

**The Original Production Company
Our Lady Queen of Peace School, Happy Valley**

presents

"Fanatasia"

**written by
Louis Byrne
Regina Smart**

A one-act play illustrating and exploring white-culture based fantasies / spiritualism.

Cast

God	Diana Tobin
Santa	Brian Davis —
Tooth Fairy	Jennifer Mitchell
Mother / Alice	Melanie Sampson
Janie	Krista Pardy
Shelly	Wendy Hancock
Narrator	Emile Cabot

Sound / Lights / Set Design

Melanie Power

Directors

Louis Byrne
Regina Smart

Fanatasia
or
Things really aren't the way you think.

Cast List: Mother/Alice	God
Janie (7 years old)	Santa Claus
Shelly (15 years old)	Tooth Fairy
Rod Serling-type narrator	Death

WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(The stage is sparse. Most action takes place on far sides. Christmas tree off to stage left. You hear All Souls' Night by Loreena McKennitt)

Janie: Mommy, Mommy, look. I just lost a tooth!

Mother: Wonderful dear. Now don't forget to put it under your pillow tonight and the tooth fairy will bring you something.

Janie: What Mommy?

Mother: Maybe a Loonie or two, You never know!

Janie: Wow!

Rod Serlingperson: (Enter stage right) Imagine if you will - little Janie, seven years old who has just lost a tooth. This child is embarking on a lifetime quest of myths and fantastic characters all designed to help her understand her role on this planet at this time and at this space but what neither she nor any of her family realize is that they have all just crossed over into FANATASIA.

Vignette 1:

Janie's Bedroom: Night-time

(Mother crosses to the bed where Janie is sleeping. Very carefully takes the tooth out from under child's pillow and tries to replace with 2 loonies. Janie awakens.)

Janie: Waht? oh? Tooth Fairy? Mommy? Why are you here Mommy? Where's the Tooth Fairy? Where is she, Mommy? Where is she?

Mother: The Tooth Fairy just left dear. I met her in the hall. She asked me to check to see if the Loonies she left you were still safe under your pillow.

Janie: Was she Mommy? But all I saw was you. It couldn't have been the Tooth Fairy. It was you and I smelled your shampoo. The Tooth Fairy doesn't need shampoo, does she Mommy? Does she?

Mother: She might dear. You never know with Fairies. You should go back to sleep now, it is getting late. Here, take your money and go to sleep.

Janie: Mommy, I know now. (Exit Mother to centre stage)

(Enter Rod Serlingperson stage left now in different garb and mask. Enter three others stage right all in masks. Pantomime around Janie's bed.)

Rod Serlingperson: Here's a chance for my merry band,
Immortals all, to play a hand
To let this child and all to see
Just what may be reality.
Lights and shadows play in spree.
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

(Lights dim; all exit in semi-darkness)

(Aside scene: Heaven or some place like that. God is working at desk. Santa enters.)

God: So, Santa, how do things look for this year's run?

Santa: Well, not too bad, actually. Only need to bring a half ton of coal. That's way down from last year.

God: Yes, it is. You know, it never ceases to amaze me - And that's no small trick with my reputation - that there are some children who out and out refuse to believe in you. The coal sure helps, doesn't it?

Santa: Yes indeed. (Beeper goes off)

God: Oh, that's me. (Takes beeper out of pocket.) We've got a call for the Tooth Fairy this time. Have you seen her around?

Santa: Sector 56 last time I saw her. (Tooth Fairy enters stage left)

God: Oh there she is now. Oh Crystal, over here please!

Tooth Fairy: You got one for me Boss?

God: Janie just lost a lower left bicuspid. Bring Loonies, she's Canadian.

Tooth Fairy: Sure thing! (Exit Tooth Fairy stage left)

God: I just love to watch, don't you?

Santa: You bet, but I can't stay long, with all the last minute work and all.

God: I'll send over a transcript later Christmas Day.

Santa: Fine, just fine. Must be going now.

