

CHRISTMAS DETECTOR

By Leon Kaye

Copyright © 2010 by Leon Kaye, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 1-60003-512-4

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

CHRISTMAS DETECTOR

by
Leon Kaye

(Dapper talk show host, LES, sits next to a crying young woman, EDNA. There are three chairs.)

LES: I am sitting next to miss Edna Potsmith of Potsdam New York and has she got a story to tell...

(EDNA jumps up and speaks an animated and angry fashion.)

EDNA: My ex Christopher is the worst person that ever was! We have a little boy together and he promises the boy he's coming to see him on Christmas Eve. And on Christmas, does he come? No, sir. He promises all these presents and things. He don't bring nothing. Actually, he's hardly around at all. And he's always so jolly all the time. But he never has any money. And he don't send us any. Les, I wish I never met the man. *(Sits, resumes her tearful crying.)*

LES: How old is your little boy?

EDNA: Six. And all the other boys tease him.

LES: Why?

EDNA: Cause his father is always wearing a red wool suit. He looks like a clown. One parent actually took out an order of protection.

LES: Order of protection?

EDNA: Yeah, Chris told the man's son he could see him when he was sleeping and he knew when he was awake. So the parents assumed he was some kind of stalker.

LES: Almost sounds like the guy thinks he's Santa Claus.

EDNA: He does. I think he really does.

LES: And your son, what's his name?

EDNA: Rudolph.

LES: Rudolph? And does he have a red nose?

EDNA: Yeah, cause he's crying all the time.

LES: What does Rudolph think of all this?

EDNA: Well, he loves his dad. I know that. But the last time they spoke, Rudolph said, "I don't believe in you anymore."

LES: And what did Chris say to that?

EDNA: He laughed. He laughed the way he does, you know, ho-ho-ho. Just awful.

LES: In any case, let's bring him out and hear his side. Let's bring out Chris Kringle!

(THEY stand. CHRIS walks out, the classic Santa, quiet as if HE doesn't know why HE's there. HE's startled by the audience and seems to almost sleep-walk in surprise.)

CHRIS: My goodness, all the fanfare.

EDNA: You're a bad daddy.

CHRIS: Excuse me?

EDNA: You're a liar. You don't take care of your family. You don't spend time with your own son.

(CHRIS stares, his jaw dropped open with shock.)

LES: What do you say, Santa? Edna called you a lot of things.

CHRIS: I don't know how to react.

LES: Are you a liar, Santa?

CHRIS: Heavens, no.

EDNA: You are too.

CHRIS: You're Edna Potsmith, aren't you?

EDNA: You know my name. That proves it.

CHRIS: You have a little boy, Rudolph.

EDNA: Oh, don't play dumb with me. I'm better at that than you.

CHRIS: You should have received coal three times, but I couldn't do that to you. I got you a Malibu Barbie instead.

EDNA: *(Quieter)* Fine. Never was a big Barbie fan anyway.

LES: Santa, Edna says that you've seen her boy many times before.

CHRIS: Yes.

LES: And you have made the boy several promises.

CHRIS: I, well, yes. I have done that.

EDNA: And you're a liar.

CHRIS: I am not a liar.

EDNA: Are too.

CHRIS: I am Santa. I do not lie.

LES: *(Stands)* Well, we have the results right here. You took a lie detector test earlier today.

CHRIS: Is that what that was?

LES: You were asked several questions.

CHRIS: I thought they were doing an E-K-G.

LES: First, you were asked if you lived in the North Pole.

Everyone knows Santa lives in the North Pole. You said you did.

(CHRIS nods)

That was a lie.

(EDNA stands, celebrates.)

Can you explain that?

CHRIS: Well... you know with the global warming... we, I mean the elves are not engineers. And we tried to save the workshop... but in the end, it fell into the sea.

LES: Santa's workshop?

CHRIS: At the bottom of the Arctic. A very inconvenient truth.

And luckily, the Russian Prime Minister, Mr. Putin, has been very gracious in allowing us to set up shop in Northern Siberia. Not building on ice. I won't make that mistake again.

LES: Well okay, that makes sense. But then we asked you if the toys you gave out to children were made by the elves, you said they were.

(CHRIS nods.)

That was a lie.

(EDNA celebrates.)

Can you explain that one?

CHRIS: I hate doing this. And I hope no children are watching.

But mass marketing, and the toy manufacturers, children all over the world want so many toys. Each child used to receive one toy. Now they make a list. And the electronics. The elves don't know how to make an X-box. We just had to farm some of the toys out to China and India.

