

Miracle on 35th Street: The Loading Dock

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## Cast of Characters

TOM: Mid 50s, divorced skeptic.

ANDY: Young, college kid.

SANTA: Middle aged auto mechanic.

PROSTITUTE: Early 30s.

BEGGAR: Elderly lady.

ROBBER: 20s. Inexperienced.

WARDEN: 40-50s. Jaded by the job.

SHOPPER #1: Can also play Prisoner #1

SHOPPER #2: Can also play Prisoner #2

SHOPPER #3: Can also play Prisoner #3

COP #1: Older, can double as Warden.

COP #2: Newbie, nervous Nelly.

PRISONER #1: Also Shopper #1

PRISONER #2: Also Shopper #2

PRISONER #3: Also Shopper #3

MOTHER: Mid 30s

SUSIE: Approximately seven years old

ACT IScene 1

A New York City store front is projected on a scrim. Christmas music plays.

Shoppers with bags wearing expensive coats walk with entitlement into the scene. Christmas carols play loudly. The scene is colorful and festive.

A haggard street magician enters. He stops and lays his floppy hat down by his feet. He proceeds to do a simple rope or handkerchief magic trick for tips.

As he prepares for another trick, a second street performer enters carrying a pale and a bottle of booze. He pulls a tin coffee can out from the plastic pale and places it at his feet. He then turns the plastic pale upside down and begins drumming using the booze bottle as a cymbal.

The magician stops and looks at him, annoyed. The drummer stops. After a beat, the drummer starts timidly drumming again.

The magician picks up his hat, puts it on his head, and slowly walks towards the drummer. The drummer stops again.

The magician motions for the drummer to continue.

The drummer engages the audience to clap to a beat. After the audience is clapping the drummer proceeds to drop a fabulous beat using the coffee can, the plastic pale, the stage, the Salvation Army kettle or anything else, including the audience's drink glasses if desired.

When the drummer finishes the magician again takes his hat off. This time he magically pulls two or three coins from the hat and places them in the drummer's coffee can.

A police officer enters and quickly shoos the performers off the stage.

*Slowly the projection fades into an image of the loading dock. The Salvation Army kettle is removed. An elevated, dark-colored platform representing the loading dock is pushed into the scene. The scene transitions from 34th Street to 35th Street.*

*The music fades. "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" plays distantly now from the other side of the store.*

*Andy and Tom enter. Andy whistles "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" to himself. Both sweep the loading dock which is covered with environmentally-safe packing peanuts.*

TOM

*Stops sweeping.*  
I don't believe it.

*Andy continues whistling and sweeping.*  
I said, I don't believe it.

ANDY

*Stops whistling and sweeping.*  
What is it now, Tom? What don't you believe this time?

TOM

Mr. Macy, Andy. He's working us all to the bone on Christmas Eve.

ANDY

What'd you expect, Tom? We're elves.

*Starts sweeping again.*

TOM

*Stopping Andy.*  
Oh, no! Macy's no Santa, Andy. He hasn't a generous bone in his body. He doesn't care about us or these environmentally-friendly packing peanuts we're sweeping for him.

ANDY  
We're sweeping the peanuts for the reindeer, Tom, not Macy.

TOM  
Oh, that's right, Andy. For the reindeer. I forgot. We're saving the planet too, right Andy?

ANDY  
You know, even if Macy doesn't care, Santa does, and that's what's important now.

TOM  
You know there is no Santa, Andy?

ANDY  
What do you mean, Tom, there's no Santa. There's one inside Macy's right now. I've seen him myself. I know you saw him too.

TOM  
Don't believe everything you see, Andy. You know better than that. Everything about Christmas is fake. Fake Santas. Fake trees. Fake cheer. There is nothing real here, except us working for someone else's gain.

ANDY  
Oh, I suppose you're right, Tom. Santa doesn't exist the same way answers at the bottom of the bottle don't exist, but that never stopped you from looking for them, has it?

