

Hiding Christmas

The Original Stageplay



Cleveland O. McLeish

Copyright © 2018. The Heart of a Christian Playwright.

All Rights Reserved.

Cleveland O. McLeish/The Heart of a Christian Playwright have asserted the right to be identified as the Author of this work.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without the expressed permission of Cleveland O. McLeish. Professional Rights, Amateur Rights, Fringe Rights, and Education Rights are all available through the Heart of a Christian Playwright. Please request permission in writing to cleveland.mcleish@gmail.com. The Author can be reached at cleveland@christianplaywright.org

All rights whatsoever in the play are strictly reserved. Requests to reproduce the text in whole or in part should be addressed to the Publisher/Author.

You have ONE free license to do ONE free Performance with the purchase of this book. You are NOT ALLOWED to make copies of this book, but you can purchase additional copies from Amazon, or you can purchase a digital version from the Website (www.christianplaywright.org) to make printed copies. For multiple performance and/or performances where tickets are sold, or there is an admission cost, please contact us to discuss royalties.

Publication of this play indicates its availability for performance.

ISBN-13: 978-1724535771 (paperback available on amazon.com)

ISBN-10: 1724535773

Published by:

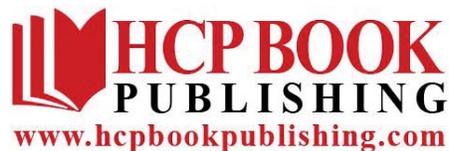


Table of Contents

The Characters	4
Setting	5
The Story	6
Play Details	7
SCENE 1	9
SCENE 2	13
SCENE 3	19
SCENE 4	23
SCENE 5	29
SCENE 6	32
SCENE 7	38

The Characters

Harold	Beverly's Husband; Samantha's Father
Beverly	Harold's Wife; Samantha's Mother
Samantha	Harold's & Beverly's Daughter
Rachael	Wife; Melissa's Mother
Melissa	Rachael's Daughter
Charlie	Drunk Driver from the Past
Nordia	Charlie's Wife.
Jesus	
Janna	
Bishop Jones	
Shawn	Harold's and Beverly's Deceased Son
Angel of Past Things	Can be Male or Female. Wears a Red Dress.
Angel of Present Things	Can be Male or Female. Wears a White Dress.
Angel of Future Things	Can be Male or Female. Wears a Black Dress.
Charlotte	

Setting

Living Room setting with appropriate amenities and furniture. There is a plain Christmas Tree erected Stage Left (SL), a couch Centre Stage (CS), center table, a dining area further Up Stage (UP), a few paintings on the wall and a door leading to another room but facing the audience. This door is of particular interest. Presently, it is closed and littered with signs: “Do Not Enter” “Keep Out” Etc.

There is another door for the entrance and another for exiting offstage.

The Story

Harold is a Principal by profession, and his wife is an Infant School teacher, so there is nothing strange about them being home for the Christmas Holidays. A normal family would consider this a blessing, but not this family. For them, Christmas is the most uncomfortable and painful holiday they have to endure.

Six years ago their young son was killed in a car accident on Christmas Day, and Harold was driving. You can imagine how difficult it might be for a family to celebrate the birth of God's Son on the same day they lost their only son under tragic circumstances, but the head of this family has a very important lesson to learn about love, and it will take a visit from three Angels representing the Past, Present, and Future.

Harold believes that he can hide from Christmas by locking himself away in a specially designed room in his house for days, but can he really hide? Can any of us?

Play Details

Length: 60-90 Minutes

Cast: 5 Males, 6 Females, 3 Angels (Male or Female)

Audience: Teens & Adults

Genre: Contemporary Drama

THE SCRIPT



SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP

Beverly enters with a box of decorations. She carefully puts the box down at the foot of the tree and begins sorting through it.

Samantha enters wearing a backpack.

SAMANTHA: Mom, you were supposed to wait until I got home.

BEVERLY: I tried, but you know how anxious I can get when I have something to do.

SAMANTHA: Uhm, uhm.

BEVERLY: What is that supposed to mean?

SAMANTHA: Nothing.

BEVERLY: How was your trip to the library?

SAMANTHA: Non-productive. My friends chatted out the whole time.

BEVERLY: And I bet you listened.

SAMANTHA: Well yeah. It was an interesting conversation.

BEVERLY: What were they talking about?

Pause.

SAMANTHA: Do I have to answer that?

BEVERLY: You just did.

SAMANTHA: No I didn't.

BEVERLY: Oh yes you did. You just admitted that you spent the past three hours at the library talking about boys?

SAMANTHA: Unless I tell you, mom, you are just assuming.

Samantha lays her backpack aside and begins to help Mom sort through the decorations.

SAMANTHA: You know I really hate this time of the year.

BEVERLY: I know, but we have to try and make the best of it.

SAMANTHA: I wish Dad would see it that way.

BEVERLY: He will come around eventually.

SAMANTHA: When? It's been six years, and nothing has changed. *(Walks over to the door)*
He is in there, isn't he?

