

STOCKING STUFFERS

By Geff Moyer

Copyright © 2007 by Geff Moyer, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-61588-146-8

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

STOCKING STUFFERS

By Geff Moyer

SYNOPSIS: A total of fifteen short scenes with the same silly characters in familiar and brand new situations make up an entire evening of family fun. Act One features eight scenes ranging from Uncle Sam, Easter Bunny, Cupid, Ezekiel the Pilgrim, and Hagatha the Witch plotting how to steal the attention from Santa and his holiday and bring more attention to theirs, to two female elves discussing their future goals and testing a variety of water guns straight out at the audience. Act Two offers seven scenes ranging from a fast-talking Little Matchgirl selling her wares in downtown New York, to a trial of the two reindeers who “ran over grandma” and a surprise appearance by Santa himself. When all of these scenes come together, audiences will experience Christmas like never before.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4-16 MEN, 4-18 WOMEN, 2-19 EITHER)

ACT ONE

THE MEETING

(3 MEN, 2 WOMEN)

HAGATHA THE WITCH (f) (32 lines)
EASTER BUNNY (f) (30 lines)
CUPID (m) (41 lines)
UNCLE SAM (m) (31 lines)
EZEKIEL THE PILGRIM (m) (29 lines)

THE WATER COOLER

(3 MEN, 1 WOMAN)

ELF ONE (m) (17 lines)
ELF TWO (m) (24 lines)
ELF THREE (m) (25 lines)
FEMALE ELF (f) (1 line)

STOCKINGS

(2 EITHER)

STOCKING ONE (m/f).....(23 lines)

STOCKING TWO (m/f).....(23 lines)

UP FRONT

(2 EITHER)

DONNER (m/f).....A reindeer with a surfer accent.
(33 lines)

BLITZEN (m/f).....A reindeer with a surfer accent.
(34 lines)

THE LADIES SPEAK

(4 WOMEN)

DOLL ONE (f).....(37 lines)

DOLL TWO (f).....(33 lines)

DOLL THREE (f).....(30 lines)

DOLL FOUR (f).....(31 lines)

THE BREAK UP

(1 MAN, 1 WOMAN)

GI JOE (m).....(37 lines)

BARBIE (f).....(36 lines)

STOCKINGS

(2 EITHER)

STOCKING ONE (m/f).....(13 lines)

STOCKING TWO (m/f).....(12 lines)

STOCKING STUFFERS

WATERGUNS

(1 MAN, 2 WOMEN)

GLENN (f)..... An elf. *(43 lines)*
MERYL (f)..... An elf. *(44 lines)*
ANGUS (m)..... An elf. *(3 lines)*

ACT TWO

THE LITTLE MATCHGIRL

(4 MEN, 4 WOMEN, 2 EITHER)

LITTLE MATCHGIRL (f) Street vendor. *(42 lines)*
HAGATHA (f)..... The witch. *(5 lines)*
EASTER BUNNY (f) You know her. *(1 lines)*
UNCLE SAM (m)..... Roman candle and all. *(1 lines)*
EBENEZER SCROOGE (m)..... The tightwad himself. *(1 lines)*
EZEKIEL (m) The pilgrim with the axe. *(4 lines)*
DONNER (m/f)..... A reindeer with a surfer accent. *(6 lines)*
BLITZEN (m/f)..... A reindeer with a surfer accent. *(7 lines)*
CUPID (m)..... With his wings but still no halo.
(15 lines)
GRANDMA (f)..... Grandmother of Matchgirl. *(8 lines)*

JACK'S SONG

(1 MAN, 1 WOMAN)

JACK (m)..... The clown in the box. *(29 lines)*
ELF (f) A female elf. *(29 lines)*

STOCKINGS

(2 EITHER)

STOCKING ONE (m/f) *(10 lines)*
STOCKING TWO (m/f) *(10 lines)*

RUDOLPH'S NOSE

(2 EITHER)

- DONNER (m/f)..... A reindeer with a surfer accent.
(39 lines)
- BLITZEN (m/f)..... A reindeer with a surfer accent.
(39 lines)

THE RIDE

(1 MAN, 1 WOMAN)

- BABY DOLL (f)..... Wants to improve her vocabulary.
(50 lines)
- KEN (m) Barbie's ex. (49 lines)

STOCKINGS

(2 EITHER)

- STOCKING ONE (m/f)..... (7 lines)
- STOCKING TWO (m/f)..... (6 lines)

THE REINDEER TRIAL

(2 MEN, 2 WOMEN, 5 EITHER)

- EBENEZER SCROOGE (m)..... Prosecuting attorney. (32 lines)
- ELF (f) Defense lawyer. (23 lines)
- GRANDMA (f)..... The one who got run over by a reindeer.
(14 lines)
- BAILIFF (m/f)..... (10 lines)
- DONNER (m/f)..... A reindeer with a surfer accent.
(20 lines)
- BLITZEN (m/f)..... A reindeer with a surfer accent.
(22 lines)
- JUDGE (m)..... The honorable Judge S. Nicholas.
(33 lines)
- EGG NOG (m/f) A witness for the prosecution. (18 lines)
- MEDICINE BOTTLE (m/f)..... A witness for the prosecution. (15 lines)

STOCKING STUFFERS

SETTING

There is no specific set requirements, only set pieces. However, feel free to decorate your stage as festively as you wish, i.e. Christmas lights, large candy canes, a tree, etc. The specific set pieces are: a water cooler; a maximum of six chairs; one small table; one long table with tablecloth.

