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*Many, many thanks to the original cast of "Dr. Frankincense and the Christmas Monster" for their hard work and inspired additions to the script. What a joy it was to work with all of you!*

*Thanks to Ray for the wonderful inspiration.*

*And extra special thanks to Matt, who cheered me on all the way.*

## Cast of Characters

DR. FRANKINCENSE, a misunderstood mad scientist.

MYRRH, his assistant. Can be either male or female.

JACK FROST, Chief Justice of the Christmas Court, a bit scatter-brained

RUDOLPH, THE RED-NOSED REINDEER, member of the Christmas Court, law student

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, female, member of the Christmas Court, British and a little tipsy

FROSTY SNOWMAN, member of the Christmas Court

THE SUGARPLUM FAIRY, member of the Christmas Court. Can be either male or female. Latina/Latino.

MRS. NOEL, she's very important

BILLY NOEL, 6 years old, to be played by an adult or someone very large. Can be either male or female (Suzy)

DR. WHITE, a dentist, Russian/Eastern European accent

SHERIFF EVERGREEN, Wild West type sheriff, western accent

MRS. EVERGREEN, alternates between high strung and chipper

MS. TINSEL, a toymaker, Southern belle with a spine.

SANTA CLAUS

MRS. CLAUS

MR. NOEL

BAILIFF, could be male or female

NARRATOR, your host, a bit smarmy, could be male or female

CHRISTMAS MONSTER, built from Christmas items.

## **Suggested Doubling**

In the original production the same actor played Narrator, Bailiff and Mr. Noel, and there is a line in the Narrator's dialogue that sets this up as a joke. If your production casts each role with a separate actor, that line may be omitted. Also, if there is a female Narrator, the fact that she is playing Mr. Noel can be played for a joke.

## **Setting**

Christmas Village, and the Christmas Village Supreme Court.

## **Time**

Timeless.

## **Notes**

The original production was staged thusly: In the opening "setting the scene" pages, the entire stage was used for Christmas Village. When the action moves to the Christmas Court, the judges sat at a long table on a platform stage left, the villagers all sat onstage in chairs on a platform stage right, and all the flashback action (Dr. Frankincense's laboratory) and court testimony took place in the center, with light changes indicating the change from one to the other.

As each character moves into Dr. Frankincense's laboratory, they can either just stand up from their seat and move into the center, or if production allows they can exit and enter from a door into the lab. In either case, pace is very important, so don't let the entrances and exits slow down the show.

We found that a small rolling table for Dr. Frankincense's experiments helped, so we had Myrrh roll it on and off as needed.

The theater audience is also the courtroom audience, so make sure the actors include them in their focus as they testify in court.

## Christmas Monster Design

As imagined in the script, the Christmas Monster is built thusly: stockings for feet, candy cane legs (striped tights), a giant wrapped present for his torso, toy train arms (created with shoebox-like boxes that could slip onto the actor's arms, painted to look like trains), Christmas ham for a head, and Christmas lights throughout (battery operated strands that could light up). Feel free to add other holiday touches as needed. The wrapped present body should be designed to hold objects that can be retrieved by the actor in the costume.

The "gifts" the Christmas Monster gives the villagers were large holiday cards rather than actual wrapped presents. The cards were blank inside to avoid the audience seeing "Hope" and ruining the ending.

## Acknowledgments

*Dr. Frankincense and the Christmas Monster* was first performed on December 4, 2009 at the Write Act Repertory Theater (John Lant, Artistic and Managing Director) in Los Angeles, California. The production was directed by Sean Abley and stage managed by Jonathon Harrison. Costume design by Erica Schwartz. The cast was as follows (in order of appearance):

NARRATOR / BAILIFF / MR. NOEL . . . . .	Sean Abley
SHERIFF EVERGREEN . . . . .	John F. Schaffer
MRS. EVERGREEN . . . . .	Libby West
MRS. NOEL . . . . .	Alexandra Billings
BILLY NOEL . . . . .	Benjamin Schyan
DR. WHITE . . . . .	Samm Hill
THE SUGARPLUM FAIRY . . . . .	Meagan Prah
SANTA CLAUS . . . . .	Ken Capozzi
MRS. CLAUS . . . . .	Lisa Capozzi
RUDOLPH . . . . .	Newton Kaneshiro
FROSTY SNOWMAN . . . . .	Dennis Lawrence
MS. TINSEL . . . . .	Erika Bowman
JACK FROST . . . . .	Roger Rignack
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST . . . . .	Tchia Casselle
DR. FRANKINCENSE . . . . .	Brad Griffith
MYRRH . . . . .	Dylan Vox
CHRISTMAS MONSTER . . . . .	Walker Davis
UNDERSTUDY . . . . .	Scott Stanley

# DR. FRANKINCENSE AND THE CHRISTMAS MONSTER

by Sean Abley

BASED ON THE STORY "THE ACCOUNT OF DR. FRANKINCENSE"  
BY RAY KAMPF

*(Lights up.)*

*(Prologue.)*

*(The streets of Christmas Village. The NARRATOR enters and addresses the audience.)*

**NARRATOR.** Welcome to Christmas Village, the home of Christmas, and Christmas-related activities. You won't find this village on any map. You can only find Christmas Village in your heart... or with a really good GPS. *(Laughs.)* I'm funny! Let me introduce myself. I'm the Narrator of Christmas Village. My job is to introduce the characters, set the setting, and then disappear for most of the play, although I will be playing two small, but crucial roles later on. See if you can spot me! You're here on a very special night! Tonight... well, I don't want to spoil it for you because it would make our play too short. But let me just say very soon, this peaceful hamlet *(Sudden change, "In a world..." movie trailer voice:)* will be plunged into a criminal investigation that will threaten to tear the village asunder. *(A beat.)* That's bad! *(Chipper:)* But first, let's meet the villagers of Christmas Village, shan't we? *(Points to Mr. and Mrs. Evergreen's house.)* Oh, look, it's Sheriff and Mrs. Evergreen. There isn't a lot of crime in Christmas Village...except Mrs. Evergreen's cooking.

*(Light shift to SHERIFF and MRS. EVERGREEN. SHERIFF EVERGREEN enters hastily, pursued by MRS. EVERGREEN who holds a plate of baked goods in one hand and a spatula in the other.)*

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** *(Off, angry:)* Get back here! *(Enters, realizes the audience is watching, instantly chipper:)* Who's ready for a cookie? It's broccoli garlic butterscotch chip!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Uh, I'm full. I'll wait.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** *(Slightly adamant:)* How can you be full? We haven't even eaten dinner yet. Take one.

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** No, thank you. I'm sure they're delicious, but I'm full.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** (*Takes a cookie and choo-choos it toward his mouth.*) Here comes the cookie train! Into the cookie tunnel!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** The tunnel's closed!

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** (*Thumps the cookie against his lips. Verging on angry.*) Nonsense, the cookie tunnel is never closed! Choo-choo!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** (*Through gritted teeth.*) There was a horrible accident. No trains can go through the tunnel.

(*MRS. EVERGREEN takes her spatula and cheerily pries open Mr. Evergreen's cookie tunnel.*)

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Look, the maintenance crew has cleared the rubble and the cookie tunnel is open! (*She slides a cookie into his mouth.*) Choo-choo! (*A beat.*) I said choo-choo!

(*SHERIFF EVERGREEN chews with vigor and barely concealed disgust.*)

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Now that's a happy cookie tunnel! Honestly, Edgar, sometimes I think you don't like my cooking. (*Forcefully.*) Don't answer that! It's rude to talk with your cookie tunnel full. (*Notices the NARRATOR watching them.*) Edgar, look! It's that Narrator again! (*Calls out the "window".*) Stop spying through our windows!

**NARRATOR.** Never fear, I'm just introducing you to the audience!

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Get off our property or I'm calling the police! (*A beat. Turns to SHERIFF EVERGREEN and shouts.*) Police!

**NARRATOR.** (*Oblivious.*) And a Merry Christmas to you, too!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Where's my coat? I'll get him off our lawn.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** I'll take him some cookies! (*Exits.*)

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** I said 'get him off our lawn,' not kill him. (*Exits.*)

**NARRATOR.** Oh, look, here comes Mrs. Noel—

(*MRS. NOEL enters and poses.*)

—and her son, Billy. They're heading to the dentist.

