



Sample Pages from
What do you do when the Elves have the flu?

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CHRISTMAS IN JULY

Two Holiday One Act Plays by
Mrs. Evelyn Merritt



What Do You Do, When The Elves Have The Flu?

Characters

Mrs. Claus	Mixisfis (Head Elf)	Lolly
Kristi Claus (Santa's teenage daughter)	Jolly	Brolly
	Polly	McColly
Dasher	Holly	Volly
Dancer	Molly	Dolly
Prancer	Golly	As many Elves as you need

Set

The play takes place at the North Pole.

There are two locations: The Toy Shop and the Elves' Quarters. If you don't have space backstage for all the elves, put benches or platforms upstage and have the elves sit there when they are not in The Toyshop. That way you only need one set: The Toyshop is downstage and the Elves' Quarters are upstage.

Have a fun, colourful Christmas-themed backdrop that would work for both locations.

Costumes

Mrs. Claus: Long red skirt, white blouse, green apron, white cap. In general, Christmas colours that showcase she is an older character.

Kristi Claus: Shorter red skirt, white top and green jacket. In general, Christmas colours that showcase she is a modern teenager.

Dasher, Dancer, Prancer: Brown pants, brown top. Track pants and sweatshirts would work well. Brown makeup on their noses, and antlers on their heads.

Mixisfis: Dressed like the other elves, except he should wear something — a jacket, a vest, a special badge — that shows he is the Head Elf. A red vest with a gold braid around the hem and armholes, for example. Mixisfis always carries a clipboard.

Elves: All the elves should be dressed similarly, if not the same in Christmas colours. Black pants, white tops and colourful vests are also appropriate. Or, you could have the elves all wear the same Christmas-themed hat or cap.

The scene is the toy shop. The ELVES march in and form a line across the lip of the stage. During the following, they pass toys from one to the other. The last person puts the toy in a large Christmas box.

ELVES: (as they enter) Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys. Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys. (repeat until everyone is in place and they start passing toys) Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys!

MIXISFIS and MRS. CLAUS enter from SL.

MIXISFIS: Hello, everyone!

ELVES: (continuing to pass toys) Hello Mr. Mixisfis!

MRS. CLAUS: Merry Christmas.

ELVES: Merry Christmas, Mrs. Claus!

MRS. CLAUS: How are we doing, Mixie?

MIXISFIS: (consulting clipboard) Right on schedule, Mrs. C. The elves are working splendidly.

ELVES: Hooray!

MRS. CLAUS: That's what I like to hear. Well done!

MIXISFIS: Everything like clockwork.

ELVES: Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys. Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys.

The ELVES continue passing toys from one to the other during the following. MIXISFIS checks on their work and consults his clipboard. KRISTI stomps on from SR.

KRISTI: Mother!

MRS. CLAUS: (crossing to KRISTI) Kristi, where have you been? You're supposed to be helping out.

KRISTI: (pouting) I don't want to help in the toy shop.

MRS. CLAUS: (very calm, she's heard this before) Everyone needs to help at Christmas.

ELVES: Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys.

KRISTI: Why can't I be in charge of something? I was in charge of the reindeer last year.

MRS. CLAUS: And you talked so much to them they almost missed Christmas Eve!

KRISTI: I was in charge of the gingerbread the year before that.

MRS. CLAUS: And you talked so much to the cook it all burned.

KRISTI: But I'm older now and I think I can be in charge and everyone gets to be in charge when they're older and if I don't get to be in charge then I can't show what I can do and I —

MRS. CLAUS: (*interrupting*) Kristi! Help the elves.

KRISTI: No!

*KRISTI exits SR pouting and stomping her feet.
MIXISFIS, who has watched the conversation, crosses to stand beside MRS. CLAUS.*

MIXISFIS: Boy oh boy, Mrs. C.

MRS. CLAUS: You said it, Mixie. Don't let Santa get wind of this. The last thing he needs to worry about is Kristi.

MIXISFIS and MRS. CLAUS exit SL.

ELVES: Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys. We work all day, we love to say: toys, toys, toys!

JOLLY: Here, I have a race car.

POLLY: Here, I have a train.

HOLLY: Here's a doll.

MOLLY: Some building blocks.

GOLLY: A football.

LOLLY: And a crane.

ELVES: Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys. We work all day, we love to say: toys, toys, toys!

BROLLY: This is the time we live for.

MCCOLLY: It's the best time of the year.

VOLLY: When we're making children happy.

DOLLY: When we're bring Christmas cheer!

