

PERUSAL SCRIPT

Jimmy
and the
STAR ANGEL
A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE



BOOK BY
JERRY ROBBINS

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
JEFFREY GAGE



Leicester Bay
THEATRICALS

Newport, Maine

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JIMMY AND THE STAR ANGEL

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CAST OF CHARACTERS — 7 Principals (1b, 1g, 4m, 2w + ensemble of up to 20 (Smaller with more doubling of parts)

(in order of appearance)

Jimmy O'Connell, a boy of 10
Samantha O'Connell, his slightly older sister
Mother / Ensemble
Treeman 1 (Rutland) / Ensemble
Treeman 2 (Bradford) / Ensemble
Old Saint Nick / Mr. Metzler / Ensemble
Elf / Ensemble
'66
Carmen Miranda Ornament 1 / Ensemble
Carmen Miranda Ornament 2 / Ensemble
Carmen Miranda Ornament 3 / Ensemble
Round Ornament / Ensemble
Scrooge Ornament / Ensemble
Tiny Tim Ornament / 1915 Jimmy / Ensemble
Grumpy Ornament / Ensemble
Head Snowman
Snowman 1
Tinsel Elf / Ensemble
Victorian Caroler / Ensemble
Macaroni Girl / Ensemble
Scrimshaw
Lighthouse
Mr. O'Connell / Agent Anaconda / Ensemble
Sheriff
Pockets / Ensemble
Snowman 2 (Trio) / Ensemble
Snowman 3 (Trio) / Ensemble
Snowman 4 (Trio) / Ensemble
Star Angel / Ensemble
Ensemble:
Ornaments
Snowman Ornaments
Empty Side Ornaments
1915 Bostonian Townspeople

SCENE and MUSICAL SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

#1 — Overture — Orchestra

Scene 1: The O'Connell Living Room-Early evening

#2 — *Agent Anaconda* — Jimmy

#2a — Scene Change

Scene 2: The Front Yard

#3 — *Same Old Snowman* — Samantha, Jimmy

#3a — Scene Change

Scene 3: The O'Connell Living Room Scene 4: The Base of the Christmas Tree

#4 — The Transformation

#4a — Incidental

#5 — *How Is This Possible?* (parts 1, 2, 3) — Jimmy, Samantha, Rutland, Bradford

#6 — *Christmas Sparkles* — Old Saint Nick, Elf

#6a — Incidental

#6b — Incidental

#6c — Scene Change and Incidental

Scene 5: A Few Branches Higher On the Tree

#7 — *Look At Him Go!* — '66, Ensemble

Scene 6: The Base of the Christmas Tree

#7a — Incidental and Scene Change

Scene 7: The Top of the Smokey Wheels Ramp

#7b — Incidental: Smokey-Wheels Car

Scene 8: The First Branch

#7c — Incidental: On The Tree

Scene 9: The Next Branch

#7d — Incidental

#8 — Scene Change: Empty Side

Scene 10: Empty Side-Scrimshaw's Lair

#8a — *Sentimental Reasons* — Macaroni Girl, Tinsel Elf, Victorian Caroler, Ensemble

#9 — Scene Change and Incidental

Scene 11: Craggy Edge of the Tree / A Street In Boston / A Store

#10 — *Boston Harbor* — Ensemble

#10a — *Shine a Light* — Lighthouse and Ensemble

#10b — Lighthouse Shimmy

#10c — Shine a Light: Crossover

Scene 12: The West Side of the Tree

#11 — Incidental: Jimmy's Drop

#11a — Incidental: Sheriff's Plan

#11b — *Rootin' Tootin' Christmas* — Sheriff, '66, Samantha, Jimmy, Lighthouse, Ensemble

#11c — Scene Change and Incidental

Scene 13: Empty Side-Scrimshaw's Lair

#12 — *Wakey Wakey* — Snowman Trio

#13 — *James The Destroyer* — *Scrimshaw, Snowmen*

ACT TWO

#14 — Entr'acte — Orchestra

Scene 1: The Midnight Follies

#15 — *Snowman Spectacular* — *Head Snowman, Snowman 1, Snowman Trio, Snowmen*

#15a — Scene Change

Scene 2: The Fix-It Branch

#16 — *Jimmy's Rant* — *Jimmy*

#16a — *Safe In Your Memory* — *Pockets, Jimmy*

#16b — Scene Change

Scene 3: Branch of Hanging Garland

#17 — Incidental: The Capture

Scene 4: The Fix-It Branch

#18 — Underscore

#19 — *Agent Anaconda (reprise)* — *Jimmy, '66*

Scene 5: Empty Side-Scrimshaw's Lair

#20 — Prison Branch Crossover

Scene 6: Empty Side Prison and Scrimshaw's Lair

#21 — *Same Old Snowman (Reprise)* — *Samantha*

#21a — *If They Only Knew* — *Samantha*

#22 — *Snowman Escape Spectacular* — *Head Snowman, Samantha, Snowmen*

#23 — Incidental: Scrimshaw's Revenge

#24 — Morning Light Attack

Scene 7: Top of the Tree

#25 — *Incidental: Top of the Tree* — *Star Angel, Ensemble*

#26 — *Safe In Your Memory (Reprise)* — *Star Angel*

#27 — *Star Angel* — *Star Angel, Tiny Tim, Jimmy, Samantha, Ensemble*

#28 — The Return

Scene 8: The O'Connell Living Room

#29 — Finale (underscore)

#30 — Bows

#31 — Exit Music

For suggestions as to how to accomplish some of the effects and staging for this show, please see the Production Notes (at end of script)

JIMMY AND THE STAR ANGEL — A Christmas Adventure Book by **Jerry Robbins** Music and Lyrics by **Jeffrey Gage**. 7 Principals (1b, 1g, 4m, 2w + ensemble of up to 20 [Smaller with more doubling of parts]), Contemporary and Fantasy Costumes. Unit setting with insets. Special effects both visual and practical. Running time: 2 hours. The miracles of Christmas are in the small things, the things we take for granted; the things that have become family traditions. However, it seems that miracles are in short supply this Christmas and Jimmy and his sister Samantha, are both missing their father after his tragic death since last Christmas. Each child deals with their loss in

their own, not-entirely-healthy-way. After Jimmy breaks an ornament, he and his sister are magically transported to the perilous world of their own Christmas tree, as they race to find the Star Angel to change them back to their real size before morning sunbeams freeze them into ornaments. A dynamic and contemporary, Broadway-style score propels the characters forward to a positive conclusion. **Order #3364**

Jerry Robbins — I began writing in the world of audio dramas, with 480 productions (features and series episodes) that were hosted on Sirius/XM Radio for eight years. In that time, with the Colonial Radio Theatre, I was fortunate to have collaborated with Ray Bradbury, William Luce, and Walter Koenig on various audio productions. I adapted one of my audio dramas into a screenplay, which later resulted in my leaving audio behind to write exclusively for film - my true passion. My screenplay resume includes westerns, Romcoms, animated musicals, horror, thriller, comedy, action-adventure. I love old movies (especially anything with Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, Garbo, Claudette Colbert, and Donald Duck), history (my great grandfather x7 was the famed Giles Corey who was executed during the Salem Witch Trials in 1692), and of course, writing.

Jeffrey Gage — coming soon

ACT I

MUSICAL #1 —OVERTURE

SEGUE TO:

MUSICAL #2 —AGENT ANACONDA

SCENE 1 — INT. THE O'CONNELL LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY — *We are in a spacious living room from the Victorian era, yet obviously redecorated with a modern eye. A sofa and two chairs are in front of a large bay window. A TV is across the room with its large screen viewable by the audience. Outside the window, the snow-covered street is in the early shade of twilight. The Christmas tree is stage right. Wrapped presents are on the floor surrounding the tree, and a toy car race track with a loop and a ramp faces the tree only a few feet away. On the last note of the OVERTURE, the door from an adjoining room is thrown open, and standing in a triumphant pose is JIMMY, an adventurous boy of 12. He holds a toy action figure of Secret Agent Anaconda, his favorite TV superhero.*

JIMMY: My new Secret Agent Anaconda action figure!

(In his other hand is his mother's cellphone, which is live-streaming to the large TV. We see the video alternate between his face and the Anaconda character.)

(In his Commander voice...)

Calling Secret Agent Anaconda! Come in, Anaconda!

(He makes a static sound and speaks in his Anaconda voice...)

This is Anaconda! Go ahead. Over.

(Static sound. As Commander...)

YOUR MISSION, SHOULD YOU CHOOSE IT,

WILL TAKE BRAV'RY, GUTS AND DRIVE.

GOT AN ATTITUDE? THEN USE IT

AND WE'LL MAKE IT BACK ALIVE!

(as Anaconda...)

SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?

(as Commander...)

LOCATE THE BAD GUYS

AND DESTROY THIS EVIL THREAT.

(as Anaconda...)

HEY! ANACONDA SLITHERS EV'RYWHERE, NO SWEAT! 'CUZ

(JIMMY moves about the room, creating his own action adventure which we see on the TV, as he sings.)

AGENT ANACONDA'S

GOT THE MOVES, GOT THE MUSCLE,

GOT THE HEART, GOT THE HUSTLE!

AGENT ANACONDA

ZOOMS THROUGH THE AIR!

AGENT ANACONDA

WON'T GIVE UP, WON'T GIVE IN,

THAT'S RIGHT, THOSE BAD GUYS NEVER WIN!

DON'T LET YOUR MIND EVER WANDA', OR HE'LL STRIKE!

ANACONDA SLITHERS-(ZZZ)

EVERYWHERE!

(spoken, walking on the sofa cushions)

OH, NO! THE GROUND IS LAVA!

SO WHAT? MY SUPER REPTILIAN

CIRCULATORY CONVECTOR

IS SAVING MY BUTT!

LAUNCH JET-PACK!

(He launches himself from the cushions onto the sofa back.)

WHOA! THAT WAS CLOSE!

MOTHER: *(offstage)* Jimmy?

(JIMMY throws the phone onto the cushions and drops out of sight behind the sofa as MOTHER enters the room, looking for her phone.)

Jimmy, sweetie, I need my phone...

(sees it)

Oh.

(She picks up her phone and, seeing her face on the television, attempts a sultry expression.)

Ugh!

(She gives up, cancels the livestream and exits with the phone. JIMMY "slithers" out from behind the sofa, and spies his target. He stands and walks to the tree, leaning in close to a hanging snow globe ornament.)

JIMMY: Agent Anaconda to Ground Control...evaded enemy scout...approaching military base...target in sight!

