

STARS IN THE CHRISTMAS EVE SKY

By Kathy Applebee

CAST (either version)

TWINKLE - (A hyperactive show off who never stops moving entirely. All of Twinkle's lines are delivered fast)

GLITTER: - (Vain, showy, insecure, diva type)

SPARKLE (Aristocratic snob star, aloof and elegant)

BETH - The Star of Bethlehem (Wise and kind)

SIRIUS - Dog Star (Bossy, loud and assertive)

MR. SANDMAN: - (Nervous, almost hysterical wreck. Everything is a crisis. Carries a clipboard and has a large watch or hourglass with sand)

NO NAME (Sweet, innocent, young, small - child's part)

Stars in the Christmas Eve Sky

At Rise: A busy heavenly department. Sign read "Stellar Departures". The atmosphere is busy and rushed like backstage before a play.

MR. SANDMAN:

(Yelling even though there is no one around except No Name) Places please! Everyone! Places! Sol is sinking fast! You know how quickly night falls in the winter. It's just three days after the solstice. Christmas Eve! (Bumping into NO NAME) Ooof. (Bewildered) Who are you? What are you doing here? Are you a new star?

NO NAME: *(Shrugging)* I guess so.

MR. SANDMAN: Well, you're not very big, *(Glitter sweeps in)* and you're not very shiny. *(NO NAME just shrugs again while Glitter waltzes and twirls around her gathering attention like moths to a light. Sandman frantically searches through clipboard. The rest of this line he mutters underneath GLITTER's lines)* I don't have any paperwork about a new star. No notification. How am I supposed to know what to do?

GLITTER: *(Taking center stage)* And stars must be shiny, brilliant, glittering like me. I'm Glitter, the most important star in the Alpha Centauri quadrant. *(Twirls and shows off some more)*

SPARKLE: *(Regally entering and stepping in front of Glitter to take center stage)* You certainly are not. I am the brightest, most distinguished star in the Alpha Centuri quadrant. *(Sparkle twirls)*

MR. SANDMAN: Please! Please! We haven't time for this. Glitter, darling, you seem tarnished tonight. (*Sparkle gloats*)

GLITTER: (*Bursting into tears*). It's that smog! That horrible awful smog. People just keep polluting and ruining the sky. It's bad enough we have clouds but now all this pollution. What are those humans doing to the world God made them?

MR. SANDMAN: But the humans need the clouds to bring them rain and snow. They couldn't live without them.

GLITTER: But all the smog is unnecessary and just makes me drab (*Bursts into sobs. MR. SANDMAN pats her and hands her a hankie*)

MR. SANDMAN: Well sweetie, run along and get polished up. We can't have a crying tarnished star, now can we? Of course not. (*GLITTER leaves, wiping her eyes*)

Sparkle: She just can't keep up, I'm afraid, with me. (*To NO NAME*) I set the standard for the other stars, you know. I'm Sparkle and I do so sparkle. I am the Prima Dona, the role model, the...

SIRIUS: (*Strutting in and cutting her off*) I think not. I am THE brightest star in the galaxy. Numero Uno. The Alpha. Premier. (*Sparkle miffs him*). SIRIUS, the North Star, the Dog star. (*Poses like a superhero*) People all over the world depend on my appearance to get them to the right place. Why, without me, mankind would be lost.

NO NAME: Lost?

SIRIUS: Yes, lost. Before all those inventions humans have today, they relied on the stars to guide them. No one dared venture across the sea or an ocean or anywhere out of sight of land without their star charts. If they were going to cross the desert, they needed to be guided by the stars too. You see, by knowing where we are, they know where they are and how to get where they are going.

NO NAME: That sounds like an important job.

SIRIUS: Of course it is. And I am the key star to all directions. Me, SIRIUS! (*Grumbling*) Until those people invented maps and compasses and GPS. Now they don't seem to need us stars as much anymore.

GLITTER: (*Entering, insecure, looking for approval*) I'm back. Do I look any better? I had them use a whole pot of polish. I hope I glitter like I used to.

