

PERUSAL SCRIPT

**A CHRISTMAS
WITHOUT CHRISTMAS?!**

by
JAMES ARRINGTON

Music and Lyrics by
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Musical Arrangements by
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Additional Musical Material by
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Newport, Maine

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A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS?!

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LBT ORDER # 3192

CHARACTER LIST (6f, 6m, 9either m or f)

(In order of appearance)

ELVES

MRS. CLAUS, Santa's better half
BEECHNUT, a bit of an elf Captain (m or f)
SPARKLES, a sweet female elf
PUSHBUTTON, a gregarious, inventive, goofy elf (m)
TAILSPIN, another elf (m or f)
GIZMO, a silly elf (m or f)
FLASHCARD, another elf (m or f)
JUKEBOX, another elf (m or f)
SANTA, the jolly old elf himself!

SUGGESTED TOYS (AS WRITTEN)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX, a bouncy silly toy (on the bench)(m)
SOLDIER (m)
BEAR (m or f)
PICACHU (m or f)
BALLERINA (f)
ARIEL (long red hair with a tail on the bench) (f)
TIGGER (m or f)
DRUMMER (m or f)
VADER, (a recorded voice)

HUMAN

ANNA-JEAN (AJ), sweet girl, curious, a bit of a jabber mouth. (f)

NOTE: Due to production constraints, the 21 members of cast may be reduced. Please see section "Shortcuts to Shortcuts" on page 3

LIST OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

MUSICAL #1 — SOMETHING’S ALWAYS HAPPENING IN THE WORKSHOP — Mrs. Claus & Beechnut

MUSICAL #2 — CHRISTMAS ONCE A YEAR? — Elves

MUSICAL #3 — GIMME-ITIS — Santa, Elves

MUSICAL #4 — CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS — Elves

MUSICAL #5 — CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS (REPRISE) — Elves

MUSICAL #6 — SANTA CLAUS — Toys

MUSICAL #7 — RUDOLPH’S JOURNEY

MUSICAL #7a — SLEEPY TIME MUSIC

MUSICAL #7b — SCENE CHANGE

MUSICAL #8 — SHARING AND CARING BOUQUET — Little Girl

MUSICAL #8b — SCENE CHANGE

MUSICAL #9 — SHARING AND CARING BOUQUET (REPRISE) — Little Girl

MUSICAL #10 — EVERYDAY IS CHRISTMAS — Company

A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS a Musical Christmas Tale for young people by James Arrington with music and lyrics by Lisa Radulovich. 6f, 6m, 9e either. About 1 hour. One main setting with several simple settings. Fantasy costumes with a contemporary costume. Another year. Another Christmas. Another crisis. Or is it? Santa is not happy with the way many children behave, even though his list of the “good children” is getting shorter. He decides to go on strike. There will be no delivery of toys this year. Mrs. Claus, the Elves, and the Toys put together a plan to get Santa back in his sleigh - and just in time for Christmas Eve, well, something happens! 8 tuneful original songs decorate this funny and fast moving script. **Order #3192**

JAMES ARRINGTON was schooled professionally at prestigious The American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and has earned a Masters Degree in Theatre from Brigham Young University. He has worked professionally for 30 years and became a local sensation on the intermountain theatre scene creating and starring in his renowned one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham*. The show traveled internationally for 30 years. He followed this by displaying a quirky writing talent with *The Farley Family Reunion* and *J. Golden*. He starred in the former and wrote, directed and produced the latter. He went on to write and produce numerous works including *Farley Two: the Next Gyraton*, *Farley Family Xmas*, *Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific*, and co-wrote *Wilford Woodruff: God's Fisherman*, and the pioneer musical *The Trail of Dreams*. He has written and produced numerous smaller works and was granted a commission by the Sesquicentennial Utah War Committee to write a new touring work entitled *March of the Salt Soldiers: The Utah War*. He has written for stage, screen, outdoor pageant, radio drama, and puppet shows. Professor Arrington was appointed the first Chairman of the Department of Theatrical Arts for Stage and Screen for UVU. He recently received both the local Star award from the SCERA and a highly sought after regional award, The Kennedy Center American Theatre College Faculty Excellence Award. Along with his teaching

at UVU, Professor Arrington oversaw the playwriting programs, including the annual *Short Attention Span Theatre*, an engaging ten-minute play festival devoted to new student works.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The script has been great fun to write and produce. It was a gas to see the children, my own included, get such a big kick out of it. I am indebted to several people that helped create the play:

Lisa Radulovich for the delightful songwriting and lyrics.

Sam Cardon, renowned musician, and arranger for the amazing on-the-spot musical arrangements,

Nathan Jackman for the brilliant music transcriptions,

Elaine Hansen, the director who offered to mount the first staged version,

And certainly not the least, the patient but persistent **Michael Perry** of Leicester Bay Theatricals who insisted over literal years that I publish this play and has guided me through the process.

A Little History May Be Helpful...

This script began as a small radio piece. The recording was completed in a one-day session and allowed seven actors to play multiple roles while laughing a lot! The different locations were, of course, imaginary.

Years later a director friend working at a Junior High School asked to produce the script as a stage play. This first staged version was created to compliment a full theatre class. The visual necessity of real sets with four separate scenes evolved, and the expanded version gave roles for many young actors. With good imagination and many hands to labor, it worked!

In this re-writing for publication, the author has provided several possible iterations of telling the story. Please see the section “Shortcuts for Shortcuts” for Author-suggested solutions to solve production issues such as play length, toy characters, costuming, and possible set variations.

Though the play was first mounted with youngsters cast in major roles, age mixture in casting would be charming. Again, this is dependent upon your casting pool, production support, and funds available. However you cast it, *Santa's Workshop* is boundless fun to produce. As written, it provides audience involvement, fun songs, and amusing broad characters to play.

Whether in a fully staged version or a leaner implementation, I wish you joy and satisfaction in choosing to produce this silly little play. I'd love to hear about your production of it. (Photos too please!)

