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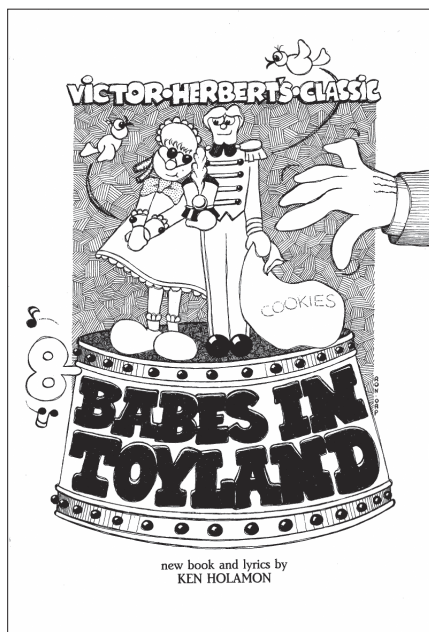
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Dramatic Publishing

Babes In Toyland

Victor Herbert's Classic
new book and lyrics by
by Ken Holamon



Babes In Toyland

Musical. Updated book and lyrics by Ken Holamon. Music by Victor Herbert. From the Victor Herbert classic. Cast: 9m., 7w., 2 either gender; or up to 50+ (19m., 13w., 17 either gender) extras optional. All of the glorious music and fabulous fantasy characters of the classic Victor Herbert creation are included in this bright contemporary adaptation. Join Contrary Mary, Tom-Tom, Little Bo Peep, Boy Blue and their friends for an adventure that audiences will never forget! There may not be Christmas this year! Barnaby, the miser of Mother Goose Village, threatens to foreclose the mortgage on the old woman's "shoe," but her children know what to do. They venture to Toyland to ask the master toymaker for help. Why? Because the master toymaker can do anything! Getting there, however, involves traversing the Haunted Forest, braving giant spiders and escaping Barnaby's bumbling henchmen. A beautiful, enchanted butterfly leads them safely to the gates of Toyland where they soon discover that the master toymaker is in a quandary himself. There may not be Christmas in Toyland either! He's lost the formula for his magic potion that brings toys to life. The children and toymaker work together to find the formula in time for "you-know-who's" famous sleigh ride around the world, and the old woman's shoe is saved due to the toymaker's clever and quick thinking. Victor Herbert's unforgettable score sings magic into this play. Set includes one village square and five outdoor locales. Fantastic costumes. Approximate running time: 2 hours, 20 minutes Code: BE6.

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Babes in Toyland (Holamon)



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VICTORHERBERT'SCLASSIC

BABES IN TOYLAND

New Book and Lyrics
by
KEN HOLAMON

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Original Lyrics by
GLENMACDONOUGH



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(BABES IN TOYLAND)

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DEDICATION

BABES IN TOYLAND is dedicated to Little Katherine, Seth, Ankeen, Noonie, Sarah, God-sons Samuel and Thadius Patrick and to the one and only Hugh Martin, the first in a growing list of extended family children who bring me countless joys and keep the child in me alive.

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FOREWORD

BABES IN TOYLAND opened on Broadway in the early years after the turn of the century. Trolleys were still horse drawn through a Times Square aglow with the amber lights of early electricity. It was, as they say, a simpler time when parents saved their pennies so their children could see Victor Herbert's BABES IN TOYLAND.

The market for family oriented theatre had been a large one since the success of a musical version of THE WIZARD OF OZ the previous season. Producers Fred Hamlin and Julian Mitchell, wanting to further cultivate that market, commissioned Herbert and librettist Glen MacDonough to create a "family extravaganza" to open at the Majestic Theatre in time for Christmas, 1903.

Reviews continually mentioned the elaborateness of the original production telling of a farmyard followed by a fully staged shipwreck, a garden with growing flowers, a Spider's Forest and the floral palace of the Moth Queen not to mention the Christmas tree grove and three different locations in the magical Toyland. "Opulence" is a word that fairly leaps off the page of every review as numerous parallels were made between BABES IN TOYLAND and that extravagant grandfather of all musicals, THE BLACK CROOK (1866).

Victor Herbert's score received unanimous acclaim although paragraphs everywhere were dedicated to the mediocrity of MacDonough's libretto. In some of the kinder notices it was referred to as "arch" and "leden." The score, however, sufficiently ensured the success of BABES IN TOYLAND. Many of the songs became standards of that era and in addition to the successful long run of the original production, numerous touring companies criss-crossed America for several years. Two major Broadway revivals followed in 1929 and again in 1930 helping to re-establish BABES IN TOYLAND as an American classic for the whole family.

