

(As the audience gathers in the lobby and outside area, the Martian leaders, Kimar and Volmar hover mysteriously. They occasionally approach audience members and ask questions about Christmas. Dropo also mingles and also asks questions, but his questions are either irrelevant or embarrassing. Dropo also interacts with kids and asks them questions about Christmas. As the crowd increases, A TV Reporter, Myrrh Manger, appears outside the theatre.)

MYRRH

(To both crowd and TV audience) Myrrh Manger, Channel Surf News Team, with an exclusive here in North Hollywood. Our dopler radar was left out in the rain, after failing to detect it, but it did pick up an unidentified flying...large man. We believe that Santa Claus may be right here in the immediate vicinity.

SANTA

(Off) Ho ho ho hum! What kind of chimney is this?

MYRRH

We just heard something that sounds like him! The crowd is positively—(she approaches an audience member) Sir/ma'am, how would you describe the crowd at this moment? (audience member says something) There you have it! I think he's here! Let's watch! (She points outside audience to watch through door or window, toward the tech booth opening, behind the box office counter. Santa Claus appears. He gingerly climbs down the ladder from the tech booth, ala sliding down the chimney.)

SANTA

Oooh, ooh ow, uh, ho ho ho! This is one precarious chimney!

MYRRH

(Pushing through crowd, into lobby and next to Santa, who has emerged from behind box office counter) I am making my way through the crowd now and as I navigate this sea of humanity, let's get another reaction from one of the many onlookers, one of those Santa superfans! ***(She speaks to Volmar)*** Sir, what brings you here tonight?

VOLMAR

What brings me here? A Skyfarer Planetachnoid 280-ZRRRRR ***(pronounced "arrrrrhhh")*** Spacecraft.

MYRRH

Aren't you a little old to be wanting a space toy for Christmas?

VOLMAR

I am 476-years-old.

MYRRH

Ha, ha, ha. No wonder your face is a little flushed. You know, I went on a juice cleanse for a month and my face was just as green as yours. More on that later. ***(Santa is now next to Myrrh)*** Mr. Claus, how are you feeling? Does the load of visiting every house, apartment, condo and co-op every wear you out?

SANTA

You know, sometimes it does. When my team of accounting elves give me the projections for the number of residences I will visit, sometimes I think to myself, I wish there were more children who were naughty, and less who were nice. But then my team of demographic elves remind me of the Great Naughty Epidemic of 1947, when all I had in my bag were lumps of coal.

MYRRH

And tell us, what happened that fateful year? Was that a relaxing Christmas Day for Santa?

SANTA

Not really, I nearly coughed up a lung. Now, I would love nothing more than to answer your very-nearly-pertinent questions, but Santa has many miles to go before he naps. I must vamoose! Merry Christmas, everyone!

(Another reporter has emerged. He shouts a question.)

BOB SEQUIOUS

Santa! Bob Sequious from National Inveigler! Is it true you filed a restraining order against Barbie?

(Several elves, wearing dark glasses, spirit Santa away, through the lobby and into the theater.)

BOB SEQUIOUS

Can you comment on the allegations that you are a fake and that the real Santa is at a department store in West Covina?

MYRRH

And just like that, Santa has left the building. The crowd, which is nearing Black Friday numbers, is making their way into Sherry Stadium, where the rest of this story will be told.

(Santa and any available elves usher the audience across the stage and out to the back parking lot. As this is happening, we see one of the reporters, Myrrh Manger, from earlier. She stands in the center aisle, and helps guide the crowd as well, as she speaks.)

MYRRH

We have an exclusive from the North Pole, where we're told the flying object that had been identified as Santa and his sleigh, has now been classified as unidentified.

VOICE OF NEWSCASTER

Myrrh, how was it determined that the flying object wasn't Santa?

MYRRH

That's a great question, Troy, I am going to ask someone at the scene. *(She approaches an elf.)* Excuse me, we're told the crowd here isn't watching Santa in the sky, is that correct?

ELFMANAGEMENT

Yeah.

MYRRH

And how do you know it's not Santa up there?

ELFMANAGEMENT

He aint left yet, boss.

MYRRH

He hasn't?

ELFMANAGEMENT

He's watching' along wit the rest of us.

MYRRH

He's watching along with the rest of us. Isn't that a message we can all take to heart at this time of year? I'm going to try and get closer—

(By now the audience should be gathered in the back parking lot.)

SANTA

(To the assembled crowd outside) Children, this is a historical moment! A real UFO, not the silly kind in movies, TV and talk radio, it's real and we are witnessing it. Don't watch me, watch the sky, I'm here every year, but you may never see an alien spacecraft again. Keep your eyes fixed on the sky, don't avert them for a moment! It will take more than just a few sets of eyes to know what we are seeing tonight, it will take all of our eyes, all of us giving our undivided attention to— *(Voldar and Kimar grab Santa and pull him back inside.)* Hey, what's going on...who are you...this seems naughty, not nice...where are we going?

ELFMANAGEMENT

Hey, who do you think you are, invaders from Mars?

VOLDAR

Get him, Dropo!

DROPO

(Pulls a Martain ray-gun on Elfmanagement) Careful what you wish for, punk. Go ahead, make my holiday.

MYRRH