

Start

SIR GUY. The Naughty-and-Nice List? From the elves?

MULCH. Elves, sir?

SIR GUY. Happy little people with pointy ears. Not too bright.

(CALLIOPE jumps out from under the workbench with her fists clenched, but EMILY and AMOS restrain her.)

MULCH. (still groping) "Not too bright..."

SIR GUY. The ones that we have locked in the Elfeterium. So you could threaten them and procure the Naughty-and-Nice List do you remember now?!!

MULCH. Oh right, right, right. Yes, yes, yes. Of course. Yes. No. I didn't get the list. I tried, but they wouldn't give it to me. And I asked them in the nicest way.

SIR GUY. You numbskull. You were supposed to threaten them. Now go back in there and paint them a picture of what will happen if they do not cooperate.

MULCH. I can't paint.

SIR GUY. A mental picture.

MULCH. Oh, I see. Oil or watercolor?

SIR GUY. Describe it to them and make them fear for their very lives!

MULCH. Oh. Right. Of course. That's it. And how do I do that again...?

SIR GUY. You tell them that if they do not hand over the Naughty-and-Nice List immediately, with dispatch, chop-chop, then tonight before bedtime, their hot chocolate will be served cold! Haha!

MULCH. Very sinister, sir. Anything else?

SIR GUY. They will go to bed at night wearing scratchy pajamas!

MULCH. Oh gasp. How could you.

SIR GUY. Made of wool!

MULCH. Excuse me, sir, but I believe that elves like wool at night, it keeps them warm.

SIR GUY. Don't bother me with details, I'm a big-idea man.

Side E - Sir Guy and Mulch

MULCH. Yes sir.

SIR GUY. They don't call me Guy of Gisbourne for nothing, you know. (practicing with his sword) Hya! Hya! Hya! Holy heavens I'm good with a sword. That comes from practice, Mulch. Always remember: Do what you love in life, then practice it until you're blue in the face. It builds character. Now what I love to do is splitting gizzards, and who could blame me?

MULCH. How do you mean, sir?

(Sad music plays, the melodramatic kind they used to play for silent films.)

SIR GUY. If you'll remember, Mulch, there was a time when I was Head Elf of this workshop.

MULCH. That's true, sir.

SIR GUY. I worked all day, every day, inventing toys, making toys, wrapping toys. Is it any wonder I got sick of toys?

MULCH. Well, sir -

SIR GUY. I made one little mistake and Santa demoted me to Apprentice. Apprentice, Mulch! He threw me like Lucifer from the sky to the earth, "O sing, O muse, Of man's First Disobedience and the Fruit / Of that Forbidden Tree!"

MULCH. Shakespeare?

SIR GUY. Milton. **END**

MULCH. I didn't know his first name was Milton. And what was your mistake again?

SIR GUY. Oh it was nothing.

MULCH. Sir?

SIR GUY. Teeny, tiny ...

MULCH. Which was?

SIR GUY. Oh, I stole Santa's sleigh and tried to sell it to Walmart. I thought I'd get a good price. But Santa caught me, he called me the Fallen Elf and demoted me and now I want revenge!!

MULCH. May I ask you a question, Sir Guy?