Santa-Napped (1st ed. - 07.31.07) - sananapped7jr
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Cast of Characters

AGENT 1

AGENT 2

SANTA CLAUS

RUDLOPH, a rogue reindeer

BEADLE, an elf

SNOOP, an elf

WHOOP-DINK, an elf

MRS. CLAUS

EASTER BUNNY

BRITTANY, a depressed girl

ANGELA, a non-depressed girl

CLAUSINATOR 3000, a cyborg from the future

Setting

The North Pole. And a secret CIA Prison.

Acknowledgments

Santa-Napped was originally performed at North Oaks Middle School on December 12, 2006. The cast was as follows:

AGENT 1 .....Ashten Saller
AGENT 2 ..... Sierra Moore
SANTA CLAUS..... Vivian McCray
RUDOLPH .....Ruth Baez
BEADLE..... Abby Feller
SNOOP ..... Hannah James
WHOOP-DINK.....Kaylon Williams
MRS. CLAUS .....Becca Bilbrey
EASTER BUNNY.....Krysta Williams
BRITTANY ..... Melissa Bandy
ANGELA .....Rachel McDowell
CLAUSINATOR 3000 ..... Don Zolidis

SANTA-NAPPED
by Don Zolidis

(A secret CIA prison. One chair is on stage, perhaps a hanging light. SANTA CLAUS *is pushed in, escorted by* AGENT #1 *and* AGENT #2.*)*

AGENT 1. Sit.

SANTA CLAUS. I've got to get to the children.

AGENT 2. Stuff it.

SANTA CLAUS. Why am I here?

AGENT 2. We'll ask the questions.

AGENT 1. You want some water?

SANTA CLAUS. Do you have egg nog?

AGENT 2. You're real funny, fat guy.

AGENT 1. All right, let's get down to business. Do you know what a no-fly zone is?

SANTA CLAUS. A no-fly zone?

AGENT 2. Yeah, as in no flying.

AGENT 1. Settle down, Mandy.

AGENT 2. I'm sorry, Jess, but these terrorists get my blood boiling. We got the goods on you and you're going away for a long time. No one's even going to remember who you are when you get out.

SANTA CLAUS. But I'm Santa, everyone knows me—

AGENT 2. We got enough evidence right now to throw you in some stink-hole in South America where you can rot for the rest of existence!

AGENT 1. Easy, Mandy. Mr. Claus, if that is your real name—

SANTA CLAUS. My real name's Kringle. Kris Kringle.

AGENT 1. So Santa Claus is an alias, huh? Put that down. Do you realize that you violated the no-fly zone over American airspace?

SANTA CLAUS. Just my flying reindeer—

AGENT 2. Flying reindeer? You expect us to believe that? Tell us another one, fatty. What's in the sack?

SANTA CLAUS. What sack?

AGENT 2. Don't play dumb with us!

AGENT 1. I suggest you don't make her mad, Kringle. She's highly unstable.

AGENT 2. Highly unstable!

AGENT 1. I don't know how we ever hired her.

AGENT 2. The background checks are really flimsy!

SANTA CLAUS. What are you talking about?

AGENT 1. Upon searching your "aircraft" we discovered the following: A sack filled to bursting with—

SANTA CLAUS. Presents!

AGENT 1. Tightly wrapped boxes!

AGENT 2. Tied up with bows! What's in the boxes?! We've got ways to make you talk.

SANTA CLAUS. They're presents for the children!

AGENT 2. My God, he's going after the children. You're sick! Sick I tell you! Sick!

SANTA CLAUS. Every Christmas Eve, I come down the chimney—

AGENT 1. You what?

SANTA CLAUS. I shimmy down the chimneys to set out—

AGENT 2. He's breaking into homes.

SANTA CLAUS. To set out presents!

AGENT 2. From your sack?

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, that's right.

AGENT 2. Is that before or after you set out the bombs? Where are the bombs?!

AGENT 1. Easy, Mandy.

