



THE HEART OF A CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT

Written by us, inspired by Jesus

MAGGIE'S CHRISTMAS

An Original Stage play

By

Cleveland O. McLeish

THE CHARACTERS.

THOMAS: Man. About 35-40 years old. Popular pastor. Son of Maggie and Grandson to Grandmother.

GRANDMA: Female. About 75 years old. Thomas's Grandmother and Maggie's mother. Spunky. Wise. Intelligent. Strong.

MAGGIE: Thomas's mom. About 16 years old. Attitude changes throughout play from troubled teen to responsible parent.

MAN/JESUS/DOCTOR: Male. Late 30's. 3 parts played by same actor. Gives consolation to Maggie and Thomas.

LUCAS: Maggie's boyfriend, father of Thomas. Drug addict and thief. Tries to convince Maggie to abort her baby.

INNKEEPER: Manages hotel where Maggie attempts to stay. Good hearted, but cowardly

CHURCH GOERS 1 and 2: Women from Thomas's congregation. Early 50's-Late 60's

SETTING

The stage is bare, except for some needed chairs and appropriate props.

The Characters should enter from different parts of the stage.

Synopsis:

After the death of his mother, Thomas is left feeling a bit somber around the holiday season until his grandmother reveals a story about Christmas Eve when his teenage mother turned her life around.

THE SCRIPT

SCENE I

LIGHTS UP

Church.

Thomas is standing before his flock giving a sermon on Christmas morning. He stands center stage facing audience.

THOMAS: During this time of year we are often concerned with gifts. We give gifts and receive gifts. We spend hours at shopping malls trying to find the perfect gifts for our loved ones and delight in the faces of our children when they unwrap their presents on Christmas morning. Some of that delight is the joy in getting a gift we've wanted, but other times the gifts we receive are things we didn't even know we needed. The three wise men followed a star to a baby in a manger. When they arrived, they gave the child-a complete stranger-gifts fit for a king. This child-though the product of humble beginnings-would prove to become the greatest gift humanity has ever received.

Thomas pauses to reflect.

THOMAS: What gifts have you been given? Which ones were you expecting? Which were you surprised by? This week while we share the joy in giving and receiving let us remember the spirit behind the season and the gift that was given to us in the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Thomas pauses to wipe a tear.

THOMAS: As you may know, one of our most devoted church members, my mother, Maggie, passed this week.

He is having a difficult time holding back the tears.

THOMAS: I believe you will all agree with me when I say she was without a doubt a gift to this congregation. Since Christmas was her favorite time of year, it would mean the world to me.... Please join me in a prayer.

He lowers his head.

THOMAS: Heavenly Father we ask that you bless us as we give thanks for your one and only son, Jesus Christ. Allow us to be humble and remember all of the gifts we receive for we know that they are bestowed upon us through your grace and your mercy. We thank you Lord and ask that you help us recognize your gifts, especially those that we aren't expecting. Amen.

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CHURCH GOERS: Amen!

THOMAS: God bless you all and have a wonderful week.

Church Goers approach Thomas at the podium.

CHURCH GOER 1: What a lovely sermon, Pastor. Your mother would have been so proud.

CHURCH GOER 2: What a tragedy. So sudden. She was such a light to this congregation. I still expect to see her sitting there in the front row every Sunday...

Church Goer 1 nudges Church Goer 2.

CHURCH GOER 2: Whaaat!

CHURCH GOER 1: How *are* you doing, pastor? This must be a difficult time for you.

Thomas seems somewhat startled by this comment, but regains composure quickly.

THOMAS: Yes, well it has been a bit of a struggle. As you know mother loved the holiday season, but she is with the Lord right now and is truly...

He breaks.

GRANDMOTHER (Offstage): ...In a better place.

Grandmother enters. Thomas notices her and seems eager to leave the uncomfortable conversation.