(*BILLY enters and poses.*)

**BILLY.** (*Holding up seven fingers.*) I'm six!

**MRS. NOEL.** He hit his growth spurt early...

**NARRATOR.** The Noels are very important! But it's hard raising a son when Mr. Noel is always traveling.

**MRS. NOEL.** Oh, Billy, it's so hard being so important and raising a son when Mr. Noel is always traveling.

**NARRATOR.** Mrs. Noel failed her class in "Exposition" at the Christmas Village Learning Annex. (*ALTERNATE: Any local community college, technical institute, etc.*)

**BILLY.** Why do I have to go to the dentist? I hate the dentist!

**MRS. NOEL.** Because you want to have healthy teeth.

**BILLY.** Why?

**MRS. NOEL.** Because you need teeth to chew food.

**BILLY.** Why?

**MRS. NOEL.** Because if you don't chew you'll choke.

**BILLY.** Why?

**MRS. NOEL.** Because the food won't fit down your esophagus.

**BILLY.** Why?

**MRS. NOEL.** Because.

*(MRS. NOEL searches through her purse for something as she and BILLY exchange rapid fire, back and forth. "Why?" "Because..." over and over. She is on autopilot. Finally, after many back and forths, SHERIFF and MRS. EVERGREEN enter. The NARRATOR makes a show of "hiding" in a ridiculously obvious way.)*

**MRS. NOEL.** (*Losing her cool:*) Billy! (*Sees SHERIFF.*) Oh, hello Sheriff, Edna. Merry Christmas!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Sorry, Nell, can't chat. I'm in hot pursuit! Have you seen that Narrator?

**MRS. NOEL.** He's around here somewhere. I think he went over that way.

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Thanks. (*Exits.*)

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Billy, would you like a delicious cookie?

**MRS. NOEL.** (*Indicating Mrs. Evergreen's cookies:*) I'm sure he'd love a delicious cookie, but he'll take one of those instead.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** (*Hands BILLY a cookie.*) Here you go! Choo-choo!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** (*Off:*) Edna!

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Merry Christmas! (*Exits.*)

**MRS. NOEL.** (*"Merry Christmas!"*) We're very important!

*(BILLY is about to take a bite of the cookie.)*

**MRS. NOEL.** Billy, what have I told you?! Never eat anything from Edna Evergreen.

(BILLY *tosses the cookie on the ground.*)

**BILLY.** Stupid cookie!

**MRS. NOEL.** Don't throw that on the ground! Do you want to kill the pigeons? Now hand your mother your handkerchief. She has something in her dentures.

**BILLY.** No! It's mine! Mine! Mine!

**MRS. NOEL.** Sounds like someone needs another dose of cough syrup.

(NARRATOR *pops back in.*)

**NARRATOR.** It's time for Billy's annual dental check up. No room for cavities in Christmas Village!

(MRS. NOEL and BILLY *move to Dr. White's door. DR. WHITE enters.*)

**MRS. NOEL.** Merry Christmas, Dr. White!

**DR. WHITE.** Merry Christmas, Mrs. Noel! And Billy, it's so nice to see you...so infrequently.

**BILLY.** I hate the dentist!

**MRS. NOEL.** Young man!

**DR. WHITE.** Well, that's a coincidence, because the dentist hates you...to have cavities! Come on in and we'll start the painful work of fixing your mouth. In you go!

**MRS. NOEL.** Thank you, doctor.

**DR. WHITE.** It's my pleasure...

(MRS. NOEL and BILLY *exit into the dentist office.*)

**DR. WHITE.** ...to hurt that child.

**NARRATOR.** Sometimes your worst enemy can be your best friend. Enter The Sugarplum Fairy, purveyor of only the finest tooth-destroying delicacies!

(SUGARPLUM FAIRY *enters with a big bowl of candy and treats.*)

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Feliz Navidad, Dr. White!

**DR. WHITE.** (*Horribly mispronounces:*) Felicity Navblahblahblah..., The Sugarplum Fairy!

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Navidad.

**NARRATOR.** The Sugarplum Fairy and Dr. White are in cahoots!

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** How's tricks?

**DR. WHITE.** Tricks are very good! Business is up, up, up! (*He checks to make sure no one is looking, then slips her a crisp dollar bill.*) Just keep spreading that sweet Christmas cheer around to all the kids, and you and I will have no problems.

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** One dollar? That's not what we agreed on!

**DR. WHITE.** I know you're getting kickbacks from the Tooth Fairy, so keep it quiet, see.

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** (*Not so merry:*) Feliz Navidad, Dr. White. (*Exits.*)

**DR. WHITE.** (*Horribly mispronounces:*) Feliz Nagidog..., The Sugarplum Fairy. (*Exits.*)

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** (*Off, angry:*) It's Feliz Navidad!

**NARRATOR.** What's that I see? A red light, glowing in the distance? Why, yes! It's Santa and Mrs. Claus, being lead through the foggy night by Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer!

(*RUDOLPH leads SANTA and MRS. CLAUS onto the stage. They are walking.*)

**SANTA.** Ho, ho, ho! Mush! Let the light of your red nose pierce through the fog, thick as...heavy fog!

**RUDOLPH.** Santa, with all due respect, we're walking. And it's noon. And it's sunny.

**SANTA.** And yet, we must soldier on! We can't let the children down! Mush!

**MRS. CLAUS.** (*To RUDOLPH:*) Just play along, dear. It makes him so happy.

**SANTA.** Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas, everyone!

**ALL.** (*Poking their heads out or entering from all parts of the stage:*) Merry Christmas, Santa Claus! (*All who were offstage exit.*)

**SANTA.** I love making them do that.

**MRS. CLAUS.** Santa, I need to do a little shopping. Why don't I take Rudolph, and you can head back to the house and check on the elves?

**SANTA.** Of course, my dear. (*Gravely:*) Keep her safe, Rudolph. That fog, it's a killer!

**RUDOLPH.** Yes, Santa.

**SANTA.** Merry Christmas, everyone!

**ALL.** (*Poking their heads out or entering from all parts of the stage:*) Merry Christmas, Santa Claus! (*All exit who were offstage.*)

(*SANTA exits. SUGARPLUM FAIRY enters.*)

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Feliz Navidad, Mrs. Claus, Rudolph! Say, would anyone like some (*Hypnotic voice:*) ...candy?

(*MRS. CLAUS and RUDOLPH stop dead.*)

**MRS. CLAUS.** Oh, look, The Sugarplum Fairy! Just who I needed to see. Do you have any more of that Pico de Azúcar en Gigantescos? (*To RUDOLPH:*) That's Spanish!

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Of course! (*Hands MRS. CLAUS a candy bag.*) Pico de Azucar en Gigantescos coming up.

**MRS. CLAUS.** I just love this stuff in my egg nog. It's so sugary! (*She opens the bag, takes a spoon and eats a gigantic bite of sugar.*)

(*MRS. EVERGREEN enters.*)

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Rudolph? Hmmmm?

**RUDOLPH.** Ooh, got any of that candied mistletoe?

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Of course! (*Hands him a candy bag.*)

(*RUDOLPH opens the bag and voraciously eats some candy.*)

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Wait, you just offer food you've made, and they just take it and eat it? You don't have to pry their cookie tunnel open and stick it in?

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Nope.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Interesting.

(*SHERIFF EVERGREEN enters. The NARRATOR once again makes a big show of hiding in a ridiculous way.*)

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Come on, Edna! I got a hot tip on that Narrator from the Dreidel family!

**MRS. CLAUS.** Dreidel?

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Dreidel?

**RUDOLPH.** Dreidel?

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** The family made of clay. In Chanukah-burg. They spotted the Narrator narrating a production of "Yentl"! Let's go!

(*SHERIFF and MRS. EVERGREEN exit.*)

**MRS. CLAUS.** Okay, Rudolph, I need to go pick up some yarn to knit the footies that go with this sweater. *(To SUGARPLUM FAIRY:)* I knit all of his sweater sets. I just love dressing my Rudolph! Let's meet back here in an hour and then we'll pretend you guided me through the dangerous fog to keep Santa happy.

**RUDOLPH.** You got it, Mrs. C.

**MRS. CLAUS.** *(Blows RUDOLPH kisses.)* Peppermint kisses! *(She exits.)*

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** That's some sweet gig you got there. All the sweaters and footies you could ask for.

**RUDOLPH.** It pays for law school. Someday this nose is gonna go and I won't be able to coast on my looks. Gotta have something to fall back on, so in the meantime I keep the old man happy and let Mrs. C play dress up.

