

“WHAT TO GET SANTA FOR CHRISTMAS”

A ONE-ACT CHILDREN’S HOLIDAY PLAY IN THREE SCENES.

NARRATOR - The one who tells the story.

ELF MIXIE - One of Santa’s Helpers, the smart elf.

ELF MOXIE - Another one of Santa’s Helpers, the brave elf.

ELF MISHMASH - A Santa Helper-In-Training, the dumb elf.

MALL SHOPPERS

MALL REPRESENTATIVES

MRS. CLAUS

ADDITIONAL ELVES

SCENE I - SANTA’S WORKSHOP.

SCENE II - THE MALL.

SCENE III - SANTA’S WORKSHOP.

SCENE I- SANTA’S WORKSHOP.

(Lights up as Narrator enters SR. ELF MIXIE and MOXIE are busy making toys.)

NARRATOR - IT IS THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS IN THE NORTH POLE. EVERYONE HERE CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS AT THIS TIME SINCE ALL ARE FAR TOO BUSY DURING THE REST OF THE YEAR, MAKING TOYS FOR ALL THE GOOD LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS OF THE WORLD. BUT, THIS YEAR, THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS BRINGS A DILEMMA FOR THE ELCCES AT SANTA’S WORKSHOP.

(MIXIE lays down his tools and wipes his brow.)

MIXIE - (To MOXIE.) WHAT ARE WE TO GET SANTA THIS YEAR, MOXIE?

(MOXIE lays down tools; wipes hands on a rag.)

MOXIE- I DUNNO. YOU’RE THE ONE WITH THE BRAINS, MIXIE.

NARRATOR - THAT’S RIGHT. THE ELVES, AFTER HUNDREDS OF YEARS OF MAKING TIYS, GAMES, BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, QUADRICLES, ETC. HAD NO IDEA WHAT TO GET SANTA CLAUS FOR CHRISTMAS.

MOXIE- I THINK WE’VE MADE SANTA JUST ABOUT EVERY PRESENT WE KNOW HOW TO MANUFACTURE.

(ELF MISHMASH enters from rear SL, carrying a bundle of toys, stacked very high, as NARRATOR exits SR.)

MOXIE - WELL HOW ABOUT A MODEL TRAIN? SANTA’S ALWAYS BEEN SO PROUD OF HIS TRAIN SET, AND OF ALL THE MODEL TRAINS WE’VE MADE HIM OVER THE YEARS.

(MISHMASH is having trouble carrying and balancing the big bundle of toys.)

MIXIE - MOXIE, DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TRAINS SANTA NOW HAS? (MOXIE shakes head.) FIVE MILLION, FOUR HUNDRED THIRTY THOUSAND AND TWELVE. WITH NO REPEATS. NOT ONE THE SAME. HE COULD STRETCH HIS TRAINS END TO END AROUND THE EARTH ABOUT FOUR TIMES.

MOXIE - SO?

MIXIE - SO, I THINK THE TRAIN THING HAS JUST ABOUT RUN OUT OF STEAM FOR NOW.

MOXIE - THEN, WHAT ELSE COULD WE DO?

(MISHMASH is starting to really lose balance of the toys, swerving from one end of the rear stage to the other.)

MIXIE - I DON'T KNOW. WHAT ELSE DO WE KNOW HOW TO MAKE?

MOXIE - EVERYTHING. TOYS...

MIXIE - BEEN THERE, DONE THAT.

MOXIE - GAMES...

MIXIE - BEEN THERE, DONE THAT.

MOXIE - BICYCLES...

MIXIE - BEEN THERE, DONE THAT. (MOXIE attempts to speak.) AND TRICYCLES. (MOXIE again attempts to speak.) AND QUADRICYCLES. (MOXIE has run out of ideas.) WE'VE BUILT, WE'VE QUILTED, WE'VE SEWN, AND WE'VE MANUFACTURED. WE HAVE MADE EVERYTHING I THINK AN ELF KNOWS HOW TO MAKE.

MOXIE - WHY DON'T WE ASK ONE OF THE OTHER ELVES, MIXIE?

