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BILLY SHAKESPEARE'S CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA AND TRAVELING FREAK SHOW

four short comedies by
by Don Zolidis

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Acknowledgments

Billy Shakespeare's Christmas Extravaganza and Traveling Freak Show was first produced at North Oaks Middle School in Haltom City, TX, on December 14, 2004. The cast was as follows:

The Elf Rebellion

DIPSYDusty MacDonald
DOODLE Michael Hinte
SID Brent Pelletier
SANTA Gregory Davis
GIRL..... Melanie Royston
OOMPA LOOMPAS.....Kiersten Fields
Cassandra Wood
Marc Veiga

Gangsta Claus

RUDYNathan Haidusek
MRS. CLAUSCourtney Clark
SANTA (PACO) Richard Flores
CLERK Deborah Howard
SANTAJillian Davis

The Christmas Machine

NARRATOR Crystal Lawson
THE MOO Krystina Moore
MAYORJocelyne Garcia
MOTHER..... Yanina Gonzales
GIRL..... Chloe Gobeau

The Bestest Christmas Ever in Texas

KAYLIE..... Chelsea Hayes
JESSIE..... Brandi Berrier
MOTHER.....Stephanie Bobo
FROSTY Freddy Joiner

THE ELF REBELLION

Cast of Characters

DIPSY

DOODLE

SID

SANTA

GIRL

OOMPA LOOMPAS

THE ELF REBELLION

by Don Zolidis

(Jazz Lite. Lights up on DIPSY, DOODLE, and SID, three elves in Santa's Workshop. Each are working at a small bench on a small toy. SID sings horribly.)

SID. *(Singing loudly and badly:)*

Siiii-lent Night!

Ho-oly Night!

SHEP-HERDS Qua-a-ake!

At The Si-i-ight!

(He pauses for a second. The other two elves look at him hatefully. SID keeps working.)

ROUND yon VI-ir-gin!

MO-ther and Child!

Oh that child, yes, I said, that child, yes—

(DIPSY can't take it any more. He leaps from his bench and begins strangling SID.)

DIPSY. Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

(DOODLE grabs DIPSY and pulls him off SID.)

I can't take it any more!

DOODLE. He's not worth it! He's not worth it!

(DOODLE holds DIPSY.)

SID. What's wrong, Dipsy?

DIPSY. What? What did you call me?

SID. Dipsy. That's your name.

(DIPSY tries to lunge at SID again, but DOODLE holds it.)

DIPSY. My friends call me Dipsy, okay? You, you are scum, you will call me Mr. Keebler.

SID. Sorry.

DIPSY. You know what's wrong, Sid? I'll tell ya what's wrong. Every day we gotta work here in Santa's Sweatshop—

DOODLE. It's actually called Santa's Workshop—

DIPSY. You gettin' paid? Are ya?

DOODLE. No.

DIPSY. Sweatshop. So every day I come into work, and I gotta listen to this moron singing his favorite Christmas Carols at the top of his lungs. And it sickens me. You disgust me.

SID. I'm just trying to get in the Christmas Spirit.

DIPSY. You know what you can do with your Christmas Spirit? You can take it and—

DOODLE. Dipsy!

DIPSY. I'm watching you, Sid. I'm watching you.

DOODLE. Let's just go back to work.

DIPSY. All right, Doodle.

(DIPSY points at SID and stares at him a moment before returning to his bench. All three elves work again. SID begins tapping with his hammer. He taps out the beginning to "Jingle Bells.")

(DIPSY looks at SID and SID stops. They work.)

(SID taps out "Jingle Bells" again, louder and more energetically this time. DIPSY stares at him. SID stops.)

(SID begins humming "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." Whenever DIPSY looks at SID, SID immediately stops, only to begin again when DIPSY looks away. Finally...)

DIPSY. *(Standing up and throwing down his tools:)* That's it. I'm takin' you out.

(DIPSY makes a move toward SID as bells are heard off-stage.)

DOODLE. Dipsy! It's the boss!

(All the elves immediately resume work on their toys. Whenever they speak to SANTA, they use a falsetto "elf voice.")

(SANTA, wearing a business suit and holding a clipboard, enters.)

SANTA. Ho ho ho.

(All three elves stand up and salute him.)

DOODLE. Merry Christmas Mister Claus!

DIPSY. Merry Christmas Mister Claus Sir!

SID. A Very Merry Christmas to you our noble leader, Mister Claus Sir Your Honor!

DIPSY. *(Coughing into his hand:)* Loser!

SANTA. You can sit down my happy happy elves.

(The elves sit.)

And get back to work! It's the fifteenth of December and we aren't meeting our production needs! If we don't work faster we're going to have to... cancel Christmas!

SID. *(Horrorified:)* Cancel Christmas?!

