

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICK

A Christmas Play

by

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A Visit From Saint Nick

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Characters

Mom (Martha), 40's—50's

Daughter (Mary), teen

Shoppers

Joseph, child in masque

Mary, child in masque

Shepherds (2), children in masque

Wisemen (3), children in masque

Angels (2), children in masque

Nicholas, 50's

Time

Present

ACT I: Christmas eve (day)

ACT II: Christmas eve (early)

ACT III: Christmas eve (late)

Place

ACT I: Scene 1 Driveway of house

Scene 2 Christmas tree nursery

Scene 3 Kitchen of house

Scene 4 At the mall

Scene 5 Outside of house

ACT II: Church

ACT III: Living room of house

Costumes

ACT I: Mom and Daughter: parkas, hats and mittens, boots, casual winter clothes, sweaters, shoes, aprons

ACT II: Mom and Daughter: Same outer wear as ACT I.

Mom: dress

Daughter: pants and sweater

Joseph, Mary, Shepherds, and Wisemen: Bible robes

Angels: white robes and wings

ACT III: Mom and Daughter: Same as ACT II

Joseph, Mary, Shepherds, and Wisemen: Same as ACT II

Angels: Same as ACT II

Nicholas: Big heavy coat, gloves, large red scarf and Santa Claus hat, sweater and pants, beard

Scenery and Props

ACT I: snow shovel (at stage left door), wrist watch (Mom), back pack (Daughter), pocket books (Mom and Daughter), Christmas trees (at downstage right), clothes tree, long kitchen counter, mixer, baking pans, and cookies (at upper center stage), shopping bags full of gifts (left of upper center stage), keys

ACT II: manger, bench, Jesus doll and blanket, shepherd crooks, crowns (3), ornate boxes (3) (at center stage)

ACT III: Same as ACT II (moved stage left), Christmas tree with lights and ornaments, wrapped and unwrapped gifts, table, telephone with answering machine, large couch (for three) (all stage right/center), large black garbage-bag sized bag filled with gifts including wrapped Bible (Nicholas)

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICK

ACT I, Scene 1

{As the lights come up, Mom enters from stage left door. She looks at snow with disgust. She grabs snow shovel. She starts shoveling snow. She is weary. She shovels across stage to left of center stage. Daughter with backpack enters from stage left door and crosses to Mom. Daughter is bubbly. Mom stops, stands up and straightens up. Mom stretches. Daughter reaches Mom}

Daughter: Almost done, Mom?

Mom: *{wearily}* Almost. *{pointing ahead}* Just the pile at the end of the driveway. An early Christmas gift from the snowplow men...people... whatever.
{Daughter crosses ahead and shakes head}

Daughter: It's a lot to do.

Mom: I'm good.

{Mom shovels}

Daughter: I wish I could...*{whiny}* It's Christmas day eve! There's so much to do.

Mom: You have to go to school. You'll be done at noon.

{Daughter looks toward center stage. She picks up snow, makes a snowball, and throws it}

Mom *{cont'd}*: The bus will be here soon.

Daughter: I hate the bus.

{Mom shovels up to Daughter and stands up}

Mom: *{pointing to pile ahead of her}* Just jump over this last little part.

Daughter: Little?

Mom: *{waving Daughter to jump}* Go ahead.

{Daughter hops over several large piles of snow. Daughter is now separated by piles of snow. Daughter looks around}

Daughter: *{with relief}* Big storm.

Mom: Our first blast this year. *{with a large sigh}* There'll be more. *{hands up}* This is Maine!

Daughter: Where's the car?

Mom: *{pointing upstage}* It's there...somewhere. I made the mistake of leaving it on the street last night. I didn't think it'd snow so much. The snowplow buried it. So much for global warming!

{Mom shovels}

Daughter: How you going to get to work? You'll get home at noon, won't you?

{Mom shovels}

Mom: *{wearily}* We gotta buy a Christmas tree, cook, shop. How can I be even a minute late?

Daughter: How can you get the car out?

{Mom stands up and arches back. Daughter looks around}

Daughter *{cont'd}*: Who's going to help you?

Mom: Hurry up the street. You'll miss the...

Daughter: *{frustrated}* Ooooooh!

Mom: *{annoyed}* I can't drive you. *{pointing ahead}* I won't finish in time for your first class. The bus is fine. I used to take the bus when I was a kid.

Daughter: *{hand up}* It was cool to take the bus...in the stone age. Was there such a thing as ketchup when you were young?

