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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.
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.

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

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

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?

This is my wife Virginia.

And a saucy one at that.

What in the hell is going on here?

It’s Santa Claus.

There’s no such thing as Santa Claus.

But as you can see, there most certainly is.

No there’s not.

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

He’s British, you idiot.

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 knees 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