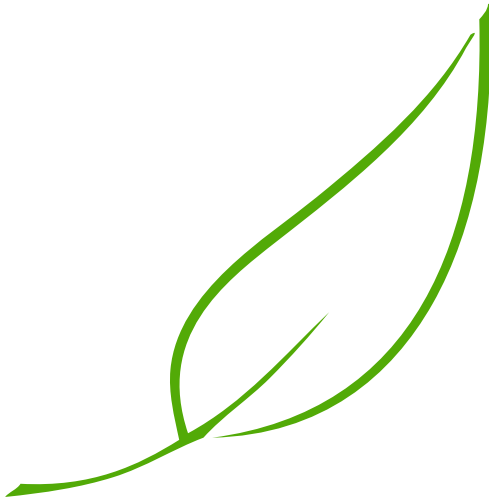


THE SANTA CLAUSE

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

THE SANTA CLAUSE
by Ken Bradbury

THE SANTA CLAUSE

by Ken Bradbury

Characters: Santa and his elves – Sniffy, Itchy and Marvin

SNIFFY: (*entering with Itchy*) Is he up yet?

ITCHY: I heard a grunt in the other room.

SNIFFY: That was his reindeer. Rudolf's got sinus congestion.

ITCHY: Are we going to tell him?

SNIFFY: Can't we wait? He's gonna be mad.

ITCHY: This was your idea, Sniffy. You're the one who organized the elves into a union ... said we had to stand up for our rights.

SANTA: (*offstage ... snorts ... coughs*)

SNIFFY: He's coming! He's coming and you're going to tell him and he's gonna be mad and we're all gonna lose our jobs and Christmas is going to be ruined.

ITCHY: You're depressing, you know that?

SANTA: (*offstage*) Who's out there?

SNIFFY: Uh-oh!

SANTA: (*offstage*) What's going on in my workshop?

ITCHY: I gotta hide!

SNIFFY: (*grabs*) Don't you dare! We've got to stand together on this!

ITCHY: He's gonna kill us. I know he is. No more "Ho! Ho! Ho!" It will be "Bam! Bam! Bam!"

SANTA: (*entering in a bluster*) Who's making all that ... (*stops, sees Itchy and Sniffy*) ... What are you doing here so early on the day before Christmas?

ITCHY: Just wanted to get a jump on the big day, Santa! See ya later! (*and he begins to exit*)

SNIFFY: (*grabbing Itchy*) Hold it! Hold it! Santa, there's something we want to tell you.

SANTA: Can it wait? I've got to load up that sleigh. (*counting them off*) ... Sniffy ... Itchy ... where's Marvin?

SNIFFY: Marvin who?

- SANTA:** Marvin the elf! He's missing.
- SNIFFY:** *(to Itchy)* Where is he?
- ITCHY:** He's late. He's always late.
- SANTA:** Why can't that blasted elf ... ?
- MARVIN:** *(entering in a flurry ... Marvin is a fast talking, perpetually confused elf and at this moment still finishing getting dressed.)* I'm here! I'm here! Never fear! Marvin's here! Hold the deer! Give a cheer! Marvin's here! Marvin's here!
- SANTA:** Where are your pants, Marvin?
- MARVIN:** *(looks down, then)* Pants! *(He exits.)*
- SANTA:** Just what I need.
- ITCHY:** Santa, we need to have a talk.
- SANTA:** About what?
- ITCHY:** *(to Sniffy)* Tell him.
- SNIFFY:** Me?
- SANTA:** Speak up!
- ITCHY:** Uh ... well ... we were talking ... we elves ... we were just sitting and discussing things ... you know, like elves do ... just sitting and chatting and ...
- SANTA:** Hurry up! Christmas is coming!
- MARVIN:** *(entering)* Marvin's back! Marvin's back! Never fear! I found my pants!
- SANTA:** Oh good grief. Marvin, get me a coffee.
- MARVIN:** Coffee's good! Coffee's good. Santa wants it ... Knew he would! *(and he's gone)*
- SANTA:** I need to retire. *(to Itchy)* So what do you want?
- ITCHY:** It's about ... well ... *(nudges Sniffy)*
- SNIFFY:** *(blurting it out)* It's about our work conditions!
- SANTA:** Work conditions?
- SNIFFY:** We were just talking, you know ... like elves do ...
- SANTA:** We've been through this part! Get to it! What's the matter with your work conditions?
- ITCHY:** Well Santa ... you've got to admit ... we do the work ... we do nearly all the work on the toys for girls and boys ... and then ... and then ...
- SANTA:** And then what?

SNIFFY: (*nudged by Itchy*) ... and you get all the credit!

SANTA: What?!!!!

SNIFFY: I'm dead. I'm a dead elf.

MARVIN: (*running in*) Coffee ... coffee ... Santa's coffee ...
Want a donut? Maybe toffee?

SANTA: (*taking the cup*) Thanks, Marvin. Now what were you saying?

ITCHY: Well Santa ... I mean, we work all year to make these things, then on Christmas Eve you get to ride around the world and they sing songs about you and you're on television ... while we sit here watching reruns of The Brady Bunch. It's really not fair.

SANTA: That's because I'm Santa Claus! That's my job!

MARVIN: That's his job! That's his job! You turn the drill, I twist the knobs!

SANTA: Marvin!

MARVIN: Sorry.

SNIFFY: We'd like to put a little clause into our contract ...

SANTA: Clause?

ITCHY: A Santa Clause.

SANTA: Are you trying to be funny?

SNIFFY: Me? Funny? No! (*to Itchy*) You trying to be funny?

ITCHY: I'm not trying to be funny. I'm really, really unfunny.

MARVIN: I'm smiling.

SNIFFY: Quiet, Marvin.

MARVIN: (*quickly*) Okay.

SNIFFY: You see, Santa, we'd like ... you know ... a little more credit. Maybe ride with you in the sleigh, make a few executive decisions, maybe an appearance on the Today Show ... just sort of get our names out there.

SANTA: What!!???

MARVIN: Santa's mad! Santa's mad! That's real bad that Santa's mad!

SANTA: Marvin!

MARVIN: Sorry.



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

SANTA CLAUSE

by Ken Bradbury.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

customerservice@greenroompress.com

www.greenroompress.com