THE MOST AMAZING CHRISTMAS PLAY SERIES IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

four short comedies
by Don Zolidis

Clausarella **3**

CLAUSARELLA
TED, young Santa
GRETCHED, wicked stepsister
BEGONIA, wicked stepsister
FAIRY GODELF
FAIRY GODMOTHER
MAMA CLAUS

Santa vs. The Garden Gnomes **15**

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NOGGIN, an elf
WHIPPLE, an elf
BLINKY, a garden gnome
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GRANDMA
YOUNG GRANDMA
YOUNG GRANDPA
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
SPORTY SPICE

Acknowledgments

The Most Amazing Christmas Play Series in the Entire World was first performed on December 9th, 2005 at North Oaks Middle School in Haltom City, Texas. The cast was as follows:

Clausarella

MAMA CLAUS .....Sarah Fox
TED.....David Lones
CLAUSARELLA.....Caroline Baxter
BEGONIA..... Roselyne Baah
GRETCHED ..... Evelyn Vong
FAIRY GODELF .....Glyn Bowman
FAIRY GODMOTHER.....Jene Williams

Santa vs. The Garden Gnomes

SANTA .....Charles Kroneberg
BLINKY ..... Brandon Broady
RALPH..... Nathaniel Taylor
NOGGIN .....Jene Williams
WHIPPLE .....Kelsey Kimbrough
KING GNOME .....Marc Veiga

Revenge of the Gingerbread Boy

GINGERBREAD MAN..... Estevan Uribe
GINGERBREAD BOY.....Chris Yorek
OLD MAN..... Nathaniel Taylor
SANTA'S ASSISTANT .....Kelsey Kimbrough
SANTA .....Marc Veiga

Grandma Remembers Something

GRANDMA .....Glyn Bowman
YOUNG GRANDMA .....Caroline Baxter
YOUNG GRANDPA.....David Lones
SPORTY SPICE..... Katelyn Johnson
ABRAHAM LINCOLN ..... Diane Pacheco

CLAUSARELLA

Cast of Characters

CLAUSARELLA

TED, young Santa

GRETCHED, wicked stepsister

BEGONIA, wicked stepsister

FAIRY GODELF

FAIRY GODMOTHER

MAMA CLAUS.

CLAUSARELLA
by Don Zolidis

*(*MAMA CLAUS *and* TED *are in the North Pole Palace.* MAMA CLAUS *is helping him get into his* SANTA *costume.)*

MAMA CLAUS. This is a little loose on you.

TED. I can't help it if I'm athletic.

MAMA CLAUS. Laugh for me.

TED. No.

MAMA CLAUS. Laugh for me.

TED. Why?

MAMA CLAUS. I want to see if your belly jiggles like a bowl full of jelly.

TED. I have a six pack.

MAMA CLAUS. Your father jiggled like a bowl full of jelly.

TED. I'm not Dad! I never will be! And I don't wanna be! He was fat and ugly!

MAMA CLAUS. Don't you talk about your father that way. He could fly around the world in one night. What can you do?

TED. I do extreme ballet. Check this out.

*(*TED *executes an extreme ballet move.)*

TED. How you like me now?

MAMA CLAUS. Your father was the same way when he was your age.

TED. Stop comparing me to him.

MAMA CLAUS. When are you gonna grow a beard?

TED. When I feel like it. Probably never.

MAMA CLAUS. Your father had a beard. And he had rosy cheeks. And he knew who was naughty and nice. You only know about pliéts.

TED. Why are you crushing my dreams?

MAMA CLAUS. Because your dreams are stupid. And it's time to put away childish things like extreme ballet and pony grooming and become a man. Become a Santa.

TED. I don't want to be Santa!

MAMA CLAUS. Son… Sometimes in this life we have to do things we don't want to. Like showers. And waking up in the morning. But you do them. And you grit your teeth for two hundred years and you do it. And since your father ran off to Bermuda to work in a karaoke bar, you're the one who's got to carry on his legacy.

TED. Fine. But I don't have to like it.

MAMA CLAUS. And your first action… will be to find a bride.

TED. All right Mom, but I'm gonna do it my way.

MAMA CLAUS. Your way is stupid.

TED. But it's my way.

MAMA CLAUS. But it's stupid.

TED. Fine. It's my stupid way.

MAMA CLAUS. Just so you know that.

(Lights change. MAMA CLAUS *addresses the audience.)*

MAMA CLAUS. Meanwhile, in a little house outside of town:

(Lights up on CLAUSARELLA*'s house.* BEGONIA *and* GRETCHED *enter.* CLAUSARELLA *is washing the floor.)*

GRETCHED. Ted is throwing a ball!

BEGONIA. Isn't he that guy who does extreme ballet?

GRETCHED. Well, yeah—

BEGONIA. I hate that guy.

GRETCHED. And he's gonna be the new Santa Claus, and he's gonna pick someone to be the new Mrs. Claus!

BEGONIA. I love that guy.

GRETCHED. And I'm going to be the new Mrs. Claus!

BEGONIA. Yeah, you're fat enough.

GRETCHED. Yes I am.

BEGONIA. I wish I was fat like you.

GRETCHED. In your dreams.

BEGONIA. That's right. In my dreams I'm fat. And I have little round glasses. And I look like a nice old grandmother. If only he would pick me.

CLAUSARELLA. Do you think I could go to the ball?

