

The Year Santa Got Mixed-up!

By Melanie Whitesides & Amy Kensley

Characters

Narrators 1 – 6	Easter Bunny	Saint Patrick
Elves 1 – 4	Cupid	Sand Man
Santa Claus	Tooth Fairy	Prancer
Mrs. Claus	Jack Frost	Witch
Grinch	Dancer	Comet
Audience (Everyone Else)		

Narrator 1: I'm sure that everyone here knows who Santa Claus is.

Narrator 2: And everyone has probably heard LOTS of stories about him.

Narrator 3: Like Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer and Frosty the Snowman.

Narrator 4: But not many people have heard about the year that Santa Claus mixed things up.

Narrator 5: It was awfully funny but VERY embarrassing and many people decided to just let it go and forget about it.

Narrator 6: But we've decided to tell you ALL about it. So sit back and listen as we tell the tale.

Narrator 1: Now Santa Claus works all year to be ready for Christmas. There are lots and lots AND LOTS of children out there and that means LOTS and LOTS of work!

Santa Claus: HO HO HO! I don't mind it a bit though. The children are worth it!

Audience: We LOVE you Santa!

Santa Claus: (Wave at them and blow a kiss.)

Narrator 2: Anyway, sometimes Santa doesn't get much sleep or rest but he still loves his job - kind of like teachers.

Narrator 3: Well, one year, about Thanksgiving Day, Santa Claus had been working non-stop for 24 hours. BOY, was HE tired!

Narrator 4: He should have gone to bed but he decided to get some coffee and keep working.

Santa Claus: (Stretching and yawning) HMMMMM! I'm SO tired! I let the elves go home hours ago I should be in bed but there is SO much work to do. I guess I'll go get another cup of coffee and try to get just a little more work done.

Narrator 5: So Santa went to the kitchen to get the coffee. Now it was late at night and the kitchen elves had closed down the kitchen for cleaning. They'd just mopped the floor but Santa didn't see it.

Santa Claus: (Singing softly to yourself) You'd better watch out, you'd better not pout, you better not cry I'm tellin you why, cause I am coming to town! I know when you are sleeping, I know when (YELL)
YYYYIIIIIIKKKKKEESSS!

Narrator 6: With a loud shout and an even louder CRASH, remember Santa is a BIG guy, Santa Claus fell down and hit his head HARD!

Narrator 1: Santa lost consciousness.

Audience: HUH!

Narrator 2: That means he fell asleep or passed out but not in the way we go to bed.

Audience: OOOOHHHHH!!

Narrator 3: When Santa Claus woke up he was still lying in the kitchen and no one had seen what happened.

Narrator 4: Remember, it was late at night. Anyway there was Santa on the floor. He may have looked normal but something was wrong.

Santa Claus: Boy my head is hurting! MMMmmmmm (rub your head) what happened?! Candy canes and Sugar Cookies where am I?

Narrator 5: Santa had a concussion. That means that his brain had gotten damaged.

Audience: Poor Santa!

Narrator 6: Yep, and when your brain is damaged sometimes it can make you forget things or get mixed up.

Narrator 1: This is EXACTLY what happened to Santa. He got mixed up ONLY no one knew about it.

Santa Claus: Let me see, Ouch! My head! I'm Santa Claus. I must be okay. I was getting some coffee but I think I'm just going to go to bed.

Narrator 2: So Santa went off to bed thinking everything was okay. In the morning he went back to work. That's when things started going wrong.

Elf #1: Santa, we've made ½ the amount of candy canes we need for Christmas. We're about to start another batch. What flavor should we make?

Santa Claus: Candy canes? HO, HO, HO! (Shake your head) NO, NO, NO! Don't make candy canes make chocolate bunnies!

Elf #2: Okay, chocolate bunnies. Huh, wait a minute - Santa?

Santa Claus: (speak slowly) Make CHOCOLATE BUNNIES!

Elf #1 & 2: (doubtfully) Okay Santa you're the boss.

Elf #3: Santa, Santa, what should we make to put in the stockings for North America?

Santa Claus: (Put your hand on your chin) Hmmmmm, let's see. What did we put in them last year?

Elf #4: Ummmmm, Oranges, some small games, chocolates, and cereal.

Santa Claus: HO, HO, HO! (Shake your head) NO, NO, NO! Fill those stockings with baby teeth and a dollar or two.

Elf #3 & 4: WHAT!!

Santa Claus: I said get ready to fill the stockings with baby teeth and a dollar or two. Then, when we're done, we will hide them so the children can hunt for them.

Elf #3 & 4: (doubtfully) Okay Santa you're the boss.

Narrator 3: And so it went for several days. He had Elves paint Easter eggs and then went around putting them under children's pillows.

Narrator 4: He had everyone prepare Valentines and then mail them to ALL the people in the world!

Narrator 5: He made the elves paint the toys Shamrock green.

Narrator 6: and then carve pumpkins to place under the Christmas trees.

Narrator 1: Each time Santa issued a weird order the Elves would scratch their heads and then say. . .

Audience and Elves: (doubtfully) Okay Santa you're the boss!