AGENT 2. You got Anthrax in the sack? Santa Anthrax coming to spread Christmas poison?

AGENT 1. Settle down.

SANTA CLAUS. All I take is some cookies and milk.

AGENT 1. So you steal?

AGENT 2. I'm gonna vomit.

SANTA CLAUS. I'm not a terrorist!

*(*AGENT 2 *takes out the List.)*

AGENT 2. What's this?

SANTA CLAUS. That's a list of who's naughty and nice—

AGENT 2. Targets.

SANTA CLAUS. No, I—

AGENT 2. Targets.

AGENT 1. Do you think we're idiots?

SANTA CLAUS. Please, I must deliver the presents on Christmas—I have to get to every house in the world.

AGENT 1. Every house in the world? It's bigger than we thought.

AGENT 2. Bring in the dogs.

AGENT 1. A worldwide conspiracy. No one is safe.

AGENT 2. How deep does this go? You can't be doing this alone.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh no, I have a workshop filled with elves on the North Pole—

AGENT 1. Cultists, huh?

SANTA CLAUS. No, elves!

AGENT 2. He's got a bunch of religious fanatic midgets slaving away in an extra-territorial terrorist camp—making these "presents."

SANTA CLAUS. You don't understand. You're being very naughty.

AGENT 2. Oh, so now we're going on the list, are we? We're targeted next?

AGENT 1. Give it up, Kringle. We've got information on you from the inside.

SANTA CLAUS. But—who?

AGENT 1. That's for us to know and you to worry about.

(Lights down on SANTA. *Lights up on* RUDOLPH, *in a confessional.)*

RUDLOPH. Oh yeah, we were going to the whole world. Every house. He used me—I was just the driver, I don't know anything. He kept on saying, on, on, on—we were tied together like animals! Like animals I tell ya! I was going crazy! On on on! No stops! No bathroom breaks—I was cracking up! Always behind me with that whip—I have nightmares about it! He has to be stopped! Taunting me, saying I could join in the reindeer games—there were no reindeer games! It was all a lie! A horrible, horrible lie!

(Lights down on RUDOLPH. *Lights up on Santa's Workshop.)*

(Two elves, SNOOP *and* WHOOP-DINK, *are working hard while a third elf,* BEADLE *rushes in.)*

BEADLE. Did you hear the news?!

SNOOP. It's horrible.

WHOOP-DINK. To tell you the truth, I always suspected something. There was always something sinister in the way he smiled.

BEADLE. You know Santa's not a terrorist—

WHOOP-DINK. Well, you know, sometimes the quiet ones are the ones you gotta watch out for—

SNOOP. He wasn't quiet—he was always saying ho ho ho.

WHOOP-DINK. I thought he was saying yo ho ho—like a pirate.

SNOOP. All right, let's go break Santa out of prison! I've been wanting to test out my ninja training for years now! We'll sneak in, assassinate all the guards, and get Santa back by the time it's Christmas Eve!

*(*MRS. CLAUS *enters.)*

MRS. CLAUS. No one's assassinating anyone.

SNOOP. Dang it!

BEADLE. Please, Mrs. Claus, we need to save Christmas!

SNOOP. And we'll rain death and destruction while we do it!

BEADLE. Yeah! What?

SNOOP. All that will be left is a charred, smoking ruin. I've been working on a doomsday device in my closet—

BEADLE. Quiet, Snoop.

SNOOP. Oh wait, sorry, I get overexcited sometimes.

WHOOP-DINK. Well, I guess we'll have to cancel Christmas. Shucks. I'm off to Hawaii.

BEADLE. Quiet, Whoop-Dink!

WHOOP-DINK. I prefer to be called Bob.

BEADLE. Your mom named you Whoop-Dink, so I'm going to call you that.

WHOOP-DINK. Why Mom, Why?!

MRS. CLAUS. Quiet my happy elves.

WHOOP-DINK. I'm not really all that happy.

