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We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

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MRS. CLAUS GETS MENOPAUSE

By

Daniel Guyton

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.

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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?

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