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*Who Killed Santa?  
The Choose-Your-Own-Ending  
Musical Murder Mystery Holiday Whodunit*  
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# **WHO KILLED SANTA?**

**The Choose-Your-Own-Ending  
Musical Murder Mystery  
Holiday Whodunit**

**BY NEIL HAVEN**

**This play is dedicated to Bo Johnson.**

*Who Killed Santa?* was first produced by Bo Johnson, Dan Katula and Neil Haven in Milwaukee, December 2008 at Carte Blanche Studios. It was directed by Dan Katula, who also designed and built the puppets; the set and lighting design was by Bo Johnson; the costume design was by Amanda Schlicher; the production stage manager was Cynthia Kmak. The cast was as follows:

SANTA/DETECTIVE/TOOTH FAIRY/MRS. CLAUS

Bo Johnson

FROSTY

Nathanael Press

TINY TIM

Rebecca Rose Phillips

RUDOLPH

Sophia Petropoulos

STEVE

Travis A. Knight

CHASTITY

Amy Geysler

Under the same production and design team, *Who Killed Santa?* was remounted in Milwaukee, December 2009 at The Bayview Brew Haus. It was directed by Laurie Birmingham; the production stage manager was Colin Gawronski. The cast was as follows:

SANTA/DETECTIVE/TOOTH FAIRY/MRS. CLAUS

Bo Johnson

FROSTY

Nathanael Press

TINY TIM

Amy Geysler

RUDOLPH

Sophia Petropoulos

STEVE

Rick Pendzich

CHASTITY

Elizabeth Shipe

## **THE CHARACTERS**

SANTA/DETECTIVE/TOOTH FAIRY/MRS. CLAUS, must be played by the same actor.

FROSTY, a large awkward snowman, very dense.

TINY TIM, very small with a crutch, has a cockney accent. Can be quite effectively played by a petite woman.

RUDOLPH, alcoholic reindeer with a red nose. Played by a woman.

STEVE, The Little Drummer Boy.

CHASTITY, The Little Drummer Girl. Sexy young girl, scantily dressed. One of her arms is grossly oversized and completely covered. She tries not to draw attention to it.

## **THE SETTING**

Santa's house at the North Pole.

## **THE TIME**

Evening, December 23<sup>rd</sup>.

## PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTES

*Who Killed Santa?* has been presented to great enjoyment with rod puppets. With the exception of Santa et al., all the characters are portrayed by puppets manipulated by visible actors in blacks. If this choice is made, change Steve's line on page 53 to "little puppet." The audience members selected to be elves may be given elf puppets.

I owe a debt of gratitude to the many talented people who helped in the creation and development of this merry little romp. Never have readings, rehearsals and runs been so much unadulterated fun. Special thanks to Bo Johnson, Dan Katula, KC Davis, Kate Schultz and Matthew Konkel for their contributions and support.

## WHO KILLED SANTA?

### ACT ONE

#### Scene One

*(December 23rd, Santa's house. There is a large portrait of Mrs. Claus above the mantle. Santa is preparing for his annual holiday party. He sings to himself. He is tipsy, a drink and bottle in hand.)*

SANTA: *(Crooning to the tune of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus.")*

**I SAW MOMMY KISSING ME ME ME  
SHE WAS WAITING UP FOR ME ALL NIGHT  
WE DRANK A LITTLE WINE  
AND THEN I BLEW HER MIND  
IT'S SAD TO THINK THAT SHE  
WILL NEVER AGAIN BE SATISFIED**

*(A knock at the door.)* You're early!

**I SAW SANTA TAKE OFF MOMMY'S CLOTHES  
IT FELT SO WRONG  
AND THEN IT FELT SO RIGHT  
I THINK I DO RECALL  
SPOTTING DADDY IN THE HALL  
VIDEOTAPING SANTA CLAUS THAT NIGHT.**

*(Knock.)* I'm singing a song here!

**I SAW SANTA TOUCHING MOMMY'S—**

*(Louder knocking. Santa gives up.)* Okay! For the love of... *(Santa opens the door.)* Hey! Frosty the freakin' Snowman. Well, don't just stand there. It's cold outside. Ha ha.

*(Frosty steps in. He carries a mop and bucket.)*

FROSTY: Oh, I don't mind.

SANTA: Yeah. That was a joke. You gonna clean my house?

FROSTY: No, I felt bad about all the puddles last year.

SANTA: Oh, good thinking.

FROSTY: Am I the first?

SANTA: As usual.

FROSTY: Can I help you with anything?

SANTA: Sure, you wanna go pull the cookies out of the oven?

FROSTY: Um...

SANTA: *(Laughs.)* C'mon, I'm just pullin' your leg. Or ball... or sphere. How the heck do you move?

