

## Side B - Wendell and Britannia

WENDELL. Of course he's here, it's his brother's house! How could Brierly not be? How do you do. Hello. (*This was to EMILY.*) I'm Wendell. My wife Britannia.

EMILY. How do you do?

UNCLE BRIERLY. My niece, Emily. Emily, the Sneeds.

AMOS. Bless you.

UNCLE BRIERLY. I didn't sneeze. I said the Sneeds!

AMOS. Bless you!

UNCLE BRIERLY. The Sneeds!

AMOS. Bless you! (*pulls out a handkerchief*) Don't you want to wipe your nose after all that?

**Start** UNCLE BRIERLY. Would you stop it!

WENDELL. Hello. I'm Wendell Sneed and this is -

BRITANNIA. Britannia. How do you do, it's enchanting to meet you.

AMOS. How do you do. Amos Mouse

UNCLE BRIERLY. "KIN!" *Mousekin*. Amos Mousekin. He's the son, you see, of a friend of the family. Not a rodent at all. No, no. The tail - it's a costume. Nothing mousey about him.

EMILY. Oh, stop it, Uncle. He is a mouse, and he's my best friend. We play together all the time.

WENDELL. Like Brierly and I used to do, eh? Ha! Ha ha! We played in the woods, the fields, you name it, we played there - cowboys - Indians - *Robin Hood*! That was our favorite.

UNCLE BRIERLY. (*lovingly*) Robin Hood.

WENDELL. I played Much the Miller's son and Brierly played the villain of course. Oh what was his name, Sir Gee, Sir Goo -

UNCLE BRIERLY. Sir Guy.

WENDELL. That's it! He was Sir Guy of Gisbourne. The wickedest villain who ever *Hya! Hya! Hya!*

BRITANNIA. Oh, what fun! Now *my* friends and I played a different game, we called it "Save the Elf!" We all pretended to be Santa's elves and make toys in the Workshop.

EMILY. The Workshop?! Really? Oh, I'd *love* to see Santa's Workshop. I dream about it all the time when I fall asleep, I really do. But even if it *does* exist I'll never see it now that Santa's forgotten about us ...

WENDELL. Forgotten?

BRITANNIA. He's forgotten you?

WENDELL. That's awful!

BRITANNIA. That's terrible!

UNCLE BRIERLY. That's preposterous!

EMILY. No, it's true, Uncle. You see last Christmas Santa visited all the other houses in the neighborhood, but he didn't come here.

AMOS. (*sadly*) Which means he'll probably miss us again this year.

EMILY. (*sniff*) And the year after that.

AMOS. (*sniff sniff*) And the year after that and every year till we get really, really old like your Uncle Brierly!

(*He points at UNCLE BRIERLY and they both start crying loudly.*)

AMOS & EMILY. Ahhhhhh!

BRITANNIA. I think we'd better -

WENDELL. - go, of course, you're right, it's time for us to

BRITANNIA. Off we go.

WENDELL. We're gone.

BRITANNIA. No more.

WENDELL. We vanish, poof.

BRITANNIA. Bye-bye

**End**

(*And they're gone. Beat. AMOS and EMILY look at*

UNCLE BRIERLY...and burst into tears again.)

BOTH. Whaaaaaaaaa!

UNCLE BRIERLY. All right, that's it! I've had it! Anyone who wants to stay here with my niece and this hysterical mouse may do so. But I have to warn you, they are *young*. When people are young they don't use good