

'TWAS THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

Written by

Carl Megill

Copyright © October 2023 Carl Megill and Off the Wall Play Publishers

<https://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher or author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the author and publisher assume no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

'Twas The Day After Christmas

There is a desk center stage with an intercom on it. There's a chair behind and a chair in front of the desk. Pat is standing behind the desk and Marge is in front.

MARGE

How was your Christmas, Pat?

PAT

It was great, but now back to the old grind.

MARGE

I know what you mean. Coming back to work at the unemployment office, after being off for Christmas, is a real drag. Nothing exciting, or different, ever happens here.

PAT

You have that right, Marge.

MARGE

Oh, I see your eleven o'clock is here.

Pat sits at her desk.

PAT

Okay, send them in.

Marge walks SR.

MARGE

Come on in.

Marge exits. After a moment, Santa enters. He walks up to Pat's desk. Pat doesn't look up.

PAT

Have a seat.

2.

Santa sits in the chair in front of the desk. Pat opens folder.

PAT

Name?

Santa looks around in disbelief.

SANTA

(sarcastically) Easter Bunny.

PAT

**Oh, wait, here it is. Claus. Santa Claus. What can I do for you,
Mr. Clause.**

SANTA

Well, I's December twenty-sixth and I'm out of work.

PAT

What kind of work do you do?

SANTA

I deliver toys to all good little girls and boys.

PAT

And what do you get to do this job?

SANTA

A lot of damn cookies.

PAT

Your age?

SANTA

Um, I'll be eight hundred and twenty-three years old...

next March.

3.

PAT

Your address is listed as the North Pole. What's the zip code?

SANTA

One.

PAT

Is there a Mrs. Claus?

SANTA

Yes.

PAT

And, what does she do?

SANTA

Annoys the hell out of me.

PAT

I see you have eight dependents: Dasher, Dancer, Parncer,
Vixen, Comet, Cupid Donner and Blitzen.

SANTA

Yeah, oh I adopted a ninth one this year. Rudy.

PAT

Rudy?

SANTA

Well, Rudolph. I found him in a bar and his nose was all lit up.

I figured since the headlights on my sleigh were out, he could be
a real asset.

PAT

And, was he?

SANTA

Yeah, but the others laughed and called him names.

And they wouldn't let him play any of their games...kids.

PAT

When was the last time you worked?

SANTA

Uh, two days ago.

PAT

And before that?

SANTA

A year before that.

PAT

You only worked one day this year?

SANTA

Yeah, but it was for twenty-four hours straight.

PAT

What do you do the rest of the year?

SANTA

I run a toy workshop. Non-profit. 501c3

PAT

How do you deliver these toys?

SANTA

I slide down people's chimneys and leave them under their trees.

PAT

You slide down all these chimneys and, yet, you're amazingly clean. Not a bit of soot.

SANTA

That's because I found something new this year.

PAT

What's that?

SANTA

The front door. So, when do I get my money?

PAT

You know, Mr. Claus, the unemployment office is more than just money.