

Start

EMILY. Oh, Amos! Amos, thank goodness I found you, I got the Naughty-and-Nice List from the elves, you see they had it like Calliope said they would and they *trusted* me because they said I had a kind and beautiful face and now I love every single one of them but then that awful man Sir Guy of Gisbourne saw me escaping and now he's after me and I have to hide the List!

SIR GUY. *(off) Young lady, get back here!*

EMILY. Quick, here, you take the List, it's hidden at the bottom of this snow globe and you'll have to guard it with your life while I distract them, so quick, go hide someplace and whatever you do, don't let Guy of Gisbourne have it 'cause that would be the end of Christmas for every child in the entire world and it would be *us* that would be responsible and then I'd never sleep again for a single night in my entire life!

(AMOS OF KANSAS just looks at the audience.)

EMILY. Wait! Maybe you're right. I *can* run faster than you, so I'll keep the List for now and you distract them. As soon as they're gone, I'll be back. Okay? Good. And let me say you're being very brave and I'm immensely proud of you.

End

(She kisses him on the cheek and runs off.)

AMOS OF KANSAS. I gotta say, these people up north are mighty friendly.

(At which moment, SIR GUY runs in.)

SIR GUY. Where did she go, I was on her trail and now she's... *(He sees AMOS OF KANSAS.)* Who are you? Are you an elf?

AMOS OF KANSAS. Nope.

SIR GUY. Are you a reindeer?

AMOS OF KANSAS. Nope.

SIR GUY. What are you then?

AMOS OF KANSAS. Mouse.

SIR GUY. A mouse?

Side G - Emily

AMOS OF KANSAS. Yup.

SIR GUY. Well, Mousey, who was that girl who ran through this room just now? Do you know her?

AMOS OF KANSAS. Nope.

SIR GUY. You've never seen her before?

AMOS OF KANSAS. Nope.

SIR GUY. Oh, please. You mean she didn't give you a list to hold which you are now hiding somewhere about your little mousey person?

AMOS OF KANSAS. ...Nope.

SIR GUY. Well I think you're *fibbing*! I think you're trying to protect her *and* the Naughty-and-Nice List, which I believe I see bulging out of your front pocket at this very moment *(He sees the letter, not the list, but thinks it's the list.)* and so I'm afraid I have to insist that you *hand it over to me this instant!!*

(AMOS OF KANSAS calmly takes the pair of gloves that are hanging over SIR GUY's belt and slops SIR GUY across the face with them - then hands them back to SIR GUY.)

AMOS OF KANSAS. *(calmly)* Never call a Midwesterner a fibber.

(SIR GUY is so apoplectic he's almost speechless.)

SIR GUY. *Do you see this sword?! She's called Old Betsy and when I return you will dance to her tune until Rudolph the Reindeer starts having grandchildren!!*

(SIR GUY stomps off - and the moment he's gone, EMILY runs back on.)

EMILY. Is he gone? Good job. Now here's the List and you know what to do with it. Go hide while I find Santa and Calliope and tell them the List is safe and it's okay to get ready for the Ride, how does that sound?

AMOS OF KANSAS. ...Purty good.

EMILY. You're amazing.

(She kisses him on the cheek.)