TOM  
Listen, Andy. It's difficult enough to believe in things that I know are unequivocally true these days. I don't need Santa tempting me into believing in things that I know unequivocally aren't true.

ANDY  
Belief comes from the heart, Tom, not the brain.

TOM  
*Tom sweeps the peanuts into his dustpan.*  
Besides, you should know better. College boy like you, don't they teach you anything in school anymore?

ANDY  
College opens your eyes to a lot of different things, Tom. Things people like you can't see. Things that

when said to you sound stupid in the same way the things you say to me sound stupid.

TOM

Whiskey does the exact same thing, Andy, and it doesn't require an entrance exam. Now where do I dispose of this shit anyway?

ANDY

If you want to destroy the planet, throw it in the dumpster. If you want to save the planet, pile it next to the dumpster. Something will surely come along and eat it.

TOM

Reindeer again, Andy? There aren't reindeer in New York City, not even in Central Park. The only reindeer living in New York City is the Almighty Buck and the Almighty Buck don't eat environmentally-friendly packing peanuts. Buck Almighty eats souls, Andy, and doesn't give a shit about the environment.

*Tom jumps off the loading dock to empty his dustpan. He looks back at Andy and decides to pile the peanuts next to the dumpster.*

Why do all you educated people believe the stupidest shit?

ANDY

If that pile is gone tomorrow and there's shit where the pile used to be, then you'll see. Then you'll know I'm right and there is a Santa and he did land here tonight.

TOM

Andy, Buck Almighty don't shit like the rest of us. Buck Almighty shits gold, piles of gold. And if there's one thing I do know, there's not going to be a pile of gold here in the morning.

## Scene 2

*Lights down on loading dock. Lights up on section of stage with no set representing the store front on 34th Street.*

*The scrim projection changes to the New York City store front on 34th Street.*

BEGGAR

*SHOPPER #1 approaches BEGGAR.*  
Spare some change?

*Beggar blocks Shopper #1's path.*  
Can you spare some change?

SHOPPER #1

Get away from me. You're a bum. I'm not going to give you money. You'll just use it to buy booze or drugs.

BEGGAR

*SHOPPER #2 approaches.*  
Change, please. Spare some change?

SHOPPER #2

Go to a homeless shelter, or soup kitchen. They'll help you. I pay too much in taxes already to have to help bums like you too.

BEGGAR

*SHOPPER #3 approaches.*  
Please ...

SHOPPER #3

I'd like to, but ...

*Beggar blocks Shopper #3's path.*

SHOPPER #3

I give all my charity at the office.

BEGGAR

You're lying. You're lying to me.

SHOPPER #3

I'm not a liar. I give what I can, where I can, when I can. I don't need you making me feel guilty. You don't know me.

BEGGAR

*Beggar clasps hands with Shopper #3.*

Why do you think it's okay to lie to me?

SHOPPER #3

I'm a good person. A very good person. I treat everyone fairly. And I don't need you trying to tell me otherwise.

BEGGAR

Is it because I don't matter? Because I'm not rich. You know, what you think about me says more about you and your beliefs than it does me.

SHOPPER #3

*Shopper #3 shoves past Beggar.*  
Get out of my way. You're a bum!

### Scene 3

*Lights up on loading dock. Scrim changes back to the loading dock.*

*SANTA enters from the back of the loading dock.*

SANTA

God, I hate Christmas! I've been soaking in piss all afternoon.

ANDY

Is that because parents don't believe in diapers anymore, Santa?

SANTA

It's because parents don't believe in parenting anymore. They stand there and don't do a damn thing but watch their little ones pee all over Santa like an over-exuberant water fountain.

ANDY

Diapers restrict a child's freedom of expression.

*Tom looks at Andy and Santa's puzzled faces.*  
It's true. I read it in one of those parenting magazines. A kid can't possibly become a social media sensation if they've been crippled creatively by parental structure and discipline.

TOM

Andy, is there something we should know?