

SCRIPT BOOK

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

Belongs to:

.....

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CLAUS THE WRAPPER



**IN THIS SCRIPT BOOK, YOU'LL FIND ALL THE
ESSENTIAL TOOLS TO BRING CLAUS THE WRAPPER
TO LIFE ON STAGE.**

EACH SCENE BEGINS WITH A QUICK-REFERENCE TABLE TO
HELP THE DIRECTING TEAM ORGANIZE KEY ELEMENTS OF THE
PRODUCTION: PROPS, SET DESIGN, COSTUMES, AND
MICROPHONE NEEDS.

YOU'LL ALSO FIND IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR EACH
SCENE—CHARACTERS, LOCATION, SONGS, AND A SHORT
SNAPSHOT TO KEEP DIRECTORS AND PERFORMERS IN SYNC.

THROUGHOUT THE SCRIPT, SONG TITLES AND SOUND EFFECTS
ARE CLEARLY MARKED ALONGSIDE THEIR CORRESPONDING
TRACK NUMBERS, MAKING REHEARSALS AND TECH RUNS
SMOOTH AND FULL OF FLOW.

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CLAUS THE WRAPPER



THE CHOSEN ONES

FILL IN WITH THE NAMES OF THE CHOSEN ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

MAIN CHARACTERS

SANTA:

LUZ:

RUDOLPH:

FROSTY:

GRETA:

SUPPORTING CHARACTERS

RICO:

PICO:

GANGSTER I:

GANGSTER II:

GANGSTER III:

GANGSTER IV:

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS

PICO'S CREW / EXTRAS:

(Names Of All Additional Cast Members In
Non-speaking Roles Who Appear As Part Of The
Gang During Rap Battles, Crowd Scenes, Etc.)

CLAUS THE WRAPPER



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CLAUS THE WRAPPER



PRE-SHOW MUSIC

ACT I: THIS ALL LEADS TO AN EPIC WRAP BATTLE



SCENE I: Santa's Beef

SNAPSHOT:

Santa is feeling down, and his team convinces him to go on vacation.

LOCATION:

Santa's Workshop



SONGS: : Best in the Biz – Claus and Effect

CHARACTERS	ACTORS	MICS	PROPS
SANTA			
FROSTY			
RUDOLPH			
GRETA			

Your stage

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

2

BEST IN THE BIZ

We open to a heavy rap beat to our first song, titled 'Best in the Biz,' is rapped by FROSTY, RUDOLPH, and GRETA as they march to Santa's office. They're excited. This Christmas went smoothly, and because of this, they are now rapping.

SONG 1: BEST IN THE BIZ

FROSTY

Yo, It's Frosty The Snowman, As Cool As Can Be
I'm Stacking Up Presents; The Kids Are Thanking Me
With My Pipe And My Hat, I'm The Snowman King
Bringing Holiday Cheer, Which Is My Favorite Thing

Rudolph Takes The Limelight.

RUDOLPH

Step Aside, It's Rudy--you Know That Shiny Nose Flair
Lighting Up Hte Night--the Brightest Star Up There
Through The Fog, The Snow, I'm Leading The Way
No Gps Needed--santa Trusts Me To Slay

Greta Steals The Spotlight.

GRETA

Hey, It's Greta The Elf, Making Spirits Bright
I'm The Workshop Boss, Working Day And Night
Saucepads, Toys, Dolls--it's All In My Hands
I'm The Reason Santa Shines; I'm The Mastermind, Man

They All Line Up, Side By Side For The Chorus.

GRETA, RUDOLPH, AND FROSTY

We're The Best In The Biz, Spreading Joy Worldwide
Santa's Top Team, We Bring The Yuletide
From The Pole To Your Home, Every Gift's On Point
When It Comes To Christmas, We Run This Joint

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*They Beatbox As The Interlude Happens. It's Horrible... So,
So Horrible.*

Frosty Takes Lead.



FROSTY

**Snowflakes Falling, Got The Magic Touch
I'm Frosty But I Melt Hearts--i'm Just That Clutch
Rolling To The North Pole With My Squad In Tow
When It Comes To Christmas Legends, I'm The Goat! Let's Go**

Greta And Rudolph Start Hopping Around Frosty.



GRETA & RUDOLPH

(Chanting)

**Who's The Goat? Frosty's The Goat!
Who's The Goat? Frosty's The Goat!**

Rudolph Steps Forward.

RUDOLPH

**They Said I Was Different; I Turned It Around
Now I'm Flying High, Hooves Never Touchin' The Ground**

GRETA

Accept For Now.

RUDOLPH

**Front Of The Pack, Pulling Santa's Sleigh
I'm The Mvp Of Christmas Day**

Frosty And Greta Now Start Hopping And Rudolph.



