

THE GIFTS OF THE ORNAMENTS
By Karen Jones

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AUDITION -- for 5m, 3w, 3 flex

In this scene, the Christmas tree ornaments are visited by Gloria, the Shepherd, and a Wiseman.

(SFX: Faint baby cry. The ORNAMENTS all freeze. The TOY SOLDIER readies his gun, does an about face and peers off to the side.)

SPARKLE: *(Whispering.)* What was that?

NUTCRACKER: Hush, everyone! *(Pauses.)* Private, report please?

TOY SOLDIER: It's coming from that table, sir.

NUTCRACKER: Table?

TOY SOLDIER: Yes, sir. Over there to the right.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: *(Whispers.)* That's the table I was talking about a while ago.

NUTCRACKER: *(To TOY SOLDIER.)* Can you determine the situation?

TOY SOLDIER: No, sir. I don't have a clear line of sight.

NUTCRACKER: Angel, can you see from your vantage point?

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: Not very well. Let me see if I can turn a little. *(Tries to twist around.)* Ouch... ouch... ouch! Oh, I give up. *(Stops twisting.)* There is some kind of movement going on but most of it is beneath the roof, and I can't see.

NUTCRACKER: Roof? You mean there's some sort of building on that table?

FRED: Is it one of those Dickens' Villages? There was a display of those at the store where I was bought. If it is, there is no cause for alarm. They are nice enough but totally boring.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: No, I don't think so. This building is not very decorative at all. In fact, it looks like an old shed.

CHRISTMAS BEAR: An old shed? Why would they put an old shed in the midst of this splendor?

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: Now that you mention it, it does look out of place. *(Pauses.)* Wait, something is moving over there. Watch out, they're coming this way.

TOY SOLDIER: *(Calls out.)* Halt! Who goes there? *(Points the gun to stage right.)*

(Enter GLORIA and the SHEPHERD.)

GLORIA: *(Softly.)* Can you all hold it down just a bit? You're going to wake the baby.

GINGERBREAD MAN: What baby?

SHEPHERD: Why, the one in the manger, of course.

SPARKLE: What's a manger?

SHEPHERD: A manger is a feeding trough for the animals.

TOY SOLDIER: And you stuck a baby in it? What kind of people are you?

NUTCRACKER: *(Approaches.)* As you were, private. I'll take it from here.

TOY SOLDIER: Sir, yes sir! *(Salutes and starts to march around the stage again.)*

NUTCRACKER: I'm the Nutcracker, the Captain of Toy Soldiers. And you are?

GLORIA: I'm Gloria, the Christmas angel. *(Points to a sash across her chest with the word Gloria written on it.)*

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: Now, wait just a minute. I'm the Christmas angel.

GLORIA: The one for the tree maybe. I'm the one from the manger. I keep watch over the baby.

MOLLY MOPPET: You keep talking about a baby. What baby?

GLORIA: Why, the Christ child, of course.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Christ child?

SHEPHERD: The Messiah; the One who has been promised.

SPARKLE: Promised what?

SHEPHERD: Gee, you don't know anything, do you?

FRED: We know enough not to put a baby in a feeding trough.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: Sounds like a case for child protective services if you ask me.

GLORIA: No. It's nothing like that. They really had no choice. There just wasn't any other place.

GINGERBREAD MAN: Just who are "they"?

GLORIA: The baby's parents, Mary and Joseph. They were from out of town and had no place to stay.

FRED: Well, that just sounds like poor planning to me.

GLORIA: No, it's not like that at all. You see, the Messiah was prophesied to be born in Bethlehem, and the couple had to travel a long distance to get there.

SHEPHERD: And by the time they arrived, all the rooms were taken.

NUTCRACKER: Like Fred said, poor planning. If you're going on a trip like that you need to have a contingency plan.

GLORIA: The best laid plans can sometimes go awry. Sometimes you just have to go on faith.

SPARKLE: What's faith?

SHEPHERD: Oh, good grief, this is getting us nowhere. Come on, Gloria, we need to get back to the stable. These characters are completely clueless.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: Now, hold on a minute...

(The WISEMAN enters from stage right followed by the TOY SOLDIER with his gun.)

TOY SOLDIER: I found another one prowling around, sir.

WISEMAN: I was not prowling around. I was searching for the King.

SHEPHERD: He's in the stable.

MOLLY MOPPET: What? There's a king, too?

GLORIA: The baby is the King.

FRED: Say what? The baby is a king, and you still stuck Him in a manger.

GINGERBREAD MAN: This is getting more complicated by the minute.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL: Well, it doesn't surprise me. Just look how the humans treat us poor ornaments.

CHRISTMAS BEAR: But this baby is one of their own.

GLORIA: Well, He is and then again He isn't.

MOLLY MOPPET: Say again?

GLORIA: He was born to human parents, but He was actually the Son of God. He came to earth to save mankind.

SPARKLE: Save them from what?

SHEPHERD: (*Exasperated.*) Oh, I give up.

GLORIA: Okay, let's back up a little. You see, mankind had sinned and wandered away from God, so He sent down His son to show how much He loved them and bring them back into His fold.

CHRISTMAS BEAR: And they stuck Him in a feeding trough. Yep, sounds about like them.

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