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Dramatic Publishing

Junior Claus



Musical
Book and lyrics by Christopher Dimond
Music by Michael Rومان

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Junior Claus

Musical. Book and lyrics by Christopher Dimond. Music by Michael Kooman. *Cast: 3m., 3w., doubling possible, extras as desired.*

Junior Claus is the only son of Santa and Mrs. Claus. Like many teenagers, Junior is reluctant to take over the family business. Unsure of himself, Junior puts more faith in his technological inventions than in good old-fashioned Christmas magic, much to the chagrin of his father. But, when a sudden drop in Christmas spirit renders Santa incapable of making the great ride, Junior must take the reins. Meanwhile, a scheming, miserly elf takes advantage of Santa's absence as he plots to turn the workshop into a for-profit enterprise. Together with his overly cheery elf best friend, a gregarious penguin and a host of colorful characters, Junior must learn the true meaning of Christmas in time to save the day. With a tuneful score, a flexible cast of beloved Christmas characters old and new and a Pixar-esque tone, *Junior Claus* is a comedic holiday adventure for the whole family. "There's some unexpected depth in *Junior Claus*. ... Yes, it's full of the typical silly jokes, catchy songs and bright costumes ... but when ... Junior says it's hard to live in his father's shadow, you feel something deeper than in your average cartoon. Who, no matter what age, doesn't hope to fulfill a parent's expectations?" (*Orlando Sentinel*) **Simple set.**
Approximate running time: 80 minutes. Code: J68.

*Front cover image: Orlando Repertory Theatre, Orlando, Fla., featuring (l-r) Savannah Simerly, Sarah Jane Fridlich, Sage Starkey, Jasmine Forsberg and Lyndsey Wilkerson.
Photo: Michael Cairns-Wet Orange Studio. Cover design: Jeanette Alog-Sergel.*

ISBN: 978-1-58342-908-2



9 781583 429082 >

www.dramaticpublishing.com



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311 Washington St.
Woodstock, IL 60098
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Printed on recycled paper

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Book and lyrics by
CHRISTOPHER DIMOND

Music by
MICHAEL KOOMAN



Dramatic Publishing Company
Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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Book and lyrics by
CHRISTOPHER DIMOND

Music by
MICHAEL KOOMAN

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(JUNIOR CLAUS)

For inquiries concerning all other rights, contact:
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New York, NY 10010 • Phone: (212) 897-6400

ISBN: 978-1-58342-908-2

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Junior Claus was originally commissioned by The Directors Studios, with its premier production running from December 10, 2009, to December 27, 2009, as part of their Beyond Broadway series at the Burnsville Performing Arts Center, Burnsville, Minn.

CAST

Brian Skellenger..... Junior Claus
Mark Bradley Santa Claus
Ali Rose Dachis Chipper
Tom Danford..... Grumpo
Teri Parker-Brown.....Mrs. Claus
Cara Michelle Fish..... Pengy
Kinaundrae Lee.....Dasher
Maddie Kadlec..... Taylor
Bethany Ford..... Brunhilde
Elves..... Catie Deysach, Maggiy Emery, Taylor Rodriguez

PRODUCTION STAFF

Artistic Director Steve Barberio
Music DirectorMichael Pearce Donley
Choreographer..... Maggie Bergeron
Production and Touring Director Tim Wilkins
Scenic Design/Technical Director..... Tom Barrett
Lighting Designer Pearl Rea
Costume Designer.....Christine A. Richardson
Sound Designer.....Michael Crosswell
Properties Designer..... Erica Zaffarano
Sound Engineer..... Brandon Levy
Assistant Set Designer/Scenic Artist.....Anne Henly
Carpenter..... Michael Allen
Stage Manager Tiffany K. Orr
Dramaturg Kristin Leahey
Assistant Stage Manager.....Lisa Smith

Junior Claus

CHARACTERS

*(*May be portrayed by puppets, allowing for all roles to be covered by six actors.)*

JUNIOR CLAUS: The son of Santa. Like most teenagers, he is a little unhappy with the family business.

SANTA CLAUS: A jolly old soul, but slightly frustrated with his son's lack of interest in Christmas.

CHIPPER: A bright, cheery elf.

GRUMPO: A greedy, miserly elf.

MRS. CLAUS: Santa's caring wife who is stern but loving.

***PENGY:** A talkative talking penguin.

***DASHER:** A reindeer.

TAYLOR: A young girl (or boy).

***BRUNHILDE:** A less-than-intelligent elf duped into Grumpo's services.

***ELVES:** A little irritating.

REFLECTION: Played by Santa, appears in Junior's dream.

