



*Written by
Cora Alley*

"Broken Wings"

Scripture: John 1: 12

"Yet to all who received him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God."

Dramatic Category: Skit (*featuring the Beasley family*)

Topic: Families belong together, especially at Christmas!

Performance Time: 10 minutes

Number of Players: 8 players

(2 men, 2 women, 1 older teen male, 1 older teen female, 1 male child, 1 female child)

Objective:

Families give shelter, significance, and entertainment, especially around the holidays. Even those who feel "odd" somehow "fit in" when it comes to being a family.

Synopsis:

The Beasley family is passing the time, waiting for Aunt Flossy to arrive for the holidays. The father, Paul, is working on his joke book, and little Mary Beth is having her angel wing repaired for the Christmas pageant. Jack introduces his girlfriend, Nannette, and young Brian roller-skates his way across the living room. The only one who is not in the holiday spirit is Grandpa; he doesn't want to go to church tonight because he thinks Christmas is only for children. When the rest of the family piles into the car, Grandpa warily emerges onto the stage; the only one to greet him is Mary Beth, who comes back to get her coat. In this precious moment between the two of them, Mary Beth reminds Grandpa of who he really is: "You're a child of God, and you're in His family...you always will be." Grandpa joins the family with the prompting of his little "angel."

Cast:

- Grandpa: *who is like a burnt marshmallow: crusty and bitter on the outside, but gooey and sweet on the inside. His bathrobe matches the upholstery of his favorite chair, so he looks like one big chair with a talking head.*
- Aunt Flossy: *who has recovered nicely from her head injury, but now speaks only in rhyme!*
- Paul: *who tries to hold it all together as dad, but has a hidden ambition to be a stand-up comic.*
- Beth: *the pillar of strength as mom, who maintains everyone's sanity and tolerates her husband's puns.*
- Jack: *the teen-aged son, in love for the first time.*
- Nannette: *Jack's girlfriend, a "retro Hippie" from the 60's*
- Brian: *a gum-chewing, skateboarding, cool 12 year-old*
- Beth: *an angelic 6 year-old whose innocence touches everyone*

Props:

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| Flour & water dough | A "walkman" with headphones |
| A bucket for the bread to rise in | Wild sunglasses |
| A rolling pin | A joke book |
| Angel wings | A pencil |
| Needle and thread | 2 suitcases |
| A skateboard | |
| Coats for the whole family | |
| A bathrobe for Grandpa made of same fabric as the fabric draped over his favorite chair | |

Set:

- Design the Beasley home:
- A Christmas tree
 - A table for kneading the bread
 - A coat tree

Theme Song:

NOTE: Take a picture of each person who has been cast to be part of the Beasleys, or video tape them smiling at the audience and waving. Have a group of singers make a recording of "The Beasley Bunch" theme song (sung to the tune of "The Brady Bunch" television theme), then play the song while showing a "slide show" of their pictures, or the video, as each character is introduced.

Following are the words to "The Beasely Bunch" theme song:

"The Beasley Bunch"*

Here's the story, of a man named Beasley
Who is writing a joke book of his own;

His wife, Beth, humors her dear husband
And makes a happy home.

Now this family, has a grumpy grandpa
And Aunt Flossy, who only speaks in rhyme;

Their son Jack, in love with his Nannette,
They'll marry anytime.

Now the youngsters, a son named Brian,
And the cutest of them all is Mary Beth.

This family, is anything but normal
But will not forget....

The Beasley bunch, the Beasley bunch,
You will never forget
The Beasley bunch!

**Sung to the tune of "The Brady Bunch" television show theme.*

LIGHTING NOTE:

Light the Christmas tree, then use general lighting
for this living room scene. Keep the audience in 20% light,
so the emphasis remains on the stage.

The Script:

LIGHTS: **HOUSE AT 20%**
 STAGE BLACK

VIDEO/SOUND: **Video Cue for Beasley Intro**

LIGHTS: **STAGE LIGHTS CENTER AFTER VIDEO IS OVER**

(Beth is rolling cookie dough while talking to herself; Paul, enters on her line.)

Beth: This is just not enough dough for everybody!

Paul: (*getting his wallet out*) Well, don't come to me; I'm broke! Ha! Get it? Dough? I'm broke? I gotta' get that one down. (*He is so pleased with himself and frantically begins writing.*) A woman says, "This is...."

