

A Christmas Eve Play

by Tessa Haynes

Characters: Boss Secretary/Hannah Gabriel

Props: a table with a bunch of papers and a phone on it, & a chair for the boss; a pencil and papers for Hannah to carry, as well as a coffee cup with a little bit of water in it and two sugar packets; a white robe for Gabriel; and a CD player or ipod with christmas carols on it.

Scene: Starts out on stage right. There is a table with papers stacked about it and a phone. The boss is sitting at the table, the phone to her ear. Christmas music is playing in the background. Lights on.

Boss: Yes, Mrs. Harris. We do do home insurance. *(pause)* Uh-huh. *(pause)* *(slightly less enthusiastic)* Uh-huh *(pause- wrinkled nose and raised eyebrows)* Uh-huh. Ma'am, we really don't do mole infestations. *(pause)* Yes, I know they weren't there before you moved there but- *(pause)* Mrs. Harris, the best advice I can give you is to call an exterminator. *(pause)* You didn't think about that. *(pause)* I see. Well, I'm afraid that's really all I can give you. *(pause)* Mrs. Harris? Hello? Are you there? *(pause)* *(slams phone down)* Ugggh! I hate the Holidays. *(starts shuffling through papers then shivers.)* Hannah!

Hannah: *(walks in a few steps on stage left, papers messily in her hands and a pencil behind her ear)* Yes, sir- I mean, ma'am?

Boss: Get me some coffee. This has to be one of the coldest nights yet. Why the company can't afford a heating system is beyond me.

Hannah: *(is furiously jotting this down on a spare piece of paper. It is okay of she drops some papers while doing so.)*

Boss: Oh and close the window while you're at it. Those carolers are driving me insane!

Hannah: Yes, ma'am. *(Quickly grabs at any fallen papers. leaves hurriedly. Music is turned off)*

Boss: Ah, much better. *(relaxes in her chair)* Now I can get back to organizing these reports. *(begins shuffling through papers again.)*

Stops after a minute to shiver again. Improve a bit) Why does it have to be so cold? ... Where's my coffee? It does not take this long to get coffee from the machine in the lunch room! Hannah!
HANNAH!

Hannah: *(runs in, desperately trying not to spill the coffee in her own hand while carrying her papers in the other) I'm sorry. There was a line. (places the drink on the table)*

Boss: Inexcusable. *(grabs coffee and takes a sip then spits it out)* When, exactly, were you planning to add sugar?!

Hannah: *(looks confused for a minute) Oh, right, of course. (digs around in her pockets, until she comes up with two packets of sugar.)*

Boss: *(gives them a disgusted look as she takes them)* Thank you. *(puts them down and looks up at Hannah)* Since you like coffee so much, I would like a five page paper on my desk by tomorrow morning on the negative and positive affects it has on people as well as how to remove it from carpets. There's a large stain in the lunch room.

Hannah: But, ma'am, it's Christmas Eve!

Boss: And I am a very busy woman. Oh and also, look up if any other insurance companies do coverage on mole infestations. I do not want that little green lizard one upping us this year.

Hannah: You mean, Geiko?

Boss: Do not utter that name in my office. Now, go. Go!

Hannah: *(nods and runs back out)*

Boss: *(sighs) Young people these days. They never do anything right. (starts adding sugar to the coffee)*

Gabriel: *(slowly walks up behind boss)*

Boss: *(finishes with first packet and starts adding the second)*

Gabriel: Amelia.

Boss: *(jumps up, sending her cup of coffee crashing to the ground)* Jesus!

Gabriel: *(confused)* No. I'm Gabriel. But I **have** come to talk to you about Jesus and why Christmas is important.

Boss: W-what? This is... You're not... What?! (*chuckles a little nervously and punches Gabriel lightly in the arm*). I'm being punk'd, aren't I? Fess up. Where's the camera? (*shuffles around her papers and looks under the desk. Even looks in her coffee cup*)

Gabriel: I can assure you that you are not being "punk'd" (*emphasizes the word punk'd in his confusion. She does not know what that is. DON'T USE AIR QUOTES*)

Boss: Then this is a dream? Wow, that coffee really does things to your brain. I haven't had this crazy of a dream, since, well... never. I hope Hannah includes that in her essay. I might have to make her rewrite it if she doesn't.