GPS VOICE

SET

For the most part, the North Pole.

A time not terribly removed from the present.

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Junior Claus

SCENE 1: THE WORKSHOP

(#1: “Overture”)

AT RISE: *JUNIOR CLAUS works on a pair of complicated-looking boots as the sun rises on Santa’s Workshop.*

(#2: “Dawn in the Workshop / The Great North Pole”)

JUNIOR.

DAWN IN THE WORKSHOP.
SILENCE AND STILLNESS.
AND I FEEL THIS CHILL,
THIS THING I CAN’T DEFINE.

UP ALL NIGHT INVENTING,
REWIRING, CONNECTING,
PREPARING AND PERFECTING
MY LATEST DESIGN.

’CAUSE SOMEDAY THIS WORKSHOP,
THIS ENTIRE OPERATION,
SANTA’S TOY-MAKING NATION,
WILL ALL BE MINE.
CAN’T BELIEVE IT WILL ALL BE MINE.
ALL BE MINE.

ELVES (*offstage*).

FA LA LA.
FA LA LA.
FA LA LA LA LA.

JUNIOR. Oh brother.

(The ELVES burst into the workshop.)

ELF 1. Morning, Junior.

ELF 2. Yeah, morning.

ELF 3. Morning.

JUNIOR. Don't you guys have anybody better to bother?
Surely somewhere there's a child who's after your Lucky Charms.

ELF 1. For the last time, we're elves.

ELF 2. Elves make toys.

JUNIOR. I had no idea.

ELVES.

ELVES WAKE UP WHEN MORNING BREAKS.
DRINK OUR ELFY PROTEIN SHAKES.
SKIP OR HOP TO SANTA'S SHOP.
AT THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

HANDMADE GOODS WE SHIP FOR FREE.
BACKED BY ELFIN WARRANTEE.
OH, THE JOYS OF MAKING TOYS.
AT THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

ELF 2. Why are you here so early, Junior?

ELF 3. You're not inventing, are you?

JUNIOR. Actually ...

ELF 1. Uh-oh.

ELF 2. Oh no.

ELF 3. Not again.

JUNIOR. Can you guys just leave me—

ELF 1. I don't see why you're always inventing.

ELF 2. Christmas is perfect the way it is.

ELF 3. Stick to the assembly line, Junior.

JUNIOR.

DAWN IN THE WORKSHOP.
THEY FILE TO THEIR STATIONS
WITH NO ASPIRATIONS.
WELL, THAT'S NOT ME.

CHRISTMAS IS GREAT,
BUT THERE'S NO CHANGE,
THERE'S NO MOVEMENT.
WELL, I'LL BRING IMPROVEMENT.
WAIT AND SEE.
WAIT AND SEE.

ELVES.

ELVES ADORE THE ICE AND SNOW.
BUT EVEN MORE, THE STATUS QUO.
WE WOULD HATE TO CHANGE THE STATE
OF THE GREAT NORTH POLE,
OF THE GREAT NORTH POLE,
OF THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

(CHIPPER approaches JUNIOR.)

CHIPPER. A very Christmassy Christmas Eve Eve to you,
Junior.

JUNIOR. What do you want, Chipper?

CHIPPER. I think your inventions are the most Christmassy
things in Christmastown.

JUNIOR. You do?

CHIPPER. I just wish you could invent something to fix the
Belief-o-Meter.

JUNIOR. What's wrong with the Belief-o-Meter?

CHIPPER. Jeez, Junior, where've you been?
WELL, THE NEEDLE KEEPS ON DROPPING,
AND THERE MAY BE WORSE IN STORE

BECAUSE FOLKS DON'T HAVE THE SPIRIT ANYMORE.
THEY THINK CHRISTMAS IS JUST SHOPPING
AND THE GIFTS THAT THEY RECEIVE.

BUT WE'LL BRING THE SPIRIT BACK AGAIN,
YOU'LL SEE,
IF WE BELIEVE
IN THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

JUNIOR. I can't worry about that stuff now.

CHIPPER. Junior—

JUNIOR.

DAWN IN THE WORKSHOP.

ELVES.

EVERY TOY ON EVERY LIST.

JUNIOR.

THE WORLD IS AWAKING.

ELVES.

DOUBLE CHECK SO NOTHING'S MISSED.

JUNIOR.

A NEW DAY IS BREAKING.

ELVES.

OUR TOYS ARE THE ELFIEST.

JUNIOR.

