

Santa Claus – the Panto

An original, full-length pantomime script

by

Diana Kimpton

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www.dianakimpton.co.uk

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Frequently Asked Questions

Can my group/school/organisation perform this script?

Yes, provided you make a donation to The Cystic Fibrosis Trust (www.cysticfibrosis.org.uk). If you live outside the UK, you can make your donation to your national Cystic Fibrosis organisation instead. The donation can be of any size, but the larger it is, the more good it will do.

Does that permission include the right to perform the songs?

No, it doesn't. You will need to get permission to use any music or songs that are protected by copyright. Unless you know the person who wrote them, the easiest way to do this is through the Performing Rights Society (www.prsformusic.com). That's not as scary as it sounds. Talk to the people who run the venue you will be using for your show as they should know about this and may already have a license.

Which music and songs are still in copyright?

All the ones written by someone who is still alive or who died less than 70 years ago. That includes most of the songs you are likely to want to use, but *Deck the halls with boughs of holly* and *Jingle Bells* are both out of copyright.

Can I change the script?

You are also welcome to adapt jokes to include local references and to add or take away Christmas cracker jokes in scene 11 to fit in with the number of elves you want to use. You can also leave out some of the non-essential songs and make other limited changes to ensure the script works for the stage and cast you have available. But please keep the show family friendly.

Can I print out multiple copies of this script?

You can print as many copies as you need for your production, but you are not allowed to sell them.

Why are you asking for donations to the Cystic Fibrosis Trust?

Both my sons were born with cystic fibrosis so my family know the effects of this disease only too well. I hope that raising money for the CF Trust will help other affected families and help find a cure.

Cast List

Beatrix the Bad -	the bad fairy
Agnes the Absolutely Disgusting -	Beatrix's assistant
Gloria the Good	the good fairy
Doris the Fairly Incompetent	one of Gloria's assistants
Muriel the Miserable	Gloria's other assistant
Santa Claus	
Nanny	the pantomime dame
Crystal	Santa's adopted daughter
Simon Snow	an enchanted snowman
Puddle	a pantomime reindeer
Bookshelf	the elf who keeps the naughty list

Small speaking parts for the chorus

Elves: Welfie, Helfie, Selfie, Twelf, Belfry, Old Bill (a very old elf)

Three fake Santas

Non-speaking chorus parts

Big Foot, extra elves, children decorating the tree, Christmas shoppers
woodland animals (optional)

ACT ONE

Prologue

(It's the end of the overture and the curtains are still drawn. The band are playing "Jingle Bells" or another happy Christmas song)

(Beatrix strides in, followed by Agnes)

Beatrix: *(to the band)* No, no, no. That's much too merry. Stop it at once.

(The music peters out)

Beatrix: Now play something sad. The most miserably tune you can think of.

(Band starts to play a dirge)

Beatrix: That's better.

(She turns to walk away. But as soon as she does, the band starts the happy song again.)

(Beatrix turns and glowers at them. They go back to the dirge. She backs away a few steps and they keep playing the dirge. Then she turns and they go back to the happy music again.)

Beatrix: *(turning back to the band)* Stop it, stop it. If you can't do what you're told, we'll have no music at all. I don't want any of this lot being happy. I'm Beatrix the Bad and I hate happiness.

Agnes: *(determined not to be left out)* I'm Agnes the Absolutely Disgusting, and I hate whatever she tells me to.

Beatrix: *(to the audience)* Now I've stopped that ridiculously merry music, I'm looking forward to seeing plenty of misery. Some

sobbing would be highly acceptable, and floods of tears would fill me with delight.

Agnes: Excuse me, your badness. But I think there's something wrong. They still look happy.

Beatrix: *(Peers at the audience)* You're right, Agnes. Some of them are even smiling.

Agnes: *(acting like a model)* Maybe that's because they like my dress.

Beatrix: Don't be ridiculous. There must be some other reason. Perhaps that music holds the secret. *(To band)* Play it again.

(Band plays the best known line of the Christmas song again)

Beatrix: *(Waves her hands at them to stop)* That's enough. I know what's wrong now. They're happy because it's nearly Christmas.

Agnes: *(Bouncing up and down with excitement)* Oooh, is it? I love Christmas. All that turkey and mince pies...

Beatrix: *(furious)*... and happiness. *(cuffs Agnes round the head)* Now are you sure you still like Christmas?

Agnes: No, your badness. Christmas is not a good idea.

Beatrix: I'm glad we've got that sorted out. Now the good news is that this has shown me the perfect way to make people unhappy. I am going to ruin Christmas.

(Gloria rushes on)

Gloria: Oh no you're not!

Beatrix: Oh yes I am!

Gloria: *(encouraging the audience to join in)* Oh no you're not!

Beatrix: I most certainly am. *(to the audience)* And there's no point in you lot arguing. I'm the best Bad Fairy there's ever been so I'm not going to let this sickeningly Good Fairy mess everything up. *(to Agnes)* Come along, Agnes. I have evil plans to make.

(Beatrix and Agnes exit)

Gloria: *(To the audience)* Don't worry. I'll do my best to keep Christmas safe. Now I'd better get busy and warn Santa.

(Gloria exits)

(The curtains open)

Scene 1

Santa's workshop.

(The curtains open to reveal the elves busy preparing toys for Santa to deliver. A pile of baskets stand in one corner.)

(Elves sing SONG 1 - a bouncy song about Christmas or working.)

(As song ends, Santa enters with Nanny and Puddle.)

Santa: Ho, ho, ho.

Elves: Hee, hee, hee

(Selfie rushes forward holding a phone on a selfie stick. He tries to take a selfie of him with Santa.)

Santa: *(to Selfie)* Not now, Selfie. I'm busy. *(To Bookshelf)* How are the preparations going, Bookshelf?

(Bookshelf steps forward, holding a large book.)

Bookshelf: Everything's under control. *(He opens the book and leafs through the pages).* Sleigh cleaned and serviced. Present wrapping on schedule. Reindeer fully fit.

(Puddle nods and does some knee bends or runs on the spot)

Santa: Perfect.

Nanny: *(Pats Santa's fat tum)* Maybe you should be getting fit too. You need to make room for all those mince pies the children leave out for you.

Santa: I'm following the seafood diet.

Bookshelf: Prawns and lobsters and things like that.

Santa: No. I just see food and eat it. *(Beat)* Ho, ho, ho.

Elves: Hee, hee, hee.

(Gloria enters with Doris and Muriel)

Nanny: Look! Visitors! And right at our busiest time.

Gloria: *(walks up to Santa and shakes his hand)* Delighted to meet you at last, Santa. I'm Gloria the Good Fairy and these are my assistants, Doris the Fairly Incompetent and Muriel the Miserable.

Nanny: She doesn't look like a barrel of laughs. *(She steps forward and holds out her hand)* I'm Nanny. I run the domestic side of things around here.

Gloria: *(shakes her hand)* Pleased to meet you.

(Nanny holds out her hand to Doris who lunges forward to shake it, trips over her own feet and crashes into Nanny instead)

Doris: Sorry.

(Nanny holds out her hand to Muriel who backs away shaking her head)

Muriel: I don't do that. Hand shaking can spread germs you know.

Gloria: Have you been reading those health articles again, Muriel?

Muriel: Only a short one. Surely a short one can't hurt.

Gloria: It's got you worrying about germs again, hasn't it? Now think very carefully. We're fairies, aren't we?

Muriel: Yes, Gloria.

Gloria: So we're immortal, aren't we?

Muriel: Yes, Gloria.

Gloria: And do immortal beings have to worry about germs?

Muriel: *(Looking embarrassed)* No, Gloria.

Gloria: Now shake the nice lady's hand.

(Muriel reaches out reluctantly, gives Nanny's hand a quick shake and then wipes her own hand clean on her skirt)

Santa: So what's brought you to the North Pole?

Gloria: We've come to warn you that Beatrix the Bad is making trouble. She wants to ruin Christmas.

(Elves, Santa and Nanny gasp with shock. Puddle steps back in horror. Bookshelf flips through the pages of his book.)

Santa: We can't let that happen. It would make all the children unhappy.

Gloria: That's why she's doing it. Beatrix loves hearing children cry.

Bookshelf: *(triumphantly)* I knew I'd heard her name before. She's on the naughty list.