MIXIE - BECAUSE, MY FORGETFUL FRIEND, ALL THE OTHER ELVES ARE BUSY SLEEPING IN THEIR ENCHANTED SLUMBERLAND AFTER THEIR LONG YEAR OF HELPING SANTA MAKE TOYS. YOU KNOW OUR FRIENDS DON'T SLEEP FOR 363 DAYS OF THE YEAR, AND THEY CERTAINLY CAN'T BE WOKEN UP ON THEIR ONE MAGICAL DAY TO SLEEP, NOT UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR SANTA'S CHRISTMAS PARTY THIS EVENING. BESIDES, IT'S OUR TURN THIS YEAR TO FIND THE PRESENT FOR SANTA, AND I DON'T WANT TO LET EVERYONE DOWN.

MOXIE - SO WHAT DO WE DO, MIXIE?

(MISHMASH tumbles with all the presents at the back of the stage, with a loud cracking sound.)

MIXIE - FIRST, I SUGGEST WE PICK UP MISHMASH OFF THE FLOOR. (MIXIE and MOXIE go over and help the clumsy Elf.) JUST WHAT HAPPENED, MISHMASH?

MISHMASH - I WAS TRYING TO PUT ALL THE LEFTOVER TOYS FROM LAST NIGHT INTO THE DISPENSER TO SEND TO CHARITIES OF THE WORLD.

MOXIE - ALL AT ONE TIME?

MISHMASH - YEAH.

MOXIE - BUT MISHMASH- THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

MISHMASH - (Shaking his head.) YEAH, WELL, I KNOW THAT... NOW.

MIXIE - (Wiping his brow) WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAN THIS UP BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS PARTY THIS EVENING, BUT GENTLEMEN, WHAT DO WE DO IN THE MEANTIME ABOUT SANTA'S PRESENT?

MOXIE - WELL, DOES IT HAVE TO BE ORIGINAL? I MEAN, SINCE WE'VE MADE SANTA EVERYTHING WE KNOW HOW TO MAKE, YOU THINK HE'D MIND US REPEATING SOME GIFTS? MAYBE GET HIM SOMETHING IN A DIFFERENT COLOR, OR...

MIXIE - (Indignant.) WHAT? MY GOODNESS, MOXIE. THIS IS SANTA CLAUS. THE MAN IS THE GREATEST PERSON WE KNOW. THE GREATEST PERSON THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.

MISHMASH - YEAH. THE DUDE'S A SAINT.

MIXIE - WHAT WE (Stops. Realizes what MISHMASH said and gives him a stern stare, then continues.) WHAT WE NEED IS AN ALTERNATIVE IDEA, SOMETHING WE'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE. SANTA DESERVES AT LEAST THAT.

MISHMASH - WHAT ABOUT GOING TO THE MALL?

MOXIE - WHAT?

MIXIE - THE MALL, MISHMASH? ARE YOU MAD?

MOXIE - (To MIXIE.) REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO.

MIXIE - (To MOXIE.) RIGHT.

MISHMASH - WELL, I MEAN, WHY NOT? WE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY OTHER IDEAS, MAYBE WE SHOULD BUY SANTA A GIFT THIS YEAR.

MIXIE - I'M NERVOUS.

MOXIE - WHY?

MIXIE - MISHMASH IS STARTING TO MAKE SENSE TO ME.

MOXIE - WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU'RE ACTUALLY CONSIDERING FOLLOWING A RECOMMENDATION MADE BY A (Holds hands over MISHMASH'S ears.) DIMWITTED SANTA'S HELPER-IN-TRAINING?

MIXIE - (Sarcastic.) CERTAINLY NOT. SILLY ME. YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MOXIE. (MOXIE uncovers MISHMASH'S ears.) SO, (To MOXIE.) WHAT SHOULD WE DO THEN? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

MOXIE - (Blank stare for a moment, then,) ALL RIGHT, I'LL DRIVE THE SLEIGH.

MISHMASH - (Beaming like a child, almost singing.) OH, BOY. WE'RE GOING TO THE MALL. WE'RE GOING TO THE MALL. I'M GONNA RIDE IN SANTA'S SLEIGH. HOORAY. HOORAY.

(THE THREE ELVES start gathering their gear for their departure. MIXIE turns to MISHMASH and says the following.)