**NARRATOR.** Hey everyone! It's Frosty Snowman, the most cold-hearted guy all the kids love!

*(FROSTY runs on in a panic, as if being chased. Instead of a carrot for a nose, he has half a banana.)*

**FROSTY.** Get away from me, you little brats! Help! Help!

**RUDOLPH.** Merry Christmas, Frosty.

**FROSTY.** Oh, Merry Christmas Rudolph! The Sugarplum Fairy!

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** You look rough, Frosty. What happened?

**FROSTY.** Santa's elves got into a snowball fight and kept taking scoops out of my head for ammo. I had to re-roll it seven times before they were done. And then that Billy kid swallowed my button eyes, and then he ate my carrot nose, and I didn't have another carrot handy so I had to use a banana. He ate my face!

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Poor kid. I know just what you need. A sno-cone! *(She pulls out a sno-cone and hands it to FROSTY. Hypnotic voice:)* Something sugary made of you!

**FROSTY.** Aww, thanks The Sugarplum Fairy! Mmmm, sugary me...

**NARRATOR.** Santa isn't the only toymaker in town. Meet Ms. Theresa Tinsel, owner and operator of Triple T Toys, the largest supplier to Santa Claus Enterprises. She's having a nice chat with one of her retailers.

*(Shift focus—Ms. Tinsel's office. MS. TINSEL is on the phone. RUDOLPH and SUGARPLUM FAIRY exit during this scene.)*

**MS. TINSEL.** *(On phone:)* Mmmm hmmm... I see... of course... and you're sure the parts are small enough to be swallowed? ...Well, in

hindsight, maybe a toy called “My First Hand Grenade” wasn’t the best idea... (*Sees FROSTY out her window.*) Ooh, gotta run! Later, tater! (*Hangs up the phone, then leans out the window and yells down to FROSTY.*) Yoo hoo! Frosty! Frosty Snowman!

(*MS. TINSEL exits her office and makes her way to FROSTY.*)

**MS. TINSEL.** Merry Christmas, Frosty Snowman.

**FROSTY.** Merry Christmas, Ms. Tinsel.

**MS. TINSEL.** Just call me Ms. Tinsel. I do declare, no need to be so formal.

**FROSTY.** Uh, okay...

**MS. TINSEL.** Did you get my note? I sent you a note. In case you didn’t get my note, I invited you over to the factory some night for a nice, home cooked meal. I don’t just run a factory, you know. I have many talents.

**FROSTY.** Uh huh...

**MS. TINSEL.** And, you know, there isn’t a Mr. Tinsel in the picture. It’s just me, running the factory and being a busy career woman. But you’re so...round and...cold...I think Mrs. Tinsel Hyphen Snowman has a nice ring, don’t you?

**FROSTY.** Well...

**MS. TINSEL.** Why Frosty, am I making you perspire?

**FROSTY.** Actually, I’m just melting...

**MS. TINSEL.** Think about it. But think quick! Once I set my mind to something...Later, tater! (*Exits.*)

(*MRS. NOEL and BILLY enter from the dentist’s office. BILLY immediately sets after FROSTY.*)

**BILLY.** Snowman!

**FROSTY.** Don’t eat my face!

(*FROSTY and BILLY run off.*)

**MRS. NOEL.** Don’t eat his face, Billy. (*Exits.*)

**NARRATOR.** He makes sure Frosty Snowman doesn’t become Frosty the Puddle, and she’s best known for her rehabilitation efforts with a certain “Ebenezer S.” Jack Frost and the Ghost of Christmas Past.

(*JACK FROST and GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST enter carrying shopping bags.*)

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** I'm trying to figure out what to get Scrooge this year. Now that he's happy and generous, he's impossible to buy for.

**JACK FROST.** That's what you get for doing your job too well. Perhaps you could get him a new crutch.

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** A new crutch?

**JACK FROST.** For his limp. (*Tiny Tim impression:*) "Merry Christmas, everyone without a limp!"

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** It's "God bless us, everyone!" and that's Tiny Tim. Read much?

**JACK FROST.** Exactly. A very small, new crutch.

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** I'm talking about Scrooge.

**JACK FROST.** Who?

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** Scrooge! I need a gift for Scrooge!

**JACK FROST.** How about a new set of chains?

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** What?

**JACK FROST.** For his haunting. (*Jacob Marley impression:*) "Tonight you will be visited by three ghosts..."

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** That's Jacob Marley, genius.

**JACK FROST.** Sorry, I meant, (*Jimmy Stewart impression:*) "Clarence! Clarence, I want to live! Give me one more chance!"

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** We're done here.

(*GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST exits, with JACK FROST following her.*)

**JACK FROST.** You could give him all the money to pay back the bank!

**NARRATOR.** What's that I see? Up on the top of the mountain? There's a light!

(*MRS. NOEL walks by.*)

**MRS. NOEL.** Over at the Frankincense place? That's where Dr. Frankincense lives and performs his horrible and or evil experiments. We have to go up there at least once a week to burn various monsters and abominations and whatnot. We spend so much on torches you wouldn't believe it. (*To NARRATOR:*) Now that's how you do exposition. (*Exits.*)

(*Shift focus to Dr. Frankincense's laboratory. DR. FRANKINCENSE is interviewing MYRRH for a job.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** What's your name, young man?

**MYRRH.** (*Hands DR. FRANKINCENSE his resume.*) Myrrh, sir. It's right here on my resume...

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** (*Snatches the resume out of MYRRH's hands, briefly glances at it, then absent-mindedly crumples it up and tosses it over his shoulder.*) Myrrh. Dr. Frankincense and Myrrh. I like the sound of that. Sent here by the agency, yes?

**MYRRH.** Yes, they said you were looking for an assistant for your unsavory experiments.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Unsavory? Anything but, Myrrh. Complicated? Yes. Misunderstood? Of course. But aren't all super smart geniuses? (*Looks out his window to the village below.*) Look at them down there. I said look at them!

(MYRRH looks.)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** They move to and fro, blindly going about their business like ants! Ants...that dress in winter clothing. And carry packages. And occasionally stop for coffee or light lunch. Ants! They look up to the top of this mountain, and what do they see? In their eyes, a villain. A charlatan! A madman! And they're right. I am a mad man. A man driven mad by his desire to change the world in a benevolent but as yet unspecified way! And for whom do I do it? Them! Those package-carrying, coffee-drinking ants! For humanity! I will save them from themselves! And when I do, they will thank me! With parades, and...statues of my likeness, and... sandwiches named after me at local restaurants! AH, HA HA HA HA HA! Are you with me, Myrrh? Are you willing to you're your life over to saving the world from itself?

**MYRRH.** I like your shoes.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** You're hired!

**NARRATOR.** With the characters established and the settings set, we may begin our play. Ladies and Gentlemen, the residents of Christmas Village!

*(Everyone enters and positions themselves as if they were about to sing. Much hubbub, peas and carrots, rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb until they get to their positions, then NARRATOR silences them with a gesture.)*

**MYRRH.** ...and so I said, "And so's your mom..." and they totally cried... Oh.

**NARRATOR.** This is would be the perfect place for an opening number!

**FROSTY.** (*Singing:*) "Hark the herald angels sing!"

**ALL.** (*Take a deep breath as if about to sing.*)

**NARRATOR.** If this were a musical.

**ALL.** Awww...

**NARRATOR.** But it's a courtroom drama!

**ALL.** Ooohh!

**NARRATOR.** You see, despite his pleasant and slightly fussy facade...

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Hey!

**NARRATOR.** ...Dr. Frankincense did something so horrible, so terrible, he's been called before the Christmas Supreme Court. And what was that dastardly deed? Well, that is a tale best told in flashback.

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** Ooh, I love theatrical conventions!

**NARRATOR.** Places for...The Trial of Dr. Frankincense.

*(All rush to their places as the NARRATOR assumes the BAILIFF role.)*

*(Courtroom.)*

*(DR. FRANKINCENSE stands before the Christmas Village Supreme Court. Seated in the courtroom audience are the VILLAGERS.)*

**BAILIFF.** (*Points to self, as NARRATOR, stage whispers to audience:*) It's me! First role! (*As BAILIFF, the NARRATOR is a bad actor:*) All rise. The Christmas Village Supreme Court is now in session. The Honorable Jack Frost, Frosty Snowman, Ghost of Christmas Past, The Sugarplum Fairy, and Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer presiding.