Doris: She's only naughty sometimes.

Muriel: The rest of the time she's downright evil.

Nanny: *(to the audience)* She sounds perfect for a career in politics.

Santa: She sounds dangerous. How are we going to save Christmas from her?

Gloria: Trust me. I can stop her evil plans.

Muriel: Are you sure? Remember Sleeping Beauty.

Gloria: That wasn't a disaster. We won in the end.

Santa: But it took you a hundred years to do that. It's only a few days until Christmas.

Gloria: We'll work faster this time, I promise. And we'd better start by checking your headquarters carefully to make sure Beatrix hasn't already got up to mischief.

Bookshelf: Come along, elves. You heard the good fairy. Let's get checking.

(Elves, Bookshelf and Santa exit. Gloria, Doris and Muriel start to follow them but Doris goes up to Puddle instead)

Doris: *(stroking Puddle's nose)* You're a sweetie. What's your name?

Nanny: I call him Puddle

Doris: Why?

Nanny: Because that's what you get if you have a lot of rain, dear.

Gloria: Come along, Doris. We've no time to dawdle.

Muriel: And the jokes are getting worse.

(Gloria, Muriel and Doris exit)

(Nanny and Puddle move to the front of the stage)

Nanny: *(to the audience)* Hello, everyone. I'm Nanny. Everyone calls me that because I've looked after Crystal since she was a baby. She's Santa's adopted daughter, and she's grown into such a pretty girl.

Of course, she's not as beautiful as me. I'm sure my wonderful complexion is due to plenty of cold cream. Mind you – what other sort of cream would you have at the North Pole?

Now that's enough about me. Let's talk about you. Are you looking forward to Christmas?

(audience reaction)

Nanny: I'm sure you're much more excited about it than that. Let's try again. Are you looking forward to Christmas?

(audience reaction)

Nanny: Well, we'd better make sure that Beatrix doesn't ruin it for you.

(Puddle nudges her and points a hoof toward the audience)

Nanny: What's that, Puddle? You think they can help?

(Puddle nods. He whispers in Nanny's ear)

Nanny: *(to Puddle)* That's a brilliant idea. *(to the audience)* Puddle thinks you can help stop Beatrix by shouting "Hands off Christmas" every time you see her. Let's have a practice. Imagine that Beatrix the Bad has just come in over there. *(She points to the far corner of the stage downstage left).* Now's the time for you to shout.

(audience reaction)

Nanny: Oh, sugar canes and sleigh bells. I'm sure you can do better than that. Now imagine she's come on again. *(points to same place)*

(audience reaction)

Nanny: That's much better. Now don't forget to shout that every time you see Beatrix.

(Crystal enters from stage right looking sad)

Nanny: *(to the audience)* There's Crystal now, and she doesn't look very happy. So I'd better stop chatting to you lot and start doing my job.
(to Crystal) What's the matter, Crystal?

Crystal: I'm feeling lonely.

Nanny: Why? You're not alone. You've got me and your Daddy and all the elves. And there's that bunch of dotty fairies as well at the moment.

Crystal: *(sighs)* I know. And you're all very sweet, but I haven't got that special person. My own true love. The one I want to spend the rest of my life with.

Nanny: *(sighs)* I know what you mean.

Crystal: *(surprised)* Do you really? I thought you were happy just as you are. I didn't realise you wanted to get married.

Nanny: Neither does the man I fancy. You wouldn't believe how many hints I've dropped, and how much time I've spent standing around looking beautiful waiting for him to propose.

Crystal: So it's someone here then. *(thinks)* Don't tell me you fancy Bookshelf?

Nanny: He's not my type. I like my men round and jolly and preferably dressed in red.

Crystal: *(in disbelief)* That sounds like Daddy.

Nanny: I'm glad someone's realised at long last. *(to the audience)* It's just a pity it's the wrong person.

Crystal It's all right for you. At least, you've met the man you love. *(sighs again)* I have no idea where my perfect man is or what he looks like. But I'll know him when I see him. I'm sure I will.

(Crystal exits)

(A group of elves enter, including Selfie.)

Nanny: Just who I wanted to see. I've got a job for you lot.

(Selfie tries to take a selfie with her)

Nanny: Put that phone down, Selfie. I've got a job for all of you.

(Nanny and Puddle walk over to the pile of baskets, followed by the elves)

(While they are looking the other way, Beatrix and Agnes creep onto down stage left)

(Audience reaction)

Nanny: *(to the audience)* Not now. We've finished practising. You're only supposed to do that when Beatrix comes in.

(Nanny ignores any further audience reaction and starts handing out the baskets to the elves)

Nanny: I want you to use the holly in these baskets to decorate the house and make it look really Christmassy.

(Stage lights go down, leaving just the lights on Beatrix and Agnes)

(The greys close - see production notes)

Scene 2

Beatrix's hiding place

(in front of the greys)

Beatrix: That's it.

Agnes: What is?

Beatrix: Holly. That's what makes Christmas perfect. It's everywhere. It's on the wrapping paper and the Christmas cards and the Christmas pudding.

Agnes: Is that important?

Beatrix: Of course, it is. All I've got to do to ruin Christmas is get rid of all the holly.

Agnes: It'll take us ever such a long time to pick it all up. And it's really prickly – my hands will get sore.

Beatrix: *(cuffs Agnes)* Don't be silly, Agnes. We won't do it by hand. We'll use magic. And we won't just get rid of the real stuff. The plastic holly from Poundland's got to go too, and so have all the holly pictures.

(Beatrix pulls out her gleaming, black wand. Agnes pulls out her tatty one with a flourish and accidentally pokes Beatrix in the bottom.)

(Beatrix snatches the wand and snaps it in half.)

Beatrix: *(handing the two halves back to Agnes)* We don't need that disgusting object. I'm quite capable of doing magic by myself.

Agnes: Yes, your badness. Sorry, your badness.

Beatrix: *(waving her wand dramatically)*
Leaves so green and berries red,
Holly's Christmassy so it's said.
Vanish now, leave nought behind
Be gone from Earth and humankind.

(FX: Sound of bad magic happening)

Beatrix: Come, Agnes. Let's have some coffee while my perfect plan
 takes hold.

(black out, Beatrix and Agnes exit)

Scene 3

Somewhere in Santa's house

(either in front of the greys or on the Santa's workshop set.)

(The elves enter carrying the baskets given to them by Nanny. They start to sing SONG 2 - "Deck the Halls" with slightly changed lyrics.)

Elves: Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
 Fa la la la la, la la la la.
 Tis the season to be jolly,
 Fa la la la la, la la la la.

(Elves put their hands in their baskets but are horrified to find there's nothing there)

Elves: All the holly now has vanished,
 Fa la la, la la la, la la la.
 Does that mean Christmas joy is banished,
 Fa la la la la, la la la la.

(Gloria rushes on, followed by Doris and Muriel)

Gloria: No it doesn't. Christmas is about more than holly.

Helpy: But where's it gone?

Welfy: The baskets were full of holly when Nanny gave them to us.

Gloria: *(sniffs the air)* I smell bad magic. *(to the audience)* Has Beatrix made the holly disappear?

(Audience reaction)

Twelf: I see why she's on the naughty list.

Muriel: Christmas is doomed.

Gloria: No, it's not. We can stop Beatrix's plans.

Doris But how? You can't undo her spells. That's impossible.

Helfy: And we can't decorate the hall without the holly.

Gloria: Yes, you can. *(She waves her wand)*
Fill the baskets that they hold
With tinsel strands and bells of gold.

(FX sound of good magic happening)

(Delighted elves reach into their baskets and pull out decorations)

Elves: See the gold and silver gleam,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
It's perfect for our Christmas theme.
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

We won't let Beatrix spoil our fun ,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Merry Christmas everyone
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

(Elves, Gloria, Doris and Muriel exit – maybe in different directions)

Scene 4

Beatrix's hiding place

(in front of the greys)

(Beatrix enters, followed by Agnes)

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: Stop that. It's too late to change my mind now. Christmas is already ruined.

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: Oh yes it is.

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: Oh yes it is.

(Audience reaction)

Agnes: *(tugging on Beatrix's sleeve)* Maybe they're right. They still look happy.

Beatrix: *(glaring at the audience)* Who's interfered with my plan?

