

# Santa Lives!



Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus.

## **R. Eugene Jackson**

Inspired by the 1897 editorial "Is There a Santa Claus?"  
by Francis Pharcellus Church

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

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## **Santa Lives!** **Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.**

**CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.** Inspired by the 1897 editorial "Is There a Santa Claus?" audiences will love this modern, heart-warming comedy. While holding auditions for "Little Red Riding Hood Saves Santa Claus," students who don't believe in Santa Claus protest the school's holiday play and the principal cancels it. Soon, even Virginia, the third-grade author of the play, begins to doubt if Santa Claus exists. Virginia's father suggests she write a letter to *The New York Sun* asking if Santa is real. Not only does Virginia get a response from the newspaper, but she gets a surprise visit from Santa himself, prompting the school to give Virginia's play the green-light. With the holidays quickly approaching, Virginia has to adapt her play to the "talent," props, and costumes available, including a Red Riding Hood with no red hood, a Santa who doesn't have a Santa suit, and the addition of tuba and drum "music."

**Performance Time:** Approximately 90 minutes.



Virginia O'Hanlon and Francis Pharcellus Church

## About the Story

In 1897, when Virginia O'Hanlon was 8 years old, she wrote the following letter to *The New York Sun* on the advice of her father.

"Dear Editor:

I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, if you see it in 'The Sun' it's so. Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia's letter was answered by Francis Pharcellus Church, a former Civil War correspondent, and appeared on the editorial page of *The New York Sun* on Sept. 21, 1897. Entitled "Is There a Santa Claus?" the editorial began with the opening line, "Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age." Over the years, Church's reply has become known for its most famous line, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus" and has become the most reprinted editorial to ever run in an English language newspaper. Laura Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas (1889-1971) married Edward Douglas, had a daughter, and became a teacher in New York City in 1912 and a principal in 1935.

## Characters

(4 M, 9 F, 10 Flexible, opt. extras)

(With doubling: 3 M, 8 F, 8 flexible)

**VIRGINIA O'HANLON:** Bright third-grade girl who believes in Santa Claus; author and director of the school's holiday play, "Little Red Riding Hood Saves Santa Claus."

**ANGELA:** Virginia's best friend who believes in Santa Claus; has a crush on Keaton; plays the narrator in the play.

**LESLIE:** Leader of a group of kids who don't believe in Santa Claus; wears outdated clothes that don't quite fit; female.

**CHARLOTTE:** Leslie's friend who doesn't believe in Santa Claus; wears outdated clothes that don't quite fit.

**KEATON:** Shy student who doesn't believe in Santa Claus; stagehand for play; wears outdated clothes that don't quite fit; male.

**REBECCA:** Plays Little Red Riding Hood's mother; wears clothes that are always terribly and outrageously mismatched.

**REID/REED:** Shy student who plays a "whoooo-ing" tree; flexible.

**ALICE/ALLEN:** Student who plays the tuba in the play; flexible.

**RICKY/ROSE:** Student who plays the bass drum in the play; flexible.

**ALYSSA:** Snobbish, self-centered girl who wants the role of Little Red Riding Hood; plays a tree stump.

**ROXANE:** Shy, disabled girl who uses a wheelchair; plays Little Red Riding Hood; wears a brightly colored plaid or flowered blanket across her lap.

**CARIE:** Plays the role of Granny.

**CARLISLE/CORRIE:** Always carries around a half-eaten sandwich; plays the Big Bad Wolf; flexible.

**DANIEL:** Student who plays Santa Claus.

**MR./MRS. TYSON:** Teacher in charge of the school play; flexible.

**MR. O'HANLON:** Virginia's father.

**MRS. O'HANLON:** Virginia's mother.

**STUDENT 1, 2:** Play Santa's elves; flexible.

**STUDENT 3:** Plays a tree; flexible.

**SINGER 1, 2:** Sing a holiday song; flexible; optional.

**SANTA CLAUS:** Real Santa Claus. Note: Name should appear in the program as "Mysterious Guest."

**EXTRAS (Opt.):** As other Students, Trees, Singers, etc.

**NOTE:** The names of the characters, except for Virginia, may be changed to reflect the makeup of the cast. For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

**OPTIONS FOR DOUBLING:**

**Mr. O'Hanlon/Santa Claus**

**Mrs. O'Hanlon/Mrs. Tyson**

**Student 1/Singer 1**

**Student 2/Singer 2**

## Setting

Present day. An elementary school.

