

DEAR MRS. CLAUS



BY ALEXI ALFIERI

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A HOLIDAY PLAY WRITTEN BY ALEXI ALFIERI

CAST

LARGE ROLES

MRS CLAUS (F)	<i>Wife of the Big Guy</i>
BUDDY (M)	<i>Personal Elf Assistant to Mrs. Claus</i>

MEDIUM ROLES

BELINDA (F)	<i>Mail Room Manager Elf</i>
BUNNY (F)	<i>Mail Room Manager Elf</i>
BILL (M)	<i>Communication and Navigation Department Elf</i>
BOB (M)	<i>Communication and Navigation Department Elf</i>
BAMBI (F)	<i>Santa's Personal Trainer Elf</i>
BRENDA (F)	<i>Santa's Personal Trainer Elf</i>
BERNICE (F)	<i>Santa's Wardrobe Department Elf</i>
BABETTE (F)	<i>Santa's Wardrobe Department Elf</i>
BARTHOLOMEW (M)	<i>Reindeer Flight Design Department Elf</i>
BUSTER (M)	<i>Pit Crew Elf</i>
BARRY (M)	<i>Pit Crew Elf</i>
BARNEY (M)	<i>Pit Crew Elf</i>
SPY #1 (M/F)	<i>Santa's Secret Spy Service Elf</i>
SPY #2 (M/F)	<i>Santa's Secret Spy Service Elf</i>

SMALL ROLES

BEUFORD (M)	<i>Mail Room Elf</i>
SPY #3 (M/F)	<i>Santa's Secret Spy Service Elf</i>
SPY #4 (M/F)	<i>Santa's Secret Spy Service Elf</i>
SANTA (M)	<i>Voice from side stage</i>
REINDEER (M/F)	<i>Optional (See Production Notes)</i>

SYNOPSIS

One week before Christmas, Mrs. Claus is both surprised and delighted to be done with her long To-Do list. However, her relief is extremely short-lived. One last task has suddenly appeared: answering her mail. Thankfully, Mrs. Claus has help in the form of her Personal Elf Assistant, Buddy. Together, the two of them look over her large pile of letters asking some tough questions about the big guy and his operation. How does Santa get all of his work done in one night? How does he know when a kid has been bad? How do reindeer really fly? And why does Santa wear that silly red suit? Knowing they must find a way to answer these questions, Mrs. Claus and Buddy begin talking to elves from every department of the North Pole: the Mail Room, Communication and Navigation, Reindeer Flight Design, and Santa's Pit Crew being just a few. And during their investigation, Mrs. Claus not only learns a thing or two about the North Pole but a little something about her "highly professional" elf assistant as well. In the end, after satisfactorily answering her mail without somehow revealing all the secrets of the North Pole, Mrs. Claus is finally done with her To-Do list...she thinks.

SETTING

Mrs. Claus' Office at the North Pole

CAST

Adjustable up to 20 players, plus possible extras
7 Female, 9 Male, 4 Female or Male--Flexible

PLAYING TIME

Approximately 45 minutes without an intermission

SCENE 1, MRS CLAUS' OFFICE

MRS CLAUS and BUDDY

(Mrs. Claus enters stage left carrying a long scroll which she begins to unroll across center stage so that the audience can see that it is a long "To Do" list.)

MRS CLAUS: *(Looks slowly down the list and talks thoughtfully to herself)* My goodness...I wonder if this is true. Could it be possible that... *(voice trails off and then calls to off stage)* Buddy!

BUDDY: *(Enters stage right)* Yes, Mrs. Claus?

MRS CLAUS: Buddy, I was just looking over my To-Do list, and I definitely need to check with you on some items.

BUDDY: *(In a business-like manner)* Absolutely! As your P-E-A, I'm here to help, Mrs. C.

MRS CLAUS: Pardon me? My P...E...A?

BUDDY: P-E-A. Personal Elf Assistant.

MRS CLAUS: Oh, dear. I thought you were just called my secretary.

BUDDY: Oh, no, no, Mrs. C. The term changed last week from Elfin Secretarial Help to Personal Elf Assistant...unless, of course, you would prefer to call me your C-C-C.

MRS CLAUS: C...C...C?

BUDDY: Christmas Collaborative Colleague.

MRS CLAUS: *(Looks down at her to-do list, slightly distracted)* Oh, no...my P-T-A is fine. *(Buddy frowns slightly at her mistake.)* Let's just get back to my To-Do list, shall we? I need to know if all the sugar cookie ornaments have been frosted for the tree in the main courtyard.

BUDDY: Yes, ma'am.

MRS CLAUS: Have we polished all the reindeer bells and oiled all the leather harnesses?

BUDDY: Finished yesterday.

MRS CLAUS: Have the wreaths been hung on the workshop doors? How about the twinkle lights? Have they been strung in the Grand Elf Ballroom?

BUDDY: Check, check!

MRS CLAUS: And have Santa's toothbrush, wool scarf, and extra pair of gloves been packed in the sleigh?

BUDDY: Done.

MRS CLAUS: Really? *(Takes one last look at the scroll.)* Well then, I can't believe it!

BUDDY: What's that, Mrs. C?

MRS CLAUS: *(Takes a deep breath)* I'm done.

BUDDY: Done?

MRS CLAUS: Done, Buddy! I'm done with my To-Do list! It's a whole week before Christmas, and I've checked off every single item!

BUDDY: Well, Mrs. C! Congratulations!

MRS CLAUS: Can you believe it? Buddy, I don't think this has ever happened before in the history of the North Pole! *(Begins to pace the stage in an excited manner.)*

BUDDY: I'm sure you're correct.

MRS CLAUS: I've never reached the end of my list this early! I've never found myself with even a moment to spare until it's the stroke of midnight on Christmas Eve! *(Crosses over to the comfortable chair next to the desk and sets the scroll down on the desktop.)* I think I'll actually sit down, put my feet up, brew myself a cup of tea, and... *(Lifts the lid on the cookie jar and peers inside.)*

BUDDY: Answer your mail.

MRS CLAUS: *(Places lid back down with a clang.)* I beg your pardon. What did you say?

BUDDY: Answer your mail, Mrs. C. I'm sorry, but at this very moment, there are letters sitting in the North Pole Mail Room with your name on them.

MRS CLAUS: My name? But I don't understand. Everyone writes to Santa. I never get any mail.

BUDDY: Well, Mrs. C, it looks like there are a lot of kids who've written to you this year because... *(Pauses, then shrugs.)* Well, they feel they haven't gotten a straight answer from the big guy.

MRS CLAUS: Really?

BUDDY: Oh yes, and some of these letters...well, they have some downright difficult questions.

MRS CLAUS: Oh, dear. Well, I suppose this will have to be the last thing on my list then—answering my mail. *(Looks at Buddy hopefully)* It shouldn't take that long, right?

BUDDY: Right! *(Calls loudly to off stage as Mrs. Claus winces at his volume.)* Beuford! Bring in the bags!

SCENE 2, MRS CLAUS' OFFICE

MRS CLAUS, BUDDY, BEUFORD, BELINDA, and BUNNY

BEUFORD: *(Enters stage left)* Yo, Buddy! Here ya go! *(Dumps two heavy mail bags in front of Mrs. C's desk.)*

MRS CLAUS: Oh, dear! *(Stares in shock at the two large mail bags.)*

BUDDY: Now, don't panic, Mrs. C. I'm here for you. *(Looks into the bags.)* It looks like the North Pole Mail Room has helped us out, too, and organized the letters into general themes.

MRS CLAUS: Themes?

BUDDY: Yup, they've bundled the same type of letters together.

MRS CLAUS: Well, I suppose that will make things easier. *(Wistfully)* I just thought a steaming cup of peppermint tea and a shortbread cookie sounded so lovely right about now...

BEUFORD: Yo, Mrs. Claus, I don't mean to be rude, but I need some time to look super fly for the big elf office party tonight, if you know what I mean.

MRS CLAUS: *(Still distracted by the size of the bags.)* Oh, of course, Beuford. Go right ahead and get that fly. *(Sits down in comfortable chair beside the desk with a sigh.)*

BEUFORD: *(With a knowing look at Buddy)* Yo, Buddy, you're gonna be there tonight, right?

