

a script from



WORSHIP

“My Christmas Connection: St. Nick”

By
Rachel Benjamin

What In this monologue the audience is challenged to guess the true identity of the character and what his connection is to Christmas. Part of the “My Christmas Connection,” series, it portrays St. Nick’s true historical legacy and describes the joy of giving as well as the joy of receiving the ultimate gift of Jesus.

Themes: Christmas, Monologue, Truth, Joy, Identity

Who St. Nick

When This script is written for Modern Day. St. Nick is presented to the audience as a mysterious character before revealing his true identity towards the end of the monologue.

Costumes He should be dressed in black and wearing a ski mask.

Props Ski Mask, Chair, End Table, Decorated Christmas Tree, Presents, Red Sac, Cookies, Milk, Manger

Sound There are only a couple of sound cues in this script (Alarms and Sirens), both of which can easily be found online.

Why Isaiah 9:6, 2 Corinthians 9:7, Matthew 6:2-4

How The character’s true identity is revealed throughout the monologue; however, it is never stated directly. If you would prefer to have the character directly state who he is, adjust the following end lines of the monologue.

St. Nick: Who am I? The real St. Nick. And... there is one more rumor.
Apparently, I don’t use the front door.

Time 5 minutes

Upstage right there is a large decorated Christmas tree. In front of the tree stands a small, yet visible, manger. Next to the tree stands a small end table with a plate of cookies and a glass of milk.

Center stage there is a chair.

A tall slender man enters from behind the audience. He is wearing a black ski mask. He is moving stealthily toward the tree carrying a large red sack full of presents. He enters the stage and moves towards the tree.

Suddenly an alarm goes off. St. Nick is startled and spins around facing the audience. Sirens begin to sound as a spotlight appears on St. Nick. He drops the bag and puts his hands up.

St Nick: This is not what it looks like.

The alarm and sirens stop.

He listens.

St Nick: *(as if answering an unseen voice)* No, technically I wasn't invited but-

He listens.

St Nick: *(as if answering an unseen voice)* Yes, there are some expensive items in the bag that are not mine-

He listens.

St Nick: *(as if answering an unseen voice)* This? *(referring to his mask)* It was cold out.

He removes the mask.

He listens.

St Nick: *(as if answering an unseen voice)* Who am I? *(starting to get angry, perturbed that he isn't quickly recognized)* Who am I? It's the night before Christmas. This is preposterous. Ridiculous. Absolutely uncalled for. Instead of relying on everyone taking a long winter's nap, I have to worry about alarm systems.

Beat.

St. Nick: I know exactly why this is happening. There have been way too many misunderstandings over the years. I think it's time we separated the truth from the lies.

He moves toward the audience.

St Nick: Then we shall see if you can recognize who I am and what my connection is to Christmas.

The spotlight goes down. Lights up on the stage.

St. Nick: Let's start with what I am not. First of all, I'm not fat. I never was. I don't know how that rumor got started, but let the record show: it's not true. I do love cookies, but I understand the need to keep sugar in moderation. Granted around the holidays I put on a few pounds, but who doesn't? (*admittedly*) It's those gingerbread ones that get me every time. Second of all, I don't like being cold. I'd never choose to live in a frozen tundra. I don't know anyone who would. A palm tree, a cold lemonade, that's more my style.

Beat.

St. Nick: Finally, and this one is the most embarrassing of the misunderstandings: I'm not married. There is no Mrs. I'm not sure how this particular rumor began...I have my suspicions of a certain young woman who would have liked that to be true, and maybe suggested such to some so-called historians, but for the record: it is not. And frankly, I am quite proud of my bachelor status and not a little perturbed by this final incorrect 'fact'. These rumors have taken quite a radical turn. With that said-

He sits in the chair.

St. Nick: - to be remembered is quite an honor, but to be remembered as a fat, old, white-haired man is... well honestly, it's humbling.

Beat.

St. Nick: I do love presents. I love the element of surprise. There's nothing quite like seeing a need and being able to be the one to help -the one to fulfill a dream. The true story is - I once knew this family. They had three young daughters.

The father feared his girls would be taken away if he couldn't find them husbands, but there was no money for suitable dowries. I had been blessed by my parents' inheritance so, I decided to anonymously provide the dowries myself. I secretly threw the gold coins in their window.

He stands, grabs the sack of presents and moves toward the tree.

St Nick: The look on their faces as they each married was worth more than any amount I could have given.

He begins to put the presents under the tree.

St. Nick: Our Savior demonstrated that on the cross, with his life. He gave so that we could receive fullness of life. I dedicated my life to showing Christ's love to others.

He reaches inside the sack and removes a red 'Santa' coat. He starts to put it on.

St. Nick: Every time I give, I hope in some small way, I am reminding others of the ultimate gift.

He grabs a cookie.

St. Nick: Gingerbread *(as if he just can't help himself)* - every time.

He dips the cookie in the milk.

St. Nick: Who am I? Well... there is one more rumor. Apparently, I don't use the front door.

He winks at the audience, takes a bite of the cookie, grabs the sack and throws it over his shoulder as he exits stage left.

St Nick: *(softly, as he exits)* Ho. Ho. Ho.

End scene.