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Dramatic Publishing

THE HAPPY HOLIDAYS COLLECTION

Seven Christmas Comedies for Children

by
VIN MORREALE, JR.



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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(THE HAPPY HOLIDAYS COLLECTION)

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To the students of **CREATIVITY UNLEASHED!**
Richmond Elementary, Los Angeles, and Lowe Elementary,
Louisville, as well as the children at St. Peter's Evangelical,
St. Margaret Mary Catholic Church, and Hurstbourne
Christian...who originally brought these plays to life.

THE HAPPY HOLIDAYS COLLECTION

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A Note from the Author

Whether you view Christmas as a time of spiritual joy or secular fun, it remains a significant part of our culture and the lives of our children. This collection of easy-to-stage plays was designed to give theater groups the flexibility to recreate the wonder of the holiday season according to their specific needs and objectives. Churches, community groups, schools and children's theater troupes should find something in this Happy Holidays Collection to help them re-create the magic of this special time of year.

THE LAZIEST ANGEL

THE LAZIEST ANGEL

For 2w, 3m, 10 or more extras (doubling possible)

PRINCIPAL ROLES

MOTHER
WILLIAM
ANGELA
ANGELO
GABRIEL

SUPPORTING ROLES

CHILD #1
CHILD #2
CHILD #3
TWO SHEPHERDS
THREE WISE MEN

EXTRA ROLES

MARY
JOSEPH
A CHOIR OF ANGELS

SETTING

Simple split set—suggesting heaven and a child's bedroom.

The Laziest Angel

(Open on a stage divided into three small areas. DL sits a rocking chair. C has some white puffy material meant to suggest clouds. DR there are a few plants and trees.)

A MOTHER sits in the rocking chair. THREE CHILDREN sit at her feet.)

MOTHER. I think it's time you children went to bed. After all, it is Christmas Eve and Santa might be here at any moment.

CHILD #1. Awww. Do we have to?

CHILD #2. We're too excited to sleep. Can't you please read us a story?

CHILD #3. Yeah. A story!

MOTHER. Well, I don't know...

ALL CHILDREN. Please. Just one story.

MOTHER. I guess we still have a little time. Which story would you like to hear?

ALL CHILDREN. The Laziest Angel!! *(One CHILD hands her a book entitled The Laziest Angel.)*

MOTHER. Okay. Settle down. This is the story of the Laziest Angel. *(She opens the book and reads.)* A long time ago in a wonderful place we know as heaven, there lived a very lazy angel named William....

(As she reads, the lights come up C, where WILLIAM enters. He is a young angel with ruffled wings and a constantly bored expression. He yawns dramatically, then lies down on a cloud to take a nap. Unless otherwise noted, WILLIAM's actions, and the actions of other people in the play, will follow the words of the storyteller.)

MOTHER. William wasn't a bad angel, he was just too bored or too tired to do anything. All day long he would lie about, trying to avoid work, avoid play or get out of anything that might ruffle his wings...

(Two angels, ANGELA and ANGELO, enter from UC.)

ANGELA. Wake up, William. It's time for our harp lessons.

WILLIAM. Wha...? Oh, hi, Angela. Hi, Angelo. You guys go on without me. I'm not in the mood for harp lessons, today.

ANGELA. But, William, you haven't practiced for centuries.

WILLIAM. I'm too tired. I'm just gonna lay down here on this cloud and watch the people down on Earth. You go on without me.

ANGELO. C'mon. After practice, a bunch of us are going to play Pin The Tail On The Devil.

WILLIAM. Sounds like fun, Angelo. But I don't feel like playing today.

ANGELA. You really are the laziest angel in heaven, William. I'll never understand how you earned your wings.

WILLIAM. I traded some baseball cards for them.

CHILD #1. Baseball cards?

ANGELO. Baseball cards? What are baseball cards?

ANGELA. It must be another one of those Earth things. Let's go, Angelo.

THE ELF REBELLION

THE ELF REBELLION

For 2m, 1w, 11 extras

PRINCIPAL ROLES

FOREMAN
MRS. CLAUS
SANTA / ROBOELF

SUPPORTING ROLES

ELLIOT ELF
ELICIA ELF
ELTON ELF
ELWOOD ELF
ELSA ELF
ELIZABETH ELF

ELVIS ELF
ELIZA ELF
ELKIE ELF
ELLEN ELF
ELMER ELF

SETTING

Simple set—suggesting the elves' main toy assembly area at the North Pole.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This play was designed to be performed primarily by children. The goal is to involve as many young actors as possible in the production. In the event of a small cast or youth group, some roles may be doubled.