MR. SANDMAN: You look just fine, dahling.

SPARKLE: You look as good as (*Slight hesitation*) you usually do (*Mumbles*)

GLITTER: What was that you mumbled? Was that some wise remark?

SPARKLE:

All I said was you look as good as you usually do.

GLITTER: What do you mean by that!?! *(Start to get in a fight)*

MR. SANDMAN: Stop! Stop! It's almost time for you stars to take your places! We don't have time for all this... this... this bickering!

SPARKLE: *(Melodramatically)* I cannot go back to my spot. I just can't. The brown cloud over Denver tarnishes me. I want a transfer over Australia's outback or better yet Antarctica. There's no pollution to speak of there.

GLITTER: And no people to admire you either. *(To MR. SANDMAN)* If anyone deserves a transfer, it's me. For almost a month now I have had to compete with all those Christmas lights. People are so busy looking at them they forget to look at me. The audacity.

SPARKLE: No! I should be transferred *(They a start to argue. SIRIUS breaks it up)*

SIRIUS: Enough! Everyone is staying where they were assigned in the beginning. That's how God set the universe up. Everything in its appointed place.

MR. SANDMAN: But this one *(Indicates NO NAME)* has no assigned place. *(Continues to mumble to himself, searches through clipboard and everywhere. All the stars ignore him)*

SPARKLE: *(Pouting)* He made an exception *(Pause)* that one time.

GLITTER: Yes, He did. And right around this time of year.

SIRIUS: That was because His son was being born. That was a onetime thing.

MR. SANDMAN: We don't have time for this, we don't have time. What are we going to do with her *(Pointing at NO NAME)* She didn't come with any instructions about where I should put her. *(To NO NAME)* Have you had any star training?

NO NAME: No.

GLITTER: Well I certainly can't have her follow me. I have enough to worry about. My brightness, my glittering. I wouldn't be called Glitter without my glittering beams.

SPARKLE: I certainly can't be responsible for her. I must pay attention to my radiance and my sparkle. That's why I'm called Sparkle.

SIRIUS: Stick her with Twinkle. (*calling to her off stage*) Twinkle! (*Twinkle rushes in, bouncing, talking loudly and rapidly and never standing still*)

TWINKLE: Did I hear my name called? Twinkle! That's me. Did somebody call Twinkle? (*Sing song*) Twinkle, Twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are. Up above...

MR. SANDMAN: I don't have time for this. Save it for later, Twinkle. Sirius, (*Pointing to his watch*) its time. (*SIRIUS puffs himself up and exits boldly*)

SPARKLE: I'm next. (*To NO NAME*) Do I look alright? Can you see any tarnish? Soot? Pollution? (*Each time NO NAME shakes her head and says "No"*)

MR. SANDMAN: 5...4...3...2...1 Shine bright all night, Sparkle. (*Sparkle exits*) Glitter, are you ready? Then off you go. (*She exits. MR. SANDMAN turns to Twinkle.*) I have to go find out who and where she (*Points to NO NAME*) goes. You don't go out for awhile explain the ropes to her the best you can.

TWINKLE: Gotcha (*MR. SANDMAN Exits. Twinkle speaks rapidly with zest and excitement*) I'm Twinkle. I'm sure you have heard of me. I am the most talked about, sung about, wished upon star in all the galaxies.

NO NAME: (*Impressed*) OH

TWINKLE: Surely you have heard... (*Singing*) Twinkle, Twinkle, little star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so bright
Like a diamond in the night.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are.
That's me - Twinkle.

Sometimes they chant (*Chanting*)

Starlight, Star bright

First star I see tonight.

I wish I may, I wish I might

Have the wish I wish tonight.

Sometimes it's about me because they see me first. Usually it's Sirius you know, the north star, the dog star, Mr. Number One as he likes to call himself.

NO NAME: Can I wish on you? I'd wish Mr. Sandman would find a place for me. And a name.

