

Haunted Christmas

A Radio Play
Written by Jeffrey Lovett

Cast of Characters

Booth Announcer
Hannah
Roger
Igor
Vlad Wellesley
Count Vlad the First
Lady Bella
Santa

DIALOGUE

Announcer:

And now, it's time for the Ronco Radio Hour, brought to you by the new Ronco Riding Roto-Rooter that makes messy plumbing jobs fun! Tonight's episode:
Haunted Christmas

Our story begins with two young people walking down a dark country road.

Roger:

It's not my fault, you know. How was I supposed to know that the car was going to break down way out here in the middle of nowhere?

Hannah:

I told you I heard something funny when you cranked it up. You should have gotten out of the car and checked it then. Now we're going to be late for Molly's Christmas Eve Party.

Roger:

I'm sure it's just something minor. Certainly there's got to be a house around here somewhere and we'll find someone to help us.

FOLEY

WALKING ON GRAVEL

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Hannah:
Have you tried your cell phone?

Roger:
There's no signal way out here.

Hannah:
Just try it again.

Roger:
Okay. (dialing) See, no signal.
Let's just keep walking. I'm sure
we'll find a house out here some-
where.

Hannah:
I must have been crazy to let you
take that shortcut.

Roger:
The GPS said it would cut 20 minutes
off our trip. How was I supposed to
know the car would break down 10
miles from nowhere.

Hannah:
What was that?

Roger:
I don't know. Just keep moving.

Hannah:
Hey, is that a light up ahead?

Roger:
Yeah. It's A house. Finally! Come
on!

WALKING STOPS.

CELL PHONE
DIALING.

CONTINUE WALKING
ON GRAVEL.

WOLF HOWLING.

WALKING ON GRAVEL
FASTER.

RUNNING ON
GRAVEL.

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Hannah:

That's not a house. It's a castle!

Roger:

More like a mansion. But as long as they've got a phone, I don't care if it's an igloo.

Hannah:

Look at the size of this gate.

Roger:

Boy, they must really want to keep somebody out.

Hannah:

Or something in!

Roger:

Would you stop that. You watch way too many scary movies. Here. Help me with this chain.

Hannah:

Yep, this is exactly what I expected to do on my Christmas Eve. Break into a creepy haunted mansion.

Roger:

Why do you think it's haunted?

Hannah:

Look at that house. It's covered with vines. All the windows are black. And is that a vulture on the roof?

WALKING ON GRAVEL
STOPS.

RATTLING CHAINS.

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Roger:

Come on, you sissy!

WALKING ON
GRAVEL.

Hannah:

Okay, we're here. Now what?

Roger:

Somebody's got to knock on the door.

Hannah:

Go ahead. You're the one who broke
the car.

Roger:

I did not break the... oh, forget it.
Okay, here goes.

LOUD KNOCK ON
DOOR.

(Pause)

Hannah:

Maybe they didn't hear us knock.
Maybe no one's home.

Roger:

On Christmas Eve?

Hannah:

Knock louder.

VERY LOUD
KNOCK.

Roger:

Okay, are you happy. I think I broke
something!

Hannah:

Wait, what is that. I hear some-
thing.

DRAGGING SOUND.

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Roger:
Sounds like someone's dragging something across the floor.

Hannah:
Okay, I've heard enough. Can we just go. I'm sure there's another, less creepy house a couple of blocks down the road.

FAINT SCREAM.

Roger:
Wait a minute. Was that a scream?

Hannah:
Let's just go. Come on..

OPENING RUSTY DOOR.

Roger:
Too late.

Igor:
Good evening. Welcome to Wellesley Manor. May I help you?

Roger:
Ah, yeah. Our car broke down a couple miles back and we can't seem to get our cell phones to work out here. Do you have a phone we could use to call a tow truck?

Igor:
Why, certainly sir. Please do come it. Please just step over that bag. I'm just doing a little.. ah, last minute Christmas decorating.

DOOR OPENS WIDER.

Hannah:
Roger!

