An Honorary Elf (1st ed. - 07.31.07) - honoraryelf8jr
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Cast of Characters

JEANNA, a girl
MOM, her mom
TIPPY, an elf
SNOOBLE, a slightly unstable elf
BOOLIE, an excitable elf
SNOG, a happy elf
YOBO, a depressed elf
GRANDMA ELF, a grandma elf
FROSTY THE SNOWMAN
BLITZEN, a reindeer
COMET, a reindeer
CUPID, a reindeer
MRS. CLAUS
SANTA

Acknowledgments

An Honorary Elf (Or the Girl Who Saved Christmas) was originally performed at North Oaks Middle School December 12-15th, 2006. The cast was as follows:

JEANNA ..... Ashley Hobbs
MOM ..... Kelsey Kimbrough
TIPPY ..... Jeff Bales
SNOOBLE ..... Chris Pieper
BOOLIE ..... Bethany Ivy
SNOG ..... Maritza Reyes
YOBO ..... Cesar Zavala
GRANDMA ELF ..... Daisy Avila
FROSTY THE SNOWMAN ..... Kristen Ramos
BLITZEN ..... Lauren Cutting
COMET ..... Josephine Reddick
CUPID ..... Kendra Foerster
MRS. CLAUS ..... Breanna Cedillo
SANTA ..... Daisy Avila

AN HONORARY ELF

(OR: THE GIRL WHO SAVED CHRISTMAS)

by Don Zolidis

(Christmas music plays. A very bare house. There is an undecorated Christmas Tree centerstage. JEANNA, *a small girl, runs in.)*

JEANNA. Merry Christmas, everyone!

(She looks around.)

JEANNA. Hell-looo. Hello?

*(*MOM *enters, talking into a cell phone.)*

MOM. *(Into phone:)* I know, that's what I'm saying Gloria. I couldn't believe it either.

JEANNA. Mom?

MOM. *(Into phone:)* Well did you see the dress she wore to the office yesterday? I don't know if she think it's Saturday night at the hoochy house, but if I wanted to see that much skin, I'd go to a nude beach.

JEANNA. Mommm?

MOM. *(Into phone:)* You're right. You're right. She definitely needs to exercise more. It's disgusting. All those folds all over the place, did you see the stretch marks?—I KNOW.

JEANNA. Hey can we decorate the tree now?

MOM. *(Into phone:)* Well she's only doing it for Anthony. She practically drools whenever he bends over to fix the fax machine. It's repulsive, Gloria. Course he's got better taste. He's after Cynthia in the mail room. He could do better.

JEANNA. MOMMMMM!

MOM. *(Into phone:)* Hold on, Gloria. *(To* JEANNA, *annoyed:)* What.

JEANNA. When are we going to decorate the tree?

MOM. In a couple of weeks. *(Back into phone:)* Where was I? Oh that was just my daughter—she just loves to annoy me.

JEANNA. Christmas is tomorrow. It's Christmas Eve.

MOM. *(Into phone:)* I know. I never should have had her. I wish I was rich like Madonna so I could go to Malawi and adopt one of those adorable little African babies. Did you see the one she snagged? So cute! Well, I suppose I ought to go and deal with Jeanna's little temper tantrum. I know. They couldn't pay me enough to do this. Luckily she'll go off to college in a year or two—

JEANNA. I'm ten!

MOM. *(Into phone:)* And then I won't have to deal with it anymore. Love you. Bye.

JEANNA. Mom? What is Santa going to bring?

MOM. First, Jeanna. It's a little rude to talk while your mother is on the phone. Okay?

JEANNA. Sorry.

MOM. Can't you find something to do to occupy yourself like re-painting the bathroom?

JEANNA. What is Santa going to bring?

MOM. Oh I don't know.

JEANNA. Isn't he bringing presents this year?

MOM. Well, Santa is very busy with all the big deals he's trying to put together. So he might not make it in time for Christmas.

JEANNA. When will he come?

MOM. Well, Santa's got to check his calendar, but March looks pretty decent. Maybe March. But just pencil that in. Something might come up.

JEANNA. So he's not bringing me presents tomorrow?

MOM. Oh. Darling. Don't worry. Santa has better things to do.

JEANNA. But I've been good! I cleaned my room!

*(*MOM *starts dialing.)*

JEANNA. I did your laundry—I prepared that power point presentation for you—

MOM. *(Into phone:)* Sheila?! Hi! Oh it's been ages!

JEANNA. I cooked, I cleaned, I regrouted the bathroom—

MOM. *(To her:)* Quiet dear, Mommy is on the phone. *(Into phone:)* Yes! Yes! Oh, Jeanna is doing great. She just talks and talks and won't ever shut up these days.

JEANNA. Sorry.

MOM. *(Into phone:)* You should hear the words she uses! "please pay attention to me" et cetera. Did I mention I lost three pounds?! I KNOW! Thank you! I'm no longer drinking any fluids so that helps keep the weight down—sure I'm a little dehydrated here and three—passed out today going up the stairs, but three pounds!

JEANNA. Mom?

MOM. *(Into phone:)* Hold on. *(To* JEANNA*:)* What is it now?