Mary Beth: (*enters, very upset,*) Mommy, Mommy! My wing is broken! You have to fix it for the play tonight!

Paul: Relax, Mary Beth, Mommy will fix it! That's one of the reason's I married her. She always took in broken winged creatures....so, you're in luck.

Mary Beth: (*looking puzzled*) Is that a joke, Daddy? I don't get it.

Paul: No, no...I mean like a bird with a broken wing, they need help...they have to be fixed. Your mom is just good at fixing that's all. Every little bird needs a family, ...just in case they need to be fixed. You're in luck! You've got one that loves you...and we can fix you!

Mary Beth: But we don't have a bird.

Paul: I know, I was just comparing...Oh, never mind...I was just trying to be funny.

May Beth; That's okay, Daddy. Keep trying!

Beth: (*examining the wing*) Oh, this just came lose. Here, I'll sew it up... (*She starts sewing the wing after wiping her hands.*) Paul, would you take over kneading the bread?

Paul: Great! Now I'm poor and needy!

Mary Beth: Ha! I get that one...good, Daddy. Write it in your book!

Beth: (*with pins in her mouth.*)Paul, are you going to talk to your father? He's in another one of his moods again. I told him to get dressed for the Christmas Eve service; but he said he wasn't going. I don't have time to mess with him.

(*continuing to sew up the wing.*) I want to get this bread ready to rise. We can bake it when we get home; and whole house will smell so--did I tell you Jack is bringing Nannette?

I think they're serious, Paul. He's bring her home for Christmas Eve...to open presents with us and everything.

Paul: They're more serious than you think. Don't be surprised if they spring some big news on us tonight.

Beth: (*In disbelief*) You don't mean....

Paul: *(Still kneading)* Just don't act shocked; that's all.

Beth: But, she's so....

Paul: So what?

Beth: Odd. Different, you know?

Paul: Different from what?

Beth: From the rest of us; this is normal family, Paul.

Paul: Families only look normal from the outside. You have to get inside to see how really loony everybody is. That's half the fun!

(Brian enters wearing his walkman, riding a skateboard, wearing wild sunglasses, holes in his jeans & an oversized T-shirt. He looks anything but normal. He takes a seat DL and bee-bops to the music he listens to.)

Paul: What were you saying about normal?

Beth: Brian's only 13; no 13 year-old is normal.

Paul: I'll tell you what normal is; "normal" is the crazy most people are. I'll go see about Dad. *(He exits.)*

Beth: *(Speaking to Brian in a normal voice)* Brian, honey. You have to get dressed for the Christmas Eve Service. We're leaving soon. *(She is ignored by Brian, so she tries a louder voice.)* Brian! You have to get dressed!

Mary Beth:

(Seeing that her mother is still ignored, she approaches Brian, removes the headset to his walkman, and shouts in his ear.)

Brian! You have to get dressed! Mom said!

Brian: *(Leaping out of his seat.)* What! Mom, she shouted at me!

(Mary Beth and Brian begin a shouting match which is interrupted by Jack who enters with Nannette.)

Jack: Hi everybody! Look who's here!

Beth: *(Hushing the children:)* Oh, hi...Jack, Nannette...Come in; Merry Christmas.

Nannette: Hi Mrs. M.

Beth: You can call me Beth, really.

Nannette: Okay, Beth really. *(She pokes Jack and they both laugh.)*

Paul: *(re-entering)* It's no use; Grandpa's not going to the Christmas Eve service. Hi Jack, Nannette. Glad you could join us.

Nannette: Thanks Mr. M.

Beth: Brian, go see if you can talk grandpa into going with us to the Christmas Eve service. *(Brian Exits. To Paul)* Paul, would you please put that bread dough in the pail on the floor. It'll rise better there. *(To Mary Beth)* Hold still honey. I'm almost finished.

Paul: *(Holding up the pail)* Well, I don't know if I can go tonight either.

All: Why?

Paul: I'm turning a little pail. *(He turns the pail over several times)*

Nannette: *(As the laughter dies down, to Jack:)* Why is your dad like that?

Jack: Like what?

Nannette: You know, weird; odd. Is he normal?

Jack: Oh, you mean...yeah; *(slapping Dad on the back)* he's trying to write a joke book. Who knows, he may be on stage one day.

