

# A Santa-Mental Christmas

Bob Naquin



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A SANTA-MENTAL CHRISTMAS

By Bob Naquin

CAST

SANTA CLAUS: Faced with the upcoming Christmas rush, labor woes, high tariffs, and an oversexed reindeer, Santa does not know if he can do it anymore and yearns for the olden days.

MRS. CLAUS (JESSICA): She is there to support Santa in sickness and in health. Always sugary sweet, helps to remedy all problems with a cookie.

ELF SPARKLES: Santa's purchasing agent. Endless cell phone user. Pointed hat, curly shoes.

GIUSEPPE (or GIUSEPPA) 'THE BIG TUNA' SOPRANO: Labor leader of the elves' 'Lollipop Guild'. Pin striped suit. Stove Pipe pants. A briefcase. Better a violin case.

ELF LEMON DROP: Shop steward of elves' Lollipop Guild #420. Speaks in high voice. Endless cell phone user. Pointed hat, curly shoes.

ELF SNICKERDOODLE: Elf with grievances. Endless cell phone user. Pointed hat, curly shoes.

ELF PEPPERMINT: Elf with grievances. Endless cell phone user. Pointed hat, curly shoes.

FLUFFY: The comfort reindeer. A gender ambiguous reindeer. Mae West with antlers.

Place

Santa's Kitchen.

Time

A few days before Christmas.

A SANTA-MENTAL CHRISTMAS

*Setting: Santa is sitting at the dining table looking at a sheaf of papers (his script) while Jessica prepares cookies at a sideboard. She is humming 'We wish you a Merry Christmas.'*

*Props: Table, chairs, cookies, cup, papers, Christmas list, iPad, violin case, Johnson and Johnson eye pads, loon roll of paper, snowflakes/confetti*

SANTA CLAUS: (*throws the handful of papers down forcefully*) Jessica, will you stop humming that insipid Christmas song. I am trying to work over here.

JESSICA: (*happy, always happy*) Oh! I am so sorry, Santa Baby. I just get so into the Christmas spirit at this time of the year, making my cookies, thinking about how you are going to make all of those boys and girls happy with gifts in a few days.

SANTA CLAUS: I don't think I can pull it off this year. Things have changed so much. It was so easy back in the old days.

JESSICA: Oh, Kris. You will get it together. You always do.

SANTA CLAUS: I don't know. Things are stacked against me. I just noticed that the increased tariffs on China has made it impossible to get the things I need. It is not a big deal because I only gave that junk to the bad little girls and boys. I really miss the time when I could get cheap junk from a reputable supplier like Japan.

JESSICA: Don't worry Kris, the elves will pull you through just like they always do. I will make them some more cookies. They like cookies.

SANTA CLAUS: Elves. Ha. Those little dickens have formed a union and did it right before Christmas. I have a meeting with their Labor Leader in just a few minutes. Where are the dedicated elves of years gone by?

JESSICA: They have all retired, SC. A younger generation has entered the work force and they have different needs and wants.

SANTA CLAUS: I have always had a deal with the elves. Why would they form a union?

JESSICA: I don't know. They have always been such good workers before, making toys for all the boys and girls so you can deliver them. Then you get all of the credit and have your image put up in every store in the world. Every store in the world except for North Korea.

SANTA CLAUS: They just don't understand the pressure of being in upper management.

JESSICA: Of course they don't. You have to travel all over the world and eat all the snacks the kids leave out for you on Christmas Eve. And you get to ride around in your fancy new sleigh with your reindeer joyfully pulling your large beehind all over the world. Why would they unionize?

SANTA CLAUS: Well I guess they may have some things to complain about.

JESSICA: And you get to judge who is naughty or nice. And then you know where all of the naughty ladies live. You only really work the one evening a year.

SANTA CLAUS: Okay that is enough. I am sure that is all part of their grievance. It all started when they heard the Keebler elves were getting medical benefits. They are elves! Why do they need medical benefits? I understand the reindeer are not that happy either. Especially the newest one, Fluffy.

JESSICA: We have a reindeer named Fluffy? (*Singing again*) You know Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen and Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen and the most famous one of all (*picks up the tempo*) Rudolph the Red Nose reindeer, had a very shiny nose and if you...

SANTA CLAUS: Jessica will you stop with all of the worn-out Christmas songs. I got real problems here. Besides it is Fluffy that is the problem.

JESSICA: I like singing Christmas songs. It reminds me of how things used to be. Don't we have enough reindeer? What does Fluffy do? Why would we need another reindeer?

SANTA CLAUS: Apparently all of the other reindeer couldn't cyber bully Rudolph anymore, their feelings got hurt, so they got themselves (*making air quotes*) a comfort reindeer. They all got so (*making air quotes*) comfortable with each other that now Prancer has selfie elbow and Dancer threw out her back twerking. They both want to go on disability. I don't know even know what selfie elbow or twerking are. What happened to the good old days? I miss those days.

