Ho Ho Uh Oh

Bill: Hey. How was shopping with mom?
Riley: Good. I saw Santa again!
Bill: Yeah, you see a lot of Santa this time of year.
Riley: The Santa I saw wasn’t the real Santa.
Bill: Right. The real Santa is at the North Pole
Riley: Have you ever seen the real Santa?
Bill: (Hesitant) Of course I have! We’re good fri
Riley: What does he look like?
Bill: Uh, he has rosy cheeks, big beard, and a twinkle in his eye.
Riley: Um, is he Caucasian or African American or Asian?
Bill: (Stunned) Santa Clause is whatever, uh, you are in that house. When he comes down the chimney, let’s say you were Japanese, he would come down and boom! Japanese. Then when would come in here, same Santa Clause, boom! African American.
Riley: Really? You’re not making his up are you?
Bill: No! I was over at my friend’s house one year for Christmas, he was Caucasian, and Santa came down. Boom! Caucasian. He saw me and said uh oh. I said “That’s all right I’m just sleeping over a friend’s.” And we high fived.
Riley: You’re making no sense Bill. Nobody can change like that.
Bill: Are you telling me that Santa Clause, the man who makes toys for little kids, the man who knows if your naughty or nice doesn’t have the ability to change?
Riley: What does he look like at the North Pole?
Bill: You have to ask Mrs. Claus.
Riley: Well I want to talk to her. Do you have her number?
Bill: Yes. Because I was good when I was your age. I earned it.
Riley: Can I have it?

Bill: Well I’m not allowed to give it to someone your age because little boys and girls would just call all the time.

Riley: But I wouldn’t do that!

Bill: You wouldn’t say “Santa can I have this? Santa can I have that?”

Riley: Maybe. Would you just please call her for me?

Bill: Maybe I should call her and tell her that you keep bothering me and that you shouldn’t be on the nice list this year.

Riley: No! Don’t do that!

Bill: Well then you better prove to me that you’re a good girl.

Riley: I’m good! I’m good!

Bill: You better prove it!

Riley: How?

Bill: You can... do the dishes.

Riley: You got it!

Bill: huh. And tie my shoe.

Riley: It’s not untied.

Bill: (Unties his shoe) It is now.

Riley: Oh! So sorry! Let me handle that for you.

Bill: This could be interesting...