

# PERUSAL SCRIPT



# CHRISTMAS DREAMS

Original Stories and Improvisations by  
**Spanish Fork High School Drama Club**  
(THE ORIGINAL CAST)

Contributing Authors  
**Dawnesia Shaffer, Stephen Carter,**  
**Allyson Shepherd,**  
Henry Bingham, Deon Youd, Ryan Farley

Concept, Editing, Music and Lyrics by  
**C. Michael Perry**

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**CHRISTMAS DREAMS**

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## **Christmas Dreams**

A Musical

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# CHRISTMAS DREAMS

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

## ORIGINAL CAST MEMBER

MR. STONE -- the teacher	Joseph Stone *
MARK -- the brain	Mark Fellows *
RHONDA--the innocent	Rhonda Bergman *
RYAN -- the rebel	Ryan Farley *
EMILY -- the rich kid	Emily Eddington *
JEREMY -- the cynic	Jeremy Jacobson *
DEON	Deon Youd *
JUSTIN -- the clown	Justin Bandlely *
ALLYSON	Allyson Shepherd *
DAWNEY	Dawney Stock *
MATT -- the sentimental one	Matt Mitchell *
HENRY -- the musician	Henry Bingham *
TIFFANI -- the quiet one	Tiffani Clegg *

plus other students to take part in the following stories that are to be created

## THE STORIES AND THEIR PLAYERS

### •• #1 -- OVERTURE

### •• #2 -- WHAT CAN I DO?

••**MR. STONE's Story** -- THE GIFT OF GIVING -- The teacher of the class recalls a story from his childhood as an example to the students. During a time when his family was destitute with a father out of work he tells of a Christmas that some of his friends made very merry by their gifts to him.

#### #3 SONG: "ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"

#### CHARACTERS:

POOR BOY Joseph Stone \*  
SPOILED KID Mike Hawkins \*  
FRIENDS Chris Gee \*, Erica Bowen \*, Logan Carr \*, Maren Weight \*

••**ALLYSON's Dream** --**THE BEST CHRISTMAS** -- a teenage girl is frustrated with what she perceives as rejection by her parents when their job keeps them away from home for important holidays like Christmas. More than anything she wants them home this year.

#### CHARACTERS:

ALLYSON Allyson Shepherd \*  
GRANDMOTHER Marianna Eddington \*

••**RHONDA's Story** -- WHICH TOY FOR CHRISTMAS? -- a girl pretends she is a rag doll in a toy store, wishing and hoping that someone will buy her for Christmas and finally a little girl chooses her.

#### #4 SONG: "CHOOSE ME!"

#### CHARACTERS:

RAG DOLL Rhonda Bergman \*  
LITTLE GIRL Dawnesia Shaffer \*

TOY SOLDIER Mike Aust \*  
TEDDY BEAR Kristy Babbitt  
BALLERINA DOLL Erica Bowen \*  
RACE CAR Dawn Lystad \*  
FASHION DOLL Andrea Cardon \*

- JEREMY's Story -- THE SANTA BURGLAR** -- a family talks about Santa Claus and Christmas and the magic of believing. After retiring for the night the children hear a noise and come down to find a Santa stealing all of their presents. They call the police and an officer arrives. The officer hauls the burglar off to jail, or so we think. The officer is just the burglars partner -- but they both get caught by the police and taken away. Meanwhile the family enjoys a Christmas provided by the real Santa Claus.

CHARACTERS:

MOTHER Dawnesia Shaffer \*  
FATHER Mike Aust \*  
BROTHER Chris Gee \*  
SISTER Logan Carr \*  
SANTA BURGLAR (LEFTY) Jeremy Jacobsen \*  
OFFICER (RALPH) Lee Griffin \*  
OFFICER CONOLLY Stephen Carter \*  
OFFICER PHILLIPS Mike Brown \*

- MATT's Story -- STREET WISE** -- A Street person is hoping to be arrested so she can spend some time in a warm cell for Christmas and have a Christmas dinner. Everything she tries backfires until the policemen catch on to her plan and help her out.

CHARACTERS:

BAG LADY Marianna Eddington \*  
OFFICER CONNOLLY Stephen Carter \*  
OFFICER WEISBAUM Matt Mitchell \*

- MARK's Dream -- WORKING FOR SANTA** -- a teenager remembers his fondest childhood wish for Christmas -- to be one of Santa's Elves and help make toys for all the children of the world.

**#5 SONG: "WORKING FOR SANTA"**

CHARACTERS:

MARK Mark Fellows \*  
ELVES Jared Strain \*, Dawnesia Shaffer \*, Mike Hawkins \*,  
Shaylene Brown \*, Kristy Babbitt, Kristie Condie, Mike Brown \*, Chris Gee \*, Rex Griffiths \*,  
Lee Griffin \*, Mike Aust \*, Alison Miller \*, Marianna Eddington \*, Andrea Cardon \*, Maren  
Weight \*

- DAWNEY's Dream -- SEPARATE CHRISTMASSES** -- a teenager wants her separated parents to grow up and get back together for Christmas.

**#6 SONG: "IF"**

CHARACTERS:

DAWNEY Dawney Stock \*  
MOTHER Dawnesia Shaffer \*  
FATHER Stephen Carter \*  
SOLOIST Alison Miller \*

••JUSTIN's Story -- THE CHRISTMAS THAT BACKFIRED --

CHARACTERS:

TEEN BOY                      Justin Bandley \*  
FRIENDS                      Chris Gee \*, Jared Strain \*, Mike Brown \*, Rex Griffiths \*  
CLERICAL LEADER          Lee Griffin \*

- HENRY's Dream -- THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT -- A young musician has dreamed of playing a solo in the annual Christmas Concert. When he finally gets the chance he is petrified. (By changing all gender references and the name, the part of Henry may be played by a girl. We would then suggest that the "Friend" be a boy)

CHARACTERS:

MUSICIAN Henry Bingham \*  
SISTER      Diana Brunson \*  
FRIEND      Alison Miller \*

- EMILY's Story --**ALL TIED UP IN A RIBBON** A girl has the unfortunate circumstance of being born on Christmas Eve. She hates it. She wishes, however, that her parents would let her unwrap her presents on her birthday instead of the next morning. This Christmas, Emily has a surprise waiting for her. Mom and Dad have bought her a car for her sixteenth birthday. But as they prepare her for the big moment they discover that the car has been stolen. But the local police come to the rescue and return the car and it's thief, Rosie, the bag lady soon after they discover the missing present.

