

# **An Honorary Elf**

*Or:*

*The Girl Who Saved Christmas*

*Or:*

*By Don Zolidis*

## Cast of Characters

JEANNA, a girl  
MOM, her Mom  
TIPPY, an elf  
SNOOBLE, a slightly unstable elf  
BOOLIE, an excitable elf  
SNOG, a happy elf  
YOBO, a depressed elf  
GRANDMA ELF, a grandma elf

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN  
BLITZEN, a reindeer  
COMET, a reindeer  
CUPID, a reindeer  
MRS. CLAUS

*(Christmas music plays. A very bare house. There is an undecorated Christmas Tree centerstage. JEANNA, a small girl, runs in.)*

JEANNA

Merry Christmas, everyone!

*(she looks around)*

Hell-looo. Hello?

*(MOM enters, talking into a cell phone.)*

MOM *(into phone)*

I know, that's what I'm saying Gloria. I couldn't believe it either.

JEANNA

Mom?

MOM *(into phone)*

Well did you see the dress she wore to the office yesterday? I don't know if she think it's Saturday night at the hoochy house, but if I wanted to see that much skin, I'd go to a nude beach.

JEANNE

Mommm?

MOM *(into phone)*

You're right. You're right. She definitely needs to exercise more. It's disgusting. All those folds all over the place, did you see the stretch marks?—I KNOW.

JEANNA

Hey can we decorate the tree now?

MOM *(into phone)*

Well she's only doing it for Anthony. She practically drools whenever he bends over to fix the fax machine. It's repulsive, Gloria. Course he's got better taste. He's after Cynthia in the mail room. He could do better.

JEANNA

MOMMMMM!

MOM *(into phone)*

Hold on, Gloria.

*(to JEANNA, annoyed)*

What.

JEANNA

When are we going to decorate the tree?

MOM

In a couple of weeks.

*(back into phone)*

Where was I? Oh that was just my daughter—she just loves to annoy me.

JEANNA

Christmas is tomorrow. It's Christmas Eve.

MOM *(into phone)*

I know. I never should have had her. I wish I was rich like Madonna so I could go to Malawi and adopt one of those adorable little African babies. Did you see the one she snagged? So cute! Well, I suppose I ought to go and deal with Jeanna's little temper tantrum. I know. They couldn't pay me enough to do this. Luckily she'll go off to college in a year or two—

JEANNA

I'm ten!

MOM *(into phone)*

And then I won't have to deal with it anymore. Love you. Bye.

JEANNA

Mom? What is Santa going to bring?

MOM

First, Jeanna. It's a little rude to talk while your mother is on the phone. Okay?

JEANNA

Sorry.

MOM

Can't you find something to do to occupy yourself like repainting the bathroom?

JEANNA

What is Santa going to bring?

MOM

Oh I don't know.

JEANNA

Isn't he bringing presents this year?

MOM

Well, Santa is very busy with all the big deals he's trying to put together. So he might not make it in time for Christmas.

JEANNA

When will he come?

MOM

Well, Santa's got to check his calendar, but March looks pretty decent. Maybe March. But just pencil that in. Something might come up.

JEANNA

So he's not bringing me presents tomorrow?

MOM

Oh. Darling. Don't worry. Santa has better things to do.

JEANNA

But I've been good! I cleaned my room!

*(MOM starts dialing.)*

I did your laundry—I prepared that power point presentation for you—

MOM *(into phone)*

Sheila?! Hi! Oh it's been ages!

JEANNA

I cooked, I cleaned, I regouted the bathroom—

MOM *(to her)*

Quiet dear, Mommy is on the phone.

*(into phone)*

Yes! Yes! Oh, Jeanna is doing great. She just talks and talks and won't ever shut up these days.

JEANNA

Sorry.

MOM *(into phone)*

You should hear the words she uses! "please pay attention to me" et cetera. Did I mention I lost three pounds?! I KNOW! Thank you! I'm no longer drinking any fluids so that helps keep the weight down—sure I'm a little dehydrated here and three—passed out today going up the stairs, but three pounds!

JEANNA

Mom?

MOM *(into phone)*

Hold on.

*(to JEANNA)*

What is it now?

JEANNA

Why don't you want to spend any time with me?

MOM

Sweetheart, the reason I don't spend time with you isn't because I don't love you. It's because I have better things to do.

*(back into the phone)*

I KNOW. Wait—call waiting. Hello? Amber?! How are you?! Oh I'm just great! Just great! Look, I've got Sheila on the other line—

*(She walks off, still on the phone. She can be heard off-stage for a moment. JEANNA is left on-stage, alone.)*

JEANNA

I guess I'll just decorate by myself then.

*(She takes out a box with ornaments and starts putting them on the tree.)*

This is hard. Maybe I'll take a nap and use my amazing ability to sleep anywhere almost instantly.

*(she yawns and falls asleep on the floor instantly.)*

TIPPY and SNOOBLE *(off-stage)*

Hee hee hee hee hee!

*(TIPPY and SNOOBLE, two elves, dash in from opposite sides of the stage, skipping and laughing. They run as fast as they can across the entire stage. As soon as they are off again, JEANNA wakes up.)*

JEANNA

What was that? Huh. I guess I'll go back to sleep very quickly.

*(she sleeps again.)*

TIPPY and SNOOBLE *(off-stage)*

Hee hee hee hee hee!

*(As before, TIPPY and SNOOBLE sprint across the stage from opposite directions. When they are gone, JEANNA wakes up again.)*

JEANNA

Thought I heard something. Guess I'll go to sleep again a third time very fast.