SO BRIGHT AND CLEAR.

CHIPPER.

WE'LL BRING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT BACK,
YOU'LL SEE.

JUNIOR.

ONE LAST CONNECTION.

ELVES.

SPREADING JOY AND CHRISTMAS CHEER.

CHIPPER.

IF WE BELIEVE.

JUNIOR.

JUST HOLD THAT HAND STEADY.

ELVES.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES AN ELF'S CAREER.

CHIPPER.

IF WE BELIEVE.

JUNIOR.

I'LL PROVE I'M READY.

CHIPPER.

IF WE BELIEVE.

JUNIOR.

MY TIME IS HERE.

ELVES.

AT THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

JUNIOR.

MY TIME IS HERE.

ELVES & CHIPPER.

AT (IN) THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

JUNIOR.

AT THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

ELVES.

EVERY SINGLE TOY WE BUILD.
IS A WISH THAT GETS FULFILLED.
OH, THE JOYS OF MAKING TOYS.

JUNIOR & CHIPPER.

AT THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

ALL.

AT THE GREAT NORTH POLE.
AT THE GREAT NORTH POLE.

JUNIOR. Sorry, Chipper, I don't have time to worry about the stupid Belief-o-Meter. I need to finish this.

CHIPPER. Great lords-a-leaping, Junior. The meter's on the brink of the danger zone. If it drops any lower, well ... nobody knows what'll happen. There are even whispers that ... that it's already starting to affect Santa.

JUNIOR. What do you mean?

CHIPPER. He yawned his way through the entire fourth quarter of the reindeer games.

JUNIOR. That doesn't mean anything.

CHIPPER. Has he been acting strange at home?

JUNIOR. Well, he did nod off into a bowl of my mom's soup last night.

CHIPPER. See?

JUNIOR. No, no, no. It was only because a certain red-nosed reindeer was yammering on again about the year he saved Christmas. And he was acting it out with these little Play-dough dolls. It was weird.

CHIPPER. Something's draining Santa's energy. It's got to be the effects of the Belief-o-Meter.

JUNIOR. He's just overworked. Anyways, I have to finish these before—

(Enter GRUMPO.)

GRUMPO. Well, well, well. If it isn't Junior Claus and Chipper the Chipper. Hard at work as usual, are we?

CHIPPER. Be quiet, Grumpo.

GRUMPO. Mind your tongue, child, or you and your friend could well spend the rest of the season on reindeer waste disposal duty.

JUNIOR. You don't have the authority.

GRUMPO. Not at the moment, perhaps. But if I were you, I'd invest in a good shovel.

CHIPPER. What are you talking about?

GRUMPO. Suffice it to say that you'll both soon be reporting to me.

CHIPPER. That's ridiculous.

GRUMPO. Is it? With Wizio the Wizenheffer retiring, Santa must name a new Chief Inventor to run the workshop. I'm sure he's poring over the list of qualified applicants as we—(Notices the boots.) What's this?

JUNIOR. None of your business.

GRUMPO. Inventing again, Junior? Haven't enough innocent elves been launched into orbit?

CHIPPER. Stuff it in your stocking, Grumpo.

GRUMPO. Production in the talking doll department is weeks behind schedule, yet you two insist on frittering your time away on gadgets that don't work and puns that are not remotely clever. I suggest you cease your tomfoolery and get back to work. (Crosses to his work station.)

CHIPPER. Don't listen to him, Junior.

JUNIOR. There! Finished.

CHIPPER. What are they?

(#3: “All Thanks to Me”)

JUNIOR. Reindeer-accelerating boots. With the whole team in these bad boys, the sleigh will hit speeds my dad’s never dreamed possible.

CHIPPER. Listen, Junior ...

JUNIOR.

DO YOU KNOW HOW FAST THE SLEIGH WILL GO
WHEN THE ROCKET JETS IGNITE?
LIKE A COMET STREAKING THROUGH THE SKY,
FAR BEYOND THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

YEAH, WHEN SANTA’S SLEIGH GOES NUCLEAR,
WHEN THE AFTER BURNERS BUZZ,
THEN CHRISTMAS WILL BE TWICE AS COOL
AS CHRISTMAS EVER WAS.

ALL THANKS TO ME.
ALL THANKS TO ME.
JUST THINK HOW GREAT IT’LL BE,
ALL THANKS TO ME.

CHIPPER. But don’t you see, Junior? It’s not about—

JUNIOR.