THOMAS: If you'd excuse me. Thank you so much for your concern and condolences and for being here on this glorious day. Merry Christmas!

CHURCH GOER 2: Merry Christmas to you too, pastor. God bless.

Church goers exit as Thomas walks towards Grandmother and embraces her.

GRANDMOTHER (Smiling): Merry Christmas, darlin'!

THOMAS: Merry Christmas!

GRANDMOTHER: Those ninnies at the nursing home sure did ask a lot of questions about where I was going on Christmas morning....almost missed the bus...but I am glad I got here in time to hear your sermon today! It always brings me so much joy to hear you speak about God's love.

THOMAS: Thanks, grandma. I know they do ask a lot of questions!

GRANDMOTHER: Tom, you don't even know the half of it! It's been getting on my nerves being asked things every hour of the day. Where are you going? What are you doing? Where did you put your teeth? I'll tell you, it drives me near crazy!

THOMAS: Well, I'm so glad you were able to make it out! It's so great to see you. I've been having a little....

GRANDMOTHER (interrupting, looking in purse): Tom, honey, I have something I need you to help me with...

She fumbles through her purse, looking for an item.

GRANDMOTHER: Where is that thing....A- HA! (Pulling out cell phone) I need some help with this thing. I just can't seem to figure out how to send a...one of those CON-text messages. Can you show me?

THOMAS: Sure, Grandma. (She hands him the phone) See, you press the little message button here, then select who you are sending the message to, then type your message with the keypad, then press "send"!

GRANDMOTHER (overjoyed): Oh thank you, honey! You make it look so easy! I'll tell ya, I can't figure out any of these new gadgets. I don't know how you young folks can even press a keyboard that small. You make typewriters look like a sanctuary for these old hands.

THOMAS: Well you're probably right about that, Grandma. Anyway, I wanted to talk with you a bit about...

GRANDMOTHER (Interrupting, looking in purse again): Oh Tom one more thing. Do you think you could...

THOMAS: ...mom

GRANDMOTHER (same time): ...help me with this ipad thingy...

THOMAS: Grandma, can we do that later I just....

GRANDMOTHER: Oh it'll only take a second, you young folks are so quick with these things—

THOMAS (Snapping at her, frustrated): Later, ok!!!

Pause.

Longer pause.

GRANDMOTHER: Thomas! This doesn't sound like you!

She motions for them to sit in one of the church pews and they sit.

GRANDMOTHER: What's bothering you, darlin'? It's Christmas Day! It's time to celebrate the birth of our savior!

THOMAS: I know, it's just...it's the first Christmas Day without mom. I guess I'm just a little upset. I can't believe she's...gone.

Thomas wipes a tear. Grandma rest her hand on his shoulder.

GRANDMOTHER: I know, honey. I miss her too. But you know what? She's not gone at all. She's still with us. In fact, you sounded just like her just then when you got frustrated. Oh boy, could your mother ever yell! (Laughing)

THOMAS: Oh c'mon, Grandma. Mom was always even tempered. She never raised her voice in my life!

GRANDMOTHER: Well, maybe not in YOUR life she didn't, but I can tell you, your mom and I had some knock down drag out fights when she was young. Got so bad, we could barely stand in the same room with each other.

THOMAS: Are you sure we're talking about the same person? I thought you guys were really close!

GRANDMOTHER: Thomas, you know people change over the course of their lives, and sometimes it takes a big change to make them want to be different.

Thomas is hanging on Grandma's every word.

GRANDMOTHER: Your mama and I had our differences in the past, but it's never too late to turn your life around and turn to God. Your mama had enough sense to do that, just like the folks out there who come hear your sermons every week. In fact, I remember one Christmas Day when I got the best present of my life. The best present of your mama's life too I'll bet.

THOMAS: Would you tell me about it?

GRANDMOTHER: I don't know if you are ready to hear.

Pause.

GRANDMOTHER: But, maybe it is time you did.

Lights fade.