

## **Intruder in the Barn**

While their parents are in town shopping, ANNABELLE and MICHAEL, the 12 year old twin offspring of Lone Tree, Iowa farmers, search the house for the Christmas presents their parents hide from them every year. Finding nothing in the attic or the basement of the house they move to the barn. Before they enter the barn they hear noises. Cautiously they search the empty stalls, the grain bins and after Tommy tosses corn cobs into the tack room, they discover a fat old man hiding, resting, sleeping. Could it be??????

2M, 2F

**Great Stage Publishing**

## **Intruder in the Barn**

by  
**Thomas M. Kelly**

**Great Stage Publishing**

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Great Stage Publishing  
11702-B Grant Rd. #602  
Cypress, TX 77429  
[www.greatstagepublishing.com](http://www.greatstagepublishing.com)  
[greatstage@comcast.net](mailto:greatstage@comcast.net)

**Intruder in the Barn. An Original Play by the author.**

It is "Black Friday", the day after Thanksgiving. Santa has skipped the North Pole and run away. He is hiding in the tack room or hayloft of a barn on a farm in Lone Tree, Iowa.

**CHARACTERS: 1 Male, 1 Female, 1 boy, 1 girl**

**The formatting has some aspects of a radio play, and as such, can be either a stage play or a radio play.**

**NICK/SANTA: The man in the tack room or hayloft.**

**MRS. CLAUS:**

**Michael and Annabelle can, or not, be twins:**

**MICHAEL: Michael, 12-14 year old son,**

**ANNABELLE: Annabelle 12-14 year old daughter.**

**SYNOPSIS:**

While their parents are in town shopping, ANNABELLE and MICHAEL, the 12 year old twin offspring (not compulsory) of Lone Tree, Iowa farmers, search the house for the Christmas presents their parents hide from them every year. Finding nothing in the attic or the basement of the house they move to the barn. Before they enter the barn they hear noises. Cautiously they search the empty stalls, the grain bins and after Tommy tosses corn cobs into the tack room (or hayloft) , they discover a fat old man hiding, resting, sleeping.

**THE PLAY: Intruder in the Barn**

**Scene One**

*(SFX: As the creaking barn door opens.)*

ANNABELLE: If our Christmas presents aren't in the attic or down in the fruit cellar they must be in the barn, ...*(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: Wait a minute. Listen! *(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: What the... What was that!? *(SFX: Snoring.)*

ANNABELLE: Can't be the hogs. Hogs are out wallerin' in the hog pens....*(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: Could be foxes... or rats, ...*(SFX: Snoring.)* or raccoons,

ANNABELLE: Foxes and raccoons don't sound like that. Teacher said they are noc... noc... . You know... They're night creatures. ...*(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: It isn't even dinner time.

ANNABELLE: Rats eat all the time! *(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: Must be a bear! Shhhh. *(Whispering.)* Open the barn door, nice 'n' slow. Don't scare 'em. I have my sling shot all ready.

ANNABELLE: Check the grain bin....*(SFX: Snoring.)*

*(SFX: Creaking grain bin door.)*

MICHAEL: Ain't in the grain bin.

*(SFX: Grain bin door slams shut.) (SFX: Snoring.)*

ANNABELLE: Check the stalls,.

MICHAEL: I cleaned the stalls before breakfast. *(SFX: Snoring.)*

ANNABELLE: What about the hayloft?

MICHAEL: Rats can't climb ladders, but we can...

ANNABELLE: Oh, yeah... I'm tellin' mamma 'n' daddy! *(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: I'm not goin' up there. You're supposed to be the brave twin, you go up there 'n find out.

ANNABELLE: Not me! I'm not gettin' in trouble. *(SFX: Snoring.)*  
What was that?!

MICHAEL: I don't know. D'you suppose it could be a bear or mountain lion?

ANNABELLE: *(SFX: Snoring.)* There it is again! I'm getting' outta' here!

MICHAEL: I'll throw these here corn cobs in the tack room (or hayloft) , 'n see what happens.

ANNABELLE: Git ready ta' run on outta' here!  
*(SFX: cobs on the floor. (SFX: Snoring STOPS.)*

V.O.: Ouch!

