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Table of Contents

<i>Not a Creature Was Stirring</i> by Christopher Durang	7
<i>Away in the Manger</i> by Roger Rosenblatt.....	21
<i>Before the Before and Before That</i> by Mac Wellman	33
<i>Christmas Song</i> by Len Jenkin	41
<i>Holiday Movies</i> by Elizabeth Swados.....	53
Author Biographies.....	68

**NOT A CREATURE
WAS STIRRING**

by Christopher Durang

Cast of Characters

MOTHER

FATHER

DAUGHTER

SON

BATS

Acknowledgments

Not a Creature Was Stirring was originally presented as part of *'Twas the Night Before...* at The Flea Theater (Jim Simpson, Artistic Director, Carol Ostrow, Producing Director) in New York City in December, 2006, with the following cast and staff:

DAUGHTER Katherine Creel (Amanda Quaid)
SON Jonathan Ledoux
FATHER Ben Beckley
MOTHER..... Elizabeth Hoyt
BATS Barnett Cohen, Bobby Hodgson,
Emily Hyberger, Joseph McLaughlin,
Liz Wisan

Director Kip Fagan
Costumes Sarah Beers
Stage Manager Lauren Levitt

NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING

by Christopher Durang

(Scene: FATHER and MOTHER in two cozy chairs. Two CHILDREN [played by young-looking actors but not by children] sit at their feet: SON and DAUGHTER. The FATHER holds a typed sheet of paper.)

FATHER. Settle down, children. I'm ready to read you my new Christmas poem.

MOTHER. Oh this will be a treat.

FATHER. Settle down, children. Settle down.

(The CHILDREN have been perfectly quiet, and not moving. MOTHER looks a little worried.)

(Shouts:) I SAID, SETTLE DOWN! BE QUIET OR I WON'T READ YOU THE CHRISTMAS POEM, AND THERE WILL BE NO DINNER, AND NO SUPPER AND BLOODY NOSES AND NO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(The CHILDREN look worried. MOTHER looks worried.)

MOTHER. *(Kindly:)* Yes, children, be still now.

(The CHILDREN kind of freeze, don't even move their heads.)

FATHER. That's better.

MOTHER. Read us your poem, darling.

FATHER. Well, give me a minute, would you?

(He chooses to cough for a while, clear his throat. More than normal. MOTHER and CHILDREN look brave, and hopeful.)

Something in my throat. Probably it's all this dust because the house is so filthy. I'm surrounded by dirt. But perhaps your mother and I will discuss this later in the privacy of our marital bed. Okay, here's my new poem. Are you ready?

CHILDREN. Yes, Daddy.

FATHER. Call me Father.

CHILDREN. Yes, Father.

FATHER. Call me Pater. That's Latin for Father. Enough of this no one knowing Latin anymore. How can they expect to read Caesar's writing on the Gallic wars if they don't know Latin. Call me Pater!

CHILDREN. Yes, Pater.

MOTHER. Darling, we are so looking forward to your Christmas poem.

FATHER. Oh yes. I have it here in my hand. And if the children will just settle down, I shall read it!

(MOTHER and CHILDREN look at one another despairingly. But trying to hide at least some of their feelings from FATHER or, er, Pater.)

MOTHER. *(Knowing they're not doing anything:)* Settle down, darlings.

FATHER. God, there's this ringing in my ears, does everyone hear it?

MOTHER. Yes, it emanates from your ears out in the general air. We all hear it. It's a shame. It must be very loud if we can hear it over here.

FATHER. Yeah. Well I'd go to a doctor if I didn't think they were all quacks.

SON. The duck goes quack.

FATHER. Don't interrupt me when my ears are ringing.

SON. But your ears are always ringing.

DAUGHTER. If your ears are ringing, you should answer them.

(The CHILDREN giggle. FATHER stands up.)

FATHER. That does it. Mary, get me the shotgun.

MOTHER. Darling, it's Christmas. Read your fucking poem, would you?

(FATHER looks at her, decides whether to kill her or not. Decides to read the poem.)

FATHER. Okay. Here we go. Settle down now. Here we go.

(Reads from the paper in his hand:)

Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house...

DAUGHTER. This sounds familiar.

FATHER. It couldn't. I just wrote it this morning.

DAUGHTER. Okay.

FATHER.

Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring...

SON. No, I've heard it too.

FATHER. I wrote it this morning.

MOTHER. Children, let's choose our battles. Your father says he wrote it, I'm sure in some sense he did. He clearly copied it on to paper in any case.

FATHER. That's right. When you copy something onto paper, you are **WRITING** it. So I wrote this poem, and I do not want to hear another word about it. All right?

CHILDREN. Yes, Daddy. *(Correcting themselves:)* Father. *(Correcting:)* Pater.

FATHER. I will begin again. If I keep being interrupted, we may never leave this room until Easter.

(Reads from paper again:)

Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a mouse.
But they did have...**BATS!**

(At this point 5 actors come out, shrieking and running in circles and banging into things, and causing disorienting chaos. They should be dressed in black pants, but have some sort of cheap-looking black shirt or jacket that has long sleeves, such as a “wizard” might have or, of course, such as a BAT might have. They don’t have to wear masks, we could see their faces. Or they could have those sort of ski mask hats on that people rob banks in—the kind that only shows their eyes.

In any case 5 “BATS” come out playing bats, and they scurry around the room, shrieking in a high pitch.

MOTHER and CHILDREN scream and cower. FATHER accepts it as moderately normal.

The BATS exit.)

MOTHER. Darling, did that hole up in the attic open up again?

FATHER. What hole in the attic?

MOTHER. That I asked you to fix.

FATHER. I don’t remember anything about a hole in the attic.

MOTHER. We discussed it. Bats get in.

FATHER. Please. I’m reading my Christmas poem. *(To CHILDREN:)* And it’s MY Christmas poem, so shut up!

(The CHILDREN cower.)

(To MOTHER:) Should I start over?

MOTHER. No, dear, please. We loved the first few lines so much, we just want to move forward. Pick up where you left off, darling.

FATHER. Don’t call me darling. Call me Baron Munchausen.

MOTHER. I don’t want to call you something German. Can’t I call you something in Latin?

FATHER. Let me think. *Deus. Deus Meus.*

MOTHER. *Deus Meus.* Latin for My God. Well let me choose later, either Baron Munchausen or Latin for God. Or maybe your name, Edward.

FATHER. I am so discouraged. This house is so filthy. I almost don't want to continue with the poem.

MOTHER. No, dear, it's Christmas. Let's go back to poem. And let me call you Edward, all right? We'll discuss the German and Latin options later.