By 1964, when I first journeyed to Toyland via St. Louis Municipal Opera, the structure of the show was sadly outdated and the evening played more as a musty vaudeville than as a musical comedy. Indeed Herbert's souring score seemed a nearly forgotten gem locked away in an outmoded form.

The subsequent arrival of more radical musical theatre forms such as COMPANY, FOLLIES and HAIR pushed the likes of BABES IN TOYLAND further toward becoming an unproducable museum piece. By the 1970s, BABES IN TOYLAND had been completely outmoded. Its score, however, was only resting and waiting to be revived for new generations of theatregoers.

Twenty years passed between my viewing BABES IN TOYLAND and the commission that resulted in this text. When asked about BABES IN TOYLAND, vivid memories danced in my brain like sugarplums. I could

instantly recall the awesome Christmas tree that grew in full view of the audience to over three hundred feet tall only to be surrounded by hundreds of children marching the "March of the Toys." The image of the lovely Ista still makes me smile, and her exotic butterfly dance is revived in my memory even today when I see a real butterfly. I remembered only the visuals and the music. Nothing of the script could be recalled.

It was with great anticipation that I first approached rescuing *BABES IN TOYLAND* from the ranks of unproducible shows. It seemed that the task at hand was to "simply" free the score from an unproducible book and let it come to life on its own terms. This script was originally created on a commission from San Jose Civic Light Opera where Stewart Slater, general manager, felt the company should branch out from its usual fare of major musical revivals and offer a Christmas family entertainment. *NUTCRACKER* and *A CHRISTMAS CAROL* were taken. *HERE'S LOVE!* is hardly revivable and *GIFT OF THE MAGI* was too small scale a work for our huge civic auditorium. *BABES IN TOYLAND* seemed the perfect answer. Nothing in our plans were at odds with the "family extravaganza" image. The theatre seated nearly three thousand people; the budget was nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The show was to have a full pit orchestra plus a cast of fifty, not including the children who would perform the marching toy soldiers. A prologue and an epilogue were created to be used at school performances so that the show could serve as a basic introduction to the theatre. Tom and Mary were to soar high above Toyland in a gigantic hot air balloon as two hundred children marched through the aisles. San Jose Civic Light Opera was truly going to reintroduce the word "extravaganza" to central California audiences.

Theatre companies, however, are much like politics. In San Jose the Democrats lost their power and the Republicans took over. In the shuffle, *BABES IN TOYLAND* ended up having its premiere amid the oil wells of Texas rather than under the palms of sunny California.

I must admit to more than a little apprehension when I learned that the small, newly-founded Dallas Children's Theatre wanted to option *BABES IN TOYLAND*. Their theatre was small as were their monetary resources. *BABES IN TOYLAND*: a small extravaganza! Somehow it just didn't sound right. I was frightened by the relative poorness of the company's coffers. I was not taking into consideration the considerable richness they have in talent, creativity, ingenuity and courage.

John Stevens, co-director and choreographer of the original *BABES IN TOYLAND* production, a theatre artist whose talent and taste I trust implicitly, convinced me that Dallas Children's Theatre should stage the premiere of the show. My decision to give them the option turned out to be one of the smartest things I could have done.

What I saw on stage on opening night was a *BABES IN TOYLAND* far different—and far better—than the one I had envisioned. Director Dennis Vincent, along with John Stevens, had simplified the needs of *BABES IN TOYLAND*. They streamlined it with the hands of master surgeons. They

removed the glossy veneer of my extravaganza and produced a play of incalculable charm for both adults and children.

I will always be grateful to the directors, as well as to executive director, Robyn Flatt, for the care with which they turned my ersatz extravaganza into a heart-warming evening of theatre filled with all the emotions of the holiday season it celebrates.

This text is based primarily on the Dallas production though I have incorporated a few things that were deleted due to restrictions in time that existed in Dallas prior to opening. The optional prologue and epilogue have been retained here though they were not included in the first presentation of the piece. What resulted from the original production is a text outline that can be amplified for more courageous groups or simplified further for those producers with limited means.

The honesty and simplicity of the original Dallas production are, I now believe, the key elements in making BABES IN TOYLAND work for a contemporary audience. I have seen the show work with all children audiences as well as audiences of mixed adults and children and it works equally well, though quite differently. When played with sincerity there isn't a churl, be he six or sixty, who can refrain from a sigh of relief when the dancing butterfly saves the children from the Haunted Forest, or who can keep from giving a little cheer when old Barnaby finally manages to say "Merry Christmas."

Avoid camp at all costs. Though BABES IN TOYLAND is basically a musical romp dealing with easily recognized stereotypes, and therefore easily lampooned, it deals with very serious issues and values that must not be undermined in production.

