

His dad elbows him with a smile.

REV. LYNCH

(smiles)

I think there may be one more  
present under there somewhere.

SOLOMON/MRS. LYNCH

(surprised)

There is?

Rev. Lynch reaches behind the Christmas tree, digs through  
the RIPPED PAPER, and pulls out a wrapped present.

REV. LYNCH

Well, go on.

Young Solomon tears open the wrapping paper, revealing a  
c1999 game console. He jumps up excitedly.

YOUNG SOLOMON

Yes! Yes! Yes! Thank you, Dad!  
Thank you, Mom! I love you!

Young Solomon hugs both parents.

MRS. LYNCH

You're, uhh, welcome Solomon. Why  
don't you go hook it up to the TV  
in the family room?

Solomon grabs the box and runs out of room. As he exits, he  
drops his sweater. He returns to pick it up, then overhears  
his parents.

Mrs. Lynch SIGHS with disapproval.

MRS. LYNCH

A gaming system? We can't afford  
that! And now he'll need games for  
it, which costs even more.

REV. LYNCH

(sheepishly)

I know, but he wanted it so badly.  
We'll find the extra money  
somewhere.

MRS. LYNCH

Where? Offerings are way down.  
We're not making ends meet as it  
is!

CLOSE-UP ON YOUNG SOLOMON LISTENING AROUND THE CORNER.

REV. LYNCH (O.C.)

I know. But is it a sin to love my son?

MRS. LYNCH (O.C.)

I don't love him any less, but spoiling him isn't going to do him any good. Or us.

CUT BACK TO SOLOMON'S PARENTS, AND SOLOMON AND CHRISTMAS PAST WATCHING.

REV. LYNCH

You're right. I'll return it.

MRS. LYNCH

(sighs)

Well, we can't very well do that now, can we? That would ruin his Christmas. I'll see if I can pick up some extra hours.

REV. LYNCH

No, this shouldn't fall on you.

**\*Please send a clip of yourself singing as well.**