

# **Santa-Napped**

*By Don Zolidis*

## Cast of Characters

AGENT 1

AGENT 2

SANTA CLAUS

BEADLE, an elf

SNOOP, an elf

WHOOOP-DINK, an elf

MRS. CLAUS

EASTER BUNNY

BRITTANY, a depressed girl

ANGELA, a non-depressed girl

CLAUSINATOR 3000, a cyborg from the future

Setting: The North Pole. And a secret CIA Prison.

*(A secret CIA prison. One chair is on stage, Perhaps a hanging light. SANTA CLAUS is pushed in, escorted by AGENT #1 and AGENT #2.)*

AGENT 1

Sit.

SANTA CLAUS

I've got to get to the children.

AGENT 2

Stuff it.

SANTA CLAUS

Why am I here?

AGENT 2

We'll ask the questions.

AGENT 1

You want some water?

SANTA CLAUS

Do you have egg nog?

AGENT 2

You're real funny, fat guy.

AGENT 1

All right, let's get down to business. Do you know what a no-fly zone is?

SANTA CLAUS

A no-fly zone?

AGENT 2

Yeah, as in no flying.

AGENT 1

Settle down, Mandy.

AGENT 2

I'm sorry, Jess, but these terrorists get my blood boiling. We got the goods on you and you're going away for a long time. No one's even going to remember who you are when you get out.

SANTA CLAUS

But I'm Santa, everyone knows me—

AGENT 2

We got enough evidence right now to throw you in some stink-hole in South America where you can rot for the rest of existence!

AGENT 1

Easy, Mandy. Mr. Claus, if that is your real name—

SANTA CLAUS

My real name's Kringle. Kris Kringle.

AGENT 1

So Santa Claus is an alias, huh? Put that down. Do you realize that you violated the no-fly zone over American airspace?

SANTA CLAUS

Just my flying reindeer—

AGENT 2

Flying reindeer? You expect us to believe that? Tell us another one, fatty. What's in the sack?

SANTA CLAUS

What sack?

AGENT 2

Don't play dumb with us!

AGENT 1

I suggest you don't make her mad, Kringle. She's highly unstable.

AGENT 2

Highly unstable!

AGENT 1

I don't know how we ever hired her.

AGENT 2

The background checks are really flimsy!

SANTA CLAUS

What are you talking about?

AGENT 1

Upon searching your “aircraft” we discovered the following: A sack filled to bursting with—

SANTA CLAUS

Presents!

AGENT 1

Tightly wrapped boxes!

AGENT 2

Tied up with bows! What’s in the boxes?! We’ve got ways to make you talk.

SANTA CLAUS

They’re presents for the children!

AGENT 2

My God, he’s going after the children. You’re sick! Sick I tell you! Sick!

SANTA CLAUS

Every Christmas Eve, I come down the chimney—

AGENT 1

You what?

SANTA CLAUS

I shimmy down the chimneys to set out—

AGENT 2

He’s breaking into homes.

SANTA CLAUS

To set out presents!

AGENT 2

From your sack?

SANTA CLAUS

Yes, that’s right.

AGENT 2

Is that before or after you set out the bombs? Where are the bombs?!

AGENT 1

Easy, Mandy.

AGENT 2

You got Anthrax in the sack? Santa Anthrax coming to spread Christmas poison?

AGENT 1

Settle down.

SANTA CLAUS

All I take is some cookies and milk.

AGENT 1

So you steal?

AGENT 2

I'm gonna vomit.

SANTA CLAUS

I'm not a terrorist!

*(AGENT 2 takes out the List.)*

AGENT 2

What's this?

SANTA CLAUS

That's a list of who's naughty and nice—

AGENT 2

Targets.

SANTA CLAUS

No, I—

AGENT 2

Targets.

AGENT 1

Do you think we're idiots?

SANTA CLAUS

Please, I must deliver the presents on Christmas—I have to get to every house in the world.

AGENT 1

Every house in the world? It's bigger than we thought.

AGENT 2

Bring in the dogs.

AGENT 1

A worldwide conspiracy. No one is safe.

AGENT 2

How deep does this go? You can't be doing this alone.

SANTA CLAUS

Oh no, I have a workshop filled with elves on the North Pole—

AGENT 1

Cultists, huh?

SANTA CLAUS

No, elves!

AGENT 2

He's got a bunch of religious fanatic midgets slaving away in an extra-territorial terrorist camp—making these “presents.”

SANTA CLAUS

You don't understand. You're being very naughty.

AGENT 2

Oh, so now we're going on the list, are we? We're targeted next?

AGENT 1

Give it up, Kringle. We've got information on you from the inside.

SANTA CLAUS

But—who?

AGENT 1

That's for us to know and you to worry about.

*(Lights down on SANTA. Lights up on RUDOLPH, in a confessional.)*

RUDOLPH

Oh yeah, we were going to the whole world. Every house. He used me—I was just the driver, I don't know anything. He kept on saying, on, on, on—we were tied together like animals! Like animals I tell ya! I was going crazy! On on on! No stops! No bathroom breaks—I was cracking up! Always behind me with that whip—I have nightmares about it! He has to be stopped! Taunting me, saying I could join in the reindeer games—there were no reindeer games! It was all a lie! A horrible, horrible lie!

*To read the entire script, please e-mail me at [don@donzolidis.com](mailto:don@donzolidis.com) Scripts are free. Performances are \$30 each.*