Narrator 2: When people started getting Valentines from Santa they began to wonder what was going on.

Audience: (Hands on hips) What is going on!

Narrator 3: When the Easter eggs showed up under pillows they began to laugh.

Audience: (Giggle & Laugh)

Narrator 4: Santa Claus was running his reindeer ragged flying around the world each night taking teeth and leaving Easter eggs or putting sand in people's shoes.

Dancer: I'm telling you Rudolph, we need to go on strike! We've gone from a BIG flight once a year to lots of flights EVERY night.

Comet: I'm so tired! If this keeps up I'm going to have to change my name from Comet to Creeper.

Narrator 5: The reindeer weren't happy, the elves weren't happy, and the people of the world were beginning to get upset too.

Dancer & Comet & Elves: (Softly chant) STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!

Prancer: I don't mean to bug you Santa but we just can't take it anymore! Please you've got to give us a break. We've never had a Christmas like this before!

Narrator 1: This might have gone on forever with everyone getting angrier and angrier but nothing being done. Elves and Reindeer might have quit working for Santa and Christmas might have been ruined forever with no one knowing about poor Santa's head IF the League of Mythical Creatures hadn't gotten involved.

Easter Bunny: I'm telling you he's after our jobs!

Cupid: No he isn't.

Tooth Fairy: Then what is he doing?

Saint Patrick: He's mixed-up that's all.

Sand Man: (Yawning) He's mixed-up or he's mixing US up?

Easter Bunny: Do you know he sent ME a valentine!

Witch: He's ruining Halloween! How are witches like me supposed to be scary when there's snow outside and candy canes hanging on pumpkins?! It's terrible!

Grinch: Hah! Do you know that he's made plans to kidnap himself? How am I going to steal Christmas that way?!

Cupid: That's nothing Grinch he left Sand in my diaper. Do you know how hard it is to shoot arrows and make people fall in love when you're itching!

Tooth Fairy: Hah! I can beat that one Cupid. He left a rotten Easter egg under the President of the United States daughter's pillow instead of a dollar and now the Secret Service is after me!

Jack Frost: That's nothing Tooth Fairy. Do you know, he nipped the nose of the Queen of England and left a patch of ice in her bathroom. She slipped and landed on the floor when it was MOST inconvenient and now I, Jack Frost, am not ALLOWED IN ENGLAND AT ALL! If they catch me there, they've threatened to bring back the firing squad!

Saint Patrick: So what are we going to do about it?

Narrator 2: Well they debated about it long into the night. Finally, they decided that they would ALL go talk to Santa and then decide what to do once they'd discussed it with him.

Narrator 3: It was just 7 days until Christmas Eve when they showed up at Santa's door at the North Pole. It was decorated in Orange and Black with pumpkins glowing in the windows.

Narrator 4: They rang the doorbell and Santa opened the door holding a bowl of candy.

Santa Claus: Well don't you all look cute! I love your costumes. Here have some candy.

Tooth Fairy: No, no, we're not here to trick-or-treat!

Sand Man: Hey, speak for yourself! I want the candy bar.

Cupid: Look, Santa we're here to pick a bone with you.

Santa Claus: A bone? I thought one picked apples. But if you guys want to pick bones, okay.

Saint Patrick: No! Santa what they mean is we need to talk.

Narrator 5: Somehow the league of mythical creatures got Santa to let them inside and everyone took a seat in Santa's living room.

Grinch: Santa, we're here because you are ruining our jobs!

Santa Claus: Oh, you need a job? Well I've got plenty of elves but I can always use some extra help I suppose. What are your qualifications?

Witch: Well, I can turn fat men with beards into fluffy bunny rabbits!

Jack Frost: Now, now. I'm sure we can ALL be adults about this.

Narrator 6: After a frustrating minute or two the league of mythical creatures patiently explained to Santa Claus what was going on. Santa was shocked.

Santa Claus: I can't believe it! We all have the same job?

Narrator 1: Okay so it took a little longer that a few minutes to get it straightened out. Santa just couldn't believe what the League of Mythical Creatures was telling him until the Easter Bunny turned the radio on to have Santa listen to the latest Christmas song and it was ALL about Him!

Everyone SINGS:

Santa Claus, Santa Claus, Where Are My Presents At?

(Sung to the tune of 'Jingle Bells')

I heard a reindeer hoof, then Santa dressed in red,
Came crashing through the roof and landed on my bed.
I thought it was a dream, but quickly did I wake,
As soon as I heard Santa scream, "Here have an Easter Egg!"

Oh, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, where are my presents at?
Why did you send me Valentines and put antlers on my cat? OH!
Santa Claus, Santa Claus, do you feel ok?
Tell me why there's turkeys a-pulling on your sleigh!

He got up off the floor and said, "Hey, Trick OR Treat!"
I said, "It isn't Halloween and this isn't very neat!"
"So sorry!" He replied, and then he asked my name.
He offered me a Shamrock. I said, "No thank you just the same!"

Oh, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, where are my presents at?
Why did you send me Valentines and put antlers on my cat? OH!
Santa Claus, Santa Claus, do you feel ok?
Tell me why there's turkeys a-pulling on your sleigh!

