

WHEN SANTA LOST HIS HO, HO, HO



BY ALEXI ALFIERI

WHEN SANTA LOST HIS "HO, HO, HO"

A HOLIDAY PLAY

WRITTEN BY ALEXI ALFIERI

CAST

LARGE ROLES

SANTA CLAUS (M)	<i>The Big Guy</i>
MRS. CLAUS (F)	<i>Wife of the Big Guy</i>
FREDDIE ELF (M)	<i>Prankster</i>
FRANKIE ELF (M)	<i>Prankster</i>
TWINKLETOE TROUPE ELF # 1 (F)	<i>Dancer</i>
TWINKLETOE TROUPE ELF #2 (F)	<i>Dancer</i>
TWINKLETOE TROUPE ELF #3 (F)	<i>Dancer</i>

MEDIUM ROLES

MERRY MISTLETOE ELF PLAYER #1 (M/F)	<i>Kazoo Player</i>
MERRY MISTLETOE ELF PLAYER #2 (M/F)	<i>Kazoo Player</i>
MERRY MISTLETOE ELF PLAYER #3 (M/F)	<i>Kazoo Player</i>
ZIPPO ELF (M/F)	<i>Jokester</i>
ZAPPO ELF (M/F)	<i>Jokester</i>
SUGARY CHEF ELF #1 (M/F)	<i>Baker</i>
SUGARY CHEF ELF #2 (M/F)	<i>Baker</i>
SUGARY CHEF ELF #3 (M/F)	<i>Baker</i>
SUGARY CHEF ELF #4 (M/F)	<i>Baker</i>

SMALL ROLES

RUDOLPH (M/F)	<i>Reindeer Herd Leader</i>
REINDEER (M/F)	<i>(See Production Notes)</i>

SYNOPSIS

On the day before Christmas, Santa Claus has mysteriously lost his familiar refrain of "Ho, Ho, Ho!" Mrs. Claus is intent on bringing it back for the sake of Christmas, and calls in elves and reindeer from around the North Pole to perk up Santa. A couple of elves try to tell him some jokes, elves from the kitchen offer him some sugary treats, the reindeer attempt a number of silent gags, the Merry Mistletoe Elves play a few tunes on their kazoos, elves from the Twinkletoe Dance Troupe display some dance moves, and a couple of real prankster elves demonstrate some of their best antics. But, despite everyone's best efforts and Mrs. Claus' increasing desperation, nothing seems to work. It isn't until Mrs. Claus comes up with a final, brilliant idea that Santa's "Ho, Ho, Ho!" returns and the joyful spirit of Christmas is saved.

SETTING

The Claus' Living Room at the North Pole

CAST

Adjustable up to 25 players
4 Female, 3 Male, 18 Female or Male--Flexible

PLAYING TIME

Approximately 45 minutes without an intermission

SCENE 1, THE CLAUS' LIVING ROOM

SANTA and MRS. CLAUS

(Mrs. Claus enters stage right and gets busy straightening things: positioning Santa's slippers in front of a comfortable chair, moving a few ornaments on the Christmas tree, etc. Santa enters stage left, moving slowly, and sits down in his chair. He gives a long, low sigh. Mrs. Claus turns to look at him.)

Mrs. Claus: Why, Santa, I wasn't expecting to see you so soon! There's always so much to be done on the day before Christmas. *(Mrs. Claus starts to busily sweep the rug.)*

Santa: *(Thoughtful tone)* Uh-huh.

Mrs. Claus: Are the reindeer all ready to go for tonight?

Santa: *(With a slow head nod)* Uh-huh.

Mrs. Claus: And the elves have loaded the sleigh?

Santa: *(Another head nod)* Uh-huh.

Mrs. Claus: And you have your list and checked it twice?

Santa: *(Another head nod)* Uh-huh.

Mrs. Claus: *(Stops her sweeping and looks at Santa concerned)* Is there something wrong, dear?

Santa: *(Final head nod)* Uh-huh.

Mrs. Claus: Oh, no! *(Slight panic in her voice)* What is it? Has Prancer gone missing again?

Santa: *(With a head shake)* Uh-uh.

Mrs. Claus: Well, did we run out of the newest model of Easy-Bake ovens?

Santa: *(Another head shake)* Uh-uh.

Mrs. Claus: Is you-know-who on the naughty list *again*?

(Santa looks thoughtful for a moment and then sighs.)

Mrs. Claus: Santa, please, aren't you going to tell me what's wrong?

Santa: *(Heaves a giant sigh)* I've lost something, my dear.

Mrs. Claus: Oh. *(Looks slightly relieved)* Is it one of your mittens? Because I'm pretty sure I spotted one in the dryer.

Santa: *(With a head shake)* Uh-uh.

Mrs. Claus: Or is it your travel thermos for the sleigh? I just took that out of the dishwasher.

Santa: *(Another head shake)* Uh-uh.

Mrs. Claus: Alright, I give up with all the guessing and grunting. What did you lose?

Santa: *(After a thoughtful pause)* It seems I've lost my "Ho, Ho, Ho."

Mrs. Claus: *(Repeats slowly)* Your "Ho, Ho, Ho"?

Santa: *(Nods his head)* Uh-huh.

Mrs. Claus: *(Scowls)* Don't start with the grunts again.

Santa: It's true, my dear. I've been trying to give a "Ho, Ho, Ho" all day, and it's no use.

Mrs. Claus: Well, that seems impossible. Nothing has struck you as funny today? Nothing has filled you with the giddy spirit of the holidays?

Santa: *(Shakes his head)* Uh-uh.

Mrs. Claus: *(Warning tone)* Santa.

Santa: I don't know what to do, my dear. Every time I try to laugh, it just seems like nothing is really that funny.