The Elf Rebellion

(The curtain rises on a small toy shop. Suddenly, a loud whistle blows and an ELF wearing a cap on which is written FOREMAN enters from R.)

FOREMAN. Okay, you guys. Let's go! What are you waiting for?

ELLIOT *(from offstage)*. We're coming.

FOREMAN. Yeah. So's Christmas.

(A group of grumbly ELVES meander on from both sides of the stage.)

FOREMAN. Step lively, guys. C'mon, Elwood. Elliot, Elmer. Eliza, Elton. Elsa, Elicia...

(An ELF with sunglasses and big hair dances onstage.)

ELVIS *(singing)*. One for the kiddies. Two for the dough. Three to make presents. So go, elves, go...

FOREMAN. I like your attitude, Elvis Elf.

ELVIS. Thank you. Thank you very much.

FOREMAN. Here's the deal, guys. Christmas is coming. The geese are getting fat. And we've got to...Hey, who put a penny in my hat?! *(The other ELVES giggle.)* Grow up, will ya?

ELICIA. We can't. We're elves!

ELWOOD. If we grew up, we'd just be tall, funny-looking people.

ELTON. Like the Brady Bunch. Only with personality.

FOREMAN. Look. All I'm saying is we have two weeks until the big man hops in the sleigh, and we're a little short.

ELSA. Of course, we're short! We're elves!

FOREMAN. We're a *whole continent* short! Look at the production sheet. We have no toys for Australia! That means all those little kangaroos will wake up Christmas morning to find nothing in their pouches but belly button lint.

ELIZABETH. But we've been working our little fingers to the bone. We've had our little noses to the grindstone. We've put in double-shifts and double-time and double-duty.

ELIZA. If we work any harder, we'll double over!

ELKIE. We're getting tired.

ELLEN. And short-tempered!

ELMER. Yeah. Short-tempered!

ELWOOD. I just can't paint another doll face.

ELIZA. I just can't build another toy train.

ELTON. I can't make another Mighty Morphin Power Ranger!

FOREMAN. What are you trying to say?

ELWOOD. We've had it. We're on strike!

ALL ELVES. Elves on Strike! Elves on Strike! Elves on Strike!

(The ELVES pick up protest signs and march around the stage as MRS. CLAUS enters from L.)

MRS. CLAUS. What's all this ruckus?

ELWOOD. Uh-oh. It's the boss lady!

FOREMAN. I'm sorry, Mrs. C. They're just in a grumpy mood so close to Christmas.

LITTLE SHEPHERD, ALL ALONE

LITTLE SHEPHERD, ALL ALONE

For 2 w, 2 m, 10 or more extras

PRINCIPAL ROLES

STORYTELLER
DANIEL
ANGELA
KING

SUPPORTING ROLES

MR. ARACHNID
SHEEP #1
SHEEP #2
SHEEP #3
LITTLE LAMB

EXTRA ROLES

MARY
JOSEPH
TWO WISE MEN
A CHOIR OF ANGELS
A GROUP OF CHILDREN

SETTING

Simple split set—suggesting Bethlehem and a child's bedroom.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This play was designed to be performed primarily by children. The goal is to involve as many young actors as possible in the production. In the event of a small cast or youth group, some roles may be doubled. A few examples of doubled roles might be:

MR. ARACHNID / JOSEPH
ANGELA / MARY
CHILDREN / ANGEL CHOIR

Little Shepherd, All Alone

(Open on a stage divided into two areas. DL sits a large rocking chair. UR is populated by three or four sheep cut-outs made of painted cardboard or wood.

THE STORYTELLER enters and sits in the rocking chair. A group of CHILDREN sit in the front row of the audience.)

STORYTELLER. Hello. My name is Storyteller. Frederick J. Storyteller...Which is convenient, because as well as being my name...storytelling is also what I do best. Quite a coincidence, don't you think? Actually, my father's name was Storyteller, too, but he made his living as an accountant. A very good accountant. Why, I remember this one time when he was confronted by a whole page of debits and credits and he...*(Catching himself.)* Ah, but that's another story entirely. *(Sits back and smiles.)* Since it's almost Christmas, I want to tell you one of my favorite Christmas stories. It's all about a reindeer named Rudolph, who...

