

# Mrs. Claus



**Clint Snyder**

Norman Maine Publishing

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## **Mrs. Claus**

**HOLIDAY FARCE.** After years of putting up with unruly children, deadbeat elves, and pompous reindeer, Mrs. Claus is ready to put a halt to Christmas and show everyone who is really in charge at the North Pole when Santa leaves for vacation. With Santa gone, Mrs. Claus treats the elves like servants and makes them file her nails, serve her hot cocoa and candy, fan her, and agree with everything she says. Then when Mrs. Claus receives a note from the reindeer saying they can't pay their bills with candy canes and gingerbread cookies and threaten to go on strike, she decides to cut operational costs by selling the reindeer to petting zoos and replacing them with a guy who wears a sign around his neck that reads, "Reindeer Wilson." After all, Wilson is cheaper, better looking, and doesn't smell like a forest animal!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 30 minutes.

## **Characters**

(3 M, 2 F, 18 flexible, opt. extras)  
(With doubling: 3 M, 1 F, 14 flexible)

**MRS. CLAUS:** Has taken over for Santa Claus; thinks women are overworked and under paid; female.  
**SANTA:** Away on vacation; wears beach attire; male.  
**ELF 1-6:** Elves who work for Santa and Mrs. Claus; flexible.  
**RUDOLPH:** Reindeer; male.  
**WILSON:** Man who wears regular clothes with a sign around his neck that reads "Reindeer Wilson"; male.  
**DANCER:** Used to work in a petting zoo and doesn't want to go back; flexible.  
**PRANCER:** Reindeer; flexible.  
**DASHER:** Reindeer; flexible.  
**VIXEN:** Reindeer; flexible.  
**COMET:** Reindeer; flexible.  
**CUPID:** Reindeer; flexible.  
**DONNER:** Reindeer; flexible.  
**BLITZEN:** Reindeer; flexible.  
**PINKLE:** Elf; flexible  
**SPRINKLE:** Elf; flexible.  
**FREDDY/FREDERICA:** Child; wears pajamas; flexible.  
**SAM:** Child; wears pajamas; flexible.  
**PAULA:** Child; wears pajamas; female.  
**EXTRAS (opt.):** As Elves.

## **Options for Doubling**

**PINKLE/ELF 5** (flexible)  
**SPRINKLE/ELF 6** (flexible)  
**PAULA/CUPID** (female)  
**SAM/DONNER** (flexible)  
**FREDDY/BLITZEN** (flexible)

## **Setting**

Santa and Mrs. Claus's home, North Pole.

## **Set**

**Suburban home.** The living room is decorated for Christmas and there is a Christmas tree.

**Workshop.** There is a tall chair for Mrs. Claus.

**Reindeers' stall.** A backdrop can be used or a bare stage will suffice.

## **Synopsis of Scenes**

**Scene 1:** Suburban home, Christmas Eve.

**Scene 2:** Workshop, North Pole.

**Scene 3:** Reindeers' stall, North Pole.

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## **Props**

Christmas presents  
Sack  
Cup of hot chocolate  
Platters of candy  
Nail file  
Hand fan  
Note  
Large plastic candy cane

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**"I can't pay my bills  
with candy canes,  
and I certainly can't pay my rent  
with gingerbread cookies."**

**—Rudolph**

## **Scene 1**

*(AT RISE: Small suburban home, Christmas Eve. Mrs. Claus is wrestling with some presents next to the tree. Freddy, Sam, and Paula enter, trying to sneak around and have a look. Paula gets very close.)*

PAULA: *(To Mrs. Claus.)* Santa?

MRS. CLAUS: *(Turns around, revealing her identity.)* Uggghhhh!  
Whaddaya want!

FREDDY/SAM/PAULA: *(Scream.)* Ahhhhhhhh!

MRS. CLAUS: Would you be quiet?! Geez, kids, you're gunna wake everyone up.

FREDDY: Santa?

MRS. CLAUS: No.

PAULA: *(Gasps.)* You're not Santa!

MRS. CLAUS: And you're not Susan B. Arthur. Can we please move on so I can do my demeaning job, and the world can keep spinning around, so that brats like you can become sexist business executives who underpay their female employees?

*(Pause.)*

SAM: Where's Santa?

MRS. CLAUS: Mr. Claus is at home. I caught him eyeballing some girly so I slapped him so hard he went into a coma. He hasn't moved in months.

FREDDY: *(Gasps.)* You killed Santa!

*(Freddy attacks Mrs. Claus but is quickly thrown to the ground.)*

MRS. CLAUS: *(To Sam, threateningly.)* You want the same thing to happen to you? I've had a long night and not a lot of coffee.

SAM: No, ma'am.

MRS. CLAUS: Why is that always everyone's reaction? (*To self.*) I go through the trouble to bring you brats toys every year and this is always the thanks I get...people attacking me.

PAULA: Wait.

MRS. CLAUS: What?

PAULA: You bring us toys *every* year?

MRS. CLAUS: Ha! You think a man could do the kind of work that I do?