BUDDY: Of course, bro.

BEUFORD: Cool, dude. Catch ya later. *(Exits stage left.)*

MRS CLAUS: *(Sighs.)* Alright, my dear little P-O-O...*(Buddy shakes head)*...P-S-S...*(Buddy shakes head again)*...oh, never mind, let's just tackle the first batch, Buddy. What do the letters say?

BUDDY: *(Pulls a bundle of letters out of the bag)* Well, it looks like in this bunch they're all asking something along the lines of...*(reads the letter off the top)*... "Dear Mrs. Claus, Why didn't I get the 'fill-in-the-blank' I asked Santa for last year?"

MRS CLAUS: Fill-in-the-blank?

BUDDY: Oh, you know. Fill-in-the-blank can be just about anything.

MRS CLAUS: Well, let me know the specifics. What are these children asking for?

BUDDY: Let me see...*(flips through the letters)*...a herd of Shetland ponies, a fighter plane, a rollercoaster, a construction crane, a giant python, and, in the case of this little boy...*(pauses to look at one letter in particular)*...a girlfriend.

MRS CLAUS: Oh, dear.

BUDDY: *(Crosses over to sit in the chair behind the desk with the mailbags in tow, settles in behind the typewriter/laptop, and flexes fingers.)* So, Mrs. C, how would you like to reply?

MRS CLAUS: Well, I'm not sure. Do you suppose the managers from the Mail Room might be able to give us some advice?

BUDDY: Great idea. They're the ones that sort them out, after all. Should I call them?

MRS CLAUS: Please.

BUDDY: *(Yells to off stage as Mrs. C winces again.)* Belinda! Bunny!

(Belinda and Bunny stroll in stage left with big smiles.)

BELINDA and BUNNY: Yes?

MRS CLAUS: Hello, girls! *(Rises from her chair to greet them happily.)* I hope you received those sugar cookies I sent down to the mail room earlier this week.

BELINDA: Oh, yes, Mrs. C. Thank you! They were delicious!

BUNNY: I think I ate at least two dozen of them!

BELINDA: Bunny! *(Looks at Bunny, hands on hips, and aghast.)* Well, that explains the crumbs in the box when I went back for a second one. *(Bunny giggles. Belinda turns back to Mrs. C.)* Is there something you needed, Mrs. C?

MRS CLAUS: Yes, Belinda, there is, actually. How do you think I should respond to a child who didn't get something they asked for in their last letter to Santa—something rather impossible?

BELINDA: Well, those letters have always created a sticky situation for the Mail Room.

BUNNY: Very sticky. Like a wet candy cane in your coat pocket.

MRS CLAUS: So when you go through the mail, what do you do when a child's written for something that Santa can't possibly deliver?

BELINDA: Well, we've always had to...uh...set those letters aside.

BUNNY: Then we pretend they got lost.

BELINDA: Santa does his best, but he can't possibly please everyone all the time.

BUNNY: And as we elves like to say...

BELINDA and BUNNY: *(In sing song)* You get what you get, and you don't throw a fit!

MRS CLAUS: I see. And I imagine there's quite a few letters like this from children every year.

BELINDA: Millions, Mrs. C! We hold onto them for a while, and then...

BUNNY: *(Matter-of-factly)* We shred 'em. Then they're hauled off to the reindeer barn to line the stalls.

MRS CLAUS: Oh, dear.

BUDDY: What do you want to do, Mrs. C?

MRS CLAUS: Well, I think the only thing we can do is send out a form letter. Thank you, Belinda, Bunny.

BELINDA: Hey, Buddy. *(Bats her eyes.)* You're coming to the elf office bash later, aren't you?

BUDDY: *(Acts cool)* Absolutely.

BUNNY: *(Flirtatious voice)* Meet you under the mistletoe.

BUDDY: Catch you sugar cookies later. *(Points his finger at Belinda and Bunny and winks.)*

(Belinda and Bunny exit stage left, swaying hips.)

MRS CLAUS: *(Ignoring the exchange.)* Alright, Buddy, write this down.

To Be Continued...this is a 10-page sample of the playscript