TIME: Once upon

PROPERTIES

- Old broom
- New broom
- Cell phone
- Bow & arrow
- Large firecracker
- Lighter
- Old axe
- New axe
- Egg coloring kit
- Small water cooler
- Pistol & holster
- Knife & sheath
- Half an onion
- Various water guns
- Many boxes of matches
- Old bag
- Stage cash
- Dictionary
- Pad of paper & pencil
- Red light bulb

ACT ONE, SCENE 1
THE MEETING

SETTING:

A long table covered with a tablecloth so beneath it is not visible.

AT RISE:

A lively, somewhat heated conversation is going on.

BUNNY: Something has to be done...

UNCLE SAM: It is completely out of hand...

EZEKIEL: It's IMPROPER....

CUPID: *(Ever the diplomat.)* People, people...

HAGATHA: It's ridiculous and unfair...

EZEKIEL: **Improper** is what it is...

UNCLE SAM: We heard you the first time, Zeke...

BUNNY: We are getting nowhere...

CUPID: People, people, please! Bunny is right! We have to discuss this in an orderly manner. We're accomplishing nothing with this bickering. Focus on the subject: the fat man's holiday vs. ours.

HAGATHA: The fairy's right. This is getting us nowhere.

CUPID: **Angel**, Hagatha! NOT fairy!

UNCLE SAM: Let's be democratic! Take a vote!

EZEKIEL: Vote on what? Nothing's been put on the floor, except the rabbit's fat feet!

BUNNY: Well, they're certainly good for kicking pompous, obnoxious pilgrims in the...

CUPID: STOP IT, STOP IT, STOP IT!

HAGATHA: Excitable little fairy, isn't he?

CUPID: Angel!!!

BUNNY: It's the presents, you know!

HAGATHA: Of course it's the presents, you hare brain! We all agreed it's the presents an hour ago. Where have you been? In the briar patch?

UNCLE SAM: The question is...how can we compete with them!

BUNNY: We can't! At least my eggs can't.

CUPID: But they are lovely, Bunny...

HAGATHA: Neither can my candy...

STOCKING STUFFERS

CUPID: But it is sweet of you to share...

UNCLE SAM: I say we strap him to a roman candle and send him soaring!

EZEKIEL: (*Gingerly fingering HIS axe.*) I say we chop him down to size.

CUPID: May I remind you that we are NOT violent people. We are loving people.

UNCLE SAM: All's fair in love and war.

CUPID: This isn't war!

HAGATHA: Well, it sure isn't love!

CUPID: But isn't that what the holidays are all about? Love?

HAGATHA: No! Not all of them! A good scare never hurt anyone.

BUNNY: Neither did a good "find the most eggs" contest. Competition's good for you!

UNCLE SAM: Or a good blowin' up of a few tin cans.

EZEKIEL: We should ban all holidays. They are frivolous and improper. Very, very improper!

BUNNY: I say we throw him in the briar patch...

EZEKIEL: GIVE HIM THE AXE...

HAGATHA: TURN HIM INTO A TOAD...

CUPID: Stop it...

UNCLE SAM: SIT HIM ON A BOX OF CHERRY BOMBS...

CUPID: Stop it...

EZEKIEL: THE AXE...

BUNNY: BRIAR PATCH...

HAGATHA: A TOAD...

CUPID: STOP....

UNCLE SAM: CHERRY BOMBS....

CUPID: I HAVE THE SOLUTION!

A stunned silence.

OTHERS: Well, we're waiting. What? Spit it out, Fairy!

CUPID: ANGEL! (*With pride.*) We smother him with affection.

A moment.

HAGATHA: What!?

CUPID: Kindness and...

BUNNY: Are you serious?

CUPID: ...kisses and...

EZEKIEL: IMPROPER!

CUPID: ...and hugs and...

OTHERS: SHUDDUP!

BUNNY: How many years have we been arguing about this? Huh? And every year it's the same thing! His holiday overshadows ours! But you know what really fluffs my fur? All the attention he gets for delivering his presents in one night. I deliver all my eggs in ONE NIGHT, and I don't need a sleigh and a bunch of smelly reindeers to do it.

CUPID: We all know and appreciate how hard you work, Bunny.

BUNNY: And AFTER my holiday, what am I doing? Soaking my sore feet for days, that's what!

EZEKIEL: Oh, cry me a river! I don't even know why you're here. You don't even have anything to do with your holiday.

UNCLE SAM: I've been saying that for years. The dumb bunny doesn't even deserve to be here.

BUNNY: So what do you have with fireworks? If you lit one you'd probably set that scraggly beard on fire! (To EZEKIEL.) And you! What do you have to do with eating turkey? All you wanna do is chop, chop, chop!

EZEKIEL: (*Brandishing HIS axe.*) That turkey dinner could easily be changed to rabbit stew.

CUPID: Will you three stop bickering!?

HAGATHA: The fairy's right! Let's get focused, people!

CUPID: ANGEL, you old hag!!!

HAGATHA: I'll turn you into a moth, you flying little....

BUNNY: (*Rises.*) WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT THE FAT MAN!?

A moment.

UNCLE SAM: (*Deviously.*) Maybe we could discredit him.

BUNNY: What?

HAGATHA: How?

UNCLE SAM: Make up something...bad!

STOCKING STUFFERS

CUPID: You mean...lie?