FROSTY: I have feet. The kids put boots on me. See?

SANTA: Wasn't that nice.

FROSTY: I believe I'm the only kid-created Christmas character.

SANTA: Winter character.

*(Knock at the door. Santa heads to answer it.)*

TINY TIM: *(Off.)* Hey, let me in! I'm freezing me retarded legs off out here!

*(Santa opens the door. Tiny Tim enters on his crutch.)*

SANTA: Timmy!

TINY TIM: 'Ello, Santa!

SANTA: Come on in, good to see you. I've got cookies in the oven. I'll be right back.

*(Santa heads out.)*

TINY TIM: Holy chestnuts, colder than Frosty's ass out there, innit?

FROSTY: Ha. Good one, Tiny.

TINY TIM: Don't call me "Tiny."

FROSTY: Sorry.

TINY TIM: How you been, Frosty?

FROSTY: Oh, I'm great. Best time of the year, right?

TINY TIM: *(Looking out into the house.)* I see the elves is back again.

SANTA: *(Entering with cookies.)* Yep. Little freaks. *(Knock at the door. Santa opens the door.)* Rudolph! We got venison!

RUDOLPH: Where's the booze? My nose is goin' back to normal.



SANTA: I got you covered. I'm half-drunk already. You want a beer? Wine?

RUDOLPH: C'mon Santa. I need a little something to warm me up here.

SANTA: Martini?

RUDOLPH: That'll do. On the rocks.

SANTA: You got it. Anybody else need anything?

FROSTY: Smirnoff Ice?

SANTA: Really?

FROSTY: Yeah.

SANTA: All right. Tim?

TINY TIM: Um...

SANTA: Shirley Temple? Virgin Piña Colada?

TINY TIM: Ha, what? Ha ha! Yeah right, okay, except for the virgin part. You crazy old bugger. Ha ha. *(Santa exits chuckling.)* What was that all about?

FROSTY: Drinks. Those are all different kinds of drinks.

TINY TIM: Evenin', Rudolph, you're lookin' sharp. How's Blitzen?

RUDOLPH: Uh, fine, I assume. Why do you ask?

TINY TIM: Oh, I thought you and, uh, Blitzen were, uh... you know...

RUDOLPH: Oh, well, um, no. Nope.

FROSTY: What's going on?

RUDOLPH: Nothing. Nice hat, Frosty, is that new?

FROSTY: No. It's the one that keeps me alive.

SANTA: *(Enters with drinks. He has one for himself.)* Here we go. Drink up gentlemen, Frosty.

FROSTY: Hey.

*(The others laugh.)*

SANTA: Oh, I'm sorry, Rudolph, you wanted yours on the rocks. (*Santa scrapes some ice off of Frosty's back into Rudolph's glass.*) There ya go. (*Pulls Rudolph aside.*) Hey, did you go see that, uh, buddy of mine?

RUDOLPH: (*Irritated.*) We'll talk about it later, Santa.

SANTA: Okay, okay.

FROSTY: How's Mrs. Claus? Is she on vacation in India again?

SANTA: Yep, same old, same old.

FROSTY: It's a shame she always goes down there. She misses the party.

SANTA: Well, she's been to a lot of holiday parties.

FROSTY: I'd go visit her, but I'd probably die.

SANTA: You want me to buy you a ticket?

FROSTY: No, I was just saying that I can't go. She's in India, it's really hot there.

SANTA: I know, Frosty, I know.

FROSTY: Hey, did you hear about my new movie?

TINY TIM: You've a new movie?

FROSTY: Well, maybe. They're thinkin' of doing a feature on me for next year, a computer-animated Frosty movie.

RUDOLPH: What, one-a them Pixar things?

FROSTY: Yeah. I knew it was coming. My sequel did pretty well in '76. That and my original are many of the most popular Christmas movies.

SANTA: Winter movies.

TINY TIM: You know what you should do? You're a sensation, make some demands. Tell 'em they've got to draw you this time 'round with four balls.

FROSTY: Four balls?!

SANTA: (*Knock at the door. Santa answers it. Steve, The Little Drummer Boy, walks in.*) Hey Steve.

STEVE: Hey Santa!

TINY TIM: Stevie!

STEVE: Timmy!

SANTA: C'mon in. And hey, it's... No! You can't come in. No. Get your fat smelly ass out of my door. *(Santa struggles and then closes the door.)* Get a life!

RUDOLPH: Who's that?

SANTA: The stupid Tooth Fairy. Did she come with you?

STEVE: Oh, hell no. She just showed up right when I was getting here.

SANTA: *(Looking out the window.)* Go away! Take a shower!