JEANNA. Why don't you want to spend any time with me?

MOM. Sweetheart, the reason I don't spend time with you isn't because I don't love you. It's because I have better things to do. *(Back into the phone:)* I KNOW. Wait—call waiting. Hello? Amber?! How are you?! Oh I'm just great! Just great! Look, I've got Sheila on the other line—

(She walks off, still on the phone. She can be heard off-stage for a moment. JEANNA *is left on-stage, alone.)*

JEANNA. I guess I'll just decorate by myself then.

(She takes out a box with ornaments and starts putting them on the tree.)

JEANNA. This is hard. Maybe I'll take a nap and use my amazing ability to sleep anywhere almost instantly.

(She yawns and falls asleep on the floor instantly.)

TIPPY / SNOOBLE. *(Off-stage:)* Hee hee hee hee hee hee!

*(*TIPPY *and* SNOOBLE*, two elves, dash in from opposite sides of the stage, skipping and laughing. They run as fast as they can across the entire stage. As soon as they are off again,* JEANNA *wakes up.)*

JEANNA. What was that? Huh. I guess I'll go back to sleep very quickly.

(She sleeps again.)

TIPPY / SNOOBLE. *(Off-stage:)* Hee hee hee hee hee hee!

(As before, TIPPY *and* SNOOBLE *sprint across the stage from opposite directions. When they are gone,* JEANNA *wakes up again.)*

JEANNA. Thought I heard something. Guess I'll go to sleep again a third time very fast.

(She sleeps again.)

TIPPY / SNOOBLE. *(Off-stage:)* Hee hee hee hee hee hee!

*(*TIPPY *and* SNOOBLE *run in again, but this time they aren't looking where they're going, and they run straight into each other. They both fall down on top of* JEANNA.*)*

JEANNA / TIPPY / SNOOBLE. Ow!

JEANNA. Watch where you're going!

TIPPY. Watch where you're sleeping!

JEANNA. What are you guys?

TIPPY. I'm Tippy and this here's Snooble—

JEANNA. Snooble?

SNOOBLE. It's a family name. I hate it.

JEANNA. Are you elves?

SNOOBLE. No. We are evil spirits summoned from the grave—

TIPPY. We're elves.

SNOOBLE. Evil elves.

JEANNA. Evil elves?

TIPPY. No, we're actually part of an advance elven scouting party. We're elf scouts. We move very silently.

JEANNA. You were running around laughing.

TIPPY. We move very silently.

SNOOBLE. Boy is this just the saddest Christmas tree I've ever seen.

TIPPY. Yeah. This is pretty amateur work here. I've seen blind mutant suckerfish do a better job.

SNOOBLE. You aren't getting any presents under this one.

JEANNA. Well I tried.

TIPPY. No, you didn't try well.

SNOOBLE. I say let's burn the tree down!

JEANNA. What?

TIPPY. We weren't going to do that!

(He takes SNOOBLE *aside.)*

TIPPY. We'll do that later.

JEANNA. I would've done better—but my Mom wouldn't help me.

TIPPY. She's paralyzed from the neck down, huh?

JEANNA. No, she—

SNOOBLE. Is she horribly diseased and dying?

JEANNA. No, she just…she doesn't really care about Christmas.

TIPPY / SNOOBLE. WHAT?!!!

SNOOBLE. Let's burn her down!

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* Jeanna!

JEANNA. Ooh. That's her. Hide.

TIPPY. I'm not going anywhere.

SNOOBLE. Let's take this chick out.

*(*MOM *enters. She doesn't notice the elves.)*

MOM. Jeanna, it's bedtime.

*(*SNOOBLE *and* TIPPY *make mean faces at her and dance around her.)*

SNOOBLE. She looks evil.

JEANNA. Can we lay out some cookies and milk for Santa?

TIPPY. And the elves.

MOM. I don't think so. I'm sure Santa doesn't want anything fattening.

TIPPY. WHAT?!

SNOOBLE. She is just SO wrong.

MOM. Besides, aren't you a little old to be believing in Santa?

TIPPY. She did NOT just say that!

SNOOBLE. She's going down! Burn the witch!

MOM. Oh, I forgot. Mommy's got a fabulous party to go to—you stay here with the baby sitter.

JEANNA. We have a baby sitter?

MOM. Oh—didn't you get your own baby sitter? Do I have to do everything around here? Mommy's tired when she comes home from work, pumpkin. You need to help out. Well, look, the History channel is having a six-hour marathon on corset fashioning in the 19th Century. You can watch that until you pass out from boredom.

TIPPY. Blech!

MOM. You just stare at the mind-numbing television for a while. You'll look back on this and cherish the best time of your life.

(She leaves.)

TIPPY. Oh I hate her!

SNOOBLE. She has NO Christmas spirit! None!

TIPPY. I am so disgusted right now.

SNOOBLE. If they still let me carry a bow and arrow I'd fill her full of hot arrows right how.

TIPPY. It's a good thing they took that away from you.

SNOOBLE. Those nuns were looking at me funny.

TIPPY. Listen, little girl—we're also from Child Protective Services—

JEANNA. Really?

SNOOBLE. Everyone in Child Protective Services is actually an elf.

