



Ed Vela

Norman Maine Publishing

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## **SANTA'S SHOES**

**CHRISTMAS COMEDY.** When Santa forgets to put on his shoes before he sets out to deliver presents on Christmas Eve, his elves become very worried. You see, Santa's shoes are magical and as long as he is wearing them, he is safe from all hazards including icy roofs, narrow chimneys, and even big mean dogs. Hearing that Santa is shoeless, the Ice Princess and her pack of arctic wolves meet up with the Sandman's evil cousin, the Sleeper, and hatch a plan to take control of Santa's navigational control room and direct Santa's sleigh off course. But the Sleeper and Ice Princess' plans are foiled when the elves unleash RoboElf, their robotic security guard!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 50 minutes.

## **CHARACTERS**

(1 M, 2 F, 12 flexible)

**SANTA CLAUS:** Serves as the narrator; wears a traditional Santa suit and bright red shoes with white fur at the top.

**CAPTAIN FRELICK (FREE-lick):** Brave hero type; flexible.

**LT. SPEEDY:** Fast-talking elf; second in command; flexible.

**SUNNY:** Speedy's right-hand elf on the NavCon crew; female.

**ZIPPY:** Youngest and smartest of the elves; flexible.

**PIP:** Elf janitor; flexible.

**PUK:** Elf janitor; flexible.

**ICE PRINCESS:** Snow witch; wears a light-blue chiffon flowing gown, a large diamond-like necklace, and a tiara; a white whip with silver highlights is tethered to a thick silver belt around her waist.

**SLEEPER:** Sandman's evil cousin and the giver nightmares; wears a long midnight blue cloak with white stars and crescent moon designs on it, red long johns, a long red and blue polka-dot night cap, fuzzy white slippers, and a gel sleep mask; flexible.

**ROBOELF:** Robotic elf security guard; tall and broad with pointed elfin ears; wears a silver bicycle helmet with small flashlights clamped on each side, a dark visor, metallic tunic and pants, black boots and gloves, and a large chest plate with two rows of lights give his shoulders a wide appearance; flexible.

**COTSWORTH:** Night elf; old, short, cranky, and near-sighted with a shuffling gait; wears a long pinstriped nightshirt, a nightcap, and thick glasses; flexible.

**LUMO:** Arctic wolf; non-speaking; flexible.

**LUPO:** Arctic wolf; non-speaking; flexible.

**LUCAN:** Arctic wolf; non-speaking; flexible.

**LOBO:** Arctic wolf; non-speaking; flexible.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change pronouns accordingly.

## **COSTUMES**

Elves are dressed in Star Trek-like uniforms with red turtlenecks under green V-neck shirts. The elves wear various shades of green shirts to represent different departments. They wear either long black pants or short red pants with suspenders. All elves have pointed ears and wear black boots.

Arctic Wolves are dark to light gray in color and wear face masks to indicate the upper jaw and teeth. They have a large mane of fur that goes down the middle of their back. They wear leotards to match the color of their fur. Their eyes are red and glowing. They usually are on all fours but stand for fights and chases.

## **SETTING**

Behind the curtain is a scrim painted to look like the inside of a crystal ice cave. A 3-person console, which most closely resembles a news anchor desk, is set DCR, and Christmas lights flash all over the console outlining it in color. The back wall of the NavCon room is set with tinsel and papered with a bright Christmas wrap. Swinging double doors are set in the wall UR. A black curtain also cuts into the wall up CL. A cart with brooms, mops, and cleaning stuff is set DL.

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

**Scene 1:** NavCon Room and lair of the Ice Princess.

**Scene 2:** NavCon Room. Scrim is gone, console and broom cart are positioned slightly more DS, just inside the curtain line.

**Scene 3:** Launch Bay Three, played on apron.

**Scene 4:** NavCon room.

**Scene 5:** Upper Deck near the launch bays.

**Scene 6:** NavCon room.

**Scene 7:** Upper deck near the launch bays.

**Scene 8:** NavCon room and security deck.

**Scene 9:** Deck two, corridor three, played on apron.

**Scene 10:** Outer control deck.

**Scene 11:** NavCon Room.

## **PROPS**

Broom cart	2 Santalink badges (has a large face of Santa on it)
Large ice crystal	Large flashlight
White whip with silver highlights	Small square box
Thick silver belt, for Ice Princess	2 D-cell batteries
Small picnic basket	4 Kung fu headbands, for Wolves
Mop bucket	Large balloon filled with confetti (opt.)
Airline tickets	Large fishing net
Computer monitor	Wrapped Christmas present
Clipboard	Water gun
Lei, Hawaiian shirt, straw hat, sunglasses, for Puk	Piece of paper
Greasy paper bag	Mop
Small suitcase	Pocket watch, for Santa
Papers	

## **SPECIAL EFFECTS**

Steam	Pulsating horn
Whip crack	Beeping sound
Growling	Sounds of a struggle (crashes, thuds)
Rousing music to serve as RoboElf theme	Flashing console lights (Christmas lights)
Strobe light	
Sound of a tape slowing down and stopping	

