

Side C - Calliope, Emilty, and Amos

EMILY. AHHHHHHHHHH!

(EMILY has just seen an elf looking through one of the windows. When EMILY screams, the head disappears from view.)

Who's that!

AMOS. What?

EMILY. That!

AMOS. Where?

EMILY. There!

AMOS. Who?

EMILY. Her!

AMOS. Why?

EMILY. Why not?

AMOS. Good point.

EMILY. She's gone! Didn't you see her?! There was a girl or something at the window. She looked sort of ... otherworldly. Holy cow, I think she was an elf!

AMOS. An elf? Don't be ridiculous.

(At which moment, the elf's head reappears. EMILY sees it but AMOS doesn't, so he keeps talking.)

Elves don't come to Vermont. They live at the North Pole with Santa Claus. Besides, they're so busy makin' toys they don't have time to travel around and -

EMILY. Look!

AMOS. What?

EMILY. That!

AMOS. Where?

EMILY. There!

AMOS. Who?

EMILY. Her!

AMOS. Her who?!

EMILY. That that!!!...She's gone again.

AMOS. She is? Oh good! Now I don't have to meet her.

(Bing Bong!)

EMILY. Holy Hannah!

AMOS. Who's Hannah?

EMILY. I have no idea, but I think she's at the door. I'll be right back. But don't worry. If she's big and scary with enormous teeth and blood-shot eyes, I'll just tell her we're not home.

(She heads off.)

AMOS. Wait! Don't leave me! What if it's that...teeth and...eyes and...

(AMOS turns to the audience.)

I know this is gonna surprise you, but I'm not a brave mouse. I mean I act brave, and I look brave, but inside I'm like, "I don't want to meet strange people. I don't want to leave my safe little house." And I sure don't want to meet some scary elf with pointy ears who flies around on a reindeer or something. When I even think about flying, my fur stands on end like a pin cushion. Which is not to say I can't be forceful when I have to be. Or strong, or tough! I'm not a scaredy-cat. I'm not a cat at all. I can be as brave as any mouse in the entire -

CALLIOPE. (entering) Hello.

AMOS. YAHHHHHHHH!

(EMILY reenters with an elf named CALLIOPE who is dressed in a trench coat and has a fedora pulled down over her face. AMOS is shaking like a leaf.)

EMILY. Please come in.

CALLIOPE. (using a deep voice, being very "official") How do you do, how do you do. I'm here from the government.

EMILY. The government?!

CALLIOPE. I'm with the ELF-B-I. We ask questions. We get to the bottom of things. For example, do you live here?

BOTH. Yes./Yes, we do.

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CALLIOPE. (*writing it down*) Good, good. And what did Santa bring you last year for Christmas?

AMOS. He didn't come last year.

CALLIOPE. He didn't?

BOTH. No./Nope.

CALLIOPE. Are you sure?

BOTH. Yep./Uh-huh.

CALLIOPE. (*throwing off her coat and hat*) I knew it! That is just what I thought! I was right!

AMOS. Oh my gosh!

EMILY. You are an elf!!

(*She is an elf, a Christmas elf, with pointy ears. She takes off her coat and we see that she's wearing a green jerkin and tights with sparkles on them and a Robin Hood-type hat with a feather. She's 518 years old but she looks like she's 14 and a half. Her name is CALLIOPE.*)

AMOS. (*aggg*) Are you a Christmas elf?

CALLIOPE. That's right. How do you do. My name's Calliope.

EMILY. Emily.

AMOS. Wow! A real elf! And look at your necklace. Is that like a symbol for the North Pole or something?

CALLIOPE. No, it's called a Star of David. I'm a Jewish elf. There are five of us in all. We don't work on Friday nights.

AMOS. This is the best day of my life!

CALLIOPE. Mazel Tov.

AMOS. Mazelwhat?

CALLIOPE. Now listen to me, I need your help. We have an emergency at the North Pole and you're the only two people in the world who can help us!

AMOS. I'm not a people.

CALLIOPE. Don't get technical. You see, I've suspected for almost a year now that *this house* was somehow taken off the Naughty-and-Nice List just before Santa started his

rounds last Christmas. But the problem is, he doesn't believe me. He thinks that everything is hunky-dory – Santa always thinks everything is hunky-dory – but I think there's something funny going on.

AMOS. Funny ha-ha or funny *yulhhhhh*.

CALLIOPE. Funny *yulhhhh*. So you two have to tell Santa that he *didn't* visit here last Christmas because then he'll believe it and he'll *do* something about it. Now let's go.

EMILY. Go?

AMOS. Go where?

CALLIOPE. To the North Pole so you can tell Santa! Now come on! **End**

AMOS. (*politely*) Uh, excuse me. When you say, "the North Pole," you mean that place about ten thousand miles from here where they have the glaciers and hungry polar bears and you can lose your fingers 'cause they freeze and then fall off like little ice sculptures?

CALLIOPE. Yeah, that's it.

AMOS. I see.**ARE YOU CRAZY?! ARE YOU NUTS?! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR LITTLE ELFIN MIND?!!**

EMILY. But Amos, this is important!

AMOS. So is my life important! And-and-and-how are we supposed to get there, huh?! Use *pixie dust*?!?

CALLIOPE. As a matter of fact, I'm out of pixie dust, so we'll have to fly.

AMOS. "Fly"? Oh, oh, oh, that's great. So what do you think, I'm a bird now? Huh? (*He holds up his tail.*) Does this tail look like a *wing* to you?! Cause I know this is gonna surprise you, but I CAN'T FLY!

CALLIOPE. Look, don't you understand that Christmas is at stake?! If you don't help me, there'll be no Christmas for kids all over the world like you and you and him and her, (*i.e. two kids in the audience*) now would you please stop making excuses and *come on!*

(**CALLIOPE hurries out.**)