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*Dramatic Publishing*

# Melissa and the Magic Nutcracker

A Musical Fantasy  
for Children of all Ages

Book and Lyrics  
by

**JOSEPH ROBINETTE**

Music by

**KARL JURMAN**

Based on the Story by

**HALLER T. LAUGHLIN**

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Music by KARL JURMAN

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(MELISSA AND THE MAGIC NUTCRACKER)  
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# MELISSA AND THE MAGIC NUTCRACKER

*A Musical Fantasy  
for Three Men, Two Women, Extras*

## CHARACTERS

Jeremiah Jenkins. . . . . *a retired sea captain*

Jessimine Jenkins . . . . . *Jeremiah's wife*

Franklin Pickett (also Salty) . . . . . *a young seaman*

Melissa Montgomery . . . . . *the Jenkins' granddaughter*

Matey . . . . . *a sea-going mouse*

Singers, Dancers, Townspeople

**TIME:** The early 1900's

**PLACE:** Bar Harbor, Maine and  
Various Locations Around the World

*MUSICAL NUMBERS*

“MELISSA” . . . . . Jessimine

“MELISSA” Reprise . . . . . Jessimine and Jeremiah

“I WANT TO GO HOME” . . . . . Melissa

“MAKE THE WORLD A  
LITTLE SMALLER” . . . . . Matey, Salty, Melissa

“MAKE THE WORLD A  
LITTLE SMALLER” Reprise . . . . . Entire Company

Musical Tour of “MEXICO,” “THE NETHERLANDS,”  
“SWEDEN,” “FRANCE,” “ENGLAND”  
. . . . . Matey, Salty, Melissa, Ensemble

## *PRODUCTION NOTES*

### *SET*

The decor strongly suggests a sea-going atmosphere. Fishnets, seashells and ship fixtures, such as a captain's wheel and anchor, should line the walls. A Christmas tree, completely decorated and with presents underneath, stands in one corner of the room.

As the scene on Page 19 progresses, a curtain or scrim drops slowly in front of the living room which, if possible, should be pulled upstage, thus placing Melissa, Salty and Matey in a neutral locale. The curtain or scrim remains in place until the lights come back up on the living room, Page 33, and the dream sequence is over.

### *PROPS*

The piñata for the Mexican scene should be a colorful, papier-mache container resembling a burro, fish, pig, bird, etc. It can be decorated with tinsel and paper streamers and should be filled with small toys and candy.

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## Melissa and the Magic Nutcracker

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**SCENE:** The living room of the Jenkins' plain, yet tastefully-furnished, New England home.

**AT RISE OF CURTAIN:** JESSIMINE JENKINS, a spry woman in her sixties, enters from the kitchen. She carries a lamp which immediately brightens the room. She goes to the window, then crosses to a table where she sets the lamp.

(SONG: "MELISSA")

**JESSIMINE.**

OH, WHERE CAN SHE BE?  
I WISH I COULD SEE  
OUR GRANDCHILD WHO'S COMING TO US.

THE WEATHER'S SO BAD,  
THE WORST THAT WE'VE HAD.  
THE WIND'S STIRRING UP SUCH A FUSS!

OH, LET HER BE FOUND  
SO SAFE AND SO SOUND.  
AND BRING HER QUITE SOON TO OUR DOOR!

SHE'S ONLY THIRTEEN  
AND WE'VE NEVER SEEN  
OUR ONLY GRANDDAUGHTER BEFORE.

PLEASE GET HERE, MELISSA, MELISSA,  
WHO'S COMING FROM SO FAR AWAY.  
MELISSA, MELISSA,  
ARRIVING ON THIS VERY DAY.

AND YEARS FROM NOW WHEN SHE'S FULLY GROWN,  
WE HOPE SHE WILL REMEMBER THIS CHRISTMAS,  
THIS CHRISTMAS,  
AS THE BEST SHE'S EVER KNOWN!

(A moment later, the outside door swings open and JEREMIAH JENKINS, in his late sixties, enters. Howling winds blow snow into the house until he slams the door shut.)

JESSIMINE. Any sign of her yet?

