

THE SINGING NUTCRACKER

A New Holiday Musical Comedy

**Conceived & Created by
Gerard Alessandrini & Peter Brash**

**With Music From
TCHAIKOVSKY'S CLASSIC BALLET
*THE NUTCRACKER***

Book by
Peter Brash

Lyrics by
Gerard Alessandrini

Music by
Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky

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**Gerard Alessandrini
Peter Brash**

Music arrangements by:
Richard Danley

THE SINGING NUTCRACKER

A new musical comedy created by Tony Award and Drama Desk Award winning writer-lyricist **Gerard Alessandrini** with Emmy Award and Writers Guild Award winning book writer **Peter Brash**. Based on a Christmas classic, "**The Singing Nutcracker**" is a modern re-telling of a timeless fairy tale with an updated story that mirrors and satirizes Tchaikovsky's beloved ballet. Completely contemporary with hysterical lyrics in the style of "Forbidden Broadway," it's also romantic and filled with Christmas spirit. The show is a hilarious holiday spoof, family-friendly like "Beauty and the Beast" and with the irreverent, cheeky humor of the popular "Toy Story" movies. This **miniature Nutcracker musical** has an ingeniously original book and laugh-out-loud lyrics set to the world-famous Christmas music by **Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky** -- and it has a cast smaller than "The Fantasticks"!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

PROF. HOFFMANN/FATHER (Toy Policeman, Tchaikovsky, Balanchine, Dr. Stahlbaum, others in dream)

CELESTE (Clara in the ballet, a young singer-dancer with very big dreams)

ELIOT/NUTCRACKER (geeky stagehand, a musical-comedy nut, Celeste's Nutcracker prince)

ZACK (super handsome, athletic, self-absorbed, snowboarding Olympic wannabe)

MOTHER/SUGAR RUSH FAIRY (frustrated ballerina, others in dream)

PETER (Celeste's cute younger brother, believes in the Nutcracker, Pizza Boy in dream)

SETTING

PAWCHUSETT -- an economically-depressed New England mill town -- PRESENT DAY.

SNOW GLOBE CITY -- a tinsel-town New York City holiday wonderland.

The Singing Nutcracker was first presented at George Street Playhouse in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on December 2, 2011. The director was David Saint; musical direction, musical arrangements and orchestrations by David Caldwell; choreography by Joseph Simeone; settings by Jim Youmans; costumes by David Murin; lighting by Joe Saint; sound design by Dan Moses Schreier; projection design by Steve Channon; the production stage manager was Lori Ann Zepp.

Cast was as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| HOFFMANN/FATHER | Peter Scolari/Edward Staudenmayer |
| CELESTE | Haley Carlucci |
| ELIOT/NUTCRACKER | A.J. Shively |
| ZACK | Nick Dalton |
| MOTHER/SUGAR RUSH FAIRY, etc. | Annie Golden |
| PETER, etc. | Aiden Benevides |

NOTE: Sets and costumes from original production are available for rental

Contact:

GEORGE STREET PLAYHOUSE
9 Livingston Avenue
New Brunswick, NJ 02901-1903
(732) 846 - 2895

Production photos/music video available online:
www.thenutcrackerandi.com

MUSICAL NUMBERS

PROLOGUE: THAT CERTAIN BALLET Cast
 A BANKRUPT CHRISTMAS Celeste
 CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS Father, Mother & Peter
 WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME? Zack, Mother & Father
 OH, NO, ELIOT Mother, Father, Peter, Celeste & Eliot
 THE FARKAKTE CLOCK Hoffmann, Celeste & Cast [off-stage voices]
 THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER Nutcracker & Peter
 BATTLE SCENE DANCE Celeste, Nutcracker & Zack
 CELESTE'S EPIPHANY Celeste & Nutcracker
 MARCH OF THE TOY POLICE Toy Policeman
 SONG OF THE SUGAR RUSH FAIRY Sugar Rush Fairy
 BLACK VELVET NIGHT Celeste & Nutcracker
 LET'S FLY AWAY Nutcracker, Celeste & Cast

CHRISTMAS COMES EV'RY DAY Nutcracker & Celeste
 NYC MULTI-CULTURE TOUR MEDLEY:
 NAVIDAD IN SPANISH HARLEM Bodega Owner [Father]
 HINDU CABBIE'S CHRISTMAS Hindu Cabbie [Father]
 A LITTLE LITTLE ITALY Pizza Delivery Boy [Peter]
 A JEWISH CHINESE CHRISTMAS Chinese Chef [Mother]

THE DEPARTMENT STORE TREPAK Nutcracker
 SONG OF THE TWITS Zack & Sugar Rush Fairy
 NUTCRACKER ROCK STAR Nutcracker, Zack & Cast
 IS THERE A BALL TONIGHT? Celeste, Nutcracker, Zack, Sugar Rush & Cast
 LOVE IS ETERNAL Nutcracker & Celeste
 THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER (reprise) Peter & Celeste
 CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS (reprise) Mother & Father
 APOTHEOSIS: CHRISTMAS COMES ONCE A YEAR Eliot & Celeste
 FINALE: TAKE THE NEW YEAR/IS THERE A BALL TONIGHT? Cast

GERARD ALESSANDRINI (co-creator/lyricist) is creator/writer/director of the long-running hit musical review *Forbidden Broadway*. He has received a Tony Honor for Excellence in Theatre, an Obie Award, an Outer Critics Circle Award, two Lucille Lortel Awards, and four Drama Desk Awards for *Forbidden Broadway*. In 2017, his hit musical satire *Spamilton* had a long-running Off-Broadway run. *Spamilton* was later produced in Chicago, Los Angeles, and London. It is now touring in the United States. Mr. Alessandrini was born in Needham, MA, and graduated from the Boston Conservatory of Music. He was also the creator-writer-director of *Forbidden Hollywood* which had major productions in New York and Los Angeles. Television credits include writing comedy specials for Bob Hope and Angela Lansbury on NBC, Carol Burnett on CBS, and *Masterpiece Tonight* on PBS, a satirical revue saluting Masterpiece Theater's 20th anniversary. He directed a production of Maury Yeston's musical *in The Beginning*, as well as the recent revue of the Maury Yeston songbook: *Anything Can Happen in the Theater*. Mr. Alessandrini has received a lifetime achievement award from the Drama League.

PETER BRASH (co-creator/book writer) grew up in Needham, MA, with Gerard Alessandrini. Though Peter was not responsible for breaking Gerard's leg on opening night of a high school production of *Oklahoma!*, their trip to the ER may have inspired *The Singing Nutcracker*. After graduating from Boston College with a degree in English and Theater, Peter moved to New York where he was cast in the 1983 film *Without A Trace* with Judd Hirsch. During a 30-year career writing daytime drama, Mr. Brash received an Emmy Award for *Guiding Light* and two Writers Guild Awards for *Days of Our Lives* and *As The World Turns*. With director Laura Newman he wrote the screenplay for *We are The Hartmans* (2012) starring Richard Chamberlain. He is a member of the Dramatists Guild.

THE SINGING NUTCRACKER

PROLOGUE

THEATRE STAGE.

No stage curtain. On stage, there is a huge wrapped GIFT BOX with a big bow on top. During the show, the GIFT BOX can open, revealing different miniature sets inside. HOUSE LIGHTS DIM. Music cue: a dramatic tremolo chord. A SPOTLIGHT finds PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, a very eccentric and flamboyant choreographer, wearing his signature cape. Hoffmann is in his element, as he begins the proceedings with theatrical flair.

HOFFMANN

(sings out of tempo to the tune of “**The Nutcracker Overture in Miniature**”)

EACH YEAR AT CHRISTMAS TIME

WE DO A CERTAIN BALLET

THIS YEAR IT’S BACK AGAIN

(now in tempo)

BUT NOW WE’VE ADDED SOMETHING MORE

I KNOW WE ALL RESPECT

TCHAIKOVSKY’S CERTAIN BALLET

BUT WITH A POISON PEN

WE’VE SCRIBBLED LYRICS THROUGH THE SCORE

WE’VE ADDED JUST A LITTLE BIT

OF TV SITCOM INTO IT

AND SQUEEZED NEW WORDS THAT BARELY FIT

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTERPOINT

HOFFMANN (CONT'D)

THOUGH IT ISN'T VERY PRETTY
WHEN WE DIRTY UP THE DITTY
BUT THE OUTCOME CAN BE WITTY
WHEN YOU'RE PUFFING ON A JOINT

LET US BEGIN THE NAUGHTY PLOT
AND TIE OUR TONSILS IN A KNOT
AS WE ATTEMPT TO SING THE SHOW
ABOUT A WOODEN ROMEO

CURTAIN RISING
IF YOU LAUGH
IT'S NOT SURPRISING

(GIFT BOX OPENS to reveal a total disaster area;
drops and half-painted flats are askew; a tall
Christmas tree hangs precariously overhead.
ELIOT, a clumsy stagehand, frantically races around
trying to finish the Nutcracker ballet set. It's
opening night and nothing is ready.)

HOFFMANN (CONT'D)

OUR STORY WILL BEGIN
IN SOME SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL
WE'RE AT PAWCHUSETT HIGH
WHERE I DIRECT THE BIG BALLET

SOON TROUBLE WILL DANCE IN
TO THIS SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL
NOW LET ME INTRODUCE
THE LEADING PLAYERS IN OUR PLAY

(Hoffman gestures to CELESTE, a beautiful young
ballerina. She's warming up, doing ballet routines.)

HOFFMANN (CONT'D)

OUR PRIMA BALLERINA
IN THE LEADING ROLE OF CLARA
IS MY FAV'RITE FEMALE STUDENT
MULTI-TALENTED CELESTE

CELESTE

I'M PRETTY AND I'M CLEVER
AND I STUDIED DANCE FOREVER
AND MY ULTIMATE ENDEAVOR
IS TO BE THE VERY BEST

(ZACK, a hot athlete-type, enters in a
USA Winter Olympic Team sweatshirt.)

HOFFMANN

AND HERE'S THE HANDSOME STUDLY ZACK
A HANDSOME JOCK ON THE ATTACK

ZACK

I HAVE A DISCONCERTING KNACK
FOR KEEPING WOMEN ON THEIR BACK

(Zack chases Celeste as she pirouettes into the
wings. Eliot, the klutzy stagehand, moves in. He
wears handyman goggles and a lopsided tool belt.)

HOFFMANN

THEN THERE'S BIRD-LIKE
ELIOT WHO'S SUPER NERD-LIKE

ELIOT

WAIT! SIR, I HAVE A QUESTION FIRST,
PROFESSOR HOFFMANN
WHERE DOES THE WIRE GO
THAT FASTENS DOWN THE CHRISTMAS TREE?

HOFFMANN

WHAT WAS THAT?

ELIOT

AND THE PROP AT THE SHOP'S
NOT READY YET
TO DRESS THE SET

HOFFMANN

ELIOT, MY BOY, WILL YOU CALM DOWN, PLEASE?
WE HAVE ISSUES MORE IMMEDIATE THAN THESE
AND IT DOESN'T PUT OUR NERVOUS CAST AT EASE
TO HEAR THAT SHAKY TREES
ARE TILTING IN THE BREEZE!

(Hoffmann exits. Eliot bumps into Celeste
dancing in.)

ELIOT

PLEASE, EXCUSE ME!

CELESTE

ELIOT, PLEASE, DON'T RUIN MY BIG CHANCE NOW
YOU MUST KNOW THAT I'VE BEEN PRACTICING FOR YEARS
TO PLAY CLARA IN THE BALLET WITH MY PEERS
WILL YOU PACK UP YOUR ACCOUTREMENTS AND GO?

(Eliot drops his tool box; all his tools go flying.)

HEY, WATCH OUT! YOU DROPPED YOUR HAMMER ON MY TOE!

ELIOT

MY GOD! OH, NO!
CELESTE, I'M REALLY SORRY

YOU'RE THE LAST GIRL IN THE WORLD I'D WANT TO CRIPPLE!

CELESTE

IT'S OKAY NOW
PLEASE, JUST GO!

(Eliot picks up tools. MOTHER, a frustrated ex-
ballerina, enters with a pair of tattered toe shoes.)

MOTHER

(speaks)

Celeste, sweetheart, you forgot your lucky toe shoes.

CELESTE

They're not my toe shoes, *Mother*, they're yours. They're old and stinky and falling apart. No way I'm wearing them on opening night!

MOTHER

But they might help you "break a leg." Remember Baryshnikov from "Sex and the City"? He gave these toe shoes a juicy wet kiss. You can still see the saliva stain.

CELESTE

Mom, that's gross!

MOTHER

Celeste, sweetie, chill out. Your dad and I need to find you a boyfriend. Any eligible studs around here? Oh my God, there's Zack -- he's perfect for you!

ZACK

(moves in, sings)

HEY, LADY, THAT'S YOUR DAUGHTER
IN THAT CERTAIN BALLET
YOU KNOW SHE'S KINDA HOT
WHEN SHE BENDS OVER FROM BEHIND

MOTHER

YES, ZACK, SHE'S JUST YOUR TYPE
COME BY, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU

ELIOT

NO, ZACK, SHE'S NOT YOUR TYPE
SHE'S NOT "THE RED SOX NATION" KIND

HOFFMANN

(re-enters, with gusto:)

NOW EV'RYBODY TAKE YOUR PLACE
AND WIPE THE EGGNOG OFF YOUR FACE
WE'RE ALMOST READY TO BEGIN
AND HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH WHEN YOU SPIN

HIGHER! HIGHER!
LEAP AND JUMP BUT
DON'T PERSPIRE!

ELIOT

WAIT! MAY I INTERRUPT YOU, PLEASE,
PROFESSOR HOFFMANN?
I LOST MY MONKEY WRENCH
THAT BATTENS DOWN THE CHRISTMAS TREE

HOFFMANN

NOT AGAIN!

ELIOT

BUT I FOUND A PROP TO STOP
THE SLOPPY TILTING SET

CELESTE

ELIOT, I KNOW THAT YOU'RE WORKING HARD
BUT IF YOU DON'T STOP
I'M GONNA HAVE YOU BARRED

ELIOT

BUT THIS CHRISTMAS TREE STILL NEEDS A LOT OF WORK

ZACK

OH MY GOD THAT GUY IS TOTALLY A JERK!

(Ominous music under dialogue:)

HOFFMANN

Pull up your tutus, people -- it's showtime!

ELIOT

Wait -- the tree is loose. You can't start!

HOFFMANN

Too late! Let's make some art! (He comically dances off-stage.)

ELIOT

But the Christmas tree's falling apart!

ZACK

Man, that chick is super limber!

MOTHER

Celeste, watch out -- the tree is -- !!

ELIOT

Timber!!!!

CELESTE

(screams)

Aaaaaaaggghh!!!!!!

