

THE LITTLE TOWN OF CHRISTMAS

By Pat Cook

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Eldridge Publishing Company

P.O. Box 1595 Venice, FL 34284

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THE LITTLE TOWN OF CHRISTMAS

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AUTHOR'S NOTES

Here are twelve yuletide sketches with flexible casts and minor scenery, just right for any stage. Such old favorites as "Twas the Night Before Christmas" and "A Christmas Carol" are included, of course, along with interviews with elves and reindeer. There's even an interview with Mrs. Santa Claus, the REAL boss of the outfit.

This easy-to-produce show can be mounted as written for a full evening's entertainment or by incorporating other acts such as singers, dancers, etc., you can create more of a variety show. Also, the show is written in scenes allowing the producer to easily pick and choose which scenes the company may use, making the show any length needed.

As indicated, the show is very easy to produce, calling for only pieces of scenery rather than a full set, although a full holiday atmosphere is preferred. Each scene needs only a rocking chair or maybe a bench or two, making the show very practical for travel.

Also, the cast is extremely flexible. Many parts are simply written NARRATOR, INTERVIEWER or ANNOUNCER allowing them to be played by a man or woman. With that in mind, I hope you enjoy the show.

The Playwright

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(NARRATOR opens all scenes.)

Sc. 1: 'Twas the Night Before Christmas
(9 Characters, Singers)

Sc. 2: Two Elves
(2 Elves)

Sc. 3: And a Partridge in Ah Choo!
(Maestro, chorus)

Sc. 4: Interview with a Reindeer
(Interviewer and Announcer)

Sc. 5: Santa's "Pop" Quiz
(Santa, Kid, Passersby)

Sc 6: A Visit with Mrs. Claus
(Mrs. Claus)

Sc. 7: Window Shopping
(3 Kids and Santa)

Sc. 8: Reindeer or...Dog?
(Newscaster, Announcer, Claude, Chorus)

INTERMISSION

Sc. 9: Fruitcake Etiquette
(Professor Hollie)

Sc. 10: That Giving Spirit
(2 Women, 2 Waiters, Man, Claude)

Sc. 11: Three (Young) Wise Men
(3 Kids)

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Sc. 12: A Christmas Carol?
(13 or more characters, doubling possible)

Playing Time: Full evening.

See props list at end of script.

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Scene 1

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

(AT RISE: While the lights are still down, a very soft version of "Jingle Bells" begins. Slowly, the LIGHTS come up to reveal the NARRATOR, reading a paper, sitting on a bench, SL. A desk with microphone is CS. After a medium pause, the NARRATOR lowers the paper and notices the audience.)

NARRATOR: Oh, excuse me. *(NARRATOR rises.)* I didn't see you. Well, first let me welcome you to Christmastown. I have been appointed to greet you and make you all welcome. Merry Christmas. Oh, I guess you'll have to excuse me again. See, I really wasn't appointed as I said before. But the thing is, here in the little town of Christmas, whoever meets a stranger is automatically appointed a goodwill ambassador for the village, so to speak. It then behooves them to make the stranger comfortable. *(As the music dies down, the NARRATOR takes on a confidential tone.)* Tell you the truth, we don't get too many strangers. I mean, look around. You all know the place, the people. It's a...a comfortable, warm location. And the population, well, we can never keep count. Well, let's see. What can I show you first? *(ANNOUNCER comes onstage and moves to rocking chair near CS news desk.)* Oh, this is our local cable TV studio, and if I'm correct, they're about to present one of the holiday's best known classics...See, around here, at this time of the year, we have all kinds of special shows.

ANNOUNCER: *(Sitting in rocker.)* Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is cable access channel... *(Four musical TONES are heard.)* ...Y U L E.

NARRATOR: What else? *(ANNOUNCER shushes HIM.)* Sorry. *(NARRATOR exits.)*

ANNOUNCER: Ah yes, the spirit of Christmas is everywhere, just perfect for tonight's little entertainment. Now, I'm sure

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you've all heard the classic story of Santa's ride. You may even know it by heart. It's called, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" by Clement Moore...or less. So, sit back and relax.