(audience reaction)

Beatrix: Bother that good fairy. But don't go getting your hopes up. I'm not giving up. I'm still going to spoil Christmas.

Agnes: How, your badness?

Beatrix: I haven't decided yet. Come, Agnes. I need to think.

Agnes: I thought the stinking was my job.

Beatrix: It is, you fool. I do the THINKING. Maybe you should wash out your ears.

Agnes: I don't need to. I washed last year.

(Agnes and Beatrix exit)

(Greys open)

Scene 5

Outside Santa's Workshop at the North Pole

(A snowy scene. A projected effect of falling snow would be good.

There's a snowman near the back of the stage – it's Simon Snow, standing very still. Beside the snowman is a tall, red and white pole.)

(Crystal enters, looking sad. She walks to the front of the stage without noticing the snowman)

Crystal: *(sighs)* It's so lonely out here without a special someone.

(Crystal sings SONG 3 - a song about being lonely and needing someone to love)

(While she sings, Simon gradually shuffles closer. Each time Crystal looks his way, he stops – it looks like a game of Grandmother's Footsteps. By the time the song finishes, he is standing beside her but she hasn't noticed)

Crystal: Life would be perfect if only I had someone to love.

Simon: I know what you mean.

(Crystal jumps in surprise and stares at Simon)

Crystal: Where did you come from?

Simon: The North Pole.

Crystal: Don't be silly. That's where we are now. This whole place is the North Pole.

Simon: Only generally speaking. I'm from the actual North Pole – that red and white one over there. *(points)*

Crystal: Wow! I never realised that before. I'm pleased to meet you, by the way. My name's Crystal and I'm Santa's adopted daughter.

Simon: I think I'm called Simon Snow.

Crystal: Aren't you sure?

Simon: Not really. I can remember all the time I've been standing out here quite clearly, but there are lots of other memories too. Earlier ones that are very faint and very muddled.

Crystal: That's strange. I don't see how you can remember anything that happened before you were built.

Simon: Neither can I. But the memories are definitely there. They swirl around in my head, and the people in them call me Simon.

Crystal: So I will too. (*curtseys*) Hello, Simon Snow.

Simon: (*bows*) Hello, Crystal Claus.

(There's an awkward pause. It's important that they don't touch each other yet.)

Crystal: (*hesitatingly*) Have you been here long?

Simon: It's hard to tell. Snowmen don't wear watches.

Crystal: Snowmen don't usually talk either. Or walk. (*big sigh*) Or look quite as handsome as you.

Simon: I've been watching you every time you come outside. You are so beautiful that I can't take my eyes off you. But why are you so sad?

Crystal: I'm lonely.

Simon: Perhaps I can help.

Crystal: You already have. I feel better already, just from talking to you. This is how I always imagined it would be when I met my own true love.

(Crystal and Simon look into each other's eyes and then each step back in surprise. Maybe some dramatic chords from the band)

Crystal: You don't suppose?

Simon: Is this our destiny?

Crystal: Are we meant for each other?

Simon: *(romantically)* My heart feels so warm when I look at you. *(He reaches out for her but pulls back and continues more practically)* But that's much hotter than my outside which is definitely freezing. Do you think you should put gloves on before we hold hands?

Crystal: *(shakes her head and takes his hands in hers)* Our love will keep me warm.

(Crystal and Simon sing SONG 4 - a song about being in love. At the end of the song, Crystal tries to pull Simon back the way she came on)

Crystal: Come on. I want you to meet Daddy and Nanny.

Simon: *(holding back)* Where are they?

Crystal: At home. You'll love it there. It's so cosy.

Simon: It sounds a little warm. I think it would be safer if I stayed out here.

Crystal: Sorry, I wasn't thinking. I'll get them to come out here to meet you instead.

(Crystal skips off happily and Simon goes back to his place at the back of the stage.)

(Beatrix and Agnes enter.)

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: Oh, do give up. You'll never change my mind. Now that scene you just saw was disgustingly sweet. But it's shown me what we have to do to ruin Christmas.

Agnes: Fall in love?

Beatrix: *(Cuffs her round the head)* Don't be stupid. Look around you. What do you see?

Agnes: Snow, snow, snow and more snow. It looks just like a Christmas card.

Beatrix: Exactly. Snow makes Christmas perfect. So all we have to do to ruin Christmas is get rid of all the snow.

Agnes: *(looks around in dismay)* It will take ages to sweep it all up.

Beatrix: Don't be stupid.

(Beatrix goes to cuff her around the head but Agnes ducks, just in time so Beatrix hits herself on the arm instead.)

Beatrix: I'll use magic, of course.
(She waves her wand dramatically)
Global warming speed up now,
Melt the snow from tree and bough.
Heat the earth and heat the air
Until the ground from snow is bare

(FX: sound of bad magic happening)

(Turn off projected snow, if used)

(Greys close)

Scene 6

Santa's house

(In front of the greys)

(Nanny and Santa enter chatting)

Santa: How are your Christmas preparations going?

Nanny: Perfectly. I've bought the most enormous turkey you have ever seen for Christmas dinner.

Santa: That sounds expensive. I hope you've enough money left for all the trimmings.

Nanny: Don't worry. I went to [*insert name of cheap local supermarket*] and got it for a poultry amount.

Santa: And what about the decorations?

Nanny: Nearly finished. *(She pulls some mistletoe from her pocket)* I've just got to decide what to do with this mistletoe.

Santa: *(points upwards)* You could hang it up there – from that beam.

Nanny: That's a bit high. *(holds the mistletoe above her head)* I thought this might be better.

Santa: Don't be silly. It'll make your arm ache.

Nanny: I don't mind. *(she puckers up her lips and sidles towards Santa)*

(Santa doesn't notice. He is looking in the opposite direction.)

Santa: Over there looks like a good place for it.

(Nanny steps right up to Santa, still holding the mistletoe above her head. She turns Santa's head towards her with the other hand)

Santa: What are you doing?

Nanny: We need to keep the old traditions going. *(she puckers up her lips again)*

Santa: I suppose we do.

(Santa leans towards Nanny. Just as it looks as if they are about to kiss, Crystal runs on stage and they jump apart.)

Crystal: There you are. I've been looking for you everywhere.

Santa: Well, you've found us now.

Nanny: *(to the audience)* Just as I was finally getting somewhere.
(To Crystal) I'm pleased to see you looking so much happier than you did earlier.

Crystal: That's because I'm in love. I've finally met the boy of my dreams. Well, sort of anyway.

Santa: Do you mean you've sort of met him?

Crystal: No, I mean he's sort of a boy.

Santa: So he's sort of a man.

Crystal: No. He's sort of a snowman.

Santa: What! Don't be ridiculous. You can't fall in love with a snowman.

Crystal: But I already have. He's wonderful, and I want to marry him and be with him forever.

Santa It's out of the question.

Nanny: It won't work. He'll be cold-hearted and give you the cold shoulder. And when things get difficult, he'll just melt away.

Crystal | No, he won't.

Nanny: And he'll demand Frost Flakes for breakfast and chilli sauce on his icebergers for dinner.

Santa: But when he's in a good mood, he'll take you to a snowball.

Crystal: *(Angrily)* Stop it. Both of you. Simon is not just an excuse for a string of snowman jokes. He's the best thing that ever happened to me and we're going to be very happy together.

(Crystal sings SONG 5 - a song about love and marriage)

Santa: I suppose it might work.

Nanny: He does sound as if he's a bit special.

Crystal: I'm sure you'll like him once you get to know him. *(She grabs their hands)* Come on. I'll introduce you.

Santa: All right. But I'm not promising.

Nanny: *(mopping her face with an enormous hankie)* Is it my imagination or is it getting rather warm in here?

(Santa and Nanny follow Crystal out the way she came in)

(The greys open)

Scene 7

Outside Santa's workshop at the North Pole

(The greys open. The pole is still there, but it has stopped snowing. Simon is slumped on the floor.)

(FX: sound of water dripping)

(Crystal enters, spots Simon and runs to his side)

Crystal: Simon! What's happened!

Simon: I'm sorry, my love. It's too warm for me now.

(Santa and Nanny come on)

Crystal: Quickly. Simon's melting. We've got to save him.

Nanny: I told you it was getting warm.

Santa: He needs to cool down. Where can we put him that's cold?