JEANNA. I had my suspicions, actually.

TIPPY. Shut up, Snooble.

SNOOBLE. Don't you tell me to shut up! I will take you out! I'm crazy!

TIPPY. Settle.

SNOOBLE. Sorry.

TIPPY. Anyway, you've got a bad situation here—I think you need to run away.

SNOOBLE. To Mexico.

TIPPY. No, not to Mexico, to the North Pole.

JEANNA. The North Pole?

TIPPY. Yes, we will make you an honorary elf.

JEANNA. Well—

SNOOBLE. Make up your mind! We don't have all day!

JEANNA. Okay! I'll do it! But won't my mom be worried?

TIPPY. She probably won't notice. But just in case we'll replace you with a badger in a wig.

SNOOBLE. Our magical powers are waning due to global warming. This is the best we can do.

TIPPY. Your mom won't notice. She doesn't notice you now, why should she notice when you're gone?

SNOOBLE. Well if the badger starts biting her…

TIPPY. Anyway.

JEANNA. But how will we get to the North Pole?

SNOOBLE. We'll take our elf car.

JEANNA. You guys drive a car?

SNOOBLE. We have a lot of accidents because I can't see above the steering wheel, but it's cool.

TIPPY. It's a mustang!

SNOOBLE. Come on, let's go!

JEANNA. All right!

*(*JEANNA, TIPPY, *and* SNOOBLE *exit quickly*. SNOOBLE *returns momentarily*.*)*

TIPPY. *(Off-stage:)* Don't burn the house down!

SNOOBLE. You never let me have any fun.

(He leaves.)

(They return almost immediately.)

TIPPY. So here we are at the North Pole.

JEANNA. That sure was one long, incredibly interesting car ride.

SNOOBLE. Yes, the amazing adventures we had in that car ride will remain burned into my memory forever.

TIPPY. I hope that moose we ran over is okay.

SNOOBLE. I have to pee! I've been holding it in this whole time! I have a tiny bladder!

*(*SNOOBLE *runs off.)*

JEANNA. So this is the North Pole, huh?

TIPPY. It looks that way.

JEANNA. I always figured it would be colder.

TIPPY. Global warming. It's messing with everything. Pretty soon this will all be underwater and Santa, his elves, and his reindeer will all drown at the bottom of the ocean. Eh—what can you do?

JEANNA. That's terrible.

TIPPY. And it's all your fault.

JEANNA. Oh no!

TIPPY. No, I'm kidding you. It's only partly your fault. But look, here come some more elves!

*(*BOOLIE, SNOG, *and* GRANDMA ELF *enter.)*

BOOLIE / SNOG. Hiya!

GRANDMA ELF. Welcome back Tippy. It's so good to see you again.

TIPPY. Thanks, Grandma!

GRANDMA ELF. Who did you bring with you?

TIPPY. Well, this is Jeanna, and she's escaping from her horrible, horrible mother and is going to come live with us elves.

BOOLIE / SNOG. Yay!

BOOLIE. We'll be friends!

SNOG. We'll be bitter enemies!

(They look at him.)

SNOG. Okay, fine, friends.

GRANDMA ELF. You couldn't have brought back one of those Malawian orphans? They're adorable. And free.

BOOLIE / SNOG. Yay Malawians!

TIPPY. Sorry. This is all we could get.

GRANDMA ELF. Well, we'll have to make do. Let's have a look at her. Hmmm… Hmmm… Checking the ears. This is nice. I think she'll work!

BOOLIE / SNOG. Yay!

JEANNA. Thanks. I think I'm going to be happy here.

GRANDMA ELF. Don't count on it. If I've learned anything in the past 600 years I've been alive, it's—

(She has walked off-stage.)

JEANNA. What?

SNOG. Don't mind her. She does that. Old age.

BOOLIE. And the brain problems.

*(*SNOOBLE *returns.)*

SNOOBLE. Boy I feel better.

TIPPY. Hey, Snog, can you watch her while me and Snooble and Boolie go somewhere else and do something a lot more fun?

SNOG. Okay.

JEANNA. Can I come?

TIPPY. Um…no.

(The elves scatter.)

SNOG. You'll discover elves aren't exactly the most polite creatures.

JEANNA. So can I go see Santa now?

SNOG. No way. No one sees Santa.

JEANNA. Ever?

SNOG. He's in hiding. He thinks the government's out to get him.

*(*YOBO, *a depressed elf dressed in black, enters.)*

YOBO. Hey.

SNOG. Hi Yobo! Meet our new friend, Jeanna!

JEANNA. Hi.

*(*YOBO *stops and looks at her.)*

YOBO. You know how to swim?

JEANNA. Yeah, sure—

YOBO. Good. Cause we're all gonna die.

*(*YOBO *exits.)*

SNOG. He's funny. Bye Yobo!

*(*BOOLIE *enters.)*

BOOLIE. Bye Yobo!

YOBO. *(Off-stage:)* I hate you all.

BOOLIE. Yobo seems a little down.

SNOG. Just a bit.

JEANNA. I didn't realize elves could get depressed.

SNOG. Oh they can!

BOOLIE. Sure they can!

SNOG. Remember Deeble?