Honestly,
James Arrington

SHORTCUTS TO SHORTCUTS

As fun as this play has been in its full version, some companies with smaller casting pools, time limits, or funding difficulties may need to seek ways of mounting the play in a reduced fashion. This is not offensive, it's merely practical. I've been there. Please accept these Author-suggested shortcuts to several production problems.

Cast Too Large for My Circumstances

It's true. It's a large cast of 25 for a children's play. In today's theatrical climate it could prove difficult to find, rehearse, costume, and produce that number of characters in the story.

Suggestion: Many of the lines for the Toys as well as the Elves are interchangeable and lend themselves to reduction. With a little thoughtful editing both the number of toys and the number of Elves can be consolidated. Reading the script through a few times will aid that editing process. Some toys, like the Jack-in-the-box and Soldier, are written with lines specifically for their characters. Other toys or elves could be removed or have their lines given by the other remaining characters.

Too Many Toys! Too Difficult Toys!

True. The toy designs might be difficult for a smaller company.

Suggestions:

1. See above for consolidation toys.
2. The specific kinds of toys can be easily switched with a toy you may already have a costume for. For instance, Monkey = Bear, Princess Yasmine = Cinderella and so on. This would also help if more of a certain gender is required, for instance Ninja = Rag Doll or Moana = Bear.

Time Crunch for The Length of The Play!

It may be that the length of play for your production situation has a difficult time regulation. Because of any number of possible time constraints, these are specific Author-approved trims.

Suggestions:

- Remove Scene three which might be difficult or expensive to create because of limited stage space or no stage at all. In the script I have provided in-play Notes to explain how to cut this scene with an alternate ending for Scene Two.

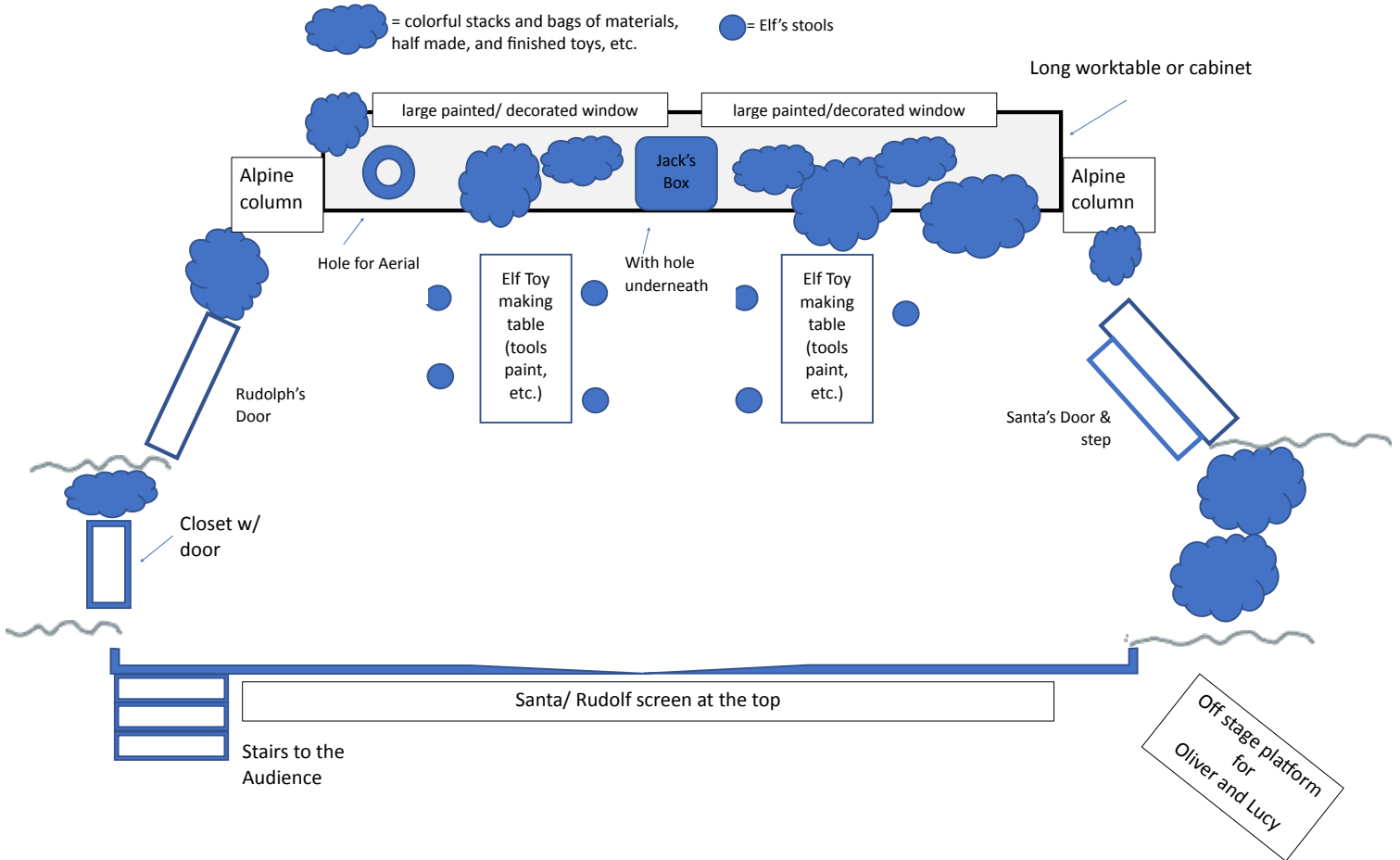
Too Many Sets!

All published plays present the most advocated fully producible version. The sets here reflect the Author's optimum version of the story; however, these are possible set reductions.

Suggestions:

1. (See above)
2. The set for Rudolph's flying scene (Scene 3) can be presented as a recording or cut entirely as noted in the script.