(They look at her.)

GRETCHED. The invitations are only for three.

*(*CLAUSARELLA *counts.)*

CLAUSARELLA. So I could come?

GRETCHED. For three.

CLAUSARELLA. But I only count—

GRETCHED. Quiet!

BEGONIA. Besides, Clausarella, you have to stay home and wash the fish.

GRETCHED. And the cat needs flossing.

CLAUSARELLA. But…

GRETCHED. Flossing!

*(*CLAUSARELLA *starts to cry.)*

BEGONIA. You're so sensitive. Every time we force you to work around here like a slave while we go out and have fun, you burst into tears. It's a little annoying, I have to say. All right, I need to get ready for the ball. Let's go to the doughnut shop and gorge ourselves until we blimp up like big fat watermelons.

GRETCHED. That's a great idea!

(They skip off.)

CLAUSARELLA. Oh… how I wish I could be Mrs. Claus. Every day since last night I've wanted to be Mrs. Claus with all my heart. If only I had a fairy godmother that would come and transform me into a beautiful princess and take the mice and make them into horses and turn a pumpkin into a giant carriage for me… and all that other stuff, then maybe it would be okay.

(Pause.)

I said, MAYBE A FAIRY GODMOTHER could come and VISIT me and make me a BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

(Pause. She gets up.)

GET OUT HERE NOW!

(The FAIRY GODELF *runs on stage.)*

FAIRY GODELF. I'm here! I'm here!

*(*CLAUSARELLA *looks her up and down.)*

CLAUSARELLA. What in the heck are you supposed to be?

FAIRY GODELF. I'm your fairy Godelf, and I'm here to—

CLAUSARELLA. What? Are you kidding me? I didn't sign up for this.

FAIRY GODELF. I'm your fairy Godelf.

CLAUSARELLA. You're a little tall to be an elf, aren't you?

FAIRY GODELF. I have hormone issues.

CLAUSARELLA. And why aren't you ears pointy?

FAIRY GODELF. Shut up!

(She regains her sweet demeanor.)

FAIRY GODELF. Now, child, I've been watching you for a long time while you sleep—

CLAUSARELLA. That's creepy.

FAIRY GODELF. I mean, I've been following your progress, and I want to help you. First, we need some kind of bicycle to get you to the dance.

CLAUSARELLA. What?

(She waves her wand. A used bicycle rolls in from off-stage and clatters to the floor.)

FAIRY GODELF. There you are.

CLAUSARELLA. That's a used Huffy. Where's my carriage?

FAIRY GODELF. Do you have any idea how much a pumpkin carriage costs? It's a lot, all right? I'm working on a budget here, kid. You're using the bike.

CLAUSARELLA. You're the worst fairy Godelf ever.

FAIRY GODELF. Fine. Do it yourself then.

(She leaves.)

CLAUSARELLA. Hey wait! I'm sorry!

(the FAIRY GODELF *returns.)*

FAIRY GODELF. Say you're sorry.

CLAUSARELLA. I just did.

FAIRY GODELF. Like you mean it.

CLAUSARELLA. Fine. I'm sorry.

FAIRY GODELF. Say it again.

CLAUSARELLA. I'm sorry.

FAIRY GODELF. Tell me I'm pretty.

CLAUSARELLA. You're pretty.

FAIRY GODELF. And I smell nice.

CLAUSARELLA. Can we get on with it?

FAIRY GODELF. Sorry, I have self-esteem issues. Let's get you a dress, shall we?

CLAUSARELLA. Yay!

FAIRY GODELF. Elfity elfity elfity elf! Boo yeah!

(She waves her wand and a ridiculous dress is thrown on from off-stage. It lands on the floor. The FAIRY GODELF *grabs it and shakes off the dust.)*

CLAUSARELLA. Oh it's… it's… it's okay.

FAIRY GODELF. All right, stand still.

(She waves her wand, then picks up the dress and forces it over CLAUSARELLA*'s head. She has difficulty getting* CLAUSARELLA *into the dress.)*

CLAUSARELLA. Hey! Ow! Ow!

FAIRY GODELF. Quiet!

CLAUSARELLA. My arm doesn't bend that way!

FAIRY GODELF. It will when I'm done!

CLAUSARELLA. Where'd you go to elf school?

FAIRY GODELF. I went to DeVry… University… on-line.

(She finally gets CLAUSARELLA *into her dress.)*

FAIRY GODELF. There! Don't you look acceptable?

(The two Stepsisters return. They look worse then CLAUSARELLA.*)*

BEGONIA. Hey who's that?

FAIRY GODELF. You can't see me!

(She waves her wand and stops for a second. Then she runs off.)

GRETCHED. That was weird.

CLAUSARELLA. I'm going to the ball too!

BEGONIA. You don't even have an invitation!

CLAUSARELLA. Oh yeah!?

*(*CLAUSARELLA *realizes she doesn't have an invitation. The* FAIRY GODELF *runs back in with an invitation.)*

FAIRY GODELF. Oh wait, here you go!

(she waves her wand again.)

FAIRY GODELF. You didn't see me.

(She starts to run off, but trips and falls down.)

FAIRY GODELF. Ouch. Whoops. That didn't happen either.

(She exits.)

GRETCHED. Who was that?

CLAUSARELLA. Nobody.

BEGONIA. Was that supposed to be your fairy Godmother or something?

