

# Mrs. Claus Gets Menopause

Daniel Guyton



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# MRS. CLAUS GETS MENOPAUSE

By

Daniel Guyton

*Mrs. Clause Gets Menopause* premiered at Onstage Atlanta (Barbara Cole Uterhardt, Artistic Company Manager) in Atlanta, GA, as part of their Merry Little Holiday Shorts Festival in December. It was directed by Barry West, sound design by Kel Kyle, lighting design by Tom Gillespie, and the stage manager was Bill Byrne. The cast was as follows:

MRS. CLAUS – Lory Cox  
SANTA CLAUS – Nat Martin

*Mrs. Clause Gets Menopause* was subsequently produced at ACME Theatre (Dave Sheppard, Executive Director) in Maynard, MA, as part of their New Works Winter Festival in January. It was directed by Nancy Gahagan, the technical director was Dave Sheppard, and the stage manager was Paul Zak. The cast was as follows:

MRS. CLAUS – Lisa Burdick  
SANTA CLAUS – Jim Porter

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## CAST

**SANTA CLAUS:** The jolly old elf himself. Normally in good spirits, but tonight is no ordinary night.

**MRS. CLAUS:** Santa's wife. Normally very sweet and loving, but today she is a bit on edge.

### Place

Santa's Workshop at the North Pole.

### Time

Christmas Eve.

*Setting: A cozy office in the North Pole. It looks Victorian, but colorful.*

*At Rise: MRS. CLAUS enters in a huff.*

**MRS. CLAUS:** *(entering)* Don't talk to me. *(SANTA enters close behind)* Don't touch me!

**SANTA:** *(following close behind)* But, sugar plum, what's wrong?

**MRS. CLAUS:** Nothing, Santa. You know what's wrong!

**SANTA:** No, I don't. I...

**MRS. CLAUS:** Well, if you don't know what's wrong, then I'm not going to tell you.

**SANTA:** Please, darling. I don't have much time now. Tell me what's wrong.

**MRS. CLAUS:** Nothing's wrong, all right! Nothing's wrong. *(She sits and begins to cry)* Oh, god, I wanna die!

SANTA: Sweetheart, please. It's Christmas Eve. I have to fly around the world tonight. What on earth could be bothering you?

MRS. CLAUS: That's what's bothering me! Ok? THAT'S what's bothering me. You do the same thing every Christmas Eve. You fly away all high and mighty on your stupid sleigh, and you leave me all alone here with these stupid elves. Who don't care! They don't care about anything I say. All they wanna do is spread gossip, and build – and... and that one elf wants to be a dentist. A DENTIST, Santa! As if mangy polar bears could ever get tooth decay. How on earth can he manage a practice out HERE of all places?

SANTA: So that's what you're upset about? Hermey? The Elf? I'll go speak with—

MRS. CLAUS: No, no, I don't care about Hermey the Elf! *(pause)* Well, I mean... he's nice and all, I just... that's not what I'm upset about.

SANTA: Then what are you upset about?

MRS. CLAUS: You. *(pause)* You big galoot. *(She fixes his coat.)* You always leave me alone on Christmas Eve. The one night of the year no one should ever be left alone.

SANTA: *(putting his arm around her)* Well then, why don't you come with me tonight? We'll go together, honey, it will be our magical Christmas Eve.

MRS. CLAUS: *(pulling away)* No. No, it's too cold outside.

SANTA: Well then, what would you have me do?

MRS. CLAUS: Stay home tonight, Santa. Comfort me. I need you. Especially tonight of all nights.

SANTA: But what about the children?

MRS. CLAUS: *(She turns away angrily)* Oh, don't talk to me about children!

SANTA: But why not? I—

MRS. CLAUS: *(crying)* You spend all of your time with children that we can never have! Never even tried to have.

SANTA: Are you blaming *me* for—?

MRS. CLAUS: Well? Is it my fault we haven't done the Christmas Kringle in almost twenty years? Haven't I done everything you've asked me to? I've tried behaving like those girls on your naughty list. I've even tried the reindeer position, like you told me to!

SANTA: But muffin, we live in the North Pole. It's cold outside! I... Sometimes it's difficult to... (*He points to his 'South Pole'*)

MRS. CLAUS: (*icily*) It's not cold in our bedroom. In fact, it's very warm in there Nicholas. Not that you'd ever know.

SANTA: I am sorry I've neglected you, Greta. I truly didn't realize you felt this way. I promise, I will make it up to you tomorrow evening. After my sleigh ride.

MRS. CLAUS: No. It's too late now.

SANTA: What do you mean? Why?

MRS. CLAUS: I've... I've already been to the doctor.

SANTA: What doctor?

MRS. CLAUS: Hermey's brother Hymie. He's training to be a gynecologist. He gave me some estrogen pills to take, but it's... far too late, Nicholas. (*pause*) It's simply far too late.

SANTA: What do you mean? Are you...

MRS. CLAUS: Yes. (*suddenly very serious*) I have menopause. (*She looks at him*) Do you remember all those hot flashes I've been having lately? Those...sudden bouts of depression? The urge to rip off the heads of teddy bears, that I've had for the last six months!! (*She looks at SANTA*) I've had it all.

SANTA: (*frightened*) Oh...I...was wondering where all of those teddy bear heads were coming from.

MRS. CLAUS: Yes, well, Dr. Hymie poked and prodded, and pricked and blotted, and he gave me all sorts of examinations, and treatments, and he said... I'll never be a woman again.

SANTA: He said what?

MRS. CLAUS: Well, not in those words exactly, but I could read between the lines. When I was 11 years old, my grandmama Mushka told me that I was a woman now, because of...my monthly visitation. And now that I'm...unable to, I... What kind of woman does that make me?

*(She weeps as SANTA tries to comfort her)*

SANTA: Why, you're the kindest woman I know, Greta. So... gentle. So...caring.

*(She pulls away, angrily)*

MRS. CLAUS: Oh, go eat some fudge! Don't patronize me.

SANTA: Greta! I have never heard you talk like that.

MRS. CLAUS: Oh, right! Like you're such a saint, aren't you?

SANTA: *(shrugging, confused)* Well...yes. Yes, I am.

MRS. CLAUS: Oh shut up! Just leave me alone!

SANTA: Where are you going?

MRS. CLAUS: To the library. Where it's quiet.

SANTA: What are you going to do?

MRS. CLAUS: What do you mean, do? I'm going to suffer in silence, just like I always do.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

**You'll want to read and perform this show!**