## Set

The stage is essentially bare except for a few simple set pieces.

**O'Hanlon's kitchen.** There is a table with a tablecloth and three chairs and a desk.

**School hallway.** There is a line of student lockers or a backdrop of lockers and a few decorated bulletin boards.

**Granny's house.** There is a small bed or cot.

## Synopsis of Scenes

### ACT I

**Scene 1:** Elementary school stage.

**Scene 2:** O'Hanlon's kitchen.

**Scene 3:** Virginia's bedroom. Bare stage.

**Scene 4:** School hallway.

**Scene 5:** Elementary school stage.

### Intermission

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** School hallway.

**Scene 2:** O'Hanlon's kitchen.

**Scene 3:** School hallway.

**Scene 4:** Elementary school stage.

## Props

Scripts	2 Coffee cups
Notes	Letter
Pencils	Hanging Christmas decorations
Clipboard	Gift-wrapped packages
3 Santa hats	Bag filled with gifts, for Santa
Schoolbooks	Set piece of a crudely drawn cottage on a 6' tall cardboard or other material
Marching band tuba (or bugle, trumpet, trombone, etc.)	Small bench
Bass drum and mallets	Small hand basket
Wheelchair with various pockets for storing things	Small package
Bright plaid or flowered blanket (not red)	Bar of decorative soap
Long white Santa beard	iPod, or another small electronic gadget
Large half-eaten sandwich	Wolf ears, for Carlisle
Tablecloth	Black or grey clothes, for Carlisle
Holiday centerpiece	Small bed or cot
Newspaper	Christmas tree of any size
Newspaper advertising inserts with garbage on them (apple core, coffee grounds, etc.)	Nightcap
Plate of cookies	Blanket or coverlet for bed
Glass of milk	Pillow
Cell phone	Jacket, for Daniel (not red)
Backpacks	Small bag of gifts, for Dan
Notebook	Small candy canes to distribute to audience kids after the show (opt.)
Sheets of paper	
Large sandwich	

## Sound Effects

Holiday music

School bell

Scene change music for school play

Slap (clap 2" x 4" boards together)

**Santa Lives!**  
**10**

***“Alas!  
How dreary  
would be the world  
if there were  
no Santa Claus.”***

—Francis Pharcellus Church

# ACT 1

## Scene 1

*(AT RISE: Elementary school stage. As the curtain rises, Christmas music plays and then fades out. At SR, Mrs. Tyson and Virginia sit at a table with scripts, notes, and pencils. Angela stands USL of the table holding a clipboard. Some schoolbooks sit on the table or under it. The rest of the stage is bare. Virginia and Angela wear Santa Claus hats.)*

ANGELA: *(Like a TV emcee.)* The next auditionee for our Christmas play is...Leslie! Come on down, Leslieeeee!

*(Leslie marches on SL. She speaks with a hint of bitterness.)*

LESLIE: Hi, Mrs. Tyson.

MRS. TYSON: Good morning, Leslie.

LESLIE: Virginia, I think it's great that you wrote this play.

VIRGINIA: Thanks, Leslie.

LESLIE: And that our class is going to produce it.

VIRGINIA: Yes. I'm excited about it.

LESLIE: And that Mrs. Tyson is letting you direct it.

MRS. TYSON: Under my supervision.

LESLIE: Even though it's a lousy play.

VIRGINIA: *(Surprised.)* What?

LESLIE: And I'm not the only one who thinks so. Keaton hates it, too.

*(Keaton enters SL.)*

KEATON: *(To Virginia.)* Yes, I do. Hate it. *(Quickly exits SL.)*

LESLIE: *(To Virginia.)* And Charlotte and Rebecca.

*(Charlotte and Rebecca enter SL.)*

CHARLOTTE: *(To Virginia.)* I nearly threw up when I read it.

REBECCA: *(To Virginia.)* Disgusting.

LESLIE: *(To Virginia.)* I mean, come on...“Little Red Riding Hood Saves Santa Claus”?!

CHARLOTTE: *(To Virginia.)* Stupid title.

REBECCA: *(To Virginia.)* Really, really stupid.

VIRGINIA: *(To Leslie.)* You told me yesterday you loved the story.

LESLIE: That’s before I read it. Now that I’ve read it...

CHARLOTTE: *(To Virginia.)* She hates it.

REBECCA: *(To Virginia.)* And I hate it.