(He sings)

THIS UNASSUMING ORNAMENT

FROM VERMONT,

A SNOW GLOBE KIND OF ORNAMENT

FROM VERMONT,

TWO PLASTIC MEN INSIDE OF IT

FROM VERMONT,

CARRYING A PINE TREE
THAT'S ALSO PLASTIC,
WITH PLASTIC SNOWFLAKES
FLOATING ALL AROUND THEM
IN SOME QUESTIONABLE LIQUID!
BUT NO!

(spoken in rhythm)

ANACONDA'S X-RAY EYES
CAN PENETRATE YOUR THIN DISGUISE,
NOW YOUR LITTLE SECRET'S OUT,
THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!
It's the evil spies carrying the submersible atomic Christmas tree!!!
YOU'RE TOAST!

(He picks up one of his toy cars and places it at the top of the ramp.)

Lined up *perfectly!* You're doomed! Doomed, I tell you!

(as the evil snow globe men...)

No, no! Evasive action! Abandon ship!

(as Anaconda...)

And...

(He releases the car, which goes down the ramp in a dazzling array of loops and twists, then, in slow motion, up the large ramp where it launches towards its target. The glass ornament shatters onto the floor. JIMMY dances around the room in victory as he sings.)

YES! YES! YES!

AGENT ANACONDA'S

GOT THE WHOOSH, GOT THE WOW,
GOT THE PUNCH, GOT THE POW!
AGENT ANACONDA,
BAD GUYS BEWARE! BEWARE, BEWARE!
AGENT ANACONDA,
HE'S LEGIT, HE'S A LEGEND
'CUZ HE'S LIVING ON THE EDGE, AND
IF YOU GET IN HIS WAY,
YOU'LL HAVE A REALLY ROTTEN DAY!
HE'LL BE CALLED "NUMBER ONE"
WHEN EV'RY ORNAMENT IS DONE!
DON'T LET YOUR MIND EVER WANDA', OR HE'LL STRIKE!
ANACONDA SLITHERS-(ZZZ)
EVERYWHERE!

(Static sound)

Anaconda to base - mission accomplished. The tree-carrying spies are gone - and their ship busted into a million pieces!

(JIMMY'S Anaconda fantasy abruptly ends as his eye catches an old vintage car ornament. A '61 green metallic Lincoln. He menacingly approaches the tree.)

You're next.

(At the bay window, his sister, SAMANTHA, 12, a pretty girl with freckles, her steadfast confidence bundled under a winter coat, motions for him to come outside. JIMMY looks at SAMANTHA, then back to the car.)

You just got lucky.

(JIMMY goes to the window.)

Yes! My invisible wall is keeping the scrunchy snow monster at bay!

(She plays along, waving her arms about.)

SAMANTHA: I am the scrunchy snow monster! Argh! I command you to come outside!

JIMMY: Why?

SAMANTHA: Because I - the scrunchy snow monster am about to destroy the neighborhood!

(JIMMY talks into his wrist with his hero voice as he exits the room.)

JIMMY: Secret Agent Anaconda. I have switched to my Super Anti-Clutter Control Attenuation Pulse Double-Stabilization Radar Wrist Transmitter! I'm heading outside, proceeding with caution. Out!

MUSICAL #2A — SCENE CHANGE AND INCIDENTAL

SCENE 2 — EXT. THE FRONT YARD. TWILIGHT. *A snow-covered yard in the dim late afternoon light. We see a portion of the house's exterior which includes the front door. SAMANTHA has built a snowman, but his head lies on the ground, where she pats it into shape. Next to her is an old pillowcase filled with snowman accessories. JIMMY exits the house wearing a winter coat and mittens, and sees the snowman. Just SAMANTHA'S same old snowman she builds every year. His face sinks into a blank expression.*

SAMANTHA: All right. I tricked you... but you need to get outside! And it will be fun once you start! Come on — I'm just about ready to put his head on.

(He continues to stare.)

Jimmy?

(No reaction.)

I miss Dad, too.

(He doesn't respond.)

He wouldn't want us to be sad on Christmas Eve.

JIMMY: *(whispers)* Then why is he gone?

(SAMANTHA sits on the large snowman head, silent for a moment and lost in thought.)

SAMANTHA: I don't know. Some things... just don't have a reason to them.

(Her eyes glance upward to him.)

But I know we have to carry on. Like Dad always said... "Steer the course."

(SAMANTHA wipes a snuffle from her nose with the brush of her mitten-covered hand. She rises from the snowball seat and clutches one side of it.)

This is where you come in.

(JIMMY grabs the other side and they lift. SPLURT! The head is in place.)

Making a snowman will get you into the Christmas Spirit.

JIMMY: I have Christmas Spirit.

MUSICAL #3 — SAME OLD SNOWMAN

(With a brave smile, SAMANTHA pulls two trimmed tree branches from a pillowcase.)

SAMANTHA:

A BIG ROUND BODY,

A SMILING FACE,

THE USUAL BUTTONS

IN THEIR USUAL PLACE

(She sticks the branches in for arms.)

JIMMY:

SAME OLD HEAP,

IN THE SAME OLD SPACE.

SAME OLD SNOWMAN.

SAMANTHA:

SAME OLD FRIEND

EVERY YEAR

CAN'T YOU SEE

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT!

(SAMANTHA curtseys to the snowman.)

JIMMY: Um - what are you doing?

SAMANTHA: Why yes, I'd love to dance.

JIMMY: Oh, brother.

(She gingerly holds a stick arm and dances in place.)

SAMANTHA:

HE'LL TAKE MY HAND,

AND WE'LL TRAVEL FAR

JIMMY:

A DATE WITH A SNOWMAN'S

A BIT BIZARRE!

SAMANTHA:

DANCING TOGETHER

SO HIGH ABOVE

JIMMY:

WITH THIS LAME OLD SNOWMAN?

SAMANTHA: Oh, Jimmy...

IT'S THAT SAME OLD SNOWMAN I LOVE.

JIMMY:

SAME OLD BROOM

SAME OLD HAT

CAN'T YOU SEE

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT!

LOOK AT HIM!

JIMMY: What?

(SAMANTHA reaches into the pillowcase.)

SAMANTHA:

WAITING TO COME BACK

FROM A LONG VACATION.

LOOK AT HIM!

JIMMY: Why?

SAMANTHA:

WAITING TO COME OUT

OUT OF HIBERNATION.

LOOK AT HIM!

JIMMY: No!

(SAMANTHA produces a flat top hat, pops it into shape, and places it on the snowman's head.)

SAMANTHA:

NEEDS A HAT WITH A BRIM AND ACCESSORIZING TRIM!

JIMMY: *(mocks her)* And accessorizing trim!

(She finds the carrot and coal chunks.)

SAMANTHA:

LIKE A CARROT FOR HIS NOSE

JIMMY:

YOU COULD DO THAT, I SUPPOSE.

SAMANTHA:

AND SOME COAL FOR HIS EYES

JIMMY:

GO AHEAD. BIG SURPRISE.

SAMANTHA:

NOW THE FINISHING TOUCH!

HAVING FUN?

JIMMY:

NOT SO MUCH.

SAMANTHA:

AND THE SNOWMAN WILL BE DONE!

JIMMY:

CAN'T THE SNOWMAN JUST BE DONE?

SAMANTHA: Jimmy, go get him a scarf!

(JIMMY walks towards the door; looks around, then leans against the corner of the house with his back to us. SAMANTHA kneels down and places three pieces of coal onto the middle section of the snowman, for buttons.)

(The carrot falls from the snowman's face.)

(She looks into the bag again. SAMANTHA sinks to the ground, holding the empty bag.)

HEY, DAD

CHRISTMAS IS HERE WITHOUT YOU

AND I'M TRYING HARD TO MAKE DO

KEEPING SOME HOLIDAY CHEER

SILLY OR NOT

IT GIVES ME THE FEELING YOU'RE HERE

(JIMMY, still leaning against the house, turns his head to listen to her. He looks very sad with his head bowed and his hands in his pockets. He takes several steps towards her and stops. A light

snow begins to fall.)

AND IF JIMMY COULD SEE IT THAT WAY
MAYBE IN TIME - WE'D ALL BE OKAY,
SO I'LL KEEP MY SNOWMAN
JUST LIKE THE LAST
AND KEEP ALL MY MEM'RIES OF CHRISTMAS PAST,
KEEP ME SOME COURAGE TO RISE ABOVE!
WITH MY SAME OLD SNOWMAN -
IT'S THAT SAME OLD SNOWMAN I -

(Music stops. The door slams. SAMANTHA turns to see JIMMY has gone back inside. Undeterred, she turns front with confidence and finishes the song.)

LOVE!

MUSICAL #3a — SCENE CHANGE

(SAMANTHA picks up the carrot and puts it back in its place - the nose. She walks into the house and closes the door.)

(A beat.)

(The nose falls off once more.)

SCENE 3 — THE O'CONNELL LIVING ROOM — SAMANTHA and JIMMY enter the living room, removing their winter coats. SAMANTHA steps on the broken ornament. Her eyes shift to JIMMY.

JIMMY: It was an accident.

SAMANTHA: It wasn't an accident!

JIMMY: Sorry.

SAMANTHA: You're not *sorry*. You're not sorry *one bit!* Dad got that ornament!

JIMMY: And now it's dead! Just like *he* is!

SAMANTHA: (*yells*) Mom!?

JIMMY: She's upstairs crying. Just like every night.

(*a beat*)

Stupid ornaments.

SAMANTHA: What's wrong with them!?

JIMMY: They're old.

SAMANTHA: Some of our ornaments are new!

JIMMY: Yeah, this one.

(*Reads*)

"Steamed or Fried - We Wish You A Merry Christmas from The Happy Clam Barn. Gloucester Mass, Open Tuesdays through Sundays, twelve to ten."

SAMANTHA: And the Fried Clam is on the other side!

JIMMY: The only cool ornament is my Secret Agent Anaconda, driving his super-cool Anacondamobile!
(*teary-eyed*)

Dad got him for me last year.

(*With a sniff, the tear disappears as JIMMY turns to '66, the shellacked Cookie Dough Man, with a frosting face, white frosting shirt, green shorts and red suspenders.*)

How lame is this cookie-dough guy?

(*JIMMY winds '66's string up.*)

SAMANTHA: Dad made him when he was little!

(*He releases '66, who spins like a tornado!*)

JIMMY: This old cowboy - how long has *he* been here... and look, this mangy old lighthouse! Have you ever seen anything so ugly? It's not even glass! It's cheap cotton or something!

SAMANTHA: What's wrong with them!?