RUDOLPH: How does she always find out about these things?

SANTA: I don't know. Word gets around, you know? She just really wants to be a Christmas character.

TINY TIM: Just like Frosty.

FROSTY: Hey, shut up.

RUDOLPH: What's she gonna do? Hide in your stocking and knock your teeth out?

FROSTY: Some kids don't even have teeth.

TINY TIM: What?

FROSTY: The really young ones.

SANTA: Oh. Yeah. Hey, good point, Frosty.

FROSTY: Really?

SANTA: No.

FROSTY: Oh. How you doin', Steve?

STEVE: Pretty good, pretty good. Just auditioned for Mannheim Steam Roller.

SANTA: I hate them.

FROSTY: Oh yeah? How'd it go?

STEVE: Good. Felt pretty good.

*(Rudolph sneaks behind Frosty, scoops some snow out of his back and packs a snowball.)*

RUDOLPH: Hey Steve! Catch!

*(He tosses the Frosty-ball to Steve.)*

FROSTY: Hey! Is that—?

STEVE: Frosty-ball!

*(He tosses it to Santa. Frosty chases it around.)*

FROSTY: *(He tries to look at his back.)* Hey, you guys! Give me that back.

SANTA: Nice toss. Nice toss.

FROSTY: Guys! C'mon! I need that. It's my back.

SANTA: Tim!

*(Tiny Tim catches the Frosty-ball.)*

RUDOLPH: *(Across the room.)* Hit me, Timmy, I'm wide open!

*(Tiny Tim throws the Frosty-ball with all his might. It plops a few feet in front of him. Everyone stares at it for a moment.)*

RUDOLPH: Uh, nice arm there, Tim.

STEVE: What the hell was that?

TINY TIM: That was the best I can do, okay? My muscles never developed, thanks to Mr. Charles Dickface.

RUDOLPH: Oh, right. Sorry.

FROSTY: *(Scooping up his snow.)* You guys think you're so funny. Tim, could you put this back on my back please?

TINY TIM: Sure. Sorry, Frosty.

RUDOLPH: Oh, it's just a bit of fun, Frosty.

SANTA: Yeah, don't be such a whiner.

TINY TIM: You all right?

FROSTY: Yeah. I just get all cranky when part of my body is detached. *(Frosty mops up the wet spot.)*

*(Knock at the door. Santa opens it.)*

SANTA: Hey, you made it. C'mon in.

CHASTITY: *(Enters carrying a gift bag.)* Hi.

TINY TIM: Who's this?

STEVE: A stripper! Santa, you dirty bastard!

CHASTITY: Um...

SANTA: No, no, no. I'd like to introduce to you our new soon-to-be holiday favorite, Chastity, The Little Drummer Girl.

CHASTITY: Hey guys.

STEVE: The Little Drummer *Girl*?

CHASTITY: Oh my god, Steve, please don't be mad. You are totally the best. That Bing Crosby-David Bowie crossover thing, oh my god, I can't touch that.

SANTA: All right, lemme explain. Now you see, the powers that be have decreed that we have had a shortage of female holiday characters for a bit too long now. And well, that's the way the wind's been blowin' this century and truth is, they're probably right. Chastity here is a wonderful girl. I can honestly say, we're all happy to have you. The more the merrier. Ho ho ho and all that.

FROSTY: What about Mrs. Claus?

SANTA: She's not here.

FROSTY: She's a girl.

SANTA: Right you are. But as you can see, Frosty, even if she were here, there would still be many, many, many more men.

TINY TIM: It has been a bit of a sausage-fest.

RUDOLPH: Hey, I resent that.

CHASTITY: Where'd she go?

FROSTY: India.

CHASTITY: India? Why?

FROSTY: Buddhist retreat center. She's so like that.

SANTA: C'mon, Chastity, let's get you a drink.

CHASTITY: Okay, thanks.

SANTA: (*Sotto voice, as they exit.*) I like the way that dress matches your eyes.

CHASTITY: (*Giggling.*) Oh Santa, you're so bad.

SANTA: You ain't seen nothin' yet.

(*Santa and Chastity exit.*)

TINY TIM: I'd like to pa-rum-pa-pum-pum her just a little bit.

FROSTY: Ew, gross.

TINY TIM: Oh, I'm sorry Frosty, you never got a set of jingle bells, did you?

FROSTY: Shut up. How would you know? Were you looking? Grow up.

TINY TIM: (*Singing to the tune of Frosty the Snowman. Steve beat-boxes.*)

**FROSTY THE SNOW THING  
IS LIKE THEM PLASTIC DOLLS  
THE KIDS FORGOT HIS DING-A-LING  
BUT HE DOES HAVE THREE BIG BALLS**

FROSTY: (*Horribly pathetic.*) Shut up, Tiny Tim. Or should I say Tiny... Butthead!