TWINKLE: Sure, go ahead. No wait. It won't work. I'm not the first star you saw tonight. I have to be the first. Nope. Sorry. Oh, look, here comes the Star of Bethlehem. Real class act, that one. *(To Beth)* Good Evening, Beth *(To NO NAME)* Beth - that's what I call her. Its short for Bethlehem *(To Beth)* Wow, can you believe the Christmas season is almost over? Not as exciting as the one two thousand some years ago, is it? That was your year to shine, wasn't it?

BETH: Yes. *(To NO NAME)* And who might you be?

TWINKLE: *(Plunging in, interrupting before NO NAME can say a word)* Don't know. She doesn't have a name. Or assignment. Sandman went to find out. She showed up with no instructions, no training, NO NAME. Just appeared. Like out of nowhere. Poof. Here she was. Just like that. Poof.

MR. SANDMAN: *(Entering in a bustle)* Dear, oh, dear. I still don't know what I am supposed to do with this one *(Indicating NO NAME)* But right now we have to get you *(Indicating Twinkle)* out into the night sky. 5...4...3...2...1 Shine bright all night.

TWINKLE: *(Bouncing off, chattering away as voice fades away)* Bye for now. See ya around. *(spins)* Later...

MR. SANDMAN: Beth, you look wonderful, as always. The Christmas season is almost over. Are you sad?

BETH: No. I keep Christmas in my heart all year long.

NO NAME: *(Tugging on MR. SANDMAN's coat)* What about me sir? What's to become of me?

MR. SANDMAN: That's just it. I don't know. There was nothing in the orders about a new star tonight. Beth, be a dear. I have to go find someone who knows what's going on. Can you see yourself out if I'm not back?

BETH: Of course. *(MR. SANDMAN nods and exits; to NO NAME)* Now, what shall we do with you? You are quite little to be a star. I wonder, maybe you have some special purpose like I did.

NO NAME: Can I ask you a question?

BETH: Of Course.

NO NAME: The other stars seem kind of stuck up. Why do they act like that?

BETH: I don't think they realize that the stars are NOT here to glorify themselves but God. Stars are to give direction, not be the center of attention.

NO NAME: How do stars glorify God?

BETH: When people look up at the heavens and see us, they can marvel at the One who made us. Sometimes we have special purposes as well.

NO NAME: What was your special purpose?

BETH: Two thousand and some years ago I appeared in the sky where no star was ever seen before. You see, Jesus, the son of God was to be born in Bethlehem. God wanted the wise men to be able to find him but they had to travel a very far distance on a route they had never traveled before. God chose me to lead them to a stable in Bethlehem where Jesus would be born.

NO NAME: That sounds very important. Sirius told me people are guided by the stars when they travel. He also said stars had assigned places.

BETH: That's true. But I was an exception to the rule. Exceptions for an exceptional birth, an exceptional event. You see, Jesus is the center of everything. Nothing in this world is as important as Jesus and it was most important for the wise men to find him. For that special occasion I out-shown all other stars and moved to lead people to the Christ, the son of God. Then after they had found him I went back to my assigned place. I lost that special shine too but it didn't matter. I will always treasure being part of leading people to Jesus.

NO NAME: I'll do my best to be a good star. I want to be the kind of star that glorifies God and leads people to Jesus.

MR. SANDMAN ;(*Flustered, entering in a hurry*) No you won't. You won't be a star at all. This was a mistake. A big mistake. You aren't going to be a star at all. You are going to be a human being. You know, one of the people on earth. Somebody made a mistake and sent you here. Your parents are expecting you. I just need to finish my paperwork and then I'll take you to your departure point. (*Gets busy with clipboard, watch, etc*)

NO NAME: (*Disappointed*) Oh.

BETH: (*comforting her*) Don't be disappointed or sad. God made you to be a human and He doesn't make mistakes. Just because you're not a star doesn't mean you can't glorify God.

NO NAME: Really?

BETH: Really. People may have maps and compasses to help them find their way around earth but they still need someone to lead them to Jesus. That's a job for human beings. Not the stars.