FATHER. *(Nicer than you'd expect:)* All right. All right, Stephanie. I'll go back to reading.

(Reads:)

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

(He pauses, stares off.)

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
With visions of BATS flying round in their heads.

(The BATS come screeching into the room again, high pitched and startling. MOTHER and CHILDREN scream. FATHER stares impassively, not bothered by them. The BATS this time pull at MOTHER's hair and the CHILDREN's hair, and maybe knock them down to the ground. In any case it's somewhat violent this time. Then they run off, making high pitched bat sounds.)

MOTHER. Oh my God. That was very disturbing. Darling, do you think you could put something up against that hole in the attic ceiling?

FATHER. Put something? That's very vague.

MOTHER. Well I don't know what. A piece of plywood?

FATHER. Let me finish the poem. Then we'll deal with the bats.

MOTHER. You know there seem a lot of bats. They're still in the house.

FATHER. WILL YOU LET ME FINISH THE POEM? Or not? What's going on here? Why am I thwarted at every moment?

MOTHER. Yes, dear, you're right. Read the poem. Baron Munchausen, please read your poem.

FATHER. *(To the CHILDREN:)* Did she just call me Baron Munchausen? She must be nuts. I was kidding before. Baron Munchausen. *(To MOTHER:)* You have no sense of humor, Stephanie.

MOTHER. Earlier you called me Mary. Yesterday you called me Karl. I've never heard you call me Stephanie before.

FATHER. I shall call you Baroness Munchausen. Children, settle down! Your father wants to go back to reading the poem. Should I start over, or pick up where I left off?

MOTHER, CHILDREN. *(In unison:)* Pick up where you left off!

(He looks at them, suspiciously. But returns to reading.)

FATHER.

Twas the night before Christmas
And...

MOTHER. No! And don't say the word b-a-t again, alright?

FATHER. I'm not certain I understand what you're saying.

MOTHER. Just don't say it, all right?

FATHER. B-a-t. Hmmm.

(Reads:)

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

MOTHER. Maybe we should stop here.

FATHER. *(Continuing, reading:)*

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
And in through the window there didn't come cats
Instead there were hundreds of dangerous BATS!

(The BATS come shrieking in again. This time two of them have baseball bats which they swing about them. MOTHER and the CHILDREN, scared by the baseball bats, run offstage. Four BATS run offstage after them, including the two with the baseball bats.)

The FIFTH BAT stays behind, and gets calm for a minute. FATHER and the FIFTH BAT stare at each. FATHER is not in control of the bats exactly, but they don't seem to bother each other.

Offstage we hear horrible screaming, and the smashing of things.

FATHER and the BAT stare off at the noise.

After a bit MOTHER and the CHILDREN come limping back in. Their clothes are the worse for wear, a struggle is evident. The SON carries with him one of the baseball bats, now bloodied. The DAUGHTER is shaking.)

MOTHER. Darling you should have seen sweet little Teddy. He grabbed one of the bats from the bats, and he protected Cynthia and myself from certain harm by the rabid bats. And he killed all four of them.

(The FIFTH BAT takes this in, is startled and then shrieks. The FIFTH BAT runs offstage.)

Wasn't that brave of Teddy?

FATHER. We don't know that they're rabid.

MOTHER. What?

FATHER. That's prejudice. We don't know the bats are rabid.

MOTHER. Well maybe not. But they're certainly very aggressive bats. I mean in the past when we've had bats, they seemed disoriented and that's why they bumped into things. I feel these bats are not disoriented, but want to kill us.

FATHER. Maybe we deserve to die. Well this is a longer conversation, and it IS Christmas. Merry Christmas, everyone. Ho, ho, ho! Let me go back to reading my poem that I wrote from my own creativity!

(Reads:)

“Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! Which is ever so flat
Now dash away! Dash away! Look here comes a...”

MOTHER. Stop it!

FATHER. Here comes a...

MOTHER. I don't want you to say that word.

FATHER. Here comes a...

(The FIFTH BAT comes partially into the room, waiting for him to say the word.)

Here comes a...sea gull.

(The FIFTH BAT slumps off.)

MOTHER. Well, good. That was a lovely poem, Edward.

FATHER. It isn't finished.

SON. I'm bleeding.

DAUGHTER. I think I have a concussion.

MOTHER. So I think we should postpone finishing the poem, Edward. Baron Munchausen.

FATHER. In my day, people didn't worry about a little bleeding, a little concussion. In my day, we walked to school even if it was three thousand miles. In my day, we respected our elders. And when they became senile, we hit them with pots and with pans and with cats and with...BATS!

(The FIFTH BAT comes shrieking in, now carrying a knife. Everyone runs around the stage, chased by this knife-wielding BAT, even FATHER.)

Eventually everyone runs offstage, including FATHER. Offstage terrible sounds and screaming. Then quiet.

After a bit MOTHER limps in. The SON follows, also exhausted. They sit.)

MOTHER. We'll bury your sister in the morning.

(Enter the DAUGHTER.)

DAUGHTER. Bury me?

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

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AWAY IN THE MANGER
by Roger Rosenblatt

Cast of Characters

MARY

JOSEPH

MARRIOTT THE INNKEEPER

HOMELESS MAN

Lots of other people and some animals.

Place

Bethlehem.

Time

The night before Christmas.

Acknowledgments

Away in the Manger was originally presented as part of *'Twas the Night Before...* at The Flea Theater (Jim Simpson, Artistic Director, Carol Ostrow, Producing Director) in New York City in December, 2006, with the following cast and staff:

MARY	Leslie Meisel
JOSEPH.....	John Fico
MARRIOTT.....	Ben Horner
TINY TIM	Jocelyn Kuritsky
CAROLER	Wil Petre
CAROLER.....	Mary Schwartz
CAROLER.....	James Stover
CAROLER.....	Maiken Wiese
ANGEL	Rob Yang
HOMELESS MAN.....	Cooper Daniels
ROMAN SOLDIER	Brian Morvant
Director	Jason Podplesky
Choreographer.....	Mimi Quillin
Costumes.....	Erin Elizabeth Murphy
Stage Manager	Lauren Levitt
Production Stage Manager	Lauren Levitt
Musical Director	Kris Kukul

AWAY IN THE MANGER

by Roger Rosenblatt

(A stable connected to an inn. MARY, pregnant to the limit, tries to find a comfortable position sitting on a bale of hay. JOSEPH, overwrought and anxious, rushes to the window.)

JOSEPH. *(Yells outside:)* No! Thank you anyway, Mr. Marriott! We don't want any eggnog!