BABES IN TOYLAND celebrates universal truths shared by the child and the child at heart. If this text provides a sufficient framework on which Herbert's still-glorious melodies can hang and once again be viewed, I will be a very happy writer. With your help we can share some very special childhood feelings and set Herbert's score soaring to enchant more generations of theatregoers.

I hope you will enjoy your trip to Toyland as much as I have.

Ken Holamon
San Diego, California
July, 1985

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

BABES IN TOYLAND, new book and Lyrics by Ken Holamon, Music by Victor Herbert, Original Lyrics by Glen MacDonough was commissioned by The San Jose Light Opera, Stewart Slater, general manager.

The first production was by Dallas Children's Theatre, Dallas, Texas, in 1984. It was directed by Dennis Vincent and John Stevens. Robyn Flatt was the executive director.

CASTING NOTE

Although BABES IN TOYLAND was originally created to be performed by a cast of some fifty adults, through double casting the play can easily be performed with as few as eighteen to twenty-two performers.

BABES IN TOYLAND cover graphic: Mr. Ron Orpitelli with grateful acknowledgement by the adaptor

Play Script Layout: revised 2010

Play Script Design: Randy Blevins, jrbdesign

CAST OF CHARACTERS

AGING THESPIAN/BARNABY	continuous role
OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE	ACT I only
CONTRARY MARY	continuous role
TOM-TOM	continuous role
LITTLE BO PEEP (with baby lambs).	continuous role
SIMPLE SIMON	continuous role
CURLEY LOCKS	continuous role
JACK BE NIMBLE	ACT I only
BOY BLUE	continuous role
RODERIGO	continuous role
GONZORGO (and POLLY)	continuous role
CITIZENS OF MOTHER GOOSE VILLAGE	all ACT I only
(number variable) including such characters as:	
JACK & JILL	OLD MOTHER HUBBARD (with dog)
PETER (the pumpkin eater)	DOCTOR FOSTER
TOMMY TUCKER	SALLY WATERS
THE PIEMAN	MISS MUFFETT
GEORGIE PORGIE	TOMMY LIN
JACK HORNER	TOMMY STOUT
JACK SPRATT	TOWN FIDDLER
MRS. SPRATT	LUCY LOCKET
SPIDER QUEEN	ACT I only
TWO DANCING SPIDERS.	ACT I only
THE BUTTERFLY	ACT I only
THE MASTER TOYMAKER.	ACT II only
GREMIO (Head Elf).	ACT II only
BALLERINA DOLL	ACT II only
OTHER DANCING DOLLS.	ACT II only
CHORUS OF ELVES.	all ACT II only
(number variable) including:	
RASPUTIN	
VLADIMER	BALTHAZAR
GAMMER GERTON	EGMONT
ESTRAGON	MAXMILLIAN
MORTIMER	LADISLAS
CHORUS OF TOY SOLDIERS (number variable) . . .	ACT II only

BABES IN TOYLAND benefits from having two lambs and one mutt in its cast as well as the very important fake Polly Parrot.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

- Prologue: Limbo
- Scene 1: Town Square of Mother Goose Village on the day before Christmas Eve
- Scene 2: The Haunted Forest late that same evening and continuing through dawn

ACT TWO

- Scene 1: Inside the Master Toymaker's workshop in Toyland; the next afternoon
- Epilogue: Limbo

MUSICAL SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

- # 1. "Holiday Dance" danced by the Townspeople of Mother Goose Village
- # 2. "Welcome to Mother Goose Village" sung by the Townspeople of Mother Goose Village
- # 3. "Contrary Mary" sung by the Townspeople of Mother Goose Village
- # 4. "I Love Him" sung by Contrary Mary
- # 5. "I Can't Do That Sum!" sung by Mary and the Townspeople
- # 6. "Don't Cry Bo Peep" sung and danced by Townspeople
- # 7. "Comic Villain Underscore" played by the Orchestra under entrance of Roderigo and Gonzorgo
- # 8. "Now Tom-Tom's Gone" sung and danced by Roderigo and Gonzorgo
- # 9. "Floretta" sung and danced by Floretta (Tom-Tom) and the Townspeople
- #10. "Toyland" sung by the Old Woman and Children going to Toyland, Contrary Mary, Tom-Tom, Bo Peep, Curley Locks, Simple Simon and Boy Blue
- #11. "In the Spider's Den" played by the Orchestra as transition to Haunted Forest then danced by the Queen Spider and the Dancing Spiders
- #12. "Go To Sleep" sung by Tom and Mary
- #13. "The Butterfly Ballet" played by the Orchestra and danced by the Butterfly
- #14. "Toyland—reprise" sung by Mary, Tom, Bo Peep, Curley Locks, Simple Simon and Boy Blue.