(Christmas tree falls on Celeste, as **music reaches a crashing crescendo**. Hospital orderly [Hoffmann], in white lab coat, enters pushing a wheelchair. We hear an **ambulance siren**. Celeste falls into the wheelchair.)

ALL (EXCEPT CELESTE)

(slow and sad)

SHE'LL NEVER DANCE AGAIN

TCHAIKOVSKY'S CERTAIN BALLET

NOW MORE THAN HERETOFORE

(in tempo)

WE'LL HAVE TO SING TCHAIKOVSKY'S SCORE

ALL (EXCEPT HOFFMANN) (CONT'D)

THAT'S WHERE OUR CERTAIN BALLET ENDS

AND OUR MUSICAL BEGINS

HOFFMANN

(re-enters in his cape)

SOME CRAZY GUY SAT DOWN AND WROTE

A CRAZY WORD FOR EV'RY NOTE

ALL

CAN'T DANCE IT

WE'LL SING IT

WITH LYRICS

THAT BRING IT

UP TO DATE

A NEW MUSICAL SOUFFLE

OF THAT CERTAIN BALLET!

BLACKOUT

SCENE 1

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

The GIFT BOX CLOSES. A sign reads:

**PAWCHUSETT REGIONAL HOSPITAL
FEELING THE SEASON OF HEALING**

Note pronunciation: Paw-CHEW-set. Celeste enters in her wheelchair, her leg in a fiberglass cast up to her knee. Heartbroken, she sings:

CELESTE

THIS YEAR AT CHRISTMAS TIME
I DID THAT CERTAIN BALLET
BUT THIS CHRISTMAS I COULD CRY
MY PRESENT IS A BROKEN LEG

I'M IN AN ITCHY CAST
INSTEAD OF IN A BALLET
BACK AT PAWCHUSETT HIGH
OUR CHRISTMAS PAGEANT LAID AN EGG

(FATHER [played by HOFFMANN] and Mother enter. Mother has a plate of cookies and Celeste's release papers. Father is a manly, wise-guy biker wearing a beat-up leather motorcycle jacket with a "Sons of Evergreen" logo on the back. He has a pair of crutches for Celeste. The parents are extra sweet to her, masking their tension due to financial strain.)

FATHER

Yo-yo-yo! How's my baby ballerina feelin' today?

CELESTE

I'm okay, Dad. Two weeks in traction was wicked -- but the painkillers made time fly.

MOTHER

Look, sweetheart, I made you my special
high-fiber tofu Christmas cookies --

CELESTE

Mom --

MOTHER
-- with fish oil --

CELESTE
Oh my God!

MOTHER
-- steamed in seaweed!

CELESTE
Stop!

MOTHER
The soy germ reduces bone loss.

FATHER
And taste.

MOTHER
Your father has good news! (before Father can speak:) The hospital finally gave you your walking papers. You'll be back dancing a *pas de deux* in no time!

CELESTE
All the doctors say I'll never do ballet again. Now I can't go to Juilliard.

MOTHER
My dance career ended early, too. Having kids gives you hips like a beached whale.

FATHER
Whales don't have hips. (to Celeste) Sorry, honey, we can't afford Juilliard. Not with our mortgage underwater. (to Mother, a little dig:) We need to tighten our belts.

MOTHER
(a dig at Father)
Which is why we had to cancel our Christmas Eve party.

CELESTE
But I invited all my friends. It was going to be our cast party!

FATHER
Sorry, princess... (taps the cast on her leg:) Now you're in a different kind of cast.

MOTHER
You don't need a party to see your friends. You can hang out at the mall.

FATHER

You don't need presents to get in the holiday spirit.

MOTHER

We don't need a Christmas tree --

FATHER

Or edible food --

MOTHER

Or a good time. You can have a merry Christmas even when you're clinically depressed.

FATHER

And you're so depressed, this could be the best Christmas of your life!

(Father gives Celeste her crutches. Mother and
Father exit, forced laughter covering distress.)

CELESTE

(sings "**A Bankrupt Christmas**" to
"**Grandfather's Dance**")

THIS IS A BANKRUPT CHRISTMAS
A HOLLOW CHRISTMAS
A MASH-UP CHRISTMAS
OF DRAMA AND STRESS

THIS IS A BANKRUPT CHRISTMAS
A K-MART CHRISTMAS
DESIGNED TO SELL-OUT AND DEPRESS

THE COOKIES ARE TASTELESS
THE WINE WATERED DOWN
THE PRESENTS ARE USELESS
THE MISTLETOE BROWN

NO JESUS IN THE MANGER
AND WHAT IS EVEN STRANGER
OUR CREDIT IS IN DANGER
OF A MAJOR MELTDOWN

I WISH THIS BANKRUPT CHRISTMAS
MEANT MORE THIS CHRISTMAS
THAN BUMPY JINGLE BELL TRIPS TO THE MALL

I FEEL SO AGITATED
AND ISOLATED
IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE CHRISTMAS AT ALL

THE NETWORKS CONVULSE
WHEN THE SHOPPERS DON'T SHOP
THERE'S PANIC ON WALL STREET
IF SALES EVER DROP

AND EVEN BUDGET SHAVING
IS HARDLY WORTH THE SAVING
WHEN CHILDREN HAVE BEEN SLAVING
IN AN ASIAN SWEAT SHOP

WHERE IS ALL THE LOVE?
WHAT IS PEACE ON EARTH?
I CAN'T FIND THE LOVE
TO EQUAL THE SEASON'S WORTH

WHERE IS ALL THE HOPE?
WHY SO MUCH DESPAIR?
I CAN'T FIND THE HOPE
OR MUSTER THE WILL TO CARE

THIS IS A BANKRUPT CHRISTMAS
AN OFF-KEY CHRISTMAS
I DON'T HEAR ANGELS
ON HIGH IN THE SKY
I WANT MY MUSIC SOARING
AND WISE MEN MORE ADORING
INSTEAD OF DADDY SNORING
ON A TRYPTOPHAN HIGH
I'M NOT A TURKEY AND STUFFING FAN
IF THERE'S NO SOUL IN THE HOLIDAY PLAN

SOMEONE GET ME
INTO THE SPIRIT AND THEN
I NEVER WANT TO LIVE THROUGH
A BANKRUPT CHRISTMAS
A BROKEN CHRISTMAS
A BANKRUPT CHRISTMAS AGAIN!

BLACKOUT

SCENE 2

FAMILY ROOM.

*SOUND: a motorcycle roars to a stop. GIFT
BOX OPENS to reveal a tacky family room: a
few worn-out decorations, no tree. It's a dreary
Christmas Eve. We hear upset voices offstage:*

CELESTE (OFF)

Oww! Ouch!!

MOTHER (OFF)

Her leg is stuck!

CELESTE (OFF)

Ow -- Dad, that hurts!

(Mother/Father help Celeste in on her crutches.)

MOTHER

Whoever heard of bringing your daughter home from the hospital on a motorcycle!

FATHER

Woo-hoo! See me sparkin' the pavement when I did that wheelie up the driveway?

MOTHER

Save the Evel Knieval stunts for your tacky biker buddies.

CELESTE

What the heck is this -- ?!

(pulls toy dinosaur from under a cushion)

MOTHER

Oh, no! Your father forget to call the sitter again. (calls off) Peter, where are you?

(PETER, Celeste's cute little brother, pops up from behind the couch; playing with a toy nutcracker.)

PETER

I killed a Tyrannosaurus with my Nutcracker! *Zoom* -- the Nutcracker is a superhero!

CELESTE

Keep that stupid nutcracker away from me. It's his fault I'll never dance again. Thanks to "The Nutcracker," we're not getting Christmas presents this year.

PETER

No presents?!

MOTHER

Not conventional presents. We're an unconventional family.

FATHER

Who's unconventional? We're broke at Christmas like everybody else!

CELESTE

(reacts to **Doorbell chimes**)

What was *that?*!

FATHER

The only new decoration we can afford. A Home Depot doorbell.

(Mother and Father sing "**Christmas Doorbells**" to "**The Parents Dance.**" Peter joins in.)

MOTHER & FATHER

CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS
RING-A-DING-DING
MUSICAL DOORBELLS
MERRILY CHIMING

FATHER

CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS
WHO COULD IT BE?

PETER

SOMEBODY BRINGING
A PRESENT FOR ME?

MOTHER

MOMMY AND DADDY
DECIDED CELESTE
NEEDED A BOYFRIEND
BECAUSE SHE'S DEPRESSED

(to Celeste)

DRINK UP YOUR YOGURT
COME ON, DOWN THE HATCH
YOU NEED YOUR HEALTH
TO MEET SUCH A CATCH

MOTHER & FATHER

CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS
RING-A-DING-DING...

(Mother opens door. Zack enters with snowboard.)

MOTHER

Zack! Come in. Oh my God, he is so hot!

ZACK

Hey, guys... I'm tryin' out for the Winter Olympic team!

MOTHER & FATHER & ZACK

Yay! Go, U.S.A.!

ZACK

I'll blow away the competition. I'm goin' for the gold!

MOTHER

Oh, Celeste -- he's perfect! I hope he's vegetarian.

ZACK

I'm Sagittarian: half-man, half-beast! (snowboard pose) They call me the half-pipe king!

PETER

But you always blow it on the giant slalom.

ZACK

That only happened, like...

PETER

Ten times.

ZACK

I can break that stupid streak. I'll do anything to bring home a medal --

PETER

Does that include cheating?

ZACK

Cheating might (work)... (quickly covers) No. Cheating would be wrong. If I ace the finals, I'll get the gold. (looks at Celeste) All I need is a good luck charm.

CELESTE

Sorry, not interested.

ZACK

Why not? I'm a real catch, ya know?

MOTHER

Zack is a dream-boat. You two should definitely "hook up."

CELESTE

Mother!

FATHER

Seriously. Every chick in Pawchusetts wants to date the half-pipe king.

ZACK

It's true... Once you have Zack, you never go back!

(sings **"Who Doesn't Love Me?"** to
"Dance Number Three")

LOVE ME

LOVE ME

YOU'LL FIND IT EASY TO DO

THICK HAIR

HUGE SMILE

AND AN OLYMPIC TATOO

IN ALL THIS HICK TOWN
WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME?
IN ALL NEW ENGLAND
WHO DOESN'T CARE?
IN ALL THE COUNTRY
WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME?
AND WANT TO RUN THEIR FINGERS
THROUGH MY WAVY HAIR

WE'RE BOTH
LUCKY
BUT YOU'LL DO BETTER THAN ME
I'LL GET YOU, BABE
BUT, BABY, YOU'RE GETTING ME!
IN ALL OF EUROPE
WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME?
THE FRENCH ARE WAITING FOR MY MEMOIRS
ON PLANET EARTH -- HEY,
WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME?
AND YOU CAN EVEN THROW IN JUPITER AND MARS

BEST PART
OF HANGIN' OUT WITH ME MOTHER & FATHER
YOU'LL LOOK MUCH BETTER OOOHS, AAHHS
THAN YOU WOULD HAVE LOOKED
WITHOUT ME
WORST PART
OF DOING WITHOUT ME
YOU'LL REGRET IT
WHEN OPRAH IS
TALKING ABOUT ME

FATHER

E--S--P--N
SPORTS CENTER BOOKS HIM A LOT

MOTHER

WHOOPI
ROSIE

ZACK ON YOUR COUCH
WOULD BE HOT

ZACK

RATINGS WILL SOAR FOR
WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME
AND THOSE WHO DON'T
CAN'T BE VERY BRIGHT
THE UNIVERSE SINGS
WHO DOESN'T LOVE ME
WHEN YOU KISS ME YOU'LL PERSPIRE
AND YOUR RATINGS WILL GO HIGHER
BABY, LIGHT MY YULETIDE FIRE
TONIGHT!

MOTHER & FATHER
SWEAT, SWEAT, SWEAT!
HIGH, HIGH, HIGH!

TONIGHT!

I'LL BE BACK
LOVE, ZACK (Zack exits.)

CELESTE

He's not my type.

MOTHER

Are you kidding?! He's everybody's type!
(to Father)

She must be sicker than we thought.

FATHER

Time to take your pills, Celeste.

CELESTE

I took them already -- at the hospital.

FATHER

If you did, you wouldn't be so cranky.

(They give Celeste way too many pills.)

MOTHER

Here, Celeste, take my health supplements.

FATHER

Thank God they're giving her Valium. She needs 'em.

MOTHER

She needs holistic healing.

FATHER

Two more pills can't hurt, right? Those babies really take the edge off.

CELESTE

(after swallowing multiple pills)

This Christmas is making me dizzy.

(Music cue: doorbell chimes)

And I keep hearing bells.

MOTHER & FATHER & PETER

CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS

RING-A-DING-DING

DIGITAL DOORBELLS

MERRILY RINGING

CELESTE

CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS

WHO COULD IT BE?

MOTHER

MAYBE ZACK

IS FINALLY --

(Father opens door. Eliot enters, wearing backpack, carrying a bouquet of mistletoe for Celeste. They sing: "**Oh, No, Eliot.**")

ELIOT?!

CELESTE

OH, NO, ELIOT

FATHER

UH-OH, ELIOT!

MOTHER

WHO WANTS HIM HERE?

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BY AT ALL

ELIOT

I'M SORRY -- DID I INTERRUPT?

FATHER
NO, COME IN FROM THE DRAFTY HALL

ELIOT
I BROUGHT CELESTE A PRES...
ENT

MOTHER
WHAT?!

ELIOT
A MISTLETOE
TO GROW
YOU KNOW
TO HELP HER BRO-
KEN TOE...

(Eliot hangs the mistletoe over the door.)

CELESTE
You broke my leg, Eliot. And I don't want your present.

ELIOT
I'm really sorry about, you know, the accident. Can you forgive me?

CELESTE
Thanks to you, I'll never do "The Nutcracker" again.
(ever the diva, she sings:)

NEVER, NEVER
I'LL NEVER LIVE MY DREAM!

ELIOT
YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT JUST THAT
AND I HAVE A REALLY GOOD IDEA

CELESTE
ELIOT, NO!
YOU OUGHTA GO
NOBODY NEEDS
YOUR "REALLY GOOD IDEA"

LET ME BE CLEAR
JUST DISAPPEAR
NOBODY WANTS
YOUR COMMENTARY HERE

(Eliot gets a script with bow on it from his backpack.)

ELIOT
I WROTE A NUTCRACKER MUSICAL
AS A SINGING VEHICLE FOR YOU

CELESTE
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
SING IT WITH WORDS
LIKE IT WAS PHANTOM OF THE OP'RA OR CATS?
A MUSICAL PLAY
FOR NUTTY NERDS
SINGING MICE AND COLOR'TURA RATS?!

ELIOT
YOUR SINGING HAS INSPIRED ME
AND YOU'RE MY NEW DISCOVERY
I WROTE THE SECOND ACT, YOU KNOW,
WHILE YOU WERE IN RECOVERY...

