

"The Santa Interviews" by Wade Bradford

Setting: The North Pole. The play takes place somewhere in the offices of Santa's Workshop. One desk can serve as the Cookie Making station, and another desk, perhaps on the other side of the stage, can represent Santa's office.

Two elves, Gimble (Male) and Macy (Female) work at a cookie table in the Dessert Department

(Optional Sound Cue: The play opens with seasonal music. As the two elves busily work, a narrator's voice is heard:

Narrator: While the children of the world counted the days before Christmas, the elves of the North Pole counted the sprinkles on their cookies.

Note: If the director thinks that the above exposition is unnecessary, feel free to omit the narration.)

GIMBLE: Three hundred ninety seven, three hundred ninety eight, three hundred ninety nine. Aha! I thought it was missing a sprinkle!

MACY: (Handing one sprinkle with a pair of tweezers.) Good work, Gimble.

GIMBLE: Thanks, Macy.

MACY: (Working on her gingerbread cookie -- frustrated.) Oh, Jingle Bells! What am I doing wrong with this Gingerbread Man? Gimble, can I get your expert cookie maker opinion?

GIMBLE: Whatever I can do to help out.

MACY: What's wrong with this cookie?

GIMBLE: Let's see. The raisin eyebrows are good. The frosting smile is perfect. Excellent arrangement of the gumdrop buttons. Oh, I see your problem. (Holds up cookie.) There's an extra arm. (The arm might be sticking out of the gingerbread man's head.)

MACY: Oh, dashing through the snow! I'll never be as good as you. I tell you, Gimble, when you get that promotion, I don't know what I'm going to do without you by my side.

GIMBLE: Gosh, Macy. I don't think--

MACY: I bet you're going to make the best cookie supervisor the North Pole has ever seen.

GIMBLE: Well, nothing is official. Santa still hasn't decided who will fill the new position.

SANTA enters, very busy like. He carries a clipboard.

SANTA: Gimble!

GIMBLE: Yes sir!

SANTA: As you know, I still haven't decided who will fill the new position. But I do know it's not going to be you.

GIMBLE: Oh.

SANTA: But I would like your help with the interview process. We've got a lot of applicants and I could use your expertise.

GIMBLE: (Glumly.) Whatever I can do to help out.

SANTA: That's the spirit! Ho-ho-ho-ho!

Santa Claus exits. Gimble is still severely disappointed.

MACY: Gingerbread arm?

GIMBLE: (Angry.) Oh, Jingle Bells!

Lights shift to show passage of time. Gimble rushes over to sit by Santa. Macy exits. Prancer enters.

Santa and Gimble are interviewing a female reindeer named Prancer. (The costume of the reindeer can be regular work clothes as long as the actress wears antlers. She should also have some type of hooves on her hands.)

PRANCER: And I've put in a lot of hours pulling your sleigh across the sky, landing on billions of rooftops and all that stuff. So now, I figure I am ready for a change.

GIMBLE: And you want to work in the Christmas Cookie factory?

PRANCER: Yes.

GIMBLE: Making delicate intricately designed cookies with your hooves.

PRANCER: Yes.

GIMBLE: You think your hooves can roll dough and add gumdrop buttons?

PRANCER: Sure! It'll be a snap. (She tries to snap, but she can't.)

GIMBLE: But you don't have fingers.

PRANCER: (Annoyed, raising her hoof.) No, Gimble, I don't have fingers, but if I did, imagine what I would be doing with one of them right now.

SANTA: Prancer -- you are a brilliant reindeer, one of the best I've ever had. Why in the name of Kris Kringle would you want to transfer? Am I not feeding you enough carrots?

PRANCER: The carrots are wonderful.

SANTA: Oh dear, you don't have an egg nog problem do you? Because we can get you help at Egg Nog's Anonymous.

PRANCER: No, Dasher is the one with the Egg Nog problem.

SANTA: Then why don't you want to fly on my sleigh?

PRANCER: Santa, it's not you. You're terrific. You're the jolliest boss a reindeer could hope for. But... But...

SANTA: But what?

PRANCER: That's exactly the problem. Blitzen's Butt. I've been flying behind that reindeer for centuries and I can't take it anymore. And until that deer changes his diet, I am not going back on that sleigh.

SANTA: I see. I'll tell you what, how about we rearrange the order. I'll put you next to... hmmm... Let me see. Which one is that handsome buck that I know you secretly like.

PRANCER: Santa! I think of my fellow reindeer on a purely professional level.

SANTA: Let's see, was it Dasher? Dancer? Comet? Cupid?

PRANCER: Oh, Cupid, please put me next to Cupid!

SANTA: Next to Cupid it is!

