

SOCKS AND PANTS AND HANDKERCHIEFS SKETCH

Christmas Day. Three men sit in a semi-circle downstage left “drinking” out of mugs. The rest of their families are dotted about the stage engaged in various activities – playing cards, having conversations, reading etc.

JOHN: Well, here we go again. Another Christmas. **(Wearily)** Guess I’ll be getting my usual present!

TREVOR: What’s that?

JOHN: Socks. It’s always socks. *Beige* socks!

GEOFF: With me it’s handkerchiefs. Always handkerchiefs. How about you Trev?

TREVOR: Pants.

GEOFF: Pardon?

TREVOR: I always get pants for Christmas. I wouldn’t mind so much if they were cool ones like my son Harry wears. **(He stares out and says in a slow, dreamy voice).** Boxers by Calvin Klein. That’s what I dream of.

(They all laugh.)

JOHN: **(To Geoff)** Hankies aren’t so bad. I mean, they’re very useful if you have a cold.

GEOFF: **(Mimics the voice of his mother)** “We didn’t know what to get you so we got you these. Look, they’re initialled! Yes, I know you’re Geoff with a “G” but they only had “J”. You can never have enough hankies!” **(Back to his own, normal voice)** Yes you can! Especially when you’ve got drawers stuffed with the things from previous years!

JOHN: **(Laughing)** Well, you could always open up a handkerchief shop.

TREVOR:or become a magician. You know. They have hundreds of them tied together up their sleeve.

GEOFF: Yes, but those are lovely, brightly coloured ones. Mine are always white!

CHRIS: **(Coming over to John)** Come on Dad. It’s time for the family presents. Santa *has* delivered them, after all.

HARRY: **(Coming over to his dad, Trevor)** Yes come on Dad. We can’t wait any longer. The suspense is killing us!

(All three dads get up wearily, moving their chairs to one side.)

DADS: **(Sarcastically, slowly in unison)** Oh yes, we can’t wait!