Nanny: There's that big chest freezer in the garage. He'll fit in there.

(Nanny, Santa and Crystal try to pick Simon up, but he's too floppy.)

(Nanny and Santa straighten up and shake their heads.)

Santa: I'm sorry, Crystal. It's too late.

Nanny: Your Mr Snow has changed into Mister Slush.

(Crystal kneels beside Simon, stroking his head)

Crystal: Don't worry, my love. I'll stay with you always. Even when you're a little pond.

Nanny: It breaks my heart to watch them.

(She dabs her eyes, then blows her nose very noisily)

(Gloria rushes on, followed by Doris and Muriel)

Gloria What's that dreadful noise? *(She sees Nanny's hankie)* Oh, it's you.

Doris: *(looking around)* All the pretty snow is going.

Crystal: And so has Simon nearly. Can you save my true love, Gloria? You just need to make it cold again.

Muriel: *(sniffing the air)* I smell bad magic. This is Beatrix's work. Christmas is doomed.

Gloria: No, it's not. Beatrix has only got rid of the snow. And Christmas doesn't have to be white to be fun.

Doris: That's true. It hardly ever snows at Christmas in [*insert local place*] and everyone still has a lovely time.

Santa: And it's far too hot for snow in Australia, but they always seem to have plenty of Christmas fun.

Crystal: Can we leave the geography lesson for now? My own Christmas and my entire life will be ruined if you don't save Simon.

Nanny: Now, now, my pet. Don't get yourself in such a tizzy. I'm sure the Good Fairy can do something.

Muriel: I've told you before. She can't undo Beatrix's magic. Christmas might not be doomed, but he definitely is.

Doris: Poor little snowman. *(looks pleadingly at Gloria)* Can you help him?

Gloria: I could if only I could work out what to do. We need to do some thinking.

(Crystal continues to sob over Simon. Everyone else does dramatic thinking, maybe accompanied by some suitable music).

(Doris quickly gives up, looks bored and pulls out a tub of bubble liquid. She blows bubbles at the audience and then at Gloria)

Gloria: *(pointing at the bubbles)* Doris - you're a genius.

Doris: No I'm not. I'm incompetent. .

Gloria: All right then, You're an incompetent genius. But what matters is that you've found the solution?

Doris: How?

Muriel: She was just blowing bubbles.

Gloria: And that's what Simon needs. A bubble of cold to stop him melting.

(She waves her wand over Simon)

Cold whirl round and form a bubble
With Simon inside, safe from trouble
Keep this special snowman frozen
He's the one Crystal has chosen.

(FX: Sound of good magic happening)

(Simon slowly gets to his feet and straightens up)

Crystal: Oh, Simon. You're safe.

(They hug and maybe kiss)

Simon: I can't thank you enough, Good Fairy.

Gloria: Call me Gloria. Everyone else does.

Doris: *(pushing in front)* I'm Doris.

Muriel: *(pushing in front of Doris)* I'm Muriel.

Santa *(stepping in front of all of them and holding out his hand to Simon)* I think I'm going to be your father-in-law.

Simon: Are you? *(to Crystal)* Is he?

Crystal: Yes. If that's all right with you?

Simon: Oh it is – definitely. *(shaking Santa's hand)* Very pleased to meet you, *(slight pause)* Dad.

Santa: Now come on, everyone. Let's get back to work and give these young people some privacy.

(Simon and Crystal walk to the front of the stage while Santa leads everyone back to his workshop)

(Crystal and Simon in front of them. They sing a little more of SONG 4. Then they exit.)

(The greys close)

Scene 8

Beatrix's hiding place

(in front of the greys)

(Beatrix enters followed by Agnes)

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: *(to the audience)* Don't you start. You're too late. I've triumphed this time.

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: Oh yes I have.

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: *(peers at the audience)* Agnes. Is that happiness I see on their horrible little faces? There's a child down there who is actually laughing.

Agnes: *(peers at audience)* They don't seem at all upset that the snow has gone.

Beatrix: That's ridiculous. You can't have a happy Christmas without snow.

(audience reaction)

Beatrix: Always looking on the bright side – that's the trouble with humans. But I'll show you. Just you wait. I'm going to ruin Christmas and make you all miserable.

Agnes: *(excited)* Ooh! Have you got a cunning plan, your badness? I love cunning plans.

Beatrix: Give me time, Agnes. I'm working on a new one that's completely different and this time I'm going to succeed.

(Beatrix and Agnes exit)

(the greys open)

Scene 9

Santa's kitchen

(A large table stands in the centre of the stage. There is a recipe book on the table and some overalls hanging up. There is also an oven with an opening door and a fake cake inside made from paper and custard pie cream. A shelf or shelves hold, amongst other things, several custard pies, a bag of flour and a plastic daffodil. A notice marks one wing as the larder. It may be sensible to cover the floor with a large cloth to simplify cleaning up.)

(Nanny is already on stage. She is wearing a cook's hat and apron and being busy.)

(Doris enters)

Nanny: Hello, Doris. I'm surprised to see you on your own. What's happened to Muriel?

Doris: She's with her two new friends, Elf and Safety. They're busy worrying about everything they can think of so they don't need me.

Nanny: What about Gloria?

Doris: She's busy checking Santa's sack for bad spells so she doesn't need me either.

Nanny: I'm busy too. There's so much to do before Christmas. And all this worry about Beatrix has got me behind with my cooking.

Doris: *(brightening up)* Would you like me to help? I love helping.

Nanny: *(doubtfully)* What sort of fairy did you say you are?

Doris: Fairly incompetent. But I'm okay if you tell me exactly what you want me to do.

Nanny: I'm sure I can manage that, and I do need some help. So you are now Doris the Fairly Incompetent Cook. *(points at the overalls hanging up)* You'd better put those overalls on.

(Doris puts on the overalls while Nanny busies about, laying out spoons and other implements on the table like a nurse preparing for an operation)

Doris: Ready.

Nanny: Good. Now go to the larder and fetch me a bowl.

(Doris goes off stage by the notice and returns carrying a football)

Nanny: No! No! Not a ball. A bowl.

Doris: Oops.

(She returns to the cupboard and returns carrying a deep, bowl. It's already partly full of custard pie cream but the audience can't see that.)

Nanny: That's better. *(She picks up her recipe book and opens it at the right page.)* Now we need a little flour.

Doris: *(takes the daffodil from the shelf)* Is this little enough?

Nanny: Not flower. Flour.

Doris: Why didn't you say?

(Doris goes to the larder or shelf and comes back with a bag of flour)

Nanny: Put it in the bowl.

(Doris holds the bag above the bowl, ready to drop it in. Nanny stops her just in time.)

Nanny: Not like that. Just tip some flour into the bowl.

(Doris lowers the bag gently, tips it so the audience can't see the top and mimes tipping out the flour so the audience think she's put some in, but she hasn't.)

Nanny: That's enough.

(Doris pulls the bag out quickly and swings round to put it on the shelf. In the process, she sprinkles a little flour on the front of Nanny's skirt. The skirt flies up revealing Nanny's long drawers.)

Nanny: *(smoothing her skirt down and brushing off the flour)* That's the trouble with self-raising flour. .

Doris: What do we need next?

Nanny: An egg. You'll find a whole box of them in the larder. Just bring one but be very careful not to break it.

(Doris goes to the larder and comes back carrying an egg very carefully.)

Nanny: Well, that's a surprise. You've managed to do something right.

Doris: What next?

Nanny: *(consulting the recipe book)* Put the egg in the bowl and beat it.

(Doris drops the whole egg into the bowl and starts to leave.)

Nanny: Where are you going?

Doris: You told me to beat it.

Nanny: I meant beat the egg. You've got to mix all the ingredients together.

Doris: *(examining the array of tools on the table)* What with?

Nanny: *(sighs)* Do I have to tell you everything? Use your head.

Doris: If you say so.

(Doris drops her head into the bowl and moves it around in a mixing motion. This is why she didn't put flour in the bowl – it'll be more comfortable with just foam)

Nanny: No, no, no.

(Nanny pulls Doris out of the bowl and away from the table.)

Nanny: Let me do it, you mucky fairy.

(Nanny picks up a spoon and starts to stir the mixture vigorously)

Doris: *(offended)* I'm not mucky. I'm incompetent.