OVERHEAD OF POSSIBLE STAGE SET



PROPS LIST

SCENE 1

- Puppets (if chosen)

SCENE 2

- Many large colorful bags heaped around the room
- Finished toys,
- Partly finished toys,
- Bags of parts
- Elven tools
- Paint brushes
- A can of red paint
- Clown noses
- Collapsing dollhouse
- Finished and unfinished dolls
- Stack of letters opened and closed

SCENE 3

- Santa's Phone (backpack-mounted phone with a red-light signaling calls)
- (depending on the map) Long Pointer?

SCENE 4

- Pushbutton's watch
- A small open bag of roasted peanuts

SCENE 5

- Hankie for Santa

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS?!

SCENE 1 — *On entry, the stage area is curtained. A small platform off stage sits to the audience right.*

MRS. CLAUS enters with BEECHNUT, the elf, who holds her hand as steadies her as she steps up on the offstage platform. [An entry in any "magical" fashion would be great.]

MRS. CLAUS: *(Sweetly to Beechnut)* Thank you, Beechnut.

BEECHNUT: 'Atcher service, Mrs. Claus.

(He sees the audience and whispers loudly.)

Hi, you kids!

(He likes 'em! He gives them a tiny wave, then stands at ease with Mrs. Claus.)

MRS. CLAUS: And hello, my dear friends! I'm glad to see you've come! The tale I'm here to show and tell, is the night things didn't go especially well!

MUSICAL #1 — SOMETHING'S ALWAYS HAPPENING IN THE WORKSHOP

MRS. CLAUS

YOU WON'T BELIEVE,

BEECHNUT: *(Spoken)* You can't conceive...

MRS. CLAUS:

OF THE WORK TO ACHIEVE,

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS EVE!

CHRISTMAS EVE WAS FAST APPROACHING, IT WAS JUST TWO DAYS AWAY!

MAYBE THREE OR FOUR WERE LEFT, I REALLY CANNOT SAY.

SOMETHING'S ALWAYS HAPPENING IN THE WORKSHOP!

THE ELVES ARE FULL OF BRAGGADOCIO.

OUR ELVES BUILD TOYS THAT ARE SUCH JOYS, IT'S HARD TO LET THEM GO,

BUT CHRISTMAS EVE THEY'RE PART OF SANTA'S CAR-GO!

BEECHNUT:

GO, SANTA, GO!

MRS. CLAUS:

EVERYONE'S INDUSTRIOUS IN THE WORKSHOP!

EACH ELF HAS CERTAIN THINGS THEY KNOW TO DO,

BEECHNUT:

WE SPEND ALL DAY A'WORKING AN' WE SOMETIMES GET THE BLUES,

MRS. CLAUS:

AND WHEN THEY DO, I'M TELLING YOU,

THEY OUGHT TO STOP AND CHOOSE,

BEECHNUT:

'CUZ SANTA CARRIES PRESENTS THAT THE WORLD WOULD HATE TO LOSE,

MRS. CLAUS:

IT'S NOT A JOKE, IT COULD BE SPOKE, ON TELEVISION NEWS!

SANTA'S WAY IS IN THE SLEIGH,

FOR THE MAGIC DAY WITH TOYS TO GIVE A-WAY!

SOMETHING'S ALWAYS HAPPENING IN THE WORKSHOP! THAT SOMETHING DOESN'T ALWAYS GO YOUR WAY!

BEECHNUT:

CHRISTMAS NEARLY STOPPED THAT NIGHT!

(SPOKEN) NO FLY-BY-NIGHT!

MRS. CLAUS:

THE FLIGHT WAS CLEARLY DROPPED, DOWNRIGHT!

BEECHNUT:

HOW IMPOLITE! WE ELVES HAD STARTED SOMETHING... B-A-D,

MRS. CLAUS:

BUT SANTA WAS HAPPY, NEVER SEEN HIM SO G-L-A-D...

BEECHNUT & MRS. CLAUS:

IT WAS THE CRAZIEST, THE HAZIEST, THE VERY NEARLY LAZIEST CHRISTMAS WE E-VER HAD!

BEECHNUT:

THINGS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING IN THE WORKSHOP!

(They exit to applause and sleigh bells.)

SCENE 2 — *The curtain raises. It is quaint, rather old fashioned Alpine-type room with tables and large wood pillars on the sides. Two entrances: Santa's Door on stage left and Rudolph's door on stage right. Finished toys, partly finished toys, bags of parts, and tools dot the room. It is decorated festively for Christmas. Santa's elves, BEECHNUT, FLUFFER, PUSHBUTTON, FLASHCARD, TAILSPIN, and GIZMO are working earnestly with their separate toys.)*

MUSICAL #2 — EVERY DAY IS CHRISTMAS

SPARKLES:

ON VALENTINE'S DAY WHEN YOU'RE PASSING OUT HEARTS

AND EATING THOSE YUMMY VALENTINES HEARTS,

WHILE YOU HAVE THE ONE YOU LOVE AND YOU SAY BE MINE...

PUSHBUTTON: *(Speaking)* At Santa's workshop it's Christmas time!

ALL CHRISTMAS, NEVER COMES ONCE A YEAR,

(Speaking)

There's way too much t'be done around here!

ALL:

NO TIME TO SLEEP, NO TIME TO WASTE,
EVERYDAY IS CHRISTMAS AT SANTA'S PLACE.

SPARKLES:

IN THE SPRINGTIME THE BIRDS COME A SINGIN' A SONG,
AND A FLOPPY-EARRED RABBIT COMES HOPPIN' ALONG

JUKEBOX:

YOU CAN COLOR ALL YOUR EGGS IN THE WARM SUNSHINE
BUT AT SANTA'S WORKSHOP (*Spoken*) It's Christmas time!
ALL CHRISTMAS NEVER COMES ONCE A YEAR,

BEECHNUT: (*Entering*)

THERE'S WAY TOO MUCH TO BE DONE AROUND HERE.

TAILSPIN:

NO TIME TO SLEEP,

GIZMO:

N-N-NO TIME TO WASTE,

SPARKLES:

EVERYDAY IS CHRISTMAS AT SANTA'S PLACE.

PUSHBUTTON: (*Spoken*) Oh no! Halloween...

