

**LUDLOW LADD**  
**A Comic Christmas Musical**  
**Libretto by Michael Colby**  
**Music by Gerald Jay Markoe**

Note: As a warm-up/prelude to *Ludlow Ladd*, CAROLERS gather to sing a set of silly songs. Please see the Appendix below.

ACT ONE  
SCENE ONE

Church bells peel, heralding the new Christmas Season. Flurries of jingle bells and snowflakes fill the air. The setting is mock-Dickensian. The time is “not long ago” -- in a Yuletide England of utter sublimity.

A group of bundled-up CAROLERS are spotlighted, gliding -- in unison -- to greet the Audience with Christmas cheer, flair, and frozen glare. They sing Ye Faithful Shepherds.

CAROLERS

YE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDS OF THE WORLD,  
YE OTHER PEOPLE TOO:  
ANOTHER CHRISTMAS HAS UNFURLED  
WITH THE SAME OLD SONGS WE DO.

YET, ALL YE SHEPHERDS HERE TONIGHT,  
SIT BACK AND HEAR US SING;  
ALTHOUGH OUR SONGS, BY MIDNIGHT, MIGHT  
BE A MOST MONOT'NOUS THING.

WE SING OUR CAROLS YEARLY  
TO GREET YOU IN THE SNOW  
AND ACT AS IF WE MERELY  
HAVE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.

BUT, FAITHFUL SHEPHERDS, STICK AROUND;  
 YE OTHER PEOPLE TOO;  
 BECAUSE THIS CHRISTMAS WE HAVE FOUND  
 A YULETIDE SAGA THAT'S NEW!

(Dividing parts)

IT'S NEW!  
 IT'S NEW!  
 IT'S NEW!  
 IT'S NEW!  
 THIS YULETIDE SAGA WE DO!  
 IT'S NEW!  
 IT'S NEW!  
 IT'S NEW!  
 SUNG THROUGH!  
 THIS YULETIDE SAGA FOR YOU!

...  
 IT'S A LONG ONE, WE SHOULD ADD;  
 BUT FULL OF HOLIDAY JOY.  
 AND WE CALL IT -- "LUDLOW LADD:  
 THE POOR LITTLE ORPHAN BOY."

(Suddenly turning wistful, they begin the saga.  
 DAISY steps forward to sing. She is an  
 Eliza Doolittle-like waif).

DAISY

HE GREW UP IN A LIVERPOOL SLUM:  
 NOT THE BEST PLACE FOR A BOY TO COME FROM.  
 OH, LUDLOW LADD!  
 OH, LUDLOW LADD!  
 HE LIVED AS SAD A BOYHOOD AS ANY LADD HAD!

## DAISY &amp; CAROLERS

OH, LUDLOW LADD  
 OH, LUDLOW LADD!  
 HE LIVED AS SAD A BOYHOOD AS ANY LADD HAD!

(The other CAROLERS may mime what  
 DAISY sings about)

## DAISY

THE CHILD WAS BORN ONE CHRISTMAS,  
 AS THIN AND STRAIGHT AS A ROD.  
 THOUGH IT WAS A MILD BIRTH,  
 HIS MUM DIED IN CHILDBIRTH --  
 SHE HAD A DATE WITH GOD.

HIS FATHER LOVED HIM DEARLY --  
 A STALWART CHIMNEY SWEEP, HE:  
 WHO WHILE CHIMNEY STOKIN'  
 HIMSELF BEGAN SMOKIN'  
 AND BURNED UP RECENTLY.

## DAISY &amp; CAROLERS

AND NOW THEIR ORPHAN BOY,  
 TO MAKE HIS FEEBLE ENDS MEET,  
 IS IN HIS OWN EMPLOY  
 SELLING NEWSPAPERS ON THE STREET...  
 SELLING NEWSPAPERS,  
 NASTY NEWSPAPERS,  
 FILTHY NEWSPAPERS  
 ON THE STREET.

(The pitiful orphan boy, LUDLOW LADD, enters. His hair is tousled, his face smudged with dirt and tears, and his clothes are rags stitched onto more rags. Shivering through the frost, LUDLOW is peddling papers -- i.e. filthy copies of the *London Times*)

LUDLOW

PAPERS,  
PAPERS,  
ALL ABOUT THE LATEST GRISLY CAPERS.