**"I'M GETTING  
THE STRANGEST CRAVING  
FOR HOTDOGS..."**

**-SLEEPER**

## **SCENE 1**

*(NavCon Room and lair of the Ice Princess. Spot up on Santa, who is wearing traditional attire. Santa stands in front of a closed curtain at apron SR. He is buttoning his coat and notices the audience.)*

SANTA: Hello, boys and girls, parents and friends...welcome. I think you all know who I am. Today I'm going to tell you the story of a Christmas not so very long ago...a Christmas Eve night when I got dressed as usual, harnessed my reindeer as usual, and took off from my workshop at the North Pole to do my Christmas Eve rounds as usual. The only thing that wasn't usual this night was that—in my haste to leave and deliver toys to all the good little boys and girls all over the world—I forgot my shoes! *(Lifts up his pants legs to show bare feet to audience.)* Actually they're my over boots, and...not too many people know about this...they're magic. You see, as long as I'm wearing them on Christmas Eve night, I'm safe from all harm. Nothing can hurt me, which is pretty special magic. But this particular Christmas Eve, I was in such a rush, I forgot them, which led to an awful night because of an evil snow witch known as the Ice Princess and her horrible arctic wolves... *(Puts up hands.)* Oh, but, I'm getting ahead of myself, boys and girls. You see, this story is far less about me than it is about my workshop and my loyal elves. It began late in the night one Christmas Eve. Blitzen was my lead reindeer that night, as I recall, and we were already more than halfway through our run. On the upper levels of the workshop all the launch bays were busy loading the last of the worker elves onto the express trams for trips home to their families for Christmas Day...but on the lower levels of the workshop, known as the control deck, several other special elves were busy helping me navigate my sleigh all over the world, and as you will see, they do a fine job...

*(Curtain opens. Behind the curtain is a scrim painted to look like the inside of a crystal ice cave. As Santa exits, lights go down on apron and up on set behind scrim. A 3-person console, which most closely resembles a news anchor desk, is set DCR, and Christmas lights flash all over the console outlining it in color. The back wall of the NavCon room is set with tinsel and papered with a bright Christmas wrap. Swinging double doors are set in the wall UR. A black curtain also cuts into the wall up CL. A cart with brooms, mops, and cleaning stuff is set DL. Speedy, Sunny, and Zippy sit left to right at the console. Speedy wears a headset. Sunny types at a keyboard set in the center of console and views a monitor. Zippy stares into a large periscope coming up out of the right third of the console. Zippy's fingers are in constant contact with two rows of buttons set to the left of the base of the periscope. Zippy presses buttons as Sunny reads aloud information from the monitor screen. The following lines [until the cocoa break] are delivered rapid-fire "Dragnet" style.)*

SPEEDY: *(Into headset.)* Navigational Control Room to Santa...Navigational Control Room to Santa...this is NavCon. Santa, do you copy? *(Light flashes on console as beep is heard.)* Maintain current course and speed. Course correction to follow...

ZIPPY: *(Pressing buttons.)* New heading...

SUNNY: *(Reading monitor.)* Course adjustment to...three-six-zero, mark four.

SPEEDY: *(Into headset.)* Adjust course...three-six-zero, mark four.

ZIPPY: *(Pressing buttons.)* E.T.A. to coastline...

SUNNY: *(Reads.)* Estimated time of arrival to northern Australia coastline...three minutes, 30 seconds.

SPEEDY: *(Into headset.)* Should be hitting north Aussie coast in three and a half.

ZIPPY: *(Pressing buttons.)* Touchdown target...

SUNNY: *(Reads.)* Touchdown target one...Roebourne.

SPEEDY: *(Into headset.)* Touching down city of Roebourne first...Blitzen has the lead...NavCon out! *(To Sunny and Zippy.)* Good job, people...cocoa break time... *(Calls offstage.)* Pip! Puk!

*(Pip and Puk come bounding in from SL. Pip carries a tray with three mugs and a kettle on it. Puk follows him in. Pip trips on his way in and goes sprawling across the stage, but maintains the tray upright. Puk matter-of-factly steps over Pip, taking the tray as he goes. Puk hands the tray to Speedy, who places it behind the console. [Note: The three mugs and kettle – which should be glued to the tray so that Pip doesn't have to be a juggler – can now be replaced with identical mugs and kettle already set behind the console.] Speedy passes out the mugs and begins pouring hot cocoa as the trio ad-lib lines of happy anticipation. Pip is still spread eagle on floor.)*

PIP: Thanks a lot, Puk!

*(Puk helps Pip up.)*

PUK: Anytime, Pip, ol' pal...

*(The NavCon crew barely acknowledge Pip and Puk, as they smell, sip, swish, and swallow their cocoa in unison.)*

SPEEDY: Ah, there's nothing like cocoa for that after one in the morning pick-me-up...

ZIPPY: Mine's a little weak...