FROSTY & GRETA

(Chanting)

**Mvp! Rudy's The Mvp!
Mvp! Rudy's The Mvp!**

Greta Steps Out Again.

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GRETA

**Quick With The Tools, Faster Than A Sleigh
Got The Brains And The Style; I Slay All Day
From The Laces To The Bows, Every Gift's Just Right
When It Comes To Christmas, I'm Leading With Might**

Frosty And Rudolph Now Circle Greta.



FROSTY & RUDOLPH

(Chanting)

**She Leads With Might! Greta's Got Might!
She Leads With Might! Greta's Got Might!**

They Have An Epic Dance Performance As They Finish Out.



GRETA, RUDOLPH, AND FROSTY

**We're The Best In The Biz, Spreading Joy Worldwide
Santa's Top Team, We Bring The Yuletide
From The Pole To Your Home, Every Gift's On Point
When It Comes To Christmas, We Run This Joint**

The Song Begins To Fade Out.

GRETA

Woot Woot! Yeah!

She Continues Raising The Roof With Both Her Hands.

Christmas! Twenty Five!



GRETA, RUDOLPH, AND FROSTY

(Chanting/in Singsong)

Christmas! Twenty Five!

FROSTY *(Cheerleading)*

Say What?

RUDOLPH

Christmas! Twenty Five!

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Break It Down Now!

They playfully approach santa, entirely unaware of his mood.

GRETA (To Santa)

Another Year Down! Let's Go Santaaayyy.

She Goes To High Five Him And Holds Her Hand In The Air. He Doesn't Budge.

Yo... Kris. Kinda Leavin' Me Hangin', Here.

Santa Takes A Large Swig Of His Eggnog. Frosty Looks At The Drink, Then The Carton Of Eggnog On The Dresser.

FROSTY

Oh No.

Rudolph Takes Notice.

RUDOLPH

Oh. Oh, Nick, What Have You Done?

Rudolph Walks Over To A Massive, Empty Eggnog Carton On Santa's Desk. He Tips It Over And Discovers It's Empty.

Oh My Gosh.

He Looks At His Invisible Watch.

It's Only Noon. How Did You Get Through A Whole Carton?

SANTA

If You've Come To Judge Me You Can Just Go.

GRETA

No One Here Is Going To Judge You--

RUDOLPH

I'm Judging You A Little Bit.

Santa Shoots A Glare At Rudolph, Then Goes To Take A Swig From

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His Empty Whisky Glass. Rudolph Pulls Out Another Eggnog Carton From The Fridge Below, Revealing A Plethora Of Nogs. He Pours Himself A Glass.

FROSTY

Rudy. Seriously?

RUDOLPH

Look, At This Point, He Should Be Worried About Nog-aholics Anonymous More Than Me.

He Puts The Carton Back.

GRETA

You're Unbelievable.

RUDOLPH

No, This Eggnog Is Unbelievable. Like, I Get It, Nick. It's Hard To Put It Down.

SANTA

No... It Is Neither The Deer Nor The Nog That's Unbelievable...

RUDOLPH (Offended)

The Deer?

Santa Points To The Audience.

SANTA

It's Them!

Greta, Frosty, And Rudolph All Look Where He's Pointing, Confused.

GRETA

Does Anybody See Who He's Pointing At?

FROSTY

Nope.



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RUDOLPH

Yeah, No... I'm Straight-up Looking At Nothing. It's... I'm Honestly Very Concerned.

FROSTY

Yeah. Same.

GRETA

Is It The Nog?

RUDOLPH

I'm Pretty Sure It's Early Onset Signs Of Psychosis--

SANTA

I'm Not Crazy!

Santa Stands.

RUDOLPH

I Never Said You Were, Man, I'm Just Saying, Like... You Might Be Uhhh--

FROSTY

Acting.

RUDOLPH

Yeah! Acting! Just Acting A Little Bit Crazy. You Know? Or Maybe You Had Just A Bit Too Much Of The Nog--that Classic Noggy Sauce.

GRETA

And Who Among Us Hasn't Had A Bit Too Much Of The Noggy Sauce?

FROSTY

And Doesn't Act A Little Crazy Sometimes?

RUDOLPH

I'm Acting Now. I'm Acting Like I Want To Be Here.



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GRETA

Ditto.

FROSTY

What Greta And Rudolph Are Trying To Say Is That We're Here For You, Nick. Regardless Of How Many Invisible People You See.

Santa Shakes His Head And Sighs.

SANTA

I Was Speaking In Personification! Don't You Get That? I'm Not Talking About An Invisible Audience. I'm Talking About The Businessmen. The Tycoons. The Makers Of Materialism.