*(She sleeps again.)*

TIPPY and SNOOBLE *(off-stage)*

Hee hee hee hee hee!

*(TIPPY and SNOOBLE run in again, but this time they aren't looking where they're going, and they run straight into each other. They both fall down on top of JEANNA.)*

JEANNA and TIPPY and SNOOBLE

Ow!

JEANNA

Watch where you're going!

TIPPY

Watch where you're sleeping!

JEANNA

What are you guys?

TIPPY

I'm Tippy and this here's Snooble—

JEANNA

Snooble?

SNOOBLE

It's a family name. I hate it.

JEANNA

Are you elves?

SNOOBLE

No. We are evil spirits summoned from the grave—

TIPPY

We're elves.

SNOOBLE

Evil elves.

JEANNA

Evil elves?

TIPPY

No, we're actually part of an advance elven scouting party. We're elf scouts. We move very silently.

JEANNA

You were running around laughing.

TIPPY

We move very silently.

SNOOBLE

Boy is this just the saddest Christmas tree I've ever seen.

TIPPY

Yeah. This is pretty amateur work here. I've seen blind mutant suckerfish do a better job.

SNOOBLE

You aren't getting any presents under this one.

JEANNA

Well I tried.

TIPPY

No, you didn't try well.

SNOOBLE

I say let's burn the tree down!

JEANNA

What?

TIPPY

We weren't going to do that!

*(he takes SNOOBLE aside.)*

We'll do that later.

JEANNA

I would've done better—but my Mom wouldn't help me.

TIPPY

She's paralyzed from the neck down, huh?

JEANNA

No, she—

SNOOBLE

Is she horribly diseased and dying?

JEANNA

No, she just... she doesn't really care about Christmas.

TIPPY and SNOOBLE

WHAT?!!!

SNOOBLE

Let's burn her down!

MOM (*off-stage*)

Jeanna!

JEANNA

Ooh. That's her. Hide.

TIPPY

I'm not going anywhere.

SNOOBLE

Let's take this chick out.

*(MOM enters. She doesn't notice the elves.)*

MOM

Jeanna, it's bedtime.

*(SNOOBLE and TIPPY make mean faces at her and dance around her.)*

SNOOBLE

She looks evil.

JEANNA

Can we lay out some cookies and milk for Santa?

TIPPY

And the elves.

MOM

I don't think so. I'm sure Santa doesn't want anything fattening.

TIPPY

WHAT?!

SNOOBLE

She is just SO wrong.

MOM

Besides, aren't you a little old to be believing in Santa?

TIPPY

She did NOT just say that!

SNOOBLE

She's going down! Burn the witch!

MOM

Oh, I forgot. Mommy's got a fabulous party to go to—you stay here with the baby sitter.

JEANNA

We have a baby sitter?

MOM

Oh—didn't you get your own baby sitter? Do I have to do everything around here? Mommy's tired when she comes home from work, pumpkin. You need to help out. Well, look, the History channel is having a six-hour marathon on corset fashioning in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. You can watch that until you pass out from boredom.

TIPPY

Blech!

MOM

You just stare at the mind-numbing television for a while. You'll look back on this and cherish the best time of your life.

*(she leaves)*

TIPPY

Oh I hate her!

SNOOBLE

She has NO Christmas spirit! None!

TIPPY

I am so disgusted right now.

SNOOBLE

If they still let me carry a bow and arrow I'd fill her full of hot arrows right now.

TIPPY

It's a good thing they took that away from you.

SNOOBLE

Those nuns were looking at me funny.

TIPPY

Listen, little girl—we're also from Child Protective Services—

JEANNA

Really?

SNOOBLE

Everyone in Child Protective Services is actually an elf.

JEANNA

I had my suspicions, actually.

TIPPY

Shut up, Snoodle.

SNOOBLE

Don't you tell me to shut up! I will take you out! I'm crazy!

TIPPY

Settle.

SNOOBLE

Sorry.

TIPPY

Anyway, you've got a bad situation here—I think you need to run away.

SNOOBLE

To Mexico.

TIPPY

No, not to Mexico, to the North Pole.

JEANNA

The North Pole?

TIPPY

Yes, we will make you an honorary elf.

JEANNA

Well—

SNOOBLE

Make up your mind! We don't have all day!

JEANNA

Okay! I'll do it! But won't my Mom be worried!

TIPPY

She probably won't notice. But just in case we'll replace you with a badger in a wig.

SNOOBLE

Our magical powers are waning due to global warming. This is the best we can do.

TIPPY

Your Mom won't notice. She doesn't notice you now, why should she notice when you're gone?

SNOOBLE

Well if the badger starts biting her...

TIPPY

Anyway.

JEANNA

But how will we get to the North Pole?

SNOOBLE

We'll take our elf car.

JEANNA

You guys drive a car?

SNOOBLE

We have a lot of accidents because I can't see above the steering wheel, but it's cool.

TIPPY

It's a mustang!

SNOOBLE

Come on, let's go!

JEANNA

All right!

*(JEANNA, TIPPY, and SNOOBLE exit quickly. SNOODLE returns momentarily.)*

TIPPY *(off-stage)*

Don't burn the house down!

SNOOBLE

You never let me have any fun.

*(He leaves.)*

*(e-mail me at [don@donzolidis.com](mailto:don@donzolidis.com) for the full script. Scripts are free.  
Performances are \$35.)*