PUK: *(To Pip.)* Then it matches his brain.

SPEEDY: What was that, Puk?

PIP: Nothing, Lt. Speedy. Puk just said, "It must be such a drain." You know, for you and Sunny and Zippy to be tracking Santa all night long.

SPEEDY: That's why it's up to you, maintenance men, to make sure that...in addition to cleaning up and making

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minor repairs...that we get our cocoa on time... *(Takes another sip.)*

PUK: *(To Pip.)* You'd think they were union.

SPEEDY: Huh...?

PIP: He said, "Would you like a Funyun." You know, to go with the cocoa...

SPEEDY: Cocoa and Funnys?

*(Speedy, Sunny, and Zippy look at each other, then back at Pip and Puk.)*

SPEEDY/SUNNY/ZIPPY: Pass!

*(Pip grabs Puk by the arm and menacingly leads him SL to the broom cart.)*

PIP: *(To Puk.)* Will you quit trying to get us in trouble?

PUK: Sorry. By the way, that was a nice save...with the drain and the Funnys...cute.

*(Frelick enters through double doors UR.)*

SPEEDY: *(Snaps to attention.)* Captain on deck!

*(All snap to attention.)*

FRELICK: At ease... *(Acknowledging.)* Speedy, Sunny, Zippy...Maintenance...

PUK: *(To Pip.)* Like we don't have names?

PIP: *(To Puk.)* Shhh!

FRELICK: *(Beckons Speedy to CS.)* Lieutenant!

*(Speedy crosses to Captain.)*

SPEEDY: Yes, Capt. Frelick?

FRELICK: I'm afraid we have a problem...

*(Frellick holds up Santa's shoes. Speedy looks at them.)*

SPEEDY: Foot odor?

FRELICK: Lieutenant, what's the matter with you? These are Santa's shoes...

SPEEDY: What's the matter with me and Santa's shoes? Are these subjects related, or is this a pop quiz?

FRELICK: Speedy, what's special about Santa's shoes?

SPEEDY: That's easy...they're magic, and they keep him safe from all— *(Dead stop, looks at shoes.)* Uh-oh.

FRELICK: Exactly! Icy roofs, Rottweilers, small chimneys— they're all a threat to him now.

SPEEDY: What should we do, Cap?

FRELICK: I want you to keep close tabs on him for the rest of the night. Maintain constant radio contact and hook the satellite link up into his receiver as well.

SPEEDY: Aye, sir... *(Crosses back to the console.)* Sunny, heads up, we got trouble.

*(Lights go down behind the scrim and up in front as a thunderclap is heard. Ice Princess enters, followed by four Arctic Wolves. She looks intently at a huge ice crystal that she holds in her hand above her head. A white whip with silver highlights is tethered to a thick silver belt around her waist. The Wolves are lit to give them and the crystal cave scrim an eerie appearance.)*

ICE PRINCESS: *(Staring deeply into the crystal.)* Ah-ha! My pets, I can see in my magic ice crystal that this night Santa Claus has forgotten his shoes! *(To Lupo.)* Left them behind, Lupo. *(To Lumo.)* Isn't wearing them, Lumo. The one thing that makes him invulnerable to harm tonight, and that senile bearded bumpkin has left them at his workshop. *(Thinks.)* The workshop! *(To Lucan.)* This is too good to be true, Lucan. *(To Lobo.)* Just too perfect, Lobo. Yes! Soon you and your brethren will join me this night to take control of

Santa's workshop! *(Thunderclap is heard as Ice Princess laughs and Wolves howl with delight.)* Yes! Tonight...tonight when the workshop is all but abandoned...tonight we strike! *(The Wolves look at each other, then back at the Ice Princess. Then Lupo, Lucan, and Lobo push Lumo toward her. Lumo sheepishly begins to make semi-barking/yelping noises, henceforth referred to as "wolfspeak," to the Ice Princess. Glares at Lumo.)* No! You don't get time-and-a-half for working Christmas Eve! Now get back with the others, before I forget I'm a lady! *(Lumo wolfspeaks something sarcastic. The Ice Princess places her hand on the frost whip at her side. Lumo then tucks his tail between his legs and scurries back to the other Wolves, yelping all the way. Thinks.)* But, wait, my precious pets...I see the opportunity...but we will need help to seize it... *(Thinks.)* And I know just where to find that help... *(She haphazardly tosses the magic crystal aside. Lumo and Lupo fumble to keep it from hitting the ground.)* ...a special friend, my pets...and a sworn enemy of Santa Claus...the Sandman's evil cousin...the giver of nightmares... *(Dramatic.)* ...the Sleeper!

*(Thunderclap is heard. Wolves howl. Lights go down in front of scrim and up behind scrim as Ice Princess and Wolves exit. Pip and Puk sweep and dust UL. Speedy, Sunny, and Zippy are seated at the console. Zippy is engrossed as he looks through the periscope. Speedy is listening to his headset and has his feet up on the console. Sunny looks up from monitor, eyes them both, then pulls out a small picnic basket out from behind the console.)*

SUNNY: *(Melodically.)* Speedy...