DIALOGUE

Roger:

Ah, sir, we hate to impose. Maybe you could just call a tow truck for us?

Igor:

Nonsense, please come warm yourself by the fire. I'll summon the Master...

Hannah:

The master?

Igor:

Yes, my dear. Count Wellesley. He'll be so delighted to have guests to share Christmas Eve with. Please follow me.

Hannah:

Roger!

Roger:

Just be cool. We'll make our call and get out of here as fast as we can.

ANNOUNCER:

Hannah and Roger are led into a large hall where there's a roaring fire in the fireplace.

Igor:

Please make yourself comfortable. I'll ring the Master.

FOLEY

WALKING ON HARD FLOOR.

ROARING FIRE.

STEPS AWAY ON HARD FLOOR.

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Hannah:
Ring the Master? What does that mean?

LOUD BELL

Roger:
It means he's going to Ring the Master. Don't worry. I'm sure he's just a regular guy who made a lot of money on the Internet and decided he wanted to live out a childhood fantasy and buy a big mansion. He'll come through those big doors any second, hand us a phone and we'll be on our way before Molly finishes serving the h'or dourves. When this is all over, we'll sure have a great story to share with everyone at the party.

DOOR OPENS

Igor:
May I present Count Vlad Wellesley, the 13th Master of Wellesley Manor.

WALKING ON HARD FLOOR

Hannah:
Well, so much for the Internet Tycoon.

Roger:
Hannah... manners!

Vlad:
Good evening. Welcome to Wellesley Manor. I hope that my butler, Igor, has made you feel at home?

Roger:
Yes, thank you for your hospitality.

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Hannah:

Yeah, thanks. You think we could just borrow the phone.

Vlad:

Oh, I'm sorry. There was a terrible storm last night and all the phone lines are down.

Hannah:

Internet, cell phone, carrier pigeon?

Vlad:

I am sorry, we are rather isolated out here. I'm afraid you're stranded for the night.

Hannah:

Stranded? You mean we're going to have to spend the night here?

Roger:

I'm sure there's some way we can get a ride into town. Right, Count?

Vlad:

I'm afraid not. Alas, my car is in disrepair, as is yours. I am sorry.

Hannah:

We could hitch hike.

DIALOGUE

Vlad:

My dear, the only car that comes down this road belongs to the mailman. And with the Christmas holidays, he won't be by here for another three days. Just make yourself comfortable and I'm sure we can summon a tow truck first thing in the morning.

Hannah:

Make ourselves comfortable? Comfortable? Spending Christmas Eve in a drafty old mansion with characters from a bad horror movie?

Roger:

What she means is, thank you for your hospitality.

Vlad:

I understand, my dear. But you needn't fret. Christmas Eve is the most glorious night of the year here at Wellesley Manor. I was just about to sit and enjoy my Christmas Dinner. Won't you please join me and I'll tell you the Legend of the How Lord Wellesely Saved Christmas. Come, Igor has prepared the table.

Roger:

We'd love to, right Hannah.

FOLEY

WALKING ON HARD
FLOOR

DIALOGUE

Hannah:

Well, okay. If we can't get out of here tonight, we might as well have something to eat.

Vlad:

That's the Christmas Spirit, my dear. You're in luck. Igor has prepared a beautiful Christmas Goose stuffed with figgy pudding. Shall we sit?

Igor, how about some beverages?

Igor:

Yes, Master.

Roger:

We are being so rude. Please allow me to introduce ourselves. My name is Roger Hatch and this is my girlfriend, Hannah.

Vlad:

Pleased to meet you, Sir Roger. And you, Madam Hannah are a delight. Here, have some of Igor's delicious pudding.

Roger:

So, I take it you're not the original owner of Wellesley Manor.

Vlad:

Oh, no, Roger. This glorious home has been passed down from generation to generation. I am the 13th master of Wellesley Manor.

FOLEY

CHAIRS SCRAPING ON FLOOR.

POURING WATER INTO GLASSES.

PUDDING BEING PLOPPED INTO BOWL.