GRETCHED. More like hairy godmother.

CLAUSARELLA. How do you know about fairy godmothers?

BEGONIA. Because I've got one too!

CLAUSARELLA. What?

(Another FAIRY GODMOTHER *enters. She looks like a perfectly normal* FAIRY GODMOTHER.*)*

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Bippity Boppity Boop!

BEGONIA. Could you please turn her into a rodent coachman?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Absolutely!

(The FAIRY GODELF *returns.)*

FAIRY GODELF. Hey you can't do that! I'm working this case!

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Get lost, freak.

FAIRY GODELF. I have *hormone* issues!

(The FAIRY GODMOTHER *and* FAIRY GODELF *circle each other, waving their wands at each other.)*

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Bippity Boppity Smacking you Uppity—

FAIRY GODELF. Elfity boopity come get some oppity!

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Take that!

(She points her wand at the FAIRY GODELF*, who contorts in pain. The* FAIRY GODMOTHER*S circle each other in a ritualistic battle, flinging painful spells at each for a moment before the* FAIRY GODELF *sinks to her knees.)*

FAIRY GODELF. This godmother is beyond any of you! I will handle her!

CLAUSARELLA. What?

FAIRY GODELF. Fly, you fool!

*(*CLAUSARELLA *tries to get on the bike, but has some difficulty while wearing the dress. She hops once or twice, then manages to slowly teeter off on the bike. The lights shift back to the Palace.)*

*(*MAMA CLAUS *speaks to the audience.)*

MAMA CLAUS. So Clausarella escaped, and made it to the dance.

*(*TED *enters.)*

TED. Ho ho ho! You know, it really isn't working, Mom.

*(*CLAUSARELLA *rides in on her bike, heading straight for him.)*

TED. Aaaah!

End of Excerpt.

To purchase this play, visit www.concordtheatricals.com

SANTA VS.
THE GARDEN GNOMES

Cast of Characters

SANTA

NOGGIN, an elf

WHIPPLE—an elf

BLINKY, a garden gnome

RALPH, a garden gnome

GNOME KING

SANTA VS.
THE GARDEN GNOMES

Scene 1

*(*SANTA*'s workshop.* NOGGIN *and* WHIPPLE*, two elves, are working hard on toys.* SANTA *sits behind a large desk in his office impatiently.)*

SANTA. Next!

(Pause.)

SANTA. Next!

(Pause.)

SANTA. Next!

*(*BLINKY *and* RALPH*, two garden gnomes wearing long red hats, run in, bumping into each other.)*

BLINKY. Sorry, sir. I was getting a snack from the snack machine.

RALPH. Why'd you tell him that?

BLINKY. It took my quarters, sir, and it wouldn't give them back. I wanted a Hundred Grand bar, but the machine wouldn't give it to me, so now I'm out a dollar, which is pretty steep for just one candy bar—

RALPH. Quiet!

SANTA. All right listen, I don't care about your candy bar issues. What are you supposed to be?

BLINKY. What do you mean by that?

SANTA. Santa's workshop employs elves. Only elves.

RALPH. Well, yeah, we saw that in the paper—

BLINKY. It says here equal opportunity employer.

SANTA. An equal opportunity employer for elves. What are you things again?

RALPH. I'm a person of gnomish persuasion.

BLINKY. Gnomes. We're gnomes.

SANTA. Ri-ight.

*(*SANTA *eyes them suspiciously.)*

SANTA. Don't you have a garden you should be sitting in?

BLINKY. Hey man that's racist.

RALPH. That's just a stereotype that we hang out in gardens, man.

BLINKY. We also hang out on porches.

RALPH. And we happen to be very active. Watch.

(He moves his foot.)

SANTA. Well, you know, I've never taken a chance on a gnome before. And maybe you guys could make cone hats or something.

BLINKY. Hey I resent that!

*(*NOGGIN *approaches.)*

NOGGIN. Hey, Mr. Claus… oh, I didn't realize you were… busy. Does it smell in here?

RALPH. Oh that's me. Sorry.

NOGGIN. Um… Santa, can I talk to you for a minute?

SANTA. Sure.

NOGGIN. Are you thinking about hiring these… redhatters?

BLINKY. *(taking this as a racial slur:)*What did you just call me?!

NOGGIN. I mean… Ewww.

*(*WHIPPLE *storms over.)*

WHIPPLE. They're takin' our jobs! Have you even asked if they're legal North Pole residents?

BLINKY. We're legal!

RALPH. Sort of.

BLINKY. Almost.

WHIPPLE. And they're lazy! All they ever do is sit in gardens!

BLINKY. Hey, we don't do that!

RALPH. We also sit on porches!

NOGGIN. And I hate their hats! They're so five minutes ago.

WHIPPLE. Try six minutes.

(The elves laugh.)

BLINKY. You know, I thought times had changed—when a gnome could work side by side with an elf—

WHIPPLE. You mean side by kneecap.

BLINKY. Yeah and you're a giant!

NOGGIN. Taller than you!

WHIPPLE. Aw, snap!

SANTA. All right all right all right! You're all being naughty!

BLINKY. Please, Santa, I have a family. At home in my gnome home. And I've got little ones. I mean, littler than me. And we're all hurting right now—I need this job, Santa. And I promise that I will work twice as hard as any elf to get those toys made, and I promise to make you proud. So what do you say?