ELVES: Toys, toys, toys, for all the girls and boys. Toys, toys, toys, for all the –

Suddenly the ELVES are interrupted when HOLLY gives a huge sneeze that stops everything.

HOLLY: (*sneezing with whole body*) Ah-Ah-Ah-CHOO! Ah-CHOO! Ah-CHOO!

The ELVES stare at HOLLY.

BROLLY: What's up, Holly?

HOLLY: I don't know, Brolly. All of a sudden I'm not feeling so good.

DOLLY: (*putting a hand to her forehead*) You know what? I don't feel so great myself.

GOLLY: Feel my forehead, Molly.

MOLLY feels GOLLY's forehead and jumps back.

MOLLY: Jeepers, Golly! You're burning up.

GOLLY: (*feeling his forehead*) Oh yeah?

VOLLY: (*feeling GOLLY's forehead*) I could fry an egg on your forehead.

POLLY: What about me, Jolly?

JOLLY: (*feeling POLLY's forehead*) You're hot, too.

MCCOLLY: (*feeling his forehead*) I'm burning up.

LOLLY: I feel whoozy.

DOLLY: I feel loozy.

BROLLY: I feel icky all over.

ELVES: (*sneezing with whole body*) Ah-Ah-Ah-CHOO! Ah-CHOO! Ah-CHOO!

JOLLY: Uh oh.

POLLY: Oh boy.

ELVES: Oh no!

MCCOLLY: Do you know what this means, Dolly?

DOLLY: I sure do, McColly.

MCCOLLY & DOLLY: We've got the flu.

ELVES: We've all got the flu. The Elvin Flu!

*All the ELVES groan and collapse to the floor.
MIXISFIS comes running in from SL.*

MIXISFIS: What's this? What's this? No toys being made? No elves making toys? What's going on?

All the ELVES groan and sit up.

MIXISFIS: We can't have this. What's the matter? Get up!

LOLLY: We can't, Mr. Mixisfis.

MIXISFIS: Why not?

GOLLY: We have the flu.

ELVES: We've all got the flu.

MIXISFIS: Great Scott! Not the Elvin Flu?

ELVES: (*nodding their heads*) Uh huh.

MIXISFIS: What a disaster! What do we do? There's not one of you without the flu?

ELVES: (*shaking their heads*) Uh Uh.

MIXISFIS: Great Scott! That can go on for days! Weeks! Months!

ELVES: (*sneezing with whole body*) Ah-Ah-Ah-CHOO! Ah-CHOO! Ah-CHOO!

MIXISFIS: All right, off to bed with the lot of you. And Christmas right around the corner, too. What do you do when the elves have the flu?

The ELVES all stagger up and exit SL. (or upstage to the platform)

MIXISFIS: (*as the ELVES are exiting*) Go! Shoo! Vamoose! Off you go! (*he sighs*) Mrs. C. isn't going to like this.

MIXISFIS runs off SL. KRISTI enters with DASHER, DANCER, and PRANCER from SR. KRISTI starts talking offstage.

KRISTI: (*in mid-rant*) ...and I can't believe my mother and she's just not being fair. I mean, I worked with the elves when I was a kid and I'm not a kid anymore. I'm older now. No one works with the elves when they're older. Dasher, it's so not fair.

DASHER: It'll be ok, Kristi.

KRISTI: I want to stay with you guys.

DANCER: But we got in so much trouble last year, Kristi.

PRANCER: You talk too much!

KRISTI: I don't talk that much.

All three REINDEER look at each other as if they disagree with KRISTI. KRISTI doesn't notice.

KRISTI: I want to be in charge. I don't want to help.

DASHER: Everybody's got to help at Christmastime.

MIXISFIS runs in from SL.

MIXISFIS: Kristi! Quick! Tell me! (*he holds up a finger*) Number One: Where's Mr. C? And (*he holds up the same finger*) Number One: Where's Mrs. C?

KRISTI: My dad's watching the weather.

MIXISFIS: Weather! Got it!

KRISTI: And my mom's right beside him.

MIXISFIS: (*smushing his clipboard to his face*) No, no, no! Disaster!

DANCER: What's up, Mixie?

PRANCER: Yeah, you look terrible.

MIXISFIS: Kristi, Kristi, Kristi! Number One: You need to get Mrs. C, without Mr. C overhearing, to go to the toy shop.

KRISTI: What's up?

MIXISFIS: Never you mind. Just do it! Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, you better come with me.

KRISTI: What's going on? I want to come too.