DIALOGUE

HANNAH:

What was that?

Vlad:

Oh, that? That's just old water pipes. I'm afraid the plumbing in the manor is quite ancient. Maybe you should, ah, go check on that, Igor?

Igor:

Yes, Master.

Vlad:

Now, where was I? Oh, yes, the Legend of How Lord Wellesley Saved Christmas. More pudding, my dear?

Hannah:

Ah, sure...

Vlad:

The year was 1780. My great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great ... Excuse me, I am parched.

(drinks) Where was I? Oh, yes, great, great grandfather, Lord Vladimir Wellesley, the First, had just moved into Wellesley Manor, the palatial mansion he built for his beautiful wife, Lady Bella.

FOLEY

DISTANT MOAN

STEPS ON HARD FLOOR,
GOING AWAY

PLOPPING PUDDING IN
PLATE

POURING AND DRINKING
WATER

LOUD CRASH AND
SCREAM

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Hannah:
What was that?

Vlad:
Oh, that's just Igor beating on the pipes. Every now and then, you have to give them a good whack. See? Now, where was I? Oh, yes. Old Vlad the First. They say that he had been a hero of the Revolutionary Army and retired a General. After the war, he built this house for his new bride and they moved in on Christmas Eve.

I've heard the story so many times, it's almost like I was there that night long ago...

Count Vlad The First:
Oh my dear Bella, you look so lovely in the candlelight. After so many lonely nights fighting the British, I have so longed for this evening, when we could spend our first Christmas Eve in our new home...

Bella:
It's lovely, Vlad. But, I don't know that I deserve such a mansion as Wellesley Manor...

Count Vlad the First:
My dear, you deserve all the castles in the world, but none can match your splendid beauty.

LOUD CLANKING OF
PIPES

SWEEPING CHIMES

FAINT SOUND OF
SLEIGH BELLS

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Bella:
What is that sound, Vlad?

Count Vlad the First:
It sounds like sleigh bells. That's
rather curious...

Bella:
They're getting closer...

Count Vlad the First:
It sounds like whatever it is now
on our roof...please don't alarm
yourself my dear, I shall go and
investigate...

Hannah:
What was it?

Vlad:
Why Santa Claus, of course.

Roger:
Santa Claus?

Vlad:
Yes, as legend has it, one of
Santa's reindeer, Comet I believe,
threw a shoe and they landed on
Wellesley Manor for a quick repair.
Vlad the First strode up the grand
staircase to seek out the source of
the noise and upon opening the at-
tic door was in for quite a sur-
prise...

HORSE HOOFS ON
WOOD

STEPS ON HARD
WOOD

DIALOGUE

Vlad:

Old Vlad the First swung open the attic door and came face to face with old Saint Nick, himself..

Santa:

Ho, Ho, Ho... Well, what have we here. I believe you must be Count Vlad..

Count Vlad the First:

Yes, and who are you?

Santa:

You know who I am....

Count Vlad the First:

Santa? Is it really you?

Santa:

In the flesh.

Vlad:

Then something miraculous happened. Santa walked over and put his arm around Old Vlad and as legend has it, told him the complete history of every single gift he had ever left Vlad under his tree since his first Christmas....

Santa:

... and when you were twelve, I believe I brought you a set of ice skates and a new fur hat.

FOLEY

DOOR SWINGS OPEN

WALKING ON ROOF

DIALOGUE

Count Vlad the First:
How did you know that?

Santa:
Oh, young Vlad. I'm Santa Claus.
I remember everything! Ho, Ho,
Ho..

Vlad:
Well, Old Vlad went to his barn,
got some horse shoes and nails,
and fixed that thrown shoe on
Comet quick as a lick.

Hannah:
You expect us to believe that
story? Santa is just a fairy
tale. Everybody knows that? Wait
a minute. What is that?

Vlad:
Oh, that's just Igor. Preparing
for our guest.

Roger:
Guest? You're expecting someone
else?

