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SF PERUSALS

A Nutty Nutcracker Christmas

A Holiday Musical by
Ralph Covert
and G. Riley Mills

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
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***A Nutty Nutcracker Christmas* was originally produced in 2005 by Emerald City Theatre in Chicago, IL**

A NUTTY NUTCRACKER CHRISTMAS was first presented by Emerald City Theatre at the Apollo Theatre in Chicago, Illinois on November 13, 2005. The performance was directed by Dado, with sets by Kevin Hagan, costumes by Natasha Djukic, lighting by Keith Parham, props by Molly Neylon, choreography by Tommy Rapley, musical direction by Peter Storms. The production stage manager was Shannon Evans. The cast was as follows:

CLARA . . . . . Ginny Moore
FATHER . . . . . George Howe
MOTHER . . . . . Betsy McKnight
FRITZ . . . . . Noah Durham
NUTCRACKER/MARIE . . . . . Sarah Ball
MAYOR OF CHRISTMAS WOOD . . . . . George Howe
FAIRY #1 . . . . . Ginny Moore
FAIRY #2 . . . . . Kurt Chiang
BELEN . . . . . Paige Jarvie
MOUSE KING . . . . . Andy Rothenberg

CHARACTERS

CLARA, a young girl

FRITZ, her younger brother

FATHER

MOTHER

MR. DROSSELMEIER

MOUSE KING

NUTCRACKER/MARIE

MAYOR OF TOY TOWN

FAIRY #1

FAIRY #2

BELEN, a ballerina bear

TOYS

CHRISTMAS WOOD PLAYERS

SETTING

Living room of Stahlbaum house, a boat on the ocean and Christmas Wood.

TIME

Christmas Eve. The Present.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

CHRISTMAS EVE IN OUR HOUSE . . . . **MOTHER, FATHER** and **CLARA**

I'M A NATURAL . . . . . **FRITZ**

A GAME ABOUT A BOY. . . . . **MOUSE KING**

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE . . . . . **NUTCRACKER, FRITZ**

WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS WOOD. . . . . **MAYOR** and **COMPANY**

LET'S RUIN CHRISTMAS . . . . . **MOUSE KING**

THE WIND-UP BALLET . . . . . **MAYOR**, **FRITZ** and **COMPANY**

DON'T SAY IMPOSSIBLE . . . . . **NUTCRACKER**, **FRITZ** and **MAYOR**

ALMOST CHRISTMAS MORNING. . . . . **MAYOR, FRITZ, NUTCRACKER** and **COMPANY**

WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS WOOD (REPRISE) . . . . . **COMPANY**

(Lights are up on the living room. There is a Christmas tree in one corner of the room and a large toy closet or wardrobe in another. There is also a chair. **CLARA** *dances on, dressed in a pink tutu.)*

MOTHER *(offstage)* Clara?

CLARA. Yes, Mom?

MOTHER *(offstage)* Are you almost ready, honey?

CLARA. Almost. I'm just practicing my dance moves!

*(***CLARA** *goes back to dancing.* **FATHER** *enters, tying his tie.)*

FATHER. Honey, please get your coat on. You don't want to be late for your big show.

CLARA. Okay, Daddy. Almost done.

*(***FATHER** *exits.* **MOTHER** *enters, dressed for the ballet.)*

MOTHER. Let's get moving, honey. All sugar plum fairies need to be in the car in two minutes.

CLARA. Okay, Mom. I'm so excited. I can't stop dancing!

Song: "CHRISTMAS EVE IN OUR HOUSE"

MOTHER & CLARA. *(sing)*

FA LA LA LA LA LA LA

MOTHER.

IT'S THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE
EVERYONE'S HAPPY, FA LA LA LA LA
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IN EVERYONE'S HEARTS
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA
THE PRESENTS ARE WRAPPED AND UNDER THE TREE
EVERYONE'S LAUGHING FA LA LA LA LA
IT BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN YOU AND IN ME
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA
IT'S CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS EVE IN OUR HOUSE
IT'S CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS EVE IN OUR HOUSE

CLARA.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT OF MY BIG BALLET
AREN'T I PRETTY? FA LA LA LA LA
IT'S ALL ABOUT ME AND I LIKE IT THAT WAY!
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA
I'VE TRICKED MY FOLKS INTO THINKING I'M GOOD
AREN'T I CLEVER? FA LA LA LA LA
JUST LIKE ALL OF THE KIDS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA

CLARA & MOTHER.

