

A script from



## “What Child is This: Wise”

by  
Skit Guys Studios

**What** When asked, “What child is this?” the wise man explains how he became part of the story of the Christ child. As he reflects, he describes how Jesus represents everything he had spent his life trying to learn and understand. (Part of the *What Child Is This?* Christmas bundle)

**Themes:** Christmas, Wisemen, Star, Worship, Signs

**Who** Wiseman

**When** Bible times

**Wear (Props)** It’s not necessary to wear biblical robes. You can simply wear neutral or earth tones.

**Why** Matthew 2:1-12

**How** The Wiseman speaks with excitement and energy and awe. He is very educated and carries himself so. He is addressing his colleagues and friends, men who are probably just as educated as he is.

\*For performance and costuming ideas, watch the video “What Child is This: Wise” at [SkitGuys.com](http://SkitGuys.com).

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*The Wiseman addresses a roomful of fellow scholars. He has been to see Jesus and has returned to share what he found. Someone asks him, "What child was this?"*

**Wiseman:** "What child was this?" YES! That is the question! That has always been the question! What child is this? That single question was the driving force behind our lengthy journey! We had to figure out what child this is. And I know.

*He sighs, then resolves himself to answering this all-important question to whoever will listen to him at the moment.*

My dear friends, we have been called "wise" by many who have only briefly encountered us on our journey. I...hesitate to give much credence to their judgment. It is known, or at least, it **should** be known, that knowledge is best acquired by keeping one's eyes open, and keeping one's mouth shut.

*Looking to make sure his point is heard.*

So...may I suggest that you close your mouths, and open your ears, as I attempt to clearly answer your question as clear as I can.

*He lists the reasons that the other men should already know the answer to the question, beginning with his thumb...*

One: We did not stumble upon this child. No, we found a needle in a haystack. And how did we **find** the needle? We followed the star. I know. To many, that would seem a fool's errand.

*He looks around to his companions, then continues.*

We are no fools. The star moved by some unseen Force. And Who can move stars but God?

*He waits for an answer that he knows is already known by all. He then holds up his first finger.*

Two: We encountered that corrupt King who told us that he wanted us to find this baby so that he could worship the child. My friends, do Kings worship babies?

*He looks around to them for an answer that they all already know.*

No. Kings defend their thrones. And **that** king...that King...that...Herod, is a ruthless and cruel despot. It does not take a wise man to discern **that**. That king felt that this child was a threat. Mark my words: that child is a threat to all who are cruel and ruthless. And...three—

*Second finger. He starts to talk, wanting to be forceful and angry, but he hesitates, overcome with emotion, revealing the tender heart underneath his polished exterior.*

I have no words for three.

*He takes his time with this, tenderly remembering the scene.*

My entire life I've searched. And yet it was always just beyond the horizon of my knowing. Until...in an instant, I crossed a threshold and there it was.

*With wonder.*

That father. That mother. That star. And...the child.

*After a beat.*

It was all there. All my searching. All my studying. It was all right there. All in that child. How could I not worship Him?

I need to search no more.

*Lights fade.*