They've All Made Christmas A Sham.

FROSTY

Don't You Have Partnerships With Those People, Though?

SANTA

Yes, And Before You Even Say It, I Too Have Said The Same Thing About Myself... That I Am A Sham! A Sell Out!

RUDOLPH

No, Dude, He's Just Saying, Like, I'm Pretty Sure Our Corporate Contracts Are Eighty Percent Of The Reason Why We Keep The Lights On.

SANTA

Oh, Is That Right, Rudy? Is That Eighty Percent Of The Reason We Keep Our Lights On? Hey, Here's An Idea, What If I Turned Your Lights Out? Huh? How Would You Feel About That?

RUDOLPH

First Of All, That's Easily The Scariest Thing You Or Anyone Else Has Ever Said To Me, And Second Of All, What I Was Trying To Say Is You Did What You Had To Do,



CLAUS THE WRAPPER

Man. I Mean,
Reindeer Fertilizer Wasn't Going To Keep The Lights On
Forever.

GRETA

I Still Can't Believe You Suggested That.

RUDOLPH

I Pioneered It, Okay? And It Was A Profitable Business
Model Until Supply Couldn't Keep Up With Demand.

GRETA

Which Is Incredible Considering How Much You Talk.

Rudolph Begins Sarcastically Looking Around.

RUDOLPH

Huh? What Was That? Sorry, I Can't Hear You All The
Way Up Here!

SANTA

See, This Is The Problem. 'Business Model This' And
'Profit Margin That'. Whatever Happened To The Heart
And Soul Of What Made Christmas Special? What Made
Being Alive Special!?

FROSTY

I'm Pretty Sure Somebody Bought It.

Santa Screams In Anguish.

GRETA

Look, Kris, We Understand Your Frustration. We Feel It,
Too. Maybe All You Need Is A Good Vacation! Just One
Solid Getaway To Reset The Ol' Christmas Cortex.

Santa Calms A Bit, Intrigued By The Idea.

RUDOLPH

Yeah! For Example, Do You Remember Back When You
Used To Have Me Lead Literally Every Single Christmas



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Present Delivery Run For The Better Part Of Twenty
Years Because Of My Natural Birth Defect That I
Couldn't Do Anything About?

SANTA

Uh Huh...

RUDOLPH

And Then One Day I Just Called In And Was Like 'Yo, Big
C, I'm Calling In Sick, For Like. The Next Five Months,' And
Then I Came Back A Year Later?

There's An Awkward Pause.

SANTA

... Yeah.

RUDOLPH

Well, I Was On Vacation. The Whole Time.

SANTA

Yeah, I Know.

RUDOLPH

What? Really? ... How?

SANTA

You Used The Company Card.

FROSTY

(Talking Over) Wow.

RUDOLPH

Ohhh... You Know, That Explains Why The Credit Limit
Was So High.

SANTA

And No Longer Is.



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FROSTY

That Aside, I Agree With Greta And Rudy. You Need A Vacation. 'Sad Ol' Saint Nick' Doesn't Exactly Have A Ring To It.

RUDOLPH

It Kind Of Does.

FROSTY

How?

RUDOLPH

It's All In The Alliteration.

FROSTY (To Greta)

You're Not Helping.

GRETA

What? He's Right. It Has A Nice Sound To It.

RUDOLPH

A Simple Sentence Can Sound Stupendous With Sssuh-lliteration.

FROSTY

And A Dumb Deer Is An Undoubtably Delinquent.

SANTA

Can You Clowns Cut The Carniv--

He Clears His Throat And Composes Himself.

As Awesome As A Vacation Sounds, There's No Way I Could Leave The Workshop In Your Hands. Despite My Utter Distaste For The Material World, I Still Have A Job To Do, And There's Not Exactly Room For Vacation Days. That And If We Don't Fulfill Our Quota, Applesauce Incorporated Will Put Their Saucepads On Recall And We'll Go Out Of Business.



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GRETA

Okay, Well, What If We Got Started On The Orders In The Shop While You Were Gone?

FROSTY

There's An Idea!

RUDOLPH

There Is?

Santa Contemplates.

GRETA

We'll Keep Things Going While You Take A Week To Put The Kris Back Into Kringle, And When You Come Back You Can Pick Up Right Where You Left Off!

SANTA

I Don't Know... It's A Lot Of Work. Also, How Are You Going To Know What To Do? You—

GRETA

--have Been Working Here For Years! I Know Enough About The Saucepad Department To Know What I'm Doing. Trust Me.

RUDOLPH

Yeah, Nick! Whose Better Hands Could They Be In Than Greta's?

GRETA

Oh, Just Mine, Huh?

