*(lights up on living room, Santa’s laying out gifts)*

Santa: (checking his list) Ooookaay … so that's a Nintendo Switch for Molly, and a new pair of headphones for Peter. (Scoffs) he SHOULD be on the lump of coal list, but I can’t have him blowing up my Twitter feed again this year. Little weirdo.

*(Santa continues to check his list and presents. front door opens and closes. Easter Bunny enters, checking HIS list)*

Easter: Ooookay, so that one basket with a solid chocolate bunny for Molly, and

(sigh) one “All Peeps” basket for Peter. Ew, what a weirdo …

*(Easter Bunny & Santa both notice each other)*

Easter: Well, well, well … if it isn’t Santa Claus? I didn’t see your grass-guzzling reindeer prison out front. How did you get here?

Santa: I’m leasing a Tesla now. What the hell are you doing here, Easter Bunny? You’re about eight months too late!

Easter: Oh, I’m sorry, do you not get cable news at the North Pole, big guy? The travel advice in April was a little … restrictive, if you recall?

Santa: Oh riiiiiiight. Sorry, i really didn’t follow much of that. I keep pretty busy at the North Pole, working year round to make sure that this night - MY NIGHT - is a special one.

Easter: Oh, for real? That’s all you up there, Santa? YOU’VE been working non-stop, all year?

Santa: Huh? Oh, well, I mean I’m more of the creative force, you know, doing the heavy intellectual dreaming, big picture stuff. If you’re speaking in technical, boots-on-the-gound terms, I don’t really -

Easter: (interrupting) Um yeah, Nicholas, I’m talking about ACTUAL WORK! Small holiday creatures like me are out here hoppin all over town making deals, and you’ve got an immortal work force of elves just cranking out holiday cheer! What do you know about the plight of the working man, MAN!?

Santa: Ok, look. I get it. Now I’m sure that your Spring was rough, but ….

Easter: Rough?! ROUGH!? Do you even KNOW what managing a supply chain is like, fat man? The whole magical service industry is in shambles

Santa: What do you mean?

Easter: (sigh) It’s simple magic-nomics, Nicholas. If I don’t get chewy candies out to kids with loose teeth, The Tooth Fairy’s spring harvest schedule is thrown out of whack. And if she’s not bringing me teeth, then what the hell am I supposed to make Peeps out of?

Santa: Wait … I thought Peeps were made out of marshmallows.

Easter: Wow, you just believe everything they tell you, huh? You’re a lot like The Great Pumpkin.

Santa: The Great Pumpkin?! Why I haven’t heard from him in ages! How is he?

Easter: he got into politics a couple years back. It’s been … interesting.

Santa: I see.

Easter: So look, why don’t you cut me some slack for Christmas and let me do my thing here, man! I mean, what kid doesn’t love presents AND candy?

Santa: I’m sorry, Bunny, but this just doesn’t make sense. Christmas is a special time that I get to share with the good boys and girls across the world. Every December 25th, I --

Easter: Wait, that’s right! Christmas is every December 25th, but Easter moves around all the time …. (forming an idea) so let’s just say that christmas and easter are the same day this year?!

Santa: Wait, what? I don’t think that’s a ---

Easter: No, it’s perfect! We’ll call it, “CHREASTER,” and all the kids will ….

Santa: Chreaster?! That sounds like a foot disease! come on!

Easter: Just go with it, man! let it wash over you….

(Easter and Santa keep arguing, Molly and Peter enter)

Molly: (annoyed) what is all the rackett down here!?

Easter: (turnig on the charm) well, if it isn’t little Molly and Peter! Santa and I stopped by

to give you the best Chreaster you’ve ever had!

Santa: That’s right! Happy Chreaster! (whispering to Easter) I’m filling your rabbit hole with coal after this.

Peter: Yeah, we’re trying to get some sleep! (Pulls out his phone) Do I have to start making new hashtags about you two?

Santa: Oh no, please! That won’t be necessary … we just want to make sure that your house is full of that Chreaster cheer. We’ll be out of your hair in a twinkle of an eye, ho ho ho!

Molly: (mocking santa) Who Who Who CARES, dude! Just finish putting out the presents and candy, and get the hell out of here! Come on, Pete! (starts to exit)

Peter: (following, calling behind him) And don’t forget to open up those peeps packages! You know I like to eat them when they’re all stale and crunchy!

Easter & Santa: Jesus, what a weirdo.