

Sat, Dec 5*10am - 4:30pm*

Catelyn Lawrence
 Andrea Malcolm
 Grant Malcolm
 Molly May Rockwell
 Samuel Ea
 Ashley Tone
 Noel Clark
 Nathanael Clark
 Jeff Schonhoff
 Jonathan Rizzo
 Riley Unterbug
 Emily Glover
 Elana Ebensberger

Sun, Dec 6*2pm - 6pm*

Catelyn Lawrence
 Andrea Malcolm
 Jeff Schonhoff
 Ashley Tone
 AnnaGrace Smith
 Lainey Gerard
 Madison Faria

Sat, Dec 12*10am - 4:30pm*

Catelyn Lawrence
 Andrea Malcolm
 Grant Malcolm
 Molly May Rockwell
 Samuel Ea
 Noel Clark
 Nathanael Clark
 Jeff Schonhoff
 Jonathan Rizzo
 Riley Unterbug
 Emily Glover
 Elana Ebensberger
 AnnaGrace Smith
 Lainey Gerard
 Madison Faria

Sun, Dec 13*2pm - 6pm*

Catelyn Lawrence
 Andrea Malcolm
 Grant Malcolm
 Molly May Rockwell
 Samuel Ea
 Ashley Tone
 Noel Clark
 Nathanael Clark
 Jeff Schonhoff
 Riley Unterbug
 Emily Glover
 Elana Ebensberger
 AnnaGrace Smith
 Lainey Gerard
 Madison Faria
 Natalie Kramer

Thurs, Dec 17*6pm - dress rehearsal***Fri, Dec 18***call 6pm, show 7pm***Sat, Dec 19***call 6pm, show 7pm***Sun, Dec 20***call 1pm, show 2pm**call 6pm, show 7pm*

YC Family Theatre:**Emily Screw: A Christmas Tale**

December 2020

CAST:**THE SCREW HOUSEHOLD:**Emily Screw.**Andrea Malcolm**Lord Screw.**Matt Kramer**Lady Screw.**Molly May Rockwell**Lottie, Emily's maid.**AnnaGrace Smith****THE STREET WORKERS:**Pockets, a lamplighter.**Samuel Ea**Checkers, a lamplighter.**Grant Malcolm**Flora, a flower girl.**Emily Glover**Daisy, a flower girl.**Riley Unterbug****THE TOYS:**Cinnamon Starlight.**Catelyn Lawrence**Coco Starlight.**Ashley Tone**Piccadilly, a puppet.**Jeff Schonhoff**Galaxia, a superhero figure.**Lainey Gerard**Patches, a rag doll.**Madison Faria**The Angel.**Natalie Kramer****EAST END CHARITY HOME:**Mrs. Goodfellow, the proprietress.**Noel Clark**Hope, an orphan.**Elana Ebensberger**Sprout Crutch, an orphan.**Jonathan Rizzo**Bellows, an orphan.**Nathanael Clark**

SYNOPSIS:

Set in a storybook-style blend of modern and Victorian London (and a loose variation of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*), Emily Screw is a selfish, spoiled, mean-spirited young heiress to the great Screw Estate. She is a terror to her family and everyone around her. But on this Christmas Eve, her badly treated toys come to life to not only show her the consequences of her decisions, but the reality of the Miracle Child who was born in a manger, in a whirlwind night that will change Emily's life forever. . . .

CHARACTER BREAKDOWNS:

The Screw Household:

EMILY SCREW (ANDREA MALCOLM) - selfish, spoiled, and mean-spirited, a "miracle child" who was born on Christmas Day (despite Lord and Lady Screw always being told they could never have children); she is the only heiress to the Screw Estate and uses this fact to manipulate her parents and bully everyone else around her; she is symbolic of humankind itself, which deserved no forgiveness but received it anyway when Jesus came to die for the sins of all human beings. ***British accent***

LORD SCREW (MATT KRAMER) - Emily's well-meaning but fumbling father, the classic "pip pip and tally ho" British gent whose enthusiasm over having an heir to the estate has caused him to overindulge his daughter; often fumbles for the right words to say and is easily manipulated by Emily. ***British accent***

LADY SCREW (MOLLY MAY ROCKWELL) - Emily's proper and well-mannered mother, well-bred on how to behave in high circles; she is more practical than Lord Screw and is openly concerned about her daughter's growing rebellion; Emily doesn't get along with her mother since Lady Screw doesn't give in to Emily's manipulations. ***British accent***

LOTTIE (ANNAGRACE SMITH) - Emily's long-suffering personal maid, who was intended to be a companion to Emily since they are close in age, but Emily refuses to be friends with a servant, treating Lottie as badly as everyone else; Lottie hates her position but is an orphan so she is trapped in it. ***British accent***

The Street Workers:

POCKETS (SAMUEL EA) - a friendly, easy-going lamplighter who seems perfectly satisfied with his lowly position in life and fully aware of the story that is unfolding before the audience; he has a friendship with Flora the flower girl that is blossoming into something more than just a friendship.

British or Cockney accent

CHECKERS (GRANT MALCOLM) - a young street urchin who is now Pockets' assistant lamplighter; he likes Daisy, and eagerly and enthusiastically seeks to win her approval, though his awkward and clumsy attempts at impressing her usually backfire; like Pockets, he is also aware of the events that are happening in Emily Screw's life. ***British or Cockney accent***

FLORA (EMILY GLOVER) - a humble, sweet-spirited flower girl, who looks after Daisy the way Pockets looks after Checkers; she likes Pockets the same way he likes her, though she is hesitant to progress in their relationship since he is above her station in life. ***British accent***

DAISY (RILEY UNTERBUG) - Flora's young companion who also sells flowers on the street; she is more outspoken than Flora, and a bit prissy around Checkers, annoyed by his clumsy attempts to win her affection (though she is secretly delighted that Checkers likes her so much). ***British accent***

Emily's Toys:

THE STARLIGHT GIRLS:

CINNAMON (CATELYN LAWRENCE)

COCO (ASHLEY TONE)

a duo of hip, trendy, singing dolls, with Valley Girl-like speech and very perky, overly cheesy personalities, though very sweet and warm-hearted at the same time; they disapprove of Emily's behavior and are very no-nonsense in dealing with her. ***American accent, very Valley Girl***

PICCADILLY (JEFF SCHONHOFF) - a laidback, Cockney marionette with a loose, wobbly way of moving and walking (a bit like the Scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*); quite knowledgeable about life and very patient with Emily. ***British or Cockney accent***

GALAXIA (LAINEY GERARD) - a superhero action figure who seems to think her fictional backstory is actually real and is going on right now; she also repeatedly advertises her own products.

PATCHES (MADISON FARIA) - a sweet, innocent, cuddly rag doll, the most playful of all the toys who delights in games and sees this Christmas Eve adventure as nothing more than a big play date. ***British accent***

THE ANGEL (NATALIE KRAMER) - a music box ballerina who appears throughout Emily's journey and symbolizes the "angel of the Lord" from the Nativity.

East End Charity Home:

of which the Screws are the sole donors, having to cut their support this Christmas in order to pay for all of Emily's extravagant birthday/Christmas presents

MRS. GOODFELLOW (NOEL CLARK) - the proprietress of the crumbling, tottering East End Charity Home, a shelter for orphans, widows, and the poor. She is cheerful, hearty, and ever-optimistic in spite of being a poor widow herself, a raucous and spirited working-class woman. ***British or Cockney accent***

HOPE (ELANA EBENSBERGER) - a streetwise, tough-talking orphan and Mrs. Goodfellow's unofficial assistant in the East End home; despite her name, she is typically negative and sarcastic, and has the most "chip on her shoulder" attitude about her poor station in life. ***British or Cockney accent***

SPROUT CRUTCH (JONATHAN RIZZO) - a cheerful, warm-hearted orphan who suffers from a serious, and possibly life-threatening, illness; he partially uses a wheelchair to get around and is perfectly content with his simple, meager life. ***British or Cockney accent***

BELLOWS (NATHANAEL CLARK) - a good-natured orphan with a bad nervous stutter; though not related, he assumes the role of Sprout's older brother most of the time and is easily the most fumbling and jittery of the orphans. ***British or Cockney accent***

MUSICAL NUMBERS:

- "A Lamplighter's Welcome". . . .Pockets (*Samuel Ea*)
Checkers (*Grant Malcolm*)
- "Welcome Part 2/Carol of the Screw". .Pockets (*Samuel Ea*)
Checkers (*Grant Malcolm*)
Flora (*Emily Glover*)
Daisy (*Riley Unterbug*)
Hope (*Elana Ebensberger*)
Bellows (*Nathanael Clark*)
Sprout (*Jonathan Rizzo*)
- "Merry Christmas (What Does It Mean?)". .Emily Screw (*Andrea Malcolm*)
- "Why Can't a Child".Lord Screw (*Matt Kramer*)
Lady Screw (*Molly May Rockwell*)
Lottie (*AnnaGrace Smith*)
- "Mine".Emily Screw (*Andrea Malcolm*)
- "This for That". . .Piccadilly (*Jeff Schonhoff*)
Cinnamon Starlight (*Catelyn Lawrence*)
Coco Starlight (*Ashley Tone*)
Galaxia (*Lainey Gerard*)
Patches (*Madison Faria*)
- "It's a Time".Cinnamon Starlight (*Catelyn Lawrence*)
Coco Starlight (*Ashley Tone*)
- "Every Day is Christmas". . . .Pockets (*Samuel Ea*)
Checkers (*Grant Malcolm*)
Flora (*Emily Glover*)
Daisy (*Riley Unterbug*)
Hope (*Elana Ebensberger*)
Bellows (*Nathanael Clark*)
- "In My Shoes".Lottie (*AnnaGrace Smith*)

"Merry Christmas (What Does It Mean?) Reprise". **.Mrs. Goodfellow**
(Noel Clark)

"Live". **.Sprout (Jonathan Rizzo)**

"Dear God". . . . **.Emily Screw (Andrea Malcolm)**

"Miracle Child". . . . **.Lady Screw (Molly May Rockwell)**
Mrs. Goodfellow (Noel Clark)
Cinnamon Starlight (Catelyn Lawrence)
Coco Starlight (Ashley Tone)

"A Lamplighter's Welcome"

Pockets, Checkers

POCKETS:

Welcome to a tale of a bad little girl
 The worst sort of child in the whole great wide world
 She deserved no forgiveness but can you believe
 Somethin' is stirrin' this Christmas Eve
 A family asunder
 It does make you wonder
 Do miracles happen on Christmas Eve

CHECKERS:

Here's a word to the wise
 You can see Light when you open your eyes
 Anywhere you can see Light

POCKETS & CHECKERS:

Here's a word to the wise
 You can see Light when you open your eyes
 Anywhere you can see Light

POCKETS:

Please give a welcome to dear Mum and Dad

CHECKERS:

Lord Screw had a fortune, and that ain't so bad

POCKETS & CHECKERS:

But they wanted a child someway and somehow

"Welcome Part 2"

Pockets, Checkers

POCKETS & CHECKERS:

So this is the tale of a bad little girl
 The worst sort of child in the whole great wide world
 If you don't deserve mercy, can you still receive
 A miracle that happens on Christmas Eve

"Carol of the Screw"

Flora, Daisy, Hope, Sprout, Bellows

FLORA, DAISY, HOPE, SPROUT, BELLOWS:

Let me tell you 'bout this girl I know
 She is about as wicked as they go
 She doesn't have soul and she doesn't have heart
 And she doesn't mind tearing you all apart
 She's Emily Screw
 What'll we do with you

FLORA, DAISY:

See 'em runnin' when she goes to school
 She screws around with every single rule

FLORA, DAISY, HOPE, SPROUT, BELLOWS:

She gets her own way and she never gets caught
 Do you get the idea we don't like her a lot
 She's Emily Screw
 What'll we do with you
 Emily Screw
 What'll we do

HOPE:

Her daddy is a millionaire

BELLOWS:

And she doesn't give a care

HOPE, BELLOWS:

Wouldn't pay your taxi fare
 She's a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping
 Covetous sinful whelp

FLORA, DAISY, HOPE, SPROUT, BELLOWS:

Better run and hide till New Year's Day
 'Cause even dogs are gonna turn away
 Her hum is all bug, she's a mean little shrew
 And her heart is as dead as a doornail, too
 She's Emily Screw
 What'll we do with you
 Emily Screw
 What'll we do with

EMILY:

Will everybody move?!