ALL:

ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT WHEN YOU'RE TRICK OR TREATIN'

GIZMO:

LOADED WITH APPLES AND CANDY FOR EATIN'

TAILSPIN:

THERE'S A GHOST!

SPARKLES:

A WITCH!

BEECHNUT:

AND A FRANKENSTEIN...

JUKEBOX: (*A little scream then speaking*) I'm glad at Santa's workshop it's CHRISTMAS time!

ALL:

CHRISTMAS NEVER COMES ONCE A YEAR,

PUSHBUTTON:

THERE'S WAY TOO MUCH T'BE DONE AROUND HERE.

GIZMO: (*Spoken*) Yeahhh...

NO TIME TO SLEEP... NO TIME TO WASTE...

FLASHCARD:

EVERYDAY IS CHRISTMAS AT SANTA'S PLACE...

TAILSPIN:

EVERYDAY IS CHRISTMAS AT SANTA'S PLACE...

BOTH:

EVERYDAY IS CHRISTMAS AT

ALL:

SANTA'S PLACE!

SPARKLES: Pushbutton, Pushbutton? Is there any more red paint?

PUSHBUTTON: (*Petulantly*) I'm using it now, Sparkles, you'll have to wait.

SPARKLES: Fiddlesticks. I only need a little to finish this doll.

PUSHBUTTON: There's plenty of blue paint, use that. (*not laughing*) Ha, ha, ha.

SPARKLES: Pushbutton! Dolls don't have blue cheeks.

PUSHBUTTON: If they were very cold their cheeks would be blue, ha, ha, ha.

JUKEBOX: Who's ever heard of a doll with blue cheeks?

SPARKLES: (*To Pushbutton*) You're not being very nice.

PUSHBUTTON: Tomahawks and pomegranates!! I'm trying to finish all the clown noses and they have to be red. You used all your own red paint to put on the fire engines when it wasn't even your turn to paint them.

SPARKLES: Beechnut told me I could paint them, didn't you, Beechnut?

BEECHNUT: (*Building a dollhouse*) This is a critical moment. Don't bother me!

SPARKLES: Beechnut, he won't let me use...

(The dollhouse collapses.)

BEECHNUT: Oh NOOO! Oh no, oh noooo!! Sycamore stitches and cinnamon britches!! That's the second one today! Santa's going to be upset. Argh! It's all behind schedule anyway.

SPARKLES: Pushbutton won't let me have any red paint.

PUSHBUTTON: I don't have to give her red paint. Besides I'm busy over here.

(A short improvised argument.)

FLASHCARD: Shhh. Shhh. Shhhhhhhh! Quiet down, you elves. Don't you know Santa is answering his mail. He's making a list and checking it twice...

TAILSPIN: ... gonna find out....

JUKEBOX: Who's naughty...

GIZMO: ... and nice... Yeah, yeah, we know!

BEECHNUT: But what you forget is how cranky and irritable he gets about this time of year. Schedules are slow.

SPARKLES: He hasn't had much sleep, and he's...

TAILSPIN: Scarecrows and boogeymen, Sparkles, we're all tired, too.

SPARKLES: Yeah, we all work hard.

TAILSPIN: I've been dressing dolls all day now and I'm so tired I keep putting the legs on the wrong side. See?

(They all start to argue.)

BEECHNUT: (*Knocking loudly on something*) What would all the children say if they saw you elves acting this way?

(They ALL seem to argue louder.)

SANTA: (*Bellowing O.S.*) Ohhhhhh, this is too much!

(All ELVES freeze. The arguing stops.)

IT'S JUST TOO MUCH ANYMORE!

TAILSPIN: (*Loud whisper*) Now you've done it.

PUSHBUTTON: (*Whisper*) You did it, too.

TAILSPIN: (*Whisper*) Did not.

PUSHBUTTON: (*Whisper*) Did to.

(They begin to argue again as SANTA suddenly enters holding a stack of letters.)

SANTA: Out of my way! Out of my way!

(The ELVES look fearfully at each other and clear the path.)

BEECHNUT: Uh... Speaking for all us elves, Santa, I'd like to say how sorry we are...

SANTA: (*Still about his mail*) You should be, this is terrible!

BEECHNUT: W-w-we're very sorry. We promise on our grandfather's clocks...

SANTA: Stop your apologizing. I don't even know what you did.

(The ELVES give a collective sigh of relief.)

And don't tell me. I don't want to know.

JUKEBOX: No Santa, we wouldn't think of it, would we elves?

(They ALL agree shaking their heads.)

SANTA: Maybe I'm just tired.

SPARKLES: Why don't I whip up a nice mug of hot chocolate?

SANTA: I don't want hot chocolate.

FLASHCARD: How about a cinnamon roll?

SANTA: I don't want a cinnamon roll, either.

JUKEBOX: I know! How about some nice warm milk?

SANTA: Warm milk? That is for cats! Do I look like a cat to you?

JUKEBOX: Oh no, no, no, not at all, not at ALL! Mee-ouw!

SANTA: Now listen, elves, quit being so all fired helpful. I know you're just as tired as I am. Look here.

(He drags an elf stool center and sits. The ELVES surround him.)

I want to read you something.

(Choosing a letter)

"Dear Santa, I want a robot, a bicycle, a catcher's mitt, swim fins...

GIZMO: Sounds pretty normal to me.

SANTA: "AND a sailboat that really works." And here's another. "Please, Santa, I want a tall French dolly with blonde hair, a trampoline, a painting set..."

PUSHBUTTON: Well, we have all those things.

SANTA: (*Still reading*) AND a new phone."

(He tosses the read letters to the floor. ELVES helpfully pick them up offer to Santa, which he ignores.)

"Hurry up with my model airplane!" "Why didn't you give me all the things I asked for last year?"

"Gimme a bow and arrows, and not a dumb one like last time..." Gimme, gimme, gimme! Every one of these letters - gimme, gimme, gimme! And from our records lots of these kids weren't even very good last year. One of them kicked his mother in the knee!