CHARACTERS:

EMILY -- the birthday girl    Emily Eddington \*  
MICHAEL, the brother        Mike Brown \*  
NICHOLE, a sister            Diana Brunson \*  
SUZY, another sister        Dawn Lystad \*  
KATHY, the mom              Kristy Babbitt \*  
JOHN, the Dad                Rex Griffiths \*  
ROSIE, the bag lady            Marianna Eddington \*  
OFFICER CONOLLY            Stephen Carter \*

- DEON's Story -- I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS -- A little girl approaches the age of not believing and mysteriously finds the real Santa Claus in her living room on Christmas Eve.

**#7 SONG: "I BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS"**

CHARACTERS:

LITTLE GIRL                Deon Yeod \*  
SANTA                        Rex Griffiths \*  
FRIEND                      Erica Bowen \*  
MOTHER                     Marianna Eddington \*

- RYAN's Story -- THE PRODIGAL SON -- a mother longs for the return of her rebellious son. He shows up on Christmas Eve.

CHARACTERS:

REBELSON                    Lee Griffin \*

REBEL FRIENDS Dawn Lystad, Mike Brown \*  
SON Ryan Farley \*  
MOTHER Andrea Cardon \*  
FATHER Mike Hawkins \*

•• **#8 SONG: BELIEVING**

••TIFFANI's Dream -- THE NATIVITY -- A girl, abused by her parents, searches out the perfect family and is magically transported to Bethlehem to witness the Birth of the savior and feel the love of perfect parents

**#9 SONG:" THIS NIGHT "**

CHARACTERS:

THE GIRL Tiffani Clegg \*  
MARY Shaelene Brown \*  
JOSEPH Joseph Stone \*  
INNKEEPER Mike Aust \*

•• **#10-- I BELIEVE -- FINALE**

•• **#11 -- CURTAIN CALL**

(\*) indicates membership in Troupe 943 of the International Thespian Society

# CHRISTMAS DREAMS

## MUSICAL #1 -- OVERTURE

**Scene One** -- MONDAY. *As the lights come up, we discover a group of young people throwing snowballs on the first day of snow. There is relish in their play. A young man comes walking across the school yard and is universally pelted with snowballs. As he slips to the ground, his books fly all over. All laugh as the bell rings. The young man gets up, brushes himself off and hurries into school taunting the others. Most of the others follow into the classroom with moans and sighs. The scene shifts to the interior of the school room where the teacher, MR.STONE, is waiting. The boy, MARK, who got pelted, is first into the room, still brushing himself off. They greet each other and MARK moves to his place. The others begin to enter and take their seats. MR. STONE quiets the class.*

**MR. STONE:** *(after they quiet down)* Snow!

*(Pause)*

Dreams.

*(Pause)*

Christmas!

*(Pause)*

Wishes.

*(Pause)*

Story.

**RHONDA:** *(raising hand)* Just what are we supposed to do?

**MR. STONE:** Write a story.

**DAWNEY:** How many pages does it have to be?

**MR. STONE:** It needs to tell a story.

**DEON:** But how long?

**MR. STONE:** As long as it needs to be.

**JUSTIN:** *(Entering and taking seat)* Hello, Mr. Stone.

**MR STONE:** We're writing an essay today, Justin.

**JUSTIN:** Goodbye, Mr. Stone.

**MR STONE:** *(Motioning for JUSTIN to sit)* Justin!

**MATT:** When is it due?

**MR. STONE:** Friday.

**ALLYSON:** But what are we supposed to write about?

**MR. STONE:** What ever you want to as long as it deals with some aspect of Christmas. Your memories of Christmases past--your dreams for a future--or even a totally original story that you make up.

**JUSTIN:** By Friday?

**MR. STONE:** Yes.

**JUSTIN:** But this is Monday.

**RYAN:** Yeah, that's impossible.

**MR. STONE:** It is not impossible and it is your assignment. These stories are, when finished, going to be shared with the folks at the rest home as your Christmas gift to them. I suggest you start brainstorming while I run to the office for a moment.

**ALLYSON:** Mr. Stone?

**MR STONE:** Yes, Allyson.

**ALLYSON:** Does this count on our grade?

**MR STONE:** Yes, Allyson.

*(He leaves)*

**DAWNEY:** There goes my "D".

**EMILY:** I bet Mark's gonna get an "A".

**HENRY:** He always does.

**JUSTIN:** Brown-noser!

**MARK:** Well , we better get started.

*(All give him a look)*

It's due Friday!

*(Realizing that truth, all get out pencils and paper)*

## **MUSICAL #2 -- WHAT CAN I DO?**

**JUSTIN:** BY FRIDAY!

**DAWNEY:** IT'S ONLY MONDAY!

**RYAN:** HOW CAN WE WRITE A PAPER IN FIVE DAYS! HE MUST BE CRAZY!

**DEON:** IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

**JEREMY:** IT'S INHUMANE!

**TIFFANI:** INSANE!

**MR. STONE:** THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO IT!

**MARK:** SO, JUST SHUT UP AND DO IT!

**MATT:** WHAT CAN I DO?

**RHONDA:** WHAT CAN I WRITE?

**MARK:** HOW CAN A HAPPY ENDING END AND NOT BE TRITE?

**RYAN:** WHAT CAN I SAY?

**ALLYSON:** WHAT LITTLE LIGHT?

**ALL:** IS THERE A WAY TO SPREAD SOME WARMTH FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT?

**EMILY:** DOES IT HAVE TO BE FUNNY?

**HENRY:** DO I HAVE TO BE CLEVER IN MY POINT OF VIEW?

**MARK:** IF I WRITE WHAT I'M FEELING--

**RHONDA:** IF I FEEL WHAT I'M WRITING

**DAWNEY:** WILL THE DREAM COME SHINING THROUGH?

**ALL:** ALL I THINK ABOUT

IS LET YOUR FEELINGS OUT!

**MR. STONE:** *(has re-entered)*

JUST WRITE  
AND SOON YOUR LIGHT  
WILL SHINE  
SO FINE!  
SO, WRITE  
AND SHINE!

**ALL:** WHAT CAN I DO?  
WHAT CAN I WRITE?  
HOW CAN A HAPPY ENDING END AND NOT BE TRITE?  
WHAT CAN I SAY?  
WHAT LITTLE LIGHT?  
IS THERE A WAY TO SPREAD SOME WARMTH FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT?  
DOES IT HAVE TO BE FUNNY?  
DO I HAVE TO BE CLEVER IN MY POINT OF VIEW?  
IF I WRITE WHAT I'M FEELING--  
IF I FEEL WHAT I'M WRITING  
WILL THE DREAM COME SHINING THROUGH?  
ALL I THINK ABOUT  
IS LET YOUR FEELINGS OUT!

