

# HOW I MET YOUR SANTA

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Daniel Guyton

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**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC**

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406**

**TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

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**HOW I MET YOUR SANTA**  
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**SYNOPSIS:** Mrs. Claus reveals how she and Santa first met in this adorable one-woman monologue.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
(1 WOMAN)

MRS. CLAUS (f)

**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*How I Met Your Santa* premiered at the Phoenix Theatre (Carl Butler, President) as part of their **A Very Phoenix X-mas 6: Our Goose is Cooked Festival** in December 2011. The cast was as follows.

MRS. CLAUS .....Gayle Steigerwald

Director ..... Bryan Fonseca

Assistant Director..... Lori Raffel

Costume/Prop Design ..... Ashley Kiefer

Set Design ..... Kyle Ragsdale

Sound Design..... Tim Brickley

Light Design..... Laura Glover

Stage Manager .....Dehlia Neylon

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*This play is dedicated to Kate, my darling wife—  
The loveliest, the prettiest, the star-shine of my life.*

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**SETTING:**

*Santa's factory.*

**AT RISE:**

*It is messy. MRS. CLAUS stands at the edge of the stage, waving and blowing kisses at her husband, who is not in view.*

**MRS. CLAUS:** Goodbye, darling! Goodbye! Fly safely! *(Beat. She remembers something.)* Oh, and don't forget the eggnog on the way home! *(Small pause. She sits in her chair nervously.)* Well, thank goodness he's off. That old man of mine. I tell you, he's a good man. A very good man. *(She looks around the room, and picks his cloak up off the ground.)* But he sure does make a mess around the factory. Especially this time of year... It's all a woman can do to keep up after him. *(She drapes the cloak over a nearby chair. She touches it lovingly.)* He takes such good care of those children, though... *(She sighs and turns to the audience.)* We never did have children of our own, you understand? So I...suppose he makes up for it by being kind to all the other children in the world. *(She smiles sadly, then stands and cleans up some more things.)* Still, it would be nice to have a *little* St. Nick running around. I keep asking Nicholas who he's going to leave the factory to when he dies. You have to have a *plan* for these things, you know. "Greta, don't be morbid," he replies. *(She smiles.)* Hmmph, morbid. I suppose it *is* hard to be morbid in a place like this. What with teddy bears and tinsel—and all the popcorn decorations you can eat, all year round.

*Small pause.*

Still, one must think of one's future, Grandfather used to say. *(Lost in thought.)* One's future. It sounds funny when your entire life is spent caring for the future. Future generations of smiling, bright-faced little babies. So innocent. Asking Santa for an Xbox for Christmas. An Xbox. My heavens, in my day an Xbox was an old milk carton that we no longer needed.

*Small pause.*

You know, an *EX*-box? But kids today... *(She smiles.)* Well. Kids today are just as beautiful as they used to be, I suppose. A...little smarter, perhaps. A... A little too smart for their own good, perhaps. But...still, we were pretty clever in our day too. When I grew up in Switzerland, a...tiny little village way up in the Swiss Alps, you could see snow all over the mountaintops. Everything was covered in snow. And that was in July. By winter, it was 20 feet deep in some spots. And...you never fell off the sled. For...if you did, you...

*Small pause.*

Well, there was a reason we had large families back then. *(She lowers her head sadly.)* Someone always fell off the sled. *(She wipes away a tear, and then lightens up and changes the subject.)* Well because of that, I was the oldest girl in the family. And therefore, I was in charge of the cooking. I made meat pies and apple rösti's. The whole house smelled like a carnival. I'll never forget—this one Christmas Eve, he... Well, *the* Christmas Eve actually. I... Well, you see, we all knew who St. Nicholas was. He...had the fastest sleigh in all of Switzerland, and...well...he used to show it off to the ladies. *(She tilts her head knowingly at the audience.)* It was made by elves, he used to tell us. Can you imagine! Elves. A beautiful, sleek sleigh made of mahogany and elm. We didn't even have mahogany and elm in Switzerland! And yet, there it was. So when he said it was made by elves, we believed him. And he would go wassailing every winter—with his eight famous reindeer steering him along. Most in our village only had one reindeer, let alone two or three. Yet there was Nicholas, proud and magnificent, in all his glory. They rode so fast together, you would swear they were flying! They swept over that snow and ice like shooting stars over the skyline. Their 32 legs working in perfect tandem—and their master controlling the reins. It was a sight to behold.