MARRIOTT THE INKEEPER. *(From outside:)* Are you sure? It's delicious. How about something else? Pudding? Cookies shaped like elves? Very cute!

JOSEPH. *(Annoyed:)* Thank you, no, Mr. Marriott! We're having a baby in here!

MARY. He's only trying to help.

JOSEPH. That's the fifth interruption tonight. He keeps bringing stuff.

MARRIOTT. *(Bursts in. Around his neck is a wreath tied with a red bow.)* I'm sorry to bother you folks. It's just that I feel awful! I would have loved to give you the bridal suite. But there was...

MARY and JOSEPH. ... no room at the inn.

JOSEPH. Yes, we understand, Mr. Marriott. You've told us several times already. What's the wreath for?

MARRIOTT. *(Thinks.)* I don't know. Is there anything I can get for you? Chocolate mints? A complimentary basket of fruit? Anything at all? I mean, you're giving birth to the son of God. Are *you* comfortable, Joseph?

JOSEPH. I make a living.

MARY. Joseph, I've told you before. I really hate those Jewish jokes. You're so Jewish!

JOSEPH. Isn't everybody?

MARRIOTT. Isn't everybody! That's a good one! (*Slaps JOSEPH on the back.*) By the way, I wanted to warn you. A homeless man has been hanging around outside the stable. He looks like trouble. I've tried to shoo him away, but he just stands there with a pleasant irritating smile on his face. Speaking of which, would you mind if my tiny son, Tim, rubbed Mary's tummy? For luck?

JOSEPH. Damn right, we'd mind!

MARRIOTT. (*Calls to BOY:*) All clear, Timmy! (*To them:*) It'll only take a second.

(*BOY limps in, rubs MARY's stomach.*)

MARY. What's wrong with his leg?

MARRIOTT. Nothing. Probably fell asleep.

JOSEPH. (*Drags BOY away from MARY.*) Mr. Marriott, we really need some privacy.

(*MARRIOTT and BOY exit.*)

MARRIOTT. (*From outside:*) Don't forget to fill out the breakfast menu! Hang it on the doorknob.

JOSEPH. Yeah. Right next to "Do Not Disturb." (*Looks out.*) What the hell?

CAROLERS. (*Two men, two women enter singing:*) "It came upon a midnight clear... (*Through:*) ...to hear the angels sing." (*They remain on stage till tossed out at end of play.*)

ANGEL. (*Enters, wearing wings, white robe, the works. He talks like Jimmy Stewart:*) Ah yes—to hear the angels sing. And we do. Quite beautifully, if I say so myself. Especially Donna Reed. (*Sings:*) "Buffalo gal, won't you come out tonight."

MARY. Oh, Angel! I'm so glad you're here. I'm about to burst!

JOSEPH. (*Cozying up to one of the GIRL carolers:*) You're kinda cute.

GIRL. Aren't you with her? (*Indicates MARY.*)

JOSEPH. We're not married. Just dating. What's your name?

GIRL. Carol.

JOSEPH. What kind of song were you singing?

GIRL. Carols. You did all that for that joke?

JOSEPH. Did you hear the one about the three clergymen playing golf? Well, there was a rabbi, a rabbi and a rabbi.

(GIRL turns away.)

MARRIOTT. *(Bursts in.)* Hail Mary! Would you like some chestnuts, stockings, candy canes, a calendar with little cardboard windows?

MARY. Why would I want any of that?

MARRIOTT. *(Thinks.)* I don't know. *(Exits.)*

JOSEPH. *(A knocking at the door. He goes to answer. Whispers with a visitor. Calls back to MARY:)* It's someone from an insurance company. Wants to know if we're taking out a policy on the baby.

MARY. Why would we need to do that?

JOSEPH. *(Back in the room:)* That homeless man is still hanging around out there. He gives me the creeps.

ANGEL. Have you two settled on a name yet?

MARY. Joseph likes the name Cliff. I guess it's okay. What do you think?

ANGEL. I don't know. The son of God? Cliff?

MARRIOTT. *(Bursts in carrying a small Christmas tree, crazily decorated.)* I thought you'd like this.

JOSEPH. What is it?

MARRIOTT. It's a tree.

JOSEPH. I can see it's a tree. But why would you want to put a tree indoors?

(MARRIOTT thinks, can't come up with an answer, exits. JOSEPH twirls the "he's nuts" sign to MARY.)

MARRIOTT. *(Sticks his head back in.)* If you like, I could dress up as a rabbit and hide brightly-colored eggs. I don't know why. Oh. The homeless man is still out here. Is that enough foreshadowing?

MARY and JOSEPH. *(Together:)* Plenty.

CAROLERS. *(Sing:)* "I'll be homeless for Christmas."

JOSEPH. *(Aside, to ANGEL:)* Look. Would you mind if I asked you something?

ANGEL. It was a virgin birth. Honest.

JOSEPH. No, that's not what I was going to ask. It's about me. I'm a carpenter, but I don't want to be a carpenter all my life. I'd like to do stand-up. I have this image of myself, with a brick wall behind me, and friars all round and we're telling "The Aristocrats" joke.

ANGEL. What's "The Aristocrats" joke?

JOSEPH. *(Starts to tell joke, changes his mind.)*

MARY. *(Holding stomach:)* Oooh! Oooh!

JOSEPH. Is it so painful, Sweetheart?

MARY. Mother of God!

CAROLERS. *(Sing one verse of "Joy to the World" then hum as HOMELESS MAN appears in the doorway, bathed in a beatific light.)*

JOSEPH. That's some light.

ANGEL. *(Still talking like Jimmy Stewart:)* It's a wonderful light.

HOMELESS MAN. *(Enters, shivers, dusts off snowflakes. He's dressed in a long brown robe, looking as Jesus would in his early thirties.)* I wonder if I might spend the night. There was no room...

MARY. Yes, we know. Of course, you may spend the night. Poor homeless man. You look frozen to death!

HOMELESS MAN. I know. It rarely snows for Christmas.

JOSEPH. I'll say! This is the Middle East! And no, you can't stay here. Go find another place to be homeless.

ANGEL. That's not very Jewish of you, Joseph.

JOSEPH. Fine! Let's let everyone in! Let the whole world in!

HOMELESS MAN. That's the spirit, Joseph! That's what I say, too! Come on, brother man. Love one another. Everybody get together...

CAROLERS. *(Sing:)* Try to love one another. Right now.

MARY. *(To HOMELESS MAN:)* May I ask your name?

HOMELESS MAN. Jesus. My name is Jesus.