CELESTE
YOUR IDEA IS RIDICULOUS
I'LL NEVER DO YOUR STUPID SHOW
AND I DON'T WANT YOUR DOPEY SCRIPT
OR SUPER-UGLY MISTLETOE!

ELIOT
Wait! You won't be able to get the Sugar Plum Fairy Song out of your head!

FATHER
OKAY, ELIOT
TIME YOU HIT THE ROAD

MOTHER

CELESTE
SOUNDS SHRILL
SHE MIGHT NEED ANOTHER PILL

MOTHER & FATHER

I THINK YOU'D BETTER RUN ALONG

ELIOT

(hands Celeste the gift script)

I GUESS I BETTER GO

MOTHER & FATHER

YOU GUESSED EXACTLY RIGHT

ALL [EXCEPT ELIOT]

GOOD NIGHT!

(Mother shuts the door in Eliot's face.)

FATHER

I gotta hit the road, too. I'm ridin' high and tight with the Sons of Evergreen tonight.

CELESTE

You're going now?

FATHER

Here, one more pain pill, Celeste. You won't even notice I'm gone.

MOTHER

You can't just take off -- I have a date with my Pilates instructor.

CELESTE

Hey, guys, it's Christmas Eve. Shouldn't you be with your family?

MOTHER

Olaf is family. He works wonders on my sacroiliac. (She does a pelvic thrust.)

FATHER

My biker buddies are family, too. They branded my backside with an evergreen tattoo!

PETER

Dad, can I get a tattoo on my butt?

FATHER

Not till you're ten. I gotta hang with my biker gang tonight. We need to sell our cut-rate Christmas trees to pay for the big New Year's ride. Happy holidays, kids, go Evergreen!

(Father exits. **SOUND: motorcycle speeds off.**)

MOTHER

What made me think "The Biker and the Ballerina" would have a happy ending?

CELESTE

Does it feel like the room is spinning?

MOTHER

It does when you think about Zack's manly physique -- he's such a hottie!

CELESTE

Mother!

(Music cue: doorbell chimes)

MOTHER

Do I hear wedding bells?

MOTHER & PETER

CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS

RING-A-DING-DING

NOISY DOORBELLS

CONSTANTLY --

(Mother cuts off song, speaks:)

MOTHER

Enough with the doorbells already! I'm getting a migraine.

(Peter opens the door. Prof. Hoffmann sweeps in flamboyantly wearing his cape, carrying a wrapped present for Celeste. Mother is suddenly sweet:)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Professor Hoffmann, thanks for coming to look after the kids. Holidays are so hectic!

HOFFMANN

Well, I needed to check on my star ballerina. You know, in the theatre, when we say “break a leg” we don’t mean it literally.

MOTHER

Now I’ll have time to meditate before my Pilates party. I call it the Christmas cure!

(laughs, then to Celeste and Hoffmann)

We’ll let you two visit. Let’s go, Peter. Help me whip up some healthy organic egg nog.

(to Hoffmann, as she exits)

I make it with live probiotic yogurt cultures -- excellent for colon health!

CELESTE

Her egg nog tastes like milk of magnesia.

PETER

(gestures, as he exits)

Goes right through you!

HOFFMANN

Oh, well, Christmas should be cleansing.

(picks up Eliot’s script with bow on it)

What have we here? “*Nutcracker, The Musical*”?!

CELESTE

That was a really strange gift from Eliot -- a singing version of The Nutcracker.

HOFFMANN

Strange indeed. A Nutcracker without dancing? No shapely ballerinas in tights and tutus?

Well, when it comes to gift giving, it’s the thought that counts, no matter how tasteless.

(puts script down, turns to Celeste)

Tell me, Celeste, what do you really want for Christmas this year?

CELESTE

Besides not having a broken leg? (she thinks a beat) I wish my dad would stick around on holidays. And I wish Mom would let me find my own boyfriend.

(Peter runs in from the kitchen, wearing a cute little apron, mixing egg nog in a bowl, and calls out:)

PETER

I want a cool superhero Nutcracker!

(Peter exits with egg nog bowl.)

HOFFMANN

Well, perhaps that can be arranged. Here, Celeste -- a timely gift to raise your spirits.

(Hoffmann gives Celeste her gift. She opens it,
takes out a bizarre-looking clock. The clock's arms
spin wildly; it makes **crazy cuckoo clock noises**.
Hoffmann smacks the clock to stop the racket.)

HOFFMANN (CONT'D)

Oy, it's a little farkakte!!

CELESTE

What am I supposed to do with a cuckoo clock?!

HOFFMANN

(he sings "**The Farkakte Clock**" to
"**Gifts for the Children**")

THIS IS NOT
A CUCKOO CLOCK
OR A HOT
ATOMIC CLOCK

WHAT YOU'VE GOT
IS A CLOCK
OUT OF HOCK
THAT I CALL
A *FARKAKTE* CLOCK

IT'S A BIT
OF RINKY-DINK
AND A LIT-
TLE OUT OF SYNCH

WHEN IT CHIMES
THERE ARE TIMES
YOU WILL THINK
TODAY CAN BE TOMORROW
IN A BLINK

AND YOUR NEW
FARKAKTE CLOCK
COMES COMPLETE WITH MAGIC POWERS

IT CAN SING
AND IT CAN TALK
AND ENTERTAIN YOUR FRIENDS FOR HOURS

WITH YOUR NEW
FARKAKTE CLOCK
YOU'RE THE ENVY
OF YOUR BLOCK

CELESTE
(interrupts, upset, sings:)

THAT'S ENOUGH
IT'S ALL A CROCK
TAKE YOUR CLOCK
AND GET OUT!

HOFFMANN

ALL RIGHT, CELESTE
YOU TAKE A REST
I'LL GO
BUT I'M LEAVING THE CLOCK WITH YOU
TOO BAD MY GIFT
GOT YOU SO MIFFED
SWEET DREAMS
NOW I'LL BID YOU ADIEU

(Hoffmann goes to leave. LIGHTS DIM to a
spooky level. Hoffmann stops, turns and sings:)

HOFFMANN (CONT'D)

BUT ONE WARNING
WATCH THE CLOCK
WHEN THERE'S DANGER
IT CAN TALK
LISTEN UP
TICK TICK TOCK
HEED THE CLOCK...
HEED THE CLOCK...
HEED THE CLOCK...

(Hoffmann exits. Woozy, Celeste holds her head.
She lies down, passes out. NOTE: Celeste's
dream begins. The clock casts a long shadow up
the wall, as the **clock chimes wildly**.)

CELESTE

(fitfully, in her sleep:)

No -- stop -- be quiet!

(The clock shakes, then BUZZES loudly four times.
Tension builds, as the clock comes to life and sings
[automaton voice on mic off-stage] to ominous
Tchaikovsky music: "**The Magic Spell Begins.**"
Celeste stirs awake, still very groggy, in disbelief.)

CLOCK [V.O.]

WARNING
AND BEWARE
WATCH OUT
EV'RYWHERE
CAUTION
CAUTION
CAUTION
CAUTION
THERE'S A NIGHTMARE IN THE AIR

ARE YOU
FEELING QUEER
ARE YOU
FILLED WITH FEAR
DANGER
DANGER
DANGER
DANGER
THERE'S A
STRANGER
LURKING NEAR

(Thundering Tchaikovsky music continues under.
Nutcracker silhouettes appear on the walls -- giant
nutcrackers attacking with grotesque claws [like a
shadow play nightmare from an early 20th century,
German Expressionist horror film]. Celeste cowers
and screams. A spooky chorus [off-stage] sings:)

ALL [EXCEPT CELESTE] [V.O.]

TOO LATE
CAN'T GET OUT
SHE CAN
NEVER LEAVE
WHAT A
NIGHTMARE
VERY
SCARY
NOT-SO-MERRY
CHRISTMAS EVE!

(Silhouettes on the walls vanish. **Doorbells chime.**
A pin-spot hits the turning doorknob. The door
slowly opens with a loud creaking sound. Silence.
Then heavy footsteps. A shadowy figure towers in
the doorway. Celeste tenses. Suddenly, the
LIGHTS turn warm and bright, and the mood
instantly changes. Celeste gasps with relief.)

CELESTE
(catches her breath)

Oh...

(No longer frightened, Celeste sees a tall life-size
NUTCRACKER in a red 19th century military
uniform [his face vaguely looks like Eliot, but
Celeste won't see a resemblance until much later].
A musical ping. The Nutcracker salutes. When he
sings, he is upbeat, friendly and fun. He marches in,
moving like a programmed mechanical toy.)

NUTCRACKER
(sings to **"The Nutcracker's Entrance"**)

DO YOU HAVE A WALNUT OR TWO?
ANY CRUNCHY CASHEW WILL DO
I'M A HUGE CHESTNUT FAN
NOTHING MAKES ME HAPPIER THAN
CRUNCHING ON A CRUSTED PECAN

BRING THE ACORNS IN BY THE CROCK
IF THEIR SHELLS ARE HARD AS A ROCK
I CAN GRIND WHILE I TALK
PUTTING MACADAMIAS IN SHOCK

I'M THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER
ANY CHRISTMAS EVER SAW
I'M THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER
WITH THE MOST IMPRESSIVE JAW

I CAN CRUMBLE LIKE A CRACKER
ANY PEANUT IN ITS SHELL
LIKE A ZABAR COFFEE GRINDER
I CAN PULVERIZE AS WELL
AS ANY SUNBEAM BLENDER

BRING ON ANY PETRIFIED NUT
I'll SHOW 'EM
WHAT'S DEEP IN MY GUT

SIX-PACK ABS
MADE OF WOOD
PERFECT FOR DIGESTING PEANUTS
INTO CREAMY PEANUT BUTTER

PERFECT TEETH
ALL IVORY WHITE
GIVING ANY ALMOND A FRIGHT

OPEN
MY MOUTH UP
AND PLACE THE VICTIM
CAREFULLY
BETWEEN MY TEETH
AND CLOSE IT SHUT
BY PULLING UP THE WOODEN LEVER
STICKING FROM MY BUTT!

I'M THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER
AND THE STRANGEST OF THEM ALL
I'M A CHERRY WOOD NUTCRACKER
BUT I'M OVER SIX FEET TALL
I'M A TALENTED NUTCRACKER
BUT I CAN'T BREAK ANY HEARTS
FOR MY CRACKING MECHANISM
DIDN'T COME WITH LOVING PARTS

[illegible]

(Celeste gets him unstuck. LIGHTS DIM to a spotlight on the Nutcracker and Celeste. The Nutcracker becomes life-like. He sings to Celeste.)

ON SOMEONE LIKE YOU

LOVE ME

LOVE ME

THOUGH IT'S NOT EASY TO DO

USE ME

CRACK ME

I WAS ASSEMBLED FOR YOU

I WONDER WHY NOBODY LOVES ME
THERE'S NO ONE SPECIAL THERE TO CARE
I ONLY GUESS THAT NO ONE LOVES ME
BECAUSE THEY SHELLACKED MY HAIR

(LIGHTS UP. Nutcracker goes back to being a mechanical toy. Peter runs in, wearing Nutcracker Christmas PJs; he's excited, seeing the Nutcracker.)

PETER

Wow!!!

(sings:)

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

LET ME SEE!

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

LET ME SEE

IS HE A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ME?

IS HE A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ME?

NUTCRACKER

I'M THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER

ANY CHRISTMAS EVER SAW

I'M THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER

WITH A MOST IMPRESSIVE JAW

WHETHER HAZEL OR BRAZIL NUT
OR PISTACHIO OR PINE
I CAN CRACK 'EM WITH MY MOUTH SHUT
WHILE YOU DRINK FINE WINE AND DINE
AND DINE
AND THE PLEASURE WILL BE MINE
ALL MINE!
ALL MINE!
ALL MINE!

PETER
(excited, applauding)

He's awesome!

CELESTE
He's weird. The last thing we need is a singing nutcracker. Get him away from me!

(Nutcracker looks crestfallen. Zack rolls in on his
snowboard, dressed for the Olympics but in louder
colors. He's even more clueless and self-centered.)

ZACK
Hey, what's going on? I heard some awful singing -- sounded like a bad, bad boy-band.
(sees the Nutcracker)
Whoa, what's that?!

PETER
It's my Christmas present -- a nutcracker superhero!

ZACK
(goes to look closer, dubious)
Superhero? (knocks on Nutcracker's head) It's just a piece of wood.

NUTCRACKER
(with a programmed mechanical voice)
Would, would, would... Would you like me to crack your nuts?

ZACK
No, thanks, dude.

NUTCRACKER

(his programmed voice skips)

I can crack yours, crack yours, crack, crack, crack...

PETER

(gets him unstuck)

I'll check the directions. (pulls pamphlet from Nutcracker's pocket, reads:) "Your new Super-Size North-Pole-dot-com Nutcracker comes complete with rare Kra-ka-tuk nuts."

NUTCRACKER

Here -- I'll show you.

CELESTE

No, don't!

(Nutcracker coughs comically into his fist, and a shiny red nut mechanically pops out of his mouth.)

PETER

Cool! (reads) "Krakatuks are the hardest walnuts on earth. Each one has magic powers."

ZACK

Magic nuts?! Hey, maybe I could use those to get the gold!

(Zack grabs for the nut, but the Nutcracker knocks his hand away with his wooden sword.)

ZACK (CONT'D)

Oww!! Man, that hurt!

PETER

(reading from directions)

"Caution: magic Krakatuks must always be used for positive purposes."

(to Zack, pointedly)

Not for cheating.

NUTCRACKER

Correct. Never let magic Krakatuks fall into the wrong hands.

(hands red Krakatuk nut to Peter)

The red one is for you!

PETER

Wow, thanks!

NUTCRACKER

(coughs into his fist again, and a shiny
silver Krakatuk nut pops out.)

For you, my lady.

(bows, handing silver nut to Celeste)

PETER

Celeste, it says the silver one can take you on a magical adventure!

CELESTE

(holds nut, wipes her hand, grossed out)

There's no such thing as magic -- or superhero Nutcrackers.

ZACK

Hey, no fair! Everybody's got nuts but me.

(Mother re-enters, carrying a tray of egg nog. She
wears a Christmas theme apron in loud, bright
colors. Her hair [wig] now has candy cane stripes.)

MOTHER

Healthy holidays -- it's egg nog time!

(stops, seeing the giant nutcracker)

Oh, no, not another nutcracker... It's so over-produced!

PETER

He's a superhero Nutcracker with magic Krakatuk nuts!

MOTHER

Watch your language, young man. (looks around) Where's Professor Hoffmann?

CELESTE

He left.

MOTHER

But he was supposed to baby sit! And he never tried my probiotic egg nog.

PETER

Your egg nog makes everybody go!

CELESTE

Mother, what did you do to your hair?!

MOTHER

It's Christmas -- time to go a little crazy! I'll really turn heads at the Pilates party. Olaf is counting on me to make an entrance. But where can I find a sitter on Christmas Eve?