(*Frosty exits to the kitchen.*)

TINY TIM: You cheeky bastard! Never has any fun, that one. Don't even know why he comes. Can't bloody loosen up, he can't.

STEVE: And he hates Santa.

RUDOLPH: He does?

STEVE: Yeah, Santa's always givin' him a hard time, won't let him call himself a Christmas character.

RUDOLPH: He's just jokin' around.

STEVE: You think Snowjob can figure that out? He's a half-wit.

RUDOLPH: I don't think he hates him though.

STEVE: Why not? (*Darkly.*) Who doesn't hate Santa?

RUDOLPH: What? I like Santa.

STEVE: Oh, don't gimme that, Rudolph. You hate his guts.

RUDOLPH: What? No I don't. I mean, he and I have had our differences, but hey, it's Santa. He made me what I am.

TINY TIM: Really? You don't like Santa?

STEVE: Okay, maybe 'hate' is a strong word, but c'mon, this new chick? What the hell? Time to get some girl characters, so he just rips me off?

TINY TIM: But it's Santa, how can you not love Santa? I mean, Frosty I understand, he's a bloody idjit.

STEVE: Same reason Frosty hates him.

RUDOLPH: You're a bloody idjit?

STEVE: No, he never includes me. I hardly get associated with anything. I asked him if I could keep time for the reindeer, or even play for the elves while they work: nothing. And now he's got Chesty-titty or whatever, it's gonna be even worse.

TINY TIM: So? I ain't got nothing to do with the North Pole. I just get sick-a hangin' 'round with Scrooge, you know?

STEVE: Yeah, but you have a group at least. It's just different... I—

RUDOLPH: You have the whole Nativity thing.

STEVE: Oh yeah, that's a party. Buncha farm animals in the desert. Happy winter.

RUDOLPH: It's not like it's that great here anyway. Santa's kinda... stuck in his ways, you know?

TINY TIM: Yeah, well, he's really old. It's not Santa's fault. You just gotta deal with it. Hell, I'm a gimp. Boohoo.

STEVE: Forget it.

TINY TIM: The worst thing you can do in this biz is try and pretend you're something you're not, like the bleedin' Tooth Fairy and Frosty.

STEVE: Look, you wouldn't understand.

TINY TIM: I do! I'm a frickin' Dickens character, for Kringle's sake.

STEVE: (*Agitated.*) No, it's not—it's just—whatever!

TINY TIM: What? What's the big deal?

STEVE: Santa touched me.

*(The lights go down dramatically. And then come on again. Santa is flicking the lights on and off.)*

SANTA: May I have your attention please. Since Chastity is new, I thought we should let her show off a bit. So, without further ado, may I present to you, Chastity and her brand new holiday song.

CHASTITY: Thank you, Santa. I just wanna say I'm really, really excited to be here. I'm a big huge fan of every single one of you. I figured everybody likes something familiar, so here's a twist on an old classic.

FROSTY: *(Enters.)* What's going on?

STEVE: A musical, I guess.

CHASTITY: *(To the tune of "Lady Marmalade.")*

**HEY SANTA, GO SANTA, SOUL SANTA, FLOW SANTA  
HEY SANTA, GO SANTA, SOUL SANTA, SNOW SANTA  
HE MET MRS. CLAUS AT THE NORTH POLE DISCO  
STRUTTING HER STUFF IN THE COLD  
SHE SAID "HELLO BEARD-O,  
YOU WANNA ROLL IN THE SNOW?  
FA-LA-LA-LA-LA PA-RUM PUM  
FA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA HERE  
MARSHMALLOW HOT CHOC-LAT YUM YUM  
NORSKE GODDESS MRS. CLAUS**

RUDOLPH: Aw yeah! You go girl!

CHASTITY:

**COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY AND NICE  
COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY**

SANTA: Yeah, that part.

CHASTITY:

**HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE HAD STUMBLED UPON  
HE THOUGHT HE'D FOUND HIMSELF A GIRL-NEXT-DOOR  
SHE WAS LOOKIN' PRETTY FINE, HE DIDN'T KNOW SHE  
WAS DIVINE**

*(Rudolph joins in. He is overly enthusiastic.)*



CHASTITY & RUDOLPH:

**FA-LA-LA-LA-LA PA-RUM PUM**

**FA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA HERE**

**MARSHMALLOW HOT CHOC-LAT YUM YUM**

**NORSKE GODDESS MRS. CLAUS**

**COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY AND NICE**

**COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY**

RUDOLPH: *(Butting in.)*

**THEY WENT TO HIS WORKSHOP LATE AT NIGHT**

**HE SHOWED HER HIS FAVORITE TOYS,**

**SHE TOLD HIM OF REINDEER AND THEN HE STARTED TO SEE.**

**FLY FLY FLY**

**ALL: NOW HE FLIES TOYS TO THE GIRLS AND THE BOYS**

**STEVE: WHO KNEW HE COULD HIT EVERY LAST HOUSE**

**TIM: HE DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE**

**FROSTY: MRS. CLAUS KNEW WHAT TO DO.**

**ALL:**

**SOAR SOAR SOAR!**

**FA-LA-LA-LA-LA PA-RUM PUM**

**FA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA HERE**

**MARSHMALLOW HOT CHOC-LATE YUM YUM**

**CHRISTMAS LADIES WE ARE HERE**

**COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY, AND NICE?**

**COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY?**

**COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY, AND NICE?**

**COULD IT BE YOU LIKE ME NAUGHTY?**

**CHRISTMAS LADIES WE ARE HERE!**

*(Everyone applauds. Chastity takes a bow. Rudolph goes nuts.)*

RUDOLPH: Oh hell yeah, hell yeah! That was the shit! Damn girl, you rocked that bitch!

CHASTITY: Um, thanks, Rudolph.

RUDOLPH: I loved that. Yeah, that's right! In your face, mofos! I wish my song was that song. Damn! C'mon girl, we're doing shots.

*(Rudolph heads for the kitchen.)*

CHASTITY: Really? Thanks! Oh, wait! I brought a little present for everyone. Who wants a candy cane?

*(She offers a box of large candy canes to each person. Everyone takes one, and Rudolph and Santa exit to the kitchen.)*

RUDOLPH: Thanks, Chastity.

TINY TIM: Hey, thanks, Chastity.

STEVE: *(Pissy.)* Thanks, Chastity. *(Storms away.)*

FROSTY: Thanks, Chastity.

CHASTITY: Hey Frosty?

FROSTY: Yeah?

CHASTITY: Why are those people out there?

FROSTY: Them? Oh, that's the elves. I'm surprised you could see them. They're hard to see if you aren't looking for them.

CHASTITY: Well, they keep staring at my boobs. Especially that one, with the weird face.

FROSTY: Ooo, he's a weird looking one.

CHASTITY: What are they doing there?

FROSTY: Oh, Santa never invites them to the party, says they should be working on the toys. So they always come and sit outside the window in protest. True story.

CHASTITY: Oh.

FROSTY: I liked your song. I bet Mrs. Claus would like that.

CHASTITY: Yeah. It's about her.

FROSTY: *(Smelling his candy cane sensually.)* Oh yeah it was.

CHASTITY: Okay.

FROSTY: I need to take a break to cool off. I'll be back in a little bit.

*(Frosty exits.)*

CHASTITY: 'k, bye Frosty.

RUDOLPH: (*Leaning in with a shot glass.*) Chastity! Shots!

CHASTITY: I'm coming, I'm coming. (*Exits.*)

TINY TIM: Still mad?

STEVE: Yes.

TINY TIM: What? C'mon, that was the dog's bollocks.

STEVE: That was crap. It was all sex.

TINY TIM: (*Sarcastically heartfelt.*) And isn't that what the holidays are really all about?

STEVE: And why is she The Little Drummer Girl? She doesn't even have a drum. It's insulting.

TINY TIM: I dunno. Got a nice set of bongos, she does.

STEVE: And what's the deal with her arm?

TINY TIM: I dunno. But I like the way her boobs look when she's wearin' that hat. Know what I mean?

STEVE: Okay, I get it. You've never been laid.

TINY TIM: Shall we talk about something else?

STEVE: Yes, please. Anything.

TINY TIM: Hey. Did you know anything about Rudolph and Blitzen?

STEVE: No. Rudolph and Blitzen?

TINY TIM: I thought they was, you know, an item or what-have-you. And so when he got here, I asked about her, and he got all weird and denied it.

STEVE: I didn't know anything about it.

TINY TIM: I've seen 'em together, rubbin' antlers and whatnot, that's how they have a go, right?

STEVE: Wait, Blitzen's a girl?

TINY TIM: I... Well, I assumed, 'cause I thought they were involved.

STEVE: I think Blitzen's a dude.

TINY TIM: Oh. Why?

STEVE: I dunno, just sounds like a guy's name.

TINY TIM: Never crossed me mind. Can't really tell, can you? They all have antlers.

STEVE: I always figured Vixen was a chick, and maybe Dancer. Cupid's a dude. Rudolph's a dude, obviously. I always thought Rudolph was gay anyway, or probably bi, really.