RUDOLPH

I'm Supporting You Supporting Nicholas. That's My Role Here.

SANTA

I Don't Know, Guys—

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FROSTY

Claus, Whose Better Hands, Mittens, And Hooves Is Your Precious, State-of-the-art Shop To Be Placed In Than Your Closest And Most Trusted Allies?

Santa Pauses. He Realizes Just How Much This Idea Stresses Him Out. He Takes Out A Hidden Canister Of Eggnog And Raises It To His Lips.

SANTA

Yeah, A Vacation Isn't Going To Happen—
The Team Jumps Into Action, Screaming.

GRETA

Enough Is Enough!

RUDOLPH & FROSTY

No, Nick! Nooo!

GRETA

What Would Ms. Claus Say!?

SANTA (Struggling)

Oh, You Know... She'd Probably Say,
(Mimicking)

"See, Nick! This Is Why I'm Leaving You! Here Are The Papers, And I'll Be Coming By Next Saturday To Pack My Things So I Can Go To My Mom's!"

All Of Them Stop, Let Go, And Stand Stiff In A Viscerally Uncomfortable, Awkward Silence.

RUDOLPH

Wait, Is That Why The First Time I've Seen Kathy In Months Was Last Saturday?

SANTA

Yeah.

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GRETA

Oh, Nick. I'm So Sorry.

FROSTY

No Wonder She Avoided Me When I Saw Her At The Law Firm...

RUDOLPH

That Being Said, That Was Incredibly Personal Information Between You And Ms. Claus That You Just... Let Loose On Us, Man. And Also, I Was Really Good Friends With Kathy.

Frankly, I'm Shocked I'm Finding Out This Way. I Figured She Would've Called...

SANTA

Figured? Did You Know?

RUDOLPH

I Mean, Not By Word Of Mouth But Assumption. You Guys Were A Ticking Time Bomb, Dude. It Was Only A Matter Of Time.

Greta Walks Up Flirtatiously.

GRETA (Flirting)

I'm So Sorry, Kris. Love Is So Misplaced These Days. It's Hard To Find Someone That'll Accept Us For How Kind, Courteous, Strong-willed, Muscular, Handsome, Manly, And Scrumptious We Are—

RUDOLPH

Gross.

Frosty Steps In, Removing Greta From Santa's Arm.

FROSTY

I Think What Greta Is Trying To Say Is That It's Abundantly Clear That You Need A Vacation.



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GRETA

That's Not At All What I Was Trying To Say—

RUDOLPH

Yeah We Know And It's Disgusting. Genuinely The Only Reason Why We're Trying To Stop It.

FROSTY *(To Santa)*

And Though You Might Protest, It's Better Than The Alternative.

SANTA

Which Is?

FROSTY

Having To Go Back To Nog-aholics Anonymous.

Santa Sighs.

SANTA

You're Right... And They Would Take Back My Nog-briety Coin.

FROSTY

I Mean, If That's Your Biggest Concern With The Issue Is—

RUDOLPH

No, Dude, Don't Even Hate. The Nog-briety Coins Are Top-shelf. They're Effectively Collectors Items. I've Considered Joining Just To Get One—

SANTA

Fine! I'll Go On A Vacation.

FROSTY

Yes!

Frosty Walks Over To The Computer And Begins Typing.

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

It'll Be Good... Something New. Something Fresh.

SANTA

Yeah... And Think Of All The Places I Could Go!

FROSTY *(Looking At Computer)*

You Could Go Here, There... All Around The Square.

SANTA

No. No. The Paparazzi Will Catch Me, If They Can. I Want Somewhere Exotic. Remote. Somewhere Different From The North Pole In Every Way.

RUDOLPH

The South Pole?

Rudolph Laughs At Himself And Looks Around For Laughs Of Approval.

No? Seriously? Come On; That One Was Good!

GRETA

Why Do You Choose To Speak?

RUDOLPH

Why Do You Choose To Breathe?

FROSTY

What About Paradise Island? Nice Beaches, Plenty Of Parties...

Tropical Music Begins Playing In The Background.

3

TROPICAL MUSIC

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

Sand, fruit smoothies. It's hot. Oh! And the best part?
Not a single present in sight.

SANTA

Book it.

FROSTY

Aaand booked.

A very loud printer sound roars through the room. A comedically large plane ticket that says 'Paradise Island' plops out. SANTA takes it, manifests some suitcases, and makes for the door.

4

TICKET RESERVATION

3

TROPICAL MUSIC

SANTA

You know what? This is going to be good for me!

He turns one last time.

Goodbye, you all. And from the bottom of my
huh-huh-heart, thank you.

They all stare, chortling.

RUDOLPH *(Lightly laughing)*

You're wuh-wuh-welcome.

