Surabaya-Santa

Jessica Molaskey

WOMAN 2:
I was just seventeen
When you rode into town
Just a girl full of fantasies and longing
I saw you
I knew I had to be with youThen you looked in my eyes
And you asked me my name
And I trembled before you like a baby
Then gently I kissed you
Who could resist you?
You took my heart and soulAnd before I had a chance to take control
We retired to your palace on the Pole
Where we only had ourselves
And the reindeer and the elves
And a lot of things we never said
About the life I could have led
If I had had the sense to stay awayBut here we are Nick
And so Nick
I know it's time for you to go Nick
I know by now I'll never claim you for my own
I've been resigned to spend my Christmases alone
And so au revoir Nick
It's grand Nick
I don't pretend to understand Nick
I saw you look at Blitzen long and lovingly
The way you used to look at meI have sat twenty years
In this drafty retreat
As the latest in the line of Mrs. Clauses
I've sat here
And wondered what you want from me
But you sit by yourself
On the couch in the den
And you watch "Miracle on 34th Street"
You get sad and dreamy
Can't even see me
Won't even say, "Hello!"Now you tell me that it's time for you to go
Ha!
Sling your sack upon your back and "Ho, ho, ho!"
Ha!

And what matters most of all
Is to sit inside some mall
And you never think of me
While I am pining by the tree
But never mind
I will survive
While you are goneI set you free, Nick
Goodbye, Nick
Go ride your reindeer through the sky, Nick
I don't suppose you'll ever want me by your side
I know you now
You want a plaything, not a bride
So on your way, Nick
Shalom, Nick
Don't feel the need to hurry home, Nick
Should I want comfort in the cold and bitter storm
I've got the elves to keep me warmOh, oh, Nick, I didn't mean it. I'm just going crazy all cooped up in here!
Oh, Nick, I mean, come on, I'm not even German.
Please take me with you. Please! I'm your wife damn it. Isn't there one once of human decency buried beneath all those layers
of fat? You disgust me! Oh yes, It's so easy to judge, isn't it? Deciding who's naughty and who's nice? Well, who died and
left you God, Mr. Claus? Hmph.But never mind, Nick
Okay, Nick
I hate to keep you from your sleigh, Nick
When you return I will be many miles away
I'll have my lawyer call your lawyer
New Years Day!That's all from me, Nick
Gain way, Nick
I'll miss you less than I can say, Nick
Have fun with all the little boys along the route
I'll get the mansion and the factory to boot
I will not wait until the snow beneath me thaws
I will escape
Your Santa claws!!

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