JIMMY: They're *embarrassing*, that's what! And these dumb plastic things!

SAMANTHA: Don't make fun of my snowmen!

JIMMY: I don't know why we have this stupid tree anyway. Who needs it!?

SAMANTHA: Mom?!

(SAMANTHA storms out. JIMMY looks at the broken ornament on the floor.)

JIMMY: Busted snow globe, flat plastic men - fake silver snow. Cheap. Who cares. It's not the same. It's *not the same!*

MUSICAL #4 — THE TRANSFORMATION

(The room grows dark as the Christmas tree begins to gently shake.)

WOMEN: *(singing offstage)*

AH!

(A sparkled mist emanates from the broken snow-globe which JIMMY doesn't notice.)

JIMMY: What!?! I thought.... the snow-globe! What...how!?! What's going on!?! Samantha! You better get in here!

(Offstage singing continues throughout. The sparkles chase him around the room. JIMMY is lifted into the air!)

(Yelling)

Samantha! Help!

(SAMANTHA enters. She SCREAMS!)

Help me!

SAMANTHA: Jimmy! What is it!?

JIMMY: *What is it!?* I don't know! Help me! Ahhh!

SAMANTHA: Hang on! I'm going to grab your hand!

(She reaches to him and grabs his hand.)

There! Got you! I'm going to pull you...

(She is also lifted into the air!)

Ouuuuuuuuut!

(A blaze of swirling sparkles, then...)

BLACKOUT

SCENE 4: THE BASE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE — *MUSIC ends. SPOTLIGHTS up on JIMMY and SAMANTHA lying on the floor, silent. They wake up.*

JIMMY: Oh, man! What a nightmare!

SAMANTHA: What happened?

JIMMY: I don't know, but I.....

MUSICAL #4a INCIDENTAL

SAMANTHA: Jimmy...

JIMMY: Pit-tooeey! I got some of that fake snow sparkle stuff in my mouth!

SAMANTHA: Jimmy....

JIMMY: What?

SAMANTHA: Look...

(LIGHTS UP to reveal oversized gifts on the floor and huge branches suspended in the air with OLD SAINT NICK and ELF hanging from them. Lying on the floor are TREEMAN 1 and TREEMAN 2, carrying the flat tree. JIMMY looks up at the huge tree.)

JIMMY: *(Gasps)* Whoa.... Is that our Christmas Tree!? It's huge! Look!

SAMANTHA: I can't even see the top...

JIMMY: It can't be! I mean, if the tree is that big - then we must be.... *What happened!?*

MUSICAL #5 — HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? (PART 1)

JIMMY:

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

SAMANTHA:

ALL I REMEMBER IS SPINNING AND SWIRLING

JIMMY:

AND POSSIBLY HURLING

SAMANTHA:

AND ENDING UP SUDDENLY SMALL.

JIMMY:

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

ALL I REMEMBER IS HISSING AND HUMMING

SAMANTHA:

THEN QUICKLY BECOMING

SAMANTHA and JIMMY:

NO BIGGER THAN BUGS ON A WALL.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WE DON'T BELONG HERE!

(The two TREEMEN stand with difficulty, as they cannot release their grip on the flat tree. The TREEMEN are flat, too.)

TREEMAN 1: Holy cow! Did you get the number of that truck?

SAMANTHA: Who said that?

(JIMMY shrugs.)

TREEMAN 1: Watch your step, Bradford!

TREEMAN 2: Don't you worry about me, Rutland! You got us into this fix! Where did all this broken glass come from?

TREEMAN 1: Where do you *think*, Bradford? This used to be our globe!

MUSICAL #5a — HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? (PART 2)

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

ALL I REMEMBER IS SOMEBODY CRASHING

TREEMAN 2:

AND SMUSHING AND SMASHING

TREEMAN 1:

OUR ORNAMENT SNOW GLOBE TO BITS.

TREEMAN 2:

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

SHATTERED THE GLASS WITH JUST ONE FATAL BLOW

TREEMAN 1:

NOW THE TREES AND THE SNOW ARE GONE

TREEMAN 1 and TREEMAN 2:

I'M AT THE END OF MY WITS!

WHAT IS THE GAME HERE? WHO GETS THE BLAME HERE?

TREEMAN 1: I didn't do it! It was a black car!

TREEMAN 2: Get a plate number?

TREEMAN 1: Nope. A hit and run.

JIMMY: Uh-oh.

SAMANTHA: Let's go talk to them.

(They walk towards them.)

JIMMY: You sure?

TREEMAN 1: Look, Bradford! Someone's coming!

TREEMAN 2: Weird looking, ain't they? They ain't carrying a tree!

SAMANTHA: Hello.

TREEMAN 1: A-yep.

SAMANTHA: My name is Samantha, and this is Jimmy, my brother.

TREEMAN 1: My name is Rutland, and this here is Bradford.

JIMMY: Strange names.

TREEMAN 1: What's strange about 'em, Sonny? Rutland and Bradford are towns in Vermont, and our ornament was a souvenir of Vermont.

TREEMAN 2: Yeah. What's left of it.

SAMANTHA: Maybe you can get a new globe?

TREEMAN 1: Not hardly, ma'am. We were discontinued.

TREEMAN 2: That's right. When they finished with **us**, they broke the mold.

MUSICAL #5b — HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? (PART 3)

JIMMY:

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

TREEMAN 2

JIMMY:

EASY, THEY JUST TAKE THE MOLD

AND THEY SMASH IT--

NO! I MEAN

JIMMY:

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE-

YOU'RE ALIVE AND WE'RE SO SMALL?

TREEMAN 2: IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE

JIMMY: Huh?

TREEMAN 2:

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE CHRISTMAS EVE

JIMMY: What?

SAMANTHA:

WHY IS NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE CHRISTMAS EVE?

TREEMAN 2:

I DIDN'T SAY NOTHING WAS

IMPOSSIBLE. I SAID ANYTHING'S

POSSIBLE CHRISTMAS EVE

SAMANTHA:

WHAT I MEANT WAS--

I MEAN-

TREEMAN 1:

NO, I THINK YOU SAID ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.

SAMANTHA and JIMMY:

BUT!

TREEMAN 2:

EXACTLY SO! OH, YOU'RE

IMPOSSIBLE!

TREEMAN 1:

NO, NO, I HEARD WHAT YOU

SAID!

SAMANTHA and JIMMY:

BUT!

TREEMAN 1:

DON'T BE SO STUBBORN!

TREEMAN 2:

WELL, DON'T BE SO THICK! AND DON'T CALL ME STUBBORN!

SAMANTHA:

HEY, LOOK! IT'S SAINT NICK!

OLD SAINT NICK: *(Laughs)* Ho, Ho, Ho!

(JIMMY and SAMANTHA turn to see a Victorian era OLD SAINT NICK ornament as it hangs from the lowest branch. They cautiously approach him.)

SAMANTHA: Our Old Saint Nick ornament! Jimmy!

JIMMY: *(Dazed)* I see it... and the Elf, too... How can you be alive?

OLD SAINT NICK: We always come alive on Christmas Eve.

ELF: And news flash — it's Christmas Eve!

JIMMY: Huh!?

SAMANTHA: How did we get so small?

OLD SAINT NICK: Because this young man deliberately broke an ornament.

ELF: The only night of the year when we come alive! *Have you no heart!?*

OLD SAINT NICK: Be nice.

ELF: I'm sorry, Santa, but this kid has got it coming to him! Once he threw me across the room and the dog caught me! He tried to bury me in the back yard - like a bone! It was horrible!

MUSICAL #6 — CHRISTMAS SPARKLES

JIMMY: No way! This isn't real!

(He holds his hand out to Samantha.)

Pinch me!

(SAMANTHA pinches JIMMY's arm.)

Ow!

SAMANTHA: Wait a minute...how do you come alive?

JIMMY: And why did we get smaller? And...

OLD SAINT NICK: Shhhhh - listen...

VOICE OF STAR ANGEL *(sung offstage):*

AH—

AH—

JIMMY: What...*is* that?

OLD SAINT NICK:

VOICE OF STAR ANGEL:

CHRISTMAS SPARKLES

SWIRLING WITH CHRISTMAS MAGIC,

AH—

CHRISTMAS SPARKLES

SPILED ON THE FLOOR

OO—

ELF:

IT'S TRAGIC!

OLD SAINT NICK: Now, Mr. Elf.

ELF: Listen, kid -

YOU REALLY DID IT WHEN YOU CRACKED THE DOME

OLD SAINT NICK

THE SPARKLES WEREN'T HAPPY WITH LOSING THEIR HOME

ELF: Boy, you got that right!

OLD SAINT NICK: Elf!

ELF: Sorry.

OLD SAINT NICK and ELF:

CHRISTMAS SPARKLES

JIMMY: Then we should sweep them up and throw them in the trash!

(All ORNAMENTS gasp.)

I didn't like that silly old ornament anyway.

SAMANTHA: You used to.

JIMMY: *That was before!*

(MUSIC ends. There is an awkward silence.)

OLD SAINT NICK: The one thing about Christmas Eve...

MUSICAL # 6a — INCIDENTAL

ENSEMBLE: (offstage)

CHRISTMAS...

OLD SAINT NICK: ...is that it is indeed...magic.

ENSEMBLE:

...SPARKLES

(RUTLAND and BRADFORD wobble in the ruins as sparkles rise into the air.)

SWIRLING, SWIRLING

SWIRLING, SWIRLING

(The TREEMEN, along with broken pieces of glass and water, lift off the floor. They turn, swirl, dive and climb.)

RUTLAND: Woooooahh!

BRADFORD: Woooooahh!

ENSEMBLE:

AH!

(Shattered glass pieces reassemble. Water on the floor gushes like a fountain into the globe. The hook latches onto a branch. The glass globe hangs without a scratch. JIMMY'S dumbfounded.)

JIMMY: What!? How!? I mean...

TREEMAN 1: *(Underwater effect)* Hey! Wonderful! We're back!

TREEMAN 2: *(Underwater effect)* Sure is snowin' out!

TREEMAN 1: *(Underwater effect)* You know what they say about New England. "If you don't like the weather - wait ten minutes!"

JIMMY: Hey...can the Christmas Sparkle Magic make us bigger again?

OLD SAINT NICK: It could.

JIMMY: Make it do it right now!

ELF: Oh, listen to him.

OLD SAINT NICK: The only one who can use the Sparkle Magic to fix what is broken...

MUSICAL #6b — INCIDENTAL

OLD SAINT NICK: ...is The Star Angel...