CHILDREN *(all together)*. Heard it!

STORYTELLER. Oh, you heard that one before? No matter. I have another. Long ago, on a wonderfully wintry day, a little boy built a snowman he called Frosty, and...

CHILDREN *(all together)*. Heard it!!

STORYTELLER. You heard that one, too, huh? Well, okay.

Here's a tale about a miserly old man named Ebenezer Scrooge and a charming young lad called Tiny Tim...

CHILDREN (*all together*). Heard it!

STORYTELLER (*getting annoyed*). I see. Well, there's always the classics. You probably know the Bible tale about the very first Christmas, when Mary and Joseph went home to Bethlehem but couldn't find room at the inn...

CHILDREN (*all together*). Know it!

STORYTELLER (*getting frustrated*). You guys make it real easy to be a storyteller, do you know that?

CHILDREN (*all together*). Know it!

STORYTELLER. Oh. Thank you. Thank you very much. Such pleasant children... Now I can understand why my father wanted to be an accountant... Anyway, I bet you haven't heard the story about the little shepherd, all alone, have you? (*Pause, no answer.*) Of course you haven't. Because I haven't made it up yet. So, why don't you all just sit back and let this old storyteller spin you a wondrous tale of far-off days and heavenly deeds... (*Leans forward and begins.*) A long time ago, in the far-off hills of Bethlehem, there lived a young shepherd named Daniel...

(As he spins his story, the lights come up R on the sheep cutouts. As his name is mentioned, DANIEL enters. He is between 12 and 16 years of age. He carries a shepherd's crooked staff and is wearing jeans and a t-shirt. DANIEL is followed by THREE SHEEP, actually small actors in woolly costumes, walking on all fours. Unless otherwise noted, DANIEL's actions, and the actions of other people in the play, will follow the words of the STORYTELLER.)

STORYTELLER. Although Daniel was really just a boy, he was considered one of the best shepherds in the land...*(As the STORYTELLER narrates, DANIEL stands protectively over his SHEEP.)* What made Daniel such a good shepherd? Well, he was very responsible and loved his sheep very much. He never fell asleep during those long, lonely nights with his flock. He was also very brave and would protect his sheep from any danger. He could hear the soft footfalls of a lion a mile away. *(DANIEL swings his staff as if he were in a karate movie.)* And more than a few hungry wolves were chased off with a bump on their heads from Daniel's shepherd staff. *(Sure that his sheep are safe, DANIEL sits on the floor looking lost and lonely.)* But although Daniel was a very fine shepherd, he was also very lonely. You see, somewhere along the line, Daniel had lost his family. Or they lost him. He really couldn't remember which. One day, he just found himself in Bethlehem, working as a shepherd, with little memory of where he came from or where he had been. You can imagine how alone he felt. *(DANIEL pulls a harmonica [or kazoo] from his pocket and begins to play soft music for his flock.)* The only ones he ever talked to were his sheep...and his boss, the mean Mr. Arachnid...

(MR. ARACHNID enters, scowlingly, from R.)

ARACHNID. Wake up, boy!

DANIEL. I wasn't asleep, Mr. Arachnid, sir. I was playing music for my sheep. They like it.

ARACHNID. Yeah? What's their favorite song?

DANIEL. Wooly Bully.

ARACHNID. Well, cut it out! I pay you to be a shepherd, not a musician.

DANIEL. Actually, Mr. Arachnid, you haven't paid me in the past 10 years.

ARACHNID. Hey! Don't I put food in your mouth?!

DANIEL. Yes, sir. Every other day.

ARACHNID. Whadda you complaining about? I give you a roof over your head, don't I?

DANIEL. Not really, sir. I sleep under the stars with the sheep.

ARACHNID. Well, all that fresh air is good for you. You should thank me. Now get back to work.

DANIEL. Yes, sir.

(ARACHNID storms off, UR. SHEEP #1 trots over to DANIEL.)

SHEEP #1. Baaa—aaa—aad.

DANIEL. No. He's not bad, lambchop. Mr. Arachnid took me in when I lost my family. He's really the only family I've got. *(The SHEEP move closer to him, bumping affectionately against his leg.)*

SHEEP #1. Baaa—aaa.