PETER

(reads Nutcracker directions)

"Your new patent-pending Nutcracker makes a perfect baby sitter for precocious grade school boys and cantankerous teenage girls. He specializes in tending to broken limbs."

(During above, the Nutcracker helps Celeste onto the couch and props a few pillows under her broken leg. Mother takes the Nutcracker directions, reads:)

MOTHER

"Perfect for stressed-out moms. You'll never miss a Pilates party again." Well, that's convenient!

(Nutcracker helps Mother out of her apron, takes tray, and serves egg nog.)

Oh, look... He doubles as a housekeeper! And Celeste needs a chaperone.

(she gets her candy-cane coat and bag)

Finally, a Nutcracker we can put to good use!

CELESTE

(as Nutcracker serves egg nog)

I feel kind of light-headed.

MOTHER

I'm sure Zack can make you feel better. You two get cozy --

CELESTE

No, thanks. I need to rest my leg.

MOTHER

(putting on her coat)

Most girls would kill to date a boy like Zack!

ZACK

I've been voted Prom King, like, six times.

CELESTE

That's because you've been a senior for six years.

MOTHER

Wait 'til he wins six gold medals and ends up on your cereal box. Be good while I'm out.

(pushes Zack toward Celeste)

Don't do anything I wouldn't do, kids! Bedtime, Peter. Have a healthy, crunchy-granola, nutty, nutty Christmas!

(Mother exits. Nutcracker takes off the apron,
stands guard near Celeste. Peter crosses to him.)

PETER

(salutes)

Good night, Mr. Superhero Nutcracker.

(Nutcracker salutes, turns and covers Celeste with a
throw blanket. Zack stops Peter on his way out.)

ZACK

Hey, little dude. High-five!

(Zack slaps Peter's hand, picking his pocket.)

PETER

That Nutcracker will get the gold before you do!

(Peter exits.)

ZACK

(reveals he stole the red nut, to himself:)

Don't be so sure...

(as he kisses the stolen nut, he sings to
himself:)

I'LL GET YOU, BABE

BUT, BABY, YOU'RE GETTIN' ME!

(he pockets the red magic nut)

CELESTE

(distracted by the Nutcracker)

I think I need to take a nap.

ZACK

Cool, I'm down with that! (He tries to get under the blanket with her.)

CELESTE

(pushes him off the couch)

Not with you!

ZACK

Why don't you wanna hang out with me? I got everything a chick could want. I even got an awesome pet rat. (suddenly gets an idea:) Hey, you wanna meet him?

CELESTE

Are you kidding? I don't want to meet a disgusting rodent!

ZACK

He's a fancy rat! I taught him to trash talk and play dirty. I'll go get him.

(Zack slides out on his snowboard. Celeste shakes her head, still very dizzy and out of it.)

CELESTE

This is crazy. Fancy rats. Singing nutcrackers. Magic Krakatuks.

(turns and looks at the Nutcracker)

And what am I supposed to do with this stupid toy?

(Nutcracker magically come to life, sings:)

NUTCRACKER

LOVE ME

LOVE ME

THOUGH IT'S NOT EASY TO DO...

(Celeste, drawn to the Nutcracker, sings with him:)

NUTCRACKER & CELESTE

I WONDER WHY NOBODY LOVES ME

THERE'S NO ONE SPECIAL THERE TO CARE --

CELESTE

(stops the song, spoken)

Hey... how did you do that?!

NUTCRACKER

Do what?

CELESTE

Sing two-part harmony -- *whoa* -- can you understand what I'm saying?!

NUTCRACKER

Yes, I can. You inspire me! I am at your service, my lady.

(He bows gallantly.)

CELESTE

Don't call me that. I mean, I'm not your lady, okay?

NUTCRACKER

What shall I call you?

CELESTE

Celeste.

NUTCRACKER

Very well.

(bows gallantly again)

I am at your service, Celeste.

CELESTE

This is too weird. Why are you so polite?

NUTCRACKER

I majored in chivalry at the Nutcracker Conservatory...

(proudly, to the audience)

...with a minor in music theory... And French --

(Nutcracker and Celeste are drawn to each other's lips like a magnet is pulling them)

-- kissing...

(The Nutcracker and Celeste kiss.)

CROSS FADE TO:

SCENE 3

CHRISTMAS TREE NURSERY

LIGHTS DIM slightly on the kissing couple, as Zack enters on his snowboard with his pet rat (a hand puppet) RAT FINKLE [voiced by Zack]. They see Celeste kissing the Nutcracker.

ZACK

Oh, man, that's disgusting!

RAT FINKLE

(laughs uproariously)

She's sucking face with a toy! That babe turned you down for a freakin' *nutcracker*!

ZACK

She's the only chick who ever did. I got a perfect track record. She can't trash it.

RAT FINKLE

How you gonna get her away from Mr. Fluffernutter?

ZACK

I'm gonna put the Nutcracker on the disabled list. Come on...

(Nutcracker and Celeste move in. GIFT BOX

CLOSES, revealing a row of baby pine trees.)

Hey, Celeste, meet Rat Finkle.

CELESTE

Oh my God! Keep your dirty rat away from me!

ZACK

He's a fancy rat.

RAT FINKLE

And I like fancy chicks!

(Rat Finkle grabs Celeste, as Zack gropes her.)

CELESTE

Let me go!

NUTCRACKER

Unhand her, you fiend! (pulls out his sword) *En garde!*

(Zack and his rat attack the Nutcracker. They all dance a rumble to Tchaikovsky's **Battle Scene Dance**. During the scuffle, Celeste gets knocked down. Nutcracker tries valiantly to fight off Zack. Music reaches a fevered pitch, Celeste gives Zack a good swift kick with her fiberglass cast. Zack falls down, crushing the row of baby pines, but one tiny Christmas tree remains upright. Rat Finkle gets stuck under a baby pine, as Zack rolls off-stage.)

NUTCRACKER (CONT'D)

(coughs up golden Krakatuk, holds it up)

Behold the power of the nut!

(The Nutcracker throws the golden nut on the ground in front of the tiny Christmas tree. Smoke billows. **Music swells**. Song: "**Celeste's Epiphany**" to "**Growing Christmas Tree**" music. Small Christmas tree begins to grow and grow, taller and taller.)

CELESTE

(sings)

SOMETHING IS WEIRD

THE WHOLE WORLD FEELS AJAR
THAT MAGIC NUT
IS FLAMING LIKE A STAR
THE MOON IS HUGE
THE SKY IS VAST
THE CHRISTMAS TREE
IS GROWING FAST

THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS
ARE GLOWING BRIGHTER NOW
THE DIRTY SNOW
IS LOOKING WHITER NOW
THE TREE IS BIGGER AND BRIGHTER
MY HEAD FEELS MUCH LIGHTER...
BECAUSE OF YOU...

NUTCRACKER

BECAUSE OF YOU...

CELESTE

I FEEL INCREDIBLE

NUTCRACKER

WE FEEL INCREDIBLE

CELESTE

THAT DIRTY RAT

NUTCRACKER

THAT DIRTY RAT

CELESTE

IS LOOKING EDIBLE

(Celeste kicks the rat off-stage.)

NUTCRACKER

HER BROKEN LEG

CELESTE

MY BROKEN LEG

NUTCRACKER
IS HEALING FAST

CELESTE
IT'S HEALING FAST
THE PAIN IS GONE

NUTCRACKER
AND IN THE PAST

CELESTE
YOUR MAGIC TOUCH
REMOVED MY CRUTCH
AND NOW AT LAST
TAKE OFF THE CAST...

(Nutcracker gets down on one knee,
removes the cast from her leg.)

AND IT'S ALL TRUE
AND I AM FREE FOREVER

NUTCRACKER
FREE FOREVER

CELESTE & NUTCRACKER
FREE TO DANCE
WITH YOU!

(Nutcracker helps Celeste take off her robe. She's
in a glittering nightgown and ballet slippers. They
dance a romantic ***pas de deux*** under the towering
Christmas tree. **Music ends with a big finish.**)

CELESTE
It's a miracle! (re: her leg) You did this, didn't you.

NUTCRACKER
I can't take all the credit. (points to giant tree) That Christmas tree was a big help.

(Peter runs in, wearing a Christmas bathrobe over
his Nutcracker PJs. He carries a teddy bear.)

PETER

Wow!! He made a tiny Christmas tree grow bigger than the house!

(Mother rushes in, wearing her candy-cane coat and candy-cane wig. NOTE: when authority figures are around, Nutcracker returns to being a mechanical toy.)

MOTHER

What's going on? Someone said a Christmas tree exploded in our back yard!

PETER

The Nutcracker did it -- I told you, he's a superhero!

MOTHER

Celeste, where are your crutches? *What happened to your cast?!*

CELESTE

I don't need it anymore. The Nutcracker un-broke my leg!

MOTHER

No, that's impossible. Where did you get that glitzy nightgown?

CELESTE

The Nutcracker.

MOTHER

What?! He was supposed to be baby sitting -- not shopping for you at Victoria's Secret!

(Zack re-enters, brushing himself off, fake injured.)

ZACK

Celeste and the Nutcracker were sucking face!

MOTHER

(shocked and appalled)

Oh, my God!!

ZACK

It was totally disgusting. I tried to stop them. But the Nutcracker attacked me.

MOTHER

Poor Zack -- are you all right?!

ZACK

I think he dislocated my shoulder.

MOTHER

He injured an Olympic athlete. It's un-American! That twisted toy tried to seduce an underage girl. (dials 911 on her cell phone) I'm calling the police.

CELESTE

No! Don't blame the Nutcracker -- thanks to him, I can dance in the ballet again!

MOTHER

(on the phone, asides to Celeste)

Not so fast, young lady. You're grounded.

CELESTE

What?! Why!?

MOTHER

Playing tonsil hockey *with a toy*?! A toy who injured a future Olympic medalist!

CELESTE

No, he didn't. He's totally innocent!

MOTHER

(hangs up)

Tell it to the police.

PETER

You mean, the toy police?!

CELESTE

The what?!

(TOY POLICEMAN [Father], a tough detective in trench coat, enters. He has a hard-bitten New York accent, he's mean and very intimidating. He sings **"March of the Toy Police"** to **"March Number 1."**)

TOY POLICEMAN

DID SOMEBODY CALL THE TOY POLICE?
I'M THE HEAD OF THE FED'RAL TOY POLICE
I AM THE CHIEF DETECTIVE FOR
DESIGNS DEFECTIVE YOU DEPLORE
I STAKE OUT EV'RY KIDDIE STORE
FOR CROOKED TINKER TOYS

(Glares at Peter and his teddy bear.)

YOU'D BETTER BEWARE THE TOY POLICE
I CARRY A GUN IN MY VALISE
WHEN TEDDY BEARS GET UPPITY
ARRESTING THEM'S MY CUP-A-TEA
I LOVE TO BEND ERECTOR SETS
CORRUPTING LITTLE BOYS

WHENEVER THEY HAVE A TOY RE-CALL
AND CABBAGE PATCH DOLLS NEED HANDCUFFING
I BATTER AND BOOK EACH BARBIE DOLL
AND CONFISCATE YOUR ZHU ZHU PETS
AND RIP OUT ALL THEIR STUFFING

WHEN SOMEBODY NEEDS THE TOY POLICE
I'M HAPPY TO LEND MY EXPERTISE
IF MARCHING SOLDIERS MADE OF TIN
HAVE TROUBLE WITH THEIR DISCIPLINE
I MELT THEM DOWN WITH ALKALIN'
AND TURN THEM INTO SOUP!

WHEN CRIMINAL PLAY-SKOOL SALES INCREASE
I CALL IN THE CANINE TOY POLICE
I WHISTLE AND I SIC THE DOGS
ON NAUGHTY WOODEN LINCOLN LOGS
AND GIVE THE BEANIE BABIES RABIES
WITH MY CANINE TROUPE!

RAT-TA-TA-TA-TAT-TER
GOES MY TOMMY TOM MACHINE GUN
WHEN I SPLATTER SPLATTER SPLATTER
EV'RY SEED INSIDE YOUR CHIA PET

PATTER, PATTER, PATTER
GO THE LITTLE FEET OF GUMBY
AS HE TRIES TO MAKE A PRISON BREAK
AND WORKS HIMSELF INTO A SWEAT

YOU'D BETTER BEWARE THE TOY POLICE
I'M HERE TO DEMAND ALL JOY MUST CEASE
EACH PILLOW PUPPY HAS TO DIE
AND HELLO KITTY, SAY GOODBYE
I LOVE TO WATCH A BARBIE FRY
AND LITTLE KIDDIES CRY!

TOY POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

I'll take the perp into custody. You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can be used against you in toy court.

PETER

Don't let him arrest the Nutcracker!

CELESTE

You can't do this to him. Thanks to the Nutcracker, my leg is all better and I can dance!

MOTHER

Playing doctor without a license. Add that to the charges.

PETER

Why are you being so mean to him?

MOTHER

This toy delinquent tried to seduce my daughter! He trampled my baby Christmas trees!

CELESTE

No, that wasn't the Nutcracker. It was Zack!

ZACK

Hey, I love Christmas trees. But that nutcracker should go through the wood chipper.

CELESTE

You can't kill him!

TOY POLICEMAN

First degree, tree-meditated evergreen murder. He'll go straight to toy death row.

CELESTE

That's not fair!

TOY POLICEMAN

They'll fry him in the Easy Bake Oven.

CELESTE

No, you can't execute the Nutcracker. He's my friend. He's special.

MOTHER

Are you nuts?! What are you saying?

CELESTE

He's a really good person.

MOTHER

He's not a person. He's a holiday decoration.

CELESTE

Stop calling him names. He's very special to me.

MOTHER

Celeste, we're a liberal family. We recycle, we support marriage equality. But we draw the line at *dating Christmas ornaments!!!* Do you want to end up in the loony bin?!

(composes herself, turns to Zack)

Once she's in her right mind, I'm sure Celeste will want to date you, Zack. I'll get an ice pack for your shoulder.

ZACK

Thanks. I could use a deep-tissue massage...

MOTHER

(exiting)

I'm on it!

PETER

(realizes his magic nut is missing)

Hey, Zack, did you steal my magic Krakatuk?

ZACK

No way, kid, you must've lost it. Good luck at the loony bin, Celeste.
(Zack waves and exits.)

MOTHER (OFF)

(calls out from offstage)

Let's go, Peter. Time for bed.

PETER

A superhero nutcracker always finds his way out of a jam.

(Peter salutes the nutcracker, exits.)

TOY POLICEMAN

Okay, punk... You're going to lockup.

(Toy Policeman signals to off-stage paddy wagon.)

CELESTE

(asides to the Nutcracker, softly)

We can't let them do this to us. Will you run away with me?

NUTCRACKER

I'd do anything to make you happy, Celeste.

CELESTE

(to Toy Policeman, points offstage)

Look over there -- near the Toys for Tots collection box -- I see two fugitives.