(Doris wipes the cream from her face and spots the custard pies sitting on the shelf. She picks one up and walks up behind Nanny)

Doris: *(with a mischievous smile)* I think you need some cream.

Nanny: *(bending over the bowl and poking at the mixture)* Do I?

Doris: Definitely

(Doris goes to smack the pie down on Nanny's head but Nanny stands up at the strategic moment and steps backwards, pushing the pie into Doris's face)

(Nanny laughs as she sees Doris wiping the foam from her face. They both look thoughtfully at the remaining pies)

(There's a loud ding from the oven)

Nanny: That ding says my Christmas cake is ready.

Doris: Shall I get it out?.

Nanny: No. It's too heavy for one person to lift. We'll do it together.

(They open the oven and take out a fully decorated cake made of paper, foam or polystyrene. The top is hollow and full of cream. Acting as if it's very heavy, Nanny and Doris stagger across the stage, nearly dropping it a couple of times and eventually put it on the table.)

Doris: That looks good enough for the Great North Pole Bake-Off.

Nanny: I went in for that last year, but I didn't win. They said I had a soggy bottom. Now where were we?

(They go back to their previous positions, look again at the shelf and seize a pie each)

(They circle each other like a couple of fighters looking for an opening. Nanny manages to hit one side of Doris's face with her pie. Then she deflects Doris's arm so Doris hits the other side of her own face with her own pie.)

Nanny: Your name suits you. You really are incompetent.

(Nanny turns back to the table, bends over and examines the cake.)

(Doris looks at Nanny's backside and then at the audience.)

Doris: *(to the audience)* Shall I?

(Audience reaction)

(Doris kicks Nanny's backside, sending her head first into the cake.)

(Nanny stands up, wiping the cream from her face.)

Doris: Even incompetent fairies succeed sometimes.

(Greys close)

Scene 10

Somewhere in the world of humans

(In front of the greys)

(Music plays – maybe Deck the Halls again or the intro to SONG 6.)

(Enter an adult or two carrying a Christmas tree followed by a group of children who are carrying tinsel and/or other decorations that are easy to hang.)

(The adults put down the tree and the children decorate it)

(The adults and children sing and dance to SONG 6)

(The children dance off stage and the adults follows with the tree)

(Beatrix enters, followed by Agnes)

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: You are a persistent lot, aren't you? But it doesn't matter what you say. I'm going to ruin Christmas and now I know how I'm going to do it.

Agnes: Does that mean you've got another plan, your badness?

Beatrix: Yes, Agnes. And this is the most cunning one I've thought of yet.

Agnes: Oh good. Does that mean this one will work? Only the other two didn't quite...

Beatrix: *(cuffing her round the head)* Don't remind me. There's no point in dwelling in the past. We need to move forwards – onwards – upwards.

Agnes: *(attempting to follow the instructions)* Will that ruin Christmas?

Beatrix: Of course, not. But those sickly sweet little children have shown me exactly what we have to do.

Agnes: Really?

Beatrix: Just imagine how miserable they'll be if they get up on Christmas morning and find that Santa hasn't been.

Agnes: But that won't happen. Santa always turns up. He's very reliable.

Beatrix: And that's what we've got to change. Come along, Agnes. It's time to put a stop to Santa's delivery service.

(Agnes and Beatrix exit)

(greys open)

Scene 11

Santa's workshop

(The set is the same as for Scene 1, except that there is a sheet of paper hanging from one of the walls that wasn't there in the earlier scenes. No one takes any notice of it.)

(The elves are already on stage, busy preparing presents. As the greys open, Bookshelf steps to the front of the stage.)

Bookshelf: Christmas cracker team step forward.

(Helfy, Welfy, Twelf, Selfie, and Belfry step forward and form a line facing the audience. Selfie keeps taking photos throughout the lead up to his bit.)

Bookshelf: Have you come up with any new jokes this year?

Helfy: No, Bookshelf.

Bookshelf: I'm glad to hear it. Christmas crackers always have old jokes. It's a tradition. Now let's check that you can remember all of Santa's favourites.

Welfy: I think we can.

Bookshelf: We'll see. *(He points at Helfy)*. Why do birds fly south in the winter?

Helfy: Because it's too far to walk.

Bookshelf: Good. *(He points at Welfy)* Why don't polar bears eat penguins?

Welfy: Because they can't get the wrappers off.

Bookshelf: That's right. *(He points at Twelf)* What do sheep say at Christmas?

Twelf: Seasons Bleatings.

Bookshelf: Perfect. *(He points at Belfry)* What do you call a reindeer with a fish in each ear.

Belfry: Anything you like. He can't hear you.

Bookshelf: Brilliant. *(He points at Selfie)* Now put that phone down and pay attention. Which party game do crocodiles like best?

Selfie: *(Taking a picture of Bookshelf)* Snap.

Bookshelf: I can't win with you.

(Bookshelf points at Helfy again, but before he can say anything, Crystal and Simon rush on, looking distraught.)

Crystal: Help! Help! I can't find Daddy.

Simon: Santa's disappeared.

(FX: dramatic chords)

(Main curtains close)

INTERVAL

ACT TWO

Scene 12

Santa's workshop

(The sheet of paper is still hanging where it was in the previous scene)

(The elves, Crystal, Simon and Puddle are on stage looking very gloomy. They sing SONG 7)

(Nanny enters from one side of the stage. Gloria, Doris and Muriel enter from the other.)

Nanny: I can't find Santa anywhere.

Gloria: Neither can we.

Doris: It's been hours since anyone saw him.

Crystal: *(exasperated)* That's not surprising. I've already told you he's missing.

Nanny: I know, Crystal. It's not that I didn't believe you. It's just that I needed to see it for myself.

Bookshelf: Santa would never choose to go away this close to Christmas. There's too much to do.

Simon: Then someone must have made him go.

Muriel: Doom and disaster. Santa's been kidnapped.

Nanny: This is a job for the law. *(shouts)* Call the Old Bill!

(Various elves shout "Old Bill")

(A very elderly elf staggers on, leaning heavily on a walking stick)

Old Bill: Did somebody call me?

Bookshelf: No, Bill. Nothing to worry about. You go back to your comfy chair..

Nanny: We still need help. *(shouts)* Fetch the Special Branch.

Welfy: I'll handle that.

(He runs off stage and comes back brandishing a branch from a tree.)

Welfy: This is the only one I can find. Is it special enough?

Nanny: Good grief. Are you all stupid?

Doris: No. Only some of us.

Muriel: *(sniffs the air)* I don't think the police can help anyway. I smell bad magic.

Gloria: *(sniffs)* You're right. This is Beatrix's work.

Crystal: Oh no! Daddy's in danger.

Simon: And so is Christmas. All the children will cry if Santa doesn't deliver their presents.

Muriel: That's just what Beatrix wants. Christmas is doomed.

Gloria: No, it's not. We can't let her win. We've got to rescue Santa.

Crystal: But how. We've no idea where she's taken him.

Nanny: We need to find a clue. Come on. Everyone start searching.

(Puddle walks over to the piece of paper and stares at it while Crystal, Simon, Gloria, Doris and Muriel exit together – maybe with some of the elves. The other elves examine the back of the stage. Nanny pulls out a huge magnifying glass and bends over to examine the floor with it.)

(Puddle jumps up and down in excitement. Then he goes back to Nanny and nudges her bottom with his head.)

Nanny: *(nearly falling over)* Stop that, Puddle. You're supposed to be looking for clues.

(Puddle nods and waves one foot in the direction of the paper. But Nanny ignores him and starts examining the opposite wall/wing with her magnifying glass)

(Puddle nudges her again with his head.)

Nanny: *(nearly falling over)* Stop that, Puddle. You'll end up on the naughty list.

(Crystal and Simon come back in from one side of the stage. Gloria, Doris and Muriel enter from the other side. They all look downcast)

Crystal: It's no good.

Simon: We haven't found anything.

Gloria: Neither have we. *(she looks at the elves)* How about you?

(The elves shake their heads)

Nanny: Beatrice hasn't left any clues at all.

(Puddle stamps his foot and shakes his head. He points at the paper again and pushes Gloria towards it.)