(Pause.)

SANTA. Nah.

NOGGIN. Boo yeah!

WHIPPLE. Pysch!

NOGGIN. Take your little retro hats and get out of here you fashion rejects.

WHIPPLE. Hey, on the way out, you better watch those stairs, they were built for elves!

NOGGIN. Oh that was a good one, Whipple.

WHIPPLE. You think so?

NOGGIN. Yeah.

RALPH. Let's go, Blinky.

BLINKY. All right. But I will have my revenge.

NOGGIN. Uh… we can hear you, you know?

WHIPPLE. These pointy ears aren't just for show.

NOGGIN. Although they do look nice.

(The elves laugh.)

BLNIKY. Oh, sorry… you'll regret this Santa.

SANTA. I'm still here. Bring me the naughty list.

*(*BLINKY *looks back at* SANTA *and points evilly, then leaves.)*

SANTA. Well I'm glad that that's settled.

(Lights shift.)

Scene 2

(The GNOME KING*'s hideout. The* GNOME KING *sits at his desk, stroking a stuffed cat wearing a miniature red hat.* BLINKY *and* RAPLH *enter.)*

RALPH. I believe in the North Pole. I believed in Santa. And those darn elves… they took my dreams, and they took them out in a car… and they beat my dreams with a stick. They were just innocent little dreams and they beat them with a stick. And that's why we come to you. Because you're powerful, and you help little gnomes.

BLINKY. We're all little.

RALPH. You know what I mean. Will you help us, Gnome King?

(The GNOME KING *gets up from behind his desk.)*

GNOME KING. You come to me. You come to me when you need something. But when my daughter's getting married, where are you?

BLINKY. We were at the wedding actually.

GNOME KING. Well I didn't see you. I was sleeping though. But you want me to do you this favor, but do you respect me?

RALPH. Yeah.

GNOME KING. Okay, then, sure. Here's what we do:

(Lights fade.)

Scene 3

(Back in SANTA*'s office;* SANTA *is alone, talking to a mirror.)*

SANTA. Okay, you're gonna do it… you're gonna do it… deliver those presents… yeah, yeah—who's the man? Who's the man? You are. Yeah. Yeah. In the chimney, out of the chimney, in the chimney—

(He starts growling and shaking his head, then hits himself in the chest.)

SANTA. Ow.

(The Theme song from "Mission Impossible" plays as BLINKY *and* RALPH*, wearing black ski masks in addition to their big red hats, tumble onto the stage.* RALPH *carries a boom box.)*

SANTA. What's that music from?

BLINKY. *(whispering:)*I told you not to play that!

RALPH. Sorry. Whoops.

(He turns off the music.)

SANTA. Ho ho what in the heck's going on?

(The GNOMES *grab* SANTA*.)*

BLINKY. We're going for a ride in a sleigh, big guy!

RALPH. Wheee!

SANTA. Who… who are you?

BLINKY. I'm Batman.

RALPH. I thought I was Batman! You're Wonder Woman!

BLINKY. You're Wonder Woman!

RALPH. I don't wanna be Wonder Woman!

SANTA. Wait, I know you!

*(*BLINKY *hits him in the back of the head.* SANTA *collapses.)*

BLINKY. You grab his arms. I'll take his legs.

(The GNOMES *grab* SANTA*'s arms and legs, but can't move him.)*

BLINKY. Unh.

RALPH. Unnnnh.

BLINKY. We need more gnomes.

(Lights down.)

Scene 4

*(*SANTA *wakes up in the* GNOME KING*'s dungeon.)*

SANTA. Where am I?

GNOME KING. Don't you know? Aren't you Santa? Don't you see who's naughty and nice? Don't you have a list? And check it twice?

SANTA. You'll never get away with this! I have friends in powerful places!

GNOME KING. Where are your friends now, Santa?

SANTA. You ever heard of the Easter Bunny? He's gonna come hop hop hoppin' and kick your tail!

GNOME KING. Oh I'm afraid not. You see, the Easter Bunny has betrayed you. He's on my side.

SANTA. Noooooooo!

GNOME KING. *(Offering a cookie:)* Cookie?

SANTA. Thanks.

*(*SANTA *takes a bite.)*

GNOME KING. If you've noticed, that's a very dry cookie. Wouldn't you like some milk… to wash it down?

SANTA. Yes I would.

GNOME KING. Too bad! You can't have any milk!

SANTA. How can you be so cruel?

GNOME KING. It's really not all that hard.

SANTA. I'll never talk!

GNOME KING. I'm not really all that interested—

SANTA. Okay fine, I'll talk! Enough of this torture! You're getting an iPod Nano for Christmas! And your little cat is getting some mittens!

GNOME KING. My kitten doesn't need mittens! But I didn't bring you here to find out what I'm getting for Christmas, although I really appreciate the iPod and I would like to also have unlimited downloads with that.

SANTA. No one gets unlimited downloads!

GNOME KING. All right fine, but that's not what this is about. This is about racism.

SANTA. Racism?

GNOME KING. That's right, you're prejudiced against gnomes. And I'm here to show you that gnomes can be just as nice and hard-working as elves.

SANTA. By kidnapping and torturing me?

GNOME KING. Yes.

SANTA. To show me you're nice?

GNOME KING. And hard-working. All right there are some flaws in the plan! But you need to learn something, Santa.