BELLOWS:

Emily Screw!

"Merry Christmas (What Does It Mean?)"*Emily Screw*

EMILY:

Merry Christmas, what does it mean
Gets in the way all this red and green
When it really should be all about me
Have to share my day with a Christmas tree
Overdone and overrated
Oh, I really think I hate it
Christmas should be all about me
You can hang that up on your Christmas tree

Come on, Lottie! Now!

"Why Can't a Child"

Lord Screw, Lady Screw, Lottie

LADY SCREW:

Why can't a child be just like a Christmas present
Predictable, dependable
Wrapped up nice in a bow and string

LORD SCREW:

If only a child acted like a Christmas present
It's always still, it does your will

LADY & LORD SCREW:

Sitting there in a bow and string
Bring them up in the admonition of the Lord

LORD SCREW:

What went wrong?

LADY SCREW:

What went right?

LADY & LORD SCREW:

Worried half the night
It never goes as planned
Whenever you try your hand
At training up a child in the way that she should go
I hate to say it's true
They're not going to be like you

LORD SCREW:

Like father, like son

LADY SCREW:

Like mother, like daughter

LADY & LORD SCREW:

If only that were true
Oh dear, what will we do
Training up our darling little Screw

LOTTIE:

Why can't Emily be just like a Christmas present
All nicely wrapped, tied up in string
She couldn't ask for anything
Bring them up in the admonition of the Lord
Sorry, Mum, Sorry, Dad

Turned out rather bad

LADY SCREW, LORD SCREW, LOTTIE:

It never goes as planned

Whenever you try your hand

At training up a child in the way that she should go

I hate to say it's true

They're not going to be like you

LORD SCREW:

Like father, like son

LADY SCREW:

Like mother, like daughter

LADY & LORD SCREW:

If only that were true

Oh dear, what will we do

Training up our darling little Screw

When will I finally see

My child isn't me

LORD SCREW:

I've made some mistakes

LADY SCREW:

I haven't been perfect

LORD & LADY SCREW:

We'll do what we can do

Oh, God, please help us through

Training up our darling little-

LADY SCREW:

Emily, just say Emily, dear

"Mine"*Emily Screw*

EMILY:

This is mine, that is mine
Everything you see is mine, all mine
My right, my way I'm entitled to have my say
This world owes me everything
'Cause of what I bring
Everything you see is
Mine all mine, it's all mine
Do it my way and we'll be fine
What I deserve
Is a world that'll fetch and serve
This world owes me everything
So the least you can do is let it be mine

Diva power, it's my hour
Gonna get the world to quake and cower
Living is great when you're living wealthy
My whole life is a great big selfie
Mine, mine, everything's mine

This is mine, that is mine
Everything you see is mine, all mine
My right, my way I'm entitled to have my say
This world owes me everything
'Cause of what I bring
Everything you see is
Mine all mine, it's all mine
Do it my way and we'll be fine
What I deserve
Is a world that'll fetch and serve
This world owes me everything
So the least you can do is let it be mine

Mine!

"This for That"*Piccadilly, Cinnamon, Coco, Galaxia, Patches*

PICCADILLY:

It all starts with just a little tiny seed
 That you plant in the ground to grow
 It doesn't seem much buried underneath the ground
 But suddenly before you know
 It grows itself into a very tall tree
 And that can make you happy or sad
 If it bears good fruit, then you got a good deal
 But you're really in for it if it's bad

This for that

And there's nothing you can do about

That for this

'Cause there's no way you can miss

What you sow is what you reap

You're gonna get it in the by-and-by

That's what the Book says and it really doesn't lie

CINNAMON:

It all starts with just a little bad deed

That you do when nobody's looking

COCO:

And so you keep it up, thinking it's all good

In reality, your consequence is cooking

CINNAMON, COCO, GALAXIA, PATCHES:

It grows itself into a very big mess

And then you start to lose control

'Cause sowing and reaping will always work

Right down to the saving of your soul

PICCADILLY, CINNAMON, COCO, GALAXIA, PATCHES:

This for that

And there's nothing you can do about

That for this

'Cause there's no way you can miss

What you sow is what you reap

You're gonna get it in the by-and-by

That's what the Book says and it really doesn't lie

Jingle, jangle, oh, what a fright

GALAXIA, PATCHES:

What a wicked way to spend your Christmas Eve tonight

PICCADILLY, CINNAMON, COCO, GALAXIA, PATCHES:

La la la la la-la-la-la

This for that

And there's nothing you can do about

That for this

'Cause there's no way you can miss

What you sow is what you reap

You're gonna get it in the by-and-by

That's what the Book says and it really doesn't lie

PICCADILLY:

Merry Christmas, Emily, and a Happy New Year!

"It's a Time"*Cinnamon, Coco*

CINNAMON:

It's a time of joy
 It's a time of redemption
 When old things start falling away
 If you closed up your heart every part of the year
 You can open it up Christmas Day

COCO:

It's a time of hope
 And of celebration
 No matter what troubles you're in

CINNAMON, COCO:

It's a time of glory, a timeless story
 Of peace on earth, goodwill toward men

It's a time when angels sing on high
 It's a time for people to rejoice
 It's a time for glory in the highest
 It's a time, come on and raise your voice

CINNAMON:

Joy to the world, the Lord has come
 Let earth receive her King
 Let every heart prepare Him room
 And heaven and nature sing

COCO:

God rest ye merry gentlemen
 Let nothing you dismay
 For Jesus Christ our Savior
 Was born on Christmas Day
 To save us all from Satan's power
 When we had gone astray
 Oh, tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
 Oh, tidings of comfort and joy

CINNAMON:

We three kings of orient are
 Bearing gifts, we've traveled so far
 Field and fountain, moor and mountain
 Following yonder star

CINNAMON, COCO:

Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

COCO:

All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all
Yeah

CINNAMON, COCO:

It's a time when angels sing on high
It's a time for people to rejoice
It's a time for glory in the highest
It's a time, come on and raise your voice
Goodwill toward men

"Every Day is Christmas"

Pockets, Checkers, Flora, Daisy, Hope, Bellows

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY:

Every year we celebrate
This thing called Christmas Day
Sometimes we act as if we're only
S'pposed to act this way
Just once a year
And then we live our lives just as we please
Why is it only once a year that everyone believes

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY, HOPE, BELLOWS:

'Cause we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas Day

FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY:

Every year we talk about
The great Nativity
We do the play at church
And it's, well, good as it can be

POCKETS:

But Jesus came to set us free
He's with us here and now
So it's more than just a manger scene

POCKETS & CHECKERS:

With a donkey and a cow

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY, HOPE, BELLOWS:

And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas Day

HOPE, BELLOWS:

He's more than just a greeting card
Or a carol that you hear

DAISY:

He's bigger than a holiday
That comes round once a year

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY, HOPE, BELLOWS:
And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas Day

And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas
And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas
Every day is Christmas
Every day is Christmas Day

"In My Shoes"*Lottie*

LOTTIE:

Sittin' by the fireside on Christmas Eve
 Wonderin' if anyone would ever believe
 While the world is roastin' chestnuts
 Over the fire
 I'm still stuck as a maid for hire
 But I oughta be able
 I mean, Christ had it worse
 Bein' born there in that stable

He's been in my shoes
 Knowin' what it's like to be alone
 Bein' in my shoes
 Rejected and despised
 Can't ruddy be surprised
 I gotta say I'm fine
 'Cause His Christmas was a whole lot worse than mine

Sittin' on the kitchen floor on Christmas Eve
 Anyway, it's better than what Jesus received
 While the world was roastin' pigs and
 Other big brew-ha's
 He was stuck with the donkey doo-dah's
 So I oughta be able
 Since Christ had it worse
 Bein' born there in that stable

He's been in my shoes
 Knowin' what it's like to be alone
 Bein' in my shoes
 Rejected and despised
 Can't ruddy be surprised
 I gotta say I'm fine
 'Cause His Christmas was a whole lot worse than mine

The King of Kings, alas,
 Was part of the working class
 So I know how You felt
 Happy Christmas, bet that manger really smelt

"Merry Christmas (What Does It Mean?) - Reprise"*Mrs. Goodfellow*

MRS. GOODFELLOW:

Merry Christmas, what does it mean
Something much more than red and green
It's a royal day full of royal things
When the world says hail to the King of Kings
It's a time of joy and laughter
For today and ever after
Christmas should be all of these things
So give thanks, my dears, to the King of Kings

"Live"*Sprout*

SPROUT:

Everyday's a blessing
Life's a gift to share
There's lots of time from wake to sleep
To show how much you care
I may not be so big
I may not be so tall
But all that really matters
Is that I lived at all

Live every day
Cherish every hour
In all you do
Be thankful for the life you live
No matter what kind of life it is

Live every day
Cherish every hour
In all you do
Be thankful for the life you live
No matter what kind of life it is

"Dear God"*Emily Screw*

EMILY:

All my life, guess I believed
What I hear and what I see
Was only meant for me
Never thought to take a look and see
Through Your eyes

Dear God, if You're real, can You hear me
My name is Emily Screw
Please don't be mad at me
I've been really, really bad
If You hate me I understand
I kind of hate me, too

All I ask, all I pray
Let me see the world through Your eyes

Let me see the brokenhearted
Let me understand their pain
Show me how the poor in spirit
Can find their gain
Show me how to love someone who's not like me
'Cause all I ask, all I pray
Let me see the world through Your eyes

"Miracle Child"

Lady Screw, Mrs. Goodfellow, Cinnamon, Coco

LADY SCREW:

In a faraway place in the dark of the night
One star, one Child

MRS. GOODFELLOW:

Didn't seem very likely to be
The one to set you free

LADY SCREW, MRS. GOODFELLOW:

One night, one King
Born in a stable but Lord of everything
Miracle Child, who died for my freedom
You bought me a price that I could not pay
Now You're the King and it's in Your name that I pray

CINNAMON:

In a manger so small lay a sweet baby boy
One Child, one God

COCO:

Never thought such an unforeseen birth
Would shake up all the earth

CINNAMON, COCO:

One night, one King
Born in a stable but Lord of everything
Miracle Child, you shed Your divinity
Even though I was so undeserved
Now You're exalted, the King forever I'll serve

LADY SCREW:

In a faraway place in the dark of the night
One star, one Child

PRE-SHOW & MID-SHOW ACTIVITY:

Before the show (and also during intermission) we will have certain characters popping in and out even as people are still arriving, getting seated, etc. There will be music playing so it is all pantomime.

The characters for this will be the street workers- Pockets, Flora, Checkers, Daisy- and possibly some of the East End Charity Home characters.

ACT I

CUE MUSIC: "ANNOUNCE/LAMPLIGHTER'S WELCOME"

ANNOUNCEMENT: Welcome, or shall we say welcome back, to You Connection Family Theatre. We are quite delighted to present our first show of the season, Emily Screw: A Christmas Tale. At this time please silence all your electronic devices, and do keep your belongings and your legs out of the performance areas, which are marked in white on the floor. And there will be a 10-minute intermission during the show. If you thought perhaps 2020 was the most disagreeable thing you've ever seen in your life, well, I'm afraid you've never met Emily Screw. . .

SPROUT: **(VOICEOVER)** . . .Lord, please forgive Emily Screw. She doesn't have any friends, and everybody hates her, but. . .I know what it's like to be alone. She's all alone in that fancy life of hers. Please do something before. . .before it's too late.

THE MUSIC BEGINS, AND **THE ANGEL (NATALIE KRAMER)** BRIEFLY ENTERS.

CHECKERS (GRANT MALCOLM), A YOUNG LAMPLIGHTER BOY, ENTERS. HE IS SHORTLY FOLLOWED BY **POCKETS (SAMUEL EA)**, AN OLDER LAMPLIGHTER, WHO USES HIS STICK TO LIGHT A LAMP. CHECKERS NOTICES THE ANGEL BEFORE SHE DEPARTS.

POCKETS:
Welcome to a tale of a bad little girl
The worst sort of child in the whole great wide world
She deserved no forgiveness but can you believe
Somethin' is stirrin' this Christmas Eve
A family asunder
It does make you wonder
Do miracles happen on Christmas Eve

CHECKERS:
Here's a word to the wise
You can see Light when you open your eyes
Anywhere you can see Light

POCKETS & CHECKERS:
Here's a word to the wise
You can see Light when you open your eyes

Anywhere you can see Light

IN PANTOMIME, **LORD AND LADY SCREW (MATT KRAMER & MOLLY MAY ROCKWELL)** ENTER, AS THE LAMPLIGHTERS NARRATE THE TALE THUS FAR.

POCKETS:

Please give a welcome to dear Mum and Dad

CHECKERS:

Lord Screw had a fortune, and that ain't so bad

POCKETS & CHECKERS:

But they wanted a child someway and somehow

MUSIC STOPS.

POCKETS: Oh, how Lord and Lady Screw dreamed of a child, an heir to inherit the enormous Screw Estate.

CHECKERS: They prayed and prayed to God Almighty, and do you know what happened? God answered their prayers and gave them a child!

POCKETS: A miracle child! That's what all the doctors said. A miracle child born on Christmas Day. Before they knew it, Lord and Lady Screw had themselves a little baby girl, named Emily Elizabeth Screw.

LORD AND LADY SCREW EXIT.

CHECKERS: But Emily weren't like her Mum and Dad, you know. She was much more like Great-Grandfather Screw.

POCKETS: With all his ruthlessness and aggression. After all, that's what made the family fortune to begin with. Mum and Dad tried to do everything right for their miracle child, but the warning signs were already there.

LORD AND LADY SCREW REENTER.

LADY SCREW: Darling, I have some news.

LORD SCREW: As do I, my dear, and it's wonderful! We just opened another factory! That means more jobs, better economy! Isn't that splendid? What's your news, dear?

LADY SCREW: We lost another nanny.

LORD SCREW: Oh, I say! Isn't that the seventh one this month?

LADY SCREW: This week.

LORD SCREW: Oh, I say. . . .

LADY SCREW: It's all the same. They. . . don't seem to understand our little miracle child.

LORD SCREW: Indeed! Emily is the only heiress to the entire family fortune! She must be given everything she needs and more! It's going to be a great responsibility for her.

LADY SCREW: You don't suppose. . .we're giving her too much.

LORD SCREW: Oh, I say!

LADY SCREW: She's five-and-a-half and she still won't do a thing she's told!

LORD SCREW: Oh, I say!

LADY SCREW: I dread to think of what she might become in a few short years.

LORD SCREW: Oh, I say. . .

LADY SCREW: You're repeating yourself again, dear.

LORD SCREW: Well, be that as it may. No more nannies! We'll manage on our own.

LADY SCREW: But we're gone so much.
Business trips, dinner parties, how can
we possibly manage. . .?

LORD SCREW: We'll manage, dear. The Lord
provided us with a miracle child. And I
want everything to be just right for her.
And it will be right. Don't you worry, dear.

THEY HUG.

LORD SCREW: She's a little girl. How bad
could that possibly be?

CUE MUSIC: "WELCOME PART 2/CAROL OF THE SCREW"

LORD AND LADY SCREW EXIT.

POCKETS & CHECKERS:
So this is the tale of a bad little girl
The worst sort of child in the whole great wide world
If you don't deserve mercy, can you still receive
A miracle that happens on Christmas Eve

POCKETS:
A few years later.

CHECKERS:
How bad could it be?

POCKETS AND CHECKERS EXIT, AS "CAROL OF THE SCREW"
CHIMES ON.

THE FLOWER GIRLS, **FLORA (EMILY GLOVER)** AND **DAISY
(RILEY UNTERBUG)** ENTER, ALONG WITH THE ORPHANS FROM
THE EAST END CHARITY HOME: **HOPE (ELANA EBENSBERGER)**,
SPROUT CRUTCH (JONATHAN RIZZO), AND **BELLOWS (NATHANAEL
CLARK)** .

FLORA, DAISY, HOPE, SPROUT, BELLOWS:
Let me tell you 'bout this girl I know
She is about as wicked as they go
She doesn't have soul and she doesn't have heart
And she doesn't mind tearing you all apart
She's Emily Screw
What'll we do with you

FLORA, DAISY:

See 'em runnin' when she goes to school
She screws around with every single rule

FLORA, DAISY, HOPE, SPROUT, BELLOWS:

She gets her own way and she never gets caught
Do you get the idea we don't like her a lot
She's Emily Screw
What'll we do with you
Emily Screw
What'll we do

HOPE:

Her daddy is a millionaire

BELLOWS:

And she doesn't give a care

HOPE, BELLOWS:

Wouldn't pay your taxi fare
She's a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping
Covetous sinful whelp

FLORA, DAISY, HOPE, SPROUT, BELLOWS:

Better run and hide till New Year's Day
'Cause even dogs are gonna turn away
Her hum is all bug, she's a mean little shrew
And her heart is as dead as a doornail, too
She's Emily Screw
What'll we do with you
Emily Screw
What'll we do with

EMILY SCREW HAS ENTERED AND APPEARS IN BETWEEN THE
GROUP.

EMILY:

Will everybody move?!

BELLOWS:

Emily Screw!

END SONG. (THE FIVE REMAIN ON STAGE OR THROUGHOUT THE
ROOM.)

EMILY SCREW (ANDREA MALCOLM) HAS NOW TURNED OUT TO BE A SELFISH, SPOILED, MEAN-SPIRITED YOUNG GIRL. SHE NOTICES THE AUDIENCE CLAPPING AT THE END OF THE SONG AND TAKES CREDIT FOR IT.

EMILY: Thank you for the applause. I am rather fabulous. Lottie! Get in here now!

EMILY'S PERSONAL MAID, WHO IS THE SAME AGE AS EMILY, ENTERS. THIS IS **LOTTIE (ANNAGRACE SMITH)**, CARRYING A LARGE NUMBER OF CHRISTMAS BOXES AND BAGS, INCLUDING HOLDING THE STRAP OF ONE BAG IN HER MOUTH. SHE STUMBLES TO CATCH UP WITH EMILY.

EMILY: So there you are, you hopeless excuse for a personal maid. Why Daddy ever hired you, I'll simply never know.

LOTTIE: (WITH STRAP STILL IN HER MOUTH)
I think he thought I might be a good companion because we're the same age.

EMILY: Will you take that ridiculous thing out of your mouth, you foolish person?

LOTTIE MANAGES TO REMOVE THE BAG FROM HER MOUTH.

LOTTIE: I think he thought I might be a good companion because we're the same age.

EMILY: (IT'S LAUGHABLE) A good companion? Are you seriously suggesting that I would ever want to be friends with a good-for-nothing servant? Since it's my birthday tomorrow, I'll ignore your errant remarks. You do remember it's my birthday tomorrow?

LOTTIE: Yes, Miss Emily. Your birthday is on Christmas Day.

EMILY: Forget about Christmas! Christmas is all about me! I am a miracle child, right?

LOTTIE: (SHE'S HEARD THIS A MILLION TIMES)
Right. There'll be a fifty pound note in the teapot before anyone forgets that.

EMILY: The one and only heiress to the great Screw Estate, right?

LOTTIE: There'll be a fifty pound note in the teapot before anyone forgets that, either.

EMILY: I'm Emily Screw, the most important girl in this entire city, and probably the entire civilized world.

LOTTIE IS SILENT UNTIL EMILY GLARES AT HER.

LOTTIE: Oh! Right!

CUE MUSIC: "MERRY CHRISTMAS (WHAT DOES IT MEAN?)"

EMILY: What has Christmas ever done for me but get in the way of my special day?

Merry Christmas, what does it mean
Gets in the way all this red and green
When it really should be all about me
Have to share my day with a Christmas tree
Overdone and overrated
Oh, I really think I hate it
Christmas should be all about me
You can hang that up on your Christmas tree
Come on, Lottie! Now!

AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES, EMILY AND LOTTIE START WALKING DOWN THE CENTER AISLE.

EMILY: (LOOKING AT SOMEONE IN AUDIENCE)
What are you looking at? (AS SHE GOES TO BACKSTAGE B) Get out of the way!

MRS. GOODFELLOW (NOEL CLARK), THE JOLLY, WORKING CLASS PROPRIETRESS OF THE EAST END CHARITY HOME, ENTERS.
(MUSIC IS STILL PLAYING) SHE BEGINS WAVING AT HOPE, SPROUT, AND BELLOWS.

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Come along, my dears!
Get inside before you catch your death.
You could freeze a leg of mutton in this weather.

MUSIC STOPS.

HOPE: We don't need you to tell us, Mrs. Goodfellow. I'm perfectly capable of handling myself, thank you. In case you've forgotten, I've been on the streets since I was five years old-

MRS. GOODFELLOW: No, I hadn't forgotten, as a matter of fact, but would you mind gracing our humble home with your presence long enough to help me finish the letters?

HOPE: Fine. I would have done the letters even if you hadn't asked.

MRS. GOODFELLOW: (HUGGING HER HEARTILY) Oh, heaven and the Christmastime be praised!

HOPE: Get off already!

LORD SCREW ENTERS.

LORD SCREW: Ah! Mrs. Goodfellow!

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Well, Merry Christmas Eve to you, my lord! Blimey, what's a respectable gentleman like you doing out here?

LORD SCREW: Uh, well I, uh, had some last minute business to attend to before I returned home. It's my daughter Emily's birthday tomorrow. . .

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Ah, yes, I do believe all of London knows that little fact, now don't we?

HOPE: Yeah, what do you want us to do, call the media? Organize a parade?

MRS. GOODFELLOW: (GIVES A HOPE A LITTLE SMACK ON THE BACKSIDE) Forgive her, my lord. She's quite the comedian sometimes.

LORD SCREW: Uh, yes, yes. Well, as I say, it's my daughter's birthday tomorrow, and. . .well, she's asked for some rather expensive gifts this year, and. . . .Well, Lady Screw and I have been away so much on business, we really feel we ought to give her what she wants. It's quite a long list, you see. Well, you know what girls are like these days.

HOPE: No, what are they like?

MRS. GOODFELLOW: (PUSHING HER OFF) Get out of it.

HOPE: I'm going, I'm going, I was planning on going anyway. . . .

HOPE EXITS.

LORD SCREW: Mrs. Goodfellow, the Screw Estate has been the sole financial supporter of your East End Charity Home for many years, and, well, we certainly commend what you have done, taking in orphans and widows, giving them food and shelter. . . .Nevertheless, I regret to say that, uh. . .we're going to have to cut all financial support this year.

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Saints preserve us, my lord! You can't!

LORD SCREW: I know, and I'm very sorry! But. . . .Mrs. Goodfellow, she asked for a pony! And with the renovations on the second bedroom, a new game room, and an indoor swimming pool, we simply can't manage it. Even with a fortune as great as ours, there are limits. . .I tried to talk to her, but. . .well, you know-

MRS. GOODFELLOW: What girls are like these days.

LORD SCREW: Yes, yes. . . .I'm very sorry.

HE STARTS TO TURN AWAY.

MRS. GOODFELLOW: My lord?. . . .I may be the only one in London who can say this with an honest heart. I like your little girl. She's a beautiful young lady. . .If you believe with all your heart that this is the right thing to do. . .

LORD SCREW: (AFTER A MOMENT) Lady Screw and I were never meant to have children. God gave us a miracle child. It's my duty to make good on that miracle. Without an heir, our family legacy would be gone forever. . .I'm sorry. . . .

HE EXITS.

SPROUT: We'll be all right, even without their support, won't we, Mrs. G?

MRS. GOODFELLOW: I'm afraid not, Sprout. Without the money from the Screws, our charity home is finished.

BELLOWS: W-Well, it's ain't fair, if you ask me! Here we are on the East End with nothin', and there she is livin' high and mighty in Kensington with a pony and a s-s-swimming pool! It's-I-I-It's-

SPROUT: Don't blow your gasket there, Bellows. And what do you mean we've got nothing? We have everything! And we'll find a way to make things right this Christmas, won't we, Mrs. G?

MRS. GOODFELLOW: We certainly will-

IN HIS ENTHUSIASM, SPROUT BEGINS TO COUGH.

MRS. GOODFELLOW: (GETTING SERIOUS) Go easy, my love.

BELLOWS: I'll get him inside.

BELLOWS WHEELS SPROUT OFF IN HIS WHEELCHAIR. MRS. GOODFELLOW IS LEFT TO THINK ABOUT THIS HORRID REALITY- NO MORE FUNDING FOR THE CHARITY HOME, RIGHT AT CHRISTMASTIME!

HOPE RETURNS.

HOPE: So am I supposed to finish the letters all by myself or what? (NOTICING MRS. G) What's wrong?

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Just praying for a miracle, my dear.

HOPE: Another one?

CUE MUSIC: "RETURNING HOME"

MRS. GOODFELLOW AND HOPE EXIT.

EMILY AND LOTTIE ENTER FROM BACKSTAGE B AND COME WALKING DOWN THE AISLE, RETURNING HOME.

OUT OF NOWHERE, EMILY HEARS A SUDDEN:

PICCADILLY'S VOICE: *Emily Screw!*

EMILY WHIRLS AROUND, ALARMED AND CONFUSED AT THIS SUDDEN CALLING OF HER NAME. SHE LOOKS AROUND A MOMENT, BUT THERE ISN'T ANYONE THERE. SHE EXITS.

LORD AND LADY SCREW ENTER. LOTTIE IS STILL STAGGERING UP WITH THE LOAD OF PRESENTS. SHE TOSSES THEM OFF STAGE, AND TAKES A REST ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE.

THE BACKGROUND MUSIC STOPS. LADY SCREW IS ON THE TELEPHONE. LORD SCREW IS LOOKING THROUGH PAPERS.

LADY SCREW: (ON PHONE) Oh. . .Oh, I seeWell, yes, of course, we do understand.

SHE HANGS UP, LOOKING CONCERNED.

LORD SCREW: Well, despite having to pull our funding from the charity home, I'd say the Screw Estate is managing quite well. If my great-grandfather were alive, he'd (STUCK FOR THE WORD). . . .well, anyway. Who was that on the telephone just now?

LADY SCREW: Another family member cancelled for Christmas dinner tomorrow.

LORD SCREW: Oh, well, you know how it is at Christmastime. So. . . .So. . . .Yes, well, anyway.

LADY SCREW: You know why they're cancelling, dear? You know why nobody wants to come to any of our parties?

LORD SCREW: Oh, well, I mean, I-

LADY SCREW: It's because of Emily! Do you remember what she did at Thanksgiving? She screamed at the top of her lungs because her turkey wasn't golden brown enough. I think it's time we do something about our daughter.

LORD SCREW: Evelyn, please. . .

LADY SCREW: Darling, I'm not- It's my fault! I admit it. I spent too much time making her feel like a proper young lady, and it turned into vanity.

LORD SCREW: No!. . . .No, you're a wonderful mother, my dear. . . .I've spent years showing her our properties, our businesses, our fortune. As my father did with me. . . . I thought it would teach her responsibility. . . .But instead. . . .it all rather. . .

LADY SCREW: Went to her head. We raised her just like us, and she isn't like us at all. She got your great-grandfather's blood-cunning and headstrong.

LORD SCREW: (SIGHS) I just don't understand,
dear. I never knew raising an heiress to
the Screw Estate would be so. . .so. . .

CUE MUSIC: "WHY CAN'T A CHILD"

LADY SCREW:
Why can't a child be just like a Christmas present
Predictable, dependable
Wrapped up nice in a bow and string

LORD SCREW:
If only a child acted like a Christmas present
It's always still, it does your will

LADY & LORD SCREW:
Sitting there in a bow and string
Bring them up in the admonition of the Lord

LORD SCREW:
What went wrong?

LADY SCREW:
What went right?

LADY & LORD SCREW:
Worried half the night

It never goes as planned
Whenever you try your hand
At training up a child in the way that she should go
I hate to say it's true
They're not going to be like you

LORD SCREW:
Like father, like son

LADY SCREW:
Like mother, like daughter

LADY & LORD SCREW:
If only that were true
Oh dear, what will we do
Training up our darling little Screw

LOTTIE:
Why can't Emily be just like a Christmas present

All nicely wrapped, tied up in string
She couldn't ask for anything
Bring them up in the admonition of the Lord
Sorry, Mum, Sorry, Dad
Turned out rather bad

LADY SCREW, LORD SCREW, LOTTIE:
It never goes as planned
Whenever you try your hand
At training up a child in the way that she should go
I hate to say it's true
They're not going to be like you

LORD SCREW:
Like father, like son

LADY SCREW:
Like mother, like daughter

LADY & LORD SCREW:
If only that were true
Oh dear, what will we do
Training up our darling little Screw
When will I finally see
My child isn't me

LORD SCREW:
I've made some mistakes

LADY SCREW:
I haven't been perfect

LORD & LADY SCREW:
We'll do what we can do
Oh, God, please help us through
Training up our darling little-

LADY SCREW:
Emily, just say Emily, dear

END SONG.

LADY SCREW: Lottie, could you tell
Emily we'd like to see her, please?

LOTTIE: Yes, mum. (TURNS TO GO)

LADY SCREW: Oh, Lottie?. . .How are you. . . .How are you getting on here as Emily's personal maid?

LOTTIE: Very well, mum.

LADY SCREW: Honest? You're not just saying that? You can tell me the truth, dear.

LOTTIE'S EYES WIDEN; SHE LOOKS A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT TELLING HER THE TRUTH.

LOTTIE: I'll go and fetch Miss Emily for you.

LOTTIE ANXIOUSLY HURRIES OFF.

LADY SCREW: Thank you for answering my question.

EMILY ENTERS GRANDLY.

EMILY: The birthday girl has arrived at last!

LORD SCREW: Ah! There she is!

EMILY IGNORES LADY SCREW, WHO LOOKS READY TO HAVE IT OUT HERE AND NOW. EMILY GOES STRAIGHT TO HER FATHER.

EMILY: Don't you think I look lovely in this outfit, Daddy?

LORD SCREW: Oh, well, of course, my dear. You look lovely in everything.

LADY SCREW: Hello, Emily.

EMILY: Oh. Hello, Mother. Do you have any more commands for me, or have we grown out of that little phase? (SWEETLY TO LORD SCREW) Oh, Daddy? The man at the shop wouldn't give me the box of chocolates I wanted, so I fired him.

LORD SCREW: What?! Emily, you. . .you what?

EMILY: I fired him. We own the sweet shop, Daddy. We can do whatever we like.

LADY SCREW: We most certainly can not! You're not old enough to make those kinds of decisions and you know it, Emily!

EMILY: (GETTING ANGRY) I'm the heiress to the entire Screw Estate! All of this is mine! You've said it yourself a million times. Besides, that's what the man gets for not giving me exactly what I deserve.

LADY SCREW: I've had enough of this, Emily! We've all had enough!

EMILY: And I've had enough of you, always telling me what to do! Now, about my birthday presents. . .

LORD SCREW: Oh, uh, yes, Emily, we do need to have a word on that. I was talking to the woman who owns the charity home, and she-

EMILY: It had better be the pony I asked for! It had better be the swimming pool I wanted! As your one and only heiress, I deserve the very best!

CUE MUSIC: "MINE"

EMILY GOES INTO A TANTRUM.

EMILY:
This is mine, that is mine
Everything you see is mine, all mine
My right, my way I'm entitled to have my say
This world owes me everything
'Cause of what I bring
Everything you see is
Mine all mine, it's all mine
Do it my way and we'll be fine
What I deserve

Is a world that'll fetch and serve
 This world owes me everything
 So the least you can do is let it be mine

Diva power, it's my hour
 Gonna get the world to quake and cower
 Living is great when you're living wealthy
 My whole life is a great big selfie
 Mine, mine, everything's mine

This is mine, that is mine
 Everything you see is mine, all mine
 My right, my way I'm entitled to have my say
 This world owes me everything
 'Cause of what I bring
 Everything you see is
 Mine all mine, it's all mine
 Do it my way and we'll be fine
 What I deserve
 Is a world that'll fetch and serve
 This world owes me everything
 So the least you can do is let it be mine

Mine!

END SONG. LADY SCREW TAKES CHARGE.

LADY SCREW: Emily, go to your room.
 Immediately!

EMILY: On Christmas Eve? I haven't had my
 supper-

LADY SCREW: Without supper!

EMILY IS FURIOUS AT THIS. SHE TURNS TO LORD SCREW.

EMILY: Daddy!

LORD SCREW HAS BEEN MUSTERING UP THE COURAGE ALL
 THROUGHOUT THE SONG.

LORD SCREW: Your mother is right. . . .
 (FINALLY, WITH AUTHORITY) Your mother is
 right! Go to your room!! (VOICE GETS HIGHER)
 At once!!

EMILY IS PRACTICALLY READY TO EXPLODE AT THIS. SHE STOMPS THE GROUND AND THEN TURNS TO LEAVE, BUT COMES BACK.

EMILY: (ENRAGED, ALMOST IN TEARS) I'm going to ruin the entire estate! Everything comes crumbling down! That's what you get for not giving me exactly what I deserve!

SHE STORMS OUT. SILENCE.

LADY SCREW: Well, that went over very nicely. . . .

CUE MUSIC: "THE STREET WORKERS"

LORD AND LADY SCREW EXIT.

THE FLOWER GIRLS, FLORA AND DAISY, ENTER. THE TWO FLOWER GIRLS ARE STILL OUT SELLING FLOWERS.

DAISY: I have a question, Flora. Are we supposed to be making a living from selling flowers?

FLORA: Well, it's better than simply begging on the streets asking for charity. We both know that a flower girl never asks for charity.

DAISY: Wait. A flower girl. . . doesn't ask for charity?

FLORA: Of course not. It wouldn't be at all proper.

DAISY: It wouldn't?

FLORA: No.

DAISY: Right. . . .

DAISY PULLS OUT A HANDFUL OF COINS, AND BY THE "OOPS" LOOK ON HER FACE, IT'S OBVIOUS SHE'S BEEN ACCEPTING QUITE A BIT OF CHARITY.

DAISY: (HIDING COINS) Flower girls don't ask for charity. I'll be sure to make a note of it. . .

POCKETS ENTERS TRIUMPHANTLY, FOLLOWED BY CHECKERS. THE LAMPLIGHTERS AND FLOWER GIRLS OBVIOUSLY ALREADY KNOW EACH OTHER QUITE WELL.

POCKETS: That's the last of 'em! City'll be lit up like a blanket of stars till Christmas morning, thanks to the much-needed and ever-thankless work of the London lamplighters. (A DRAMATIC BOW TO FLORA)

FLORA: Well, hooray for you.

HE HANDS A COUPLE OF COINS TO FLORA.

POCKETS: And here's a little something extra, seeing as how it's Christmas Eve and all.

FLORA: Thank you, Pockets, but I don't accept charity.

DAISY: I'll take it if she doesn't want it!

FLORA: Daisy!

CHECKERS EAGERLY APPROACHES DAISY.

CHECKERS: Hello, Daisy!

DAISY: (NOT ENTHUSED) Oh. Hello, Checkers. . .

CHECKERS REMAINS THERE, SMILING AS IF ADMIRING DAISY. HE OBVIOUSLY LIKES HER, BUT IT'S ALSO OBVIOUS THAT DAISY DOESN'T MUCH LIKE HIM.

DAISY: Will you stop staring at me? You're making me nervous!

CHECKERS: Oh, sorry.

CHECKERS STOPS STARING, BUT REMAINS STANDING THERE, TO DAISY'S ANNOYANCE.

DAISY: (SIGHS) Haven't you got anything better to do with your time?

CHECKERS: Yes, but I've already done it.

DAISY: Then stop pestering me. I'm trying to make a living.

CHECKERS: (WITH A LAUGH) A living? That's a good one, Daisy! You was begging for money all day long and everyone was just handing you money like they was printing it themselves and-

DAISY ANXIOUSLY SHOVES CHECKERS, HOPING FLORA DIDN'T HEAR. FLORA DID.

DAISY: (SMILING NERVOUSLY) Just a little joke that Checkers and I share. Imagine me, a respectable flower girl, accepting charity from everyone!

DAISY TURNS AND GLARES AT CHECKERS.

DAISY: Now leave me alone! I'm too old for you, anyway.

CHECKERS: No you're not. You're only two years older than me.

DAISY: Yes, and that makes all the difference.

CHECKERS: (ACTING OVERLY ANGRY ON PURPOSE) Well, fine! That is just fine! Perhaps I never wanted to be friends with you in the first place!

CHECKERS STALKS AWAY, HOPING THIS WILL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON DAISY. IT HASN'T.

CHECKERS: I said perhaps I never wanted to be friends with you in the first place!

DAISY: I heard you!

POCKETS: All right, Flora, so you don't accept charity. Mind if I get us all some cider from The Frog and Peach? That ain't charity, just. . .a little Christmas goodwill? Right? Okay, then?

HE TIPS HIS HAT AND HURRIES OFF.

CHECKERS CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES DAISY AGAIN.

CHECKERS: Want me to get you some cider, too, Daisy?

DAISY: (SIGHS) Fine. Anything to make you go away.

CHECKERS TURNS TO LEAVE, BUT THEN GOES BACK TO DAISY.

CHECKERS: Can I borrow some of your money, because I don't have any.

DAISY: Oh, really, Checkers! You're an absolute cad!

CHECKERS: Is that good?

POCKETS RETURNS WITH FOUR MUGS OF CIDER.

POCKETS: Here we are, mates. A simple Christmas Eve delight, but all the same. . .

EVERYONE TAKES A MUG.

POCKETS: Here's to, um. . .to Christmas.

FLORA: And the Miracle Child what was born in the manger all those years ago.

POCKETS: Couldn't have put it better.

THEY ALL TAKE A SIP OF CIDER, THEN LOOK UP AT THE STARS.

POCKETS: You know, when you think about it, the Miracle Child weren't no different than us. A carpenter's son without a penny to His name. Might have been a night just like this one.

FLORA: With the star in the East, lighting the way.

POCKETS: (LOOKING TO AUDIENCE) That's when some of God's greatest miracles happen, you know. . .When you least expect it, in the most unlikely of places. (TO HIS GANG) Well, cheers.

HE TAKES A DRINK OF CIDER.

HOPE COMES DOWN THE CENTER AISLE, WITH BELLOWS PUSHING SPROUT IN HIS WHEELCHAIR. THE STREET WORKERS EXIT.

HOPE: (ANGRY) Well, that's what Mrs. Goodfellow said! They're cutting off all funding! That means no more charity home! So we'd better enjoy our final Christmas together before they throw us all back on the streets.

BELLOWS: T-T-They wouldn't do that, would they?

HOPE: Mrs. G can't pay the rent without money. Know what that means? They come round on Boxing Day with a nice little present called an eviction notice. And it's goodbye charity home, hello sewer.

SPROUT: It won't be the sewer. It'll be the orphanage for me, and the workhouse for you two.

BELLOWS: Oh, no! N-N-No, not the workhouse! You know how n-n-nervous I get at the workhouse! Look! (OVERLY SHAKING HIS HAND) My hand is already shaking! S-S-See it shaking? See it? See it?

HOPE: I see it. Well, you have Emily Screw to thank for it. They can't give to us because they're too busy buying expensive gifts for that stuck up, snotty little brat.

HOPE LOOKS OUT AT THE AUDIENCE, AS IF THE AUDIENCE IS EMILY SCREW.

HOPE: You deserve to be punished, Emily Screw. You've made a mess of the whole world, with all your selfishness. One of these days you're going to get what's coming to you, make no mistake. And there won't be anyone left to show you mercy.

HOPE EXITS. SPROUT RISES FROM HIS WHEELCHAIR AND SLOWLY WALKS FORWARD. HE LOOKS UP.

SPROUT: Lord, please forgive Emily Screw. She doesn't have any friends, and everybody hates her, but. . .I know what it's like to be alone. She's all alone in that fancy life of hers. Please do something before. . . before it's too late.

CUE MUSIC: "EMILY'S ROOM"

BELLOWS AND SPROUT EXIT.

EMILY ENTERS, STORMING BACK AND FORTH IN HER ROOM.

EMILY: It's not fair. . .It's not fair! Sending me to my room when it's my birthday tomorrow! Christmas Day is all about me! Why don't I ever get anything I want?

SHE PICKS UP SOME OF HER TOYS AND STARTS THROWING THEM DOWN ANGRILY.

EMILY: I hate my toys! I hate my life! That's what you all get for not giving me exactly what I deserve!

SHE PICKS UP A MARIONETTE PUPPET NAMED PICCADILLY.

EMILY: I hate you worst of all, Piccadilly!
I could never figure out how to pull your
strings!

CUE MUSIC: "THE TOYS ARE ALIVE"

SHE THROWS THE PUPPET BACKSTAGE, AND WE HEAR AN
"OOOH!" FROM BACKSTAGE.

THIS STARTLES EMILY.

PICCADILLY: (OFF-STAGE, GROANING) Emily!
What'd you have to go and do that for?

PICCADILLY THE MARIONETTE (JEFF SCHONHOFF) SUDDENLY
ENTERS, FULLY ALIVE AND HOLDING A PIECE OF FLUFF.
EMILY IS SHOCKED AND TERRIFIED. HE WOBBLES FORWARD,
AND AS THE MUSIC STOPS:

PICCADILLY: Emily Screw! You knocked
me stuffins out! You can't keep throwing
us toys around whenever you're having a
tantrum or we're liable to start throwing
you around, too!. . .What's wrong? It's
me! Piccadilly!

EMILY: This is a dream! This has to be
a dream!

PICCADILLY: Maybe it is. Then again maybe
it's not. But I'll tell you one thing,
Emily Screw. It's payback time.

CUE MUSIC: "THIS FOR THAT"

PICCADILLY: Never thought that day would
come, eh?

It all starts with just a little tiny seed
That you plant in the ground to grow
It doesn't seem much buried underneath the ground
But suddenly before you know
It grows itself into a very tall tree
And that can make you happy or sad
If it bears good fruit, then you got a good deal
But you're really in for it if it's bad

This for that
 And there's nothing you can do about
 That for this
 'Cause there's no way you can miss
 What you sow is what you reap
 You're gonna get it in the by-and-by
 That's what the Book says and it really doesn't lie

HER OTHER TOYS ENTER- THE HIP, TRENDY DOLLS **CINNAMON
 STARLIGHT (CATELYN LAWRENCE)** AND **COCO STARLIGHT
 (ASHLEY TONE)**, **GALAXIA THE SUPERHERO (LAINIEY GERARD)**,
 AND **PATCHES THE RAG DOLL (MADISON FARIA)**.

CINNAMON:
 It all starts with just a little bad deed
 That you do when nobody's looking

COCO:
 And so you keep it up, thinking it's all good
 In reality, your consequence is cooking

CINNAMON, COCO, GALAXIA, PATCHES:
 It grows itself into a very big mess
 And then you start to lose control
 'Cause sowing and reaping will always work
 Right down to the saving of your soul

PICCADILLY, CINNAMON, COCO, GALAXIA, PATCHES:
 This for that
 And there's nothing you can do about
 That for this
 'Cause there's no way you can miss
 What you sow is what you reap
 You're gonna get it in the by-and-by
 That's what the Book says and it really doesn't lie

Jingle, jangle, oh, what a fright

GALAXIA, PATCHES:
 What a wicked way to spend your Christmas Eve tonight

PICCADILLY, CINNAMON, COCO, GALAXIA, PATCHES:
 La la la la la-la-la-la

This for that
 And there's nothing you can do about
 That for this

'Cause there's no way you can miss
What you sow is what you reap
You're gonna get it in the by-and-by
That's what the Book says and it really doesn't lie

PICCADILLY:

Merry Christmas, Emily, and a Happy New Year!

END SONG.

PICCADILLY: All right, all right, court
is now in session! The Honorable Piccadilly,
that is I, presiding. Bring forth the
accused. That's you, Emily. And roll call!
(READING) Patches the rag doll?

PATCHES: (GOING INTO SPLITS) Yes, I am
here! And I've never had so much fun in
all my life!

PICCADILLY: Galaxia the superhero?

GALAXIA: To fight, to conquer, and to prevail
for galactic freedom! Only 14.95 plus tax.

PICCADILLY: Uh, yeah, right. And the
Starlight Girls?

THE STARLIGHT GIRLS ENTHUSIASTICALLY STRIKE A POSE ONE
BY ONE.

CINNAMON: I'm Cinnamon!

COCO: And I'm Coco!

CINNAMON, COCO: And we're the Starlight Girls!

COCO: Batteries not included.

CINNAMON: Yes, they are.

COCO: No, they're not.

CINNAMON: Yes, they are!

COCO: No, they're not!

CINNAMON: It says so on the box now,
Coco.

COCO: Oh! My bad! Sorry, Cinnamon!

CINNAMON: That's okay, Coco!

PICCADILLY: Uh, may we continue, please?

THE STARLIGHT GIRLS BOTH RESPOND WITH VARIOUS "OH,
YEAH, TOTALLY, ETC."

PICCADILLY: The trial of Emily
Elizabeth Screw has begun! Emily
Screw, you've been charged as a selfish,
spoiled, mean-spirited girl. How do you
plead? Guilty? Right, done, let's all go to
lunch.

CINNAMON: No! Piccadilly! The witnesses,
remember?

COCO: Yeah, we totally prepared for this,
remember?

PICCADILLY: All right, all right. Any
of you lot got any evidence against the
accused?

PATCHES: (WAVING HER HAND WILDLY) Oooh!
Oooh! Pick me! Pick me!

PICCADILLY: Go for it, Patches.

PATCHES: Yay!

PATCHES EXCITEDLY STEPS FORWARD, ENJOYING THE
ATTENTION AND CLEARLY HAS THIS ALL PLANNED OUT.

PATCHES: It's me! Patches the rag doll!
And "a snuggle a day keeps the grouchies
away--"

PICCADILLY: Yeah, yeah, we all know your
tagline. Do you have any evidence?

PATCHES: Yes! (VERY OVERDRAMATIC) She is a cheat and a swindler, and I will go to the ends of the earth to see that she is condemned forever! Wa-ha-ha!. . .Can I do that again? (REPEATS HER PERFORMANCE) She is a cheat and a swindler, and I will go to the ends of the earth to see that she is condemned forever! Wa-ha-ha!

PICCADILLY: Tony Award-winning, to be sure, but seriously, do you have any evidence?

PATCHES: Yes! Emily Screw always throws me on the floor like a common rag doll!

PICCADILLY: You are a common rag doll.

PATCHES: Oh. . .Well, she doesn't have to throw me! I'm a rag doll, not a. . . .a throw-me-around thing! (STICKS HER TONGUE OUT AT EMILY)

PICCADILLY: That's a good point there. Galaxia? Any evidence?

GALAXIA: Of course I've got evidence! Isn't it obvious? She's a spy for the Zylon Empire! A traitor to the Galactic Federation of Stars and Planets!

CINNAMON: Um, Galaxia, we've been meaning to tell you. The toy company totally made up your backstory.

COCO: Yeah, I mean, there is so not a Galactic Federation in real life.

GALAXIA: The Zylonians have obviously wiped your memories with their Electro Phasers! Phasers are fifty percent off till after Christmas.

CINNAMON: That was a total epic fail, Coco.

COCO: Yeah, she is so not woke on this, Cinnamon.

CINNAMON: But while we're here, we might as well give evidence, right?

COCO: Go for it, girl!

CINNAMON: Ladies and gentlemen, here's our evidence! Emily's a creep. Case closed.

EMILY: This is unacceptable! You're my toys! I can do whatever I like with you! I refuse to go on with this ridiculous trial, and there's nothing you can do about it!

CINNAMON: Oh, well, in that case, Merry Christmas, and, um. . .Happy Boxing Day!

CINNAMON SHOVES EMILY INTO A LARGE PRESENT AND THE STARLIGHT GIRLS SHUT HER IN.

EMILY: What are you doing?! Let me out of here right now! I mean it!

CINNAMON: There, that should hold her for a while, you guys.

COCO: That practical joke was totally lit, Cinnamon!

CINNAMON: Thanks, Coco. I thought so, too.

PICCADILLY: What'd you put her in there for? We can't just leave her in a Christmas present till Christmas morning, though heaven knows we all know what that feels like.

PATCHES: Oh, boy, do I! I was stuck under the Christmas tree for three weeks and my arm was all twisted up like. . .

CINNAMON: We're here to give Emily what she deserves, right?

PICCADILLY: Wrong! We're here to give her what she don't deserve. (LOOKING OUT AT AUDIENCE) Emily Screw's the perfect image of what's wrong with this big wide world. A deprived world that's all but forgotten why a Savior had to be born. . .It's time for you to see. See how one little Miracle Child forgave a world what was completely undeserving of forgiveness.

A MOMENT AS THE TOYS REALIZE THIS.

CINNAMON: Okay, fine. (GOES TO PRESENT)
Get comfy, Emily. This is going to be a Christmas Eve you'll never forget.

EMILY: (INSIDE PRESENT) I'm donating you all to the Salvation Army when this is over!

COCO: Well, Bah Humbug to you, too.

CUE MUSIC: "CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT"

CINNAMON AND COCO SCOOT THE PRESENT, WITH EMILY INSIDE, OVER TO ONE SIDE, AND EXIT ALONG WITH PICCADILLY, GALAXIA, AND PATCHES.

LOTTIE ENTERS, STILL BUSTLING AROUND. LADY SCREW ENTERS, LOST IN THOUGHT.

AFTER A MOMENT IF SILENCE, LORD SCREW ENTERS.

LORD SCREW: Are you coming to bed, dear?

LADY SCREW: Do you remember when Emily was little? We all sat round the fireplace that Christmas Eve and we told her the Christmas story. . .How long has it been since we last told her?

LORD SCREW: Now, she's just going through that stage. I'm sure of it. All kids do, you know. . .We'll say a prayer for her tonight.

LADY SCREW: Do you think God will listen?
Aren't we at least partially to blame
for Emily's behavior?. . .Is there any
forgiveness left for a family like us?

LORD AND LADY SCREW EXIT, AND CINNAMON AND COCO ENTER,
GOING TOWARD LOTTIE. CINNAMON WAVES HER HAND IN FRONT
OF LOTTIE, BUT LOTTIE CAN'T SEE HER.

CINNAMON: Hello? Lottie?

LOTTIE CAN'T HEAR HER, EITHER, AND LOTTIE EXITS.

CINNAMON: Perfect! They can't see us or
hear us! Looks like we're going to pull
this off after all, Coco!

COCO: Totally ab fab, Cinnamon!

CINNAMON: Let's go tell the others!

THEY HURRY OFF-STAGE.

EMILY: (FROM INSIDE PRESENT) Hellooo?!
You know, I really don't mean to trespass
on everybody's valuable time, but I'm
still in here!!

CINNAMON AND COCO RETURN.

CINNAMON: Oh, pipe down, Emily. We
haven't forgotten you.

COCO: Yeah, I mean, you're like, totally
the reason we came to life in the first
place.

CINNAMON: Nice and cozy from that
perspective in there, huh, Emily?

EMILY: Let me out!

CINNAMON: All right, all right.

THEY OPEN THE LID AND EMILY EMERGES, FURIOUS.

EMILY: Uggh!! I have never, ever, ever been treated this way in all my life!

COCO: Uh, yeah, I think that might be the problem! Come on, cheer up, Emily. It's Christmas Eve! Tomorrow we celebrate the greatest day of the year!

EMILY: I know, my birthday.

COCO: Um, news flash, Emily! Christmas is about a whole lot more than just your birthday, right, Cinnamon?

CINNAMON: You're totally right, Coco. It's about a Savior who came to save the entire world, and in honor of the King of Kings who humbly started life in the lowliest of places, it's-

CINNAMON, COCO: Starlight Karaoke Time!

CUE MUSIC: "IT'S A TIME"

EMILY: Oh, no. . . .

PICCADILLY, GALAXIA, AND PATCHES ENTER AND JOIN IN THE FESTIVITIES, AS THE STARLIGHT GIRLS PERFORM:

CINNAMON:
It's a time of joy
It's a time of redemption
When old things start falling away
If you closed up your heart every part of the year
You can open it up Christmas Day

COCO:
It's a time of hope
And of celebration
No matter what troubles you're in

CINNAMON, COCO:
It's a time of glory, a timeless story
Of peace on earth, goodwill toward men

It's a time when angels sing on high
It's a time for people to rejoice

It's a time for glory in the highest
It's a time, come on and raise your voice

CINNAMON:

Joy to the world, the Lord has come
Let earth receive her King
Let every heart prepare Him room
And heaven and nature sing

COCO:

God rest ye merry gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we had gone astray
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy

CINNAMON:

We three kings of orient are
Bearing gifts, we've traveled so far
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star

CINNAMON, COCO:

Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

COCO:

All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all
Yeah

CINNAMON, COCO:

It's a time when angels sing on high
It's a time for people to rejoice
It's a time for glory in the highest
It's a time, come on and raise your voice
Goodwill toward men

END SONG. AS MUSIC CONTINUES, EMILY EXITS WITH THE TOYS.

THE ANGEL COMES OUT, AND THEN POCKETS EMERGES, AND LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE, WHEN MUSIC ENDS FOR A MOMENT:

POCKETS: Don't worry, this is just the 10-minute intermission we told you about. So get up, have the time of your life. It's Christmas!

INTERMISSION.

ACT II

CUE MUSIC: "EVERY DAY IS CHRISTMAS"

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY, HOPE, AND BELLOWS
ENTER.

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY:
Every year we celebrate
This thing called Christmas Day
Sometimes we act as if we're only
S'pposed to act this way
Just once a year
And then we live our lives just as we please
Why is it only once a year that everyone believes

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY, HOPE, BELLOWS:
'Cause we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas Day

FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY:
Every year we talk about
The great Nativity
We do the play at church
And it's, well, good as it can be

POCKETS:
But Jesus came to set us free
He's with us here and now
So it's more than just a manger scene

POCKETS & CHECKERS:
With a donkey and a cow

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY, HOPE, BELLOWS:
And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas Day

HOPE, BELLOWS:

He's more than just a greeting card
Or a carol that you hear

DAISY:

He's bigger than a holiday
That comes round once a year

POCKETS, FLORA, CHECKERS, DAISY, HOPE, BELLOWS:

And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas Day

And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas
And we really ought to live this way
In the things we do and the words we say
Need to honor God, giving thanks, and pray
Not once a year but every day
'Cause every day is Christmas
Every day is Christmas
Every day is Christmas Day

END SONG. HOPE AND BELLOWS EXIT.

CHECKERS TURNS TO POCKETS. FLORA AND DAISY REMAIN
ONSTAGE.

CHECKERS: Pockets, you've got to help
me! Tomorrow's Christmas and I've got
to do something to impress Daisy!

POCKETS: Got your eye on young Daisy
now, have you?

CHECKERS: Well, you've got yourself a
girl, so why can't I?

POCKETS: Flora's not me girl, mate.
We're just friends. That's how it stands
at the moment, anyway.

CHECKERS: Trouble is, I don't know much about girls, really. Should I give her a Christmas present?

POCKETS: Yeah, if you like.

CHECKERS: Trouble is, I haven't any money.

POCKETS: Well, bang goes that idea, then. But you know something, Checkers. Sometimes the best sort of gifts don't come in packages, if you'll pardon the cliché. Maybe you could just go and talk to her.

CHECKERS: What sort of a gift is that?

POCKETS: Someday you'll learn that talking is by far the greatest gift you can ever bestow upon a woman. Preferably if they talk and you listen.

CHECKERS: I've tried talking to Daisy, but I always get it wrong! Maybe I'll just stay home.

POCKETS: Imagine what the world would be like if we all just stayed home. Now go.

POCKETS PUSHES CHECKERS TOWARD DAISY. CHECKERS IS NERVOUS ABOUT THE IDEA.

HE NERVOUSLY APPROACHES DAISY, NOT SURE ABOUT WHAT HE IS SUPPOSED TO TALK TO HER ABOUT.

CHECKERS: Hi, Daisy! Um. . .I like your hair! It looks like. . .boot polish. But in a good way! I mean, it's the same color, and. . . .

AWKWARD PAUSE. DAISY IS INSULTED.

CHECKERS: I like that thing you're wearing, Daisy. It looks like a bowl of porridge. Good porridge, I mean! Not that awful stuff you get down at the tavern!

ANOTHER PAUSE. DAISY IS GETTING MORE AND MORE INSULTED BY THESE REMARKS.

CHECKERS: I like your freckles. Or is that just dirt on your face? I can't really tell-

DAISY, FURIOUS, REMOVES HER SHAWL, GLARING AT CHECKERS.

CHECKERS: (TERRIFIED) It's the prettiest dirt I've ever seen! Honest!

DAISY: And as for you, Checkers, I think you're the-

SHE TAKES HER SHAWL AND BEGINS WHACKING HIM WITH EVERY WORD.

DAISY: -dirtiest, filthiest, rottenest little lamplighter I've ever met in the whole of my life!

CHECKERS: (SAME TIME, WITH EVERY WHACK)
Aagh!! Aagh!! Aagh!!

CHECKERS IS KNOCKED TO THE GROUND.

DAISY: And for your information, I only put the best dirt on my face!

DAISY STORMS OVER TO FLORA. POCKETS APPROACHES, AMUSED, AND HELPS CHECKERS UP.

POCKETS: (TRYING NOT TO LAUGH) So how'd it go?

CHECKERS: I don't know! Was it something I said?!

POCKETS PUSHES CHECKERS ALONG AND THEY HEAD TO ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM. DAISY'S BEEN TELLING FLORA ABOUT IT.

DAISY: And then he said my shawl looked like a bowl of porridge! I mean, really!

FLORA: Well, it does rather look like porridge.

DAISY: Flora!

FLORA: What? I've always liked porridge! Listen, Daisy, Checkers is the sweetest lamplighter you're ever going to find. He just wants to be friends with you because he likes you.

THIS HASN'T OCCURRED TO DAISY. SHE SEEMS TO LIKE THE IDEA, BUT SHE REMAINS GUARDED.

DAISY: Well, be that as it may. He'd better learn to behave himself. I'm a respectable flower girl, after all.

FLORA: Oh, Daisy, he's doing his best. Instead of punching him in the face, you might try being a bit more civil. . . .And we're not all that respectable, you know. I ask for charity all the time.

FLORA HEADS OFF.

DAISY: What? You told me to never ask for charity! (HEADING OFF AFTER HER) If you told me not to ask for charity, I don't see why you should ask for charity, and how much did you get, anyway? . . .

THEY EXIT COMPLETELY.

EMILY ENTERS WITH PICCADILLY, GALAXIA, AND PATCHES.

PICCADILLY: Well, here we are, Emily! Isn't London amazing on Christmas Eve! Oh, I forgot. You've never noticed before because Christmas is all about Emily Screw, right?

EMILY: Well, Christmas Day is my birthday, and I am the heiress to the Screw Estate.

GALAXIA: You, Emily, are a disgrace to the entire Galactic Federation! (TO AUDIENCE) And for only five pounds more, you can purchase my Intergalactic Space Pod, some assembly required.

EMILY: (TO PICCADILLY) She just had to come along, did she?

PICCADILLY: Just play along, right? You used to play along all the time. Now pay attention. We got a little story to tell you.

LORD AND LADY SCREW ENTER AS PICCADILLY NARRATES.

PICCADILLY: You see, once upon a time, Emily Screw was just a tiny little baby, born on Christmas Day to Lord and Lady Screw. Yes, they did their best to train up their little girl in the way she should go, but I'm afraid little Emily was a bit too headstrong. She looked at all the properties, and businesses, and fortune, and thought it was all for her.

EMILY: For the one millionth time, I'm the heiress to the entire Screw Estate! It's all mine!

PICCADILLY: It is yours, to be sure. But it's yours to give. That's what you never learned, Emily.

PATCHES: Life is all about giving! Your time, your friendship, your heart! "Give and it shall be given"! That's what the Book says.

EMILY LOOKS AT HER PARENTS, WHO OF COURSE, CANNOT SEE HER.

EMILY: (UPSET) Yes, I suppose it's all my fault, then. Let's forget about the fact that you two were always away, always going off to fancy dinner parties and leaving me all alone.

LORD SCREW: (TO LADY SCREW) I just don't see what all the fuss is about, dear. We've given her everything. All that an heiress could ever need!

LADY SCREW: Everything except our time! Our attention! There's more to being an heiress than just nice toys and fancy clothes. She has everything on the surface but nothing underneath.

THIS PROVES EMILY'S POINT, AS FAR AS EMILY IS CONCERNED.

EMILY: (TO PICCADILLY) Are you hearing this?

PICCADILLY: Yeah, are you? (TURNS HER TO FACE PARENTS AGAIN)

LORD SCREW: Well, but I mean, we. . . . we told her about Christmas. We told her the Nativity story. And we told her about the responsibilities of the Screw Estate.

LADY SCREW: I know, but she didn't hear it. She didn't hear it because she never listens.

EMILY: I do listen!. . . .Well, some of the time. . . .Well, all right, so I'm not absolutely perfect!

PICCADILLY: Not absolutely, no.

GALAXIA: You've been given the entire universe, Emily! If you want to save the galaxy, like I do, you've got to do what it takes!

PICCADILLY: She means you've been given a lot. You have a chance to make a difference in this world. From where you stand, you have the power to speak life into the lives of countless people. Don't waste it, Emily! Don't waste the life you've been given.

LORD AND LADY SCREW EXIT, AND EMILY SEEMS TO ACTUALLY THINK ABOUT SOME OF THIS.

PATCHES: And anyway, if you played a bit nicer I'll bet you'd actually start making some friends.

EMILY: I already have friends.

PICCADILLY, GALAXIA, AND PATCHES ALL SNICKER AT THIS.

EMILY: I do! We're a very important family! Everybody respects the Screws!

POCKETS AND CHECKERS, WHO HAVE BEEN IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM, COME WALKING PAST.

POCKETS: (PLAYFULLY) So what's the worst job you could possibly have? In all the world!

CHECKERS: The workhouse?

POCKETS: Wrong!

CHECKERS: I know! A shoe factory! I knew a bloke who worked at a shoe factory. He said it was awful.

POCKETS: Wrong again.

CHECKERS: Well, all right, what is the worst job in all the world?

POCKETS: Being the personal maid for Emily Screw. Can you imagine how horrid life must be for that little maid she's got? Day in and day out, having to put up with the likes of Emily Screw? It's a reminder to me that things could always be worse. . .

THEY EXIT.

PICCADILLY: (AMUSED) Everybody respects the Screws, eh? If that's respect, I hate to see what disrespect looks like.

EMILY: Lottie is my most trusted and devoted servant, I'll have you know! She has the best job in the world and I'm positive she feels nothing but goodwill towards me!

LOTTIE FURIOUSLY ENTERS, CARRYING A BROOM.

LOTTIE: Ugggh!! I hate Emily Screw! I hate this house! I hate having to pander to that terrible, horrible beast! There'll be a fifty pound note in the teapot before she's ever made right!

PICCADILLY, GALAXIA, AND PATCHES ALL LOOK AT EMILY.

PICCADILLY: Bloomin' shame, you know. Mum and Dad were hoping the two of you could be friends. . .While away the lonely hours together. . . .

PICCADILLY, GALAXIA, AND PATCHES EXIT, LEAVING EMILY TO OBSERVE LOTTIE ALONE.

LOTTIE IS SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, LOOKING AT THE TOP OF HER BROOM LIKE IT IS A PERSON.

LOTTIE: One of these days I'll make enough money to leave this terrible place. I'll travel all over London! Sooner or later, I'll find the family I never had! I know I will!

SHE SIGHS, AND LOOKS OUT.

LOTTIE: There'll be a fifty pound note in the teapot before that ever happens. Till then, it's not so bad. Things could always be worse.

CUE MUSIC: "IN MY SHOES"

LOTTIE:
Sittin' by the fireside on Christmas Eve
Wonderin' if anyone would ever believe
While the world is roastin' chestnuts
Over the fire

I'm still stuck as a maid for hire
 But I oughta be able
 I mean, Christ had it worse
 Bein' born there in that stable

He's been in my shoes
 Knowin' what it's like to be alone
 Bein' in my shoes
 Rejected and despised
 Can't ruddy be surprised
 I gotta say I'm fine
 'Cause His Christmas was a whole lot worse than mine

Sittin' on the kitchen floor on Christmas Eve
 Anyway, it's better than what Jesus received
 While the world was roastin' pigs and
 Other big brew-ha's
 He was stuck with the donkey doo-dah's
 So I oughta be able
 Since Christ had it worse
 Bein' born there in that stable

He's been in my shoes
 Knowin' what it's like to be alone
 Bein' in my shoes
 Rejected and despised
 Can't ruddy be surprised
 I gotta say I'm fine
 'Cause His Christmas was a whole lot worse than mine

The King of Kings, alas,
 Was part of the working class
 So I know how You felt
 Happy Christmas, bet that manger really smelt

AFTER THE SONG, LOTTIE REMAINS THERE, AND EMILY
 APPROACHES (THOUGH LOTTIE CANNOT SEE OR HEAR HER).

EMILY: Lottie, I. . . .I didn't know
 you were so lonely. . .And there I was
 thinking I was always alone. . . .I
 never thought I could have anything in
 common with a servant.

LOTTIE GETS UP AND HEADS OFF.

EMILY: Lottie, wait!

TOO LATE, SHE EXITS, BUT EMILY CONTINUES.

EMILY: If you need a friend and I need
a friend, then why don't we. . . .

THE STARLIGHT GIRLS ENTER WITH THEIR USUAL PERKINESS.

CINNAMON: Did somebody say friend?

EMILY: Oh, no, not you two!

CINNAMON: I'm Cinnamon!

COCO: And I'm Coco!

CINNAMON, COCO: And we're the Starlight
Girls!

EMILY: We know! Do you have to be so
obnoxiously cheerful?

CINNAMON: Well, it's better than being
a total grumpy-puss like you.

COCO: I totally agree, Cinnamon!

CINNAMON: Thank you, Coco.

EMILY: Look, I admit I've been just a
little bit selfish here and there, so
I've learned my lesson, all right?

COCO: Come on, gang! Let's take a
little trip down to the East End of
London!

EMILY: Oh, no, please! That's where
all the riffraff lives!

CINNAMON: Oh, okay, would like a little
salt to go on your prejudice sandwich?
Come on.

CUE MUSIC: "MERRY CHRISTMAS - REPRISE"

CINNAMON AND COCO TAKE EMILY AND ESCORT HER ALONG.

MRS. GOODFELLOW, HOPE, SPROUT, AND BELLOWS ENTER.

MRS. GOODFELLOW:

Merry Christmas, what does it mean
Something much more than red and green
It's a royal day full of royal things
When the world says hail to the King of Kings
It's a time of joy and laughter
For today and ever after
Christmas should be all of these things
So give thanks, my dears, to the King of Kings

AS MUSIC CONTINUES IN THE SONG, MRS. GOODFELLOW GETS
THE ORPHANS TOGETHER, AND AS THE MUSIC ENDS THEY ARE
CONCLUDING WITH A PRAYER:

MRS. GOODFELLOW:. . .and may You grant
us grace and mercy this Christmas and
in all the days to come. In Christ's
name, amen.

HOPE: How can we possibly enjoy this
Christmas when we know we're about to
be evicted?

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Because it's Christmas,
my dear, and everybody ought to be happy
at Christmastime. Besides, the Good Lord
will provide. He always has.

CINNAMON: Isn't that sad? The charity
home is about to shut down forever.
And why is that, Emily?

EMILY: How should I know? I've never
even met these people.

COCO: Yeah, it's funny how much influence
you can have over people you don't even
know. Thing is, they know you, Emily.

CINNAMON: Your family was the sole
supporter of the charity home, but this
year, Daddy had to cut the funding,
because his little girl asked for a pony,
and a swimming pool, and lots of really
expensive gifts for her birthday.

COCO: So Mrs. Goodfellow and her orphans are going to be flung out onto the streets after Boxing Day, thanks to you. Have fun riding that pony.

AS THIS CONVERSATION HAS TAKEN PLACE, SPROUT HAS GOTTEN OUT OF HIS WHEELCHAIR. BELLOWS NOTICES.

BELLOWS: Sprout! N-N-Now watch what you're doing!

SPROUT: I'm only standing up.

BELLOWS: Well, be careful. You don't want to f-f-fall like you did last week.

SPROUT: I'll be careful.

SPROUT WALKS FORWARD, AWAY FROM THE OTHERS AND SUPPOSEDLY OUTSIDE. THE OTHERS LOOK AT HIM WITH SOME CONCERN.

HOPE: He's getting worse.

BELLOWS: No, Hope, he's getting better!

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Better or worse, at least we're all together.

EMILY TURNS TO CINNAMON AND COCO.

EMILY: What's the matter with him? That boy they call Sprout.

CINNAMON: He's got some health issues.

EMILY: Are they serious?

COCO: Maybe. It seems to get worse in the wintertime.

EMILY: Look, about my birthday presents. I didn't mean to. . . (STARING AT SPROUT)
I can't just leave him out in the cold.

HOPE: Sprout, if you don't come back
in you're going to kill yourself.
Now come on.

SPROUT: Hope?

HOPE: What?

SPROUT: Have you ever thought of
changing your name?

CUE MUSIC: "LIVE/DEAR GOD"

SEEING THAT HE IS JOKING, HOPE SHOOTS A GLARE AT HIM.
SPROUT REMAINS WHERE HE IS, LOOKING UPWARD.

SPROUT:
Everyday's a blessing
Life's a gift to share
There's lots of time from wake to sleep
To show how much you care
I may not be so big
I may not be so tall
But all that really matters
Is that I lived at all

Live every day
Cherish every hour
In all you do
Be thankful for the life you live
No matter what kind of life it is

Live every day
Cherish every hour
In all you do
Be thankful for the life you live
No matter what kind of life it is

SPROUT RETURNS TO HIS CHAIR, AND EMILY CONTINUES
LOOKING AT THE GROUP AS "DEAR GOD" BEGINS. MRS.
GOODFELLOW, HOPE, BELLOWS, AND SPROUT GRADUALLY EXIT
AS THE SONG PLAYS.

EMILY:
All my life, guess I believed
What I hear and what I see
Was only meant for me

Never thought to take a look and see
Through Your eyes

Dear God, if You're real, can You hear me
My name is Emily Screw
Please don't be mad at me
I've been really, really bad
If You hate me I understand
I kind of hate me, too

All I ask, all I pray
Let me see the world through Your eyes

Let me see the brokenhearted
Let me understand their pain
Show me how the poor in spirit
Can find their gain
Show me how to love someone who's not like me
'Cause all I ask, all I pray
Let me see the world through Your eyes

CINNAMON AND COCO REMAIN ON STAGE WITH EMILY.

EMILY: It's true, isn't it? It's all
true. . .I'm a selfish, spoiled, mean-
spirited girl. I've mistreated my family,
my friends, my toys. . . .I should be
punished. That's what I get for not giving
everyone exactly what they deserve.

CINNAMON AND COCO EXCHANGE GLANCES, NOW LOOKING AT
EMILY SYMPATHETICALLY.

CINNAMON: Maybe. But forgiveness is a
very powerful thing.

COCO: That's what Christmas is all about,
really. Forgiveness.

EMILY: (AFTER A MOMENT) Who is He? The
one I have to share my birthday with.
Why do people pray to Him? What's so
special about being born in a manger?

CINNAMON: Don't you remember? Your Mom
and Dad told you a long time ago.

EMILY: Please. . . .This time I'm ready
to listen.

CUE MUSIC: "MIRACLE CHILD"

THE ANGEL ENTERS. LORD AND LADY SCREW ENTERS. LORD
SCREW CARRIES IN THE BABY IN THE MANGER, SETTING THE
MANGER CENTER STAGE. MRS. GOODFELLOW ENTERS.

THE ANGEL DANCES AS EMILY IS OVERCOME BY THE TELLING
OF THE NATIVITY:

LADY SCREW:
In a faraway place in the dark of the night
One star, one Child

MRS. GOODFELLOW:
Didn't seem very likely to be
The one to set you free

LADY SCREW, MRS. GOODFELLOW:
One night, one King
Born in a stable but Lord of everything
Miracle Child, who died for my freedom
You bought me a price that I could not pay
Now You're the King and it's in Your name that I pray

CINNAMON:
In a manger so small lay a sweet baby boy
One Child, one God

COCO:
Never thought such an unforeseen birth
Would shake up all the earth

CINNAMON, COCO:
One night, one King
Born in a stable but Lord of everything
Miracle Child, you shed Your divinity
Even though I was so undeserved
Now You're exalted, the King forever I'll serve

LADY SCREW:
In a faraway place in the dark of the night
One star, one Child

ON THE FINAL RING OF THE BELL, THE GROUP'S FINAL POSITION MIRRORS THE CLASSIC IMAGE OF THE NATIVITY SCENE.

THE STREET WORKERS ENTER, AS EVERYONE ELSE REMAINS FROZEN.

POCKETS: The Son of God came to earth to die for the sins of all humankind. The wages of sin is death. But the gift of God is eternal life, through Christ.

FLORA: And Mary brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in clothes and laid Him in a manger. There wasn't any room for Him in the inn.

CHECKERS: And the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds in the field, saying "Do not be afraid."

DAISY: "There is born to you today in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."

FLORA: And a multitude of angels sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

POCKETS: But thirty-three years later the Savior would be tried, convicted, and executed on a cross.

BY NOW EMILY IS CRYING. CINNAMON AND COCO UNFREEZE, AND THE STREET WORKERS GET INTO POSITION FOR THE NEXT PART.

EMILY: Who could have done such a thing to the Savior of the whole world?!

CINNAMON: You, Emily.

EMILY: Me?! I wasn't even alive yet!

COCO: Human beings! "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God"! The only atonement for human sin was blood, and that's why Jesus Christ was nailed to the cross!

POCKETS STANDS IN FOR CHRIST, STANDING IN THE POSE OF JESUS ON THE CROSS, AND CINNAMON AND COCO MOVE EMILY TOWARD POCKETS, HANDING HER A HAMMER.

CINNAMON: So it was you, Emily Screw, and every human being who ever lived, who drove the nails into His hands and feet!

EMILY: No!! No!

CINNAMON AND COCO TAKE EMILY'S HAND AND FORCE HER HAND TO SIMULATE NAILING POCKETS TO THE CROSS (FLORA HAS TWO METAL BARS THAT SHE CLANGS TOGETHER TO CREATE THE LOUD CLANG OF THE NAILS GOING IN).

EMILY: (AS SHE IS NAILING) I'm sorry, Jesus!! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!!

EMILY STAGGERS AWAY AND DROPS TO HER KNEES, OVERCOME WITH EMOTION.

CINNAMON: And by doing that, He paid the ultimate price for human sin, reconciling Himself to the world.
. . .But on the third day He rose again.

COCO: And now His forgiveness is available to anyone who believes in Him, to anyone who calls on His name.

CINNAMON: Jesus, the Miracle Child, who was, and is, and always will be, King of all Kings.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE AS LORD AND LADY SCREW, MRS. GOODFELLOW, THE ANGEL, AND THE STREET WORKERS EXIT.

PICCADILLY, GALAXIA, AND PATCHES ENTER AND JOIN THE STARLIGHT GIRLS.

EMILY: But why? . . .Why would He ever forgive someone like me, after all the bad things I've done?

PICCADILLY: Because He loves you. You have the privilege of being made in the image of a King.

PICCADILLY THEN LOOKS TOWARD THE AUDIENCE.

PICCADILLY: Each and every one of you was Emily Screw. It was each and every one what put the King of Kings on that cross. . . .We was all selfish, spoiled, and completely undeserving of forgiveness.

CINNAMON: And yet. . . .He still forgave us.

COCO: The story of Emily Screw is the story of every one in this room. . . . Question is. . . .do you believe it?

EMILY WALKS AROUND AND KNEELS BESIDE THE MANGER.

EMILY: Yes. . . .Yes, I do. . . .

CUE MUSIC: "EMILY'S SALVATION"

THE TOYS EXIT.

EMILY FALLS ASLEEP WITH HER ARM RESTING ON THE BABY JESUS. THE ANGEL RETURNS, TOUCHING HER. THE ANGEL THEN TAKES THE MANGER OFF, AS THE MUSIC ENDS.

LOTTIE ENTERS WITH A MUG, GOING ABOUT HER MORNING ROUTINE AS USUAL.

LOTTIE: Here's your hot chocolate,
Miss Emily. . .

EMILY AWAKES WITH A START, LOOKING AROUND ANXIOUSLY.
WHAT IS REAL? WAS IT A DREAM?

LOTTIE: Oh! I didn't know you were still asleep! Please don't be angry!
I know you hate it when I wake you up!
EMILY: Lottie! Merry Christmas!

LOTTIE: What?

EMILY: It's Christmas morning, Lottie!
Merry Christmas! Why don't you have
that hot chocolate instead? I've got
to tell Mother and Daddy what's
happened to me! It's so amazing! You'll
never believe it! Mother! Daddy!

EMILY GOES RACING OFF STAGE. LOTTIE IS COMPLETELY
PERPLEXED. SHE STANDS FOR A MOMENT IN SILENCE. AND
THEN, HER ONLY CONCLUSION IS:

LOTTIE: (PANICKED) Lord and Lady Screw!
Come quick! She's gone completely mad!!

LOTTIE RACES AWAY IN A PANIC.

LORD AND LADY SCREW HURRY ON.

LORD SCREW: Now what is all this shouting
so early in the morning?

EMILY RACES BACK ON.

EMILY: Merry Christmas!

SHE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND LADY SCREW. BOTH PARENTS
ARE SURPRISED, AND CONFUSED, HAVING FULLY EXPECTED HER
TO BE CROSS FROM THE EPISODE LAST NIGHT.

EMILY: I love you, Mother! I love
you so much!

LADY SCREW: Well, I. .I love you, too,
dear, but. . .are you feeling all right?

EMILY THEN RACES TO LORD SCREW AND HUGS HIM.

EMILY: I love you, Daddy. Thank you
so much, for everything! I'll appreciate
it forever and a day!

LORD SCREW: My dear, what. . .what's
gotten into you?

EMILY: The Miracle Child. He's real.
He's brought me to life for the very
first time. . . .Now come on, you two!
We have so much to do!

EMILY RACES OUT AGAIN.

LORD SCREW: (TO LADY SCREW) This is all
very alarming, dear. What do you suppose
happened?

LADY SCREW: (AFTER A MOMENT) A miracle.

LORD SCREW: Well, I say, they didn't talk
about that in the parenting books.

THEY TURN AND HURRY AFTER EMILY.

LADY SCREW: Emily, dear, don't go outside
without your coat!

THEY EXIT. LOTTIE SCURRIES BACK ON, STILL PANICKED.

LOTTIE: I knew she'd go off one day!
I just knew it! There'll be a fifty
pound note in the teapot before
anything goes right in this house!

EMILY ENTERS, AND LOTTIE PANICS EVEN MORE.

LOTTIE: Keep away from me, Emily! I
don't want to have to hurt you!

EMILY: Look, Lottie, will you please
calm down? I haven't gone mad.

LOTTIE: You're smiling! If that's not
madness, I don't know what is!

EMILY: Would you mind getting me a cup
of tea?

LOTTIE: Right. Absolutely. Don't move.

LOTTIE KEEPS HER EYES COMPLETELY ON EMILY AS SHE GOES
TO THE TEAPOT NEARBY. ONLY WHEN SHE HAS THE POT DOES
SHE LOOK INSIDE, AND. . . .

LOTTIE: Blimey! There's a fifty pound note in the teapot!

SHE PULLS THE MONEY OUT OF THE TEAPOT.

EMILY: It's my allowance money. I want you to have it. It's my Christmas present to you.

LOTTIE HAS CALMED DOWN, BUT STARES AT EMILY IN DISBELIEF AT THIS SUDDEN CHANGE.

EMILY: I know you're my servant, but. . . maybe we could think about being friends. I haven't really got any at the moment.

LOTTIE: (AFTER A MOMENT) Neither have I.

CUE MUSIC: "CHRISTMAS MORNING"

EMILY AND LOTTIE EXIT TOGETHER. POCKETS, FLORA, AND DAISY EMERGE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, POCKETS SWEEPING THE STREETS AND THE FLOWER GIRLS SELLING THEIR FLOWERS.

MRS. GOODFELLOW, HOPE, BELLOWS, AND SPROUT ALL ENTER, AND JOIN UP WITH EMILY AND LORD SCREW, WHO HAVE PRESENTED MRS. GOODFELLOW WITH A LETTER AS THE MUSIC ENDS.

EMILY: The Screw Estate will keep on funding the charity home, Mrs. Goodfellow. I'm sorry for giving you such a fright.

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Bless you, my dear, you've made this a very special Christmas.

LORD SCREW: Emily also wants to set up a special fund for, um-

EMILY: Sprout.

LORD SCREW: Yes, Sprout. To cover any and all medical costs that you might require. We'll be in touch on the details, Mrs. Goodfellow.

LORD SCREW AND EMILY TURN TO LEAVE. THE OTHERS ARE GREATLY SURPRISED BY THIS SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS.

HOPE: Hey, wait!. . . .I thought you were, I mean. . . .What happened to you?

EMILY: I'll tell you about it when you all come for Christmas dinner tonight.

EMILY AND LORD SCREW EXIT.

BELLOWS: C-C-Christmas dinner at the Screw Estate?! D-Did you hear that?

HOPE: I can't believe it. She was like a completely different person. (LOOKS AT SPROUT) What are you looking so smug about?

SPROUT: I know exactly what happened. God answered my prayer, that's what.

HOPE: What prayer? What are you talking about? (THEN REMEMBERS) Wait, what are we doing?! We have our house back! We're not getting evicted!

SQUEALS OF DELIGHT AS THEY ALL EMBRACE.

MRS. GOODFELLOW: Now I want each one of you clean and tidy if we're going to be spending Christmas with the Screws. Come on now. Off we go.

WITH GROANS, THE ORPHANS FOLLOW MRS. GOODFELLOW OFF.

POCKETS APPROACHES FLORA.

POCKETS: I'm afraid I can't afford to get you anything very fancy this Christmas, Flora. But I can take you to The Frog and Peach for a minced pie.

FLORA: Thank you, Pockets, but I don't-

POCKETS: Accept charity, right. Don't think of it as charity. Just. . .between you and me, if you like.

FLORA CATCHES HIS EYE AND CATCHES HIS MEANING, AND SMILES.

FLORA: Very well.

CHECKERS COMES RUNNING IN, RACING TO DAISY AND HOLDING A SMALL FLOWER. HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT IT IS MISTLETOE.

CHECKERS: Daisy! I found this flower hanging over a doorway and thought you might like to have it for Christmas! You being a flower girl and all. . .

DAISY IS DELIGHTED, BUT SURPRISED, AT THE GIFT (KNOWING THE TRADITION OF MISTLETOE).

DAISY: Checkers, do you know what that is?

CHECKERS: It's a flower.

DAISY: Yes, I'm alive to that. Do you know what kind of flower it is?

CHECKERS: No.

POCKETS: (LEANS OVER TO CHECKERS ON HIS WAY OUT) That's mistletoe, mate.

POCKETS AND FLORA HEAD OUT.

CHECKERS: Oh.

THEN HE REMEMBERS THE TRADITION, AS WELL, AND BECOMES HORRIFIED.

CHECKERS: Blimey! I didn't mean. . .!
I didn't know it was. . .!

CUE MUSIC: "CLOSING"

DAISY IS NOW ACTING MUCH MORE FLIRTATIOUS. NOW CHECKERS ISN'T SO SURE ABOUT THIS.

DAISY: There's an old tradition associated with mistletoe. You can tell me all about it at dinner.

CHECKERS: (AS HE EXITS WITH DAISY) Yes, but see, I didn't know it was mistletoe! I thought it was just a flower! I didn't actually know, you see. . . .

AS SOON AS THEY HAVE GONE, PATCHES THE RAG DOLL SCURRIES ON STAGE, GIVES A QUICK WAVE TO THE AUDIENCE, AND THEN SCURRIES OFF.

END BOWS.