

a script from
skitguys.com

“Unwrapping Christmas”

By
Jacqui Bloom

What A husband’s questionable gift-wrapping skills spark a conversation that’s about more than just tape. As his wife’s holiday stress boils over, he realizes how much she’s been carrying alone. A sharp, funny, and honest look at the mental load of Christmas—and what it really means to share the season.

Themes: Christmas, Marriage, Holidays, Love, Relationships, Stress, Grace

Who Husband
Wife

When Present day, holiday season

Costumes Casual clothing - can be loungewear/christmas pajamas, or normal clothes

Props A large, poorly wrapped gift (with wrapping paper and lots of tape)
Wrapping tape
Gift receipt
(Optional) Small table to set the gift on
(Optional) Laundry basket/laundry to fold

Why Galatians 6:2

How This scene can be set in the couple’s bedroom. It would be helpful for the Wife to have some kind of busywork to do, like folding laundry.
Pantomime or can use real props. Focus on pacing and timing so the characters are in sync.

Time 4-5 minutes

Husband wraps a Christmas present on a table, downstage center. The present is wrapped poorly. He's using a LOT of tape.

Wife enters the stage and crosses behind him. She's busy doing something (folding laundry, tidying up - you can pantomime this, or use simple props) She should stay busy with this business for most of the scene – the queen of multitasking.

Wife: You're wrapping it wrong.

Husband: How am I wrapping it wrong? It's wrapped.

Wife: You should only use three pieces of tape.

Husband: Three pieces?! That's insane.

Wife: Three pieces.

Husband: Is there some sort of tape shortage I should know about? Is this like toilet paper during the Pandemic?

Wife: No. It's just there's a right way and a wrong way to wrap things. The right way only uses –

Husband: Three pieces.

Wife: Exactly.

Husband: So what if I use four – or God forbid – five pieces? Then it would be –

Wife: Wrong.

Husband: Right, that would be wrong. *(beat)* Who says?

Wife: Who says what?

Husband: Who says it would be wrong to use more than three pieces?

He holds up the present. He's not wrong, it's wrapped... but it looks like a preschooler did the wrapping.

Wife: I don't know. My mom taught me the right way to wrap a present when I was like, five. I've always done it that way.

Husband: So, some "Good Housekeeping" magazine your mom read in the fifties is going to dictate how much tape I use today?

For the **Husband**, this is all in good fun. But the **Wife's** frustration builds. Why won't he just listen?!

Wife: Just rewrap it! I don't know who this one's for, but you can't expect them to put this monstrosity under their tree.

Husband: You're telling me someone would be so distracted by poor wrapping that they wouldn't appreciate the gift I picked out for them?

The **Husband** is still playfully teasing, but *THIS* is the final straw. The **Wife** stops doing her folding/tidying and snaps.

This monologue should start pretty slow and ramp up in intensity and speed, and by the end it's like a runaway train.

Wife: The gift I picked out for them. I made the list... checked it twice. Made sure everyone got exactly what they wanted this year. Did you know that all of Cassie's skincare has to be cruelty free? And I had to hunt down Michael's friends to find out what he was into 'cause all I ever get from him is a "whatever dude." And yesterday, Emma decided she wants a purple bike, not a pink bike, even though last month she was *sure* she wanted pink...

So on December twenty-third, I waited an hour and a half at Target to exchange a pink bike for a purple bike and what do you know... the purple bike was out of stock.

So I drove to three different Targets to find the purple one and made it home just in time to bake cookies for your office Christmas party. Gluten free!

Wife takes a beat to catch her breath.

Wife: So, I appreciate you helping with the wrapping, but after all of the work I did... I just don't want it to look like that.

Husband is shocked. He had no idea all of the stress and pressure his **Wife** felt.

Husband: I'm sorry... I had no idea how much went into buying Christmas gifts. I've been so focused on my own stuff this season, I haven't been there to share the burden. I guess I haven't really been a "Galatians 6:2" kind of husband.

Wife thinks for a beat, skeptical.

Wife: The verse where Paul talks about circumcision?

Husband: No, that's Galatians 5:2. "Carry each other's burdens, and in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ."

Wife: Ahh, that makes much more sense.

On this next line, he moves toward her, maybe puts his arm around her or gives her a hug that doesn't stifle the actors' voices. Some mild form of intimacy and comfort.

Husband: Seriously though, I really am sorry.

Wife: It's okay, I know work's been crazy, and you give us so much. And I actually do like gift giving, it's fun for me. Sometimes the stress just builds up.

Husband: I know I probably shouldn't help with the present wrapping... but what else can I do to help you?

Wife thinks for a beat.

Wife: I'd love to watch "Rudolph" as a family like we used to do on Christmas Eve. I just don't have the energy to force Cassie and Michael to sit with us for an hour.

Husband: Are bribes and gentle physical force off limits?

Wife: Of course not.

Husband: I'm on it!

A man of action, **Husband** starts to run enthusiastically off stage.

Wife: Go get 'em, tiger. I'm just gonna re-wrap this gift...

Husband stops in his tracks and runs back over to **Wife**.

Husband: No! You can't. I mean, it's for you.

Wife is truly touched.

Wife: Really? I told you not to get me anything.

Husband: I may be dense, but I'm not *that* dense.

Wife: Can I open it now?

Husband rips the present from her hands.

Husband: No!

Wife: Why not? I'm gonna open it now.

Wife grabs the present back.

Husband: Uhh, just remember it was the "old me" that bought this present. The "unenlightened" me from before we had this life-changing conversation about you being so much more than just an errand monkey who bakes amazing cookies, like seriously sooo good it's like angels themselves mixed the dough.

Wife: It's a mixer, isn't it?

Husband: It's a mixer.

Wife: Yep.

Husband: It also comes with this... *(holding up receipt)* gift receipt.

Husband hands **Wife** a gift receipt.

Wife: There it is.

She takes the receipt. After a beat of curiosity, she peels back some of the wrapping to sneak a peek at the mixer. She jumps for joy.

Wife: Is this a Kitchenaid?!

Husband: It's a Kitchenaid.

Wife: YES!!!

She throws her arms around him. **Husband** somehow nailed it - yay!

Husband: Yes!

Blackout.