

HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

This scene reminds us that it doesn't matter how successful we are or how much importance we place on wealth, the gift of new life from God surpasses everything and puts previous desires into perspective. The sketch also reminds us of God's gift of his son Jesus given to us in the form of a baby.

Theme: Putting your life into perspective

Cast: Guy (a very dynamic businessman), nurse, a cast for the nativity scene (optional).

Props: Business suit, mobile phone, briefcase, party hat, a teddy bear, nurse's outfit, nurse's station/desk (if possible), a nail file, a magazine, a row of chairs to suggest a waiting room, some form of stage lighting and a large screen divider (optional).

Bible reference: 'Speaking to the people, he went on, "Take care! Protect yourself against the least bit of greed. Life is not defined by what you have, even when you have a lot.'" (Luke 12:15 MSG)

Performance notes: The staging of this scene is very important. You need to create the idea of a waiting room without many props or people.

Guy does a lot of talking to himself. It is important that he still delivers the lines to the front and doesn't mumble so that the audience can hear what he is 'thinking'.

The cast of the nativity scene behind the screen is a good way of using more people especially if they

don't want a speaking role. If the screen is lit from behind then the nativity will be in silhouette which will be even more effective. Alternatively, a sympathetic nativity scene could appear at that point on the multimedia screen if the people aren't

Hospital Waiting Room

Anon

(Guy arrives at the hospital reception desk, where a bored nurse sits filing her nails and flicking through a magazine. Guy is dressed in a suit with party hat still on his head and holding a teddy bear)

Guy *(To himself)*

I better be in the right place this time – according to the map this should be it. I've put a couple of quid in the parking meter, which should be enough. I wouldn't have thought this would take longer than an hour. Now, Guy, pull yourself together. If you have ever had to remain cool-headed, it's now.

Nurse *(Using an almost rude tone)* Can I help you?

Guy I'm here to see my wife. She was brought in earlier to have a baby.

Nurse What's the name?

Guy Well, I'm not sure we've decided. If it's a girl we may call her Millie. If it's a boy...

Nurse *(Interrupts)* I mean the name of your wife, sir!

Guy Oh yes, sorry. The name of my wife... that would be Marie.

Nurse I'll just check. Make yourself comfortable.

Guy Make myself comfortable? In here?

(Looks around in disgust)

Guy

(Says to himself)

This is all very inconvenient. I'm supposed to be pinning down another deal. When better to corner a client than when they're merry on the bubbly at the Christmas party? They'll agree to anything out of Christmas cheer... What's the matter with me? I'm getting myself in a right state.

Funny how I deal with millions of pounds and make major decisions every day and yet I'm stressing at the thought of having a tiny baby.

(Pauses) That's it! I need to touch base with the office. That will help calm me down! I'll call Vivienne to warn her that I may be here for a little while. Well, an hour at least!

(Guy starts 'smooth' talking on his mobile phone)

Yeah, hi, it's Guy. Can you talk to Si?

(Listens) Can you tell him I want to buy... yeah... but we need to bounce around a few figures, study some data, run it up the flagpole and see if the cat licks it up... Thanks.

Now listen. I shouldn't be more than an hour, so keep the punters sweet and don't let them get too drunk. I want to catch them while they are unaware. Yeah, back as soon as poss. OK?

OK? Cheers.

(Hangs up the phone)

(Says to himself)

I hate Christmas parties anyway. All that so-called 'hilarity' with 'Mr Hilarious' (I don't think so) making photocopies of his face and singing at the top of his voice. It costs the company a fortune in cleaning!

(Sighs) What's the time?

Guy *(Checks his watch)*

Five minutes after I last checked. What is the matter with me? I'm a right wreck. I mentor some of the highest flyers in the business and here I am, a gibbering idiot.

I hope Marie is remembering her breathing...

(Mimics the midwife's voice) 'Two candles and a mirror'

(Demonstrates overacted breathing techniques)

(His mobile phone rings, Guy picks up)

Hi! Yes, it's Guy. Hi, Viv. Have you spoken to Si? I haven't got the details with me at the moment... sorry... I'm a bit tied up with some domestic circumstances...

(Pauses) No! Everything is fine, yep – under control... should be back in the office once I've wrapped it all up at this end. Tell you what. I have a window this evening so let's book a meeting in for... let me see...

(Checks his watch)

It's 6.30 now... let's say 8pm. In the meantime why don't you text me, email me, instant message me, just 'shimmy it down' here to me anyway you can and I'll reply to you henceforth, and forthwith, ASAP, RSVP, GMTV. Fab – thanks Viv. Bye!

(Hangs up phone followed by a long pause)

This is stupid.

(Walks up to nurse)

Nurse *(Looks up 'almost interested')* Yes, how can I help you?

Guy You were supposed to be finding out about my wife.

Nurse Ah yes, sorry. Just got distracted flicking through this celeb gossip magazine. Liz Hurley has really let herself go, hasn't she?

Nurse Fancy wearing stiletto flip-flops to a fish factory.

Guy *(Annoyed)* My wife... please?

(Paces again)

Nurse Ooooooh... I'm pleased to inform you that you're now the proud father of a baby boy!

Guy *(The realisation suddenly hits him and he is pleasantly shocked)*

A boy? Wow! We've had a baby boy...

Nurse Yes. Mother and baby are both doing very well. You can go in and see them.

Guy *(Guy follows nurse off stage)* Of course. Yes, OK, I'll... I'll be right with you.

(Spoken dumbstruck off stage)

Guy Wow. A baby boy. You have in your head what it's going to be like, but nothing prepares you. I suppose this is it. The biggest thing ever to happen in my life – forget the great business deals, the successful promotions... This is real life. Makes most of the other stuff quite insignificant...Wow.

I'm going to have someone completely dependent on me. How on earth am I going to learn all the answers to those tricky questions he'll be asking? Who's going to teach me how to be a good parent? My baby, eh? Those tiny little fingers and those beautiful, innocent eyes. A right little bundle of joy.

Never really thought of myself as religious, but this puts everything into perspective. It reminds me of that nativity story we learnt about in school. I suppose this is what you might call a real miracle.

(Light comes on to show Guy joining the nativity scene behind a screen).