VOICE OF STAR ANGEL *(sung offstage):*

AH—

OLD SAINT NICK: ...on the top of the tree. She commanded the sparkles to restore that snow globe to its former glory.

SAMANTHA: The Star Angel?

ELF: Oh! Now watch her tell us she doesn't believe in the Star Angel!

SAMANTHA: No, of course I believe in her! She's very beautiful!

(ORNAMENTS gasp)

OLD SAINT NICK: *(Reverently)* You've... actually... seen her?

SAMANTHA: Of course!

ELF: You've seen her... on the top of the tree?

JIMMY: What's the big deal? She's just an old ornament.

OLD SAINT NICK: You shouldn't talk that way about the Star Angel.

SAMANTHA: Please, Old Saint Nick...how can we get to see her?

OLD SAINT NICK: You shall have to journey to the top of the tree.

SAMANTHA: We have to climb all the way... up there?

JIMMY: Are you kidding!?

(The MUSIC stops.)

ELF: Take the elevator.

JIMMY: There's an elevator?

ELF: You ain't the brightest bulb on the Christmas Tree, that's for sure. You gotta climb, buster! Climb!

JIMMY: Climb?

SAMANTHA: Can you take us there?

OLD SAINT NICK: We're too old and fragile, my dear. Elf... what do you think about...'66?

JIMMY: The Cookie Dough guy!?

ELF: He's sturdy enough. You think he would do it?

OLD SAINT NICK: He certainly knows his way around the tree. Pass the word - '66 to the base of the tree!

MUSICAL #6c — SCENE CHANGE AND INCIDENTAL

ELF: *(yells)*

'66 TO THE BASE OF THE TREE!

DISTANT ORNAMENT 1: *(off)*

'66 TO THE BASE OF THE TREE!

DISTANT ORNAMENT 2: *(off)*

'66 TO THE BASE OF THE TREE!

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE 5 — *A FEW BRANCHES HIGHER ON THE TREE* — '66, the Cookie Dough Boy, is talking and flirting with three GIRL "CARMEN MIRANDA" ORNAMENTS. He has just finished a joke and they are all laughing as -

CARMEN MIRANDA 1: Ooo - '66, you are so funny! You make my heart go "boom-cheek-a-boom!"

'66: Awwww. You're just sayin' that!

DISTANT ORNAMENT 1: *(off)* '66 to the base of the tree!

'66: Huh?

(A Small ROUND ORNAMENT enters and runs up to '66.)

ROUND ORNAMENT: '66! Old Saint Nick wants to see you - and fast!

'66: What!? Old Saint Nick!? Wants to see *me!*?

ROUND ORNAMENT: - and *fast!*

'66: Gang-waaaaay!

MUSICAL #7 — LOOK AT HIM GO!

'66:

OLD SAINT NICK IS IN A JAM!

CARMEN MIRANDA 2: There he goes again!

'66:

NEEDS ME QUICK, SO HERE I AM!

CARMEN MIRANDA 3: I, Yi, Yi, come back!

'66:

WATCH IT, HEY!

CLEAR THE WAY!

CAN'T DELAY!

THANKS A TON, EVERYONE, GOTTA RUN!

GANGWAY CREW!

HOT STUFF COMING THROUGH!

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

LOOK AT HIM GO!

HE'S UP AND ON HIS WAY!

ANOTHER ODD ADVENTURE TO RING IN ANOTHER HOLIDAY!

LOOK AT HIM FLY!

HE'S BOUND FOR WHO KNOWS WHERE.

IT'S SAFE TO SAY NO ONE IS SAFE WHEN SIXTY-SIX IS IN THE AIR,

LOOK AT HIM GO,

LOOK AT HIM FLY!

ORNAMENT 1:

COOKIE BOY IS QUITE INSANE

ORNAMENT 2:

SLIDING DOWN THAT CANDY CANE

ORNAMENTS 1 & 2:

SWINGING ON TINSEL AND MISTLETOE

ORNAMENTS 3 & 4:

AWFULLY CLEVER FOR COOKIE DOUGH

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

WHAT IF HE FELL TO THE FLOOR BELOW?

'66:

NO, NO, NOT ME!

YOU JUST WATCH AND SEE!

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

LOOK AT HIM GO

'66:

I'M UP AND ON MY WAY!

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

ANOTHER ODD ADVENTURE TO RING IN ANOTHER HOLIDAY!

'66:

LOOK AT ME FLY

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

AHHH - HE'S BOUND FOR WHO KNOWS WHERE!

IT'S SAFE TO SAY NO ONE IS SAFE WHEN SIXTY-SIX IS IN THE AIR, LOOK AT HIM GO,

LOOK AT HIM FLY!

'66:

GOSH WHAT A KICK

TO BE *IN* WITH SAINT NICK
KEEPING CHRISTMAS EVE TICKING
ALONG,
BUT COULD IT BE SOMETHING WENT WRONG?

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

WE'LL HELP YOU GUARANTEE
ALL THAT YOU OVERSEE

'66: Okay, then!

TREE IS UP, THE WREATH IS HUNG

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

CHECK!

'66:

LIGHTS ARE LIT AND POPCORN STRUNG

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

CHECK!

'66:

PRESENTS WRAPPED AND IN THEIR PLACE

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

CHECK!

'66:

EXTRA BATTERIES JUST IN CASE

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

CHECK!

'66:

MILK AND COOKIES ON A PLATE

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

CHECK!

'66:

SLEEPING KIDS WHO JUST CAN'T WAIT

FOR MORNING TO COME

(ORNAMENT CHORUS ad-libs agreeing that they forgot to make sure the kids are sleeping.)

'66:

OH, NO! THAT'S WHY I GOTTA RUN!

ORNAMENT CHORUS:

THAT'S WHY HE'S GOTTA RUN!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

*(He makes his way through the tree, and bumps into a SCROOGE ornament. **MUSIC** - continues under.)*

'66: Oooof!

SCROOGE: Watch where you're going!

'66: Sorry, Mr. Scrooge! Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

('66 slides down a tree branch.)

You should fall off the tree and decrease the surplus population!

(At the end of the slide, stands a TINY TIM ornament.)

'66: Hi, Tiny Tim.

TINY TIM: Hi!

'66: Scrooge alert!

TINY TIM: Uh-oh!

'66: He's right behind me - three branches away!

TINY TIM: God bless us, every one, '66.

'66: Thanks, Timmy!

('66 is now in a new group of ornaments, all having various conversations. They are blocking his way, so he muddles through.)

'66: 'Scuse me! Pardon me! Comin' through!

(The ORNAMENTS all grumble at him: "You speed crazy cookie!" "Hey, be careful!" "You young whipper-snapper!")

Saint Nick's business!

GRUMPY ORNAMENT: Hey-hey-hey! Be careful!

'66: Put it in writing! La, la, la, la, la -

('66 turns and almost falls off the branch.)

Whoa! That's a big step! Better go this way!

('66 dances in another direction.)

ORNAMENTS:

LOOK AT HIM GO!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

CAROLER ORNAMENT: Blimey! Look at that kid, go!

'66: Gangway! Comin' through!

(MUSIC continues into the following scene)

SCENE 6 — THE BASE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE — *Landing next to Old Saint Nick and the Elf.*

'66: TA-DA!

(MUSIC ends.)

'66 reporting as ordered!

SAMANTHA: '66! The Cookie Dough Man!

OLD SAINT NICK: Yes, '66. So nice to see you again.

'66: Likewise! How ya doin', Elf?

ELF: Meh.

OLD SAINT NICK: '66, these two children need our help. This is Samantha, and this is Jimmy. Children, this is '66.

JIMMY: Hi.

SAMANTHA: Hello.

'66: Nice to meet you, kids.

OLD SAINT NICK: Can you help them?

'66: Sure I can! What needs to be done?

OLD SAINT NICK: You need to guide them to the top of the tree to see the Star Angel.

'66: Huh!? What!? The Star Angel?

SAMANTHA: Yes. Is something wrong?

'66: It's a long journey...and a dangerous one!

SAMANTHA: Dangerous?

JIMMY: How can it be dangerous? It's a Christmas tree.

MUSICAL #7a — INCIDENTAL AND SCENE CHANGE

'66: Well, it's a long way up, and slow-going and... if we're not at the top by the time the sun comes up... well...

JIMMY: Well, what? What happens at sunrise?

'66: (*whispers*) You didn't tell them?

OLD SAINT NICK: (*whispers*) Not yet.

JIMMY: (*mutters*) He's even more annoying now that he can talk.

SAMANTHA: Tell us what?

OLD SAINT NICK: As soon as the first rays of sunlight hit us in the morning, we lose the power of life.
We will be unable to talk and move until *next* Christmas Eve... and...

SAMANTHA: And what?

OLD SAINT NICK: The same will happen to you.

SAMANTHA: You mean - we'll become ornaments?

OLD SAINT NICK: Yes.

JIMMY: I don't believe you!

ELF: Stick around, kid, and see for yourself. Oh, I can't *wait* to see the expression on your face!

(*Turns to St. Nick*)

I bet he looks like this -

(*Makes a "terror shocked" expression*)

'66: We better get started right away!

(*SAMANTHA jumps for the branch, but she cannot reach it.*)

SAMANTHA: Oh, no! I can't reach it! Jimmy, we need to get up there.

(*JIMMY slowly breaks into a smile.*)

JIMMY: I have an idea.

(**BLACKOUT**)

SCENE 7 — THE TOP OF THE SMOKEY WHEELS RAMP — *In the darkness, a dim light appears on a spot of color, elevated from the stage. The light grows stronger, and we see JIMMY and SAMANTHA sitting in one of JIMMY'S toy cars, facing upstage and away from us atop an orange plastic "tower," with the words "Made in the U.S.A." molded vertically into the plastic. Upstage of the car is a film/video projection that depicts a portion of the Christmas tree with '66, OLD SAINT NICK and the ELF looking back at them.*

SAMANTHA: You can't drive!

JIMMY: I get my learner's permit in six years. What are you nervous about? It will get us onto the tree! I've done this before, remember?

SAMANTHA: Yeah, but you weren't *riding* in the *car*! Now what?

JIMMY: Lean forward!

MUSICAL #7b — INCIDENTAL: SMOKEY-WHEELS CAR

(BOTH lean forward. The car slowly slides down the ramp, out of view.)

JIMMY: *Here we go!* WAAAAHHHH-HOOOOO!

(SAMANTHA screams!)