God: See you later Santa! (Lights down on Heaven and up on Mother)

Mother: (in living-room) Dear God, don't tell me that I've just ruined it for Janie. She's still so little, she doesn't need to have these things taken away from her so soon. It would be different if she was older, she'd be able to handle things a while lot better. Especially now with this. I'm going to need your help too, God. The Doctors don't really know how to go about fixing this, or if it's even fixable. And how do I tell them, Janie and Shelly? I could probably tell Janie something without too much trouble, but Shelly is beginning to ask some questions that I can't really answer. I don't know what to say or even how to begin. She's asking about You and why You don't answer her right away. Help me

God, we've got some rough times coming up and I need all the help I can get. (Exit Mother, stage left)

Vignette 2.

Living room, next day with Shelly.

Rod Serlingperson: This is Shelly, 15, with a typical teenage imagination. She is beginning to understand the power of the right question at the right time, and also the responsibility of that question. Shelly loves to sing.

(Shelly is listening to the radio/walkman and singing along with it.)

Shelly: (Singing) Gaze no more in the bitter glass

The demons, with their subtle guile,
Lift up before us when they pass;
Or only gaze a little while;
For there a fatal image grows
That the stormy night receives
Roots half hidden under snows
Broken boughs and blackened leaves
For all things turn to bareness
In the dim glass the deomns hold,
the glass of outer weariness
Made when God slept in times of old
There through the groken branches go
The ravens of unresting thought;
Flying, crying, to an from
Cruel claw and hungry throat

Shelly: (writing a letter)

Dear Santa Claus:

This will probably be the last letter I write to you. Mom says that I'm a bit old to write, since there are a lot of younger children in the world who need your attention. That's why I'm writing. Don't worry about me this year, take care of the little ones, especially my little sister Janie. She's only 7 and needs a bit of babying. I will leave the milk and cookies for you like last year. Have a good trip.

Love

Shelly.

Mother: (enters) Hello dear, what are you up to?

Shelly: Just finishing off my letter to Santa Claus.

Mother: You're still writing to him?

Shelly: Last one. I'm not asking anything for myself. No need

really. I've got everything that I want, I guess. Well, almost everything. He can't do anything about this, this time.

(Mother and Shelly look at each other)

Mother: No, I suppose he can't dear. (Exit Mother stage left)

Rod Serlingperson: (Enters stage left) Christmas Eve is supposed to be a time of joy and anticipation. For this family there is little joy and a pall of gloom which no one wants to name, but still, not every moment sounds a knell.

Vignette 3:
Later same day.

Shelly: Janie, come help me finish with the tree.

Janie: Okay, what do you want me to do?

Shelly: Let's make some paper chains. That will fill it out a bit more. It's a bit bare because SOMEBODY broke four decorations yesterday.

Janie: It was an accident!! Mommy didn't even get mad.

Shelly: I know, silly, I broke three, remember??

Janie: That makes 7 right?

Shelly: Right! Say, you're getting really good at counting. Here, here's some paper and scissors and----- let's use the stapler, it's not as messy as the glue.

Janie: Quicker too. No waiting for the glue to dry.

Shelly: O.K., let's get started. (She starts to hum Jingle Bells)

Janie: Jingle Bells, Batman smells Robin laid an -----

Shelly: JANIE!!! (Giggly) You know Mom doesn't like you singing that.

Janie: Why? What's wrong with it?

Shelly: She says it sacrilege, whatever that means.

Janie: Sacrilege?

Shelly: The way Mom got on, I think it has something to do with God and stuff. Mom gets really uptight about God. Especially lately.

Janie: (Whispery) Be careful Shelly. You don't want to get God

angry. He might say something to Santa and Santa won't come.

Shelly: Sure, Janie.

Janie: What did you ask Santa for this year?

Shelly: Oh, nothing really. By the time you get to be MY age, you've got all of the good stuff anyway.

Janie: Like what?

Shelly: Dolls and stuff. Crayons, Legos, you know - all that stuff you asked for this year.