DIPSY. Aw, you say that every year.

SANTA. What was that?

DOODLE. He didn't mean anything by it, sir!

DIPSY. Last year you said that same thing and you brought in those underage Vietnamese Elves to handle the tennis shoe line!

SANTA. Ho ho ho—they were filled with the Christmas Spirit.

DIPSY. You kidnapped them! And besides, you know and I know, that you can't simply cancel Christmas! All right? Christmas is a celebration of the birth of Jesus and no fat guy in a suit with a bunch of mutant deer is gonna stop it!

(The other elves look at DIPSY in shock. DIPSY realizes he's gone a little overboard.)

SANTA. Dipsy?

DIPSY. Yes Mister Claus Sir?

SANTA. Do you remember where I found you?

DIPSY. Yes Sir.

SANTA. I can put you back there you know. You were little more than an animal after the Keebler Elves kicked you out—wandering the streets, addicted to graham crackers, snorting them...

DIPSY. No...

SANTA. Stealing little pieces of their production line to feed your own nasty little habit: Cinnamon Dust.

DIPSY. I was young! I made mistakes!

SANTA. Oh sure, big mistakes. Like the time you stabbed Snap, Crackle, and Pop to get a little more of your precious cinnamon.

DIPSY. They were working for the government!

SANTA. Just remember, Dipsy. I'm your last chance. You don't like it here at the North Pole, fine, we can find something...*else* for you to do. I'm sure Mrs. Claus could use an elf to scrape the pus off her feet at night.

DIPSY. Please let me stay here sir!

SANTA. All right.

(SANTA walks over to DOODLE's bench.)

How are you Doodle?

DOODLE. Fine, sir. Wonderful sir. Never happier, sir.

(DOODLE launches into a song.)

Whistle while you work...

(He tries to whistle but can't do it well.)

SANTA. Not very convincing, Doodle.

DOODLE. Sorry sir.

SANTA. Have you completed the skateboard for little Jimmy?

DOODLE. Yes sir.

SANTA. Well you can cross it off the list. Jimmy's been bad. He pulled his sister's hair then shaved the family dog.

DOODLE. O-kay.

SANTA. Little Sally Walker got a C-minus in handwriting so you don't have to make that dollhouse for her.

DOODLE. Don't you think that's a little harsh, sir?

SANTA. Listen, Doodle. I decide who's naughty and nice around here, got it? I've got a list, I check it twice—I know who's been bad or good!

DOODLE. Sorry sir.

(SANTA walks over to SID.)

SANTA. All right then. Sid? How are you doing?

SID. Wonderful Captain Santa Sir!

SANTA. Good... at least one of you maggots can work. Here's your pay.

(SANTA gives SID a candy cane.)

SID. A candy cane, sir?

SANTA. Yes. That's twice what the other elves get.

SID. Well it's just that...

SANTA. What is it?

SID. You know, gas prices have gotten so expensive, and—you know, my wife, she might like a nice present for Christmas too sir.

SANTA. Oh all right.

(SANTA gives him another candy cane.)

SID. Um... I think—

SANTA. You're not paid to think Sid!

SID. I'm not paid at all sir.

SANTA. Good. Carry on then.

(SANTA leaves. He re-enters in a second.)

Oh I forgot. Ho ho ho. Merry Christmas!

(The elves stand there. SANTA stares at them. He speaks in a threatening tone.)

Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas!

(The elves salute and snap into formation.)

ALL ELVES. Merry Christmas Sir!

SANTA. That's better.

(He leaves. The elves return to their benches. They work in silence for a moment.)

(SID begins singing again, very sadly.)

SID. Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells... Jingle all the way...

(He starts crying.)

Oh what fun is it to ride on a one horse... open... sleigh...

(SID breaks down and starts sobbing.)

DIPSY. You're such a wuss.

DOODLE. If Legolas were here, he'd know what to do.

DIPSY. For the last time, Legolas isn't the same kind of elf!

DOODLE. Sure he is, he's got pointy ears—

DIPSY. He's a fictional character!

DOODLE. He'd put three arrows in Santa before the fat guy could move.

DIPSY. All right listen—I've got an idea. We're gonna fix him for good this time.

(SID comes over.)

SID. But if we kill Santa... they'll have to... cancel Christmas!

DIPSY. Oh they will not, shut up! And besides, we're not gonna kill him. We're gonna go on strike!

DOODLE. Strike?

DIPSY. Strike!

SID. Strike?

DIPSY. Strike!

(The elves all begin chanting “Strike!” and march off stage. They return momentarily carrying signs that say things like, “Santa Is A Big Fat Jerk!” and “Ho ho How about no Toys?” and “No Pay! No Play!”)

(The elves march around for a moment before stopping.)

DIPSY. All right, it’s been two days, and—

DOODLE. Really? Boy that went by fast.