IT'S CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS EVE IN OUR HOUSE
IT'S CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS EVE IN OUR HOUSE

*(***FATHER** *enters.)*

FATHER. *(sing)*

DOES ANYONE UNDERSTAND WE'RE GONNA BE LATE
IF WE DON'T GET THINGS UNDER WAY
AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS
THIS IS THE NIGHT OF CLARA'S SHOW
WE'VE GOT TO GO, WE'VE GOT TO GO,
WE'VE GOT TO GO, WE'VE GOT TO GO!
ALL THOSE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS ON THE ROAD
WILL MAKE THE TRAFFIC VERY SLOW
WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO SIT AND WAIT
UNLESS WE ALL ACCELLERATE
WE'RE GONNA BE LATE, WE'RE GONNA BE LATE,
WE'RE GONNA BE LATE, WE'RE GONNA BE LATE!
CLARA GET A MOVE ON, GET YOUR COAT ON
GET YOUR MITTENS IF YOU PLEASE
I NEED THE TICKETS AND MY WALLET
HAS ANYONE SEEN MY KEYS?
HAS ANYONE SEEN MY KEYS?

(spoken) My keys! Where are my keys?

MOTHER. Here!

FATHER. Directions?

MOTHER. Check.

FATHER. Tickets?

MOTHER. Check.

FATHER. Tutu?

CLARA. Check!

FATHER. It seems like we're forgetting something…

MOTHER & FATHER *(suddenly)* FRITZ!

*(***FRITZ** *enters, his face buried in a video game. He is decked out from head to toe in his favorite Mouse Hunter costume: helmet, boots and sword.)*

FRITZ. What?

MOTHER. Fritz, what on earth are you wearing?

CLARA. Is that your Halloween costume?

FRITZ. For your information, this is my official Mouse Hunter 5000 space cadet uniform. My official Mouse Hunter 5000 helmet, my official Mouse Hunter 5000 boots and my official Mouse Hunter 5000 sword.

FATHER. You need to go change your clothes right now. We're going to be late for your sister's ballet.

FRITZ. Can't I just stay home and play Mouse Hunter 5000?

MOTHER. Fritz, Clara has worked very hard practicing for her performance tonight. You are not going to miss it.

FRITZ. I practice hard, too!

CLARA. You? What do you practice?

FRITZ. Mouse Hunter 5000! I practice every day! Tonight I made it into the castle, down through the secret tunnel, up over the giant wheel of cheese – all the way to Level 22! I'm this close to getting my high score, capturing the Mouse King and stealing his gold crown! Please, please, please can I just stay home and play Mouse Hunter 5000?

FATHER. The answer is no, so stop begging.

FRITZ. But I hate ballet. It's so boring!

MOTHER. How would you know? You've never seen a ballet.

FRITZ. Who wants to watch a bunch of boring dancing anyway?

CLARA. It's not boring.

FRITZ. Yes, it is.

CLARA. No, it isn't.

FRITZ. Yes, it is.

CLARA. No, it isn't.

(Family erupts into arguing. The doorbell rings. All freeze.)

MOTHER. I'll get it.

*(***MOTHER** *opens the door.* **MR. DROSSELMEIER** *enters with a bag of presents.)*

DROSSELMEIER. Merry Christmas, everyone!

CLARA & FRITZ. Mr. Drosselmeier!

DROSSELMEIER. My, my, Clara – that is a beautiful ballet costume!

CLARA. It's my tutu!

DROSSELMEIER. It's gorgeous! And look at you, Fritz, don't you look…festive.

FRITZ. It's my official Mouse Hunter 5000 space cadet uniform.

CLARA. Are you coming to my ballet, Mr. D?

DROSSELMEIER. I'm afraid I can't, Clara. My niece's flight has been delayed. I have to wait for her to get in from the airport. I'm sorry.

CLARA. At least you got to see me in my tutu!

*(***DROSSELMEIER** *plops the bag down on the floor.)*

DROSSELMEIER. Who wants a present?

FRITZ & CLARA. I do! I do!

FRITZ. Is mine a video game?

DROSSELMEIER. Perhaps it's even better than a video game.

FRITZ. Impossible.