JOSEPH. *(Mutters:)* Jesus!

MARY. *(To JOSEPH:)* That's a nice name.

JOSEPH. Better'n Cliff?

ANGEL. Whence have you come, Jesus?

JOSEPH. Are we doing Bible talk now? I can't do an English accent.

HOMELESS MAN. A long way. A lifetime.

MARRIOTT. *(Bursts in bearing an armful of brightly wrapped presents.)* I call these the night-before-Christmas presents. What do you think?

HOMELESS MAN. Take them away! You're commercializing Christmas.

(MARRIOTT exits.)

JOSEPH. Well, aren't we holier than thou!

(JESUS looks perplexed.)

We give you a place to stay, and suddenly you're a big shot.

MARRIOTT. *(Bursts in with mistletoe, holds it over one of the GIRL CAROLER's head. Kisses her.)*

GIRL. *(Slaps his face.)* Why did you do that?

MARRIOTT. *(Shrugs, exits holding his face.)*

HOMELESS MAN. I am not a big shot. I am a small shot. I am a nobody.

JOSEPH. Look who wants to be a nobody. That reminds me, darling. I got you something for tonight. It's nothing great. I'm poor, you know. Very poor.

ANGEL. How poor are you?

JOSEPH. Poor as a synagogue mouse. *(To audience:)* Thank you. I'm here till Thursday. *(To MARY:)* But, sweetheart, I still managed to get you a gift. It's a pair of silver combs for your beautiful hair. I sold my precious watch fob to pay for them. But now you can comb your beautiful hair since I sold my precious watch fob to pay for the silver combs. What do you say, dear?

MARY. Thanks.

MARRIOTT. *(Bursts in dressed as Santa Claus.)* Well?

(Others just stare. He exits.)

MARY. *(To ANGEL:)* May I tell you something? I'm afraid.

ANGEL. Naturally. It's a big deal. The biggest.

MARY. No, I don't mean I'm afraid of giving birth to the son of God, I'm afraid it won't do any good.

HOMELESS MAN. Believe me. It won't.

ANGEL. How do you know? *(Exchanges a knowing look with HOMELESS MAN.)* Oh.

JOSEPH. Oh! Mr. Nobody is a magi, now. Or a maje. Or something.

MARY. Yes. How do you know so much? Are you a spiritual being who can see the future? Are you the grown-up version of the baby who lies in my womb right now? The son of God himself—come to reveal the whole lamentable history of the human race? And is your presence here fraught with typical Christmas-story symbology?

HOMELESS MAN. Yes.

CAROLERS. *(Sing:)* "Away in a manger."

MARRIOTT. *(From outside:)* I have some animals who would like to come in to see you.

JOSEPH. What animals? And why am I asking?

MARRIOTT. *(Enters.)* The usual. Sheep, donkeys. Plus some new ones. Chipmunks. Reindeer. The little reindeer looks drunk. And

Eartha Kitt and Gene Autry and Burl Ives. And Judy! Of course, they're not animals.

CAROLERS. (*Sing:*) Have yourself a merry little Christmas."

MARY. (*Looks downcast.*)

HOMELESS MAN. It'll be all right, Mary.

MARY. But things are so terrible. Poverty. Wars. Caesar! I can't imagine a worse world leader than Caesar!

HOMELESS MAN. Try.

MARY. Is this really the greatest story ever told?

JOSEPH. Well, it's certainly one of them. *Moby-Dick's* not bad. I've always enjoyed *Huckleberry Finn*. *The Brothers Karam...*

MARY. We get it.

CAROLERS. (*Sing:*) "It's a holly jolly Christmas."

ANGEL. Christ! Have these songs deteriorated over the years? Or what?

(**HOMELESS MAN** *nods.*)

ROMAN SOLDIER. (*Enters wearing uniform with large badge that reads "Roman Soldier."*) Well, what have we here?

ANGEL. Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

ROMAN SOLDIER. You can keep two of 'em. We want that one. (*Indicates HOMELESS MAN who just stands there serenely.*)

MARRIOTT. What do you want with him? He hasn't done anything.

MARY. That's what I was afraid of.

ROMAN SOLDIER. He's done more than you think. Besides, orders is orders. Speaking of which, are you all Jewish?

MARRIOTT. (*Elbows JOSEPH.*) Isn't everybody?

MARY. All except the Angel. (*To him:*) You're not Jewish, are you?

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**BEFORE THE BEFORE
AND BEFORE THAT**

by Mac Wellman

Cast of Characters

DWARF

GIRL IN WINDOW

GIRL ON BENCH

GUY

SMALL FACE

WALL FACE

EGG

THIRD GIRL

Acknowledgments

Before the Before and Before That was originally presented as part of *'Twas the Night Before...* at The Flea Theater (Jim Simpson, Artistic Director, Carol Ostrow, Producing Director) in New York City in December, 2006, with the following cast and staff:

DWARF	Kendall Rileigh
GIRL IN WINDOW	Julie Ferrell
GIRL ON BENCH.....	Megan Raye Manzi
GUY.....	Vadim Newquist
SMALL FACE	Theresa Ngo
WALL FACE	Alexis Macnab
Director	Amanda Wright
Costume Designer.....	Erin Elizabeth Murphy
Stage Manager	Jess Johnston

BEFORE THE BEFORE AND BEFORE THAT

by Mac Wellman

(A
candle in the dark.)

(A
GIRL face appears in a small window quite high above, a window
within a golden frame and perhaps above the frame strange illus-
trated double-somethings that could be ears or horns.)

(She seems to be almost a puppet, and is clearly at the command of a
strange DWARF [The DWARF hunches below near another (nor-
mal) door] who wears a golden fez, and will be reciting the stage di-
rections as though they were commands.)

(Under her breath she mutters something [we do not hear], some-
thing snide and cutting, but alas we cannot hear.)

(Downstage far left, or one story down on a stairwell, or behind in
the far reaches of a sheet of Mylar [creating the mirror] are seated an-
other GIRL and a GUY perhaps her beau perhaps not. They are
holding hands in a way that suggests they are not holding hands.
Puzzlement.)

(The GIRL in the window continues her snide remarks and cutting
muttering, and although we cannot quite make out what she says the
couple obviously can because every time she says something they un-
couple their hands.)

(The GUY begins to, to tremble with discomfort, extreme unease and
rage.)

(The GIRL in the window mocks his discomfort by cruel imitation.)

(The GUY stands up, as though to quell his inner demon by chal-
lenging a a a the outer one, namely the GIRL in the golden frame
with strange double-somethings.)