MIXIE - ALL RIGHT, MISHMASH. WE'LL GO TO THE MALL. BUT, I WANT YOU BOTH TO KNOW I THINK THIS IS A LOUSY IDEA. I MEAN, SANTA'S ELVES? GOING TO A MALL? I'M EMBARRASSED TO EVEN CONSIDER IT. WHAT WILL THE OTHER ELVES THINK?

MOXIE - OH, NO YOU DON'T. WE DON'T BREATHE A WORD OF THIS TO THE OTHERS. WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT.

MIXIE - DO WE HAVE ANY MONEY, MOXIE?

MOXIE - I'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOME OUT OF MY CHRISTMAS CLUB ACCOUNT. WE SHOULD BE OK.

MISHMASH - WHAT MALL WE GOING TO, MIXIE?

MIXIE - WHAT ELSE?

ALL - THE CHRISTMAS TREE MALL!

(All head out SR. BLACKOUT.)

END SCENE I

SCENE II - THE MALL

(The location is shifted to the inside of a mall hallway. The floor is made up of yellow tiles. Backdrops of various stores is seen. Various MALL REPRESENTATIVES stand in front of the stores they represent. MIXIE and MOXIE enter the mall from SL. The NARRATOR enters from SR again.)

NARRATOR - SO OUR THREE ADVENTURERS TRAVELLED TO THE MALL IN SEARCH OF A PRESENT FOR SANTA. ALL AROUND THEM, ADORNING THE WALLS OF THE MALL, THEY SAW POSTERS ADVERTISING "AFTER CHRISTMAS' PROMOTIONS. OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO EACH STORE WAS A SALES REPRESENTATIVE, OR "GREETERS" AS THEY WERE SOMETIMES CALLED. MIXIE AND MOXIE WERE THE FIRST TO ENTER THIS STRANGE NEW WORLD. (NARRATOR exits.)

MIXIE - (To MOXIE.) ARE YOU SURE IT'S OKAY TO LET MISHMASH PARK THE SLEIGH ON THE ROOF OF THE MALL, MOXIE?

MOXIE - HEY, HE'S GOTTA LEARN SOMETIME, DON'T HE? BESIDES, HE'LL BE FINE. I MEAN, WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?

(Loud sound of brakes squealing, reindeers howling in pain, and a crashing sound.)

MOXIE - TERRIFIC. I HAD TO ASK. IF THAT IMBECILE HAS HURT ANY OF THOSE REINDEER, I'LL...

(MISHMASH enters, slightly disheveled.)

MISHMASH - ALL TAKEN CARE OF, GUYS. NOBODY'LL EVER FIND THAT SLED.

MIXIE - WHAT WAS THAT CRASH?

MISHMASH - OH SOME PIGEON FLEW IN FRONT OF THE SLED, SO I HAD TO SWERVE TO MISS IT.

MIXIE - SO, WE'RE STILL ON THE ROOF OF THE MALL, BUT NOBODY WILL FIND IT?

MISHMASH - YEAH, I HID IT REAL GOOD IN ONE OF THE VENTS.

MOXIE - YOU MEAN BEHIND ONE OF THE VENTS, DON'T YOU?

MISHMASH - (Long pause.) UH... OK...

MOXIE - (Grabs MISHMASH by the throat.) WHY, YOU...

MIXIE - (Stopping MOXIE from killing MISHMASH.) NOW, NOW, MOXIE. REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE.

MOXIE - MY BLOOD PRESSURE'S FINE. (Let's go of MISHMASH.)

MIXIE - THEN REMEMBER MINE. LISTEN, YOU TWO- WE STILL NEED TO FIND A PRESENT FOR SANTA. AND WE ONLY HAVE... (Looks at Elf watch.) THREE HOURS LEFT TO FIND THE PRESENT, GET IT BACK TO THE NORTH POLE, AND FINISH PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARTY. NOW, NO HUMANS HAVE EVER SEEN A REAL LIVE CHRISTMAS ELF BEFORE.

(Just then a huge Christmas Helper dressed as an Elf is seen walking by. The TRIO stare for a moment.)

MIXIE - WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO AROUSE SUSPICION.

MOXIE - OKAY... (Looks around.) WHERE DO WE BEGIN?