ANNABELLE: There's...

MICHAEL: ...Somebody...

MICHAEL & ANNABELLE *(Overspeaking):* ...in there.

V.O.: Stop throwing things at me! I'm trying to get some rest. Go away!

ANNABELLE: R-u-u-u-u-n!!

MICHAEL: Who's in there?!

ANNABELLE: Who's in (up) there!?

MICHAEL: I have my sling shot \*loaded.

ANNABELLE: \*And... and our Pa's comin'!

MICHAEL: \*OK... I'm ready \*for ya'!

ANNABELLE: \*Come outta' \*there!

MICHAEL: \*Surrender!

ANNABELLE: It's Christmas\*...

MICHAEL: ...\*'n' we're lookin'...

ANNABELLE: \*we're lookin' \*

MICHAEL: ...\*Christmas presents...

ANNABELLE: **YEAH!** Christmas presents.

V.O.: You won't find any Christmas presents in here. I've given up on Christmas!

MICHAEL: No! Who are you? \* 'n'...

ANNABELLE: ..\*what are you doin'\*...

MICHAEL: ...\*in our \*barn?

ANNABELLE: \*in our tack room (or hayloft) ?

V.O.: Stop talking like that! One at a time! Please!

MICHAEL: \*Me first.... and I'm the oldest..\*

ANNABELLE: No! No! I'm the\* ...

MICHAEL: \* I'm the oldest...!

V.O.: I know that!

ANNABELLE: What ...\*?

MICHAEL: ..\*did you say?

V.O.: I said! I know that!

MICHAEL: Why? Who? How? do...?

ANNABELLE: **Yeah!** Who are you?

MICHAEL: **Hey!** How do you know my name?

ANNABELLE: **Yeah!** How\* do...?

V.O.: \*I retired myself from Christmas Service. My name is Kris... No!... It's Nick, ... short for Nicolas...er... Nico...demus. I know everything about everyone.

ANNABELLE: Everything!?! Nick?!

MICHAEL: Are you... G-AAAH-D?

ANNABELLE: Really? God knows every....

MICHAEL: He's Saint Nic! Santa! Kris Kringle!

ANNABELLE: I asked first!

MICHAEL: But I was born twenty-three minutes before you!

ANNABELLE: T'ain't so! He's the littlest.

MICHAEL: T'aint so! We've been twins for a long time.

ANNABELLE: 'T'is so!

V.O.: Yes! You will be twins for many more years!

MICHAEL: Well...OK. Maybe yer right!

ANNABELLE: Did you sneak into our \*house...

MICHAEL: \*n' steal our identity?

V.O.: No, Annabelle! No! Michael!!... Stop that!

ANNABELLE: He knows\*...

MICHAEL: ...\*my name\*...

ANNABELLE: '\*mine, too!

V.O. One at a time... *Please!* My head feels like a ping-pong paddle following a football!

MICHAEL: Football? Ping-pong?

ANNABELLE: Yeah, he's fibbin'. Maybe you're not scared, but I am.

MICHAEL: No, I'm... I'm not scared...

ANNABELLE: You sure?

MICHAEL: I'm sure...*(Smelling the air.)* Hey! Are you smoking in there?

V.O.: Yes! I'm enjoying some fine smoking tobacco in my China pipe. Very relaxing.

ANNABELLE: Are you aware of the surgeon general's report on the hazards of smoking? *(Pause.)* Ta'bacco?

MICHAEL: Worse yet! Do you realize you're in our TACKROOM (HAYLOFT)!? ***In an old barn! Made of wood? Surrounded by HAY!***

ANNABELLE: I'll send you the website for the Surgeon General's Report!

V.O.: ***I'm careful!***

ANNABELLE: A report written by a responsible adult!

V.O.: Are you saying I'm not a responsible adult?! Harump!

Irresponsible?! Me?!

ANNABELLE: I'm sayin' you can't...

MICHAEL: We're just sayin' you're old and ....

V.O.: Oh! Very well! I'll extinguish my pipe!