(The ELVES gasp.)

SANTA: And yet that kid writes me a letter demanding a long list of stuff he wants.

PUSHBUTTON: Well, isn't that what Christmas is all about?

SANTA: No, you little half pint! My goodness, have you been working so long that you have forgotten what Christmas is really all about? It's not "gimme, gimme, gimme."

ALL: No?

SANTA: No!! It's about love, peace, brotherhood, and good will to all people.

(Shouting)

All the things I've been trying to teach. It's not about "Gimme, gimme, gimme," it's about "Give, give, give." That's what it's all about!

(exasperated and depressed)

Give, give, give! And every year, I'm the one who ends up giving and everyone else ends up taking.

Why this year they started advertising for Christmas long before Halloween!

(The ELVES are shocked.)

Now what kind of thing is that? I think the whole world's got it.

BEECHNUT: Got it?

ELVES: What's it got?

MUSICAL #3 — GIMME-ITIS

SANTA:

GIMME, GIMME, GIMME-ITIS

AFFECTS THE HEARTS OF GIRLS AND BOYS. GIMME, GIMME, GIMME-ITIS

WHEN ALL THEY THINK ABOUT IS GETTING TOYS.

THEY CAN'T SAY 'THANK YOU,' THEY CAN'T SAY 'PLEASE,'

ALL THEY CAN UTTER IS 'GIVE ME THESE.'

GIMME A WAGON, GIMME A DOLL, GIMME A BIKE AND BASKETBALL.

GIMME A BARBIE, A G-I-JOE, GIMME A WHOLE LOT OF DOMINOES.

GIMME, GIMME, GIMME, GIMME, GIMME-ITIS, I WONDER IF WE'LL FIND A CURE.

GIMME, GIMME, GIMME, GIMME, GIMME-ITIS,

IF WE DON'T ACT NOW IT'LL SPREAD FOR SURE.

THE ONLY WAY THAT WE CAN STOP THE GIMME-ITIS BUG...

GIZMO: How??

SANTA:

IS GIVE TO PEOPLE THAT WE LOVE A LAUGH, A KISS, A HUG.

SPARKLES: *(Spoken)* Isn't that sweet!

PUSHBUTTON: *(Spoken)* I want one...

SANTA:

GIMME, GIMME, GIMME-ITIS,

I WONDER IF WE'LL FIND A CURE.

ALL:

GIMME, GIMME, GIMME, GIMME, GIMME-ITIS
IF WE DON'T ACT NOW IT'LL SPREAD FOR SURE.
BEWARE, BEWARE AND PLEASE TAKE CARE,
BE GIVING AND BE KIND...

SANTA:

PLEASE HELP ME STOP GIMME-GIMME-ITIS...
I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND.

ALL:

HE'S GOING OUT OF HIS MIND!

SANTA: (*Depressed*) Nyaah... I think the whole world's got it.

FLASHCARD: It sure does.

SANTA: (*Sad and blue*) I just give and give and give... right now I just feel given out.

GIZMO & TAILSPIN: Me, too.

SANTA: Sometimes I feel like just giving up.

PUSHBUTTON: Yeah, I know what you mean...

(*PUSHBUTTON slowly lights up with an idea.*)

Hey, hey, HEEYYYYYYY!! That's it, Santa, that's it!!

SANTA: What is?

SPARKLES: What you just said, Santa. You're a genius!

SANTA: Wha... I am?

PUSHBUTTON: Santa, you have been working too hard.

SANTA: I know, I...

PUSHBUTTON: And it's just about time you did something about it. It's so simple yet so profound.

SANTA & ELVES: What is?

PUSHBUTTON: Let's just... TAKE A VACATION!!

ALL: A vacation?!!

PUSHBUTTON: Yeah, yeah, yeah, so listen to this all you Christmas people...

MUSICAL #4 — CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS

PUSHBUTTON:

WHEN CHRISTMAS ROLLS AROUND EACH YEAR,
THAT'S WHEN WE WORK OUR HARDEST HERE.
BUT WHILE WE'RE BUSY WITH OUR OCCUPATION,
EVERYONE ELSE IS ON VACATION.

GIZMO: (*Spoken*) True...

PUSHBUTTON:

OH, I REALLY DON'T THINK ANYONE WOULD MISS US,
IF WE DECIDED TO SKIP CHRISTMAS,

FLASHCARD:

WE NEED A BREAK, THE WORLD WOULD UNDERSTAND-

PUSHBUTTON & GIZMO:

IT'S CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS THROUGHOUT THE LAND!

PUSHBUTTON: (*Spoken*) Ah, that's wonderful.

GIZMO: (*Spoken*) Thank you, Pushbutton.

FLASHCARD:

YOU DON'T NEED A HOLIDAY TO GIVE A GIFT.

A PRESENT ANY DAY WOULD GIVE SOMEONE A LIFT.

GIZMO: (*Spoken*) Yeah...

SPARKLES:

WHY SHOULD WE WORK SO HARD TO PLEASE,

TAILSPIN: I don't know...

SPARKLES:

WHEN WE COULD BE SITTING IN A TROPICAL BREEZE!

PUSHBUTTON: (*Spoken*) Christmas Island!

JUKEBOX:

OH, I REALLY DON'T THINK ANYONE WOULD MISS US,

TAILSPIN:

IF WE DECIDED TO SKIP CHRISTMAS.

FLASHCARD:

WE NEED A BREAK,

GIZMO:

THE WORLD WOULD UNDERSTAND,

FLASHCARD & GIZMO:

IT'S CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

PUSHBUTTON: (*Spoken*) This could be fun don't you think?!

JUKEBOX: (*Spoken*) Oh yeah! MMMM - Can't wait!

SPARKLES:

THINK OF ALL THE PLACES WE COULD GO,

PUSHBUTTON:

WARM AND SUNNY PLACES WITHOUT ANY SNOW,

BEECHNUT:

I'D LIKE TO SLEEP IN JUST ONE DAY OR GO ON A PICNIC FAR AWAY,

PUSHBUTTON: (*Spoken*) Hot cha, cha, cha...