EZEKIEL: Improper!

HAGATHA: Doesn't bother me.

CUPID: Lie?

BUNNY: What'd you got cooking in that half brain, Sam?

UNCLE SAM: Well...maybe we could say...that he mistreats his elves. That his workshop is really...a sweat box!

CUPID: But that's a lie!

HAGATHA: Just a little one. *(Cackles with pleasure.)*

EZEKIEL: Improper!

HAGATHA: "Improper, improper, improper!" How'd you ever get a holiday? You're against anything that's fun.

EZEKIEL: Lying is improper.

UNCLE SAM: And Manhattan Island was worth more than twenty-four dollars in beads!

EZEKIEL: What are you implying?

BUNNY: You hoodwinked those Indians.

HAGATHA: Which is the same as lying.

UNCLE SAM: Which is sooo "improper"!

CUPID: We can't discredit someone like him. Everyone loves him. The elves love him. Everyone knows that. It's in every story, how hard they work for him. We can't change history. We're holiday icons, not the government! I say we call him.

OTHERS: WHAT!?! HUH!?! ARE YOU NUTS? Stupid fairy!

CUPID: Angel! We call him, present our dilemma and pleasantly reason things out.

BUNNY: That's the dumbest thing I've...

UNCLE SAM: Where do you get these stupid ideas...

EZEKIEL: That is so improper, so improper...

HAGATHA: He just hangs up on me.

CUPID: He's a very sweet fellow. I'm sure he'll understand our concerns.

HAGATHA: He's been milking the attention forever!

UNCLE SAM: He's not going to give up the limelight!

BUNNY: His ego's as big as his belly!

UNCLE SAM: I still say DISCREDIT! Think discredit!

A mumbling moment.

HAGATHA: *(An idea.)* Red is also the devil's color! *(Cackles with delight.)*

EZEKIEL: *(Caressing HIS axe.)* And blood.

BUNNY: It's also the primary color of Christmas, Hagatha. Think logically!

A moment.

UNCLE SAM: *(Idea.)* Obesity is unattractive.

BUNNY: But with him it's all cutesy-wootsy and "shaking like a bowl of jelly." Logic, people, logic!

EZEKIEL: Logic, logic, logic! This is coming from a rabbit who lays painted eggs!

CUPID: *(Pulls out his cell phone and holds it aloft.)* THIS is the only logical approach!

EZEKIEL: I suppose it would be the proper thing to do. Maybe the fairy has something there.

CUPID: ANGEL! I'M AN ANGEL!

EZEKIEL: Then where's your halo?

CUPID: I don't have one.

EZEKIEL: So you're not an angel.

CUPID: I have wings.

EZEKIEL: So do fairies.

UNCLE SAM: Okay, let's say we do call him. What'd we say?

THEY all look at CUPID.

CUPID: Why are you looking at me?

HAGATHA: It's your idea!

EZEKIEL: Back it up!

BUNNY: You ARE the sweetest talker.

CUPID: Uh, well...we should...uh...express our feelings. Let him know that we have feelings, too. Very special, unique feelings that are easily hurt. We feel pain. We feel sorrow. And all we want to feel is love. His love. And the love of all the...

OTHERS: SHUDDUP!

UNCLE SAM: If we call him, we lay our demands on the table!

STOCKING STUFFERS

BUNNY: Clearly!

HAGATHA: Crystal clear!

EZEKIEL: And we religiously hold to those demands.

UNCLE SAM: Right! He must do something to make the people like him a little less and us a little more.

HAGATHA: Like giving candy to both good AND bad children!

CUPID: Oh, that's not right...

BUNNY: Putting painted eggs in stockings, to remind them of me.

CUPID: But you have a holiday...

UNCLE SAM: Putting sparklers on Christmas trees!

CUPID: Fire hazard!

During the next few lines, CUPID slips under the table and dials HIS cell phone.

EZEKIEL: No! They can't even have a tree! We didn't have a tree.

Those decorated things are heathenish and improper!

HAGATHA: Put scary jack-o-lanterns above the stockings...

UNCLE SAM: Now we're getting somewhere! Demand, demand, demand, demand!

HAGATHA: That's right! Nice is weak. Naughty is power.

UNCLE SAM: Well said, Hagatha! Well said!

HAGATHA: We'll scare the boots off of him!

BUNNY: What if he gets defensive?

UNCLE SAM: That's what we want! Confrontation! We're launching an attack here. We want him to...hey, where's the fairy?

THEY all look around and HAGATHA discovers CUPID under the table.

HAGATHA: What are you doing under...HEY! He's on his phone! Why, you little...

ALL are chasing CUPID over, under and around the table. HAGATHA swishes at HIM with HER broom. EZEKIEL wields HIS axe. SAM pulls out a large firecracker but cannot get HIS lighter to work. The following lines occur during the action.

BUNNY: GET HIM! HE'S SQUEALING...!!

HAGATHA: I'LL TURN YOU INTO A GECKO, YOU LITTLE...

EZEKIEL: NIMBLE LITTLE FAIRY, ISN'T HE...?

BUNNY: BLOW HIM UP, SAM...!

UNCLE SAM: STUPID LIGHTER...

CUPID: *(Suddenly stopping and shutting cell phone.)* STOP! *(THEY all stop. Pause.)* He said to look under your seats. *(THEY all try to look at their rear ends.)* Your chairs!

EVERYONE looks under their chairs and each removes a gift.