Mom: No, it was...

{Daughter picks up snow and makes a snowball. She is not paying attention to Mom}

Mom *{cont'd}*: It doesn't matter.

{Mom shovels snow. Daughter throws snowball downstage. Mom stares at Daughter. Daughter becomes aware of stare}

Daughter: *{turning to Mom}* What?

Mom: Nothing.

{Mom shovels snow}

Daughter: *{trying to encourage}* At least it looks like Christmas now! We wouldn't want a green Christmas.

Mom: *{sullenly}* I like green.

{Mom looks at wristwatch}

Daughter: How'd Santa land his sleigh on the roof if we didn't have any snow?

Mom: *{with irony}* He couldn't! You're right.

Daughter: *{kindly}* You always said that when I was a kid and believed in Santa. Remember how Uncle Nick would come every year and play Santa Claus?

Mom: It was a happy time.

Daughter: We haven't seen him in years.

Mom: Santa or Uncle Nick?

Daughter: Neither.

Mom: We haven't bought many gifts. So we haven't had...

{Daughter looks off stage right stairs}

Daughter: *{pointing up stage right aisle}* The bus is here.

Mom: Go along.

{Daughter crosses to top of stage right stairs}

Daughter: *{as she crosses}* See ya at lunch. We'll get a tree...

{Mom waves off. Daughter looks discouraged, then exits off stage right stairs}

Mom: How can I think 'bout Christmas? I can't even get out of my driveway!

{Mom shovels several times}

Mom *{cont'd}*: Almost done.

{Mom crosses downstage and continues shoveling several times more}

Mom *{cont'd}*: I can do it

{Mom slips and falls. She gets up. She looks around and upstage. She shakes head with tears}

Mom: I can't do it! *{looking around}* Looks like Christmas?

{Mom throws shovel off stage}

Mom: I wish I lived in Florida!

ACT I, Scene 2

{Daughter without back pack enters from stage right stairs and crosses to Christmas trees. Mom crosses to trees. They look at trees}

Daughter: Here's some good size ones.

Mom: *{with weariness}* They're all really big.

Daughter: Is Dad coming to help?

{Daughter looks around}

Mom: I don't know why.

{Daughter selects one of the trees and holds it up}

Daughter: What'd ya think?

{Mom crosses closer to Daughter}

Mom: It's fine. *{shrugging shoulders}* Any one'll do.

Daughter: Mom, this is fun. Enjoy it.

Mom: I'm trying.

Daughter: It's...

Mom: *{with weariness}* Another ritual of Christmas.

Daughter: Like shoveling snow?

Mom: Right.

Daughter: *{waving off}* It's not that awful. Everybody does it.

Mom: Not in Florida. There's no snow in Florida and no shoveling. And no Christmas trees.

Daughter: They must have Christmas trees in Florida. Artificial ones, but they gotta have them.

{Mom shakes head}

Daughter {cont'd}: Everybody's gotta decorate something! What 'bout palm trees?

{Mom looks around. Daughter moves selected tree away from the others}

Daughter {cont'd}: Help me, mom. Please.

{Mom helps Daughter to hold up tall tree}

Mom: It's sooo big. Where will we get all the decorations?

Daughter: We got plenty in the attic.

{Daughter takes hand away and smells it. She extends hand to Mom to smell}

Daughter {cont'd}: It smells like Christmas. Like all the Christmases I remember.

{Mom looks at price tag}

Mom: They go up every year.

Daughter: Mom, the smell!

{Mom smells Daughter's hand}

Mom: Balsam.

Daughter: A Christmas smell.

Mom: It'll take so much time to decorate and take down. Taking it down's no fun. You'll probably be at school when I do it. Or on the computer. Or i-podl.

Daughter: I'll help. I promise. *{looking at tree all over}* It'll make the house so pretty.

Mom: What a mess it'll make. I'll find needles all over the house until Easter! *{tapping chest}* I'm the one who vacuums.

{Daughter fusses with tree}

Mom {cont'd}: Where we going to put it?

Daughter: The same place we always put it.

{Mom shakes head}

Mom: You can't get rid of them anymore. The garbage men won't take it 'till spring cleaning. It'll be on the lawn...

Daughter: 'Till Easter, I know. You can bring it to the town dump anytime. *{holding Mom's arm and jumping up and down}* I'm so excited, Mom.

Mom: *{with a curt smile}* I'm glad, darling.

