

WHAT DOES GOD WANT WITH ME?

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Written by

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A NLT COGIC Youth Department Production

INT. CLASSROOM - SUNDAY SCHOOL - DAY

Nigel, 10-12, sits in a semi-circle around his teacher MRS. JOHNSON, 25. The kids discuss their upcoming plans for Christmas.

MRS. JOHNSON

Let's here from you, Nigel. Do you have any plans for Christmas.

NIGEL

Nah. We do the same thing every year. Go to church, Jesus loves me. Go to Grandma's house, Jesus loves me. Come home and open my presents. I'm sick of it. Why I always gotta hear about Jesus.

The children all give each other confusing looks.

SHAY

You don't have a special relationship with GOD?

JAKE

Looks like someone's parents dropped the ball.

Mrs. Johnson puts her hand on Jake's shoulder.

MRS. JOHNSON

Jake, we don't speak like that about people.

NIGEL

At least my parents can a drop a ball. Your parents can't even afford new clothes for you. How many Sunday's have you worn that same shirt?

Jake looks down at his shirt with a sad glare. Mrs. Johnson makes her way to Nigel.

MRS. JOHNSON

That's enough, Nigel. GOD loves us all, no matter how much or how little we have. He judges our hearts, not our bank accounts.

Mrs. Johnson looks down at her watch.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Looks like service is about to
start. Let's end with prayer.

The students all stand and grab hands. Mrs. Johnson begins her prayer. Nigel looks at each of the students and sees their shabby clothes and torn sneakers.

Nigel releases his hand and takes his seat. He leans back and simmers as annoyance creeps across his face.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nigel walks in with his parents MOM (MARIE) and DAD (RAVI).

MOM
What did you learn in Sunday school
today, Nigel?

Nigel flops down on the couch.

NIGEL
Nothing.

MOM
Nothing? That can't be true.

NIGEL
I said I ain't learn nothing. Why
don't you leave me alone?

Marie grabs Nigel by his shirt and pulls him to her face.

MOM
That is the last time in your life
that you ever speak like that to
me. Now go to your room.

NIGEL
But--

MOM
Now.

Nigel heads to his room. Mom sits next to her husband as he reads his newspaper.

MOM (CONT'D)
Do you think I was too hard on him?

DAD
Whatever you say, honey.

MOM

Are you listening to me? Something is up with our son.

DAD

Whatever you say is fine, honey.

MOM

Well, I'm going to talk to him again.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGEL'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mom KNOCKS on the door and then enters. She sits on the bed where Nigel is lying down.

MOM

Nigel honey, are you upset with somebody? Where is this attitude coming from?

Nigel rolls over.

MOM (CONT'D)

Honey, talk to me. What is going on?

NIGEL

I don't understand Christmas, Mom! Everybody is so excited about GOD and nobody cares about me or what I'm interested in. People think I'm mean. What does GOD want with me?

Marie grabs Nigel's hand.

MOM

Nigel, honey, GOD wants someone who is going to give him their all. Someone who will pour out their heart to serve him and be his vessel here on Earth. He doesn't want you to hold back. He wants you to be a radical worker.

Marie sings "He Wants It All," by Forever Jones (Song will change).

Marie exits as Nigel lays his head on his pillow.

NIGEL

But what does that have to do with Christmas?

Nigel awakes to a BRIGHT light. A FIGURE in all white stands before him. It is an ANGEL. Nigel places his hands up to block the light.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
What is that light? Who's there?

ANGEL
It is I, the Angel of the Lord.

NIGEL
Well I don't know what you're ding
here, but you need to leave before
my mom comes in and haves a fit.

ANGEL
(snaps his fingers)
Sleep, Nigel.

Nigel falls asleep.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGEL'S ROOM - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Marie comes in Nigel's room and sees his bed empty and an open window. She gasps and races out of the room.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marie races into the room where Ravi sits with his newspaper.

MOM
Husband! Husband!

DAD
What woman?

MOM
Nigel's run away!

Ravi jumps to his feet.

DAD
I'll call the police. You try the
neighbors.

Ravi leaves the room. Marie heads toward the door. She grips the handle and exits.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Marie staggers to the house next door. She KNOCKS on the door. The NEIGHBOR answers.

