

VIRGINIA

(Full of suspicion) Where?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, it was a real find.

SONG: “THE PERFECT GIFT”

Charlotte:

IT’S THE PERFECT GIFT.

TAKE IT FROM ME.

IT’S FABULOUS!

(To MRS. WHISKERS) I KNOW THAT YOU AGREE!

Mrs. Whiskers: Meow!

Charlotte:

IT’S THE PURRRFECT GIFT,

AND HERE’S A TEENSY CLUE:

IT MAKES ME SO HAPPY –

SO VERY, VERY HAPPY –

TO GIVE THIS PERFECT GIFT TO YOU!

Mrs. Whiskers: Meow!

Virginia: What is it, Charlotte?

Charlotte: What is it, Virginia? Aren't you listening?

Charlotte:

IT'S THE PERFECT GIFT!

AND I SHOULD KNOW.

IT'S MARVELOUS!

AS FAR AS FREE THINGS GO.

IT'S THE PERFECT GIFT

WAY BETTER THAN A DREAM:

IT MAKES ME SO HAPPY –

SO VERY, VERY HAPPY –

I SAW THIS, AND I HAD TO SCREAM! (*Cutesy scream*) OOOH!

TODAY, I WENT SHOPPING,

NOT SURE OF WHAT I'D FIND.

SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING;

WITH "NOTHING" ON MY MIND.

AND THAT'S WHEN WE SPIED IT,

RIGHT ON THE GROUND,

A CRUMPLED OLD LETTER.

I WAS SURE I'D FOUND ...

THE PERFECT GIFT!

I KNEW IT RIGHT AWAY.

IT'S WONDERFUL!

I *LOVE* THIS HOLIDAY!

YES, THE PERFECT GIFT.

IT EVEN HAS YOUR NAME!

AND IT MAKES ME SO HAPPY—

SO VERY, VERY HAPPY—

TO KNOW YOUR CHRISTMAS DAY WON'T BE THE SAME!

(Spoken) SURPRISE!

Mrs. Whiskers: Meow!

VIRGINIA

(With a worried tone) I... I don't want to see it.

CHARLOTTE

You've already seen it, Virginia. But you must have lost it. *(Holding up crumpled letter)* Mrs. Whiskers found this outside the newspaper office. Next to the garbage can!

CHARLOTTE mocks letter, singing. MRS. WHISKERS "meows" along.

REPRISE: "DEAR EDITOR"

Charlotte:

DEAR EDITOR.

I AM EIGHT YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Whiskers: Meow!

SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS SAY THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS...

Mrs. Whiskers: Meow!