MUSICAL SYNOPSIS
ACT TWO

- #15. "In The Toymaker's Workshop" sung by the Master Toymaker and the Elves
- #16. "Oh There Won't Be Christmas!" sung by Toymaker, Tom, Mary, the Children and the Elves
- #17. "In The Toymaker's Workshop" played by the Orchestra as "search music"
- #18. "Toymaker's Tizzy" sung by Toymaker and the Elves
- #19. "Dance, Dolly, Dance!" danced by the Ballerina Doll and other Dancing Dolls as well as Barnaby
- #20. "Reindeer Chase" played by the Orchestra as chase sequence
- #21. "March of the Toy Soldiers" marched and danced by the entire Company
- #22. "Hail to Toyland" sung by the entire Company
- #23. "Hail to Christmas—Curtain Call" sung by the entire Company
- #24. "March Out Music/Toymaker's Workshop" played by the Orchestra.

(Note: Score indicates that "March of the Toy Soldiers" is to be used as march out music. Play script revision 2010)

BABES IN TOYLAND

by Ken Holamon

PROLOGUE

(Curtain out to reveal an Aging Thespian surrounded by black. He sits at his dressing table where he puts the finishing touches on his make-up. The Aging Thespian is larger than life; very flamboyant to say the least. He is a combination of John Gilbert, the old actor in THE FANTASTICKS, Tartuffe and Captain Hook. There is a long pause while he checks his make-up, then, finally, he begins to speak to the audience through his make-up mirror.)

THE AGING THESPIAN: One final touch and I can give you my full attention.

(Pause)

There! All done! Yes, yes— very nice if I do say so myself.

(Rising; giving full attention to audience)

Excuse me for keeping you waiting. Welcome! I'm _____, It is my pleasure to guide you into the world of the theatre tonight.

Theatre: A place where our dreams can come true. A place of joy for all.

(A new idea)

It sounds like I'm talking about this very season! Christmas!

—Theatre! Oh, those are nice words, aren't they? They even feel good all wrapped around your tongue before you let them out.

(Tasting them very carefully)

Theatre —Christmas —Very nice indeed!

(More casual; as if entire audience was one dear friend)

They're a lot alike, you know, theatre and Christmas. Both of them bring us together to celebrate. They both brim with joy. But best of all— they both mean magic!

(Matter of fact)

Magic is very difficult, you know. It takes a lot of people to make magic. Even I can't make magic all by myself. You'll only see a few of us up here tonight, but in truth there are many more people

who will be assisting us. The wings are full of stagehands—
(Two stagehands enter and remove dressing table and chair.)

—who will be moving scenery. Oh, this is Kelly and Dean.

(Confidentially)

I'll bet you didn't know stagehands could be as pretty as Kelly, did you?

(As if telling a secret)

I'm partial to the young ladies myself. I'm not too old for that, do you think?

[Disparaging musical comment]

THE AGING THESPIAN: Well, I don't! Not for a minute! The orchestra pit, down there, is filled with musicians.

[Positive musical comment]

THE AGING THESPIAN: Oh, that's nice. Hello Henry. He's the conductor. And that's my friend, Connie. Got your coffee?
(A hand in the pit lifts a coffee mug into view.)

Good! I guess we can start then—

(Something he forgot; turning his full attention to the audience)

No, no—there are other friends I should mention. You. Yes, you out there in your seats: The Audience. You're the most important element here tonight. Did you know that? You're even more important than me—if that's possible. Your presence makes what we are about to do theatre. All of us—the orchestra, the stagehands, the actors, even me! (Perhaps most of all, me!) need you to help us to create the magic of theatre.

(A little sadly)

In truth, we need you in order to exist.

(Getting down to business)

Now that you're in your places, we actors have a story to tell. We have our costumes on and now we get to put on our new personalities. Then—

(Interrupting himself)

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you the best part. I get to play the villain!

(He bows modestly.)

Now, shall we begin? Good, let's start.

(Confidentially, one last thing he's forgotten)

I should tell you one other thing. Everything up here is contrived.

(Sadly)

You know, even in the theatre, there is no real magic.

(Suddenly there is a large puff of smoke. When it clears, the aging thespian has disappeared.)

VOICE OF AGING THESPIAN: *(Taped through an echo chamber)*
Well, perhaps there is magic— if you wish for it hard enough!