SANTA. You know what—I think you're right. I think I have been prejudiced. And I think from now on—

*(*WHIPPLE *and* NOGGIN *burst in, carrying bows and arrows.)*

WHIPPLE. We're breaking you out, Santa!

NOGGIN. Duck!

SANTA. No, I finally understand what they're trying to do!

GNOME KING. We're trying to learn something here about stereotypes!

WHIPPLE. How you like this stereotype?!

*(*WHIPPLE *shoots the* GNOME KING.*)*

GNOME KING. Oh… I'm shot. My time here is done. I tried to do something worthwhile—

*(*NOGGIN *shoots the* GNOME KING.*)*

NOGGIN. Take that!

GNOME KING. *(Dying:)*I tried to teach the people about prejudice.

End of Excerpt.

To purchase this play, visit www.concordtheatricals.com

REVENGE OF THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Cast of Characters

GINGERBREAD MAN

GINGERBREAD BOY

KID *(can also play Santa's Assistant)*

OLD MAN *(can also play Santa)*

SANTA

SANTA'S ASSISTANT

REVENGE OF THE GINGERBREAD BOY

(A bare stage. The GINGERBREAD MAN *runs on, hopping up and down and squealing in a high-pitched voice.)*

GINGERBREAD MAN. Run run run, as fast as I can! You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man! Hoo hoo! Ha ha!

(He jumps up and down and runs off.)

(The GINGERBREAD BOY *enters.)*

GINGERBREAD BOY. That was my Dad. Back in the day. When he was fresh. Before he got left outside and got stale. Then he didn't move so good.

(The GINGERBREAD MAN *tries to run back on stage, but stops halfway.)*

GINGERBREAD MAN. Run run run as fast I can! Ouch. My back hurts. Run run—oooh, let me just sit down here.

(He sits on the floor.)

GINGERBREAD BOY. That's what they were waiting for: A moment of weakness. It was horrible.

(A KID *runs up and grabs the* GINGERBREAD MAN.*)*

GINGERBREAD MAN. Will you help an old man across the street?

KID. Sure I will! Hee Hee Hee!

GINGERBREAD MAN. Thank you.

KID. You smell nice.

GINGERBREAD MAN. That's a little weird.

KID. Are those gumdrop buttons?

(The KID *drags the* GINGERBREAD MAN *off-stage.)*

GINGEBREAD BOY. Do you know what happens when an old man is dunked in milk?

(He tears up.)

GINGEBREAD BOY. You have no idea. There were chunks of him… floating.

(Screams are heard off-stage.)

GINGEBREAD BOY. But what he didn't know was that the gingerbread man had sired an offspring. An heir. The gingerbread man had secretly put a cookie in a basket, and sent it down the river, where it was picked up by a kindly old hermit. And that hermit raised the cookie as his own, and then one day…

(An OLD MAN *enters and approaches the* GINGERBREAD BOY.*)*

OLD MAN. It's time for you to make your way in the world… son.

GINGERBREAD BOY. I'm just a cookie.

OLD MAN. I'm tired of your excuses. You get out there and get a job!

GINGERBREAD BOY. But what if somebody eats me, like they did my father?

OLD MAN. How do you know about that?

GINGERBREAD BOY. I have dreams about it. I have such dreams.

OLD MAN. You listen to me… your father was a bad man. But he tasted delicious.

GINGEBREAD BOY. What?

OLD MAN. I mean, you better stop filling your head with all these cream-filled stories.

GINGERBREAD BOY. I don't care. He was my father. I loved him. Even though I never met him or knew him.

OLD MAN. Your father was just like you. Crispy. With gumdrops. And look what happened to him. You'd do best to forget about your father and get a job as a bank teller.

GINGERBREAD BOY. You can't tell me what to do! I'm gonna make it on my own! And you can't stop me!

(He runs off. The OLD MAN *shrugs.)*

OLD MAN. There goes lunch.

(He exits.)

(The GINGERBREAD BOY *enters again.)*

GINGERBREAD BOY. That night, I had a dream.

(The GHOST of the GINGERBREAD MAN *appears.)*

GINGERBREAD MAN. Soooonnnnn… Boooo….

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

GINGERBREAD MAN. No I'm your sister.

GINGERBREAD BOY. Sister?

(The GINGERBREAD MAN *smacks him upside the head.)*

GINGERBREAD MAN. No. I'm your Dad.

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad, it really is you!

(The GINGERBREAD BOY *tries to hug him. The* MAN *backs away.)*

GINGERBREAD MAN. Sorry, I have problems with physical intimacy. Now listen…

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

GINGERBREAD MAN. Yes! Yes! I'm your Dad! We've established this!

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

GINGERBREAD MAN. Shut up!

GINGERBREAD BOY. Don't yell at me. I had a hard childhood.

GINGERBREAD MAN. Quit your whining and listen. I was murdered. Booooo…

GINGERBREAD BOY. What?

GINGERBREAD MAN. Boooo… Aren't I scary?

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

GINGERBREAD MAN. All right, that's it, I'm outta here!

(He goes to leave.)

GINGERBREAD BOY. Wait Dad!

GINGERBREAD MAN. You think you're the only gingerbread kid out there? I got kids all over this country! I was very popular! All right, I'll have another one revenge my murder!

GINGERBREAD BOY. You were murdered?

GINGERBREAD MAN. That's what I was saying!

