



**THE HEART OF A CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT**

Written by us, inspired by Jesus

## **What Christmas Means To Me**

An Original Stage play

By

**Cleveland O. McLeish**

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## **THE CHARACTERS**

MICHAEL  
JANET  
MICHELLE  
JULIUS  
GRANDMA  
PASTOR

## **SETTING**

The stage is bare, with only a stool positioned at Center Stage (CS). Each character may have additional props they need to take with them on stage.

The Characters should enter from different parts of the stage.

## THE SCRIPT

### SCENE I

#### LIGHTS UP

*Michael, mid 30's, enters and sits on the stool. He looks out over the audience, sad eyes.*

*He pulls out a newspaper from his back pocket, and reads through the headlines.*

**MICHAEL:** Another shot by police. Under investigation.

(skips the page)

Another athlete has taken his own life --- another military personal. Every day, more bad news. A storm is brewing in the Pacific Ocean --- gearing up to make landfall in a few days.

(folds the newspaper)

Christmas, just around the corner. What does Christmas mean to me? It's difficult to answer that. Three years ago, I got married on Christmas Day. Today, I am single. How do you move from married to single in three years, you may ask? Fortunately, my story is not the worse. My wife just got tired of me, really quick. I never expected it --- never asked for it --- never wanted it. I used to go to church too, but something like this can really damage your faith. It's not that I don't believe in God, I am just not convinced that He even sees me. I would be shocked if there is anybody even listening to me right now.

(Gets up and paces a bit)

If I should be honest though, I think with all the time that has passed since the first Christmas, it has kind of lost its value. It's overrated, if you asked me. I know some of you feel that way. Most of you were probably forced to come here today, to watch this play. I guess it is something to do as a family, but what about those who don't have a family. What do they do when this time of the year rolls in? Where is the church for them? Where is their Christmas?

What does Christmas mean to me? It's a time to reflect. A time to look back and re-analyze all the mistakes I made in my life. I don't really think about the birth of Jesus Christ. I did love the presents as a kid, loved making my parents believed that I am convinced Santa Claus came. Every kid knows it was their parents who

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leave presents under the tree. You can't fool kids these days. They are smarter than we are.

(Sits on the stool)

What does Christmas mean to me? Nothing, I suppose. It's just another day. I do like the snow though. I like the time off it gives me from work, but I hate the work to clear the driveway. I can't even afford to pay someone else to do it.

(a beat)

You know, I remember Christmas as a kid. It was a very exciting time. The family came together, prayed together, ate together. It was nice. I never forgot that, and I was never able to recreate that in my own family. I think our parents had a better handle on this thing than we can ever do. I wish I was like them. I really miss having them around. All the memories.

I think if Christmas is to ever have the value it once did, we will have to practically recreate it. I believe that was what our parents did. They create the Christmas we once enjoyed. I am just realizing how much effort that must have taken. You know, I think Christmas would have a greater meaning to me if I had kids. But for now, what can I really say ---

(pause)

*Michael exits.*