

THE NAUGHTIEST KID ON THE LIST



BY ALEXI ALFIERI

THE NAUGHTIEST KID ON THE LIST

A HOLIDAY PLAY

WRITTEN BY ALEXI ALFIERI

CAST

LARGE ROLES

FRANCES (M/F)	<i>The Naughtiest Kid</i>
SANTA CLAUS (M)	<i>The Big Guy</i>
PEPPERMINT (M/F)	<i>Santa's Elf Assistant</i>
DOLORES (F)	<i>Frances' mother</i>
MRS. CLAUS (F)	<i>Reindeer Barn Supervisor</i>

MEDIUM ROLES

TWINKLE (M/F)	<i>Kitchen Elf</i>
SPRINKLE (M/F)	<i>Kitchen Elf</i>
SNOWY (M/F)	<i>Sleigh Shop Elf</i>
BLOWY (M/F)	<i>Sleigh Shop Elf</i>
MERRY (M/F)	<i>Gift Wrapper Elf</i>
BERRY (M/F)	<i>Gift Wrapper Elf</i>
HOLLY (M/F)	<i>Toy Maker Elf</i>
JOLLY (M/F)	<i>Toy Maker Elf</i>

SMALL ROLES

DASHER #2 (M/F)	<i>Emergency Back-Up Reindeer</i>
DANCER # 2 (M/F)	<i>Emergency Back-Up Reindeer</i>
PRANCER #2 (M/F)	<i>Emergency Back-Up Reindeer</i>
VIXEN # 2 (M/F)	<i>Emergency Back-Up Reindeer</i>
COMET # 2 (M/F)	<i>Emergency Back-Up Reindeer</i>
CUPID #2 (M/F)	<i>Emergency Back-Up Reindeer</i>

SYNOPSIS

One week before Christmas, young Frances arrives at the North Pole with his/her mother Dolores. Frances believes that he/she is there for a special week with Santa to enjoy all the delights of the North Pole. In shock and outrage, Frances discovers he/she has been enrolled in the NPRP—the North Pole Reform Program. Frances is the naughtiest kid on the list and has one last chance to turn over a new leaf before Christmas is cancelled for him/her...forever. Maintaining a very poor attitude, Frances is introduced to the concepts of hard work in the reindeer barn, teamwork in sleigh maintenance, patience in gift wrapping, follow-through in the kitchen, and the spirit of giving in toy wrapping. It's uncertain until the end whether Frances has learned anything from anyone. It turns out there's only one way Frances won't be the naughtiest kid on the list any more, and the answer surprises everyone.

SETTING

The North Pole

CAST

Adjustable up to 19 players
2 Female, 1 Male, 16 Female or Male

PLAYING TIME

Approximately 45 minutes without an intermission.

SCENE 1, SANTA'S OFFICE

SANTA, PEPPERMINT, FRANCES, and DOLORES

(Sign: Santa's Office, 7 Days Until Christmas. Santa enters stage right, settles in behind a desk on stage, and begins to look over a few papers on the desk. A knock is heard from off stage.)

Santa: Come in!

(Peppermint enters stage left and approaches Santa at his desk.)

Santa: Good evening, Peppermint! Any news?

Peppermint: They're here, Santa.

Santa: As I had hoped. Please, show them in.

(Peppermint nods, exits stage left for a moment, and then returns with Frances and Dolores. Frances is hauling a large suitcase and looking around eagerly. Dolores looks nervous. Santa stands and walks over to greet them, all smiles.)

Frances: *(Loud, obnoxious tone)* Hey there, Santy Claus! I'm finally here! *(Plops down suitcase with a loud bang and puts hands on hips.)* Betcha couldn't wait to see me!

Santa: Good evening! You must be Frances.

Frances: *(Looks proud)* That's me!

Santa: Well, Frances, you are quite right. I have been expecting you. Please, take a seat.

(Frances flops down in a chair and puts feet up on Santa's desk. Peppermint scowls at Frances.)

Santa: *(Gestures to Dolores)* And you must be Frances' mother, Dolores! Please, sit down. You've had a long journey. I trust your flight on our North Pole Airlines was a comfortable one?

Dolores: Oh yes, thank you...

Frances: *(Interrupts)* Are you kidding?! That plane ride turned out to be totally boring...except when the stewardess started screaming, of course.

Santa: Oh my. Why did she scream? Nobody was in danger, I hope?

Frances: Nah. She found out I had picked all the marshmallows out of my hot chocolate and stuffed them into her pocket when she wasn't looking.

(Santa raises his eyebrows while Peppermint scowls at Frances in disgust.)

Dolores: *(Mildly disapproving)* Now, Frances, that wasn't very nice. I told you "Stop that!" many times.

Frances: *(Rolls eyes)* Whatever.

Santa: Well, I believe that's a fine introduction to the reason why you are here, Frances.

Frances: Ya! I can't wait to get started!

Santa: *(Looks mildly surprised)* Really? Well, that's a pleasant surprise. Most children who've been here in past years have been very unhappy when they've first arrived.

Frances: *(Excited tone)* Unhappy? Why would I be unhappy? I get to spend the whole week here having all kinds of fun with the elves and getting toys and stuff made just for me and eating cookies and candy all day long!

Santa: *(Turns to Dolores with eyebrows raised)* Dolores?

Dolores: *(Pulls out a handkerchief and dabs her eyes)* I'm sorry, Santa. I just couldn't tell Frances the truth.

Frances: The truth? Hey, what's going on? *(Glares suspiciously at Dolores)* Mother?