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

GINGERBREAD MAN. Arrrhgghg… Boo!

(He runs off.)

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

(He talks to the audience.)

GINGERBREAD BOY. After my father's mysterious message, I had to figure out what he was trying to say.

GINGERBREAD MAN. *(Off:)*I was murdered!

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

GINGERBREAD MAN. *(Off:)*Arrrrggh!

GINGERBREAD BOY. So I decided to go see Santa… because he knew who was naughty and nice. But when I got there…

SANTA. *(Off:)* I'm busy! Go away!

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

*(*SANTA'S ASSISTANT *enters, chewing gum.)*

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. And this is regarding?

SANTA. *(Off:)*Tell him I'm busy!

GINGERBREAD BOY. I want to see Santa.

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Yeah, I figured that part out.

GINGERBREAD BOY. I need to know who murdered my father.

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. And your father is…?

GINGERBREAD BOY. My Dad.

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Yeah I got it.

GINGERBREAD BOY. So can I see Santa?

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. All right, toots, listen. Sit down. Let me explain something to you. Just cause Santa sees you, doesn't mean he cares. All right? The Big Guy's busy.

SANTA. *(Off:)*I'm on a low carb diet!

GINGERBREAD MAN. *(Calling off:)* Yeah we know about the diet, Claus!

SANTA. *(Off:)*Just so you know!

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Anyway, he doesn't have time for the likes of you.

GINGERBREAD BOY. What does that mean?

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Santa only sees real kids.

GINGERBREAD BOY. I am a real boy!

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Kid, if I can take your arm, rip it off and eat it, you're not a real boy. All right?

GINGERBREAD BOY. Why are you destroying my dreams?

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. That's what we do here at Santa's workshop.

GINGERBREAD BOY. How can you refuse this sweet face?

(He moves his smile into a frown.)

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Boy, that's cute. But no.

*(*SANTA *enters in a golfing outfit, carrying clubs. He is the same actor as the one who played the* OLD MAN.*)*

SANTA. All right, Betty. Clear my schedule. I'm going golfing with the Donald. Oh hey look, a cookie!

GINGERBREAD BOY. What?

SANTA. Where's my milk?

GINGERBREAD BOY. What?

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Mr. Claus, you're on the low carb diet.

SANTA. Don't tell me what to eat!

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. You told me to tell you what to eat!

SANTA. I don't care!

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. You left me this note about it. This is your signature, right? "No matter what I say, don't let me eat cookies. Signed Santa."

SANTA. Let me see that.

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. "P.S. Don't ever let me see this note. Because I will eat it."

*(*SANTA *lunges for the note.)*

"And if I try to grab it, there's a bottle of pepper spray in your desk."

(She grabs a bottle of pepper spray.)

SANTA. All right all right all right! You win this round, Betty. But mark my words. I'll be back. And that cookie's days are numbered.

GINGERBREAD BOY. I need your help Santa!

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. That's Mr. Claus to you.

SANTA. *(Overlapping:)* It talks!

GINGERBREAD MAN. *(Sarcastic:)* Yeah it talks. It's real exciting. Whoop-dee.

GINGERBREAD BOY. I'm a boy!

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Okay fine, *he* talks.

GINGERBREAD BOY. Please, Mr. Claus, you have to help me find the man who murdered my father.

SANTA. Okay, kid. Let me explain it to you once again: You are a cookie. You don't have a father.

GINGERBREAD BOY. Well, all right, the guy who adopted me!

SANTA. Adopted?

GINGERBREAD BOY. Yes, adopted!

SANTA. I was adopted once.

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Oh here we go again.

SANTA. Once, long ago, I was abandoned by my true parents, and a kindly old couple of elves took me in.

GINGERBREAD BOY. Really?

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. Yeah yeah yeah, we've heard the story, boo hoo—time to move on.

SANTA. And I remember sitting in the fantasy orphanage with a blind unicorn named Joe and wondering if anyone loved me—

GINGEBREAD BOY. But everyone loves you! You're Santa!

SANTA. Well, back then, I was just a frightened little boy. Just like you. Except I wasn't a cookie. And my real father wasn't murdered. And I already had a beard. And I had magical powers.

GINGERBREAD BOY. I wish I had magical powers.

SANTA. And what would you do with magical powers?

GINGERBREAD BOY. Well, for starters, I would hunt down my father's killer and eat him like a marshmallow. With chocolate sauce. And some little sliced apples on the side.

SANTA. Your wish is granted.

GINGERBREAD BOY. Really?

SANTA. No I'm just kidding. Do I look like a genie? Be serious. But I can tell you that the person who murdered your father is…

SANTA'S ASSISTANT. And, time's up! Move along, nothing to see here.

(She pushes SANTA *out the door.)*

GINGERBREAD BOY. Ah Dang it!

*(*SANTA *runs back on.)*

SANTA. It was the old man who adopted you in the first place!

*(*SANTA *runs off.)*

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

(The GINGERBREAD MAN *rushes back on stage.)*

GINGERBREAD MAN. No the other guy! Kill him, son! Avenge me!

GINGERBREAD BOY. Dad?

(The GINGERBREAD MAN *throws up his hands and exits.)*

GINGERBREAD BOY. So I made a decision.

(The GINGEBREAD BOY takes out a shotgun.)

GINGERBREAD BOY. I was going to have my revenge.