SHEEP #2. Baaa—aaa.

SHEEP #3. Baaa—aaa—aah!

DANIEL. Other than you guys, of course. You are the best friends I've ever had. To tell the truth, you're the only friends I ever remember having. But let's face it. You guys are sheep.

SHEEP #1. Baaa—aaa—aad.

DANIEL. No, it's not bad. But sometimes a guy just has to hang around his own species. You know?

STORYTELLER. As you can see, Daniel did not have the easiest life. But he was wise enough to realize that everyone has problems.

THE PENGUIN WHO SAVED CHRISTMAS

THE PENGUIN WHO SAVED CHRISTMAS

For a cast of 9, either gender

PRINCIPAL ROLES

ELVIN ELFFINGTON
PENELOPE PENGUIN

SUPPORTING ROLES

DONNER
BLITZEN
DASHER
RUDOLPH

EXTRA ROLES

SANTA
AN ESKIMO
A POLAR BEAR

SETTING

Simple set—suggesting an iceberg near the North Pole.

The Penguin Who Saved Christmas

(As the curtain rises, an ELF, carrying a book, enters from R. He sits in a chair, DR. A large white sheet occupies C.)

ELVIN. Hello. My name is Elvin Elffington. I have a job up at the North Pole. It's seasonal work but the fringe benefits are pretty good. And you know how hard it is to get affordable elf care these days. Anyway, I came down here to tell you all a little story about the penguin who saved Christmas. That's right. The penguin who saved Christmas. *(Looks at the audience.)* What's the matter? You don't believe in penguins? Well, that's okay, because this particular penguin didn't believe in you either.

(He opens the book and begins reading. As he does, PENELOPE THE PENGUIN enters from L and begins to act out the story. The large white sheet serves as her iceberg.)

ELVIN. Penelope the Penguin lived in the Arctic Ocean, about as far north as you can go without tripping over the North Pole. Penelope lived on an iceberg, which meant she had plenty of cold water, plenty of opportunity to skate, and never had to buy a refrigerator. It was a tiny iceberg... more like an overgrown ice cube, actually. But Penelope called it home. It was the perfect life for a penguin, with one exception...

PENELOPE. I wish I had someone to play with.

ELVIN. You see, Penelope was the only one living on her iceberg. Many years ago, in the middle of the night, the iceberg split in half and carried the rest of her family across the Arctic Sea. Penelope could have swam after them, but she really didn't like adventure. And she definitely didn't want to leave the cold safety of her frozen home. After a long time, Penelope forgot about her family. After an even longer time, she began to think she was the only living thing in the world.

PENELOPE. In the entire universe, I bet there's only me and the fish.

ELVIN. That's what she really believed. Penelope was one of those poor unfortunate creatures who only believe in what they see. When she was little, her mother had told her stories about a species called "people," who had no wings or beaks, and who lived in huge concrete icebergs called cities. But Penelope didn't really believe in people. After all, she had never seen a people, and Penelope only believed in what she saw. (*Aside, to audience.*) Do you know anyone like that? One day, Penelope saw an Eskimo paddle by in a kayak.

(An ESKIMO crosses from L to R, "paddling" a kayak.)

ELVIN. But since she didn't believe in Eskimos, she pretended not to see him.

ESKIMO. Hello, little penguin.

PENELOPE. I don't believe in you. Go away. (*The ESKIMO shrugs and exits.*)

ELVIN. Another day, she saw something on an iceberg far away that she had never seen before.

(A POLAR BEAR enters R. PENELOPE waves to him.)

PENELOPE. Hey, over there! What are you?

POLAR BEAR. I'm a polar bear.

PENELOPE. Polar bear? I don't believe in polar bears. Besides, you look more like an overgrown marshmallow with legs.

POLAR BEAR. That's not very polite.

PENELOPE. Sorry. I'm not really used to talking to things that talk back. What do polar bears eat?

POLAR BEAR. Fish mostly. Seals now and then. Oh, yes. And we like penguins for dessert.

PENELOPE. Boy, I'm glad you're so far away on that iceberg.

POLAR BEAR. Did I mention that polar bears can swim?

PENELOPE. Gulp, you can swim?

POLAR BEAR. Like a fish.

