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ArtAge's unique program has been featured in *Time Magazine, Modern Maturity,* on *CNN, NBC,* and in many other media sources.

ArtAge is more than a catalog. We also supply information, news, and trends on our top-rated website, www.seniortheatre.com. We stay in touch with the field with our very popular e-newsletter, Senior Theatre Online. Our President, Bonnie Vorenberg, is asked to speak at conferences and present workshops that supplement her writing and consulting efforts. We're here to help you be successful in Senior Theatre!

We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

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Mrs. Claus

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MRS. CLAUS By Bruce Boeck

CAST

MABEL CLAUS: An older woman in a flannel nightgown, hair in a nightcap.

<u>Place</u> The North Pole

<u>Time</u> Christmas Eve

At Rise: Mrs. Claus collapses into the chair, sighs, and takes out her cell phone. She dials a number and waits.

Hello, Edna? This is Mabel, Mabel Claus?...Oh, I'm much better now. Kris and the posse just left. It's my once-a-year night of quiet here, at last...I'm fine, just exhausted...and just, you know, tired of it all. You work all year for one night of quiet, knowing in 12 hours it'll start up again. GOD, I was so relieved to see him go this year, it's been so stressful! Well, you know there was that awful lawsuit by that 9 year old girl in Iowa...you know, when the elves mistakenly decided she was 'naughty' not 'nice' after her file got switched with that of a 23-year old hooker from the Bronx?...I know, Edna, but the last thing we need is a class action lawsuit from 6 billion people! That's what they call "bad PR," ya know?

And by the way, thank you for the name of that therapist, he's been a lifesaver. I was just having such an identity crisis. I mean, who even knows the name of Mrs. Claus, right? Santa does the least of the work and gets all of the glory, but does he EVER clean up after those reindeer? NOOOOO!!!

I was just worried, you know? It's been 541 years of marriage, and the spark kind of dwindles, you know? Oh, I remember when we first met. His eyes, how they twinkled; his dimples, how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! He was so handsome... Of course, that was 300 pounds ago. Since then, things have gone a bit downhill. The cataracts cut down on the twinkle in his eyes, until he got Lasiked a few years ago. And his nose is still like a cherry, but nowadays it's more due to the brandy...

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