

VO: So what are you saying? If you were pretty and I was handsome, you'd dump me as a friend?

NE: No. I don't think so. I don't know. If you're going to do it, you must do it. Ok? Don't spare my feelings. Put that friend's name off with a Band-Aid.

VO: Sorry to disappoint you but... (she's been studying ONE's name) You really need a number on this.

NE: How am I going to compete in the pageant?

VO: You don't have to. I don't care what you look like. I don't care what Selene says you look like.

NE: (almost crying) I care.

There is a pause as the girls look at each other.

VO: You'll wear flats.

NE: Everyone else will be in heels.

VO: There are the flats in Stanbrooks. I saw them last week. Pointy toe, thin, sort of pink, sort of mauve, very pretty. They look great and you'll be able to walk. We can go tomorrow if you want.

NE: What about Dean?

VO: They don't fit, but they'd probably look pretty on him too.

NE: I...

VO: Sofus.

NE: Flat it is.

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Santa Runs A Sweat Shop

ONE and TWO are siblings. ONE is six years old and TWO is eight years old. Both can be either gender.

ONE and TWO sit side-by-side. TWO has a look of fierce determination on her face. ONE is desperately trying to stay awake. ONE closes his eyes and droops on TWO's shoulder. TWO pokes ONE to make him wake up.

ONE: (sitting up) I'm awake, I'm awake!

They sit silently. ONE instantly begins to droop again. He drops his chin to his chest and starts to snore. TWO looks annoyed and pokes ONE to wake him up.

ONE: (sitting up) I'm awake, I'm awake!

TWO: Shhhhhh. They'll hear you.

ONE: (rubbing his eyes) What time is it?

TWO: (looking at her watch) 10:01 – wait, 10:02.

ONE: (stretching and yawning) How much longer?

TWO: We've got hours to go.

ONE: Hours? How many hours?

TWO: Till after Mom and Dad go to bed, for sure.

ONE: They're still awake?

TWO: Uh huh.

ONE: Can't we tell them to hurry up?

TWO: Then we'd have to tell them why we want them to hurry up.

ONE: Oh.

TWO: I couldn't fall asleep if I tried. I'm too excited to sleep.

ONE yawns, his mouth as wide as it will go.

TWO: Aren't you excited?

ONE: I am, I am. I'm just tired excited. I'm tired and I'm excited. I'm tire-cited.

TWO: That's stupid.

ONE: What if we fall asleep like last year?

TWO: We won't. I'm not falling asleep for anything. This is an important moment. It could be the most important moment of our lives.

ONE: I know, I know.

ONE gives another jaw-cracking yawn and slumps down in his seat.

TWO: Would you stop yawning!

ONE: But I'm so tired. I don't know why. I'm never tired. *(this just occurs to him, he sits straight up)* You think Mom and Dad know what we're up to? They know and they put something in the food to make us sleepy?

TWO: I'm not sleepy.

ONE: What did I eat that you didn't eat? *(he gasps)* Mom made me eat sweet potato! *(imitating)* "How do you know you don't like something if you don't try it? Try it for Mommy!" She put sleeping potion in the sweet potato!

TWO: She did not.

ONE: Did you eat it?

TWO: No.

ONE: Then how do you know if she did or didn't?

TWO: They don't know we're staying up. If they did, they'd be checking up on us every five seconds.

ONE: Not if they know we ate sweet potato potion.

TWO: That's stupid. There's no potion.

There is a pause. TWO looks wide awake. ONE begins to droop.

ONE: *(yawns again)* I don't know if I'm gonna make it. I can hardly keep my eyes open.

TWO: Use your fingers to hold the lids up.

ONE: That's a good idea. *(trying to hold eyes open with fingers)* Do you know what you're going to ask?

TWO: Sure. Do you?

ONE: Oh yeah. I thought about it all day. Maybe that's why I'm so tired. I worked my brain so hard, it's in a coma!

TWO: Somehow I doubt it. What are you gonna ask him?

ONE: I wanna know... *(fast and excited)* what he feeds the reindeer. Do reindeer really like carrots? I think they'd like oats better, or grass, 'cause there's never any grass at the North Pole. I bet they'd love grass. It's like a special treat or something, and that would be a good thing to leave out, but how do you keep grass from the summer till now? And I wanna know... if Santa's fat all the time, or does he lose weight during the year. Mom says that's not nice, and you shouldn't ask people about their weight. But I wanna know. He wouldn't mind if I asked, would he? And I wanna know... if the snow at the North Pole is light and fluffy or if it's packing snow and if the elves have snowball fights. I think it's packing snow, but if he's going to be standing right in front of me, I'm gonna ask him for sure. So. *(pause)* What are you gonna ask about?

TWO: Labour relations.

ONE: Huh?

TWO: I think Santa's extorting the elves.

ONE: He's doing what?

TWO: I'm talking a North Pole Sweat Shop. How else is he able to make so many toys? Those elves seem happy but I'll bet it's a front. I'll bet there's something, someone making those elves act happy.

ONE: But he's Santa. He'd never do anything bad.

TWO: That's what he wants us to believe. I'll bet he pays those elves peanuts and they're supposed to take it 'cause they work for the big guy in the red suit.

ONE: But he's Santa. Ho, ho, ho. He laughs like a bowl full of jelly?

TWO: It's the nice guys you have to watch out for. I want to know about wages, I want to know about working conditions, I want to know about days off and if he's squashed any unions. And what about Mrs. Claus? Is she on the payroll or is she working under the table? *(she rubs her hands together with glee)* Oh yes, Mr. Claus and I are going to have a long chat tonight, oh yes indeed.

ONE looks at TWO for a second and gets up.

TWO: Where are you going?

ONE: Bed.

TWO: Why? Don't you want to talk to Santa?

ONE: Not so much anymore. See you in the morning. Merry Christmas.

ONE exits.

TWO: Suit yourself. Merry Christmas! *(to herself)* All right, fatty. It's just you and me. You. And me.

(she rubs her hands together.)

— THE END —

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We're going to have a lot of fun and what's one thing we're going to do a lot of? *(she listens exaggeratedly and then claps her hands together)* That's right! We're going to PLAY. It wouldn't be called the Play Place if we weren't going to do any playing. But we're not going to play alone, are we? *(she puts her hand to her forehead as if she's searching for someone)* Where is Swab? Where is Swab? *(she points out to you know?)* *(she points again)* Do you know? *(she puts her hands exaggeratedly on her hips)* I wonder where Swab could be? *(she calls out)* Swab! Swab! *(she scratches her head)* Hmmmmmm. That doesn't seem to be working. *(she claps her hands together)* I know! We should call for Swab, all together. I'll count to three and then you call out "Swab!" Repeat. In your loudest voice, ok? One, two, three — SWAB!!! *(she looks offstage, clearly expecting TWO, who doesn't appear)* Gee. That usually works. *(She looks left and right. She claps her hands on her hips. She speaks just a little bit out of character.)* Usually Swab has very good hearing. *(she claps her hands together)* Let's try it again my little friends. Ready? One, two

TWO enters running on, holding a mop. She looks a little puzzled and out of sorts. It's hard work to keep up the cheery demeanour.

[REDACTED]