PENELOPE. Like a fish? Oh well, in that case, I don't have to worry. You see, I gobble up fish.

POLAR BEAR. Are you saying because I can swim like a fish, a little penguin like you can gobble me up?

PENELOPE. Probably not all at once. But there'd be a lot of leftover frozen food. So you better not try to swim over!

ELVIN. The polar bear wasn't sure what to do with such a confident penguin, so he decided not to bother with her. After all, there were plenty of other fish in the sea. (*POLAR BEAR drifts off, R.*) As for Penelope, as soon as his iceberg drifted out of sight, she put the polar bear completely out of her mind. She only believed in what she saw, and since she didn't see any more polar bears...she didn't have to believe in polar bears anymore. As the years went by, Penelope skated around her tiny iceberg, fished a little, and desperately wished she had someone to talk to.

PENELOPE. I desperately wish I had someone to talk to.

THE DICKENS YOU SAY

THE DICKENS YOU SAY

For 4 w, 1 m, 10 or more extras (doubling suggested)

PRINCIPAL ROLES

MISS ABIGAIL SCROOGE
JULIE / MRS. MARLEY
MELANIE / GHOST #1
TIM / GHOST #2
WENDY / GHOST #3

SUPPORTING ROLES

BARBARA
ANNIE
CHELSEA
MRS. WALTERS

EXTRA ROLES

OTHER STUDENTS
BACK-UP GHOST SINGERS

SETTING

Simple set—suggesting a classroom in an elementary school.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Male and female roles can be changed, depending on cast requirements. Also, the sillier the ghost costumes are, the funnier they will be to the audience.

The Dickens You Say

SCENE ONE

(The stage lights come up on a classroom in an elementary school. The teacher's desk sits R, with all the students' desks facing her. A blackboard is mounted against the wall UC. On it is written the name, "MISS SCROOGE.")

MISS SCROOGE faces the class as MELANIE, a young student, reads from a book.)

MELANIE. And Tiny Tim said, "God bless us every one."
The End.

MISS SCROOGE. Very good, Melanie. Well, students, since we just finished reading *The Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens, what do you think?

JULIE. I liked the ghosts. They were awesome!

MISS SCROOGE. Which ghost did you like the best?

BARBARA. I liked the Ghost of Christmas Past!

ANNIE. I liked the Ghost of Christmas Present!

TIM. I liked the Ghost of Christmas Future. He was totally bad!

MISS SCROOGE. I'm sure Charles Dickens would appreciate your comment, Tim. However, Dickens' tale is much more than just another ghost story. He uses the ghosts as a way of changing Ebenezer's view of the holiday season.

CHELSEA. Miss Scrooge, don't you think it's funny that you have the same last name as Ebenezer Scrooge?

MISS SCROOGE (*annoyed*). Hysterical.

WENDY. Was he really as mean and awful as he was in the book?

MISS SCROOGE. Now, Wendy, Ebenezer Scrooge was just a fictional character. He didn't really exist. Besides, we shouldn't judge him too harshly. He was just trying to be an efficient businessman.

ANNIE. He was a creep. I'd punch him in the nose if I saw him.

MISS SCROOGE. Well, obviously, you students didn't understand Dickens' true message. Therefore, I want you to do a book report on the story over the holidays. As well as these seven worksheets.

ALL STUDENTS. Homework? Over vacation?

JULIE. But that's not fair!

MELANIE. Yeah, Miss Scrooge! It's Christmas!

CHELSEA. And Chanukah!

TIM. It's not fair at all!

MISS SCROOGE. Please sit down, Tiny Tim.

BARBARA. Be nice, you guys, Miss Scrooge is only doing her job.

MISS SCROOGE. Why, thank you, Barbara Cratchit.

BARBARA. She can't help being mean and nasty to us poor little kids.

MISS SCROOGE. I appreciate that, Barbara.

WENDY. None of the other teachers give homework over vacation!

MISS SCROOGE. My old English teacher used to. Her name was Mrs. Marley, and she used to give us tons of work, no matter what holiday it was. Until you boys and girls can prove to me that you understand the meaning of this story, I have to assign you homework. The holidays will just have to wait.