JESSICA: There, there Mr. Cringle. Let me make you a hot cup of chocolate and it will melt all of your troubles away.

SANTA CLAUS: Okay just a little. I can't afford to put on any more weight. I only have 6 reindeer that aren't disabled. It is going to be a long, slow Christmas Eve.

JESSICA: How about I put some that peppermint schnapps you got last year from the Schmitt house.

SANTA CLAUS: *(smiles)* Yeah. I can't remember how many times the reindeer got the Schmitt house confused with something else and took me to the... *(waves his hand in front of his face as though to get rid of a bad smell)* well you know the story. Let me have some of that while I wait for their labor leader *(he looks over his papers)*, Giuseppe Soprano. Heck of a name for a labor leader. He likes to be called the Big Tuna.

JESSICA: *(she hands him his cup of chocolate)* That is an odd name the labor leader of a bunch of elves with names like Sparkles and Twinkles. He sounds like a rough person. You be nice to him.

SANTA CLAUS: I am nice to everyone. *(drinks and smiles)* A little more of this and I am going to want to be really nice to you.

*(He reaches for her, but she dances out of his way.)*

JESSICA: Behave yourself Kris. There is lots to do before Christmas.

*(there is a knock at the door)*

JESSICA: Who could that be? Maybe it is The Big Tuna.

*(She goes to the door and answers it. Elf Sparkles comes in dusting snowflakes off of her shoulders. She carries a small bag of eye pads and is looking at her cell phone.)*

SPARKLES: Gosh it is cold out there.

SANTA CLAUS: It is the North Pole. What do you expect? Are you on a call?

ELF SPARKLES: B-R-W-U

SANTA CLAUS: What does B-R-W-U mean?

ELF SPARKLES: (*dismissing him with a wave of her hand. She swipes her hand quickly over her phone*) YES! Tee hee. Got that porker. It means Be Right With You.

SANTA CLAUS: What are you doing?

ELF SPARKLES: Playing Angry Birds. I just popped this big pink pig. He deserved it. Very satisfying. (*now looking up*) Hi Jessica. Hi Boss.

JESSICA: Hi, Sparkles. Want a cookie. They are fresh out of the oven.

SPARKLES: No thanks Mrs. C. I am trying to cut down on the carbs. (*rubs her tummy*)

SANTA CLAUS: What's up Sparkles? Everything okay in purchasing?

SPARKLES: Everything is great. I got 'em. All 1000 of them.

SANTA CLAUS: You got a 1000 of what?

SPARKLES: The Christmas seals. But I have to tell you they eat a lot. And they stink to high heaven. And the noise they make.

SANTA CLAUS: Sparkles, I wanted a thousand Christmas seals-stamps that you put on Christmas cards. I don't want a thousand real seals. What am I going to do with that?

SPARKLES: Well you better feed them because they are a hungry bunch. And get someone to clean up after them. I am in purchasing and I don't do that.

SANTA CLAUS: (*angry*) Sparkles, I can't trust you to do anything right anymore. Your predecessor was much better at running the purchasing department than you are. Where the heck did you even find a thousand seals?

SPARKLES: E-bay. I got three from Craig's list, but they were kind of small.

SANTA CLAUS: (*grumpily*) Can you get the I-pads I ordered on time for Christmas?

SPARKLES: A-B-D

SANTA CLAUS: What does A-B-D mean?

SPARKLES: Already Been Done. *(she dumps the Johnson and Johnson eye patches out on the table.)*

SANTA CLAUS: *(picks a couple of them up so the audience can see them and then lets his head fall onto the table in defeat.)* Sparkles, I wanted I-pads. *(he picks up his I-pad on the table.)* Like this. It is made by Apple. *(he picks up an eye pad from the table.)* These are made by Johnson and Johnson. What kid is going to want this?

SPARKLES: I just buy what is on the requisition at the lowest price possible. Besides Apple makes its I-pads in China and there is this trade war going on with extra tariffs and I am getting OA.

SANTA CLAUS: What the heck is O A? You younger people seem to have so many made up problems.

SPARKLES: It is O A. Overwhelming Anxiety and it is not made up. Now I am getting BH because you said that.

SANTA CLAUS: B H. Now what is that?

SPARKLES: It is Butt Hurt. Sadly, there is no cure.

SANTA CLAUS: Sparkles, I am well aware of the problems in the world and we certainly wouldn't want to have OA or the incurable BH. *(to himself)* By having you do your job. *(to Sparkles)* Go. Get back to work. I will find something else for the kids who wanted I-pads.

SPARKLES: OK, Boss. But first I would like to talk to you about my compensation package.

SANTA CLAUS: Not a good time, Sparkles. How about we pretend I am paying you more and you pretend you are working more. Besides, I have a meeting set up in a few minutes with your union boss Giuseppe Soprano.

SPARKLES: Yeah. The Big Tuna. Scary guy.