SPEEDY: *(Into headset.)* So, let's see if I got this straight...I get 12 CDs for a penny –

SUNNY: *(Shouts.)* Speedy!

SPEEDY: *(Into headset.)* Gotta go... *(Presses a button and sits up in his chair.)*

SUNNY: I thought you were supposed to be monitoring Santa.

SPEEDY: Well, I gotta check the switchboard too sometimes, don't I?

SUNNY: Last Christmas Eve you called the Home Shopping Club 25 times!

SPEEDY: It's Christmas! And you don't have my mother – the woman who has everything but wants more! *(Pause.)* So, what's up? *(Notices basket.)* Oh, that again.

SUNNY: My baking partner and I have come up with a new kind of cookie. Want to try it?

SPEEDY: *(Aside.)* Like I have a choice... *(To Sunny, trying to sound cheerful.)* Yeah, sure...

*(Sunny takes a cookie from the picnic basket and hands it to Speedy with hopeful anticipation. Speedy tries to bite into the cookie, but it is as hard as a rock. Then as Sunny momentarily turns her attention back to the monitor screen, Speedy tries to break off a piece of the cookie on the corner of the console, but it still won't break. Finally, turning away from Sunny, Speedy begins sucking on the cookie, then makes a sour expression. Sunny turns back to Speedy.)*

SUNNY: Well, what do you think?

*(Making sure Sunny can't see, Speedy flips the cookie offstage.)*

SPEEDY: I think...I think...well, I really think...Zippy should try one!

SUNNY: Zippy, would you like –?

ZIPPY: *(Without looking up from the periscope.)* In your dreams, Sunny.

SUNNY: *(Offers another cookie.)* Speedy? *(Speedy refuses it.)* It can't be that bad!

SPEEDY: Sunny, where do you bake these things? A hollow tree?

SUNNY: No, but what a great marketing idea! *(Puts on the headset and pushes a button on the console.)* Hello, Keebler, I got a great idea where to put the bakery!

*(Speedy smacks himself on the forehead. Pip and Puk are down on their knees scrubbing the floor DSL.)*

PUK: Doesn't it bother you that we always get stuck working on Christmas Eve?

PIP: C'mon, Puk. You know maintenance personnel on the control deck don't get an option.

PUK: Then why don't we switch to deck four?

PIP: Deck four! And clean up after the elves that make wooden toys? We'd spend our lives sweeping!

PUK: In case you haven't noticed...we sweep now!

PIP: Yeah, but not a ton of sawdust!

PUK: You just want to be here so you can be close to the NavCon crew.

PIP: *(Threateningly.)* Drop it, Puk.

PUK: Look, I want something better too, but didn't you just flunk out of NavCon school... *(Pause.)* ...again?

PIP: Why don't you just get some salt, and you can rub my wounded ego!

PUK: You're not alone, bud...they just turned down my seventeenth request to get on the security staff.

PIP: Oh, that's a scary picture...you, with a gun.

PUK: What's that supposed to mean?

PIP: Puk, you with a wrench is bad enough.

PUK: Aw, c'mon, I'm great with a wrench.

PIP: Oh, really? *(Crosses to curtain UCL.)* Remember when the Captain asked you to fix the steam pipes? *(As he opens the curtain, lots of steam comes out. He closes it quickly. Coughs.)* You made a sauna!

PUK: *(Scrubs the floor harder.)* It's not a sauna, it's a steam room!

*(Pip crosses back to Puk.)*

PIP: I think when the Captain asked you to fix the pipes, he meant for you to stop the steam from leaking out...not build the steam its own room!

*(Puk stops scrubbing the floor and stands. Grins.)*

PUK: All the more reason why I think you'll like my plan.

*(Pip flips over an empty bucket and sits down on it.)*

PIP: Oh, no, not another plan.

PUK: No, really, you'll like this one.

PIP: *(Rubbing his temples.)* I've never liked any of them!

PUK: You'll like this. You and I ditch this clean-up gig...  
*(Pulls out airline tickets.)* ...and take advantage of two round-trip tickets to...Hawaii!

*(Pip looks at the tickets, then at Puk, then at floor as the lights go down behind the scrim and up in front of the scrim. Sleeper enters, followed closely by the Ice Princess and her Wolves.)*

SLEEPER: I don't know about this, Ice Princess...I truly don't.

ICE PRINCESS: But, Sleeper, it's a golden opportunity.

SLEEPER: Hmmph...and what's in it for me, Ice Princess?  
You and your fellow snow witches have tried to destroy Santa Claus before and have always failed miserably.

ICE PRINCESS: That's because his magic was always stronger than ours, but this time...he has no magic...at least none that will protect him. *(Pause.)* You are a clever invader of dreams, Sleeper—far superior to your wimpy cousin the Sandman.