**MR. STONE:**

JUST WRITE  
AND SOON YOUR LIGHT  
WILL SHINE  
SO FINE!  
SO, WRITE  
AND SHINE!

**STUDENTS:**

JUST WRITE  
AND SOON YOUR LIGHT  
WILL SHINE  
SO FINE!  
SO, WRITE  
AND SHINE!

**JUSTIN:** So, what's that supposed to mean? Write and shine! Sounds like an educational breakfast cereal!

**DAWNEY:** Where do we start?

**MR. STONE:** You start with yourself.

**MATT:** (*Clueless*) And?!?!?

**MR. STONE:** Think! Brainstorm!

**JEREMY:** Could you, like, give us an example?

**MR. STONE:** All right, that's fair!

**JUSTIN:** Oh, boy ... I just can't wait!

**MARK:** Shut up, Justin.

(*To MR. STONE*)

Is this real or just a story?

**MR. STONE:** You, decide. There's this boy around 10 years old, maybe 11. He's part of a close group of friends who never do anything without the others being there.

**RYAN:** Kind of like "Stand By Me."

*(The curtains open to reveal five children frozen in the middle of mock battle)*

**MR. STONE:** That's right. Only a little younger. And one Christmas they almost drifted apart.

*(MR. STONE joins the battle as the lights come up. The group comes alive playing Cowboys and Indians around the living room. JOSEPH is the leader of the Indians and MIKE is the leader of the Cowboys. As the battle ensues all get "killed" but JOSEPH and MIKE. JOSEPH shoots MIKE with his suction cup arrow and it sticks onto MIKE's forehead)*

**JOSEPH:** You're dead! I got you! You have to die!

**MIKE:** *(Pulling the arrow off)* I do not! This is my arrow. All these toys are mine! So you have to let me win or you can't play with my toys.

**OTHERS:** *(coming alive again)* That's not fair. You can't win all the time. Don't be such a baby.

**MIKE:** I can do whatever I want to with my toys.

**LOGAN:** We'll just have to play at someone else's house next time. And use their toys.

**MAREN:** How about you, Joseph?

**JOSEPH:** I don't have any toys.

**MIKE:** You don't have any toys?

**JOSEPH:** No.

**MIKE:** Why not?

**CHRIS:** Doesn't Santa ever bring you toys?

**JOSEPH:** Not anymore. Not since Dad lost his job. Mom and Dad said that Santa was too sick to come this year.

**MIKE:** Santa is not sick. He's coming to my house.

**CHRIS:** Yeah! He's coming to our house!

**MIKE:** Maybe Santa just doesn't like you, Joseph.

*(JOSEPH reacts negatively)*

**ERICA:** You dummy!

**LOGAN:** What a stupid thing to say!

**MIKE:** Well, maybe it's true.

**ERICA:** You don't know nothin'--you little brat.

**MAREN:** Yeah, you're spoiled.

**LOGAN:** You get everything you want.

**CHRIS:** How would you like to be Joseph?

**MIKE:** If I was my Dad wouldn't be dumb enough to lose his job!

**MAREN:** Shows what you know!

*(JOSEPH runs out)*

**LOGAN:** Now, look what you did.

**MIKE:** Aw, he's just a bawl-baby!

**ERICA:** No, you're a jerk. Come on, you guys.

**CHRIS:** No. We better leave him alone. We can stop by his house later.

**ERICA:** Yeah, I guess you're right.

**MIKE:** Hey, you guys! What did you ask for for Christmas?

### **MUSICAL # 3 -- ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS**

**CHRIS:** The usual. Money.

**LOGAN:** Clothes.

**MAREN:** Computer games.

**ERICA:** A new bike.

**MIKE:** I asked for more of the same!

CARS, AND BOATS, AND TRAINS AND AEROPLANES!

CANNONS, GUNS AND BOMBS ON AEROPLANES.

**MAREN:** I JUST WANT A NEW NINTENDO PLEASE!

WITH LOTS OF GAMES TO PLAY!

**LOGAN:** A DRESS, A SKIRT, A BLOUSE AND SHOES TO MATCH!

**CHRIS:** NEW AIR JORDANS!

**ERICA:** JEANS TO RIP AND PATCH!

**MAREN:** I WOULD LIKE A LOT OF NEW C.D.'S.

**ALL:** CHRISTMASTIME! WHAT AN AWESOME SEASON!

IT'S THE GREATEST TIME OF YEAR!

CHRISTMASTIME!

I DON'T MIND THE FRENZY AND FUSS

**MIKE:** WHEN I GET WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

*(The scene shifts to JOSEPH in a room or somewhere else where he can be alone)*

**JOSEPH:** ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

IS TO HAVE A CHRISTMAS.

JUST A PRETTY TREE

WITH ONE BIG PRESENT THERE FOR ME.

I DON'T CARE WHAT'S IN IT--

SANTA TAKE A MINUTE!

WON'T YOU SEE

IF THERE IS SOMETHING IN YOUR BAG FOR ME.

BUT, IF THERE'S NOTHING,

I'VE GROWN USED TO IT.

NO NEW TOYS AND NO CLOTHES THAT REALLY FIT.

BUT THIS CHRISTMAS I SURE WOULD LIKE A SURPRISE

WHEN I OPEN MY EYES.

ALL I WANT THIS SEASON

IS A REAL GOOD REASON

WHY SOME PEOPLE HAVE IT ALL AND SOME MUST DO WITHOUT.

BUT I CAN'T BE GREEDY.

I'M NOT REALLY NEEDY.

I LOVE MOM AND DAD...THEY LOVE ME. I AM NOT WITHOUT

BUT EVEN SO I'D LIKE A LITTLE GIFT.  
SUCH A SMALL THING GIVES SUCH A NEEDED LIFT!  
SO, THIS CHRISTMAS, PLEASE LET THERE BE A SURPRISE  
WHEN I OPEN MY EYES!

**JOSEPH:**

ALL I WANT FOR  
CHRISTMAS  
IS TO HAVE A  
CHRISTMAS  
JUST A PRETTY TREE  
WITH ONE BIG  
PRESENT THERE FOR  
ME.  
I DON'T CARE WHAT'S  
IN IT.  
SANTA, TAKE A  
MINUTE.  
WON'T YOU SEE IF  
THERE IS SOMETHING  
IN YOUR BAG FOR  
ME.

BUT IF THERE'S NOTHING  
I'VE GROWN USED TO IT!  
NO NEW TOYS AND  
NO CLOTHES THAT REALLY FIT.  
BUT, THIS CHRISTMAS,  
PLEASE LET THERE BE A  
SURPRISE  
WHEN I OPEN MY  
EYES!  
WHEN I OPEN MY  
EYES!