Vlad:
Oh, yes. What I failed to men-
tion is that before Santa de-
parted from the roof all those
many years ago, he made a promise
to my ancestor as a way to show
his appreciation. Santa promised
to return to Wellesley Manor
every Christmas Eve with a per-
sonal gift for it's inhabitants.

FOLEY

HAMMERING, DROP-
PING NAILS

MUFFLED CRASH,
SCRAPING OF FURNI-
TURE

DIALOGUE

Hannah:

You mean to tell me that Santa's coming here, tonight?

Vlad:

That's right, my dear. He should arriving any minute now...

Roger:

So that noise in the attic is Igor preparing for Santa to land?

Vlad:

Yes, indeed.

Hannah:

But what about the screams and the moans? There it goes again!

MUFFLED SCREAM

Vlad:

Oh, my dear Hannah. Those sounds are just Igor. I'm afraid that he is rather clumsy and in moving the furniture around and opening the attic door, he had a tendency to hurt himself.

Hannah:

But the big bag by the front door? It looks likes its got a dead body in it?

Roger:

Hannah!

Hannah:

You know this place is creepy, Roger.

DIALOGUE

Vlad:
The big white bag?

Hannah:
Yes, the big white bag. The one
with the body in it!

Vlad:
(Laughs) That's just our laundry.
Igor is not only a little clumsy,
he's also a very poor housekeeper,
I'm afraid.

(Sleigh bells)

Vlad:
I believe that's our guest now!

Santa:
Ho, Ho, Ho...

Vlad:
Hannah and Roger, I'd like to in-
troduce you to my dear friend,
Santa Claus.

Roger:
It's an honor, sir.

Hannah:
Santa? Is that really you?

Santa:
Yes, dear, I'm truly the one and
only Santa Claus..

FOLEY

SLEIGH BELLS- DIS-
TANT AND THEN
CLOSER.

CLATTER OF HORSES
HOOFS ON ROOF.

JINGLE BELLS AND
STEPS ON STAIRS.

DIALOGUE

Santa:
Good evening, Vlad, my old friend.
I see Igor here is still as clumsy
as ever.

Igor:
I stumped my toe... again...

Vlad:
We've been working on getting that
old attic cleaned up ever since
last Christmas... but alas, time has
flown by. It always does...

Hannah:
Wait a minute. Hold the phone.
You're telling me that this big,
chubby guy in a rented Santa cos-
tume is the real Santa?

Vlad:
Yes, Hannah. He's been stopping
at Wellesley Manor every Christmas
Eve for more than 200 years...

Santa:
Chubby? Do you really think I'm
chubby? Mrs. Claus put me on Slim
Fast this year. She says it's
better to be healthy than to fill
out the red suit.

Vlad:
You look like you've lost a ton of
weight since last year. Doesn't
he, Igor?

FOLEY

DIALOGUE

Igor:
Yes, Master...

Hannah:
Oh, I get it. Roger put you up to this, didn't he? Very funny, Roger. Pretending to break down in front of an old haunted mansion. The screaming, moaning... and then hiring some old dude to put on a red suit and pretend to be Santa. This is all a joke, right? Where's the camera?

Roger:
Hannah, I have no idea what you're talking about.

Santa:
My dear, I am the real Santa Claus. Everything that Vlad has told you is true. Shall I prove it to you?

Hannah:
Yea, sure. How?

Santa:
Well, let's see. Maybe this will ring a bell. On your 7th birthday, you sent me a letter asking for a Barbie playhouse. I remember it because you colored purple flowers and rabbits all over the envelope.

FOLEY

DIALOGUE

Hannah:
How'd you know...

Santa:
You asked for a scooter for your 8th Christmas, I believe... and an Easy Bake Oven when you were 9... then all of a sudden, your letter's stopped. You turned ten and your cousin, Millie told you Santa was just a fairy tale.

Hannah:
But I kept getting presents?

Santa:
Oh course! Dear Sweet Hannah, just because you don't believe in me anymore doesn't mean I don't believe in you. Now, our wonderful host, the 13th Count of Wellesley, will explain the tradition of my annual visit to Wellesley Manor.