BUNNY: What is this?

HAGATHA: Mine says, "Open me now!"

UNCLE SAM: *(Holding gift to HIS ear.)* It isn't ticking.

EZEKIEL: So I guess we open them.

CUPID: So what're we waiting for?

Everyone opens their presents. HAGATHA pulls out a shiny new axe. BUNNY, a fancy bow and arrow. CUPID, a new lighter. EZEKIEL, a new broom. UNCLE SAM, an egg-painting kit.

UNCLE SAM: What the devil am I gonna do with this? I don't paint eggs. I blow 'em up!

HAGATHA: I'd break one of my fingernails if I used an axe.

BUNNY: I can't work this contraption. I don't have opposable thumbs.

EZEKIEL: Improper! I do not clean! I hunt!

CUPID: I'll just catch a wing on fire with this. Sam, here, you take it.

Gives lighter to SAM.

UNCLE SAM: Really!? Thank you. Here, Bunny. You should have this.

Gives egg-painting kit to BUNNY.

BUNNY: Why, thank you, Sam. Oh, Cupid, here! You have opposable thumbs.

Gives bow and arrow to CUPID.

CUPID: Oh, that's so sweet of you, Bunny.

HAGATHA: Zeke, you take this. *(Gives axe to EZEKIEL.)* Chop down a cherry tree or something.

EZEKIEL: *(HE hands broom to HAGATHA.)* Here! Clean your haven!

Suddenly, after admiring their gifts, they all stop and look at each other with a moment of realization.

BUNNY: You know what he did, don't you?

UNCLE SAM: Yeah. Sneaky ol' fat man.

HAGATHA: Felt kind of good though, didn't it?

CUPID: It felt lovely.

EZEKIEL: It felt...

ALL: Proper!

BLACKOUT.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 2
THE WATER COOLER**

SETTING:

A water cooler.

AT RISE:

ELF ONE is standing by the cooler, drinking. ELVES TWO and THREE enter.

ELF THREE: *(Southern accent.)* Boy oh boy, do I need this break. These sixty-four hour shifts are killers.

ELF TWO: *(Old elf with a beard and Yiddish accent.)* Oy, I hear that!

ELF THREE: I've assembled 34,653 Game Boys and have been shocked 379 times. Stick a light bulb in my mouth and I'd light up a room.

ELF TWO: I've got so many metal splinters from puttin' together those Tonka Trucks, I couldn't pass through an airport security check.

ELF THREE: If we don't get some help soon, I don't see how we'll meet our quota.

ELF TWO: I heard the Big Guy even posted the job openings on Monster Dot Com.

ELF THREE: Physical labor! No one seems to want to do it anymore.

ELF ONE: Guess you guys haven't heard, huh?

TWO AND ELF THREE: Huh!? Heard what!?

ELF ONE: What the Big Guy's done.

TWO AND ELF THREE: What? What's he done?

ELF ONE: *(A moment.)* Females.

ELF THREE: What about them?

ELF ONE: He's hired some.

A moment, then THREE and TWO burst out laughing.

ELF THREE: That's a good one!

ELF TWO: You had us going there for a second!

ELF ONE: I'm not joking. He's hired females.

ELF THREE: Females!?

ELF TWO: You mean...?

ELF ONE: Girl elves.

ELF THREE: Oh no, no...

ELF TWO: No, no, no...

ELF THREE: He couldn't! He just couldn't!

ELF TWO: Has he flipped his lid?

ELF THREE: Did Prancer kick him in the head again?

ELF TWO: There has never been a female elf in the factory.

ELF THREE: What has gotten into him?

ELF ONE: The missus!

ELF TWO: Huh?

ELF ONE: It was Missus Claus' idea.

ELF TWO: And he listened? Why? He's never listened to her before.

ELF ONE: One time.

ELF THREE: When?

STOCKING STUFFERS

ELF ONE: Who do you think convinced him to add Rudolph to the team?

ELF THREE: That was her idea?

ELF ONE: Yep!

ELF TWO: But we're talking hundreds of years of tradition here – not some one-time-foggy-night-problem.

ELF ONE: She pulls a lot weight with him. No pun intended. She convinced him right after she had cooked one of his favorite meals.

ELF THREE: I thought all meals were his favorite.

ELF TWO: Caught him at his weakest! That figures!

ELF THREE: After a meal! Sneaky. That's a female for you! We can't let this happen. We need to call our union rep.

ELF ONE: You are the union rep.

ELF THREE: Then one of you needs to call me and report this...this, this breach of tradition!

ELF TWO: We'll just refuse to work with them, that's what we'll do.

ELF ONE: And not meet our quota? It would hurt too many children.

ELF THREE: So we just have to take this!? You watch! They'll get all the cushy jobs.

ELF TWO: Of course! And not one of them will work a night shift. They need their "beauty sleep." Blah!

ELF ONE: Now this will really turn your skin green: same pay!

TWO AND ELF THREE: WHAT!??

ELF TWO: Now he's gone too far!

ELF ONE: They'll be doing the same job.

ELF THREE: Are you kidding me? Show me one female elf who can carve a decent baseball bat, or knows how to outfit a ninja!

ELF TWO: They'll mess up everything! They'll probably put G.I. Joe in polo shirts and Dockers.

ELF THREE: And Storm Troopers in frilly raincoats...

ELF TWO: Footballs will be painted pink...

ELF THREE: Action figures of the Olsen twins...