MIXIE - (Looks at the floor.) LET'S FOLLOW THIS YELLOW BRICK ROAD. (THE TRIO starts walking.)

MOXIE - HMMM... SEEMS KIND OF QUIET. THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS MUST BE A REALLY SLOW BUSINESS DAY.

INTERCOM VOICE - LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE CHRISTMAS TREE MALL'S ANNUAL FIRE DRILL IS NOW OVER, AND WE'RE RE-OPENING OUR DOORS. HAVE A PLEASANT SHOPPING DAY.

(The sounds of doors opening is heard, and then there is a mad rush of dozens of SHOPPERS, who literally run over the ELVES. THEY get back up and brush themselves off.)

MISHMASH - DUH... ANYONE GET THE LICENSE PLATE OF THAT SLEIGH?

MOXIE - OW. SO, NOW WHERE TO, O' FEARLESS LEADER?

MIXIE - WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL CONTINUE TO THE END OF THE MALL AND WORK OUR WAY BACK. LET'S GO. (They go to the far right and work their way left. The first store they see has a "CINNAMON ROLLS" sign above.)

MOXIE - HOW ABOUT FOOD, MIXIE? HAVE WE EVER GIVEN SANTA FOOD FOR A GIRFT BEFORE?

MIXIE - (Considers.) ONLY ONCE. MRS. CLAUS BAKED HIM AN ELABORATE CAKE WITH CANDY CANE FROSTING, AND A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE ON TOP.

MISHMASH - THAT SOUNDS REALLY NICE.

MIXIE - IT WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF MRS. CLAUS HAD KNOWN THAT MISTLETOE IS POISONOUS TO EAT. SANTA ATE IT AND HAD TO BE RUSHED TO THE NORTH POLE HOSPITAL TO HAVE HIS STOMACH PUMPED.

MOXIE - OH, NO.

MIXIE - COME TO THINK OF IT, THAT WAS ALSO THE LAST TIME MRS. CLAUS WAS IN CHARGE OF FINDING SANTA A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(THE TRIO move on to the next store. A big sign on front reads "PERFUME".)

MISHMASH - HOW 'BOUT THIS SMELLY STUFF, MIXIE?

MIXIE - NO. SANTA CAN'T WEAR COLOGNE. THE SCENT ANNOYS THE REINDEER. IT DRIVES THEM INTO A FRENZY. (A MALL REPRESENTATIVE spritzes cologne onto MOXIE.)

MALL REP #1 - TRY SOME OF OUR NEW COLOGNE, SIR?

MOXIE - (Coughing.) CERTAINLY NOT. THANK YOU, <cough-cough> ANYWAY.

(MALL REP goes away. MIXIE walks up close to MOXIE, and sniffs him.)

MOXIE - WHAT?

MIXIE - YOU SMELL NICE.

MOXIE - I DO?

MIXIE - YEAH... (Grabs MOXIE.) HOLD ME.

MOXIE - (Pushing away.) GET OFF ME, YOU CLOWN!

(MIXIE and MISHMASH both laugh.)

MOXIE - VERY FUNNY, YOU TWO. C'MON. WE'VE STILL GOT A FEW MORE STORES TO CHECK OUT.

(THE TRIO move on to next store. The sign above reads "AFTER CHRISTMAS CLOTHING SALE".)

MISHMASH - WHAT ABOUT CLOTHES, MIXIE?

MIXIE - NO. SANTA'S DIFFICULT TO SHOP FOR, WHEN IT COMES TO CLOTHES. HE LOSES A FEW POUNDS AFTER THE HOLIDAYS, THEN PUTS IT BACKS ON COME WINTER TIME.

MOXIE - BESIDES, ALL HE WEARS IS REDS AND WHITES. YOU KNOW, IF YOU TRY TO GIVE HIM SOME OTHER COLOR, HE JUST WON'T GO FOR IT.

MIXIE - WELL, THAT'S MOST OF THE PLACES IN THIS MALL, MOXIE. (Pointing down the length of the mall.) CLOTHES. CLOTHES. CLOTHES.

MALL REP #2 - EXCUSE ME. I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR. HAVING TROUBLE DECIDING? MIGHT I SUGGEST A MALL GIFT CERTIFICATE?