(He tries, but fails, to rise to the occasion;
he sits down.)

(The GIRL in the window stifles a cold hard laugh. Speaks low.)

GIRL IN WINDOW. Do you know what came before the day before yesterday? Do you know how all things came to be attached and sewn together and forged into one piece of indestructible and unknowable metal? Do you do you know the parable of the ghost Finella about what the ghost Finella said earlier, Supposing the noses of all Englishmen could be joined to those of all Germans, but

but

...

(A Pause of what the hell was that.

The GUY is unsteadily rising to his feet to deliver a crushing reply.)

GIRL IN WINDOW. But what if the Germans refused?

(The GUY is crushed by this.)

(The GIRL in the window stifles a cold, hard laugh.)

(The other GIRL, the one by the desolate, bright green bench, stands and shouts, raising her fist.)

GIRL ON BENCH. Do you er golly know that that darn that what else hey that what else you were and was about to do, and was too before the time of yesterday? Do you do you?

(The WINDOW GAL is abashed, glowers.)

Do you know what come before the day before that and the Kitchen and the Egg?

(Another pause of what the hell was that?

A large painted EGG tip toes on stage and whispers something into her ear, and having done discretely withdraws.)

I meant the to say the chicken and the egg.

(Shadow Puppet Theater: Three faces appear behind a wall which is not a wall but which we, in our former [theatrical] innocence assumed was just that. Behold: A Shadow Puppet Theater! The fooly [follish] of some of us [you] who suppose that that which comes before actually does and is.)

(We are distracted by a loud slap as the GUY on the bench has coupled with the hand of the GIRL with a little too ah er um a perhaps ardently and the GIRL in the window responds with a wicked, sarcastic delight.)

*(In all this we fail to notice that:
Just as suddenly the three faces have disappeared.)*

(Silence. Pause. Silence.)

(A [lone]

GIRL FACE, clearly puzzling through a something-nothing from er, ere, another time: One better, and one worse— awful perhaps than this one too.)

GIRL (SMALL FACE). And before the And before the...just have forgotten er oh hell I forget. Let me try again: And before that horrid business with the aluminum crutch (and the moon) and the accident with the graven image and my long long long lustrous everlasting hair and. The electric fan. Before the human soul became captive to the mere image of a bird a merest bird.

(She cries and is wrenched horribly away; presumable to the bad end of being torn apart and eaten.)

(A horrid and huge set of jaws appear in place of her.)

(The

GIRL face reappears once more in the high window; pauses to rearrange herself; sallies forth in a display of sniggering and squelched muttering all too apparently directed not only at the couple on the bench, but also at the monstrous face in the wall that was not a wall.)

(The GIRL below, shaking here fist stupidly, trying to swear but doing it badly:)

GIRL (SMALL FACE). Well you can you can just go and be a a a, a burp. You can and you cannot just go and do that that, as you say, sniggle of a. Burp. And go and disrespect me ME just because of how my feet, well, are shaped. Not so right.

WALL FACE. And before the before and. Heh heh. You, yeah, you.

(GIRL in the window snidely indicates who me?)

WALL FACE. Yeah, you.

(Who me?)

WALL FACE. Yeah, you.

(Who me?)

WALL FACE. Yeah, you.

(Who me?)

GUY. *(On bench:)* You can just go and be a be a piece of wallpaper.

(WINDOW GIRL does a raspberry.)

GUY. COME DOWN HERE AND DO THAT

(WINDOW GIRL does another raspberry.)

GUY. COME ON DOWN JUST COME ON DOWN HERE AND DO THAT.

(WINDOW GIRL does yet another [vast] raspberry.)

GUY. Okay okay you just come on come her

(A Pause of what the hell was that: "her" is not "here.")

GIRL. *(On bench:)* Here.

GUY. Her.

GIRL. Here.

GUY. *(Trying to get it right:)* Her.

GIRL. Here.

(He despairs.)

BENCH GIRL. Okay okay you just come on down, come on down here, *HERE*, and well, er, just do that.

—
(Pause. Silence. Pause.)

WALL FACE. *(Wistfully:)* Before the before and before that. Yes and the human soul was a little little bird and. And the world had been

swallowed up by the sea just the. Just the night before. Yes swallowed in one gulp.

And two people rowed away in a bright green rowboat, and the bird led them off. And before they reached that place. That better place they looked down and beheld the world they had known before. Before the before. A drowned world but perfect. A perfect in every detail world as though reserved in a crystal.

(Silence. Pause. Pause.)

(Something looms. The set of jaws is wrenched horribly away; presumably to the bad end of being torn apart and eaten.)

(COUPLE on bench try to make themselves small as though to pretend nothing has happened, and that before the before all was.)

COUPLE. Okay ...

(As the WINDOW GIRL glares at the former wall the site of this crime with passionate intensity we have another Silence; then a Pause.)

(All resume what each has assumed to be the proper demeanor, given the circumstance. They consider, each in her [or his] own way: The moon, the road, the vastness of the out dark.)

(A pin light reveals a toothbrush sized face in shadow puppet theater [it is perhaps a toothbrush].)

SMALL FACE. Before the before and before that... *(Clears its throat.)*

(Stealthily the bench COUPLE moves to the former wall where they slowly raise an oval of a clear convex material, perhaps glass, perhaps mere plastic and therefore the image of the tiny face is enlarged.)

SMALL FACE. Before the before and before that. All was the same as it is and was now and shall be before the terrible accident with the Christmas lights and the eating of the gods and the silencing of the oracles

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CHRISTMAS SONG
by Len Jenkin

Cast of Characters

VOICE

MRS. DOLAN

HENNY

DR. PECCADO

TASHA

Acknowledgments

Christmas Song was originally presented as part of *'Twas the Night Before...* at The Flea Theater (Jim Simpson, Artistic Director, Carol Ostrow, Producing Director) in New York City in December, 2006. It was directed by Len Jenkin; costumes by Sarah Beers; stage manager, Jess Johnston. The cast was as follows:

HENNY	Donal Brophy
MRS. DOLAN.....	Catherine Gowl
TASHA	Tanya Fischer
DR. PECCADO	David Skeist
VOICE.....	David Marcus

For Zoe, and of course, for Dr. V.

CHRISTMAS SONG

by Len Jenkin

(Three levels of Dolan's Rooming House, a dim echo of medieval morality plays: hell, earth, heaven. Below in the cellar, the furnace room; in the middle, Mrs. Dolan's place; and above the room of DR. PECCADO.)

