

a script from

231 WORSHIP

PURCHASE

SCRIPT

TO

REMOVE

"The Greatest Christmas Light Show Ever!"

By

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WATERMARK

AT

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What Sally and Ben had great intentions when they decided to tell the Christmas story to their neighbors in a unique (and loud) way. However, their great intentions lead to literal fireworks that take out a bird house, spook a Mary-carrying donkey, and reveals that a manger is not sparkler proof. While cleaning up in the aftermath, Sally and Ben realize that the real best light show came by way of that quiet manger, giving us the light of the world.

Themes: Christmas, Christmas Eve, Light of the World

Who Sally: adult woman, aged 30-40 something
Ben: adult man, aged 30-40 something

When Present Day

Costumes Both should look sooty and a bit charred. Search A.I. or the internet for "how to make a costume that looks full of soot" and you'll get a number of easy to create suggestions.

Props A charred-looking cardboard sign, torn in half. In large letters, one half says "The Greatest Christmas" and the other half says "Light Show Ever!" Using a large marker to create the signage works well.

Garden rake

Shovel

Broom

Two pair work gloves

Cleaning wipes

Cell phone

Why 1 John 1:5

How The set resembles mayhem. Ex: over turned soot covered chairs, tables, a few unexploded fireworks (search: "How to make prop fireworks"), and whatever else you can add. If you have the capability, consider some occasional puffs of dry ice into the space.

Time 4 minutes

At curtain, we see **Ben** and **Sally** wearing the gloves, and working around the performance area: sweeping, and cleaning the general mess. Both sign pieces lay on the ground. When **Ben** and **Sally** talk, it's more matter of fact, like they are analyzing what happened. Their initial energy is low. Sally has the cell phone on her. Have the actors stop occasionally to deliver lines, then resume cleaning, stopping again, etc.

Ben: I thought... I thought it was an awesome idea.

Sally: Yeah. Awesome. To tell the Christmas story to our neighbors in a unique way.

Ben: Unique. *(pause)* We had it all planned.

Sally: Down to the minute.

Ben: Everything thought out.

Sally: Everything.

Ben: *(hesitates)* Well, almost-

Ben/Sally: Everything.

Ben: You'd think a roman candle would travel the same way it was pointed.

Sally: You'd think.

Ben: And who knew those sparklers would get so hot.

Sally: Who knew?

Ben: Maybe we shouldn't have propped them up in that haybale.

Sally: Hmmm. Maybe.

Ben: And our innkeeper setting off those bottle rockets too soon.

Sally: Yeah. He was supposed to be chasing Mary and Joseph away from his inn. Instead, Mary's donkey lit off down the street in a panic.

Ben: Yeah. *(pause)* Mary held on pretty good I thought.

Sally: Yeah.

Ben: *(coughs, waving at the air)* You'd think the smoke from those smoke bombs wouldn't hang in the air this long.

Sally: I think our shepherds set off too many.

Ben: They wanted to make an entrance.

Sally: That they did. *(pause)* And because of that, we had to improvise with that heavenly host firecracker fling.

Ben: Yeah. *(pause)* Our angel said their hearing is just now returning. *(pause, a little whiny now)* All we wanted to do was something different for the neighborhood at Christmas. Was that so bad?

Sally: Well, I think we definitely did the whole *(air quotes)* "different" thing.

Ben: Yeah. *(pause)*

Sally: Have you heard from Mrs. Ritterbach since...

Ben: *(interrupts)* ...since that wise man whistler firework took out her bird feeder?

Sally: It kind of blew up, didn't it.

Ben, *not trying to be funny, just showing what happened. Makes an explosion sound and imitates the bird house being destroyed with his hands and then imitates panicked birds flying away.*

Sally: Last I heard she was still cleaning bird seed out of her hair.

Ben: Sigh. I think it also took out her Donner and Blitzen on her roof.

Sally: And her Rudolph sure has a real red nose now. *(pause)* We had good intentions.

Ben: I just wish our big fireworks finale would have lasted longer.

Sally: I know. Probably should have made sure most of them were pointed up.

Ben: Yeah. Note to self for next year. *(looking off stage right)* Looks like the firemen are finishing up.

Sally: *(ignoring)* I was so looking forward to that big light show.

Ben: *(a little more energy now)* Right? Because it was supposed to tie into our theme. *(picks up charred sign pieces and holds them together, reading out loud)* The Greatest Christmas Light Show Ever!

Sally: *(more energy)* Right! And as they exploded in the air, you were going to get on the bull horn and say this is what the shepherds experienced.

Ben: Solid idea. *(pause, looking at sign again, getting contemplative, sighs)* I don't know. Maybe. Maybe we didn't take our theme far enough.

Sally: Ummm, well, looking around, I think we did *(air quotes)* "far enough" pretty well.

Ben: I know we may have gone overboard a bit with all, uh, this. But maybe we should have, well... simplified.

Sally: *(gentle sarcasm)* What, cut down on the birdhouse killing rockets?

Ben: *(smiles)* No, simplified the message. *(looking at the sign again)* Maybe the greatest light show is simply about... him.

Sally: Huh?

Ben: You know. Greatest light show. Yes, *(waving hands upward)* it was part of the announcement to the shepherds. But, you know, it really happened *(gestures down)* in the manger.

Sally: *(contemplates for a few beats, then)* Light of the world.

Ben: No darkness.

Sally: No fear.

Ben: *(a bit sheepish)* No fireworks.

Sally: Just-

Ben/Sally: Him.

Sally: *(pause)* Pretty great light show.

Ben: Yeah. *(pauses for several beats, then looks around)* Hey, let's call it a night. *(waves hands around)* All this can wait until morning.

Sally: Sounds good to me. *(pulls phone out and looks at it)* Oh, Mary texted from *(name of city/town far away from where skit is being performed)*. Guess that's where the donkey finally slowed down. *(starts to exit)*. I'll go pick her up.

Ben: *(starting to exit with her)* Go ahead, but take my pickup.

Sally: Why... oh, right.

Ben/Sally: Donkey.

Ben: And I have to run to the store to get more birdseed.

Sally: *(confused)* Bird-?

Ben: *(imitates the bird house exploding, birds flying away)*

Sally: Oh, right, right *(yelling to off left stage)* Sorry Mrs. R!

Both exit.

Curtain