

# MY FEDEX CHRISTMAS REQUEST

TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By Jeff Lovett

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## **MY FEDEX CHRISTMAS REQUEST**

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**SYNOPSIS:** Nicky has been a naughty boy. Again. In fact, Nicky is naughty every year so instead of getting toys under his Christmas tree, he gets a lump of coal in his stocking year after year. Well, Nicky is tired of being labeled “Naughty” by Santa and decides to pack himself in a FedEx box and ship it to the North Pole. He’s going to plead his case face-to-face with Santa, but first, he has to get past Libby, the elf in charge of Santa’s “Naughty or Nice” list. This pacy comedy shows us what happens when Nicky decides he’s just not going to take it anymore!

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(ONE MAN, TWO WOMEN)*

- LIBBY *(26 lines)*
- NICKY *(14 lines)*
- HARRIET *(2 lines)*

**PRODUCTION NOTES:** It might be fun to cover the chairs and desks in Santa’s workshop with FedEx and/or U.P.S. or USPS boxes and posters. It would be quite funny to have Libby sitting on FedEx furniture with a large sign that reads: *Out of My Mind, Back in Five Minutes.*

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*Curtain opens on Santa's workshop. An elf named Libby is sitting at a table piled high with letters. There is a bag of letters to her right and a stack of boxes full of letters to her left. As the scene opens, she is talking to Santa on her desk telephone.*

**LIBBY:** Okay, Santa. I'm working as fast as I can! I know we're under a deadline to finish the "Naughty and Nice" list by Thursday. My elves are working 'round the clock to get all these letters opened and sorted. Yes sir, we are comparing all the names against our database and will have a final recommendation to you by Wednesday night. Yes sir. I know you're very busy. We're working as fast as we can. Yes sir, I'll email you a status report later today. Bye, Santa.

*Libby hangs up the phone and begins to open the stack of letters on her desk.*

**LIBBY:** How are we supposed to keep up with this volume? Every year, there's more and more letters to Santa. I've got 347 elves opening letters around the clock, and we still can't get to them all.

*Another elf, Harriet, walks in carrying another large box of letters.*

**HARRIET:** Here's another load of letters, boss. What do you want me to do with them?

**LIBBY:** Just put them over there. I'll get to them as soon as I can.

*Harriet drops the letters beside the desk and begins to walk off. She turns back to Libby. Note: Harriet could also drop the mail on to an audience member's lap.*

**HARRIET:** Oh, by the way. A FedEx truck just pulled up with a big box addressed to Santa. What do you want me to do with it?

**LIBBY:** Just sign for it and bring it in. We'll get it up to the Big Guy's office later this afternoon.

*Harriet exits and Libby goes back to opening letters.*

**LIBBY:** I swear. Every year, these kids get more and more creative trying to bribe Santa into taking them off the Naughty List. (*Libby takes a cookie out of an envelope.*) Look at this. A two-week-old cookie. This kid actually thinks that a stale coconut macaroon is going to convince Santa to forget that she shaved her cat last spring. Ha! Here's a little secret (*Looking for a name on the envelope.*) Emma from Missouri, Santa doesn't like coconuts.

*Harriet comes back in, pushing a large box on a hand truck. Libby glances at her and goes back to her work.*

**LIBBY:** Just set it over there. I'll get to it in a minute.

*Harriet sets the box on the floor and exits as Libby goes back to opening more letters.*

**LIBBY:** And look at this one. (*Reading from letter.*) Dear Santa, how are you? I am fine. I just want to say that I am very sorry about what I did to my little sister last week. I know that dunking her head in the toilet was not very nice, but my friend, Ethan, dared me and you know how hard it is to say no to a dare. You were a kid once. Anyway, she's doing just fine and Mom said that the yellow color in her hair should be gone by Christmas. I know that little trick probably put me on the Naughty List. Looking back, I realize that I was acting very immature and I am truly sorry. So, could you please bring me Halo 3 for my Xbox 360 [*Insert the latest video game and video game console*] and a new skateboard? I promise that I will let my sister play any time she wants. Love, Billy. P.S. As an extra token of my deep repentance, please accept this pre-paid Visa card that can be redeemed at the retailer of your choice.

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*LIBBY turns the envelope over and a credit card falls out. She picks it up and exits.*

**LIBBY:** Harriet, we got another credit card. Scan it and see how much the credit limit is, would you? I need some new skates.

*After Libby exits, there's movement from the box. A small periscope is extended from the top of the box so the occupant can look around. As Libby re-enters the room, the periscope is quickly pulled back in the box.*

**LIBBY:** Okay, make sure you order a size 9½, extra narrow. I'm playing forward in the elf hockey league and I need them to fit right.

*She notices a slight movement from the box and walks over, curious.*

**LIBBY:** *(Reading the label.)* To Santa at the North Pole. Please handle with care. For Santa's eyes only. Yep, the bribes are getting bigger and bigger. I bet that's one of those new flat screen TVs.

