

HO! HO! HOLOHA!

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Synopsis

Jingle Belle Kringle is having a dickens of a time convincing hubby, Kris, to retire and move to a warm climate. And, finding a suitable successor as Santa Claus have proven to be impossible! Well...almost.

Characters (3) 1M and 2W

1M – Retirement Age (or aged to look retirement age)

1W – Retirement Age (or aged to look retirement age)

1W – Late 20s/Early 30s

Kris Kringle (M)

Santa Claus. Retirement age(d).

Jingle Belle Kringle (F)

The First Lady of the North Pole.
Retirement age(d).

Sophie (F)

Santa's former summer intern.
Accomplished Astronomer and Pilot.

Ho Ho Holoha!

Scene 1

When: Present Day. Christmas Eve

Setting: The North Pole. Home of Kris and Jingle Belle Kringle.

(Kris enters from the bedroom DL sporting a mop of unruly gray hair and a big white beard, wearing long white underwear and colorful bedroom slippers, he searches the room, on/under the desk, on/ under the table, under the cushions on the sofa)

Kris

I know it's here somewhere. *(Calling for his wife.)* Jingle! *(Calling again)* Jingle Belle! Where is my *List?* *(He continues to search the room.)*

Jingle Belle

(Jogging in wearing a red warm-up suit, Christmas turtleneck and sneakers. She tosses Kris a lunch bag.) Here! Catch! *(She continues to jog in place and do mild exercises.)*

Kris

(Peeking into the bag) What's this? Reindeer food?

Jingle Belle

No, my darling! *That* is your nosh over Nicaragua.

Kris

(He pulls clear sandwich bags from the lunch sack containing the items An apple? Carrots? Celery? I can't traverse the globe on Christmas Eve on fruit and veggies!

Jingle Belle

You need to start eating healthy. And, there's no time like the present.

Kris

Bah. (*He tosses the bag back to her*) Fix me my usual. Pastrami on rye with Swiss cheese, Russian dressing, slaw and a pickle. (*Beat*) Please.

Jingle Belle

(*Tossing the lunch bag back to him.*) Do you *really* want to humiliate yourself again *this* year? After your unfortunate **incident** last Christmas Eve? It made international headlines!

Kris

I was falsely accused! The culprit was...

Jingle Belle

(*Cutting him off.*) The Halvorsen family in Denmark came downstairs on Christmas morning to find an *unwelcome* malodorous **surprise** under their beautifully decorated tree.

Kris

Their dog did it! Not me!

Jingle Belle

And those headlines! “**Just the gifts please, Mr. Claus**”. “**Santa’s Present Stinks.**” “**Crappy Christmas in Copenhagen.**”

Kris

I should have sued the Halvorsens, *and* the Danish Press, for libel!

Jingle Belle

And, my personal favorite: “**Smell Something Rotten in Denmark? Stinky Saint Nicky!**”

Kris

That family had a Great Dane!

Jingle Belle

Excuses! Excuses! Blame the poor defenseless dog!

Kris

I have half a mind to skip Scandinavia this year!

Jingle Belle

Oh, that's great. Your *reputation* will be in the toilet. (*Beat*) Even if nothing *else* is.

Kris

Ha. Ha. Not funny.

Jingle Belle

I wish you would let the Elves help with the deliveries.

Kris

Out of the question!

Jingle Belle

Not even one? Why not Elf Elvis? He would make a great travel companion.

Kris

Elf Elvis distracts the female deer with his constant crooning. They fawn all over him. This is a big night. The *Does* need to stay focused.

Jingle

What about Elf Schwarzenegger, or Elf Stallone or Elf Tyson? Surely you could use their muscle for the larger packages.

Kris

I fly solo! Just me and my Deer.

Jingle Belle

This is why this job is going to kill you.

Kris

It's not a job. It's a career. My calling! (*Accusing*) Where is my List?

Jingle Belle

How should I know?

Kris

It was right here. (*He points to the desk.*) You took it, didn't you?

Jingle Belle

Why would I do that?

Kris

To get me running late so I'd need a helper.

Jingle Bell

Don't get paranoid. Just print out another.

Kris

My List is over a thousand pages!!! It would take all night to print.

Jingle Belle

Can't you e-mail your List to your mobile phone?

Kris

I can't fuss with my phone while I'm up there navigating! *(He points to the sky.)*

Jingle Belle

Ask Elf Jobs or Elf Gates to program your route in your phone. For somebody who delivers more high-tech gadgets than Amazon you'd think you could figure out how to use Google Maps on Christmas Eve!