- Gloria: What's this? (*she pulls down the paper and reads it*) You're a very clever reindeer, Puddle. This is a note from the kidnappers.
- Nanny: What does it say?
- Gloria: (*reading*) You needn't bother looking for Santa. We've kidnapped him and Beatrix says you'll never guess that we're taking him to New York.
No love at all
Agnes.
- Crystal: That doesn't make sense. Why would Beatrix tell us where they're going?
- Gloria: She hasn't. Her assistant Agnes has, and I'm guessing that she wasn't supposed to.
- Nanny: Good grief. What an incompetent fairy.
- Doris: No, That's me. Agnes is Absolutely Disgusting.
- Muriel: And stupid.
- Gloria: Which is a very good thing. Thanks to her, we three fairies know where to go to rescue Santa.
- Crystal: And me. I'm going too. He's my Dad.
- Simon: Count me in as well. He's my future Dad-in-Law.
- Nanny: You can't leave me out. (*dreamily*) He's my true... (*snaps out of it*) ... Never you mind what he is. That's between him and me – or it would be if he realised.
- Gloria: Come along then. There's no time to waste.

(Greys close)

Scene 13

A forest near New York

(in front of the greys. Maybe trees projected on curtains)

(Optional: Children or adult dancers enter dressed as woodland animals and dance to suitable music. Then they exit)

(Gloria enters, followed by Doris, Muriel, Simon, Crystal and Nanny. They all look tired)

Doris: Are we nearly there yet?

Nanny: I hope so. My poor feet aren't used to all this walking.

Crystal: Neither are mine.

Simon: At least, we haven't had to walk the whole way from the North Pole. Travelling by Gloria's magic wasn't tiring at all.

Nanny: But it only got us as far as this forest. *(to Gloria)* Are you sure you can't magic us the rest of the way?

Gloria: That's impossible. Beatrix has put a protective shield around New York to stop magical travellers. We've got to walk now until we can get on a bus.

Muriel: *(glancing around)* I don't like it here. You find all sorts of creatures in forests like this.

Doris: Dear little squirrels and foxes and racoons and chipmunks and...

Muriel: Big Foot.

Nanny: *(looks at her feet)* There's no need to be insulting.

Muriel: I wasn't. I was talking about Big Foot – that strange creature that people see in American forests. He's half-man and half-gorilla.

Gloria: And completely imaginary. You've been listening to too many stories again, Muriel. Big Foot doesn't exist.

Simon: Time is ticking by. We need to get a move on or it will be too late for Santa to do his rounds.

Nanny: *(Taking control by moving to the front of the line)* Come on! Follow me!

(She marches off around the stage and the others follow her in a line – Gloria, Doris, Muriel, Simon, Crystal, As they walk, they chant to the rhythm of that American marching song)

Nanny: On and on and on we walk.

Everyone: *(together)* We can't stop until New York

Nanny: Left foot, right foot, on we go.

Everyone: *(together)* It's quite handy there's no snow.

(While they walk, Big Foot comes on and joins the back of the line. He taps Simon and Crystal on the shoulder)

(Simon and Crystal turn, see Big Foot and run off stage with Big Foot in pursuit)

Gloria: Are you sure we're going the right way, Nanny.

Doris: It feels like we're going in a circle.

Nanny: What do you think, Crystal?

(Nanny waits for a reply but it doesn't come.)

(Nanny and the others turn. They all look horrified when they see Crystal and Simon have disappeared.)

Muriel: I knew it. I knew it. They've been taken by Big Foot and now we're all doomed.

(Nanny pats Muriel on the arm)

Nanny: There, there. Don't get your knickers in a twist. There's no such creature as Big Foot.

Muriel: If that's true, where are Crystal and Simon?

(They all look around anxiously and turn to face the audience. They are now in a line across the stage – Gloria, Nanny, Doris and Muriel)

Doris: I'm scared.

Muriel: So am I.

Nanny: Perhaps we should sing to keep our spirits up.

(They all start to sing SONG 8. It doesn't have to be sung very well.)

(While they are singing, Big Foot comes up behind them and touches Doris and Muriel on the shoulder. They turn, see him and run off stage with Big Foot in pursuit.)

Nanny: There. Does that make you feel better.

(She turns and is horrified to see that Doris and Muriel have disappeared. Gloria reacts too)

Gloria: If Muriel was still here, I think she'd say "We're doomed."

Nanny: But she'd be wrong. I'm sure there's as perfectly sensible explanation for all this. But we'll still be braver if we sing a bit more.

(They sing another bit of the same song.)

(While they are singing, Big Foot comes up behind them and touches Gloria on the shoulder. She turns, sees him and runs off stage with Big Foot in pursuit.)

(Nanny turns and is horrified to realise Gloria has gone too. Nanny shakes with fear)

Nanny: *(to the audience)* I'm glad you're still here. Otherwise I'd be all on my own. Now I don't believe in this Big Foot character, but I'd still like you to tell me if you see him.

(Big Foot comes in and stands behind her)

(Audience reaction)

Nanny: Where is he?

(Audience reaction)

(Nanny twists to the left and looks over her left shoulder. As she does so, Big Foot moves to the right so she can't see him.)

Nanny: Oh no he's not.

(audience reaction)

Nanny: Oh no he's not

(audience reaction)

Nanny: All right. I'll have another look.

(Nanny twists to the right and looks over her right shoulder. As she does so, Big Foot moves to the left so she can't see him.)

Nanny: He's not there.

(Audience reaction)

Nanny: Oh no he's not.

(Audience reaction)

Nanny: I'll have one more look.

(Nanny slowly turns around on the spot while Big Foot stays exactly behind her so she can't see him.)

(As she gets back to facing the audience, she suddenly turns in the opposite direction and comes face to face with Big Foot)

(Big Foot throws his hands in the air in fright and runs off stage.)

(Nanny runs off in the opposite direction)

(greys open)

Scene 14

A street in New York

(The greys open. The chorus are on stage dressed as Christmas shoppers, carrying bags and parcels. There are also three fake Father Christmases collecting for charity, each with a hand bell and a sack)

(They sing SONG 9)

(Gloria, Doris, Muriel, Simon and Crystal enter wearily. They are all looking in the direction of the audience rather than at the chorus.)

Simon: Wow! I've never been to New York before.

Crystal: Neither have I. *(points)* Look! The taxis really are yellow.

Doris: *(pointing somewhere else)* Can we go and see the Statue of Liberty?

Gloria: Pull yourself together, Doris. We're not here on holiday.

(Nanny enters from the same direction the others came. She is carrying an enormous paper cup.)

Muriel: Where have you been? We don't want to get separated again like we did in the forest.

Simon: We wasted far too much time trying to find each other.

Nanny: Don't panic. I only stopped for a moment to get a drink. The portions are humungous. Look at the size of this.

Crystal: Is that a supersized extra-extra-large?

Nanny: No. That one's so big I could have taken a bath in it.

Gloria: It's time we stopped chatting. It's already Christmas Eve.
We need to find Santa before it's too late.

(They look around, wondering where to go next, and Crystal spots one of the fake Santa's with his back to her.)

Crystal: *(pointing)* There he is. *(waving)* Daddy. It's me, Crystal.

(She rushes up to Santa 1, swings him around and steps back in surprise.)

Crystal: You're not my dad. You're a fake.

Doris: *(pointing to Santa 2)* There's the real Santa.

(Doris rushes up to Santa and swings him around)

Doris: You're a fake too. And not a very good one either.

(Muriel eyes Santa 3 suspiciously and tugs his beard)

Muriel: You don't fool anyone. You're not Santa.

Gloria: Maybe they're working with Beatrix. *(to the three fake Santas who are now lined up together)* Come on. Tell us where you've hidden him.

(Santas 1, 2 and 3 shrug and shake their heads, totally confused).

Santa 1: Can I help you ladies?

(Simon coughs to attract his attention)

Santa 1: Sorry. Can I help you ladies and ...er...snowmen?

Gloria: We're looking for Santa.

Santa 1: So what's the problem? You've got plenty to choose from around here.

Crystal: But we want the real Santa – the one Beatrix is holding captive while you lot try to confuse us.

Santa 1: Who's Beatrix?

Santa 2: We're not holding anyone.

Santa 3: We're just dressed up as Santa Claus to raise money for charity.

Santa 1: It's a New York tradition. Haven't you ever been to New York before?

Gloria: Never.