TOY POLICEMAN

Where?

CELESTE

There. Oh my gosh. It's the Princess of Arendelle and the Snow Queen from "Frozen"!

TOY POLICEMAN

They're on the Top Ten Most Wanted Toys list! Don't go anywhere. I'll be back.

(Toy Policeman races out.)

CELESTE

We have to get out of here. Follow me -- hurry!

(Celeste and the Nutcracker exit in the opposite direction. After a beat, Zack enters with an ice pack on his shoulder. Not really injured, he tosses the ice pack, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out the red magic nut he stole from Peter.)

ZACK

How the heck does this thing work?

(studies it)

Doesn't come with directions. How do I ace the finals with this stupid nut?

(Frustrated, he throws the nut down. As it explodes, red and purple smoke swirls.

The smoke clears. We see the SUGAR RUSH FAIRY, [Mother], an evil ballerina in a black and purple tutu coated with poisonous candy and deadly treats and cherry-topped double cupcake bustier.)

Whoa!! Who are you?

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

I was the most famous ballerina who ever danced in *The Nutcracker* until I was banished. My candy canes are killer and so are my poison sugar plums! Now a younger, prettier ballerina is trying to usurp me. But I won't let her steal my spotlight or my leading man.

ZACK

Wait, go back... Who the fruit loops are you again?!

(We hear very familiar music -- the theme from
"Dance of the Sugar Plums.")

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Can't you tell by my music?

(posing with her magic wand, she sings:)

IF YOU'VE NEVER HAD A SUGAR PLUM
SOAKED IN RUM

DON'T BE GLUM
I HAVE SOME FOR YOU

THEY'RE A LITTLE SOGGY
STICKY SWEET
IF YOU CHEAT
YOU'LL EXCRETE
WHEN YOU'RE IN THE LOO

SUGAR PLUMS MAY NOW BE OBSOLETE
AS A TREAT
AND COMPLETE-
LY NOW OFF THE SCENE
DON'T BE WARY
I'M NOT SCARY
I'M THE FAIRY
SUGAR RUSH QUEEN

MY WAND IS FILLED WITH POWDERED SUGAR
MIXED WITH FAIRY DUST
I'M PETITE
WATCH OUT
I ADD TEN THOUSAND CALORIES
TO ANY CAKE OR CRUST
OVER EAT
GET GOUT

WHEN I FEEL FRENETIC
YOU'LL FEEL DIABETIC
IT'S BEEN SAID MY GLUCOSE
BRINGS YOU CLOSE TO DEATH!
CHEWY
GOOEY
STICKY
ICKY
MOIST AND MUSHY
SUGAR RUSHY

BEST BEWARE

MY BRAND OF SNEAKINESS
I POSSESS
DANGEROUS
QUALITIES OF CHARM

AN ANNOYING
CLOYING
POT OF GOO
THROUGH AND THROUGH
MIXED WITH GLU-
COSE TO DO YOU HARM

DID YOU SEE THE BLACK SWAN
WHAT A YAWN
GLAD IT'S GONE
I CAN SPAWN
BLACKER SWANS AS MEAN
BEST BE WARY
WHEN I'M SCARY
I'M THE FAIRY
SUGAR RUSH QUEEN!

ZACK

Hey, Sugar Rush, you got any magic nuts to help me get the gold?

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Only the Nutcracker has golden Krakatuks. But I'll get you one... if you do my bidding.

ZACK

I'd do anything to win a medal. So what's the plan?

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

First, we have to keep the Nutcracker away from that itty-bitty bimbo ballerina.

ZACK

Hey, while we're at it, how can I get Celeste to alley-oop my half-pipe?

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

We just may have to kill her... with sweetness. My candied cupcakes can be lethal!

(Sugar Rush Fairy sings her evil **CODA:**)

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY (CONT'D)

JUICY FRUITS
M & M'S
RAISINETTES
NO REGRETS
ADDING POUNDS
EV'RY DAY
BY BEING BABY RUTHLESS

TOOTSIE ROLLS
HERSHEY BARS
GUMMY BEARS
AND WHO CARES
IF YOUR TEETH
ROT AWAY
AND YOU END UP TOOTHLESS

SUGAR RUSHY
CHOC'LATE MUSHY
ORANGE CRUSHY
LEMON FIZZY
I FEEL DIZZY
SUGAR PLUMS WILL
MAKE YOU SICK!

(LIGHTS OUT on the Sugar Rush Fairy and Zack.
LIGHTS UP on Celeste and the Nutcracker hiding
in a grove of baby Christmas trees.)

NUTCRACKER
(points off stage)

What's that over there?

CELESTE

The wood chipper.

(Nutcracker makes a comic panic noise)

Don't worry, it's broken.

NUTCRACKER

Phew! You helped me escape, Celeste. I am forever in your debt.

CELESTE

You fixed my leg. Like magic -- you can feel it in the air tonight. Look at the sky. So many stars are out.

NUTCRACKER

(can't take his eyes off Celeste)

I've never seen anything so beautiful.

(They sing **"Black Velvet Night"** to music from
"In The Pine Forest.")

CELESTE

THE WINTER NIGHT
IS BRIGHT WITH LIGHT
IF I'M WITH YOU

BLACK VELVET NIGHT
COLD, DEEP, AND DARK
YOU HAVE A SPARK
THAT'S BLAZING WHITE
THAT LIGHTS THE FRIGHT'NING PATH
THAT WINDS IN FRONT OF ME

NUTCRACKER

BLACK VELVET NIGHT
DEEP MIDNIGHT BLUE
I KNOW THAT YOU
WILL LIGHT MY WAY
REVEALING MORE THAN
BLINDING LIGHT OF DAY

I SEE ETERNITY
IN THE DARKNESS OF YOUR MYSTERY

CELESTE
YOU GAVE ME CLARITY
EVER SINCE YOU SHONE A LIGHT ON
WHY I'M LIVING
SOMEHOW GIVING
A GIFT OF HOPE TO ME

BLACK VELVET NIGHT
SOFT, WARM, AND DEEP
AS I SLEEP
YOU WILL KEEP
A WINTER BLANKET
OF YOUR DREAMS
PROTECTING ME

NUTCRACKER

BLACK VELVET NIGHT
LIGHT UP MY SOUL

BOTH

SHOW ME A WHOLE WORLD
THAT'S BLAZING AND BRIGHT
LOVE IS YOUR LIGHT
BLACK VELVET NIGHT!

NUTCRACKER

Look out there -- see all those beautiful flashing Christmas tree lights?

(SOUND: police sirens.)

CELESTE

Those aren't Christmas lights. It's the toy police and the ambulance from the loony bin.

TOY POLICEMAN (OFFSTAGE)

We've got you surrounded. Come out with your hands up!

MOTHER (OFFSTAGE)

Do what he says, Celeste. Turn yourself in!

TOY POLICEMAN (OFFSTAGE)

Hand over the Nutcracker and we'll go easy on you.

CELESTE

We have to get out of here!

(Zack runs in with Sugar Rush Fairy.)

ZACK

There they are!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Don't let them get away!

CELESTE

Mother!?!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

I'm not your mommy, dearest. I'm your worst sugar-high-ballet nightmare!

(points her wand at Celeste)

Ready, aim -- fairy dust!

(Her magic wand misfires, blowing noxious purple smoke back at ZACK and SUGAR RUSH FAIRY. As they double over, coughing and choking, the Nutcracker pushes ZACK/SUGAR RUSH offstage.)

NUTCRACKER

Are you all right, Celeste?

CELESTE

We have to go somewhere far away!

NUTCRACKER

Very well. I know a perfect place to hide.

(Nutcracker holds up a sparkling NYC snow globe.)

CELESTE

A snow globe?!

NUTCRACKER

It's New York in a snow globe. We call it Snow Globe City. You'll love it there, Celeste. Come with me!

(sings “Let’s Fly Away” to “Pas de
Deux Coda”)

LET’S FLY AWAY!
LET’S FLY AWAY!
TO A WORLD WHERE SNOWFLAKES SHIMMER
LET’S FLY AWAY
INTO A WORLD OF PURE ENCHANTMENT

CELESTE
WHERE MY PARENTS CAN’T VENT!

NUTCRACKER
LET’S FLY AWAY
AND TRY A WAY
TO LIVE LIFE WHERE HOPE CAN GLIMMER
ALTHOUGH IT’S SMALL
MY CRYSTAL BALL
IS THE BIGGEST DREAM YOU’LL EVER HAVE!

ESCAPE WITH ME
INTO A LAND
WHERE TOYS IN LOVE
NEVER ARE HUNTED
FORBIDDEN LOVE
IS NEVER BANNED

WE CAN BE
FREE TO BE
ANYTHING
EV’RYTHING
LIFE MADE US...

BOTH
AND FLY AWAY
INTO A WORLD
AND EXPLORE THE LOVE INSIDE US

CELESTE

WHEN WE ARRIVE
OUR LOVE WILL THRIVE
AND LIVE FOREVER
WILL WE COME HOME? -- NEVER!

NUTCRACKER

LET'S FLY AWAY
AND BY THE WAY
THERE ARE ANGELS THERE TO GUIDE US
COME TO MY HOME
A TINY DOME
BUT THE BIGGEST DREAM YOU'LL EVER LIVE!

(Sugar Rush Fairy enters with her wand.
Toy Policeman enters, gun drawn.)

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

DON'T LET THEM GO!
INTO A LAND
WHERE TOYS CAN SING!
THEY MUST BE HUNTED!

TOY POLICEMAN

SHE LOST HER MIND!
HE MUST BE BANNED!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

THAT GIRL IS SICK!

TOY POLICEMAN

CAPTURE THEM!

ZACK

(enters with his snowboard)

FRACTURE HIM!
HOG TIE HIM!

TOY POLICEMAN

USE A GUN AND STOP THEM ON THE RUN AND TRY

TOY POLICEMAN & ZACK

TO FLY AWAY
AND RUN AWAY
BIND AND GAG THEM AND HANDCUFF 'EM

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

HE'LL GET AWAY
AND JET AWAY AND HE'LL ENTRAP HER
TRYING TO KIDNAP HER

TOY POLICEMAN & ZACK

LET'S BLOCK THEIR WAY
AND GET OUR WAY

TOY POLICEMAN

AND WE'LL LOCK THEM UP TOGETHER

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

GO STOP THEM QUICK!
IT'S ALL A TRICK
THEY BOTH ARE SICK

TOY POLICEMAN

CAPTURE THEM!

NUTCRACKER & CELESTE

FLY!

TOY POLICEMAN

HANDCUFF THEM!

NUTCRACKER & CELESTE

FLY!

(Peter runs in.)

PETER & ZACK

WISH I COULD...

PETER & NUTCRACKER & CELESTE

FLY!

ZACK

HOG TIE 'EM!

NUTCRACKER & CELESTE

FLY!

OTHERS (NOT PETER)

DON'T LET THEM...

ALL

FLY!

FLY!

FLY!

FLY!

FLY!

(Nutcracker holds up the snow globe, as Celeste throws the silver nut. Smoke billows in front of the giant Christmas tree. The snow globe glows brighter, then grows bigger... until it's life-size.

Music segues to: "Waltz of the Snowflakes, Act One Finale." The Nutcracker takes Celeste inside the sparkling snow globe.)

CELESTE

TAKE ME TO THE LOVE
I CAN'T FIND ON EARTH
BRING ME TO A WORLD
WHERE INNOCENCE STILL HAS WORTH

NUTCRACKER

(backed up by an off-stage chorus)

INSIDE MY DOME

NUTCRACKER

COME TO MY HOME

CELESTE

FAR FROM MY HOME

BOTH

HOME!

HOME!

HOME!

(The snow globe magically takes flight. Celeste is filled with wonder and awe, as sparkling snowflakes swirl around them inside the enchanted snow globe.)

BLACKOUT.

PRODUCTION NOTE: WHEN THE SHOW IS DONE IN TWO ACTS, THE INTERMISSION GOES HERE.

SCENE 4

SNOW GLOBE CITY

The GIFT BOX OPENS to reveal a storybook New York City holiday wonderland. Celeste and the Nutcracker are now in “Snow Globe City” -- a toyland tinseltown New York City at Christmas. The setting gives the impression that they are inside a miniature holiday snow globe -- jam-packed with the sites of Christmas in New York with a stylized depiction of Lincoln Center; the Met Opera House with a Christmas tree on its balcony; Radio City Music Hall and Times Square theatre marquees; a crystal New Year’s Eve ball above; Rockefeller Center Christmas tree framed with trumpeting angels; the facade of Macy’s with Santa’s Village on top. Later, we’ll see an uptown Spanish Harlem bodega with garish Christmas lights, and a Chinese restaurant with a Hanukkah menorah. When scenes shift, each location glows with lights.

NUTCRACKER

Welcome to Snow Globe City, Celeste!

CELESTE

Wow! This is your hometown?

NUTCRACKER

(nods, proudly)

I was built and raised here.

CELESTE

It’s like New York, except everyone is happy.

NUTCRACKER

Well, there’s a very good reason for that...

(sings **“Christmas Comes Ev’ry Day”**
to **“Opening Act Two.”**)

CHRISTMAS COMES EV'RY DAY
IN MY MAGICAL NEW YORK SNOW GLOBE
CHRISTMAS COME EV'RY DAY
IN MY MIN'ATURE DOME OF DREAMS

NO SKY OF CONCRETE GRAY
NO DREARY BACK-TO-SCHOOL MORNING
NO CREDIT BILLS TO PAY
ONLY ADORNING
FLAKES FALLING
AND SHIMMERING
UNDER A TIFFANY SKY

CHRISTMAS WORKS EV'RY DAY
WHEN IT'S NEW YORK AND MULTI-CULTURED
CHRISTMAS HERE HAS NO TIME
EVERLASTING AND FREE FROM CRIME

CHRISTMAS TREES DON'T GO DRY AND DIE
AND CHRISTMAS TREE BULBS NEVER BURN OUT
STARS FROM THE EAST GO SHOOTING BY
AND ANY FAT SANTA CAN FLY

CELESTE
CHRISTMAS ALL OVER TOWN

NUTCRACKER
BUSINESSES ALL SHUT DOWN

CELESTE
BULLS AND THE BEARS STAY HOME

NUTCRACKER
UNDER MY CRYSTAL DOME

CELESTE
EACH BOROUGH FILLS WITH LIGHT

NUTCRACKER
EACH STREET A TOURIST SITE

CELESTE
SKATERS AT WOLLMAN RINK

NUTCRACKER
GETTING THEIR NOSES PINK

CELESTE
BROADWAY AT NIGHT

NUTCRACKER
MARQUEES SHINE BRIGHT

CELESTE
JOYFUL NOISE!
SINGING TOYS!

NUTCRACKER
HEY! THAT'S ME!

CELESTE
HEY! THAT'S RIGHT!