NEWS,  
NEWS,  
GOOD FOR WRAPPING FISH UP -- IF YOU CHOOSE!

(While the indifferent CAROLERS back away,  
LUDLOW sings I'm a Poor Little Paper Boy)

LUDLOW

I'M A POOR LITTLE PAPER BOY.  
I SELL THE LONDON TIMES.  
WHEN NOT ON THE BREAD LINES,  
I LIVE OFF THE HEADLINES  
OF LOCAL MISFORTUNES AND CRIMES.

I WAS ORPHANED WHILE ONLY TWELVE\*...  
(\*Alternative=ONLY TEN)  
WHEN DAD DIED YESTERDAY.  
AND NOW I AM HOMELESS  
AND BATH-LESS AND COMB-LESS  
WITH EVEN MORE GLOOM ON THE WAY.

LIFE IS TOUGH WHEN YOU'RE  
 BEST DESCRIBED AS POOR,  
 WITH A NEWSPAPER FOR  
 YOUR PILLOW.  
 WON'T SOME FOLKS HAVE ME  
 JOIN THEIR FAMILY?  
 NOT TO ROAM STREETS AND BE  
 WHERE SMOKE STACKS  
 (Coughing from smoke:)  
 BILLOW.

WHEN YOU'RE ONLY A PAPER BOY,  
 YOUR PROSPECTS AIN'T TOO HIGH:  
 YOU'LL BE THE RECEIVER  
 OF SCORN AND BLACK FEVER  
 AND EARN SO FEW COINS, YOU COULD CRY!  
 OH MY!  
 OH MY!  
 A POOR LITTLE PAUPER,  
 PAPER  
 BOY AM I!

(As LUDLOW approaches the CAROLERS--  
 trying to sell his papers--they assume the identities  
 of callous passers-by. They divide into three groups)

CAROLERS [GROUP 1]

WHAT A GRIMY, SLIMY CHILD  
 SELLIN' PAPERS DARK AS FLINT.  
 I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE IS DIRTIER --  
 THE YOUNGSTER OR THE PRINT.

EV'RY COPY HE'S COMPILED  
 MUST BE OVER NINE DAYS OLD!  
 AND HE'LL HAFTA WAIT NINE YEARS BEFORE  
 THE BATCH OF THEM IS SOLD!

...

CAROLERS [GROUP 2]

PAPER BOY,  
 YA BETTER LEARN  
 THEM PAPERS ARE  
 JUST GOOD TA BURN!

CAROLERS [GROUP 3]

RASCAL,  
 RIFFRAFF,  
 PIPSQUEAK,  
 RODENT,  
 YOU ARE NOT A SOUL TO SAVE!

BEGGAR,  
 BLIGHTER,  
 BLACKGUARD,  
 NUISANCE,  
 SORRY -- WE ALREADY GAVE!

(The CAROLERS combine parts in a hostile round)

CAROLERS [GROUP 1]  
 WHAT A GRIMY, SLIMY CHILD  
 SELLIN' PAPERS DARK AS FLINT.  
 I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE IS DIRTIER --  
 THE YOUNGSTER OR THE PRINT.

EV'RY COPY HE'S COMPILED

CAROLERS [GROUP 2]  
 PAPER BOY,  
 YA BETTER LEARN  
 THEM PAPERS ARE  
 JUST GOOD TA BURN!

PAPER BOY,

CAROLERS [GROUP 3]  
 RASCAL,  
 RIFFRAFF,  
 PIPSQUEAK,  
 RODENT,  
 YOU ARE NOT A SOUL TO SAVE!

MUST BE OVER NINE DAYS OLD!  
 AND HE'LL HAFTA WAIT NINE YEARS BEFORE  
 THE BATCH OF THEM IS SOLD!

MOVE OUT THE WAY!  
 GO BOTHER SOMEONE  
 ELSE TODAY!

BEGGAR,  
 BLIGHTER,  
 BLACKGUARD,  
 NUISANCE,  
 SORRY -- WE ALREADY GAVE!

(Finally, the CAROLERS just abandon LUDLOW.  
 DAISY -- before exiting with the others -- at least hands  
 him a coin for a paper. LUDLOW gratefully gives her  
 a copy, dusting it off)

DAISY

(Spoken)

CHIN UP...

