

“Breaking News”

by
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- What** In this skit, a news anchor contemplates her desire to report hope and peace rather than death and destruction. Can be a stand-alone or accompany two other scripts: Christmas News and Good News for a Weary World.
Themes: Christmas, Hope, Peace, Good News, Bad News
- Who** Anchor
- When** Present Day
- Wear (Props)** Pocket Mirror
News Desk
Chair
Papers
Earpiece (Earbuds, iPod headphones, or a Bluetooth will create the needed effect)
- Why** Luke 2:10-11
- How** Anchor- When addressing the sound booth, the anchor should address a fixed spot behind the audience. She should be sure to pause in between her lines in order to give the impression that she is listening to a producer who is speaking to her through her earpiece.
- *Note from the writer: We used this script along with the script “Christmas News”. The service order went like this:
“Christmas News” script (this opened the whole service)
Worship
“Breaking News” script
Sermon
- Time** Approximately 3 minutes

Center stage there is a desk, strewn with papers, and a chair behind it.

Anchor enters quickly behind the audience. She puts an earpiece in her ear and approaches the desk.

Anchor: Sorry, I know, I'm late. Traffic, carolers, candle lighting ceremonies, you name it, it was in my way.

She picks up the papers on the desk.

Anchor: Hurricanes. Wildfires. Death and destruction. More of the same.

Pauses. She looks up at the sound booth.

Anchor: Did you hear any of that? I'm talking to myself, aren't I?

She adjusts her earpiece.

Anchor: Can you hear me now?

She adjusts her earpiece.

Anchor: How about now? I can't hear you at all.

Pause.

Anchor: Hello? Hello? Don't leave me hanging down here. I can't go on air alone.

She pulls the earpiece out of her ear as if a loud noise has caused her some pain.

Anchor: Okay. It's working now. If you could turn it down a bit—

Hesitantly puts the earpiece back into her ear.

Anchor: Thanks.

Pause.

Anchor: How was your Christmas party last night?

Listening.

Anchor: Well, that's to be expected with a white elephant gift exchange. What did *you* bring?

Listens and laughs.

Anchor: Who got that?

Listens.

Anchor: Oh no. This is why I don't go to your parties.
She picks up more papers on the desk and reviews them.

Anchor: Healthcare. Drug Crisis. Nuclear weap—

She looks up in the direction of the sound booth.

Anchor: You really know how to lift spirits at Christmas time. *(Sarcastically)* These stories are truly heartwarming.

She puts her hand to her ear.

Anchor: What's that?

Smiles, annoyed. She pulls out a pocket mirror.

Anchor: Thanks. You know when people tell you that you look tired and it doesn't sound like an insult, but it is.

She looks into her mirror.

Anchor: I can only put on so much make-up.

Sighs.

Anchor: I think these bags under my eyes are permanently imbedded.

Listens.

Anchor: I don't know. I'm sleeping. I'm even napping. I'm drinking caffeine.

She looks at the news desk.

Anchor: *(softer)* This just gets exhausting.

Pause.

Anchor: Nothing. I didn't say anything important. It's just—

She puts her hand to her ear. She snaps into work-mode.

Anchor: Live in 60 seconds. Got it. I don't see the article on the shooting.

Listens.

Anchor: Well *when* are we getting more details?

Listens.

Anchor: Okay. Just feed it to me live.

She sits behind the Anchor desk.

Anchor: We're getting too good at this, you know? *(Sardonically, looking straight ahead as if into a camera)* Breaking News—more of the same depressing updates coming your way.

Listens.

Anchor: I'm not a Grinch. I just...the Christmas spirit is getting harder and harder to find.

She pulls out the mirror once again and checks her teeth. She puts the mirror away.

Anchor: *(soberly)* Just once it would be nice to report some good news. Something hopeful, something...something people could hold on too.

Soberly she stares at the papers on the desk.

Suddenly, her hand goes to her ear. She snaps to attention.

Anchor: Yeah, I'm ready.

She sits up straight and looks straight ahead, as if into a camera.

Lights Down.