NUTCRACKER
GRAMERCY PARK AT NIGHT

CELESTE
GLISTENING DRESSED IN WHITE

NUTCRACKER
MIN'ATURE PARADISE
WITHOUT THE SLIP'RY ICE

CHRISTMAS IS EVERYWHERE
IN MY MAGICAL NEW YORK CITY

SNOWMEN IN UNION SQUARE
ARE ALL MERRILY FROZEN THERE

BOTH
SNOWMEN DON'T MELT AWAY
WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES EV'RY DAY

NUTCRACKER

Come on, Celeste. I'll be your tour guide.

CELESTE

For a tiny snow globe this place is huge!

NUTCRACKER

It's an international city. You should see all the different ways people celebrate Christmas here. Like Señor Garcia... (pronounced: Gar-thea)

(BODEGA OWNER [played by Father] enters, with
a boom box, swaying to Latin music.)

BODEGA OWNER

¡Hola! Feliz Navidad, Señor Nutty!

(sings to **"Spanish Dance"**)

UPTOWN

YOU WILL FIND

A LITTLE BODEGA

THAT'S PACKED

AND THE CANDY STACKED

UNDERNEATH THE STALE CIGARETTES

INSIDE

IN THE BACK

THE LITTLE BODEGA

THEY SELL DUSTY DECORATIONS

AND PUPPET MANGER SETS

IN THE DARK THEY COME TO LIFE EV'RY NIGHT

NAVIDAD

IN SPANISH HARLEM

ANGELS SAMBA

TO THE VIRGIN'S DELIGHT

NAVIDAD

IN SPANISH HARLEM

OUTSIDE

IN FRONT OF THE DINGY BODEGA
THEY WIGGLE A LITTLE SALSA
TO MAKE DONALD TRUMP FAINT

BACK SIDE
THEY CAN SELL
YOU STALE MARIJUANA
THAT MAKES YOU HALLUCINATE
YOU ARE A HOT LATIN SAINT

BODEGA OWNER, CELESTE, NUTCRACKER

COME AND JOIN THE FUN
THEY HAVE CHRISTMAS EVE
NAVIDAD IN SPANISH HARLEM

SING AND DANCE
AND WEAR YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE
NAVIDAD IN SPANISH HARLEM

SHEPHERDS SALSA
WHILE THE WISE MEN GET TIGHT
ON TEQUILA MADE IN
HARLEM

BODEGA OWNER

BABY JESUS (pronounced “HEY-SUSE”)
HOGS A HOT PINK SPOTLIGHT
NAVIDAD

CELESTE & NUTCRACKER

NAVIDAD

ALL THREE

NAVIDAD
IN SPANISH HARLEM!

BODEGA OWNER

(as he exits, spoken)

Have a hot salsa Christmas, *amigos!*

NUTCRACKER

You too, Señor Garcia (Gar-thea). *Feliz Navidad!*

(to Celeste)

So... should we head back downtown? If you really want to get where you're going in Snow Globe City, you hail a cardboard cab. Like this...

(Nutcracker waves down a taxi. HINDU

CABBIE [Father] enters, "driving" a cardboard cut-out yellow taxi cab.)

HINDU CABBIE

Yes, I see you waving your hand like a whirling dervish. I will be right there, as soon as I finish eating my tandoori chicken vindaloo.

(he wipes his mouth with a napkin, then sings, very slowly, to "**Arab Dance**")

HINDU CABBIES

WORK EV'RY CHRISTMAS

DRIVING INCREDIBLY SLOW

HINDU CABBIES KNOW THAT ON CHRISTMAS

NO ONE IS RUSHING TO GO

TO THEIR OFFICE

OR TO A SHOW...

SO THEY SIP A CUP OF JOE...

A CUP OF COFFEE...

FROM A DELI TO GO

(Hindu Cabbie falls asleep at the wheel, and snores loudly. PIZZA BOY [played by Peter] enters on a scooter with a pizza box attached to his helmet.)

PIZZA BOY

You call that driving? I've seen paint dry faster!

HINDU CABBIE

Why don't you go back to Little Italy with the other little Guidos?

(Hindu Cabbie drives off. Pizza Boy sings to "**Dance of Prince Charming.**")

PIZZA BOY

COME TO LITTLE ITALY
AND HAVE A LITTLE VINO ON A SPREE
IN ITALY
ALTHOUGH WE'RE IN THE INNER CITY
YOU CAN SEE A BIT OF HISTORY
AND SICILY

BUONA NATALE!
LOVE, LAUGH
AND HAVE A LITTLE DRINK

BUONA NATALE
LIFE IS MUCH SHORTER THAN YOU THINK

(Celeste and Nutcracker each take a slice of pizza
out of the pizza box and eat, enjoying themselves.)

SO MANGIA RAVIOLI
RIGATONI, MANICOTT-- AND PIZZA PIE
BEFORE YOU DIE

AND STUFF A BIG CANNOLI
IN YOUR MOUTH AND YOU MIGHT ALSO WANNA TRY
RICOTTA PIE

SO COME TO LITTLE ITALY
BUT MY ADVICE -- YOU BETTER GET HERE FAST
'CUZ IT WON'T LAST
DELICIOUS LITTLE ITALY
GETS EATEN UP AND SMALLER EV'RY YEAR
AND SOON WILL DISAPPEAR
WHEN SWALLOWED UP BY LITTLE CHINA!

(CHINESE CHEF [played by Mother] enters
riding a bike with Hanukkah decorations and
Chinese dragon lanterns.)

CHINESE CHEF

This is bike lane -- no scooter -- is bike lane!

PIZZA BOY

Get a life... *puttanesca*!

CHINESE CHEF

What did you call me?

PIZZA BOY

Puttanesca!

CHINESE CHEF

Hey -- I don't just cook Lo Mein, I shop at Loehmann's.

PIZZA BOY

Are you Chinese or Jewish? Make up your mind!

CHINESE CHEF

You never heard of combo platter?

(He exits. Chinese Chef sings to "**Chinese Dance.**")

CHINESE CHEF (CONT'D)

CHINESE AND JEWISH CHRISTMAS
SINCE IT'S NOT THEIR CELEBRATION
JEWS EAT CHINESE VEGETATION

CHINESE LOVE JEWISH CHRISTMAS
GET A CHINESE REST'RANT BOOKING
TO EAT ASIAN FUSION COOKING

JEWISH LOVE CHINESE KOSHER

THEY EAT MATZOH BALL TEMPORA
WHILE THEY DANCE A HAPPY HORA

(Hindu Cabbie and Pizza Boy re-enter)

CHINESE AND JEWISH CHRISTMAS

PIZZA BOY

OR EAT TRI-COLORI PASTA
'TIL YOUR TUMMY SCREAMS OUT "BASTA!"

CHINESE CHEF
CHINESE SERVE MANISCHEWITZ

HINDU CABBIE
IF YOU'RE DRUNK AND IN THE "GUTTA"
TAKE A TAXI TO CALCUTTA

CHINESE CHEF
BARBRA STREISAND'S FAV'RITE DISHES
COME WITH FRIED RICE AND KNISHES

FOR THE JEWISH REALLY LOVE THEIR CHINESE--

HINDU CABBIE
OR CURRY EGGPLANT--

PIZZA BOY
MOZZARELL--

ALL THREE
ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

(As Hindu Cabbie, Pizza Boy, and Chinese Chef
exit, the Nutcracker and Celeste wave goodbye.)

CHINESE CHEF
(exiting on her bike)
Melly Chlistmas, Mistah Nutcrackah!

NUTCRACKER
Happy Hanukkah, Mrs. Chowstein!

CELESTE
(to the Nutcracker)
It's fun being politically incorrect. What other groups can we offend?

NUTCRACKER
How about holiday shoppers?

(sings "The Department Store Trepak" to "Trepak")
WELCOME TO OUR DEPARTMENT STORE

BUY EV'RYTHING THAT YOU ABHOR
TONS AND TONS OF USELESS TREASURES
PERFECT FOR THE HOLIDAY

LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN BLOOMINGDALES
BUILT FOR THE FASHIONISTA MALES
CALVIN KLEIN AND RALPH LAUREN
COULD TURN THE NEW YORK YANKEES GAY

ESCALATE TO THE SECOND FLOOR
AND SEE WHAT THE LADIES CLAMOR FOR
PANTYHOSE AND ROWS AND ROWS
OF CLOTHES AND PERFUME BY CHANEL

UPWARD AGAIN AND WE'LL EXPLORE
TABLES AND LAMPS AND CHIC DECOR
YOUR CREDIT CARD WILL BE IN HEAVEN
BUT YOU'LL BE IN CONSUMER HELL

NEXT WE CAN SHOP AT MACY'S
A FAV'RITE OF KEVIN SPACEY'S
WOODY ALLEN, MERYL STREEP
AND MANY OTHER COOL CELEBRITIES

NOTICE THE TOURISTS SQUEEZE IN
BRINGING THE BED BUG FLEAS IN
LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT GIFT
TO MAKE THEIR COUSIN ILL-AT-EASE

BUT WAIT!
THERE'S MORE!
LET'S CALL
WAL-MART
AND SEE WHEN THEY
RE-STOCK THE STORE!

MOM GETS A TCHOTCHKE
FOR HER HUTCH
BRO GETS HIS SEVENTH I-PAD TOUCH
DAD COULD USE ANOTHER ITCHY SWEATER
HE WILL NEVER WEAR

SIS GETS A PRINCESS POTTY SEAT
GRAMPS GETS A SWEET HE SHOULDN'T EAT

TO SAVE SOME CASH
YOU CAN CONNIVE A
PLOT TO STOP IN AT GODIVA
BUYING CHOC'LATE COVERED ROACHES
FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S DRAMA COACHES

GLAZED ANTS!
BOOKS!
PLANTS!
BLU-RAY!
NO WAY!
AND YOU'LL GET A FLAT SCREEN HEART ATTACK
DOING THE DEPARTMENT STORE TREPAC!

CELESTE
(excited, takes his hand)

C'mon, let's go shopping!

(The Nutcracker and Celeste exit. Suddenly, Zack
and Sugar Rush Fairy appear in a puff of smoke.)

ZACK

Whoa! Where the fudge ripple are we?!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Snow Globe City! Where every man has a smile on his face and a lollipop in his pocket!

ZACK

But how'd we get into a tiny snow globe? I mean, my triceps would never fit!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

The Nutcracker may have magic nuts... but I have magic gum drops in my tutu!

ZACK

This I gotta see.

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Look, we have to make a plan. I need to stop that goodie toe-shoes ballerina and get the Nutcracker back in my sugar-fairy kick line!

ZACK

Forget your tutti-fruity ballet. I need to get those magic nuts to go for the gold!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

First, we have to split up to find the Nutcracker.

ZACK

How do we keep in touch? You got a cell phone in your tutu?

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

(takes out her cell phone)

Of course, all ballerinas do. But you'll reach me faster on Twitter. It's how I keep my fans on the edge of their seats.

ZACK

Me, too.

(takes out his cell)

I've got the record for Olympic tweets.

“Song of the Twits” to “Dance of the Flutes.”

BOTH

(sing)

TWITTER TWITTER TWITTER

WE'RE GOING TO BE

GOSSIP MONGERS

BITCHY AS YOU'D SEE ON “GLEE”

ZACK

WIRELESS QUOTATIONS

WRECKING REPUTATIONS

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

WHILE WE NAVEL GAZE

AND FEED OUR NEGATIVE FRUSTRATIONS

BOTH

TWITTER TWITTER TWITTER
SPIES OUT ON A SPREE

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

SNEAKY AS THE AGENTS FROM THE KGB
ISN'T IT DELICIOUS
TEXTING SOMETHING VICIOUS

BOTH

ZEALOUSLY
JEALOUSLY
TWEETERS ARE WE

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

I LOOK SWEET
UNTIL I TWEET

ZACK

AND THOUGH I'M HOT I'VE GOT
A GLEEFULLY MALICIOUS PLOT

BOTH

TWITTER TWITTER TWITTER
WE'LL FOLLOW THE TREND
SENDING NAUGHTY MESSAGES TO EV'RY FRIEND

ZACK

TWITTER PERSECUTION
GETS US RETRIBUTION

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

WE'RE GONNA WIN
SHALL WE BEGIN
TYPING IT IN

BOTH

SEND!

(As they go to exit, they spy Celeste and the Nutcracker, re-entering with shopping bags from chic NYC stores. Sugar Rush whispers her plan to Zack, as they hide and listen in background.)

CELESTE

That Christmas shopping was fabulous! Where should we go now?

NUTCRACKER

How about Madison Square Garden to see the hottest star in town!

CELESTE

Justin Bieber?

NUTCRACKER

No way. In Snow Globe City -- the biggest Billboard attraction is yours truly!

CELESTE

You?! Sorry, but aren't you a little too wooden and white-bread to be a rock star?

NUTCRACKER

I might surprise you. Here, have a seat. Now close your eyes and count to ten.

(Celeste closes her eyes and silently counts. The Nutcracker takes out a cordless mic, and starts to swivel his wooden hips like a rock 'n roll idol. We hear a chorus of his girlie fans, off-stage, squealing with pre-teen delight:)

GIRLIE VOICES (OFF)

We want Nutty! We want Nutty!

(Sugar Rush Fairy sneaks in from behind, conks the Nutcracker on the head with her wand, spraying him with purple fairy dust. The Nutcracker gets dizzy and very sleepy. Zack moves in. Sugar Rush gives him a red Nutcracker coat and hat. Zack puts them on, but they don't fit, the sleeves rip off, making Zack look like a punk-rock Nutcracker.)

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Go on, sing the Nutcracker's greatest hits...

(points a thumb at Celeste whose eyes
are still closed)

And she'll follow you anywhere.

ZACK

But I don't know this song!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

(exiting)

Wing it!

GIRLIE VOICES (OFF)

We love Nutty! We love Nutty! OOOHHHHHH!!! AAAHHHHHH!!!

(Zack grabs the mic, stares as a spotlight hits him,
not knowing what to do. Celeste opens her eyes,
just as the Nutcracker, still dizzy and faint, bumps
Zack to the side and starts to sing a woozy, rock 'n
roll version of "**Dance of the Clowns.**")

NUTCRACKER

(sings)

I'M A WHITE RUSSIAN COSSACK
DESTINED FOR A TSAR
AND MY IMITATION ELVIS PELVIS
ISN'T QUITE UP TO PAR

I CAN'T TAP THE BACK BEAT
IN MY CAVALRY BOOTS
'CUZ TOLSTOY AND CHEKHOV
ARE MY POP CULTURE ROOTS

(Now into it, Zack gives Nutcracker a hip
bump, sends him flying off-stage. Zack
catches a mic, as the beat kicks in. He
improvs a rocked-out version of the song)

ZACK

(sings)

BUT WHEN I HEAR A FUNKY BEAT
THAT'S BORN IN THE 'HOOD
IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER
THAT MY HIPS ARE MADE OF WOOD

I START TO SWAY AND UNDULATE
LIKE RAY CHARLES IN SHOCK
I MAY BE A RUSSIAN CLASSIC
BUT I LOVE TO ROCK

I'M A CRACKER
NUTCRACKER
I WAS BORN AS WHITE AS WHITE CAN BE
BUT I CAN SHAKE AND SHIMMY
GOOD AS ANY JIMMY BROWN
WHO'S TAKEN L.S.D.

