

# Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

## SAINT NICK

by Scott Crain

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** A man flying home for the Christmas holiday strikes up a conversation with a fellow traveler in a Santa suit, and in the process learns a lesson on charity.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Hal comes on a bit strong, but shouldn't be unlikable; keep both characters as natural as possible in order to get the maximum effect from the dialogue.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 3

**TOPIC:** Christmas

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Luke 10:30-37

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Christmas

**SUGGESTED USE:** Christmas Service

**CHARACTERS:**

HAL mid-forties

NICK late twenties or older

WOMAN (VO): airline announcer (can be prerecorded)

**PROPS:** A newspaper, a carry-on bag, a small wrapped Christmas gift, an airline ticket

**COSTUMES:** Suit for Hal, Santa suit for Nick

**SOUND:** Two wireless microphones

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** An airport terminal (represented by a single row of chairs)

### Drama Ministry

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*Lights up. HAL sits reading a newspaper as WOMAN speaks over the PA system:*

**WOMAN (VO):** Flight 8213 to Atlanta will now begin boarding at Gate C-12. Flight 8213 to Atlanta at Gate C-12.

*HAL checks his watch as NICK, a young man in a Santa costume, enters and eases into the chair two seats down. HAL notices him and grins. Beat, then:*

**HAL:** What's the matter—Rudolph and the boys couldn't hack it this year?

*Pause, then NICK realizes he's being addressed.*

**NICK:** I'm sorry?

**HAL:** I said Rudolph and the boys couldn't hack it this year—you decided to fly first class?

*Beat, then NICK smiles.*

**NICK:** Oh, the suit...right.

**HAL:** *(Still grinning)* Yeah, I guess you get a lot of frequent flyer miles, what with the distance in from the North Pole and all.

**NICK:** Yeah.

**HAL:** Must be hard to get the pilot to stop at every chimney, though. *(NICK smiles politely again and looks away. HAL extends his hand.)* Name's Hal.

*NICK shakes his hand.*

**NICK:** I'm Nick.

**HAL:** *(Grins)* Course you are, course you are. Saint Nick, right? You heading home for the holidays?

**NICK:** Uh, no, actually.

**HAL:** *(Barely hearing him)* Well, I'm headed back home, and not a minute too soon. Only thing worse than fighting the Christmas shopping crowd is doing it in a strange town. I've been stuck here for two weeks on business, and every time I talk to the kids on the phone, all they do is recite their Christmas lists. Like they think I'm some kind of mail order catalog. Look here.

*He rummages in his suitcase and pulls out a small rectangular wrapped gift.*