(We now see the point of view of SAMANTHA and JIMMY from their car, on the screen. With a roller coaster effect, the car goes through various rises and depressions (all the while SAMANTHA is screaming), and then a loop-the-loop, traveling upside down for a moment, then climbs up the ramp and zooms off the track, airborne, and directly for the tree. The ornaments look terrified - '66 jumps for cover, and the car crashes into the tree as -)

SCENE 8 — THE FIRST BRANCH — *Wrapped in a tangle of tinsel, SAMANTHA and JIMMY climb out of the car - of which, only the rear section is visible, the front part buried in the branches.*

JIMMY: That was so cool!

SAMANTHA: I never want to do that *again*!

JIMMY: What do you mean? I wish we *could* do it again! We were -

(makes car zooming sound)

...and then we went...

(another zoom sound)

...and then - oh, man! I never knew driving was so much fun!

(The other ORNAMENTS rejoin them.)

'66: Don't forget, we're on the clock here.

OLD SAINT NICK: You better not dally. The sunrise comes fast, you know. Good luck, children. Safe journey to you!

SAMANTHA: Good-bye, Old Saint Nick! And thank you for everything! Good-bye, Elf!

ELF: Good-bye! And watch where you're throwing me, next time!

MUSICAL #7c — INCIDENTAL — ON THE TREE

SCENE 9 — THE NEXT BRANCH — *A beautiful, multi-level jungle of green branches, hanging ornaments and colored lights.*

'66: Hey, how are you two at garland walking and branch swinging?

JIMMY: *Wow!* I -

SAMANTHA: - *Not* good at all.

'66: Well, then, I guess we'll have to walk all the way.

SAMANTHA: Is that bad?

'66: Nope. Just not as exciting.

SAMANTHA: Oh - it's so *beautiful* in here! I had no idea!

'66: We call it home.

(They walk a few steps.)

JIMMY: Hey, why is your name '66?

('66 turns around, and we see "Xmas '66" carved into the dough.)

Xmas '66.

'66: 1966! That was my first year on the tree. Your father made me when he was six years old. With the help of his mother, of course! I haven't seen old Donald this year. Where is he?

JIMMY: *(a pause)* He died.

'66: Oh. That makes me sad.

JIMMY: You're an ornament. How can you be sad?

'66: Because he loved me.

(A pause)

We should keep moving.

(They continue to walk.)

With luck, we can reach the top without having to go through.... Empty Side.

#7d — INCIDENTAL

(They stop walking.)

SAMANTHA: *Empty Side?* What's that?

'66: It's dark and scary, almost no branches... hardly any ornaments hang there - and those that do... are ugly... and *hideous*.

SAMANTHA: Oh! That's the part against the wall.

JIMMY: Yeah. Are you *afraid* of Empty Side, '66?

'66: Let's just say I'd rather avoid it.

(They take a few more steps and come across HEAD SNOWMAN, slightly melted on his side, wearing a top hat and carrying a broom.)

SAMANTHA: Oh, look! One of the snowmen! Look how he sparkles!

'66: Come along - we have to keep moving!

(They exit. HEAD SNOWMAN turns to watch them leave.)

HEAD SNOWMAN: Wait till Scrimshaw hears about this! "Look how I *sparkle!*" Humph!

(He bounces on his Alligator Clip in another direction and comes across SNOWMAN 1, his right-hand man. SNOWMAN 1 is also slightly melted, with a crooked nose which gives him a nasally voice.)

SNOWMAN 1: Hey, Head Snowman! Where are you going?

HEAD SNOWMAN: I've got news for Scrimshaw!

SNOWMAN 1: You're going to see Sc-Sc-Sc- Scrimshaw?

HEAD SNOWMAN: Yes. Why don't you come with me?

SNOWMAN 1: Do I have to?

HEAD SNOWMAN: Yes.

SNOWMAN 1: Why?

HEAD SNOWMAN: Because I'm the Head Snowman and I say so!

SNOWMAN 1: But he scares me!

HEAD SNOWMAN: He scares me too - but we're *snowmen!* We're *brave!*

SNOWMAN 1: *(Not convinced)* Yeah.

HEAD SNOWMAN: Come on, we have to hurry!...

(They bounce away.)

(BLACKOUT)

MUSICAL #8 — SCENE CHANGE: EMPTY SIDE

SCENE 10 — *EMPTY SIDE. SCRIMSHAW'S LAIR* — *Dark and scary. The tree lights are dim and cast a garish glow. The ORNAMENTS here are old, broken, misshapen. They have escaped being thrown away for sentimental reasons. Hanging prominently before us we see MACARONI GIRL. She is a child's creation of macaroni pasted on construction paper. Next to her is TINSEL ELF, an elf's head with a green collar, and nothing below but shimmering strands of tinsel. Finally we see VICTORIAN CAROLER, dressed with the traditional great coat, top hat, and holding an open book of carols in his left hand. His right arm is missing.*

MUSICAL #8A — SENTIMENTAL REASONS

TINSEL ELF: Another Christmas on Empty Side.

VICTORIAN CAROLER: Better Empty Side than the rubbish! Can you believe they haven't thrown us away yet?

TINSEL ELF: The night is young.

VICTORIAN CAROLER: I'd give my right arm to get back my right arm. You try holding a book of Christmas carols with one hand!

TINSEL ELF: Sure, I'll try...

(He wiggles, as if trying to move his non-existent arms)

...oh wait - that ain't gonna happen. *What kind of maniacal monster dreamt me up!?*

MACARONI GIRL: Oh no, that's total glam, honey. Unlike this lovely ensemble of faded construction paper and macaroni!

VICTORIAN CAROLER: But they'll never throw you away. *(with disdain)* You're homemade!

MACARONI GIRL: AAHHHHGHH!

OH YES,

CHECK OUT THE DRESS,

MACARONI AND PASTE, HOW CHIC!

MADE WITH LOVE AND SOME DROOL

SOME FORTY YEARS AGO IN NURSERY SCHOOL!

BUT I WOULD NEVER GRUMBLE

STILL I'LL ENDURE

THIS HAUTE COUTURE

'TIL THEY SEND ME UP THE CREEK,

EVEN THEN THEY WILL SAY

"WHAT ARE YOU CRAZY? DON'T YOU THROW HER AWAY!"

BUT THAT'S JUST SWELL 'CAUSE

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

WILL KEEP US ON THE TREE,

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

ARE JUST A LITTLE BIT ROUGH

BUT REASON ENOUGH FOR ME!

HOW PERFECTLY PLEASIN'

THAT NO REASON CAN BE FOUND

EXCEPT FOR THOSE SENTIMENTAL REASONS

THAT KEEP US HANGING AROUND!

I'm tellin' ya', boys! They're way too soft. I mean, who could ever throw us away?

TINSEL ELF and **VICTORIAN CAROLER**: We could!

TINSEL ELF:

THIS FACE

GOT A PERMANENT PLACE

ON THE TREE OF 'FIFTY-FOUR,

SOMEONE THOUGHT I WAS SWEET

BUT LATER WISHED THAT THEY HAD SAVED THE RECEIPT -

EMPTY SIDE ENSEMBLE:

WE KNOW THE FEELING!

VICTORIAN CAROLER:

JIMMY'S THE CHAP

MADE MY POOR ARM SNAP

WHEN HE THREW ME 'CROSS THE FLOOR!

NOW I SING ON THIS STAGE,

BUT IT'S NO USE BECAUSE I CAN'T TURN THE PAGE!

(Unable to turn the page, he continues to hold the word "page," dropping to his knees. He falls to the floor, silent, his open carol book facing up. MACARONI GIRL, a little too late, turns his page.)

MACARONI GIRL: There 'ya go, hun.

VICTORIAN CAROLER:

BUT THAT'S JUST SWELL 'CAUSE -

MACARONI GIRL, TINSEL ELF, VICTORIAN CAROLER:

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

WILL KEEP US ON THE TREE,

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

ARE JUST A LITTLE BIT ROUGH BUT REASON ENOUGH FOR ME

TINSEL ELF:

HOW PERFECTLY PLEASIN'

THAT NO REASON CAN BE FOUND -

MACARONI GIRL and VICTORIAN CAROLER:

OO-

MACARONI GIRL:

EXCEPT FOR THOSE -

MACARONI GIRL, TINSEL ELF, VICTORIAN CAROLER:

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

THAT KEEP US HANGING AROUND!

EMPTY SIDE ENSEMBLE:

SO LET ALL YOUR SENTIMENTAL SENTIMENT FLOW

'CAUSE WE PASSED OUR EXPIRATION DATE YEARS AGO!

WE KNOW WE ARE REPLACEABLE ENOUGH, NO DOUBT,

MACARONI GIRL, TINSEL ELF, VICTORIAN CAROLER:

SO DON'T LET THAT SENTIMENTAL STUFF RUN OUT!!

VICTORIAN CAROLER:

Don't throw me out just yet! I love you!

MACARONI GIRL:

Year after year there's no place I'd rather be!

TINSEL ELF: Empty Side ain't so bad. I'm used to being second best!

ALL:

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

WILL KEEP OUR SHIP AFLOAT,

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

WILL KEEP US STUCK TO THE WALL

AND THAT'LL BE ALL SHE WROTE!

MACARONI GIRL, TINSEL ELF, VICTORIAN CAROLER:

HOW EASY TO EASE IN

TO THE SEASON WITHOUT A SOUND.

MACARONI GIRL:

WE REALLY CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR THOSE -

EMPTY SIDE ENSEMBLE:

SENTIMENTAL REASONS

THAT KEEP US HANGING AROUND

VICTORIAN CAROLER: We're still...

EMPTY SIDE ENSEMBLE:

HANGIN' AROUND-

TINSEL ELF: We love...

EMPTY SIDE ENSEMBLE:

HANGING AROUND!

MACARONI GIRL: Let's go, boys!

MACARONI GIRL, VICTORIAN CAROLER, TINSEL ELF:

FOR ORNAMENTS' SAKE

GIVE US ONE LITTLE BREAK

KEEP US HANGIN' AROUND!

(HEAD SNOWMAN and SNOWMAN 1 enter.)

HEAD SNOWMAN: Here we are... Empty Side.

SNOWMAN 1: *(scared)* Ooooooh - look at it!

(We see SCRIMSHAW. He is terribly disfigured, just a giant head, with hardened glue bubbling from one squinted eye, his face unevenly glued back together and showing darkened cracks from his forehead to his chin. He wears a black sea captain's cap. He is asleep.)

HEAD SNOWMAN: There he is... Scrimshaw.

SNOWMAN 1: Good! He's asleep! Let's go!

HEAD SNOWMAN: No! I need to wake him up...

SNOWMAN 1: Don't do that! He'll be angry!