Kris

How many times do I have to tell you? Some of my stops are completely off the grid. Now, quit nagging me and help me find my List!

Jingle Belle

I don't like your tone. And, I certainly *don't* take orders.

Kris

(Huffing into the bedroom.) You get more disagreeable with each passing year.

Jingle Belle

(Calling in to the bedroom) I get more disagreeable? Every year it's the same old thing. "Where's my List? I can't find my boots. I lost my glasses." *(She removes his suspenders from the back of a chair and holds them.)* You get more and more disorganized with each passing...

Kris

(Coming out of the bedroom while trying to pull on his Santa pants) I am *not* disorganized! *(Beat)* Where are my suspenders? *(She hands them to him and he stomps back into the bedroom.)*

Jingle Belle

A disorganized, miserable old coot in a red suit. And I've had just about enough of it!

Kris

Whine. Whine. Whine. Moan Moan Moan. Every Christmas Eve. Like clockwork.

Jingle Belle

You *can* retire, you know. Nobody's holding a gun to your head. I can't understand why you won't groom an Apprentice. Or, let one of the Elves help. Elf Key and Elf Peele would welcome the opportunity to ...

Kris

(*Dismissively*) Elves Key and Peele? Bah! Those two jokesters would turn Christmas Eve into a sketch comedy! Delivering gifts on Christmas Eve is *serious* business! Not *funny* business!

Jingle Belle

It takes you four times as long to make the rounds than it used to. Admit it! Your time as Santa is coming to an end. You *need* a Succession Plan! And an Apprentice!

Kris

(*Popping his head out from bedroom.*) I've still got what it takes!

Jingle Belle

When you finally make it home on Christmas Day after your grand rounds, *you* moan and groan for weeks! Your back aches! Your arthritis flared up! You've already had rhinoplasty twice and *both* hips replaced from going up and down those chimneys. And you've had your knees done three times from climbing in and out of the sleigh. Why can't you just admit it! It's time to hand over the reins – *and* the Deer – *and* the Elves – to the next generation of Santas!

Kris

Being Santa Claus is a life-long commitment!

Jingle Belle

Even a Supreme Court Justice can retire.

Kris

A Supreme Court Justice is NOT Santa Claus!

Jingle Belle

Such arrogance!

Kris

If that's how you feel, *Mrs. Claus*, then maybe I *won't* come home this Christmas. I'll book a hotel in Vegas for a couple of weeks. I know a couple of showgirls who have been quite pleased with their presents over the years. What do you say to *that*?

Jingle Belle

I say suit yourself, *Mr. Claus*, because maybe I *won't* be here if you *do* come home! What do you say to *that*?

Santa

(Coming out of bedroom, fully dressed as Santa.) Why do you insist on picking a fight every Christmas Eve?

Jingle Belle

Me? Really? *(Pointing to the binder full of paper in his hand)* Is *that* your List you accused me of taking? If so, you owe me a big apology.

Kris

(Reluctantly, head down) Sorry. Must have left it in the bathroom.

Jingle Belle

For the record, yet again, I think your former Intern, Sophie from Cheboygan, would be a perfect Apprentice as the next Santa Claus. I don't know why you won't consi...

Kris

Santa Claus is no job for a woman!

Jingle Belle

Listen to yourself! This is the twenty first century! WOMEN CAN DO *ANYTHING* THAT MEN CAN DO!!!!!!!

Kris

Except this!

Jingle Belle

Women are doctors. Lawyers. Fire Fighters. Ship builders! Scientists! You deliver books and magazines each year to children all over the world about the accomplishments of women in history! Don't you bother *read* any of them?

Kris

Of course, I read the books that I deliver, most of them, but...

(Talking over him and cutting him off) Women are construction workers! Police Officers! CEOs! Astronauts! If a woman can fly a space craft to the moon, a woman can manage a supersonic cargo sleigh pulled by magical flying Reindeer to deliver wrapped gifts once a year!

Kris

But a woman absolutely, positively and indisputably *cannot* be Santa Claus!

Jingle Belle

I distinctly recall filling in for you myself on several Christmas Eves! In 1972, following your emergency appendectomy. In 1981, you bent over in the stable to tie your boot and Rudolph accidently kicked you in the head and knocked you out cold. And in 2010 after your botched knee replacement. Last time I checked, *I am a woman!* And I was Santa on three separate occasions!