(BLACKOUT)

ACT ONE SCENE ONE

MOTHER GOOSE VILLAGE TOWN SQUARE

#1 [*In darkness, Orchestra begins "Holiday Dance."*]

(Lights up to reveal a tableau in Mother Goose Town Square; up center is the gate of the town. Flanking it are the Toy Shop and the Candy Store. Further offstage, but clearly in view are the Old Woman's shoe and Barnaby's castle. Near center is the town well. Far to one side is a cloth covered table with Christmas pies and other refreshments.

When the lights are fully up the tableau breaks. A few Townspeople dance a peasant dance. Other Townspeople, under the supervision of the Old Woman who lives in the shoe, hang garlands of holly and berries on the buildings. We see Bo Peep pass through the square with two lambs. She pauses to chat with friends then exits with her lambs. Jack Spratt and his Wife argue over how something should be done. Boy Blue and Jack Horner try to get them to stop. Simple Simon and the Pieman are at the table arranging the pies. Jack and Jill help disperse decorations from their buckets. Jack Be Nimble scurries about following the Old Woman's orders. Georgie Porgie tries to kiss all the pretty little girls, but they run away. He is paying particular attention to Curley Locks who will have nothing to do with him. Sally Waters, however, would like to be kissed but Georgie Porgie ignores her.

By the end of "Holiday Dance," the town square is very festive. The only things missing are wreaths on the doors, a Christmas tree and poinsettias. Tableau at end of "Holiday Dance.")

#2 [*After applause, Orchestra begins introduction of "Welcome to Mother Goose Village," which the Townspeople sing directly to the audience.*]

TOWNSPEOPLE: *(Sing)*

Verse #1:

WE'RE IN MOTHER GOOSE TOWN SQUARE.
IT'S FULL OF CHRISTMAS CHEER.
T'WILL SOON BE ALL DOLLED UP, YOU KNOW
WITH RED POINSET'AS IN A ROW
TO ADD THE FINAL TOUCH.

WE'VE BERRIES ALL AROUND
AND HOLLY LEAVES AS WELL
ALL DRESSING UP THE SQUARE IN TOWN
SO NOBODY WILL WEAR A FROWN
AND SMILE WITH CHRISTMAS CHEER.

(Large Christmas wreaths are simultaneously tacked up on all the doors in the town with the exception of the castle door.)

TACK! TACK!
TACK! TACK!
WE'RE DECORATING OUR SQUARE
WITH HAPPY BITS OF CHRISTMAS CHEER
SO JOY WITH US YOU'LL SHARE

Chorus #1:
WELCOME TO MOTHER GOOSE VILLAGE!
WE'RE GLAD YOU'VE COME TODAY.
WE'VE WORKED AND SLAVED AWAY
AND HOPE THAT YOU WILL STAY.
WE'VE TRIED TO MAKE IT ALL FESTIVE
AND FULL OF CHRISTMAS CHEER.
WE HOPE YOU'LL LIKE OUR DECOR
PLEASE COME STAY WITH US RIGHT HERE!

Verse #2:
OUR FAV'RITE PLACE IN TOWN
IS DRAPED IN RED AND GREEN
TO CELEBRATE THAT SPECIAL DAY,
SO ALL WILL GLADLY COME AND STAY
AND SING OF CHRISTMAS CHEER.
THERE CHRISTMAS WREATHS AROUND
ON EV'RY DOOR IN TOWN,
WE'VE DONE IT ALL IN QUITE A HASTE.
WE HOPE YOU'LL THINK IT NOT A WASTE
TO DECORATE SO MUCH.

(Two Children sneak up to Barnaby's castle door and bravely attach a Christmas wreath, then scamper away from the castle. This creates a stir among the Townspeople.)

TACK! TACK!
GET BACK!
OUR EFFORTS SEEM QUITE CLEAR DEAR,
IF YOU SHOULD ASK US WHY WE'VE DONE
SO MUCH, WE THINK IT'S CLEAR

Chorus #2:
WELCOME TO MOTHER GOOSE VILLAGE!
WE'RE GLAD YOU'VE COME TODAY.
WE'VE WORKED AND SLAVED AWAY
AND HOPE THAT YOU WILL STAY.
WE'VE TRIED TO MAKE IT ALL FESTIVE
AND FULL OF CHRISTMAS CHEER.
WE HOPE YOU'LL LIKE OUR DECOR.
PLEASE COME STAY WITH US RIGHT HERE!

(The upstairs shutters of Barnaby's castle swing open and Barnaby appears.)

