

“How Nick Became A Saint” Page Sample #3
Copyright Fred Passmore and Sheep Laughs Publications 2004-2016

Nick: (Somewhat impatiently.) Well, Angela, what do you want for Christmas?

Angela: (Brightly.) Happiness!

Nick: (Looking at her more closely.) Happiness? I'm sorry, little girl, but Santa can't give happiness. Only things.

Angela: But things don't bring happiness.

Nick: That's right. So you see, I can't give you something I don't have to give.

Angela: Aren't you happy, Santa?

Nick: Honestly? No, not really. I'm sorry, but these other kids have made me sad.

Angela: I know. But I don't want the happiness for me.

Nick: Oh? Who do you want it for?

Angela: For you, Santa!

Nick: (After a pause.) That's sweet, honey. You're the first that didn't want something for yourself.

Angela: Well, Christmas is about giving, and I want to give you something so you'll be happy.

(She hands him a little tract.)

Nick: Why, thank you, sweetheart. What is it?

Little Girl: It's a Christmas story. It makes me happy when my mommy reads it to me, so I want you to have it. Will you read it to me one last time?



(Begin Cut #5 on the Soundtrack CD: "Christmas Storybook and Nick's Salvation," as he begins to read.)

Nick: (Touched.) Of course. (He opens the booklet and reads.) "Once upon a time, a long time ago, in a country far away, a wonderful thing happened. And do you know what that was?"

Angela: What was it?

Nick: "A little baby was born. But not just any baby. This baby was very special. He was God's own Son. He came from Heaven as God's gift to the world. An Angel told his mother to expect Him, and what to name Him. And do you know what His name was?"

Angela: It was Jesus!

Nick: (Smiling.) You're right, it was Jesus. (Continues reading.) "Little Jesus came from Heaven to be a baby like one of us. You see, all of us had done bad things, so we couldn't go to heaven to see Him, where there are no bad people. So He came down to us, and He was good all the time."

Angela: Are you good all the time, Santa?

Nick: (Sadly.) I'm afraid not, Angela. I'm human, like everybody else.

Angela: So you couldn't go to Heaven either?

Nick: (Hesitantly.) I... I don't guess so.

Angela: Maybe that's why you aren't happy.

Nick: (Thoughtfully.) You may be right. (Reading some more.) "No-one would make room in their inns for Mary and Joseph, so the baby Jesus was born in a little animal barn. That was the first Christmas. And the angels sang with happiness, "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men!"

Angela: I like that song.

Nick: Me, too. "And an angel said to some shepherds, 'Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.'"

Angela: What does that mean, Santa?

Nick: Well, Angela, I think it's this: The joy, or happiness, that they were talking about, was that Jesus came to save people from being bad, so they could be in Heaven with Him.

Angela: So having Jesus in your heart makes you happy!

Nick: I... I think you're right again. I never thought about it like that.

Angela: Do you have Jesus in your heart, Santa?

Nick: (Lowering his head.) I'm afraid I've been like the people at the inns. I've never let Him in.

Angela: When my mommy read me the book, it had a prayer at the end for little kids like me. Would you pray it with me like she did?

Nick: (With feeling.) I'd like that, Angela. "Dear Jesus, thank you for loving me enough to come from Heaven. I want to be saved. Please come into my heart. Save me and take me some day to live forever in Heaven with you."

Angela: Amen!

Nick: Amen.

Angela: Did you ask Jesus to come in, Santa?

Nick: I did, Angela, I really did. And I'm happy!

Angela: (Hugs him tightly.) Hooray! That makes me happy, too. Merry Christmas, St. Nick!

(Nick chokes back a sob and wipes his eyes as he hugs her back.)

Nick: Merry Christmas, Angela! You've given me a wonderful gift.

(Soundtrack Note: The music from the last track should be ending about now, if not a little earlier.)

(Angela hops down from his lap.)

Angela: Bye, Santa! I'll see you when you come to my house.

(She runs off stage with a wave. Nick lifts a hand wistfully and waves as she leaves.)

Nick: What a little angel.

(Mr. Boyle comes back onstage.)

Mr. Boyle: Nick! You did great! Thanks for helping out in a tight spot. I wouldn't have blamed you for refusing to do it after I got mad and fired you.

Nick: (Standing.) Glad I could help. And I'm glad I did it. Sometimes the best things happen when things look the worst.

Mr. Boyle: I've found a replacement for our missing Santa. He's really good with the kids, and he's changing right now in the back. Since there's no-one in line right now, how about you go on back and change out, and take the rest of the day off with pay.

Nick: Hey, thanks, Mr. Boyle! I appreciate that. (He shakes his hand.) (*Script continues...*)