LESLIE: *(To Virginia.)* We all hate it.

*(Keaton enters SL.)*

KEATON: *(To Virginia.)* Me, too. Hate it. *(Exits SL.)*

MRS. TYSON: All right, Leslie. That’s enough. Are you going to audition for a role?

LESLIE: Absolutely not.

CHARLOTTE: *(To Mrs. Tyson.)* Not me.

REBECCA: *(To Mrs. Tyson.)* I would...

LESLIE/CHARLOTTE: Rebecca!

REBECCA: *(To Mrs. Tyson.)* But I couldn’t possibly be in a play like this. *(To Leslie.)* Right?

LESLIE: Right!

MRS. TYSON: *(To Charlotte, Rebecca, and Leslie.)* All right. You’re excused. *(Girls remain in place.)* Leslie? You and Charlotte and Rebecca may leave now...so we can get on with the tryouts.

LESLIE: You mean you’re still going to do the play?

VIRGINIA: Yes.

MRS. TYSON: Of course.

LESLIE: Well, I mean, I thought after we complained, you would cancel it.

MRS. TYSON: We’re not canceling it. Now, if you will excuse us, there are others waiting to audition.

*(Leslie glances at Charlotte, who shrugs, and then at Rebecca, who shrugs. Then all three shrug in unison.)*

LESLIE: *(Upset.)* Well!

*(With negative grunts and groans, Rebecca, Leslie, and Charlotte exit SL.)*

ANGELA: *(To Virginia.)* What was that all about?

VIRGINIA: I have no idea.

MRS. TYSON: It doesn't matter, Angela. Who's next?

ANGELA: *(Consults her clipboard.)* Reid. *(In emcee voice, she calls out toward SL.)* Reeveeeeid?! Come on, girl. You...are...next!

*(Reid shyly enters SL. She lets out a frightened yelp and exits SL.)*

VIRGINIA: Reid?

*(Reid shyly enters. Frightened, she turns and exits. Angela crosses SL.)*

ANGELA: *(Calls offstage.)* Reid, come on! Nobody's going to bite you. *(Reid shyly enters. Frightened, she turns to exit yet again, but Angela blocks her way.)* On the other hand, if you try to leave again, I will bite you.

*(Angela shows her teeth, snarls, and then pushes Reid to CS.)*

VIRGINIA: Which part are you reading for, Reid?

REID: Oh, uh, I don't know.

VIRGINIA: Why don't you try for the lead?

REID: Lead? I don't remember anyone named Lead in the play.

VIRGINIA: No. "Lead" is not a character. It means the main role.

REID: Oh. You mean Santa Claus? Because I wouldn't make a very good Santa Claus. I don't even have a beard.

VIRGINIA: Not Santa. Little Red Riding Hood.

REID: Oh, I couldn't do that.

VIRGINIA: Why not?

REID: I look really bad in red. I mean, most girls look really great in red. But I look really bad in red. In fact, I look bad in any color.

VIRGINIA: Okay. That's cool. What role are you interested in?

REID: Oh, uh, I thought I could be a, maybe, a tree...maybe kinda hidden behind the other trees.

VIRGINIA: A tree? (*Thumbs through the script.*) I don't remember the part of a tree.

ANGELA: And the author should remember if there's a tree in her own play.

REID: There is. Believe me. And I even know the lines. By heart.

VIRGINIA: (*Still searching the script.*) Lines? This is a talking tree?

REID: No. It's a "whooooo-ing" tree. (*Makes the sound of wind in trees.*)

VIRGINIA: A "whooooo-ing" tree? What kind of a tree is a "whooooo-ing" tree?

REID: I'll show you.

MRS. TYSON: All right, Reid. Go ahead. Let's see what you can do.

VIRGINIA: (*Gives up trying to find the part in the play.*) Sure. Go ahead.

REID: Okay. (*To get ready, she does loud breathing exercises, makes long moans, and waves her arms around.*)

MRS. TYSON: Reid, please...

REID: Oh, yes. Right. I'm getting to it. (*Starts to exercise again.*)

MRS. TYSON: Now.

REID: I'm getting to it. (*Poses like a tree, makes a wind sound, and sways her arms like a tree in the wind. She does it again. Then she starts to do it a third time.*)

MRS. TYSON: Thank you, Reid. That's good. You make a very good tree.

