

DEAR SANTA

by SCOTT CRAIN

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Two postal workers read through a stack of letters to Santa, only to discover some requests that Jolly ole Saint Nick can't deliver.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: A uniform or mail crate is important to establish a sense of 'place'—if those are unavailable, you may want to print out a U.S. Postal Service sign for the counter.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Christmas

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Matthew 25:31-46

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Christmas

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

MAX – in his fifties

VICKIE – in her twenties or thirties

PROPS: A table / counter, large stack of mail, purse, tissue, compact

COSTUMES: Postal uniform for Max, contemporary winter-wear and Santa hat for Vickie

SOUND: Two wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A post office, Christmas Eve night

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Lights up on MAX, standing behind a counter and frowning down at a letter in his hands. On the counter before him are two piles of assorted letters and envelopes.

After a moment, the door opens behind him and VICKIE enters, purse in hand; she wears a coat and Santa hat.

VICKIE: Ho, ho, ho.

MAX looks up and smiles.

MAX: Well if it ain't Jolly ole Saint Vick.

VICKIE smiles and absently wipes her nose with a wad of tissue.

VICKIE: I was driving by and saw the light on. Thought I'd stop in.

MAX: I'm glad you did. That "Saint Vick" joke wouldn't have been nearly as funny in January.

VICKIE: Yeah.

MAX: It's Christmas Eve. Shouldn't you be at home with visions of sugarplums dancing in your head?

VICKIE: *(Rolls her eyes)* We started putting together Superman's 'Fortress of Solitude' and discovered we needed D-sized batteries.

MAX: Ah, the perils of being a supermom. What's with the red nose, Rudolph?

VICKIE: Santa brought me a head cold for Christmas. *(She pulls out a compact and snaps it open)* Is my nose really shiny?

MAX: You could even say it glows.

She powders her nose.

VICKIE: Part of being a mail carrier, I guess. "Rain or snow or dark of night" sure does a number on my sinuses. We do get off for Christmas Eve, though.

MAX: I know.

VICKIE: So what are you doing here? Santa's supposed to be doing the delivering to-night.

MAX: Actually, I'm helping Santa out this year. *(Pointing to the pile of letters)* He sent me all of his overflow.