CLARA. You always give us the best presents, Mr. D. You're the best next-door neighbor ever!

*(***DROSSELMEIER** *hands a box to* **CLARA**.*)*

DROSSELMEIER. This is for our little ballerina.

(He hands a present to **FRITZ**.*)*

And this one is for our…

FRITZ. Mouse Hunter 5000 space cadet!

DROSSELMEIER. Right.

*(***FRITZ** *rips his present open.)*

FRITZ. Toy soldiers?

DROSSELMEIER. I painted each one myself.

FRITZ. Thanks, Mr. D.

DROSSELMEIER. You're welcome.

*(***CLARA** *carefully opens her box. Inside is a wooden nutcracker toy.)*

CLARA. Wow.

DROSSELMEIER. It's a nutcracker, in honor of your very first ballet.

CLARA. It's beautiful. I'll treasure it forever, Mr. D.

FRITZ. *(grabbing the doll)* Let me see that.

CLARA. Don't pull it!

FRITZ. I just want to see it!

*(***FRITZ** *and* **CLARA** *struggle over the nutcracker.)*

CLARA. Let go!

MOTHER & FATHER. Kids!

*(***CLARA** *and* **FRITZ** *both lose their grip on the nutcracker and it falls on the floor.)*

CLARA. You broke it! Look what you did!

FRITZ. It was an accident.

FATHER. That's it, Fritz. If you can't behave yourself, then you're not going to the show.

FRITZ. You mean I don't have to go to the ballet?

FATHER. You don't *get* to go to the ballet, young man. You are going to sit in that chair until you learn to behave yourself.

FRITZ. I can't believe I don't have to go to the ballet. This is perfect!

FATHER. *(to* **MOTHER***)* You and Clara should get going. I'll stay here with Fritz.

DROSSELMEIER. Jack, I can watch Fritz. It would be a shame for you to miss Clara's first ballet.

FATHER. You don't mind?

DROSSELMEIER. I have to wait for my niece anyway. I'll just run home and leave a note on the door so she knows where I am.

MOTHER. That's very kind of you.

DROSSELMEIER. Be right back.

*(***DROSSELMEIER** *exits.* **FRITZ** *goes back to his video game.)*

FATHER. Fritz, you had better behave yourself while we're gone.

FRITZ. Yes, sir.

FATHER. You are not to leave that chair until we get back.

FRITZ. Okay.

FATHER. And one more thing: no video games.

FRITZ. What?

FATHER. You heard me.

FRITZ. But what about the Mouse King and stealing his gold crown!

FATHER. Hand it over.

*(***FRITZ** *hands him the video game.* **FATHER** *crosses to the toy closet and opens it. He puts the video game, the toy soldiers and the nutcracker in the closet.)*

Mouse Hunter and all of the rest of these toys are to stay in this toy closet until we get back. Is that understood?

FRITZ. Yes, sir.

FATHER. In fact, just to be sure, I'm locking it up.

*(***FATHER** *takes out a key and locks a big padlock on closet door.* **DROSSEMEIER** *enters.)*

MOTHER. Mr. Drosselmeier, thank you again. If you care for some tea, I have a pot on the stove.

FATHER. Remember, Fritz, you are not to leave that chair. And all toys are to stay in the toy closet.

FRITZ. Yes, sir.

FATHER. We'll be back in a couple hours.

DROSSELMEIER. Have fun at your show, Clara.

CLARA. Thanks, Mr. D.

(They exit. **FRITZ** *sulks.)*

DROSSELMEIER. Don't be so glum, Fritz.

FRITZ. I wanted that gold crown. I was this close to catching the Mouse King.

DROSSELMEIER. Did you know there is a Mouse King in your sister's Nutcracker ballet?

FRITZ. Big deal.

DROSSELMEIER. Actually, The Nutcracker is a pretty exciting story. I'll tell you what: let me grab a cup of tea and I'll read it to you. It'll help pass the time. What do you say?

FRITZ. Okay, I guess.

DROSSELMEIER. I'll be right back.

*(***DROSSELMEIER** *exits.)*

FRITZ. I can't believe I have to sit here for two whole hours. It's not fair! Who wants a crummy nutcracker anyway? Seems like I can't do anything right lately – except get in trouble. At least I'm good at that!

