the incense that is on the floor.

Narrator: Yes, how He cares for the messes, how He picks up the dropped pieces of our lives!

Old Elizabeth and Zechariah stand exit the stage together, excited but moving in an elderly way. As they do, the **Narrator** slowly returns to the candle. He sets the bowl aside and lights the candle that he earlier blew out.

Narrator: When God speaks, the land and the sea separate. Time becomes eternity. Yes, my friends, God is just getting started. For yet to come

PURCHASE
was another baby boy who would change everything we thought we knew about God and set the Earth on a collision course with Divine Love.

The stage lights dim and the candle's light shines in the dark.

SCRIPT

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