NO NAME: Then that is what I'll do. I'll do my very best to lead people to Jesus.

BETH: Good. I'm glad I met you. You reminded me of Christmas Eve 2000 and some years ago when another set of parents, Mary and Joseph, were waiting for Jesus to be born. Now you must excuse me. It's my time to enter the night sky. I'll be watching you as you are born. I'll be watching every night, watching as you lead people to Jesus just like I did over two thousand years ago.

NO NAME; And I'll be watching you. Whenever I see you in the night sky I'll remember about leading people to Jesus. *(They hug and Beth exits)*

MR. SANDMAN: Ok. *(Checking off clipboard)* She's the last star. *(Big sigh of relief)* Now *(Noticeably less stressed, taking NO NAME hand)*. Let's get you to the right place. You have two people - your parents - who are very eager to have you arrive but you'll have to leave from a different department. Come on.

(Curtain)

STARS (after Christmas version)

At Rise: A busy heavenly department. Sign read "Stellar Departures". The atmosphere is busy and rushed like backstage before a play.

MR. SANDMAN: *(Yelling even though there is no one around except No Name)* Places please! Everyone! Places! Sol is sinking fast! You know how quickly night falls in the winter. Especially just after Christmas! *(Bumping into NO NAME)* Ooof. *(Bewildered)* Who are you? What are you doing here? Are you a new star?

NO NAME: *(Shrugging)* I guess so.

MR. SANDMAN: Well, you're not very big, *(GLITTER: sweeps in)* and you're not very shiny. *(NO NAME just shrugs again while GLITTER: waltzes and twirls around her gathering attention like moths to a light)*

GLITTER: *(Taking center stage)* And stars must be shiny, brilliant, Glittering like me. I'm GLITTER: the most important star in the Alpha Centauri quadrant. *(Twirls and shows off some more)*

SPARKLE :*(Regally entering and stepping in front of GLITTER: to take center stage)* You certainly are not. I am the brightest, most distinguished star in the Alpha Centuri quadrant. *(Sparkle twirls)*

MR. SANDMAN: Please! Please! We haven't time for this.

SPARKLE: Darling, you seem tarnished tonight. (*Sparkle gloats*)

GLITTER: (*Bursting into tears*). It's that smog! That horrible awful smog. People just keep polluting and ruining the sky. It's bad enough we have clouds but now all this pollution

MR. SANDMAN: But the humans need the clouds to bring them rain and snow. They couldn't live without them.

GLITTER: But all the smog is unnecessary and just...makes me drab (*Bursts into sobs*. MR. SANDMAN *pats her and hands her a hankie*)

MR. SANDMAN: Well sweetie, run along and get polished up. We can't have a crying tarnished star, now can we? Of course not. (*GLITTER leaves, wiping her eyes*)

SPARKLE: She just can't keep up, I'm afraid, with me. (*To NO NAME*) I set the standard for the other stars, you know. I'm Sparkle and I do so sparkle. I am the Prima Dona, the role model, the...

SIRIUS: (*Strutting in and cutting her off*) I think not. I am THE brightest star in the galaxy. Numero Uno. The Alpha. Premier. (*Sparkle miffs him*). Sirius, the North Star, the Dog Star. (*Poses like a superhero*) People all over the world depend on my appearance to get them to the right place. Why, without me, mankind would be lost.

NO NAME: Lost?

SIRIUS: Yes, lost. Before all those inventions humans have today, they relied on the stars to guide them. No one dared venture across the sea or an ocean or anywhere out of sight of land without their star charts. If they were going to cross the desert, they needed to be guided by the stars too. You see, by knowing where we are, they know where they are and how to get where they are going.

NO NAME: That sounds like an important job.

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MR. SANDMAN: You look just fine, dahling.

SPARKLE: You look as good as (*Slight hesitation*) you usually do (*Mumbles*)

GLITTER: What was that you mumbled? Was that some wise remark?

SPARKLE: All I said was you look as good as you usually do.