MISHMASH - YEAH, MIXIE. HOW ABOUT A GIFT CERTIFICATE?

MOXIE - YEAH. WE COULD GIVE IT TO SANTA AND LET HIM DECIDE HOW TO SPEND IT.

MIXIE - YEAH, THAT WOULD BE A NICE IDEA, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.

MOXIE AND MISHMASH - WHAT?

MIXIE - HE'S SANTA CLAUS!!! (The MALL REP runs away, while MOXIE and MISHMASH react startled by MIXIE'S outburst.) LISTEN TO ME, YOU TWO. (Regaining composure.) I TOLD YOU THAT THIS WAS A REALLY BAD IDEA. I MEAN, THE GIFT WE GIVE TO SANTA IS FROM ALL OF SANTA'S ELVES, AND IT SHOULD REFLECT HOW WE ALL FEEL ABOUT SANTA. IT SHOULDN'T BE SOME FACELESS PRODUCT, OR GIFT CERTIFICATE BOUGHT FROM SOME ANTISEPTIC SOUL-LESS MALL. WE HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE. BUT WHAT?

(THE TRIO all think for a moment, then continue walking down the mall hallway, when all of a sudden MISHMASH stops at a pushcart filled with Christmas items, with a sign reading "X-MAS CLEARANCE! HALF-PRICE SALE".)

MISHMASH - WHAT'S X-MAS?

MOXIE - I THINK THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MEAN "CHRISTMAS".

MISHMASH - I DON'T GET IT. CHRISTMAS NEEDS TO BE ABBREVIATED?

MOXIE - APPARENTLY, THEY FEEL IT DOES.

(MIXIE walks by a music store that has a sign "GIVE THE GIFT OF MUSIC" HE stops and thinks for a moment.)

MIXIE - (Idea comes to him.) HMMM... "GIVE THE GIFT OF MUSIC." THAT'S IT!

MISHMASH - YOU WANT TO GET SANTA A CD? (MOXIE smacks MISHMASH on the back of the head.)

MIXIE - NO, NO, NO. WE CAN PUT ON A CONCERT FOR SANTA.

MOXIE - A CONCERT! HEY, WE HAVEN'T DONE ONE OF THOSE IN DECADES!

MISHMASH - WHY NOT?

MIXIE - SOMEONE CAME UP WITH THE BRIGHT IDEA TO LET THE REINDEER INTO THE CONCERT HALL DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

MOXIE - TOOK US TWELVE YEARS TO FUMIGATE THE PLACE, P.U.

MIXIE - AND AFTER THAT FIASCO, NOBODY WAS MOTIVATED TO DO A CONCERT.

MOXIE - BUT, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO REHEARSE WITH THE OTHER ELVES BEFORE TONIGHT.

MIXIE - YEAH. YOU'RE RIGHT. GUESS WE'RE SUNK. (TRIO, now thoroughly depressed, sit on a bench SR. MIXIE sees something on the pushcart and walks over to it. It's a button with writing on it. He picks up the button and reads it.) "AND ON EARTH, PEACE. GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL." (Gets idea.) THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT IT!!

MISHMASH - THAT'S GREAT, MIXIE. YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT BUTTON A LONG TIME, HUH?

MOXIE - (To MIXIE.) PLEASE LET ME HURT HIM.

MIXIE - LATER, WE NEED HIM, NOW. C'MON, YOU TWO. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO.

MISHMASH - BUT MIXIE... WHERE ARE WE GOING?

MIXIE - NEW YORK CITY! (Exits.)

MISHMASH AND MOXIE - NEW YORK CITY?!!! MISHMASH and MOXIE Exit - BLACKOUT.)

SCENE III - SANTA'S WORKSHOP THAT SAME NIGHT.

(At the start of the scene, SANTA and Mrs. Claus are standing around with as many elves as can be put into the scene onstage. They ALL are holding glasses of eggnog, but NONE seem to be extremely merry. They all seem a little bored. NARRATOR enters.)