FREDDY: Santa Claus can.

MRS. CLAUS: Santa Claus has to have me make his breakfast in the morning and make a smiley face out of bacon. And who do you think brought that bacon home? Not him. Oh, no! Not only do I have to bring home the bacon, but I'm expected to fry it up in a pan, too. I'll tell you...this is a sick world we live in, kid.

SAM: It is?

MRS. CLAUS: Oh, yeah. You should see my insurance premium. People are attacking people all the time, foreclosing on houses, forgery, embezzlement. You know how many homeless people will try and knock you out and steal your boots? A lot.

FREDDY: So Santa is alive?

MRS. CLAUS: Haven't you been listening to a word I've been saying? There is no Santa Claus. It's Mrs. Claus. Santa is a bum who only cares about football and calendars with European cars on them.

PAULA: You didn't eat the cookies I left you. Did you see I left you sugar cookies? Me and my mommy made them together.

MRS. CLAUS: Oh, sure, kid. That's just great. Exactly what I need...diabetes. While you're at it, why don't you just tack on some arthritis because I don't have enough problems with you brats shoving cookies down my throat every five seconds?

FREDDY: So...you don't want the cookies?

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MRS. CLAUS: (*Slaps her palm to her forehead.*) No, I don't want the cookies! What I want is general appreciation for what I do. Who do you think actually had to spend the time and go out and get the things so you could make your precious cookies?

(*Pause.*)

SAM: I...don't know.

MRS. CLAUS: Your mother. You should be ashamed of yourself...forcing your poor, defenseless mother to go out and get you cookies when she should be out in the workforce making her way as a proud, independent woman.

PAULA: My mom owns her own company.

MRS. CLAUS: That's still no excuse. While you were twiddling your thumbs about cookies, your mother was making her way in a cold cruel world...

FREDDY: Oh, I'm sorry.

MRS. CLAUS: That's it. Christmas is canceled for you. I'm taking it back. (*Starts putting the presents back in her sack.*)

FREDDY/SAM/PAULA: What?!

MRS. CLAUS: I'm taking all the presents back because you little brats don't appreciate anything that hardworking women do these days.

FREDDY/SAM/PAULA: (*Sobbing.*) Waaaah!

MRS. CLAUS: Oh, that's fine. Just cry it out. I've spent years crying about you snotty, ungrateful kids, so you're not going to get one more tear out of me, you little snot factory.

FREDDY: Santa would never talk like that.

MRS. CLAUS: Santa is a lazy walrus who sits around eating BLTs and playing videogames, where people always have time to shoot somebody but never any time to stop and do the dishes. Christmas is canceled. (*Packs up her things and heads out the door.*)

SAM: No more Christmas?! My life is over!

MRS. CLAUS: Yeah? Well, mine is just starting!

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PAULA: *(Begging.)* I'll be good! I promise I'll be good from now on!

MRS. CLAUS: It's a little late for that, kid. If you want to be good, move out and send your mother a postcard...a nice one with palm trees. I'm out!

*(Mrs. Claus quickly exits as Freddy, Sam, and Paula cry. Blackout.)*

## **Scene 2**

*(AT RISE: Mrs. Claus's workshop, North Pole. Mrs. Claus is sitting in a tall chair while the Elves bring her hot chocolate and platters of candy. Other Elves are filing her nails and fanning her.)*

MRS. CLAUS: I just don't get it. Kids these days!

ELF 1: They're rude.

MRS. CLAUS: Yes, they are!

ELF 2: They're nasty!

MRS. CLAUS: Yes, they are!

ELF 3: They're full of lice and diseases!

MRS. CLAUS: Yes, they are!

ELF 4: I kind of like them.

*(Pause. Everyone stares at Elf 4.)*

MRS. CLAUS: Excuse me?

ELF 4: You know I didn't really mean *like* like them.

Erhem...I more so meant it in a way that I like to hate them because they are so...so...not very considerate of the way you feel.

MRS. CLAUS: Yes, they are very disgusting. For a moment there, I thought I was going to have to take you out back and feed you to a polar bear. They've been circling outside. That would have been a silly mistake.

ELF 4: Yes, erhem...yes, it would have.

MRS. CLAUS: But I don't make mistakes!

ELF 4: Of course not!

ELF 5: *(Confused.)* But I thought she just said –

MRS. CLAUS: *(Shouts.)* Silence! *(Elves bow down and are immediately silent. Pause.)* Why are you all being so quiet? It makes it feel much less friendly in here.

ELF 5: Because you just sai –

ELF 1: Quiet! *(Elbows Elf 5 in the chest.)*

ELF 5: *(To Mrs. Claus.)* Ummm...it's just because we're all so horribly socially awkward.

MRS. CLAUS: Well, you should probably work on that. It's not a very good characteristic to have these days. Although, it's much more common these days with everyone on the computer always emailing and face-pacing and whatnot. *(Pause. Looks at Elves.)* Why aren't you agreeing with me?!

ELF 2: Oh, yes! You are completely right!

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**