NEIGHBOR
What's going on Marie?

Marie falls to her knees and sobs. The Neighbor moves with her and wraps their arms around Marie.

MOM
It's Nigel.

Marie continues to weep.

INT. / EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

Groups of ANGELS, draped in all white, dance and sing in circles.

GROUP 1
We worship you, oh Lord. We magnify
your name.

Nigel awakens on a bed of flowers. He looks at the Angels, as they continue to dance and sing.

GROUP 2
Hallelujah! Lord we bless your
name.

The Angel reaches out his hand and helps Nigel to his feet.

NIGEL
What is going on? Where am I?

ANGEL
You're in heaven, Nigel.

NIGEL
Heaven?

JESUS (O.S.)
Yes, Nigel. Heaven.

Nigel turns toward the voice. He opens his mouth in amazement.

INT. RADIO STATION - EVENING

DJ AMEN and his SIDEKICK sit with Marie and the Neighbor in the radio booth.

DJ AMEN

What's happening heavenly people of the most high. I am DJ Amen. Can I get an Amen

SIDEKICK

Amen!

DJ AMEN

Now look-a-here. We got ourselves a Christmas emergency.

SIDEKICK

Is Santa missing?

DJ Amen gives his Sidekick a "what are you stupid," look.

DJ AMEN

Santa ain't real boy. This is what I get for hiring family. Ya'll don't contribute, you always want free stuff, I can't never get no gas money--

MOM

Excuse me!

DJ AMEN

Oh that's right. Your son is missing.

MOM

That's right. His name is Nigel and he's 4'3", he has a birthmark on his right arm shaped like a caterpillar. If anyone has seen him please call in and call the police.

DJ AMEN

The number is 404-327-AMEN. That's 404-327-AMEN.

INT. / EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

Nigel looks in awe at JESUS. The Lord and Savior moves with grace and strength as he proceeds toward Nigel.

NIGEL

Oh my God-- I mean-- oh my you-- I mean, you're Jesus.

JESUS

Yes, Nigel. I am.

NIGEL

Did I die? What's going on? Why aren't my parents here?

JESUS

Nigel.

Nigel takes a breath.

NIGEL

Yes.

JESUS

My Angel brought you here because you're missing the real meaning of Christmas.

NIGEL

I know Christmas. It's all about toys, wrapping paper and something to do with a manger.

JESUS

No, Nigel. This is the real meaning of Christmas. Long ago, I stepped down onto the earth and pulled off my garment of glory and I put on the robe of shame and sin. I took off my crown of honor and replaced it with thorns of torment. I was beaten for your sins and I was crucified that you may live. Take heed that you may not be deceived. For man will come in My name, saying 'I am He', but notice the proof of the holes in my hand.

Jesus holds his hands out for Nigel. Nigel places his hands in Jesus'.

ANGEL

Thus it is written, and thus it was necessary for Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in HIS name to all nations.

JESUS
Everything had to happen this way,
Nigel. Beginning with...

NIGEL
The Virgin birth.

JESUS
Yes, Nigel.

NIGEL
And this is why we celebrate
Christmas. To remember the birth of
our Lord and Savior.

JESUS
That's exactly it. It's time that
you get back home now, Nigel. Your
parents are waiting for you.

NIGEL
But how do I get back?

Jesus motions toward his Angel. Nigel looks at the Angel. The
Angel holds his hand out. Nigel grabs his hand.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nigel looks around his room in amazement. He looks at the
Angel.

ANGEL
You've begun a new journey, Nigel.
Stay on this path. God has great
plans for you.

The Angel dissipates into thin air.

MOM (O.S.)
Oh my goodness!

Nigel turns toward his mom. She hugs him and they sit on his
bed.

NIGEL
Mom!

MOM
Nigel, I've been so worried about
you. Where have you been?

NIGEL

Learning the real meaning of
Christmas, Mom. I spoke with Jesus
and his angels.

MOM

Really, Nigel?

NIGEL

Yes. We celebrate Christ's birth
because if HE wasn't born then we
would be lost to sin with no way to
enter into HIS kingdom.

MOM

That's it, Nigel. That's why we
celebrate.

FADE OUT.