LES: Outsourcing toys, are we?

CHRIS: Well yes. Nintendo and V-tech... the elves are lost with items such as those. We stick with wood-based or material and fake fur. We've branched out into metal trains and cars. And we're doing wonders with battery-operated speaking dolls.

LES: Any lead paint in your toys, Santa?

CHRIS: It's never been proven.

LES: What about legos? You make legos?

CHRIS: Well now, lego is a trade name.

EDNA: That's what he said to Rudolph. Rudolph wanted Lite-Brite. A lite-brite!

CHRIS: We don't have licensing agreements with Hasbro.

EDNA: That's what he told a six year old boy! He said why don't you try a Nakamara lite set? What the heck is that?!

CHRIS: It's the same thing.

LES: Okay, next question, you were asked if you bring toys to all the children in the world. You said yes. That was a lie.

CHRIS: Listen, the reindeer are two hundred years old. They only deliver in Florida. They need the heat. They don't fly so good anymore.

LES: Only Florida? What about the other children in the world?

CHRIS: We used D-H-L, but we've been having problems.

LES: What about U-P-S or Fedex?

CHRIS: Expensive. You know what it costs to send ten thousand boxes filled with wooden blocks? *(Shakes his head, not wanting to think about it.)*

EDNA: You didn't send us nothing.

CHRIS: Excuse me?

EDNA: Nothing. You didn't send Rudolph nothing.

CHRIS: When you moved, did you leave a forwarding address?

EDNA: I told the Santa at Macy's!

CHRIS: That's a fake Santa. Did you call our 800 number?

EDNA: What 800 number?

CHRIS: What about our website?

EDNA: I... I didn't –

CHRIS: And there's children in Africa and the Far East that don't even have potable water. And you're here complaining I didn't get you a botox self-injection kit.

(EDNA looks embarrassed.)

Oh, I got your letter. Just like when you were twelve and you asked for a gun so you could shoot your mother. If we're telling the truth, let it all come out!

EDNA: *(To LES)* I thought the show was about him, not me.

LES: *(Shrugs)* As long as it ends in a brawl, I'm good.

CHRIS: Go ahead, Sonny, next question.

LES: Yes, okay.

CHRIS: Is Les your real name?

LES: Lester, yeah.

CHRIS: *(To EDNA)* I guess when you have a choice of Maury or Les, you picked Les. But then again, you always go for less.

(CHRIS stands, pumps his fist while ho-ho-ho-ing to an Arsenio Hall bark!)

EDNA: *(To audience)* Don't encourage him.

CHRIS: I love a good pun. Cause I'm a punny guy. Go ahead, ask your questions. I'm dying in these lights. *(Wipes his brow, unclips his collar snap)*

LES: All right then, next question. You were asked if you come down the chimney at Christmas time. You said you did.

CHRIS: I did.

LES: That was a lie.

CHRIS: No, no. It's not.

EDNA: You're a liar. You're a big fat liar.

CHRIS: That's really enough.

EDNA: Yeah, and what are you gonna do about it?

(CHRIS lunges at EDNA. THEY wrestle. LES separates them.)

Liar!

CHRIS: She has no Christmas cheer. Honestly.

LES: Okay, Santa, simmer down.

CHRIS: I did go down a chimney... once. I had a little too much eggnog with a special additive if you know what I mean. And I went down, just so I could say I did it. And the guy in the house had a well-stocked bar. Yeah, that was a very merry Christmas.

EDNA: You're still a liar. And your son knows you're a liar.

CHRIS: My son?

EDNA: Yeah, your son, Rudolph.

CHRIS: Rudolph is not my son.

EDNA: Of course he is. He has your rosey cheeks. Your sparkly eyes.

CHRIS: Who knows who his father is. I take one look at you and all I can say is, “Ho, ho, ho.”

LES: Are you saying that Rudolph is not your son?

CHRIS: All the children in the world are mine, but in the way you are speaking, no, Rudolph is not my son.

LES: Well, we did a D-N-A test earlier today.

CHRIS: D-N-A?

EDNA: That’s right. Now all the world’s gonna know you’re a dead beat Santa.

CHRIS: I’m not.

LES: *(Stands)* Well we’ll find out right now. Won’t we? Santa, in the case of Rudolph Potsmith, you are NOT the father.

(CHRIS jumps up ho-ho-ing, pumping his fist and rotating his tummy around as if doing the hula.)

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from CHRISTMAS DETECTOR by Leon Kaye. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com