HEAD SNOWMAN: He'll be angrier if I *don't* wake him! Um - Mister Scrimshaw?

(No response)

Mister Scrimshaw?

SNOWMAN 1: Out cold. Let's go!

HEAD SNOWMAN: Time to wake up!

(a pause)

Hmm. This will do it...

(Yells)

Thar she blooows!

SCRIMSHAW: Hm - what? *What!? Where away!?*

HEAD SNOWMAN: Oh, uh, hello, Mister Scrimshaw!

SCRIMSHAW: You!

HEAD SNOWMAN: Um, I'm sorry to bother you like this....

SCRIMSHAW: Why did you wake me? I hate being alive Christmas Eve! I could have you keel-hauled for this.

HEAD SNOWMAN: Sorry, Mister Scrimshaw - but I have some news that couldn't wait!

SCRIMSHAW: Oh?

HEAD SNOWMAN: Jimmy! The boy Jimmy! He and his sister are *in the tree!*

SCRIMSHAW: What!? Impossible!

HEAD SNOWMAN: It's true!

SCRIMSHAW: That scurvy boy is climbing the rigging through *my tree!*? On *my* yardarm!? But how!?

HEAD SNOWMAN: I don't know - but they are here and making their way to the top of the tree!

SCRIMSHAW: Look at me! Look what he did to me! Scuttled me he did, and botched the salvage leaving me with this shipwreck of a face!

HEAD SNOWMAN: Well, I... I just thought you would like to know! I'll be seeing you...

(HEAD SNOWMAN and SNOWMAN 1 start to back away.)

SCRIMSHAW: Just where do you think you are going?

HEAD SNOWMAN: I'm going to see the other snowmen. We have a rehearsal for a big Christmas Eve production number we've been planning for the Midnight Follies!

SCRIMSHAW: Get your other Snowmen and bring them here! I need you all to help me.

HEAD SNOWMAN: But we've got the show....

SCRIMSHAW: Belay that! There is a storm brewin' for that landlubber lad! We'll batten down the hatches and prepare for rough seas. Gather all the snowmen on deck!

HEAD SNOWMAN: Right! Come on Snowman One — you heard Mr. Scrimshaw!

(They quickly bounce away. TINSEL ELF and MACARONI GIRL watch them leave.)

TINSEL ELF: We never get to go anywhere.

MACARONI GIRL: Yeah.

MUSICAL #9 — SCENE CHANGE AND INCIDENTAL

SCENE 11 — CRAGGY EDGE OF THE TREE / A STREET IN BOSTON / A STORE INT. — *A new section of the tree, adorned by different hanging ornaments, including LIGHTHOUSE, an old ornament made from cotton, with two lobster traps on her craggy base. JIMMY, SAMANTHA, and '66 enter.*

'66: Come on! Show some hustle! This way! And remember to duck under the lights! The green ones can be hard to see!

SAMANTHA: I didn't know the lights got so hot!

'66: Oh, that's nothing compared to the oven I was in on baking day!

SAMANTHA: Oh, you poor thing!

'66: I'm not complaining! My tan has lasted years!

JIMMY: That's varnish, lame-O; not a tan.

'66: Well... I.... yeah, but...

JIMMY: How could my Dad have liked you so much? You're *so* not with it!

SAMANTHA: Don't listen to him.

LIGHTHOUSE: Hello, '66.

SAMANTHA: Look!

LIGHTHOUSE: How nice to see you again.

'66: Lighthouse!

SAMANTHA: Jimmy! It's the Lighthouse!

JIMMY: Oh, *that* old thing!?

'66: Merry Christmas Eve, Lighthouse!

LIGHTHOUSE: '66, as I live and breathe! You're a sight for this old lens. Pull up a lobster trap and have a seat!

'66: I'd love to, Lighthouse, but we don't have time.

LIGHTHOUSE: Who are your friends, '66?

'66: This is -

LIGHTHOUSE: No, wait! Don't tell me! No! It can't be! Is this... Jimmy, and Samantha?

SAMANTHA: Yes, it's us!

LIGHTHOUSE: Oh, my, my... I'd recognize those knees anywhere.

JIMMY: Knees?

LIGHTHOUSE: Well, now that I am in, ahem, shall we say, my sunset years -

JIMMY: You mean *old age* -

LIGHTHOUSE: Well, I wasn't going to be that crass, sonny, but yes, if you want to put it that way - my *old*

age, I... what was I talking about?

'66: Knees.

LIGHTHOUSE: Oh! Yes! Now that I have... *advanced* through the decades, I am always displayed on the lower half of the tree; less damage if I fall.

JIMMY: You're made of cotton. How can you get damaged if you fall?

LIGHTHOUSE: It's *frail* cotton, darling. I could get snarled by needles on the way down, or ornament hooks, and if that were to happen... I would unravel. *Then* what would I be?

JIMMY: History.

'66: Ouch.

LIGHTHOUSE: Where was I?

SAMANTHA: Knees.

LIGHTHOUSE: Right! So, I used to see you when you were cute little babies, but now that you have grown into full-sized people, all I see are the knees.

JIMMY: We're not full-sized yet.

LIGHTHOUSE: Wonderful, so there's room for improvement.

JIMMY: Hey!

LIGHTHOUSE: How did you get on the tree?

'66: They ran smack into some Sparkle dust and shrank. Now it's up to me to get them to the Star Angel before morning.

LIGHTHOUSE: I'm *sure* she'll be able to help you.

JIMMY: Come on, we're wasting time talking to this saggy old cotton thing.

LIGHTHOUSE: In my day I was quite a looker!

JIMMY: And how long ago was *that*?

LIGHTHOUSE: Nineteen-fifteen.

(JIMMY gives her a look.)

MUSICAL #10 — BOSTON HARBOR

LIGHTHOUSE: Hard to imagine?

JIMMY: Yeah.

'66: Wow, kid, you're harsh.

(Small puffs of smoke mixed with silver sparkles appear inside a round, clear, glass bulb, and a memory of an old city street with ships lined along the dock emerges onstage through the haze.)

SAMANTHA: Look!

LIGHTHOUSE: You see, Jimmy, everything that is old... was once young. I was young once, too. A long, long time ago.

(MUSIC swells. MEN and WOMEN carry wrapped packages and hurry about on their Christmas missions. Masts from wooden ships loom high over rooftops as snow falls.)

MEN'S CHORUS:

CHRISTMAS TIME IN BOSTON HARBOR!

WOMEN'S CHORUS:

CHRISTMAS DAY, ON CHRISTMAS DAY,

MEN'S CHORUS:

NINETEEN-FIFTEEN, BOSTON HARBOR!

WOMEN'S CHORUS:

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING!

MEN'S CHORUS:

GOOD DAY TO YOU,

WOMEN'S CHORUS:

GOOD DAY TO YOU,

ALL:

A MERRY CHRISTMAS MORNING!

(MR. O'CONNELL, and 1915 JIMMY, 8 years old, hurry through the busy street as a GROUP OF CHILDREN sing.)

GROUP OF CHILDREN: *(in a circle, skipping)*

IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING!

(A storefront appears, advertising TOYS in its window. MR. O'CONNELL and 1915 JIMMY enter the shop. Over the door hangs a sign: "METZLER'S TOYS". All sorts of toys and Christmas ornaments line the shelves and countertops. MR. METZLER, 70, greets them. The LIGHTS fade on the Townspeople, however we see them in shadows, moving in dream-like slow motion.)

MUSICAL #10a — SHINE A LIGHT

MR. METZLER: Good afternoon, Mr. O'Connell!

MR. O'CONNELL: Afternoon, Mr. Metzler. Young Jimmy here would like to buy an ornament for the tree.

MR. METZLER: Well, you've got plenty to choose from!

SAMANTHA: Jimmy, that's Great Grandpa, when he was little!

JIMMY: What...?

MR. METZLER: Soldiers, silver bells, carousel horses, hexagon house glass ornaments, drums, glass angels, beautiful glass-blown birds...

1915 JIMMY: I'll pick out a good one, Father!

*(A pin spot on the small lighthouse ornament in the store as well as **one on LIGHTHOUSE.**)*

LIGHTHOUSE:

TAKE A LOOK AT ME,

1915 JIMMY: A soldier! With a big hat.

LIGHTHOUSE:

NOTHING REALLY NEW,

1915 JIMMY: And here - A sparkling horse.

LIGHTHOUSE:

TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE

1915 JIMMY: Father! A Lighthouse!

LIGHTHOUSE:

SIMPLE CLOTH AND GLUE,

1915 JIMMY: Look at it!

LIGHTHOUSE:

STITCHED A LITTLE ROUGH,

FACE A BIT ASKEW,

STILL I WAS ENOUGH

FOR YOU.

(1915 JIMMY lifts the lighthouse from the shelf, looking at it with wide and happy eyes.)

LIGHTHOUSE:

NOW I'M IN THE LIGHT,

I'M IN THE PLACE WHERE I BELONG

AND IT FEELS RIGHT

I WAS LOST AT SEA

THEN YOU CAME FOR ME,

(JIMMY smiles and nods his head to his FATHER. His FATHER walks over to the counter, points to JIMMY, MR. METZLER also smiles. FATHER hands him money, and he in turn hands FATHER a candy cane for 1915 JIMMY.)

BROUGHT ME HOME, SAFE AND WARM

ON THE TREE,
THE WONDERFUL LIGHT
OF THE TREE.

(They exit the store, with JIMMY looking proudly at his new lighthouse as the store rotates to reveal their living room. JIMMY and his FATHER stand before a tall, decorated Christmas tree. FATHER lifts JIMMY up to carefully hang the Lighthouse ornament onto a branch.)

1915 JIMMY: Father...She's Beautiful!

FATHER: And she is *your* ornament...and you shall pass it on to *your* child, and then he will pass it on to *his* child, and he will pass it on to...

JIMMY: To me!

(The LIGHTS DIM on the scene and the figures become shadows, and disappear as the ornaments on the tree glow with their own inner light, one by one.)

LIGHTHOUSE:

ONWARD THROUGH THE YEARS,
ON EV'RY CHRISTMAS TREE
AN ORNAMENT APPEARS
TO JOIN OUR FAMILY,
THOUGH SOME HAVE LOST THEIR GLORY
AND SOME HAVE GROWN SO OLD,
WE ALL HAVE A STORY
TO BE TOLD.
NOW WE'RE IN THE LIGHT,
WE'RE IN THE PLACE WHERE WE BELONG
AND IT FEELS RIGHT,

WE WERE LOST AT SEA
WAITING PATIENTLY,
WE CAME HOME, SAFE AND WARM
ON THE TREE,
THE WONDERFUL LIGHT OF THE TREE.