(He exits. The OLD MAN *enters.)*

OLD MAN. And I'm an old guy, yes I am, I'm the oldest guy in these here parts. And I talk to myself, and I talk to my plants, and I talk to the little kitty cat over there and then I—

(The GINGERBREAD BOY *enters, holding a shotgun.)*

OLD MAN. Son!

GINGERBEAD BOY. I'm not your son. My name is the Gingerbread Boy. You killed my father. Prepare to die.

(He aims his shotgun at the OLD MAN. *The* OLD MAN *whimpers.)*

OLD MAN. Okay, I admit it! I ate him! And he tasted really good! And I put some frosting on him first!

GINGERBREAD BOY. Make your amends with heaven, old man. Because you're about to meet your maker.

End of Excerpt.

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Grandma Remembers Something

Cast of Characters

GRANDMA YOUNG

GRANDMA YOUNG

GRANDPA

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SPORTY SPICE

GRANDMA REMEMBERS SOMETHING

*(*GRANDMA *sits in a rocking chair downstage and speaks to the audience.)*

GRANDMA. Oh! I didn't see you there.

(Pause.)

GRANDMA. Oh! There you are again. Come and sit closer and your Grandma is going to tell you a story. You've all gotten so tall.

(Pause. GRANDMA *drifts off.)*

GRANDMA. Oh! That's right, the story. Well it's just about the greatest thing. About this time of year, I always think back to the way things used to be. You see, children, your Grandma has been alive a long time, that's why she's old, and she's seen a lot of things, and Christmas… well, Christmas, Christmas used to be so different. I remember…

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *enters, skipping.)*

YOUNG GRANDMA. Here I am in the year 1961. Boy, things sure are a lot different here than they will be in the twenty-first century.

GRANDMA. I was just a young girl then.

YOUNG GRANDMA. I'm just a young girl now.

GRANDMA. And I had just finished competing in the World's Strongest Woman competition.

YOUNG GRANDMA. Those Norwegian women sure had a lot of facial hair.

GRANDMA. Back then Norwegians used to take a lot of steroids.

YOUNG GRANDMA. Golly, it's Christmas time. I sure do love Christmas. It's swell! Brrr.

GRANDMA. Back then we had something called snow. Back before the ozone layer disappeared and the ice caps melted—and snow would fall from the sky when it got real cold.

YOUNG GRANDMA. I'm going to catch snow on my tongue.

(She sticks out her tongue just as YOUNG GRANDPA*, who looks suspiciously like Tom Sawyer, runs in, calling off stage.)*

YOUNG GRANDPA. Here's mud in your eye!

(He throws a snowball offstage. Then he sees YOUNG GRANDMA *with her tongue still out.)*

YOUNG GRANDPA. Golly gee whillickers! Why are you sticking your tongue out at me?

YOUNG GRANDMA. Oh! I wasn't sticking it out at you.

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *looks down bashfully.)*

GRANDMA. He was the first boy that had ever noticed me.

YOUNG GRANDPA. Say! You're about the prettiest filly I've ever laid eyes on!

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *slaps him.)*

YOUNG GRANDMA. Fresh!

GRANDMA. We defended our honor in those days.

YOUNG GRANDPA. *(Woozy:)* Boy! You pack a wallop!

GRANDMA. Your Grandma benched about two hundred and fifty-five pounds back in the day.

YOUNG GRANDMA. If you want to talk to me, you can ask me to the Christmas dance.

YOUNG GRANDPA *(Woozy:)*I feel dizzy.

YOUNG GRANDMA. Yes I'll go with you!

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *grabs his hands as* YOUNG GRANDPA *falls over. She drags around his body by the arm.)*

YOUNG GRANDMA. Oh this will be such a happy day! I've always wanted to go to the Christmas Dance sponsored by Fezziwig, the guy who owns the hat shop downtown where all the prettiest girls get together on Christmas Eve! Thank you. You've made me the happiest girl alive!

(She looks down at his prone body.)

YOUNG GRANDMA. Hey what's your name?

(Lights shift back to GRANDMA.*)*

GRANDMA. His name was Grandpa Jones. And he asked me to the Christmas Dance. Back in those days, we used flying cars to get everywhere. So he picked me up and we flew over to Fezziwig's hat shop. And on the way he tried to hold my hand.

(A loud slap is heard off-stage.)

YOUNG GRANDPA. *(Off-stage:)*Ow!

GRANDMA. It was acceptable in 1961 that whenever a boy did something you didn't approve of, you gave him a nice clean wallop across the face.

YOUNG GRANDPA. *(Off-stage:)*Boy that girl over there is pretty!

(A loud slap is heard again.)

YOUNG GRANDPA. Ow!

GRANDMA. And that's how boys learned respect.

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *leads* YOUNG GRANDPA*, who is rubbing his face, back on stage.)*

YOUNG GRANDPA. Boy golly gee this dance sure is swell!

YOUNG GRANDMA. Are you looking at that girl over there?

*(*YOUNG GRANDPA *ducks.)*

YOUNG GRANDPA. No!

YOUNG GRANDMA. I didn't think so.

YOUNG GRANDPA. *(Pointing:)*Hey look, mistletoe.

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *stares at him angrily.)*

YOUNG GRANDPA. I mean, it's a good thing there isn't any mistletoe around here.

