

A young child with brown hair and blue eyes is wearing a red and white Santa hat. The child is peeking over a white horizontal surface, with their hands resting on it. One hand is on the left, pointing towards the camera, and the other is on the right, also pointing towards the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT

CHRIST IN
CHRISTmas

The Original Stageplay

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SAMPLE SCRIPT



SCENE I

Setting: Family Living Room

LIGHTS UP

There is a large Christmas tree in the center of the stage with lots of presents scattered around it.

Chelsea enters in her pajamas and slowly creeps towards the presents, trying not to make a sound. She hears the bell on the clock toll as it reveals it to be 3 o'clock in the morning. She is startled by the sound, but once realizing what it is, she continues towards the wrapped gifts.

She sits down next to them and grabs one, shaking it, trying to figure out what's inside.

She hears someone coming and quickly hides behind the tree.

Martin enters.

MARTIN: Santa? Is that you?

He looks around the room but doesn't see anything, as Chelsea still hides. As he starts to head towards the presents to examine them, Chelsea decides to sneak up on him.

He walks around one side of the tree, she creeps around and sneaks up on him from behind, finally getting close to his ear.

CHELSEA: Boo!

Martin jumps

MARTIN: AHHHH!

Chelsea laughs

CHELSEA: I scared you good that time.

MARTIN: What are you doing down here?

CHELSEA: What are YOU doing down here?

MARTIN: I asked you first.

CHELSEA: I asked you second.

Pause.

CHELSEA: Mom and Dad said Santa only comes when you're sleeping.

MARTIN: Well, I was sleeping but I thought I heard reindeer on the roof and, I just wanted to see if he had come yet (*looking at presents*) and boy did he ever.

CHELSEA: So, are you thinking what I am thinking?

MARTIN: (*excitedly*) Oh yeah.

Chelsea grabs one of the presents hungrily.

CHELSEA: We can just take a quick peek at one. We can rewrap it and then act surprised in the morning.

Pause.

MARTIN: I think they will be able to tell.

CHELSEA: How?

MARTIN: I don't know, okay, maybe just one.

They both yank at the present but then hear a noise offstage.

MARTIN: Someone's coming. Hide. Quick.

They drop the present and hide behind the tree.

Andrew enters carrying a plate of cookies. He trips over the present left in the middle of the floor but manages to catch himself, still holding the cookies.

ANDREW: Hmm, I wonder how this got here. (*looks around suspiciously*) Hello? Is anyone there?

He begins to look around the tree as Martin had done before.

Chelsea giggles quietly and nudges Martin, pointing at Andrew. Martin nods his head, and they both sneak up on Andrew.

MARTIN and CHELSEA: BOOOOO!

ANDREW: AHHHHH!

*Andrew, startled, tosses cookies into the air.
Martin and Chelsea laugh.*

MARTIN: We got you!

ANDREW: What are you two doing? Why aren't you both in bed?

CHELSEA: Aww, shucks, Andrew, we were just looking to see if Santa came yet.

MARTIN: Yeah. We wanted to look at the presents, and why are you getting on our cases, aren't you out of bed too?

ANDREW: Unlike you two "kids," I was actually leaving cookies for Santa. All that climbing up and down chimneys can work up quite the appetite you know, and maybe I was gonna take a quick peek to see which presents were mine.

CHELSEA: Ah-HA. I knew it.

GRANDMA: *(Offstage)* What's all that racket down there? Jason, wake up! Get your baseball bat.

ANDREW: Oh no! We woke up Grandma.

MARTIN: Oh, she's gonna be mad.

ANDREW: Quick, behind the tree.

The three of them hide behind the tree.

Grandpa enters cautiously carrying a baseball bat.

GRANDPA: Annabelle, are you sure you heard something? I was in the middle of this wonderful dream. Besides, no one would break into a house on Christmas Eve.

GRANDMA: *(Offstage)* Are you crazy? That's the perfect time for someone to break in. Just take a look around real quick and make sure everything is safe. If you find anyone, use the bat first then ask questions later.

The kids start to get nervous.

GRANDPA: Okay.

He creeps across the stage and notices the cookies on the floor.

He calls back to Grandma.

GRANDPA: Annabelle, you might be right. There are cookies on the floor. Maybe Santa is the one who broke in. He wouldn't use the door. He comes down the chimney you know. But I am just waiting to see something move to start clobbering.

The kids remain perfectly still.