Mrs. Claus: Well, we definitely need to do something about this. Tonight is Christmas Eve!

Santa: Uh-huh. *(Nods his head and Mrs. Claus gives him a stern look)*

SCENE 2, THE CLAUS' LIVING ROOM

SANTA, MRS. CLAUS, ZIPPO, and ZAPPO

Mrs. Claus: Alright, I have an idea. Let's bring in Zippo and Zappo. They'll know what to do.

(Mrs. Claus picks up a maraca on a nearby table and shakes it. Zippo and Zappo Elf enter stage right.)

Mrs. Claus: Hello there, Zippo and Zappo! It's good to see you two. We need your help.

(Zippo and Zappo look at one another confused.)

Zippo: Sure, Mrs. Claus.

Zappo: What can we do?

Mrs. Claus: You can tell Santa a joke.

Zippo and Zappo: Huh? *(Scratch heads)*

Mrs. Claus: You can tell Santa a joke. Santa has lost his "Ho, Ho, Ho," and he needs to laugh. And I've overheard you tell quite a few jokes in the toy workshop.

Zippo: *(Gulps nervously.)* You've overheard us?

Zappo: *(In an anxious tone)* In the workshop?

Mrs. Claus: Yes. Now, mind you. It's got to be a really good joke that's not too long, not too confusing, not *inappropriate*, not politically incorrect, but is sure to make Santa "Ho, Ho, Ho" his heart out.

(Zippo and Zappo lean towards one another and begin to stage whisper to one another.)

Zippo: Well, I definitely can't tell him the one about the reindeer, the rabbi, and the redneck.

Zappo: Or the one where the elf walks into a...well, you know.

Zippo: *(Snaps fingers)* How about the one with the mistletoe and the poison oak and...*(looks thoughtful)*...on second thought, never mind.

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Zappo: (*Points finger at Zippo*) How about the one where Santa's sleigh gets stuck at the White House and...(*grimaces*)...no, that's not good either.

(Zippo and Zappo are quiet for a few minutes, appearing to think hard. Santa waits patiently in his chair. Mrs. Claus looks frustrated.)

Mrs. Claus: Well?

Zippo: (*Triumphant*) Okay, I've thought of one!

Zappo: Me, too!

Mrs. Claus: Good.

Zippo: Here goes. Alright, Santa, what do reindeer hang on their Christmas tree?

Santa: I don't know.

Zippo: "Horn-aments."

(Mrs. Claus and Santa look at one another with no reaction.)

Zappo: Okay, okay, my turn. Santa, which of your reindeer has bad manners?

Santa: I don't know.

Zappo: "Rude-olph." (*Pauses but gets no reaction.*) Get it?

Santa: I got it.

Zippo: Alright, alright, I've got a better one. What do you get, Santa, if you cross a snowman and a shark?

Santa: I don't know.

Zippo: Frostbite! (*No reaction from Santa or Mrs. Claus.*)

Zappo: Ooh, ooh! Here's a good one. What did the snowmen sing at their Christmas party?

Santa: I don't know.

Zappo: "Freeze a jolly good fellow!"

(Zippo laughs heartily at that one but then stops when he sees the serious expression on Mrs. Claus' face.)

Mrs. Claus: Thank you, Zippo and Zappo. You can head back to the workshop now.

Zippo: Ah, but Mrs. Claus, I know we've got a few more!

Mrs. Claus: I'm sure you do. *(Gently begins to nudge Zippo and Zappo off stage right.)* Santa must just need something...extra funny.

Zippo: *(As he's being nudged by Mrs. Claus)* Well, then let us tell the one about the reindeer with a rash on his...

Mrs. Claus: No, thank you!

Zappo: *(As he's also being nudged by Mrs. Claus)* Or how about the one about the snowman who turned yellow because...

Mrs. Claus: *(Uses her broom to nudge them completely off stage)* No, no, that's quite enough for now.

(Zippo and Zappo exit stage right, disappointed. Mrs. Claus returns to Santa's side and sighs deeply. Santa gives a tired smile.)

SCENE 3, THE CLAUS' LIVING ROOM

SANTA, MRS. CLAUS, and SUGARY CHEF ELVES #1, #2, #3, and #4

Mrs. Claus: Well, time for Plan B, Santa. When I'm feeling a little blue and in need of some real cheer, I like to have...

Santa: I'm not really depressed, my dear. I just don't feel like laughing, that's all.

Mrs. Claus: Yes, yes. I understand. I'm just saying when I'm down in the dumps, I usually...

Santa: I wouldn't say I'm down in the dumps. I'm just not in a real humorous mood.

Mrs. Claus: Uh huh. Well, I know that when I'm upset, I reach for...

Santa: *(Rolls eyes)* I give up.

Mrs. Claus: ...some sugar!

Santa: Sugar?

Mrs. Claus: Yes, of course! And I know just who to call--the Sugary Chef Elves from the North Pole kitchen.

(Mrs. Claus reaches for a bicycle bell on the table and rings it. Four elves in chef hats enter. Sugary Chef #1 is carrying a plate of chocolate cookies, Sugary Chef #2 is carrying a plate of frosted gingerbread cookies, Sugary Chef #3 is carrying a plate of frosted cupcakes, and Sugary Chef #4 is carrying a Christmas mug. When they talk, it's fast, as if on a sugar buzz.)

Mrs. Claus: Hello, Sugary Chefs! How are things in the kitchen!

Sugary Chef #1: Busy, as always, Mrs. Claus.

Sugary Chef #2: We've been trying out hundreds of new cookie recipes!

Sugary Chef #3: And frosting thousands of cupcakes!

Sugary Chef #4: And taste-testing gallons of hot chocolate!

Mrs. Claus: Well, now. That certainly sounds like delicious work to me.

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