BOOLIE. What a nut-job!

SNOG. Always talking about being dead inside and hating his meaningless existence.

BOOLIE. He was funny!

SNOG. And that muttering about the end of the universe.

BOOLIE. So glad we got rid of him.

JEANNA. What happened to him?

BOOLIE. Oh, he went to the re-education center.

SNOG. To be re-educated.

BOOLIE. To have his brain pulled apart.

SNOG. And put back together in a better, less offensive way.

BOOLIE. Now he thinks he's an ottoman.

SNOG. Happy, happy! A happy, happy ottoman!

(A bell rings.)

BOOLIE. Oop! Work time!

SNOG. Whistle while you work—

BOOLIE. That's dwarves, Snooble.

SNOG. Why you gotta bring me down like that?

BOOLIE. You're funny. You're a funny idiot.

(They exit. TIPPY *and* SNOOBLE *return.)*

TIPPY. So how are you liking things so far?

JEANNA. It's kinda fun.

SNOOBLE. Kinda fun?!

JEANNA. It's a lot of fun.

SNOOBLE. It sure is or bad things will happen to you.

TIPPY. You know what it's time for Snooble?

SNOOBLE. What?

TIPPY. Our happy happy elf dance!

SNOOBLE. Break it down!

*(*TIPPY *and* SNOOBLE *break it down.)*

TIPPY. Come on, join in.

SNOOBLE. Or else!

*(*JEANNA *joins in. They stop after a second.)*

SNOOBLE. Oh look. Who is it?

*(*FROSTY THE SNOWMAN *enters. He is very, very skinny.)*

TIPPY. Aren't you dead yet?

JEANNA. Frosty?! What happened to you? You're so skinny!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Greenhouse gasses, kid. Greenhouse gasses.

SNOOBLE. Hey Frosty, maybe you'd melt slower if you weren't always smoking on that corncob pipe of yours. You know, with the fire.

TIPPY. Smoking is hazardous to your health.

SNOOBLE. So's burning!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Look, I've seen the writing in the snow. I'm a goner. Might as well smoke out my final days in peace. It's one of the few pleasures I have left.

TIPPY. Huh. Good luck with that.

SNOOBLE. I guess we better get to work, Tippy.

TIPPY. I guess we better. See you later, Jeanna.

JEANNA. Wait, you're leaving me with—

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. *(Singing:)* Knock knock knocking on heaven's door—

SNOOBLE. Yep.

(They leave.)

JEANNA. So, um…Frosty.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Yeah.

JEANNA. So you wanna show me around or something?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. What are you doing here?

JEANNA. I'm an honorary elf.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Either that or they brought you here to harvest your organs.

JEANNA. They wouldn't do that!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Oh no—I used to have a spleen. Then they took it and made a My Little Pony doll to give to some girl in Argentina.

JEANNA. Aren't you made out of snow?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. If you prick me, do I not bleed? Now listen, you idiot humans got this idea that the elves are just these happy little midgets wearing funny shoes—

JEANNA. Aren't they?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Oh there's a dark side. You ever heard of alien abductions?

JEANNA. I guess.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Little guys with big eyes and weird ears?

JEANNA. Yeah, that's what they look like. Wait! Are you telling me the elves are aliens here to abduct us and harvest our organs?!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. No, I'm telling you the aliens are elves.

JEANNA. Wait.

*(*SNOOBLE *returns.)*

SNOOBLE. Telling your wild conspiracy stories again, are you Frosty?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. I'm just talking. Free country.

SNOOBLE. He tell you he thinks Elvis was a mutant Cyclops from the future?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. I stand by that.

SNOOBLE. Who killed JFK, Frosty?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Santa.

SNOOBLE. Don't listen to Melty McMelty over here. He won't be troubling you for long. Flame! Glorious flame!

*(*SNOOBLE *runs off.)*

JEANNA. That's a little suspicious.

*(*TIPPY *enters.)*

TIPPY. Happy happy happy happy. So you want to come join us?

(The other elves, SNOG, SNOOBLE, BOOLIE *and* YOBO, *appear.)*

ELVES. Join us. Join us. Join us.

(Pause.)

JEANNA. Okay.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Nice knowing you. They'll take your kidneys when you aren't looking.

(He leaves as the elves set up their factory. Each elf is evenly spaced out facing the audience. GRANDMA ELF, *the foreman, paces back and forth behind them.* JEANNA *takes a seat at the end of the line.)*

GRANDMA ELF. So here's your spot on the line. The toys come down the conveyor belt here and you put them together.

JEANNA. Why are all the toys made out of wood?

SNOOBLE. *(Happy:)* Don't ask questions!

GRANDMA ELF. We pander to a lot of special interests here. The timber industry has really lobbied us hard.

SNOG. Just try to keep up, okay?

TIPPY. You'll do fine!

BOOLIE. Fine!

YOBO. Or you won't.

SNOOBLE. Quiet, Yobo!

SNOG. Question: Can we do plastic surgery on her to get her bigger ears?

GRANDMA ELF. I suppose.

SNOG. Can I do it? I've been reading about it on the internet.

JEANNA. Wait a minute. I don't need plastic surgery.

YOBO. Yes you do.