GRANDMA: *(Offstage)* Keep looking!

GRANDPA: Oh, all right.

The three kids decide to creep around the tree as he goes looking around the other way.

As he comes back around, they jump out with hands in the air.

ANDREW, CHELSEA, MARTIN: We surrender.

Grandpa screams and hits the Christmas tree with the baseball bat.

GRANDPA: Oh, my word! *(Laughing)* You kids will be the death of me. What on Earth are you children doing down here this time of night?

Grandma enters running frantically.

GRANDMA: I'm coming, Jason. I'll get 'em for you. I -- *(She notices Grandpa and the kids laughing)* Oh I should have known it was you little rascals down here causing mischief. Don't you know what time it is? What's the matter? Christmas excitement a bit too much for you this year?

CHELSEA: We just wanted to take a quick look at our presents, Grandma, that's all.

ANDREW: And put out some cookies for Santa of course.

Looks around at the fallen cookies.

ANDREW: Didn't quite work out the way I planned though.

GRANDMA: MMMhMM, well you nearly gave your dear old Grandma a heart attack with all that noise. Kids these days can't wait for nothing. Why, the best things in life are worth waiting for.

GRANDPA: Oh, Annabelle, even you must remember being overly excited for Christmas morning.

GRANDMA: Yes, but presents aren't everything. This time of year, we are more concerned with what kind of gifts we are getting, instead of the gifts we are giving.

MARTIN: But the presents are the best part.

CHELSEA: Yeah, isn't that what Christmas is all about?

GRANDMA: Not at all, Chelsea. Christmas is about so much more than presents.

ANDREW: Yeah, like what?

GRANDPA: Your Grandma's right, children. Do you even know why we give each other gifts on Christmas?

ANDREW: Um, because that's what Santa did?

MARTIN: Because the Christmas Tree looks too boring without them?

CHELSEA: Because we are trying to fuel a consumerist economy with items we don't need, causing a slow sense of dissatisfaction and greed?

EVERYONE: What?!

CHELSEA: I read that in an article recently.

GRANDMA: Girl, talk English, so we understand what you saying.

Chelsea shrugs.

CHELSEA: I also heard it on TV.

GRANDPA: Listen, we give gifts because that's what happened at the first Christmas there ever was.

MARTIN: You mean the one Santa started?

Pause. Grandma stares blankly at Martin.

GRANDMA: No, my dear child. Christmas started long before Santa Claus even existed.

ANDREW: Before Santa? But I thought he was the one who started it in the first place.

GRANDMA: What have your parents been teaching you?

Pause.

GRANDMA: We may celebrate Christmas with stories of Santa Claus, but the real story of Christmas goes back over 2000 years ago with an even bigger gift than Santa Claus could ever bring.

CHELSEA: Like a million dollars?

GRANDMA: Nope. Bigger than that.

MARTIN: A billion dollars?

GRANDMA: Not even close.

MARTIN: A trillion dollars?

GRANDMA: *(annoyed)* It was not money.

GRANDPA: Children, this is the kind of gift that people traveled hundreds of miles to receive. They spent weeks walking to find it. In fact, did you children know I used to work as a shopkeeper? I often imagined myself selling some supplies to a few of those travelers on their way to get this gift a long time ago. Do you want to hear about it?

CHELSEA, MARTIN, ANDREW: Yes. Okay. Yay.

GRANDMA: Oh, here he goes with his stories again. I'd better put the kettle on. This could take all night.

Grandma exits as the children gather around Grandpa.

GRANDPA: Now, first you must imagine a place far away and a time long ago.

MARTIN: Like Start Trek, the Final Frontier?

GRANDPA: Not exactly. A time when people were more connected to the land and to God because they had less things around to distract them.

ANDREW: Oh, that I can't imagine.

CHELSEA: God? What's God?

GRANDPA: That's part of the story, Chelsea, you'll find out. You know, back then you could see God? Even feel God touching your shoulder? A lot better than you can right now anyway. In fact, some folks were even able to hear God speak to them. That was the time God chose to send us the greatest gift of them all.

(Song # 1 – For these song slots, you can choose to use any song that you deem appropriate for each scene. You can also do the Song as a Duet, Quartet, Mime, Dance, Etc)

(It is loosely implied that the children are acting out the stories as the Grandparents tell them. There should be a large box with costumes in it that they try on as they play during this song)

LIGHTS OUT

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FAQ

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