ANNABELLE: Then you can throw it out here! We'll put it in this fire bucket.

*(Pause. SFX: Pipe is thrown out.)*

MICHAEL: Are you coming out?

ANNABELLE: Or do we have to come in there and roust you?

MICHAEL: I still have my sling shot! *(Pause.)*

ANNABELLE: Hello in there! *(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: We're counting to ten!

ANNABELLE: Then we're comin' in! One...

MICHAEL: two...*(SFX: Snoring.)*

ANNABELLE: three... I'll throw som'mor' corncobs in (or up in) there.

*(SFX: Clunk, of cobs. Louder SFX: Snoring.)*

ANNABELLE: It sounds like there's a wild bear in (or up in) there with him. *(SFX: Louder snoring.)*

MICHAEL: Shhhh! He's... I think ...I think he's asleep!

ANNABELLE: *Asleep!*

MICHAEL: I'm goin' in (or up in) there. I'm not afraid.

ANNABELLE: I am! *(SFX: Snoring.)*

MICHAEL: *Not me!*

ANNABELLE: *I'm not goin' in (or up) there!*

MICHAEL: Here. Hold my slingshot. When I get in (or up in) there, you hand it to me. I got a pocket full 'a' corn shot for ammo. *(SFX:*

*Snoring.)*

ANNABELLE: Careful,...

*(MICHAEL slowly opens the door and peeks inside.)*

MICHAEL: Hey....This guy's either stripped to his red long johns or he's....

*(SFX: Snoring)*

ANNABELLE: He's ....? Who is it?

MICHAEL: It's Santa Claus! And he's been eating Dad's brownies!!

*(SFX: Snoring.)*

ANNABELLE: Stop foolin' around! Santa?! Eating Dad's brownies!?

MICHAEL: I'm not foolin'! He ate *ALL!* of Dad's brownies.

ANNABELLE: Why would Dad hide brownies.... Oooooooh... Those brownies. Are they what he told mama was his secret stash?. Well whoever he is, we can't tell mom 'n' dad he's here.

MICHAEL: Why not?

ANNABELLE: *'Cause Mom 'n' Dad'll have conniption fits!*

MICHAEL: I'm comin' out.

ANNABELLE: If we tell them, they'll know we've been in (or up in) the tack room (or hayloft) .

MICHAEL: And if he is who I think he is,....

ANNABELLE: *Wait!* He knows where they hid our Christmas presents. Maybe we should tie him up.

MICHAEL: Yeah!

ANNABELLE: So's he doesn't get away before he tells us the hidin' spot.

MICHAEL: We are genius 's-s-s!

ANNABELLE: Hurry! While he's asleep... We have to tie up the old guy,... gag 'im ... 'n' cover 'im with some hay.

MICHAEL: Hurry! Grab that bailin' twine over there.

ANNABELLE: We can gag 'im with this dirty grease rag daddy was usin' to wipe off that ole John Deere tractor motor he's fixin'.

*(SFX: Clunk, clunk, clunk... Boots running. Clunk, clunk, clunk... quickly.)*

MICHAEL: Hurry!

ANNABELLE: I'm goin' as fast as my lil' legs'll go.

*(SFX: Clunk, clunk, clunk... boots steps quickly.)*

MICHAEL: *(v.o.)* Hurry! You gag 'im. I'll tie 'im up.

V.O.: Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble !

ANNABELLE: Sorry! I didn't tie you up. Not me!

MICHAEL: She/He stuffed that greasy ole' rag in yer mouth to keep you quiet.

V.O.: Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble !

ANNABELLE: You did that!

MICHAEL: Yeah, but it was your idea!

V.O.: Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble !

ANNABELLE: Do you think he's Santa Claus?

MICHAEL: Nope.

V.O.: Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble !

MICHAEL: He's not Nico...las... or whatever, neither.

ANNABELLE: If you're Santa, you'll tell us where they hid our presents. If you tell us... we'll... take that dirty old rag out of your mouth.

V.O.: Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble Mumble ! (SFX: Spits out rag.)