MIXISFIS: Not you, Kristi. Just your mother. (*to the REINDEER*) Let's roll.

They run off SL, leaving KRISTI alone.

KRISTI: Huh. How'd you like that. (*pouting*) "Not you, Kristi." Well if they don't want me in the room, they can't stop me from being outside the room. Ha!

KRISTI exits SR. MIXISFIS, DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER and MRS. C. run on from SL. They are in the toy shop.

MRS. CLAUS: All right, all right, Mixie. I'm here. What's the problem?

MIXISFIS: (*gesturing at the room*) Mrs. C. What's missing here?

MRS. CLAUS: Mixie, I'm too busy to – (*she looks around*) No elves. Where are the elves?

MIXISFIS: Elvin Flu.

MRS. CLAUS gasps and clasps her hands together. She reels to the side and the REINDEER have to hold her steady.

DASHER: They all came down with it.

DANCER: At the same time.

PRANCER: Not one of them standing.

MRS. CLAUS: Oh no.

MIXISFIS: It's true.

They pace in a circle.

PRANCER: What do you do?

DANCER: When the elves have the flu?

MRS. CLAUS: I have no clue. Do you have the flu?

MIXISFIS: I haven't gone Ah-CHOO.

DASHER: What do we do? What do we do?

ALL: What do you do when the elves have the flu?

MRS. CLAUS: We have to tell Santa.

DANCER: But Mrs. C, he's so worried about the weather right now.

PRANCER: He can't worry about the weather and the toys.

DASHER: We'll have to worry for him.

MRS. CLAUS: We'll have to do more than worry. If there are no toys for Santa, then there will be no Christmas.

MIXISFIS: No Christmas.

DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER: No Christmas!

From offstage we hear KRISTI's voice.

KRISTI: (offstage) No Christmas!

The others look at each other.

MIXISFIS: I told her to stay away.

MRS. CLAUS: Kristi, are you out there?

KRISTI: (offstage) No.

MRS. CLAUS: Come in here.

KRISTI enters sheepishly from SR. She crosses to stand beside MRS. CLAUS.

MRS. CLAUS: Why can't you do what you're told?

KRISTI: I'm sorry. But I can help! Put me in charge of something.

DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER: (shaking their heads) Kristi...

KRISTI: I'm older now. I won't distract the reindeer or burn the gingerbread. Christmas is in trouble!

MRS. CLAUS: Not this time, Kristi.

KRISTI: But –

MRS. CLAUS: I want you to go check on the elves for me.

KRISTI: But... But –

MRS. CLAUS: Go, Kristi.

KRISTI: Oh candy canes and Christmas crackers.

KRISTI stomps off SR.

MIXISFIS: All right. Let's get together with the other reindeer over this. We need to come up with something. We're running out of time.

They exit SR. From SL the ELVES enter. They are groaning and sneezing. They hold their stomachs and their heads. They form a line CS.

ELVES: (sneezing with whole body) Ah-Ah-Ah-CHOOOO! Oh please, I want to sneeze no more. Ah-CHOO! Pretty please, on my knees, no more!

BROLLY: No more sneezing.

JOLLY: My throat's so sore.

MOLLY: No more wheezing.

HOLLY: I can't take it anymore!

VOLLY: My head's a buzzing billion bees.

DOLLY: My stomach feels like stormy seas.

POLLY: I can't take it anymore!

MCCOLLY: My hands are in a deep deep freeze.

LOLLY: My chest is tight and in a seize.

GOLLY: My fever's up in the degrees.

ELVES: I can't take it anymore! (*sneezing with whole body*) Ah-Ah-Ah-CHOOOO! Oh please, I want to sneeze no more. Ah-CHOO! Pretty please, on my knees, no more!

KRISTI enters from SR. She is still pouting.

ELVES: Hi, Kristi.

KRISTI: Oh hi yourselves. I'm supposed to check on you. Does everyone still have the flu?

ELVES: Ah-choo! Ah-choo! Ah-choo!

KRISTI: I guess you do. What do you do when the elves have the flu?

ELVES: If we only knew.

KRISTI: (*stomping her feet*) It's so unfair! I can't believe I have to be in here instead of out there helping. I should be in charge of something.

HOLLY: But, Kristi, you were in charge of the reindeer.

VOLLY: And the gingerbread.

KRISTI: I know, I know. I always start off well and then... (*she blows a big raspberry*)

ELVES: You talk too much.