(The line begins.)

(First, a whistle blows. Then a small present is passed down the line from elf to elf. They move amazingly quickly. JEANNA *watches and is very nervous.)*

BOOLIE. *(First, continuous:)* Do do do do, do do do do, do do do do, do…

(The toy is passed to SNOG, BOOLIE *continues to make his noises.)*

SNOG. *(Second, continuous:)* Dee doodle do do, dee doodle do do, dee doodle do do…

(The toy is passed to TIPPY, *a second toy begins at* BOOLIE.*)*

TIPPY. *(Third, continuous:)* Yabba yabba yabba yabba, yabba yabba yabba yabba…

(The toy is passed to SNOOBLE, *another toy begins at* BOOLIE.*)*

SNOOBLE. *(Fourth, continuous:)* Deebie deebie dobby deebie, deebie deebie dobby deebie…

(The toy is passed to YOBO, *another toy begins at* BOOLIE.*)*

YOBO. *(Fifth, singing:)* Swing low sweet chariot, coming fo' to carry me home—

GRANDMA ELF. Yobo! Stop it!

YOBO. Yobbie doobie dibby doobie, yobbie doobie dibby doobie…

*(*YOBO *passes the toy to* JEANNA.*)*

JEANNA. What am I supposed to do?

(The toys keep coming.)

JEANNA. Ah! Wait! Ah!

(The toys keep coming. They begin to pile up at JEANNA.*)*

GRANDMA ELF. Hold the line!

(The elves stop moving suddenly. GRANDMA ELF *approaches* JEANNA *unhappily.)*

GRANDMA ELF. Is there a problem?

JEANNA. I'm having a little trouble keeping up.

GRANDMA ELF. You'll get used to it. Start the line!

(The elves suddenly begin the line again, just as fast as before.)

BOOLIE. *(First, continuous:)* Do do do do, do do do do, do do do do, do…

SNOG. *(Second, continuous:)* Dee doodle do do, dee doodle do do, dee doodle do do…

TIPPY. *(Third, continuous:)* Yabba yabba yabba yabba, yabba yabba yabba yabba…

SNOOBLE. *(Fourth, continuous:)* Deebie deebie dobby deebie, deebie deebie dobby deebie…

YOBO. Yobbie doobie dibby doobie, yobbie doobie dibby doobie…

(The toys once again pile up at JEANNA, *who is absolutely flustered.)*

JEANNA. Ah! Help!

GRANDMA ELF. Hold the line!

(The elves stop.)

GRANDMA ELF. Deary?

JEANNA. Um—it's just really fast—

BOOLIE. You can keep up!

TIPPY. Sure you can!

SNOG. Or you'll get re-educated!

JEANNA. Wait, no, I don't want to be re-educated.

SNOG. That's what they all say. But once they been re-educated, they don't say that any more.

JEANNA. Maybe there are other elf jobs besides working on the line I could do?

GRANDMA ELF. Well, there are the candy tasters.

JEANNA. That sounds good! Could I do that?

GRANDMA ELF. Candy tasting is a lot of work.

JEANNA. Oh yeah, I'm sure.

GRANDMA ELF. A lot.

SNOG. Wait a minute, you're not trying to get out of working here, are you?

SNOOBLE. You're not a freeloader, are you?

JEANNA. Please don't harvest my organs.

GRANDMA ELF. Have you been listening to Frosty the Snowman?

JEANNA. Maybe.

GRANDMA ELF. Look, everyone knows Frosty is a degenerate psychopath whose only goal in life is to drag those around him into his own whirlpool of hate and misery.

JEANNA. I didn't know that.

SNOOBLE. They left it out of his animated special.

SNOG. He has good PR people.

JEANNA. So you don't harvest organs?

GRANDMA ELF. Well, we did do a little bit of that in the 19th century.

SNOG. Just for experiments.

GRANDMA ELF. But you have to understand, it was a crueler time. Everyone was doing it.

SNOG. And the South Pole had a lot more organs than we did. So we had to keep up. There was an organ race going on.

JEANNA. The South Pole has elves too?

SNOG. How do you think Australians get toys? But they're a little weird. We don't like them.

BOOLIE. They live upside down.

SNOOBLE. We want to burn them.

GRANDMA ELF. No we don't. They just have summer in the winter and their toilets flush in the opposite direction.

BOOLIE. They get to have toilets? Luckies.

GRANDMA ELF. Oh I know, I have just the perfect job for you. I don't know why I didn't think of this earlier—

*(*GRANDMA ELF *walks off.)*

JEANNA. What is it?

TIPPY. Ooh! You could be a Christmas Goblin!

JEANNA. What's that?

TIPPY. You sneak into people's homes on Christmas Day, and you eat all of the turkey without paying for it, and then afterwards you sit around on the couch and drink some beer while watching college football on TV.

BOOLIE. I thought those were called relatives.

TIPPY. No, I'm pretty sure those are Christmas Goblins.

JEANNA. I don't think I want to do that.

TIPPY. Maybe when you're older.

JEANNA. So how about the candy tasting position? I think I could really do a good job there.

SNOOBLE. That's what every kid thinks. But as soon as they see that mountain of candy twenty-five feet high they get other ideas.

