

## **“The Unexpected Hour”**

by  
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**What** Jesus told his original audience not to get distracted. This skit illustrates how modern life can distract us from Him, born a King, who is calling us to live more focused on the Kingdom of God.

**Themes:** Christmas, Distractions, Focus

**Who** Man  
Woman

**When** Present

**Wear  
(Props)** Two Chairs  
Both are dressed casually

**Why** Matthew 24: 36-44

**How** At center stage, two chairs, side by side, facing audience. Man and Woman sit in each. Man imitates driving a car through the whole sketch.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*At curtain, both are sitting, in obvious strained silence. Man is 'driving'. After a few beats...*

**Man:** OK, OK, I'm sorry already! Please stop with the silent treatment.

**Woman:** *(arms crossed)* Hmm.

**Man:** Hmm? Hmm? That's all you can say?

**Woman:** *(thinking, then)* Hmm.

**Man:** Fine. I can "hmm" too, you know.

**Woman:** Um hmm.

**Man:** Look, I know you're mad that I pulled out in front of that pickup back there. But we made it, right? Right? We'll get to see Heather's pageant. *(pause, no response, sarcasm now)* What, are we in heaven now? Huh? Is Jesus in the back seat saying something like, "Yo, Josh and Paige, sup? I got the good news and the bad news. The good news is you made it to heaven! The bad news is Josh has to take driving lessons for eternity. Funny, right? Am I right? Yo, son of man here, can I get an amen?!" *(still no response, Man back to himself)*. Uuugh. Can't even make you laugh?

**Woman:** *(turns to him, and with high sarcasm makes a fake, wide smile, then turns back to her non-responsive self)*

**Man:** *(pretending not to get the sarcasm)* Sweet! You forgive me!

**Woman:** *(angry)* No sweet! Not forgiven! That truck would have hit on *my* side! And what if we had Heather with us? Now I'm really glad that she was able to stay at the Babcock's last night.

**Man:** But—

**Woman:** And I saw what you were doing when you turned.

**Man:** *(defending)* I wasn't doing anything.

**Woman:** You were looking at your phone and not at checking the road before you turned! What was so important on your phone that you could have caused a wreck?!

**Man:** *(pause, verbally dancing now)* It was just...just...

**Woman:** Yes??

**Man:** *(lying)* I was checking to see if they were still calling for snow tonight. Yeah. I was worried about getting home from the pageant safely.

**Woman:** *(sarcastic again)* Really?

**Man:** *(pause, confessing now)* OK, OK, I was checking Facebook to see if anyone liked my post of the video I took of the pageant. You know, what happened at the rehearsal last night? Our little Heather in her shepherd costume and that one little boy kicking over the manger by accident and the baby Jesus doll flying across the stage—

**Woman:** *(getting caught up in the story now)* Yeah, and the doll hitting that one little wise man in the head who then started running and knocking down all the others like bowling pins? That was funny, and— *(catches herself)* wait! That's what distracted you?! It'll probably happen again tonight, and you can see it live! IF we get there in one piece!

**Man:** *(apologetically)* I know, I know *(halfhearted)* Sorry. Again.

**Woman:** *(long pause, calming)*. OK. OK. *(pause)* Maybe it's because you've seemed distracted about a lot of things these days.

**Man:** *(defending)* There's a lot going on! My job, your job, juggling schedules, the busy season.

**Woman:** I know.

**Man:** *(long pause)* The pageant.

**Woman:** Huh?

**Man:** It, um, sorta got to me.

**Woman:** Huh? Why?

**Man:** I didn't expect what I felt after seeing it. *(pause)* I know it's a silly little kids' play, and crazy stuff happens. But I've been wondering why it struck me. *(pause)* I've been going 110 miles per hour these days, and it hit me. Jesus. Out of the manger *(pause)* I mean, what if Jesus really would suddenly be in the back seat?

**Woman:** Huh?

**Man:** Metaphorically of course. Look, I've come to realize that I'm comfortable with him *in* the manger, you know? But what if I'm running so fast I never see him coming? In life? *(pause)* What would happen? What if I missed him? You know?

**Woman:** *(a little skeptical)* Those are some pretty heavy thoughts from a kid's pageant fiasco.

**Man:** I know. *(making fun of himself)* Mister heavy thinker, that's me.

**Woman:** *(smiles, thinking, then gentler)* You are a heavy thinker. I love that about you *(pause)*. Maybe we both need to slow down.

**Man:** *(misinterpreting, with urgency)* No, we'll be late for the show!

**Woman:** No, no, I mean. You know. Slow down. In life *(pause)*.

**Man:** Yeah. Too much going on. Distractions. Maybe too much 'manger management'. Working to keep him there, and not enough just letting go and, um, listening. More focus. On Him.

**Woman:** Yes. Focus. *(pause, then with rising, urgent tone)* And speaking of focus—

**Man:** *(looking over at her)* Yeah, I get it.

**Woman:** *(pointing forward)* No, the road! The road!!

*Man looks back to the 'road', and as he swings the 'wheel', they both simultaneously imitate swerving one way, then another, then the other way, then stopping. Both breathing heavily.*

**Man:** *(collecting himself)* That. Was. Close. *(pause)* Right, right, focus, got it. I need to um, work on that.

**Woman:** Me too. *(looking over her shoulder into the 'back' of the 'car')*

**Man:** What are you doing?

**Woman:** *(back to him, smiling)* Checking the back seat. I think we got a second chance.

**Man:** *(smiles too)*. Yeah. *(pause)* Let's earn it.

*He starts to "drive" again and lights out*