*(JACK FROST [the Chief Justice], RUDOLPH, THE RED-NOSED REINDEER, GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, FROSTY THE SNOWMAN, and SUGARPLUM FAIRY enter.)*

**JACK FROST.** I now call the Supreme Court of Christmas to order. (*Bangs the gavel.*) Be seated.

**BAILIFF.** (*Hands JACK FROST a folder.*) Case number 1225, the People vs. Dr. Frankincense.

**FROSTY.** Oooh, this is so exciting! I can't wait to pronounce him guilty!

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** You can't just pronounce him guilty. You have to hear the case first, then pronounce him guilty.

**FROSTY.** The whole case? It's kinda warm in here. I might not make it til the end.

**MS. TINSEL.** (*Waves.*) Frosty Snowman, don't you look handsome up there!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Your honors, may I address the court before the formal proceedings proceed?

**JACK FROST.** Yes, you may.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** If it pleases the court, or even if it doesn't, really, I'd like to ask just how the Christmas court was chosen?

**JACK FROST.** By the time-honored legal process that is court selection.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** You picked names out of a hat, didn't you?

**JACK FROST.** I most certainly did not!

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** He opened a phone book to random pages and pointed.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I see...

**JACK FROST.** Mister Dr. Frankincense, you stand before this court accused of crimes against Christmas. How do you plead?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Not guilty.

*(The courtroom audience bursts into a cacophony of outrage.)*

**JACK FROST.** Silence! (*Bangs gavel.*)

*(The courtroom audience is instantly silent.)*

**JACK FROST.** (*Re: gavel.*) Wow, this thing really works.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Your honor, the charges leveled against me are ludicrous!

**JACK FROST.** We'll be the judge of that. Er, the judges of that. (*To himself.*) We'll be the judge...judges...we'll be the judges of... (*To the other judges.*) The judge of? Or judges of?

**JUDGES.** (*Conferring.*) Judges of? Judge of? I wish I'd paid more attention to diagramming sentences. Etc.

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** (*Exasperated.*) It's "We'll be the judges of..." "We" and "judges" being plural.

**JACK FROST.** We'll be the judges of that! Now Mister Dr. Frankincense, you have been charged with crimes against Christmas. Specifically, the creation of an evil Christmas monster; the wanton disregard for, and destruction of, Christmas cheer; and, quote, "totally

wrecking things." You have plead "Not guilty," so the time has come to present your case. Please proceed.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Thank you, your honor. It all began innocently enough. I had just finished an experiment with my assistant, Myrrh.

*(Laboratory. MYRRH enters, rolling a table supporting an invention covered by a sheet. DR. FRANKINCENSE lifts up one end of the sheet and begins shouting instructions to MYRRH, who scurries around, flipping switches and twisting dials. Lights and sounds accompany each task.)*

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Myrrh, increase the flactactual skimectacor three points! Reblast the jejunivator to maximum veximetry! Deslank the branbin! Now stand back! This could get ugly!

*(MYRRH covers in the corner. DR. FRANKINCENSE pulls out a remote control, points it at the object under the sheet and clicks. Lights and sound go crazy. DR. FRANKINCENSE leaps back. He clicks the remote a second time. The ruckus dies. DR. FRANKINCENSE rushes to the sheet.)*

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I've done it! The world will forever remember me as Dr. Frankincense, the creator of... *(Yanks back the sheet to reveal a cup of coffee.)* ...the perfect egg nog latte!

**MYRRH.** *(Shrieks in horror:)* AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! Your evil genius has wrought unspeakable horror upon the world!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Myrrh, it's not evil. It's coffee. Taste.

**MYRRH.** *(Tastes the latte.)* It's totally delish!

*(DR. FRANKINCENSE attempts to take the latte away from MYRRH during his next speech. He ignores MYRRH, who tries to keep drinking the beverage.)*

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** We're one step closer to revolutionizing the hot liquid industry! First, we conquered the broth-based category with the perfect pinecone soup. Now the perfect egg nog latte. Next up—gravy! *(Laughs manically:)* Ah! Ha! Ha! Ha!

**MYRRH.** Doctor, as much as I appreciate your efforts in liquid research, the service that placed me in your laboratory said you were a "mad" scientist. I'm not quite sure how reimaged hot liquids will strike fear into the hearts of the villagers.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I'm not trying to strike fear into the hearts of the villagers. I'm trying to...

*(The DOORBELL rings an annoying version of a Christmas carol. "Dogs Barking Jingle Bells" perhaps?)*

**MYRRH.** Someone is at the door! *(Races around with excitement.)*

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I really need to get the doorbell replaced.

*(MRS. NOEL enters.)*

**MRS. NOEL.** Well, hello, Dr. Frankincense!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Mrs. Noel, how nice to see you.

**MRS. NOEL.** *("How nice to see you!")* I'm very important!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** What brings you by the laboratory?

**MRS. NOEL.** Well, I was just out doing some shopping and saw your lights on. Thought you might be up to something evil, so I decided to stop by and say "Hello." So... Hello!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Mrs. Noel, now many times do I have to tell you and the rest of the villagers? I'm not evil.

**MRS. NOEL.** Mmm hmm.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** In fact, you're just in time to sample my latest, non-evil invention.

**MRS. NOEL.** Oh, really? Me? Hooray!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** *(Gestures to the latte on the table.)* Have a taste of the perfect eggnog latte.

**MRS. NOEL.** Oh, that's so nice of you, but I couldn't possibly. It's so late in the evening and the caffeine would keep me up all night.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Not to worry. It's decaf.

**MRS. NOEL.** A decaffeinated coffee beverage? *(She gasps, rushes to the door and calls out:)* Evil!

*(The VILLAGERS, armed with torches and pitchforks, instantly rush in. There is a deafening hubbub as they storm in.)*

**VILLAGERS.** He's evil! I knew he was evil all along! Drive the madman into the night! Etc.

**MRS. NOEL.** There! Take it! Burn it! Destroy the evil!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** No! Stop! The latte is innocent!

*(The VILLAGERS take the eggnog latte and carry it out as if it were an abomination to be destroyed. They cheer and chant as they leave.)*

**VILLAGERS.** De-stroy the de-caf! De-stroy the de-caf! *(General cheers and hubbub.)*

(MRS. NOEL *shuts the door behind the VILLAGERS and their chants are instantly silenced.*)

**MRS. NOEL.** That is one sound-proof mime door. It's been so nice catching up! We should really do this more often. Oh, I almost forgot! Potluck next Wednesday. South Pole theme. Bring a hot dish or dessert, and if you want anything specific to drink go ahead and bring that. And please make sure to bring your hideous helper person. We have plenty of room. (*A beat.*) Goodbye!

(MRS. NOEL *exits. Lights change to –*

*Courtroom.* MRS. NOEL *faces the judges' bench.*)

**JACK FROST.** Mrs. Noel, is this an accurate account of that evening?

**MRS. NOEL.** (*Moves to address the court. "Yes, it is, your honor."*) I'm very important.

**JACK FROST.** Noted.

**MYRRH.** (*Stands.*) For the record, I'm not a "hideous helper person." I'm a hideous assistant. I have an undergrad degree.

**JACK FROST.** Be seated, Mr. Myrrh.

**MYRRH.** Okay.

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Mrs. Noel, based upon what evidence do you accuse Dr. Frankincense of being evil?

**MRS. NOEL.** He's a mad scientist, yes? He created a non-caffeinated espresso beverage. Obviously he wants to destroy Christmas Village.

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Dr. Frankincense, are you indeed a "mad" scientist?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Well, yes...

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** In my experience, "mad" scientists are in fact evil. Guilty! Now, who needs some... (*Holds out her bowl. Hypnotic voice:*) ...candy...

(*Everyone on the bench, and in the court audience, clamors for candy.*)

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** Based on what?

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Based on other mad scientists and their evil deeds. Dr. Frankenstein does evil deeds. Dr. Jekyll? Evil deeds. Dr. Magillicuddy? Evil deeds.

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** Wait, who is Dr. Magillicuddy?

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** He invented hot dogs in packages of ten, hot dog buns in packages of eight.

**FROSTY SNOWMAN.** That is pure evil!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Your honors, please. Yes, I admit, I am a mad scientist. But not “angry, grrr...” mad, or “You’ll all rue the day!” mad. More like crazily upbeat. (*Does a little Charleston dance.*) “I love barbeque flavor, so I’m just *mad* about these mesquite potato chips!”