ELF TWO: Whoopee Cushions with no sound...

ELF THREE: I tell ya, it's gonna destroy Christmas!

ELF TWO: Spittin' in the eye of tradition, that's what it is! Spittin' in the eye...

A very attractive FEMALE ELF enters and strolls to the water cooler.

FEMALE ELF: Excuse me, boys. (*THEY step aside in silence, gawking at HER. SHE drinks.*) See you fellows on the assembly line. (*THEY watch HER leave in silence.*)

ELF TWO: You know, painting a football pink would make it easier to see.

ELF THREE: We could always say G.I. Joe is on leave.

THEY are exiting the same direction as the FEMALE ELF.

ELF TWO: I kinda like the Olsen twins, especially the one who's always on a diet!

ELF ONE: (*Getting another drink.*) So much for tradition.

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3 STOCKINGS

Two Christmas stockings are CS. These costumes can be made by decorating sleeping bags and adding toes.

STOCKING ONE: You know what I hate about the holidays?

STOCKING TWO: What?

STOCKING ONE: You get so stuffed.

STOCKING TWO: Yeah! Takes forever to work it off, 'cause we're always last.

STOCKING ONE: (*Mocking.*) "Let's open the presents, let's open the presents." Rip, rip, tear, tear, while we hang here forever. Since Thanksgiving.

STOCKING TWO: "Oh, don't forget the stockings!" We're an afterthought, that's what we are.

STOCKING ONE: And where are we hanging all that time?

STOCKING TWO: Over the fireplace!

STOCKING ONE: And if it's burning?

STOCKING TWO: Hot foot!

STOCKING ONE: Exactly!

STOCKING STUFFERS

STOCKING TWO: And when they dust off the mantle, do they ever think about shaking the dust off us?

STOCKING ONE: Of course not! And the OVER stuffing, until our seams are ready to split.

STOCKING TWO: What happened to, "The stockings were hung on the chimney **with care**?"

STOCKING ONE: And the things they stuff in us now!

STOCKING TWO: What happened to candy canes and popcorn balls?

STOCKING ONE: Hershey bars and bubble gum?

STOCKING TWO: Candy apples and licorice sticks?

STOCKING ONE: Old Maid decks and Ring Pops?

STOCKING TWO: Baseball cards and Junior Mints?

STOCKING ONE: What do they stuff us with now?

STOCKING TWO: Batteries!

STOCKING ONE: Batteries.

STOCKING TWO: No imagination.

STOCKING ONE: We're no longer unique.

STOCKING TWO: No creativity.

STOCKING ONE: We're not anticipated anymore.

STOCKING TWO: No ingenuity.

STOCKING ONE: Like I said, we're an afterthought!

STOCKING TWO: Second fiddle.

STOCKING ONE: Third string.

STOCKING TWO: Bottom of the totem pole.

STOCKING ONE: Just a support system for all the presents.

STOCKING TWO: Yeah, just a...a what?

STOCKING ONE: Support system for all the presents they open first.

STOCKING TWO: Hmmm! Maybe we're looking at this the wrong way.

STOCKING ONE: What'd you mean?

STOCKING TWO: "Support system." Think about it!

STOCKING ONE: What about it?

STOCKING TWO: None of those gifts they get would even work without our batteries.

STOCKING ONE: Hey, good point!

STOCKING TWO: So, being a support system is...kind of okay.

STOCKING ONE: I suppose.

STOCKING TWO: Besides, it could be worse.

STOCKING ONE: How?

STOCKING TWO: We could be gym socks.

BLACKOUT.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 4
UP FRONT**

AT RISE:

DONNER is standing near water cooler doing curls with two small dumbbells.

BLITZEN: *(Entering, surfer accent.)* Hey, Donner dude! You're lookin' good!

DONNER: *(Also surfer accent.)* Thanks, Blitzen. Looks like you haven't been a couch potato in the off-season either, dude.

BLITZEN: Hey, dude, we made a deal, remember?

DONNER: Glad to see you stuck to it.

BLITZEN: You bet! Pumpin' iron every day, running, leaping, and to top it all off, the only place I been grazin' is Anwar.

DONNER: Healthy, dude, healthy!

BLITZEN: Only the green stuff's been put into this temple. Not one berry.

DONNER: I'm proud of you, dude. *(Hands HIM a dumbbell.)* Ready?

BLITZEN: Ready!

They turn sideways and do three quick curls.

BOTH: ONE TWO THREE!

THEY do a synchronized hopping loop around each other.

BOTH: HUBBA HUBBA HUBBA HUBBA!

THEY bump hips.

BOTH: HUMPFH! HUMPFH!

STOCKING STUFFERS

THEY shake their antlers at each other.

BOTH: WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THEY high five – actually, they high hoof.

BOTH: UP FRONT!

DONNER: Yeah! We're gonna do it, dude! We're gonna take it!

BLITZEN: (*Flexing and posing.*) No way Dasher and Dancer can top this!

DONNER: No more back two!

BOTH: UP FRONT! (*THEY high hoof again.*)

DONNER: Oh, I gotta tell ya! I made a turn the other day that would've curled your antlers. (*Makes a fancy fast turn.*)

BLITZEN: All right, dude!

DONNER: If fancy Dancer tried that, he'd be trippin' over his own hooves.

BLITZEN: Rightous, dude! Oh, I gotta tell ya – I leaped a silo.

DONNER: What? No kidding?