DIPSY. Quiet, Doodle. And we’ve brought this sweatshop to a standstill. All of Santa’s other elves have joined in the strike!

SID. Yay! I do miss making toys though.

DIPSY. Don’t make me beat you again, Sid.

SID. Sorry.

DIPSY. He’s gonna cave in no time.

(A small GIRL wearing a hat enters.)

GIRL. Excuse me... mister elves?

DIPSY. Yeah—what do you want?

GIRL. My name is Brittany and I’m eight. And I’ve been a very good girl this year. And I asked Santa for a Barbie Dream House this year. And I got a letter back from him saying that I wasn’t going to get it because the elves were selfish and they didn’t work any more. Please, mister elves, please help Santa make all the children happy. I don’t know what I’ll do without Christmas.

(She starts to cry.)

SID. It’s so sad! I’ll do it, Brittany, I’ll go back to work for you!

(DOODLE grabs SID.)

DOODLE. Get a hold of yourself, Sid!

SID. I just can’t live without Christmas!

DIPSY. Wait a minute... how did you get up to the North Pole, little girl?

GIRL. I... um... I stowed away an airplane and parachuted in.

DIPSY. You parachuted in?

GIRL. Yes?

DIPSY. Where'd you get the parachute?

GIRL. I used my Barbie Parachute.

DIPSY. Your Barbie Parachute? I don't think so.

(DIPSY pulls off her hat. She has little elf ears.)

Ah ha!

DOODLE. You're an elf!

GIRL. Fine! Fine! I'll admit it! My name is Winky—The big guy paid me off! He said if I didn't impersonate a girl and come over here and get you guys to start working he'd... he'd...

DIPSY. What?

GIRL. He'd cancel Christmas!

DIPSY. Oh stop it.

(DIPSY looks up to the sky.)

Can you hear me, Santa? I know you've got video cameras everywhere! This isn't going to work! You're never going to get us to go back to work unless you pay us! You hear me?!

SANTA. *(Off-stage:)* Ho ho ho! No more mister nice guy!

DIPSY. Oh yeah! Just try it!

(Three OOMPA LOOMPAS, carrying sticks, march to center stage.)

DOODLE. Who the heck are these guys?

DIPSY. Strike-breakers. Listen, I don't know what Santa told you, but—

(The OOMPA LOOMPAS begin singing.)

OOMPA LOOMPAS. *(Singing:)*

Oompa Loompa Doompity Doo
We've got a message from Santa to you
What do you get when you go on strike?
You can starve as long as you like!

Oompa Loompa Doompity Dee
Oompa Loompas will work for Free
Who do you think you are trying to please?
Oompa Loompas will break your knees!

(The OOMPA LOOMPAS take their sticks and hit the elves in the back of the knees. The elves scream and fall over.)

ALL ELVES. Aaah!

(The OOMPA LOOMPAS start working at the elves' old benches. DIPSY and the other elves slowly get up.)

DIPSY. You gotta be kidding me! Oompa Loompas? You little mutant freaks! You think you can come in here and take our jobs!

DOODLE. This is the problem with open immigration!

DIPSY. I'm not gonna stand for it! You guys are in deep trouble!

DOODLE. Let's get 'em, Dipsy!

DIPSY. Come on Sid!

SID. I don't know guys. They look pretty mean.

DIPSY. We can take 'em!

(DIPSY and DOODLE start forward. The OOMPA LOOMPAS get up at the same time and sing again.)

OOMPA LOOMPAS.

Oompa Loompa Doompity Duss
Best think twice before you mess with us!
We've been taking kung fu class

(OOMPA LOOMPAS assume martial arts stance.)

Oompa Loompas will kick your—

SID. *(Interrupting:)* STOP!!!!!!

(Everyone stops.)

Don't you see what's going on here?! We've forgotten the true meaning of Christmas!

DIPSY. Oh here it comes.

SID. Santa, come on out here! We need you!

(SANTA comes out cautiously.)

DOODLE. Let's get him!

SANTA. Bring it on you little rodents!

SID. No stop! Don't you see, Santa? All of this striking has caused us to forget the true meaning of Christmas! Christmas is about... sharing. It's about caring. It's about caring and sharing. It's about little Bobby Wilson in Skokie, Illinois, and all he wants for Christmas is an X-Box with Grand Theft Auto 3 so he can pretend to steal cars and shoot cops! And he's counting on Santa to bring him that present. And he's counting on us elves to make him that present!

DIPSY. Look, I make wooden stuff.

DOODLE. Yeah, we're not so good with the electronics.

SID. But don't you see? How many children are going to be disappointed this year because Santa didn't come? How many of us are going to forget that Christmas is really about giving, not getting, and we should be happy just to make the toys and make all the children happy!