TIM. Homework. Bah humbug. (*Bell rings.*)

MISS SCROOGE. There's the bell. It's time for lunch. Run along. *(The STUDENTS pile out of the classroom, all grumbling. MISS SCROOGE sits at her desk. She sighs.)* Each year it gets harder and harder. Thank heavens I can at least get a little rest during lunch period.

(MISS SCROOGE puts her head down on her desk and quickly falls asleep. A few of the STUDENTS re-enter, L. They whisper among themselves.)

ANNIE. Look. She's asleep.

MELANIE. Now we'll never be able to beg her not to give us homework over vacation.

JULIE. Wait a minute, she wanted us to prove we understood Dickens, right?

BARBARA. Yeah.

JULIE. Well, I got an idea. You round up some costumes from the theater department. Here's what we're gonna do. *(She whispers to the others as the stage lights dim.)*

**GAIL & GARY GREEDY'S
CHRISTMAS SURPRISE**

GAIL & GARY GREEDY'S CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

For 6 w, 3 m, 10 or more extras (doubling possible)

PRINCIPAL ROLES

MOM
GAIL GREEDY
GARY GREEDY
ANGEL#1
ANGEL #2
ANGEL #3

SUPPORTING ROLES

SHEPHERD #1
SHEPHERD #2
BOBBY (offstage voice)
JILL (offstage voice)
ANGELS (nonspeaking)

OPTIONAL EXTRA ROLES

MARY
JOSEPH
BABY JESUS
A CHOIR OF ANGELS

SETTING

Simple split set—suggesting Bethlehem and a child's bedroom.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This play was designed to be performed primarily by children. The goal is to involve as many young actors as possible in the production. In the event of a small cast or youth group, the play will work just as well if the optional extra roles are eliminated and the entire nativity scene simply referred to as if it were offstage.

Gail & Gary Greedy's Christmas Surprise

SCENE ONE

(Open on the toy room of Gary and Gail Greedy. Even though the room is filled with toys and games of every description, GARY and GAIL mope around looking bored.)

GAIL. I'm bored.

GARY. Me too.

GAIL. It's no fun staying at home. I wish there was something to do.

GARY. Yeah. You want to play a game?

GAIL. Nah. None of my games are any fun.

GARY. Mine either.

GAIL. Maybe we can play with some of your toys.

GARY. Naw. I played with them last month.

GAIL. Video games?

GARY. What's the point?

GAIL. I'm bored.

GARY. Me too.

(MOM enters with a shopping bag. They ignore her.)

MOM. Hi, Gary. Hi, Gail. What are you two doing?

GARY & GAIL *(sighing)*. Nothin'.

MOM. Why don't you play outside in the snow?

GARY. That's for kids...

GAIL (*suddenly excited*). Did you buy us something when you went Christmas shopping?

GARY. Yeah! Did you buy us something?

MOM. Maybe. But you will have to wait until Christmas to find out.

GARY. Aww. Why do we have to wait? Why not just hand us the new toys now. We're bored to death.

GAIL. Yeah. Give us the toys now. Who needs Christmas anyways?

MOM. I can't believe you two! We all need Christmas. Don't you know why Christmas is so important?

GARY. Yeah, it's awesome, big-time gift-grabbing. We get lots and lots of stuff...and the stores make lots and lots of money.

GAIL. And Santa Claus gets to clear out all the toys that have been cluttering up his workshop all year long.

GARY. And give them to us!

GAIL. Yeah, to us!

MOM. Gail Greedy, Gary Greedy...you don't understand the true meaning of Christmas at all!

GAIL. I think she means about Jesus being born.

GARY. Oh, him. He had a great party. He got to sleep in a barn and got some neat presents from the three wise men.

GAIL. Gold, frankensteins and smurfs!

MOM. Didn't you listen to the priest last Sunday?

GARY. Naw. I was too busy thinking about my Christmas list. Oh, here it is. (*He hands MOM a Spiegel catalogue.*) Everything from page 12 to page 265 will do. Except the socks and underwear.

GAIL. Here's mine. (*She hands MOM an equally thick catalogue.*) Pay special attention to the 20 pages of Barbie accessories.