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** Dr. Frankincense, although your potato chip defense is a delicious side dish, the court feels that you should move on with your testimony.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Of course. After the angry villagers burned the decaf eggnog latte and hosted the subsequent potluck—I brought my famous Snowball Casserole...

**FROSTY SNOWMAN.** Oh, I love that dish! I’d eat it every day, but it feels a little creepy when I eat snow...

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Yes, anyway... After the potluck I was chatting with Myrrh as we tidied up the laboratory.

*(Laboratory.)*

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Myrrh, it seems no matter what I do, I can’t convince the villagers that I’m not an evil scientist. You would think the perfect eggnog latte would be enough, but I guess not. What I have to do is create something that is so nice, something that is so benevolent and charitable, that no one on Earth could ever mistake it for evil.

**MYRRH.** Oooh, fat free waffle cut fries?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Close, but I’m thinking a little bigger. Hmm...wait. I think I have it! (*MYRRH isn’t paying attention. More emphasis:*) Yes, I have it!

**MYRRH.** What is it?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I will create a monster!

**MYRRH.** (*Shrieks in horror:*) AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** No, no, no! Not an evil monster. The most non-evil monster ever built. I will create...the Christmas Monster! Ah! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

**MYRRH.** Master, you’re a genius!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Technically, yes. But that doesn’t mean I think I’m better than everybody. Just people that aren’t as smart as I am.

**MYRRH.** Oooh! This is so exciting! Does it eat presents? Or break ornaments for fun? Or fill stockings full of reindeer poop? Or...

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Um, please refer back to my statement about creating a non-evil Christmas Monster. No, this monster will be the essence of Christmas. I will create it out of the pure spirit of the holiday, and when brought to life, it will remind everyone of the joys of Christmas. And thus remove any doubt about my non-evil status.

**MYRRH.** I'll go steal Santa Claus's brain!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** No, no, he needs that for thinking. I think we'll start with the body. Myrrh, fetch me that large box and a roll of wrapping paper!

*(Courtroom.)*

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** You were going to steal Santa's brain?!

**MRS. CLAUS.** *(Horried:)* He needs that for thinking!

**MYRRH.** As a member of the Evil Assistants Union, Local 244, I'm bound by union regulations to suggest the most evil deeds in any monster-creating situation.

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** Oh, then I withdraw my outrage.

**MYRRH.** Thank you.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** We started with the body, which was a gigantic wrapped present. And soon after we began construction, we were visited by several villagers. The first of whom was Billy Noel.

**JACK FROST.** Billy Noel, please rise and address the court.

*(BILLY, holding some obnoxious noise maker, runs up to the bench.)*

**BILLY.** I got this thing! It makes noise! *(Makes the obnoxious noise.)* When I do this at home for long enough, Mommy puts something special in my hot apple cider and then I take a nap.

**MRS. NOEL.** Billy! Do not embarrass me in front of this court, young man.

**JACK FROST.** Is this your only son, Mrs. Noel?

**MRS. NOEL.** Yes, he's the first Noel.

*(Perhaps the cast encourages the audience to "Boo..." at this horrible joke. Perhaps.)*

**MRS. NOEL.** Oh, shut up!

**JACK FROST.** Billy, did you indeed visit Dr. Frankincense on that day?

**BILLY.** Yes, your honor.

*(Laboratory. DR. FRANKINCENSE and MYRRH struggle to wrap a very large box.)*

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Oh, this tape is just unmanageable!

**MYRRH.** (*Shrieks in horror at the tape:*) AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Okay, seriously...

(*The DOORBELL rings with another annoying Christmas carol.*)

**MYRRH.** Someone's at the door!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** (*Tapping his forehead to drill it in:*) Monday morning new doorbell, Monday morning new doorbell, Monday morning new doorbell.

(*BILLY enters. MYRRH continues to wrap the present as DR. FRANKINCENSE deals with the child.*)

**BILLY.** Hello, Dr. Frankincense!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Oh, hello, Billy.

**BILLY.** (*Pulls candy cane pen from DR. FRANKINCENSE's pocket.*) Wow, this is a cool candy cane pen!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Yes, careful with that. It writes in peppermint-flavored ink.

(*BILLY snaps the pen in half. Accidentally?*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Or it used to.

**BILLY.** Oops.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Billy, does your mother know you're here?

**BILLY.** Yup. She wants me to be able to spot evil like the rest of the villagers, so she sent me up here. (*Discovers a nutcracker.*) Ooh, this is a cool nutcracker! Do the arms move? (*BILLY moves the arms of the nutcracker, which snap off.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** No.

**BILLY.** Oops. (*Races offstage to another part of the laboratory.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Billy, please tell your mother that I'm not evil. In fact I'm planning something very not evil for the village.

**BILLY.** (*Entering with a liquor bottle. Reads:*) "Kris Kringle's Kristmas in Kentucky Bourbon." (*He pulls the lid off and raises the bottle to his mouth.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** (*Had enough:*) Okay... (*Grabs the bottle away from BILLY.*) So, Billy, would you like to see the beginnings of my new invention?

**BILLY.** Sure!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** It's right over here.

(DR. FRANKINCENSE and BILLY take one step to the side.)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Here it is!

**BILLY.** It's a present! Can I open it?

(BILLY runs over to the box. MYRRH stops him.)

**MYRRH.** One more step and Santa has one less stop to make this year.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** It's not just a present. It's the body of my Christmas Monster. It's going to be the best gift Christmas Village has ever received.

**BILLY.** Cool! Can I help?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Oh, well, sure, I guess. I know. Do you have something that reminds you of Christmas? Something I can use to complete the Monster?

**BILLY.** Well...I do have two stockings that we hang over the fireplace. Or we used to until I got one really big stocking this year.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** That sounds perfect! We'll use them for the feet. Go run home!

**BILLY.** Awww...

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** ...and bring them back!

**BILLY.** Yay!

(Courtroom.)

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** That kid is a menace. He's not just on Santa's "Naughty" list, his name is in the template.

**FROSTY.** He ate my face!

**MRS. NOEL.** Your honor!

**JACK FROST.** Dr. Frankincense, please continue with your testimony.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** After Billy ran back home and spread the good news about my new invention, other villagers stopped by my laboratory.

(Laboratory. The DOORBELL once again chimes a horrible Christmas carol.)

**MYRRH.** Someone's at the door!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** (Holding his head:) Must...not...rip...out...doorbell...

(DR. WHITE enters.)

**DR. WHITE.** Hello, Dr. France-in-sense...

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** (*Correcting the pronunciation:*) “Frankincense.” (*Scared:*) Dr. White, I’m not due for a cleaning for another three months! I mean, welcome...

**DR. WHITE.** Dr. Frake-en-stance...

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** “Frankincense.”

**DR. WHITE.** ...if I had my way, I’d live inside your mouth and clean your teeth every day. As a medical professional I’m sure you understand.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Absolutely not.

**DR. WHITE.** Have a seat.

(*DR. FRANKINCENSE sits down. DR. WHITE puts on medical gloves.*)

**DR. WHITE.** So... I heard you were working on a new invention. A non-evil monster, to be exact. If I’m finding that hard to believe you will be pardoning me.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Dr. White, we’re both medical professionals. Don’t you feel just a wee bit, oh, I don’t know, guilty perpetuating my “evil” status to the village?

**DR. WHITE.** We operate very different practices, Dr. Franklinsense... I’m a dentist. The last time I checked there weren’t many evil dentists. (*Evil laugh.*) Ah ha ha ha ha! We hurt people nicely and with the best of intentions. (*Snaps his rubber glove for emphasis.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I see.

**DR. WHITE.** (*Puts his fingers in DR. FRANKINCENSE’s mouth.*) So. Non-evil monster. Telling me all about it.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** (*With DR. WHITE’s fingers still in his mouth. Unintelligible words, then DR. WHITE removes his fingers and:*) ...and that’s the whole story.

**DR. WHITE.** Billy said he helped you? Contributed something to the monster?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Oh, yes! Billy was quite helpful. I don’t suppose you might have something Christmassy that you think might help out?

**DR. WHITE.** Hmmmm. Well, I do have a couple very large candy canes I use for decorations. I’m talking economy-sized.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Oh, perfect! I know just how to use them! Drop them by anytime.