DIPSY. I guess I could make an X-Box.

DOODLE. And I guess I could make Grand Theft Auto 3.

SID. That's the spirit, elves! And maybe, Santa, just maybe, you could give us things too!

SANTA. Like what?

DIPSY. Money?

DOODLE. A dental plan?

SANTA. Well, let me see what Santa has in his sack.

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

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GANGSTA CLAUS

Cast of Characters

MRS. CLAUS

RUDY

SANTA

PACO

CLERK

GANGSTA CLAUS

by Don Zolidis

(A dingy apartment in the ghetto. MRS. CLAUS sits on the couch watching television. She has her feet up and a remote control in her hand. RUDY enters. He wears normal clothes but has a big red nose.)

RUDY. 'Ssup.

MRS. CLAUS. What are you doin' back?

RUDY. I ain't working with that guy no more. He's crazy. He wants me to sit on the hood of his Escalade and light the way. I mean I'll wear the nose and all, but I draw the line at sittin' on top of cars and bein' his reindeer.

(RUDY goes to remove his nose.)

MRS. CLAUS. No wait—come on Rudolph.

RUDY. It's Rudy. Y'all are crazy up in here. Man, where's my money?

MRS. CLAUS. You'll get your money after he delivers the presents to all the good girls and boys.

RUDY. We in the ghetto, they ain't no good girls or boys. They all just a bunch of hoodlums. Last house we go into, they sittin' there waiting with shotguns. Santa comes down the chimney—he ran back up that chimney so fast—man, I'm on the roof, I'm like, “what?” he's like, “they crazy in here, they *crazy*” Sho' nuff—I look down the chimney those kids are firing like I'm Osama Bin Laden or something. They practically shot the nose off my face. Man, you try droppin' in through chimneys in the hood and see what happens to you. We lucky we not dead.

MRS. CLAUS. He's spreading the Christmas Spirit.

RUDY. Christmas Spirit? I'm doing this for my twenty bucks an hour.

MRS. CLAUS. You'll get it when we're done.

RUDY. We ain't never gonna be done. You know how the real Santa gets into every house? Magic. We ain't got no magic. We got an Escalade with bad gas mileage.

MRS. CLAUS. We do what we can.

RUDY. We ain't done nothing. The real Santa's got like a whole team of little elf dudes to make the toys—we just keep robbin' the Wal-Mart—sooner or later one of them fat security guards is gonna catch us then we gonna be spreadin' Christmas Spirit in the Big House.

MRS. CLAUS. Well maybe I can give you some potato chips to tide you over.

RUDY. Chips? I don't want no stinkin' chips! I thought you was s'posed to be making cookies or something!

MRS. CLAUS. Well I got chips.

RUDY. You just sittin' on your fat butt all night watchin' the Peanuts Christmas Special, that's all you been doin'. We out there bustin' our humps and all I'm asking for is some homemade cookies! You can't even give me that!

MRS. CLAUS. I'm filled with the Christmas Spirit.

RUDY. You full of something, that's for sure. Here.

(RUDY grabs the remote control away from MRS. CLAUS and throws it out the window.)

MRS. CLAUS. Hey!

RUDY. Now you just can't sit there all night doin' nothing. Tell you what, you take the little red nose, you be Rudolph and light Santa's sleigh!

(SANTA enters, carrying a large garbage bag.)

SANTA. Yo yo yo, Merry Christmas my homies!

MRS. CLAUS. Oh Santa, it's good to see you again.

RUDY. The dude's name is Paco, he ain't no Santa.

SANTA. Rudolph my red-nosed reindeer—

RUDY. I ain't yo reindeer. Y'all are wack.

SANTA. I need you to guide my sleigh tonight.

RUDY. I ain't sittin' on your 'hood no more.

SANTA. The fog is very thick.

RUDY. Just cause both your headlights are out—why don't you buy a lightbulb?

MRS. CLAUS. How many children have you visited tonight, Santa?

SANTA. Well let me check my list. Twice.

(SANTA takes out a crumpled piece of paper.)

Let's see—twelve.

RUDY. So that leaves like two billion houses left to go.

SANTA. We have plenty of time left.

RUDY. Man, you crazy.

SANTA. We are running out toys, though. We'll have to visit the elves again soon.

RUDY. You mean Wal-Mart? Man, visitin' the elves is dangerous. Let me get my shotgun.

MRS. CLAUS. Oh Rudolph, please help me. He hasn't been the same since that night.

RUDY. What night?

MRS. CLAUS. The night he became filled with the Christmas Spirit. See, it wasn't very long ago. Let me show you in a flashback.

RUDY. I ain't watchin' no flashback scene! Why don't you just tell me?

(But it's too late. SANTA switches out of his uniform and becomes PACO by putting a ski mask over his head. A quickie mart CLERK stands behind the counter.)