JEANNA. Oh.

SNOG. I know, you could get re-educated and then you'd work forever!

BOOLIE. That's a great idea, Snog!

JEANNA. No, no, um…

SNOG. *(Singing:)* Re-Education! Re-Education!
You're gonna get some brain re-arranging!

(He stops singing and motions to the others.)

SNOG. Come on everyone, join in!

ELVES. *(Singing:)* Re-Education! Re-Education!

You'll feel a happy numbing sensation!
The needle goes in, the old brain goes out,
Soon there'll be nothing else to think about!
Re-Education! Re-Education!—

JEANNA. Wait, wait wait! Maybe I could help take care of the reindeer?

(The ELVES *stop and look at her. Long pause.)*

SNOOBLE. Okay.

JEANNA. Good.

SNOG. Are you sure you don't want to get re-educated? Cause it's really cool—

JEANNA. No that's okay. I'll talk to you guys later.

(She leaves.)

YOBO. She seems depressed.

TIPPY. Quiet, Yobo.

(Lights shift. JEANNA *re-enters. She spots* FROSTY.*)*

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Jeanna, right?

JEANNA. I'm not supposed to talk to you.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Who says?

JEANNA. The elves. They said you were a degenerate psychopath.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Frosty the Snowman is not degenerate psychopath. I'm filled with magic, I wear a top hat, and I love to dance about. Except I haven't been dancing much lately, with the melting and everything. And my impending slow and tortuous death.

JEANNA. Well I'm sorry about that. But there's nothing I can do.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Join me.

JEANNA. I'm afraid not, I have a new job here. I have to take care of the reindeer.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. The reindeer can take care of themselves. They play their own stupid little games and never let anyone else in. Nasty little flying deer. Don't trust 'em. I'm pretty sure they shot Tupac.

JEANNA. You don't trust anyone, do you?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. That's why I'm still alive. For as long as I can last. The elves are trying to get rid of me.

JEANNA. Oh they are not.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. They're afraid of me. Of my knowledge. That's why they started this whole global warming thing.

JEANNA. The elves started it?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Oh yeah. They started giving the Americans larger and larger SUVs for Christmas—

JEANNA. They build those at the North Pole?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Of course they do. Don't be naïve. You think all those plant closings were a coincidence? That all got outsourced to the North Pole. Cheap magical labor. Elves would work for almost nothing and they'd sing and be happy while they did it. Course they decided they wanted to get rid of me, that's why they made the gas mileage so bad on all the new models. You ever heard of a Hummer? One point two miles to the gallon on those things.

JEANNA. Elves build Hummers?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Oh yeah. Cause they want me dead.

JEANNA. None of this makes any sense.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. The conspiracy goes all the way to the top. All the way to Claus himself.

JEANNA. Why would he want you dead?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Because I'm the only one who knows the truth about him. He's—

*(*FROSTY *turns to see* SNOOBLE.*)*

SNOOBLE. Hi Frosty.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Don't you 'hi Frosty' me. I know you're trying to kill me.

SNOOBLE. With global warming? That old story? Please. If I wanted to kill you I'd do it with immediate warming, like a big old bonfire.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. See? They're out to get me! They Shot Big-E!

SNOOBLE. Everyone knows it was gnomes who shot Big-E.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Lies!

JEANNA. Um… So where are these reindeer?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. I'll take you to them.

SNOOBLE. *I'll* take you to them. You just stay here and melt.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Most of the reindeer have been replaced by robots.

SNOOBLE. Oh they have not. Isn't all of this talking raising your temperature, Frosty? Hey! Look at me! I'm a puddle! I'm your future!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. It is getting warm in here.

SNOOBLE. Go stick your head in a freezer.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. I just might do that. Don't listen to this guy, kid. They started the hole in the ozone layer.

SNOOBLE. Get out of here.

*(*FROSTY *leaves.)*

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. I'll be back.

JEANNA. You know, I'm starting to think that Frosty might have a point.

SNOOBLE. We have a saying here at the North Pole, "don't ask questions."

JEANNA. What does that mean?

SNOOBLE. Don't ask questions. Well, here we are at the stables.

JEANNA. Really?

SNOOBLE. Don't ask questions.

*(*COMET, CUPID, *and* BLITZEN, *three very old, very cranky reindeer, enter.)*

JEANNA. Oh look it's the reindeer! I thought they were tiny?

CUPID. I've been putting on some weight since I retired.

JEANNA. Where's Rudolph?

BLITZEN. 'Where's Rudolph? Where's Rudolph?' That's all anyone wants to know! There are more reindeer than just him, you know?

CUPID. He doesn't hang out with us. He's got his own trailer.

COMET. He thinks he's a star.

BLITZEN. Stuck up jerk.

JEANNA. But weren't you the guys who didn't let him play all your reindeer games?

BLITZEN. Where'd you hear that?

SNOOBLE. Okay, your job is to soothe the disgruntled reindeer who have been laid off.

JEANNA. What?

CUPID. We're disgruntled.

SNOOBLE. Try singing to them. Reindeer love it.

CUPID. We do not.