*(Sleeper shudders at the mention of the name "Sandman.")*

SLEEPER: Don't mention his name in my presence, Witch!

ICE PRINCESS: *(Standing behind him, rubbing his shoulders, cooing coyly.)* Think, Sleeper...if you can get us into the

workshop and help us get to the control deck...you will get to witness the final and complete destruction of Santa Claus.

*(Thunderclap is heard, lights flicker.)*

SLEEPER: Santa Claus! That white-bearded red-suited— Every year around this time, because of him, children's dreams are filled with happy thoughts of presents and families gathering for Christmas. Between him and that most cursed of cuddlies... *(Gritting his teeth.)* ...the teddy bear! *(All react with disgust.)* I can barely slip one of my exquisite nightmares into children's dreams...and it's mostly thanks to that fat freak!

ICE PRINCESS: *(Soothingly.)* But without Santa, there'll be no Christmas presents, no filled stockings, and no sweet dreams...

SLEEPER: It just so happens, Ice Princess, I have been invading the dreams of one of the younger elves for months now...and on this very night, my influence has caused him to leave one of the launch bay doors open, and he doesn't even remember doing it.

ICE PRINCESS: An open launch bay would be perfect, my dream man.

SLEEPER: Even more perfect...this particular elf, with the help of a little dust... *(Takes sleep dust from his pouch and sprinkles it in front of them.)* ...will do more than just fall asleep. He will enter a state of waking sleep...able to speak and move, but totally in my power!

ICE PRINCESS: You mean *our* power!

SLEEPER: *(Reluctantly.)* Yes...*our* power. He will be our willing slave...our unwitting partner in the complete annihilation of Santa Claus!

ICE PRINCESS: Are you certain you can control him that much, Sleeper?

SLEEPER: As certain as I am of his name...Zippy!

*(Thunderclap. Blackout.)*

## **SCENE 2**

*(Spot on Santa standing on the apron SL.)*

SANTA: That was scary, wasn't it? So the Sleeper and the Ice Princess set off for my workshop, her pack of Arctic Wolves pulling her crystal sled...the crack of her whip... *(Sound of whip crack.)* ...echoing loudly across the frozen tundra. She reached the workshop in no time. Meanwhile, back in the NavCon room, decisions were about to be made that would change the course of this night...forever...

*(Spot goes out, Santa exits. NavCon Room. Curtain opens, scrim is gone, console and broom cart are positioned slightly more DS, just inside the curtain line. Lights up on main stage. Zippy sits at the console, looking at the computer monitor. Speedy stands behind him, writing on a clipboard.)*

ZIPPY: Hey, that's weird.

SPEEDY: What's the matter? You eat one of Sunny's cookies?

ZIPPY: Not even. *(Typing on keyboard.)* I got an open launch bay door. In the mad rush to get out of here, somebody must've gotten careless.

*(Sunny enters from double doors UR and crosses to console.)*

SPEEDY: Well, here's a novel idea...close it.

ZIPPY: I've already tried. Twice. It won't respond to the remote.

SPEEDY: *(Typing on keyboard.)* Sunny, run a diagnostic on the remotes in the launch bays...all of them.

SUNNY: You got it.

*(Zippy rises. Sunny sits at the console and begins typing on the keyboard and clicking the mouse.)*

ZIPPY: It's probably nothing... (*Starts to exit.*) ...I'll go down and close it manually.

SPEEDY: Wait a minute, Zippy. Maybe we'd better bring security in on this one.

ZIPPY: What security?! They're all gone except for that old half-blind elf who works the graveyard shift.

SPEEDY: Zip, I don't know. I got a funny feeling about this.

ZIPPY: Look, [Miss Cleo], if there's a problem I'll get you on the intercom... [*Or insert the name of another fortune-teller.*]

SPEEDY: Zippy, at least let me—

ZIPPY: Speedy, this is an open launch bay door, not an attack from Mars, okay? (*Begins to exit through the UR double doors.*)  
Worry wart!

SPEEDY: (*Calls after him.*) Okay, but be careful! (*To Sunny.*)  
It's like talking to the wall.

*(Pip enters DSL followed closely by Puk. Pip has his hands over his ears. Puk is wearing a lei around his neck, a straw hat on his head, and sunglasses.)*

PUK: What do you say, Pip? You and me, the island, the palm trees, Don Ho!

PIP: Don Who?

PUK: Not Don Who. Don Ho! C'mon Pip. Fun, fun, fun in the sun, sun, sun!

PIP: No, no, no!

PUK: You are such a downer!

PIP: I'm not going to abandon my post.

PUK: What? You think there's gonna be a spill only you can clean up?! Or are you hoping for a tip at the next cocoa break?!

PIP: That's not the point, Puk.

PUK: Well, at least cover for me while I go.

PIP: Oh, no, you don't!

*(Puk puts his arm around Pip.)*

PUK: C'mon, Pip...Pipper...Pipness...Piperooney...we came up through the ranks together.

PIP: Yeah, and look at how far we've come...we're janitors for pity's sake!