**DR. WHITE.** Will do. (*Hands DR. FRANKINCENSE a candy cane.*) You've been a brave little soldier today. I'll see myself out. (*Menacingly:*) And don't forget to floss!

(*Courtroom. DR. WHITE faces the judges' bench.*)

**JACK FROST.** Mister Dr. White, is this an accurate account of your participation in the crimes of Dr. Frankincense?

**DR. WHITE.** Er, uh, participation? I do not like where this is headed.

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** According to legal precedent, if Dr. Frankincense is found guilty of the crimes of which he's been accused, that would make you and Billy accessories.

**DR. WHITE.** But...

**MRS. NOEL.** You can't send my boy to prison!

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** (*To RUDOLPH:*) Why punish the prison?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** There were many others who contributed as well!

(*Laboratory. The DOORBELL rings with yet another horrible version of a Christmas carol.*)

**MYRRH.** Someone's at the door!

(*DR. FRANKINCENSE rips the DOORBELL off the wall. SHERIFF EVERGREEN, MRS. EVERGREEN, and MS. TINSEL enter.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Welcome, Sheriff Evergreen, Mrs. Evergreen, Ms. Tinsel.

**MS. TINSEL.** (*Flirtatious:*) Hello, Dr. Frankincense. My, you're looking evil today...

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** We heard you were working on something for the village and were looking for donations.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Oh, well, donations? I guess. I mean, other villagers have contributed to the Christmas Monster, but...

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Monster? I don't like the sound of that. Where's my torch?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** A Christmas Monster. No torch necessary. He'll be entirely benevolent.

(*SHERIFF EVERGREEN, MRS. EVERGREEN and MS. TINSEL stare at him blankly.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** That means "nice."

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN / MRS. EVERGREEN / MS. TINSEL.** (*Got it:*) Oh...

**MS. TINSEL.** I have something to contribute. (*Pulls a toy train out of her costume.*) Perhaps you can use this toy train? We stopped making them at the factory, and we have a few left over.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** (*Being polite:*) Oh, that would be wonderful. Who can't use a train...

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Are you sure this isn't an evil plan? We have an "angry villagers" phone tree, so just say the word and I can have everybody here in minutes.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Oh, Edgar, stop. What's the fun in burning something before it's even done? Let him at least build the thing.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I can totally hear you...

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Oh, I'm sorry. (*Pointedly to DR. FRANKINCENSE:*) We can call the angry mob when you're finished. Which, P.S., will give us more time to plan the after mob raffle. We're giving away a skate-on role in the Christmas Village Community Theater production of "It's a Wonderful Life—On Ice."

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Every time a bell rings, an angel gets its skates!

**MYRRH.** (*Hands MRS. EVERGREEN money.*) Ooh, put me down for ten tickets!

**MS. TINSEL.** (*Hands MRS. EVERGREEN money.*) I'll take ten!

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Dr. Frankincense? Can I put you down for ten tickets as well?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Uh, sure...

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Great. (*Holds out her hand for money. He doesn't respond.*) Don't worry about the money right now. I'll collect after we burn the monster. Oh, which reminds me. Edgar, give him your donation.

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** We have this extra set of tree lights. Could you find a use for these?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Of course!

(*SHERIFF EVERGREEN pulls the end of a set of tree lights out of his pocket. He hands the end to DR. FRANKINCENSE, who pulls. The set of lights goes on forever. DR. FRANKINCENSE and SHERIFF EVERGREEN should improvise as this goes on.*)

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** And I brought a delicious Christmas ham. Or as we call it in Christmas Village—ham. Might you be able to use this as well? I prepared it myself.

(MRS. EVERGREEN *pulls a full cooked ham out of her costume [or bag] and hands it to DR. FRANKINCENSE. Everyone reacts to the smell, which is horrible.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Uh, thank you. (*Takes a whiff.*) This smells... like it should be part of a monster. Yes, Mrs. Evergreen, I can certainly use this ham. You've all been very generous, but now I must get back to it. (*A beat.*) If you'll excuse me...

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Oh, of course. Have a good evening.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** And you as well.

(*Courtroom.*)

**JACK FROST.** So the villagers contributed to the crimes which you've been accused of. Of which you've been accused. To the crimes for which you've been accused? For which you've been accused of?

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** Oh, for goodness sakes. The villagers contributed to the crimes of which he's been accused. Pick up a book every once in awhile maybe?

**JACK FROST.** Correct! They are complicit and could possibly face charges as well.

**VILLAGERS.** (*Concerned hubbub:*) Charges? Go to trial? Christmas prison?

(JACK FROST *pounds the gavel. The VILLAGERS are instantly silent.*)

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** I don't think I could do a nickel!

**JACK FROST.** Doctor, do you have any other witnesses to call?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Yes. I'd like to call Santa Claus to the stand.

**ALL.** (*Say the word simultaneously:*) Gasp!

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** Santa! I had no idea you were mixed up in this!

**SANTA.** I'm not mixed up in anything!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Santa was the last visitor to my laboratory prior to the completion of the Christmas Monster.

(*Laboratory. MYRRH presents DR. FRANKINCENSE with a brain in a glass jar. SANTA CLAUS enters, unseen by either of them.*)

**MYRRH.** I got the brain!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Wow, you really can get everything at Target. (*Note: Or name of a local store.*)

**SANTA.** Ho! Ho! Ho!

(*DR. FRANKINCENSE and MYRRH leap a mile high.*)

**MYRRH.** (*Horrified scream:*) AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!! (*Races off trying to hide brain.*)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Santa Claus! You scared us to death!

**SANTA.** Sorry! Didn't mean to just barge in, but there's no doorbell. Just a hole next to the door.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Yes, well. That will be my next invention. To what do I owe this visit.

(*SANTA CLAUS wanders around the laboratory, feigning only mild interest in Dr. Frankincense's new invention, all the while dying to know the scoop.*)

**SANTA.** (*Off-hand:*) Oh, you know. I was just out and about. Wandering around the village. Chit-chatting with the villagers. Heard some things. (*Darker:*) Heard some other things. You know, different accounts. Observations. Interpretations of certain goings-on. And I heard you were... (*Accusatory, forcefully:*) ...making a Christmas Monster!

**ALL.** (*A la 'dramatic sting' music, sung:*) Duh duh duh!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Yup.

**SANTA.** To...?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** To remind everyone what Christmas is all about.

**SANTA.** By...?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** By bringing back wonderful Christmas memories.

**SANTA.** For...?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** For...that's about it.

**SANTA.** I see. Interesting. (*A beat. Races over to the covered monster.*) Can I see it?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Oh, no. No, not yet. It's not finished. There's just a few more touches. And then I'll unveil it. And I'll make sure you get an invite to the unveiling.

**SANTA.** Oh, oh, good. Yes. Nice. Good. Would love to be here. If I can make it. You know. Busy season. Christmas. Lots of toys to make. Things to do.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Right.

**SANTA.** As the harbinger of Christmas, you know, the maker of, say, (*Air quotes:*) “wonderful Christmas memories,” I have a lot to do these days. As the person who traditionally (*Air quotes:*) “reminds everyone what Christmas is all about,” there’s a lot on my plate right around now. At Christmas.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Understood.

**SANTA.** And I’d hate for there to be any confusion. Amongst people. Who that person is. Who does that. Memories and all that.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Noted. Not to worry.

**SANTA.** Good. Good. So, I’ll just show myself out.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** It was nice seeing you. Drop by anytime.

**SANTA.** Mm hmm. (*Exits.*)

(*Courtroom.*)

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** Were you trying to use this monster as a way to take over Santa’s job of spreading Christmas cheer?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** No! Of course not! I was just trying to show the villagers that being a “mad” scientist doesn’t necessarily mean “evil” scientist! (*A beat.*) So, the day finally came to bring the Christmas Monster to life. I invited everyone to come over to meet him. (*Indicates the judges:*) Well, everyone but you five, but that was purely for story reasons.

**JACK FROST.** Understood.

(*Laboratory. The table with the CHRISTMAS MONSTER is now offstage. DR. FRANKINCENSE and MYRRH prep the dials and levers around the laboratory. The DOORBELL rings, now with a much more pleasing tone.*)

**DOORBELL.** (*A tone, then:*) There’s someone at the door. (*A tone, then:*) There’s someone at the door.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Ahhhhh, that’s better.

