

Christmas Skit

Prior Service Productions

Based on "The Room"

Scene 1

*Blackness.*

*The lights flicker on.*

*PHIL, an older clerk steps in, heads over and sits behind a desk. A box-like room stands next to him on his left.*

PHIL

I'm ready if you are.

*A businessman RON in a three-piece suit enters on his phone.*

RON

Listen Doctor Dow, your portfolio is in good shape. (pauses) Yes sir. (pauses) Well of course! Both S&P and Fitch gave us an AA rating on long-term deposits - and your trust-preferred securities have equally good standing!

PHIL

Excuse me sir.

*Ron casually dismisses the desk clerk.*

RON

No, not a problem. (pauses) Oh, don't worry about that, it's just the clerk. Anyways, listen, for your larger FX transactions, you can use the internet too.

*RON turns and faces away from the clerk and continues his conversation in hushed whispers. A young lady ALICIA enters with four pieces of luggage. Each are marked with one of RAPED, SCARED, ANGRY, or AFRAID. She approaches the desk and drops some of her luggage with a loud sigh. Phil rushes in front of the desk and begins to collect her luggage.*

PHIL

Aw, we've been expecting you Alicia.

*Alicia tries to grab her luggage from Phil but he pulls it away from her.*

ALICIA

You have?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Yes. Don't worry, you're in the right place for this. Please.

*Phil motions to the room. Alicia swallows hard, glances at the room, then looks at Phil again. Phil gently nods his head.*

PHIL

It's okay.

*Alicia cautiously walks into the room and gently closes the door behind her. Phil returns to his desk as Ron interjects.*

RON

Hold on a second. (cups his phone) Hey, I'm supposed to be meeting your PR guy. Can you tell him I'm here?

PHIL

Oh he already knows Mister Brumby.

RON

Then what's the hold-up chief? (returns to the phone) No, not you Doctor Dow. (cups the phone again) Listen, I've got to be back to the office by COB. Hurry this thing up.

*Ron returns to his phone. Alicia steps out of the room carrying a small satchel marked PEACE. She stops just short of the end of the desk, turns to look at Phil and smiles.*

RON

Wait a second. (laughs, cups phone) You're already done?

*Ron shakes his head as he laughs. He returns to his phone conversation. Phil smiles warmly at Alicia. She slightly nods and exits.*

PHIL

Whenever you're ready Mr. Brumby.

*Ron shoots Phil an incredulous look. A angry young man RICK storms in yelling off stage.*

RICK

Try that again! You just try! Come on! You think I'm kidding??? Huh?!? I'll knock your teeth in and ram 'em down your throat! I swear I'll put you in the hospital! People fight me and they end up in the ICU.

*He brushes past Ron and pushes him out of the way with his shoulder.*

RICK  
Get out of my way yuppie.

PHIL  
Rick, it's good to see you! Please, right this way.

*Rick approaches Rick and motions towards the room.*

RICK  
Who do you think you are?

*Rick pushes Phil's arm away, then grabs Phil by his collar.*

RICK  
Your radio guy said I couldn't do it. Nobody tells me I can't do it. You hear me? (shakes Phil) Nobody. I don't need to be here, you understand?

*Rick releases Phil and backs away from the desk. Phil clears his throat.*

PHIL  
Of course; no one's making you Rick.

RICK  
Yeah! No one. No one can...

*Rick's voice trails off as he enters the room and Phil shuts the door behind him. Dumbfounded, Ron watches in awe as Phil returns to his desk. No sooner does Phil sit down than Rick bolts out of the room. He rushes over to Phil and gives him a big bear hug.*

RICK  
Thank you! Oh thank you thank you thank you!

*Rick grabs Ron and gives him a big hug that lifts him off the ground. Rick laughs as he rushes off stage.*

PHIL  
You ready now Mr. Brumby?

RON  
Hold on a second. (cups phone) He's not here! Call your PR guy up and let him know I've got... (checks watch) 5 minutes.

*Ron returns to his conversation as FRANK, a young atheist walks in with a Darwinism t-shirt.*

PHIL

Welcome Frank! Are you ready today?

FRANK

For what? This is a sham, you know? That loudmouth said I could find answers. Answers to what? What questions do I have he can possibly answer?

PHIL

Well, try him.

FRANK

Huh. Yeah right. What does it mean to exist? Is there anything substantive to a proposition like "if God exists?" Can your guy answer that? Tell me. What sort of impact does a "God" have to have to make a discernible change in the universe? How do you quantify such an impact? (shakes head) No... Uh uh. It can't be measured. I mean, what model of the universe has a deity that is required or is productive, let alone useful?

*Ron watches with a curious look.  
Phil just smiles and clasps his hands together. Frank shakes his head and steps inside the room.*

FRANK

This is a waste of time.

*Ron finally wraps up his conversation and approaches Phil at his desk.*

RON

That guy's got a point. What if there is no "God"? Should we just trust there is one? Because if we do, then it's of no consequence if there isn't one. But if there IS one, and we don't trust, then what? Damnation?

PHIL

I thought you were too busy to care Mr. Brumby.

RON

Well, I, uh, I don't. But it begs the question doesn't it?

PHIL

It does indeed.

RON

But then, that's making an assumption isn't it? One cannot know if God exists or doesn't to really even know if... he can...

PHIL

Pascal's Wager Mr. Brumby.

RON

I'm sorry?

*The door opens to the room and Frank steps out. He inhales deeply and smiles. He walks up to the desk, places one hand on Ron and squeezes his shoulder.*

FRANK

Thanks.

*Frank grins from ear to ear and walks off stage.*

PHIL

Are you ready now Ron?

RON

Listen, I know don't know what happened to that cat, but I've got to go. I've got to get back to the office and settle these money market securities for my client Dr. Dow.

PHIL

Dr. Dow can wait. Come on.

*Phil walks around the desk and ushers Ron forward.*

RON

But then I have to get home! I have to shower, I have to change, meet up with this smoking hot secretary from work. I don't, I don't have time chief. I should have left 5 minutes ago when your PR guy no-showed.

*Ron resists Phil and tries to break free, but Phil maintains his pressure on Ron's back.*

PHIL

Make time. I promise, you won't regret it. Our PR guy will be with you shortly. Now buck up. Come on.

*Phil ushers Ron in and closes the door behind him. Phil returns to his desk. He sits and waits patiently. Phil opens a book and begins to read. Several seconds pass before Phil checks his wristwatch. Phil sets his book down. The door to*

*the room swings open. A slightly older Ron with glasses and a navy blue trenchcoat steps out. He staggers towards the desk and fumbles his keys and phone across the desk as he collapses to his knees. Phil walks partly around his desk.*

RON

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. (cries) I'm so sorry.

*Phil walks over and helps Ron to his feet. He stares right at him and smiles warmly as Ron composes himself. Phil brings Ron in for a bear hug, then guides Ron off the stage as both men exit. The lights fade.*

Scene 2

*The lights come on to reveal the room exposed. Inside is a Bible and a rugged old cross on a table. Beneath the table is a pile of luggage that reads PAIN, WORRY, and FEAR. Above the cross and Bible display is a banner that reads FREEDOM, LOVE, PEACE, and JOY.*