MRS. CLAUS. I know that you're all very sad that Santa is missing, but we'll press on. Like we always do. Like that time Santa was

kidnapped by the Abominable Snowman, or like that other time Santa was kidnapped by Jack Frost, or like that other time he got stopped for DUI in Missouri—

BEADLE. We get the picture.

SNOOP. I still think violence is the answer.

MRS. CLAUS. It is not. We can't take on the American Military.

SNOOP. Sure we can—did I mention the Doomsday Device?

MRS. CLAUS. You're losing sight of the spirit of Christmas.

SNOOP. No. The Doomsday Device is decorated with tinsel. Tinsel is festive.

MRS. CLAUS. We're not using the Doomsday Device.

SNOOP. Fine. Who cares? Why do I even suggest anything if everything I say is going to get shot down? I'll just go hang out in my room and practice my voodoo then. See if I care.

WHOOP-DINK. Snoop, stop it.

(Short pause.)

WHOOP-DINK. You don't actually do voodoo, do you?

SNOOP. Nope. Can I have a lock of your hair?

BEADLE. Can we please focus? What are we going to do?

MRS. CLAUS. Well, I think the first thing we do is have some milk and cookies in Santa's honor.

WHOOP-DINK. Can I pour some milk on his grave? You know, one for my homies?

MRS. CLAUS. No. We're not doing anything inspired by hip-hop culture.

WHOOP-DINK. There goes my plan for the little Drummer Boy drumline.

MRS. CLAUS. Santa will be fine, we'll just have to find a replacement while his case works its way through the American courts.

BEADLE. I have faith in the American legal system.

MRS. CLAUS. Beadle, you get Santa a lawyer—

BEADLE. Ooh! Can it be me!?

MRS. CLAUS. Are you trained in law?

BEADLE. How hard can it be? I'll take some on-line courses!

MRS. CLAUS. Fine. Snoop, you're going to help me get a replacement Santa. Whoop-Dink—

WHOOP-DINK. Bob.

MRS. CLAUS. You just keep doing what you're doing.

WHOOP-DINK. Sweet.

(They exit. SNOOP *is left on stage alone. He speaks to the audience while posting his employment ad.)*

SNOOP. Wanted: Jolly fat man with a beard needed to fly around the world on a magical sled pulled by eight tiny—

*(*RUDOLPH *pokes his head in.)*

RUDLOPH. I quit.

SNOOP. Seven tiny reindeer. Must be able to jiggle like a bowl full of jelly. Rosy cheeks preferred. Must be willing to oversee enforced labor of squad of elven slaves. Prison experience a plus. Also, magical powers a bonus. Pay: zero. Health insurance included. No dental. Transportation provided.

(Lights shift. MRS. CLAUS *and* WHOOP-DINK *return.)*

MRS. CLAUS. Are the candidates here?

SNOOP. I don't know that I'd call them candidates as much as losers.

WHOOP-DINK. For the record, I just want to say that I would prefer to be in Hawaii right now enjoying my retirement. We don't need a new Santa. This whole Christmas thing is totally played.

MRS. CLAUS. Can you please show the candidates in?

SNOOP. Well…after a lengthy application process, we've narrowed it down to the top three applicants. Out of the three who applied.

(The EASTER BUNNY, *the* CLAUSINATOR 3000, *and* BRITTANY *enter.)*

MRS. CLAUS. Easter Bunny, how are you?

EASTER BUNNY. Oh, you know. Hangin'. *(To the others:)* I got this. Y'all can go home. *(Back to* MRS. CLAUS*:)* Listen—I heard about the Santa problem.

MRS. CLAUS. We're calling it a situation.

EASTER BUNNY. I always thought he was a little weird, you know? A grown man hanging out with a bunch of elves? Something not right in it, know what I mean? I ain't surprised he cracked up and wanted to destroy the world—

SNOOP. No that's me.

MRS. CLAUS. Santa is innocent and he will be proven so.

