

“How Nick Became A Saint” Page Sample #1
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(Begin Cut #1 of the soundtrack CD: the Skit Intro music. "Deck the Halls," followed by "Angels We Have Heard on High." The song plays at full level for a few bars, then lowers in level. This is when the actor begins speaking over it.)

(Walking on stage, the Narrator Angel seems to be taking his time as the intro music plays. He looks over the decorations, moves his hands as if directing a few bars of the Christmas carol playing, and is smiling.)

Narrator Angel: I love Christmas. It's the one time of the year when Earth seems the most like Heaven!

(He stops by the chair that Santa sits in and looks at the audience. His face grows a little sad.)

Narrator Angel: Unfortunately, too few take the time to invite the Child that was in the manger, into their hearts. They've posted a "no room" sign over it as surely as the inn owners in Bethlehem, and the Lord is left outside. I think often about the joy that people miss by seeking to fill their holiday with things, instead of His love.

(He soberly pauses in a moment's reflection, then brightens again with a grin as he looks back up.)

Narrator Angel: But that's why I'm here. The thing I enjoy most about my assignments at this time of the year is making sure that people do hear the Lord knocking. Whatever it takes! And that's where the fun comes in. Take this fellow, for instance.

(Nick walks onto the stage with a box of decorations.)

Narrator Angel: He loves Christmas, but, like so many, the secret of keeping the joy of the season eludes him. He doesn't understand what he's missing. But I do! He's my assignment today.

(Nick begins to place garland and decorations on the artificial tree to the right side of the throne area.)

(Soundtrack note: About here the music from Cut #01 is finishing and fading out.)

Narrator Angel: Now, for most of the rest of this story you won't see me. I'll be "behind the scenes," as it were; just like most of the time. But you'll see what happens when I work, by the direction of and with God's Holy Spirit, at preparing a life to hear the voice of the Christ of Christmas.

(He walks off stage just as the store manager, Mr. Boyle, walks rapidly onto it, talking on a cell phone.)

Mr. Boyle: Uh huh. Uh huh. So what you're telling me is, that he can't make it because you can't raise the bail. Uh huh. You want ME to pay it? You must think I'm Father Christmas! (listens) We pay him more than he's worth. Why, I could do it as well as he could if I had the time and patience! (listens) I'm fat enough!?!? Why you... listen, tell the jolly old elf not to worry about coming back here looking for work next year!"

(Nick walks offstage to get some packages to go under the tree, as the manager shuts the lid of the phone in disgust. He passes a seven year old boy, his son Ronnie, who is walking onstage.)

Ronnie: Who was that, pop?

Mr. Boyle: Uh... just a floor clerk that called in sick. Nothing to worry about, son! Why don't you go to the toy department and pick out something nice to play with while I work?

(The kid shrugs and runs off stage.)

Mr. Boyle: (Walking over to and looking at the empty chair, he adds softly:) Nothing for you to worry about, anyway.

(He sits on the chair, discouraged.)

Mr. Boyle: The store is about to open on Christmas Eve, and I have nobody to sit in this seat. Here I am, the kindest, warmest, most generous manager this store has ever had, and where does it get me? In a bind! There's nobody I can spare to do this.

(Just then Nick walks back onstage balancing an armload of boxes. He is slowly trying to make his way to the tree. The boss notices his careful steps and yells at him, making him jump.)

Mr. Boyle: NICK! The store opens in five minutes, so hurry up!

(Instantly begin Cut #2 on the Soundtrack CD: "Package Destruction" music. This bit of music comically highlights the action, which should end about the time the music does.)

(Nick is startled, dropping the packages everywhere and falling on them. The manager jumps out of the chair, bellowing.)

Mr. Boyle: You fumbling, bumbling, stumbling, reckless, clumsy blockhead! Look at the inventory you just destroyed!

(Nick apologises profusely and tries gathering up the boxes but they keep dropping among the sounds of crashing and smashing. He is slipping and falling on them and smashing them flat as he keeps trying to get it together.)

(The manager has grabbed the hair on either side of his temples and is screaming.)

Mr. Boyle: You're a menace to the merchandise!

(Nick is made more nervous by all this and keeps dropping them, until the manager gathers up the dropped boxes and deposits them under and around the tree. He comes back to pick up one smashed box and hands it to Nick.)

(Soundtrack Note: The previous comedy track should end about here.)

Nick: What do you want me to do with this?

(The manager opens his mouth to reply a smart aleck comment when his kid comes back onstage with a toy.)

Ronnie: (Shouting.) I'm back, pop! (He sits down beside the stage and plays with the toy.)

Mr. Boyle: (With a sharp look.) It's your bonus. (He stalks off.)

Nick: Thanks... I think.

(The manager stops and turns back as if he forgot something.)

Mr. Boyle: Oh, and by the way, Nick... you're fired. Merry Christmas.

(script continues...)