PRANCER: Thank you so much, Santa! Wait till I tell Vixen. She's going to be so jealous.

Prancer exits.

SANTA: Well, Gimble, it looks like these interviews are going to take a long time. I'll go throw another yule log on the fire. You send in the next applicant.

GIMBLE: Will the next applicant please come in.

Frosty the Snowman enters. Frosty's costume should include a hat and a carrot nose.

FROSTY: Thumpity, thump, thump. Thumpity, thump thump! Hi Gimble!

GIMBLE: Frosty! Hey, you old snowman, how have you been?

FROSTY: I've been feeling a little on the slushy side. Darn global warming.

GIMBLE: May I take your hat?

FROSTY: Why thanks so much! (He takes off his hat. Magical music plays and Frosty suddenly stands completely still.)

GIMBLE: (Holding Frosty's hat.) Frosty? Frosty? You froze up for some reason. Oh I forgot! Your magic hat, Without it, you're just a regular snowman! (He puts the hat on Frosty's head.)

FROSTY: Happy Birthday! Where am I?

GIMBLE: You're at a job interview. For the cookie supervisor position. Remember?

FROSTY: That's right. Hi Gimble! How are the wife and kids?

GIMBLE: I don't have any. How's your wife?

FROSTY: Oh, she left me... for an avalanche.

GIMBLE: Oh dear.

FROSTY: Yeah, she just got swept away. I miss her so. (He takes off his hat in her honor -- and freezes.)

GIMBLE: Oh, Jingle All the Way! (He snatches Frosty's hat and puts it back on.)

FROSTY: Happy birthday! Where am I? Hi Gimble!

GIMBLE: Hi Frosty. Why don't you sit right here. (He guides Frosty to a place behind a desk.) Santa will be with you in a moment, he's just throwing another yule log on the fire.

FROSTY: Oh, that's why it feels so warm in here.

GIMBLE: Oh, should I ask Santa not to--

FROSTY: No, it's all right. I've been outdoors my whole life. (Fanning himself.) That's why I was hoping to get a new job inside Santa's Workshop. I won't be working too close to the cookie ovens, will I?

GIMBLE: Well, sometimes--

FROSTY: (From behind the desk, Frosty sinks lower and lower.) It is getting awfully toasty in here.

GIMBLE: Frosty? Are you shrinking?

FROSTY: No, no, I think the room is getting bigger.

GIMBLE: Oh Frosty! You're melting!

FROSTY: I'm fine. I'll just fan myself with my magic hat. (He takes off his hat to fan himself, then freezes. He disappears behind the desk.)

GIMBLE: Frosty?

Santa enters.

SANTA: Now that we've got the office all warm and toasty, let's interview the next person. (Santa walks behind the desk. He slips and falls.) What? Who spilled water all over the floor? Gimble -- go get a mop.

GIMBLE: But sir--

SANTA: And who made this mess? Here's an old hat and a carrot.

PRANCER suddenly pops back onto the stage.

PRANCER: (Snatching the carrot.) I'll take that! (She munches on the carrot as she exits.)

SANTA: All right, who's next?

A creepy elf creature named SMEAGOL (AKA GOLLUM) enters.

SMEAGOL: Gollum does not like the smell of this place! It stinks of cinnamon and candy canes!

SANTA: Are you an elf? I don't think I've seen you before?

SMEAGOL: Smeagol dwells down below in the deep dark belly of the earth.

SANTA: Oh, the mailroom! So, I looked at your resume, which looks like it's a piece of tree bark smeared with fish paste, and I'm not sure you would be right for the job. Do you like to meet new people?

SMEAGOL: Eat new people? Yes, very much, my precious, very much indeed!

A tall, majestic looking elf in the style of the warrior elves from the Lord of the Rings enters.

ELF: Greetings, Santa Claus. I am Galagriel the Elf Princess Warrior.

SANTA: Now this is the kind of elf I'm talking about! Look at those muscles! Think of the massive amount of cookie dough that could be rolled! And those keen elven eyes, perfect for inspecting every Snickerdoodles, Sugar plums, and Gingerbread Men. You're hired!

ELF: My apologies Santa, but I didn't come to work at the North Pole. I came to capture this creature!

SMEAGOL: Please don't let them takes us away! Smeagol will be good! Smeagol will work for minimum wage!

SANTA: Well, it is tempting, but I think you better go with your Elf friend. If we need you, we'll give you a ring.

GOLLUM: A ring?! Where? Where is it, my precious?

ELF: Come on, you!

MACY: (Entering, flustered.) Mr. Claus, sir, there's someone who insists on seeing you. I tried to tell him how busy you are but --

SCROOGE enters, as grumpy and greedy as he is at the beginning of A Christmas Carol.

SANTA: Ebenezer Scrooge?