WITH REMOTE-CONTROLLED DELIVERY,
AND MY GIFT WRAP AUTOBOTS,
AND A SUPERSONIC TREE LIT UP
WITH A HUNDRED THOUSAND WATTS.

THEN THE WORLD WILL LOOK AT JUNIOR CLAUS,
AMAZED BY WHAT THEY SEE.
AND CHRISTMAS WILL BE TWICE AS COOL
AS IT EVER USED TO BE.

ALL THANKS TO ME.
ALL THANKS TO ME.

JUST THINK HOW GREAT IT'LL BE,
ALL THANKS TO ME.

CHIPPER. It's not that I don't think your inventions are
Christmassy—

JUNIOR.

IT'LL BE THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS
THAT WE'VE HAD.
'CAUSE FOR ONCE I KNOW
I COULD IMPRESS MY DAD.

YES, AT LAST MY DAD WILL REALIZE
I'VE BECOME A CLAUS BEFORE HIS EYES.
HE'LL SAY,
“CHRISTMAS IS SO BIG AND BRIGHT AND NEW
ALL THANKS TO YOU.
ALL THANKS TO YOU.”

WHEN THE REINS ARE FINALLY IN MY HANDS,
WHEN I GO ON THAT GREAT RIDE,
IN THE THERMAL-POWERED SUPER SLEIGH
WITH MY DAD THERE AT MY SIDE.

IN THE SOFTLY HUMMING AFTERGLOW
OF MY MARVELOUS MACHINES,
WELL, THE WHOLE ENTIRE WORLD WILL KNOW
WHAT CHRISTMAS MAGIC MEANS.

ALL THANKS TO ME.
ALL THANKS TO ME.
JUST THINK HOW GREAT IT'LL BE.
JUST THINK HOW GREAT IT'LL BE.
YEAH, SOMEDAY YOU'RE GONNA SEE,
ALL THANKS TO ME.

CHIPPER.

JUNIOR!

JUNIOR.

ALL THANKS TO ME.

CHIPPER. Junior, why would Santa need the sleigh to go faster?

JUNIOR. So that he can deliver all of the presents in one night.

CHIPPER. He does deliver all of the presents in one night.

JUNIOR. But how?

CHIPPER. Christmas magic.

JUNIOR. Chipper, I'm Santa's only son. I'm supposed to take over, and I don't even understand how Christmas magic works—

CHIPPER. It works, doesn't it? He gets down the chimney. He gets the toys delivered.

JUNIOR. But what if some day there's a Santa who can't?

CHIPPER. Junior—

JUNIOR. My inventions will make sure that Christmas goes off without a hitch, even without Christmas magic. Once my dad sees that, he'll make me Chief Inventor.

SANTA (*offstage*). Junior! Ho. Ho. Ho.

CHIPPER. Here he comes now.

(*Enter SANTA and MRS. CLAUS.*)

SANTA. Good morning, Junior, Chipper. Grumpo.

JUNIOR. Hey Mom, hey Dad!

CHIPPER. Isn't it a Christmassy morning?

MRS. CLAUS. It certainly is, Chipper.

GRUMPO. Good morning, Mr. Claus, sir. Spend any time in your garden this morning? Hoeing, hoeing, hoeing?

SANTA. We're at the North Pole, Grumpo. I don't have a garden.

GRUMPO. No, hoeing, as in Ho, Ho ... How are you, sir?

JUNIOR. Have you made your decision yet?

SANTA. That's what I've come to talk to you about. I'd like to hear a little bit about ...

(SANTA yawns and CHIPPER looks at JUNIOR, worried.)

SANTA *(cont'd)*. Excuse me. I'm a bit sleepy this morning. I'd like to hear a little about your ideas for the workshop, yours and Grumpo's.

JUNIOR. In that case, allow me to present ... *(Pulls out the boots.)* The Junior Claus Reindeer Accelerant Three Thousands!

GRUMPO. Great Scott! Is that Frosty getting into a tanning booth?

(Everyone turns to look. GRUMPO secretly grabs one of the accelerator boots.)

SANTA. Where?

GRUMPO. Right over there. *(Yanks a wire out of the boot.)*

MRS. CLAUS. That's a poinsettia.

(They turn back around.)

GRUMPO. Silly me.

JUNIOR. These boots will make the sleigh fast enough to deliver the toys, no magic necessary.

SANTA. Junior, there's no need for—

MRS. CLAUS. How do they work?

JUNIOR. Simple. *(Puts the boots on.)*

SANTA. Don't hurt yourself, son.

GRUMPO. Yes, we'd hate to see that happen.