I heard a "ho, ho, ho," the sleigh was in the sky,
But it was moving slow and wasn't very high.
It wobbled in the air, I hoped it wouldn't fall;
Said Santa, shooting fireworks, "Happy New Year, one and all!"

Oh, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, where are my presents at?
Why did you send me Valentines and put antlers on my cat? OH!
Santa Claus, Santa Claus, do you feel ok?
Tell me why there's turkeys a-pulling on your sleigh!

Santa Claus: I can't believe it! What WAS I thinking?! I guess I know most of the jobs that you guys are supposed to have but what about MY job? Exactly what am I supposed to be doing?

Grinch: Well, if you asked me. I'd say you should be getting ready to let Me steal Christmas from you.

Narrator Two: Well, the League of Mythical Creatures started explaining it to him but he either couldn't or wouldn't understand it all.

Narrator Three: All of this might still be going on if Mrs. Claus hadn't gotten involved.

Narrator Four: Most people don't know it but Mrs. Claus and Santa have different jobs. She doesn't interfere with his workshop and He doesn't interfere with her kitchen.

Narrator Five: Well, in the mix-up Santa hadn't been following their deal. Mrs. Claus had just found out from her elves what he'd been doing in her kitchen.

Narrator Six: Like taking all of her eggs and dyeing them, taking all of the turkeys and stuffing them full of confetti, and –worst of all – putting Valentine Candy inside her Christmas pies.

Mrs. Claus: Mr. Santa! How dare you!

Narrator One: Mrs. Claus said with a shout that could be heard all over the North Pole and then she marched out to the front room with her rolling pin in hand.

Mrs. Claus: Do I interfere with YOUR business!

Narrator Two: She shouted at him and then BONK!

Narrator Three: She conked poor Santa on his already bruised head.

Witch: Wow! Nice job. It would have been better though with a broom.

Narrator Four: Santa fell down into his seat and everyone but the witch gathered around concerned.

Mrs. Claus: Hey I didn't hit him THAT hard. Oh Santa my darling, are you okay!

Narrator Five: Well, when Santa came to, he was MORE than Okay.

Santa Claus: Hey, my head may hurt but I can remember now what MY job is and all that I'm supposed to do!

Everyone: HOORAY!!! Christmas is saved!

Santa Claus: Well, it isn't yet. Look at all of the mess I've made I don't think I can get it all fixed in time. There's only 7 days until Christmas.

Everyone: Oh NO!!!

All the Mythical Creatures: Don't worry Santa, we'll help you.

Easter Bunny: Yeah, I've got plenty of time right now. I may paint Easter eggs but I can also pain other things like candy canes and toys.

Tooth Fairy: And I may be known for giving dollars in exchange for teeth but I am good at improvisation and can use some of the teeth I've collected for your dolls.

Santa Claus: Well, thank you ladies and gentleman. I am truly touched. Okay, Elves and Mythical Creatures, let's get started!

Everyone: HOORAY! Yippee!!!

Narrator Six: They pitched in and worked hard, going non-stop and, just to prevent anymore accidents, Mrs. Claus brought everyone coffee when they needed it.

Narrator One: And, with their help, Christmas WAS saved.

Everyone: WHOOOOPPPPEEEEE!!!!!!

Narrator Two: Two good things came out of this event and they were BOTH songs.

Narrator Three: The first song you've already heard. But the second song came about a little while later. It was in response to all of those Valentines that Santa had sent out.

Narrator Four: Apparently, Santa had also mailed some presents and a few elves, bunnies, and fairies with them. Everyone thought it was SO cute the way that it all turned out that another song was written.

Narrator Five: And we're going to sing it for you right now!

EVERYONE SINGS:

Gonna Mail Myself To You

By Woodie Guthrie (adapted words for Christmas)

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper,
I'm gonna daub myself with glue;
Stick some stamps on top of my head,
I'm gonna mail myself to you!

I'm gonna tie me up with red string,
I'm gonna use blue ribbons too;
I'm gonna climb up in the mailbox,
I'm gonna mail myself to you!

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper,
I'm gonna daub myself with glue;
Stick some stamps on top of my head,
I'm gonna mail myself to you!

When you find me in your mailbox,
Cut the string and pull me out;
Wash the glue off of my fingers,
Put a candy cane in my mouth!

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper,
I'm gonna daub myself with glue;
Stick some stamps on top of my head,
I'm gonna mail myself to you!

Take me out of my wrapping paper,
Wash the stamps off of my head;
Fill me full of apple cider,
put me in a nice warm bed!

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper,
I'm gonna daub myself with glue;
Stick some stamps on top of my head,
I'm gonna mail myself to you!

Narrator Six: Now everything and everyone is back to normal. Mrs. Claus and Santa are doing their own jobs. Santa learned to stay out of Mrs. Claus' kitchen.

Grinch: Hey! What about us?

Narrator One: And the League of Mythical Creatures have their own jobs to do so let me just say, "THE END!"

Santa Claus: HO, HO, HO! Merry Christmas everyone!