**MYRRH.** (*Runs around excitedly.*) There’s someone at the...oh.

**DOORBELL.** (*A tone, then more insistent:*) There’s someone at the door. (*A tone, even more insistent:*) Please, answer the door. There’s someone at the door!

**MYRRH.** Alright, ALRIGHT!

**DOORBELL.** (*A tone, adamant:*) Please, I beg of you, answer the door. There’s someone at the door!

**MYRRH.** Stop it!

(DR. WHITE, MR. and MRS. EVERGREEN, MR. TINSEL, MRS. NOEL, BILLY, SANTA CLAUS, and MRS. CLAUS enter, all buzzing with excitement. All except SANTA and MRS. CLAUS carry unlit torches, pitchforks, axes, etc.)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Welcome, everyone! Sheriff and Mrs. Evergreen, nice to see you.

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** We'll just put the torches over here by the door if that's alright.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Perfectly fine. Mrs. Noel, wonderful to see you. Billy, it's...I see you! Ms. Tinsel, welcome! Dr. White, glad you could make it! Santa and Mrs. Claus! So happy you could find time to join us! Alright everyone! Thank you all for coming. I'm sure you're all as excited as I am about my most recent invention...

**MRS. NOEL.** Burn it!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** So let's get right to it. Myrrh! Increase the flamtampulum three points!

(MYRRH races around adjusting knobs and levers. Lights and sounds accompany each task. The assembled crowd trembles.)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Turn on the reweehicator! Switch the nosidium from "off" to "flark"!

(The lights and sounds build to a deafening level. The VILLAGERS react with fear and uncertainty. Suddenly the lights and sounds stop, leaving the stage quiet.)

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I give you...the Christmas Monster!

(The CHRISTMAS MONSTER enters from offstage. Loud clap of thunder. The VILLAGERS draw back in fear.)

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** AAAAARRRRRGGGH!

**MYRRH.** (Horrorified scream:) AAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** There's no need to fear! He's friendly! He only wants to spread Christmas cheer!

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Merry. Christmas. Fruitcake. Good. Presents. Good. Deck. The. Halls. Jingle. Bells.

(The CHRISTMAS MONSTER stops in the middle of the room. The VILLAGERS tentatively get closer and examine him.)

**MRS. CLAUS.** Oh, my goodness! He's done it. He's created a Christmas Monster!

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** He used everything we gave him!

**SANTA.** And more! Frankincense, how did you manage it?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I just allowed the spirit of Christmas to guide my hands. With all of the villagers' help, I've created a pure Christmas Monster. And, might I add, without a drop of evil.

**MS. TINSEL.** He's so handsome! Hello, Christmas Monster!

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Merry. Christmas. Ms. Tinsel.

**MS. TINSEL.** Oooh, I think he likes me!

**MRS. CLAUS.** Santa, go make friends.

*(SANTA approaches the CHRISTMAS MONSTER and sticks out his hand to shake.)*

**SANTA.** *(Grudgingly.)* Well, Christmas Monster, I hope you and I can work together to spread Christmas cheer.

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Santa. Claus. Father. Of. Christmas. All. Hail. Santa. Claus! *(Raises SANTA's arm in the air victoriously.)*

**SANTA.** He's highly intelligent! Whose brain did use?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Trade secret! As a fellow Christmas professional I'm sure you understand.

**SANTA.** Gotcha.

**MRS. NOEL.** Billy, are those your old stockings? That's so generous of you!

**MRS. CLAUS.** That child did something generous? Looks like we have two Christmas miracles today.

**BILLY.** I hated those old things! All I ever got in them was coal!

**MRS. CLAUS.** Never mind.

**SANTA.** Sorry, Billy. Rules are rules.

**BILLY.** I hate Christmas rules!

**DR. WHITE.** Is that a train set for arms?

**MS. TINSEL.** Yes, I donated that.

**DR. WHITE.** I remember those trains. You had to stop making them because the parts were too small and they were covered in cherry-flavored lead paint!

**MS. TINSEL.** Well, we had some left over after the recall...

**MRS. NOEL.** Lead!? Billy ate the paint off three of those trains one Christmas morning!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** You didn't stop him after one?

**MRS. NOEL.** Look...

**DR. WHITE.** That's not a very merry memory.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Wait, those Christmas lights. Did you get those from our attic, or from the tree in the front yard?

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** (*Knows he's going to pick the wrong answer.*) From the attic? We stopped using them, so I thought they would be a good addition to the monster!

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** We stopped using them because they have loose wires and almost burned down the house, which, P.S., is made of gingerbread. Do you realize how long it would take to bake another one?

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Better to live in it than eat it. That ham you baked for the head sure isn't helping with any merry memories. Let's be honest—her cooking gives new meaning to the term "capital punishment." (*Reacting to everyone's chuckles as if doing a standup routine:*) When she leaves the kitchen, it should be in handcuffs!

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** What?!

**MRS. CLAU.** Actually, after the last potluck we tossed your mistletoe soufflé outside, but even the Abominable Snowman wouldn't eat it. And he eats out of our garbage cans. I'm sorry, that's mean. But true. Mean but true.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Is that so? Well, I see some candy cane legs if I'm not mistaken. And the only person in Christmas Village who has candy canes that big is a certain dentist!

**DR. WHITE.** Yes, those are mine. They're candy canes. How could they possibly be as horrible as your cooking, or cherry-flavored lead paint? Or Billy?

**BILLY.** Hey!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Don't you give candy canes to all the children that come through your office?

**DR. WHITE.** Of course. As a reward for being a good patient.

**MRS. NOEL.** Wait...a dentist gives children candy as a reward?

**DR. WHITE.** Well, yes, but...

**MRS. NOEL.** (*Holding BILLY by the head, pointing into his mouth:*) Do you know how much money I've paid you to put fillings into this child's mouth?

**MYRRH.** I'll pay you double to wire it shut.

**DR. WHITE.** I only give them out at Christmas.

**MS. TINSEL.** This is Christmas Village! It's Christmas every day here!

**DR. WHITE.** Good point.

**MRS. CLAUS.** Dr. Frankincense, I'm sorry, but this monster doesn't seem to be reminding anyone of anything merry.

**SANTA.** Yes. What a terrible shame.

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Torch time!

**VILLAGERS.** (*Unison:*) Hooray!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** But wait!

**MRS. CLAUS.** Santa, don't let them!

*(The VILLAGERS happily clap and grab their torches. The CHRISTMAS MONSTER backs away as DR. FRANKINCENSE and MYRRH throw themselves in front of him.)*

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Torches! Bad! Villagers! Bad! Villagers! Naughty!

*(The CHRISTMAS MONSTER reaches into the present that is his body and pulls out lumps of coal and tosses them at the VILLAGERS. They back away, terrified.)*

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** What is that?!

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Villagers! Naughty! Villagers! Get! Coal! Coal! For! Naughty! Villagers!

**MS. TINSEL.** Naughty? Who here has been naughty?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** You tried to burn the Christmas Monster with torches!

**MRS. NOEL.** We're villagers. We burn things with torches. It's what we do.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Myrrh, please take the Christmas Monster into the back.

*(MYRRH leads the CHRISTMAS MONSTER offstage.)*

**SANTA.** (*Pulls out a list.*) Sorry folks, but you've all popped up on the "Naughty" list.

**DR. WHITE.** Well...what are we supposed to do? Just stand here and not burn something? That monster ruined Christmas!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** You're not allowed to ruin Christmas in Christmas Village! That's a crime! *(Takes out handcuff and approaches DR. FRANKINCENSE.)*

**SANTA.** Like I said, I don't make the rules. The list says "Naughty." It's not up to me.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I didn't make him to ruin Christmas. I made him as a gift. You all contributed the parts that are making you think of cavities and lead paint and gingerbread house fires.

**MRS. CLAUS.** Oh, this is horrible. Can't you come to some compromise?

**ALL.** *(Unison:)* No!

**MRS. CLAUS.** Well, then this appears to be a matter for the Christmas Village Supreme Court.

**ALL.** *(Take to the audience. Unison:)* Ooh, the Christmas Village Supreme Court!

**MRS. CLAUS.** The villagers have accused Dr. Frankincense of crimes against Christmas, but Santa's list says they're all "Naughty." So the only way to solve this is for Dr. Frankincense to be tried by a jury of his peers.