Daughter: It makes it Christmas.

Mom: Does it?

Daughter: *{motioning to tree}* Can we get it?

{Mom takes wallet out of pocket book. Mom looks around for attendant}

Mom: There's no one around when you need them. *{hand to mouth and calling out}* Does anyone want our money?

Daughter: *{with a whine}* Mom!

Mom: Let's take it to the car. Maybe somebody's in the parking lot. If not, nobody'll call the cops when we drive away.

Daughter: *{sharply}* Mother!

{Daughter puts tree against others}

Mom: I didn't bring any rope. How we gonna get it on the roof?

Daughter: The guys there will have some. They'll be there. Trust me.

Mom: Have you heard 'bout the stores that'll put up your Christmas decorations, even the tree, and take them down? Even clean up?

Daughter: That's not Christmas.

Mom: What is? *{with a shrug}* We couldn't afford it anyway. Let's go home.

Daughter: To make cookies! *{clapping hands}* Yippee!

Mom: *{downcast}* Yippee.

ACT I, Scene 3

{Mom and Daughter cross to kitchen counter. They take off coats, hats, and mittens and hang them on clothes tree. They take off boots and put on shoes. They put on aprons and stand upstage of kitchen counter}

Daughter: I look forward to this every year.

{Mom crosses to stage right to edge of counter to get tray of cookies}

Daughter *{cont'd}*: *{genuinely}* I love to bake with you, Mom.

{Mom tries to smile. Mom crosses back to Daughter with tray of cookies}

Daughter *{cont'd}*: Can I...?

{Mom holds tray out to Daughter. Daughter takes a cookie and eats it. Mom puts tray down}

Mom: So much extra cooking during Christmas. Everyone wants something special.

Daughter: *{munching while talking}* 'Cause everything's so good. I love your special recipes. *{holding up cookie}* Why don't you make these all year?

Mom: They're a lot work. *{looking up}* When will I have time to finish everything? *{looks at wrist watch}* We'll never...

{Daughter takes another bite then holds up cookie}

Daughter: I want your recipe for these. *{with mouth full}* Sorry.

{Daughter swallows cookie}

Daughter *{cont'd}*: You gotta give it to me when I have my own house. *{pointing to Mom}* Before that, when I go to college, next year.

Mom: *{sadly}* I'll be all alone.

Daughter: *{looking away}* I'll make these cookies with my room mate. *{looking back at Mom}* I'll be back for Christmas...for the holidays.

{Mom is sad}

DAUGHTER *{cont'd}*: *{touching Mom}* All of them.

{Mom tries to smile}

Daughter *{cont'd}*: Will you write it down?

Mom: *{trying to smile}* When I have a free minute.

Daughter: Good!

{Daughter munches on cookie}

Daughter *{cont'd}*: This is delicious. It tastes like...

Mom: *{holding up hand to stop Daughter}* Christmas, right?

Daughter: I'm trying to encourage you.

Mom: *{looks at wrist watch}* We have to get to the mall. Let's go.

{Daughter takes another bite of cookie}

Daughter: It reminds me of when we were a family.

{Mom holds hands up in desperation}

Mom: *{tearfully}* We are a family.

{Daughter looks down. Mom and Daughter Take off aprons, put on coats, and pick up bags of gifts}

ACT 1, Scene 4

{Mom and Daughter cross to downstage left. "Jingle Bells" is playing under}

“Dashing thro' the snow in a one horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tail ring making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song tonight!
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle bell, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!”

{Shoppers with coats and bags of gifts enter and exit off stage. They look around and greet each other}

Daughter: The mall's so crowded. It makes Christmas exciting.

Mom: It makes shopping more difficult.

{Shoppers weave between Mom and Daughter}

Mom *{cont'd}*: Everyone's pushy.

Daughter: Daddy enjoys shopping.

Mom: He never did before.

Daughter: He says buying gifts at Christmas...

{Shoppers cross toward Mom and Daughter. The Shoppers are talking with each other and are not looking where they are walking. The Shoppers bump into Mom}

Mom: Watch it!

{Shoppers keep walking without turning around}

Mom *{cont'd}*: See what I mean!

Daughter: They didn't mean it. They were probably talking 'bout what they were buying for Christmas.

Mom: It's no excuse.

{Daughter puts down bags. Daughter takes Christmas list out of pocket book and looks at it}

Daughter: Who's left? Daddy. Uncle Nick...