Janie: I bet it must be great being up at the North Pole. Toys all year long.

Shelly: Yeah, I guess. (Pause) Janie, did Mom ever talk to you about Heaven?

Janie: She said it was the greatest place ever to be in. You don't have to worry about anything. You get your own cloud and a harp and a halo and wings and everything. And you get as much stuff to play with as you want. Hey, maybe it's up at the North Pole. Maybe that's where they get all of that stuff, from Santa at the North Pole!! Why Shelly?

Shelly: Just wondering, I guess. I tried to ask Mom about Heaven a couple of days ago but she was too busy to answer. She's been really busy lately.

Janie: It's Christmas, everyone's busy at Christmas.

Shelly: No, it's....Oh, never mind Janie. Let's get this finished. Let's see how fast we can get this done and surprise Mom.

Janie: Yeah!! (Both exit stage right)

(Dim lights down)

Mother: (Enters reading large medical book) Well, that's it then. It's got a name, but that's about all. What a Christmas present this is, eh God? Well, at least the girls will have a good Christmas. Only You know what the new year is going to bring, and you have a nasty habit of keeping tight-lipped about it. (Starts to write a letter. Lights dim.)

Vignette 4:
Christmas Eve night.

Janie: C'mon Shelly, don't forget your stocking. I'm putting mine right here next to the tree so Santa won't miss it. You put yours next to mine and Mommy can put hers next to yours.

Mother: I'm not going to put up a stocking this year.

Shelly: Why not, Mom?

Mother: So Santa can give my share to the two of you, that's why. I've got to look out for my girlish figure, you know, can't go eating too much Christmas goodies.

Janie: I'd love you no matter how fat you got.

Mother: Thank you dear, but you really should be off to bed. Santa starts his run any time now and you know he won't drop in if you're still up.

Janie: Okay Mommy. C'mon Shelly, time for bed. (Janie Exits)

Shelly: (calls after her) Be up in a second. (Turns to her mother) Mom, why aren't you putting up a stocking?

Mother: Dear Santa, Shelly needs a hearing aid, send one quick.

Shelly: No Mom, you're different this year. Something's really wrong and you're trying to keep it from us. Janie's little, she doesn't see it but I do. What is it Mom.

Mother: I've just been a bit under the weather lately, that's all.

Shelly: No, it's more than just that, don't try to lie to me.

Mother: Shelly!

Shelly: No Mom, it's not fair. I've got to 'fess up all the time now it's your turn.

Mother: All right, but not now. Let's have a Christmas first. Deal?

Shelly: Deal, I guess.

Mother: Now, off to bed. Make sure your sister's asleep, and get to sleep yourself. Old St. Nick won't be coming here too swiftly if he sees that you two are wide awake.

Shelly: It's okay, Mom. I've known about Santa for a little while now. (Mother wraps gift and plaes it and letter under tree.)

(Aside scene: Heaven-type place again. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~.)

God: I must check to see who's due now. (Looks into monitor. Face grows solemn) Oh. That could be a serious mistake on my part. (Enter Santa and Tooth Fairy) Hello again!

Santa: Hello God. I'm afraid we've got a bit of a problem.

Tooth Fairy: Janie's mother got there before I did. You know the consequence when that happens.

God: How did Janie take it?

Tooth Fairy: About usual, she's cried herself to sleep and right now things aren't looking too good for the rest of us up here.

Santa: She's not going to make the leap that quickly, is she?

God: Considering what I have to do, she probably will. (They both look at God.) It's time. She's beyond human help now and I don't want her to have to deal with the pain. It would only hurt the children more, make them bitter and hurt. No, better them to remember her when she still looked and acted like their mother than something that disease destroyed.

Tooth Fairy: Excuse me for asking, but why did you do this in the first place?

God: (rises from desk) No need to say "excuse me" at all. We've got an advantage over people. We're the Immortal Imaginaries. We don't have to face anything like linear time. We simply are, or are not. We have no pain, no suffering, nothing to learn, nothing hidden. People have to learn from scratch everything they need. Experience has shown me that they learn best from the hardest lessons. Some of these lessons they learn when they are old; some, like now, when they are very young.