SANTA

Seriously? Come on. You know I can't control that.

RUDOLPH

I refuse to believe that you can't.

SANTA rolls his eyes and proceeds to walk out the door.

GRETA

Don't nog and drive!

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

SANTA

Too late!

Sleigh bell sounds can be heard, immediately followed by crashing noises, reindeer neighs, and then a loud whoosh, taking SANTA off into the distance.

FROSTY, RUDOLPH, and GRETA all stare.



SLEIGH CRASH

RUDOLPH

So we're all just gonna let this happen?

GRETA

Are you gonna stop it?

RUDOLPH

No, no, I just. I mean, he knows that he can't just fly there, right? Like, he remembers that?

FROSTY

I'm sure even his in-nog-xicated mind can remember the airspace laws, Rudy.

RUDOLPH

Okay. I'm just saying. It's not Christmas, anymore, technically. He could get blown up.

GRETA

Yeah... I still can't get over Germany 1943. Always important to remember timezones... especially during wartime.

FROSTY & RUDOLPH

(Both playing off each other) True. Yeah. True.

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

FROSTY

So... now what?

GRETA

Now—

She pauses as a rap beat drops.



CLAUS AND EFFECT

(Chanting/sing songy)
Christmas! Twenty five!

RUDOLPH (Cheerleading)

Okay!

GRETA, RUDOLPH, AND FROSTY

(Chanting/sing songy)
Christmas! Twenty five!



Song 2: Claus and Effect



GRETA

**Santa's Out, So The Crew's In Charge
Time To Show The World We're Here At Large
I'm One Big, Bad Elf. Yeah, I Run This Place
Filling Up Stockings At An Epic Pace
With My Brain And My Tools, I'll Crush This Job
Efficiency Queen--watch Me Handle The Mob
Wrapping Up The Toys, I'm Setting The Bar
When It Comes To Christmas, I'm The Workshop Star**

FROSTY jumps forward.



FROSTY

**Step Back, It's Frosty With The Flow
Keeping Things Chill While The Toys Get The Go**

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

From The Ribbons To The Bows, I'm The Frosty Boss
Making Magic Happen, Never Taking A Loss
Yeah, The Snow's Falling, And I'm Cool As Can Be
With A Heart So Warm, All The Kids Agree
No Need To Stress, I've Got This; No Doubt
When It Comes To Christmas, I'm The Standout

They come back together.



GRETA, RUDOLPH, AND FROSTY (Chorus)

Claus Is Gone, But We're Still Here
Spreading The Joy And Holiday Cheer
With The Toys On The Line And The Sleigh On The Deck
We're Keeping It Together--claus And Effect

Rudolph Marches Outside.



RUDOLPH

Yo, It's Rudolph, The Reindeer Supreme
Lighting Up The Way Like A Laser Beam
I'm The Og Leader, The North Pole Pro
Guiding This Team Through The Frost And Snow
With My Nose So Bright And My Quick Reindeer Wit
I'll Lead The Charge; Yeah, I'm Built For It
No Storm Too Rough, No Sky Too High
When The Sleigh Takes Off, I'm Your Best Fly Guy



GRETA, RUDOLPH, AND FROSTY (Bridge)

This Workshop's A Beast, But We've Got The Skill
We'll Keep It Moving; We'll Climb That Hill
From The Smallest Bow To The Biggest Gifted Sack
Santa Can Chill Cause We've Got His Back



GRETA, RUDOLPH, AND FROSTY (Chorus)

Claus Is Gone, But We're Still Here
Spreading The Joy And Holiday Cheer
With The Toys On The Line And The Sleigh On Deck
We're Keeping It Together--claus And Effect

They all end with a dramatic pose, staring at the massive work-

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

shop workload in silence.

It's a large pause...

RUDOLPH

So... now what?

They stare back for a beat.

GRETA

... Huh.



SCENE CHANGE 1-2

END OF SCENE.

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SCENE II: Ciudad Esperanza v. Egypt

SNAPSHOT:

Santa accidentally arrives in Ciudad Esperanza and witnesses Luz standing up to a group of bullies.

LOCATION:

Ciudad Esperanza Airport.



SONGS: : Fat Man - What's the Point

CHARACTERS	ACTORS	MICS	PROPS
SANTA			
LUZ			
RICO			
GANGSTER 1			
GANGSTER 2			
GANGSTER 3			
GANGSTER 4			

Your stage

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AIRPORT AMBIENCE

SANTA arrives at his destination airport. He walks out of his terminal as happy as a clam, a big, cheeky grin on his face. He's dressed in a straw hat, flip flops, some shorts, and a Hawaiian shirt, all Christmas themed and following the red and white color scheme of his traditional outfit.

