

A script from



“I'm Dreaming of a...”

by
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- What** Mary and Marta compare notes on how crazy their holiday season gets, when Marta realizes that she's too caught up in preparing and making everything perfect. **Themes:** Christmas, Moms, Wives, Family, Reason for the Season, Purpose, Stress, Busyness
- Who** Mary
Marta
Singer(s)- optional
- When** Christmas Season; Present
- Wear (Props)** Mall bench
Packages
Santa hats for Singers
- Why** Luke 10:38-42
- How** The first scene of this script includes an ensemble that will add some fun and creativity to this sketch, but the scene is optional if you want to go simpler with just the two actresses, Mary and Marta. It will not compromise the story or message if you choose to do so. This script would be great for a Christmas Eve service or incorporated into your musical.
- Time** Approximately 7-9 minutes

SCENE 1

*The stage is dark. We see a **Singer** and his background **Singers** at one side of the stage, standing in front of old fashioned microphones. They are dressed elegantly with red Santa hats on their heads. The stage is empty, except for **Marta**, who runs across the stage with one small shopping bag.*

Marta: Tommy! Tommy! Wait for Mommy, dear!

*We hear an instrumental intro to an old Christmas favorite; the **Singer** starts to sing.*

**AUTHOR'S NOTE

The song of choice for this piece "White Christmas" is sung because of the tongue-in-cheek juxtaposition of the smooth sounding lyrics with the insanity of the on-stage shopping. The lyrics cannot be printed due to private copyright of "White Christmas", though the Author's intent is to have the verses & choruses of the song separated by sudden exasperated exclamations from the character Marta. If a different song is found that you deem better suited, please go ahead and substitute it. And then let us know so we can publish any adjustments!

Singer: (1st VERSE)

Marta: Tommy! Don't touch that! (*Miming to clerk*) Well that over there is nice... (*to Tommy*) Tommy! Tommy! (*CRASH!*) We'll take that too.

Singer: (2nd VERSE)

Marta: (*Walking across the stage with two large bags this time, balancing everything while trying to cross off her list and talk to her husband on the phone.*) Okay, so I got stuff for your sister's twins - that's two down. Your Aunt Ruth, I honestly don't know. We haven't seen her forever and - what? Studying what?!! Yes, I heard you - why Argentina? - Are there any penguins in Argentina? (*A beat*) Well, what other relatives are doing weird things overseas? C'mon let's get some people off this list!

Singer: (*Singing*) "And may all your Christmases be white."

Singers: (*1st two lines of 1st VERSE*)

Marta: (*To herself, looking far ahead at the front of the line*) Come on, come on, hurry up! Why do I always pick the slow line?

Singers: (*2nd two lines of the 1st VERSE*)

Marta: Oh, come on! Don't take your break now!

Singers: (*1st line of 2nd VERSE*)

Marta: What do you mean this is "Cash Only"?!

Singers: *(2nd line of 2nd VERSE)*

Marta: *(Suddenly realizing)* OH! Christmas cards!

Singer: *(3rd line of the 2nd VERSE)*

Marta: Finally! Thank you! What? No, the price is right... *(the price is nowhere to be found)* ...oh. Well, I'll just tell you the price. No, I remember. It was \$2.99. It's a stocking stuff, how much more is it going to be? No, don't call someone- just please-

Singer: "And may all your Christmases..."

Marta: *(Breaking down)* Please, just get me out of this store...

*Fade to black on **Marta***

Singer: "...be white..."

*Fade to black on **Singer**.*

SCENE 2

*We see a woman, dressed in a long coat, with a scarf, hat and gloves sipping a steaming hot drink from Starbucks®. She is watching her child play on the snow-hill that exists beyond the fourth wall. She waves to them and smiles. **Marta** enters.*

Marta: *(Calling to Tommy)* Okay! But only five minutes! It's getting late... *(to herself)* ...and Mommy's half dead from the shopping trip from-

Mary: Hello.

Marta: Hi.

Mary: Long day?

Marta: The longest.

Mary: Did you at least get it all done?

*Pause. **Marta** looks down at all the bags, and then at **Mary** as if to ask if she's seriously asking this.*

Marta: You'd think so.

Mary: Sorry.

- Marta:** No. It's fine. I mean, I've only got a 6-year-old boy and I've got a Christmas shopping list as long as my arm.
- Mary:** Not all for him I hope.
- Marta:** No, his list is really easy- one thing: he wants a rocket ship... a real rocket ship. So, you know - just a call to NASA and I'm good to go. It's the hundreds of other people on the list that have caused *(gesturing with the bags)* all of this.
- Mary:** Hey, it could be worse. You could have more kids than just the one.
- Marta:** *(Flatly)* I'm pregnant.
- Mary:** *(Laughing, then stifling)* Oh. I'm sorry.
- Marta:** It's okay.
- Mary:** *(Optimistically)* It could be twins
- Marta:** *(Flatly)* They run in the family.
- Mary:** I...I don't know what to say now.
- Marta:** After that mall today, neither do I.

Pause. Marta crosses to a park bench and collapses down on it. The bags so numerous that they completely cover her lower body.

- Marta:** Dare I ask if you finished yours?

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
[SkitGuys.com!](http://SkitGuys.com)*

ENDING:

- Mary:** You know, you can call it "tradition" or "making memories", or whatever you want...but all of those "moments" are opportunities to experience what Christmas was always meant to be about.
- Marta:** And what is that? The birth of Christ?
- Mary:** Well, sure...but it's actually even more than that...I think. For me, Christmas is a constant reminder that family- not a turkey...nice wrapping paper...or the perfect tree- but family being together is the most important thing to God. I mean, that's why Jesus was born in the first place, right?

Marta: Um, yeah. I guess. I guess, I never thought about it that way...before.

Mary: Oh, shoot. I'm late. *(To her daughter beyond the fourth wall)* Come on, Amy!

Marta: I'm sorry I kept you.

Mary: Ah, don't worry about it. I'm sorry I talked your ear off.

Marta: No, it was good. *(Beat)* Um, it was good. Thank you...Mary, was it?

Mary: Yeah.

Marta: Hi.

Marta sticks out her hand to shake. Mary takes a second. Shakes her hand, with a knowing smile.

Mary: Mary and...Marta. *(With a smile)* Hm. Have a Merry Christmas, Marta.

Marta: You too, Mary.

Mary exits. Marta rises, trying to gather up all of her bags.

Marta: C'mon Tommy! Momma's gotta go get a palette full of wrapping paper before the stores close!

Fade to black. The end.