

# A HEAVENLY CHRISTMAS

*By Nancy Oswald*

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## SETTING

**Scene 1:** Control panel front and center, door with portal for looking out at SR entrance; the rest of the stage can be made to look like the inside of a space ship with a large view screen of stars and planets. (Star Trek type.)

**Scene 2:** Angel Mother's thrown SL, single chair or stool stage right (front), Christmas tree to the back off center.

## SYNOPSIS

**TIME:** Christmas Day, year 2150 AD

**SETTING:** In a spaceship billions of light years away from Earth.

**PLAYING TIME:** 20 minutes.

## COSTUMES

**Scene 1:** Spaceship crew - flanges can be made from construction paper of cardboard, or any other "uniform" can be used. Angel children - old bedsheet or colored cloth smocks; aluminum foil wrapped over cardboard for wings; tin foil halos.

**Scene 2:** Spaceship crew - same as above. Additional Angels - same as above ... could vary colors.

## PROPERTIES

**Scene 1:** Tape recorder and Christmas music tape, kazoo or whistle to be used as warning signal, smoke alarm or something that beeps to be used as translator, control panel for spaceship, laser guns.

**Scene 2:** Backdrop of clouds and/or angels, gold and glitter; Christmas tree (optional), staff for Angel guide #2, throne, three wrapped gifts, a stool or chair.

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

### **SPACESHIP CREW**

COMMANDER ROSS  
CAPTAIN CHRISTIANSON  
FIRST MATE  
SECOND MATE

### **ANGELS**

ANGEL CHILD #1  
ANGEL CHILD #2  
ANGEL CHILD #3  
ANGEL MOTHER  
ANGEL GUIDE #1  
ANGEL GUIDE #2

### **OTHERS**

ANGEL CHOIR  
EXTRAS (*OPTIONAL*)

## **PRODUCTION NOTES**

CHARACTERS: 10 to 20 speaking parts. Flexible cast.  
Extras can be used or same 10 students can do entire play.  
A separate Angel Choir can be used for additional parts, or  
the cast members can do the singing.

## **SOUND EFFECTS**

Need a warning whistle or siren; need beeping noise.

**SCENE 1**

*(AT RISE: COMMANDER ROSS and CAPTAIN CHRISTIANSON are seated at the control panel of the ship. There is Christmas MUSIC playing in the background.)*

COMMANDER ROSS: *(Angrily.)* Get them to turn that music down!

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: But sir, it's Christmas Eve.

COMMANDER ROSS: Christmas or not, we're in dangerous territory. This section of the universe has never been explored.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: But the screens are all clear. We haven't had a sighting in days.

COMMANDER ROSS: Just the same, I'm not taking any chances.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: But Christmas, Sir.

COMMANDER ROSS: *(Forcefully.)* Christmas or not, I'm still the Commander of this ship.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: *(Sighs and gets up.)* Yes, sir. *(Leaves the main area of the ship and comes back a minute later. The MUSIC is lower. SHE seats herself, once again, at the control panel.)* This is the first assignment I've had away from home at Christmas time.

COMMANDER ROSS: *(Without sympathy.)* You'll have to get used to it. Piloting through new territory is dangerous and our mission could takes years.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: I'm not worried about the danger. It's just that Christmas is a special day and it makes me homesick to be so far away from Earth.

COMMANDER ROSS: Christmas is just another day out here. Just like the stars ... all the days are the same.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: I don't believe all the stars are the same. What about the Star of Bethlehem? It was special. *(Gets up and walks to side of the cabin and looks out the viewer at the panorama of stars and planets.)* I wonder what it was like for the shepherds to look up and see that bright shining light ...

COMMANDER ROSS: That was over 2000 years ago. Now we know that the Star of Bethlehem was just an ordinary comet.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: Maybe it is ordinary to us, but I'm sure it wasn't ordinary to the shepherds. To them it was a most extraordinary event.

COMMANDER ROSS: A very backward people.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: Maybe they were backward, but they weren't afraid to dream and imagine ... to hope for a better world.

COMMANDER ROSS: We don't have to hope for a better world. We already have it. Through years of Science and research ...

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: Science isn't everything. You still have to be able to reach for a little sliver of the unknown ... to reach for the stars ...

COMMANDER ROSS: We've reached the stars, and Science technology has made that all possible. Would you rather be back on Earth, wearing rags, looking up here and wondering what it was like?

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: I like being here but having all the questions answered makes for a dull life.

COMMANDER ROSS: It may be dull, but I'm glad I live in the 22nd Century. No disease ... no wars ... no food shortages ...

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: And no Christmas!

COMMANDER ROSS: Christmas is for children.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: But there's a little bit of a child in all of us. It's the part that makes us hold on to the belief in something bigger, greater, and more wonderful than ourselves.

COMMANDER ROSS: There's no time for childish foolishness when you have a ship to command.

*(There is static on the ship's radio and the LIGHTS in the cabin flicker.)*

COMMANDER ROSS: Captain! Check your screen!

*A Heavenly Christmas*

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CAPTAIN CHRISTIANSON: *(Rushes back to HER seat at the control panel.)* There's nothing on it, sir.

COMMANDER ROSS: Something has to be causing that interference.

*(The LIGHTS flicker again, followed by a loud warning SIREN. The FIRST MATE rushes into the cabin.)*

FIRST MATE: Sir, we're under attack!

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: We can't be. The screens are all blank.

*(SECOND MATE rushes into cabin.)*

SECOND MATE: Sir. There are alien intruders at the starboard door.

COMMANDER ROSS: That's impossible. All systems are negative.

*(The LIGHTS dim and flicker again and a POUNDING NOISE begins at the cabin door.)*

COMMANDER ROSS: Check the meteor locator.

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: Negative, sir.

*(There is more THUMPING at the entrance.)*

FIRST MATE: It's the aliens, sir. They want in.

SECOND MATE: *(Going to the stage entrance [portal] and looking out.)* They don't look dangerous, sir.

*(CRYING NOISES are heard from the stage entrance.)*

COMMANDER ROSS: What's that noise?

FIRST MATE: It sound likes crying, sir.

COMMANDER ROSS: It's probably a trap!

CAPT. CHRISTIANSON: We have to let them in, sir. It's in the interplanetary agreement.

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