JEREMIAH. Can't tell. (He brushes snow off his coat, then removes the coat.) The snow's coming down so fast, I couldn't see more'n three feet in front of me.

JESSIMINE. Oh, I do hope she makes it all right. The Atlantic Ocean is fierce this time of year.

JEREMIAH. Don't be worrying, Grandma. Melissa is in fine hands. Captain Fuller could sail a ship through the eye of a hurricane, and you'd never even feel a breeze.

JESSIMINE (decorating the mantle with Christmas ornaments and candles). Because you taught him everything he knows, I suppose.

JEREMIAH. I wouldn't go so far as to say that. I taught him



*almost* everything he knows. (BOTH laugh.)

JESSIMINE. There's no use denying . . . you were a fine captain, Jeremiah Jenkins. And a good teacher, too, I reckon.

JEREMIAH. Ah, the sea-going life. If it hadn't been for you, Jessimine Jenkins, I'd have never retired.

JESSIMINE. Ah, go on with you. I used to think it was *because* of me that you kept going out to sea. (BOTH laugh as JEREMIAH pulls an object from a cedar chest and unwraps it.)

JEREMIAH. Well, sir, the decorations look fine, Grandma. Now for the finishing touch. (He holds up a wooden nutcracker.) My old pal, Salty.

JESSIMINE. Oh, I was hoping you'd forget that ugly old thing this year.

JEREMIAH. Forget Salty? Not on your life. This nutcracker is my good luck charm, Jessimine. You know that. Picked him up on a voyage to India and kept him with me all my sailing days. He always goes on the mantle at Christmas time. (He hands the nutcracker to JESSIMINE.)

JESSIMINE. It's so knobby. And such an ugly face.

JEREMIAH. Now don't be insulting Salty. I'm sure he once had a handsome face. Just like mine used to be. And still is, I reckon. (He laughs.)

JESSIMINE. I don't know so much about that. But you would have to go a ways to get this ugly. (She places the nutcracker on the mantle, then goes to the window.) Oh, I'm worried, Jeremiah. The ship should have docked hours ago.

JEREMIAH. Now, Jessimine, she'll be safe.

JESSIMINE. It's not just that. I'm wondering if Melissa will like spending Christmas here in Maine. It's so far from her home in Georgia.

JEREMIAH. 'Course she'll like it here.

JESSIMINE. Well, we'll have to be very gentle with her at first.

We'll be strangers to her in the beginning, you know.

**JEREMIAH.** Why? We're her grandparents.

**JESSIMINE.** But she's never seen us before. (A pause.) Oh, why did our dear daughter, Jennifer, have to move away in the first place?

**JEREMIAH.** Because she married Thomas Montgomery who just happened to live in Georgia.

**JESSIMINE.** Why couldn't he have moved up here?

**JEREMIAH.** Because of the plantation. He couldn't very well have raised cotton in Bar Harbor, Maine, could he? (A pause.) 'Course I probably could've made a sailor out of him.

**JESSIMINE.** No, thank you. One in the family is quite enough. Sometimes too much, I'm thinking. (BOTH laugh.)

**JEREMIAH.** Grandma, Melissa's going to love it here. We'll show her a fine time. Right, Matey? (He goes to his coat and looks in the pocket. Squeaking noises come from the pocket.)

**JESSIMINE.** Now, Jeremiah, you keep that pet mouse of yours out of sight while Melissa's here.

**JEREMIAH.** Oh, she'll love Matey. We'll tell her all about our sea-going adventures together. Right, Matey? (Another squeak.)

**JESSIMINE.** Just the same, you keep him tucked away.

(SONG: "MELISSA" Reprise)

**JESSIMINE.**

A MOUSE IN THE HOUSE  
IS NOT WHAT WE WANT  
OUR SWEET LITTLE GRANDCHILD TO SEE!

INSTEAD IN HER BED  
A DOLL SHE SHOULD SPY  
AND PRESENTS ALL UNDER THE TREE!

JEREMIAH (holding up gifts).  
A SPONGE RUBBER BALL,  
A WOODEN BIRD CALL,  
TO THINK I MADE THEM MYSELF!