GLITTER: What do you mean by that!?! *(Start to get in a fight)*

MR. SANDMAN: Stop! Stop! It's almost time for you stars to take your places! We don't have time for all this... this... this bickering!

SPARKLE: *(Melodramatically)* I cannot go back to my spot. I just can't. The brown cloud over Denver tarnishes me. I want a transfer over Australia's outback or better yet Antarctica. There's no pollution to speak of there.

GLITTER: And no people to admire you either. *(To MR. SANDMAN)* If anyone deserves a transfer, it's me. For almost a month now I have had to compete with all those Christmas lights. People are so busy looking at them they forget to look at me. The audacity.

SPARKLE: No! I should be transferred *(They a start to argue. SIRIUS breaks it up)*

SIRIUS: Enough! Everyone is staying where they were assigned in the beginning. That's how God set the universe up. Everything in its appointed place.

SPARKLE: *(Pouting)* He made an exception *(Pause)* that one time.

GLITTER: Yes, He did. And right around this time of year. Beth got to move all around the night sky.

SIRIUS: That was because His son was being born. That was a onetime thing.

MR. SANDMAN: We don't have time for this, we don't have time. What are we going to do with her *(Pointing at NO NAME)* She didn't come with any instructions about where I should put her. *(To NO NAME)* Have you had any star training?

NO NAME: No

GLITTER: Well I certainly can't have her follow me. I have enough to worry about. My brightness, my glittering. I wouldn't be called Glitter without my glittering beams.

SPARKLE: I certainly can't be responsible for her. I must pay attention to my radiance and my sparkle. That's why I'm called Sparkle.

SIRIUS: Stick her with Twinkle. *(calling off stage)* Twinkle!

TWINKLE: *(Twinkle rushes in, bouncing, talking loudly and rapidly and never standing still)* Did I

hear my name called? Twinkle! That's me. Did somebody call Twinkle? *(Sing song)* Twinkle, Twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are. Up above...

MR. SANDMAN: I don't have time for this. Save it for later Twinkle. Sirius - *(Pointing to his watch)* its time. *(SIRIUS puffs himself up and exits boldly)*

SPARKLE: I'm next. *(To NO NAME)* Do I look alright? Can you see any tarnish? Soot? Pollution? *(Each time NO NAME shakes her head and says "No")*

MR. SANDMAN: 5...4...3...2...1 Shine bright all night, Sparkle. *(Sparkle exits)* Glitter, are you ready? Then off you go. *(She exits. MR. SANDMAN: turns to Twinkle.)* I have to go find out who and where she *(Points to NO NAME)* goes. You don't go out for a while explain the ropes to her the best you can.

TWINKLE: Gotcha *(MR. SANDMAN: Exits)* I'm Twinkle. I'm sure you have heard of me. I am the most talked about, sung about, wished upon star in all the galaxies.

NO NAME: *(Impressed)* Ohh!

TWINKLE:

Surely you have heard... *(Singing)* Twinkle, Twinkle, little star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so bright
Like a diamond in the night.
Twinkle. Twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are.
That's me - Twinkle.

Sometimes they chant *(Chanting)*

Starlight, Star bright
First star I see tonight.
I wish I may. I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight.
Sometimes it's about me because they see me first. Usually it's Sirius you know, the North Star, the Dog Star, Mr. Number One as he likes to call himself.

NO NAME: Can I wish on you? I'd wish Mr. Sandman would find a place for me. And a name.

TWINKLE: Sure, go ahead. No wait. It won't work. I'm not the first star you saw tonight. I have to be the first. Nope. Sorry. Oh, look, here comes the Star of Bethlehem. Real class act, that one. *(To Beth)* Good Evening, Beth *(To NO NAME)* Beth - that's what I call her. Its short for Bethlehem *(To Beth)* Wow, can you believe Christmas is over for this year? Not as exciting as the one two thousand some years ago, is it? That was your year to shine, wasn't it?

BETH: Yes. (*Kindly to NO NAME*) And who might you be?