NARRATOR - SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT OUR TRIO FLEW OFF TO NEW YORK. THAT NIGHT, AT THE NORTH POLE, THE CELEBRATION BEGAN. THE OTHER ELVES WAITED AS LONG AS THEY COULD, BUT WERE ANXIOUS TO START THE PARTY FOR SANTA. BUT, AS THE PARTY ENTERED IT'S THIRD HOUR, THERE WAS STILL NO SIGN OF MIXIE, MOXIE, OR MISHMASH. ONE OF THE ELVES TRIED PLAYING THE PIANO, TO SEE IF HE COULD GET THE PARTY JUMP-STARTED BY PLAYING SOME OLD STANDARDS LIKE "JINGLE BELLS". BUT, HE SOON REALIZED, AS DID EVERYONE ELSE WITHIN EARSHOT, THAT THE ONLY TUNE HE KNEW \*WAS\* "JINGLE BELLS". (Exits.)

ELF #1 - OKAY, EVERYBODY. ONE MORE TIME! (Sings.) "JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE..." (Is stopped by four elves who tackle and remove him from the party.)

SANTA - THANK GOODNESS. I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE STOOD ANOTHER CHORUS OF THAT SONG.

MRS. CLAUS - IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, SANTA. HE COULD HAVE REMEMBERED HE ALSO KNOWS HOW TO PLAY "FELICE NAVIDAD". MORE CAKE?

(SANTA shakes his head with a definite "No". At that moment, MIXIE, MOXIE, and MISHMASH enter, bursting through the doors very excited.)

MIXIE - SANTA! SANTA! HAVE WE GOT A GIFT FOR YOU!

OTHER ELVES - (Ad-lib.)

I HOPE SO.

WHERE HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN?

WE'VE BEEN WAITING ALL NIGHT FOR YOU GUYS.

ETC.

MOXIE - CALM DOWN, YOU GUYS. LISTEN TO MIXIE. THIS IS THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT I THINK WE'VE EVER GIVEN SANTA.

MRS. CLAUS - YES, I THINK MOXIE'S RIGHT IN THAT WE SHOULD HEAR WHAT MOXIE HAS TO SAY.

SANTA - JUST WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, MIXIE?

MIXIE - (A little nervous.) WELL, FIRST YOU HAVE TO PROMISE ME YOU WON'T GET MAD.

SANTA - (Kindly.) MIXIE, I'M SANTA CLAUS. I DON'T GET MAD.

MIXIE - OH, YES. THAT'S RIGHT. WELL, UMMM... WE... UH... THAT IS, WE WENT AND... UM...

MISHMASH - WE WENT TO THE UNITED NATIONS!

SANTA - YOU WHAT?!?!?!?!?!?

OTHER ELVES - (Ad-lib.)  
ARE YOU CRAZY?  
THAT'S FORBIDDEN!  
NO ELF HAS EVER SHOWN THEMSELVES.  
WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?  
ETC.

SANTA - (Pacing angrily.) JUST WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING TO ACCOMPLISH?

MOXIE - WELL, WHEN WE COULDN'T FIND A GIFT TO BUY YOU AT THE MALL, WE...

MIXIE - MOXIE, SSSHHHH...

SANTA - THE MALL? YOU WENT TO A MALL??? ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY INSANE? WHAT IS YOUR GIFT FOR ME SUPPOSED TO BE... A HEART ATTACK?

MIXIE - WELL, NOW SANTA. WE REALIZE IT'S UNUSUAL, BUT...

MRS. CLAUS - "UNUSUAL?" WAIT A MINUTE... YOU DIDN'T TAKE THE REINDEER SLEIGH, DID YOU?

MIXIE - WELL, YES, MRS. CLAUS - BUT MOXIE DROVE IT, MISHMASH PARKED IT, AND JUST ABOUT ALL OF THE REINDEER CAME BACK UNHARMED.

SANTA - (Under his breath.) WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "JUST ABOUT ALL OF THE REINDEER", MIXIE?

MIXIE - OH, DON'T WORRY, SANTA. DASHER WILL BE FINE. IT'S JUST THAT, MOXIE LET MISHMASH PARK THE SLEIGH ON THE ROOF OF THE MALL, AND...

MISHMASH - (Confessing.) I SAW A BIRD.

SANTA - A BIRD, MISHMASH?