EASTER BUNNY. Well check it out, though. I got magical powers—look, I'm here, I'm there—no one knows how I get anywhere! You can't stop me!

CLAUSINATOR 3000. *(In an Austrian accent:)* I will stop you.

EASTER BUNNY. Man, you're creepy.

SNOOP. No offense, Easter Bunny, but how are you going to pilot the sleigh?

EASTER BUNNY. I'll have one of the elves do it. Those little mutants gotta be good for something.

WHOOP-DINK. Aw no you didn't!

EASTER BUNNY. No offense, but I find elves disgusting.

MRS. CLAUS. *(To* SNOOP*:)* What do you think?

SNOOP. Maybe. I don't know if his attitude is right, though.

EASTER BUNNY. How bout I slap you and then my attitude is right? You can't stop me! I'll put presents here, I'll put presents there! No one'll ever find 'em!

MRS. CLAUS. Just hold on, Easter Bunny. Who else do we have?

BRITTANY. My name's Brittany, but you can call me Mistress of the Darkness.

SNOOP. I like her.

WHOOP-DINK. You would.

SNOOP. What's that supposed to mean?

WHOOP-DINK. Nothing. Freak.

SNOOP. That's it! Your face is going on my voodoo doll at home. One day you're gonna be walking along and whoops, you're gonna be on fire! You know why?! Cause I'm crazy, man! I'm crazy! And then I'll turn your corpse into a zombie servant! How do you like that?!?

(Pause. Everyone looks at SNOOP.*)*

SNOOP. Um… I mean, no, I'm not going to do that. Um…the holidays can be stressful for elves. That's why we joke with each other.

*(*WHOOP-DINK *moves his chair away from* SNOOP.*)*

MRS. CLAUS. O-kay. Um—Mistress--?

BRITTANY. Or you can call me Miss Darkshine Nightstorm. The Third.

SNOOP. Interesting.

MRS. CLAUS. Do you have any Santa experience?

BRITTANY. Santa experience?

MRS. CLAUS. You know, a flight license, magical powers, a jiggly belly—

BRITTANY. I have magical powers of darkness and gloom. Would you like to hear a poem I wrote?

SNOOP. Maybe later. I think we should pass her on to round two.

EASTER BUNNY. What?! She ain't got nothing! Can you do this?! Can you?!

(The EASTER BUNNY *starts hopping around.)*

EASTER BUNNY. Hop hop hop! Hop hop hop! Boo ya! In your face!

MRS. CLAUS. Enough, Easter Bunny. And who are you?

CLAUSINATOR 3000. I am the Clausinator 3000.

SNOOP. This looks promising.

WHOOP-DINK. Where are you from?

CLAUSINATOR 3000. I have been sent from the future to prevent this timeline from losing Santa Claus. I will take the presents to all the good boys and girls.

MRS. CLAUS. Huh.

CLAUSINATOR 3000. And then I will destroy you all.

MRS. CLAUS. Okay. Maybe not.

SNOOP. Do you have magical powers?

CLAUSINATOR 3000. I come from a society so technologically advanced that I have been constructed from a liquid metal alloy that allows me to become any shape imaginable. I am indestructible—a direct hit from a nuclear weapon will cause me to sneeze. I am superior to every life form on this planet. And look, I have an EZ Bake oven.

SNOOP. Oooh.

MRS. CLAUS. We would eliminate a whole legion of elves with this guy—

CLAUSINATOR 3000. Affirmative. Proceeding to eliminate elves.

(He moves to kill the elves.)

SNOOP. Ahhhh!

WHOOP-DINK. Aw heck no!

MRS. CLAUS. Wait, no!

CLAUSINATOR 3000. Standing down.

SNOOP. I think he's a little unstable.

WHOOP-DINK. Man, this guy's whack.

SNOOP. Whack? He's whack? Where are you from, the hood?

WHOOP-DINK. You don't know me.

SNOOP. Yes I do. I grew up with you.