Kris

You were a *substitute* Santa. Not the real Santa. Rule 491 of *The Official Santa Claus Rulebook* states, "If Santa Clause is temporarily incapa..."

Jingle Bell

(She cuts him off) Just like the Constitution of the U.S.A, *The Official Santa Clause Rulebook* is subject to Amendment! And, as the Reindeer have confirmed, on the three occasions when I substituted as Santa, I did *not* get stuck in a single chimney, I got lost and asked for directions

only *one* time, and not a single child, mother or father, aunt, uncle, grandparent or guardian called or wrote to complain about my services!

Kris

(In his own defense.) I don't receive complaints *every** year!
*(*Though he has received complaints in quite a few.)*

Jingle Belle

Sophie is perfect for the job and she's practically family to us, to the Elves and to the Reindeer. And, she loves Christmas! Remember how Sophie came to be your Summer Intern in the first place?

Kris

Of course I do! She wrote me a letter!

Jingle Belle

Right! And, of the millions of letters from children that you receive each year, Sophie was the only child who wrote to offer *you* the gift of her time and energy *instead of asking you for Christmas presents*. Sophie offered to work in the Toy Shop, wrap gifts, computerize your List in Excel. She even offered to muck out the stable and care for the Reindeer. Her letter said that she wanted to major in astronomy in college. And there is no better place to study stars and planets than here at the North Pole! Having Sophie spend the summers with us through college and grad school were the best summers I can remember. The Elves and the Reindeer love her as we do. Well, our dear Sophie is all grown now! An astronomer with a Ph.D *and* a pilot's license! Who better than she to become your Apprentice and take over as the next Santa Claus?

Kris

I admit if Sophie were a *man* she would be a perfect. For all of history, Santa Claus has *always* been a *man*. And, as long as *I* have a say in the matter, Santa Claus will always *be* a man. I refuse to be the Santa Clause who breaks tradition.

Jingle Belle

Fine! Let history books will remember *you* as the male chauvinist Stinky Santa who refused to change with the times.

Kris

Sticks and stones! Besides, who is to say Sophie even *wants* this job. She's doing just fine as the Director of the Observatory in Anchorage.

Jingle Belle

You won't know if you don't ask her! Regardless, you need a successor in place before...it's too late!

Kris

I did *try* to mentor an Apprentice a few times. You know that. It never work out.

Jingle Belle

What was the matter with that nice Asian fellow? He seemed enthusiastic. And innovative!

Kris

Apprentice Lee's big idea was to outsource our entire North Pole operation to Beijing to reduce costs. He wanted to put a contract in place with Amazon for Christmas Eve deliveries! Bah! Can you picture Amazon drivers scaling up drainpipes and shimmying down chimneys? Bah! The North Pole had always been the flagship location for Santa Claus! And, our operating costs have never been an issue. Apprentice Lee wanted to implement artificial intelligence and social media data mining to determine which presents the children want instead of having the children writing letters to Santa at The North Pole! He didn't want to read the children's letters! Clearly, Mr. Lee could *not* comprehend that writing letters to Santa is a right-of-passage! Besides, what kind of Santa would lay off Elves who have dedicated their entire lives to making Christmas special? And, the Reindeer would never adapt to Beijing. Though a real go-getter with big ideas, I'm sorry to say that Young Mr. Lee, with his contemporary ideology, was completely *wrong* for the job.

Jingle Belle

That's too bad. I liked Apprentice Lee. He had spunk and a real can-do attitude. Well then, what was wrong with the big burly candidate from Uganda who sported a piercing in his nostrils? I forget his name.

Kris

Ogwambi Mogambo.

Jingle Belle

Oggi! That's right! Oggi's manners were impeccable. He always opened the Range Rover door for me to get in and out, and he pulled out my chair before dinner each night, and stood up when I entered the room. And Oggi was soooo handsome! Even more handsome than Elf Clooney and Elf Elba!

(Santa shoots her a look. Handsome? Really!)

Not that *that* makes any difference whatsoever. *(She clears her throat)* A-hem. I was just making an observation. Oh! And, Oggi was a Master Chef! He really enjoyed helping me concoct new recipes in the kitchen.