Crystal: Not even once.

Santa 1: Then allow us introduce you.

(SONG 10 - something bouncy about New York. The Santas link arms in a chorus line and do a high kicking routine while they and the rest of the chorus sing. Maybe Nanny and Doris join in rather badly)

Nanny: That was fun, but it hasn't got us any closer to finding the real Santa.

Crystal: That's going to be hard with all these fake ones about.

Muriel: *(Throwing up her hands in dismay)* It's no good. We're not going to find him. Christmas is doomed.

Gloria: Don't be such a misery, Muriel. I'm not giving up yet and neither are you.

Simon: What we need is a bloodhound.

(Everyone looks at him is surprise)

Crystal: Why?

Simon; Because a bloodhound could follow Beatrix's scent and track her to her hideout.

Doris: It would be easier to track Agnes that way. She pongs something awful.

Nanny: Be realistic, Simon. There's not much chance of finding a bloodhound around here. It looks more like Chihuahua country.

Gloria: But it's a good idea all the same. I wonder if I can use my wand to track Beatrix's magic.

(She walks around holding the wand in front of her like a dowsing rod. At first, nothing happens. Then it starts to bounce up and down or quiver)

Gloria: I've got it. Come on everyone. Let's follow the magical trail.

(They follow the wand off stage)

(Greys close)

Scene 15

An alleyway in New York

(in front of the greys)

(FX: clatter of dustbins falling over)

(Gloria marches across the stage holding the wand, followed by Nanny, Crystal, Simon and Muriel. Slightly behind them staggers Doris with a cardboard box over her head.)

(Doris pulls the box off and throws it away.)

Doris: You could have stopped to help me up.

Gloria: There's not time. We've got to keep going. We don't know how long the trail will last.

(Doris pulls a dead fish out of her dress)

Doris: This is disgusting.

Nanny: Cheer up, Doris. At least, you've found the answer to a question that's always bothered me.

Doris: Which is?

Nanny: Whether alleys in New York really are always full of empty boxes and trash cans like they are in the movies.

(Gloria, Simon, Crystal, Nanny, Muriel and Doris exit on opposite side to where they came on.)

(Greys open)

Scene 16

A room in New York

(Santa is tied to a chair. Agnes is guarding him.)

(Beatrix enters)

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: *(to audience)* Not you lot again. Don't you ever give up?

(Audience reaction)

Beatrix: Well, you should because I've won. Look. I've got Santa. You can't argue this time.

Santa: *(struggling against his bonds)* You've got to let me go. It's Christmas Eve. Think how sad all the children will be if they don't get their presents.

Beatrix: That's exactly what I am thinking. It's so perfect. All those wails and cries and floods of tears. I couldn't ask for anything better.

Santa: You're evil.

Beatrix: I know. Isn't it wonderful.

Agnes: Excuse me, your badness. I don't like to interrupt when you're busy gloating, but are you expecting visitors?

Beatrix: No. Why do you want to know?

Agnes: Because there are footsteps on the stairs. Lots of footsteps.

(Gloria rushes on, wand in hand, followed by Nanny, Crystal, Simon, Doris and Muriel)

Gloria: We've found you at last, Beatrix.

Beatrix: That's impossible.

Nanny: No it's not. It was easy once we found your note.

Beatrix: Note! Note! I didn't leave a note.

Agnes: *(coughs)* That would be me, your badness. I was trying to be a proper kidnapper and kidnappers in movies always leave notes.

Beatrix: *(glowering at Agnes)* Kidnappers in movies always get caught.

Agnes: Oops. *(looks crestfallen, then cheers up)* But I didn't tell them where we were. Or I didn't mean to anyway. I only said that you said that they'd never guess we were in New York.

Beatrix: You stupid, stupid fairy. How can you be so incompetent?

Doris: *(puts hand in air)* Excuse me. I'm the incompetent one. She's absolutely disgusting.

Santa: Can you all stop arguing and get me out of here? It will be Christmas Day soon. I need to start my rounds.

Nanny: Don't worry. I'll save you.

(Nanny starts to run towards him but Beatrix blocks her path)

Beatrix: *(waving her wand menacingly)* Stay away from him or I'll turn you into a frog.

Nanny: *(defiantly)* Is that the best you can do. That threat is so old-fashioned.

(She starts to walk forward, but stops when Santa shouts)

Santa: Don't risk it, Nanny. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you.

Nanny: *(gooey-eyed)* Really. That's the loveliest thing you've ever said to me.

(Crystal and Muriel grab Nanny's arms and pull her back)

Muriel: Being turned into a frog is really bad for your complexion. That's what ruined mine.

Doris: I didn't mean to do it. It was an accident.

Simon: I think we're going off at a tangent again, ladies. Can we concentrate on rescuing Santa?

Santa: Well said, that snowman.

Doris: Don't worry, Santa. I'll free you.

(Beatrix blocks her path and raises her wand)

Beatrix: Oh no you won't.

Doris: Oh yes I will. *(she points her wand at Beatrix's wand)*
Smelleramus!

Beatrix: *(astonished)* What?

Doris: Smellaramus!

(Doris pauses, waiting for something to happen. When it doesn't, she examines her wand to see what's wrong.)

Doris: I don't understand. It worked for Harry Potter.

Muriel: No, it didn't. His spell was "expelleramus". "Smelleramus" would just have made a nasty pong.

Gloria: *(patting Doris on the shoulder)* And you're not Harry Potter, are you?

Doris: No, Gloria.

Gloria: You're not a wizard and you haven't been to Hogwarts. You're a fairy and all fairy spells have to rhyme.

Doris: Yes, Gloria. Sorry, Gloria.

Nanny: We seem to have moved away from the rescuing thing again.

Crystal: It really would help if we could concentrate.

Simon: We need to focus on saving Santa.

Gloria: Leave that to me.

(Gloria steps up to Beatrix)

Gloria: Let's sort it out this out between the two of us, Beatrix. A straight fight between good and evil.

Beatrix: *(rubbing her hands in delight)* A magical duel sounds perfect. Winner takes Santa.

Santa: I'm not so sure about that.

Nanny: Neither am I.

Gloria: Don't worry. I won't fail you.

Beatrix: *(waving towards the back of the stage)* Go over there, Agnes. I don't want you messing things up.

(Gloria waves at Crystal, Simon, Nanny, Doris and Muriel)

Gloria: You go over there too. This is between Beatrix and me. Whatever happens, you must not interfere.

(Agnes, Crystal, Simon, Nanny, Doris and Muriel retreat to the back of the stage. Agnes peers out of the window.)

Santa: Please hurry. We're running out of time.

(Beatrix and Gloria circle each other warily, wands held high.)

Gloria: You're evil. You're bad.

Beatrix: *(as she takes the upper hand in the battle)* That's what makes me so glad. I'd rather be nasty than as perfect as you. You're too late to save him. Santa can't do his rounds. I've spoilt everyone's Christmas. Now I'll sort you out too.

(She steps towards Gloria, wand held high in triumph, ready for the final blow)

Santa: I thought you said you were going to win.

Gloria: *(jumping sideways)* I am. Just watch me.

(Gloria turns the tables and starts to win)

Gloria: I'm going to save Santa and Christmas as well. You can't do any more mischief without this. *(She sends Beatrix's wand spinning from her hand)*

(Beatrix tries to get her wand back, but Gloria foils her. Beatrix ends up pinned against a piece of furniture or the wall with Gloria's wand pointing at her throat.)

Beatrix: Go on then. You've won. Finish me off.

Gloria: No. I'm the Good Fairy. I can only do good things. *(waving her wand)*

A very merry Christmas, Beatrix the Bad,
I hope it's the best one you've ever had.

(FX: Sound of good magic happening)

Beatrix: *(screams)* No. No.

(Agnes runs to Beatrix's side)

(During the next few lines, Nanny unties Santa)

Agnes: What's the matter, your badness?

Beatrix: *(pointing at Gloria in horror)* She's made me GOOD.

Gloria: Not forever. Just until the New Year. So you might as well enjoy it.

Nanny: I know I'm going to.

Agnes: Wow! Does this mean I'm can get Christmas presents this year?