MISHMASH - IT FRIGHTENED ME. AND I GOT A LITTLE TOO CLOSE TO A VENT. I'M SORRY.

SANTA - I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY DID YOU THREE GO TO A MALL TO BEGIN WITH? NO HUMAN HAS EVER SEEN A REAL LIVE CHRISTMAS ELF BEFORE. HEAVEN

KNOWS HOW THEY WOULD HAVE REACTED IF THEY EVER KNEW YOU WERE THE REAL THING.

MIXIE - WELL, SIR, UMMM... SANTA, THEY DO KNOW... NOW.

MRS. CLAUS - WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MIXIE?

MIXIE - (Moves over to Mrs. Claus SR.) WELL, MRS. CLAUS, WHEN THE THREE OF US HAD NO LUCK IN FINDING A TRULY UNIQUE PRESENT FOR SANTA AT THE MALL, WE SAT DOWN AND THOUGHT ABOUT IT SOME MORE.

MISHMASH - YEAH. WE WAS STUMPED.

MOXIE - SO, MIXIE THOUGHT UP THE IDEA TO GO TO THE UNITED NATIONS IN NEW YORK CITY.

SANTA, MRS. CLAUS, AND ALL ELVES - NEW YORK CITY????!!

MISHMASH - THAT'S RIGHT. BOY, AND IF YOU THOUGHT PARKING A REINDEER SLEIGH AT THE MALL WAS TOUGH, YOU SHOULD TRY AVOIDING HELICOPTERS AROUND THE U.N.

SANTA - MIXIE, I'M TRYING TO BE PATIENT HERE. WHAT DID YOU DO?

MIXIE - WELL, SIR. IT JUST SEEMED TO ME THAT WE ELVES HAD GIVEN SANTA EVERYTHING WE COULD MAKE, MANUFACTURE, BAKE, SEW, DESIGN, OR CREATE... EXCEPT FOR THE ONE THING WHICH WE WERE ABLE TO OBTAIN AT THE U.N.

SANTA - WHICH WAS?

MIXIE - WORLD PEACE.

(Long pause, then.)

SANTA - WHAT?

MIXIE - WORLD PEACE, SANTA.

MOXIE - (Continuing.) YOU SEE, SANTA, WHEN THE PEOPLE WHO REPRESENT ALL THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD AT THE U.N. SAW THREE FUNNY LOOKING SHORT PEOPLE ENTER INTO THEIR CHAMBERS FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF US.

MISHMASH - YEAH. AT FIRST, THEY THOUGHT WE WERE LIKE PLAYACTORS OR SOMETHIN'. KEPT MENTIONING SOMETHING ABOUT A "WIZARD OF OZ" OR SUMTHIN'.

MIXIE - THAT'S RIGHT. BUT WHEN IT BECAME APPARENT THAT WE WERE MORE THAN JUST "LITTLE PEOPLE", THEY BEGAN TO SEE THAT "SANTA'S ELVES" WERE REAL.

SANTA - I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK... BUT OUTSIDE OF YOUR APPEARANCE, JUST HOW DID YOU CONVINCED THEM?

MIXIE - (Avoiding the issue.) WELL, AHM, THERE'S REALLY NO POINT IN GOING INTO THE DETAILS, BUT NEEDLESS TO SAY THEY ALL SEEMED VERY IMPRESSED.

MISHMASH - (Continuing.) YEAH, ONCE MIXIE MAGICALLY TURNED THEIR WALLS CANDY CANE STRIPED, THEY WERE REALLY "IMPRESSED", ALL RIGHT.

MOXIE - HO-HO, RIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES; IT WAS PRICELESS.

SANTA - (Deeply concerned.) MIXIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

MIXIE - I CHANGED THE WALLS BACK, SANTA.

SANTA - NO, NO, NO! I MEAN... YOU KNOW THE WHOLE REASON FOR US KEEPING THE MYTH OF OUR EXISTENCE ALIVE IS ESSENTIAL TO MAINTAINING...

