

# Trouble at the North Pole

a play by Wayne Rau & Dawn Harris

*Lights up -- Couple is seated with the ELF.*

ELF: Well, thank you very much for coming today. I know it's very hard around this time of year for the both of you to find time.

*(Mrs. Claus scoffs)*

ELF: So, Comet has briefed me on your marital unhelpfulness. So, let me hear what you have to say about this.

*(They both begin speaking at the same time. The ELF cuts them off with a whistle.)*

ELF: Please. One at a time. Mrs. Claus, why don't you begin.

VIRG: Please, call me Virginia. Well, I'm just feeling so under appreciated and bored. Every year it's -- iron the red suit, polish the black boots, bake cookies, bake more cookies, uh bake even MORE cookies... what ever happened to Duck a l'orange? Maybe Virginia wants to spice up the menu with a chimichanga every once in a while!

NICK: A CHIMICHANGA????

ELF: Nicholas, it's not your turn. Virginia... you were saying?

VIRG: Thank you. Well, it's not all about chimichangas. It's not even half about chimichangas. It's really about Mr. Celebrity over here! He gets all of the attention -- Santa Baby, The Santa Clause, Jolly Old Saint Nick, Santa Claus is coming to town! When is Mrs. Claus coming to town? Does anyone even know my full name? No! Who ever heard about Virginia Misses Claus? Nobody. Nobody!! NOBODY!!! Etc.

*(Whistle blow cuts her off)*

ELF: Virginia, you're a 10 Lords a Leaping... take it down to a 3 French Hens. So *(breathes in)* relax *(breathes out.)* Now, Nicholas, let's hear your point of view.

NICK: Well, the way I see it, doc... I live with a crazy woman. I service 53 gazillion children in one night and all I ask for is a lousy batch of oatmeal raisin with red and green sprinkles and a teaspoon of cinnamon on the side. Is that so hard? I'm busy with letters and lists and then that checking it twice stuff... I really do. And what does she do? -- Nothing. Well, nothing but complain--

VIRG: You're so full of yourself! You don't even know half of what I do for you!

NICK: Oh yeah, like what? Like, deciding whether or not to wear an oven mitt on batch 37!!

*(They begin bickering back and forth -- they are cut off by the whistle.)*

ELF: Things are getting a bit too rowdy. Let's take it down a notch. My Elvin Psychiatric Powers indicate that there is deeper trouble brewing in your Hot Cocoa of Togetherness. Are you certain that these are your only problems?

*(They share a tense stare.)*

VIRG: Well, there is another issue. We haven't had... well, he hasn't "stuffed my stocking" in a long time.

NICK: Now why'd you have to go tell him about that. I thought that was our secret?

VIRG: I only told him we haven't had sex, I said nothing about your impotence!!

NICK: You know what? I'm sorry if I travel all over the world in a matter of 12 hours, trimming every little boy and girl's tree. When I get home, I'm too tired to trim yours. I would think you would have more compassion for me. But no, instead you wanna discuss with the doctor the nature of my candy cane. It's not my fault. *(begins crying)* She even makes me shave my beard when it's not Christmas.

VIRG: *(abject, pleading apologies)*

*(ELF interrupts)*

ELF: Well, we seem to have breaches some pretty sensitive subject matter here. But, I think if we peel back the layers then there will be more room for growth. Tell me what's up.

*(Bring out the mystery prop)*

ELF: What's that?

VIRG: Well, this was a wedding gift that symbolizes everything that we wanted out of life.

NICK: We wanted a yellow star...

VIRG: We bought a yellow star.

NICK: We wanted felt headpiece of our very own...

VIRG: So it stitched felt headpieces for us.

NICK: I always wanted a staff...

VIRG: So I whittled you a staff.

NICK: But the one thing we couldn't buy, stitch, or whittle was a child of our very own.

VIRG: A child of our very own.

ELF: So, you're telling me that your ENTIRE marriage has been based around this little...

*(He improves some lines and plays around with the prop -- going bonkers)*

*(LIL' BILLY bursts in w/ gun -- he points out Santa)*

LIL'BILLY: AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! Well, if it isn't Mr. And Mrs. Fat and Jolly. Remember me... Billy... Billy Garrison. Well, let me give you a hint...

*(All three begin to casually walk out of the room)*

LIL'BILLY: Don't even think about it!!! This may be a toy gun, but it's got REAL bullets!