(JIMMY turns away from the vision, his face is puzzled and concerned.)

JIMMY, DEAR BOY,
WHERE ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE YOU,
JIMMY, DEAR BOY?
NEITHER THERE NOR HERE,
THE JOURNEY'S NEVER CLEAR,
JUST DON'T LET THE STORY DISAPPEAR!

(JIMMY turns to face LIGHTHOUSE.)

AND NOW
I'LL SHINE A LIGHT,
SO YOU CAN NAVIGATE THE DARKNESS
OF THE NIGHT,
YOU ARE LOST AT SEA
FLOATING AIMLESSLY,
COME BACK HOME, SAFE AND WARM,
NO MORE STRUGGLE FROM THE STORM!
FIND THAT LIGHT, JIMMY!

THE LIGHT!

(The Living Room image disappears and we are back on the tree. JIMMY stares trance-like into the bulb as the last wisps of smoke dissipate. A soft beam of light shines onto his face to break him from his trance. He speaks quietly.)

JIMMY: Find the light?

(LIGHTHOUSE answers the question with a warm smile. JIMMY snaps out of the moment, turns on his heels and steps away from the glass bulb.)

We need to go.

SAMANTHA: Hey! I have an idea! Why don't you come with us!?

LIGHTHOUSE: Me?

'66: Yeah! That would be swell!

LIGHTHOUSE: Oh, I don't know... I...

JIMMY: She can't walk - she's a lighthouse.

LIGHTHOUSE: I beg your pardon, young man! I may be loose in the foundation, but I can still get around!

JIMMY: But how?

LIGHTHOUSE: Well, I...

MUSICAL #10b — LIGHTHOUSE SHIMMY

SHIMMY TO THE LEFT

THEN I SHIMMY TO THE RIGHT

FORWARD MOTION SLIDE AND SLIP

AND SLIP AND SHIMMY

AND SLIDE AND SLIP!

JIMMY: Can't we just... walk?

LIGHTHOUSE: Oh, you're no fun.

(They start walking)

MUSICAL #10c — SHINE A LIGHT--CROSSOVER

ENSEMBLE WOMEN:

JUST DON'T LET THE STORY,
JUST DON'T LET THE STORY DISAPPEAR!

ENSEMBLE MEN:

JUST DON'T LET THE STORY,
THE STORY DISAPPEAR!

ALL:

AND NOW
YOU'LL SHINE A LIGHT!

SCENE 12 — THE WEST SIDE OF THE TREE — *As the transition completes, new ornaments are hanging on the branches, all involved in various quiet conversations. Standing apart from them is the SHERIFF, complete with handlebar moustache, two oversized pistols, star, and a ten-gallon cowboy hat. '66, LIGHTHOUSE, JIMMY and SAMANTHA enter.*

'66: This way....

SAMANTHA: How are you doing, Lighthouse?

LIGHTHOUSE: Oh, I'm just fine and dandy - don't worry about me!

(With a music cue, the SHERIFF drops a lasso that snares JIMMY.)

JIMMY: *Hey! Help!*

SAMANTHA: *Jimmy!*

JIMMY: *Hey! Help! What's this!?! Let me go! Whoa!*

(JIMMY is pulled up into the air, and dangles. MUSIC stops.)

SAMANTHA: *Jimmy!*

JIMMY: *Let me down! Help! '66! Help!*

SHERIFF: Hold up there, Pardner! Where do you think *you're* a-goin'?

JIMMY: What!?

SHERIFF: You heard me! Don't stall for time, son! I know a troublesome varmint when I sees one!

JIMMY: I ain't a troublesome varmint!

SHERIFF: You sure are! You moseyed off your branch! I've got nothin' left to do but string you up right here!

JIMMY: String me up!?

SHERIFF: Now you got me all horns and rattles! I don't know what it's like over on the east, but on the western side of the tree, we's civilized and obey the law!

'66: Wait a minute, Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Howdy, '66!

SAMANTHA: You let him down, now!

SHERIFF: Well, I'll be hornswoggled! You rounded up another one! I tell ya, these new ornaments got to learn their place!

MUSICAL #11 — INCIDENTAL: JIMMY'S DROP

(The SHERIFF secures the end of the rope to the branch, leaving JIMMY dangling. He jumps to the branch and faces SAMANTHA who reacts with a start. The SHERIFF reacts by stepping back and putting hands on his pistols.)

Stand still, little lady!

(To '66)

She packin' a parlor gun?

SAMANTHA: What's a parlor gun?

'66: No, she doesn't have one, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Gotta be safe, ya know!

(MUSIC changes. SHERIFF smacks lips.)

Say, ah, '66... you ain't got any tarantula juice on ya, now, do ya?

'66: No.

SHERIFF: Red Eye?

'66: Nope.

SHERIFF: Coffin varnish?

'66: Uh-uh.

SHERIFF: Tippe na Pecco? Virginia Fancy?

'66: No.

SHERIFF: Fancy do, Mixed do, Peach do, Pineapple do, smasher, floater, pig in a whistle?

'66: No, sorry.

SHERIFF: Good old-fashioned firewater?

'66: Nope.

SHERIFF: I'll settle for eggnog.

SAMANTHA: Oh, I can get you some of that later!

SHERIFF: Bless you, child!

JIMMY: *Hello!* Can you let me *down!*?

LIGHTHOUSE: Sheriff, you don't understand.

(MUSIC changes.)

He's not an ornament. He's a boy!

SHERIFF: *Who* is?

SAMANTHA: *He* is! **'66:** *He* is!

SHERIFF: *That's* a boy?

'66: Yes!

SAMANTHA: Could you let him down, please?

SHERIFF: Why, of course, little lady.

(With the MUSIC cue, SHERIFF snaps his fingers, and the rope drops JIMMY to the floor. MUSIC ends.)

JIMMY: *Whooooooooo!* Ouch! That hurt, you know!

SHERIFF: Sorry about that, pardner.

JIMMY: You should be more careful.

SHERIFF: Yeah? Well *you* should be taller!

JIMMY: Duh!

SHERIFF: Where you headed, '66?

'66: The top of the tree.

SHERIFF: Son, you'll be headed through some dangerous territory! You got Empty Side to contend with.

'66: *(Western accent)* We may be able to avoid it, depending on how the branches flow this y'ar.

MUSICAL #11a — INCIDENTAL: SHERIFF'S PLAN

SHERIFF: Well, you want to avoid Scrimshaw and those busted up misfits of his.

JIMMY: Scrimshaw? I know who he is...

SHERIFF: It's ah, rumored around the territory here that he's joined forces with the Snowman gang.

'66: Really?

SHERIFF: Yep. Now, I'm one who doesn't use up all his kindlin' to make a fire...

'66: Huh?

SHERIFF: I don't toot my own horn.

'66: Oh!

SHERIFF: But I'm thinkin' that maybe I should tag along on the trail with ya'll a spell. You might need my help, in case you run into some trouble. I can be mighty rantankerous when I have to be!

(MUSIC changes.)

SAMANTHA: Why, thank you, Sheriff! That's right nice of ya!

JIMMY: Sure is.

'66: We're gonna have a rip-roarin', rip-stavin', time!

SHERIFF: You makin' fun of me?

'66: Not by a jugful!

SHERIFF: Let's pull foot! *Heeeeeee-yeeahhhh!*

MUSICAL #11b — ROOTIN' TOOTIN' CHRISTMAS

COME RIDE THE RANGE WITH ME,

THE SHERIFF OF THIS HERE TREE.

NO NEED TO FRET

OUR SIGHTS ARE SET

TO SCALE THIS HERE OVERGROWN, OVER-WATERED, TIN-HOOFED, TEN- GALLON
TOPIARY!

NOW TIME AIN'T ON OUR SIDE

SO PONY UP! LET'S RIDE!

WE'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH YOU-KNOW-WHO,

THAT SWEET, TOP-DOG, TOP-RAIL, SHOW-STOPPIN', EYE-POPPIN', JAW-DROPPIN', ANGEL
OF A LADY--FINE AS CREAM GRAVY!

MM-MMM!

IT'S A WHOOP AND A HOLLER TO CHRISTMAS DAY,

DON'T LET FRUSTRATION GIT IN THE WAY,

JUS' LOOK THAT VARMINT IN THE EYE AND SAY:

WE'LL HAVE A

ROOTIN' TOOTIN' HIGH-FALUTIN' PISTOL-SHOOTIN' CHRISTMAS,

'CUZ WHEN I'M ON THE PROWL

I WON'T THROW IN THE TOW'L!

AND WITH A ROOTIN' TOOTIN' HIGH-FALUTIN' PISTOL-SHOOTIN' CHRISTMAS,

OUR TROUBLES SADDLE UP AND RIDE AWAY!

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN" THEY SAID,

BUT WE'LL HEAD NORTH INSTEAD,

DON'T WORRY NONE,

WHEN DAY IS DONE

I'LL SERVE UP OL' SCRIMSHAW LASSOED, HOG-TIED AND STUFFED BEFORE YOU CAN SAY, "GRANDMA, PASS THE GRITS!"

T'AIN'T NUTHIN' MORE TO SAY,

JES' FOLLER THIS-A-WAY

WE'LL NEVER STOP

'TIL WE'RE ON TOP

AND GETCHA BACK TO NORMAL SIZE WHICH I RECKON'LL MAKE Y'ALL HAPPIER THAN A WEASEL IN A HENHOUSE!

IT'S A WHOOP AND A HOLLER TO CHRISTMAS DAY,

DON'T LET FRUSTRATION GIT IN THE WAY,

JUS' LOOK THAT VARMINT IN THE EYE AND SAY:

SHERIFF and SAMANTHA:

WE'LL HAVE A ROOTIN' TOOTIN' HIGH-FALUTIN' PISTOL-SHOOTIN' CHRISTMAS,

SHERIFF:

WHILE SOME WOULD RATHER BAIL, I WON'T GIVE UP THE TRAIL!

SHERIFF and SAMANTHA:

AND WITH A ROOTIN' TOOTIN' HIGH-FALUTIN' PISTOL-SHOOTIN' CHRISTMAS,
OUR TROUBLES SADDLE UP AND RIDE AWAY!

(SHERIFF begins to do a little dance.)

SHERIFF: This here's a "two-step!"

JIMMY: Looks like a "one step"

SHERIFF: Aw, what do *you* know!?

(SHERIFF finishes his dance as -)

'66: Hey! Let me try!