Kris

I daresay, Oggi's culinary preferences for *carnivorous* cuisine proved to be his downfall. Shortly after he arrived, the Elves confided that they had serious reservations about Oggi's motives for wanting this job, so far away from civilization, in the North Pole. With nobody around. Except Team Santa. We were Oggi's *captive* audience. Literally. I didn't want to upset you at the time, but I woke up early one morning a month or so after Oggi joined us. I went outside to check on the Reindeer and found a huge vat filled with water and hothouse herbs and spices coming to boil on the outdoor fire pit. One of the Elves was tied to a chair with his mouth taped shut frantically trying to escape. Turns out that Apprentice Mogambo was preparing to poach the Elf for breakfast!

Jingle Belle

My goodness! What did you do?

Kris

What do you think? I called for Elves Stallone, Tyson and Schwarzenegger to come to the rescue!

Jingle Belle

Good Gravy! Are you saying that Oggi was a ...cannibal?

Kris

I'm saying I didn't want Apprentice Mogambo around long enough to find out! I terminated his employment contract on the spot, paid him the early termination fee, and Elf Schwarzenegger and Tyson escorted him to the air field. Elf Stallone's nose got broken in the scuffle.

Jingle Belle

I always wondered why Oggi left us so suddenly. And how Elf Stallone broke his nose! (*Beat*) Which Elf was Oggi planning to poach?

Kris

Elf Buscemi. Don't let on that I told you. Poor Busci still has nightmares over the whole ordeal.

Jingle Belle

(*She thinks for a beat then*) Why didn't the Apprentice from Utah work out? Brother Brigham. Family man. Willing to relocate. Clearly, he *loved* children!

Kris

And *women!* Really, Jingle! How many wives *should* Santa Claus have?

Jingle Belle

Jeremiah was a polygamist?

Kris

Thirty-two children. ***Eight*** wives. *Not* a suitable candidate for Santa Claus! Unless you think *The Official Santa Clause Rulebook* should be amended to permit Santa Claus to have a *harem*? If so, I'll get started on *that* Amendment it straight away.

Jingle Belle

As if! There must be *someone* out there up to the task who meets your standards. Wait! That's right! There is! And *HER* name is Sophie!

Kris

We have exhausted this topic once again. I'm off! *(He gathers his Binder containing his List and heads out blowing her a kiss.)* Merry Christmas, my sweet Mrs. Claus! I'll see you on the morrow. If you get hungry feel free to enjoy *this* late night snack. *(The apple and veg.)* I think I'll grab a quick bite in Spain. I know a MickyD's in Madrid with an all-night drive through.. *(After he exits he greets his Reindeer and hops into his sleigh loudly reciting this poem)* ***"Get ready to fly! O trusty Reindeer! The time has come! Our night is here! The Christmas clock ticks! Let us get into gear! On this fine Christmas Eve, we bring children their cheer!"***

Jingle Belle

(She watches him out the window as he hops into the sleigh and fly into the night sky. Then to herself) McDonads in Madrid! *(She shakes her head in despair.)* I can just picture tomorrow's headline: ***"Santa's Big Mac Attack in Madrid Reigns Terror over Canary Islands!"***

(Jingle Bell retrieves her packed luggage from the hall closet (or other hiding place). And she places sealed Christmas Cards for the Elves and a Goodbye Letter for Santa on a side table. She uses her mobile phone to schedule an Uber. To Herself, describing the car and driver coming to pick her up.)

Yellow Hummer. Arrival time: five minutes. *(She puts on her coat, hat and scarf and gloves. Then to herself out loud)* Just because **you** won't retire, doesn't mean that I can't. *(To Audience)* Goodbye forever, North Pole! Honolulu, Hawaii! Here I come! *(She goes to the door or window to look outside for the Uber to arrive.)*

Blackout

Scene 2

Setting: Same. Two Weeks Later

At Rise: Santa is back in his long johns looking like a miserable, disheveled sad sack. He is sprawled stomach down and forlorn on the sofa. Empty pizza boxes, cookie tins, candy wrappers and soda cans scattered around. Sophie arrives to check in on Kris.

Sophie

(Opening the door) Uncle Kris? *(She sees him lying on the sofa looking a mess.)* Uncle Kris! Uncle Kris, are you sick? I'm calling an airlift. You need to get to a hospital!

Kris

No hospital! I'm fine! I'm fine!

Sophie

You don't *look* fine. I came as soon as I got your message! Where is Auntie Jingle Belle? She's not...she didn't...oh no, Uncle Kris. Is Auntie Jingle okay?

Kris

Your Antie Jingle! Your Auntie Jingle Belle! She....she...

Sophie

She what????