GRANDMA. So we danced the night away, at arm's length, which was the custom at the time.

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *and* YOUNG GRANDPA *dance with their arms outstretched, hands on each other's shoulders. An easily recognizable modern song, techno or rap, plays while they sway awkwardly.)*

YOUNG GRANDPA. This song sure is keen!

YOUNG GRANDMA. It's neat-o!

YOUNG GRANDPA. Do you like gangsta rap?

YOUNG GRANDMA. It's all I listen to!

YOUNG GRANDPA. Me too! I like the rhymes!

YOUNG GRANDMA. Me too! I also find the storylines appealing!

GRANDMA. And we talked and we talked and we talked. Oh, about politics and philosophy and history.

YOUNG GRANDPA. You sure are keen!

YOUNG GRANDMA. Neat-o!

GRANDMA. And that's when the War of 1812 broke out, which was mostly fought between a couple of retirees in Houston who were upset over the quality of their mashed potatoes. So they declared war on England, which dropped a nuclear bomb on Washington D.C., and that's why if you ever go there, the people have three eyes.

*(*YOUNG GRANDMA *and* YOUNG GRANDPA *have stopped dancing and are now staring at* GRANDMA.*)*

GRANDMA. I mean, Christmas was a lot of fun. And just then—

*(*SPORTY SPICE *enters.)*

GRANDMA. It was Grandpa's mother, Sporty Spice.

SPORTY SPICE. *(In a British accent:)*I thought I told you you were to be home by eleven.

GRANDPA. Uh-oh!

SPORTY SPICE. And what are you doing with this hussy?

YOUNG GRANDPA. Gee, ma. Shucks!

YOUNG GRANDMA. Who you callin' a hussy?

GRANDMA. Because back in the day your Grandma didn't take nothing from nobody. Even if your Grandpa's mother was old and blind in one eye and walked with a limp and drooled and snored.

SPORTY SPICE. I do none of those things.

GRANDMA. But she was in a girl power band from England.

SPORTY SPICE. No I'm not.

GRANDMA. Or something like that.

SPORTY SPICE. Listen Grandpa—your curfew is eleven sharp. It is now, eleven fifty-nine. By my count, that makes you eighteen minutes late.

GRANDMA. Because your grandpa's mother had the brain problems, you know. With the adding and subtracting.

SPORTY SPICE. *(to* GRANDMA:*)*Now see here! I've had just about enough of your insinuations during this story. I am not some snaggle-toothed half-blind cripple—

GRANDMA. And she smelled bad.

SPORTY SPICE. Why I never! If you're not going to tell this story properly, then I'm going to leave—

YOUNG GRANDMA. Good! No one wants you here!

SPORTY SPICE. Come along, Grandpa.

GRANDMA. So then Grandpa Jones was left with a choice. Either to stay with your grandma at the Christmas Dance or to go with his mother back home.

YOUNG GRANDPA. Boy gee, this sure is a hard decision. I wish I had the help of someone famous with a clear moral conscience.

*(*ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *played by a girl, enters.)*

YOUNG GRANDPA. Abraham Lincoln!

GRANDMA. Not many people know that Abraham Lincoln was actually a girl.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. What seems to be the trouble?

YOUNG. GRANDPA. Well, Mr. President, I mean Miss President, I've got quite a humdinger of a dilemma here. On the one hand, there's this girl I just met who keeps slapping me, and on the other hand, there's my mother. And I have to choose between them.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Hmm… that is a tough question.

SPORTY SPICE. To be fair, your honor, he just met her. And I've known him all his life.

YOUNG GRANDPA. But I can't stay at home forever.

SPORTY SPICE. That's where you're wrong. Lots of men live at home for their entire lives and watch television. And they also sit on couches and eat frozen pizzas and enjoy watching other people play sports.

GRANDMA. Before we had the internet people were bored most of the time.

SPORTY SPICE. I'll make you soup and I'll even let you play with a BB Gun.

GRANDMA. That's what we used to call a shotgun.

YOUNG GRANDPA. That sounds pretty swell!

YOUNG GRANDMA. But if you come with me, we can have a whole life together, and we can have kids, and those kids can have kids, and then we'll be grandparents. And we can have two dogs and a cat named Muffin.

SPORTY SPICE. We can also have a cat named Muffin. We can have two cats named Muffin!

YOUNG GRANDPA. Two cats are better than one.

YOUNG GRANDMA. But what about the children?

YOUNG GRANDPA. Cats are less work.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. I have the solution to this dilemma.

GRANDMA. She sure was wise.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Okay, Sporty Spice, you take Grandpa's right hand, and young Grandma, you take Grandpa's left hand.

(They do this.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. And then I'll take a sword and chop him in half, and both of you can have half.

YOUNG GRANDPA. This doesn't sound so keen.

YOUNG GRANDMA. That's your solution?! Chop him in half?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Take it or leave it, lady.

YOUNG GRANDMA. I thought you were all about preserving the union?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Yeah, I gave that up. This way works better.

SPORTY SPICE. But if we chop him in half, then he'll be dead and neither of us will get what we want.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Tough. Okay, hold still.

*(*ABRAHAM LINCOLN *produces a sword.)*

YOUNG GRANDMA. You're just carrying that on you?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. You wouldn't believe how many times I have to split people in half. Okay, here goes.

GRANDMA. But just then—

(Bells ring.)

End of Excerpt.

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