SHERIFF: No!

'66: WE'LL HAVE A

BRONCO-BUSTIN' HORSESHOE-RUSTIN' CYCLONE-GUSTIN' CHRISTMAS,
IF SCRIMSHAW DRAWS A GUN -

SHERIFF: Yeah?

'66:

YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO RUN!

SHERIFF: Oh, is that a fact?

ALL:

AND WITH A

BRONCO-BUSTIN' HORSESHOE-RUSTIN' CYCLONE-GUSTIN' CHRISTMAS,
OUR TROUBLES SADDLE UP AND RIDE AWAY!

SHERIFF: Now, 66, that wasn't bad. But I -

SAMANTHA:

WE'LL HAVE A

TRAILS A-BLAZIN' BARNROOF-RAISIN' SUNSET-GAZIN' CHRISTMAS,

IF DANGER CLOSES IN,

YOU'RE *PROB'LY* GONNA WIN

SHERIFF: Prob'ly?

ALL:

AND WITH A

TRAILS A-BLAZIN' BARNROOF-RAISIN' SUNSET-GAZIN' CHRISTMAS,

OUR TROUBLES SADDLE UP AND RIDE AWAY!

JIMMY: My turn!

SHERIFF: What! No, I...

JIMMY:

WE'LL HAVE A

BANJO-PLAYIN' DONKEY-BRAYIN' HORSE A-NEIGHIN' CHRISTMAS,

'CUZ WHEN IT COMES TO FEAR,

YOU'RE LIKE—*SO* OUTTA HERE,

SHERIFF: Oh, no.

ALL:

AND WITH A

BANJO-PLAYIN' DONKEY-BRAYIN' HORSE A-NEIGHIN' CHRISTMAS,

OUR TROUBLES SADDLE UP AND RIDE AWAY!

LIGHTHOUSE: Step aside, ya'll! Watch me kick your keester with my Nor'easter!

WE'LL HAVE A

RIBS A-ROASTIN' RED-EYE TOASTIN' SHERIFF-BOASTIN' CHRISTMAS,

WE'RE STIRRIN' UP SOME FUN,

THAT'S HOW THE WEST WAS WON!

ALL:

AND WITH A

RIBS A-ROASTIN' RED-EYE TOASTIN' SHERIFF-BOASTIN' CHRISTMAS,

OUR TROUBLES SADDLE UP AND RIDE AWAY!

SO GRAB YOUR GAL OR GIT YOUR BEAU

IT'S TIME FOR TINSEL AND MISTLETOE,

WE'LL RUSTLE UP A ROOTIN' TOOTIN' CHRIS -

SHERIFF: Wait just a gall-darned minute!

ALL: Why?

SHERIFF: I gits ta finish it!

WE'LL HAVE A

ROOTIN' TOOTIN' HIGH-FALUTIN' CATTLE-CALLIN' RIP-ROARIN' RIP- STAVIN' PISTOL-

PACKIN' SIX-SHOOTIN' DOUBLE-BARRELED' LONE- STAR SPANGLIN' SPURS A-JANGLIN'

ALL:

CHRISTMAS!

(BLACKOUT)

MUSICAL #11c — SCENE CHANGE AND INCIDENTAL

SCENE 13 — *EMPTY SIDE. SCRIMSHAW'S LAIR.* — *SCRIMSHAW is once again asleep. The ornaments on Empty Side are quiet and sad. MACARONI GIRL, TINSEL ELF and VICTORIAN CAROLER are having a discussion. OFF STAGE we hear marching. It gets louder and louder.*

TINSEL ELF: Do you hear something?

VICTORIAN CAROLER: Mice?

MACARONI GIRL: No, look!

(HEAD SNOWMAN enters, followed by his army of twelve SNOWMEN, all with top hats, their brooms at shoulder, like rifles.)

HEAD SNOWMAN: Company - halt!

(They stop and remain at attention, however they look at SCRIMSHAW with fear.)

Good. Now, listen up, everyone. Scrimshaw wants our help.

SNOWMAN 2: Scrimshaw is scary! When he looks at me, I feel like I'm melting!

HEAD SNOWMAN: We'll soften him up a bit! Trio — sing him a little wake-up ditty.

MUSICAL #12 — WAKEY WAKEY

(The SNOWMAN TRIO steps forward. One of them blows a starting note on a pitch pipe. They sing a cappella.)

SNOWMAN TRIO:

WAKEY WAKEY, PIRATE GUY!

WIPE THAT GOOPY FROM YOUR EYE!

SUNBEAMS KISS YOUR YELLOW CHEEK,

BUTTERFLIES PLAY HIDE AND SEEK,

(Orchestra enters, up-tempo swing)

TIME TO GET UP AND GET ON YOUR WAY

WITH THIS ITTY-BITTY DITTY, HAVE A FABULOUS DAY. YEAH!

SCRIMSHAW: What - was - *that*?

(SCRIMSHAW opens an eye and stares at them.)

HEAD SNOWMAN: Just a little wake-up ditty! What do you think?

SNOWMAN 1: Pretty good, huh?

SCRIMSHAW: I - hate - the - sound - of - music.

HEAD SNOWMAN: I guess it ain't one of his favorite things.

(A slight awkward pause.)

SNOWMAN 3: I wrote the part about the butterflies.

SCRIMSHAW: *Now listen to me!*

SNOWMEN: *(startled) Ahhhh!*

SCRIMSHAW: You all know me. You know how I came to look this way. 'Twas that young scupper, James, loosed me from my moorings and sent me crashing, fathoms deep, to the floor below. And not only me! Many here have felt the wrath of those hideous humans over the years. But none worse than James. Well, now I say - enough!

SNOWMEN: Enough!

SCRIMSHAW: Now he has strayed into our waters and I mean to have him!

MUSICAL #13 — JAMES THE DESTROYER

SCRIMSHAW:

WITH THAT BOY IN MY NOOSE

I WILL END HIS ABUSE

AND BE LESS A RECLUSE

AND MORE AN ENJOYER.

ON THAT LAD I WILL SINK

A LITTLE REVENGE, I THINK,
THEN IT'S A DROP IN THE DRINK
FOR JAMES THE DESTROYER!

BUT I'LL NEED AN ASSIST
FOR MY PLAN TO PERSIST,
WHEN IT COMES TO THE FIST
YOU COULDN'T BE COYER.
NO POWDERY PUFF'S ENOUGH,
YOU'VE GOT TO BE TOUGH ENOUGH

SNOWMEN:

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

SCRIMSHAW:

FOR JAMES THE DESTROYER!

SNOWMEN:

JAMES THE DESTROYER!

SCRIMSHAW:

I SHALL BE FRANK, BOYS:
HE'LL WALK THE PLANK, BOYS!
YOU WILL HAVE ME TO THANK, BOYS!
WHEN HE BEGS ME DOWN ON HIS KNEE,
YOU WILL HEAR, "GOOD RIDDANCE!" FROM ME,
YOUR EMPLOYER,

TO JAMES THE DESTROYER!

Even now he sails our way, trade winds to his back, sure of clear sailing. **But** I say there's a squall ahead!

SNOWMEN: Yea!

SCRIMSHAW:

YOU MUST GET IN HIS WAY,
SOMEHOW CAUSE A DELAY
KEEP THAT ANGEL AT BAY,
HE'D ONLY ANNOY HER.
WITH HIM STUCK ON THE TREE,
HE'LL TRULY BE STUCK LIKE ME

SNOWMEN:

A SORRY ORNAMENT, HE!

SCRIMSHAW:

THAT JAMES THE DESTROYER!

SNOWMEN:

JAMES THE DESTROYER!

SCRIMSHAW:

YOU TAKE THE LEAD, BOYS!
YOU DO THE DEED, BOYS!
GUTS...

(SNOWMEN groan.)

ARE ALL THAT YOU NEED, BOYS!
WHEN YOU FINALLY BURST HIS BUBBLE,

SOME OTHERS CAN SINK

HIS TROUBLESOME

SISTER,

SO OFF TO THE-

(A beat. The MUSIC stops, and the SNOWMEN look confused.)

What?

(MUSIC continues under.)

HEAD SNOWMAN: We... we *like* his sister! She's a big snowman fan, you know!

SCRIMSHAW: *What!?* Are you daft!? If she likes you so much, why does she always place you so close to the lights so you melt? Answer me that!

SNOWMAN 3: Yeah, come to think of it... we *are* always near a light.

SNOWMAN 4: And lights are warm! Warm is *bad!*

SCRIMSHAW: Remember old Number 31?

(MUSIC continues under.)

HEAD SNOWMAN: 31? Why... sure... he... disappeared one Christmas. We figure he got lost in the netherworld of the attic during pack-away time.

SCRIMSHAW: Oh, no. No, mates... he wasn't lost... He was *fried! Fried! Look! Look there!*

(A scary glow appears and lights up a melted mess, hanging high above them.)

SNOWMEN: *Ahhhhh!*

SCRIMSHAW: See? See what that *brat* Samantha did to one of your own? Your Number 31, dangling on a hook - melted into a misshapen blob of goop!

SNOWMAN 1: Oh, the Snowmanity!

(The MUSIC continues.)

SNOWMEN:

WITH A FIRE IN HER GRIP
SHE WILL SCUTTLE THIS SHIP
AND WILL LEAVE US TO DRIP,
A TERRIBLE TORTURE!

SCRIMSHAW:

WHEN YOU'RE LIQUEFIED GOO
SHE WILL HOLLER, "YOO-HOO!
JAMES, MY WORK HERE IS THROUGH!"

SNOWMEN:

WHO?

SCRIMSHAW:

WHO?
SAMANTHA THE SCORCHER!

SNOWMEN:

SAMANTHA THE SCORCHER!
MARCH TO THE BEAT, BOYS!
SHE'LL FEEL THE HEAT, BOYS!
WHAT IF WE SHOULD RETREAT?

SCRIMSHAW:

BOYS! WITH A COOL CONSPIRATOR'S HAND
YOU WILL CRUSH YOUR FOE
SO DON'T STAND
LIKE A VOYEUR,

GET THEM!

SNOWMEN:

GET 'EM! GET 'EM!

GET 'EM! GET 'EM! GET 'EM!

GET 'EM! GET 'EM! GET 'EM!

SCRIMSHAW: *Now!*

SNOWMEN:

SCRIMSHAW:

AH!!

GET JAMES THE DESTROYER!

GET JAMES THE DESTROYER!

(They raise their brooms in the air and strike a pose.)

(BLACKOUT)

CURTAIN

END ACT 1

50 pages in Act Two