

ST. NICHOLAS PUPPET SHOW SCRIPT

St. Nicholas Puppet Show

Puppets:

St. Nicholas

Papa

Slave Trader

Matchmaker

3 sisters: Anastasia

Cecilia

Agnes

Lights out.

St. Nicholas (appears in front of backdrop of village): Hello, girls and boys. Hello, my friends. How are you? Do you know who I am? Yes, that's right. I am St. Nicholas, and sometimes people call me Santa Claus. I am the patron saint of children, because I love every one of you. I like to give gifts to the good children, too. I want to tell you a story of something that happened a long time ago when I lived in Myra where I was the bishop. Once I was walking down the street in a very poor part of the town. I heard singing coming from one of the huts. I went closer to hear better, and this is what I saw through the window.

(Curtain rises to show interior of peasant hut. Papa is in one corner, with his back to audience, and his head in his hands. Sometimes he takes a drink from a bottle. Matchmaker is in another corner, watching the 3 girls)

Anastasia, Cecilia, and Agnes (singing and dancing a little): Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match, find me a find, catch me a catch.

Anastasia: Oh, Matchmaker, have you spoken to the miller about his son, Basil? He is sooooo handsome.

Cecilia: Handsome? Goodness, Anastasia, the miller's son always has a bit of white flour on the tip of his nose!

Matchmaker: A little flour improves the complexion, I always say. I will speak to the miller as soon as your father tells me how much dowry he can provide.

Papa: (groans)

Agnes: Matchmaker, have I told you yet how much I like the butcher's son, John?

Anastasia: Only about a thousand times!

Cecilia: But, Agnes, don't you notice that the butcher's son always smells like sausages?

Matchmaker: And it's a very good smell. I will speak to the butcher as soon as your father tells me how much dowry he can give you.

Anastasia: And, what about you, Cecilia? Which young man do you have your eye upon?

Matchmaker: Simon, the blacksmith, is looking for a wife.

Cecilia: Oh, no. His hands are always black.

Anastasia: Then he won't mind eating your cooking when the meat gets charred.

Agnes: (Laughs)

Cecilia: You are the one who chars the meat, dear Anastasia, whenever we get the chance to have some.

Agnes: We are much too poor to eat meat, so why argue about it? Matchmaker, what other men are available?

Matchmaker: Well, there is Matthew the sign painter.

Cecilia: Why, he is almost blind.

Anastasia: A perfect match: with your plain looks and his poor eyesight, you'll surely be happy.

Cecilia: My plain looks! Why, you--

Agnes: Who else do you have, Matchmaker?

Matchmaker: Well, I could speak to Jude, the horse trader.

Cecilia: What? He is so old and deaf!

Matchmaker: He's only 62, or is it 72?

Anastasia: A proper, mature bridegroom! And, just think, since he is deaf, he won't be able to hear your bad singing!

Cecilia: No, no, no. None of them. I will whisper the name of the one I want to marry in your year, Matchmaker. (She whispers)

Matchmaker: Oh, what are you thinking? His father is the richest man in the city. How much of a dowry is your papa going to give you?

Papa: (groans) Nothing! I have no dowry at all to give them. And I can't give you any money, either, Matchmaker. I have lost my job, and I spent my last shilling on this bottle of wine.

Agnes: (In great consternation) No money! No dowry!

Anastasia: What will we do?

Cecilia: How will we live?

Matchmaker: How will they find husbands?

Papa: I don't know. I don't know.

Slave Trader: (enters) Excuse me, good sir, but I heard a rumor that you are in trouble. You have no money. You can't buy food, or pay your rent. You can't get husbands for your daughters. But this is your lucky day. I can help you.

Anastasia: Oh, yes, please help us.

Agnes: We want to get married.

Slave Trader: (Laughs evilly) Ha, ha, ha. You girls won't have to worry about getting a husband. You won't need a dowry.

Matchmaker: What do you mean, you slimy snake?

Slave Trader: Me, a slimy snake? Why, I only want to help this unfortunate downtrodden man!

Papa: How can you help me?

Slave Trader: Send the dear girls away and I will tell you.

Papa: Go out, all of you.

Girls: Yes, Papa.

Slave Trader: You must go too, my darling Matchmaker.

Matchmaker: (To Papa) Watch out. He is up to no good!

Slave Trader: Oh, how you insult me. I have a very good plan to assist this poor miserable fellow.

Matchmaker: Hmmph. Your plan may be good for you, but not for him.

Slave Trader: Arrivaderci. Bye-bye. Out you go.

(Girls and Matchmaker exit.)

Slave Trader: Now, my friend. I know how you can get a lot of money, and very easily. You won't have to lift a finger and all your troubles will be gone.

