

**ACT ONE**  
**PRELUDE**

#0 - Overture

The OVERTURE ends and the CURTAIN RISES on the living room of a snowy cottage at the North Pole. A large, inviting easy chair and a television dominate the room. SANTA CLAUS is discovered sitting in the easy chair beside a TV table on which there is a pitcher of eggnog and a bowl of Doritos. He looks slightly disheveled. His jacket and boots are off; he is wearing his red pants, a t-shirt and suspenders. He picks up the remote and clicks it.

**SANTA**

I don't believe it.

*(calling off stage)*

It happened again!

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(off stage)*

What happened again?

**SANTA**

The DVR thing. It didn't tape the football game I was gonna watch. East Carolina vs. Boise state.

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(off stage)*

Oh.

**SANTA**

*(calling off stage)*

What did I do wrong?

**MRS. CLAUS**

*(off stage)*

I don't know, dear.

**SANTA**

*(calling off stage)*

I mean, I can fly around the world in one night but I can't set the DVR! What's wrong with me?

MRS. CLAUS

*(off stage)*

I don't know, dear.

*He turns off the TV.*

Hey. They'll be here at six.

SANTA

*(to audience)*

In-laws. They come every year on Christmas day. I finish my rounds, just start to unwind, then the door bursts open and the kids run in, start dancing with the elves and the elves get into the eggnog and start riding the reindeer. Now, don't get me wrong; I'm a big fan of Christmas. It's just, well, I had fifty bucks on Boise. What am I complaining about? It's Christmas! Let's read a Christmas story.

*(He picks up a large book)*

Ah. Here's one. The story of Buddy the Elf—

#1 - Happy All The Time\*

—well, he *thought* he was an elf—we'll get to that part. Oh! You know what? Before we start I'm going to turn off my cell phone. It's pretty irritating when one of these things goes off in the middle of a story. Gonna unwrap my candies now too. Okay. It begins once upon a time, in a little village here at the North Pole called Christmas Town. Now this town is unique for two reasons: One, there's no Starbucks; and two: everyone who lives here is a elf.

ACT ONE  
SCENE 1

(SANTA)

CHRISTMAS ELVES ENJOY THEMSELVES BY DONNING GAY APPAREL  
OR BY SINGING SONGS IN SANTA'S SHOP

ELVES

FA LA LA LA LA!

SANTA

OF COURSE I ALWAYS LIKE IT WHEN THEY SING A CHRISTMAS CAROL  
I LIKE IT EVEN BETTER WHEN THEY STOP

NIGHT AND DAY THEY DANCE AND PLAY,  
THEY NEVER SLEEP MUCH EITHER  
WOULD SOME PEACE AND QUIET BE A CRIME?  
OF COURSE I LOVE EACH ONE OF THEM,  
BUT SANTA NEEDS A BREATHER  
BECAUSE THEY'RE JUST SO HAPPY ALL THE TIME

THEY'RE ODDLY

SANTA & ELVES

HAPPY ALL THE TIME

SANTA

UNGODLY

SANTA & ELVES

HAPPY ALL THE TIME

SANTA

WHEN THEY SING UNTIL THEIR BLuish  
SANTA WISHES HE WERE JEWISH

CAUSE THEY'RE

SANTA & ELVES

HAPPY ALL THE TIME

SANTA

I SWEAR THEY'RE