PUK: Okay, so we haven't gone too far up the ranks together, but Pip, we took classes together...we double-dated...we roomed together in Elf College. Of course we never graduated, but remember all the pizza we used to eat? All the reruns we used to watch?!

PIP: I'm not falling for it this time, Puk. *(Puk begins singing the "Brady Bunch" theme song, or another suitable TV show theme song. Pip cuts him off after the first two lines of the song.)* Cut it out, Puk!

*(Puk thinks.)*

PUK: What about the time you were choking on that sourball? Who whacked you on the back?

PIP: Who gave me the sourball?!

PUK: Still...who saved your life? Would you be alive today if it weren't for me? *(Pause.)* C'mon, Pip...what do ya say? *(Puk begins whistling "The Andy Griffith Show" theme song, or another suitable TV show theme song.)*

PIP: Enough! *(Pause.)* Okay, I'll do it. I won't like it, but I'll do it.

PUK: Ya mean it?

PIP: Anything to keep from hearing the "Gilligan's Island" theme song!

PUK: Thanks, Pip. You're a pal. Just for that, you can have my lunch. *(Pulls a very greasy bag from the broom cart.)* Spareribs!

*(Pip holds the bag gingerly.)*

PIP: I would've never guessed... *(Pip puts the bag back in the broom cart. Pip crosses to the console. Puk picks up a small suitcase from off SL.)* Lt. Speedy?

SPEEDY: *(Flipping through papers on a clipboard.)* Yeah, Pip, what can I do for you?

PIP: Uh... *(Motions behind his back for Puk to get moving. Puk sneaks out the UR double doors.)* Uh...um...uh...ah...uh...

SPEEDY: Pip...much as we all like your Jimmy Stewart imitation...was there something you wanted?

PIP: Uh...I just wanted to know if...you wanted me to...uh...wax the console!

SPEEDY: *(Bewildered.)* No...not right now... *(Crosses to the other side of console behind Sunny.)* ...but thanks for asking.

*(Sunny holds out the basket of cookies.)*

SUNNY: Would you like a cookie, Pip?

*(Speedy begins waving his arms furiously to indicate "no." Pip shakes his head and crosses back SL. Sunny turns toward Speedy and catches him in mid motion. Speedy then pretends he was doing calisthenics.)*

SPEEDY: *(Moving his arms, doing jumping jacks.)* Boy, that [Richard Simmons] is contagious, isn't he? *[Or insert the name of another fitness guru.]*

*(Sunny rears back to give him a punch. Blackout.)*

### **SCENE 3**

*(Launch Bay Three. Spot on the apron SL. Zippy is miming cranking a handle. Note: The curtain remains closed throughout this scene.)*

ZIPPY: *(To himself.)* There! It's closed, Speedy, and there's not a Martian in sight. *(Growling is heard. Zippy looks around, scared. He quickly begins to cross right. Nervously, like a mantra.)* No Martians...no Martians...no Martians...

*(Lights up on apron. Ice Princess and Sleeper stand casually SR. Wolves come bounding out SL. Zippy, with his head down and his hands up like blinders, stops. The Ice Princess is in front of him and the Sleeper is directly behind him.)*

ICE PRINCESS: Will we do?

ZIPPY: *(High squeaky voice.)* Ice Princess! *(Growling Arctic Wolves quickly surround Zippy. Higher squeakier voice.)* Arctic wolves!

SLEEPER: *(Grabbing Zippy's shoulders from behind.)* And don't forget me.

ZIPPY: *(Highest squeakiest voice.)* The Sleeper!

ICE PRINCESS: You work on the control deck, don't you, little one?

ZIPPY: Who? Me? No! *(Obviously lying.)* I'm in security...you're all under arrest!

*(Ice Princess and Sleeper laugh. Wolves howl.)*

SLEEPER: I like him. He's silly!

ZIPPY: It doesn't matter where I work because if you don't know your way around here, you'll never get to the control deck.

ICE PRINCESS: Really?

*(Sleeper sprinkles sleep dust over Zippy's head.)*

SLEEPER: Really?

ZIPPY: Yeah... *(Falling asleep.)* ...and if you think...I'm going to help you... *(Drops his head. He is asleep.)*

ICE PRINCESS: He doesn't think he's going to help us, Sleeper. What do you think?

*(Sleeper sprinkles a little more dust over Zippy, then snaps his fingers. Zippy opens his eyes and stands stiffly. He is in a trance.)*

SLEEPER: Can you hear me, little one?

ZIPPY: Yes, mustard.

SLEEPER: *(Annoyed.)* That's "master." Got it?

ZIPPY: Yes, mustard.

ICE PRINCESS: *(Sarcastically.)* What's he going to call me? Ketchup or relish?

SLEEPER: It's just a slight glitch...he's young...

ICE PRINCESS: But do you really have control of him, Sleeper?

SLEEPER: *(Insulted.)* Of course I do! *(To Zippy.)* Zippy...