(In the cellar, only a red glow from the burning coal in the open door of the furnace for the building. A cot, a shovel, coal. We can barely make out HENNY, a moving shadow in the darkness. A small street level window reveals snow falling on the sidewalk outside.)

(Warm bright light up in Mrs. Dolan's place. There's a rocking chair with lap rug, a teakettle on a hotplate, a window, through which we can see snow falling, and a door to the front hallway.)

(Dr. Peccado's room above is still in darkness.)

(Sound of wind, and the sound of coal being shoveled into the furnace.)

(HENNY puts down his shovel, lies down on his cot.)

(MRS. DOLAN puts the kettle on for tea.)

(The VOICE is a bit melodramatic—a storyteller.)

VOICE. Chicago, December 1961. The wind blows in over the lake ice, comes down Fifth Street cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey. It rattles the shutters of Dolan's Rooming House on the near North Side before it blows inland, bringing the first flakes of snow.

Nine o'clock. In her ground floor apartment, Mrs. Dolan is already in her bathrobe. The radiator valves hiss, sending little puffs of steam into the warm air.

(Whistle of the teakettle.)

VOICE. Tea's on. *(As MRS. DOLAN makes tea for herself:)* She's hung a sign in the front window: NO ROOMS. No one should bother her tonight. After all, it's Christmas eve.

(MRS. DOLAN pours a shot of whiskey into her tea.)

(She settles into her rocker, takes up her knitting—a blue scarf.)

(Squeak of the rocker, click of the knitting needles in the silence. From outside, the occasional gust of wind.)

(She turns on the radio.)

RADIO. (As a full orchestra version of “Jingle Bells” ends:) That old favorite, Jingle Bells. Ramon Raquello and his Blue Ribbon Orchestra are coming to you live from the Empire Ballroom right here in Chicago with a program of Christmas cheer. And now, once again, Ramon Raquello raises his baton...

(“Winter Wonderland” begins...)

VOICE. Mrs. Dolan is safe and warm, like an old fieldmouse in her hole...

MRS. DOLAN. (Admiring her own needlework:) His favorite color. Johnny’s gonna love this one, wear it every day.

VOICE. Johnny Dolan, her husband, died twenty years ago. Now he’s just a story she tells herself in the long evenings...

(The doorbell rings. And again.)

MRS. DOLAN. Henny! HENNY! Tell ’em to go away. Some foreigners who can’t read the sign. Litvaks or Eytalians. HENNY!

VOICE. Mrs. Dolan knows Henny never hears her when she calls, but she calls him anyway. He’s in the cellar by the furnace, sweating in his sleep on his old army cot.

(The doorbell rings again.)

MRS. DOLAN. HENNY! Damn you!

VOICE. Mrs. Dolan is not given to metaphysical speculation, but it has crossed her mind that Henny is a ghost, a spirit that haunts the building and sometimes takes bodily form, rather than a handyman she hired years ago.

(The doorbell rings once more, softer this time, and then silence. MRS. DOLAN takes a sip of tea, knits.)

RADIO. And now, everybody's favorite, "It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas." *(The music plays...)*

VOICE. Mrs. Dolan keeps knitting a scarf for the dead. Outside, on Fifth Street, snow falls through the freezing air.

(Lights up on Dr. Peccado's room: an old armchair, a stack of cardboard boxes filled with blue bottles, a small table set with two chairs, a window facing the street. Outside the window, snow. On a hot-plate, something is cooking.)

VOICE. Upstairs, on the third floor, Dr. Peccado sets the table for his Christmas Eve dinner.

(DR. PECCADO is a man over sixty, wearing a threadbare sport jacket, and a bright yellow tie on which a palm tree is painted.)

(He takes a stained and torn tablecloth, spreads it carefully over the table.)

(He places a vase with a few roses, and a candle.)

(He places one plate, a knife and fork.)

VOICE. He's a peddler. He works the corner by Marshall Fields, till the cops move him on.

DR. PECCADO. No shame in it.

VOICE. Then he works Dearborn, by the Monroe stop on the red line.

DR. PECCADO. Made my living in street sales, forty years. My signboard...

(He shows the audience a large cardboard sign that reads "DR. PECCADO'S MIRACLE SALVE." Below that lettering, faded newspaper articles about him and his salve are glued to the board.)

DR. PECCADO. Peccado's Salve. Stuff never hurt anyone. I make it in the sink. You know Pond's Cold Cream? I take family size jars with some oil of mint, liquid vitamin E, mix 'em up sanitary, put it in these blue jars with my label.

(He picks up a blue jar with the label "Peccado's Miracle Salve," tosses it back in a box.)

DR. PECCADO. I worked my old ass off this week, twelve hour days, cold as a witch's tit out there. Thought the salve would fuckin' freeze and crack the jars. I knew I was gonna need a little extra for this Christmas Eve dinner. Too many damn times I been in Bickford's eating the three ninety-eight Christmas Special, guy at the next table coughing his guts out over a cuppa coffee.

(PECCADO stirs the pot on the hotplate.)

(He lays out one table setting in front of one of the chairs: plate, glass, knife and fork, tears a napkin off a roll of paper towels. The other chair has no setting.)

(He straightens both chairs with care.)

(He unwraps a pre-cooked rotisserie chicken, sets it on a plate in the center of the table.)

(He opens a large can of Ocean Spray cranberry sauce, sticks a spoon in it, sets it on the table.)

(He takes his plate, puts a glob of mashed potatoes on it from the pot on the hotplate.)

(He spoons out cranberry sauce onto his plate.)

(He tears off a chicken leg, puts it on his plate.)

(He tucks the napkin under his chin.)

(He remembers...goes to the window, opens it, snow blows in. He takes a quart bottle of 7-UP, a bottle of vodka, and a beer off the window sill, puts them on the table.)

(He goes back to shut the window, peers out for moment.)

DR. PECCADO. Feels like the world is frozen solid. The night's a block of black ice, everything caught in it like flies in amber.

(He closes the window, sits again to his dinner. He raises his fork, then remembers...)

(He strikes a match, lights the candle.)

(Once again he raises his fork to begin his meal.)

(A groan, and then a knock from outside his door. Another groan.)

TASHA. *(From outside the door:)* Doctor P? It's Tasha, from next door. I'm sick, Doctor P. I...

(PECCADO puts down his fork, goes to the door. He opens it, and TASHA staggers in, falling into his arms. She's about twenty, thin, strung out and sloppy, in jeans and a T-shirt. She can barely stand up. He manages to get her into his armchair.)

TASHA. I'm sick is all it is. I get some shit I'll be all right. Doc, you must have some something. I can pay...I got a ten somewhere.