I'M A CRACKER
NUTCRACKER
BUT THE JACKSON FIVE ARE IN MY SOUL
I'M A WHITE HOT BUNSEN BURNER
BUT I'M BLACK AS TINA TURNER
WHEN I ROCK 'N ROLL!

GIRLIE VOICES (OFF)

MORE! MORE! GIVE US MORE!
WE LOVE NUTTY -- WE WANT MORE!

ZACK

DON'T LIKE THAT JUSTIN BIEBER
HE'S MORE THAN I CAN TAKE
AND WHO'S LADY GAGA
OR MISTER TIMBERLAKE

THEY'RE ALL IMITATIONS
AND YOU BET YOUR ASS
NOT ONE OF THEM IS COOLER
THAN TEDDY PENDERGRASS

IT'S TRUE MY BONES ARE RUSSIAN
BUT WHEN I LOSE CONTROL
I GET GRUNGY -- I GET PUNKY
AND I CAN MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS FUNKY

I'M A CRACKER
NUTCRACKER
CHUBBY CHECKER AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON ME
WHEN I START TWISTIN'
MY LITTLE WOODEN PISTON
IS REALLY SOMETHIN' TO SEE

I'M A CRACKER
NUTCRACKER
WHITE CHRISTMAS WAS WRITTEN FOR ME
BUT WHEN MY MAGIC'S WORKING
ALL THE SLUTTY GIRLS ARE TWERKING
UNDERNEATH MY KWANZAA TREE

GIRLIE VOICES (OFF)

HE'S A CRACKER
NUTCRACKER
BUT DIANA ROSS IS IN HIS SOUL

ZACK

I'M A WHITE HOT BUNSEN BURNER
BUT I'M BLACK AS TINA TURNER

(Nutcracker, still groggy, re-enters. He wrestles the mic away from Zack, pushing him out of the spotlight. Zack collides with entering Sugar Rush. They fall into the wings. We hear a loud crash off-stage.)

ALL

WHEN I/WE ROCK 'N ROLL!

(The Nutcracker gives the song a big finish, grinding and swiveling his wooden hips to his fans' delight.)

NUTCRACKER

WHEN I ROCK 'N ROLL!
WHEN I ROCK AND...
ROLL! ROLL! ROLL! ROOOO-OOOOLE!
YEAH!!!

GIRLIE VOICES (OFF)

OOH!! AHH!! EEE!! (Cheering after song:) *Yay!!!!*

(Nutcracker gets wild applause, he bows and waves,
no longer woozy. Celeste rushes over to him.)

CELESTE

That was amazing! But who was that other Nutcracker?!

NUTCRACKER

(looks back off-stage, shrugs)

I have no idea. Must have been a tribute band. There are so many cheesy Nutcrackers out there.

CELESTE

Well, I prefer the original. How can I download your songs?

NUTCRACKER (CONT'D)

Oh, we have an app for that.

(holds up his iPhone with a Nutcracker
graphic)

It's called the iNut.

CELESTE

(takes iPhone, looks at it)

Wow! Very cool! You really are a superstar here.

NUTCRACKER

The fans are great, the paparazzi's a pain. But I get invited to all the hottest parties.

CELESTE

I've been dreaming of going to a party at Lincoln Center -- with all the music and opera stars -- and the world's greatest ballet dancers!

NUTCRACKER

Actually, I'm guest of honor at a red-carpet gala at Geffen Hall tonight at Lincoln Center.

(bows, offers his arm)

I'd be happy to escort my beautiful ballerina.

CELESTE

(in the midst of shopping bags, etc.)

But I have absolutely nothing to wear!

NUTCRACKER

While you were getting your nails done at Elizabeth Arden, I asked Isaac Mizrhad at Prada to design a ball gown especially for you. And I guessed you're a perfect size 2!

(He reveals a sparkling ball gown. Celeste is thrilled. Nutcracker helps Celeste into her dress.

Note: ball gowns and hoop skirts, in pastel candy colors, are reminiscent of '*Libiamo*,' from La Traviata, Act I -- a storybook costume ball.)

CELESTE

Wow -- it's beautiful!

NUTCRACKER

It has a tulle tutu -- made of champagne.

CELESTE

That's so awesome! I just have one tiny little question...

(sings "**Is There A Ball Tonight?**" to "**Waltz of the Flowers.**")

IS THERE A BALL TONIGHT?

IF THERE'S NO BALL IT'S APPALLING

WHAT I WANT IS CANDLELIGHT AND WINE

IN A FAIRY CASTLE ON THE RHINE

WITH A SHINY CHANDELIER AND

PRETTY PIROUETTES IN PERFECT MOTION

YES, THERE'S A BALL TONIGHT

I CAN HEAR CHORUSES CALLING

COME AND DANCE A POLONAISE WITH ME

AND THE RUSSIAN CAVIAR IS FREE

NOT TO MENTION PINK CHAMPAGNE
AND LOTS OF TURKEY BREAST
BUT LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I LIKE THE BEST

HOW I LOVE THE
WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY
LA LA LA LA!
PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY
LA LA LA LA!
DO YOU KNOW TCHAIKOVSKY?
HE WROTE BALLETS LIKE SWAN LAKE

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR RIMSKY-KORSAKOVSKY
AND COLE PORTEROVSKY
ME, I'LL TAKE TCHAIKOVSKY
ANY OTHERS GIVE ME A TUMMY ACHE!

IS THERE A BALL TONIGHT?
OR CHILDHOOD DREAMS I'M RECALLING
WHEN I HAD A FEVER AS A CHILD
I WOULD HAVE HALLUCINATIONS WILD
I'D BE TWIRLING ROUND AND ROUND
UNTIL I THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD NEAR EXPLOSION

IS THERE A BALL TONIGHT?
DEBUTANTE BALLS ARE ENTHRALLING
ALL THE LOVELY LADIES IN THEIR JEWELS
WATCHING HANDSOME MEN ENGAGED IN DUELS
LISTEN TO THE CAREFREE LAUGHTER IN THE ATMOSPHERE
BUT LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I LONG TO HEAR...

LET ME HEAR THE WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY
LA LA LA LA!

(TCHAIKOVSKY [Father] enters in white tie and
tails, carrying a conductor's baton.)

NUTCRACKER
PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE
DO YOU KNOW TCHAIKOVSKY?

TCHAIKOVSKY
I COMPOSED THE PATHETIQUE

CELESTE
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR IVAN KRAICHENOVSKY
AND STEVE SONDHEIMOVSKY
ME, I'LL TAKE TCHAIKOVSKY
ANY OTHERS AREN'T EVEN WORTH A SQUEAK!

(Celeste waltzes around with Tchaikovsky. GIFT
BOX SPINS around to reveal a miniature Lincoln
Center. The Nutcracker leads Celeste to the Met.)

NUTCRACKER
WE'LL BE BROADCAST FROM THE OP'RA
IN THE HIGHEST DEFINITION
THEN WE'LL STOP BY DAVID GEFFEN
AND WE'LL WALTZ BY THE FOUNTAIN...

(As the Nutcracker and Celeste dance off,
Tchaikovsky follows. Zack and the Sugar Rush
Fairy sneak in. Zack is disguised as a handsome
dragoon. Sugar Rush Fairy wears a ball gown in a
matching color. They both wear masks so Celeste
and the Nutcracker won't recognize them.)

ZACK & SUGAR RUSH FAIRY
THERE THEY ARE
THEY'RE SO ROMANTIC
IT'S REVOLTING

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY
TWO LOVE BIRDS MOLTING

ZACK
HIS BOLTS UNBOLTING

ZACK & SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

ISN'T IT JOLTING
SEEING THIS SAC'CHRINE SCENE

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

WE SHOULD TRY HEADING THEM OFF AT LINCOLN CENTER
THEN WE'LL TORMENT HER
AND WE'LL PREVENT HER
MEETING MY MENTOR
MISTER GEORGE BALANCHINE

(The Nutcracker and Celeste re-enter, dancing.)

NUTCRACKER

IT'S DELIGHTFUL
AT THE OP'RA
WE'LL GET STANDING ROOM AT "CARMEN"

CELESTE

BUT I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM IN
GOING BALLROOM DANCING
AT A GALA PARTY
WHERE THE MUSIC'S THUND'RING
I WAS WOND'RING...

ALL

IS THERE A BALL TONIGHT?
IS THERE A BALL TONIGHT?

(Tchaikovsky conducts a big romantic waltz,
Celeste notices disguised Zack dancing her way.)

CELESTE

DID YOU SEE THAT DASHING YOUNG DRAGOON?
AND THE OTHER MEN IN HIS PLATOON?
I CAN HEAR THE GNASHING OF THEIR TEETH
AND THEY HAVE CIGARS TUCKED UNDERNEATH
HAVE I GONE A LITTLE BIT TOO FAR?
OH MY GOD -- THAT ISN'T HIS CIGAR!
OH, HE'S COMING CLOSER! CLOSER!

OH, SIR! NO, SIR!
NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! YES, YES!

ALL

OH WHAT A BALL TONIGHT!
OH WHAT A BALL TONIGHT!

WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

LA LA LALA!

ALL

HOW WE LOVE TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

LA LA LA LA!

ALL

HOW WE LOVE TO DANCE

CELESTE

AND DRINK AND SWIRL
AND WALTZ AND WALTZ AND SWIRL
AND DANCE AND DANCE AND WALTZ TO

ALL

WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

LA LA LA LA!

ALL

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

LA LA LA LA!

ALL

HOW WE LOVE TO DANCE

CELESTE

AND DRINK AND SWIRL
AND WALTZ AND WALTZ AND SWIRL
AND DANCE AND DANCE AND WALTZ
AND BURGUNDY WINE
AND NIGHTS ON THE RHINE
AND CANDLES AND CAVIARS
AND SOLDIERS WITH BIG CIGARS

ALL

AND SONGS BY TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

AND BALLS EV'RY NIGHT!

(After the song, Tchaikovsky exits. Zack and Sugar
Rush take off their masks.)

ZACK

Sorry to interrupt your pretty little party.

CELESTE

Zack. How did you get here?!

ZACK

Never mind. I'm taking you home.

CELESTE

I'm not going anywhere with you.

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

(grabs the Nutcracker)

Well, this one is coming with me. It's time to put the Nutcracker back in "The Nutcracker."

NUTCRACKER

I won't be in the ballet unless Celeste dances with me.

CELESTE

Really? Can I play Clara?

NUTCRACKER

That's why I brought you here, Celeste.

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Over my dead body! She can't dance in the original Snow Globe City "Nutcracker."

NUTCRACKER

She can if Mister Balanchine likes her dancing.

CELESTE

(stunned)

George Balanchine?

ZACK

Who?!

CELESTE

He was the most famous choreographer - practically ever! His "Nutcracker" is --

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

(cuts her off)

The only "Nutcracker." The real deal. And if you think you're getting your tawdry toe shoes in my ballet --

NUTCRACKER

You mean, Mr. Balanchine's ballet.

(GEORGE BALANCHINE [Father] enters,
wearing an eye-patch, dressed to play Herr
Drosselmeyer in the ballet. He's an insufferable
snob with a comical Russian accent.)

BALANCHINE

Yes, indeed. A Balanchine ballet is the epitome, the *ne plus ultra*, the *sine qua non* of dance!

ZACK

Would you mind speaking American?

BALANCHINE

You tink this is easy? Who is this yutz?

ZACK

Zack Whitefield -- Olympic snow boarder.

BALANCHINE

I'm bored already. He looks like refugee from Xanadu.

CELESTE

That show closed. Now there's Kinky Boots.

BALANCHINE

Kinky Boots? Sounds stinky. I see they continue to give bad taste on Broadway.

(studies Celeste)

But who is this lovely creature?

NUTCRACKER

Mr. Balanchine, this is Celeste. She's a wonderful dancer. Don't you think she's perfect to play Clara in "The Nutcracker"?

BALANCHINE

There is something Suzanne Farrell-ish about her.

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

Don't be ridiculous. Have you got that eye patch on the wrong eye?

BALANCHINE

What eye patch?!

(a comic take, he eyes Celeste)

She is magnificent. I must immortalize you in my "Nutcracker."

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

A younger, prettier ballerina always gets the part. All I ever get is Snickers.

(scarfs down a candy bar)

I'll purge before curtain.

(sticks a finger down her throat, gags)

NUTCRACKER

Mr. B., we still need someone to play the Mouse King.

BALANCHINE

True. Battle Scene would be unimaginable with no royal rodent.

CELESTE

I have an idea. What about Zack?

ZACK

No way! I'm not wearing those fruity-in-the-booty tights.

CELESTE

Would you do it for a magic Krakatuk?

ZACK

Lay it on me!

(The Nutcracker tosses a magic nut to Zack.)

I smell gold! Uh-oh...

(The golden nut blows up in his face. When the smoke clears, Zack wears a huge mouse head, turning him into a gold-medal MOUSE KING.)

ZACK (CONT'D)

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!!

BALANCHINE

Places, people! Curtain in five minutes!

SUGAR RUSH FAIRY

(grabs Zack, dragging him off)

Come on, mouse man.

ZACK

Oh, rats!!!

BALANCHINE

All of New York will line up to see "*George Balanchine's Nutcracker*." Two seats in the loge will cost you more than a trip to Bimini!

(Balanchine exits with a flourish. The Nutcracker helps Celeste out of her ball gown. She now wears a dance costume with a shiny tutu. He puts a tiara on her head... for her to play Clara in the ballet.)

CELESTE

I can't believe it! I'm finally getting to play Clara! And I'll get to dance to...

(sings)

WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY

LA LA LA LA!

NUTCRACKER

HOW WE LOVE TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

LA LA LA LA!

NUTCRACKER

HOW WE LOVE TO DANCE

CELESTE

AND DRINK AND SWIRL

AND WALTZ AND WALTZ AND SWIRL

AND DANCE AND DANCE AND WALTZ

AND BURGUNDY WINE

AND NIGHTS ON THE RHINE

AND CANDLES AND CAVIARS

AND SOLDIERS WITH BIG CIGARS

BOTH

AND SONGS BY TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

AND BALLS EV'RY NIGHT!

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 5.

STATE THEATER BACKSTAGE.

Celeste dances behind a scrim, then bows after a breath-taking performance as Clara in The Nutcracker ballet. The crowd cheers wildly. She enters with roses as if coming backstage.

NUTCRACKER

You were amazing, Celeste! Everybody loves you!

CELESTE

I can't believe I got to dance in a Balanchine ballet!