Kris

She left me! She left me! She told me she would one day. But she says that every year. "Maybe I won't be here when you get back." But I never believed she would actually do it! She left me!!! Why!!! Why????

Sophie

Where did she go?

Kris

Hawaii! She bought a condo in Honolulu. Over 55 community. Without me! She left me a note!

Sophie

Had Auntie Jingle told you she wanted to move to Hawaii?

Kris

Oh yes. Many times. Her grand plan was for us to retire, move someplace tropical, and for *you* to be the next Santa Claus!

Sophie

Auntie Jingle's been wanting that for a very long time. I guess she got tired of waiting. And she's no good at keeping it secret that she always wanted me to take over when you did retire.

Kris

Did she tell you the reason that I am not in favor of passing the Santa reigns to you?

Sophie

Something about my being a woman. Which I find hard to believe in this day and age when in most places, a woman can be whatever she wants. Except, for some reason, at the North Pole. Do I have that right? *The Official Santa Claus Rulebook* prohibits a woman from being Santa?

Kris

(After a beat.) I have to admit, when **you** say it, it does sound rather... ridiculous.

Sophie

Well, the good news is: Other than being in desperate need of a shower, you *seem* to be physically fine. And it sounds like Auntie Jingle is also fine. Have you spoken with her?

Kris

Once. After she got to Honolulu. When I came home Christmas Day. But now she won't take my calls. You need to call her. For me. Tell her to come home! Please! I'm lost without her. I miss her! I love her!

Sophie

Oooh nooo. Don't put me in the middle of your squabble. You two need to work this out. Not to mention, you are not setting a good example for the Elves *or* the Deer. You need to pull yourself together and start to work on *next* Christmas. It will be here before you know it and you've got a large supply chain to manage.

Kris

(*Getting up and putting his robe and slippers on*) Putting aside you are indeed the most qualified candidate, despite being a woman, why on earth would you – or any woman – actually want the job?

Sophie

Ha! Great question! Why would any *man or* woman want the job? I can only speak for myself. I was incredibly fortunate to spend my summers here at the North Pole with you and Auntie Jingle. I love gazing at the crystal-clear endless sky and the wonder of the stars and planets. If I were to be the next Santa, I would have the best of both worlds. That is, as Santa *and* as an astronomer and researcher. I would not live at The North Pole full time. It's completely unnecessary given today's technology. Instead, I would be the CEO and appoint an Elf to be the Chief Operating Officer. Other qualified Elves would become my CFO and Chief of Staff. I would work remotely, make periodic site visits as needed and reside at The North Pole for most of the month of December. And, to show my appreciation for a job well done, I *would* permit seven Elves to take turns and come with me to deliver presents every Christmas Eve. Plenty of room in the Sleigh. Even *with* all the presents.

Kris

Your ideas are wonderful, but...

Sophie

That's *not* all. I would open an Outpost on the South Pole and half of the deliveries would be made from that secondary location. Of all of your prior Santa Claus wanna-bes, it's hard for me to believe that none of them came up with any of these ideas. Then again, what do you expect? All of your candidates were *men*.

Kris

So, you really *do* want this job?

Sophie

In fact, I do. I've wanted to be the next Santa Claus ever since I was your Intern and followed you around and watched you run this place. But don't make this about *me*. I already have a great career and I love working at the Observatory. The last thing I want is for you to *settle* for me as your Successor. For me to accept this job, you would need to *want* me as your Successor. More than anyone, anywhere. Passing the torch to another Santa will be part of your legacy.

You need to be certain and proud of your decision. I've tried a hundred different ways over the years to show you that I was ready, capable and qualified without actually telling you I wanted to wear the Santa hat whenever you were ready to step aside. I wanted you to see and believe it for yourself. But, despite my ability and qualifications, *my* gender seems to be a stumbling block to *your* common sense!

Kris

(Eureka! He gets it! A woman can be Santa!) You are so right! Jingle Belle was right all along! I am such an idiot! I'm such a lame brain! Just look at you! You are far more qualified than I ever was to do just about everything! Including being the world's next Santa Claus. Can you forgive me, Sophie? I am so sorry! I was blinded by tradition. Without a doubt, you will be the next Santa Claus! Nobody else in the entire world is better suited than you are. I am going to write an Amendment to Article 490 of *The Official Santa Clause Rulebook* and make it effective right away!

Sophie

Are you absolutely sure, Uncle Kris? You haven't been drinking? Popping any Reindeer meds? Are you one hundred percent in your right mind? You won't have any regrets?