Santa lets out a sigh of relief. He looks up at a giant sign above him that says 'Welcome to Ciudad Esperanza.'

SANTA *(Matter of fact)*

That's not Paradise Island.

A 12-year-old girl comes bursting through. A young man, roughly the same age, follows right behind. Behind him, a gang of boys seemingly ferocious, follow. SANTA watches.

The girl turns and faces them, ready to throw blows. The boys stop before her.

RICO

You can run but you can't hide, Luz!

LUZ

I wasn't trying to hide you idiot!

RICO

Yeah, but... if you were, I'm just letting you know that you can't.

GANGSTER 1

Yeah! It was a preemptive threat!

GANGSTER 2

Rico is so on top of things, he says them before they even happen!

GANGSTER 3

Tarot cards who!?

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

LUZ

Geez... you guys are embarrassing.

RICO

Not as embarrassing as your face!

LUZ

What?

SANTA steps in, reactively.

SANTA

Whoa, whoa, whoa... what's going on here?

The kids look up. LUZ turns around and does the same.

RICO

... has anyone ever told you that you look and dress alarmingly close to Santa Claus if he owned a beach house?

SANTA

A few people, yeah.

The group looks at each other and mumble-agree. RICO looks back to SANTA.

RICO

Either way, this little joust of ours is an A and B conversation, so get to spelling!

SANTA

What?

RICO

Like... you know. Figure it out. Read the room. Get out of here.

SANTA

Yeah, I get what you were trying to say but it doesn't make sense.

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RICO

You don't make sense!

GANGSTER 1

Yeah! If you look up the definition of 'sense,' you get a picture of Rico!

GANGSTER 2

Papa Rico is never nonsensical

RICO

Yeah! And as a matter of fact, let me show you just how much sense I make...

RICO stomps on the floor and the lighting changes. Akin to magic, the whole airport transforms into a stage, where RICO and his gangsters take the formation of a rapper's circle.



RAP TRANSFORMATION

SANTA

What's happening?

LUZ

He's about to rap battle you.

SANTA

What?

LUZ

Well, rap battle us, really.

SANTA

When did this become a rap thing?

LUZ

It's always been a rap thing. Life is a rap thing. Rap is life.

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

SANTA

How!?



FAT MAN

🎵 Song 3: Fat Man

🎵 **RICO**

**Oh, Here He Comes--mr. Jingle Jokes
Fat Man In Flip-flops, What A Ho-ho-hoax
Looking Like You Lost The Sleigh And Got Stuck In
The Sand
You Sure You're The Guy With The Gifts In His Hand**

The gangsters laugh and cheer RICO on.

**Santa Claus? More Like Santa Fraud
You're Outdated, Overhyped, Just A Corporate
Facade
You Say You Check The List: Naughty And Nice
But Judging By Your Belly, You're Just Checkin'
For Rice**

The gang cheers and surround Rico.

GANGSTERS (Cheering)

Santa fraud! Santa fraud!

LUZ whips around and faces SANTA.

LUZ

Seriously? You're just gonna take that?

SANTA

I am a grown, 2000-year-old man. I am not about to
rap battle a child.

LUZ

Fine, then I will!

LUZ hops on the stage.

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

A crowd begins to form...

**Hold Up, Rico! Who Do You Think You Are
Acting All Tough, But You're Barely A Star
Got Your Gang Hyping You Up Like You're The King
But Tell Me Little Boy, You Can't Rap Or Sing**

The crowd reacts with a loud "ohhh."

**You Pick On Santa? That's Weak And Lame
Trying To Make A Name By Throwing Out Shame
But Newsflash, Dummy: It's Not Gonna Stick
You're Just Another Punk Who Gets On The Naugh-
ty List, Quick**

*The Crowd Claps. Santa Nods Impressed. Rico Blows Rasp-
berries And Steps Into Luz's Face.*



RICO

**Oh, Luz, You Think You Got Bars
You're A Twelve-year-old Girl--stick To Toy Guitars
You're On My Turf, Now, This Ain't Your Game
Better Step Aside Before I Bring The Flame**

The gang screams and hypes him up. RICO gets cocky.

**No Friends, No Crew, No Gifts In Sight
Santa Ditched Your House Because You Can't Get It
Right
Now You're Standing Here, Looking Sad And Blue
But Everyone Knows Nobody's Rooting For You**

*LUZ is shaken and gets sad. RICO's gang cheers wildly.
SANTA walks over calmly. The beat slows...*

SANTA

All right, that's enough, guys. Come on. This is ridic-
ulous—

RICO

Why should I listen to you verse-less wonder?

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

SANTA

Okay, you know what, you want a rap battle? Fine.
I'll give.