Vlad:
Every Christmas Eve, Santa stops at Wellesley Manor and gives out special gifts to all who reside within at exactly midnight.

Santa:
And that means it's time.. We'll start with you, Sir Igor. As you requested via email, I have brought you a new wireless keyboard for your keyboard.

FOLEY

CLOCK BELLS
RINGS 12 TIMES

REMOVE KEYBOARD
FROM SANTA'S BAG

DIALOGUE

Igor:
Thank you Santa..

Santa:
For you, Master Vlad, I noticed that you seem to have a growing interest in the culinary arts, so a new stainless steel frying pan...

Vlad:
That's exactly the one I've been searching for on Ebay.. thanks, Santa..

Santa:
And now, in keeping with the tradition, I believe I have a special gift in my bag for each of you, Roger and Hannah...

Roger:
How did you know we would be here?

Santa:
Oh, Santa knows everything. Now for you, Sir Roger, I believe that you have been asking for a new cashmere sweater all winter... here you are.. Size Large...

Roger:
Oh, Santa... it's beautiful...

Hannah:
I bet there's nothing in that bag for me... Being an unbeliever and all...

FOLEY

DIGGING THROUGH
BAG, PULLING
OUT POTS

DIGGING THROUGH
BAG.. REMOVING
CLOTHE...

DIALOGUE

Santa:

Oh, my dear. I have something very special for you this year. Something you've been wanting for years. Let's see... It's way down in the bottom of my bag... Here it is..

Hannah:

It's just a box... What is it...

Santa:

Well, open it my dear.

Hannah:

Oh, Santa... it's... it's...

Santa:

It's the engagement ring you saw in the window of the jewelry store... the same one that Roger has been wanting to give you when he asks you to marry him on Christmas morning..

Roger:

But that ring was way too expensive...

Santa:

Not anymore...

Hannah:

Oh, Roger.. Yes, yes, yes...

FOLEY

DIGGNIG THROUGH
BAG

OPENING RING BOX

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

Santa:

Well, it seems that my annual visit to Wellesley Manor has been a success. But, there's millions of children out there that I have to visit tonight, so I guess I must be on my way... Ah, Count Vlad. I believe you have something for me?

Vlad:

Oh yes. Another part of the tradition... homemade cookies and a tall glass of milk.

POURING WATER IN GLASS. DRINKING WATER.

Santa:

The first of the night. Don't tell Mrs. Claus. (drinks) Ah, delicious... I guess I'll be on my way now. Remember, Hannah, I'll be by to see you every year whether you believe in me or not. Good night dear...

WALKING UP STAIRS. SLEIGH BELLS RE-CEDE AWAY

Hannah:

Oh, good night, Santa. And thank you... for everything...

Vlad:

See, I promised you that tonight would be something very special and it was, wasn't it?

Roger:

Oh, yes sir.

Vlad:

And you, Hannah? Do you now believe in my friend, Santa?

DIALOGUE

Hannah:

Oh yes... how could I have been so stupid. I thought we were going to have to spend Christmas Eve in a haunted mansion... But instead, I meet Santa face to face.. And got engaged all in one night. Haunted mansion... ha!

Hannah:

Very funny, Igor. The jokes up. I know that's you up there. You can cut it out now.

Igor:

You called, madam?

Hannah:

You mean, you've been in the kitchen all this time?

Igor:

Yes, madam. Preparing dessert.

Hannah:

Then who's in the attic?

ALL: Arrgghhhhhhh!

FOLEY

MOANS, SCREAMS,
RATTLING CHAINS,
CRASHING SOUNDS
CONTINUE UNTIL
END.

DIALOGUE

FOLEY

ANNOUNCER:

Will Roger and Hannah make it out of Wellesley Manor alive? Will Igor learn how to do laundry? Will Count Vlad get his own cooking show on the Food Network? To find out, tune in next week, same time, same station for more mysteries on the Ronco Radio Hour!

THE END