TINY TIM: What? Rudolph? No! Do you really?

STEVE: Uh, yeah. Tim, Rudolph's rubbed antlers with just about every reindeer there's ever been. He's like the Freddie Mercury of the Arctic Circle.

TINY TIM: Really?

STEVE: Yeah, and there's no way they were all girls. Statistical improbability.

TINY TIM: Blimey. *(Santa enters with Chastity. He's quite sauced now. Frosty reenters.)*

STEVE: Here, listen. Let's find out. Hey Santa. Santa. C'mere.

SANTA: You boys having fun? More drinks in the fridge if you need 'em.

STEVE: We're good. Question for you: is Blitzen a guy or a girl?

SANTA: Blitzen? Hmm... Well, let's see, that's Blitzen number three we're on now.

TINY TIM: Number three?

SANTA: Yep. Some jerk from Wisconsin killed Blitzen One. *(Feel free to replace "Wisconsin" with your appropriate hunting state.)*

TINY TIM: Somebody killed him?

SANTA: Yep. I landed on his house, way out in the sticks somewhere *(or nearby small rural town)*, started gettin' into the chimney with my big sack-a toys, when suddenly this friggin' lunatic jumps outta the bushes with this huge shotgun and POW! Shoots Blitzen, right in the head. So I'm hidin' behind the chimney, scared outta my wits, and I'm like, "What the hell are you doing, asshole? That was friggin' Blitzen." And he yells back, "Dat's good eatin' der hey." That's it. Loves venison, hates Christmas. So I take off as fast as I can, draggin' poor Blitzen's corpse still stuck in the reins. Blood flyin' everywhere. It was horrible.

TINY TIM: So what happened to Blitzen number two?

SANTA: *(Drinking.)* What?

TINY TIM: Blitzen Two. You said you're on Blitzen number three.

SANTA: Oh, syphilis.

*(Santa chases after Chastity.)*

CHASTITY: Santa!

*(She giggles as he follows her upstage. Frosty enters.)*

STEVE: Stupid drunk.

TINY TIM: Maybe he is a cock jockey. That would explain why he got his knickers in a twist, right?

STEVE: Oh man, that'd be awesome. If that got out, it'd be front page news. Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer is gay and bangin' Blitzen. The whole world would go insane.

FROSTY: *(Loudly.)* Rudolph's gay?

STEVE: Shh!

*(He smacks Frosty and knocks his hat off.)*

FROSTY: Oh shit. *(He slumps over, dead.)*

SANTA: He better not be. That just wouldn't fly... Ha ha. Get it? Fly? Ha. He better not be, then we'd have to let the damn Tooth Fairy in. Ha. Seriously, though. Seriously... no queer deers, okay? Ha ha!

CHASTITY: Santa!

SANTA: What? I'm sorry. I shouldn't use words like that.

STEVE: That's not the point.

SANTA: Oh, keep your pants on. I'm just teasing. I'm sorry, but I just don't think the world is ready for a gay Christmas character. Think about it. They can't even handle a black Jesus. You know, let's just make that a general reminder here. Everyone please stay normal, okay? That's kind of our thing: wholesome, non-threatening, simple and safe. Right? And I can assure you that Rudolph is not gay. *(Rudolph enters from the kitchen.)* Ha ha. Gayness is the least of Rudolph's prob- *(Santa sees Rudolph.)* -blems. Just kidding. Now then, who wants another drink? Anyone? Rudolph?

RUDOLPH: (*Smoldering.*) No thanks. I, uh, I have to go to the bathroom.

(*Rudolph exits.*)

SANTA: Well, I need a drink.

(*Santa exits. Chastity puts Frosty's hat back on.*)

TINY TIM: All right, that was enlightening.

STEVE: I guess I won't be comin' out this year. Oppressive motherf—

FROSTY: (*Comes back alive.*) You're gay too?

STEVE: No, Frosty.

CHASTITY: Is the holiday party usually like this?

TINY TIM: I'm afraid it is. Santa will eventually make his way out of his britches, vomit for a bit, and then have a good cry. Rudolph tends to wander off to the stables 'round midnight.

SANTA: (*Offstage.*) Cold beers here!

(*Steve and Frosty head for the kitchen.*)

FROSTY: Got any Zimas?

STEVE: Shut up, you freak.

FROSTY: Thumpety thump thump. Thumpety thump thump Zima time for me.

(*Steve and Frosty exit.*)

TINY TIM: Havin' fun, are you?

CHASTITY: Uh-huh.

TINY TIM: Good, good. I liked your dance.

CHASTITY: Thanks.

TINY TIM: I think it's right smashing that you're here. Something fresh, you know? And I'm all for bringin' in the ladies.