No response necessary.

SAMANTHA: And why do you let him do it every year?

BEVERLY: What am I supposed to do, Samantha? If that is how he wants to handle it, then it's up to him.

SAMANTHA: We are never gonna get past this.

There is a knock at the entrance.

BEVERLY: Come in. It's open.

RACHAEL walks in with her teenage daughter MELISSA.

RACHAEL: Hi.

BEVERLY: You must be the new neighbors.

Beverly shakes her hand.

RACHAEL: Yes, we wanted to come by from yesterday but decided to stop by Mr. Wallaby next door first and well, let's just say he had a lot of stories to tell.

BEVERLY: Yes, he does have a gift to talk unceasingly but only if he has found a willing ear.

RACHAEL: Well, I guess he did. My name is Rachael, and this is my daughter, Melissa.

BEVERLY: It's so nice to meet you. I am Beverly, and this is my daughter, Samantha.

They exchange greetings.

BEVERLY: Samantha, can you get our guests something to drink.

Hiding Christmas by Cleveland O. McLeish

RACHAEL: Oh, we don't want to be a bother.

BEVERLY: Not at all. *(Nudges Samantha)*

MELISSA: Can I help?

BEVERLY: So sweet. Sure.

Samantha and Melissa exit.

RACHAEL: That is a lovely Christmas Tree.

BEVERLY: Wait till you see it fully decorated.

RACHAEL: Do you always put it up so early?

BEVERLY: Christmas is just a few days away. If not now, it may never go up with all the rush and chaos.

RACHAEL: I should take a page out of your book.

BEVERLY: If you need help, just let us know.

RACHAEL: I couldn't help but notice that picture over there.

Beverly looks over at the picture.

BEVERLY: That's my husband and son.

RACHAEL: They are not here?

BEVERLY: My husband is here, but my son is not.

RACHAEL: Is he away at school...church...?

BEVERLY: He's dead.

Pause.

Longer Pause.

RACHAEL: *(embarrassed)* I'm sorry.

BEVERLY: Why? There is no way you would know that.

Hiding Christmas by Cleveland O. McLeish

Samantha and Melissa return with two glasses of juice. Melissa helps herself to one and gives the other to Rachael.

SAMANTHA: Mom, can I take Melissa on a tour of the neighborhood?

BEVERLY: I thought you were going to help me with these decorations.

RACHAEL: I will help you.

Pause.

BEVERLY: I guess its okay then.

Samantha and Melissa leave excitedly.

RACHAEL: Teenagers!

BEVERLY: Yeah. I remember the days.

They dig into the box of decorations.

BEVERLY: Are you married?

RACHAEL: I am not sure.

BEVERLY: What does that mean? Its either you are married or not.

RACHAEL: I went to church with Melissa's father. Took the vows and all. He went to Canada on a business trip, and I haven't seen him since.

BEVERLY: Does he call?

RACHAEL: Occasionally.

BEVERLY: You don't really want to talk about that do you?

RACHAEL: Not really.

BEVERLY: I know the feeling. We all have something we hate to talk about.

They continue sorting through the decorations in silence.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 2

LIGHTS UP

Harold is sleeping on the couch.

An Angel sits by the side of the couch watching him. He slowly opens his eyes and jumps from the couch when he sees the Angel.

HAROLD: Who are you?

ANGEL: Why does your first question have to be the most irrelevant?

HAROLD: How did I get on this couch?

ANGEL: Irrelevant.

HAROLD: What is this?

ANGEL: That question is not specific enough to be answered.

Pause. Harold holds his head, trying to make sense of what is happening.

He goes to the door and turns the knob, but it is locked.

HAROLD: I am supposed to be in this room, and the door is supposed to be locked to keep everybody out, so why am I the one who is locked out, unless I am inside the room but then, this is not making sense. Can you please tell me what is going on? Why you are in my house and why on earth are you wearing a red dress?

ANGEL: Have you ever heard a story about a man named Ebenezer Scrooge?

HAROLD: I can't say I have.

ANGEL: Really?

HAROLD: What's this about?

ANGEL: You have never read The Christmas Carol?

HAROLD: I don't read much.

ANGEL: Well, have you ever watched the movie?

Hiding Christmas by Cleveland O. McLeish

HAROLD: I don't recall.

ANGEL: They did a remake just a few years ago with Jim Carey playing Mr. Scrooge.

HAROLD: I have no idea what you are talking about.

ANGEL: Too bad. Would have made this trip a little more condensed.

HAROLD: Is this really happening, or am I dreaming?

ANGEL: If I should answer that, I would say it's a combination of both.

Pause.

ANGEL: That is a beautiful Christmas Tree.

Harold looks in the direction of the tree as if for the first time. He quickly looks away.

HAROLD: Whatever.

ANGEL: Scrooge would have said 'Bah Humbug.'

HAROLD: What?

ANGEL: Never mind. I am supposed to take you on a journey into the past.

HAROLD: Why?

ANGEL: Why should people have to relive the past, Harold?

Pause.