Santa: But does it really have to be now? Janie doesn't believe in Crystal anymore and Shelly let go of me 2 years ago. This could be the thing to put you out of the picture altogether.

God: I realize that, but it is a risk I'm going to have to take. If I leave Alice where she is it will have a terrible effect on the girls.

Tooth Fairy: I'm glad I'm not in your shoes. (Crosses back to get coffee)

God: (comes to center) I know what you're getting at, but being omnipotent has allowed me to see that IF I let Alice live in the condition that she is, she will eventually lose her job and have to take one at a lower pay. They will have to move to a part of the city where the crime rate is high. Three months of this will find Alice barely able to put food on the table, unable to afford even the most basic medication to relieve the pain - her health benefits will be gone- and the girls will be on their own and under very bad influences. At 6 months, there'll be a break-in, Alice beaten, Janie terrorized and Shelly will run away. So you see, if I don't interfere now, while the Johnsons are still interested in Foster Parenting, the girls won't have a chance at all.

Santa: When you put it that way, the choices are limited. But answer me this: What has happened to this lovely blue ball you dreamed up? Why do you need to step in at all? I remember a time, not that long ago when

God: (goes back behind desk) So do I. But look at what people have done to themselves. The realm that we belong to holds no meaning for them anymore. It's all "Get it now, and get lots of it." The here and the now has become too important and greed has stepped in. That's all it is, really, the eternal plague of greed. It's sad you know. People are really SO much more than anything they could ever possess, and yet, they judge each other by what they have, what position they attain and how many toys they have, and not by what is really important. And that, dear friends, is why we have our pretty blue bauble racked with turmoil, if I may be allowed to wax poetic.

Tooth Fairy: I'm going to miss going to Janie's house.

(end of scene, dim lights)

(Christmas music)

Mini-Scene: Santa comes into the room and does his thing. There are only 2 stockings hung up by the tree. He takes one from his bag labelled Mommy and hangs it up next to the rest.

Vignette 5:
Christmas Day (7 a.m.)

Janie:(running in to check the tree and stockings) Mommy! Shelly!! Come on!! Santa's come. (Enter Mother and Shelly) Oh just look at it all, isn't it just wonderful? I can't believe all of the presents! This is the best Christmas ever!!

Shelly: Wow, that sure is some load of presents!(Goes under the tree and starts to hand out the presents) Hey kiddo, looks like you're going to get everything you asked for and a lot besides. Santa's been really good to you. Here's two more.

Mother: And don't forget the stockings! (Turns to get them) Three? Oh now girls, I said I wasn't going to put mine up, especially since I'm going on my "Super Slim in Sixty Days Program".

Janie: I didn't put it there Mommy.

Shelly: Me neither, honest.

Mother: (to Shelly softly) Honest-honest??

Shelly: Honest-honest. (They look at each other and the stocking)

Mother: I'm going to fix some breakfast. Who's hungry?

Janie: Me, me, me!!!

Mother: And what would you like on this fine Christmas morning?

Janie: Pancakes and syrup and toast and an orange and 3 cookies.

Mother: Pancakes and syrup and toast and an orange and we'll see if you can eat all that first before you get the cookies.

Janie: A---WWW Mom--my. No fair! It's Christmas!

Mother: But your tummy hasn't gotten any bigger than it was last night. We'll hold off on the cookies for a little bit and you can have them as a treat for around 10:30.

Janie: Okay!!

Mother: How about you Shelly?

Shelly: I'm not really hungry Mom, just some toast and juice.

Mother: Sure?

Shelly: Yeah, just some toast and juice. I can finish what Janie doesn't. (Mother smiles and exits)

Janie: C'mon Shelly. You haven't even started to open your presents yet. You've got a whole lot too! Isn't this a great Christmas.

Shelly: I can't believe it. Where did all of this come from?