MIXIE - I KNOW, SANTA, I KNOW. BUT IT SEEMED IT WAS ALSO ESSENTIAL THAT WE LET THEM KNOW WE EXIST. ONCE THEY SAW THAT WE WERE REAL THEY REALIZED THAT MEANT THAT "SANTA CLAUS" WAS ALSO REAL. AND IT WAS... VERY INTERESTING, WHAT FOLLOWED. ONCE THE PEOPLE IN THERE KNEW THAT ALL THESE SUPPOSED FICTIONAL CHARACTERS WERE REAL, THEN THEY BEGAN TO RE-EXAMINE THEIR OTHER BELIEFS.

MOXIE - YEAH. ALL OF A SUDDEN, PEOPLE IN THE PLACE STARTED ACTUALLY LISTENING. NOT ONLY TO US, BUT TO EVERYONE ELSE AROUND THEM.

MISHMASH - I GUESS THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN A LOT IN THAT ROOM. REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST GOT IN THERE, GUYS? WHEW! THERE SURE WAS A LOT OF SHOUTING GOING ON.

MIXIE - THEN, AFTER ALL OF THAT , THEN WE MADE OUR REQUEST.

SANTA - FOR WORLD PEACE? MIXIE, THAT WAS A WONDERFUL GESTURE, BUT IN TODAY'S WORLD, SUCH A THING IS ALMOST IMPOSS...

MIXIE - (Stopping SANTA.) THEY'RE DOING IT, SANTA. IT'S HAPPENING TONIGHT.

ALL - WHAT?

MIXIE - BY THE TIME WE LEFT THE UNITED NATIONS TO COME BACK HOME, ALL THE REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD AGREED THAT, FOR THIS ONE NIGHT, THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS, THAT A UNIQUE CELEBRATION WOULD TAKE PLACE, IN HONOR OF THE REALITY OF THE LAST TRUE SAINT... SANTA CLAUS.

MOXIE - THEY EACH AGREED THAT THEY WOULD DELIVER A PROCLAMATION TO THEIR RESPECTIVE PEOPLES AT 9:00PM THIS EVENING...

MIXIE - ...THAT NOT ONE GUNSHOT IS TO BE HEARD GOING OFF.

MISHMASH - ...THAT NO BOMBS BE HEARD EXPLODING. (Mimicking.) BOOM.

MOXIE - ...THAT NO COUNTRIES ARE TO BE INVADED. AND NO STREET GANGS SHALL FIGHT.

MIXIE - IN FACT, ALL NATIONS WILL GATHER IN THE CENTRAL LOCATION OF THEIR LOCAL COMMUNITIES TO DO ONE THING... HOLD HANDS AND PRAY IN WORDS, ACTIONS, AND IN SONG FOR A PEACE LASTING ON EARTH, AND CONTINUOUS GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL. (Smiles at Santa. There is a long moment of silence, then Santa speaks.)

SANTA - PERHAPS... PERHAPS WE HAVE BEEN A MYTH FOR TOO LONG. NOW, MAYBE IF THE WORLD SEES THE REALITY OF US, HOPEFULLY IT WILL SEE THE LARGER, MORE SIGNIFICANT REALITY AS WELL. I THINK, MIXIE, MOXIE, AND MISHMASH, THIS IS THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT I HAVE EVER RECEIVED. I THANK YOU. I THANK ALL OF YOU. (NARRATOR enters.)

NARRATOR - AND THEN IT SEEMED TO EVERYONE IN THE ROOM AS IF THE MUSIC OF "SILENT NIGHT" WAS HEARD COMING DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS. (MIXIE holds out his right hand to MOXIE, who extends his hand to MISHMASH, who wipes his nose first then places it in MOXIE's hand. MOXIE glares momentarily at MISHMASH, but then lets the matter slide.) AND THEN MIXIE JOINED HANDS WITH MOXIE, WHO RELUCTANTLY JOINED HANDS WITH MISHMASH. AND THEN, ALL THE OTHERS IN THE ROOM BEGAN TO DO THE SAME. (ALL OTHER ELVES extend and join their hands with one another. SANTA holds out his hands to MRS. CLAUS, and MRS. CLAUS begins to sing a hymn. ALL OTHERS join in as the lights begin to fade.) HERE'S TO A PEACEFUL DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, AND THE DAY AFTER THAT, AND CONTINUING FOREVERMORE AFTER THAT.

(BLACKOUT)