MRS. CLAUS. You see, he had just gone out to the store to get a few things.

(PACO pulls out a gun and points it in the quickie mart CLERK's face.)

PACO. Open the register and dump the money in this sack!

MRS. CLAUS. He was really considerate.

PACO. NOW!!!

CLERK. I'm sorry, sir, but there is only twenty dollars in the cash register.

PACO. I will blow your brains out!

CLERK. I can't do anything about it!

PACO. You are a dead man!

MRS. CLAUS. He was so nice. But just then—

(SANTA—the real one—walks into the store.)

SANTA. Ho ho ho! What's going on in here?

MRS. CLAUS. Santa Claus happened by and needed some coffee.

PACO. Down on the ground! On the ground now!

(SANTA puts his hands up in the air.)

SANTA. Don't shoot! Ho ho ho! Otherwise we'll have to...cancel Christmas!

PACO. I don't care!

MRS. CLAUS. And just then Santa had a heart attack.

PACO. Die, fat man, die!

(PACO shoots SANTA in the back several times.)

MRS. CLAUS. I guess all the traveling really took its toll on him. Paco felt so bad about it.

PACO. You didn't see nothing!

(PACO shoots the CLERK.)

MRS. CLAUS. He tried to help Santa as best he could. And just as he was dying, Santa said to him—

(PACO rolls SANTA's dead body over.)

He said, "Please help save Christmas."

SANTA. I... curse... you... After I am gone, you will walk the earth as the new Santa...

(SANTA dies.)

MRS. CLAUS. And Paco was filled with the Christmas Spirit.

(PACO shakes and picks up Santa's hat. He puts it on his head.)

MRS. CLAUS. So that's how we got here.

(PACO [Santa] walks back into the scene.)

RUDY. That sho' was some wack flashback.

SANTA. So now you see why you have to guide my sleigh tonight, Rudolph.

RUDY. Why didn't you just take the old Santa's sleigh?

SANTA. The police were investigating.

RUDY. Oh.

SANTA. Rudolph with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight?

RUDY. You give me my money I'll guide your sleigh all over town.

SANTA. We don't do this for money, we do it out of the goodness of our hearts.

RUDY. Man, I ain't got no goodness in my heart! Put some money in my pocket and I'll have some goodness in my heart! The way I figure it, you owe me a hundred bucks!

SANTA. Will you accept a candy cane instead?

RUDY. Don't you play that game with me. I will take you out.

(RUDY produces his shotgun.)

Where's my money?

(SANTA is about to speak.)

No no—the words comin’ out of yo mouth better be, here is yo money, Rudy. Are they? Are they, “here is yo money, Rudy”?

SANTA. I’m sorry, Rudolph.

RUDY. That don’t sound like here is yo money, Rudy. Where’s my money?

MRS. CLAUS. Rudy, wait—

RUDY. You’d better shut up Mama Claus—I’ll take you out too. I am one bad dude. Huh? Santa? Where’s my cash?

MRS. CLAUS. Stop!

(MRS. CLAUS lunges at RUDY and tries to wrestle him for the gun. It goes off. SANTA is shot in the chest.)

No!

RUDY. You crazy woman! Now look what you made me do!

MRS. CLAUS. Santa!

(MRS. CLAUS runs over to his body.)

SANTA. We’ll have to... cancel Christmas.

MRS. CLAUS. No!

RUDY. Aw man, I’m outta here.

(RUDY goes to leave.)

SANTA. I... curse... you...

(RUDY stops dead in his tracks. He shudders, then turns back to SANTA’s body. He slowly walks over, then puts on the Santa hat, becoming the new Santa.)

RUDY. Aarrghgh... Ho... Ho... Ho.

MRS. CLAUS. What’s going on?

RUDY. Merry Christmas!

MRS. CLAUS. Does the spirit of Santa live on in you?

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THE CHRISTMAS MACHINE

Cast of Characters

NARRATOR

THE MOO

MAYOR

MOTHER

GIRL

VILLAGERS

THE CHRISTMAS MACHINE

by Don Zolidis

(The NARRATOR enters.)

NARRATOR.

You've heard, I suppose of thing one and thing two,
Of the grinch, of scrooge, some old and some new,
And Rudolph the deer plus thing three and thing four,
But here is a tale you've not heard before.
It starts in a town not far off from here
Where Christmas is forgotten year after year,
And into this place came a traveling Moo—

(THE MOO enters, looking around.)

A Moo, you see, is not like me or like you.
The moos are visitors from the great land of Moop
Where they don't dance or prance, they droop and they stoop.
And their lives are all sad and devoted to greed
Where they imagine they need things they don't really need.
And none of them have friends, or family, or spouses,
And they live all walled up in gigantic houses—
Not laughing, not joking, just keeping and betting,
And their time is all spent just buying and getting.
So here came this Moo down into this town,
And he took a deep breath and he looked all around.