(SFX: Sleigh bells are heard.)

ANNOUNCER: *(Starts to read from a large book.)* 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature...

(SPOTLIGHT hits NEWSMAN who suddenly rushes in and sits behind news desk.)

NEWSMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this holiday program to bring you this late-breaking bulletin. Earlier this evening, an unidentified flying object was spotted just over Donner's creek. Since it's initial sighting, more reports have been coming in regarding the UFO. We now switch you electronically to the scene of the sightings where our reporter is standing by.

NEWSWOMAN: *(SPOTLIGHT on HER at DSR, holding a microphone and clipboard.)* Yes, I'm here at the edge of Donner's creek and oooops! *(Stumbles backward.)*

NEWSMAN: We seem to have lost our feed there.

NEWSWOMAN: No, just our footing. S'what I get for standing so close to the edge. I'm wearing my new pumps, too.

NEWSMAN: From your vantage point, can you see the flying craft?

NEWSWOMAN: Yes. Yes, I believe so.

NEWSMAN: Is it a saucer?

NEWSWOMAN: Yeeeno!

NEWSMAN: What was that? Could you be a little more specific?

NEWSWOMAN: That is to say, it isn't shaped like a saucer. It appears to be some kind of a carriage. I...I can't see any landing wheels. It doesn't appear to have collision lights.

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NEWSMAN: Are there any other eyewitnesses there with you?
NEWSWOMAN: (*As HELEN moves into SPOTLIGHT.*) Yes, I'm standing next to Helen Thurlough. She was the first to spot the craft. Miss Thurlough, can you tell us all exactly what happened, in your own words?
HELEN: I just talk in this thing here?
NEWSWOMAN: That's right.
HELEN: (*Into the mike.*) Hi, Ma! I'm on TV!
NEWSWOMAN: About your sighting?
HELEN: Of the thing up in the air?
NEWSWOMAN: That's right.
HELEN: Well, it was the strangest thing and all. I was outside, trying to get holda my youngest. Listen, when he's got in the mud, you gotta take both hands and have some knowledge of martial arts...
NEWSWOMAN: The UFO?
HELEN: Anyway, what I'd like to say about that thing first is I think it's been sending out some sort of...brain waves.
NEWSWOMAN: Brain waves?
HELEN: Yeah, on account'a how the kids have been acting, all over the neighborhood.
NEWSWOMAN: How do you mean?
HELEN: Well, it's been real quiet, you know, especially today. Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. And the kids then did something real peculiar.
NEWSWOMAN: Can you explain?
HELEN: Well, they started behaving themselves, first off. It was real weird, like they had visions of sugar plums in their heads or something. And the next think I know, get this...(*SHE leans in, confidentially.*)...they started hanging their stockings on the chimney with care?
NEWSWOMAN: Well, who on earth did they think would be there?
HELEN: I don't know. I figured they hung the things there to get them warmed up. We used to do the same thing with Pa whenever he got -

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NEWSWOMAN: (*Pushing ahead.*) That's when you saw the UFO?

HELEN: Nope. I heard it.

NEWSWOMAN: Heard it? What did it sound like?

HELEN: Uncle Bob.

NEWSWOMAN: Your uncle sounds like a flying saucer?

HELEN: He does when he walks.

NEWSWOMAN: Can you elucidate? (*HELEN stares at HER blankly.*) Can you explain?

HELEN: Oh! Well, see, whenever Uncle Bob walks around he sort of jams his hands into his pockets and jangles his change.

NEWSWOMAN: Jangles?

HELEN: Jingles, would be more like it.

NEWSWOMAN: So, you heard a jingling sound.

HELEN: Yeah. Like Uncle Bob.

(*SPOTLIGHT off WOMEN, back on NEWSMAN.*)

NEWSMAN: We thank you for that on-the-spot report. We now take you, electronically, to the Tannenbaum Observatory where we will be speaking to Professor Plum. He first wants to make it known that he had nothing to do with any board game.

(*SPOTLIGHT on PLUM, sitting SL.*)

PLUM: (*A New England type.*) Thank ya.