BARNABY: *(Yelling)* Keep that noise down! Quiet! *(Barnaby disappears with a slam of the window shutters.)*

TOWNSPEOPLE: *(More quietly than before but growing in intensity through the final chorus, they sing.)*

Chorus #3: *(Repeat of Chorus #2)*
WELCOME TO MOTHER GOOSE VILLAGE!
WE'RE GLAD YOU'VE COME TODAY.
WE'VE WORKED AND SLAVED AWAY
AND HOPE THAT YOU WILL STAY.
WE'VE TRIED TO MAKE IT ALL FESTIVE
AND FULL OF CHRISTMAS CHEER.
WE HOPE YOU LIKE OUR DECOR
PLEASE COME STAY WITH US RIGHT HERE!

(Tableau through applause. Then Barnaby reappears in his upstairs window.)

BARNABY: There's too much happiness down there! How do you expect the richest man in town to count his money with all that racket? The minute I foreclose on all your mortgages, there'll be no more of this frivolity. AND— the town square looks disgusting! *(Barnaby cringes at the sight of so much beauty and good cheer, then retreats behind his shudders again.)*

(The Townspeople are stunned for a moment, then friends of the Old Woman come forward to console her.)

MOTHER HUBBARD: *(With her dog, of course)* Barnaby didn't mean that! The square isn't disgusting at all.

CURLEY LOCKS: No, Mamma, it's beautiful!

MRS. SPRAT: Why it looks even lovelier than last year!

JACK SPRAT: No, dear, last year Barnaby let us put up a Christmas tree and—

BO PEEP: Well I think it looks quite perfect, even if Barnaby won't let us have a Christmas tree this year.

(Townspeople all agree.)

CURLEY LOCKS: Nobody could have done it better, Mommie.

JACK BE NIMBLE: Not even the Master Toymaker!

BO PEEP: He's right, Mommie.

OLD WOMAN: *(Sternly, but not angry)* Children! Don't talk like that. The Master Toymaker can do anything! You mustn't compare the work of an old woman to the magic the Master Toymaker can make. *(Old Woman sees that she has hurt the children's feelings.)* But— Bo Peep, Jack Be Nimble, Curley Locks— all of you are very sweet to try to cheer me up. *(More cheerful; a new train of thought)* Well, whether Barnaby likes it or not, there is one final decoration that isn't here yet.

(Townspeople wonder what it could be.)

OLD WOMAN: Jack—Jack Be Nimble. You're the quickest boy in town. Run out to Mary's garden and tell her we're ready.

(Jack Be Nimble sprints offstage in search of Contrary Mary.)

OLD WOMAN: Oh, I'm so excited! Barnaby forbid us to put a Christmas tree in the town square this year, but Contrary Mary, bless her heart, had a wonderful idea. She's been working on it secretly all year.

CURLEY LOCKS: Tell us what it is!

JACK HORNER: Please!

BO PEEP: What's Mary's surprise, Mamma?

OLD WOMAN: Don't beg, children. I can't tell you. It's Mary's surprise and she—

CURLEY LOCKS: (*About to burst*) I don't know if I can wait!

OLD WOMAN: Sure you can, dear. (*Old Woman hugs Curley Locks as Jack Be Nimble runs on from the garden.*)

JACK BE NIMBLE: She's on her way! Mary'll be here in a minute!

(*Everyone looks off in the direction of the garden.*)

BO PEEP: I think I can see her.

JACK HORNER: What's that she has with her?

CURLEY LOCKS: Where? (*Runs to near exit for a better view; about to burst with excitement*) I can't tell. Oh, I'm so excited!

#3 [Orchestra begins "Contrary Mary," more up tempo than originally written.]

TOWNSPEOPLE: (*Sing*)

Verse #1:

HERE COMES CONTRARY MARY,
THE GIRL WHO'S SO CHEERY WITH A
SURPRISE FOR US.

WE ARE EAGERLY WAITING AND
ANTICIPATING.

CAN'T WAIT TO MAKE A FUSS.
YES, IT'S A CHRISTMAS TREAT.

WE CAN SEE IT.

MARY'S STRIDING NOW THROUGH HER GATE.
FOR THE GIRL WHO'S ALL HEART
BRINGS US FLOWERS IN HER CART
TO MAKE OUR TOWN SQUARE LOOK GREAT.

Chorus #1:

CONTRARY
MARY'S THE YOUNG LADY WE ALL ADORE
CONTRARY

MARY'S THE GIRL WE ARE ALL WAITING FOR.
OH YES, HERE SHE IS.

(Contrary Mary pushes on a cart filled with red poinsettias in green foil covered pots.)

WE LOVE THE GIFT YOU HAVE
BROUGHT US TODAY.
CAN WE HELP, YOU PUT ALL THOSE
POINSETTIAS AWAY?