Janie: Santa Claus, silly. Look, he put his name right here on the tag. And there's some from Mommy too. (Reaches by the side of the tree, upstage) Shelly, this one's for you. It's from me.

Shelly: Gee, Janie. You didn't have to do that.

Janie: Yes I did, you're my best sister.

Shelly: (opens gift) Oh Janie, this is great! You must have spent all of your allowance on it.

Janie: Nope. I had plenty left for Mommy's gift too.

Shelly: Well, don't think I forgot you. (gift is downstage) Here you go Janie.

Janie: Wow! A Teenage Power Nancy! Oh this is great!!

Mother: (enters from kitchen)C'mon gang. Breakfast is ready in the kitchen. Say, it's a little quiet here. How's about some music?

Shelly: I'll get it. (goes to ghetto blaster and puts on Christmas music)

Mother: Now, where are MY presents? No fair the two of you getting it all.

(Shelly and Janie go get presents and bring to Mother.) Here Mom, Here you are Mommy, Merry Christmas, etc.

Mother:(unwrapping gifts) This is really nice. Too bad Christmas is only one day.

(lights dim, music still playing softly in background, girls exit)

Rod Serlingperson: Too bad Christmas is only one day. And too bad that Tooth Fairies and Easter Bunnies and Santa Claus and all the rest aren't real either. But here, one Imaginary will be all too real. The slim elegant figure of Death is coming to this house right now, even though it is Christmas Day. Death, though even-

handed and just, is not cruel nor heartless, but waits until the girls have left the room, goes to Mother and gently takes her by the hand and leads her away to the Great Unknown.

Vignette 6:

(Heaven-type place. God is seated at Stage Right ~~██████████~~)

Mother: (enters hesitatingly) Where is this place? What happened to my house? How did I get here?

God: Welcome Alice. I'm sorry to have to bring you here at Christmas but the timing of the thing was very tricky. Another few days more and things would go completely hay-wire.

Mother/Alice: So, just where am I?

God: From what you've learned and believed all your life, this is Heaven.

Alice: Oh my God! Oh, excuse me, I'm sorry, I didn't mean that!

God: No harm taken at all. Trust me, I've heard much worse. Now, about your life here, you'll be...

Alice: What about the girls?

God: After the funeral they'll be going with the Johnsons...

Alice: From MacNeil Road? Those Johnsons?

God: Yes.

Alice: No.

God: Beg your pardon?

Alice: I don't want my girls living with the Johnsons. They're not good people.

God: Alice, I know these people better than they do and certainly much better than you do. Trust me, the girls will be just fine with them.

Alice: He drinks and she's been, well, you ought to know what she's been doing.

God: I know all about that, but they've had a change of heart and they've mended their ways. Everything will work out for the best.

Alice: Just why did you take me now?

God: You were very ill and things didn't look positive.

Alice: Why didn't you just heal me? You used to do that a lot one time.

God: Because the girls needed a strong stable home...

Alice: Which I couldn't give them if I was sick.

God: Exactly.

Alice: That still doesn't answer the question: Why didn't you heal me.

God: I've already said...

Alice: You said that if I was sick they'd have a bad life. That I can live with. (Leans into computer) Did you bother to use your omnipotence to see what would happen if you healed me?

God: Well, I...

Alice: Well???

God: Actually, I've been so busy, I didn't get a chance to...

Alice: So I am dead for no other reason except that you've been busy.

God: Uh, er, yes.

Alice: Fine, just fine. (Paces) You do realize that if I gave that excuse to my boss, I'd be out of a job pretty quickly?


God: Alice....

Alice: I've been believing in you all of my life. I put everything I had into you and what you stood for. And I taught all of that to the girls. And where does that leave me? Where does that leave them? Oh, No. This isn't good enough. This isn't even half good enough. There's got to be something else that can be done about this. Who gives you the right to decide who will live and who will die? ~~(Enter Santa looking a little tired)~~

God: I do, I decide.

Alice: How do you know that you are right?