{“Jingle Bells” ends. “Joy to the World” begins—instrumental only}

Mom: If he shows up. I don't understand him. He comes...*{shrugging shoulders}* when he wants to.

Daughter: Grandma and Grandpa.

Mom: *{pointing to bags}* They're set. They're coming Christmas morning like usual.

Daughter: When's Daddy coming?

Mom: I don't know.

{Daughter hums “Joy to the World” along with the instrumental music}

Daughter: At least they're playing Christmas carols again...

Mom: After all the complaints they got.

Daughter: *(hands up)* It sounds like Christmas at the mall again.

{Daughter sings "Joy to the World"}

Daughter: "Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth receive her king."

Mom: You'll get in trouble with the PC police.

{Daughter waves off and smiles}

Daughter: "Let every heart prepare Him room,"

{Mom puts down bags}

Daughter {cont'd}: "And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,"

{Daughter points to Mom to encourage Mom to sing. Mom joins in singing}

Daughter and Mom: "And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing."

{"Joy to the World" ends. "Frosty the Snowman" begins under}

Daughter: That wasn't so hard.

"Frosty, the snowman was a jolly happy soul,
With a corn cob pip and a button nose and two eyes made out of coal.
Frosty, the snowman is a fairy tale they say,
He was made of snow but the children know how he came to life one day.
There must have been some magic in that old silk hat they found.
For when they placed it on his head he began to dance around.
Oh, Frosty the snowman was a live as he could be
and the children say he could laugh and play just the same as you and me."

Mom: *{pointing to Daughter}* No wonder you made choir.

Daughter: *{pointing toward Mom}* Talent runs in the family.

Mom: I only sing at church and nobody hears me...*{hands up}* 'cause I'm drowned out by the lady behind us.

Daughter: Daddy says they'll only play the music, not the lyrics, at the mall 'cause they don't want you to know what the songs say. *{pointing up}* Except for these kind of songs.

{Mom picks up bags}

Mom: Your father's never liked Christmas carols before. *{pointing up}* "Frosty" is one of

his favorites—a song 'bout nothing!

Daughter: *{shaking head}* Are you sure?

Mom: *{with bitterness}* Why should he care about Christmas? The only thing he's given away at Christmas is us.

Daughter: You haven't had any “Joy” all day...all week...all Christmas season. *{entreatingly}* It's “Joy to the World”, Mom. You just sang it.

Mom: *{with weariness}* I'm happy.

{Daughter puts hands on hips}

Daughter: It's not the same as joy. *{tapping chest}* Joy's gladness in your heart. It's the Christmas spirit, even if you're not happy.

Mom: *{with discouragement}* Joy? *{shaking head}* In my heart?

Daughter: *{pointing to Mom}* Where's your Christmas spirit, mom?

Mom: It died...last year, when your daddy, your father...

{Mom turns away and puts hand to face}

Mom *{cont'd}*: I can't do this.

Daughter: You must.

Mom: I can't.

{Daughter picks up bags and crosses to Mom. Daughter puts down bags and puts hand on Mom's shoulder. Mom turns back}

Daughter: We have to finish shopping.

Mom: You do it.

{Mom puts bags down. She takes tissue out of her pocket book and wipes eyes}

Daughter: We have to get Daddy something.

Mom: *{waving off}* Get him a tie. If he doesn't come over, you can give it to him the next time he crosses our door-- Father's Day, maybe.

Daughter: *{shaking head}* He'll come over. I betcha.

Mom: What 'bout his...friend?

Daughter: She's gone.

Mom: Already?

Daughter: She spent all his money.

Mom: Of course.

Daughter: And Uncle Nick.

Mom: The phantom. Why do we keep buying gifts for him? The shelf in the front hall closet's full of his...unclaimed gifts from the last five years. *{waving off}* It's just another thankless job. All I do is work, work, work this time of year. For what? For whom? Those guys?

Daughter: What 'bout for me?

Mom: I don't have time for Christmas. With my day-to-day chores, *{pointing to Daughter}* taking care of you—I do it all for you-- the house, my job—we need the money...

Daughter: It's Christmas!

Mom: What does Christmas mean any more?

Daughter: Daddy's said...

{Mom shakes head}

Daughter *{cont'd}*: Daddy's changed since he's become a believer.

Mom: *{with skepticism}* Right!

{Daughter shakes head vigorously}

Mom *{cont'd}*: Do you know what he's done to me? To you?