(Agnes runs to Santa and sings a bit of SONG 11 - Santa Baby, hamming it up like mad. Alternatively, If permission for that song is not available or Agnes can't sing, use the following speech instead)

Agnes: *(optional - only if no song)* I want a mink coat and a Ferrari and a diamond necklace and a pony and the biggest, hugest, most enormous box of sweets you have ever seen in your entire life.

Santa: A tangerine and a sugar mouse may be the best I can do at such short notice.

Agnes: That still sounds exciting.

Santa: Now, I need to get to work. *(looks around at his rescuers)*
Thank you, all of you. *(to Gloria)* Please magic me back to the North Pole.

Gloria: I'll be delighted to as soon as Beatrix has undone some spells that she doesn't need any more now she's a good fairy.

(Gloria hands Beatrix her wand)

Beatrix: *(scowls)* I suppose I don't have much choice.
(waves wand in the air)
Lift the spell that protects New York
Let holly's return make people gawk
Bring back the cold and chilly air
So snow can cover the slopes so bare.

(FX: sound of good magic happening)

(Beatrix looks surprised)

Nanny: I feel cooler already.

Beatrix: I don't. I feel pleasantly warm inside. How strange. I think I'll undo another spell, just for fun. *(She waves her wand towards Simon)*

Simon. I'm sorry I turned you to snow.
Now back to your human shape you can go.

(FX: Sound of good magic happening)

(Simon transforms into a young man)

Simon: This explains why I had all those vague memories.

Beatrix: Is one of them of the time you trod on my toe?

Simon: Is that all I did wrong? Your punishment was a bit over the top.

Beatrix: I can see that now. But there's no good crying over bad magic. Get over it.

Simon: *(ignoring Beatrix and turning to Crystal)* Do you still love me now that I've changed?

Crystal: Of course I do. And I always will.

(They kiss)

Santa: *(to Nanny)* Look at that. Young love is so wonderful.

Nanny: *(cuddling up to Santa)* So is old love, you old fool.

Santa: *(putting his arm around her)* I suppose it is. And I definitely love you, Nanny. You're very special woman.

Nanny: I love you too. So will you marry me? *(to the audience)* I know it's supposed to be the other way round but I'm tired of waiting.

Santa: Of course I will. I can't think of anything I'd rather do.

(They embrace)

Muriel: That's very sweet, but there are still all those presents to deliver.

Santa: Come on, Gloria. Time we got moving.

Gloria: *(waving her wand)*
Magical wind come whirl us around.
Until at the North Pole we come down to ground.

(FX: Sound of good magic happening)

(Black out)

(Greys close)

Scene 17

Santa's house

(in front of the greys)

(This scene is optional to give time to prepare for the finale.)

(Doris and Muriel enter)

Doris: Doh, ray me, fah, so, la, tee, do.

Muriel: What are you doing that for?

Doris: I'm warming up my voice. Gloria's told me to entertain the audience while everyone else all gets ready for the Christmas weddings.

Muriel: If you're going to sing to them, I'd better get ready.

(Muriel puts her fingers in her ears)

Doris: Don't worry. I'm not going to sing.

(Muriel takes no notice – she hasn't heard what Doris said)

Dories: *(shouts)* I'm not going to sing.

(Muriel takes no notice – she hasn't heard what Doris said)

(Doris pulls Muriel's fingers out from her ears)

Doris: I said I'm not going to sing. I'm going to get them to do the singing.

Muriel: Then **they** need to do the warming up. *(to the audience)*
Come on, everyone. Do, ray, me, fah, so, la, tee, do.

(audience reaction)

Doris: That's not too bad. Let's try the song.

Muriel: What are they singing?

Doris: [name of SONG 12]

(Doris and Muriel stand one on each side of the stage)

Doris: Come on then. Let's sing it. One, two, three

(Whole audience sings)

Muriel: *(pointing to her side of the audience)* Well done, my side.
(To Doris) I couldn't hear your side at all.

Doris: My side were perfect. It was yours that was too quiet.

Muriel: There's only one way to find out. We'll have a competition.
Come on my side. Show her how good you are.

(half the audience sing)

Doris: Rubbish. My side can do much better than that. Come on.
Let's show her.

(other half of the audience sings)

Muriel: So who won?

Doris: I think it was a draw. Let's sing it altogether to celebrate.

(audience sings)

Doris: That was brilliant. You are all great singers.

Muriel: *(pointing at Doris)* Much better than her anyway. But we've got to go now.

Doris: *(bouncing with excitement)* It's time for Christmas bells and wedding bells.

Muriel: Come along. I don't want to be late.

(Muriel pulls Doris off stage. Doris waves as she goes.)

(Greys open)

Scene 18

The ballroom in Santa's' house

(As glittery as possible)

(Christmas music accompanies the final walk-down where the cast come on, take their bows and form the final tableau.)

(When everyone is on stage, Crystal, Simon, Gloria, Doris, Muriel, Beatrix, Agnes, Nanny and Santa move forward in a line)

Santa: Our story now is over

Nanny: Santa Claus is safe

Simon: Holly's back and so is snow

Crystal: True love now can grow and grow

Muriel: But there's more to life than presents

Doris: Kindness matters too

Beatrix: Being good is not so bad

Agnes: It even makes you feel quite glad

Gloria: So before you all go home, we have one thing left to say

Whole Cast: Happy Christmas

(SONG 12 - something really bouncy and Christmassy)

(Final Curtain)

Song List

(please see note on permissions in the FAQ section)

It's not necessary to sing the whole of each song. Sometimes a verse or two or just the chorus is enough.

Song 1 - any bouncy Christmas song

Song 2 - *Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly* with new lyrics

Song 3 - any song about being lonely and needing someone to love

Song 4 - any song about being in love

Song 5 - any song about love and marriage

Song 6 - a song about Santa - maybe *Santa Claus is coming to Town*

Song 7 - any Christmas song. It could be one about being lonely

Song 8 - any song about feeling brave - maybe *Always look on the bright side of life*.

Song 9 - any Christmas song. Something about shopping or the city would fit well. (*Christmas Time in the City* works well)

Song 10 - a bouncy song about New York (maybe *New York, New York*)

Song 11 (optional) - *Santa Baby* or another suitable song about presents.

Song 12 - community song. *Jingle Bells* is a good choice.

Song 13 - a really bouncy, Christmas song to make a good finale. It can be a repeat of one you've already used.

Production Notes

The greys

This panto was originally written for a stage with two sets of curtains - the main set and a grey set that are further back. Scenes set in front of the greys are designed to be performed at the front of the stage while the scenery can be changed at the back. If you haven't got two sets of curtains, you can use lighting or the main curtains to produce the same effect.

FX for good and bad magic

The more different these are, the better the effect of Beatrix doing good magic at the end of scene 16. You could use tinkly bells for good and thunder for bad. Adding lighting effects makes this work even better and helps distract the audience during the transformation in scene 16.

Baskets of holly in scene 1 and scene 3

Deep baskets work best so the audience can't see what's in them. If using shallower baskets, hide the tinsel under black cloth until it magically appears.

Woodland Animals dance

This is not essential to the plot and can be left out. It's only there because many producers feel a babes' dance is a traditional part of a panto.

Christmas shoppers in scene 14

The only costumes needed are hats, coats and scarves so, if you are short of people, you can rope in parents, scene builders and anyone else who is available backstage (even if they are not really in the cast.)

Simon Snow's transformation in scene 16

Simon's costume needs to be designed to enable the transformation to happen on stage. One way is to dress him in a post-transformation outfit that has white sleeves. Over the top, put a wide, full length tunic with hoops inside to produce the snowman shape and shoulder pieces that

fasten with velcro. When this is on, it completely hides all of the post-transformation costume except the sleeves. The snowman effect is completed with a white hood that fastens with velcro under the chin and a plastic snowman nose (available from fancy dress shops).

Just before the transformation happens, Crystal steps quietly behind Simon. As Beatrix performs her spell, Crystal undoes the shoulder velcro fastenings so the tunic falls down and reveals the post-transformation outfit. At the same time, Simon snatches off the hood and nose and drops them on the floor so his snowman persona disappears.

Community song in Scene 17

It's a panto tradition to have a community song while everyone gets ready for the finale. But it's not essential and can be left out without affecting the plot.

And finally

Putting on a panto is about having fun so enjoy yourselves and have a great time.

* * * * *

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You can find out more about Diana and her books at

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