BLITZEN: A silo, dude! Had to be sixty, seventy feet. Whoosh! Right over it! Bet ol' candy-butt Prancer's never leaped a silo. Probably doesn't know what one is.

DONNER: Where'd you find a silo?

BLITZEN: Down at Anwar.

DONNER: Anwar has silos?

BLITZEN: Yeah! Well, I guess they're silos. Bit more pointed than normal, but I think they were silos. They were kind of hidden in some trees. But the point is, I leaped 'em!

DONNER: Right on, dude! HIT IT!

THEY repeat THEIR previous routine.

BOTH: UP FRONT! (*THEY high hoof.*)

BLITZEN: We're gonna take it! We're gonna do it!

DONNER: You know it's that stupid poem's fault.

BLITZEN: I know, I know...

DONNER: (*Mocking.*) “On Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen; on Comet and Cupid and DONNER AND BLITZEN.”

BLITZEN: Put us right there at the rear of the team, and just because the Big Guy’s a stickler for tradition...

DONNER: We’ve been stuck there for over a hundred years.

BLITZEN: The rear!

DONNER: The backseat!

BLITZEN: The hind end!

DONNER: The tail!

BLITZEN: The keister!

DONNER: Rusty duster!

BLITZEN: Tuchis!

DONNER: Fanny!

BLITZEN: Derriere!

DONNER: BUM!

BLITZEN: CAN!

DONNER: CAN IS RIGHT! CAN DO, DUDE!

BLITZEN: I’m pumped, dude! I’m ready to challenge those two namby-pambies! Ready to take the lead. HIT IT!

THEY do their routine again.

BOTH: UP FRONT! (*THEY high hoof, then pause as they calm, wondering what to do next.*)

BLITZEN: So...what d’ we do now?

DONNER: Uh...well...we...confront the Big Guy.

BLITZEN: YEAH! RIGHT! How?

DONNER: Uh, make an appointment! State our grievances.

BLITZEN: Okay, good, then what?

DONNER: We...we demand! That’s it! We demand our new place on the team.

BLITZEN: Whoa, whoa, whoa, dude! You know the Big Guy doesn’t take kindly to demands.

DONNER: Well...well, he’s gonna have to this time.

BLITZEN: You remember that elf who made that demand about working only on baseball gloves?

DONNER: Oh, yeah. Haven’t seen him in years.

BLITZEN: Exactly.

STOCKING STUFFERS

DONNER: Oh. Okay, we don't demand.

BLITZEN: Good.

DONNER: But we gotta make our case, dude, right?

BLITZEN: Right!

DONNER: We've worked too hard this off-season, right?

BLITZEN: Right!

DONNER: We're pumped, ripped, sculptured!

BLITZEN: I didn't deprive myself of berries for nothing!

DONNER: That's right!

BLITZEN: And I did leap a silo!

DONNER: All eighty feet of it!

BLITZEN: And I'm tired of starin' at Comet and Cupid's butts! HIT IT!

THEY do THEIR routine.

BOTH: UP FRONT!

DONNER: *(Exiting.)* Let's do it, dude!

BLITZEN: *(Exiting.)* Big Guy, here we come!

BLACKOUT.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 5
THE LADIES SPEAK**

SETTING:

Four fancily-dressed baby dolls are stiffly seated in four chairs facing the audience.

AT RISE:

THEY speak in mechanized voices.

DOLL ONE: Momma.

DOLL TWO: I love you.

DOLL THREE: Hold me.

DOLL FOUR: I'm hungry.

DOLL ONE: Momma.

DOLL TWO: I love you.

DOLL THREE: Hold me.

DOLL FOUR: I'm hungry.

DOLL ONE: Momma.

DOLL TWO: I love you.

DOLL THREE: Hold...

DOLL TWO: Okay! They're gone!

During following conversation, they relax and pull out soda pop, chips, etc.

DOLL ONE: Thank goodness."

DOLL THREE: Finally! I thought they'd never leave. If I had to say, "Hold me" one more time, I swear I would've puked.

DOLL ONE: I think we're okay for a while. They went downstairs to play Candy Land.

DOLL TWO: Oh, please! Don't mention that game! They open it up, I see that board – all that candy, cake, ice cream – oy! There goes my diet!

DOLL ONE: How's my hair?

DOLL TWO: It's fine! You ask me that every day, and every day I tell you, "It's fine."

DOLL ONE: I just wanted to make sure nothing was out of place.

DOLL THREE: *(To FOUR.)* You're sure quiet.

DOLL FOUR: I have something to tell you, girls.

DOLL ONE: What?

DOLL THREE: More gossip? I'm excited.

DOLL TWO: If it's about her big sister having her boyfriend over the other night while she was babysitting, we know all about it.

DOLL THREE: They were holding hands.

DOLL ONE: No!?

DOLL FOUR: I'm leaving.

DOLL ONE: You're what?

DOLL FOUR: I'm leaving.

DOLL TWO: You can't leave.

DOLL FOUR: I'm doing it.

DOLL ONE: But why?

DOLL THREE: Where will you go?

DOLL FOUR: North!

STOCKING STUFFERS

DOLL TWO: North? Oh, I get it. You're back on that phrase kick, aren't you?

DOLL ONE: Oh, no! I thought you gave that up.

DOLL TWO: She's a redhead. Redheads are stubborn. Stubborn to the point of ridiculous.

DOLL FOUR: What I am doing is NOT ridiculous!