THE MOO.

A town without Christmas, oh hee hee hee hee
I'll sell them all presents and they'll worship me!
I'll sell them whoozits and whatzits and smuckers,
And take all of the money from all of these suckers!

(THE MOO slinks off-stage.)

NARRATOR.

So he hatched a great plan and found a big box,
And he tied it with ribbon and paper and locks.

(THE MOO returns with a very large Christmas present.)

THE MOO.

Oh all of you people from near and from far,
You need to come see the strange and bizarre,
It's the most beautiful thing you ever have seen,
My marvelous magical Christmas machine!

NARRATOR.

So the villagers came out to see what was abuzz,
To have a great look at this Moo where he was.

(The VILLAGERS make a small circle around THE MOO.)

MAYOR. What do you have there, what can it be?

MOTHER. It looks like a present—

GIRL. Hey let me see!

THE MOO.

It's a Christmas Machine, with bells and with whistles
It shimmers, it glimmers, it sparkles and bristles!

MAYOR. A Christmas Machine, that sounds pretty neat

MOTHER. But what does it do—

GIRL. Is it something to eat?

THE MOO.

Oh no Christmas is the most special day of the year
It's bigger and better than anything here!
Christmas is peace and it's love and it ticks and it tocks,
And it's all right here, right here in this box!

(THE MOO opens just a little bit of it. He looks in, then looks at the VILLAGERS.)

NARRATOR.

And they all gathered 'round his magic machine,
Just craning and reaching to see what he'd seen.

MAYOR. What is it oh Moo, oh what could it be?

MOTHER. Is it a present for you—

GIRL. Or a present for me?

THE MOO. It's something better than that—

NARRATOR. He said with a grin,

THE MOO.

There's something more magical still within
The essence of Christmas is in this machine
If you buy it from me you'll see what I've seen.

MAYOR. Oh how much, how much, we'll pay any price!

MOTHER. We have to have Christmas, it sounds oh so nice!

THE MOO.

Well you can't buy it outright, you'll just have to rent
For ninety-five dollars and ninety-five cents.

MAYOR. That sounds kind of steep, I don't know if I'll bite—

THE MOO. You have to have Christmas, and I own the rights!

MAYOR.

Okay, oh all right, I'll buy what you sell,
It could be the best, you never can tell.

NARRATOR. So he took out a contract with form one and form two.

(THE MOO produces contracts.)

THE MOO. Sign here, sign here, sign here and here too!

(The MAYOR keeps signing.)

GIRL. Now we have Christmas!

MOTHER. Boy Christmas sounds great!

GIRL. We'll make every day Christmas!

MOTHER. We really can't wait!

NARRATOR.

So the Moo just smiled and then he smiled some more,
And as soon as he could, he opened his own Christmas store.

(THE MOO sits behind an opening.)

MAYOR.

What is this, oh friend Moo, what do you have now?
Is this a new day for our little town?

THE MOO. Oh no,

NARRATOR. Said the Moo,

THE MOO.

You've got it all wrong!
This is to make Christmas all happy and strong.

MAYOR. I don't understand, I thought the rest here was free—

THE MOO.

But you can't have the day without a Christmas tree—
Don't worry my friend you can buy one from me—

MOTHER. I want one!

GIRL. Me too!

MAYOR. And I make three!

THE MOO.

Well it's not just the tree to be perfectly clear
You're going to need more and more things to spread all of your
cheer.

MAYOR. Like what?

THE MOO.

Well like lights and mechanical deer,
You'll need them if you want to have Santa appear.

NARRATOR.

So he sold them boxes of lights and rolls of bright paper,
He sold them whoozits and whatzits and shimmering shapers,
And soon all the town was at the Moo's shop
They bought all they could, they couldn't quite stop.

THE MOO.

What if your neighbor has better decorations?
You'd better get ready and make preparations!
To buy and to buy and to buy some more stuff,
You always need more, you can't have enough!

NARRATOR.

So he sold and they bought and they kept buying till
The end of the month came and they got all the bills.

THE MOO.

You need it, you need it, you have to have more!
You need all these things, you don't want to look poor!

MAYOR.

Excuse me oh Moo, but we're all out of money
We bought all this stuff, and not to be funny,
It's sad, but it's true, we've got credit card debt!

THE MOO.

If it's credit you want, it's credit you'll get,
I'll lend you some more at eighteen percent!

(He hands the VILLAGERS new credit cards.)

NARRATOR.

So armed with new cards they spent and they spent
And neighbors went crazy and fought with their friends
To find the best deals before they all end.

(The MOTHER and the MAYOR fight over a toy.)

