

# ***THE GREAT CHRISTMAS STRIKE***

*By Robyn Harrison*

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### **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(In order of appearance)*

#### **THE NARRATOR**

**STOCKING #1**

**STOCKING #2**

**SUGARPLUM #1**

**SUGARPLUM #2**

**SNOWFLAKE #1**

**SNOWFLAKE #2**

**RUDOLPH, the REINDEER**

**SANTA CLAUS:**

#### **THE REPORTER**

**CLEA**

**CRIS**

**RICK**

**LINDA**

**KELLY**

**CHAD**

**MARIE**

**GLEN**

**Playing Time:** 20 minutes

### **PRODUCTION NOTES**

This is a versatile play that can be performed by as few as nine students or as many as eighteen. Each of the "students" and the Reporter can double as a character and the Narrator entailing little more than a costume change. The set, likewise, can be as elaborate as one requiring flats and a set change from a fireplace scene to a classroom; or it can be as simple as a fireplace in front of the curtain with the students carrying on their own desks for the transformation to a classroom.

The names of towns appropriate to the area in which the play is performed may be used to "fill in the blanks."

## **The Great Christmas Strike**

### **Scene 1**

*(AT RISE: Two stockings are hung in front of a fireplace. The NARRATOR enters.)*

NARRATOR: 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through \_\_\_\_\_, not a creature was stirring, not one girl or boy. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

STOCKING #1: Psssst! You awake?

STOCKING #2: Of course, I'm awake! Have you ever been able to sleep hanging by your arms by a hot chimney?

STOCKING #1: Know what you mean. Hey, I was just thinking... every year we go through the same old thing. We're dragged down out of that damp attic, hung by our arms till we feel they could break, stuffed to the max with toys and candy till we think our seams will split ... and then crammed back into that box in the attic and forgotten for another year.

STOCKING #2: It doesn't really seem fair, does it? I mean, I don't think we're really appreciated, and yet, where would they be without us? I'm just pretty doggone tired of it myself. I think maybe this is the year we ought to let them know how we feel.

STOCKING #1: Hey! That's a great idea ... we'll go on strike! There won't be anywhere for Santa to put their goodies so he just won't leave any. That ought to show those unappreciative little brats! Let's go! *(THEY climb down and exit.)*

*(SUGARPLUMS enter, dancing to the strains of Tchaikowsky's "Dance of the Sugarplums.")*

SUGARPLUM #1: Dance, dance, dance! That's all we're good for. Year in, year out, all we do is dance in wee little heads on Christmas Eve.

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SUGARPLUM #2: And the pay isn't all that hot either. Whoever heard of doing all this dancing and all we get in return is our names mentioned in some lousy Christmas poem!

SUGARPLUM #1: Well, I'll tell you what, with the economy in the state it's in, I just can't afford to keep this up much longer. In fact, I think it's high time we did something about it!

SUGARPLUM #2: Like what?

SUGARPLUM #1: Well, suppose we just quit dancing? No sugarplum dancing in wee little heads should really make those people sit up and take notice. Why, if it weren't for us, people might be having nightmares on Christmas Eve!

SUGARPLUM #2: Hey, I think you may have something there. If we went on strike, maybe we'd get a raise!

SUGARPLUM #1: Or at least we'd get our names in the papers and maybe get offered another job. *(THEY begin to exit.)*

SUGARPLUM #2: I can see the headlines now ... "Sugarplums on Strike! Wee Little Heads Fear Nightmares..." *(THEY exit.)*

NARRATOR: So, okay ... the children were nestled all snug in their beds, and nightmares crept into their wee little heads. And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap. When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow gave a luster of midday to objects below ...

*(Enter SNOWFLAKES "falling" to sit on floor.)*

SNOWFLAKE #1: You know, I sure do get tired of doing nothing but falling down all the time.

SNOWFLAKE #2: Yeah, but at least we get to just lay around in between trips.

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SNOWFLAKE #2: (*Cont'd.*) You know, actually falling should give us a lot of prestige ... the more we fall, the better the skiing.

SNOWFLAKE #1: And the better the skiing, the more THEY fall... ha! So how's the family? Your wife, and what do you have? Three little flakes now?

SNOWFLAKE #2: Four. Oh, they're getting along okay. We're all pretty disappointed we don't get to spend the holidays together, but the people were needing snow in \_\_\_\_\_ so they could have a white Christmas and the wife and one of the kids had to go. The other three are around here somewhere.

SNOWFLAKE #1: That doesn't seem quite right ... breaking up a family ... especially on Christmas!

SNOWFLAKE #2: Really. Getting the whole family together on Christmas is the idea ...

SNOWFLAKE #1: Know what I was thinking? They've got artificial snow machines here. Why don't we just ditch this action and let them fend for themselves? I think a statement needs to be made about this gross injustice immediately!

SNOWFLAKE #2: On top of which, I really don't appreciate them "cloning" us with those snowmakers ... really makes us lose our individuality! Come on! Let's get going! (*THEY exit.*)

NARRATOR: This is getting real old, real fast. (*Sigh.*) The moon on the breast of the sand and the clay made it look like it was the middle of the day. When what to my wondering eyes should appear (*I hope!*) but a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer?

(*Enter RUDOLPH and SANTA.*)

RUDOLPH: Nope, sorry, not this year. As spokesdeer for the rest of the team, we've decided to check it in for Christmas this year. No cash, no dash. No mon, no run. No dough, no go.

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RUDOLPH: *(Cont'd.)* We train all year, and for what? One solitary night of glory not even televised on prime time TV. No sirree, if the kids want Christmas, they're going to have to come up with something to make it worth our while.

NARRATOR: And Santa?

SANTA: Same goes for me. I spend all year reading mail: "Dear Santa, I want ... " Then before Christmas, in the stores, the kids sitting on my lap coughing their cold germs all over me saying, "I want, I want ... want, want, want!" And after Christmas, what thanks do I get? Sometimes a thank you note or two, but never as many as the "I want" letters I receive. I'm fed up with it. If nobody appreciates the work I do, they can just do without. *(SANTA and RUDOLPH exit.)*

NARRATOR: Hey! This ought to make a better story than this silly poem ... I always did want to be a big time reporter! *(Exits.)*

**CURTAIN**

## **End of Freeview**

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