CHASTITY: Really? Oh, I'm so glad. I didn't know what the reaction would be.

TINY TIM: Well, some of these other blokes might be a little... adverse to change. But hey, we was all new once upon a time. I think you're doin' great.

CHASTITY: Thanks. It's really so cool to get to meet all of you guys. I mean, you're like, celebrities.

TINY TIM: Eh, we're nothin' special.

CHASTITY: Yes you are! I love *Christmas Carol*. I saw it every year since I was nine years old. They always did it at this one big theatre in my town. Every year. They never did anything else for Christmas. Only that show. Every year. Always. It was great.

TINY TIM: Glad you like it.

CHASTITY: And you're Tiny Tim! You're the little hero. I love Scrooge, too.

TINY TIM: I say, would you like to meet him?

CHASTITY: Could I? (*Santa enters and eavesdrops.*)

TINY TIM: Oh yeah, I can introduce you to the whole cast. What are you doin' for New Year's?

CHASTITY: Um, I dunno yet. Are you serious? Oh my god!

SANTA: Hey, Timmy, c'mere. Excuse me, Chastity, Tim and I have to, uh, talk about something.

CHASTITY: Oh, okay, no problem.

TINY TIM: What?

SANTA: Hands off her, she's mine.

TINY TIM: What?

SANTA: I know what you're doin', and I feel for you. I know you've had some trouble with the ladies, and I'm all for helpin' you out. But not this time, okay? Just leave her be.

TINY TIM: Whoa, whoa, whoa, No. I don't think so. All's fair in love and war, my friend.

SANTA: Not this time. I found her, I recruited her, and I'm Santa.

TINY TIM: I don't give a rat's tit. Just 'cause you're Santa. Bugger off! I'll talk to whomever I bloody want to. And it's lookin' like she's gonna be my New Year's date. She's a wee bit young for your like anyway, eh Santa?

SANTA: Oh, I dunno. Don't you think she prefer a man with a little, uh, you know, experience?

TINY TIM: *(Icy.)* I am finished with this conversation.

SANTA: Be a shame if she found out you have no idea what you're doing.

TINY TIM: You wouldn't.

SANTA: Hope she doesn't have any great expectations. *(Tiny Tim is paralyzed with anger.)*

FROSTY: Hey Santa, I gotta go take another outdoor break already. Can we turn the heat down just a little bit?

SANTA: *(Ominously.)* No, Frosty. I'm trying to kill you.

FROSTY: Hope you have a mop.

SANTA: You brought a mop, Frosty.

FROSTY: Oh yeah. *(Beat.)* Why do you have to say it like I'm an idiot?

SANTA: Is that a trick question?

FROSTY: *(Loses it hugely.)* Why are you so mean?! Why do you even invite me?! God! JUST TURN DOWN THE HEAT! *(Heads for the door.)*

SANTA: Hey, not that way. I don't want the damn Tooth Fairy getting in. Use the back door.

FROSTY: *(Turns around.)* Thumpety thump thump ow. Thumpety thump thump ow. Melting hurts.

SANTA: Front door's for Christmas characters.

*(Frosty exits. Tiny Tim walks back to Chastity and speaks loudly for Santa's benefit.)*

TINY TIM: Sorry. Talkin' business. Anyway, yeah, you should come. Scrooge brought Miss Havisham last year.

CHASTITY: That sounds great!

SANTA: Hey Chastity, you know why they call him Tiny Tim? *(Waggles a pinky.)*

*(Santa laughs and exits.)*



TINY TIM: (*Shaking with rage.*) Hey Santa, you got something to say? Huh? Huh?! You want a piece of me?

STEVE: (*Enters from kitchen.*) Tim. Timmy. Hey, whoa. Maybe we should go check on Rudolph. Tim. C'mon.

TINY TIM: Yeah, all right. See ya later, Chastity. (*Tiny Tim and Steve head off. After a moment, Tiny Tim pops his head back in.*) He was just having a laugh. Ha ha.

(*Tiny Tim exits. Chastity is left by herself. She looks around, and then exits, sucking on her candy cane. After a long moment, Santa yells in pain. He staggers into the room with a candy cane protruding from his back. Chastity runs in behind him.*)

CHASTITY: Santa! What's wrong? (*She sees the candy cane.*) Oh no!

(*Santa stumbles around. He kicks Frosty's mop bucket. The others, with the exception of Frosty, arrive to see him stagger to Chastity, fall to his knees and grab her chest. His speech is strained.*)

SANTA: Mrs... Claus...

(*Santa slumps over and stops moving, as the others rush around him.*)

CHASTITY: Santa!

TINY TIM: What happened?!

CHASTITY: He was stabbed!

