

A script from



“One of those Crazy Holidays”

by
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- What** A teen tries to show her very distracted family that Christ is the center of Christmas. (Themes: Holidays, Family, Traditions)
- Who** Samantha-teenager Brock-brother
Aunt Marian Uncle Carl
Terry-surfer
- When** Present day
- Wear
(Props)** 5 chairs
Coffee table
Football
- Why** Luke 2:1-20, Eph 5:15-17; 1 Corinthians 10:31
- How** This skit consists of a large cast, but with creative casting (i.e. have actors play more than one character) it can be adapted to fit a smaller group.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

*The skit starts with **Samantha** addressing the audience.*

Samantha: (*Stressed*) Holidays are a time for families. In normal families, the holidays are a loving time where families get together and have a great time... My family tries, it's just... different. (***Brock** enters evading invisible blockers*) For instance there's Brock. Now, Brock's a great guy, but it just seems like everything in his world revolves around...

Brock: (*Doing touchdown dance*) Football!

Samantha: I couldn't have said it better myself.

Brock: Hey, is there a game on?

Samantha: No.

Brock: We gonna watch football today?

Samantha: No.

Brock: You wanna tackle me?

Samantha: No!

Brock: MAN!

***Samantha** just gives a look, then turns back to the audience. **Brock** gets disappointed and slouches into a chair. He props his feet up on the coffee table.*

Samantha: Down boy. (***Aunt Marian** enters*) Then there's Aunt Marian, she's kind of like Martha Stewart, but poor.

Aunt Marian: Brock, you get those feet off that table!

Brock: No.

Aunt Marian: You get those feet off right now.

Brock: No!

Aunt Marian: Brock... One-thirty-two. One-thirty-two! Slant right!

***Brock** busts into the play, jumps up, hustles, lands in another chair. **Aunt Marian** takes his old seat and starts filing her nails.*

Samantha: Then, there's Uncle Carl. (***Uncle Carl** enters and sits in nearest seat. He is visibly annoyed*) Uncle Carl really isn't a bad guy, it's just that

he is going through his fifth divorce right now. The weird thing is they always leave him during the holidays, and always for a biker.

Uncle Carl: Merry stinkin' Christmas!

Terry enters and sits.

Samantha: You know how everyone has that person in their family that... well... makes you wanna scratch out your eyeballs? Well, Terry is that person in our family. He's spent extensive time in California, enough said.

Terry: (*Best surfer voice*) Did you guys know that lots of animals die each year due to oil spills? Well, I was thinking maybe we could give all our presents to like the animals.

Everyone just gives him a blank look and goes back to what they were doing. Samantha finds the only other open seat and sits.

Samantha: (*To audience*) Here's the awkward time of the holidays where I try to tell my family about the true meaning of Christmas, but everything ends in disaster. (*Turns to family*) Isn't it great that we are all together for the holidays? (*Everyone kind of murmurs*) Hey, I know, let's talk about stuff that has to do with Christmas!

Uncle Carl: Like wives that leave you for a biker every year?

Samantha: Well, no... umm, well, let's start with something simple... do you prefer real or fake trees?

Terry: I think you should use a live tree and like plant it after you're done with it so all the birds and animals can enjoy nature's true beauty.

Brock: I think you should use a fake tree and when Christmas is over with you can take it out back and use it as a tackling dummy.

Aunt Marian: Well, my friend Janice down the street just grew a lovely little Christmas tree in her house then decorated it in one of those little pots and it was just the most precious little thing.

Uncle Carl: Doesn't matter to me because they all remind me of woman's love.

Everybody: (*Ad lib, touched*) Oh, really... wow.

Uncle Carl: Yeah, fake ones remind me of all my ex-wife's love... FAKE. And real ones are thrown out of the house when they're used up to rot on the side of the road, just like me.

- Samantha:** Right... umm, well, should the tree be topped with an angel or a star?
- Terry:** I think it should be topped with like a gender neutral angel; I don't want to any advocate any submissive female stereotypes.
- Brock:** A blonde angel, a blonde, cheerleading angel that cheers "go Brock go" every time you walk by.
- Aunt Marian:** Well, my friend Margaret from down the street put a little scratchin' post on the top of the tree, and her little kitty cat would just run up and sit up there all day meowing Christmas songs like... umm... (*She meows* Jingle Bells) or... (*Meows the tune to* Silent Night) or... (*She gets choked up*)
- Uncle Carl:** Would it ever do this song, MEOW MEOW!
- Aunt Marian:** No, Carl, I don't think I've ever heard that. What song is that?
- Uncle Carl:** SHUT UP!
- Aunt Marian:** You're a bitter man, Carl, a bitter, bitter man.
- Uncle Carl:** Mine would be a Hell's Angel, so it can come and steal the gifts... and your wife.
- Samantha:** Right... well, do you think the tree lights should twinkle, or stay constant.
- Brock:** It should flash the logo of your favorite football team like... Go, Brock, Go!
- Samantha:** Well, what about dinner, ham or turkey?
- Uncle Carl:** Chinese carry-out, or McDonalds.
- Aunt Marian:** Not one of the choices.
- Terry:** I'm a vegan. (*To Aunt Marian*) I should give you my recipe for baked tofu balls stuffed with wheat germ.
- Uncle Carl:** You mean those nasty balls that were made from dog poo!
- Terry:** (*Getting angry*) They weren't made from dog poo, Uncle Carl, you didn't even try them.
- Uncle Carl:** I GUARUN-DOG-TEE you they were made of dog poo!

*Everyone in the family except for **Samantha** starts arguing about the tofu balls.*