SANTA CLAUS: I am sure he is scary. Get out. I have work to do now that I have a thousand real live Christmas Seals and zero real I-pads.

SPARKLES: B-B-N.

JESSICA: What does B-B-N mean?

SPARKLES: Bye Bye Now. (*looks out the door*) It is going to be cold out there.

SANTA CLAUS: (*louder*) It is the North Pole.

(*Santa picks up his Christmas list and studies it while Jessica does more cookies.*)

SANTA CLAUS: I don't know what I am going to do to fill the gap. Hmm. I see here that Little Bobby from Des Moines wants a dog.

JESSICA: That is not so odd. Lots of little boys want dogs for Christmas.

SANTA CLAUS: He says he wants a cross between an Irish Setter and a German Short Haired Pointer. Strange combination.

JESSICA: That is sooo cute. He wants a Point Setter. So Christmassy.

SANTA CLAUS: (*grumpily*) Fat chance of him getting that. (*he takes his pen out and writes on the list*) I think I will just move the little wise acre to the bad list right alongside \_\_\_\_\_ (*Audience member name inserted here*). Maybe I will just give him a seal. Or an eye pad.

JESSICA: Oh, Honey. Be nice. It's Christmas.

SANTA CLAUS: But everything has changed. The elves don't want to work. That idiot in purchasing is going to make a mental case out of me. And look what these kids want for Christmas: (*looking at his list*) video games like Grand Theft Auto, Red Dead Redemption II, and Call to Duty: Black Ops II. What ever happened to Lionel trains, and hula hoops?

JESSICA: I am sure there are some kids who still play with trains. They are probably really old kids though. And most kids today don't want to do hula hoops. It makes them sweat.

SANTA CLAUS: I just don't know what the world is coming too.

(*There is a knock on the door*)

JESSICA: I will get it. (*answers door*) Hello, Sir. Who might you be?

*(The Big Tuna enters brushing snowflakes off of his shoulders carrying his case.)*

THE BIG TUNA: I am Giuseppe 'Big Tuna' Soprano. It is a cold out there.

SANTA CLAUS: It is the North Pole.

JESSICA: Welcome, Mr. Soprano. Santa Claus has been waiting for you.

THE BIG TUNA: *(offers his hand to Jessica)* How YOU doin'?

JESSICA: Fine.

SANTA CLAUS: *(gets up and offers his hand)* Hello, Mr. Soprano. A pleasure to meet you.

THE BIG TUNA: *(offers his hand)* How YOU doin'?

SANTA CLAUS: I am well considering the formation of the Lollipop Guild at this time of the year.

*(they sit)*

JESSICA: Would you like a cookie Mr. Tuna?

THE BIG TUNA: No grazie. Ya gotta any cannoli. I could go for a gooda cannoli. Like Mama usta to makea.

JESSICA: I don't have any but maybe I could make some.

THE BIG TUNA: How bouta some cantuccini alle mandole, per favore?

JESSICA: Nope. None of that either. How about a coffee?

THE BIG TUNA: An espresso woulda be nice.

*(she goes to prepare it.)*

SANTA CLAUS: To what do I owe this pleasure Mr. Big Tuna?

THE BIG TUNA: As you well knowa. The elvesa and the reindeera have axed me to make the Lollipop Guild union shopa. They have, how do ya call it, grievances. We shoulda discuss that-a.

SANTA CLAUS: *(sighs)* You do know it is just a few days before Christmas. Not a good time for me. I have never had problems with my workers before.

THE BIG TUNA: Well the times-a have-a changed-a. The old elves-a have retired and are sucking Social Security dry-a. Meanwhile-a, the new elves-a are millennials and live in their parents-a basements and they do not wanna, to how do ya call it- work-a.

SANTA CLAUS: Well let's hear the grievances. I have a lot to do with Christmas right around the corner.

THE BIG TUNA: *(loudly)* Elf Lemon Drop, would-a you come in-a?

ELF LEMON DROP: *(enters brushing snow from his shoulders carrying a pad/script and looking at her cell phone.)* It is cold outside.

SANTA CLAUS: *(loudly)* It is the North Pole!

ELF LEMON DROP: Let me check. *(she stares at her phone)* Yep. It says right here it is cold outside.

SANTA CLAUS: Duh. North Pole. December.

ELF LEMON DROP: *(making note to herself on pad)* Need to talk about relocating. Hi, Jessica. Hi, Mr. Claus.

SANTA CLAUS: Mr. Claus? You always called me Santa before.

ELF LEMON DROP: Not anymore. You are management and I am labor. We have to stay formal.

THE BIG TUNA: That is right-a. This is a formal contract-a negotiation.

ELF LEMON DROP: I am the new shop steward for the Lollipop Guild number 420. We have a few grievances that need to be resolved before we do any more work. *(she unfurls a long list of paper that reaches to the floor)*

## **END OF FREEVIEW**

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