Nannette: Good, there's one leaving at 8:00.

Paul: *(Thrilled with the joke.)* I get it! On Stage...one leaving...Let me get that down! *(He goes to his note-pad and begins writing)*

Beth: *(Stopping him as she finishes the angel wing.)* There, all fixed. Practice flying. *(To Paul)* Honey, we don't have time for any more jokes. The service starts in 30 minutes. We have to get ready; any second now, Aunt Flossy is going to walk through that door.

All: *(All stop and stare)* Aunt Flossy!

Paul: You didn't tell me your sister was coming.

Nannette: I've heard about her.

Jack: She's the odd one in the family.

Nannette: *(looking around at Mary Beth flying, Paul laughing to himself as he writes,)* The only one?

Beth: *(approaching Paul)* She's family! Families are supposed to be together at Christmas; that's why Jesus came, remember? To bind us all together in one big family of God. It's just for one night, Paul. She can sleep in Mary Beth's room.

Jack: As long as she doesn't sleep in my room. She'll drive my gold fish crazy with those rhymes of hers.

Nannette: Her what?

Flossy: *(Bursting onto the stage with suitcases in hand)*
Merry Christmas family dear! Rejoice, at last, Aunt Flossy's here!

Jack: *(To Nannette)* Her rhymes.

Flossy: Beth, dear, come hug your sister. Tell her just how much you've missed her!

Beth: We're all so glad to see you. Let me introduce you to Nannette, Jack's friend.

Jack: Good friend!

Flossy: A friend for life? *(Jack nods)* Make her your wife!

Paul: Flossy, welcome.

Flossy: You look well, Paul... And Mary's flyin'
But I don't see my nephew, Brian.

Paul: He's up trying to get Grandpa to come to the...

Brian: It didn't do any good. He's not coming with us. Aunt Flossy...I didn't know you were here. Hi.

Flossy: Christmas brings families together;
I wouldn't miss it...No! Not ever!

Beth: I hate to hurry everybody, but we've got to get in the car. We're going to be late. Get your coats...come on. Mary Beth, get bundled up. Flossy, come on let's get your stuff.

Flossy: Guess you can tell, I brought enough!

(The stage is bare of people, and grandpa enters. He looks around cautiously. He sneaks in and sits down to read the paper.)

Grandpa: Finally some quiet around here. Might as well live in a subway...

(Mary Beth enters struggling to get her coat over her wings. She shyly approaches Grandpa who doesn't look up from his paper.)

Mary Beth: Grandpa, can you help me get my coat on so my wings don't break again.

Grandpa: Sure, honey. We gotta' be careful with those wings. Don't want to break 'em.

Mary Beth: Is that what's wrong with you?

Grandpa: What?

Mary Beth: Do you have a broken wing?

Grandpa: *(He takes her up on his knee and they talk)* Why would you ask me a question like that?

Mary Beth: Daddy says that sometimes people who need to be fixed are like birds with broken wings. He said that's why we have families, so we can get fixed.

Grandpa: He did, huh?

Mary Beth: Do you need to be fixed, Grandpa?

Grandpa: Naw, I'm fine...

Mary Beth: Then why you aren't coming with us?

Grandpa: I'm not like everybody else anymore. I don't feel normal. I can't hear so good...and I can't get around like I used to. I'm the odd one in this family, honey.

Mary Beth: Nobody's normal Grandpa. We're all Odd. That's what daddy said. Families only look normal from the outside.

Grandpa: Really? Your daddy's pretty smart.

Mary Beth: That's why he gets to be the boss.

Grandpa: It is, is it?

Mary Beth: Yes, and Mommy says families belong together at Christmas, so you belong with us.

Grandpa: Oh, honey, Christmas is for children...not old guys like me.

Mary Beth: You're still a child, grandpa. You always will be.

Grandpa: What?

Mary Beth: You're a child of God and you're in His family....you always will be. (*tugging at him*) Come on, grandpa.

Beth: (*crossing behind them with her coat*) Mary Beth! What are you doing still in the house. Get in the Car!

Mary Beth: Grandpa and I were helping each other with our wings.

Grandpa: Have room for one more?

Beth: Sure, Dad. Are you coming with us?

Grandpa: Yes, a little angel advised it.

Beth: Good, you can sit in the back with Flossie.

Grandpa: Flossy's here?

The End

