

“How Nick Became A Saint” Page Sample #2
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(The other kids start chanting and stomping.)

Kids: We want Santa! We want Santa! We want Santa!

(Finally Nick, in the Santa suit, rushes on stage, then slows down as he sees the kids, who start yelling at his appearance. He stops, panicky, but finally gets the courage and walks the last few steps to the chair, waving weakly.)

Nick: (Not too enthusiastically, as he sits down.) Ho, ho, ho!

(The first kid is one with a long list of demands.)

1st Kid: (Walking up to him.) About time, chunky! Where ya been, cooking one of your reindeer for breakfast?

Nick: (Uncertainly.) Ho, ho, ho...?

1st Kid: Yeah, yeah, whatever. (He holds up a sheaf of papers.) He's my list. You better check it twice.

Nick: Come here, son, and sit on Santa's lap!

1st Kid: Forget that. (Hands him the papers.) To save you time, I've printed out this categorized checklist of what I need. (Showing him the individual pages.) See, the electronics are on this page, the games on another, DVD's on another, and so on. (Tossing the list on his lap.) There ya go. Don't miss anything, tubby, or I'll be back next year with a stun gun.

Nick: (Looking at the list, he lifts a hand to wave as the boy leaves.) Uh, well.... Me-e-e-ry Christmas!

1st Kid: (Waves him off as he is leaving.) Aw, stuff a stocking in it, blimpo.

(Setting aside the list, he shakes his head in amazement, then waves the next kid to come up.)

2nd Kid: (Hesitates.) I... I'm afraid!

Nick: (Motioning.) Don't be afraid, Santa won't hurt you! Come on up and sit on my lap.

(The kid slowly walks up, and uncertainly sits on his knee.)

2nd Kid: You're not a bad Santa, are you?

Nick: Bad Santa? Ho, ho, ho! Of course not, Santa is good! And he loves little children like you.

2nd Kid: You won't chop me up like the Santa in the scary movie?

Nick: (Making a face.) What kind of movies has your momma been letting you watch? No, of course not. I want to bring you some nice things.

2nd Kid: Well... okay. Do you have any peppermint candy?

Nick: (Reaching in a pocket.) I sure do, would you like one?

2nd Kid: Not for me, for you. (Waving his hand in front of his nose and leaning back, making a face.) Your breath smells bad!

Nick: (Taken aback.) My breath...? Really? (He breathes into his hand and sniffs.)

2nd Kid: (Loudly.) Phew! Santa has reindeer breath!

(The other kids laugh at this.)

Nick: (Embarrassed.) That's enough from the peanut gallery. Okay, kid, what do you want?

2nd Kid: (Breaking out into tears.) I want my mommy!!!! Waaaaaaaaa! Mommy! Santa's breath is making me sick!

Nick: (Setting the kid down.) Look, kid, here's a candy cane. Go find your mommy and let her take you shopping for a nice toy.

2nd Kid: I'm gonna frow up! (He makes a barfing sound and leans toward Santa.)

Nick: (Pushing the kid away.) Not on the suit!!! Oh, gross!

(The kid runs offstage crying.)

2nd Kid: Mommy!!! Santa made me frow up and then he yelled at me! Waaaaaaaaa!

(Nick tries cleaning off his suit with a handkerchief.)

Nick: (Muttering to himself.) I am definitely not getting paid enough for this. (Looking back at the kids in line.) Okay, no harm done, all cleaned up. Come on up to see Santa! Ho, ho, ho!

3rd Kid: (Sitting on his knee.) Are you really Santa?

Nick: I sure am! Ho, ho, ho!

3rd Kid: You don't look like Santa.

Nick: I'm him! See the suit? Ho, ho, ho!

3rd Kid: The suit looks yucky. It's thin and it smells like mothballs. The real Santa has a nice suit. I saw it in the movies.

Nick: (A little peeved.) Look, I'm as real as he gets. Now, what do you want for Christmas?

3rd kid: (Doubtfully.) If you're real, then what's my name?

Nick: Huh?

3rd Kid: You see me when I'm sleepin', you know when I'm awake, so what's my name?

Nick: (Stumped.) Well, uh...

3rd Kid: See? If you was really Santa Claus, you'd know who I am! (He pulls the fake beard away from his face and lets it snap back.) I knew it! (Raising his voice.) You're a fake! A crummy, cheap fake!

Nick: (Looking around nervously.) Let's keep it down, sonny. Look, here's a nice candy cane.

3rd Kid: (Jumping off Nick's lap, he confronts him angrily.) You ain't nothin' but a phony! My momma's gonna sue this store for everything they got!

Nick: (Standing.) Let's not upset the other kids, little fella. (He puts a hand on the kid's shoulder.) Why don't you go look around in the toy aisle, okay?

3rd Kid: Don't touch me, you flaky faker! (The kid punches Nick in the stomach, doubling him over. Then he kicks him in the shins, making him hop and fall back in the chair.)

Nick: (Holding his shin as the kid runs off.) O-o-o-ow! You little monster! I'm gonna leave you coal in your stocking! (*Script continues...*)