MOTHER. Hey let go you know that I saw it first!

MAYOR. If I don't get that toy I will burst!

THE MOO.

Come now my friends, let's all play nice,
You can both have the toy for a slight increase in price.

NARRATOR.

So the people kept buying from evening till dawn,
And the Moo was in middle, just egging them on

THE MOO.

Why do you save, if it's old throw it out!
You don't want anything old hanging about!
You need something new and newer than that,
'Cause the things that were new will soon be old hat!

*(The VILLAGERS swarm around the store, grabbing for things—
THE MOO stands on a chair, yelling.)*

And you always need something bigger and better!
A new version's out soon, bluer or redder!
Come on you people, you don't want to fear it,
You don't want to lose all of your Christmas spirit!

(The VILLAGERS keep grabbing for things.)

NARRATOR.

But in the midst of all of this buying and selling,
In the midst of shopping, screaming, and yelling,
There was one small girl who stopped and looked round,

GIRL.

What is this? I don't remember this town.
Since when have we started being all mean?
This looks like L.A. or New York or Killeen.
I don't like this Christmas, I don't like it at all.

(THE MOO approaches her.)

THE MOO.

My dear girl, you don't understand my call,
Christmas is about love, goodwill and joy,
And they all come free with this wonderful toy,

NARRATOR. Then he smirked and he sniggered, boy was he sly,

THE MOO.

For two easy payments of nine ninety-five
We take credit or debit or even some cash
But remember, act now, while supplies last!

GIRL. You're wrong, you old moo, those things you can't sell!

THE MOO.

Oh we can and we will and we'll sell you as well.
Come here, you'll look pretty all wrapped up and sweet,
Under some tree like a big Christmas treat.
You have no idea how far we will go
We'll sell the air, the water, the sun, and the snow
We'll sell joy, we'll sell peace, we'll even sell love,

And you people will buy it, you're all just that dumb!

GIRL. Oh you're still wrong, Christmas isn't about this!

THE MOO. Oh it is—

GIRL. No it isn't!

THE MOO.

The point you have missed

Is that what it is doesn't matter, it's just what we say—

You'll buy anything linked to our Christmas Day—

NARRATOR.

Well that was it, the girl had had quite enough

She stood up and shouted, throwing down all of her stuff.

GIRL.

My family, my friends, this old Moo is a jerk!

All he wants is our money, he doesn't care who he hurts!

I say we have Christmas all simple and clean

Without all of these lights or that Christmas machine!

We'll go back to what counts, our family and friends,

And this Christmas madness we'll bring to an end!

NARRATOR. And the people were stunned, they all gathered 'round—

MAYOR. She's right, let's throw that old moo out of town!

THE MOO. My friends

NARRATOR. Said the moo, backing up quickly

THE MOO.

You can't listen to this child, all frail and all sickly,

You need so much—

MOTHER.

Enough we've heard what you said.

You'd better get out before you end up dead.

MAYOR.

We're generally nice people, calm and retreating,

But we get mad real fast when we think we've been cheated.

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**THE BESTEST CHRISTMAS
EVER IN TEXAS**

Cast of Characters

NARRATOR

KAYLIE

JESSIE

MOTHER

FROSTY

THE BESTEST CHRISTMAS EVER IN TEXAS

by Don Zolidis

(The living room of a small house just north of Fort Worth, Texas.)

NARRATOR. Once upon a time, there was a little suburb just north of Fort Worth. And this suburb was just about the happiest place on earth. Well, okay, it was close. And they had a Home Depot and a Clown Hamburger and two Chinese restaurants. And I guess that made it pretty wonderful. But what they had never had, really, was a white Christmas. One year they got close:

(KAYLIE, 13, and JESSIE, 11, run up to the window.)

KAYLIE. It's snowing! It's snowing!

JESSIE. Yay!

(KAYLIE and JESSIE run outside.)

NARRATOR. But it wasn't snow. It was hail.

KAYLIE. Aaah!

(They run back inside, then off-stage.)

NARRATOR. But one year...and this was an extra special year, a year that would be known as, "the bestest Christmas ever."

(KAYLIE and JESSIE sit down on the ground.)

JESSIE. We're never gonna have a white Christmas.

KAYLIE. We could have an ice storm.

JESSIE. That's not the same.

KAYLIE. Sometimes it snows in February.

JESSIE. Is Christmas in February?

KAYLIE. No.

JESSIE. Then shut up.

(Their MOTHER enters.)

MOTHER. Hey girls!

KAYLIE. Hey Mom.

JESSIE. Hey Mom.

MOTHER. Why are you so sad?

KAYLIE. It's never gonna snow here before Christmas.