**ERICA:** Hey, I got an idea!

**CHRIS:** What now!

**ERICA:** What if we each took one of our gifts--one that's to us under our tree--and somehow make it possible for Santa to come to Joseph's house!

**LOGAN:** What a great idea!

**MIKE:** You can count me out.

**MAREN:** Why? You get dozens of presents.

**OTHERS:**

CARS, AND BOATS, AND  
TRAINS AND AEROPLANES!  
CANNONS, GUNS AND  
BOMBS ON AEROPLANES.  
I JUST WANT A  
NEW NINTENDO  
PLEASE!  
WITH LOTS OF GAMES TO PLAY!  
A DRESS, A SKIRT,  
A BLOUSE AND SHOES TO MATCH!  
NEW AIR JORDANS!  
JEANS TO RIP AND PATCH!  
I JUST WANT A  
LOT OF NEW  
C.D.'S.

CHRISTMASTIME!  
WHAT AN AWESOME SEASON!  
IT'S THE GREATEST  
TIME OF YEAR!  
CHRISTMASTIME!  
I DON'T MIND THE FRENZY AND  
WHEN I GET ALL I  
WANT FOR  
CHRISTMAS. ALL I  
WANT FOR  
CHRISTMAS.

**MIKE:** Yeah, and I want every one of ‘em!

**ERICA:** See ya later, Mike! We’re gonna plan this over at my house.

**MIKE:** But, guys...!

**CHRIS:** Think about it, Mike! It’s a pretty cool idea.

*(The others leave. MIKE is alone. He looks at the tree piled high with gifts for a good long time. He then bends down and sorts through the ones with his name on them)*

**MIKE:** *(Picking up a large package)* I can’t give him this.

*(Trying several others)*

Or this. Or this one. Not this. Nope! Jeez, what can I give him! There isn’t anything I don’t want.

*(Idea!)*

Where’s Aunt Martha’s?

*(Searches for it and pulls out one of the smallest boxes there)*

Yeah! This’ll do it. What do I need with another pair of handkerchiefs!

**CHRIS:** *(re-entering)* Hey. Mike, did you change your mind?

**MIKE:** I guess so.

**CHRIS:** What’s that?

**MIKE:** It’s from Aunt Martha!

**CHRIS:** Great! Just what he needs. Handkerchiefs!

**MIKE:** But Chris?!?!

**CHRIS:** Mikey--we’re talking about a kid who hasn’t had a Christmas gift in two or three years. Come on, little brother! Sometimes I think Erica’s right. You are a jerk! You don’t even know what Christmas is about. All you do is ask and take and demand! I don’t think I like you very much anymore.

*(CHRIS exits shaking his head)*

**MIKE:** Same to you!

*(Yells after CHRIS)*

I didn’t want to do it anyhow!

*(He lingers a moment looking at the tree. He is miserable. He’s let his friends and his brother down and he knows it)*

What the heck! It’s not like I can’t get another.

*(MIKE picks up the largest package there [a sled] and runs out the door with a big grin on his face. The lights dim out. And we return to the classroom)*

**STUDENTS:** *(Ad. Libs)* Well, Mr. Stone? What happened.

**MR. STONE:** Let’s just say that Santa Claus wasn’t sick that year. I got a G.I. Joe, a notebook for school, a pair of slippers, a robe and a brand new sled. It wasn’t until years later, when it no longer mattered, that I found out that my friends were really Santa Claus that year.

**DAWNEY:** Gee, Mr. Stone. That really happened?

**MR. STONE:** Sure.

**RYAN:** *(doubtful)* Nothing like that ever happened to me.

**TIFFANI:** *(Sad)* Or me.

**JUSTIN:** Yeah, so what do we write about.

**MR. STONE:** If you can’t draw on your past then make something up.

**RHONDA:** What do you mean?

**MR. STONE:** I mean use your imagination! You still have one, don't you? Television and computer games haven't taken over every square inch of your brains, have they?

**JUSTIN:** *(To DAWNEY & ALLYSON)* Well, I don't know. Some of us don't have too much space to be taken over!

**ALLYSON:** I remember something! My most, absolute favoritest Christmas.

*(Pause)*

**MR. STONE:** *(looking at watch)* Write up a scenario for tomorrow, all of you, and let's hear it. We're out of time today.

*(The Bell rings and the students exit class)*

**TIFFANI:** Mr. Stone, I'm really not good at this sort of thing.

**MR. STONE:** All you can do is try.

**TIFFANI:** But I don't have time to do this!

**MR. STONE:** Nobody ever does ... until they want to. You'll find the time when you get the idea.

**TIFFANI:** But there's just so much for me to...

**MR. STONE:** Tiffani, take all your difficulties and wrap them up and put them into your story. That may be a way to solve some of them.

**TIFFANI:** Okay, Mr. Stone. I hope so.

**MR. STONE:** I hope so, too, Tiffani.

*(BLACKOUT)*

**Scene Two -- TUESDAY.** *BELL rings. The students rapidly pile into class. Some are excited some are worried others are indifferent.*

**MR. STONE:** Settle down quickly, class. Quiet, please. Allyson. You have your idea ready?

**ALLYSON:** Yes.

**MR. STONE:** Go ahead.

*(The curtains open to reveal a living room with GRANDMOTHER seated on the couch)*

**ALLYSON:** It was just a couple of years ago. My parents used to work a lot and they hardly ever came home.

**DEON:** Was that when they were Network News Reporters?

**ALLYSON:** Yeah.

**RYAN:** Hey, that's cool.

**ALLYSON:** It was for a while. But one Christmas Mom and Dad had parked me with my Grandma. She's great and everything but still I was really down.

*(The curtains open again on a living room. ALLYSON steps into the story)*

**ALLYSON'S DREAM -- HOME FOR CHRISTMAS --** *GRANDMOTHER and ALLYSON are sitting in the living room wrapping presents. ALLYSON is ready to write on the card.*

**ALLYSON:** Who's this one for?

**GRANDMOTHER:** That one is for your father. (Handing her another wrapped present) And this one is for your mother.

**ALLYSON:** I don't see why you always get them presents. They never show up anyway. They haven't been home on a holiday for years.

**GRANDMOTHER:** Dear, you know that TV reporters get very little time off. I'm sure, if they could, they'd be here. They want to be with you on Christmas. But sometimes it just doesn't work out.

**ALLYSON:** Yeah, right. But it's not just Christmas. Birthdays, Thanksgiving, the Fourth of July --- they've missed them all. In three years I'll be graduating High School -- you think they'll come for that? I doubt it! They'll probably be covering a story on experimental chicken ranching in Antarctica. They don't even realize that I'm in High School.

