

## **The Christmas Dilemma** **“Wiseman: The Dilemma of Obedience”**

by  
Skit Guys Studios

**What** This Christmas monologue features the Wiseman as he wrestles with obeying a dream that told him not to return to King Herod, and the challenge it may be for him to follow the King of the Jews.  
**Themes:** Christmas, Wiseman, Obedience

**Who** Reuben, the Wiseman  
Reader- optional

**When** Bible times with modern flair

**Wear (Props)** Reuben wears a shirt, sweater vest and a tweed jacket with a bowtie. He wears glasses and carries a large leather suitcase (not a modern suitcase with wheels, something more vintage).

**Why** Matthew 2:1-12, 1 Timothy 2:1-2, Romans 13:1-7, 1 Peter 2:13-14

**How** Reuben is a bit of an eccentric. He speaks to his suitcase as his oldest and most trusted friend (à la Tom Hanks and Wilson the Volleyball), so his focus is to the suitcase instead of the audience. Use your space that you have. Give yourself movement. While rehearsing, put a person in a chair where your suitcase will go so you can get a good feel for your focal point.

For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch “The Wiseman: The Dilemma of Obedience” at [SkitGuys.com](http://SkitGuys.com).

\*Note: the film version was edited down for time. If you prefer that version, feel free to edit this script to match.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Scripture to be read or displayed onscreen:*

**Reader:** Then Herod called the Magi secretly and found out from them the exact time the star had appeared. He sent them to Bethlehem and said, "Go and search diligently for the child, and when you have found him, bring me word, that I too may come and worship him." After listening to the king, they went on their way. And behold, the star that they had seen when it rose went before them until it came to rest over the place where the child was. (Matthew 2:7-9)

*The Wiseman, Reuben, enters. He sets down an old, large, sturdy traveling suitcase. He's stressed to say the least. He has just been to see King Herod and has been given a directive that he's not so sure about. He is now on his way to Bethlehem.*

**Wiseman:** Oh boy...do I have a problem. A big, big problem if there ever was one.

*Stops to catch his breath, talks to his suitcase like it's listening.*

You, my friend, have been my quiet companion for all these years, by my side whenever I needed you. I need you now! What to do? What to do?

*Sits atop it.*

You and I, we've been on some long trips together, but none so fantastic as this one! Nooo siree. Not a chance—

*Winces*

Oy! Back's seizing up again!

*He stands, stretches his back out, then pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and buffs the marks out of the old suitcase as he talks.*

I'll admit it, but only to you, that there was a moment I thought we were on some kind of celestial snipe hunt. Certainly, we could all see the star. Quite a diva among the rest, if you know what I mean.

*Chuckles*

But after a while, you begin to doubt yourself. A moving star? Get outta here. Stars aren't supposed to move.

*Glances at his suitcase.*

I know, you've seen me doubt myself through many of our—in hindsight, mind you--ill-conceived expeditions. But this...this was much different. We realized it as soon as the King called us to his chambers, immediately as we arrived in Jerusalem. King Herod himself!

*Gives a final wipe, stands.*

Asking what we knew of the star. This baby. The possibility of a new king of the Jews. Curious to see all the treasures we brought.

*Returns the handkerchief to its pocket.*

I've had plenty of audiences with royalty, but King Herod is surely one of the most intimidating of men. Oh sure, all smiles and handshakes, with a seemingly benign request: let him know when we find the baby. He, too, would like to worship this new king.

*Lowers his voice.*

But instructions came in the night, the kind that come in dreams. Dreams of Biblical proportions...

*Chuckles nervously.*

Can you believe I am saying these things?

*He thinks through the words, they're heavy.*

Don't return to the king. That simple. That straightforward. And so, this morning, I find myself in this dilemma. Do I listen to earthly authority, or the godly type?

*Stoops next to his briefcase.*

The world traveler in me, the 'wiseman' in my head, so to speak, tells me to return to Herod, give him what he wants, get a hearty pat on the back and an "attaboy" from the man on top. Nothing wrong with climbing the ranks, is there?

*Quieter*

But my heart tells a different story. That Child is worth every ounce of obedience I have to give, even if I don't quite understand the roadmap yet.

*Stands*

I've learned a few things over the years, you know. Sometimes you gotta do the thing that doesn't make sense. It's what got us here in the first place, right? A mysterious star. The king of the Jews born in a barn. What has been ordinary up to this point?

*Picks up his suitcase.*

*Pats his briefcase.* If following a star seemed difficult, I think following this little King may be an even greater challenge.

*Off they go.* Yes, my friend—looks like you and I are going to be taking the long way home.

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