NEWSMAN: Professor, can you hear me?

PLUM: Heah ya' fine.

NEWSMAN: You have seen the object?

PLUM: Eyeah, that's correct.

NEWSMAN: Can you describe it for our audience?

PLUM: Well, I don't want them to think I'm some sorta fruitcake.

NEWSMAN: Well, 'tis the season.

PLUM: Howzzat?

NEWSMAN: Go ahead.

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PLUM: Well, I'll try to put it in layman's terms so that the people out theah can better understand what I'm a'trying to say. The object looked like a...a...

NEWSMAN: A what?

PLUM: Well, when I gazed at the sky far away, I saw eight tiny reindeer a'pulling a sleigh.

NEWSMAN: Tiny reindeer?

PLUM: Eyeah. Looked like Chihuahuas with horns. Oh, there was another one out front.

NEWSMAN: Another reindeer?

PLUM: Eyeah, and he had a nose that glowed red.

NEWSMAN: That's kind of hard to believe, Professor.

PLUM: It did. And if you ever saw it, even you would say it glowed.

NEWSMAN: That's another story, I bet.

PLUM: Not now?

NEWSMAN: No.

(SPOTLIGHT moves to NEWSWOMAN and HI at SR.)

NEWSWOMAN: Sorry to break in, but back here at Donner's Creek, we have a report of the object landing.

NEWSMAN: You say the sleigh landed?

NEWSWOMAN: A gentleman here has come to us...excuse me, sir. What is your name?

HI: Hi.

NEWSWOMAN: Hi. Now, what's your name?

HI: Hi.

NEWSWOMAN: I already said hi.

HI: That's my name. Hi. And I usually am.

NEWSMAN: Does HE have a red nose?

NEWSWOMAN: Just tell us what happened, Hi, in your own words.

HI: Well, it wuz like this. My wife and I had just settled down for a long winter nap. Her in her bed shirt and I in my cap.

NEWSWOMAN: Just your cap?

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HI: I'd rather not go into that right now, if you don't mind.
NEWSWOMAN: Fine. Can you elucidate? *(HI stares at HER.)*
Can you explain?
HI: You news people! Anywho, that thing landed.
NEWSWOMAN: The sleigh?
HI: Uh huh. The sucker landed on the roof and raised such a clatter. I jumped outta bed to see what was the matter. I went to the winder and threw up the sash. Say, what IS a sash, anyway?
NEWSWOMAN: It's part of the window.
HI: *(Sarcastically.)* Can you elucidate?
NEWSWOMAN: It's next to the sill, I think. I don't know.
HI: I don't know neither. Funny, it didn't bother me till now. It came with the house.
NEWSWOMAN: Wait a minute, we're drifting. We were on your first story.
HI: We were on the second story.
NEWSWOMAN: What?
HI: That's where our bedroom is, on the second story. Ain't no sashes on the first story. Why do you suppose that is?
NEWSWOMAN: *(Giving up.)* We're going to talk to his wife. Ma'am?
WOMAN: Hi.
HI: What?
NEWSWOMAN: Will you get outta here? Now, ma'am, was there anybody in the flying object?
WOMAN: I should say so. Big guy. REALLY big. He probably has his own gravity. I'm talking big here.
NEWSWOMAN: Anything else you can tell us?
WOMAN: Well, he was dressed all in red, including his belly. And it shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly. You notice how everybody around here is talking in rhymes? Starting to get on my nerves.
NEWSWOMAN: It's a sign of the times.
WOMAN: Hey.
NEWSWOMAN: What did this large person do next?

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WOMAN: Oh, this I KNOW you won't believe.

NEWSWOMAN: Try me.

WOMAN: Well, the dude starts force-feeding himself down our chimney, can you believe it? In that nice red suit and all. I'm surprised he didn't get stuck solid.

(SFX: A jingling sound is heard.)

NEWSWOMAN: Wait a minute, I...yes, I think I hear the craft now. I can't see it yet but that is the unmistakable sound...*(Looking off SR. A MAN enters.)*

MAN: What's going on hyar?