**GRANDMOTHER:** Allyson! Your parents do love you. Don't talk about them that way. It'll only ruin our Christmas together.

**ALLYSON:** I suppose you're right.

*(Phone rings. ALLYSON answers)*

Hello ... hello ... I'm sorry I can't hear you very well. Can you speak up?... Is that you, Mom?! Where are you?... You're where? ... You're what?... You're going to be here tonight?!?!?! What time? ... OK. I'll see you then. Bye!

*(ALLYSON hangs up and excitedly turns to GRANDMOTHER)*

Grandma, did you hear?

*(GRANDMOTHER nods "yes")*

I really think they're going to be here this time.

**GRANDMOTHER:** Good! I'm glad. I hope you're happy?

**ALLYSON:** I think so.

**GRANDMOTHER:** What's the matter?

**ALLYSON:** I haven't seen them in so long, I won't know what to say.

**GRANDMOTHER:** I'm sure you'll think of something. What time are they arriving?

**ALLYSON:** All Mother said was sometime tonight.

**GRANDMOTHER:** Well, we better fix a dinner for them.

*(They head to the kitchen as the lights fade. As the lights come back up ALLYSON enters from her bedroom in her robe. It is now Christmas morning and her parents still have not arrived.)*

*GRANDMOTHER enters in robe from kitchen)*

**ALLYSON:** Are they here yet?

**GRANDMOTHER:** No.

**ALLYSON:** I knew it was too good to be true.

**GRANDMOTHER:** They'll be here.

**ALLYSON:** No they won't.

**GRANDMOTHER:** They said so last night. Give them one more chance.

*(Phone rings)*

That's probably them now.

**ALLYSON:** Yeah, saying that they won't be here after all.

*(GRANDMOTHER answers the phone and hands it to ALLYSON as there is a blackout. We*

*return to the classroom amid groans, etc.)*

**MARK:** Well, what happened?

**JUSTIN:** Yeah, did they come?

**ALLYSON:** Their plane was grounded in Kansas City.

**JUSTIN:** So?

**ALLYSON:** So they got in Christmas night.

**DAWNEY:** AND...?

**ALLYSON:** ...and it was the best time I can remember with my parents--ever.

**RHONDA:** Did that happen every Christmas?

**ALLYSON:** No! A few months later Mom quit her job at the network and Dad transferred to the local television station. The only person we've missed since then is Grandma. She died before we could celebrate another Christmas. But that's okay -- even though I still miss Grandma a lot, I never miss Mom and Dad anymore.

**DAWNEY:** Is that exactly how it happened?

**ALLYSON:** Pretty much.

**DAWNEY:** I've got a story about my parents and me! But I'd need to work on it first. Is that okay?

**MR. STONE:** Okay, Dawney. We'll hear from you later.

**RHONDA:** Mr. Stone did you say we could use our imagination?

**MR. STONE:** Of course!

**RHONDA:** I mean a complete fabrication!

**MR. STONE:** What's your idea Rhonda?

**RHONDA:** Well, I thought about how nobody should be lonely at Christmas. And then I thought how lonely all those toys might get just sitting on some old shelf waiting for a little girl or boy to want them enough to ask for them or take them home.

**MR. STONE:** Go ahead!

**RHONDA:** Really?

**MR. STONE:** *(To the class)* I think that sounds very interesting.

**JUSTIN:** I don't.

*(RHONDA exits to get into costume)*

**JEREMY:** Just what we need! A bunch of talking toys!

**MR. STONE:** Jeremy--maybe you'd like to show us your idea!?

**JEREMY:** That's all right. I'll wait.

**MR. STONE:** And...?

**JEREMY:** And I'll shut up.

**MR STONE:** Thank you.

### **Which Toy For Christmas? -- Rhonda's Story**

**TOY SOLDIER:** I sure wish little boys still liked to play with me. But all of the little boys are over on the action figure aisle. I guess good old fashioned quality and simple fun just aren't good enough anymore.

**FASHION DOLL:** There's nothing good enough anymore. All of those new toys are designed to fall

apart by New Years.

**RACE CAR:** They're not at all like us. We were made to last.

**BALLERINA:** None of them are as pretty as I am. Nor do they dance so well.

**TEDDY BEAR:** You don't dance. You just stand there in that stupid pose!

*(BALLERINA comes out of her pose)*

**RACE CAR:** Well, what about you. Every time you sit down you just flop over on your side.

**TEDDY BEAR:** Oh, yeah! Well, nobody has chosen you in so long because you're old and ugly! They should have returned you Christmases ago.

**FASHION DOLL:** I heard that a new toy was going to sit with us.

**TEDDY BEAR:** That'll be the day.

**FASHION DOLL:** They want to increase our sales so a real popular toy is coming to sit with us!

**TEDDY BEAR:** Who's the new toy?

**FASHION DOLL:** She's a Rag Doll.

**TOY SOLDIER:** But if she comes over here all that the kids will see will be her. We'll never get chosen!

**BALLERINA:** I'm a poseable doll. Why doesn't anyone want me?

**TEDDY BEAR:** You talk too much!

**BALLERINA:** I know! 'Cause I'm stuck here with a bunch of dummies like you!

*(All of the TOYS react to this and everyone is in an argument. RAG DOLL comes out as if she were being carried, she tries to get their attention)*

**RAG DOLL:** Hello! I just came out from the stock room.

*(They all quiet down)*

**TOY SOLDIER:** Well, what do you have to say for yourself?

**RAG DOLL:** I don't know. I was just trying to be friendly. It was awful in that box in the back room. I'm so glad to be out of it.

**TEDDY BEAR:** Yeah, welcome to the shelf. You might as well get used to it because nobody ever comes over here. You'll stay here until you're old and floppy and the stuffing is falling out. (Pulls at side) I should know.

**RACE CAR:** Hey! Quiet! Someone's looking at us.

*(All the TOYS primp and preen as they hope to be chosen. They pose and wink and whisper "Choose me" to the unseen humans. After a while they slump back down. MUSIC or SFX could be heard under)*

**TEDDY BEAR:** Well, that was predictable. Fifteenth time today they've looked at us and snubbed us.

**RAG DOLL:** I'm sure we'll get chosen -- someday.

**RACE CAR:** I think we just gotta have hope.

**RAG DOLL:** That's right!

**TOY SOLDIER:** Ah! What do you know? You just got here!

**RAG DOLL:** I've been sitting in the back for the longest time -- just dreaming of the day when I could come out on the shelf. You don't know how lucky you are.