BEECHNUT:

OH I...

ALL ELVES:

... REALLY DON'T THINK ANYONE WOULD MISS US,

IF WE DECIDED TO SKIP CHRISTMAS.

WE NEED A BREAK,

THE WORLD WOULD UNDERSTAND,

IT'S CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS THROUGHOUT THE LAND

(The ELVES dance around in excitement. Under the finishing music we hear...)

INDIVIDUAL ELVES: Oh I can just see myself now!...

Thank you thank you...

What a wonderful idea!...

I'll have to look for my travel clothes!...

It's a new idea!... Etc.

SANTA: *(Excited)* Why yes. Yes! Oh, I should have seen it years ago. That is a wonderful idea! Pushbutton, you're to be congratulated. Splendid idea, splendid idea.

(He bursts out laughing.)

I'll just stop being Santa Claus! Hang up the old hat, put the sleigh in the shed, let the reindeer go, and, for the first time in my life, I'll just go somewhere I want to go. Ho, ho, ho, what an idea! Why Mrs. Claus and I could spend a little time in Hawaii.

(Laughing)

I've always liked it there but never could go at this time of year.

(He dances toward the "Santa door")

What an idea, what an idea!!

(shouting off)

Oh, Mrs. Claus? Come here for a moment.

(to the elves)

Oh, she'll just go bananas over this...

(MRS. CLAUS enters standing at the Santa door.)

MRS. CLAUS: Yes, sweet'kins. What can I do for you?

SANTA: Bubbles, my darling, we're going to take a vacation.

MRS. CLAUS: *(Laughing)* What? A vacation? Will we be back in time for Christmas?

SANTA: *(Putting on "the Laugh")* Ho, ho, ho, no, no, no, dear. We're going on a vacation FOR Christmas.

We've all been working too hard this year and it's time for a well-deserved holiday retreat!

MRS. CLAUS: Well, I declare... you aren't joking with me, are you, Santa?

SANTA: Heaven's no, Bubbles, we need a vacation! We deserve a vacation! And we're going to take a vacation!

MRS. CLAUS: *(To the Elves)* When Santa makes up his mind... Well, he knows what naughty and nice, so-o-o...

(with glee)

break out the moo-moos and the suntan oil!

SANTA: Where would you like to go, Bubbles?

MRS. CLAUS: Oh you know, Santa, dear. Get me to a beach anywhere! How about Hawaii?!

(SANTA winks at the elves who giggle. Heading for the Santa door in a little dance.)

There's a lot to plan so let's get started!

(Caressing him as he follows)

Thank you, sweetheart, you're such a good boy!!

(THEY exit. A shocked pause as the ELVES blink around at each other.)

BEECHNUT: Sticks and Bricks!

GIZMO: Needles and pins!

PUSHBUTTON: Snakey licks and fishy fins!

SPARKLES: Do you really think he means it?

JUKEBOX: Awww nah, he wouldn't just quit... would he?

FLASHCARD: Well, I for one, don't blame him. In fact, I think I deserve some time off, too.

PUSHBUTTON: That's the spirit!

GIZMO: But what do we, where do we, how do we, when?

BEECHNUT: What is happening!?

JUKEBOX: *(Teary)* B-b-but I only know how to make toys.

PUSHBUTTON: Wait! Just think of all the things we could do. All those wonderful places we hear about, but never get to see.

FLASHCARD: I have an aunt who's a faerie in the Black Forest.

TAILSPIN: Yeah, well I have a cousin who's a leprechaun in Ireland.

SPARKLES: And I have an uncle who's a ghost in California.

BEECHNUT & PUSHBUTTON: A GHOST??

SPARKLES: Well, he pretends to be a ghost. That way he keeps this great big house on the beach all to himself.

PUSHBUTTON: Just think how nice it will be to just to really get away.

TAILSPIN: *(Dreamily)* Yeah, take a real vacation.

ALL: Yeah.

(They all sigh. Suddenly JACK-IN-THE-BOX pops out of his box.)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Hee-hee-ha-ha-ho-hooold your horses. Hold the phone. Just a minute and I'm gonna moan!! You aren't thinking of us Toys at all. We're only toys, large and small.

TAILSPIN: Hey Jack, what does our vacation have to do with toys?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: If you vacation and travel about, don't you think that leaves us Toys completely out?

BEECHNUT: You're right, of course. You're absolutely right.

PUSHBUTTON: Well okay, we're leaving you out. But that's the whole point, don't you see?

BEECHNUT: Now, you're not being fair, Pushbutton. Jack is right. What would the Toys do without Christmas? Speak your piece, Jack.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: *(As if beginning a formal address)* What is a Toy?

PUSHBUTTON: *(Sigh)* Uh-Oh...

(With noble background MUSIC from a toy piano.)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: A toy has a noble cause, he really needs a Santa Claus to set him on his way. We toys are all created with much joy, to create a smile on the face of every girl and boy. To bring that impish grin to each and every chin. To scatter Christmas cheer about and throw those ugly frown boys out! A toy devotes his life...

PUSHBUTTON: *(Interrupting)* Get on with it!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: On behalf of all us Toys, we vote for Christmas joys and noise.

(The TOYS suddenly seem to come alive in their places and cheer.)

BEECHNUT: (*To himself*) Uh-oh, all the Toys.

PUSHBUTTON: Rocks in Boxes, Toys, I think you are just being selfish.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Selfish?!

ALL TOYS: What?... Selfish!... How can you say that? Etc.

BEAR: (*Aside*) I don't even know what selfish is?!

GIZMO: (*Aside*) It's like a clam on a beach.

PUSHBUTTON: Listen toys, you're only thinking of yourselves. What about us? We never have any fun.

BEECHNUT: Who's being selfish now?

PUSHBUTTON: Well, Sparkles, Flashcard, Jukebox, Tailspin, Gizmo all want a vacation, don't you?

ELVES: (*Slightly embarrassed*) Well... we, um... maybe... not so sure now, etc.

