

THE ELVES

A short horror comedy by
Rachel Bublitz

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

DENNIS, male, 9 and 3/4, any race. He wears a giant trench coat stolen from his mom or dad.

SANDY, female, 10, any race. She also wears a giant trench coat stolen from her mom or dad.

HOLLY, an elf. Jolly's twin.

JOLLY, an elf. Holly's twin.

FRUITCAKE, an elf.

TINSEL, an elf.

KRIS KRINGLE, male, 50s+, any race, wears red, a.k.a. Santa Claus. Married to Carol Kringle.

CAROL KRINGLE, female, 50s+, any race, wears red, a.k.a. Mrs. Claus. Married to Kris Kringle.

SETTING

Christmas Eve. The North Pole.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Elves premiered at PianoFight in San Francisco, California.

(The North Pole. It's close to sunset near Santa's Workshop. DENNIS and SANDY trudge through snow. Sandy stops.)

SANDY: We've walked past that pine tree six times already! We're lost.

DENNIS: We're not lost, I know exactly where we are.

SANDY: But what if you're wrong? We'd miss Christmas, Dennis!

DENNIS: You idiot, we're not going to MISS Christmas, we're going to get ALL of Christmas.

SANDY: Look, you had a great plan, really. Taking the bus up here to ransack Santa's Workshop? That's pure genius! But you've gotta face facts. We don't know where we're at, we're—

(Faint Christmas carols.)

DENNIS: Shut your face!

SANDY: We're going to freeze to death out here!

DENNIS: Don't you hear that?

SANDY: Wolves are going to scavenge our frozen bodies.

(Louder Christmas carols.)

DENNIS: Christmas songs! LISTEN!

SANDY: I don't hear— Is that what I think it is?

DENNIS: It's the elves! You remember the plan, right?

SANDY: Yeah, yeah, I'm pathetic and Christmas-crazy and you're jaded and don't believe. When the elves try to get you to come around—

DENNIS: You hit them from behind, then we make off with all the toys!

(Dennis pulls Sandy. The Christmas carols grow louder as they come to Santa's Workshop. Dennis opens the door. Inside

HOLLY, JOLLY, FRUITCAKE and TINSEL sing and make toys. Dennis enters the workshop, pulling Sandy with him. The elves stop and stare at the children.)

AHHHHHHH! ELVES! AND TOYS! AND! WE FOUND IT!
WE FOUND IT!

SANDY: Be cool Dennis, that's my part!

DENNIS: I know, BUT LOOK AT THEM! SANDY! THEY'RE SO CUTE! I'm—oh my God, I'm—I'm hyperventilating! I thought it'd be— It's—I'm—OH THE JOY!

(Dennis faints. Sandy catches him.)

HOLLY: OH GOSH! A CHILD!

JOLLY: You think she's mild?

FRUITCAKE: Or is she wild?

TINSEL: I'll get the cocoa!

(Tinsel exits.)

HOLLY: TO BE OUT IN THIS FROST THEY MUST BE LOCO!

SANDY: Nope, totally sane. It was my friend's idea to come here, actually—

JOLLY: And what might we call you?

SANDY: Oh, I'm Sandy.

HOLLY: HI SANDY!

FRUITCAKE: Your name makes me think of candy.

HOLLY: LET'S NOT BE RUDE!

JOLLY: No, that would be crude!

(The elves hold out their hands to Sandy.)

HOLLY: I'M HOLLY!

JOLLY: I'm Jolly!

FRUITCAKE: I'm Fruitcake, I make dollies!

SANDY: Nice to meet you.

HOLLY: WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?

SANDY: Oh, this is Dennis. He's a big fan.

JOLLY: Well, of course he is!

HOLLY: LOVING ELVES IS GOOD FOR BIZ!

(The elves laugh for a long time.)

FRUITCAKE: So! What brings you all the way to the North Pole, Sandy?

HOLLY: IS IT 'CAUSE YOU KNEW WE'D BE JUST DANDY?

SANDY: Um, we just wanted a peek I guess, check out the operation—

(Tinsel enters with a tray of hot cocoa.)

TINSEL: *(To Sandy:)* Hot cocoa?

SANDY: Oh, I don't want to trouble you—

JOLLY: You'd better quickly drink!

HOLLY: OR WE'LL SLURP IT ALL UP IN A BLINK!