DR. PECCADO. Sweetheart, I'm not an actual doctor. The title's honorary. I don't have anything but some aspirin for... Hold on. I think I may...

(He rummages in a drawer.)

DR. PECCADO. Natasha, my Russian princess, you're in luck. I still got a few Percocet my dentist gave me after he pulled that bitch of a wisdom tooth

(He holds up a pill bottle.)

TASHA. Can I have those, please.

(DR. PECCADO tosses the pills to NATASHA. She opens the bottle.)

TASHA. There's only four in here. Where's the rest?

DR. PECCADO. I took 'em. My jaw was on fire. Take two.

(She takes them all, with a swig of 7-UP from the bottle on the table. She sits back in the armchair. He takes the empty pill bottle, shakes it. No sound.)

DR. PECCADO. Probably won't kill you.

(Beat. They're just there.)

TASHA. Billy went out this morning—to score for us. He didn't come back all day. Maybe he's lying dead somewhere.

DR. PECCADO. I wouldn't worry.

TASHA. Maybe he's...

DR. PECCADO. Can I be honest here for a moment, sweetheart? If that nasty kid is frozen dead in a snowbank, you're better off.

(She takes that in, shrugs, curls up in the armchair. DR. PECCADO looks at her.)

VOICE. Time passes. Snow falls. Dr. Peccado's dinner grows cold. The clock moves close to midnight—Christmas Day.

DR. PECCADO. How do you feel?

TASHA. Not good. But better. I'm going out to Grant Park. Billy's out there somewhere. He took all the money we...

DR. PECCADO. Sweetheart, you can barely stand. You pass out on those streets you'll be a human popsicle before they find you. I got a better idea. Have Christmas dinner with me. I got plenty of chicken, mashed potatoes, Ocean Spray cranberry sauce. Listen to me, sweetheart. Stay here with the Doctor. Trash like Billy always turns up.

(Long beat, and then...)

TASHA. O.K. I'm even hungry, now the little yellows took the edge off.

(DR. PECCADO gestures toward the other chair set up at the table.)

DR. PECCADO. Sit. I'll get you a plate and silverware.

(NATASHA sits at the table, at the place opposite his. He busies himself scrounging up a plate and fork for her.)

TASHA. Who were you expecting? To sit here...

DR. PECCADO. I don't know. Someone might surprise me, at the last minute...

TASHA. Someone who doesn't eat. You didn't put out a plate or...

DR. PECCADO. You need a knife, and a glass.

(He get them, sets it all up neatly in front of her.)

TASHA. How come you did all this, just for yourself. The candle and the flowers...?

DR. PECCADO. I do it every Christmas eve. My mother used to...

TASHA. You're lying to me, Doctor P.

DR. PECCADO. I'm psychic. I knew you were coming, Natasha.

TASHA. No. You didn't. So?

DR. PECCADO. So what?

TASHA. So what's the roses and the candle for?

DR. PECCADO. A few weeks ago I fell over in front of Marshall Fields, knocked the damn bottles of salve all over the street. I couldn't get up. They took me to the hospital. The doctors over there said this Christmas eve might be my last one. I wanted to do it right.

TASHA. It's nice. It's really nice.

DR. PECCADO. Thank you.

TASHA. And this chair I'm in?

DR. PECCADO. For the Angel of Death. If he comes, I want him to feel welcome.

TASHA. He's not coming. No room at the table. I'm here.

DR. PECCADO. Maybe so. You want a drink?

TASHA. Yeah.

DR. PECCADO. I'm not only a doctor, I'm a chemical engineer.

(As DR. PECCADO describes the following, he does it, pouring the ingredients into a pitcher.)

DR. PECCADO. You take your 7-UP, a couple shots of vodka, a little hit of beer for color, and voila! Champagne.

(He pours some into both their glasses. They drink. They drink again. NATASHA empties her glass.)

TASHA. Oowee! This room is tilting...

(She goes unsteadily to the window, looks out through the falling snow.)

TASHA. The stars and snow are spinning around. Like I'm in that Van Gogh picture—"Starry Night." You think he drank this stuff?

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HOLIDAY MOVIES
by Elizabeth Swados

Cast of Characters

ELF 1

ELF 2

ENSEMBLE (8 members)

Acknowledgments

Holiday Movies was originally presented as part of *'Twas the Night Before...* at The Flea Theater (Jim Simpson, Artistic Director, Carol Ostrow, Producing Director) in New York City in December, 2006, with the following cast and staff:

ELFEvan Enderle

ELF Pernel Walker

ENSEMBLE James Blanshard, J. Julian Christopher,
Dan Cozzens, Emily Firth,
Cara Francis, Carson Hinnens,
Max Jenkins, Rachel Rusch

Composer, Writer, Director Elizabeth Swados

Musical Direction Kris Kukul

Costumes Sarah Beers

Stage Manager Christina Elefante

Choreography Mimi Quillin

Musician Yukio Tsuji

HOLIDAY MOVIES

by Elizabeth Swados

Movie 1

(Entirely sung, meanwhile the ELVES speak.)

ENSEMBLE 1.

Driving on a lonely road

ENSEMBLE.

Ah ah ah ah

ENSEMBLE 3.

Through the forest in the night

ENSEMBLE.

Ah ah ah ah

ENSEMBLE 7.

Rain and leaves are blowing round

ENSEMBLE.

Ah ah ah ah

ENSEMBLE 6.

Not a sign or light in sight

ENSEMBLE.

Ah ah ah ah,

Suddenly in front of you

Ah ah ah ah

Is a bloody screaming face

Eeh eeh eeh eeh

A body thrown against the car

Ah ah ah Ee

Limbs are being hurled through space

Uh uh uh uh uh uh

Swerving to the side you stop

Open up your door

ENSEMBLE.

Don't!

ENSEMBLE 8.

There's a body lying on the road

ENSEMBLE.

Ah ah ah

You approach it, slowly, slowly

Oh my God it has not face

Oh my God its hands are cut off

It's getting up

It's getting up

Its hacked-off hands are heading

Right for your throat

Ah ah ah ah

T-t-t-t-t-t-t-

It's a movie

It's a movie

A holiday movie

Everybody clap your

Bloody hands

It's a movie

It's a movie

A holiday movie

Everybody clap your

Bloody hands

Elf Scene 1

ELF 1. Hey everybody! Here we are rapping about the latest Holiday Movies while teaching you how to wrap Christmas presents. It's Rap and Wrapping. Wrapping and Rapping.

ELF 2. It's "Rap While You Wrap."

