

**MRS CLAUS**

*(Heard offstage, she has a very old-lady voice)* Santa! Santa!

**SANTA**

Yes, Mrs. Claus!

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(Off)* Santa, the man on the TV says it might snow.

**SANTA**

Yes, dear, yes. It might. It's the North Pole, after all.

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(Off)* Don't forget to pack your long underwear and an extra pair of mittens.

**SANTA**

Thanks for the reminder, Mrs. Claus. Okay, As we do every year, we start on page 1, "Twas—"

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(Off)* Santa?

**SANTA**

Yes, Mrs. Claus?

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(Off)* What are you doing?

**SANTA**

Preparing for our journey dear.

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(Off)* Are you going somewhere? Where are you going?

**SANTA**

All over the world, dear, all over the world.

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(Off)* Can you pick up some Epson Salts on your way home?

**SANTA**

Yes, dear.

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(Off)* Thank you, Santa.

**SANTA**

Now that that's all settled, here we go, "Twas—"

**MRS. CLAUS**

**(Off)** Santa?

**SANTA**

**(Growing exasperated)** Yes, Mrs. Claus.

**MRS. CLAUS**

**(Off)** Are you still busy?

**SANTA**

Yes, just getting started.

**MRS. CLAUS**

**(Off)** Mind if I join you?

**SANTA**

Yes...I mean, no...I mean, please join us if you'd like. **(To the elves)** "Twas the night before—"

**(He is interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Claus. She is a beautiful young woman dressed in some sort of sexy Mrs. Claus getup. She still speaks in the old-lady voice.)**

**MRS. CLAUS**

**(To the elves)** Hey, dudes, Snow White sends her love! **(the elves groan).**

**(As Santa reads the story, he is frequently interrupted by elves ringing a bell to indicate they know the answer to a question.)**

**SANTA**

Okay, "Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a—"

**(Elfsufficient rings his bell.)**

**SANTA**

Yes?

**ELFSUFFICIENT**

**(Staring at Mrs. Claus)** Spouse? Uh...mouse...yes, mouse.

**SANTA**

Mouse is correct. "The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there."

**ELFHELP**

**(Ringing her bell)** That's you. Each of us is a saint in our own special, saintly way.

**SANTA**

"The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of—"

**ELFABUH**

*(Ringing her bell)* Sugarcubes danced on some bread?

**SANTA**

“Ma in her kerchief and I in my cap, had just settled down—“

**ELFSUFFICIENT**

*(Rings bell)* For a bowl full of jelly.

**SANTA**

Uh, no, that’s later. We just settled down for a long winter’s nap, didn’t we Mrs. Claus.

**MRS. CLAUS**

He snores, like a Mustang without a muffler.

**SANTA**

“When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash—“

**ELFHELP**

*(Rings bell)* Tore open the shutters and threw up.

**SANTA**

“The moon on the breast of new fallen snow—“

**ELFMANAGEMENT**

*(Ala Beavis/Butthead)* Huh huh, he said...snow.

**SANTA**

“Gave a lustre of midday to objects below. When what to my wandering eyes should appear, but a miniature sleigh and—“

**ELFABUH**

*(Ringing her bell)* Eight bottles of beer!

**SANTA**

“Eight tiny reindeer.”

**MRS. CLAUS**

Take one down, pass it around.

**SANTA**

With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be—

**ELFSUFFICIENT**

*(Rings bell)* John Wick?

**SANTA**

*(To himself)* Saint...s preserve us. More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came, and he

whistled and shouted and called them by name. I—

***(Santa is now interrupted by various reindeer entering. The first is Dasher, a very slow reindeer.)***

**DASHER**

I...’m dasher! Sorry, I really must run. ***(Exits at a snail's pace)***

**DANCER**

***(Entering)*** I’m Dancer! A five, six, seven, eight! ***(Does an impressive dance solo, then crashes into something.)***

**PRANCER**

***(Entering)*** I’m Prancer! ***(Does a contrasting impressive dance solo, then has a wardrobe malfunction.)***

**VIXEN**

***(Entering)*** I’m Vixen! And I’m lonely. Are you looking for that special someone to keep you warm on Christmas Night? Visit my website, [www.vix --](http://www.vix--)

**SANTA**

***(Interrupting)*** That’s enough, Vixen.

**MRS. CLAUS**

I should wash your mouth out with soap, young lady, or something stronger.

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***(Mrs. Claus is escorted in.)***

**MYRRH**

Mrs. Claus, is it true you have positively identified your husband’s kidnappers as Martians?

**MRS. CLAUS**

Oh, no, dear, that’s not true. I said maybe he was detained by U.S. Marshalls.

**MYRRH**

U.S. Marshalls, what a brave and strong spirit you show us. If you could speak directly to the creatures who abducted Santa, what would you tell them?

**MRS. CLAUS**