GIZMO: Uh, uh ... Gizmo not so sure now.

JUKEBOX: Look, Pushbutton, working for Santa isn't working. It's one of the best places an elf can be!

TAILSPIN: Yeah, we're working to make children happy, working with all the fun and funny toys.

(*The TOYS cheer.*)

PUSHBUTTON: Don't listen to the boring brothers, you guys. Think of all the things you've never done that you now have the chance to do.

ELVES: Well, I... hmmm... I wonder if... interesting but... etc.

BEECHNUT: Think of the self-satisfaction of working here.

SPARKLES: Think of the self-realization,

TAILSPIN: The self-determination.

FLASHCARD The self-fulfillment...

PUSHBUTTON: But the word self even has "elf" in it!

GIZMO: (*Aside*) Oh, is that how ya spell it?

ELVES: Hmmm... Oh, good point... Never thought of that... Interesting... Etc.

BEECHNUT: (*Shouting now*) Just think of the the self-worth from helping others!

SPARKLES: Wait a minute! That's what this whole thing is about: being selfish. Santa's upset because the boys and girls are selfish. And listen to you, elves... self, self, self.

PUSHBUTTON: But it's got "elf, elf, elf" in it!

BEECHNUT: Pushbutton, I know plenty of elves that live in a tree or cold caves who never get plum pudding.

PUSHBUTTON: (*Entranced and sniffing*) Plum pudding...?

BEECHNUT: And any one of them would gladly take your job if you don't like it...

PUSHBUTTON: (*In a trance*) Plum Pudding?!

SPARKLES: I have a cousin who asks me all the time if he can work here!

PUSHBUTTON: (*Back to reality*)... Like I was saying,
(*quickly*)

how can we convince Santa to get back on the job?

SPARKLES: That's better.

GIZMO: Whaddawe do now?

BEECHNUT: We're on the verge of a real crisis here.

GIZMO: (*Teary again*) We're shot aren't we?

MUSICAL #5 — CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS (reprise)

(They ALL moan and cry throughout.)

SPARKLES: Think of something Beechnut!

BEECHNUT: It's not my fault, Pushbutton's the one that did it.

PUSHBUTTON: No I didn't, y'dodo.

BEECHNUT: Come on now!

WHEN CHRISTMAS ROLLS AROUND EACH YEAR,
THAT'S WHEN WE WORK OUR HEARTS OUT HERE.

AND EVEN THOUGH IT'S NICE TO HAVE A VACATION,

PUSHBUTTON: *(Speaking)* What?

BEECHNUT: *(Spoken)* I really love a Christmas celebration.

PUSHBUTTON: *(Overcome)* Yeah, me too!

BEECHNUT:

OH I REALLY DO THINK EVERYONE WOULD MISS US,

GIZMO:

IF WE WAS GOIN' OFF TO SKIP CHRISTMAS.

BEECHNUT:

WE DON'T WANT A BREAK,

ALL: *(Spoken)* Noo!!

BEECHNUT:

THE WORLD WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND...

PUSHBUTTON: *(Spoken)* Right!

ALL ELVES:

IF CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS WAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BEECHNUT: Think of something quick!

PUSHBUTTON: My thinker is stuck.

JUKEBOX:

THINK HOW SAD THIS WORLD WOULD BE,

SPARKLES:

WITHOUT LOVE AND GENEROSITY,

TAILSPIN:

IT'S NOT THE SAME, IT'LL NEVER DO,

ALL ELVES:

HAVE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS? BOO-HOO-HOO.

PUSHBUTTON: *(moaning)* Imma very unhappy fellow.

BEECHNUT: You're not a fellow, you're an elf

PUSHBUTTON: Oh yeah, I was so unhappy I forgot...

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: *(Springing from his box)* You get so blue, you get so down, you think you don't have

friends around. Soldier?

SOLDIER: Yes sir!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Call out the toys!

SOLDIER: Sir, yes sir! Everybody fall in!

(Those that can move form a line.)

RAG DOLL: I can help.

BEAR: Whaddawedo?

PICACHU: Here I am.

CINDERELLA: Magically here.

(Others who can move have assembled.)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Toys, we have a terrible situation. Santa's going on vacation!

ALL TOYS: What?... No!... Never happened before... Now?...etc.

BEAR: *(Interrupting)* Hey! Then Santa's the one we gotta work on?

ALL: Yes!

BEAR: And if he don't deliver us, Christmas don't happen?

PICACHU: Oh bear, I can't even b-b-bear to think about it!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: I could summon the superhero's, the ones with capes.

PICACHU: And what would they do?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Thinking. Thinking.

CINDERELLA: I could call my fairy godmother.

BALLERINA: He likes it when I dance.

(She twirls)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: What do you think, elves?

(THEY look at each other as they pace to and fro. THEY suddenly stop and look as if someone got an idea, then begin to pace again.)

GIZMO: Hey,

(pacing)

have we had dinner yet?

TAILSPIN: Gizmo! What are we doing here?

GIZMO: W-w-walking thoughtfully.

TAILSPIN: We're trying to think already!

SOLDIER: Troops, the is a priority one emergency! It could turn pandemic, and you know what happened last time! The strategy of this operation has to be absolutely be complete and successful!

BEECHNUT: Then what do we do, Soldier?

SOLDIER: *(Caught off guard)* Uh, remit to central intelligence.

FLASHCARD: Which we're showing none.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: May I interject that we are here to help reflect. I know. Why don't you send Santa here? We can fill him with Christmas cheer. Isn't that right, toys?

TOYS: You bet... Yah, sure... Yes, yes... Wheee, etc.

BEECHNUT: Great idea. Flashcard, run and get Santa. Tell him the Toys want to, uh...

(To the toys)

Talk? Sing? Dance?

TOYS: (*Toys again*) You bet... Yah, sure... Yes, yes... Wheee, etc.

FLASHCARD: Best idea so far!

(*FLASHCARD exits through Santa's door.*)

PUSHBUTTON: ONLY idea so far.