God: I'm always right, I'm God.

Alice: Well God, this time you were wrong, dead wrong. 

Santa: Well, that was a long one. Oh, excuse me, I didn't mean to interrupt. (Turns to go)

God: No, hold on Santa, you might be able to help out here.

Alice: Santa? Not Santa Claus, St. Nick...

Santa: (Bows) Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, late of Santa Claus fame. I am pleased to make your acquaintance. (Shake hands) You are Alice, mother of Shelly and Janie.

Alice: Yes... but I thought...

Santa: Yes, I know, I learned a few things when I arrived here in the year 350, or perhaps it was 351. Ah well, it's been so long now that it really doesn't matter anymore. Now God, you were about to say something to me about helping out.

God: Yes. I'm afraid that I've really bungled this one badly. Look I'm going to need to get her back. Death only brings people here. She doesn't bring them back.

Alice: So, that's it? You're going to send me back just like that?

God: Yes, just like that. Now, the only problem is the actual getting you back.

Santa: Look God, the reindeer are still pretty fresh. Since it's only a one-stop trip, I don't think they'd have any problem with it.

God: Looks like you're drafted Santa. Go explain things to the reindeer and have things ready as quickly as you can.

Santa: On my way.

Alice: So when I get back, what do I do - about you I mean?

God: That's up to you Alice. Everyone has to invent God for themselves. It's been fairly easy for the past few centuries, you've had tradition and myth and legend and all of that to help you paint a picture of me in your head. The reality of the situation - well, you've seen that. I guess what you're asking me is "Do I keep believing what I was believing?" Only you can answer that Alice. That one is your call.

Alice: Yes, it is. (Sound of a beeper)

God: (Looks at pager message) That's Santa, he's ready to go.

Alice: Good-bye God.

God: Good-bye Alice. (lights dim)

(Stage is in semi darkness with Janie in her bed. We hear the sound of Santa's sleigh going through the sky. We also hear the sound of NORAD RADAR tracking Santa. This time, when the jets are scrambled, Santa is not so fortunate. This time he's treated with extreme prejudice and with extreme measures. After the explosion we hear only a few faint jingles as the obvious happens and the sleigh falls to the earth. Janie gives loud scream.)

Vignette 7:

(Back in the living-room)

Shelly: (Singing: If God was one of us.)

Janie: What does that mean, Shelly?

Shelly: Just a song, Janie. God can't be one of us, right?

Janie: Right. Shelly, why did Mommy say there was a Tooth Fairy when it was her all along?

Shelly: I don't know Janie.

Janie: But there is a Santa Claus. Just look at all of those presents over there.

Shelly: Yeah.

Janie: You want some juice?

Shelly: I'll go get it. (She crosses to kitchen spot) Hey Mom, you asleep? Mom? (Goes and gives her a nudge) Mom? (Realizes what's happened) Oh no, not now, it's too soon. (Backs her way back into living room spot and makes her way to the phone on side table. Janie is listening to a walkman and playing with some of her new gifts. Shelly dials 911 in such a way that Janie won't notice what she is doing.)

Shelly: Hello, Please help me. Please hurry. My Mom's dead. Please hurry. 22 Green Street. Yes, please hurry. (Hangs up phone. Waves at Janie to get her attention.) Janie, would you do something with me?

Janie: Sure Shelly, what?

Shelly: Would you say some prayers with me?

Janie: Okay.

Shelly: God, it's Shelly and Janie and we'd like to pray to you for a little while, if that's alright.

Janie: Of course, it's okay. He's God, and that's what you do with God, you pray to him.

Shelly: God, you're supposed to know everything so you know why I'm praying right now.

Janie: Yes, we'd like to say thank-you to You and Santa Claus for the great things we got for Christmas.

Shelly: God, I don't know what to do.

Janie: About what?

Shelly: Janie, something's really wrong with Mom. Really badly wrong.

Janie: What?

Shelly: She won't wake up. She's out in the kitchen and she won't wake up.