V.O.: **Bleagh!** (SFX: Spits.) **How can I talk with that filthy thing in my mouth?!**

MICHAEL: She/He thinks you're Santa, I know you're not.

NICK: Well, I don't know what I must do to convince you, child?

MICHAEL: You can take us for a ride in your sleigh!

NICK: I would if I could, but I can't, so I won't.

ANNABELLE: Wha...?

MICHAEL: What do you mean you would... could... can't?

NICK: I left the North Pole in a rather BIG hurry.

MICHAEL: Well then...how did you get here?

NICK: Hitch-hiked mostly. You would be surprised how many people will stop to give a ride to a man dressed in a costume as I am. But for the most part I traveled by railroad flatcar and boxcar. I met some very interesting people.

ANNABELLE: I'll bet you did!

MICHAEL: Didn't you get cold?

NICK: Have you forgotten child? I drive an open sleigh. She/He's right. I am Santa. Saint Nick-... Nicolas Claus.

ANNABELLE: See! What did I tell ya!

MICHAEL: You're a fibber!

V.O.: This is exactly why I don't want to be part of this so-called ...gifting... season. I'm finished! No more sleigh bells, reindeer...

ANNABELLE: Why...? ... You... you can't stop bein' Santa!

MICHAEL: Besides, you're still in your Santa suit!

V.O.: You're just twelve years old and already you're blackmailing people, coercing me!

ANNABELLE: What do you mean coercing you?! We're not....

MICHAEL: ***You're in our tack room (or hayloft) ! In our barn!***

V.O.: Yes! Coercing me into telling you where your gifts are hidden. Such treachery! Which proves to me that you are un-deserving of gifts.

MICHAEL: Undeserving?!

V.O.: Yes! Undeserving!

MICHAEL: What do you mean undeserving?

ANNABELLE: Yeah! What? We deserve everything we asked for?

V.O.: Asked for?

ANNABELLE: Well, OK, wished for.

V.O.: Wishing... asking... demanding... requesting...what is the difference? Were you not taught "Gift Giving 101"?

MICHAEL: Gift?...101?

ANNABELLE: What?

V.O.: ***STOP! STOP! Please! Stop! I can't take this anymore! I'm getting out of here!***

*(SFX: Cell phone comes flying out and crashes to the floor.)*

ANNABELLE: ***That's a cell phone!***

MICHAEL: I'll get it!

ANNABELLE: We both better get outta' here... If mom and dad catch us in here, we're last year's fruitcake.

V.O.: Fruitcake? Did you say fruitcake? I'm still hungry. The brownies I found in (or up) here are all gone.

ANNABELLE: It's just a metaphor, Santa. Fruitcake/punishment.

Grandpa says there's only one fruitcake in the world and it's passed around the world from one person to the next throughout the year.

MICHAEL: ***Grandma says he's only pulling your leg!***

ANNABELLE: ***Auuhhmm! You ate all of Dad's brownies?***

V.O.: I feel kinda' woo-o-o-oozy. I'm just sayin'!

ANNABELLE: *(Playing with his cellphone, trying to get it to work all this*

time.) Your cellphone's not worth a dime in e-waste now Santa! *Ooops! Spoke too soon!*

MICHAEL: *(Imitates battery commercial bunny.) It's still ticking!*

ANNABELLE: It's flashing now! Your message boxes are overloaded!

V.O.: Will wonders never cease!

MICHAEL: How many message boxes do you have?

ANNABELLE: Between Facebook, Google Plus, Tumblr, Twitter, Skyrock,... You have hundreds of message boxes...all *over-loaded!*

V.O.: *Okay! Okay!*

MICHAEL: Nasza-Klasa, Soup, Glocals, Orkut, ...

V.O.: *That's enough!...Now see... you've\*...*

MICHAEL: \*Skype, too!

V.O.: *Alright!! No more! You've made me raise my voice!* Please?

MICHAEL: Orkut,... I said that didn't I? Ren-ren, wee-bo, Wretch. There may be more.

ANNABELLE: Geeeee! Anybody who has that many message boxes on his cell phone has to be some sort of ... well... world traveler. Where's yer sleigh 'n' deer? Santa?