**TOY SOLDIER:** Yeah? How lucky can we be?

**RAG DOLL:** Well, for one thing you have 24 brothers still in their boxes back there--think about them!

**FASHION DOLL:** She's right you know.

**RAG DOLL:** And there's ten more just like you. How are they ever going to be chosen if all you can do

is complain about everything. You have to think positive.

**MUSICAL # 4-- CHOOSE ME!**

**BALLERINA:** Well, I don't know. That would be a pretty difficult thing to do.

**RAG DOLL:** It's not so hard. You just have to get the right attitude.

SITTING ALL ALONE ON THE SHELF--  
EVERY DAY--BY MYSELF.  
I'M SO LONELY I COULD EVEN CRY!

**FASHION DOLL:**

WATCHING ALL THE CHILDREN GO BY--  
MAKES ME SAD--SO I SIGH.

**ALL TOYS:** DAY AFTER DAY I WONDER WHY.

BUT, I KEEP WISHING, SOMEDAY, SOMEONE WOULD SAY:

**RAG DOLL:** "HEY, MOMMY, I WANT THIS DOLL--OK?"

**ALL TOYS:** SO, IF YOU COULD CHOOSE ME! CHOOSE ME!

'CAUSE IF YOU WILL, OH, WHAT A THRILL!  
WHO'S "ME" WILL I BECOME?  
IF YOU PERUSE ME-- CHOOSE ME!  
AND WHEN YOU DO  
I'LL PLAY WITH YOU.  
CHOOSE ME AND I'LL BE TRUE!  
I'VE WAITED FOR SO LONG  
FOR SOMEONE TO BELONG TO!  
CHOOSE ME!  
IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME--  
YOU CANNOT REFUSE ME!  
CHOOSE ME--PLEASE DO!

*(They dance as the music continues. Toward the end of the dance. The LITTLE GIRL enters pointing to the RAG DOLL and shouting (in pantomime) to her unseen mother. She gradually works her way to the RAG DOLL as all the others just scramble back to their places)*

**ALL TOYS:** BUT I KEEP WISHING SOMEDAY, SOMEONE WILL SAY,

**LITTLE GIRL:** HEY, MOMMY -- I WANT THIS DOLL -- OKAY?

*(THE LITTLE GIRL screams with delight as her Mommy lets her pick the toy she has wanted. As the LITTLE GIRL and the RAG DOLL dance in front the other TOYS are upset)*

**TOYS:** WHY DIDN'T SHE CHOOSE ME?

USE ME!  
THAT'S ALL SHE DID!  
THAT STUPID KID!  
I HOPE SHE BREAKS HER ARM!

**RAG DOLL:** I HOPED SHE WOULD CHOOSE ME!

CHOOSE ME!

AND WHEN SHE DID  
I FLIPPED MY LID!  
HAPPY AND WARM AND BRIGHT!

*(To the other toys)*

YOUR TURN WILL COME REAL SOON.  
PERHAPS THIS AFTERNOON.

*(The other TOYS primp and preen in hope and anticipation)*

SO, CHOOSE TO --  
YOU CANNOT REFUSE TO --  
BID HAPPY ADIEUX TO  
THIS DOLLY TONIGHT!  
GOOD NEWS TO THE LOT OF YOU--

**ALL:** YOU'RE/WE'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT!

*(BLACKOUT. RHONDA goes off to change. The Students continue planning and dreaming)*

**MARK:** Boy, what an imagination. She sure didn't have any trouble using hers.

**RYAN:** What's the matter, Mark, worried about your "A"?

**MARK:** No, Ryan. I'm worried about yours.

**MR. STONE:** Ryan--Mark!

*(They settle down)*

Now! What's the point of Christmas?

**JUSTIN:** The point?

**MR. STONE:** Yes. Why is there such a thing as Christmas?

**EMILY:** I guess because it started out as a religious holiday.

**MR. STONE:** Ok. That's something. Holiday comes from two words -- Holy Day.

**RYAN:** What's your point, Mr. Stone?

**MR. STONE:** Why do we celebrate Christmas?

**MARK:** Because it's a time of family togetherness.

**DEON:** A time of sharing.

**HENRY:** A time of wishing that everyone was better off than they really are.

**JUSTIN:** Personally, I like the presents.

**DAWNEY:** Greedy Capitalist.

**RYAN:** Maybe Christmas is just an excuse.

**MR. STONE:** Ryan?

**RYAN:** I mean, we talk about Christmas in July, advertising starts in October. Christmas shopping is in November. It may be just a capitalist plot to line merchandisers pockets at least once each year by preying on the love that parents should have for their children!

**MR. STONE:** Interesting point!

**RYAN:** What do you mean, "interesting?"

**MR. STONE:** I mean that sometimes I feel that way too. It's so centered today on "what shall I buy" and not what can I give.

**ALLYSON:** I like that, Mr. Stone. That kinda means a little more than presents and stuff.

**MATT:** Yeah? Like what else can you give?

**DEON:** Time.

**EMILY:** Love.

**MARK:** Attention.

**DAWNEY:** It sorta goes back to what Mark said about a family time.

*(RHONDA re-enters class)*

**DEON:** All right, Rhonda!

**TIFFANI:** That was nice, Rhonda.

**RHONDA:** Thanks.

**MR. STONE:** Rhonda, I think that you and Allyson finally got everyone thinking. Allyson told us a true story and now your “Fabrication”. What about it class? What is Christmas? What does it mean?

*(CLASS raises hands)*

Don’t answer now, use your ideas in your stories!

**JEREMY:** Mr. Stone, your story yesterday got me thinking about a different type of Santa Claus. I can just see this family after they’ve had dinner and ...

**HENRY:** Get to the point, Jeremy.

**JEREMY:** Okay.

*(JEREMY goes off stage as the curtains open to reveal another living room)*

**EMILY:** Hey, Jeremy what about the story?

**RHONDA:** Yeah, who are you going to be?

**JEREMY:** Just wait! You’ll find out!

**JEREMY’s STORY -- THE SANTA BURGLAR** -- *A typical living room setting with a Christmas tree and a few presents, MOM, DAD and two children -- CHRIS and LOGAN.*

**CHRIS:** Hey, Dad? Is Santa Claus really real?

**DAD:** *(with a look at MOM)* Well, son--you see --uh -- Santa is real if he’s in your heart. But you and your sister are almost at the age where Santa will stop coming to our house. As you grow older Santa leaves the job of Christmas giving to Mom and Dad and friends and relatives. Those special Santa presents just don’t come anymore because other children have been born who need Santa’s attention.