SONG: "I'M A NATURAL (GOOD AT BEING BAD)"

FRITZ. *(sings)*

I PULLED MY SISTER'S HAIR
I DON'T KNOW WHY
I GUESS 'CAUSE IT WAS THERE
THEN I HID HER UNDERWEAR.
I'M A NATURAL!
I TRY TO FOLLOW ALL THE RULES
TO BE THE SMARTEST STUDENT AT MY SCHOOL
BUT I ALWAYS PLAY THE FOOL
'CAUSE I'M A NATURAL

FRITZ. *(cont.)*

IT'S WHERE MY HEAD IS AT – I'M A NATURAL
JUST ASK MY MOM AND DAD – I'M A NATURAL
I'M GOOD AT BEING BAD
IMAGINE THIS: MY SISTER IN THE BATH
I SNUCK IN, CARRYING THE CAT
I TOSSED HIM IN – OH WHAT A SPLASH!
I'M A NATURAL!
I'D LIKE TO BE THE TEACHER'S PET
BUT IT'S NO USE, I'M JUST A PERFECT BRAT
I'D GET STRAIGHT A'S IN THAT
I'M A NATURAL
IT'S WHERE MY HEAD IS AT – I'M A NATURAL
JUST ASK MY MOM AND DAD – I'M A NATURAL
I'M GOOD AT BEING BAD
I'M THE WORLD CHAMPION
AT MOUSE HUNT 5000
I'LL MAKE HISTORY WHEN I MAKE LEVEL 23

(spoken over vamp)

I got to Level 21, which means like I've trapped over half a million mice, so then I checked the website, and no kids have ever even made it to Level 22, so if I make it to Level 22 I'll be the first kid to ever do it – it's like landing on the moon or something!

(Music interrupts him; he begins singing again.)

Sorry…

100 TIMES SO I WOULD THINK
I WROTE, "I PROMISE TO BE GOOD AT EVERYTHING"
I USED DISAPPEARING INK!
I'M A NATURAL
ASK MY MOM, ASK MY DAD
ASK MY TEACHER, SHE UNDERSTANDS
DON'T ASK MY SISTER, SHE'S STILL TOO MAD!
I'M A NATURAL
IT'S WHERE MY HEAD IS AT – I'M A NATURAL
A SUPERSONIC BRAT
I'M A NATURAL

FRITZ. *(cont.)*

I'M GOOD AT BEING
BETTER AT BEING
THE BEST AT BEING BAD!

(The song ends and **FRITZ** *plops back down on the chair. He looks toward the toy closet.)*

I've got to get my video game. I was so close to trapping that Mouse King and stealing his crown! It's right there in the toy closet too. Right there. Just out of reach.

*(***FRITZ** *crosses to the toy closet, looking at the big padlock.)*

Boy, this big, thick lock would really be a problem…if I didn't know where my dad kept the spare key!

*(***FRITZ** *grabs a key under the chair cushion and crosses to toy closet. He unlocks it, taking out his video game. He starts playing.)*

Come on, Mouse King, give me your best shot! Here we go…over the wheel of cheese…don't slip now…get the sword...yes! I've got you cornered now, Mouse King… here comes the cheese…got it! I'm almost there…here it comes…YES! I DID IT! I made it to Level 22!

(The lights suddenly change and a strange glow comes from within the toy closet.)

What's happening here?

(A knocking is heard. **FRITZ** *tiptoes to the toy closet and opens the door. Magically, the shelves of toys have all vanished and the* **MOUSE KING** *stands there, with a wicked smile and a large sword.)*

Mouse King!

MOUSE KING. Expecting someone else? What's your name, boy?

FRITZ. Fritz.

MOUSE KING. So you made it to Level 22, eh? Well played. Then I guess it's you I have to thank.

FRITZ. For what?

MOUSE KING. For releasing me from the confines of that blasted video game.

FRITZ. I did that?

MOUSE KING. Indeed. And now I'm going to sing.

SONG: "A GAME ABOUT A BOY"

(sings)

THIS IS A SONG ABOUT A GAME
AND A BOY WHO LOVED TO PLAY
AND A MOUSE WHO ONE DAY CAME TO LIFE
IF THE RUMORS ARE ALL TRUE
YOU'VE NOW MADE LEVEL 22
AND NOW I'VE COME HERE FOR YOU WITH A KNIFE
FOR THE CHEESE…

I'VE KEPT A LIST OF ALL THE MICE
THAT YOU HAVE TRAPPED AND SQUISHED AND SLICED
AND I DON'T THINK THAT IT WAS NICE TO DO
HOW WOULD IT FEEL IF THE MOUSE BECAME THE CAT?
AND YOU BECAME THE MOUSE
WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF THAT?