Janie: She's just really tired that's all.

Shelly: No Janie, it's more than that. I think Mommy died.

Janie: Died? Died and went to Heaven?

Shelly: I don't know about that part Janie. I don't know about any of that. Janie, I don't even know if there's a God.

Janie: SHELLY! There is a God. He lives in Heaven, and there's angels and haloes and harps and wings and...

Shelly: I don't know Janie.

Janie: But Mommy said there was.

Shelly: And Mom said there was a Tooth Fairy.

Janie: Mommy lied to us?

Shelly: I don't know Janie, I don't know anything and that's what's scaring me. There's just you and me now Janie and I've got to take care of you, but I'm not sure that I can take care of myself.
(turns to cry)

Janie: Dear God, this is Janie. I'd like to say thank you for all of the nice things you brought us for...

Shelly: Oh Janie, stop it, stop it. This isn't going to help. There is no God, there is no Santa, no Easter Bunny or Tooth Fairy. It's all something Mom made up.

Janie: No Shelly No. That's not true!!!

Shelly: It's all true Janie. We're alone .

Janie: It can't be true. It just can't be true. (Goes over to the tree) We worked so hard on the tree. It was going to be our best Christmas ever. Mommy said so. (Knocks an ornament onto the floor) Oh no, not another one. What's that? (sees packages near back of tree hidden from sight) This is a big present. (Reads tag) "To Janie and Shelly with all my love Mommy". Shelly, come here, we've got another present from Mommy.

Shelly: (enters room) It doesn't matter any more Janie.

Janie: (opens box) Look, sweaters like Mommy's!! (Letter falls to the floor. Shelly picks it up)

Shelly: (reading the letter) Dear Shelly: I hope you and Janie like the sweaters that I made for you over the past little while. You kept saying how much you liked the colours and the pattern in mine so I decided that you both should have one of your own. (Two voices) You know that I'm going to be leaving you both very soon and so these will be something to remember me by. (Change to Mother's voice.)

Mother:...This is our last Christmas together. I'm a little sad that you gave up Santa Claus but I know that you realize why we have Santa and the Tooth Fairy and all the rest. It's not important that these characters actually exist - what's important is how we treat each other, whether or not we love and respect each other. That's why these things exist, to help us learn to love each other and help each other through the good times and the bad times. I'm going to miss all those fun times we had in the past, but it's the future that you must concentrate on. You don't have to worry about me anymore, where I am is safe, and I'm very happy. I'm going to miss you with all of my heart. You were the best things that ever happened to me. I love you very much. Remember that there is a Santa Claus, but not always the one we think there is. Remember the love, Shelly, and that's what will get you through. Forever, Mom.

Janie: What's that you're reading?

Shelly: A letter from Mom.

Janie: What does she say?

Shelly: That she loves us very much. Janie, Mom wants us to keep believing in Santa Claus.

Janie: But you said...

Shelly: I know what I said, but I was wrong. We need Santa Claus to remind us how much we love each other and how much Mom loved us,

too.

Janie: What about the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny?

Shelly: Them too.

Janie: What about God?

Vignette Eight:

(Shelly is reading/singing from Cymbeline by Shakespeare, via Loreena McKennitt)

Shelly: Fear no more the that o' th' sun
Nor the furious winters' rages
Thou thy worldly task hast done
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust...
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Rod Serlingperson: (Goes to bed where Janie has been sleeping.
Santa, God, Tooth Fairy all appear around foot of bed.)

If we in dreams have you offended
Remember this and all is mended:
You've only dreamed a shortwhile here
And now these dreams will disappear,
And all these sights and sounds take flight
Into the stillness of the night.
When you awake then you will see
That all is right and fair and free.

(Exit all save Janie.)

Janie: (awakens and checks under her pillow) Mommy, Mommy, come look!

Mother: (enters) What is it dear?

Janie: See, the Tooth Fairy left me 2 loonies, just like you said.

Mother: Yes dear. See what happens when you believe?

(Blackout)

FINIS