REID: Oh, uh, thanks, Mrs. Tyson. Thanks. (*Happily making the wind sound and swaying her arms, she exits SL.*) I'm a tree. I'm a tree. I'm a "whoooo-ing" tree.

VIRGINIA: (*To Mrs. Tyson.*) But there aren't any "whoooo-ing" trees in my play. There aren't any trees at all.

MRS. TYSON: Sometimes the playwright has to adapt to the talent that's available, Virginia.

VIRGINIA: What does that mean?

MRS. TYSON: It means...add some trees.

VIRGINIA: (*Unsure.*) Uh, yes, ma'am. (*Writes.*) "Add trees."

ANGELA: We're almost to the end of the auditionees, Virginia.

VIRGINIA: Who's next?

ANGELA: (*Consults her clipboard.*) Alice.

VIRGINIA: Alice? She's a little weird, isn't she?

MRS. TYSON: Virginia!

ANGELA: Not any weirder than Reid.

VIRGINIA: Okay. Call her out.

ANGELA: (*Calls off left.*) Our next contestant is Aaaaalice! Alice, you're next. Let's go.

*(Alice enters SL and goes CS. She is a tiny girl staggering under the weight of a huge tuba she carries over her shoulders. Note: A different instrument, such as a bugle, trumpet, a trombone, may be substituted. If so, alter the script accordingly.)*

ALICE: Hi, everybody.

ANGELA: (*Indicating the tuba.*) What's that?

ALICE: A really big musical instrument.

VIRGINIA: Alice, this is not a musical.

ALICE: No. Just wait. Hear me out. I'm really good with this.

VIRGINIA: But it's not a musical.

ALICE: Not yet. Listen to this. (*Blows very hard on the tuba, making a wretched sound.*) Huh? What do you think? Is that great or what? You may not believe this, but I just started playing yesterday. Am I amazing or what? (*Blows again and a similar wretched sound is heard.*) So now you want to make this into a musical, right? Imagine...Little Red Riding Hood, the tuba player.

VIRGINIA: If she played like that, she would scare the wolf away.

ALICE: That's what I'm saying. I play Little Red, and I hike through the forest with curds and whey and my tuba.

VIRGINIA: It's Little Miss Muffet who has the curds and whey.

ALICE: But she doesn't have one of these. (*Gets into the story.*) The wolf appears. Little Red blows on her really big musical instrument... (*Blows on the tuba.*) ...and frightens the wolf away. Good, huh? What do you think?

VIRGINIA: Alice, if the wolf runs away, there's no story.

ALICE: Well, there's still a story...it's just a little shorter.

VIRGINIA: Alice, no.

ALICE: No?

VIRGINIA: Sorry.

ALICE: Well, did you know that Ricky plays the drums?

VIRGINIA: No, I didn't.

(*Ricky enters SL with a bass drum strapped on.*)

RICKY: Well, I do.

ALICE: (*To Virginia, indicating tuba.*) This thing is not so good by itself, so Ricky and I teamed up. Just listen to this beautiful sound.

ANGELA: Do we have to?

*(Alice blows on her tuba and Ricky hits the drum a few times. They are totally out of sync. It is horrible "music." Alice and Ricky smile broadly.)*

ALICE: *(To Virginia, excited.)* "Little Red Riding Hood Saves Santa Claus: The Musical." Huh? What do you think? I mean, we're really hot now!

*(Alice plays one more note as Ricky hits the drum one last time.)*

VIRGINIA: I don't think so.

RICKY: We're gonna be on Broadway.

ALICE: *(To Virginia.)* Maybe as early as this afternoon.

RICKY: *(To Virginia.)* As soon as some famous director hears about us and calls us.

ANGELA: *(To Alice and Ricky.)* Okay, that's it. *(Ushers them off SL.)* Don't call us...we'll call you. *(Alice and Ricky exit.)* Then again, maybe we won't.

*(Alyssa enters quickly SL.)*

ALYSSA: Okay. I'm here and I'm what you've been waiting for. *(Poses.)*

VIRGINIA: But we haven't called you yet.

ALYSSA: Doesn't matter. I'm perfect for the role of Little Red. I've already memorized my lines. And my mother has almost finished making my costume. I'll be beautiful in a bright red skirt with an orange blouse and an attractive little hood.

VIRGINIA: Red skirt and orange blouse? Alyssa!

ALYSSA: A contemporary combination of colors. It'll catch the audience's attention.

ANGELA: I'll say!

ALYSSA: They'll love it.