ZIPPY: Yes, mustard...

*(Sleeper rubs his temples, as though fighting back a headache.)*

SLEEPER: Zippy, you're a frog!

ZIPPY: *(Squatting down like a frog.)* Rib-bitt! Rib-bitt!

SLEEPER: A big frog!

ZIPPY: *(Deeper voice.)* Rib-bitt! Rib-bitt!

SLEEPER: The WB frog!

ZIPPY: *(Gets up and begins high kicking and singing.)* "Hello, my baby! Hello, my honey! Hello, my ragtime gal... Send me a kiss by wire... *(Kneels with arms out wide, Al Jolson style.)* Baby my heart's on fire."

ICE PRINCESS: *(Shouts.)* Stop! *(Zippy freezes. Shakes her head.)* You're right, Sleeper. He must be in our power. Nobody who had control of themselves would do that!

SLEEPER: I told you.

ICE PRINCESS: But what good is he? I've waited an awfully long time for this moment. For ages, the Snow Witches have controlled the nether regions of the North and South Poles...until Santa Claus decided to build this workshop in my domain! My sister witches laugh at me! I'm a mockery! *(Grabs Sleeper.)* And do you realize how tough it is for me at the snow witch conventions?!

*(Sleeper breaks away from her grip.)*

SLEEPER: Don't get your icicles in a snit, Princess. This little elf will prove most helpful...

ICE PRINCESS: You'd better be right, Sleeper.

*(Sleeper claps his hands in front of Zippy. Zippy unfreezes and stands stiff and straight. He is in a trance.)*

SLEEPER: Can you lead us to the Navigational Control Room?

ZIPPY: Yes, mustard.

SLEEPER: Can you disable the security systems along the way?

ZIPPY: Yes, mustard.

SLEEPER: *(To Ice Princess.)* I'm getting the strangest craving for hotdogs.

ICE PRINCESS: *(Cutting him off.)* Just get on with it!

SLEEPER: *(To Zippy.)* And can you unlock all the doors to the NavCon room?

ZIPPY: Yes, mustard.

SLEEPER: *(To Ice Princess.)* That sounds pretty helpful to me!

*(Ice Princess and Sleeper laugh. Wolves howl. Blackout.)*



## **SCENE 4**

*(NavCon Room. Spot on Santa, who is on the apron SL.)*

SANTA: Things didn't look good, boys and girls. The Ice Princess and the Sleeper made Zippy take them through almost every upper level of the workshop. Along the way, the Ice Princess froze every intercom system, and the Arctic Wolves were eating every candy cane and every gingerbread man they could find, and they were still hungry. *(Crosses to apron SR as curtain opens.)* By this time, Captain Frelick had returned to the NavCon room, and he wanted to know exactly what was going on.

*(Santa exits. Lights up. Captain, Speedy, and Sunny are at the console area. Pip dusts nearby and strains to listen.)*

FRELICK: What exactly is going on around here, Speedy? You say you sent him up there almost half an hour ago. Now the door's closed, but you haven't heard from him.

SPEEDY: Sorry, Cap, I knew it was a bad idea to send him up there alone. I wanted to call security, but he talked me out of it.

FRELICK: Never let someone you're responsible for talk you out of being cautious, Lieutenant!

SPEEDY: But, Cap—

FRELICK: I don't want to hear it! Call security. Now!

SPEEDY: Aye, sir... *(Sits at console and puts on headset.)*  
NavCon to security...NavCon to security...come in.

*(Spot up on Cotsworth, the night elf, who is standing in an aisle toward the middle or the back of the audience. He is holding a large cordless phone to his ear.)*

COTSWORTH: *(Into receiver.)* Oy! What in the heck do you think you're doing waking me up?! Do you know what time it is?!

FRELICK: Put him on the speaker, Speedy. I want to hear this.

*(Speedy presses a button on the console.)*

SPEEDY: Is this security?

COTSWORTH: No, it's the Psychic Hotline! What do you think, pea-brain?!

SPEEDY: *(Annoyed.)* Look, buddy, we need for you to send a security detail to launch bay three.

COTSWORTH: Really? And, if brains were doughnuts, all you'd have is the hole! Look, genius, do you know what night this is? It's Christmas Eve! Everybody's gone!

FRELICK: Who are you then?

COTSWORTH: *(Aside.)* Another "A" student gets on the phone. *(Into phone.)* What do you want from my life?! I'm Cotsworth, the night elf. You're Stupid, the moron!

FRELICK: *(Seething.)* Look, night elf, have you ever met the captain of the elves?

COTSWORTH: No, but I know who you're talking about. Let's see...what's his name...Freako...Frodo...Ferdinand—

FRELICK: *(Gritting his teeth.)* Frelick.

COTSWORTH: No, that's not it.

FRELICK: *(Shouts.)* Yes, it is! Because I'm him!

*(Cotsworth jumps, throws the phone up into the air, catches it, then salutes, smacking himself in the forehead with the phone.)*

COTSWORTH: Y-yes, sir! Captain, sir! *(Aside.)* Oy, I think I have a concussion.