Daughter: He admits there's a lot of stuff in his life he needs to change but...

Mom: *{very emotional}* Last Christmas. That was quite a day! *(waving off)* There's a lot he needs to change. A lot.

{Mom looks around and is frustrated}

Mom *{cont'd}*: Enough 'bout your father. This season's too much for me.

{Mom picks up bags}

Mom *{cont'd}*: I have to...

{Mom takes two steps toward center stage}

Daughter: We have to finish.

Mom: I'll wait in the car.

Daughter: Mom!

{Mom puts down bags and takes money out of pocket book. She crosses back to Daughter and gives Daughter money}

Mom: Get something for you father. With red wrapping paper. It's his favorite.

{Mom turns}

Daughter: *{pleadingly}* Stay and shop with me...please!

Mom: *{as she crosses}* I hate that song. It doesn't sound like Christmas! It's not Christmas!

Daughter: What is Christmas?

Mom: I don't know!

{“Frosty the Snowman” ends}

ACT I, Scene 5

{Mom picks up bags and crosses to downstage center stage. Daughter picks up bags and crosses to Mom}

Mom: I'm glad we're home. It's late. I'm tired.

Daughter: *{holding up bags}* We finished. Thanks for staying to get daddy's gift. And Uncle Nick's.

Mom: The phantom.

Daughter: He might show up.

Mom: Who?

Daughter: Santa Claus.

{Mom shakes head. She puts down bags. She looks into pocket book for door key}

Daughter: *{shivering}* It's getting really cold.

Mom: And dark early.

{Mom stops looking for key and looks up at Daughter}

Mom *{cont'd}*: Something we can agree about.

Daughter: It feels like Christmas?

Mom: Dark and cold.

Daughter: I don't get it.

Mom: All day I've listened to what you've said about the season. *{mockingly}* It looks like Christmas. It smells like Christmas. It tastes like Christmas. It sounds like Christmas. Now it feels like Christmas. I can agree 'bout dark and cold.

Daughter: *{pointing toward door}* But warm inside.

Mom: Not for me. Not this year.

Daughter: You said Daddy was a bum.

Mom: At least I wasn't alone when he was around.

{Mom looks for key in pocket book}

Daughter: We can still be joyful at Christmas.

Mom: Did your father tell you to say that?

Daughter: It was my idea—I said it at the mall.

Mom: How could I forget?

Daughter: Let's try it. Let's have a merry Christmas. What haven't we done in years?

Mom: Dyed eggs.

Daughter: That's Easter.

Mom: We can't do nothing else. The tree's not decorated. The presents aren't wrapped. Who's going to make dinner?

Daughter: I'll help.

{Mom waves off}

Mom: Dinner and that's it! Nothing more, please. I'm exhausted. Christmas season's too much. And today is impossible!

Daughter: Let's go to church.

{Mom is surprised}

Daughter: Why not? Daddy's changed 'cause of it. So can you.

Mom: He put you up to this.

Daughter: Why would he?.

Mom: Will he be there?

{Daughter shrugs shoulders}

Mom {cont'd}: He goes twice a year. Just holidays. I don't want to see him.

Daughter: Is that why we're not going to church? You're afraid to see him?

Mom: I don't know if he's going. We're not going 'cause I'm too busy!

Daughter: Too busy for Christmas? Only for celebrating what Christmas is really about!

Mom: *{thinking and nodding}* Looking, smelling, tasting, sounding, and feeling like Christmas, I know you've have trying to cheer me up all day. There's got to be more.

Daughter: There is. Let's see it.

Mom: *{looking at wrist watch}* It's too late.

Daughter: Please.

Mom: I'll think about it.

Daughter: *{pointing stage left}* It doesn't matter if we're late. We'll see some of it.

Mom: *{looking herself over}* I'm not dressed.

Daughter: It's a family service.

Mom: But...

{Mom takes keys out of pocket book}

Daughter: We're a family!

{Mom puts key into the key hole}

{black out}

END of ACT I

ACT II

{As the lights come up, Joseph and Mary sitting on a bench upstage of manger. Mary is holding Jesus in her arms. Shepherds (2) are standing on each side of Mary and Joseph. Mom and Daughter enter theatre from rear and cross slowly down center aisle}

Mom: *{whispering}* The service's started.

Daughter: *{whispering}* Started? We've missed the whole thing.

Mom: *{whispering}* You said we'd see some of it.

Daughter: *{whispering}* If we left when we were supposed to.