*Libby returns to her desk and begins opening more letters. After a moment, the periscope is extended from the top of the box again. Libby notices it, gets up and goes for a closer look. Just as she reaches down, the lid opens and a kid pops out.*

**LIBBY:** What the heck?

**NICKY:** Don't be alarmed. I won't hurt you. I just need to see Santa.

**LIBBY:** Who are you?

**NICKY:** My name's Nicky Parks. *(Getting out of the box.)* Now, if you'll just point me towards Santa, I need to speak to him.

**LIBBY:** You came all the way from *(Looking at shipping label.)* Tyler, Texas to talk to Santa? Why?

**NICKY:** Because for the last four years, I've gotten nothing in my stocking but coal. No X-Men action figures, no Paintball gun, no Johnny Rocket Super Decoder Ring. Not even one lousy stick of gum. Just a dusty old lump of coal. For four years! Four years!

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**LIBBY:** Well, that must be because you've been naughty. Have you been?

**NICKY:** Have I been what?

**LIBBY:** Naughty?

**NICKY:** Well, I did put my pet lizard, Groucho, in Molly Pinkerton's locker at school.

**LIBBY:** And . . . ?

**NICKY:** And . . . well, I replaced Tommy Taylor's chapstick with Super Glue. That was a good one.

**LIBBY:** And . . . ?

**NICKY:** Okay, I know Santa sees everything so I can't lie. I was the one that filled up Miss Connor's water bottle with chocolate pudding. But Larry dared me.

**LIBBY:** And you wonder why you've been on the Naughty List? *(Returns to her desk.)* We get thousands of letters every Christmas from kids just like you who think they can do bad stuff and Santa won't know about it. Look at this letter. *(Takes a letter from the stack and begins to read.)* Dear Santa. I've been really good this year. I helped my Mom wash the dishes and raked the leaves in the backyard. Twice. Please bring me a Tickle Me Elmo and a new red dress. Love, Anna.

**NICKY:** Well, she sounds sweet.

**LIBBY:** Sweet? Sweet? What little Anna failed to mention is that she not only helped Mommy wash the dishes and Daddy rake leaves, she also tried to teach her cat how to swim by putting him in the toilet and closing the lid.

**NICKY:** Oooh!

**LIBBY:** Exactly. *(Puts letter in another stack on the desk.)* Little Anna goes on the Naughty List. And what about little Matthew from Wisconsin? Listen to this one. *(Reading from another letter.)* Dear Santa. I know I haven't been the best behaved kid this past year. I didn't make my bed very much and I told my Mom that I've been brushing my teeth every day. Well the truth is, I haven't brushed my teeth since August. It's too cold to brush my teeth in the winter. But, if you'll just bring me a new iPod, I promise I'll do better. I'll make my bed and my brother's bed and I'll brush my teeth and my brother's teeth, even in January. Please, Santa, give me a break. Love, Matthew

**NICKY:** He sounds like he's really sorry. Can't Santa just give him a break this year?

**LIBBY:** Give him a break? What little Matthew from Wisconsin failed to mention in his sweet little letter was that not only did he forget to make his bed and brush his teeth, but he's been putting firecrackers in the neighbor's mailbox and blowing up their mail. He thought he could do it after dark and Santa wouldn't see him. But we see. Oh, yes, we see everything.

**NICKY:** Oh, Miss Elf. I promise to be good. I promise no more lizards in lockers. No more Super Glue in chapstick. I've turned over a new leaf. I'll take out the trash and wash my Dad's car. I'll even help my Mom bake cookies for Santa. I'll do anything. If you'll just let me see Santa, I can convince him to take me off the Naughty List.

**LIBBY:** I'm afraid I can't let you do that. (*Standing.*) We have strict rules about who gets in to see St. Nick. Only Senior Elves, Mrs. Claus, and of course, the reindeer. Absolutely no kids! Especially kids who try to sneak in by hiding in a FedEx package.

**NICKY:** But . . . I've changed . . . I really have. I'll be better, I promise. I'll never mail myself again. (*Nicky gets down on his hands and knees and grovels.*)

**LIBBY:** I'm sorry, Nicky. You can't just get on the Nice List by doing a few good deeds right before Christmas. You have to be nice all year. I'm sorry. I just can't let you see Santa. You'll just have to get back in your little box and go back to Texas.

**NICKY:** Okay . . . (*Pointing to stage left.*) Did you hear that?

**LIBBY:** Hear what?

**NICKY:** That sound. Sounded like Santa's choking on something . . .

**LIBBY:** I didn't hear anything . . .

*Libby moves to the other side of the desk looking for the source of the sound. Nicky gets up and tries to sneak past her. Libby catches movement from the corner of her eye and turns to stop Nicky. They face off on opposite sides of the table, circling until Nicky dashes off left, Libby diving to stop him. Nicky escapes her clutches and runs into the wing, yelling triumphantly. Libby stands, brushes herself off and returns to her work.*

**LIBBY:** *(Picking up another letter from the stack and reading.)* Dear Santa, I've been a very good little girl this year. Yeah, that's what they all say . . . *(CURTAIN.)*

**THE END**

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