FRELICK: Look, night elf, there must be someone up there.

COTSWORTH: Sorry, Captain, it's just me and the automation.

FRELICK: Automation?

SPEEDY: He means RoboElf. He's a proto-type, a new invention, like our new Santalink badges... *(Points to badge on his chest.)* ...to communicate without the intercom system.

FRELICK: Does he work?

SPEEDY: That depends on who you ask. The engineering elves think he'll do fine, but he hasn't really had a field test yet.

FRELICK: *(Looks up.)* Why me? *(Resigned.)* Look, Cotsworth, can you activate RoboElf?

COTSWORTH: Can a baby wet a diaper? Of course!

FRELICK: Okay, get him going and get him to check out launch bay three. We're missing a crewman!

COTSWORTH: *(Saluting, carefully.)* Understood, Mon Capitan...and don't worry, I'm real good at "some assembly required..."

*(Blackout.)*

## **SCENE 5**

*(Upper deck near the launch bays. Spot up on Santa, who is standing on the apron SR.)*

SANTA: It took Cotsworth, the night elf, a little longer to assemble RoboElf than he thought. Captain Frelick grew impatient, and using a shortcut known only to him, went to launch bay three himself. *(Lights up on apron SL. Frelick enters. He kneels down to find an icicle and some sleep dust.)* There he found evidence of both the Ice Princess, and the Sleeper, and knew what he was up against. *(Lights down on apron SL. Frelick exits.)* Unfortunately, for the Ice Princess and the Sleeper, they had no idea what they were about to come up against...

*(Blackout. Rousing music, henceforth to be called Robotheme, is heard. Spot up on RoboElf, who is standing in a back aisle behind the audience.)*

ROBOELF: *(Shining a huge flashlight around the audience.)*  
Scanning...sensors indicate no unauthorized activity...sector secure.

*(RoboElf continues to walk around audience, shining his flashlight on audience members, and repeating the three phrases until he notices the Ice Princess, Sleeper, and the Wolves, who enter and stand on the apron CS. Ice Princess notices RoboElf.)*

ICE PRINCESS: *(To Sleeper.)* What is that?

SLEEPER: It's an Elf...I think... *(RoboElf turns and begins walking toward them.)* ...a really huge elf!

ROBOELF: Intruder alert! Intruder alert! Do not move! Stay where you are!

*(RoboElf crosses to apron SL.)*

ICE PRINCESS: *(To Wolves.)* Attack, my pets! *(Arctic Wolves attack RoboElf. Lumo and Lupo begin biting RoboElf's arms. Lucan and Lobo begin biting RoboElf's legs, but since RoboElf is made of metal, he is completely unaffected. RoboElf simply stands, full front to the audience, like an impregnable tank, shifting his head back and forth watching the Wolves. After a few seconds, the Wolves pause to pant between rigorous biting. As the other Wolves continue biting RoboElf, Lumo stops and wolfspeaks to the Ice Princess.)* No, you don't have a dental plan! *(Lumo whistles, as though calling for a cab, and all Wolves stop biting. The Wolves scurry back and stand behind the Ice Princess and Sleeper. Aside.)* You just can't get good help anymore. *(To Sleeper.)* Sleeper! *(She points to RoboElf.)*

SLEEPER: *(Sheepishly.)* Couldn't you get the Wolves a dental—

ICE PRINCESS: Just go!

*(Sleeper comes at RoboElf and throws sleep dust into his face. The sleep dust has no effect on RoboElf.)*

SLEEPER: I guess robots don't sleep.

*(RoboElf grabs Sleeper.)*

ROBOELF: Affirmative, creep! *(Throws Sleeper offstage left and crosses to the Ice Princess.)* Now it is your turn, lady.

*(Ice Princess gestures. A strobe light effect comes up momentarily and RoboElf slows then freezes.)*

ICE PRINCESS: Ah, but robots do freeze!

*(Ice Princess laughs. RoboElf turns his head toward the audience but his body is still frozen.)*

ROBOELF: Systems compensating for lack of heat... *(Begins moving hands and arms.)* ...warming up all circuits... *(Takes a step toward Ice Princess.)* ...warming complete.

*(RoboElf grabs the Ice Princess by both arms.)*

ICE PRINCESS: *(Struggling.)* I guess robots don't freeze for long.

ROBOELF: Do not move! Do not attempt to escape! Do not wear blue with brown! *(Aside.)* It is a fashion obscenity.

ICE PRINCESS: Zippy, do you know a way to stop this thing?!

ZIPPY: Yes, mustard.

*(Zippy crosses to RoboElf and removes a small square box from RoboElf's right side. RoboElf deactivates and bends forward from the waist. The Ice Princess takes the box from Zippy and pulls out two D-cell batteries.)*

ICE PRINCESS: Batteries?! He runs on batteries?! Boy, is Santa getting cheap!

*(Blackout.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**