**THE CHRISTMAS TREE FROM
OUTER SPACE**

THE CHRISTMAS TREE FROM OUTER SPACE

For 4 w, 4 m, 10 or more extras (doubling possible)

PRINCIPAL ROLES

NARRATOR
E. TREE
QUEEN CONNIFER
TREESA
CONIFERNICUS

SUPPORTING ROLES

GIRL
MINISTREE
PALMALA
DADDY
MOMMY

EXTRA ROLES

ETHEL
MAN / TREE SALESMAN
DOG
TWO TREE GUARDS
TREE #1

TREE #2
TREE #3
TREE #4
TREE #5

SETTING

Simple sets—suggesting a throne room, the planet Fred, Hollywood Boulevard, Earth, a Christmas tree lot, a living room.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This play was designed to be performed primarily by children. The goal is to involve as many young actors as possible in the production. In the event of a small cast or youth group, some roles may be doubled.

The Christmas Tree From Outer Space

SCENE ONE

(A spotlight comes up on the NARRATOR seated DL. The rest of the stage is in darkness.)

NARRATOR. And so it came to pass that on the very edge of the galaxy known as the Milky Way, a small planet spun silently through a bright haze of luminous stars and fiery comets. The small planet was called Fred by its inhabitants, who had never bothered to learn its last name. On this planet Fred, there lived a strange race of creatures called the Conifers. The Conifers were known throughout the universe for their mighty warriors, their fierce nature, and their good eating habits. Today was a special day on the planet Fred. The royal astronomer, Conifernicus, was about to tell Queen Conifer about a startling new discovery...

(Lights come up on the stage which is set as an alien palace, with pictures of strange landscapes framed to look like windows. In front of each window stands an undecorated Christmas tree. UC rests a large throne.)

CONIFERNICUS *(from offstage)*. You see that star just above the HorgleWoosh Tower?

QUEEN CONIFER *(although we don't see her)*. That puny thing?

CONFERNICUS (*from offstage*). Yes, Queen Conifer. That is where the planet Earth is located. And legend has it that Earth is inhabited by billions of trees!

(An evergreen tree runs onstage R, branches rustling with excitement. The tree is the royal astronomer, CONFERNICUS.)

CONFERNICUS. Billions and billions of trees!

(The evergreen tree in front of the painted window UC turns to the audience. It is QUEEN CONIFER.)

QUEEN CONIFER. I knew civilized life had taken root somewhere in the galaxy. The planet Earth, you say?

(QUEEN CONIFER stretches her roots and attempts to bend her trunk to sit on the large throne. An ATTENDANT places a pine cone crown on the QUEEN's conical head.)

CONFERNICUS. Yes, your sappiness. It is the third planet from a small yellow star.

QUEEN CONIFER. What do they call the star?

CONFERNICUS. The sun.

QUEEN CONIFER. Sun? Then what does an Earth father call his male child?

CONFERNICUS. A son.

QUEEN CONIFER. Son? I thought they called the star the sun? Is the male son also a star?

CONFERNICUS. Only in the village of Hollywood, your nuttiness.

QUEEN CONIFER. So their star is the sun but their sons are not stars unless their sons are stars in Hollywood?

CONIFERNICUS. Something like that, your leafiness.

QUEEN CONIFER (*sighs*). I'll never understand alien life forms...

CONIFERNICUS. However, our scouts have reported that there is about to be a full-scale war against the tree race by a sub-species known as Man.

QUEEN CONIFER. What kind of creatures are these Man?

CONIFERNICUS. A strange species. They have skin instead of bark. Arms instead of branches and hair instead of leaves.

ALL. Ugh. Gross, disgusting...

QUEEN CONIFER. Sounds revolting. I'm sure we will never see one of their kind win the Miss Universe contest. Tell me, what do they plan to do to our brother trees?

CONIFERNICUS. The worst of all possible tortures, sire. They embarrass them.

GUARDS. Gasp, No! Embarrass them!? Gasp! No...!

CONIFERNICUS. Alas, it is true. Once each year, these Man-creatures capture the trees, then stick all manner of glass decorations and colored lights on their branches.

GUARDS. Gasp!

CONIFERNICUS. What's worse, they humiliate the trees by making them stand with their trunks surrounded by funny colored boxes called "presents"...

GUARD #1. How embarrassing!

GUARD #2. My son tried that once. He was grounded for a week!

CONIFERNICUS. They do it once every solar revolution. During a period the Man-creatures call "The Holiday Season."

QUEEN CONIFER. Holiday? Holiday like Hollywood where their sons can be stars like the star they call sun?