(As Townspeople start to take flowers from cart, Contrary Mary stops them with a gesture and a word.)

CONTRARY MARY: *(Spoken)* Not until I tell you where they go!

(Verse is repeated by Orchestra as Contrary Mary motions some of the Townspeople that they may now take the flowers. As Townspeople move the flowers from the cart and stack them around the center part of the well, a live poinsettia "Christmas tree" appears. As "tree" is taking shape, Contrary Mary sings Chorus #2.)

CONTRARY MARY: *(Sings)*

Chorus #2:
HERE THEY ARE.
JUST TAKE THEM AND PLACE THEM
AROUND THE OLD WELL.
STACK THEM TALL.
WE'LL SOON HAVE A TREE WITH A SWEET
UNIQUE SMELL.
OH, YES, THERE YOU ARE.
I TOLD YOU WE'D CREATE A NEW
CHRISTMAS TREE.

(Contrary Mary produces a lovely star from her pocket and moves to above the "tree." As she sings she places the star atop the poinsettia pyramid and indeed it really does look like an unusual, but lovely, Christmas tree.)

HERE'S THE STAR.
BROUGHT WITH SWEET BLESSINGS
FROM ME.

(The Townspeople react with "oohs" and "aahs" for a moment, then Contrary Mary is waltzed around the Town Square from man to man as the remainder of the Townspeople sing.)

TOWNSPEOPLE: *(Sing)*

Chorus #3:
MARY, SWEET!
CUTE AND PETITE AS ANY GIRL
YOU'LL MEET.
SHE'S TRUE BLUE.
SHE MAKES ALL OF OUR DAYDREAMS
COME TRUE.
SHE'S THE BEST.
IT'S MARY WHO BEATS OUT ALL THE REST.
MARY, LOVE!
WE FEEL YOU'VE BEEN SENT FROM ABOVE.

(Townspeople move to congratulate Contrary Mary during applause. As applause ends, Barnaby reappears upstairs in the castle window.)

BARNABY: There's entirely too much happiness down there and I want it stopped! Happy peasants! Don't you silly serfs know peasants aren't supposed to be happy?

(Contrary Mary has broken from the Townspeople and is clearly visible near the poinsettia tree. Barnaby sees tree.)

BARNABY: And what is that concoction?! *(Barnaby catches sight of Contrary Mary. There is a total change in his manner. He instantly becomes all sweetness and light.)* Aaaaaaaaah! Mary, dear, is that you I see? My feeble old eyes can barely make out your lovely form. Come closer.

(Everyone except Curley Locks is frozen in fear.)

CURLEY LOCKS: Don't go, Mary!

BARNABY: I said come closer, Mary!

(Contrary Mary moves slowly toward the castle. Her friends try to stop her, but don't want to get too near the castle.)

SIMPLE SIMON: You can't trust him, come back!

BO PEEP: Be careful.

CONTRARY MARY: Yes, Barnaby.

BARNABY: My child, did you have anything to do with this nauseating outburst of hap— happiness?

CONTRARY MARY: *(Frightened, but continuing bravely. The Townspeople are even amazed at how Mary is standing up to Barnaby.)* Yes, sir. Since you forbid us to have a real Christmas tree, I created a substitute out of flowers from my garden.

BARNABY: That was naughty of you, Mary.

CONTRARY MARY: *(Her courage gaining)* It may have been naughty, though I doubt it very much. I'm glad I did it. We need our Christmas tree!

(Townspeople are aghast.)

BARNABY: C— Ch— Chr— Chr— *(He can't bring himself to say it, so...)* Holiday hedges!— Flowers!— Happiness! *(He tries to regain control. Long pause as he glares at Mary.)* Mary, my child, you have much to learn in life. Your values are sadly out of focus. I shall be coming downstairs very soon to start my rent collections and I want that monstrosity of merriment removed. *(A stern command)* Instantly! *(Barnaby retreats into the castle but returns after an instant. His control is totally regained and he is all sweetness again.)* And all of you—do an old man a favor. Let me see some gloom when I get there. *(Barnaby disappears again.)*

(There is a long pause as Contrary Mary stands stunned. Several Townspeople start to dismantle the poinsettia tree. Others exit sadly. Sad sighs from everyone.)

CURLEY LOCKS: It's alright, Mary. At least we had it for a little while.

OLD WOMAN: And it was a beautiful sight.

BO PEEP: We'll all remember how lovely it looked.

CONTRARY MARY: *(Sudden willpower)* No! Leave it alone.

(Willpower failing) I just can't let my poinsettia tree be taken away until Tom-Tom sees it.

CURLEY LOCKS: Where is Tom, anyway?

