“Worth the Price”
by
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**What**
After reconciling the Christmas gift receipts and devising a payment plan, a husband and wife wonder whether it was all worth the price they paid—and rediscover what it cost Christ on that first Christmas. **Themes:** Christmas, Comedy, Christ’s Sacrifice, Materialism, Salvation

**Who**
Angela
Todd

**When**
Present day: Christmas night (after the holiday festivities are over)

**Wear (Props)**
Table
Two chairs
A large pile of receipts
*Actors wear casual present-day clothing, Christmas-themed if deemed appropriate.

**Why**
John 1:10-13

**How**
This is a primarily light-hearted conversation. When Todd and Angela hint at each other’s tendencies toward materialism at Christmas, make sure these “digs” are not overly accusatory.

**Time**
Approximately 4-6 minutes
Angela is sitting at the kitchen table, which is covered by a mound of receipts. Todd enters.

Angela: Kids in bed?

Todd: Yup. Didn’t take much. They’re pretty wiped out.

Angela: Great. Then you’re ready for our annual Christmas—

Todd: Oh, no you don’t. We had a great holiday. Don’t ruin it...

Angela (ignoring him): –Our annual Christmas Day of Reckoning.

Todd: (Reluctantly taking a seat) So what’d we spend, like, $200?

Angela: Todd. We spent $200—

Todd: —well, that’s not bad—

Angela: —during the week of November 28th. (Holds up a single receipt) Right here.

Todd: God have mercy.

Angela: Actually, it’s not terrible. Last year during that same week, we spent $342.50. Anyways, this year’s total comes to—

Todd: No. Stop right there. I don’t even want to hear it.

Angela: Well, the good news is, I already have a payment plan worked out. If I work two hours’ overtime each week through May, and if you work one Saturday a month…and if we drop Cable and lose one Starbucks run per week…then by July, we can start saving for next Christmas.

Todd: Is this what we did last year?

Angela: Well, that home equity loan…

Todd: Not one of our finer moments.

Angela: (Sobering up) No. Not exactly.

Todd: Angie, I just have to ask.

Angela: Ughh. I know what’s coming. You ask this every year…

Todd: Well, it’s important. Obviously there’s a problem here. So I want to know: Is it worth it?

Angela: (Hesitant) What do you mean?
Todd: We pay an exorbitant price, every Christmas. Is it worth the price we pay?

Angela: Sure it is. To see the kids’ faces light up like that when they come down the stairs… or when they dig through their stockings… there's nothing like it.

Todd: I know. But it can't hurt to evaluate what we're buying. The Nerf deluxe? The princess vanity set? (Leaning in, conspiratorially) The Barbie Dream house?

Angela: You know I never got one as a child!

Todd: And I know it was your favorite gift this year. But was it worth the price?

Angela: I'm sure it was just as “worth it” as the Star Destroyer you insisted on getting for Andrew. Who hasn’t even seen Star Wars, I might add.

Todd: Whoa, let's get something straight. It's not Star Wars. It's The Empire Strikes Back.

Angela: (Blankly) What?

Todd: Star Destroyers aren't actually named until Episode 5—

Angela: Okay, whatever. The point is, was that worth the price? If you get to ask, then so do I.

Todd: Fair enough.

Angela: Maybe you're right. (Indicating the receipt pile) We've killed a lot of trees over the years.

Todd: Why do we do it, anyways? Why Christmas?

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ENDING:

Angela: Yeah, we need to make some changes. Less of us. More of Him. More time living as if we know the price He paid. (Stands up and starts gathering the receipts on the table.)
Todd: We can start that now, you know. Maybe return some things…

Angela: *(Startled)* You're not asking me to return my— *(she breaks off; it should be obvious she is thinking of the Barbie Dream House but not wanting to admit it)*

Todd: Your…?

Angela: *(Scrambling)* My… crockpot.

Todd: Riiight. Well, in that case, there's always your payment plan. Then we can afford the same Christmas next year.

Angela: True. *(She looks back at the pile on the table)* We could. But you know what? It's not worth it.

Todd: I agree. Not worth it. *(They begin to exit together.)*

Angela: I mean, you know I already have two slow-cookers…

*Lights fade.*