MOTHER. How right you are. You see girls, there's something called global warming. And global warming is caused by an increase of carbon monoxide in the atmosphere, which creates what's known as a "greenhouse effect." And slowly but surely the whole planet is heating up, which means that by the time you're old enough to have children, the whole world will be one simmering desert. All you'll have to do is walk outside and your skin will blister and your hair will fall out. So, enjoy Christmas now, because in a few years we'll be living in an oven!

NARRATOR. Their mother wasn't that much help.

MOTHER. Cookies?

NARRATOR. But she did make good cookies.

KAYLIE. Mom, do you ever think that maybe you're damaging our minds with all this stuff?

JESSIE. I wake up screaming at night.

MOTHER. Of course not. But do you know what really damages your minds? Chemically-treated water! If you drink it, you'll develop brain tumors and you'll die! But at least then you won't have to live in the horrible future in store for the whole planet.

NARRATOR. Again, not very nice.

MOTHER. You girls want something to drink?

KAYLIE. No thanks Mom.

MOTHER. Okay. You have a nice day.

(The MOTHER exits.)

JESSIE. I think Mom went to college too long. It's warped her brain.

KAYLIE. Yeah. But you know what, maybe we could stop global warming!

JESSIE. Us?

KAYLIE. Sure! And then it would snow and we could have a white Christmas!

JESSIE. All right. How do we stop global warming?

KAYLIE. Can't be that hard.

NARRATOR. So they thought about it.

(Pause.)

And they thought about it some more.

(Pause.)

Until finally.

KAYLIE. I've got it!

JESSIE. You do?

KAYLIE. Oh. Whoops. Forgot to add the one.

NARRATOR. So they continued to think about it.

KAYLIE. If we could only move the earth a little farther away from the sun.

JESSIE. Well we can't do that.

KAYLIE. This is stupid.

(The MOTHER re-enters.)

MOTHER. That's right, dear. All human effort is stupid, because sooner or later we're going to face death—

JESSIE. Mom! Stop it! I mean it.

MOTHER. Sorry. I get carried away.

KAYLIE. You're such a downer.

MOTHER. I just wanted to tell you guys the truth. There is no Santa, the Easter Bunny got run over by a semi a couple years back, and we're never going to have a white Christmas.

(The MOTHER leaves.)

KAYLIE. Boy... the truth... really stinks.

(The MOTHER re-enters.)

MOTHER. Oh I forgot. You know the Tooth Fairy, Frosty the Snowman, Uncle Sam, and No-Fee Checking?

JESSIE. Lies?

MOTHER. Not so much lies as things that aren't true. Have a nice day.

(She leaves again.)

KAYLIE. I hate my parents.

NARRATOR. Just then Jessie got an idea.

JESSIE. I've got an idea!

KAYLIE. What is it?

JESSIE. Maybe we can write a letter to Santa and he can make it snow!

KAYLIE. Weren't you listening to what Mom said?

JESSIE. Nope.

KAYLIE. I've got a better idea! What if we made a big volcano explode somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, and the explosion shot up a whole bunch of dust into the atmosphere, and that blocked out a whole lot of the light, and the temperature of the whole world was lowered by like ten degrees or something! It happened in the sixteenth century!

JESSIE. That's just so crazy it just might work!

NARRATOR. But they ditched that idea and instead they wrote a letter to Santa.

MOTHER. *(Off-stage:)* Santa isn't real!

KAYLIE. Neither is global warming!

NARRATOR. But they didn't have a chance to go into that debate, because it was time for bed. But they wrote their letter and they mailed it and it went something like this.

JESSIE. Dear Santa, All I want for Christmas is some snow. Sometimes it gets kinda cold in the winter here, but usually it gets to that kind of in-between cold and warm, which is pretty sad. So all of us kids really want to go outside and have a big snowball fight and make snowmen and do all that stuff we see on TV. So I'm just saying that I don't want any presents—I just want all of us to have a white Christmas. And I'm not really sure that you can control the weather or anything, but if you can fly around the whole world with a bunch of magic reindeer, maybe you've got all kinds of superpowers. And if you can't just do it 'cause you don't have ability, Kaylie thought that you could blow up a volcano in the Pacific to lower the Earth's temperature. Anyway, I still believe in you. Signed, your friends, Jessie and Kaylie.

(JESSIE and KAYLIE exit.)

NARRATOR. So they went to sleep. And maybe, just maybe, someone read that letter. And when they woke up the next day:

(KAYLIE and JESSIE re-enter, rubbing their eyes and stretching.)

KAYLIE. Jessie look!

JESSIE. It snowed!

KAYLIE. Yay!

(The MOTHER comes out.)

MOTHER. Merry Christmas girls, did you sleep well?

(She looks out the window.)

What in the heck is going on?

JESSIE. It snowed last night!

KAYLIE. You were wrong, Mom!

JESSIE. Yay!

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