

UP ON THE ROOF
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Purpose:

This monologue illustrates the timelessness of Christmas hope. In spite of what happens in our world, through Jesus Christ, there is hope.

Characters:

One man or woman -- simply dressed

Props:

Trash littering floor.

Lights come up on empty stage. Young man enter, makes show of gazing around. Goes to the edge of platform "roof" and looks over. Shakes his head and comes back to center stage, gazes toward back of auditorium.

Love being up on top. Up here, anything's possible. Long as I don't look over the edge, Hate to see Jack sleeping in garbage bags to stay warm. If I don't look at the diapers and cans, won't remember my sister brings the baby up here to get out of the heat in our dump. Or my brother smoking up here, so Mom doesn't know he lost another job. With the wind at my back, I can't smell the river. And when I close my eyes, I can be anywhere or anything.

For example.... if I look this way, (*positions himself*)... I can see some stars. Over there .. the bright one ... (*cheers up visibly*) ... the sisters at school said the Christmas star only shone one night. But that bright one could be it. Yeah, that one! Maybe signaling the start of another great man. Hey, don't laugh! Why not me? This joint can't be worse than the barn Jesus was born in. I've seen barns. They ain't nothing like what you see on the cards in the stores. Someday, I'm gonna send people those. ... Me and Jesus. Both of us poor to start with. But he had a great finish. Well, sort of. I can see me leaving here though ... making something of myself. ... Yeah, .. people coming to me for advice, following me, hanging on my every word. .. maybe even help Jack down there. Want a home, Jack? No problem! Let there be a home for Jack! Everyone thanking me. Loving me. Palm leaves and all that.

Imagine me as a teacher. Only no students who remember my nicknames. I'd be the one kids look to for hope. I'd have a family who love me. We'd all be happy!

(The young man's smile fades. He looks down, then looks up sadly)

Who am I kidding? I'm standing in trash and pigeon doo. (*Long pause, till kid draws a breath, looks back up*) You're still out there, aren't you? That hasn't changed. You were there that first Christmas. And this one. And that's the truth. When I think about you, I can hope for a miracle too. For me.

No matter where I'm standin. No matter gets taken from me, or added to my life, that star ... and the Christmas story will always mean that there's hope. (*Lights dim and begin to go out. As they fade to nothing, the young man flashes a bittersweet smile*)

I love being on up here.