**CHRIS:** My teacher has always said that if we were good little boys and girls, Santa would bring us presents for Christmas. Why?

**DAD:** Well, son, the age of not believing is different for every child. Your teacher just wants to keep the magic and fun of Christmas alive for everybody. It’s still fun for me to believe in Santa Claus.

**LOGAN:** Why, Dad?

**DAD:** Because the looks on your face when I talk about Santa and when you see the tree on Christmas morning are priceless. They’re the best present I could get.

**CHRIS:** Great, Dad! Then I can take back your Master Mechanic tool set?

**DAD:** Now, let’s not be too hasty. Remember it’s better to give than to receive.

**CHRIS:** Are you sure about that?

*(DAD gives CHRIS a playful cuff)*

**LOGAN:** I don’t believe that there ever was a Santa Claus.

**MOM:** What do you mean, Logan?

**LOGAN:** I think it's all a capitalist plot -- put together by the toy makers just so they can sell more toys.

**MOM:** That's quite a thought for a nine year old, Logan.

**LOGAN:** It just seems logical.

**CHRIS:** Everything has to be logical for you, Logan. What a Dweeb.

**DAD:** Christopher! That's enough. Logan--I have trouble seeing why you can't believe in the fun things of life. Everything doesn't have to make sense, you know. Where is the magic and mystery if all you deal with are facts? I appreciate the fact that you are growing up. That you are thinking for yourself. And some of your thoughts are quite adult. But remember,

*(Pointing to CHRIS)*

other people are younger than you and might still want to believe in things that you think you're too grownup for. Do you understand?

**LOGAN:** Yes, Dad. I think so. Chris, do you believe in Santa Claus?

**CHRIS:** I want to.

**LOGAN:** Oh. OK.

**CHRIS:** Do you?

**LOGAN:** I don't think so .. not for me anyway. But you can if you want to.

**CHRIS:** Then I will.

**MOM:** Good. Well, now, tomorrow is going to be quite a morning. I think you children better go to sleep.

**CHRIS:** Good night, Mom--Dad. Merry Christmas.

**DAD:** Merry Christmas, son.

**LOGAN:** Good night Mother. Good night, Father.

**MOM:** *(A look to DAD)* Good night Logan.

*(Hugs all around as the kids exit)*

**DAD:** Well, I think that went fairly strangely, as usual. That Logan is quite a young lady.

**MOM:** And Chris is a lot like you!

**DAD:** Well, let's start on the family presents.

*(They exit and return with armloads of gifts to place beneath the tree)*

**MOM:** Hardly enough room for Santa to add anything, is there?

**DAD:** I'm sure he'll find a way.

*(They exit and all lights dim except the light on the tree. A shadowy figure sneaks into the room. It is a burglar dressed as Santa Claus. He starts taking all of the presents under the tree. And putting them into his bag. He knocks something over and pauses, then continues his theft. CHRIS and LOGAN sneak into the room and watch)*

**CHRIS:** Hey, wait a minute. It's supposed to be the other way around. You're supposed to be giving not taking.

**LOGAN:** I knew it! It was all a lie!

**BURGLAR:** What's a lie?

**LOGAN:** Santa Claus.

*(CHRIS reacts)*

I'm sorry, Chris.

**CHRIS:** That's OK. We better call the police.

*(BURGLAR makes a beeline for the door as LOGAN makes the call. CHRIS picks up a fireplace poker and backs the BURGLAR into the corner. LOGAN finishes her call)*

**CHRIS:** Put the bag down or else Santa's going to be the one roasting over an open fire.

**BURGLAR:** Hey, kid-- don't you believe in Santa?

**CHRIS:** Not anymore!

*(MOM and DAD enter)*

**DAD:** What's going on here?

**LOGAN:** We found Santa. He is real.

**CHRIS:** Only he believes it's better to receive than to give.

**DAD:** *(Taking the poker)* Chris, give me that!

**MOM:** Of all the nerve.

*(Doorbell)*

**DAD:** Chris, see who it is.

**CHRIS:** I know, Dad. It's the police. Logan called them already.

*(Opens door)*

Hello, Officer--that was fast. Won't you come in?

**OFFICER:** Thanks, son. Well, what do we have here? We finally got you! This is the fourth house he's hit tonight. Come along, Santy. We got a nice warm cell waiting for you.

*(Grabs the bag of presents)*

I'm sorry but I'll need this for evidence.

**MOM:** Isn't that a little unusual?

**OFFICER:** Standard policy, Ma'am. Standard policy.

*(OFFICER exits with BURGLAR. All of the family is morose)*

**CHRIS:** What a Christmas eve.

**DAD:** Well, we all better get to bed. We'll have our Christmas when the presents are returned.

*(The lights dim and the curtain closes. A Spot comes up on the OFFICER, RALPH, and the BURGLAR, LEFTY "in one")*

**RALPH:** That was a close one, Lefty! I almost didn't get that call intercepted. Why are you always so clumsy?

**LEFTY:** Ok! That does it! Next time you do it! I'm through taking all the risks anyway. I almost got roasted over an open fire!

**RALPH:** Quick lets get out of here. Should we try another house?

**LEFTY:** I don't think we should push our luck.

**RALPH:** Yeah, I guess you're right. Four houses is enough. At least our kids will have a Christmas this year.

**LEFTY:** Yeah, but it kinda makes me feel creepy. All of those other kids don't get no Christmas.

**RALPH:** Yeah, well cry about it later. Let's get out of here.

**OFFICER CONNOLLY:** *(Entering)* Hold it, you two!

*(They move to run. OFFICER pulls a gun)*

I Said hold it! Freeze!

*(They stop)*

**OFFICER PHILLIPS:** *(Entering)* We finally tracked you down! It's off to the county jail for you two tonight.

**LEFTY:** But...but... it's Christmas eve!

**OFFICER CONNOLLY:** You should have thought of that before you did your rotten little business.

**OFFICER PHILLIPS:** *(As they move off)* You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you...

*(They exit as the curtains open on the living room again. The tree is full of presents. The family is running downstairs. They hear sleigh bells and a "HO, HO, HO! Merry Christmas". They run to the window and look out and up as if following an object in the air. Again the "HO! HO! HO!" is heard. They turn and look at the tree and scream with delight and disbelief.)*

**LOGAN:** I believe! I believe!

*(MOM faints and there is a blackout)*

**JUSTIN:** Come on now, Jeremy! Isn't that ending a little bit pat.

**JEREMY:** No, it's perfect--if you believe.

**JUSTIN:** Mr. Stone!!

**MR. STONE:** I agree with Jeremy. You know, I think that might just be what Christmas is all about for me -- believing!