Gabriel: This isn't a dream.

Boss: You really expect me to believe that a random woman in white robes suddenly appearing in my office is normal?

Gabriel: It's not normal, but it's real.

Boss: Show me.

Gabriel: What?!

Boss: Show me that you're some angel sent by God.

Gabriel: That isn't how it works.

Boss: Ha! Of course it isn't how it works because you're not an angel.

Gabriel: I can't make you believe in me. And I can't make you believe in God. You have to do that on your own.

Boss: (*pause for a moment, paces over to stage left*) So, if you are an angel, and I'm not saying I believe that you are, why are you here?

Gabriel: I told you, "to talk to you about Jesus and why Christmas is important."

Boss: ... huh?

Gabriel: You used to love Christmas. You were a devout Christian and found time in your busy schedule to make Christmas the best it could be. What happened?

Boss: I guess I realized how much work the Holidays are.

Gabriel: Did you really? Or did you simply forget what Christmas means?

Boss: Of course I know what it means. It means spending way too much money on gifts and being in the kitchen for most of the day cooking a big meal that only takes about an hour to eat. It means being cheerful even when your life sucks and listening to annoyingly happy songs sung by annoyingly happy people.

Gabriel: *(sighs)* You, like many others, have lost sight of what Christmas actually is.

Boss: What do you mean? That is what Christmas is.

Gabriel: That's not how it used to be. What does Christmas celebrate?

Boss: Jesus' birth?

Gabriel: Yes. Do you think Jesus really cares who gets what and how much is on the table? He's focused on more important things like family, friends, and love. Do you think it's more important that Jimmy gets that iPod he wanted or that he has a roof over his head during the snow? Do you think it matters more to him that the turkey gets fully cooked or that there's any food on the table? He's not looking for the concrete things in life. He's looking for the giving part, the love. Christmas doesn't have to be hectic. We make it that way. I'm not saying we shouldn't celebrate, but wouldn't it be nice if we gave something back? Jesus isn't asking for much. He just wants love. And love, you'll find, is an easy gift to give if only you open yourself up enough to give it. Do you follow me?

Boss: *(has on a pained expression)* Sort of. So, maybe I shouldn't have been so rude to that caller.

Gabriel: *(nods head slowly as if to say, "continue")*

Boss: And maybe, I should have paid more attention to the carolers because they were just trying to spread some love.

Gabriel: *(nods)* continue...

Boss: *(even more pained expression. Sighs.)* And maybe I should tell Hannah not to write the essay and let her go home to her family.

Gabriel: *(nods and smiles)* It's Christmas Eve. Give the gift of love and you'll be giving Jesus a present, and not just one that's covered in wrapping paper underneath the Christmas tree.

Boss: *(smiles back)* Yeah, I... I guess you're right.

Gabriel: Merry Christmas, Amelia.
((Gabriel exits))

Boss: Merry- *(looks up to see that Gabriel is no longer there)* Wow. That was weird. She knew my name. Then again, I guess if you're an angel of God, you have some way of finding names out pretty quickly. Like a directory for the entire planet or something.
(Caroling music starts up again)

Hannah: *(rushes in, looking frantic)* I'm sorry, Ma'am, but someone opened up a window and I couldn't stop them and-

Boss: *(turns as soon as Hannah runs in)* That's all right. Let them sing! Oh and don't worry about that essay. You don't have to do it. Why don't you take the rest of the day off? I'll finish up in here.

Hannah: *(looks surprised)* O-okay... *(pauses, still looking bewildered)* Are you sure?

Boss: I'm positive.

Hannah: *(still surprised)* Oh... Thank you!

Boss: Merry Christmas!

Hannah: M-merry Christmas *(hurries out, bewildered)*

Boss: *(smiles)* That was easier than I thought. I'd better call my sister to tell her I've changed my mind about staying at home this Christmas. I've really missed my mom's pumpkin pie. *(walks off stage, humming/whistling Christmas tune. Same one the carolers were singing)*

((end))