ANGELA: They'll throw up.

ALYSSA: And pink shoes. Black is traditional, but who wants traditional? What do you think? Doesn't matter. Pink is perfect.

ANGELA: *(Under her breath.)* Perfectly awful.

VIRGINIA: *(To Alyssa.)* There are several good parts you could play.

ALYSSA: Of course, I could play any of the parts, but I prefer the role of Little Red. I mean, it's the lead. I always play the lead. Because I'm the prettiest.

VIRGINIA: Thank you, Alyssa.

ALYSSA: *(Happy, shouts.)* I knew it! I knew I would get the lead! *(Excitedly exits SL.)*

VIRGINIA: Alyssa?

ANGELA: Too late. She's in her own little world.

VIRGINIA: But she didn't even audition. Mrs. Tyson?

MRS. TYSON: You're the director, Virginia. You get to select your actors.

*(Virginia thinks.)*

VIRGINIA: Okay. *(Makes a decision.)* Angela, call everyone back onstage, please.

ANGELA: Yes, ma'am. *(Calls off SL.)* Everyone, onstage, please! Quickly. Come on. Time's a-wasting. Let's go, let's go! *(Alyssa, Leslie, Charlotte, Rebecca, Keaton, Daniel enter SL as do Roxanne, a girl in a wheelchair with a brightly colored plaid or flowered blanket across her lap; Carie, a small girl wearing a Santa Claus hat and a long white beard; Alice and her tuba; Ricky and his drum; Carlisle, who is carrying half of a large sandwich in his hand; and other Kids if desired.)* In a line across the stage! A straight line! *(Louder.)* A straight line! *(They form a very crooked line.)* Okay, good. That's good.

ALYSSA: But the line's not straight.

ANGELA: Looks okay to me. Virginia?

*(Virginia stands, holding her clipboard on which she has made notes.)*

VIRGINIA: Thanks for trying out, everybody.

LESLIE: But we didn't try out.

ANGELA: And thanks to Leslie, Charlotte, and Rebecca for not trying out.

VIRGINIA: Angela!

KEATON: And me. I didn't try out. I wouldn't try out for a stupid play like this one.

VIRGINIA: *(To Leslie, Charlotte, Rebecca, and Keaton.)* Okay.

You four can leave. You weren't cast.

REBECCA: *(Angrily.)* Weren't cast? Why not?

LESLIE: Rebecca!

REBECCA: Oh, right. We weren't cast because...uh...

LESLIE: *(To Virginia.)* We hate this play.

KEATON: *(To Virginia.)* Hate it.

ANGELA: *(To Leslie, Charlotte, Rebecca, and Keaton.)* So go.

Go, go, go. We're busy here. Go on.

LESLIE: Mrs. Tyson?

MRS. TYSON: We'll talk tomorrow, Leslie. Meanwhile, we need to get on with the casting.

*(Leslie pauses and then exits SL, followed by Charlotte and Keaton. After a few seconds, Leslie enters.)*

LESLIE: Rebecca?

REBECCA: Huh?

LESLIE: Come on.

REBECCA: I just want to see who gets cast.

LESLIE: No, you don't.

REBECCA: I don't? *(Pause.)* I mean, I don't.

LESLIE: Right. So come on. *(Exits SL.)*

REBECCA: *(Hesitant.)* Right. I'm coming. *(To Angela.)* Bye, Angela.

ANGELA: Bye, Rebecca. (*Rebecca exits SL.*) Strange. (*Picks up a number of scripts from the table.*)

VIRGINIA: Carie, what's that on your face?

CARIE: What...this? It's a beard. A Santa Claus beard. I wanna be Santa.

VIRGINIA: You're a girl. A girl can't be Santa.

CARIE: Why not?

VIRGINIA: Because Santa is a boy.

CARIE: Is that fair? I ask you, Virginia...is that fair?

VIRGINIA: Maybe not, but it's what it is. Santa is a boy.

CARIE: So I can't be Santa?

VIRGINIA: No.

(*Carie pulls the beard off and puts it on top of her head like a wig.*)

CARIE: Then I wanna be... (*Speaks with an old person's voice.*)  
...Graaanny.

VIRGINIA: You'll make a great Granny.

CARIE: (*Delighted.*) Seriously?

VIRGINIA: Yes.

(*Virginia takes a script from Angela and gives it to Carie.*)

CARIE: (*Happily bounces up and down like a yoyo.*) Yeah! I'm Granny, I'm Granny! (*Stops. Under her breath.*) But I really want to be Santa.

