

GOOD LORD, IT'S CHRISTMAS!

by Randy Sly

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Cast: Man, father in thirties, wearing casual clothes
 Male Voice, miked from off stage, commanding tone yet loving

Scene: A living room in a typical American household. It's Christmas and emotions are a little on edge due to a hectic schedule. While the rest of the family is off doing other things, the father grabs a few quiet minutes. Seating himself peacefully in a living room chair, he is deeply engrossed in a book, when he suddenly encounters an unexpected visitor.

Narrator: It's just three weeks until December 25th, and, at the Smith home activities are already moving at a fevered pitch. The three children are excited about Christmas, singing Christmas carols as they play and telling each other what they like best about the season. Their parents, however, seem more hastled than happy. They have fought shopping crowds, endured office parties, and rushed everywhere - at least it seemed that way - due to the hectic holiday schedule. We are about to view a not-so-typical Monday evening, just after dinner. The children are busy picking up their rooms, and mom is making out her shopping list for the big Christmas dinner. Dad takes advantage of a few quiet moments, relaxing in the living room with a good book.

Man: *(Man comes in, looks toward an imaginary Christmas tree, and calls out as he walks)* Honey, will you please get the cat out of the Christmas tree! This time he made it half way up and is beginning to paw at that glass ornament with the Norman Rockwell picture! *(to himself)* Dumb cat, next thing you know we'll have a Christmas tree on the floor and a cat running around covered with tinsel... *(looks toward an imaginary bedroom and begins to get angry)* Bobby, quit hitting your sister! *(pause)* I don't care what she said about your nose, that's no reason to hit her!... Remember, it's Christmas... *(sits down in chair, begins reading a book, mutters to himself)* even in Vietnam we had a truce during Christmas...you think the kids would at least do the same... *(begins again to read, then looks up again and peers over the top of the book at an imaginary fireplace)* Alicia, please come and get Sir Lancelot! It's not healthy for a guinea pig to explore the fireplace. Yes, princess, there is a fire going. *(pauses and listens)* No, I didn't mean on Sir Lancelot...I meant in the fireplace; now please stop crying, the pig's fine!! *(reads book again, stops to look at watch, then announces loudly)* Peter, time to get ready for rehearsal. Your director said anyone that was late for tryouts would end up as cattle in the manger. *(pauses and listens)* Yes, son, I think you'll make a fine shepherd. *(pauses and listens again, looking somewhat puzzled)* no, probably not...if they used live sheep, no telling what the pastor would find when he got up to preach! *(sighs, looks around, then looks upward)* Oh, Lord, it's Christmas!

Voice: *(excitedly)* Yes it is!

Man: *(very startled, jumps up from chair)* What?

Voice: I said, Yes it is!

Man: Yes, it is what?

Voice: Yes, it is Christmas!

Man: *(pats self on stomach as if he has indigestion)* I must have eaten too many Gingerbread cookies at the church fellowship yesterday!

Voice: You did, but you do every year...I've been meaning to talk to you about going on a ... *(interrupted by the man)*

Man: Now wait a minute. Before we start talking about weight control, I'd certainly like to know who I'm talking to!

Voice: Well, whom did you address?

Man: I didn't address anyone. I just said, "Oh, Lord, it's Christmas!"

Voice: And I agreed with you.

Man: *(sits down, somewhat trembling and fearful)* Oh, Lord!

Voice: That's right! And aren't you excited about Christmas?

Man: Well, to be very honest, Father....uh, it's all right for me to call you Father, isn't it?

Voice: Just fine, my son, you can call me “Abba,” or “Father...” those terms fit how I feel about you...*(slight pause)* by the way, you don't mind me calling you “son,” do you?

Man: *(excitedly)* Are you kidding? *(calms down and tries to act more dignified)* I mean, I would count it a privilege.

Voice: Good...now, my son, why are you so frustrated about Christmas.

Man: You know, Father. You've seen it all... the commercials on TV, the rude customers and clerks in stores... people grumbling wherever they go... traffic jams in parking lots - they even honk their horns when you don't move fast enough to suit them... not to mention the programs at church... just everything.

Voice: *(agreeably)* I've seen it all. Year after year, down through history, there has always been some misunderstanding about Christmas. I will have to admit, car horns are a most annoying twentieth century phenomenon. In fact, just about any country on earth that observes Advent has added some kind of activity that sometimes can take away from the true celebration - which is the coming of Immanuel.

Man: Immanuel... *(pondering)* Oh, you mean Jesus! Yes, the true Christmas spirit is hard to hold on to.

Voice: I think you're missing my point... there are lots of distractions this time of year, lots of ways to miss the true joy of Immanuel's coming, but you don't have to hold on to Christmas spirit.

Man: *(cautiously)* I'm not sure I follow you.

Voice: Be careful what words you choose. You are a follower that's why you don't have to hold on to Christmas spirit!

Man: Let me phrase it a different way. I guess I don't understand what you mean by Christmas spirit. I think of "Joy to the World, The First Noel, It Came Upon a Midnight Clear..." all of those songs. They help me get into a Christmas mood. The commercialism of Christmas can really spoil it for me.

Voice: *(sounding somewhat analytical)* Let's look at your problem a little closer. Your Christmas is spoiled by hectic schedules, crowded parking lots, car horns; but actually you're upset with frustrated, busy, rude people.

[end of sample]