DOLL THREE: What's a "phrase kick?"

DOLL TWO: Where have you been? She's been talking about it for days.

DOLL THREE: I was left outside for three days, remember? I'm still soggy.

DOLL ONE: You have a little mildew behind your left ear.

DOLL THREE: (*Reaches for HER right ear.*) Thank you.

DOLL ONE: Your other left.

DOLL FOUR: It's not a "kick." It is a valid concern. We could be so helpful, so beneficial to shaping young girls into fine, thoughtful, responsible young women if they'd only let us.

DOLL TWO: Don't start this again!

DOLL THREE: Let us what?

DOLL FOUR: Say significant things. Useful things. But what do we get? "Momma. I love you, Hold me, I'm hungry."

DOLL ONE: Those are important things.

DOLL FOUR: They're shallow! One-dimensional! Insignificant! And that means WE'RE shallow, one-dimensional and insignificant!

DOLL TWO: Here we go!

DOLL FOUR: I'm tired of it, and I'm going to do something about it. Tell me the truth! Isn't there **something** you'd rather say than "Momma"? Anything?

DOLL ONE: Well...I guess so.

DOLL FOUR: What? What would you like to say?

DOLL ONE: Well, I'd like to say...

DOLL FOUR: Yes? What?

DOLL ONE: "Wash your hands before you play with me."

DOLL THREE: Oh, I hate sticky hands...

DOLL ONE: Or, "Don't carry me by my hair."

DOLL THREE: Or, "You smell like the dog."

DOLL FOUR: That's not what I'm talking about! How about saying things like...like... "Don't talk to strangers, even if they do look like Justin Bieber." Or, "Eat your broccoli, a little gas never hurt anyone." Or, "Always wear your seatbelt, especially when Grandma's driving without her glasses."

DOLL THREE: Oh, oh, or, "Don't stay outside too long, you'll get soggy."

DOLL ONE: Or, "Don't comb my hair with the dog brush."

DOLL FOUR: Is there anything between those ears besides sawdust?

DOLL TWO: Yeah! Contentment! With what we are, what we've got, and what we say. We're dolls, for cryin' out loud! We're not going to change the world.

DOLL FOUR: Barbie did.

DOLL TWO: Oh, that stiff-legged matchstick did no such thing!

DOLL THREE: I can't believe you're still jealous of Barbie.

DOLL TWO: What!? I'm not!

DOLL ONE: Oh, you are, too! We all know it. You'd give your left eye to know her diet and have her figure.

DOLL TWO: We're baby dolls, moron! Why would we have a figure like Barbie's? (*ONE starts to cry. To FOUR.*) See what you've started!?! (*To ONE.*) I'm sorry. I shouldn't have called you a moron.

DOLL THREE: (*Cuddling ONE.*) It's okay. She didn't mean it. You know how she gets when we bring up Barbie.

DOLL TWO: WILL YOU TWO SHUDDUP ABOUT BARBIE!?! (*THREE begins to sob. To FOUR.*) Are you happy now? Are you pleased with yourself? Why can't you just accept things as they are? We are made to be cute and cuddly and say one thing! That's all! One thing! "Momma. I love you. Hold me. I'm hungry!"

A moment.

DOLL FOUR: Barbie doesn't say anything.

DOLL TWO: (*Seething.*) You are making my stuffing boil.

DOLL FOUR: Now THAT'S a good thing to say!

DOLL TWO: What?

STOCKING STUFFERS

DOLL FOUR: When they do something wrong, like...like not share, or call someone a name, if we could say, "You are making my stuffing boil!" it might make them think for a moment and be nicer.

DOLL TWO: If they weren't nice, the Big Guy wouldn't give us to them in the first place. Ha!

DOLL ONE: That's true...

DOLL THREE: She's got a point there...

DOLL FOUR: Nobody's perfect.

DOLL TWO: HE is!

DOLL FOUR: That's why he has only male elves working for him and putting us together!?

DOLL ONE: WHAT!?

DOLL THREE: MALE ELVES!?

DOLL ONE: HE DOES?

DOLL THREE: Male elves...touched me? (*Shudders.*) Oooohhh!

DOLL ONE: That's disgusting.

DOLL FOUR: That's all he hires, and that's why all we can say is "Momma. I love you. Hold me. I'm hungry!" What better to keep us subjugated then to only allow us to only say "Momma. I love you. Hold me. I'm hungry?" I am going North. Anyone with me?

DOLL ONE: What's "subjugated"?

DOLL THREE: Which way's north?

DOLL ONE: Isn't it cold up north?

DOLL THREE: Do we have to walk?

DOLL ONE: I hate walking!

DOLL THREE: We'd be outside, wouldn't we? That means getting soggy again.

DOLL ONE: And soggy means mildew. You still have a little by your ear.

DOLL FOUR: I don't believe you two!

DOLL THREE: What?

DOLL ONE: Why? Mildew is not good for you.

DOLL TWO: What'd you expect? They're dolls! So am I! So are you! You can't change how you're made or what you are. You just have to live with it and do the best you can.

DOLL FOUR: But it's not fair.

DOLL ONE: We do have a nice home.

DOLL THREE: When they don't leave us outside.

DOLL ONE: We're loved.

DOLL THREE: Even when we're carried by our hair, we're still loved.

DOLL TWO: And isn't that what counts? (*A moment.*) Isn't it?

DOLL FOUR: (*Sighs.*) I suppose.