**RYAN:** Santa still comes to your house, does he?

**MR. STONE:** In a way, yes. Santa never leaves a true believer. There's always a part of him with us.

**MARK:** That's got to be the spirit of Christmas!

**MATT:** I have an idea of what the spirit of Christmas is about.

**MR. STONE:** Well, Matt-- tell us.

**MATT:** I want to start with the people on earth who have the least -- street people.

**JUSTIN:** What? "A Hobo's Christmas!" "Bums Bounce Back!"

*(MATT is hurt)*

**ALLYSON:** Justin, why are you such a joker? Don't you know when to quit?

**JUSTIN:** Sorry!

**MR. STONE:** Go on, Matt. I think you might have something.

*(MATT moves to his position as the curtain opens on a city park)*

**STREET WISE -- Matt's Story --** *There is a park bench UC. On it is a strangely moving mass of newspapers. A homeless woman emerges from under the papers as she awakens from a short night's sleep. It is ROSIE)*

**ROSIE:** What a wonderful morning ... for a murder. Well...what a wonderful way to spend Christmas, I got my park bench, I got no prospects for a meal anywhere in sight and if I'm lucky I'll only freeze to death.

*(Idea)*

I remember those great free meals I got once in a nice heated room with a bed that was softer than this bench...but how to get me there? Let's see now what could get me three months in the slammer? A winter with all expenses paid! (Sees a brick and picks it up. As she handles it) Now, I wonder... Aha!

*(She heaves the brick offstage and we hear the crash of a plate glass window shattering. An alarm*

*goes off. ROSIE stands there expectant and waiting. Two OFFICERS enters looking for the vandal)*

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Some jerk just tossed a brick through Goldstein's Butcher shop window! You see anyone, Rosie? What did he look like?

**ROSIE:** She was about 50, wore ragged clothes, a dark blue overcoat and she had this funny hat on her head.

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Sound like anyone you know?

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Nope. But we'll keep a lookout for her.

*(The OFFICERS move to exit)*

**ROSIE:** *(Showing her hands)* She even had brick dust on her hands.

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** We'll keep that in mind.

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Where did she get the brick dust?

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** *(Making the "loony" sign)* Who knows? Hey, look at that lady running for that cab! Hey, lady!! You're under arrest!!!

*(They are gone)*

**ROSIE:** How do you like that! Of all the cops on the beat I end up with the Two Stooges!

*(ROSIE notices a car parked by the fire hydrant.)*

**ROSIE:** Hey! Nice Car!

*(She moves over and stands by the car. The Two OFFICERS re-enter)*

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Hey, Rosie-- this your car?

**ROSIE:** 'Course it is.

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Then I'm afraid we'll have to take you in. Ordinance # 331.74. Should give you about three weeks in the cooler -- if ya ain't got the \$500 fine.

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Hey, George -- it's Christmas--come on! Give her a break. This is Rosie we're talking to.

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Well, I guess we can let you off this time. But don't let it happen again. Now, where'd that window smasher go?

*(The OFFICERS move off and ROSIE is deflated, again)*

**ROSIE:** Boy, is it ever a trick to get arrested in this town! What do I have to do? Commit murder? I'm gonna go scrounge a cup of coffee.

*(Exits)*

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** *(re-entering)* You think Rosie, is up to something?

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Who, Rosie?

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Remember last Christmas? Rosie was in the lockup. Loitering. She had it better then than she does now.

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Yeah. Maybe she is up to something. Hey, remember the time we got a prowler call in the Alley behind Rinhardt's Bakery?

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Yeah, and you stood on one side of the door and I stood on the other and...

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** ...and just as we opened the door Rosie ran out and about scared the beejeepers out of me. I wet my pants and...

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** ...and you set a worlds record back to the patrol car before I could tell you it was only Rosie.

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** She was the scariest prowler I ever saw. Hey, remember the time the patrol

car wouldn't start? She told me and told me how to fix it but I crossed the wires anyway and the stupid thing blew up right in front of us.

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Yeah, and by the time that the fire trucks arrived the car was a twisted heap of metal. She warned you.

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Yeah, I know. She's a pretty smart cookie, that Rosie. Well, we better get back to the beat. I hope she'll be all right for Christmas.

*(They move off once more after posting a "No Loitering" sign near the bench. ROSIE comes out again and sits on her bench. )*

**ROSIE:** I wonder what it's like to go straight? I just might have to try it. It probably wouldn't be so bad. I could wash up, get some new duds, brush my hair and teeth, go rent an apartment, and then find a j...jo...job! Naw!

*(thinks again)*

At least I wouldn't be wonderin' where each meal was comin' from. I wouldn't die of the cold. I might even fit in. Be a benefit to society.

*(She wipes nose on her sleeve)*

Be accepted. That's a thought! I'll do it. First thing in the morning I'll get a new life. What a Christmas present that'll make. The best gift I can give myself is my self-respect.

*(The OFFICERS re-enter and approach ROSIE)*

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Excuse me, Rosie--but just what do you think you're doing?

**ROSIE:** I'm sitting here -- just like I always do--what did you think I was doing?

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** I'm sorry, Rosie. You're going to have to come with us. You were loitering in a no loitering area.

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** That's a violation of ordinance #356:33.

**ROSIE:** What the...That's never been there before! I always sit here and you know it!!!

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** And back-talking a policeman--that's violation of ordinance # 4657:29.

**ROSIE:** Now, just wait a minute, you two. I'm not going anywhere!

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Now, Rosie you must come along peacefully.

**ROSIE:** I will not! I was just about to go and make...

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Violation of ordinance # 45:1 -- resisting arrest. Come on, Rosie--all these violations should get you about three months in the icehouse. I figure you'll be out about May. Just in time for the spring flowers to bloom.

**ROSIE:** Now, just wait a minute! I have my rights! I have....Spring flowers did you say ?

*(They start to move off)*

Well, I guess I could get used to the idea.

*(They start off)*

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** That's right, Rosie. Let us take care of you.

**OFFICER WEISBAUM:** Now, you realize that when you get in front of the Judge you'll have to plead guilty as charged. We can't afford a trial at the public's expense.

**OFFICER CONNOLY:** Merry Christmas, Rosie! Merry Christmas.

**ROSIE:** Well, if you ain't the two best knuckleheads a bum ever knowed!

*(They continue off as the lights fade to black. The Class bell rings)*

**MR. STONE:** That's it for the today. We'll see you tomorrow with more of your stories.

Christmas Dreams by the SFHS Drama Club with Music and Lyrics by C. Michael Perry

*(Lights out on the classroom)*

**22 more pages of the 90 minute show**