FRUITCAKE: Tinsel is a little sensitive and if you don't have some, Tinsel's self-esteem will shrink.

HOLLY: TINSEL MAKES THE BEST HOT COCOA, I THINK!

(Sandy takes a mug.)

SANDY: Thanks.

JOLLY: Drink it all up!

FRUITCAKE: Every drop of the chocolatey goodness in your cup!

(She drinks.)

SANDY: Yum!

(The elves stare at Sandy.)

...Oh, this is the best in the world, wow! Thank you a lot. But now, we'll just be going.

(Sandy drags Dennis toward the door.)

JOLLY: You can't leave though!

FRUITCAKE: Yes, we're hungry, you know!

SANDY: Did you say hungry?

TINSEL: Of course! Hungry for children's blood!

SANDY: WHAT?

(Dennis wakes up.)

DENNIS: Is Santa here? Where's Santa? **SANDY, THERE ARE ELVES!**

TINSEL: *(To Dennis:)* Hot cocoa?

DENNIS: Yes PLEASE!

(He drinks.)

I can't believe we made it, you guys are—AHHH! SO AMAZING! To be honest we didn't come here with the best intentions—

(Sandy elbows Dennis.)

It's true, Sandy, we can't lie to them! They're—they are the epitome of the Christmas spirit!

(The elves hug Dennis.)

JOLLY: We're so glad that you made it all the way!

FRUITCAKE: You being here brings great joy this Christmas day!

DENNIS: You're even better than I dreamed you'd be!

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(Jolly squeezes Dennis's cheek.)

JOLLY: You're a very plump little boy, aren't you?

SANDY: Okay, well, time to go! Did you hear that? Your mother was calling for you, Dennis! Don't want to end up on the naughty list, now do we?

DENNIS: Don't be silly, you couldn't have heard her, she's so far away!

HOLLY: SO FAR AWAY!

SANDY: But we should go, really. Really.

TINSEL: But you can't go!

JOLLY: Oh no, no, no!

DENNIS: Not until we get some cookies for our cocoa, right?

FRUITCAKE: You don't need cookies, you're fat enough!

HOLLY: YES! YOU'LL BE MORE DELICIOUS THAN A GOOEY CREAM PUFF!

DENNIS: Wait, what?

(The elves laugh, then roughly grab the children.)

FRUITCAKE: Little girl pie!

JOLLY: Tender boy stir fry!

TINSEL: Roast human thigh!

HOLLY: SPIT-FIRED EYES!

(Dennis and Sandy scream. The elves tie up the children and shove apples into their mouths.)

KRIS KRINGLE: *(Off:)* Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!

HOLLY: BIG MAN'S COMING! HIDE THE CHILDREN!

(The elves scramble, trying to find a hiding place. They give up. Fruitcake tries to block them from KRIS KRINGLE's view as he enters.)

KRIS KRINGLE: Ho, ho, ho, we ready to go?

FRUITCAKE: Yes sir! Ready steady!

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, do we have some guests? Isn't that nice? And who might you be, little one?

(Dennis tries to answer, but the apple keeps him from talking.)

JOLLY: He can't talk. Right, comrade?

TINSEL: Neither of them can. Isn't that so sweet *and* so sad?

KRIS KRINGLE: Is that so?

FRUITCAKE: They wanted to help with the toys, so we're having them try out that new game...

HOLLY: RIGHT! THE TIE UP YOUR FRIEND UNTIL THEY'RE TAME GAME!

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, that sounds fun! Well children, Merry Christmas! And thank you for your help!

(Dennis and Sandy fight furiously to get free. Holly gives Kris Kringle a sack.)

HOLLY: YOUR SACK, SIR!

KRIS KRINGLE: Thank you, Holly!

(Taking another look at the children:)

Sure seems like a fun game—maybe I'll give it a try in the morning!

JOLLY: Good idea, sir!

TINSEL: You'd love it, sir.

KRIS KRINGLE: I'll be off then. Busy night you know!

HOLLY, JOLLY, FRUITCAKE & TINSEL: MERRY CHRISTMAS, SIR!

(Kris Kringle gives a final wink to the children and exits with the sack.)

JOLLY: He's gone!

HOLLY: TIME TO FRY THESE KIDDOS LIKE PRAWN!

SANDY: *(Gets the apple out of her mouth:)* HELP! SANTA! COME BACK, HEEEEEEELP!

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