Kris

I am sane and of sound mind! Let's get cracking! You have a *lot* of work to do before next Christmas rolls around. As soon as I amend *The Rulebook* and swear you in as the next Santa, this place is all yours. Then, I'll join Jingle in Honolulu. Do you think she'll take me back? Let me stay? Do I stand a chance? Will you fly me down there today?

Sophie

I have an educated hunch that she probably will. And yes, I'll be glad to give you a hop to Honolulu in my Cessna.

Kris

In that case, Sophie, my dear, are you ready to take your Oath to solemnly swear to uphold all of the rules written in *The Official Santa Claus Rulebook*.

Sophie

All except one!

Kris

Of course! I'll amend Rule 490 now. Hmmmm. Where did I put *The Rulebook*? It must be around here somewhere. It has a Red Cover with Gold Lettering. Can you help me find it? *(They start to look around for the book as the lights dim.)*

Scene 3

Setting: Jingle's condo in Hololulu. She is off stage. Kris is dressed in a Hawaiian print short-sleeved shirt adorned with a Hawaiian lei, and board short with sandals. He carried a bouquet of flowers for Jingle and pulls a suitcase on wheels. He closes his eyes and steels himself for his big apology. After a beat, Kris rings Jingle's doorbell. No answer. He rings again.

Jingle

(Off stage) Coming! Just a moment! *(Jingle enters wearing a print sundress or muumuu and sandals. Optional flower pinned in her hair.)* *(Into phone)* Joyce, sorry to cut you short. Lunch tomorrow is fine. See you then. I've got to run. My plumber is just arrived. Leaky drain pipe. *(She opens the door without realizing at first that it's not the plumber.)* Thanks for coming on such short no...Kris Kringle! What on earth are you doing here? In Honolulu? And why on are your dressed like Jason Momoa?

Kris

I'm sorry! I am so very, very, very, very sorry! I came to apologize! In person. Jingle Belle, you were right! About everything. So, I did it! I retired! And, our Sophie has taken over as the new Santa. Here! *(He hands her his phone.)* Call her yourself! She'll tell you. I amended *The Official Santa Claus Rulebook* and Sophie already took *The Santa Claus Oath*. *(He hands her the flowers and bows his head.)* These are for you. Can you ever forgive me for being a male chauvinist dumb bell? I can't live one more day without you. At the North Pole or anywhere else. Please, will you forgive me for being such a numbskull?

Jingle

Well, I...

Kris

I was selfish. I was stubborn. I was egotistical. But, I will change. I've already started! And I'll try to eat healthier. Apples *(he gags)* celery sticks *(he gags)* raw carrots and cauliflower *(he*

covers his mouth so as not to throw up.) No more chocolate chip cookies or Pastrami on rye! I'll exercise. I'll go to the gym! I'll learn to surf! I'll take up karate and kick box...

Jingle

Hold on a minute! Slow down! I get it. You turned over a new leaf. I think you should probably hold off on surfing, karate and kickboxing. But a walk around the block every day would probably do you good. For starters.

Kris

Yes! And just so you know that I am serious about this, I already put it in writing. *(He hands her a paper with writing.)*

Jingle Belle

(Reading) ***Kris Kringle's Official Rules for Always Putting Jingle Belle Kringle First and Doing His Best to Make Her Happy.***

Kris

Only you can Amend *these* Rules. And add to them. Any time you want. *(He points to the paper.)* See rule 54 for details.

Jingle Belle

(She shakes her head from side to side and frowns and sighs.) Kris, you have frustrated me for years with your silly rules and your arcane stubbornness.

Kris

Just give me a chance! Just one chance! Oh! And the most important thing! I love you, Jingle Belle! I always have. And I always will. I just don't say it enough. No matter what you decide. If you do give me another chance, I will remember to tell you that I love you every single day for the rest of my life. *(He points to the paper.)* That's Rule number One!

Jingle Belle

Is there anything in this list of Rules about you learning to fix leaky drain pipes?

Kris

No, but you can add it!

Jingle Belle

You stubborn old stinker. I have but ONE thing to say to you!

Kris

Just *one* chance! I'll enroll in plumbing school!

Jingle Belle

“HO! HO! HOLOHA!” Welcome to Hawaii! Now get in here you big old Kahuna, and check out our new home. You and I have some *serious* making up to do! (*She pulls him by the shirt into a “Welcome Home Kiss” as the lights fade to black.*)

Blackout
End of Play