BLITZEN. You been listening to that stupid Rudolph song? You know who wrote that song? Rudolph! He's the one who didn't want to play with us!

SNOOBLE. Well, have fun. Try not to remind them of the fact that they've been replaced by younger, cheaper reindeer from China.

*(*SNOOBLE *leaves.)*

CUPID. Grrrrr…

COMET. Grrrr…

BLITZEN. That really frosts my cheese.

JEANNA. How about a song?

(The reindeer stare at her.)

JEANNA. Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer…

BLITZEN. Oh you gotta be kidding me!

JEANNA. Sorry?

CUPID. Do you know any other songs?

JEANNA. No. Um… I could do some magic tricks.

COMET. Not interested.

JEANNA. So why are you guys here, anyway?

CUPID. We're retired. The food here is terrible.

BLITZEN. To be more accurate, we were forced out. They didn't even offer me any retirement package—just kicked me out the door.

CUPID. Blitzen's still bitter.

COMET. Can I show you pictures of my grandfawns?

BLITZEN. I can fly better than all of those new reindeer!

COMET. I used to be fast. No more.

BLITZEN. Watch!

*(*BLITZEN *runs around the stage trying to get airborne. He can't.)*

BLITZEN. Unh! Ungh! Darn it!

JEANNA. Is it the global warming?

BLITZEN. Darn carbon monoxide emissions! Argh! Ugh!

CUPID. In my day we didn't have carbon monoxide emissions. We had smoke and we liked it.

JEANNA. So do you think the elves are behind it?

(The reindeer stop to look at her.)

COMET. Huh?

JEANNA. Well that's what Frosty says.

BLITZEN. Listen, not everything an animated talking pile of snow says is true.

COMET. Except for that.

CUPID. Yeah, that part's true.

BLITZEN. Quiet! It's Mrs. Claus!

JEANNA. Wait—what?

CUPID. She doesn't know we can talk. Shhh!

*(*MRS. CLAUS *enters. The reindeer immediately pretend like they are regular animals.)*

MRS. CLAUS. I love the smell of reindeer in the morning! Smells like…reindeer. Oh, who are you?

JEANNA. My name's Jeanna. I'm an honorary elf.

MRS. CLAUS. Are you?

JEANNA. And now I'm looking after these retired reindeer.

MRS. CLAUS. Oh dear.

JEANNA. No, reindeer. I couldn't cut it on the toy-making line. They were going to re-educate me.

MRS. CLAUS. Oh, those elves and their re-education chamber. They've gotten a little overzealous with that thing. They've all been re-educating each other for years. Their brains are almost completely shot.

JEANNA. I guess that explains some things.

MRS. CLAUS. But you shouldn't be out here with these broken-down old reindeer.

(The reindeer cough.)

MRS. CLAUS. Would you like some cookies?

JEANNA. That sounds great. Can I go see Santa?

MRS. CLAUS. I'm afraid nobody sees Santa.

JEANNA. Why not?

MRS. CLAUS. Don't worry your pretty little head about it. Here on the North Pole we don't ask questions. Would you like a candy cane?

JEANNA. Is it true what Frosty says?

MRS. CLAUS. You've met Frosty, have you?

JEANNA. Yeah and he thinks—

MRS. CLAUS. I know what he thinks. It's really too bad about Frosty. The heat is getting to him. It's driving him crazy. But you mustn't listen to that nonsense. No one has even proved scientifically that global warming exists.

JEANNA. But everything's melting.

MRS. CLAUS. It could just be a warm spell. We're going to take another twenty or thirty years to study it.

JEANNA. But everything could be under water by then!

MRS. CLAUS. Maybe. But then again, have a candy cane.

JEANNA. I want to see Santa!

MRS. CLAUS. You're getting excited, darling. Have a candy cane.

JEANNA. I don't want a candy cane! I want to know the truth!

MRS. CLAUS. You can't handle the truth! Elves…

*(*SNOOBLE, SNOG, BOOLIE, *and* TIPPY *enter.)*

MRS. CLAUS. I think this girl is dangerous.

SNOG. Really?

TIPPY. Perhaps she should be…re-educated.

SNOOBLE. Let's burn her!

BOOLIE. Happy happy happy!

JEANNA. You guys were my friends!

SNOOBLE. Friends don't expose other friends' sinister plans.

TIPPY. Yeah.

BOOLIE. Happy happy happy!

MRS. CLAUS. Take her away, elves.

ELVES. Join us. Join us. Join us.

(The elves reach for her, but just then BLITZEN, COMET, *and* CUPID *get in their way.)*

BLITZEN. Hop on, Jeanna!

JEANNA. Ah!

*(*JEANNA *hops on* BLITZEN, *who falls over.)*

BLITZEN. Ow! What have you been eating?!

MRS. CLAUS. What's going on!

BLITZEN. Run for it!

*(*CUPID *and* COMET *do a quick dance to distract the elves.* BLITZEN *and* JEANNA *run for it.)*

BOOLIE. They're funny!

MRS. CLAUS. Boolie! Focus! She's getting away!

SNOG. But the reindeer were funny.

SNOOBLE. They won't get far.

MRS. CLAUS. How do you know that?

SNOOBLE. I don't know, I'm just guessing.