SANTA hops on the stage. SANTA holding the mic with force and confidence.



SANTA

**All Right, Rico, Now You've Gone Too Far
Time To Show You Why I'm The North Pole Star
You Think You're Tough? Boy, You're Out Of Your League
I've Seen Elves With More Grit, More Heart And
Intrigue
Let's Break It Down
Your Crew Is A Joke
You Talk A Big Game But Your Rhymes Are Broke
Stealing Parks, Running Scams, Making Kids Cry
No Wonder Your Name's At The Top Of The Bad Guys
While You're Thinking, Let's Not Forget Your Dark Past
Peeing The Bed? Oh, That Story's A Blast
You Think You're The King, But Here's The Twist
You're Just A Footnote On My Naughty List**

Some of the crowd gasps. RICO's gang runs away crying. LUZ smiles.

**Oh, And One More Thing Before You Disappear:
Better Stay Good, Or I'll See You Next Year**

The Crowd Boos At Santa. He Looks Around At The Bystanders, Confused.

SANTA (To crowd)

What? They started it!
The crowd groans and leaves.



CLAUS THE WRAPPER

SANTA (To LUZ)

Seriously? I thought I was the good guy, here?

LUZ

2000 years, huh?

SANTA

We all make mistakes in the heat of passion.

RICO

Well, I sure hope that you're proud of yourself.

He approaches.

Bullying a small child like that.

SANTA

I am. You're not a child, Rico. You're an animal. Be glad I didn't share the blacklisted portion of your naughty list.

RICO

Whatever! This isn't over! We will meet again...

He tries to mysteriously turn around and walk away but runs into a wall face first. He corrects and shambles out of the airport.

SANTA and LUZ stare.

SANTA

Well, good luck out there, kid.

He looks down at LUZ.

Same to you, Luz.

SANTA starts walking away and looks around. LUZ quickly goes to him.



CLAUS THE WRAPPER

LUZ

Wait! Hang on a second!

LUZ

Sorry, kid. Can't. I need to fix my flying situation and the airlines make that process a real pain in the peppermint.

LUZ

But aren't you Santa Claus? Can't you just, like... teleport, or something?

SANTA

What? No. Don't be ridiculous. I'm a mythical being, not a wizard.

LUZ

There's a difference?

SANTA

Yeah, one isn't real.

LUZ is confused.

LUZ

But aren't you both technically—

SANTA

You know who's standing here, Luz? Me. You know who's not? A wizard.

LUZ

All right! All right... sheesh. So, you're Santa Claus? The Santa Claus?

SANTA

Uh huh.



CLAUS THE WRAPPER

LUZ

And I came to that conclusion because you said my name even though I never told you, which implies you knew, which prompted me to ask, which you replied to by claiming you're Santa, and now... here we are!

SANTA

Actually, Rico said your name earlier, Sherlock. What he didn't say was that your full name is Luz Lumon, you were born in Ciudad Esperanza, and you've always wanted a hippopotamus for Christmas.

LUZ

Whoa... you really are him!

SANTA

You keep saying that. I keep saying that—

LUZ

Well, it's not exactly easy for me to believe in someone who hasn't given me a present in years.

SANTA

And whose fault is that?

LUZ

The answer might surprise you.

SANTA

Nothing surprises me. One of the many existential downfalls of being an ageless being is that you've seen it all.

LUZ

Ookay, well, then what if instead of surprises we

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

tried involvement! Like, oh I don't know, helping a certain helpless Esperanza girl?

SANTA

I'm not supposed to be helping anyone, kid. I'm supposed to be on vacation.

LUZ

From being Santa Claus?

He stops and faces LUZ.

SANTA

Yes! From being Santa Claus.

LUZ

But isn't that, like... the whole point of your existence?

11

WHAT'S THE POINT

"What's the Point?" starts playing. SANTA and LUZ grab a seat.

🎵 Song 4: What's the Point



SANTA

What's The Point Of It All? This Whole Christmas Thing

It Used To Be About The Joy, The Love That It Could Bring

Families Together, Sharing The Cheer

Now It's Nothing But Greed, Anxiety, And Fear

He stands and dramatically continues.

Parents Spoiling Kids, Saying, 'Santa's Got Your Back'

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

**While I'm Left With Coal And A Crumbling Sack
I Try To Teach Kindness, The Meaning Of Giving
But What's The Point When They Forget While
They're Living**

He sighs and sits. The beat shifts as LUZ stands.



LUZ

**You Think It's All Lost? That It's Broken And Done
Santa, Maybe Look Closer—you're Not The Only
One
Sure, Some People Fail Us, And Life Gets Rough
But Some Of Us Are Out Here, Still Fighting Though
It's Tough**

She walks forward and looks to the heavens as she gets introspective.

