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Product Code A0838-SP

Yes, Virginia...

A 10-Minute Comedy

by Greg Freier

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Yes, VIRGINIA...

by Greg Freier

CHARACTERS

1F /2M

VIRGINIA: *An attractive woman.*

SAM: *Her husband; childlike in nature.*

SANTA: *British; a very slim and fit Santa.*

SETTING

Virginia & Sam's living room; late Christmas Eve or very early Christmas morning

Yes, VIRGINIA...

by Greg Freier

SETTING: *A living room; Christmas Eve/Christmas morning. Very early.*

AT RISE: *SAM is seated cross-legged on the floor facing the Christmas tree; presents are underneath. After a moment VIRGINIA enters half asleep.*

VIRGINIA

It's 3 in the morning. What are you doing up? Come back to bed.

SAM

I can't. I'm waiting for Santa.

VIRGINIA

You're a grown man.

SAM

Yes, I know. Isn't this great.

SFX: POTS BANGING off.

VIRGINIA

What was that?

SAM

Santa. He's in the kitchen making a salad.

VIRGINIA

(Beat) You forgot to put the cats downstairs again, didn't you?

SAM

Seriously, it's Santa.

VIRGINIA

Just put the cats away and come back to bed.

SAM

I will as soon as I'm done with Santa.

VIRGINIA

Santa is not in there making a salad. It's the cats. If it was Santa he'd be in there eating milk and cookies.

SAM

This is a new Santa. This one doesn't use mucus products or eat processed food.

VIRGINIA

(Shakes her head; with tired force) Just put the cats downstairs and come back to bed.

SANTA enters with a salad. He speaks with a British accent.

SANTA

I noticed you're not soaking your almonds in there. The enzymes aren't released if you don't soak them. *(Notices VIRGINIA; instantly attracted)* Well hello there. What do we have here?

SAM

This is my wife Virginia.

SANTA

And a saucy one at that.

VIRGINIA

What in the hell is going on here?

SAM

It's Santa Claus.

VIRGINIA

There's no such thing as Santa Claus.

SANTA

But as you can see, there most certainly is.

VIRGINIA

No there's not.

SAM

Of course there is. He's standing right there.

VIRGINIA

He's British, you idiot.

SANTA

Logical explanation naturally. It's all part of the Santa Claus cultural exchange. I'm over here while your Santa's over there.

SAM

(Confused) I thought there was only one Santa?

VIRGINIA

(To SAM) There aren't any Santas at all. *(Brushes by SANTA)* Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to call the police.

SANTA

It's no wonder the elves put you on the naughty list.

SAM

She's on the naughty list?

SANTA

(With a wink) Yes, but not for those reasons if you know what I mean.

VIRGINIA

(Stops and turns) I beg your pardon?

SAM

He said you're on the naughty list.

VIRGINIA

(With attitude) Am I now.

VIRGINIA kneels SANTA in the groin. He drops his salad and bends over moaning.

SAM

Why did you do that?

VIRGINIA

(With sarcasm) Because I'm on the naughty list, that's why.

SAM

Yes, but he's Santa Claus.

VIRGINIA

No he is not. He's some sick British pervert that got a free salad out of you.

SAM

(Points under the tree) Then where did all those presents come from if he's not Santa?

VIRGINIA

I put them there when you went to sleep. Where in the heck else would they come from?

SAM

From Santa. Like all the other years.

SANTA

(Still doubled over) Could someone please get me some ice?

VIRGINIA

(With attitude) The only thing you're going to get mister is a one way ticket downtown. And that's if you're lucky.

SAM

You can't call the police. I mean what would happen to the reindeer on the roof?

VIRGINIA

The same thing that happens to all the other reindeer on the roof. The animal control league will come by and shoot them all down.

SANTA

(Still bent over) Any chance I could get some aspirin then?

VIRGINIA

Another word out of you and I'm going to remove them with some pliers. Do we understand each other?

SANTA nods.

SAM

Come on. You can't call the police on Santa Claus. What would everyone say?

VIRGINIA

Everyone would say what kind of idiot you are for letting this lunatic into our house.

SAM

I didn't let him in. He came down the chimney.

VIRGINIA

We don't have a chimney.

SAM

Then he must have found the key under the front mat. Either way he's Santa Claus. What difference does it make how he got in?

VIRGINIA

There's no such thing as Santa Claus. How many times do I have to tell you that?

SANTA

(Slowly straightening) If I may interject...

VIRGINIA

(Threatening) What did I tell you about talking?

SAM

(To SANTA) I see why the elves put her on the naughty list.

VIRGINIA

(To SAM; threatening) I'd watch yourself. I've got receipts for everything under that tree.

SANTA

Not everything.

VIRGINIA

You just want me to remove them, don't you?

SANTA

I'm merely stating fact, that's all.

SAM

(To VIRGINIA) You should listen to him. He's telling the truth. I should know. I saw him put some presents under there.

VIRGINIA

What you saw was him trying to steal presents. That's what deranged lunatics do at three in the morning.

SANTA

I really wish you wouldn't call me that.

VIRGINIA

And I wish you really weren't here. So on that note, I'm calling the police.

VIRGINIA crosses to get her phone.

SAM

(Beat) Wait.

VIRGINIA

(Stops and turns) What?

SAM

(Beat) Give me a second, I'm thinking.

VIRGINIA

There's nothing to think about.

SANTA

How about sugar plums? Sugar plums are always a nice thought.

VIRGINIA

(*To SANTA*) You just don't listen, do you?

SANTA

Of course I listen. That's how I know what to bring all the little boys and girls Christmas morning.

SAM

And if you call the police on him, what are all those little boys and girls going to think in the morning when they wake up to no present?

VIRGINIA

(*With great frustration*) He's not Santa Claus so it's not my problem.

SAM

Yes, but if you don't call the police on the problem, there won't be any sad little boys and girls.

SANTA

And let's not forget the reindeer on the roof. I know for one, they'd prefer not to be shot.

VIRGINIA

(*To SANTA*) How about you just shut up and sit in the corner until the police come.

SAM

(*To VIRGINIA*) Do it for me? For Christmas. Just let him go.

VIRGINIA

What part of "we have a deranged lunatic who thinks he's Santa Claus in our living room eating a salad" don't you understand?

SANTA

I didn't actually get to eat the salad. You knocked it out my hands when you violently thrust your knee into my Yule log.

VIRGINIA

And if you don't shut up I'm going to do it again.

SANTA

(*To SAM*) Is she always like this?

SAM

Just during the holidays. The rest of the year she's mostly uneventful. Except on Saturday mornings. My guess is that's how she ended up on the naughty list.

VIRGINIA

(To SAM) If you don't quit talking to him there's not going to be anymore Saturday mornings.

SANTA

(To SAM) You might want to listen to her. Those Saturday morning's have to be real good to get her on the naughty list.

SAM

That's true, considering there are only fifty-two of them in a year.

VIRGINIA

Will you both shut up!

SAM

I thought you only wanted him to shut up?

SANTA

I don't think you're helping your cause over there.

VIRGINIA

That's it. Both of you shut up. Do we understand each other? *(They both nod)* Good.

SANTA

(To SAM) Why don't you give her that one present under the tree in the gold paper? The one with the red bow. Before she calls the police, that is.

*SAM reaches under tree and picks it up.
From the shape of the box it's obvious a
necklace.*

VIRGINIA

I'm not opening a present. I'm calling the police.

SAM

(Hands it to VIRGINIA) Go on. Open it.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes

