



...and a
GROUNDHOG
in a Pear Tree

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...and a Groundhog in a Pear Tree**

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...AND A GROUNDHOG IN A PEAR TREE

A CHRISTMAS MUSICAL IN ONE ACT

BOOK AND LYRICS BY
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MUSIC BY
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Music by Kristin Gauthier

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Printed in the USA

CHARACTERS

FISH	April Fool's Day
TEE NINE.....	February 29th
N.Y.D.....	New Year's Day
CALIA.....	Valentine's Day
WHISTLE.....	Groundhog Day
JUNE.....	Father's Day
THE JUNETTES.....	June's hench-chicks
12 AGENTS.....	One for each of the Twelve Days of Christmas

SET

Hallway in Calendar Castle

One chair is required. The hallway scenes can be performed in front of the curtain, or in front of a flat that gets removed to reveal:

The Grand Ballroom

Plus decorations for the Twelve Days of Christmas Ball.

MUSIC

The songs are meant to be sung a capella. Have fun with the songs – there's lots of potential humour in each of them.

Sheet music is available in the Appendix, starting on page 44.

You can also download sheet music and audio files at:

<http://songs.theatrefolk.com>

SCENE ONE

Lights up on a hallway in Calendar Castle, the centrepiece of Calendar Town where all the days of the calendar live.

A man dressed in a robe sneaks onstage. He is wearing a sash that reads, "New Year's Day." This is in fact New Year's Day, who everyone calls N.Y.D. N.Y.D. looks all around as he crosses the stage – he's definitely on the lookout for something or someone. He looks out to the audience and puts his finger to his lips.

N.Y.D.: *(to the audience)* Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Satisfied that he doesn't see what he's looking for, N.Y.D. gives a big sigh of relief and collapses into a chair.

As soon as he does so a huge group of people roar onstage. These are the TWELVE AGENTS for the Twelve Days of Christmas. The AGENTS move as if they are attached together: a tight ball of arms and legs. They are talking and shouting at the same time as they move across the stage.

AGENTS: *(syncopated shouting)* N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! N.Y.D!
N.Y.D! It's very important! N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! Mr.
New Year! Mr. New Year! N.Y.D! Urgent! Urgent! Mayday!
N.Y.D! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!!!

As soon as N.Y.D. sees the AGENTS he leaps out of the chair.

N.Y.D.: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!

N.Y.D. runs offstage as fast as he can with the AGENTS in fast pursuit.

From the other side of the stage, CALIA, TEE NINE and WHISTLE enter. They are laughing and falling over one another. They are all holding coloured pieces of paper.

CALIA: Oh. Ohhhhhhh!

TEE NINE: Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha!

WHISTLE: Hee hee hee hee! Hee hee hee hee!

CALIA: *(same time as others)* Ohhhhhhhhh!

TEE NINE: (*same time as others*) Haaaaaaa!

WHISTLE: (*same time as others*) Heeeeeeee!

They collapse in a pile centre stage.

CALIA: (*trying to compose herself*) Oh it's unromantic and undignified to laugh like this. (*she laughs again*) But it's so funny!

TEE NINE: It's the best one yet!

WHISTLE: My sides hurt!

CALIA: Ok, ok, ok. (*she holds up the coloured piece of paper*) Ready?

CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: (*singing*) Mi, mi, mi, mi...

CALIA: (*she sings The Twelve Drecks of Christmas*) "On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: Eight maids a burping..."

WHISTLE and TEE NINE both give a loud burp.

CALIA: Now cut that out! I mean really. (*singing*) On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: "Eight maids a burping, Seven socks a stinking, Six greasy ladles..."

ALL: (*singing*) "FIVE MOLD RINGS!"

CALIA: "Four falling herds, Three stench men, Two tickle gloves..."

ALL: (*loud and strong*) And a pigeon in poison ivy!!!"

They laugh and fall over one another. FISH enters with a swing in his step.

TEE NINE: There he is!

CALIA: Bravo! Bravo!

WHISTLE: Fish! Fish! Fish!

FISH: Hey kids, what's so funny?

The others wave their coloured papers.

CALIA: It's the best spoof yet!

WHISTLE: It's sooooo funny.

TEE NINE: And the rubber chicken award for the best spoof of *The Twelve Days of Christmas* song goes to... (*he imitates a drum roll*)

TEE NINE, CALIA & WHISTLE: Fiiiiiiiiish!!! Whoo-hoo!

FISH: Aw shucks. 'Tweren't nothing.

CALIA: You're perfect for April Fool's Day all right.

FISH: I try. Hey Whistle...

WHISTLE: What?

FISH: Want some candy? *(he holds out a can)*

WHISTLE: Sure! *(she reaches for the can)*

TEE NINE & CALIA: Whistle, don't!

But it's too late. WHISTLE opens the can and a big fake snake leaps out.

WHISTLE: WHAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

CALIA: Oh Whistle, how many times are you going to fall for that?

FISH: *(laughing)* Sorry Whistle. I can't resist. *(he puts the snake back in the can)*

WHISTLE: I know Fish, I know. Got by the king of the rubber chicken again.

TEE NINE & CALIA: *(singing)* FIVE MOLD RINGS!!!

CALIA: Everyone in Calendar Castle's singing it.

TEE NINE: *(waving the paper at FISH)* Wait until the real Twelve Days of Christmas hear.

FISH: Aw who cares about them.

TEE NINE: They'll be sooooo mad...

FISH: *(sticking his nose in the air)* They're sooooooooo stuck up. *(walking around as a stuck-up person)* La-di-da.

CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: *(imitating)*: La-di-da!

FISH: Pish Tosh.

CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: *(imitating)*: Pish Tosh!

FISH: Ballyhoo.

CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: *(imitating)*: Ballyhoo!

FISH: I'm a French hen. I'm a leaping lord.

CALIA: I hear the Ladies dancing are demanding new dance music.

FISH: *(he stares at the floor and screams)* ACK! There's a fragment of fluff on the floor. How can I function with this fluff on the floor! *(he claps)* Fluff removal! I need fluff removal or I fear I'll faint!

FISH gives a scream and faints into WHISTLE's arms.

WHISTLE: I hear the Partridge is demanding a pear polish.

TEE NINE: And the six geese –

WHISTLE: (*singing*) Six greasy ladles.

TEE NINE: The geese want all new straw.

WHISTLE: Ever since the Twelve Days of Christmas got agents, they've been so, well, not so very nice.

Everyone blows a raspberry. FISH pulls out some juggling balls and plays with them.

FISH: The twelve drecks of Christmas won't give two hoots about my little spoo. They'll be too busy getting ready for the big Ball.

WHISTLE: (*with a big sigh*) I wish we could sing at the Ball.

CALIA: I know. Wouldn't it be dreamy?

CALIA and WHISTLE give a big sigh.

TEE NINE: Never going to happen. No way. No how.

FISH: Whoa! Hold back on that positivity Tee Nine. I'm woozy with all your positive energy.

FISH staggers around holding his tummy and moaning loudly.

WHISTLE: Do you need a soda cracker? They always help when I'm feeling woozy. I'll get you one.

She starts to exit. CALIA pulls her back.

TEE NINE: The Twelve Days of Christmas Ball has one and one act only: The Twelve Days of Christmas. And that means no one will ever perform at the Ball but them.

WHISTLE: Hey. Do you hear that noise?

They all lean to the left and hear a growing noise from offstage.

CALIA: What is that?

TEE NINE: Maybe the Twelve Days of Christmas are coming for Fish.

The noise is getting louder.

WHISTLE: (*listening again*) They don't sound very happy!

FISH: Quick! Get in front of the chair!

FISH drags everyone in front of the chair, so he can

hide behind it. Just as he hides, the TWELVE AGENTS for the Twelve Days of Christmas enter chasing N.Y.D.

AGENTS: (*syncopated shouting*) N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! N.Y.D!
N.Y.D! It's very important! N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! Mr.
New Year! Mr. New Year! N.Y.D! Urgent! Urgent! Mayday!
N.Y.D! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!!!

N.Y.D. dashes across the stage and exits. The AGENTS follow in a whirlwind. FISH peaks out from behind the chair.

FISH: Was it the Twelve Drecks?

CALIA: Worse. It was their agents!

WHISTLE: Chasing Mr. New Year.

FISH: Why were they doing that?

WHISTLE: I wonder if it has to do with the Ball.

FISH: (*pacing*) Hmhmhmhm. Something is definitely afoot. A leg.
Two hands and an eyelash. (*he stops dead and shrieks*) EUREKA!
(*this causes the others to shriek and jump*) I'll bet it has something
to do with the Ball!

WHISTLE: Oh oh! Here they come again!

N.Y.D. enters again, with the AGENTS in fast pursuit.

AGENTS: (*syncopated shouting*) N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! N.Y.D!
N.Y.D! It's very important! N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! Mr.
New Year! Mr. New Year! N.Y.D! Urgent! Urgent! Mayday!
N.Y.D! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!!!

As they cross the stage, the AGENTS do whatever N.Y.D. does. He moves fast, they move (and talk fast). He stops dead, the AGENTS stop dead. N.Y.D. starts moving very slowly, the Agents move (and talk) very slowly. N.Y.D. dodges to the left – so do the AGENTS. N.Y.D. fakes to the right – so do the AGENTS.

Finally N.Y.D. takes off with the AGENTS in hot pursuit screaming at the top of their lungs.

AGENTS: (*syncopated shouting*) N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! N.Y.D!
N.Y.D! It's very important! N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! Mr.
New Year! Mr. New Year! N.Y.D! Urgent! Urgent! Mayday!
N.Y.D! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!!! (*they exit*)

WHISTLE: Those Agents were looking at Mr. New Year like a fox looks at a chicken.

CALIA: And N.Y.D. looked like a deer in the headlights.

TEE NINE: And Fish looks like an elephant with the chicken pox.

FISH: *(he has been jumping up and down)* Oooooooh! I gotta know what's going on! I gotta, gotta, gotta!

N.Y.D. runs on breathing heavily. The others have their backs turned to him.

N.Y.D.: Gotta hide!

The others jump and scream at N.Y.D.'s sudden entrance.

FISH, CALIA, WHISTLE & TEE NINE: AH!

N.Y.D.: Gotta hide. Gotta hide.

N.Y.D. starts looking for hiding spots.

WHISTLE: Mr. New Year are you ok?

N.Y.D.: Gotta hide.

WHISTLE: Your face is all splotchy.

N.Y.D.: Gotta hide.

WHISTLE: You should really drink some water.

N.Y.D.: Got! To! Hide!

TEE NINE: I think he wants to hide.

FISH: Quick get behind this chair!

N.Y.D. ducks behind the chair. The others position themselves around the chair, hiding N.Y.D.

FISH: Hey N.Y.D. did you hear the one about the duck and the watermelon?

CALIA: Shhhh!

The TWELVE AGENTS run onstage in a tight ball of arms and legs.

AGENTS: *(syncopated shouting)* N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! N.Y.D!
N.Y.D! It's very important! N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! Mr.
New Year! Mr. New Year! N.Y.D! Urgent! Urgent! Mayday!
N.Y.D! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!!!

They come to a dead stop when they see the group standing in the hall around the chair. The foursome wave at the AGENTS and smile.

CALIA, FISH, WHISTLE & TEE NINE: Hi.

The AGENTS sniff disdainfully.

AGENT ONE: Did N.Y.D. come this way?

The foursome shake their heads in unison.

FISH: Nope.

WHISTLE: Uh uh.

CALIA: Haven't seen him.

The AGENTS sniff disdainfully.

AGENT FOUR: Are you sure?

The foursome nod their heads in unison.

TEE NINE: Yep.

WHISTLE: Uh huh.

CALIA: Positive.

FISH: Say, what's this all about?

AGENTS: (*condescendingly*) What's this what about?

FISH: You know. The chasing, the arms and legs, the screaming...

The foursome wave their arms the way that the AGENTS have done earlier.

FISH, CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: N.Y.D! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!

The AGENTS sniff disdainfully.

AGENT ELEVEN: We don't discuss our business with inferior calendar days.

FISH: Inferior?

CALIA: Inferior?

TEE NINE: Who are you calling inferior?

The AGENTS sniff disdainfully and point out the characters as they name them.

AGENT THREE: Groundhog day?

AGENTS: Ha!

AGENT EIGHT: February 29th?

AGENTS: Ha ha!

AGENT FIVE: April Fool's Day?

AGENTS: Ha ha ha!

AGENT SEVEN: Valentine's Day?

The AGENTS all laugh uproariously.

CALIA: (as the AGENTS laugh) You Agents obviously have no love in your lives.

FISH: (holding out his trick candy can) Any of you guys want some candy?

WHISTLE: (swatting FISH) Fish!

AGENT TEN: Fish!

The AGENTS gasp in horror. They draw back in a matching horrified pose.

TEE NINE: (aside) I think the Twelve Days of Christmas have heard your "tribute."

AGENT ONE: Terrible!

AGENT NINE: Outrageous!

AGENT THREE: Repugnant!

The AGENTS let out three different gasps of horror with three matching poses.

AGENT FOUR: We must get away from these lowlifes.

AGENTS: Yes lets!

AGENT FIVE: N.Y.D. can't be far.

The AGENTS exit, getting in one another's way as they talk.

AGENT TEN: Get out of my way!

AGENT EIGHT: I need to talk to N.Y.D. more than you do.

AGENT THREE: No I do!

AGENT ONE: I do! I do!

TEE NINE: Inferior calendar days? Huh!

WHISTLE: Our days are just fine.

CALIA: Our days are lovely. There's nothing lovelier than Valentine's day, that's for sure. And those... those...

TEE NINE: Snotty jerks -

CALIA: Those – I can't say that!

FISH: I can. And they're being pretty snotty considering they don't even have a day!

N.Y.D.'s voice is heard from behind the chair.

N.Y.D.: That's the problem.

The other scream and leap away from the chair.

FISH, CALIA, WHISTLE & TEE NINE: AH!

N.Y.D.: Geeze Louise.

FISH: Sorry Boss.

WHISTLE: Let me help you up Mr. New Year.

N.Y.D.: Thank you Whistle dear. You're very kind.

WHISTLE: Oh don't mind me.

FISH: N.Y.D., what was all that about?

CALIA: How can they be so... so...

FISH & TEE NINE: Snotty!

WHISTLE: What's going on Mr. New Year?

N.Y.D.: The Twelve Days of Christmas want to be in the calendar. They each want their own day.

The foursome jump back in shock.

CALIA: What?

FISH: How?

TEE NINE: When?

N.Y.D.: Now.

TEE NINE: They can't do that!

CALIA: They can't be in the calendar just like that!

FISH: You can't do that!

WHISTLE: Can you?

N.Y.D.: I can. But I'm not going to.

FISH, CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: (*jumping up*) Hooray!

N.Y.D.: The Twelve Days of Christmas have gone far enough with their

petty demands.

FISH, CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: (*jumping up*) Hooray!

N.Y.D.: If the Twelve Agents can't find me, they can't push their demands.

The group starts to say, "Hooray!" and jump up but stop in the middle of the action when they realise what N.Y.D. has just said.

FISH: What?

N.Y.D.: There's lots of places to hide in the castle.

TEE NINE: What?

N.Y.D.: Eventually they'll give up.

CALIA: What?

N.Y.D.: And then everything will go back to normal.

TEE NINE: *That's* your plan?

FISH: You're going to hide out in the hopes the Agents get tired of chasing you?

N.Y.D.: I better get out of here before they come back.

FISH: But N.Y... N.Y...

N.Y.D.: Don't let them know which way I went. (*He turns to exit. Then turns back singing.*) "Three stench men, Two tickle gloves and a pigeon in poison ivy!" (*He starts to laugh, but it turns into a cough. He makes a face and exits on the run.*)

WHISTLE: I don't get it.

TEE NINE: I'm sure this'll turn out well.

WHISTLE: (*brightly*) You think so?

TEE NINE: No.

FISH: I hate to agree with you Tee Nine. But I totally agree with you. The whole thing seems yucky. (*he gives a big sigh*)

WHISTLE: Let's go get some hot chocolate. That'll make you feel better.

FISH: I don't feel like it.

WHISTLE: We'll make popcorn too. Ooooh! We can make popcorn and cranberry garlands for the Ball!

CALIA: Can I paint hearts on the popcorn?

WHISTLE: Of course!

TEE NINE: (*singing*) "On the ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me – Nine lackeys drooling –"

ALL: "Eight maids a burping, Seven socks a stinking, Six greasy ladles (*loudly*) FIVE MOLD RINGS!"

They exit singing and laughing. Music plays. Lights fade.

SCENE TWO

The same hallway. From offstage there is the sound of tambourines and whistles. JUNE and the JUNETTES march on. They look like suffragettes from the early 20th century wearing sashes that read, "Father's Day" on them. JUNE holds a sign that reads, "Father Day is the best!"

JUNE: (*in rhythm with the march*) Father's Day is the best. Father's Day is the best. Father's Day is the best. Ready?

JUNE and the JUNETTES stop marching.

JUNETTES: Ready!

JUNE: Ready! And sing!

JUNE and the JUNETTES sing The Father's Day Song and beat their tambourines.

JUNE & JUNETTES: (*singing*)

Father's Day is the best day
Of the rest days of the year
It's the best day
And we're here to say
We're going to make it very clear.
Father's Day is the best day
That's our giant guarantee
No other day compares as far as we can see
Christmas and Thanksgiving have no pedigree
Everyone agrees from Banff to Tennessee
Father's Day is the best day of the year!

The JUNETTES shake their tambourines fiercely to end the song.

JUNE: Good work girls. Before we know it, Father's Day will be the most popular day in the whole year!

JUNETTE ONE: But June...

JUNETTE TWO: Ah June...

JUNE: What? Is my sash on crooked?

JUNETTES: There's no one here.

JUNE: What?

JUNETTE ONE: There's no one...

JUNETTE TWO: ...here to convince.

JUNE: They may not be here in the room but they're listening. Someone is always somewhere listening in Calendar Castle. (*The JUNETTES look around as if to catch someone listening.*) Remember that.

JUNETTES: Remembering that Chief!

JUNE: And you never know when the right person is listening. That's why you always have to be on your guard. On your toes. Ready to sing at a moment's notice. I have a good feeling about our campaign, girls. Father's Day is on the up and up! Who knows, we might even get the kids out of school for this.

JUNETTE ONE: But isn't Father's Day on a Sunday?

JUNETTE TWO: The kids are already out of school.

JUNE: Success and Triumph! Onwards and Upwards!

CALIA, WHISTLE and TEE NINE enter.

JUNETTE ONE: There's some people!

JUNETTE TWO: Maybe they're the right people!

JUNETTES: Let's get'em!

The JUNETTES storm the others singing their "Father's Day" song loud and strong, banging their tambourines.

CALIA, WHISTLE & TEE NINE: (*holding one another*) Aaaaaaaaah!!!

JUNE: Stand down troops. Stand down!

WHISTLE: Help!

TEE NINE: Get off of me!

CALIA: Stop banging that tambourine or I'll break it over your head!

JUNE: At ease, at ease Junettes!

The JUNETTES stop their attack and stand at attention beside JUNE.

JUNE: Hey guys. How's it going?

TEE NINE: Oh, we're ok.

JUNE: Great! (to the JUNETTES) Isn't that great?

JUNETTES: That's great Chief!

TEE NINE: June...

JUNE: Yes Tee Nine?

TEE NINE: What are you doing?

JUNE: I'm on the campaign trail.

JUNETTE ONE: Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTE TWO: Better than Mother's Day!

JUNETTES: Get the kids out of school!

JUNE: If the Twelve Days of Christmas can campaign to get into the calendar, then I'm going to do what I can to better my day.

JUNETTE ONE: Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTE TWO: Better than Mother's Day!

CALIA: You'll have to catch N.Y.D. first.

TEE NINE: He hasn't been seen in two weeks.

JUNE: I'm not an obnoxious agent. He'll talk to me. Especially when we sing. Ready girls?

JUNETTES: (holding up their tambourines) Ready!

The JUNETTES start to sing their song. As they do so, they march across stage and exit.

JUNE: (as they exit) Vote for Father's Day!

WHISTLE: Good Luck!

TEE NINE: You'll need it!

FISH: (offstage) Whistle! Calia! Tee Nine! Where are you?

WHISTLE: We're in here, Fish!

TEE NINE: What's he so yelly about?

FISH runs on. He's terribly out of breath and can barely speak.

FISH: Whooo! Whooo! Whooooooo!

WHISTLE: What's up?

FISH: (*gasping for air*) News! Big News! Super Big News!

CALIA: Tell us!

FISH: Can't... talk... ran too fast...

FISH takes in another ragged breath.

TEE NINE: So what do we do?

WHISTLE: I know, I know! We'll play charades!

TEE NINE: What?

WHISTLE: If he can't talk, he can act it out can't he?

FISH claps his hands in agreement. Everyone gathers around to watch him act out the news. FISH claps his hands again. He scratches his head, trying to figure out how many words are in his "big news." He holds up eight fingers.

CALIA: Eight words?

FISH shakes his head and holds up seven fingers.

TEE NINE: Seven words?

FISH shakes his head and starts to flash his whole hand at the group.

WHISTLE: Twenty-seven words? We'll never get it!

TEE NINE: Just pick one!

FISH nods his head in agreement. But he's not sure how to show what he's thinking. He scratches his head. He gets an idea and claps his hands in excitement.

FISH mimes someone opening a present on Christmas morning. He gets the present, shakes it, tries to think about what it could be. Finally, he rips the paper off the box. He opens it and is very excited. He gives a "ta da" pose to the group.

TEE NINE: Maybe you should write it down instead.

WHISTLE: Oh I got it! I got it! They're serving meatballs in the cafeteria for lunch! I love meatballs.

FISH shakes his head and slams his forehead with his hand.

CALIA: That can't be it. He was shaking something.

WHISTLE: They're serving milkshakes in the cafeteria! I love milkshakes. Are they chocolate? Say they're chocolate. I love chocolate!

CALIA: I'm more of a strawberry person.

TEE NINE: Vanilla is the best.

CALIA: Vanilla is too plain.

TEE NINE: Are you saying I'm plain?

FISH: (*taking a big breath*) No, no, no!!! No milkshakes! No chocolate! No strawberry! No vanilla!

WHISTLE: What about meatballs?

FISH: No meatballs either!

TEE NINE: So what is it?

JUNE and the JUNETTES run onstage.

JUNE: Big News!

JUNETTES: Mayday! Mayday!

JUNE: The Twelve Days of Christmas are going on strike!

CALIA, TEE NINE & WHISTLE: WHAT!

FISH: That's it! That's it! That's it!

FISH collapses to the floor.

CALIA: What are you talking about?

TEE NINE: What did you hear?

WHISTLE: What about the Ball?

JUNE: The Agents are giving a press conference right this minute!

CALIA: Let's go!

CALIA, WHISTLE, TEE NINE, JUNE and the JUNETTES run offstage. FISH is left alone.

FISH: Hello? Hey! I'm still here... On the floor... Doesn't anybody care? Wait for me!

He scrambles up and chases after the others.

SCENE THREE

The hallway backdrop is taken away to reveal the grand ballroom, which is in the process of being decorated for the Twelve Days of Christmas Ball.

The twelve AGENTS enter singing Strike Song One.

AGENTS: *(singing)*

The Twelve Days of Christmas are on strike.

Better tell your Uncle Mike

They want an official day

They'll be mad if they don't get their way.

Striiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiike

They're on strike.

The Twelve Days will not sing

Striiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiike

They're on strike.

They won't do one single thing.

By the end of the song the AGENTS end up in a line centre stage. FISH and the others gather in the downstage left corner to listen to the press conference. The AGENTS address the audience.

AGENT ONE: Ladies and Gentlemen.

AGENT TWO: Gentlemen and Ladies.

AGENT THREE: Calendar days one and all.

CALIA and the others cough.

AGENT FOUR: Our Commander-in-Chief, Mr. New Year's Day has decided not to meet our simple request.

AGENT FIVE: Or meet with us period.

AGENT FOUR: He has decided not to have the Twelve Days of Christmas included in the calendar.

CALIA and the others cough very loudly.

AGENT SIX: The Twelve Days of Christmas must fight fire with fire.

JUNE: Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTES: Better than Mother's Day!

WHISTLE: Shhhh!

AGENT SEVEN: The Twelve Days of Christmas are going on strike.

AGENT EIGHT: They will not perform at the Twelve Days of Christmas

Ball.

AGENT NINE: There will be no Twelve Days of Christmas Ball.

WHISTLE: No Ball!

AGENT NINE: That's right. No Ball.

WHISTLE: That's not fair!

AGENT TEN: No questions please.

AGENT ELEVEN: We must get back to our clients.

AGENT TWELVE: They are very upset over this turn of events.

AGENT THREE: Especially the French hens.

AGENT TWO: No, no, the turtle doves are much more upset.

AGENT EIGHT: The maids a-milking are so upset, they can't even milk.

AGENT ELEVEN: The leaping lords can't leap.

AGENT NINE: The ladies can't dance!

AGENT TWELVE: The drummers can't drum!

AGENT FIVE: The gold rings can't... Well, they're very upset!

The AGENTS fall to arguing with one another as they exit.

JUNETTE ONE: (*calling after the AGENTS*) Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTE TWO: Better than Mother's Day!

JUNE: That's what we need. An agent.

CALIA: I can't believe they're going on strike.

WHISTLE: The Twelve Days of Christmas Ball is the highlight of the entire season.

JUNE: I wonder how we get one.

WHISTLE: Everyone looks forward to the Ball.

TEE NINE: Those Days play dirty for sure.

CALIA: They need more love in their lives.

FISH: They play nasty. I bet they aren't above hair-pulling and shooting spit balls.

WHISTLE: I hate spit balls. Yuck.

N.Y.D. enters. His shoulders are slumped. His head

hangs low. He lets out a huge sigh and slumps into a chair.

FISH: Hey boss.

WHISTLE: Gee you don't look so good Mr. New Year.

N.Y.D.: I thought for sure they'd just give up.

JUNE: Agents don't give up for nothing.

N.Y.D.: Tell me about it.

CALIA: What are you going to do?

N.Y.D.: I don't know. I have a terrible headache. *(he groans)*

WHISTLE: Do you need an aspirin?

N.Y.D.: This has never happened before. *(he gives a bigger groan)*

WHISTLE: How about a hot chocolate?

N.Y.D.: What a mess! *(he gives a huge long groan)*

FISH: Boss – don't you worry about this little glitch. *(getting an idea)*
We're going to take care of everything.

TEE NINE: What?

CALIA: How?

WHISTLE: When?

FISH: We'll make sure the Ball goes off without a hitch.

TEE NINE: What?

CALIA: How?

WHISTLE: When?

FISH: You just go take care of your headache and leave the rest to us.

TEE NINE: N.Y.D. if you don't mind, we need to talk to our little friend here.

TEE NINE drags FISH to a corner of the stage. The OTHERS crowd around.

FISH: Hey!

CALIA: Fish! What are you doing?

TEE NINE: Now is not the time for jokes.

FISH: Who's joking?

WHISTLE: Are you sure you're not hiding a rubber chicken behind your back?

FISH: No.

CALIA: You don't have a buzzer hidden in your hand?

FISH: No!

TEE NINE: You don't have a knock-knock joke at the ready?

FISH: No, no, no! Come on guys. Don't you believe me?

OTHERS: NO.

CALIA: The Twelve Days of Christmas aren't going to listen to us.

TEE NINE: We have as much sway as June does making Father's Day popular.

JUNE & JUNETTES: HEY!

FISH: If we solve this, we'll be the cat's meow round here. *(to CALIA and WHISTLE)* They'll have to let you perform at the Ball.

WHISTLE: Ohhhhh. You're being sneaky.

FISH: And June, if you help us out I'll bet N.Y.D. would listen to you about Father's Day.

JUNETTE ONE: Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTE TWO: Better than Mother's Day!

TEE NINE: Why are you being so nice all of a sudden?

FISH: Just trust me all right?

JUNE: All right Fish I'm in. Let's go get 'em!

They all turn around and smile at N.Y.D., who holds his head and groans.

FISH: N.Y.D. don't you worry about a thing.

JUNE: We've got it all under control.

CALIA: One hundred percent!

Everyone poses with huge grins on their faces. N.Y.D. looks at them and groans again.

WHISTLE: *(helping N.Y.D. out of the chair)* Mr. New Year, it'll all be just fine. I give you my word.

N.Y.D.: Now you Whistle, I trust. *(he pats her shoulder)* All right, see what you can do about this mess. *(he sighs)* Why did I have to be

New Year's Day? Why couldn't I be any other day in the whole year? *(he starts to exit)* St. Patrick's Day... Labour Day... a bank holiday would have been nice. *(he exits with a groan)*

FISH: This is going to be the best Ball ever and it'll be all thanks to us!

JUNETTES: Vote for Father's Day! Better than Mother's Day!

Everyone jumps up and down and cheers, except for TEE NINE.

TEE NINE: Except for one thing.

FISH: What?

TEE NINE: You actually have to get the Twelve Days of Christmas to perform.

FISH: Piece of cake.

WHISTLE: So what's the plan?

TEE NINE: And you better be quick about it. The Agents are coming this way.

FISH: *(clapping hands together)* Great! We'll strike while the iron is hot!

JUNETTES: Goooooooooooo Fish!

JUNE: So what do we do?

FISH: Well... *(he clearly doesn't have a plan)* Ok...

TEE NINE: *(looking offstage)* Here they come...

WHISTLE: *(looking offstage)* Hurry Fish!

FISH: Calia! Faint!

CALIA: What?

FISH: Fall on the ground.

CALIA: In this outfit?

FISH: Just do it! *(CALIA gets carefully on the ground. FISH looks at the others.)* Follow my lead. Ok?

The AGENTS stroll onstage, snapping their fingers, being very cocky. They sing Strike Song Two.

AGENTS: *(singing)*

Striiiiiiiiiiiiike They're on strike.

La la la la la.

Striiiiiiiiiiiiike They're on strike.

La la la la la.

The AGENTS blow a big raspberry and laugh.

FISH: Stand back Agents. You don't want to see this.

AGENT FOUR: What's the matter?

FISH: It's nothing, nothing.

AGENT ONE: What is it?

FISH: I tell you it's nothing. It's just a girl, our poor little Calia, our girl with the biggest heart in the world and she's just... in terrible pain.

CALIA: What?

FISH kicks CALIA, who lets out a pitiful moan. JUNE silently confers with the JUNETTES.

FISH: It's merely the suffering of a poor waif of a calendar day.

JUNE and the JUNETTES start to sing the Poor Waif Song. The "Boo hoos" continue underneath the dialogue right up until the chorus.

JUNE & JUNETTES: *(singing underneath throughout)* Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo...

AGENT ELEVEN: What's the matter with her?

AGENT FIVE: She doesn't look like she's suffering.

FISH: Do you not hear her racking cough? *(CALIA coughs)* Her pitiful moans? *(CALIA gives a pitiful moan)* Her wretched breathing? *(CALIA gives a wheezy breath in and out)* Her flailing limbs? *(CALIA flails her limbs)* Her uncontrollable sneezing? *(CALIA kicks him)* Ow!

AGENT SEVEN: I don't hear any sneezing.

CALIA: Achoo.

JUNE & JUNETTES: *(singing)*
Cry, cry for the poor waif
Her heart is sore, her soul does chafe.
Christmas won't be the same this year
Without the poor waif spreading cheer.

The next verse of "Boo hoos" continue under the dialogue until the chorus.

FISH: She is a wretched –

TEE NINE & WHISTLE: Wretched!

FISH: Wretched –

TEE NINE & WHISTLE: Wretched!

FISH: Wretched, (*He hits the others before they repeat “wretched” again.*) wretched, shell of a girl for one reason and one reason only.

TEE NINE & WHISTLE: One reason!

CALIA: Let me speak!

TEE NINE & WHISTLE: The poor waif wishes to speak!

CALIA: Hold me up.

TEE NINE & WHISTLE: The poor waif wishes to be held up!

CALIA: It would be my greatest wish...

TEE NINE & WHISTLE: The poor waif has a greatest wish!

JUNE and the JUNETTES sing again. This time, even the AGENTS join in.

JUNE, JUNETTES & AGENTS: (*singing*)

Cry, cry for the poor waif.

Her heart is sore, her soul does chafe.

She looks like a cold dead fish

Lean in to hear her greatest wish.

There is silence as everyone leans in to hear what CALIA has to say.

CALIA: (*almost a whisper*) It would be my greatest wish to hear a song.

FISH: (*loud*) A song!

TEE NINE, WHISTLE, JUNE & JUNETTES: A song!

AGENTS: A song!

FISH: If only there was a song. A special song that could lift our poor waif's spirits. If only. If only.

JUNE and the JUNETTES start again with the “Boo hoo’s.” FISH gestures frantically to them. They turn the “Boo Hoo”s into “Ba da da’s.” This is The Christmas Song Song. FISH begins to sing.

FISH: (*singing*)

If only there was a song to sing.

A Christmas song to sing.

We would gladly sing along

Oh what joy a Christmas song could bring.

There's no other season
 Where singing has more reason.
 Carols fill us up with delight
 While shepherds wash their socks by night.

If only there was a song to sing
 A Christmas song to sing.
 We would gladly sing along
 Oh what joy a Christmas song could bring

A song to light up me and you
 No simple Jingle Bells will do.
 A song to out-deck Deck the Halls
 Better than when three kings call

If only there was a song to sing
 A Christmas song to sing.
 We would gladly sing along
 Oh what joy a Christmas song could bring!!!

CALIA: Are you listening?

AGENTS: Yes!

CALIA: Do you hear me?

AGENTS: Yes, yes!

CALIA: It would be my greatest wish to hear the Twelve Days of
 Christmas perform their special song at the Twelve Days of
 Christmas Ball one last time.

FISH: Do you hear that Agents? Do you hear?

JUNE, WHISTLE, TEE NINE & JUNETTES: We hear!

FISH: One last round from the Twelve Days of Christmas. Is that so
 much to ask?

JUNE, WHISTLE, TEE NINE & JUNETTES: No!

FISH: Is that beyond reason?

JUNE, WHISTLE, TEE NINE & JUNETTES: No!

FISH: What do you say Agents? Will you ask your dear, sweet, loving,
 kind, generous, beautiful clients for one last round of the Twelve
 Days of Christmas?

AGENTS: No!

FISH: What?

CALIA: What?

JUNE: Come again?

FISH: You don't want to help the poor waif?

CALIA gives a pitiful cough.

AGENT SIX: The Twelve Days of Christmas are on strike.

AGENT TWO: And they're going to stay on strike till their demands are met.

AGENTS EIGHT: They're certainly not going to listen to someone who calls them the Twelve "drecks" of Christmas.

The AGENTS all sniff. They exit singing.

AGENTS: (*singing*) Striiike, They're on strike. They're on strike...

FISH: Oh rats.

JUNE: Nice try Fish.

WHISTLE: You even had me convinced!

CALIA: I flailed my arms as best I could.

JUNE: I guess the Ball is cancelled after all.

JUNETTES: Awwwwwwww.

FISH: We're not giving up!

TEE NINE: We're not?

FISH: It's on to plan B.

TEE NINE: What's plan B?

FISH: I don't know yet! Give me a second.

They all pace the stage as waiting music plays. FISH claps his hands and jumps up and down.

FISH: I got it, I got it, I got it! We don't need the Twelve drecks of Christmas for the Ball.

WHISTLE: But it's their Ball.

FISH: Everyone's been saying the Ball's cancelled if they don't perform. But why? We can come up with our own Twelve Days of Christmas. We don't need partridges or gold rings or pipers or geese or swimming swans. We're going to get a better group for the song. A super duper Twelve Days of Christmas!

CALIA: How?

FISH: We're all going to have to work together. Search Calendar Castle high and low. Round up all the days of the year. Go to Calendars in other countries even.

JUNE: For what?

FISH: Donations! See what Days can pass along for a new version of the Twelve Days of Christmas. We'll come up with a better song and a better Ball! Everyone will love it! June!

JUNE: Yes sir!

FISH: You and the Junettes focus on June, July and August.

JUNE: You got it!

JUNE and the JUNETTES run off.

FISH: Tee Nine –

TEE NINE: This will never work.

FISH: Mr. Positive, I'll give you all my rubber chickens if this doesn't work. And my sneeze powder. And my snakes in a can.

WHISTLE: That's serious.

FISH: You're on September to December with Calia.

CALIA: Come on Mr. Positive.

CALIA and TEE NINE exit.

FISH: Whistle, you're going to do the beginning of the year and I'll do the spring. I already have a great idea for the first day of Christmas. Wilber.

WHISTLE: Wilber?

FISH: Yes.

WHISTLE: You want my Wilber?

FISH: You bet I do! (*singing*) On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me, a groundhog in a pear tree!"

FISH and WHISTLE run off. Music plays.

SCENE FOUR

Music plays. The hallway backdrop returns. FISH enters pushing a small cart piled with coloured paper. Paper is streaming out in lengths behind and falling on the floor. Everyone runs in from different directions with coloured pieces of paper to add to FISH's pile.

WHISTLE holds a picnic basket. TEE NINE looks very pouty with his arms crossed.

FISH: Let's run down the list. *(he pulls a piece of paper from the pile)*
I'm donating rubber chickens.

CALIA: Valentines for me.

FISH: Wilber is going in the pear tree.

WHISTLE: *(talking to the picnic basket)* Don't be scared Wilber. I won't let you fall.

TEE NINE: I still don't see why you won't use my lost birthdays.

FISH: Have a heart Tee Nine. How do we show lost birthdays?

TEE NINE: I'll show you lost birthdays.

JUNE runs in, waving papers.

JUNE: You're gonna love this! We've got maple leaves from Canada for Canada Day and straw dummies for Guy Fawkes Day from England.

FISH: That's great June! What else?

CALIA: *(wading through the papers)* Turkeys for Thanksgiving.

WHISTLE: *(wadding through the papers)* Dreidels for Hanukkah.

CALIA: Leprechauns for St. Patrick's Day.

WHISTLE: Easter bunnies for Easter.

JUNE: And of course, neckties for Father's Day.

JUNETTE ONE runs in waving coloured papers.

JUNETTE ONE: Flowers for Mother's Day! We've got Flowers for Mother's Day!

JUNE: Junette! What are you helping Mother's Day for?

JUNETTE ONE: Sorry Chief. Vote for Father's Day!

FISH: How many is that?

Everyone wades through the papers, flinging them left and right.

CALIA: Eleven.

FISH: We need one more...

Everyone wades through the papers, flinging them left and right.

TEE NINE: You like my lost birthdays now don't you?

JUNETTE TWO runs in frantically waving her piece of coloured paper.

JUNETTE TWO: I got the mother lode! I got the mother lode!! !! Got! It!

JUNETTE TWO tumbles to the ground, rolls over and over and lands centre stage. She doesn't move for a second, then thrusts her paper high in the air. FISH takes it from her.

WHISTLE: What is it Fish?

FISH: Elves. Eight Eager Elves.

Everyone gasps.

CALIA: Christmas Day is getting in on this?

TEE NINE: She's going against The Twelve Days of Christmas?

WHISTLE: She's donating elves?

EVERYONE: Ooooooooooooooh.

WHISTLE: That's unbelievable!

FISH: That's gotta to tell you we're on the right track!

CALIA: Hip hip hooray for us! Hip hip!

EVERYONE: Hooray!

CALIA: Hip hip!

EVERYONE: Hooray!

JUNETTE ONE: Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTE TWO: Better than Mother's Day!

FISH: Ok everybody. *(he waves coloured paper)* Here's the song!

FISH hands out the song to everyone onstage. Everyone babbles as they look over the papers.

FISH: Is everybody ready?

EVERYBODY: Ready!

FISH: Here we go!

Everyone sings the song. In the middle of the song, the Twelve AGENTS come skidding onstage as if they can't believe what they hear. By the end, they are falling over themselves in laughter.

ALL: *(singing New Twelve Days of Christmas)*

On the Twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me...

Twelve flower bunches

Eleven maple leaves

Ten dancing leprechauns

Nine spinning dreidels

Eight eager elves

Seven turkeys squawking

Six straw dummies

Five rubber chickens!

Four Easter bunnies

Three neckties

Two valentines

And a groundhog in a pear tree!

The singers glare at the laughing AGENTS.

TEE NINE: What's so funny?

JUNETTES: Yeah?

AGENT FOUR: What?

AGENT TWELVE: What?

AGENTS: What was that?

FISH: *(aside)* Whistle, go get N.Y.D. now.

WHISTLE quietly exits.

JUNE: None of your beeswax.

CALIA: Yeah. We're busy.

TEE NINE: You just go mind your own business.

JUNE: Worry about your precious clients.

CALIA: Make sure the geese have their straw.

AGENT ONE: Is that...

AGENT EIGHT: ...that...

AGENT THREE: Atrocity!

AGENT TEN: Horror!

AGENT TWO: Outrage!

AGENT ONE: ...supposed to be the Twelve Days of Christmas?

CALIA: Maybe it is.

JUNE: Maybe it's not.

JUNETTES: Yeah.

AGENT THREE: Three Neckties?

AGENT FIVE: Five Rubber chickens?

AGENT TEN: Ten Dancing Leprechauns?

AGENTS: And a Groundhog in a Pear tree?

AGENT EIGHT: It's a nightmare!

AGENT FOUR: Preposterous!

TEE NINE: Maybe you should get your hearing checked.

AGENT ELEVEN: Now you listen here you little nincompoops.

JUNE: Who are you calling a nincompoop you nincompoop!

Everyone starts arguing. WHISTLE enters with N.Y.D.

WHISTLE: Here he is Fish.

N.Y.D.: *(over the din)* What's going on here?

Everyone falls silent, then starts yelling at once.

AGENTS: *(syncopated)* N.Y.D! N.Y.D! They're making a mockery of the
Twelve Days of Christmas N.Y.D! Make them stop it! N.Y.D!
N.Y.D! They're ruining everything! N.Y.D!

OTHERS: N.Y.D! N.Y.D! Who cares about the Twelve Days of
Christmas! N.Y.D! Listen to us! N.Y.D! N.Y.D! They're butting in!
N.Y.D!

N.Y.D.: *(over the din)* That's enough!

Everyone falls silent.

N.Y.D.: Fish. Would you please explain to me what's going on?

FISH: Well. *(he clears his throat)* N.Y.D. We've solved all your
problems.

AGENTS: HA!

N.Y.D.: The Twelve Days of Christmas are going to perform at the Ball?

AGENTS: NO!

FISH: We've got something better than that. Who needs the Twelve Drecks – I mean Days of Christmas?

AGENTS: EVERYONE!

FISH: Everyone looks forward to going to the Ball. It's a tradition! (*he thrusts a paper at N.Y.D.*) Here N.Y.D. We've got all the talent lined up and ready to go.

AGENTS: Talent? HA!

FISH: We're prepared to give the performance of a lifetime.

AGENTS: HA! HA!

FISH: It's a new version of the Twelve Days of Christmas. A better version.

AGENTS: HA! HA! HA!

AGENT ELEVEN: No one can perform like the Twelve Days of Christmas.

AGENT TWO: You know that and I know that.

AGENTS: We all know that!

AGENT EIGHT: This April Fool is trying to make fools of us all.

N.Y.D.: I like it.

AGENTS: What?

N.Y.D.: I like it. I think it's a great idea.

AGENTS: What?

N.Y.D.: You're right. Who needs the Twelve Days of Christmas?

AGENTS: What?

N.Y.D.: Good job Fish.

AGENTS: What?

N.Y.D.: There's a new Twelve Days of Christmas in town. (*to the AGENTS*) Ta ta!

N.Y.D. turns and exits. The AGENTS stand there agog for a moment. They look at one another in amazement. Then they chase after N.Y.D. with great speed and

frantic movements.

AGENTS: (*syncopated*) N.Y.D! N.Y.D! N.Y.D! We need to talk!
Mayday! Mayday! N.Y.D! Mr. New Year! Mr. New Year! N.Y.D!!!

The others cheer and hug one another.

JUNE: We did it! We did it!

CALIA: Hip hip hooray!

EVERYONE: Hooray!

FISH: (*he claps his hands*) All right everyone. We've got work to do if we're going to perform at the Ball!

Everyone cheers as they exit.

SCENE FIVE

Music plays. The hallway backdrop is taken away to reveal the grand ballroom. The ballroom is now being decorated with decorations from the new Twelve Days of Christmas.

FISH, JUNE and the JUNETTES, CALIA, WHISTLE and TEE NINE enter with the new decorations. They are singing New Twelve Days of Christmas.

FISH, JUNE, JUNETTES, CALIA, WHISTLE & TEE NINE: (*singing*)
On the Twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me...
Twelve flower bunches
Eleven maple leaves
Ten dancing leprechauns
Nine spinning dreidels
Eight eager elves
Seven turkeys squawking
Six straw dummies
Five rubber chickens!
Four Easter bunnies
Three neckties
Two valentines
And a groundhog in a pear tree!

WHISTLE: This is going to be the best Twelve Days of Christmas Ball ever.

FISH: These decorations look great.

JUNETTES: Thanks Fish!

TEE NINE: This is a whole different side to you Fish.

FISH: You think?

CALIA: You actually look responsible.

JUNE: And serious.

WHISTLE: You haven't pulled a practical joke all week!

TEE NINE: Are you sure there's not another reason you're so into this?

FISH: Like what?

TEE NINE: Like some monster big practical joke in the works?

FISH: (*ignoring TEE NINE*) June, are you and the Junette's ready with your number?

JUNE: You bet we are! Thanks for letting us get the word out there about Father's Day.

JUNETTE ONE: Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTE TWO: Better than Mother's Day!

JUNE: Let's go Junettes!

JUNETTE ONE: Vote for Father's Day!

JUNETTE TWO: Better than Mother's Day!

They exit singing their "Father's Day Song."

TEE NINE: Fish...

FISH: (*ignoring TEE NINE*) Whistle, is Wilber going to be all right tonight?

WHISTLE: He's going to be great.

FISH: Not too nervous? I wouldn't want the star of the show getting nervous.

WHISTLE: He'll be just fine.

TEE NINE: Fish...

CALIA: (*running up*) Everyone is so excited about the Ball, Fish! The whole castle is abuzz.

FISH: That's just what I want to hear.

JUNE and the JUNETTES come running in blowing whistles and banging on their tambourines.

JUNE: Mayday! Mayday!

FISH: I get the feeling this isn't what I want to hear.

JUNE: It's the Agents, Fish. They're saying the Twelve Days of Christmas are back in action!

EVERYONE: What?

The AGENTS enter, single file, all looking very smug. They sing Strike Song Three.

AGENTS: *(singing)* Baaaaaaaaaaaaaalll
The Twelve Days of Christmas Ball
Here's a hullabaloo.
Baaaaaaaaaaaaaalll
The Twelve Days of Christmas Ball.
All your plans are done and through.

The AGENTS gather on the side of the stage. They cross their arms looking smugly at the others.

FISH: What are you talking about?

AGENTS: Hmmmmm?

FISH: What's going on about the Twelve Days of Christmas Ball?

AGENT ONE: You'll have to talk to N.Y.D. about that.

The AGENTS look at one another and whistle nonchalantly. N.Y.D. enters. He is surprised to see everyone there. He freezes.

N.Y.D.: Oh boy.

He turns as if trying and make a getaway. WHISTLE, FISH, JUNE, CALIA, TEE NINE and the JUNETTES cut him off.

FISH: What's going on Boss?

N.Y.D.: Nothing.

N.Y.D. fakes around them and tries to run out the opposite side of the stage. The group cuts him off again.

CALIA: What about the Ball?

N.Y.D.: *(looking as if there's something shocking in the audience)*
What's that?

EVERYONE: *(turning to look)* What?

As everyone looks, N.Y.D. makes his escape again. Again the group cuts him off.

JUNE: You have some explaining to do.

JUNETTES: Yeah!

N.Y.D.: Oh dear. I just thought... I was hoping I wouldn't run into you... but you're all here...

WHISTLE touches N.Y.D. on the arm.

WHISTLE: Mr. New Year. Will you please tell us what's going on?

N.Y.D.: Well. *(he clears his throat)* Ha. It seems that everything has worked out for the best. Ha ha. The Agents here came to me and we were able to work out our differences and the Twelve Days of Christmas are going to perform at the Ball. After all. That's it, gotta go.

WHISTLE: What?

N.Y.D.: That's right. The alternative version of the Twelve Days of Christmas was a great idea...

AGENTS: HA!

N.Y.D.: But no longer necessary. *(pause)* Because there's no strike. *(pause)* So everything is back to normal. *(pause)* Ok... gotta go.

N.Y.D. turns and is about to make a run for it when WHISTLE stops him in his tracks.

WHISTLE: STOP RIGHT THERE MR. NEW YEAR!

N.Y.D. freezes.

JUNETTES: Uh oh.

WHISTLE: Tee Nine will you hold Wilber for me. *(holding out her picnic basket)*

TEE NINE: Oh Whistle he doesn't like -

WHISTLE: Hold the basket!

TEE NINE: *(taking the basket)* Yep, sure, whatever you say.

N.Y.D. is still frozen. WHISTLE stalks over to him.

FISH: Ah, Whistle, you might want to calm down a little and -

WHISTLE: *(ignoring FISH)* Mr. New Year – you are not a nice man.

The AGENTS gasp in disbelief.

WHISTLE: *(looking back at the AGENTS)* Oh you be quiet! *(turning back towards N.Y.D.)* You didn't deal with the Agents when you had the chance, you made them go to the extreme to get what they wanted and you just cheerfully let us get caught in the middle. We

were trying to help you! I agreed to put my Wilber in a pear tree to help you and you have just pushed us aside. Well that is just not nice and not very Christmasy either. You should be ashamed of yourself Mr. New Year. Very, very, very, very, very, very, very (*she takes a breath*)

FISH: Whistle...

WHISTLE: I'm not finished! Very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, (*She takes another breath. No one moves.*) Very ashamed. Now, I'm going to take my Wilber and I'm going to go make myself some hot chocolate with marshmallows. That's how upset I am Mr. New Year. With marshmallows.

N.Y.D.: Oh Whistle, please don't be mad at me. I know I messed everything up. I hate being Mr. New Year. I'm no good at being in charge and I'm no good at solving problems. I'd rather be any other calendar day. ANY other day. I would do anything, absolutely ANYTHING not to be Mr. New Year.

WHISTLE: Gee I'd love to be in charge of the year. I think it would be fun.

The AGENTS break out laughing.

AGENT FIVE: You?

AGENT NINE: You?

AGENTS: You?

AGENT THREE: You'd never be able to run the year.

AGENT SEVEN: You're quiet as a mouse.

AGENT SIX: You're so timid.

AGENT ELEVEN: You're the most inferior of all calendar days.

WHISTLE: I think I'd do a great job.

FISH: Hmmmmm. If only you could switch days.

TEE NINE: You can't though.

CALIA: Well, why not? Who says you have to stay the day you're given?

AGENTS: We do!

JUNE: There aren't any rules; It just hasn't been done before!

JUNETTE ONE: Vote for Whistle!

JUNETTE TWO: She's the one!

JUNETTES: She can get the job done!

FISH: Vote for Whistle!

CALIA: Vote for Whistle!

TEE NINE: Vote for Whistle!

Everyone but the AGENTS cheer.

WHISTLE: What about it Mr. New Year? Would you like to be Groundhog Day?

The AGENTS burst out laughing.

AGENT ONE: Listen to her!

AGENT TWO: Listen to her!

N.Y.D.: I'd love to!

The AGENTS gasp in horror.

AGENT THREE: Listen to him!

WHISTLE: All you have to do is take care of Wilber.

AGENT FOUR: N.Y.D...

N.Y.D.: I've always wanted a pet.

AGENT TEN: N.Y.D....

WHISTLE: (*handing over the picnic basket*) He's a great pet. Bye Wilber!

AGENT TWELVE: N.Y.D!!!

N.Y.D.: (*handing over the New Year's Day sash to WHISTLE*) And all you have to do is solve problems. Have fun!

WHISTLE: I will!

N.Y.D.: I feel great! (*singing to the tune of the Father's Day Song*) Groundhog Day is the best day of the rest days of the year!

The AGENTS start to babble as N.Y.D. dances off.

AGENTS: (*syncopated*) N.Y.D. you just can't leave! You can't leave this person in charge! Now you listen here! You have to do what we say! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!

After N.Y.D. exits, the AGENTS turn on WHISTLE.

AGENTS: (*syncopated*) You can't be in charge! We don't want you in charge! You go back and switch jobs right now! Right now! We want Mr. New Year back! N.Y.D. come back! N.Y.D. come back!

N.Y.D! N.Y.D!

As the AGENTS continue babbling, WHISTLE moves over to JANE and whispers in her ear.

JANE: QUIET!!!

The AGENTS stop talking in shock.

WHISTLE: Thank you Jane. Now. We have a small problem. What to do about the Ball?

The AGENTS start babbling all at once.

JANE: QUIET!!!

WHISTLE: Thank you Jane. This problem is easy to solve. We're all going to perform at the Ball!

The AGENTS gasp in horror.

AGENT THREE: We'll never agree to that.

AGENTS: Never, never, never!

AGENT TWELVE: The Twelve Days of Christmas will just go back on strike!

WHISTLE: Well, if that's what you need to do, then that's what you need to do. It doesn't sound very Christmasy to me. If the Twelve Days want to perform, that's great. If they don't, they can still come to the Ball. I think the new decorations are swell!

JANE: Let's hear it for Ms. New Year. Hip Hip -

JUNETTES: Hooray!

JANE: Hip hip -

JUNETTES: Hooray!

WHISTLE: Problem solved! Now there's lots to do for the Ball. Let's go! Agents, have you ever made popcorn and cranberry garlands? You really should. They smell so nice!

WHISTLE exits. The AGENTS follow behind babbling.

AGENTS: (syncopated) N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!
It's very important! N.Y.D! We need to talk to you! Ms. New Year!
Ms. New Year! N.Y.D! Urgent! Urgent! Mayday! N.Y.D! N.Y.D!
N.Y.D!!!

JUNE & JUNETTES: Vote for Whistle! She's the best! Yay Whistle! (they exit after WHISTLE)

FISH: Come on guys, we have to keep up with them.

CALIA: What for?

FISH: I may have “accidentally” got some itching powder on the Agents. It should activate any second now.

From offstage there is the howl from the AGENTS as they start to itch.

FISH: Come on! *(he exits on the run – singing)* “Four falling herds, three stench men, two tickle gloves...”

CALIA and TEE NINE look at each other.

CALIA & TEE NINE: And a groundhog in a pear tree!

They laugh and exit behind FISH. Music plays.

The cast comes out to take their bows. After everyone has bowed, FISH steps forward.

FISH: Before we go, we wanted to sing The Twelve Days of Christmas with you. We could sing the ordinary version. Or we could sing the alternate version that we came up with for the Ball. Oooooor, we could sing my version, The Twelve Drecks of Christmas with the stinky socks and the mold rings. What version would you like?

FISH listens for the audience’s response. Sing whatever version they shout out, which more than likely will be FISH’s tribute version.

FISH: All right then! *(to the AGENTS)* Can you guys help me out?

The AGENTS step forward and sing through each day in Twelve Drecks of Christmas - end.

AGENT TWELVE: Twelve tummies rumbling.

AGENT ELEVEN: Eleven plumbers plumbing.

AGENT TEN: Ten floorboards creaking

AGENT NINE: Nine lackeys drooling.

AGENT EIGHT: Eight maids a burping.

AGENT SEVEN: Seven socks a stinking.

AGENT SIX: Six greasy ladles.

AGENT FIVE: Five mold rings!

AGENT FOUR: Four falling herds.

AGENT THREE: Three stench men.

AGENT TWO: Two tickle gloves.

AGENT ONE: And a pigeon in poison ivy!

FISH: All right everybody. Here we go!

Everyone sings.

EVERYONE: (*singing*)

On the Twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me...

Twelve tummies rumbling

Eleven plumbers plumbing

Ten floorboards creaking

Nine lackeys drooling

Eight maids a burping

Seven socks a stinking

Six greasy ladles

Five MOLD RINGS!

Four falling herds

Three stench men

Two tickle gloves

And a pigeon in poison ivy!

FISH: Merry Christmas everybody!

The cast waves to the audience and exits.

— THE END —

The Twelve Drecks of Christmas

Calia, Tee Nine, Whistle

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are: "On the eighth day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me".

At measure 4, the time signature changes to 3/4. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Eight maids a-burp-ing, Se-ven socks a-stink-ing, Six grea-sy la-dles, Five mold_".

At measure 8, the time signature changes to 3/4. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: "rings! Four fal-ling herds, Three stench men, Two tic-kle gloves, and a".

At measure 12, the time signature changes to 3/4. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: "pi - geon in poi - son i - - vy!".

Dynamic markings include *Calia* above the first measure, *All* above the fourth measure, *Calia* above the eighth measure, and *All* above the twelfth measure.

Father's Day

June & the Junettes

Music by Kristin Gauthier

Lyrics by Lindsay Price

June

Fa-ther's Day is the best day of the rest days of the year It's the

Junette 1

Fa-ther's Day is the best day of the rest days of the year It's the

Junette 2

Fa-ther's Day is the best day of the rest days of the year It's the

5

J

best day and we're here to say we're going to make it ve-ry clear that Fa-ther's Day is the

J1

best day and we're here to say we're going to make it ve-ry clear that Fa-ther's Day is the

J2

best day and we're here to say we're going to make it ve-ry clear that Fa-ther's Day is the

10

J

best day That's our gi-ant guar-an-tee

J1

best day That's our gi-ant guar-an-tee

J2

best day That's our gi-ant guar-an-tee (Big Gasp) No o-ther day com-pares as

LINDSAY PRICE / KRISTIN GAUTHIER

Father's Day

2
74

J

Ev-ry-one a-grees from

J1

(Big Gasp) Christ-mas and Thanks-giv-ing have no ped-i-gree

J2

far as we can see

18

J

Banff to Ten-nes-see Fa-ther's Day is the best day of the year!

J1

(Big Gasp) ee Fa-ther's Day is the best day of the year!

J2

(Big Gasp) ee Fa-ther's Day is the best day of the year!

Strike Song

The Twelve days of Christmas are on strike Bet - ter tell your Un - cle Mike

They want an of - fi - cial day They'll be mad if they don't get their way

Strike ————— They're on strike The

Twelve days will not sing ————— Strike —————

They're on strike They won't do one sin - gle thing.

Lyrics by Lindsay Price
melody Angels We Have Heard on High
 Arr Kristin Gauthier



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