(Lights change.)

*(*BLITZEN *and* JEANNA *enter.* FROSTY THE SNOWMAN, *[existing now only as a head] is resting on a bench.*

JEANNA. No wonder they retired you. You're the worst flying reindeer ever.

BLITZEN. My eyes aren't as good as they used to be.

JEANNA. You fly slow, you almost run into children wherever you go—you're a menace.

BLITZEN. Well I would do better if you weren't so fat. In my day, little girls were…not fat.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Hey.

JEANNA. Frosty! What happened?!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. I'm down to just my head. Nothing for me to do now except smoke from my corncob pipe until I embrace the sweet, warm arms of death.

(The pipe drops out of his mouth.)

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN Darn it. Hey can you put that back?

JEANNA. Frosty, Mrs. Claus admitted it! The elves are behind global warming.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Duh. Someone's been saying that the whole time. But does anyone listen to Frosty? Noooo… Frosty's obviously deranged. Frosty can't be trusted. Frosty's clearly wrong when he says eighty percent of children have been replaced by genetically modified chicken clones.

JEANNA. Okay, but um…what to do we do?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. It's too late. We're all gonna die. Can you put that pipe back in my mouth?

*(*YOBO *enters.)*

JEANNA. Ah! It's one of them!

YOBO. No, I'm one of the good elves. There's still a chance. We have to save Santa!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. How 'bout we save Frosty?!

JEANNA. I thought Santa was in on it.

YOBO. No, he's been imprisoned by Mrs. Claus!

BLITZEN. That's one messed up relationship. But you know, whatever people want to do—

YOBO. Against his will! She's got him doped up with drugged candy canes!

JEANNA. How do you know this?

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. We can't trust him.

YOBO. Follow me.

*(*BLITZEN *and* JEANNA *follow. They all exit.)*

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Hey. Hey! A little help!

(The pipe falls out again.)

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Aw dang it!

*(*JEANNA *returns and grabs* FROSTY.*)*

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Thank you. Ow, your hands are warm. Ack.

(She takes FROSTY *off.)*

(Lights change. YOBO *enters, followed by* JEANNA, FROSTY, *and* BLITZEN.*)*

YOBO. He's down here.

JEANNA. Santa! Santa? Are you down here?

BLITZEN. I want my job back Santa!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Could I have a body please?

*(*MRS. CLAUS *steps out from the shadows.)*

MRS. CLAUS. I'm afraid Santa can't hear you. Yobo, you have betrayed me.

YOBO. I'm following my heart.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. I miss my heart.

MRS. CLAUS. You weren't anatomically correct, Frosty.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Noooo!

JEANNA. Let's get her!

*(*TIPPY *and* SNOOBLE *enter, flanking* MRS. CLAUS.*)*

TIPPY. Come get some!

SNOOBLE. Make my day!

*(*SNOG *and* BOOLIE *enter, dragging a tied up* SANTA.*)*

JEANNA. Santa!

MRS. CLAUS. It's no use. He can't wake up that way.

SNOOBLE. Oh look, it's Frosty the Snowball.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Hey!

BOOLIE. He's funny!

JEANNA. I just got an idea.

*(*JEANNA *grabs* FROSTY's *head.)*

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. What are you doing? Ah! Let go! Noooooooooooo…

(In slow motion, FROSTY *is thrown across the stage. All the elves react in slow motion, diving to get out of the way.* FROSTY *hits* SANTA *square in the face.)*

SANTA. Ho ho hey!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN. Aaaaaa…

*(*FROSTY *dies at* SANTA's *feet.)*

SANTA. What's going on?

MRS. CLAUS. Santa?

SANTA. Why am I—ho ho ho.

JEANNA. They're trying to melt the North Pole through global warming, Santa! They're being very naughty!

BLITZEN. Hey can I have my job back?

SANTA. Elves…

BOOLIE. What Santa?

SNOG. What Master Santa?

SNOOBLE. We live to serve you, Santa.

TIPPY. I feel really bad about everything.

SANTA. And you, Mrs. Claus.

MRS. CLAUS. All right, fine, I was behind it.

SANTA. But why? Ho ho ho.

MRS. CLAUS. I hate the North Pole! Did you ever ask me if I wanted to move to the North Pole? Did you ever ask me if I wanted to live without the sun for six months in a row!?

SANTA. You said you liked ice cream.

MRS. CLAUS. Arrgh! Well I don't like living here! Me and the elves were going to retire to Hawaii after this! Where we could drink pina coladas and go to the beach. I've been working out for the past two months and I can finally fit into a swimsuit again. Do you know how long it's been since I looked hot? A long time! Hundreds of years!

SANTA. I guess Santa has been a little focused on his career.

MRS. CLAUS. That's right! Flying all around the world! Not so much as a postcard! So fine, I tried to melt the world's glaciers, it was really just a cry for attention.

SANTA. Maybe we could buy a summer home.

MRS. CLAUS. Thank you. That's really all I wanted.

JEANNA. But wait, she drugged you, she had you tied up in the basement!

SANTA. Well, you know, after seven hundred years of marriage, you have to try different things.

MRS. CLAUS. See you at home.

(She leaves.)

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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