**ALL.** *(Unison:)* That makes sense. Let's go there now!

*(Courtroom. Everyone takes their seats.)*

**JACK FROST.** And when did this gathering take place?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Approximately ten seconds ago.

**JACK FROST.** I see. And do you have any further witnesses, testimony or evidence to present to this court?

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Yes, your honor. For my last witness, and piece of evidence, I present...the Christmas Monster!

*(The CHRISTMAS MONSTER enters.)*

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Holly! Jolly! Christmas!

**MYRRH.** *(Horried scream:)* AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** *(To MYRRH:)* Okay, this isn't a surprise reveal. We've all seen the Christmas Monster. Ten minutes ago.

**MYRRH.** I have a flare for the dramatic...

*(The CHRISTMAS COURT all get up and examine the CHRISTMAS MONSTER.)*

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** My goodness! He's made up of pieces of me! Of Christmas past!

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** He is frightening.

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** But in a Feliz Navidad-y way.

**RUDOLPH REINDEER.** Exactly!

**FROSTY SNOWMAN.** Very nice construction.

**JACK FROST.** Dr. Frankincense, do you have any closing remarks before we retire to chambers to prepare our ruling in this case.

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** I just wanted to create a gift for the villagers that would never fade, that would always remind them of the happy times of the past, and look forward to those of the future. But if the villagers still want to burn him, then I guess I've failed.  
(*A beat.*)

**MRS. NOEL.** I still want to burn him!

**JACK FROST.** Court will take a brief halftime for ten minutes!  
(*Bangs his gavel.*)

(*Everyone except JACK FROST, GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, RUDOLPH, SUGARPLUM FAIRY, and FROSTY exits.*)

**JACK FROST.** This is much more difficult that I imagined!

**RUDOLPH.** Let me help clear up any aspects of the case you might be having trouble with. As the only real legal scholar here...

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Scholar? You're in your first year.

**RUDOLPH.** ...and the only one who has actually saved Christmas before—you might have heard I saved Christmas from all the movies, songs, TV shows and books that have been written about "the most famous reindeer of all..." (*Points to himself.*)

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** Oh, get on with it, Rudolph the Red-Know-It-All Reindeer.

**RUDOLPH.** You have to separate Dr. Frankincense's intentions from the results. He didn't intend to destroy Christmas...

**FROSTY.** If you believe him. I hear from Mrs. Noel he likes to make hot liquids. I hate hot liquids! Me and hot liquids don't mix! Well, they do mix, but that makes lukewarm liquids...

**JACK FROST.** Not now.

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** The doctor's previous actions lead me to believe that he is telling the truth.

**RUDOLPH.** You mean his established pattern of conduct.

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** Do I stutter?

**JACK FROST.** How can we possibly untangle this mess? We have to go back in there and pronounce judgment on Mister Dr. Frankincense, and I haven't a clue as to whether or not he's actually guilty.

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** You know what would make this easier? *(Hypnotic voice:)* Candy!

*(SUGARPLUM FAIRY holds out her bowl and everyone grabs handfuls of sweets. They stuff their faces with the sugary goodness.)*

**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.** The Sugarplum Fairy, with all this sugar you hand out, Dr. White must be your biggest fan.

**SUGARPLUM FAIRY.** Doctor who? Never heard of him. More Smartees? *(Hands GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST more Smartees.)*

**JACK FROST.** All right, everyone. It's time to take a vote. Is Mister Dr. Frankincense guilty of crimes against Christmas? Aye, or nay?

*(Blackout. Everyone enters and returns to their courtroom seats.)*

*(Courtroom. Lights up catching everyone as they're just about to sit down. DR. FRANKINCENSE stands in the center of the court.)*

**BAILIFF.** *(After everyone sits.)* Please rise.

*(All rise.)*

**JACK FROST.** Be seated. *(Bangs gavel.)* Mister Dr. Frankincense, the Supreme Court of Christmas Village is prepared to hand down our verdict. Please rise and face the court.

*(DR. FRANKINCENSE, confused, shrugs and indicates he's already standing and facing the court.)*

In the case the People v. Dr. Frankincense, we find you—

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** *(Frantic:)* Merry! Christmas! Merry! Christmas!

*(The CHRISTMAS MONSTER enters and clomps toward the VILLAGERS, who cower in terror.)*

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Freeze! Put your...trains in the air!

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Christmas! Monster! Good!

**JACK FROST.** Dr. Frankincense! Stop him this instant!

**DR. FRANKINCENSE.** Christmas Monster— *(He runs to the CHRISTMAS MONSTER, but is pushed aside.)*

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Presents! Good! Give! Gift! That! Keeps! Giving!

*(The CHRISTMAS MONSTER reaches into his present body and pulls out gifts for the VILLAGERS. He thrusts them at the group.)*

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Giving! Good! Gifts! Good!

**BILLY.** *(Jumps up and grabs his gift.)* I'll take one!

**MRS. NOEL.** Billy!

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Give! Gifts! Take! Gifts!

*(The VILLAGERS, including the BAILIFF, cautiously reach out and take the gifts from the CHRISTMAS MONSTER. The CHRISTMAS MONSTER steps back. All is quiet for a beat, then...)*

**CHRISTMAS MONSTER.** Open!

*(Startled, the VILLAGERS quickly, and a little fearfully, open their gifts. As each VILLAGER sees what is inside the wrapping [before the reveal to the audience], their mood softens.)*

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** Oh...oh, my.

**DR. WHITE.** That's...very thoughtful.

**MS. TINSEL.** I don't know what to say.

**MRS. CLAUS.** Santa! Look at this!

**SANTA.** I have to hand it to you, Frankincense. I couldn't have thought of a better gift.

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** *(Suddenly, a la those commercials for technical colleges:)* I'm going back to school to finish my undergraduate degree in gun repair or computer technology!

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** Uh, where is this coming from?

**MRS. EVERGREEN.** This gift! Edgar, you know, you always tried to talk me into getting out of the kitchen and back into school. But it just seemed like it wasn't going anywhere at the time. But now, suddenly, after opening Dr. Frankincense's gift, I feel like I could have a career as a medical transcriptionist or long haul trucker in only nine months on nights and weekends.

**ALL.** *(React.)*

**SHERIFF EVERGREEN.** I'm all for it. I've always said I could handle things around the house. Like the cooking. I beg you, let me handle the cooking. And who knows, maybe while you're taking classes I could finish that art project I started ages ago. For some reason I feel like macaroni glued to cardboard is going to make a big comeback. I might even incorporate gold spray paint!

**ALL.** *(React.)*

**MS. TINSEL.** I don't know why, but this gift makes me think we'll produce fewer toys with sharp edges and consumable parts this year!

**SANTA.** I think I might be able to help you with that. I have a feeling that the "Nice" list is going to expand exponentially this year. I may need to outsource some toy production.

**MS. TINSEL.** You got yourself a deal, Santa Claus! *(She and SANTA shake on it.)*

**ALL.** *(React.)*

**MRS. CLAUS.** I'm going to perfect fruitcake!

**DR. WHITE.** I'm going to ask Miss Silverbells out on a date!

**BAILIFF.** *(Suddenly:)* I'm going to dance! Professionally! Right now!

*(BAILIFF dances off as everyone cheers him on.)*

**MRS. NOEL.** *(Teary:)* I'm going to need a tissue.

**BILLY.** Here, mom. Use my handkerchief.

**MRS. NOEL.** Thank you, Billy.

**MS. TINSEL.** Are you alright, Mrs. Noel?

**MRS. NOEL.** Oh, yes, of course. *("I'm just fine.")* I'm very important. I just...this reminds me of...well, Mr. Noel travels so much. And I know every day is Christmas in Christmas Village, but I was just hoping that he could be here today. Billy misses his father, and it's just not Christmas without him.

*(MR. NOEL, a thinly disguised NARRATOR enters the courtroom.)*

**MR. NOEL.** *(Indicates "Second important role!" then:)* I'm back!

**MRS. NOEL.** Nicholas!

**BILLY.** Dad!

**FROSTY.** What a perfectly timed entrance.

**MR. NOEL.** What's going on? The entire village is empty. Are we burning down the Christmas Village courthouse?

**JACK FROST.** This is a trial, Mr. Noel. Dr. Frankincense stands accused of crimes against Christmas.

**MRS. NOEL.** Your honor, I think, considering the Christmas Monster's actions, Dr. Frankincense has been vindicated.

**THIS PLAY IS  
NOT OVER!**

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