

Christmas Madness

FX: SHOPPERS AND CHRISTMAS POP MUSIC UNDER.

Customer: Excuse me sir, are you the manager?

Manager: Why, a 'Ho ho ho' madam, I am indeed. A very merry Christmas to you to.

Customer: No, I mean thank you, but no, I wasn't wishing you a merry Christmas

Manager: Well, that's a little rude madam but still, the very best season's greetings to you anyway.

Customer: But that's just it...

Manager: It is?

Customer: What's with the season's greetings? These decorations it's not yet Christmas

Manager: Well our shops have to be prepared, it may be a little early, but that's just to help our many lovely customers be prepared for the holidays.

Customers: Be prepared? It's March! Who needs nine months to prepare?

Manager: Well some of our customers like to take their and wrap their gifts up nice. Anyway nine months isn't all that long. It would be less than two days on Venus.

Customer: We're not on Venus.

Manager: If we were Christmas would be tomorrow...

Customer: But we're not. And I don't think Christmas is even celebrated on Venus.

Manager: Not celebrate Christmas? But then they'd never use tinsel.

Customers: Yeah, about the tinsel. Do you have to have so much? The place looks like an Elton John Birthday bash.

Manager: Our customers say they quite like the decorations.

Customer: I'm a customer and I don't. Decorations belong at Christmas

Manager: Well we say it is Christmas. Our shop policy is Christmas starts first of March.

Customer: But that's crazy!

Manager: We have to compete. If we waited until you think its Christmas, we'd be well behind all the other shops.

Customer: How about you just turn off the music?

Manager: The music's the best bit! It makes everyone feel all festive. All the staff really cheer up every time they hear; "*I wish it could be Christmas every day*"... And now they don't have to wish, it pretty much is.

Customer: They look more like they're going to murder someone.

Manager: That's just the way they look. They love it really.

Customer: Well how about you get rid of the grotto? I'm not paying for my Johnny to see Santa once a week.

Manager: Hmm. I guess I could get rid of one of them; it has been making things rather crowded.

Customer: Excellent.

Manager: Oh, wait, no I can't do that. Firing Santa and his elves. What am I thinking?

Customer: Oh for goodness sake.

Manager: Oh so do you want to tell Santa and the elves they're fired? Do you want to look in their little elfey eyes and tell them they have to sling their sleigh only nine months before Christmas?

Customer: Uh. I suppose you don't have to fire them, you could turn them into Easter bunnies or something.

Manager: Easter Bunnies? Easter Bunnies! That's very degrading isn't it? These men, these fine and noble men, just because of their slightly stunted height aren't capable of being more than a household pet is that it? Just because their all small and tiny, you don't think they're good enough to play anything but bunnies?

Customer: No! I didn't mean that at all....

Manager: Bah humbug indeed. 'Fire these men they're just too small.' You're just the embodiment of scrooge aren't you madam.

Customer: No, that's not what I meant, oh never mind. Keep the grotto, celebrate Christmas, whatever.

Manager: Why thank you madam, glad to see you're not devoid of all the Christmas spirit.

Customer: It's not christm... Oh nothing. Can you at least point me towards the hats and scarves; I may as well get my nephews something while I'm here.

Manager: Hats and scarves madam? That's the winter season. We're not even summer yet.

(Walking away) Merry Christmas!

END