V.O.: *Nick! Please call me Nick!*

ANNABELLE: *OK! Saint Nick!*

V.O.: *No! Nick! Nick! (Sadly.)* I don't feel saintly today.

MICHAEL: OK, Nick..., Captain Krunch... Santa... whoever... I think we can set you up with a sweet ten inch tablet that can handle \*all your....

V.O.: *\*NO! NO!* You still don't understand! I don't want to be associated with Christmas gift giving *...ever! Again! Anymore!*

ANNABELLE: If you're Santa Claus, *you can't quit!*

NICK: *(Naustalgically. Slowly.)* There was a time when I could circle the earth, rather leisurely I might add, and every gift recipient would be satisfied, happy to receive an apple and give in return an orange, a book there, a small sculpture here, a trinket for her, a toy for him, a cow and her newborn calf for the farmer. *(Aside ... digressing.)* What a mess that calf made of my sleigh, ...but the farmer's wife was happy. I digress. A spoon for the infant, a coil of rope for the sailor,... et cetera, et cetera. Today the

Gifting Season has become the Sales Tally Season. Do you know where your parents are? Do you know that today is Black Friday?

MICHAEL: We know what Black Friday is.

NICK: But did you know that Black Friday signifies the beginning of the retailers' profit making season. They mark this day as the day when their sales figures go from red ink to black ink: The start of the gift selling season.

ANNABELLE: So? They said they were going to do some lay-away shopping.

MICHAEL: Yeah. Mom has some left-over egg money, 'n' dad has some extra maple syrup money

NICK: I must get out of these cramped quarters, children. I have a need to stretch my legs. Do you mind if I come out? I'm an old man and my voice is giving out. I'm getting *claus-tro-pho-bic*... Notice the play on words children? No?

*(Knock on the barn door as Nick comes out of the tack room (or hayloft) .)*

ANNABELLE: Who's there?

CHORUS OF ANSWERS: *(v.o.)* Adolphus, Blimey, Catastro. Demetious, Epitimus, Farcryptio...

MICHAEL: *What the h...?*

ANNABELLE: A-u-a-hm... Ah'm telling, mama. You almost said...

MICHAEL: *Almost!... Who the he...*

ANNABELLE: A-u-a-hm... Ah'm telling, mama. You almost said it *again*...

MICHAEL: *Who're they?*

ANNABELLE: Where....?

NICK: Ahhhh... My elves! You've found me! Did you know that I,... with the help of my elves, ....of course, used to fabricate and/or harvest all the gifts.

MICHAEL: You mean yer little slaves, don't you?

ADOLPHUS: *(v.o.) OH, NO!*

ANNABELLE: *Where are they?*

BLIMEY: *(v.o.) We're not slaves.*

MICHAEL: *Where's yer sleigh 'n' reindeer?*

FARCRYPTIO: *(v.o.)* I was about to tell you, but ...

ANNABELLE: ***How come we didn't see 'em before, Santa?***

CATASTRO: *(v.o.)* We just arrived on the roof ....

FARCRYPTIO: *(v.o.)* We were tending the reindeer.

NICK: They're my helpers, ...my elves.

MICHAEL: ***Yer little slaves...I know!***

Elves: *(v.o.)* & NICK *(In concert.)* They're not... we're not slaves.

DEMETIOUS: *(v.o.)* We're figments of your imagination...Right, Nick?

NICK: Er, ...uhm... right ... Adolphus. Right. They were... well ... tending my reindeer. So Adolphus, Blimey, Catastro. Demetious, Epitimus, Farcryptio.... you found me. ***Can the task...mistress be far behind?***

DEMETIOUS: *(v.o.)* She's on a tear, sir. I would advise you to hide further, uhm... deeper sir!

NICK: No, Demetious. Rather close quarters in (or up in) there Elves. Answer my query, Adolphus.... How did you find me, Catastro?

CATASTRO, BLIMEY, ADOLPHUS: *(All the elves clamor to tell the story.) (v.o.)* We hitched up the deer and ...

NICK: ONE at a time please! Catastro?

