The Arrival

By Lori Lee Triplett

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DEDICATION

Thanks to God for giving me the joy of writing, and the greatest gift of all, Jesus Christ. May this script remind others of God's Glory!

The Playwright

STORY OF THE PLAY

Have we become too busy to be an eyewitness to God's majesty? Does the Christmas story need updating to impact our lives? Two families struggle to remember Christmas, without allowing the realities of modern-day materialistic commercialism and perpetual motion, overtake their lives.

Susan and Bob don't even have time to talk once a week, let alone plan for Christmas. He is flying out of town and she is involved in too many activities. Her next door neighbor, Claude, helps her see the necessity to simplify their lives. Jessica has written, a six page Christmas wish-list. What are her parents to do but re-read the Christmas story with some updates? When that doesn't work, Jessica is sent to see an expert, her grandfather Claude. With his help, Jessica teaches them all a lesson as they await the arrival of the Christ child.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(3 male, 2 female, 1 girl)

SUSAN: Assistant manager for a financial institution, married to Bob.
BOB: An account leader for a conglomerate.
CLAUDE: Retired, father of John, grandfather to Jessica.
JOHN: A manager of a grocery store, married to Kathy.
KATHY: Freelance writer.
JESSICA: Daughter of John and Kathy.

Setting: Two apartments separated from each other by the complex's courtyard. One apartment is the dining room or living room of Bob and Susan. The second apartment is that of a retired gentleman, lost in an older decade.

Time: Prior to Christmas.

Props: Shoes, earrings, blazer, 2 briefcases with papers, day planner, tie, suitcase, coat, newspaper, watch, mugs, coffee, cinnamon rolls, records and a player, Bibles, sack of groceries, pan with box of bran flakes, bookmark, phone, 2 crèche, waste basket, small Christmas tree, several wrapped presents, shopping bags.

Note: The music named in the script, *Oratorio de Noel, op.12* by Camille Saint-Saens (English title is *Christmas Oratorio*), can be found in larger music stores. If you have trouble locating it or do not wish to use this classical piece, suggested traditional Christmas carols are included.

Scene 1

(AT RISE: It is an early weekday morning before Christmas. SUSAN enters quickly putting on her shoes, earrings, and blazer almost at the same time.)

SUSAN: Bob, hurry up! Don't forget, this is one of our get together mornings.

BOB: *(Offstage.)* Get together mornings? Are you sure, I thought that was later this week, on Wednesday?

SUSAN: It is Wednesday. *(SHE opens her briefcase and pulls out her day planner, making notes.)* Yes, I've checked my planner. It's confirmed. We agreed to Wednesday this week.

BOB: *(Offstage.)* Oh, I'm sure you have it written down. Well, I can't do it this morning, I have a plane to catch.

SUSAN: But you agreed, you checked your schedule and said you were free.

BOB: *(Entering, putting on a tie and dragging a suitcase.)* I didn't actually check my schedule, my secretary keeps my schedule. I thought I was free, but I was wrong.

SUSAN: Bob, not again! We agreed that we needed to start spending more time together. One morning a week should not be out of line. Not to mention that Christmas is approaching and we haven't even started planning.

BOB: *(Frantically collecting briefcase papers.)* Yes, my secretary did mention that this was December, but it doesn't seem much like the season.

SUSAN: I don't think so either. Maybe it's because it hasn't snowed much. Maybe we should get one of those advent calendars. I had one as a child, and it helped me count the days till Christmas.

BOB: We don't need an advent calendar to tell us when Christmas is here. I can just check your Christmas "To Do" list, once it's all crossed off - it's Christmas. *(HE grabs his coat.)*

SUSAN: Are you going out of town again? How come you didn't tell me? I thought we'd agreed to let each other know when we were going out of town for business.

BOB: I did let you know. I wrote it in your day planner, one night when you were asleep. I worked late and didn't want to wake you.
SUSAN: *(SHE looks at her book.)* Well, there is something scribbled here, but I can't read it.
BOB: I tried. Is there anything for breakfast?
SUSAN: No, I haven't had time to go to the grocery store.
BOB: Man, I'm starving this morning. And the airlines don't know the meaning of serving food anymore.
SUSAN: Poor baby, when is the last time you went to the store?
BOB: Maybe we can hire someone to do the grocery shopping. *(Heading to the door.)*
SUSAN: Where are you going?
BOB: *(HE stops.)* I told you, I've got a plane to catch.
SUSAN: But we haven't had our time together, how can we make plans for Christmas.
BOB: Why don't you walk with me? My secretary does and it seems to be very productive.
SUSAN: I'm not your secretary! I'm your wife.
BOB: Honey, I know that, but I've got to run. *(HE starts out the door.)*
SUSAN: *(SHE gathers her stuff and runs behind.)* Well, don't expect me to take notes.

(THEY walk through the courtyard of the apartment complex.)

BOB: Agreed. So what did you want to talk to me about?
SUSAN: About how you want to handle the Christmas holiday. You know, your parents or mine?
BOB: To be fair, just reverse last year's schedule: yours in the morning, mine in the afternoon.
SUSAN: What are we giving as gifts - Bob this is ridiculous! *(SHE stops.)* I want to talk to my husband, not a moving target.
BOB: Okay, I'll give you a call this evening from the hotel.

End of Freeview

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