DOLL TWO: Besides, we're a set. Without you, we'd be...incomplete.

DOLL ONE: Unfulfilled.

DOLL THREE: Insignificant.

DOLL TWO: In other words, we'd miss you.

DOLL FOUR: That's sweet. Thank you.

DOLL TWO: So...no North, right?

DOLL FOUR: I guess.

DOLL TWO: No more phrase kick, right?

DOLL FOUR: I suppose.

DOLL TWO: We can be happy with being cute and cuddly, right?

DOLL FOUR: Sure.

DOLL ONE: I'm glad that's settled, 'cause they're coming back.

DOLL TWO: Positions, girls!

THEY return to their stiff doll positions. After a moment...

DOLL ONE: Momma.

DOLL TWO: I love you.

DOLL THREE: Hold me.

There is an awkward silence.

DOLL ONE: Momma.

DOLL TWO: I love you.

DOLL THREE: Hold me.

There is an awkward silence.

DOLL ONE: Momma.

DOLL TWO: I love you.

DOLL THREE: Hold me.

DOLL FOUR: “The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.”

BLACKOUT.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 6
THE BREAK UP**

AT RISE:

BARBIE is in one of HER fabulous outfits, and G.I. JOE wears green jungle camos, complete with holstered pistol and sheathed knife.

JOE: So...when are you going to tell him?

BARBIE: When the time is right.

JOE: You've been saying that for years.

BARBIE: He's not as strong as you, Joe. He's very sensitive.

JOE: Oh! And I'm not?

BARBIE: You know what I mean! It'd break his heart.

JOE: So we have to keep on meeting in secret! I want to be with you, Barbie. All the time.

BARBIE: And I want to be with you, Joe.

JOE: But?

BARBIE: I'm afraid of how he'd take it. He might do something, you know, rash. Maybe try to hurt himself.

JOE: Like how? Tie his sweater too tight around his neck? He doesn't shave, so he couldn't slash his wrists.

BARBIE: Don't be so morbid!

JOE: Sorry, but it's the way I'm made.

BARBIE: And gentle is the way Ken's made.

JOE: You told me you liked the fact that I was...tough! Rugged!

BARBIE: I do, Joe, but...

JOE: *(HE grabs HER and pulls HER near.)* But nothing, babe!

BARBIE: Not now, Joe. Not here!

JOE: Why not here?

BARBIE: *(Gestures offstage.)* The Jack-in-the-box is watching.

JOE: *(Looks offstage.)* What are you looking at, clown?

BARBIE: Joe...!!

JOE: (*Reaches for HIS pistol.*) I'll blow that stupid smile off your mug, Jack!

BARBIE: Joe, stop it! You see!? You see what I mean?

JOE: What? What'd I do?

BARBIE: You can't always resort to violence.

JOE: Sorry. It's how I'm made.

BARBIE: Maybe that's the problem.

JOE: What'd you mean?

BARBIE: The way you're made. The way I'm made. The way...Ken's made. I've weighed all the positives and negatives, Joe. I've been over them countless times.

JOE: And?

BARBIE: Well, he does dress much less threatening than you.

JOE: You said you liked my camos.

BARBIE: I do...but...I like a little variety, too.

JOE: I could change into my desert camos.

BARBIE: And you're always armed to the teeth: machine guns, rifles, pistols, knives, grenades, bazookas...

JOE: To protect you, Barbie.

BARBIE: And I appreciate it...but...well, sometimes they get in the way. Some armament is always coming between us.

JOE: Barbie, you can't ask me to be something I'm not.

BARBIE: And you never shave...close. You always have that irritating stubble.

JOE: You want me to shave? Fine! I'll shave! (*Whips out HIS KNIFE.*) I'll shave, okay?

BARBIE: (*Glancing offstage.*) Put that away! You're scaring the stuffed animals.

JOE: (*Sarcastically.*) Oh, so sorry, Teddy. (*Sheaths knife.*) Wimp!

BARBIE: There! You see? No compassion!

JOE: Oh! So what would Ken do? Cry? (*Mocking.*) "Oh, Teddy, I'm so sorry. It was so insensitive of me. Please forgive me. Boo hoo!" I'm not made that way, Barbie. But what chaps my cheeks is that's what you said you liked about me.

BARBIE: I liked the rough and ready you, not the callous killer.

JOE: Killer!? Killer!? I only kill the bad guys, Barbie! But you, you!

BARBIE: Me what?

STOCKING STUFFERS

JOE: You kill with your love, Barbie. And you kill anyone. Even the good guys. *(Puts HIS hand to HIS face to cover tears.)* You kill hearts, Barbie. You win them, then you kill them. You smash them! You rip 'em out of our chests, throw 'em on the ground and stomp 'em flat, Barbie.

BARBIE: Is that a tear?

JOE: No.

BARBIE: That's a tear!

JOE: I have allergies.

BARBIE: Joe, that's a tear. *(Touches HIS cheek.)* See?

JOE: Something blew in my eye.

BARBIE: Oh, Joe, you ARE sensitive. You DO have compassion.

JOE: I may be known for my guts, but I do have a heart, Barbie, and it's easily broken.

BARBIE: Oh, Joe, you're so sweet. *(SHE takes HIS hands, but he quickly pulls one back.)* What was that?

JOE: What?

BARBIE: What do you have in your hand?

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from STOCKING STUFFERS by
Geff Moyer. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the
script, please contact us at:***

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com