Billy Shakespeare's Christmas Extravaganza and Traveling Freak Show
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BILLY SHAKESPEARE'S CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA AND TRAVELING FREAK SHOW

three short comedies

by Don Zolidis

The Elf Rebellion. 7

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SANTA
GIRL
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THE MOO
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NARRATOR
KAYLIE
JESSIE
MOTHER
FROSTY

Acknowledgments

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

The Elf Rebellion

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

The Christmas Machine

NARRATOR. . . . . Crystal Lawson
THE MOO . . . . . Krystina Moore
MAYOR. . . . . Jocelyne Garcia
MOTHER . . . . . Yanina Gonzales
GIRL . . . . . Chloe Gobea

The Bestest Christmas Ever in Texas

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

THE ELF REBELLION

THE ELF REBELLION

Cast of Characters

DIPSY

DOODLE

SID

SANTA

GIRL

OOMPA LOOMPAS

THE ELF REBELLION
by Don Zolidis

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

SID. *(Singing loudly and badly:)*
Siiiii-lent Night!
Ho-oly Night!
SHEP-HERDS Qua-a-ake!
At The Si-i-ight!

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

ROUND yon VI-ir-gin!
MO-ther and Child!
Oh that child, yes, I said, that child, yes—

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

DIPSY. Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

*(*DOODLE *grabs* DIPSY *and pulls him off* SID.*)*

I can't take it any more!

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

*(*DOODLE *holds* DIPSY.*)*

SID. What's wrong,Dipsy?

DIPSY. What? What did you call me?

SID. Dipsy. That's your name.

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

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

SID. Sorry.

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

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

DIPSY. You gettin' paid? Are ya?

DOODLE. No.

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

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

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

DOODLE. Dipsy!

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

DOODLE. Let's just go back to work.

DIPSY. All right, Doodle.

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

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

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

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

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

*(*DIPSY *makes a move toward* SID *as bells are heard offstage.)*

DOODLE. Dipsy! It's the boss!

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

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

SANTA. Ho ho ho.

(All three elves stand up and salute him.)

DOODLE. Merry Christmas Mister Claus!

DIPSY. Merry Christmas Mister Claus Sir!

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

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

SANTA. You can sit down my happy happy elves.

(The elves sit.)

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

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

DIPSY. Aw, you say that every year.

SANTA. What was that?

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

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

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

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

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

SANTA. Dipsy?

DIPSY. Yes Mister Claus Sir?

SANTA. Do you remember where I found you?

DIPSY. Yes Sir.

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

DIPSY. No…

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

DIPSY. I was young! I made mistakes!

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

DIPSY. They were working for the government!

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

DIPSY. Please let me stay here sir!

SANTA. All right.

*(*SANTA *walks over to* DOODLE*'s bench.)*

How are you Doodle?

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

*(*DOODLE *launches into a song.)*

Whistle while you work…

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

SANTA. Not very convincing, Doodle.

DOODLE. Sorry sir.

SANTA. Have you completed the skateboard for little Jimmy?

DOODLE. Yes sir.

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

DOODLE. O-kay.

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

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

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

DOODLE. Sorry sir.

*(*SANTA *walks over to* SID.*)*

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

SID. Wonderful Captain Santa Sir!

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

*(*SANTA *gives* SID *a candy cane.)*

SID. A candy cane,sir?

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

SID. Well it's just that…

SANTA. What is it?

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

SANTA. Oh all right.

*(*SANTA *gives him another candy cane.)*

SID. Um… I think—

SANTA. You're not paid to think Sid!

SID. I'm not paid at all sir.

SANTA. Good. Carry on then.

*(*SANTA *leaves. He reenters in a second.)*

Oh I forgot. Ho ho ho. Merry Christmas!

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

Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas!

(The elves salute and snap into formation.)

ALL ELVES. Merry Christmas Sir!

SANTA. That's better.

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

*(*SID *begins singing again, very sadly.)*

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

(He starts crying.)

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

*(*SID *breaks down and starts sobbing.)*

DIPSY. You're such a wuss.

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

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

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

DIPSY. He's a fictional character!

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

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

*(*SID *comes over.)*

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

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

DOODLE. Strike?

DIPSY. Strike!

SID. Strike?

DIPSY. Strike!

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

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

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

DOODLE. Really? Boy that went by fast.

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

SID. Yay! I do miss making toys though.

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

SID. Sorry.

DIPSY. He's gonna cave in no time.

(A small GIRL *wearing a hat enters.)*

GIRL. Excuse me…mister elves?

DIPSY. Yeah—what do you want?

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

(She starts to cry.)

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

*(*DOODLE *grabs* SID.*)*

DOODLE. Get a hold of yourself, Sid!

SID. I just can't live without Christmas!

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

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

DIPSY. You parachuted in?

GIRL. Yes?

DIPSY. Where'd you get the parachute?