ELF: *(w/ fingers to forehead)* Security -- Security. There's coal in the stocking! I repeat -- coal in the stocking!

*(LIL'BILLY puts gun to ELF's temple)*

LIL'BILLY: Sit down! I've been waiting for this all of my life... you are not going to ruin my Holiday Joy! Well, well, well, the tables are turning Mr. Kringle, 'cause I've got a gift for you. Remember this:

Dear Santa,

Hi, it's me Billy. How's the North Pole? I bet it's a lot colder than Florida around time of year. Well, I'm writing again to remind you about that gift that I want. I've been a really good boy this year and I've decided that I want a red and white one -- and the bigger the better. Well, I've got to go do my homework.

LIL'BILLY: *(tearing up letter)* Blah, Blah, Blah! I sent 57 letters a year and I never got that gift! NO, I would up with some miniscule toy gun. And I don't even know what miniscule means!

NICK: It was because you are a-

LIL'BILLY: Don't speak until spoken to old man. I'm not done. This gun symbolizes everything that is Christmas. Hopes, dreams, letters, wishes...all down the pooper and molded into this gun.

VIRGINIA: Billy, you gun symbolizes much more than just a gift. It symbolizes love. Just like this very special wedding gift Santa and I received. This means love.

*(LIL'BILLY looks at it for a second, then slaps it out of her hand)*

VIRGINIA: How dare you?

NICK: You are a very ungrateful little boy.

LIL'BILLY: Are you kidding me? Ungrateful? This from the man whose wife spends all year getting things ready for him and he can't even give her a little Christmas stuffing.

NICK: Great! Did you send it out in the Christmas cards this year?

LIL'BILLY: I am not ungrateful. I just want my fair share. I just want what is coming to me. My very own... Red Formal Dress.

VIRGINIA: Dresses are for girls.

LIL'BILLY: You shut your cranberries, Virginia!

VIRGINIA: *(gasps)* What did you say?

*(They all riff the cranberries lines)*

ELF: If I may interject...

*(everyone mumbles "what" "where has he been")*

ELF: The boy has a mighty gun and it gives a might blow. Though I was rendered completely unconscious my Elvish insight remained sharp as a Hollybush. The point is...the boy called Mrs. Claus by her first name... Virginia.

*(ELF gets knocked out again)*

VIRGINIA: You did. How did you know my name? Nobody cares about Mrs. Claus. Not enough to know my full name.

LIL'BILLY: Are you kidding me. I knew about you before I knew about Santa. And ever since my parents died, I've looked to you as a mother figure. But that doesn't disregard the fact that I still never got my dress.

*(VIRGINIA whispers to NICK)*

LIL'BILLY: I still never got my dress! And now you must die Sanity Claus.

VIRGINIA: Sanity Claus?

NICK: Yes Virginia, there is a Sanity Claus.

LIL'BILLY: SILENCE! You will take a bullet for all the children of the world who never got their dress.

*(NICK makes a gesture. A red dress falls from the sky)*

NICK: Merry Christmas Billy.

LIL'BILLY: A red dress.

VIRGINIA: YOUR red dress.

LIL'BILLY: This is mine? It's mine? My own red dress.

NICK: Try it on Billy.

*(NICK and VIRGINIA help to put the dress on LIL'BILLY)*

LIL'BILLY: I can't believe it. This is a Christmas wish come true. If I'm dreaming, please don't wake me up. Unless I'm making those weird noises and wetting the bed again. Oh wow! It feels so beautiful.

VIRGINIA: You look so beautiful.

NICK: He looks like an angel. He looks like OUR angel.

LIL'BILLY: Huh?

VIRGINIA: Billy, Santa and I have found that we are missing something in our life... a child.

NICK: A male child that is wearing a red dress.

VIRGINIA: He's talking about you, Billy. We'd like to have you as our son. We'd like to be your parents.

LIL'BILLY: My real parents? My still alive parents?

VIRGINIA: Your real parents.

NICK: What do you think, Billy?

LIL'BILLY: I think it's the bestest thing in the whole wide world.

*(They hug as a family as ELF gets up slowly)*

ELF: What's the kid doing in the dress?

*(NICK grabs LIL'BILLY's gun and shoots ELF)*

NICK: This is going to be the best Christmas ever!

LIL'BILLY: And God bless us everyone.

*(They stand center stage, hand-in-hand as lights fade)*