Christmas With a Twist

Three 10-minute holiday plays

By Carl L. Williams

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Christmas With a Twist

This trio of 10-minute plays provides a fun twist to the holiday season. In “Another Turn of the Scrooge,” the old curmudgeon we all know and love pays the price for his first good deed as his life takes yet another Christmas turn.

In the second play, “The Man Who Shot Santa Claus,” a man on trial for killing Santa Claus is defended by a slick lawyer, who argues that Santa had it coming!

In the final play, “Gift of the Magi – The Untold Story,” reality sets in just after the conclusion of O’Henry’s classic short story, as husband and wife quarrel over the cutting of her hair and the selling of his watch.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

"Another Turn of the Scrooge" *(3 m)*

SCROOGE: Dickens' character, reformed curmudgeon.
INSPECTOR WYNDOM: Police detective.
SERGEANT HODGES: Policeman.

"The Man Who Shot Santa Claus" *(2 m, 1 w)*

PROSECUTOR: Woman, tough, idealistic, age 30s-40s.
DEFENSE: Man, crafty lawyer, age 30s-40s.
O'BANION: Sourpuss, age 40s-50s.

"Gift of the Magi - The Untold Story" *(1 m, 1 w)*

CYNTHIA: 20s-30s, attractive, short hair.
HENRY: 20s-30s, her husband.

PROPS

"Another Turn of the Scrooge": Scrooge's hat, Christmas bows and ribbons, detective's note pad.

"The Man Who Shot Santa Claus": A Santa hat, a folded note, folder of affidavits.

"Gift of the Magi - The Untold Story": Set of combs, watch fob, hairbrush (optional nightgown).

Another Turn of the Scrooge

(AT RISE: Morning of December 26. It's the 19th century, though it could be updated. Living room of Scrooge's home. SCROOGE is bubbling over with good humor, playing with a pile of colorful ribbons and bows.)

SCROOGE: What a grand Christmas this has been! I have never been happier in all my life! Christmas, Christmas! How I love Christmas! *(Laughing, sticks a bright bow with a dangling ribbon on his black hat and puts it on.)* Unwrap me now, for I am a brand-new man! I wish it were yesterday again so I could enjoy it once more. So many days from December 26 till the next December 25! But I shall keep Christmas in my heart and celebrate it every day! *(SFX: Knock at the door. HE turns at knocking, removes his hat.)* Come in, my friend! My friend, whosoever you may be.

(WYNDOM and HODGES enter.)

WYNDOM: Are you Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge?
SCROOGE: I am delighted to say that I am! Though if you had inquired a scant two days ago, I should not have been delighted at all to admit to being the man I was.
HODGES: Don't give us any doubletalk.
SCROOGE: I shall give you whatsoever you may ask, or give it not at all if you prefer.
WYNDOM: I'm Inspector Wyndom, and this is Sergeant Hodges.
SCROOGE: Collecting for the policeman's ball? I'd be most happy to make a donation, and a very generous one.
WYNDOM: That's not why we're here. Do you know a family named … *(Checks his notepad.)* Cratchit?
SCROOGE: Indeed I do! What a merry little clan they are. That fine, hard-working Bob Cratchit, my good right arm.

SCROOGE: *(Continued.)* And dear little Tiny Tim, how he chirps, "God bless us every one." It warms my heart to think of them … warmer still with the extra coal I'll be giving Bob today to keep the winter's chill away from his cold, dreary office. I'm running a trifle late this morning, detained by the delirium of my own glad feelings.

WYNDOM: Is it true you gave the Cratchit family a Christmas turkey?

SCROOGE: And what a turkey it was! The big prize turkey hanging in the butcher's window. So big that on Christmas Day no one yet had purchased it, till I hired a boy off the street to fetch it and take it around to Bob for a surprise.

HODGES: It was a surprise, all right.

WYNDOM: We just came from seeing the Cratchit family.

SCROOGE: Still well-filled, I trust, from that bountiful bird.

HODGES: They're in the hospital.

SCROOGE: The hospital!

WYNDOM: The turkey had salmonella.

SCROOGE: It had--?!

HODGES: Food poisoning.

SCROOGE: Oh, no! That's dreadful! How are they doing?

WYNDOM: They'll live, but it was rough going for a while.

SCROOGE: I feel terrible.

HODGES: Not as terrible as they do.

WYNDOM: Mr. Scrooge, we need to ask you a few questions.

SCROOGE: About what?

WYNDOM: About that turkey.

SCROOGE: I told you. I acquired it from the butcher shop.

WYNDOM: Did you know there was something wrong with it?

SCROOGE: No!

HODGES: Isn't that why you bought it?

SCROOGE: Certainly not!

WYNDOM: But you sent it to Bob Cratchit anonymously. Why?

SCROOGE: I was simply doing a good deed without seeking credit.
HODGES: Credit? Or blame?
SCROOGE: Now see here—
WYNDOM: Your reputation isn't for doing good deeds, Mr. Scrooge.
SCROOGE: My reputation is a burden I would eagerly discard.
WYNDOM: In fact, you're reported to be an ill-tempered miser. You expect us to believe you perform charitable acts on the sly?
SCROOGE: Only this once! It gave me joy to be a secret benefactor.
HODGES: So secret we had to track you down by means of the street urchin, who was known to the Cratchit family.
WYNDOM: According to them, he arrived in a cab.
SCROOGE: I paid for the cab! I paid for the boy's time! I paid for the turkey! It was all a gift!
WYNDOM: Rather peculiar, being so generous to a man with whom you had so lately quarreled.
SCROOGE: What do you mean?
HODGES: Didn't you have an argument with Bob Cratchit on Christmas Eve?
SCROOGE: An argument? Why, no.
WYNDOM: Weren't you going to make him work Christmas Day until he finally convinced you to let him have the day off to be with his family?
SCROOGE: Yes, yes, but there was no arguing….
HODGES: And then yesterday, suddenly, for no reason at all, you decided to give him the biggest turkey in the shop.
SCROOGE: Suddenly, true enough, but not without reason.
HODGES: The reason being you wanted to do him harm.
SCROOGE: Not at all!
WYNDOM: Isn't that why you tried to conceal your identity as the source of the contaminated turkey?
SCROOGE: Gentlemen, you do me a great injustice!
HODGES: Then how do you explain your change of heart?

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