(*Alyssa steps forward and poses.*)

ALYSSA: Who's Little Red, Virginia? As if I didn't know...

VIRGINIA: I'll get to her. (*Disappointed, Alyssa pouts and moves back in line.*) Next, we need a wolf. The part of the wolf goes to...Carlisle.

CARLISLE: Who, me?

VIRGINIA: Yes, you.

ANGELA: If you can put that sandwich away long enough to howl.

CARLISLE: (*Happy, howls.*) Woo-woo-waaaaooo! Woo-woo-waaaaooo! I'm the wolf!

ANGELA: Down, boy, down!

(*Angela hands Carlisle a script and he stops howling.*)

CARLISLE: (*Leering.*) I will be a mean, vicious wolf. (*Takes a big bite of his sandwich.*) Grrr!

VIRGINIA: Good.

CARLISLE: (*With his mouth full.*) I'll scare all the kids in the audience, and they'll go running for the doors.

ANGELA: Not so good.

VIRGINIA: Great. Now, next, we need a Santa Claus. As you remember, Santa takes the place of Granny and is almost eaten by the wolf. Daniel, you're Santa.

(*Angela hands Daniel a script.*)

DANIEL: Thanks, Virginia.

CARIE: I want your part. Want to trade? (*Offers Daniel her script.*)

DANIEL: Granny is a girl. I'm not a girl. (*As Santa.*) Ho, ho, ho! Hi, boys and girls. What would you like for Christmas?

VIRGINIA: That's just right. And, finally...the role of Little Red Riding Hood.

ALYSSA: Which is me, of course.

(*Alyssa smiles glowingly, steps forward, and holds out her hand for a script. Virginia takes a script from Angela.*)

VIRGINIA: And that role goes to...Roxanne.

ALYSSA: (*Confused.*) Roxanne? No, no. Virginia, my name's Alyssa. You want me for the lead, not Roxanne. I'm Alyssa.

RICKY: Who's Roxanne?

*(Students shrug and look around. After several seconds, Roxanne meekly raises her hand.)*

ROXANE: I guess that's me.

*(Virginia hands Roxanne a script.)*

ALYSSA: *(To Virginia.)* But...but...she can't play Little Red. I mean, she can't even walk.

VIRGINIA: But she sounded really good in the part.

ALYSSA: But I'm prettier. *(Whines.)* Mrs. Tyson?

MRS. TYSON: It's Virginia's play, and Roxanne did read very well.

ALYSSA: But that's not fair. I mean, I always play the lead.

ROXANE: *(To Virginia.)* I'll do a good job. I promise. *(Pause. Everyone stares at her. Smiles.)* Hey! Just because I'm in a wheelchair doesn't mean I can't act.

ALYSSA: *(To Virginia.)* Well, you must have another role for me. A better role. I'm sure of it.

VIRGINIA: Well, you could be a...a tree.

ALYSSA: *(Happily.)* I knew it! I knew it! I'll have the best role. I'll be a... *(In shock.)* ...a what? A tree?! You want me to be a tree? What does a tree do in this play?

ANGELA: Stands there.

REID: Sways and whistles. *(Demonstrates.)* Whoooo! Whoooo!

VIRGINIA: And if anyone else wants to be a tree—

STUDENT 1: What about the elves? Santa always has elves with him.

VIRGINIA: Elves? *(Others adlib "Yes," "Elves," "Lots of elves," "Yes, oh, yes," etc.)* Okay. The rest of you can be elves...or trees...or whatever. Anything else?

ALICE: The band.

VIRGINIA: What band?

ALICE: The really big instrument and the drum. Remember? *(As a tuba.)* Toot-toot.

RICKY: (*As a drum.*) Bam, bam!

VIRGINIA: (*Unsure.*) Uh, well...okay, I give up. I'll see if I can add a band.

ALICE/RICKY: All right! (*They high-five each other or hit fists.*)

ALYSSA: (*Whines.*) But I don't want to be a tree...

ANGELA: Well, then, you can be a stump. How about that?

ALYSSA: A stump?! I quit! I refuse to be in this-this dumb play. (*Angrily marches off SL.*)

ANGELA: (*To Virginia.*) Well, we're off to a good start.

VIRGINIA: (*Announces.*) Rehearsals begin Monday during rest period. See you then.

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**