Papa: (eagerly) What is it? Tell me.

Slave Trader: I will buy your daughters.

Papa: Buy them!

Slave Trader: They are nice, strong young girls. I will pay one thousand shillings.

Papa: No! No! No!

Slave Trader: You don't understand, my friend. I mean, one thousand shillings, each.

Papa: But, you will make them slaves!

Slave Trader: Yes, but you will have plenty of money.

Papa: But, they will be miserable.

Slave Trader: Yes, but they will be glad to help their poor papa.

Papa: One thousand shillings each!

Slave Trader: Yes. Do we have a deal? Make up your mind quickly.

Papa: But--

Slave Trader: Act now. You won't get this chance again.

Papa: But--

Slave Trader: Here is a bonus: you won't have to spend a cent on feeding or clothing them after they are gone.

Papa: Let me think about it. Come back tomorrow.

Slave Trader: (On his way out) Don't forget, this offer is only good for a limited time.

Papa: (Pushing Slave Trader) Get out of here.

Slave Trader: It's a once in a lifetime opportunity.

Papa: (Gives him a shove) GET OUT!

(Slave Trader exits. Door slams. Papa paces back and forth.)

Papa: Oh, what should I do?

(Curtain closes. Scene changes to village street.)

St. Nicholas: Well, this was a terrible situation for those poor girls. Their papa had almost made up his mind to sell them for slaves. What could I do to help them? I remembered that I had some money saved up. I had thought about taking a trip to visit some holy places, but that money I saved for the trip was needed desperately right now. So that night, I quietly came back, with 3 small sacks of gold. I climbed up on the roof of that little hut. Yes, even at my age with my white beard, I managed to get up there. I silently dropped those sacks of gold down into the chimney. Now, watch what happened the next morning.

(St. Nicholas exits. Scene changes to inside of hut. Papa enters and paces back and forth, groaning)

Papa: Oh, morning is here and I still don't know what to do. That wicked slave trader will be here soon to buy the girls. I must sell them. I can't afford to keep them and feed them.

Girls: (enter happily, humming "Matchmaker")

Anastasia: Good morning, dear Papa.

Agnes: Did you sleep well, Papa?

Cecilia: What did that man want yesterday? He said he would help you get rich. If you get rich, you can give all 3 of us dowries.

Papa: Never mind what he said. It's cold. Make a fire. Use up the last of our sticks of wood. Hurry up. Get busy.

(3 Girls go to fireplace)

Anastasia: What is this in the fireplace?

Agnes: It looks like 3 bags.

Anastasia: What is in them?

Cecilia: Let me see. (She takes the bags and looks in them)

Agnes: Maybe the 3 bags are 3 gifts for the 3 of us girls.

Cecilia: Look! They are full of coins.

Agnes: Coins!

Anastasia: Where did they come from?

Cecilia: Maybe someone dropped them down the chimney.

Agnes: There is enough money here for us to have dowries.

Anastasia: Hurray!

Papa: What is this? Money?

Cecilia: Look, Papa! 3 bags of coins, one for each of us. We can get married now.

Papa: Is it a miracle?

Slave Trader: (enters) Good morning, my friends. You all look very cheerful today. You must have made up your mind to accept my generous offer.

Papa: You are wrong. We don't need your dirty money, Slave Trader.

Slave Trader: But--

Papa: Heaven has helped us, and answered my daughters' prayers.

Slave Trader: But--

Papa: Get out of my house.

Slave Trader: But--

Papa: And never come back! (He shoves Slave Trader out)

Matchmaker: (enters) I just saw that slimy snake, the Slave Trader running out your door. He looked very upset. What happened to him?

Papa: (chuckles) He missed out on a once in a lifetime opportunity.

Matchmaker: I am very glad to hear it.

Papa: And now, Matchmaker, you shall make some matches for my girls. Find them the very best men you can. Girls, show the matchmaker what you found in the fireplace this morning.

Cecilia: Look, we have dowries.

Matchmaker: 3 Bags of money! Praise be to God.

Papa: Let us all kneel down and thank the good God for his mercy to a poor sinner and his family.

(Curtain closes. Scene changes to street scene again)

St. Nicholas (enters): And so the 3 girls all got married, and were very happy. Papa was happy, too, and so was the Matchmaker, and so was I. Did you know that one of the best ways to find joy, is to give gifts to others? I hope that if you ever have the chance to be generous and to give a gift to someone who needs it, you will remember this story and how happy it makes everyone when you give a good gift. God bless you.

[Now how many of you are good children? I will give all of the good children a little coin to help you remember this story. But, if you have been naughty, I will give you a lump of coal.] (Puppeteers come out for applause and to give out candy coins)