

A script from



“Journal of a Mad Christmas Mom”

by
Melinda Whitten

- What** A mom gets so caught up in all the activities of Christmas that she forgets to be thankful for the reason we celebrate Christmas in the first place. (Themes: Christmas, Anxiety, Priorities, Parenting)
- Who** 1 female
- When** Present/Holidays
- Wear (Props)** Chair or stool
Journal
- Why** Ps. 46:10, Ps. 139:23, Phil. 4:6
- How** It's possible to tape the script inside the journal so that you can actually read from it. However, don't keep your eyes and face inside the book the whole time. Be sure you make eye contact with the audience. During the letter to Santa, it's possible to have a child offstage or even on the side read the letter.
- Time** Approximately 8-9 minutes

Mom is sitting on the chair or stool with her journal in her lap. She is facing the audience.

Mom: Dec 1 - Can't believe its December already. Less than four weeks until Christmas. The checkout girl at the store asked me if I finished my Christmas shopping. She informed me she finished hers over the Thanksgiving Holiday and then wished me a "Merry Christmas". She was a rather annoying woman.

Dec 2 - Got in the car to take the kids to school and the gas gauge was on empty. While paying for the gas the clerk asked if my Christmas decorations were up. He helped his dad put the lights up Thanksgiving Day. What is it with these people?

Dec 3 - Sherry Higgins, my daughter's room mom, called and asked if I could help with the Christmas party this year. She said she noticed that I didn't get the opportunity to sign up for anything at open house and felt this would be the perfect time for me to help out. I explained to her that I had four children and that I was already helping in my son's class. It seems that Sherry also has four children and she's helping out with all of their Christmas parties. She sounded very high-energy...and skinny...she sounded skinny too.

Dec 6 - Missed a few days writing. Too busy untangling Christmas lights. My husband felt led to explain to me that if I had carefully rolled them last year and then used a twisty I wouldn't be having this problem now. Are they born giving advice or did his father pull him aside and say "by the way son you haven't learned your completely unnecessary advice tip for today." Whatever. I just chunked the whole mess of lights. Besides, if I wait a couple of more days the Christmas stuff goes on sale.

Dec 9 - There is not one strand of white lights left in this city. All the lights at Wal-Mart...gone. Apparently there was a midnight Christmas sale last night. It took two hours for my daughter to stop crying. The sales person said, "We had a lot of white lights over the Thanksgiving Holiday". I asked "What about the people who bought real trees, don't they deserve white lights too?" She said everyone she knew bought their trees over Thanksgiving when they were fresh at the lot. I yelled, "You're a very annoying person." The manager asked me to leave.

Dec 11 - We bought our Christmas tree today. The children had a wonderful time...until my boys decided to flock their sister. They did a very thorough job too. Emily looked very...frosted. I asked Scott to do something about it. He gave the boys a high five. After paying the attendant for the tree and two cans of flocking we were asked to leave. I told him that was just fine, that we were finished anyway. Scott couldn't say anything... he was too busy laughing.

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
SkitGuys.com!*

ENDING:

After I saw that note I looked for over an hour for some Super Glue™ with no luck. Instead Santa left this note-

"Dear Mark, you could never be on my bad list. Little boys who love their moms enough to trade a batman hover craft with glow in the dark head lights are on my very special list. And you're right, Mark, this is a time of celebration. We are celebrating the birthday of our King... and He will not be broken. He was there in the manger so long ago and He is in your heart today and that is truly the precious gift of Christmas. Remind your mommy of that and give her a great big monster hug. I promise you that will be her best Christmas present ever."

"P.S. Check out the red package with the green stripes.

Love, Santa."

The End. Lights out.