MRS. CLAUS. Elves, please. I think this…person would definitely keep the naughty children on their toes. Let's try a little ho ho ho. Give me your best laugh.

EASTER BUNNY. Ha ha! Hoo Hoo! Ha! Hoo! Ha Hoo! Yeah! Boo Ya!

BRITTANY. I don't laugh.

CLAUSINATOR 3000. *(In Austrian accent:)* Ho ho ho.

MRS. CLAUS. All right, all right, interesting. Now, Whoop-Dink, Snoop, if you don't mind.

*(*WHOOP-DINK *and* SNOOP *bring in a fake fireplace and Christmas tree.)*

WHOOP-DINK. Man, you don't do nothing around here. Whoop-Dink do this. Whoop-Dink do that. Whoop-Dink clean out the blast furnace with your hair.

MRS. CLAUS. Okay, we've set up a sample room you might be likely to encounter as Santa. Your goal is to slide down the chimney—

BRITTANY. There's no chimney.

MRS. CLAUS. Fake it. Then set out the presents, drink the milk, eat the cookies, and shoot back up the chimney—yes I know there's no chimney, pretend to shoot back up the chimney—in under 20 seconds without being spotted by the little angels.

EASTER BUNNY. I got this!

WHOOP-DINK. Easter Bunny, you go first.

EASTER BUNNY. I got this! Hoo!

MRS. CLAUS. Okay, on your mark. Get set. Go!

(The EASTER BUNNY *runs wildly around the room, hiding presents everywhere. He throws them off-stage, he hides them under* MRS. CLAUS' *chair, he throws some into the audience.)*

EASTER BUNNY. *(While he's doing this:)* No one's finding this one! Hoo! Yeah! All right!

*(*ANGELA, *a small girl dressed in pajamas, enters, rubbing her eyes.)*

ANGELA. Easter Bunny?

EASTER BUNNY. Aaaaaah!

(The EASTER BUNNY *pushes* ANGELA *down and runs.)*

MRS. CLAUS. Stop! What was that?

ANGELA. Ow.

EASTER BUNNY. What. I didn't do nothing.

MRS. CLAUS. You pushed her down.

EASTER BUNNY. I'm not used to indoor spaces. I panicked.

MRS. CLAUS. All right. Brittany, let's see what you've got.

BRITTANY. Christmas is just overhyped commercialism anyway.

WHOOP-DINK. And go!

BRITTANY. Whatever.

(She puts on a fake beard.)

BRITTANY. I have a blood-sugar problem so I'm not touching these cookies.

*(*ANGELA *moves slowly and puts one present under the tree.* ANGELA *emerges again, rubbing her eyes.)*

ANGELA. Who are you?

BRITTANY. Santa Claus.

ANGELA. Really?

BRITTANY. What's your problem?

ANGELA. I thought Santa was a man.

BRITTANY. Sit down, Angela. Let's talk.

ANGELA. Okay—

BRITTANY. Life is about pain, Angela. You wake up, you live, you die. It's that simple. Somewhere in the middle you might have your heart broken. That's why this Christmas I'm only bringing you this journal to write down dark and depressing poetry. Do you want to hear one of my poems?

ANGELA. No.

BRITTANY. Too bad. You're gonna hear it anyway. Here goes:
Darkness fills my soul in rivers of pain
Nothing can wash away this well of pain
And darkness touches my shoulder with dark rain
That comes from my horrible, horrible, horrible pain.

You like it?

ANGELA. Am I getting the My Little Pony I asked for?

BRITTANY. No. There are no more My Little Ponies for you. The greatest present I can give you is a lesson: In pain. And disappointment. I guess I can give you this little My Little Horseman of the Apocalypse.

ANGELA. What's the Apocalypse?

BRITTANY. You'll find out. Merry Christmas.

*(*BRITTANY *exits.)*

MRS. CLAUS. Um…

SNOOP. That was a little unorthodox.

WHOOP-DINK. I kinda liked that one. I write poetry too.