{Mom points ahead}

Mom: *{whispering}* I had to change.

{Mom looks around. Mom and Daughter take off coats as they cross}

Mom *{cont'd}*: *{whispering}* Do you see him?

Daughter: *{whispering}* Baby Jesus?

Mom: *{whispering}* You know who.

Daughter: *{whispering}* I thought you... No. Pay attention,

{Mom and Daughter reach half way down center aisle}

Mom: *{whispering}* Why'd we have to sit down front?

Daughter: *{whispering}* It's the eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt not sit in back when late to church."

{Mom shakes head}

Mom: *{whispering}* What'd we miss?

Daughter: *{looking at bulletin} {whispering}* Several Christmas carols...

Mom: *{whispering}* With words?

Daughter: *{whispering}* They want you to know the meaning here. The reading of the Christmas story.

Mom: *{whispering}* No matter. It's the same every year.

Daughter: *{whispering}* Mom!

Mom: It is!

Daughter: *{whispering}* Shhhh!

Mom: *{whispering}* I'm sorry. What else?

Daughter: *{whispering}* The sermon.

Mom: *{whispering}* Boring.

Daughter: *{whispering}* Why?

Mom: *{whispering}* You know.

Daughter: *{whispering}* It's the same each year.

{Mom nods}

Mom: *{whispering}* The collection?

Daughter: *{looking over bulletin} {whispering}* I can't tell.

{Mom and Daughter reach front row}

Daughter *{cont'd}: {pointing to stage right pew} {whispering}* There.

Mom: *{whiny}* The front row.

Daughter: *{whispering}* Quiet! I told you.

{Mom and Daughter sit in stage right front pew}

Mom: *{whispering}* What's happening, now?

{Wisemen (3) enter onto stage from stage left stairs}

{Daughter looks at bulletin. Wisemen (3) cross to Mary and Joseph}

Daughter: *{whispering} {pointing to stage}* The children's Christmas pageant.

{Mom and Daughter watch the masque Wisemen (3) kneel downstage to Jesus. Wisemen (3) each in turn open their boxes and show Mary and Joseph}

Mom: *{whispering}* Very interesting.

{Mom stands up}

Daughter: *{whispering}* Mom! What are you doing? It's not over.

Mom: *{to Daughter}* It's the real story!

Daughter: *{whispering}* Shhhh!

{Daughter grabs Mom's arm}

Daughter *{cont'd}; {whispering}* Sit down. You're embarrassing me.

{Mom sits down}

{Joseph, Mary, and Wisemen stand up. Angels (2) enter from stage left exit. Angels cross to manger. Each stands on one side of manger}

Daughter: *{whispering}* Now it's over.

{Joseph, Mary, Angels (2), Shepherds (2), and Wisemen (3) bow. Mom and Daughter clap}

Mom: *{whispering}* Christmas! *{loudly}* That's Christmas!

{Joseph, Mary, Angels (2), Shepherds (2), and Wisemen (3) sing "Hark! The herald angels sing"}

Joseph, Mary, Angels (2), and Wisemen (3):
"Hark! The herald angels sing,"

{Mom stands up and motions to Daughter}

Mom: Let's sing. It's Christmas. C'mon. Talent runs in the family.

Joseph, Mary, Angels (2), Shepherds (2), and Wisemen (3):
"Glory to the newborn king,"

{Daughter stands up reluctantly. Mom and Daughter join singing}

Mom and Daughter join Joseph, Mary, Angels (2), Shepherds (2), and Wisemen (3):
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;

With th'angelic host proclaim, 'Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark! The herald angels sing, 'Glory to the newborn King.'”

{As carol ends, Joseph, Mary, Shepherds, Wisemen, and Angels cross to stage left stairs and exit off stairs. Mom and Daughter put on coats and step into aisle}

Mom *{cont'd}*: Let's say “Merry Christmas” to our friends. Then we can go.

Daughter: I thought you...I thought you were worried 'bout seeing...

Mom: It's Christmas, isn't it? The pageant, wasn't it great?

Daughter: *{slowly}* *{not sure}* I... guess.

{Mom smiles and shakes hands of several audience members on the aisle}

Mom: *{to several in audience}* Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

{Mom waves to several in audience}

Daughter: *{amazed}* Mom, you're happy!

Mom: Joyful, dear. Joyful!

{Mom holds Daughter's arm. Mom and Daughter cross up center aisle and exit rear of theatre}

{black out}

End of ACT II

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