Dolores: I'm sorry, pumpkin. I just couldn't bear to upset you. But I realized this was your last chance. *(Sobs loudly into handkerchief.)*

Frances: My last chance? What are you talking about?

Santa: Perhaps I should explain.

Frances: Ya, Santa, tell me what's going on around here! Where are the elves? Where are my new toys? Where's my giant bag of candy canes?

Santa: Frances, I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but you are not up here at the North Pole for fun and games. As your mother has mentioned, this is your last chance.

Frances: *(Narrows eyes)* Last chance for what?

Santa: To have a Christmas.

Frances: What?!

Santa: Yes, unfortunately, you are at risk of losing your Christmas, so your mother has enrolled you in the NPRP.

Frances: What's that?!

Santa: NPRP stands for our North Pole Reform Program. We only offer it once a year to one particular child, and we sent a letter to your mother several weeks ago.

Frances: And why me?!

Santa: Because you are the naughtiest kid on the list.

Frances: What?!

Santa: Yes. It's true. I have a "Naughty List," and you are at the very top.

Frances: *(Scoffs)* No way! I don't believe it! What have I done to be the naughtiest kid?

Santa: Peppermint, the file, please.

(Peppermint pulls open a desk drawer and brings out a file folder bulging with papers and thumps it down matter-of-factly on Santa's desk. Frances gapes at the folder. Dolores gives another loud sob.)

Santa: Let's see. *(Pulls out the top sheet from the file and begins to read.)* Frances Winnie Jones. Currently number one on the Naughty List for lying, laziness, bragging, bullying, disrespect, disruption, trouble-making, and terrorizing.

Frances: I never did any of that! Tell them, mother!

Dolores: *(Shakes her head, still crying)* I'm sorry, Frances. *(In an apologetic baby voice)* Mommy loves you very, very much, but I have to leave you here.

Frances: What?!

Dolores: *(Hiccups a little, still talking in a baby voice)* The plane is waiting to take me back home, and I'll see you very, very soon. You just have to stay here a little while, and then we'll go get your very favorite...

Santa: *(Helps her gently out of her seat and smiles brightly)* Now, Dolores, you'll miss your flight if you don't hurry! Thank you for enrolling Frances in our North Pole Reform Program. You did the right thing. We'll see you at the end of the week.

Frances: What?!

(Dolores exits stage left with the help of Peppermint. Santa returns to the chair behind his desk and sits down. Frances is sitting in shock. Peppermint returns a moment later to a spot beside Santa's desk.)

Santa: Well, I believe that settles that. Peppermint, would you mind showing our young Frances here to the available bed for tonight with the reindeer?

Frances: What?!

Santa: Oh, don't worry, Frances. It's very cozy in the barn, and the musky scent of reindeer poop will seem quite pleasant after a few days.

Frances: Hey, hold on! What if I don't want to be here!

Santa: Then I'm very sorry to inform you the next flight out of the North Pole isn't for six more days.

Frances: And what if I don't want to be in this North Pole Reform School thingy?

Santa: Well, that's certainly your choice, but if you decide not to participate, you will be cancelling your Christmas. Forever.

Frances: What?!

Santa: That's right. Frances, you have been so terribly naughty that you are at risk of losing every future Christmas joy—gifts you've been longing for, treats you've been anticipating, but most importantly, that feeling of happiness that comes from knowing you are experiencing a special time of the year full of wonder and love. The North Pole Reform Program is your last chance to get off the naughty list.

Frances: Or what?

Santa: Or I fly right over your house without a second glance.

Frances: What?!

Santa: Off to bed now. You have an important week ahead of you.

Frances: *(Angrily)* I don't believe this!

(Peppermint picks up Frances' file and goes to stand by Frances' suitcase. Frances stands, begins to stomp off stage left, stops, and turns back around. Peppermint calmly points to Frances' suitcase. Frances stomps back, picks up the suitcase, and stomps back off stage. Peppermint turns to Santa.)

Peppermint: Santa, did you also happen to see rudeness, greediness, and tantrum-throwing listed in Frances' paperwork?

Santa: Yes. Yes, I did.

Peppermint: Oh, good. Our files are up to date then. *(Follows Frances off stage left with a smile. Santa smiles and exits stage right.)*

SCENE 2, NORTH POLE REINDEER BARN

PEPPERMINT, FRANCES, MRS. CLAUS, and ALL THE REINDEER

(Sign: North Pole Reindeer Barn, 6 Days Until Christmas. Peppermint enters stage left with Frances, who is scowling, brushing at own clothes.)

Peppermint: Well, Frances, how did you sleep?

Frances: Terrible. That hay bed you made me sleep on was lumpy, and I tossed and turned all night!

Peppermint: I'm sorry to hear that.

Frances: And Rudolph snores!

Peppermint: Yes, I'm afraid it's his nasal congestion. He's always had a difficult time with that.

Frances: *(Furiously)* Well, I don't care! I want to go home!

Peppermint: Yes, that is understandable, but the more important issue is do you want Christmas?

Frances: Yes!

Peppermint: Then you'll need to stay here for the week and work on getting off the naughty list and onto the nice one.

Frances: *(Rolls eyes)* Whatever.

Peppermint: For today, you'll be here in the reindeer barn. Mrs. Claus is going to show you how to take care of the reindeer.

Frances: *(Sarcastic)* Great.

(Mrs. Claus enters carrying a feed bucket and a grooming brush. All of the reindeer enter in a line behind her.)

Mrs. Claus: *(Cheerfully)* Good morning, Frances. My name is Mrs. Claus.

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