

Christmas Crackers

By

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A Christmas cracker factory somewhere near the North Pole. The Boss has called in Mr (or Mrs) Smith, the foreman of the Christmas cracker plant.

SMITH: You wanted to see me Boss?

BOSS: Come in Mr. Smith. Everything alright in the Christmas Cracker Department?

SMITH: Cracking along nicely. *(Beat)* All okay with you know who upstairs?

BOSS: FC tells me he wants a few changes.

SMITH: Oh. Nothing serious I hope.

BOSS: It's the name.

SMITH: What? North Pole Enterprises?

BOSS: No. Crackers.

SMITH: Crackers! What about them? Bangs not big enough?

BOSS: FC doesn't want any. Says in these days of gun crime and homemade explosives, such noises and associated materials should be discouraged.

SMITH: Well a cracker without a bang is hardly a cracker is it?

BOSS: That's why he wants them to be called Christmas Tugs.

SMITH: Do you think that will catch on?

BOSS: In time it will Mr. Smith. In time. You'll see.

SMITH: But we've still got the hats, the gifts and the jokes.

BOSS: That's the problem. The hats. FC isn't too sure about the hats.

SMITH: They're only paper crowns.

BOSS: FC feels that people wearing crowns only gives them a sense of their own importance. Something we should discourage at Christmas. More humility is needed.

SMITH: Well, no hats will certainly keep the costs down. No cracker noises, no hats – we could save about 25%. Those savings could be put back into better gifts

BOSS: Gifts. Remind me what we are including this year.

SMITH: A screwdriver....

BOSS: Unfortunate term that screw-driver. It's also an alcoholic drink made with orange juice and vodka. In view of the large Moslem population for whom all alcoholic beverage is sinful.....

SMITH: Got you! We can easily exclude the screwdriver. What about the tape measure?

BOSS: Obesity Mr. Smith. It only encourages people to focus on their expanding waist lines. An unhappy diversion at a happy time of the year. Such things should be left until the New Year.

SMITH: We also have a small magnifying glass.

BOSS: FC discussed that with me. He feels that such glasses give a distorted view of the world. Making things bigger and more important than they really are.

SMITH: What does he suggest?

BOSS: Plain glass.

SMITH: So now we have a Christmas cracker.

BOSS: Tug, Mr. Smith. A Christmas Tug