BALANCHINE

(enters, still dressed as Drosselmeyer)

You are magnificent! You must stay here in Snow Globe City. I will immortalize you as my prima ballerina!

(Nutcracker looks concerned. Celeste is thrilled.)

CELESTE

Really?

BALANCHINE

Yes, you will be here for eternity. Lincoln Center is so beautiful, you'll think you died and went to ballet heaven!

NUTCRACKER

Don't do it, Celeste!

BALANCHINE

This is where she belongs.

NUTCRACKER

No, she belongs at home with her family.

BALANCHINE

Family, shmam'ly. She doesn't need to go back to all the *mishegoss* of a bankrupt Christmas.

(to Celeste)

Stay here and there'll be no more school, no more exams, no more heartbreaking auditions. Here, you'll be at peace -- famous and adored for eternity. But not like Jerome Robbins. That schmuck -- who'd he have to fiddle with to get into ballet heaven?

NUTCRACKER

Don't give up on your life, Celeste.

BALANCHINE

It's your decision, darlink. Immortality in ballet heaven... or cultural poverty in Pawchusett.

(he "weighs" the choice with his hands:)

Choice is easy... dance with Balanchine -- and every night is a ball!

(Balanchine dances off comically.)

CELESTE

I don't know what to do. I love my family, but now I love you, too.

NUTCRACKER

I never should have brought you here.

CELESTE

Why not? It's so beautiful here. And the best part is, you're here. Back home in Pawchusett, life is really hard and everything is a struggle.

NUTCRACKER

Anything worth doing is a struggle, Celeste. Do you know how tough it is to crack a beechnut?

CELESTE

But if I go back, I can't take you with me, can I?

NUTCRACKER

If I leave again, there'll be no more Nutcracker ballet.

CELESTE

I thought if we kissed tonight under the mistletoe, you'd turn into my very own, real live, handsome prince. You're my first romance. I can't lose you.

NUTCRACKER

You won't lose me, Celeste. Remember... true love is like great music. It plays in your heart forever.

(Sings "Love Is Eternal" to "Pas De Deux.")

NUTCRACKER (CONT'D)

LOVE IS ETERNAL IF IT'S TRUE
DECADES DON'T EXIST
WHEN FIRST LOVE HAS KISSED

CELESTE

LOVE IS ETERNAL IF IT'S YOU
LIKE A SILENT PRAYER
SOFTLY WAITING THERE

NUTCRACKER

LOVE LIVES FOREVER
OUT OF TIME
OUT OF LIFE
IN OUR DREAMS
FAR AWAY
IN THE STARS
WATCHING DOWN
GIVING HOPE
TO OUR HEARTS
ANY TIME

CELESTE

(sings, in counterpoint)

LOVE IS ETERNAL
WHEN IT'S TRUE

TRUTH IS ETERNAL
WHEN THERE'S LOVE

BOTH

LOVE IS ETERNAL IF IT'S TRUE
IN THE DARKEST NIGHT
OUT OF TIME AND SIGHT

CELESTE

LOVE IS FOREVER IF IT'S YOU
THOUGH THE STARS ARE GONE
YOU LIVE IN THE DAWN

NUTCRACKER

WE WILL GO SEPARATE WAYS
IN OUR TRAVELS
AS WE TAKE DIFFERENT ROADS
IN OUR LIVES

CELESTE
THOUGH THE STORY OF WHO WE WILL BE
UNRAVELS
WE WILL KNOW SOMEWHERE
OUR LOVE SURVIVES

BOTH
LOVE IS ETERNAL WHEN IT'S YOU
LOVE BURNS FOREVER WITH A GLOW
OUT OF TIME AND SPACE
WAITING IN ITS PLACE
THOUGH WE SAY GOODBYE
OUR LOVE WILL DEFY
PASSING YEARS OF THE DECADES
AND DAYS THAT ARE DESTINED TO FLY
THOUGH TIME TELLS US NO
LOVE WON'T LET GO!

(Toward the end of the song, the GIFT BOX
OPENS, revealing the Family Room again.
Nutcracker brings Celeste home, gently puts her
back on the couch. Celeste bids the Nutcracker a
tearful goodbye. He exits. **Celeste's dream ends.**)

CROSS FADE TO:

SCENE 6.

FAMILY ROOM.

*It's Christmas morning. Celeste is asleep on the
couch, the cast on her leg. DR. STAHLBAUM
[Father], kindly old doctor with a heavy Boston
accent, examines Celeste. Concerned Mother
looks on. Peter holds his toy nutcracker.*

CELESTE
(singing in her sleep)
WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY
NOT STEVE SONDHEIMOVSKY...

MOTHER

Nothing she says makes any sense! Dr. Stahlbaum, you have to help Celeste. We may have given her too many pills.

DR. STAHLBAUM

(with a wicked Boston accent)

I woulda been here sooner, but I couldn't get the darn car started. Once I put the gear shift into park, she turned over like a charm. How long's your ballet star been under the weather?

MOTHER

Too long. She's been out of it all night. And when she gets the strength to talk... everything she says sounds like Tchaikovsky.

DR. STAHLBAUM

Peter Tchaikovsky?! Dear, oh dear, what a downer! I'll check her heart and blood pressure.

MOTHER

You brought Celeste into the world, Dr. Stahlbaum. You have to bring her back to us.

DR. STAHLBAUM

Her condition is rather severe. She's in a deep sleep, like a dance trance. As a doctor, I hate to utter these words, but she could be a goner! Let's hope this antidote works...

(Dr. Stahlbaum gives Celeste a shot.)

MOTHER

Oh my God... She has to be all right.

PETER

She will be, Mummy. And the Nutcracker can help, too.

(Peter holds his toy Nutcracker up for Celeste, sings a reprise of "**Nuttiest Nutcracker**," as a sweet ballad.)

PETER (CONT'D)

HE'S THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER
ANY CHRISTMAS EVER SAW
HE'S THE NUTTIEST NUTCRACKER
WITH A MOST IMPRESSIVE JAW...

COME BACK
COME BACK
CHRISTMAS CAN'T COME WITHOUT YOU

(Celeste sings with Peter in her sleep.)

CELESTE & PETER

COME BACK
COME BACK
IT'S NOT THE SAME WITHOUT YOU...

MOTHER

Oh, thank goodness!

DR. STAHLBAUM

Lookie here, the antidote is working. She's startin' to stir. Wake up, sweetheart.

CELESTE

(waking up)

What happened?

DR. STAHLBAUM

You gave your dear mother quite a scare, but you're out of the forest now, darlin'!

(to Mother)

You should be very proud of your little ballet star. She's a marvelous girl with a strong heart and a great set of gams. Her blood pressure's normal. She'll be fine. I better go now. So many parties last night, so many stomachs to pump. I hope the pharmacy's still open at the Star Market!

(Dr. Stahlbaum tips his hat and exits.)

CELESTE

When I broke my leg, I lost the Christmas spirit. I'll never get that cynical again.

(SOUND: **motorcycle lays rubber and crashes** off-stage.)

PETER

(excited)

Daddy's home!

(Father enters in his leather jacket and biker cap.)

FATHER

I ran into Dr. Stahlbaum comin' up the driveway. I don't think he broke any bones. But he told me about Celeste. Thank God she's okay!

MOTHER

She's fine. I'm the one who's a wreck. Her near-death experience almost killed me!

(Zack bursts in the door, out of breath.)

ZACK

Sorry to barge in. But I wanted to see how Celeste was doing -- after she O.D.'d.

MOTHER

How sweet. Everyone's dropping by to see how you are, Celeste.

CELESTE

Oh my God, I hope I'm not hallucinating I'm Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz."

ZACK

Don't worry, you're not Judy Garland. You're clean and sober now. Guess I need to apologize, Celeste... you know, about our date last night.

CELESTE

Date?!

ZACK

I was a jerk.

CELESTE

You're forgiven, Zack. But I don't want to see you anymore.

ZACK

No worries. I'm going to L.A. to do a toothpaste commercial. I play a snowboarding Mickey Mouse with a winter-white smile!

CELESTE

(bursts out laughing)

Perfect casting!

FATHER

This turned out to be a pretty good Christmas, after all, Celeste.

CELESTE

You're right, Dad. Even though I'll never do ballet again, we have no money, I can't go to Juilliard, and Mom's egg nog is like a laxative, it still feels good to be home with all of you.

(looks around)

But it sort of seems like someone's missing.

(Music cue: doorbell chimes.)

MOTHER & FATHER

CHRISTMAS DOORBELLS

RING-A-DING-DING

HOLIDAY DOORBELLS

MERRILY RINGING

FRIENDS DROP BY

TO WISH US THE BEST

OUR POOR LITTLE DOORBELL

WON'T GET ANY REST!

(The door opens. Eliot is there.)

FATHER

Eliot?!

PETER

Uh-oh, Eliot!

MOTHER

Oh no, Eliot!

(Eliot wears a bright red winter coat that suggests a modern-day version of the Nutcracker's costume. It makes Eliot look much more handsome. Celeste, taken aback, is happy to see him. She sings:)

CELESTE

ELIOT, IS THAT YOU?

YOU LOOK HANDSOME IN YOUR NEW JACKET

YOU BLOSSOMED OVERNIGHT

LIKE YOUR MAGICAL MISTLETOE

(The mistletoe Eliot gave her earlier magically spins
and blinks with twinkling lights.)

ELIOT

I'm glad you're okay, Celeste. I've got really great news. We raised enough money doing
our Nutcracker Ballet to pay off your hospital bills and overdue insurance premiums.

(Eliot hands Peter a check)

PETER

Holy Benjamin Franklin -- we're talking mega-bucks!

FATHER

(looks at check, reacts)

After the holidays, we'll be the only family in the country not in debt!

ELIOT

And I asked Professor Hoffmann to put in a good word for you at Juilliard. He got you a
full scholarship... for the singing department.

CELESTE

(excited)

You mean, I'll get to go to New York and live at Lincoln Center?

(Celeste and Eliot are alone in a spotlight. In the
background the giant GIFT BOX CLOSES.)

ELIOT

And while you're there... maybe you can do my *Nutcracker Musical*.

CELESTE

Why not? I've been singing the songs in my sleep.

ELIOT

I just came up with a new ending. Would you like to hear it, Celeste?

CELESTE

Sure...

ELIOT

(sings to music from “**Apotheosis:**”)

CHRISTMAS COMES ONCE A YEAR
SO I HAD TO COME BACK TO TELL YOU
CHRISTMAS MAY DISAPPEAR
BUT ITS MAGIC LIVES ALL YEAR THROUGH

BOTH

CHRISTMAS COMES ONCE A YEAR
BUT WHEN LOVE COMES YOUR WAY...
CHRISTMAS COMES EV’RY DAY!

CROSS FADE TO:

SCENE 7.

THEATRE STAGE.

Before Eliot and Celeste can kiss, Professor Hoffmann enters in tux and cape with a glass of champagne. It’s New Year’s Eve one year later.

HOFFMANN

I’d like to propose a toast. To Celeste and Eliot. Tonight feels as romantic as Christmas was last year when Eliot swept Celeste off her feet -- by breaking her leg. (cast laughs) Remember that? And now -- New Years’s Eve one year later -- they just got engaged! So tonight when the clock chimes midnight... (holds up the “*Farkakte Clock*” -- it makes **crazy cuckoo clock noises**) Everybody -- break a leg! And let’s all...

(raises glass, sings “**Take The New Year**”
to “**The Final Waltz**”)

TAKE THE NEW YEAR
AND MAKE IT A GREAT ONE
AND TAKE THE CHANCE TO START ANEW
DON’T FORGET
BUT FORGIVE
WIPE THE SLATE CLEAN
AND START ALL OVER!

(The spotlight on Celeste and Eliot fades. Mother enters in black and gold sequined gown, singing:)

MOTHER

TAKE THE NEW YEAR
AND LOOK TO THE FUTURE
WHERE LIFE IS WAITING THERE FOR YOU

(As Mother sings, Peter enters in a sharp little tux,
carrying his toy nutcracker, also in formal attire.)

PETER

START ANEW BUT BE TRUE
TO THE DREAMS THAT YOU DREAMED IN CHILDHOOD

MOTHER

ON A PAGE
WHITE AND BLANK
YOU CAN WRITE
WHO YOU COULD BE

FATHER

(enters in tux and biker cap)

DREAMS ARE CASH
IN THE BANK
BE THE DREAMER WHO YOU SHOULD BE!

ZACK

(enters in hip tuxedo)

WHO YOU WERE
ISN'T YOU
WHAT YOU DID
IS BEHIND YOU

MOTHER

YOU CAN BE
SOMEONE NEW
IF YOU BID
THE OLDER YOU ADIEU!

(Mother/Father embrace. Music briefly changes to
“Is There A Ball Tonight,” as Celeste re-enters.
Her leg is completely healed. She wears a stunning
black cocktail dress with a chiffon scarf. She sings:)

CELESTE

OH WHAT A BALL TONIGHT!
OH WHAT A BALL TONIGHT!

(Eliot re-enters in his modern Nutcracker jacket. As
he sings, he takes off his geeky glasses. Mother
helps him out of the Nutcracker jacket.)

ELIOT & CELESTE

TAKE THE NEW YEAR
AND TAKE EV'RY CHANCE

(he slips into a suave tuxedo jacket)

THAT YOU DIDN'T DARE
TO TAKE BEFORE

HOFFMANN

(re-enters in tux and cape)

WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG
LIFE IS SLOW
WHEN YOU'RE OLDER
EACH YEAR'S A BLESSING

CELESTE & ELIOT

LOVE IS WAITING TO WALTZ THROUGH THE YEAR WITH YOU

CELESTE

SEARCH IT OUT
AND FIND YOUR LIGHT
AND SING AND DANCE
AND TAKE TO FLIGHT

(Music remains **"Waltz of the Flowers."**)

CELESTE & ELIOT

ON WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

LA LA LA LA!

ALL

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

CELESTE

LA LA LA LA!

ALL

TAKE THE NEW YEAR

HOFFMANN

MAKE YOUR EV'RY DREAM COME TRUE

BUT IF THEY DON'T KEEP WALTZING THROUGH TO

ALL

WALTZES BY TCHAIKOVSKY

TAKE THE NEW YEAR!

HOW WE LOVE TCHAIKOVSKY

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

HOW WE LOVE TO DANCE

AND DRINK AND SWIRL

AND WALTZ AND WALTZ AND SWIRL

AND DANCE AND DANCE AND WALTZ

MOTHER

AND CANDY DELIGHT

HOFFMANN

AND SNOW GLOBES IN FLIGHT

ELIOT

AND NUTCRACKER FANTASIES

CELESTE

AND SINGING THE MELODIES

ALL

OF SONGS BY TCHAIKOVSKY

AND BALLS EV'RY NIGHT!

(Celeste and Eliot kiss, as the music soars.)

BLACKOUT
THE END.