GIRL. I used my Barbie Parachute.

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

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

DIPSY. Ahha!

DOODLE. You're an elf!

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

DIPSY. What?

GIRL. He'd cancel Christmas!

DIPSY. Oh stop it.

*(*DIPSY *looks up to the sky.)*

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

SANTA. *(Offstage:)* Ho ho ho! No more mister nice guy!

DIPSY. Oh yeah! Just try it!

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

DOODLE. Who the heck are these guys?

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

(The OOMPA LOOMPAS *begin singing.)*

OOMPA LOOMPAS. *(Singing:)*
Oompa Loompa Doompity Doo
We've got a message from Santa to you
What do you get when you go on strike?
You can starve as long as you like!

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

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

ALL ELVES. Aaah!

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THE CHILDREN MACHINE

THE CHRISTMAS MACHINE

Cast of Characters

NARRATOR

THE MOO

MAYOR

MOTHER

GIRL

VILLAGERS

THE CHRISTMAS MACHINE
by Don Zolidis

(The NARRATOR *enters.)*

NARRATOR.
You've heard, I suppose of Thing One and Thing Two,
Of the Grinch, of Scrooge, some old and some new,
And Rudolph the deer plus Thing Three and Thing Four,
But here is a tale you've not heard before.
It starts in a town not far off from here
Where Christmas is forgotten year after year,
And into this place came a traveling Moo—

*(*THE MOO *enters, looking around.)*

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

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

*(*THE MOO *slinks off-stage.)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

MOTHER. It looks like a present—

GIRL. Hey let me see!

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

MAYOR. A Christmas Machine, that sounds pretty neat

MOTHER. But what does it do—

GIRL. Is it something to eat?

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

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

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

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

MOTHER. Is it a present for you—

GIRL. Or a present for me?

THE MOO. It's something better than that—

NARRATOR. He said with a grin,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*(*THE MOO *produces contracts.)*

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

(The MAYOR *keeps signing.)*

GIRL. Now we have Christmas!

MOTHER. Boy, Christmas sounds great!

GIRL. We'll make every day Christmas!

MOTHER. We really can't wait!

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

*(*THE MOO *sits behind an opening.)*

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

THE MOO. Oh no,

NARRATOR. Said the Moo,

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

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

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

MOTHER. I want one!

GIRL. Me too!

MAYOR. And I make three!

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

MAYOR. Like what?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(He hands the VILLAGERS *new credit cards.)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(The VILLAGERS *keep grabbing for things.)*

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

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

*(*THE MOO *approaches her.)*

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

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

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

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

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THE BESTEST CHRISTMAS EVER IN TEXAS

THE BESTEST CHRISTMAS EVER IN TEXAS

Cast of Characters

NARRATOR

KAYLIE

JESSIE

MOTHER

FROSTY

THE BESTEST CHRISTMAS EVER IN TEXAS
by Don Zolidis

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

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

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

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

JESSIE. Yay!

*(*KAYLIE *and* JESSIE *run outside.)*

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

KAYLIE. Aaah!

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

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

*(*KAYLIE *and* JESSIE *sit down on the ground.)*

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

KAYLIE. We could have an ice storm.

JESSIE. That's not the same.

KAYLIE. Sometimes it snows in February.

JESSIE. Is Christmas in February?

KAYLIE. No.

JESSIE. Then shut up.

(Their MOTHER *enters.)*

MOTHER. Hey girls!

KAYLIE. Hey Mom.

JESSIE. Hey Mom.

MOTHER. Why are you so sad?

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

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

NARRATOR. Their mother wasn't that much help.

MOTHER. Cookies?

NARRATOR. But she did make good cookies.

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

JESSIE. I wake up screaming at night.

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

NARRATOR. Again, not very nice.

MOTHER. You girls want something to drink?

KAYLIE. No thanks Mom.

MOTHER. Okay. You have a nice day.

(The MOTHER *exits.)*

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

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

JESSIE. Us?

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

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

KAYLIE. Can't be that hard.

NARRATOR. So they thought about it.

(Pause.)

And they thought about it some more.

(Pause.)

Until finally.

KAYLIE. I've got it!

JESSIE. You do?

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

NARRATOR. So they continued to think about it.

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

JESSIE. Well we can't do that.

KAYLIE. This is stupid.

(The MOTHER *reenters.)*

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

JESSIE. Mom! Stop it! I mean it.

MOTHER. Sorry. I get carried away.

KAYLIE. You're such a downer.

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

(The MOTHER *leaves.)*

KAYLIE. Boy…the truth…really stinks.

(The MOTHER *re-enters.)*

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

JESSIE. Lies?

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

(She leaves again.)

KAYLIE. I hate my parents.

NARRATOR. Just then Jessie got an idea.

JESSIE. I've got an idea!

KAYLIE. What is it?

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

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

JESSIE. Nope.

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