TINY TIM: Stabbed?

STEVE: With a candy cane!

TINY TIM: Is he breathing?! Move!

(*Tiny Tim checks for vital signs.*)

RUDOLPH: Anything?

TINY TIM: ... Guys. Santa's dead. (*All gasp. Santa twitches.*)

TINY TIM: Oh wait, he's moving. (*Santa stops.*) Now he's dead.

CHASTITY: Who would stab Santa?

FROSTY: (*Entering brandishing a large pointy icicle.*) Hey everybody, look at this huge icicle I found!

(*Several people yell at once.*)

TINY TIM: Get him!

*(They all attack Frosty.)*

FROSTY: AAAH! What?! Why are you—Stop! Get off! What's going on?

STEVE: That's what we'd like to know.

FROSTY: I like icicles. I'm sorry.

CHASTITY: Frosty! Santa's dead!

FROSTY: What? No! How can... How can Santa be dead?

TINY TIM: *(Implicating Frosty's guilt.)* Some twat *(or twit)* stabbed him in the back with a candy cane.

FROSTY: But—But—I—What? You think I could—? I could never—I was outside! Who did this?!

TINY TIM: Oh, outside, were you?

RUDOLPH: I was in the bathroom.

TINY TIM: Oh, in the bathroom, were you?

STEVE: I was looking for Rudolph.

TINY TIM: Oh, looking for Rudolph, were you?!

RUDOLPH: Shut up. Where were you?

TINY TIM: All right, all right, nobody move! Now then, everyone hold up your candy cane.

*(Everyone holds up a candy cane.)*

TINY TIM: Bugger!

CHASTITY: Somebody must have taken two.

FROSTY: This is unbelievable.

RUDOLPH: Santa is dead.

ALL BUT FROSTY: *(In beautiful harmony, to the tune of "Carol of the Bells.")*

**SANTA IS DEAD**

**BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED**

**EVIL AT WORK**

**SOMEONE'S A JERK**

**NO ONE CAN LEAVE  
CANNOT BELIEVE  
ONE OF YOU GUYS  
WROUGHT HIS DEMISE**

**SOMEONE CONFESS  
CLEAN UP THIS MESS  
SANTA WAS ICED  
NOT VERY NICE**

**SANTA IS DEAD  
BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED  
EVIL AT WORK  
SOMEONE'S A JERK**

**NO ONE CAN LEAVE  
CANNOT BELIEVE  
ONE OF YOU GUYS  
WROUGHT HIS DEMISE**

**SOMEONE CONFESS  
CLEAN UP THIS MESS  
SANTA WAS ICED  
NOT VERY NICE**

**TINY TIM: SOMEONE IN THIS ROOM'S A DIRTY LIAR**

**ALL BUT FROSTY:  
SOMEONE IN THIS ROOM'S A DIRTY LIAR**

**SANTA IS DEAD  
BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED  
EVIL AT WORK  
SOMEONE'S A JERK**

**ALL BUT FROSTY:**

**FROSTY:**

**NO ONE CAN LEAVE  
CANNOT BELIEVE**

**DING  
DONG**

**ONE OF YOU GUYS  
WROUGHT HIS DEMISE**

**DING  
DONG**

ALL BUT FROSTY:  
**SOMEONE CONFESS**  
**CLEAN UP THIS MESS**  
**SANTA WAS ICED**  
**NOT VERY NICE**

FROSTY:  
**HOPE HE DOESN'T COME BACK AS A ZOMBIE**  
**HOPE HE DOESN'T COME BACK AS A ZOMBIE**

STEVE and RUDOLPH: **SANTA IS DEAD**

CHASTITY and TINY TIM: **BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED**

STEVE and RUDOLPH: **SANTA IS DEAD**

CHASTITY and TINY TIM: **BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED**

ALL:  
**SANTA IS DEAD**  
**SANTA IS DEAD**  
**SANTA IS DEAD**

CHASTITY: (*Mournfully.*) **SANTA IS DEAD**

(*Steve turns over a rain-stick.*)

STEVE: I'm calling the police.

RUDOLPH: We don't need the police. It was someone in this room.  
We can figure this out.

TINY TIM: There's been a bleedin' murder, Rudolph.

FROSTY: Yeah, why don't you wanna call the police, Rudolph?

CHASTITY: Rudolph?

RUDOLPH: I don't know if we want this getting out, that's all.

STEVE: It's gonna be pretty obvious in about two days when nobody gets any presents.

FROSTY: Rudolph's got a point though. Even if we do call the police, what are we gonna do? Christmas is two days away! What are we gonna do?! The whole thing'll be ruined!

RUDOLPH: (*Smacks him.*) Frosty! Chill.