JESSIMINE (holding up two plates of cookies and cake).  
I'M GLAD THAT I'VE BAKED  
THESE COOKIES AND CAKE  
TO FILL UP MY BIG PANTRY SHELF!

JEREMIAH and JESSIMINE.  
IT'S ALL FOR MELISSA, MELISSA,

JEREMIAH.  
WHO'S COMING FROM SO FAR AWAY!

JESSIMINE.  
MELISSA, MELISSA,  
ARRIVING ON THIS VERY DAY!

IS EVERYTHING SET?

JEREMIAH.  
ALL SET NOW, YOU BET!  
EVERYTHING'S FINE AS CAN BE!  
YOU'VE SCRUBBED THE WHOLE PLACE,  
INCLUDING MY FACE,  
NOT ONE SPECK OF DIRT DO I SEE!

JESSIMINE.  
IS THERE ENOUGH FOOD?

JEREMIAH.

NOW GRANDMA, YOU'VE STEWED  
AND BAKED FOR AN ARMY OR TWO!

YOU'VE GIVEN YOUR BEST,  
NOW TAKE A SHORT REST,  
YOU'VE DONE EVERYTHING YOU CAN DO!

JEREMIAH and JESSIMINE.

IT'S ALL FOR MELISSA, MELISSA,

JESSIMINE.

WHO'S COMING FROM SO FAR AWAY!

JEREMIAH.

MELISSA, MELISSA,  
ARRIVING ON THIS VERY DAY!

JEREMIAH and JESSIMINE.

AND YEARS FROM NOW WHEN SHE'S FULLY GROWN,  
WE HOPE SHE WILL REMEMBER THIS CHRISTMAS,

JEREMIAH.

THIS CHRISTMAS,

JEREMIAH and JESSIMINE.

AS THE BEST SHE'S EVER KNOWN.  
AS THE BEST SHE'S EVER KNOWN!

(There is a knock at the door.)

JEREMIAH. Now who in tarnation can that be?

JESSIMINE. Well, who do you *think* it could be?

JEREMIAH and JESSIMINE. Melissa! (They bump into each other trying to get to the door.)

(JEREMIAH finally flings the door open to reveal FRANKLIN, a sailor.)

JEREMIAH (throwing his arms around FRANKLIN). Melissa! (To JESSIMINE.) She's awfully big. Must take after her daddy.

JESSIMINE. Jeremiah, that's not Melissa.

JEREMIAH. Oh, sorry, young fella.

FRANKLIN (entering the room). That's okay, sir. Are you Captain Jenkins?

JEREMIAH. I am.

FRANKLIN. Good. I have someone in the carriage for you.

JEREMIAH. It wouldn't be a Melissa Montgomery from Magnolia, Georgia, would it?

FRANKLIN. I reckon it would, sir.

JEREMIAH. Then I reckon you've found the right place.

FRANKLIN. I'll bring her in, sir. Oh, she's just a little seasick from the trip. Nothing serious, though. (He exits, closing the door as he goes.)

JESSIMINE. A little seasick, eh? Captain Fuller must have had a bit of trouble.

JEREMIAH. Well, the main thing is . . . she's here.

JESSIMINE. True enough, Grandpa. Now, when she comes in, you leave her be. Let her get used to things.

JEREMIAH. I'll be still as a mouse. (A squeak.) Right, Matey?

JESSIMINE. You keep that mouse out of sight. (She walks to the window and looks out.) Here she comes. I'm so excited.

JEREMIAH. I reckon you have a right to be. Me, too, for that matter.

(JEREMIAH opens the door. FRANKLIN enters, carrying MELISSA, a pretty thirteen-year-old girl. He also holds a suitcase.)

FRANKLIN. Here we are.

JEREMIAH (closing the door). Well, hello there, Melissa! You're just as pretty as your picture. How about a big —

JESSIMINE (pulling JEREMIAH away). Jeremiah. (To FRANKLIN.) Just set her over here on the sofa. I'll take her suitcase. (FRANKLIN gently places MELISSA on the sofa and sets the suitcase beside the sofa.) I'll get a warm wash rag for your face, honey. (She exits to the kitchen.)

FRANKLIN. Will you be all right, Miss?