CATASTRO: *(v.o.)* Well you see sir, we bought Rudolp a new GPS Locator system to find your cellphone.

NICK: My cellphone!?

BLIMEY: *(v.o.)* Yes! Ya' see sir, with this new GPS Locator...

ADOLPHUS: *(v.o.)* ...we don't need Rudolph's shiny nose anymore.

EPITIMUS, FARCRYPTIO: *(v.o.)* We use world wide wifi.....

ALL ELVES *(v.o.)* & CHILDREN SING: Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer had a very shiny nose. And if you ever saw him, you would even say it glows. All of the other reindeer used to laugh and call him names. They never let poor Rudolph join in any reindeer games.

ANNABELLE: OH! I love to dance and sing! *(She/He sings and dances. Coax audience to join in)* La, la, la.

MICHAEL: Stop your trollipin" 'n' catter-wallin'!

ALL ELVES *(v.o.)* & CHILDREN: Then one foggy Christmas Eve Santa came to say:

NICK: Rudolph with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight?"

ALL ELVES (v.o.) & CHILDREN: (Continue.) Then all the reindeer loved him as they shouted out with glee, Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, you'll go down in history!

NICK: (Naustalgically, sadly.) Ahhhh yes. An amazing feat, if I say so myself. I had previously encountered many a fog bank, missed a few caves, tents, houses, tenements, but I always managed to get back to them somehow. That red nose was the beginning of the technological age of Christmas: The demise of Christmas Gift Giving Season as we knew it. New Marketing Strategy took over with the new marketing tool: television. (SFX: Clunk, clunk, clunk... Knocking on the barn-door.)

MICHAEL: Some one's knocking on the door.

DEMETIOUS: (v.o.) Sir, I'm afraid it is the Miss-uss.

EPITIMUS; (v.o.) Most definitely, sir.

DEMETIOUS: (v.o.) Perhaps another bit of time in the tack room (or hayloft) ?

NICK: No. I must face the task.... the Mistress of the North Pole. Mrs. Claus has been trying to convince me to join the twenty-first century.

(SFX: Clunk, clunk, clunk... Knocking on the barn-door.)

MRS. CLAUS: (v.o.) **Nicolas! I know you are in there. I know what your elves are up to... I followed them using my GPS device. Let me in. NOW!** (SFX: Clunk, clunk, clunk... Barn-door opens. )

NICK: Now that you have found me, my dear Mrs. Claus, what now? I have no inten...

MRS. CLAUS: You, sir, are coming with me into the twenty-first century, if I have to drag you clawing and screaming.

MICHAEL: Mrs. Claus! We are ...

MRS. CLAUS: Excuse me child... I know who you are.

ANNABELLE: Oh, yeah! Who am I?

MICHAEL: What's my name?

NICK: Believe me children.... She's way ahead of you.

MRS. CLAUS: *Way ahead of you!* My GPS Identification System tells me that you are Michael and Annabelle Viner, thirteen thirty three Wapsipinicon Avenue, Lone Tree Iowa. *(Turning back to Nick.) And you, Mr. Nick Claus,* cannot, after these hundreds of years let the people and the future generations of people down, simply because you refuse to comprehend what the twenty-first century has to offer.

ANNABELLE: This is ...Ma'm, you're already in the twenty-first century!

NICK: Mrs. Claus has, as you have witnessed on my... cellphone... tried to indoctrinate me by loading it with thousands of icons, and I cannot ... I don't even know how to... what do you call it log on...?

MICHAEL: Log on to the internet? ... To connect with your website?

NICK: I can't operate... I can't ... turn on that ridiculous, inane ...little vibrating monster... I punch a button... it vibrates out of my hand.... I punch another button ... and it beeps..

MRS. CLAUS: He refuses to attend the classes at the school the local Inuit Native Americans have set up to teach their people the many advantages of modern communication technology. They use the internet to track their fishing and whaling boats.

MICHAEL: There's nothing to it, Nick!

NICK: Nothing to it! I don't want to be *on* the internet. A place where you can willingly fill your mind with trash; get bombarded with advertisements for things I don't need,....things I can and do live without. It has definitely lived up to its creator, Al Gore, and it's advertiser's intent.