(*They ALL give him a shocked stare.*)

... But a good one!

BEECHNUT: Jukebox. I want you to go wake up Rudolph. Tell him we may need him tonight.

JUKEBOX: What do we need Rudolph for?

BEECHNUT: He's used to emergencies, y'know? He has a nose for that kind of thing.

JUKEBOX: Okay.

(*JUKEBOX exits to Rudolph's door.*)

SPARKLES: Boy, this is really getting serious.

BEECHNUT: Jack, toys, we're counting on you.

SANTA (O.S.): The toys want to see me? I always love to be with the Toys.

BEECHNUT: Here he comes.

(*to the Toys*)

I hope you're as good as you're supposed to be. We'll hide in here..

(*The ELVES troop to the closet space, right.*)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Okay, Beechnut. Okay, toys.

(*holding up three fingers*)

Number three

TOYS: Number three... Okay... Ready!

BEAR: What's three?

(*TOYS begin to answer and SANTA bounces in wearing awful tourist clothes.*)

SANTA: Well, how do you like the new me?

(*The TOYS groan.*)

BALLERINA: S-s-santa! You look so different!

SANTA: I really do, don't I? Ha! It's the new me! After hundreds of years I can finally wear some other colors. It's perfect!...

(*SANTA laughs*)

And they still fit me... sorta! Well, and how are my little toys tonight, eh?

PICACHU: We're all fine, aren't we toys?

TOYS: Yes... We are... Fine, Santa! Etc.

AERIAL: (*Singing beautifully*) Santa, over here!

(*SANTA turns to her.*)

(*Sing-songy*) You know how much we love you. Because of you we will soon go to some wonderful child's home.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Christmas is our life, Santa, Christmas is our joy. I hope I fit into that sack... the sack on your back, You know, hee hee, Jack-in-the-sack... get it?

TIGGER: I can't wait to go to a new kid. That would be tiggeriffic.

SOLDIER: My big brother left on Christmas Eve last year. I can't wait to report to the big red sack for active duty.

BALLERINA: If I'm lucky, I'll be able to peek out of my music box and see the stars on Santa's magic ride of Christmas.

DRUMMER: Santa, the world wouldn't be the same without you.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: And Santa we have a special song,

(JACK winks at the toys and holds up three fingers covertly)

...don't we toys?

ALL: Oh yes.... Yep... We do, yeah... etc.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: And we want to share it with you, Santa, because we heard you feeling blue.

SANTA: Blue? Me? Not any more. Why, I've never felt better in my life!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: *(Quickly)* Santa, Santa! You're so special, you're our private happy vessel. Let us toys sing for you. We want to show we love you through and through.

SANTA: Oh, I love to hear the toys sing. Couldn't be better. Go ahead, toys.

MUSICAL #6 — SANTA CLAUS

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

WHO BRINGS CHRISTMAS JOY AND CHEER?

ALL TOYS:

SANTA CLAUS, SANTA CLAUS!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

WHO DO WE WATCH FOR EVERY YEAR?

ALL TOYS:

SANTA, SANTA CLAUS!

PICACHU:

WITH HIS LAUGHING EYES,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

HO, HO, HO.

SOLDIER:

AND HIS BRIGHT RED SUIT,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

HA, HA, HA.

BEAR:

A FURRY HAT,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

HE HE-HE, HE-HEEE

DRUMMER:

AND SHINY BLACK BOOTS,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

HO, HO, HO!

WHO WHO LOVES CHILDREN FAR AND NEAR?

ALL TOYS:

SANTA, SANTA CLAUS!
WE TOYS ARE ALWAYS HAPPY TO SEE.
JUST HOW JOLLY SANTA CAN BE.
HE GENTLY PACKS US IN HIS SLEIGH,
READY FOR A NEW HOME FAR AWAY...

ARIEL:

WHO DELIVERS US IN THE NIGHT?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

SANTA CLAUS, SANTA CLAUS.

BEAR:

SITTIN' BY A CHRISTMAS TREE JUST RIGHT?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

SANTA, SANTA CLAUS,

ALL TOYS:

THE ELVES AND THE REINDEER
(DRUMMER taps a little beat)
THINK HE'S JUST GRAND,

ANY TOY:

HOO-HOO HOO-HOO HOO-HOOO

ALL TOYS:

LOVED BY ALL

ANY TOY:

EXACTLY RIGHT!

ALL TOYS:

IN SANTA LAND.

ANY TOY:

YO, YO, YO!

ALL TOYS

WHO CAN TURN A FROWN UP RIGHT?
SANTA, SANTA CLAUS.
SANTA CLAUS, SANTA CLAUS,
SANTA, SANTA CLAUS,
SANTA CLAUS, SANTA CLAUS,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX:

SANTA, SANTA, SANTA, SANTA, SANTA, SANTA,
SANTA,

ALL:

SANTA CLAAAAAUS!

SANTA: (*Clapping*) Splendid! Ho, ho, ho, just splendid! Oh, we do have the cleverest toys around, yessiree.
(*Hugging a few*)

I'm really proud of you, toys.

SOLDIER: Then you'll deliver us for Christmas, sir?

SANTA: Deliver you? Ho, ho, ho! No, no, no! Someone else will have to do that. I'm going on vacation this year! First time ever. Let someone else do the delivery this year.

(*SANTA moves toward his door as the TOYS express sounds of shock and disappointment.*)

SOLDIER: W-w-we've got to get our people into position, Santa!

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: We toys are all ready. We need someone steady.

SANTA: (*Over his shoulder*) Well, I suppose you'll just have to wait until next year,
(*SANTA turns back*)

That is, unless YOU want to do it.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Barrels and kegs, Santa, I don't even have legs!

SANTA: (*to Aerial*) How about you, Missy?

AERIAL: (*Agreeably*) We'd all have to swim.

(*The TOYS gag, hold their throats, and otherwise disagree.*)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Santa, no one else can do it?

You're the only one that can go through it.

14 ADDITIONAL PAGES TO THE END