ANGEL: Because they forget. There is no present without the past, and there can be no future without the present. You, for instance, have been reliving this day now for six years.

Enter Harold's 12-year-old son Shawn.

SHAWN: Where are you going, Dad?

HAROLD: *(eyes filled with tears)* To the mall. I need to get a few more presents for Grandma and Grandpa.

SHAWN: Can I come? Please, Daddy, I promise I won't give any trouble. Please.

HAROLD: Okay. Get your coat.

Shawn exits excitedly.

HAROLD: It was all my fault.

ANGEL: The man who hit your car was drunk, Harold, but the question I would want to ask you is, what would you do if you saw that man today?

Harold's expression says it all.

Charlie enters.

Harold sees him and instantly gets in a rage. He leaps at Charlie who does not attempt to run.

Angel grabs Harold before he can lay his hand on Charlie.

ANGEL: Harold, you cannot touch him, even if you wanted to.

Harold shakes himself free and breathes to calm himself.

HAROLD: Why are you doing this to me?

ANGEL: His name is Charlie and that night changed his life. He became a born-again Christian and is now a strong advocate against drinking and driving.

HAROLD: Doesn't change anything.

ANGEL: He now has a family; a wife, and a son.

Harold bites his lips.

HAROLD: A son???

NORDIA enters, hugs Charlie.

NORDIA: Found you.

CHARLIE: Where's Shawn?

HAROLD: *(angry)* What did he say?

ANGEL: Yep. He named his son after yours.

Harold wants to grab Charlie, but the Angel restrains him.

NORDIA: You know Shawn. He is into arcade games. I can't get him to leave.

CHARLIE: Okay. We will give him a few more minutes.

NORDIA: I hear talk that they want to make you Deacon at church.

CHARLIE: Why would they do that?

NORDIA: They say you have a servant's heart.

CHARLIE: I just want to do the will of Father, save as many lives as I can.

NORDIA: There is no higher calling.

CHARLIE: I have done so many bad things in my life. Things I can't undo.

NORDIA: I know. You still wake up in the nights screaming.

CHARLIE: It's always the same dream.

NORDIA: I wish I could free you from this pain.

CHARLIE: You have done a marvelous job so far. I don't know what I would do without you.

NORDIA: I have a few ideas.

Charlie wipes a tear.

NORDIA: What if you ever saw that father again? What would you do?

CHARLIE: Embrace him. Ask for forgiveness.

HAROLD: *(screams)* I would never forgive you!

CHARLIE: *(chuckles to himself)* The odds of ever meeting him again in this life is a million to one. Maybe I will see him in heaven. If I do, I will know he has forgiven me.

NORDIA grabs unto Charlie's hand.

NORDIA: Let's go get our son, and go home. It has been a long day.

Charlie and Nordia exit.

HAROLD: He took my son. And God gave him a son. Where is the justice in that?

ANGEL: You think you are the only one who has ever lost a child on Christmas Day?

Two ladies dressed in Biblical attire entire. Their names are Charlotte and Janna. Charlotte carries a blanket with blood stains.

CHARLOTTE: He was only a year and a half. He could not even defend himself. Why?

Janna tries hard to comfort Charlotte as they exit.

ANGEL: One man wanted to kill one baby, and slayed thousands of innocent boys. How do you think those parents felt?

Pause.

HAROLD: I have seen enough. Wake me up from this dream.

ANGEL: Not yet. There is one more thing I need to show you.

Beverly enters carrying a young baby wrapped in a towel. She walks over to Harold looking at her child. She shows him.

BEVERLY: Isn't he beautiful?

HAROLD: Yes.

BEVERLY: Missed being born on Christmas Day by just a few days. Our own special gift from God.

Beverly begins to rock the child in her arms.

BEVERLY: I have been thinking about Samuel and how his mother prayed for a son. She vowed that if God blessed her womb she would give the child back to him and she did. Such a noble thing to do, but it could not have been easy for her. Have you ever thought about that, Harold?

HAROLD: About what exactly?

BEVERLY: Would you give your son back to God as willingly as He gave him to us?

Pause.

HAROLD: The most logical answer to a question like that must be yes. But why would you ask me something like that?

BEVERLY: I don't know. *(Looks at the child)* Harold, he is smiling.

Beverly exits leaving Harold in a solemn mood.

ANGEL: Did you mean it when you said yes?

Pause.

HAROLD: No.

ANGEL: It's easier to receive from the hand of the Lord, than to give back. Wouldn't you agree? Yet, He freely gave His only Son to be tortured and killed in your place. That is what Christmas is all about, isn't it, Harold? The entrance of God into this world as flesh and blood to suffer and die for you.

HAROLD: Is that what this is all about? Christmas?

ANGEL: This is a lesson about love, Harold, and what it is and what it means. You need to learn, as others do, that love is not just about holding on, but sometimes it's about letting go.

Angel moves to the exit.

HAROLD: Who are you?

ANGEL: I am the Angel of Past Things.

Angel leaves.

LIGHTS OUT