KRISTI starts pacing all over the stage. The ELVES are affected by her chatter. They start to look at each other and hold their hands over their ears.

KRISTI: You know, it's not my fault I talk so much. I just get started and then I don't know when to stop. I just keep talking and talking and talking and talking and talking.

BROLLY: Ah, Kristi?

KRISTI: (*goes on without stopping*) And even when I know I'm talking too much and I should stop, I don't and I can hear myself talking and talking...

JOLLY: Kristi?

KRISTI: (*goes on without stopping*) And I know I should stop talking and I even say to myself, "Stop talking!" But I don't and –

All of a sudden MCCOLLY jumps up and gives the loudest and strangest sneeze you ever heard.

MCCOLLY: (*sneezing with whole body*) WAH-WAH-WAH-WHA-CHOOP! WHA-CHOOP! WHAAAAA-CHOOOOOOOP.

Everyone stares at MCCOLLY.

ELVES: What was that?

KRISTI: That was a super-duper sneeze.

POLLY: The strangest sneeze I ever heard.

MCCOLLY: Hey. (*he feels his head*) My flu is gone!

ELVES: What?

MCCOLLY: Lolly, feel my forehead.

LOLLY: (*feeling his forehead*) Cool as a cucumber!

GOLLY: You're not sneezing!

BROLLY: Or coughing!

DOLLY: Or wheezing!

HOLLY: You're breezing!

POLLY: What happened?

MCCOLLY: Well Kristi was talking and talking and –

All the ELVES give a gasp and look at KRISTI.

KRISTI: What?

MCCOLLY: You talked the flu out of me!

KRISTI: I did?

MOLLY: You did!

POLLY: All your talking made the flu get up and leave.

KRISTI: Is that good?

ELVES: YES!!

The ELVES crowd around KRISTI.

KRISTI: You think I can cure all of you?

VOLLY: (*jumping up and down*) Try me, try me!

KRISTI: What do I say?

MCCOLLY: Talk about talking.

KRISTI: Ok. I talk a lot. And sometimes I can tell when people don't want to listen to me anymore and still I go on talking. I don't know what it is or why I do it and maybe I should just –

VOLLY: (*sneezing with whole body*) WAH-WAH-WAH-WHA-CHOOP! WHA-CHOOP! WHAAAAA-CHOOOOOOOP. (*VOLLY looks up with a grin*) No more flu!

The ELVES jump up and down, clapping their hands and hugging each other.

ELVES: No more flu! Now we know what to do when the elves have the flu!

KRISTI: Come on everybody! Back to the toyshop!

KRISTI and the ELVES run off SL. MRS. CLAUS, MIXISFIS and the REINDEER enter SR. They are in the toyshop. They look sad and drag their feet.

MIXISFIS: I'm sorry, Mrs. C. I've racked my brain.

DASHER: Me too.

DANCER: Me too.

PRANCER: Me too.

ALL: We don't know what to do when the elves have the flu!

MRS. CLAUS: We did our best. *(she puts a hand on MIXISFIS' shoulder)*
Now we have to tell Santa we won't have enough toys for
Christmas.

MIXISFIS: What's that noise?

*From offstage there is the sound of all the ELVES
making the flu clearing sound.*

ELVES: *(sneezing with whole body)* WAH-WAH-WAH-WHA-CHOOP!
WHA-CHOOP! WHAAAAAA-CHOOOOOOOOP.

DASHER: What's going on?

DANCER: What's that sound?

PRANCER: It's the elves!

*The ELVES rush on with KRISTI. They surround
MIXISFIS and MRS. CLAUS and all talk at once.*

ELVES: Look! Look! We're cured! No more flu!

MIXISFIS: *(over the din)* Settle down, settle down! *(the ELVES are quiet)*
What happened?!

DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER: Who knew what to do when the
elves have the flu?

ELVES: *(pointing at KRISTI)* Kristi!

MRS. CLAUS & MIXISFIS: *(pointing at KRISTI)* Kristi!

DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER: *(pointing at KRISTI)* Kristi!

KRISTI: I talked the flu out of them.

ELVES: She did! She did!

MIXISFIS: I never would have thought of that.

KRISTI: I never thought I talked too much. But you know, after this...
maybe everyone's right. Maybe I do!

MRS. CLAUS: *(putting a hand on KRISTI's shoulder)* We have to thank
you, Kristi.

KRISTI: *(embarrassed, she turns away)* Oh, Mom.

ELVES: We do! We do!

MIXISFIS: It wouldn't have been much of a Christmas without the elves
making toys.



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