ANNABELLE: I can't live with out my\* x-box,...

MICHAEL: \*my computer \*games,.

ANNABELLE: \*My talking and singing Barbie Doll\*/Terminator/Gladiator/Action Figure,

MICHAEL: \*my cell\*phone,...

ANNABELLE: \*my digital Disco Light... \*Karaoke Machine

MICHAEL: \*my digital video \*recorder...

ANNABELLE: \*my Play\*Station,

MICHAEL: \*my digital DVD\*player...

NICK: *You have proven my point!* When was the last time either of you read a book?

ANNABELLE: I read a story ...to Barbie/.... Romu-tul my Gladiator on my Kindle.

MICHAEL: The instructions for my x-box on my iPad tablet.

MRS. CLAUS: Very well, I suppose that proves you *can* read.

ANNABELLE: Of course we can read.

MICHAEL: We both read at the fourth year high school level.

ANNABELLE: *Seniors!*

NICK: *I know that!*

ANNABELLE: I'll send you our school website. You can type in our names, navigate the website to my blog...

NICK: Wait... Wait... school website,... type, me... type? Navigate? My reindeer and I navigate this beautiful blue orb once per year. Blog?

MRS. CLAUS: Show him how to navigate on your tablet, children.

NICK: Whoa. Back-up. What's a blog?

MICHAEL: Blogs are on-line magazines for adults, kids, moms 'n' dads,.....

ANNABELLE: I use blogs once in awhile for my Social Studies class and Mr. Logsdon's Modern History class.

MICHAEL: Well la-dee-da, Miss know-it-all.

NICK: Okay. What's a tablet?

MICHAEL: A tablet is a three, seven or ten inch mobile computer...

NICK: Do I really want to hear this?

ANNABELLE: ... It's a hand held unit with display, multi-touch LED backlit screen with 1366 x 768 resolution, Micro-USB port, circuitry and powered by either a sodium-ion or lithium-ion battery.

NICK: *(Looking around.)* Where is the nearest exit?

MICHAEL: My ten inch tablet has a lithium-ion battery and a detachable keyboard, Bluetooth 4.0 wireless, 1.2-megapixel camera...

MRS. CLAUS: My Information on you tells me...*(reading from her tablet/phone.)* You children have chores to do.

ANNABELLE: *Chores!*

MICHAEL: *We forgot to do our chores!*

(SFX: *Clunk, clunk, clunk... Boots running.*)

MICHAEL: *G'bye Mr. And Mrs. Santa!*

ANNABELLE: *G'By elves! Where ever you are!* We'll be back after dark.

MRS. CLAUS: You, Mr. Claus... and I have some talking to do. Let's go find a coffee shop...(Consulting her tablet/phone.) ah here's one..., says it's called Get Wired Coffee Shop, 103 South Devoe.

NICK: I don't know that I want to get wired, Mrs. Claus.

MRS. CLAUS: Come on... It'll do ya' good. We have many things to discuss.

(Lights down.)

**End Scene One.**

## Scene Two

(SFX: *As the creaking barn door opens slowly. MICHAEL AND ANNABELLE enter whispering.*)

ANNABELLE: Hey, Mister and Misses...

MICHAEL: Are you still here, Santa?

(SFX: *Lights up slowly. Snoring.*)

ANNABELLE: *That's all he does! Sleep!*

NICK: (Rising from hay.) I'm very much awake. That's Mrs. Claus you hear. She is a sound but noisy sleeper. Why are we whispering?

MRS. CLAUS: (Rising from hay.) You needn't bother whispering. I'm awake. And *Nicolous, I don't snore!* Did you finish your chores and your homework, children?

ANNABELLE: Yes,...

MICHAEL: ...Ma'me.

MRS. CLAUS: Must you always finish or begin each other's sentences?

ANNABELLE: Yes,...

MICHAEL: ...Ma'me.

MRS. CLAUS: Nicolas has some good news for you children... don't you (Sternly.) *Nicolas!*

NICK: Harump! Yes! I do! I'll make a deal with you, my fine new