**You Say Kids Are Greedy, But Do You Ever Stop To
See
Why They Act Like That? Why They're Hurting, Like
Me
It's Not Their Fault, Claus—it's Learned Behavior
What We Really Need Is A Guide, A Savior**

SANTA stands and joins LUZ as they, in their own worlds, continue.



SANTA & LUZ

**What's The Point
The Question's Clear
What's The Point
Is It All For Nothing, Year After Year
What's The Point
Maybe It's True
But Hope's Not Gone, It's Just Waiting For You**

Santa turns to LUZ and vice versa.



SANTA

You've Got A Sharp Tongue, Kid; You're Not Afraid To

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

Bite

**But Maybe You're Right—maybe There's Still Light
I've Seen The Worst In People, The Way They
Behave
But Maybe I Forgot The Good I Once Gave**

He looks around.

**This Park, This Place—it Means So Much To You
It's Not Just A Space; It's A Dream Come True
Maybe It's Not About Fixing Christmas Today
But Helping You Fight To Keep The Bad Guys Away**

SANTA nods, building resolve. LUZ walks over beside him.



LUZ

**You Mean It, Claus? You'll Help Me Stand Tall
To Take Back Our Park And Rebuild It All
This Isn't About Me—it's About My Town
A Place For Families, Where All Gather Around**

SANTA looks at her.

**He Used To Have Joy, Piñatas, And Tamales
Now It's Just Fear, Gangs, And Empty Alleys
But Maybe, Together, We Can Make It Right
You've Got Your Magic—use It Tonight**

SANTA shakes his head, walks away, and ponders.



SANTA

**I'm Not A Wizard, Kid—just A Mythical Guy
But Maybe There's A Reason I Landed Nearby
Maybe I Forgot What Christmas Should Mean
It's Not The Gifts, The Profits, Or The Marketing
Machine
It's The People, The Love, The Spark In Their Eyes
The Way They Come Together Under Winter Skies**

He turns back excited.

**All Right, Kid; I'm In—let's Take This Park Back
Let's Light Up This Town, Like A Sleigh On Its Track**

CLAUS THE WRAPPER



They come together, back to back.

SANTA & LUZ

**What's The Point? We Found Our Way
It's The Love We Give; It's Why We Stay
What's The Point? It's Crystal Clear
To Spread The Hope, To Fight The Fear**

The music fades.

LUZ

You really mean it, Claus?

SANTA

Kid, I've never meant anything more.

He looks up heroically.

Now, we have ho-ho-hope!

LUZ stares for a beat, judging.

LUZ

Huh?

SANTA

Hope. Have some... hope.

LUZ

Why did you say it like that?

SANTA

Say it like what?

LUZ

You know.

"Ho-ho-hope!"

(Mocking)

SANTA

I didn't say that.

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

LUZ

Yes you did.

SANTA

Okay, fine, I can't help it! It's a natural response!

LUZ

So you did say it!

SANTA

All right. You know what? I'm trying to do a heroic thing right now, so how about instead of judging me we go save your stupid park!

SANTA storms off. LUZ smiles.

LUZ

Also, how is it a natural response?

LUZ gets up and follows.

SANTA

It just is!

LUZ

You haven't said it one time before this!

SANTA

Yes I have.

LUZ

No you ha-ha-haven't.

SANTA groans as LUZ laughs, and they leave.



SCENE CHANGE 2-3

CLAUS THE WRAPPER



SCENE III: Shop Flow

SNAPSHOT:

Greta, Frosty, and Rudolph try to run the workshop, but they have no idea how to do it.

LOCATION:

Santa's Workshop



SONGS: : None

CHARACTERS	ACTORS	MICS	PROPS
GRETA			
FROSTY			
RUDOLPH			

Your stage

CLAUS THE WRAPPER

Back at Santa's Shop, FROSTY, GRETA, and RUDOLPH stand in the same spot, stance, and manner as they were before. They haven't done a single thing. They still don't know what to do...

RUDOLPH

'Huh?' Wha-- what do you mean 'huh?'

FROSTY

Yeah. My thoughts exactly.

GRETA

Like 'huh,' as in 'what should we do?'

RUDOLPH

'What should we do!?' Don't you work in here?

GRETA

I mean, yeah... in the shoe department.

FROSTY

The shoe department!?

GRETA

Yeah! I put the little shoe laces through the shoes—

RUDOLPH

Dude, you straight-up told Santa that you worked in the SaucePad department!

(Realizing)

Wait, do you have any idea how to run this place?

GRETA

I'm usually on the receiving end of the instructions.

RUDOLPH

Oh no. Oh no, no, no.