MRS. CLAUS. Poetry is for people without jobs. And I really don't think Brittany here fits with the Christmas spirit.

SNOOP. Next!

(The CLAUSINATOR 3000 *emerges.)*

CLAUSINATOR 3000. I shall rock this thing.

MRS. CLAUS. Okay. And execute!

CLAUSINATOR 3000. Executing elves.

MRS. CLAUS. No stop!

CLAUSINATOR 3000. Standing down. Awaiting further orders from Skynet on the takeover of the world.

WHOOP-DINK. Okay. Cool. And begin.

*(*CLAUSINATOR 3000 *begins setting out presents extremely fast.)*

(It grabs the cookies.)

CLAUSINATOR 3000. Disposing of cookies. They are good. Oh. Look out!

*(*ANGELA *enters.)*

ANGELA. Santa!

CLAUSINATOR 3000. Aaaaahhh!

*(*CLAUSINATOR 3000 *obliterates* ANGELA.*)*

CLAUSINATOR 3000. Mission Accomplished.

WHOOP-DINK. I like the enthusiasm. It's refreshing.

SNOOP. He did incinerate Angela.

WHOOP-DINK. She was asking for it.

MRS. CLAUS. Um… I'm gonna say no on this one.

CLAUSINATOR 3000. You have made the greatest mistake of your puny lives. I will return to the past and kill you before you were born. Ho ho ho.

(It exits.)

WHOOP-DINK. That can't be good.

*(*SNOOP *dies.)*

SNOOP. Aaaaah! I was never born!

WHOOP-DINK. He's killing us in the past!

MRS. CLAUS. Well I hope Beadle is successful with his lawyering. The lawyers are our only hope.

(Lights change.)

(Lights up on the secret CIA prison in a 3rd World Country.)

AGENT 1. Who are your co-conspirators?

SANTA CLAUS. Please…please…help me.

AGENT 2. No one at the North Pole has ever heard of you.

AGENT 1. You call this a passport? It's just a candy cane.

AGENT 2. Why do you have such a long beard? What are you trying to hide?

AGENT 1. What's in the sack?!

SANTA CLAUS. Presents!

AGENT 2. There are no presents!

AGENT 1. Why do you keep lying to us?!

SANTA CLAUS. I'm innocent!

AGENT 2. More lies! Give us the names!

SANTA CLAUS. Help.

AGENT 1. Oop. Time for our break.

(They immediately walk out.)

AGENT 1. Hey that was nice in there.

AGENT 2. You think so? Thanks. I've been working on it.

AGENT 1. I mean, with the beard thing? I never woulda thought of that.

AGENT 2. Yeah, I came up with that last night in the tub. I sometimes have the best ideas in the tub.

AGENT 1. Me too. Me too. I light some scented candles and I just lie there and—

*(*BEADLE *enters.)*

BEADLE. I'm here to see Santa.

AGENT 1. Never heard of him.

AGENT 2. He isn't here.

SANTA CLAUS. Help me please! Help me!

BEADLE. What was that?

AGENT 1. Nothing.

SANTA CLAUS. Please, someone, help Santa escape from this horrible prison.

BEADLE. I just heard him say his name.

AGENT 1. That's just someone talking about lunch.

AGENT 2. I've never even heard of lunch.

BEADLE. Look, I'm Santa's lawyer—this is a secret CIA prison, right?

AGENT 1. Oh no, this is a goat farm. I'm a goat herder.

AGENT 2. I'm a goat. Baaa!

BEADLE. That's a sheep.

AGENT 2. I'm a goat. Neigh!

AGENT 1. This place doesn't exist.

AGENT 2. Nope. Oink!

AGENT 1. I'm just a simple goat herder.

AGENT 2. I'm just a simple goat. Ee ee ee ee!

*(*BEADLE *pushes past them as he spots* SANTA.*)*

BEADLE. Santa!

SANTA CLAUS. Beadle!