SCROOGE: Well, well, well. The one and only Jolly old Saint Nicholas. So, this is your Elf Driven Sweatshop I've heard so much about. I hope I am not interrupting your plans to give away all those free toys to those undeserving little moochers and looters. Bah humbug!

SANTA: What do you want here, Scrooge?

SCROOGE: I am here about the job.

SANTA: Are you serious?

SCROOGE: Yes, I am interested in taking the position of the cookie supervisor.

SANTA: What? Do you even like making cookies?

SCROOGE: Of course not, I never touch those crumbly little things, it's like death covered in frosting. But I know how to supervise! Under my supervision, your elves will work harder than they ever have before!

SANTA: Well, that sounds all well and good, but each one of my employees must be filled with holiday cheer.

SCROOGE: Filled with holiday cheer? Is that some sort of beverage?

SANTA: And all of my workers should be happy.

SCROOGE: Happy at work?

SANTA: Yes. Even the supervisors are happy and smiling.

SCROOGE: I can smile.

SANTA: Let's see.

Scrooge desperately tries to smile. Finally he gives up.

SCROOGE: I can't do it!

MACY: (Showing off her smile.) Like this Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Nope. Still can't do it. I guess that means I have failed the interview. I'll never be an Oopma Loompa.

MACY: You mean elf.

SCROOGE: Whatever.

SANTA: I don't understand, Scrooge. I thought you were visited by three ghosts and that you finally learned the spirit of the season.

SCROOGE: Oh, yes, that's true, and it was wonderful. But I was so filled up with holiday cheer (and wine) that I signed fifty one percent of my company over to Bob Crachitt and his family. So now they have control of my company! Now I work for them, isn't that dreadful?!

SANTA: But Bob Crachitt seems like a fair and kind man.

SCROOGE: Oh, it's not Bob Crachitt that scares me.

A small child (perhaps holding a whip) enters.

CHILD: Where is Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE: Oh no, it's Tiny Tim! (To Santa Claus.) Save me.

CHILD: You were supposed to be in the office an hour ago!

SCROOGE: I'm sorry sir! Please forgive me!

Scrooge hurries away. Tiny Tim and Santa regard each other.

TINY TIM: Santa.

SANTA: Tim.

Tiny Tim exits.

SANTA: We better put him on the naughty list.

MACY: Yes, Santa.

SANTA: Where's Gimble?

Gimble enters, exhausted.

GIMBLE: Sorry, Santa, I was busy rearranging the reindeer so that Comet and Cupid wouldn't fight over Vixen. I gave them all an apple, and that seemed to calm things down. Then, I had to wring out the mop and re-freeze Frosty the Snowman, and after that it took a while to explain why Prancer ate his carrot, so I lent him a turnip for a nose. Oh, and I also had to give that tall elf proper directions back to Middle Earth, they had made a wrong turn in Narnia. And then just now, on my way in, I stopped a small child from whipping an old man.

SANTA: Well, Gimble, you have had quite a day.

GIMBLE: Yes sir. Shall I send in another applicant?

SANTA: No. I have seen enough. I know exactly who I want to be the Cookie Supervisor of my Dessert Department.



Gimble stands tall, filled with hope. Macy is by his side, hoping for her friend as well.

SANTA: Gimble... Your friend Macy is now the supervisor! Well done, Macy!

GIMBLE: Really?

SANTA: Definitely. (To Macy.) I like your smile, kid. You've got just the right attitude for the job.

GIMBLE: Well, Macy, I can't think of a better person I would want as my boss. Congratulations.

SANTA: That's nice of you to say, Gimble. But I am afraid you won't be working on the cookie floor any more. So Macy won't be your boss.

GIMBLE: I won't be working -- What the Fa-la-la? You're firing me?! After all I've done for the North Pole? Fine! Good! Maybe I'll work for the Keebler Elves! But before I go, there's something that I've been wanting to tell you for a long time... You are the most ---

SANTA: I'm promoting you to vice president.

GIMBLE: --the most... wise, lovable, boss in the Arctic Circle. Vice president? Really?

SANTA: Yes, of course! I want you taking care of the cookies, and the candy canes, and the hot coco; you got to keep all these delicious desserts going -- so we can make sure these elves are happy toy makers, isn't that right supervisor Macy?

MACY: (Moving in close to Gimble.) It certainly is, right Vice President Gimble?

GIMBLE: Gosh. This is going to be the best holiday ever.

MACY: (Moving even a little closer.) There's only one thing I can think of that would make it better.

GIMBLE: What's that?

Sneaking something from behind her back, Macy raises mistletoe above their heads.

MACY: Mistletoe!

Gimble gasps as Macy puckers her lips. Lights out.

The End.