

What, No Santa? A Christmas Play

Written by Dr. Chase Young
Adapted by LHU Language Center

Characters:

Santa, Mrs. Claus, Jingle, Dingle, Winky, Blinky, Holly, Jolly, Mistletoe,
Narrator, Announcer, 1st Voice from Radio, 2nd Voice from Radio

ANNOUNCER: Welcome, folks, to our annual Christmas Theater. In this year's play "What, No Santa Claus" we find ourselves in the living room of Santa Claus' house on Christmas Eve.

NARRATOR: As the scene opens, Santa Claus is sitting in his big chair in front of the fireplace. Santa looks very miserable and begins to sneeze.

SANTA: Ker-chew--kerrrrchew! Ker-chew!

MRS. CLAUS: Santa, there you go sneezing again. You ought to be in bed!

SANTA: Bed? How can you talk about bed when it's Christmas Eve? I ought to be getting ready for my trip!

NARRATOR: Santa starts to get up out of the chair but Mrs. Claus stops him.

MRS. CLAUS: You certainly are not! You need all the rest you can get!

SANTA: Now listen here, Mrs. Claus. Who's the boss around here? Who wears the trousers in this household?

MRS. CLAUS: (CHUCKLING) Oh, dear! Please sit still!

SANTA: Mrs. Claus, I will not be. Woman, what are you talking about? It's Christmas Eve. What would Christmas be without Santa Claus? I've got millions and millions of presents to deliver!

MRS. CLAUS: Nonsense. You can't go climbing down chimneys tonight--no in your condition.

SANTA: Oh, stop fussing! It's time to exercise the reindeer.

MRS. CLAUS: I could have exercised the reindeer.

SANTA: You? Mrs. Santa Claus? A woman?

MRS. CLAUS: Women are doing lots of things these days. All kinds of jobs. It beats me--you go out into the world every year and still I know more about what's going on out there than you do.

SANTA: That's because you're always listening to the radio...

NARRATOR: Mrs. Claus goes across the room and switches on the radio. Immediately you hear the strains of "Jingle Bells."

SANTA:(CROSSLY) Take my mind off...

1st RADIO VOICE:(CUTTING OFF SANTA IN MID-SENTENCE)
"Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house,
not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings
were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St.
Nicholas soon would be there."

SANTA: What did I tell you? All the children are expecting me--they're waiting now--they're waiting for Christmas to begin....Turn that thing off.

NARRATOR: Mrs. Claus gets up again and switches off the radio.

SANTA: And I'm not going to miss this one! Where are those elves? I thought I told them.

NARRATOR: Just then, Winky and Blinky run in, interrupting Santa.

WINKY AND BLINKY: Here we are, Santa!

WINKY: I'm Winky!

BLINKY: I'm Blinky!

SANTA: How are things in the workshop? All finished? What about dolls, drums, candy canes, sleds, Nintendo games?

WINKY: There are millions of sleds and millions of drums.

BLINKY: And millions of dolls and sugar plums.

SANTA: Fine.

MRS. CLAUS: Excuse me, but it's very foolish making all those plans, Santa Claus, when you know as well as I do-

NARRATOR: Suddenly two other elves, Holly and Jolly, dash in.

HOLLY: I'm Holly!

JOLLY: I'm Jolly!

HOLLY: And we have come to say.

JOLLY: That we've finished packing all the toys.

HOLLY: You can soon be on your way.

MRS. CLAUS: Santa, I tell you there's no use.

NARRATOR: Another interruption as Jingle and Dingle run in from outside with snowflakes all over them.

JINGLE: I'm Jingle!

DINGLE: I'm Dingle!

JINGLE: We're hitching up the reindeer-Dasher and Dancer and Vixen.

DINGLE: And Comet and Cupid and Prancer-And also Donner and Blitzen!

NARRATOR: Just then the seventh elf, Mistletoe, enters, also covered with snow.

MISTLETOE: I'm Mistletoe! I've been putting on the sleighbells-Did you hear them ring? Oh, the sound makes me so happy-I could fairly sing.

ALL ELVES: Oh, we've made the toys the whole year through For every girl and boy; And now it's time for Christmas-For Happiness and Joy.

NARRATOR: Santa catching their excitement, tries to get up from the chair.

ALL ELVES: Come on, come on, oh, Santa dear-Over all the world you'll fly; We'll help you get onto the sleigh-You'll be off in the wink of an eye!

SANTA: Yes--Yes! No--No--I don't know. I feel dizzy. My head's stuffed up and my nose---Ker-chew--ker-chew--ker-chew!

MRS. CLAUS: There, you see? You're sneezing again. Now you just stay right there in that chair. Of course there'll be a Christmas, but you won't have any part in it. Now Santa, don't you try to get out of your chair again!

NARRATOR: Mrs. Claus tucks Santa in his chair one last time and heads out of the room.

SANTA: Mrs. Claus, just where are you going?

MRS. CLAUS: Never you mind, Santa!

NARRATOR: Santa begins to sneeze again and the elves run to him.

ALL ELVES: Oh, poor Santa! Can we help?

SANTA: No--no. I Just feel miserable--utterly miserable! No Christmas- imagine it-- no Christmas this year.

JINGLE: (WAILING LOUDLY) No Christmas!

DINGLE:(NOT QUITE SO LOUDLY) No Christmas at all.

WINKY:(FAINTER VOICE) No Christmas anywhere.

BLINKY:(STILL FAINTER, AND SADLY) No Christmas for the children.

HOLLY:(PRACTICALLY A WHISPER) No trimmed trees.

JOLLY: No filled socks.

MISTLETOE: No Santa Claus!

JINGLE: But there must be some way ... What can we do, Mister Santa? You ought to be able to figure something out!

SANTA: I'm sorry--there just doesn't seem to be any hope.

NARRATOR: Suddenly Mrs. Claus enters the room wearing a long, white, bushy beard just like Santa's and dressed in one of his red suits, a cap, and carrying a big pack over her shoulder.

JINGLE: Why--why, it's Mrs. Santa Claus!

DINGLE: And she's wearing--she's wearing trousers!

MRS. CLAUS: Certainly--I'm going to deliver the presents!

SANTA: But Mrs. Claus, I won't have it. You've got on my other suit.

MRS. CLAUS: Certainly I have--as Dingle said, I'm wearing trousers.

SANTA: Well, I simply won't have it. I won't have it, I tell you.

MRS. CLAUS: Lots of women wear pants out into the world--only they call them slacks. I'm going to do your job tonight!

SANTA: I won't allow it. I won't allow you to go.

MRS. CLAUS: Would you rather there not be any Christmas and have all the children disappointed?

NARRATOR: She pauses, waiting for an answer, and hearing none, says:

MRS. CLAUS: I thought not.

SANTA:(WEAKLY) But--

MRS. CLAUS: Now don't argue. Lots of women take over their

men's jobs when they have to. And I ought to be on my way.
Merry Christmas.

NARRATOR: The elves all run to the window and relay information to Santa Claus who is leaning forward in his chair, anxiously.

JINGLE: She's climbing into the sleigh

DINGLE: The reindeer are all pawing and prancing now.

WINKY: She's getting all wrapped up in the big blanket.

BLINKY: She looks merry as can be!

HOLLY: Her eyes are twinkling.

JOLLY: And her nose is getting red from the cold.

MISTLETOE: She's off! There they go!

ALL ELVES: Yes! There's going to be a Christmas after all.
(WAVING) Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!