BEADLE. I'm lawyer Beadle now. I just got accredited from an on-line institution that certified me in two weeks! Didn't need no fancy book-learning neither.

AGENT 1. Stop right there!

AGENT 2. No lawyers allowed!

BEADLE. He needs a lawyer.

AGENT 1. Lawyers are horrible, horrible people.

AGENT 2. They want the terrorists to win.

BEADLE. He's not a terrorist! He's Santa!

AGENT 2. So you admit he's a terrorist!

BEADLE. What? No! He's Santa!

AGENT 1. Who?

BEADLE. Santa Claus!

AGENT 1. Never heard of him.

AGENT 2. This place doesn't even exist. Did I mention I'm a goat?

BEADLE. Arrgh! Look, I've learned a lot about the law in the two on-line courses I took because I was too lazy to actually go to any real classes. And what I learned is this: A person is guilty until proven innocent. Oh wait. No, the other way around.

AGENT 1. Yes, but an accused person is accused until proven not accused.

AGENT 2. Right. But you can't prove a negative. Can you prove I'm not killing you with my mind right now?

AGENT 1. Exactly. Can you prove he isn't accused?

AGENT 2. Can you even prove we exist?

AGENT 1. Because we don't.

AGENT 2. Not in a literal sense.

BEADLE. Drat! Their lawyer powers are greater than mine.

AGENT 1. We aren't even in America.

AGENT 2. Laws don't apply to us.

AGENT 1. And he doesn't even have a passport.

AGENT 2. So he doesn't exist. And I'm a goat.

BEADLE. Stop right there! I've had just about enough of this!

AGENT 1. *(To* AGENT 2*:)* Did you hear something?

AGENT 2. Baaa.

BEADLE. Sheep.

(With extreme effort, SANTA *manages to rise from his chair.)*

SANTA CLAUS. Please. You've forgotten the true meaning of Christmas.

*(*BEADLE *runs up to* SANTA.*)*

BEADLE. You need a different speech, sir.

SANTA CLAUS. What?

BEADLE. You used the whole "forgotten the true meaning of Christmas" speech last year. It doesn't work if you're being held in a secret prison.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh.

BEADLE. Time to bring out the big guns.

SANTA CLAUS. All right fine! Mandy!

AGENT 2. Baaaa! Does anyone know what noise a goat actually makes?

AGENT 1. I think it's like a kikiriku.

SANTA CLAUS. Do you remember when you were six years old, Mandy?

AGENT 2. No.

AGENT 1. It's true. They erase our memories before we become agents. That way we don't have any human feelings.

SANTA CLAUS. Well I remember you. You lived on 1914 Pine-wood Lane, and you were a very good little girl that year—the nice list if I recall—and all you wanted for Christmas that year was a puppy. Do you remember?

AGENT 2. …yes.

SANTA CLAUS. And do you remember the name of that little puppy?

AGENT 2. Snuggles.

SANTA CLAUS. And do you remember waking up in the morning and finding Snuggles under the Christmas tree?

AGENT 2. …yes.

AGENT 1. Fight it! He's trying to get you to feel!

SANTA CLAUS. I brought you Snuggles. He loved you, Mandy. And do you remember when Snuggles ran out in front of traffic—

AGENT 2. He went to a better place.

SANTA CLAUS. And you cried and you cried? I could bring you another puppy, Mandy. Another Snuggles. You could start over. I'd do that because I love you.

AGENT 2. Aaaah! I love you too, Santa!

SANTA CLAUS. And you—

AGENT 1. I'm not listening! I'm not listening!

SANTA CLAUS. Jessica.

*(*AGENT 1 *falls over, breathing heavily.)*

AGENT 1. No. There is no hope for me. I'm more machine now than girl. Twisted and evil and part of the shadow government.

SANTA CLAUS. I don't believe that, Jessica. Do you remember the Lil' Bratz Pimped out Roadster?

AGENT 1. Arrrgh! Memories! Flooding back!

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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