ELF 1. (*Explosion sound.*)

ELF 2. What.

ELF 1. Let's rap about the movies we just saw.

ELF 2. I heard it was made for like 8 dollars and two jawbreakers and sold for 250 thousand dollars.

ELF 1. Hmm. Fa-sho, fa-sho. Ya know I have a movie. Maybe they would like to buy it. It's a one-man monologue wherein I discuss my sexuality and difficulties dealing with my elfhood.

ELF 2. Enough of that. Let's get to the wrapping while we're rapping.

ELF 1. Ohhh!!

(Sings: deedly deedly dee.)

ELF 2. Ok Kids we're gonna wrap a...snow-peng-thing. Get your tissue paper.

ELF 1. Modest, but still holiday-centric.

ELF 1 and ELF 2. Corner to corner.

ELF 2. Hood to hood.

ELF 1 and ELF 2. Corner to corner.

ELF 2. And now you got a neighborhood.

ELF 1. Hmm... It looks like an abstract sculpture.

ELF 2. Something French.

ELF 1. But when you add a bow, it becomes a Christmas present. Here it is.

(Toy plays music. At same time:)

ELF 2. Turn it off! Stop playing! You always play too much!

ELF 1. I don't know where the switch is! You made it!

ELF 2. Get the box!

ELF 1. Put it in! Suffocate it! I can still hear it breathing!

ELF 2. Oh God. It's gonna finish the song.

ELF 1. Maybe we should drown it!

(Toy stops playing music.)

ELF 1. We'll be back.

Movie 2

(Entirely sung, meanwhile the ELVES speak.)

ENSEMBLE.

An air-o-plane has landed
On a cold and icy runway

ENSEMBLE 5.

It's the worse storm in the history
Of the sta-a-a-ate

ENSEMBLE 7.

The hijackers are losing patience

ENSEMBLE.

The United States Army is
Poised outside the gate

ENSEMBLE.

And Ubeki the terrorist holds a gun
To Beth the stewardess's head

ENSEMBLE 4.

She is carrying the flight controller's baby

ENSEMBLE 1.

And everyone is going to end up dead

ENSEMBLE 4 and 7.

Shhh!!

ENSEMBLE.

2-3-4

ENSEMBLE 7.

Ubeki's got an atom bomb

ENSEMBLE.

Ubeki's got an atom bomb
He's got a nuclear device
Better be good
Better be nice

Dum dum dum dum

Dum dum dum dum

ENSEMBLE 8.

Who's that guy in the janitor's outfit

ENSEMBLE 3.

He's the cop

ENSEMBLE 3 and 5.

The lover of the princess on board

ENSEMBLE 8.

He moves very slowly

ENSEMBLE.

With his A K Forty Seven

In slow motion

ENSEMBLE 3 and 4.

He cuts down the terrorists with his gun

ENSEMBLE 5.

He makes little jokes he's having

ENSEMBLE.

Fun

ENSEMBLE.

Pow eech oh ooh

ENSEMBLE 1.

Guts are flowing

Heads are being blasted off

ENSEMBLE 4.

Boom!

ENSEMBLE.

Pow pow pow pow

Ta ta ta cha cha

It's a movie

It's a movie

A holiday movie

Everybody buy some

Bloody popcorn

It's a movie
It's a movie
A holiday movie
Everybody buy some
Bloody popcorn

Elf Scene 2

ELF 1. Yo I heard that one was made for 25 million dollars.

ELF 2. That's enough money for Madonna and Angelina Jolie to buy off half the kids in Africa.

ELF 1. And for Tom Cruise to buy another fake wife. Yo Moms, what's up? You as busted up as I am about your little baby's feets not fitting in them big stockings? Have I got something for you. The Holiday Diaper.

ELF 2. And you can hang it right next to the stockings.

ELF 1. As long as it ain't used.

ELF 2. Who would you hang it for?

ELF 1. My cousin Trey.

ELF 2. Bless his heart. What would you put in it?

ELF 1. Now if there is one thing I know my cousin Trey likes around Christmas, it's jelly doughnuts. And applesauce.

ELF 2. And what else?

ELF 1. And baby oil. Made from real babies. And let's top it off with whipped cream. And last a little treat: I got him a Cuban cigar.

ELF 2. How old is your cousin Trey?

ELF 1. Forty-seven.

ELF 2. This thing is so absorbent.

ELF 1. Shit, the thing's leaking. Get a box! Put it in with the pega-mi-thing.

(Toy plays music. Music ends.)

ELF 1. Christina! Come kill this thing! We'll be right back.

Movie 3

(Entirely sung, meanwhile the ELVES speak.)

ENSEMBLE.

She is dying

ENSEMBLE 8.

But she can't tell him

ENSEMBLE.

He is dying too

ENSEMBLE 6.

He's kept it to himself

ENSEMBLE.

Oh oh oh oh oh

Oh oh oh oh oh

ENSEMBLE.

It was the asbestos

At the Midwestern plant

They'd worked there for years

Breathin' in and breathin' out

So they got themselves a lawsuit

But they will die before they win

Holding on to each other

Smearing blood on each other's skin

It's a movie

It's a movie

A holiday movie

Everybody clap your

Bloody hands

It's a movie

It's a movie

A holiday movie

Everybody clap your

Bloody hands

Elf Scene 3

ELF 1. Man why all these holiday movies so busted?

ELF 2. It's the audiences. They're out of school and everything.

ELF 1. I never had a real childhood.

ELF 2. You're an elf, what do you want?

ELF 1. You know what, I don't feel like wrapping Christmas presents anymore.

ENSEMBLE 2. He was raised by a family of rats. And although they may only have garbage for dinner. Rodents can teach you to love.

ELF 1. Oh no another movie plot!

ENSEMBLE 7. He is a killer unlike any other. He tortures his victims by walking over their backs wearing golf shoes.

ENSEMBLE 1. John Phillip Sousa is actually schizophrenic. But his genius sustains nonetheless.

ELF 1. Oh God no, it's happening! I can feel it! The cheap plots are taking over!

ENSEMBLE 4. The first animated homosexual moose!

ENSEMBLE 3. Hey, I'm Vincent the Buck. Come on Mr. Cricket. Take a ride on my horns!

ENSEMBLE 5. A waitress with low self-esteem takes over NASA.

ENSEMBLE 8. Mutant weather.

ENSEMBLE. Everyone in New York is sticking to everyone else.

ELF 1. How are we gonna get out of this?

ELF 2. Remember Harry Potter!

ELF 1 and ELF 2. Expecto Patoleum!

ELF 1. Man that was close!

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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