

A script from



## **“The Gift of Grace: Merry Christmas Maniac”**

by  
The Skit Guys

**What** Louis hears the phrase "Happy Holidays" one too many times and learns a lesson on the difference between religion and grace.  
**Themes:** Christmas, Religion, Grace, Gift

**Who** Louis  
Mom- mostly offstage voice

**When** Present; Christmas

**Wear** Chair/Recliner  
**(Props)** Gift wrapped box  
Christmas tree

Louis has been in an accident and is wrapped up in bandages. The more you can do with this the better, but you might not be able to have him in a full body cast. Use bandages to wrap around him instead. People usually have left over neck, leg or arm braces. Just ask around.

**Why** Ephesians 2:8-9;

**How** The actor playing Louis should be comfortable with physical comedy and should be able to pull it off well. If you have a large auditorium, put a microphone on the Mom, but be sure she can yell at Louis. She should be the overbearing type. She shouldn't be seen until she walks out to find Louis' box. You can have fun with their interactions while she's out there.

**Time** Approximately 6-8 minues

We see **Louis** in a full upper body cast. He is sitting in a recliner in his living room. It is decorated for Christmas.

**Louis:** Hello. My name is Louis and I love Christmas. It's my favorite time of year. The lights, the snow, *(winces)* sorry, the decorations. But most of all, I love the reason for the season.

So this year, being a Christian, I'd decided that I'd had enough of hearing people saying that disrespectful phrase. You know the one. *(Looking disgusted)* "Happy Holidays". Every time I heard it, I'd slam a good ol' "Merry Christmas" back in their face. Boo yah for the Messi-yah! *(Winces in pain.)*

**Mom:** *(From offstage)* Stop getting' riled up, you're going to hurt yourself!

**Louis:** Mom! I'm trying to talk here.

**Mom:** Whatever! I'm calling Dr. Goldstein.

**Louis:** Sorry. I had to move in with my mother after all of this.

**Mom:** Tell the truth, Sweetie.

**Louis:** Fine. Fine! I've always lived with my mother.

**Mom:** Against my better judgment!

**Louis:** Mom! Can I just tell my story?! *(Gathers himself)* So recently I was at the supermarket grabbing some egg nog. I walk in and this guy by the grocery carts lays a "Happy Holidays, Mister!" on me like it was no big deal. But guess what?

**Mom:** What, honey?

**Louis:** Mom! It was rhetorical! I'm building up the drama of the story.

**Mom:** Always so dramatic!

**Louis:** Oh really? I'M the dramatic one. *(Gathers himself)* Anyways, this kid, this Happy Holidays punk, had just riled me up. So I grab the nog and go to pay. The clerk rings me up and what does she say? "Happy Holidays!" I was enraged. It was a blind fury. So I jumped on the checkout counter and grabbed the store microphone. I shouted into it, "It's not just a holiday, people! It's Christmas! I'm mad as heck and I'm not going to take it anymore!"

*Winces.*

Unfortunately, at that same moment, my foot set off the sensor on the conveyer belt. A loaf of bread and some OJ doesn't really look like it's moving very fast when it's on that belt, but let me tell you, when a 175 pound man flies off that belt...and fly I did...not like a majestic eagle or Superman, but like a partridge falling out of its pear tree. And so I flew through the air, landing right into a display of Chia Pet Nativity Sets. Thus, my current condition.

But then, something funny happened. A gift arrived for me. Mom, a little help?

*Mom comes out and begins checking under the Christmas tree. They argue over which gift he's looking for. "The one on the left...no your other left!" etc. Mom sings a Christmas carol as she's looking, Louis becomes more impatient. "Mom it's right there, look where I'm pointing." You can play around with this, adding in your own lines. She finally finds it and hands him a wrapped box.*

**Mom:** You watch your tone with me, Mister.

*Louis is properly scolded. She exits. He fumbles with the box through the next couple of lines.*

**Louis:** At first, I wasn't sure who it was from, but then I read the note. It was from Elizabeth. The clerk whose checkout counter I'd commandeered.

She'd given me a gift. It didn't make sense. I didn't deserve anything good from her. I'd acted like a maniac. And then I realized...

You know, in Isaiah, it says, "by His wounds we are healed." And I think through my wounds I've been healed of some things. All this time, I've been bound up by religion. I don't want to be *(looks at himself)* bound up any longer. Religion is wanting to be right, but grace is wanting to be right with others and with God.

This season is about a baby who was born and grew into the Christ. That was the God of the universe sending us a Savior and extending grace to us despite what we've been, what we are and what we will be...and despite what a mess we make of ourselves. What a gift.

*(Looks at the box)* I don't know what's in here. Maybe it's more egg nog. Or maybe it's a Chia pet nativity set. But the real gift is something way better than either of those things.

**Mom:** Are you two destined for wedlock?

**Louis:** What? No. Mom. MOM! Why would we get married. Why do you do this?

**Mom:** It's a match made in heaven!

**Louis:** I don't even know her!

**Mom:** But you said...

**Louis:** It doesn't matter if I said she was cute! *(He tries unsuccessfully to get out of the chair to leave.)*

**Mom:** Louis, what are you doing?

**Louis:** What am I doing? I'm trying to walk away from you.

*Winces, the chair starts to tip over. Fade to black. Loud CRASH noise.*

**Louis:** Mom! Little help here!

*The end.*

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