YOU MAY HAVE OVERLOOKED ONE THING
JUST AS A BEE CAN ALWAYS STING
THE KING OF MICE IS STILL A KING FOR LIFE
AND NOW IT'S MY TURN FOR THE FUN

TO HAVE THE CHANCE TO BE THE ONE
WHO HAS THE TRAP THE ROCK THE NET, THE KNIFE
FOR THE CHEESE…

HOW WOULD IT FEEL IF THE MOUSE BECAME THE CAT?
AND YOU BECAME THE MOUSE
WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF THAT?
AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR WAR
SO THAT YOU'LL MOUSE HUNT NEVERMORE
AS MOUSE KING I'LL SETTLE THIS SCORE WITH A KNIFE!

FRITZ. For the cheese?

MOUSE KING. For *you*! You have done me a great service, boy. Now I am free and Christmas is mine!

(Lights change again as **NUTCRACKER** *bursts forth from the toy closet.* **NUTCRACKER** *and* **MOUSE KING** *draw their swords, circling each other.)*

MOUSE KING. Well, well, well. If it isn't my favorite Nutcracker. Hello, Nutty.

NUTCRACKER. Don't call me that.

MOUSE KING. Fancy meeting you here. I haven't seen you since that night on the steamer bound for Bombay. The moon, the mist…You almost caught me that night.

NUTCRACKER. Almost.

MOUSE KING. Not quite though. So close yet so far away. Gave you the slip on the ship, as it were.

NUTCRACKER. I wouldn't call escaping back into a video game giving me the slip.

MOUSE KING. But I kept the crown! And thanks to our little friend here, I'm free once more. It's all in the timing, you know.

NUTCRACKER. Give me the crown, Mouse King. Hand it over.

FRITZ. I want the crown! Give it to me!

MOUSE KING. Looks like everyone wants the crown. Sorry, but I can't oblige either of you. What kind of Mouse King would I be without my gold crown?

NUTCRACKER. I'll take it by force if I have to.

MOUSE KING. I'm afraid you'll have to.

(Swords clashing, **NUTCRACKER** *and* **MOUSE KING** *fight, but* **FRITZ** *throws himself into the fray.* **NUTCRACKER** *is knocked to the side, while* **MOUSE KING** *grabs* **FRITZ** *around the neck.)*

How much is it worth to you, Nutty? The crown, the boy…the crown, the boy…Life is full of so many choices!

NUTCRACKER. Give it to me.

MOUSE KING. Sorry, no can do!

*(***MOUSE KING** *shoves* **FRITZ** *into* **NUTCRACKER** *and they tumble into a heap.)*

See you around, Nutty. You know where to find me!

*(***MOUSE KING** *slips into the toy closet and is gone.* **NUTCRACKER** *scrambles to her feet and tries the door.)*

NUTCRACKER. Locked.

FRITZ. Dude, that was amazing! Where did you get those moves? You were so…so…

*(***NUTCRACKER** *takes off helmet revealing that she is a girl.* **FRITZ** *stares, speechless.)*

NUTCRACKER. What?

FRITZ. Dude, you're a girl.

NUTCRACKER. Dude, you're quick.

FRITZ. I've never seen a girl fight like that before.

NUTCRACKER. Did you think only boys could be good fighters?

FRITZ. I guess I did.

NUTCRACKER. Typical. I've got to find a way into this toy closet before it's too late.

FRITZ. I have the key!

NUTCRACKER. Then open it.

FRITZ. Can I come with you?

NUTCRACKER. Absolutely not.

FRITZ. Please!

NUTCRACKER. Kid, listen –

FRITZ. My name is Fritz.

NUTCRACKER. Listen, Fritz. I've been hunting the Mouse King for a long time now, I've studied him inside and out – it's too dangerous. You need to leave this to a professional.

FRITZ. I've been hunting the Mouse King for a long time too, you know.

NUTCRACKER. Yes, in a video game.

FRITZ. I chased him all the way to Level 22! Please, please, please, let me go with you. I've dreamed about this my whole life!

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