CONTRARY MARY: I don't know where he could be. He had to go into town for a few days, but he should have been back hours ago.

OLD WOMAN: He'll be along soon, I'm sure.

CONTRARY MARY: But he promised to be back before we decorated. I'm really worried. What if something happened to him? I love him so much!

OLD WOMAN: I know, dear, but perhaps he stopped to buy you a surprise.

CURLEY LOCKS: Or something for your wedding!

BO PEEP: Tom's such a lamb— I wish I was marrying him.

CONTRARY MARY: Thank you for trying to cheer me up, but it isn't working. If I lose Tom-Tom my heart will break.

OLD WOMAN: *(Trying to cajole her daughter out of her sadness)* We can't let that happen, can we?

CONTRARY MARY: Oh, Mamma! You don't think Tom's sick, do you?

OLD WOMAN: Now how could Tom be ill? He's wearing that lovely scarf you made for him.

CONTRARY MARY: *(Near tears)* But maybe he forgot to wear it. Or lost it!!!

(Curley Locks nudges Bo Peep to help cheer Mary up.)

CURLEY LOCKS: Never! It was the most beautiful scarf ever!

BO PEEP: Such a bright Christmas red!

CURLEY LOCKS: How many boys get a handmade scarf eight feet long!?

OLD WOMAN: Tom knows how hard you worked on that scarf.

CONTRARY MARY: Then why is he so late?

OLD WOMAN: He'll be here soon. And when he does arrive, I have a surprise for him.

CONTRARY MARY: *(Beginning to liven up a bit)* A surprise?

BO PEEP: What is it?

OLD WOMAN: *(Playing absent-minded; searching pockets, etc.)*
Now where did I put them? Could they—? No—. Maybe in— Ah! What's this? It's all—

CURLEY LOCKS: Oh, Mamma! Hurry up!

BO PEEP: Let us see!

OLD WOMAN: Heeeeeeeeeerrrrreeeeeeeee they come! There!

(The Old Woman pulls two hand-knitted mittens from her apron pockets. They are bright Christmas red and trimmed with green pom-poms.)

CURLEY LOCKS: Look!

BO PEEP: Mittens!

CONTRARY MARY: Oh, Mamma! They match the scarf!

OLD WOMAN: Of course! What well-dressed young husband would wear mittens that didn't match his scarf?

CONTRARY MARY: They're beautiful, Mamma. You love Tom as much as I do, don't you?

OLD WOMAN: Yes, dear, I do.

(Contrary Mary has the mittens in her hands. During song she puts them in her apron pockets.)

#4 [Orchestra begins "I Love Him."]

CONTRARY MARY: *(Sings)*

Verse:
TOM'S THE LAD THAT I ADORE
TRUE THERE'S NO ONE I LOVE MORE

'CAUSE HE MAKES ME FEEL SO SAFE AND
 WARM, YOU SEE.
 O'RE ALL GIRLS HE CASTS A SPELL.
 YES, I KNOW THAT VERY WELL,
 BUT I'M AWFULLY PROUD THAT HE
 HAS CHOSEN ME.
 THERE'S NO YOUNG MAN IN THE GLEN
 CAN STAND UP TO TOM-TOM WHEN
 MY TOM HOLDS ME TIGHT
 AND WILL NOT LET ME FREE.

Refrain:
 MY HEART HE HAS STOLEN
 THAT THIEF OF MY SOUL AN'
 HE'S MADE ME WANT HIM ALL NIGHT.
 I'M SAFE AFTER SUNDOWN
 WHEN TOMMY'S AROUND
 TO KEEP ME FROM COLDNESS AND FRIGHT.

I LOVE HIM!
 I LOVE HIM!
 I LOVE TOM FOREVER MORE.
 OH MY TOM-TOM,
 DEAR TOM-TOM,
 IT'S HIM I SHALL LOVE AND ADORE.
 HIS WIFE I SHALL SOON BE
 WE'LL LIVE HAPPILY
 FOREVER— AND MAYBE MORE.
 MY HEART HE HAS CAPTURED:
 TRULY ENRAPTURED.
 IT'S MY TOM-TOM I ADORE.
 I LOVE HIM!
 I LOVE HIM!
 FROM TOM I COULD NEVER PART.
 OH, MY TOM-TOM,
 SWEET TOM-TOM!
 I LOVE HIM WITH ALL OF MY HEART

(The tender mood is broken as Barnaby throws open the door of the castle. He starts to stride into the Town Square but realizes there is a Christmas wreath on his door. He recoils then returns to the door and yanks the wreath off its nail. He holds the wreath like it might bite him and glares at the Townspeople.)