



Sample Pages from Santa Runs A Sweat Shop

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TEN/TWO

TEN PLAYS FOR TWO ACTORS BY
Lindsay Price



Welcome!

Welcome to *Ten/Two*! 10 two-hander scenes, all of which are inspired by the numbers 10 and 2.

The plays can be performed together for a full evening of theatre. Appendix A (p.79) contains Intro/Intermission/Extro sections to add if you are doing all ten plays in an evening. Appendix B (p.81) has a set arrangement.

You don't have to perform all ten plays. You can do eight or two or six or any of the other wonderful numbers between one and ten. You're even welcome to change the order of the plays. Each individual play, however, must be performed as written.

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The Plays / Characters

Many of the plays are gender flexible. Below is the gender breakdown for each play. If the play calls for "2 Either" feel free to change the genders to suit your group.

1. Quippage (1M 1W)
2. The Big Lie (2 Either)
3. Pretty Girl Plain Girl (2W)
4. Santa Runs a Sweat Shop (2 Either)
5. Ms. Spitspot's Spick and Span Play Place (1W 1 Either)
6. My Father Went to Switzerland and All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt. (1W 1 Either)
7. Time, What Is It? (2 Either)
8. The Last Dance (1W)
9. Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes (2 Either)
10. The Itsy-Bitsy Spider Or Else (2M)

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 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?



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