*Small pause.*

Of course, now he has rocket fuel. And...those reindeer have long since...retired. But I still remember fluttering when I saw him pass. My breath would disappear for minutes on end. He was the Burt Reynolds of our day. *(She smiles and touches her heart, then continues cleaning as she speaks.)* Anyway, on Christmas Eve, Santa would make a special trip. He told me once that his favorite tale in all of Christendom was the story of the three wise men delivering gifts to the Christ child, and that he wished to continue on in their tradition. You see, he fancied himself a magus. And truly, he was wise. On Christmas Eve, just like the wise men, he traveled far and wide delivering presents to every child he could find—as his way of celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ. For “In every child’s eye,” he’d say, “is the glimmer of the light of God.” And he felt that if he could make them smile...then he could make that light burn even brighter than the sun.

*Small pause.*

Now, mind you, the gifts he gave in those days were nothing like the ones you see today. Trinkets really. Certainly no gold or myrrh. Those were...gifts for a king, he’d say. And...Nicholas, as rich as he was in spirit—and...in reindeer, of course—he...he simply could not afford such gifts. But he took care of us, nonetheless. On my fourteenth year, I got a scarf. A beautiful blue crochet with the word “Danke” written in yellow. “Danke” for what, I wondered? But he took such care with the lettering—and the edges were so precise, I could tell he had stitched it all himself. I was very moved. So the next Christmas, I waited up for him. I baked him the most delicious gingerbread cookies my fingers would allow. Hundreds of gingerbread. Thousands even, if I could. *(Aside to the audience.)* It was really 20, but I felt like I was baking for a lifetime. My sister milked the yak, which yielded the frothiest, most delicious jug we’d ever tasted. It was all I could do to keep young Argyle from drinking the entire vat! He was a hungry boy. But I couldn’t have him drinking Santa’s yak milk, so I...sent him off to bed, along with

the other children. And I laid out the cookies—and the yak milk—and I hid myself behind the cupboard. I simply had to know why he'd written "Danke" on my beautiful blue scarf.

*Pause.*

It must have been hours later when he arrived. My legs were like custard. My eyelids sealed. My posterior weighed a thousand pounds! But my heartbeat stopped when I heard the door pop. In those days, we never locked it. There were no thieves in our little village. And...and if there were, why, we'd give our food to them willingly, for...surely, they needed it more than we. Or else why would they be thieves?

*Small pause.*

So Nicholas came on in, careful as he could be, wiping off his snowy boots on the carpet. I could see, from my little crevice, a package wrapped in gold. I had never seen such brightness! He had other packages too, of course, but...which one could have been mine? I leaned closer to see, and...then just before he set them down, I heard him laugh. "Ho, ho, ho!" His now familiar refrain. He scarfed a dozen cookies in a second flat. I have never seen a person eat so fast. Of course, you see him now, and...well...you understand where all those cookies went. But he was handsome then, barely had a beard, and skinny as a sleigh hitch. I watched him guzzle down the yak milk like it was water. He wiped his mouth off with the sleeve of his giant red cloak. (*She picks up the cloak from earlier.*) And then he let out a mighty belch. "Oh!" I cried, from inside the cupboard, and Santa turned to me with a start. I exited the cupboard. (*Her own voice.*) "I'm so sorry, I didn't..." He looked at me like a reindeer in the moonlight. "I hope this was for me," he said, pointing to the cookies. "Oh, of course! I...I made those cookies just for you!" "And the yak milk?" "Yes, and the yak milk! Now please, sit, sit! You must be tired." (*As SANTA, she sits.*) "Well, this is most kind of you, Ms. Greta. I have finished all of my houses, but I've saved the best for last." He

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handed me the golden package. “But...Mr. Nicholas? This is gold.” “Open it.” I did, my fingers trembling. I opened up the package.

And inside was a beautiful golden candle. The oil smelled of frankincense and myrrh. “But...Mr. Nicholas!” I replied. “Please,” he said, as he took my hands. “Call me Santa.” “But Santa. I...I don’t know how to danke?” “Please—” he said, as he offered me the chair he’d just been sitting in. “It is for me to danke you. For there is more gold in your eyes, more myrrh in your breath, and more frankincense in your skin than in all the banks of Egypt. I see the light of God in children’s eyes when they smile. I see it all the time in yours. I’d give anything to spend a lifetime with you, Greta. A lifetime, that is, if you’ll have me.” He got down on bended knee. My jaw fell far below the floorboards. For this was Nicholas, the man with the hottest sleigh in town, and he wanted to marry me! (*Her own voice.*) “I will.” (*As SANTA, she smiles.*) “Plus, your cookies are amazing.” I helped him off his knees—and brushed some gingerbread from his coat. “I’m sorry that I belched before. I...thought you’d be asleep.” “No, it...It’s ok, please. The yak milk is very gassy, and...” And then he kissed me. It was the first time I’d ever been kissed in my entire life. And it didn’t taste like belch at all. It...tasted like honey mead, instead. And a little bit of gingerbread.

*Small pause.*

And that is how I met your Santa.

*She winks at the audience and continues cleaning. Lights fade.*

**THE END**