TWINKLE: (*Plunging in, interrupting before NO NAME can say a word*) Don't know. She doesn't have a name. Or assignment. Sandman went to find out. She showed up with no instructions, no training, No name. Just appeared. Like out of nowhere. Poof. Here she was. Just like that. Poof.

MR. SANDMAN: (*Entering in a bustle*) Dear, oh, dear. I still don't know what I am supposed to do with this one (*Indicating NO NAME*) but right now we have to get you (*Indicating Twinkle*) out into the night sky. 5...4...3...2...1 Shine bright all night.

TWINKLE: (*Bouncing off, chattering away as voice fades away*) Bye for now. See ya around. (*twirls once*) Later...

MR. SANDMAN: Beth, you look wonderful, as always. The Christmas season is almost over. Are you sad?

BETH: No. I keep Christmas in my heart all year long.

NO NAME: (*Tugging on MR. SANDMAN: 's coat*) What about me, sir? What's to become of me?

MR. SANDMAN: That's just it. I don't know. (*rifles through clipboard*) There was nothing in the orders about a new star tonight. (*looks up from clipboard*) Beth, be a dear. I have to go find someone who knows what's going on. Can you see yourself out if I'm not back?

BETH: Of course. (*MR. SANDMAN nods and rushes off*)

BETH: Now, what shall we do with you? You are quite little to be a star. I wonder, maybe you have some special purpose like I did.

NO NAME: What was your special purpose?

BETH: Two thousand and some years ago I appeared in the sky where no star was ever seen before. You see, Jesus, the son of God was to be born in Bethlehem. God wanted the wise men to be able to find him but they had to travel a very far distance on a route they had never traveled before. God chose me to lead them to a stable in Bethlehem where Jesus would be born.

NO NAME: That sounds very important. Sirius told me people are guided by the stars when they travel. He also said stars had assigned places.

BETH: That's true. But I was an exception to the rule. Exceptions for an exceptional birth, an exceptional event. You see, Jesus is the center of everything. He created everything in the entire universe. Nothing in this world is as important as Jesus and it was most important for the wise men to

find him.

NO NAME: Maybe I'm going to have an important job too. *(Pause)* Can I ask you a question?

BETH: Of course.

NO NAME: The other stars seem kind of stuck up. Why do they act like that?

BETH: I don't think they realize that the stars are NOT here to glorify themselves but God. Stars are to give direction, not be the center of attention.

NO NAME: I'll do my best to be a good star. I want to be the kind of star that glorifies God and leads people to Jesus.

MR. SANDMAN: *(Flustered, entering in a hurry)* No, you won't. You won't be a star at all. This was a mistake. A big mistake. You aren't going to be a star at all. You are going to be a human being. You know, one of the people on earth. Somebody made a mistake and sent you here. Your parents are expecting you. I just need to finish my paperwork and then I'll take you to your departure point. *(Gets busy with clipboard, watch, etc.)*

NO NAME: *(Disappointed)* Oh.

BETH: Don't be disappointed or sad. God made you to be a human and He doesn't make mistakes. Just because you're not a star doesn't mean you can't glorify God.

NO NAME: Really?

BETH: Really. People may have maps and compasses to help them find their way around earth but they still need someone to lead them to Jesus. That's a job for human beings. Not the stars.

NO NAME: Then that is what I'll do. I'll do my very best to lead people to Jesus.

BETH: Good. Now you must excuse me. It's my time to enter the night sky. I'll be watching you as you are born and as you grow up. I'll be watching as you lead wise people to Jesus just like I did two thousand and some years ago.

NO NAME: And I'll be watching you. Whenever I see you in the night sky I'll remember about leading people to Jesus. *(They hug and Beth exits)*

MR. SANDMAN: Ok. *(Checking off clipboard)* She's the last star. *(Big sigh of relief)* Now *(Noticeably less stressed, taking NO NAME hand)*. Let's get you to the right place. You have two people - your parents - who are very eager to have you arrive but you'll have to leave from a different department.

Come on.

(Curtain)