NEWSWOMAN: Who're you?

MAN: Everybody calls me Uncle Bob.

NEWSWOMAN: You want to stop jingling your change there, fella?

(SPOTLIGHT moves to NEWSMAN at CS.)

NEWSMAN: Sorry to break in on your report but I have with me the Mayor and she'd like to make a statement at this time. Mayor?

MAYOR: The economy IS getting better, the economy IS getting better, the econ...

NEWSMAN: No, Mayor, we need a statement regarding the unidentified flying object.

MAYOR: Oh, sorry. Habit.

NEWSMAN: Do you have any information regarding the flying fat man?

MAYOR: Yes, I have this to say. It's a phenomenon. You may quote me.

NEWSMAN: That's well and good but I was given to understand that you had fresh information about this...this phenomenon?

MAYOR: Naw, they never tell me nothin'. Have YOU heard anything? I'll pay cash? Oh wait..*(SHE'S handed a note.)*

NEWSMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, the Mayor has just been

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handed a note of some sort. It could be that new data we've been waiting for. Wait...

MAYOR: We now have reason to believe that the pilot of this flying craft is intelligent and capable of some sort of language.

The following words were heard and recorded and said to have been spoken by the individual.

NEWSMAN: Can you tell us the words?

MAYOR: Well, they're a bit odd. I'll try. He said "Etcupidon, Vixencom, Cerprancer, Nerblitzen and Dasherdon." Doesn't seem to make sense, does it?

NEWSMAN: Try rearranging them.

MAYOR: Okay, here goes. "Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen." You happy now?

NEWSMAN: My mistake. Wait...wait. I've just been informed that the craft is once again airborne.

(SPOTLIGHT back on NEWSWOMAN SR.)

NEWSWOMAN: Yes, that's correct, the UFO has taken off again and flying away at remarkable speed.

NEWSMAN: Well, I guess that's it from here. Except to comment on some of the strange happenings that preceded the arrival of the UFO. One cannot help but wonder if there exists some connection. The local stores have been doing land office business, crowded to overflowing. Strange decorations and structures have been appearing in peoples' yards with an alarming regularity.

(CAROLERS enter SR and begin singing "Silent Night.")

NEWSWOMAN: And here a general serenity has overtaken the people in waves, whole crowds of people smiling and singing. I can only say that, if this frame of mind was brought on by our late-night visitor, then maybe he should come back once a year, every year.

NEWSMAN: We now turn you back to our regular programming.

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ANNOUNCER: "And I heard him exclaim as he rode out of sight,
Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night." (*A jingling
sound is heard.*) Is Uncle Bob in here again?

(BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene

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Scene 2
TWO ELVES

(As the LIGHTS come up, a work bench is set up with two elves, SYLVESTER and SKEEZIX, busily working on a couple of wooden toys and mumbling to each other. The NARRATOR walks into the light.)

NARRATOR: You know, for years you've heard about Santa's helpers. All those elves, hard at work, just to make that one day of the year special to one and all. But did you ever wonder what they talk about? How they get along with each other? Well, they have an odd sense of humor, I can tell you that. See...and hear for yourselves. *(NARRATOR exits.)*

SKEEZIX: *(Holds up a toy.)* I bet I've seen hundreds of these things.

SYLVESTER: We've only worked on six.

SKEEZIX: I need to have my eyes checked.

SYLVESTER: *(Holds up two fingers.)* How many fingers do I have up?

SKEEZIX: I don't know. They're so short.

BOTH: Heeeey!

SYLVESTER: Is that a short joke?

SKEEZIX: Almost.

SYLVESTER: What do you mean, almost?

SKEEZIX: Almost. Nearly. Close.

SYLVESTER: You mean it fell short?

BOTH: Heeeey!

SKEEZIX: I'm telling you I'm getting too old for this.

SYLVESTER: Blame yourself, we got a lifetime contract. And you know what they say about elves.

SKEEZIX: They live forever?

SYLVESTER: No, it just SEEMS forever.

SKEEZIX: That's not the right attitude.

SYLVESTER: What do you mean?