

“WAIT TILL TOMORROW”
A CHRISTMAS EVE SKETCH BY ROBIN HILL

Cast: *A Mum (let’s call her Sheena);
Her son (named, perhaps, Craig).*

Props: *Two seats;
A bag of home-made tablet in festive wrapping;
A variety of high street carrier bags, including one from Curry’s
electrical shop (or similar);
A computer magazine;
An iron, decorated with festive ribbon.*

Scene: *A family living room, some time in early December. Mum sits with
a cup of tea, surrounded by Christmas shopping, while her son is
engrossed in his computer magazine.*

Mum: Oh, it’s so exciting. I just love Christmas shopping. The buzz, the atmosphere, the anticipation ...

Son: The pick-pockets, the flu bugs, the bickering over how much to spend on Auntie Maggie. Give me online shopping any day.

Mum: Och, you and your internet. Honestly, these computers mean nothing to me.

Son: You don’t say. I’d never have guessed that, coming from the woman who thought a new Mac should always come with its own rain-mate.

Mum: Away! I’ll have you know that I’ve been investigating high-tech goodies for your father.

Son: You, buying computer gear for Dad? You must be joking!

Mum: Not at all. He’s always going on about how he’s a fan of all these different tablets, so ...

Son: *[At last enthusiastically]* You've bought Dad a tablet? Cool! What did you get him? A Kindle? A Galaxy? A Nexus?

Mum: Naw! Half a pound of old Mrs Smith's finest. *[Lifting bag of tablet]* And look: she's even put it in festive wrapping. Isn't that sweet?

Son: *[Sarcastically]* Ha ha! Very funny ... not!

Mum: Just my little joke! Would you begrudge your own mother a wee bit fun at Christmastime. Anyway, he likes his tablet at this time of year. That's why he always books himself in at the dentist, first thing on Boxing Day.

Son: Never mind about Dad and his tablet, the big question is ... what have you got me?

Mum: Not telling.

Son: Why not?

Mum: Coz it's the 24th of December, ya daft eejit. What kind of a mother tells her son what he's getting for Christmas, the night before Christmas?

Son: A very, very kind one.

Mum: A very, very gullible one, more like. Wait till tomorrow.

Son: Just tell me now.

Mum: No. Wait till tomorrow. Your time will come.

Son: Give me some clues.

Mum: Well, I suppose I could give you just a few clues. Ask away.

Son: Right then! *[Showing off computer magazine]* Is it a gadget that every teenage boy needs.

Mum: It most certainly is. The man in Curry's was very good at making sure I got just the right model for you.

Son: Curry's? So is it high tech?

Mum: High tech? You bet.

Son: Great! I like my gadgets, and I like them to be the latest thing – hot off the press.

Mum: Oh yes!

Son: I think I know what it is! Mum, I think I know what it is! Does it, by any chance, begin with the letter ... “T”?

Mum: With the letter “T”? ... Aye! It does begin with the letter “T”!

Son: Just one more question Mum: like they say on the telly, can I use it straight out the box – just plug it in and go, with effortless ease.

Mum: You know, I think you’ve got it!

Son: You didn’t, did you?

Mum: Yes!

Son: Really?

Mum: Yes!

Son: Really, really?

Mum: Yes, yes!

Son: Really, really, really?

Mum: Yes, yes, yes!

Son: Oh Mum, what a Christmas this is going to be. I’ll be using my present the moment I get it.

Mum: I’m so pleased son. I’m so pleased. You’ll make your mother so very happy.

Son: You won’t regret the expense. I’ll use it for all sorts of things. And I’ll even help you with your stuff too.

Mum: Oh son, I’ll be greetin’ in a minute.

Son: Listen: I'm off to my bed. Only one more sleep until I get my present. My special present. My red hot, effortless, high tech piece of kit, hot off the press from Curries, beginning with the letter ... "T".

Mum: It'll be the perfect gift for a smooth operator. Night night son!

Son: Night Mum! Don't forget Rudolph's carrot!

[Son exits, while Mum reaches for a Curry's carrier bag]

Mum: *[Musing to herself]* Wait till tomorrow! Wait till tomorrow! Oh, I hope he likes his big surprise. You know: I want nothing but the best for my wee boy. *[Pauses, then pulls out an iron decorated with Christmas ribbon and tinsel]*

[Exit and music: ideally, John Bell's "Advent Lullaby"]

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If you use the sketch, have fun, and let me know how it goes!

With best wishes, especially for Christmas when it comes,

Robin

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