MELISSA. I . . . I think so. Thank you.

JEREMIAH. I'm your grandpa, Melissa. (He gets close to her.) I can't wait to take a nice close look at you. Still can't believe you're my own daughter's little girl.

(JESSIMINE enters with a bowl and rag.)

JESSIMINE. Now give her a bit of room, Jeremiah. Here we are. (She begins to bathe Melissa's face.)

MELISSA. Thank you, ma'am.

FRANKLIN. Well, I'd better be off. I'll bring the young lady's trunk over in the morning. Oh, Captain Fuller sends his best wishes.

JEREMIAH. I half-way expected *him* to bring Melissa. Did he stay at the ship?

FRANKLIN. No, sir. He stayed in Savannah.

JEREMIAH. Savannah?

FRANKLIN. He was kinda sick with the grippe. He didn't make this voyage.

JEREMIAH. Then . . . who in the world?

FRANKLIN (proudly, as JEREMIAH stares at him). Yes, sir.  
Me, sir.

JEREMIAH. You?

FRANKLIN. I sailed the Blossom Queen all the way from Georgia.

JEREMIAH. You sailed my granddaughter? How old are you, boy?

FRANKLIN. Twenty-four, sir.

JEREMIAH. Twenty-four! Much too young to be a captain.

JESSIMINE. And how old were you, Jeremiah?

JEREMIAH. Twenty-five.

JESSIMINE (to FRANKLIN). Young man, you did a fine job bringing our granddaughter to us safely in this weather.

FRANKLIN. Thank you, ma'am.

JEREMIAH. Well, I suppose he did at that. Thank you, uh, what's your name?

FRANKLIN. Franklin, sir. Franklin Pickett. (He and JEREMIAH shake hands.) I'll be back in the morning with the trunk. Evening, everybody. (ALL ad lib good-byes.)

JESSIMINE. Thank you again, Mr. Pickett. (FRANKLIN exits.) Feeling better now, Melissa?

MELISSA (faintly). A little. I think.

JEREMIAH. Well, now, Melissa, tell us all about your trip. I'll bet those big waves rocked that ship back and forth and to and fro and . . . (MELISSA coughs.)

JESSIMINE. Jeremiah, there'll be plenty of time for her to tell us all about the trip. Isn't that right, Melissa?

MELISSA. Yes, ma'am.

JEREMIAH. You don't have to be calling us ma'am and sir, Melissa. I'm your grandpa -- and this is your grandma.

JESSIMINE. She'll get used to calling us that in time.

JEREMIAH. Well, I know what'll perk her right up. She needs some vittles from the kitchen after that hard trip. What have

we got, Grandma? Snapping turtle soup, oyster stew, pigs' knuckles, shoo-fly pie and green tea. (MELISSA coughs as if she's about to be sick.)

JESSIMINE. Jeremiah, I'll tend to the food if it's all the same with you. A little later I'll bring in some cheese and milk . . . if you feel like having them.

MELISSA. That would be nice. Thank you.

JEREMIAH. Grandma, I've got another good idea.

JESSIMINE. Another? I haven't heard the first one yet.

JEREMIAH. It's still a couple of days until Christmas, but why don't we let Melissa open one of her presents right now.

JESSIMINE. Why, Jeremiah Jenkins, that is a good idea. I didn't think you had one in you.

JEREMIAH. I'll pick it out for you, Melissa. (He goes to the Christmas tree and looks over the presents.) This looks interesting. (He selects a package and takes it to MELISSA.)

MELISSA (brightening slightly as she accepts the present). Thank you.

JEREMIAH. Open it up.

MELISSA (opening the package, but not enthused at its contents). What . . . what is it?

JEREMIAH. A paperweight. - (A pause.) You, uh, weigh your papers down with it.

MELISSA. Oh.

JESSIMINE. It's not just for papers, Melissa. You see the forest in the glass?

MELISSA. Yes.

JESSIMINE. Watch. (She shakes the paperweight gently.) See? It's snowing.

JEREMIAH (taking the paperweight and shaking it repeatedly). It'll snow as much as you want it to. (The constant motion makes MELISSA sick again.)

JESSIMINE. That's enough, Grandpa.