LUDLOW

OH,  
 PLEASE DON'T GO...

(LUDLOW is left alone, reprising  
I'm a Poor Little Paper Boy)

LIFE IS TOUGH WHEN YOU'RE  
 BEST DESCRIBED AS POOR,  
 WITH A NEWSPAPER FOR  
 YOUR PILLOW.  
 WON'T SOME FOLKS HAVE ME  
 JOIN THEIR FAMILY?  
 NOT TO ROAM STREETS AND BE  
 WHERE SMOKE STACKS...BILLOW.

WHEN YOU'RE ONLY A PAPER BOY,  
 YOUR PROSPECTS AIN'T TOO HIGH:  
 YOU'LL BE THE RECEIVER  
 OF SCORN AND BLACK FEVER  
 AND EARN SO FEW COINS, YOU COULD CRY!  
 OH MY!  
 OH MY!  
 A POOR LITTLE PAUPER,  
 PAPER  
 BOY AM I!

(LUDLOW sinks down, sadly. Then, HESTER and  
 NESTOR GRIMBLE enter. They are a middle-income,  
 middle-aged, middling couple. HESTER coolly lashes out  
 orders -- while NESTOR carries a huge Christmas tree on  
 his back)

HESTER

(From a distance)  
 CAREFUL WITH THE TREE!  
 CAREFUL WITH THE TREE!

...

(Upon reaching stage-center)  
 CAREFUL WITH THE TREE!

NESTOR

OW! IT'S KILLING ME!

HESTER

DON'T DROP IT BEHIND  
 TO BREAK INTO TOOTHPICKS.



CAREFUL WITH THE TREE!  
 MAN, THEY DON'T COME FREE!

NESTOR

(Looking old and tired)  
 STILL, THIS ONE'S THE KIND  
 THAT ONLY A YOUTH PICKS!

(LUDLOW approaches them, excited  
 after seeing the tree)

LUDLOW

PARDON, SIR. IS IT CHRISTMAS EVE?

NESTOR

(Nodding "Yes")  
 CAN'T YOU FEEL THE PEACE ON EARTH?

LUDLOW

BLESSED BE! WOULD YOU BELIEVE  
 THIS ALSO MARKS ME DATE OF BIRTH:  
 (They're not especially interested)  
 ...FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...

HESTER

LADDIE, WHERE ARE YOUR FOLKS?

LUDLOW

DRINKIN' EGGNOG UP ABOVE.  
 AND I'VE NO OTHER BLOKES  
 TO CALL PARENT AND TO LOVE.

(The GRIMBLES and LUDLOW sing  
Let's Take Him In)

HESTER

WHAT A PATHETIC ORPHAN!  
 JUST LIKE A MUTT OR A STRAY.  
 COULD WE TAKE HIM HOME, PERCHANCE?

NESTOR

NOT WITH ALL YOUR PETS AND PLANTS  
 AND OUR DAUGHTER THERE ALREADY IN THE WAY!

HESTER

LAST YEAR, WE TOOK A DWARF IN...

NESTOR

AND NOW OUR HOME'S LIKE A ZOO.

HESTER

(Threateningly)  
 SHOW SOME HOLIDAY GOODWILL!  
 HE'S A CHILD -- ALONE AND ILL.

(LUDLOW, wanting a home, takes this  
 cue -- coughing and acting pathetically ill)

NESTOR

BUT WHAT GOOD WILL OUR GOODWILL DO?!

LUDLOW

(Putting on an act for sympathy)  
 I WON'T TAKE UP MUCH SPACE -- I COULD LIVE IN YOUR DRESSER.  
 YOU COULD ASK "CLEAN ME BOOTS!" AND I'D ALWAYS SAY "YES, SIR!"  
 AND I HOPE YOU'LL FEEL FREE TO TREAT ME AS YOUR LESSER!

HESTER

OOH,  
 LET'S TAKE HIM IN.

LUDLOW

(To HESTER)  
 I WOULD FAN YOU FOR HOURS...  
 (To NESTOR)

AND PUSH WHEN YOU'RE ROCKIN'.

HESTER

OR I BET HE'D LOOK GREAT IN OUR MAID'S CHRISTMAS STOCKIN'.

LUDLOW

YOU MIGHT SOON EVEN LIKE ME -- IF THAT AIN'T TOO SHOCKIN'!

HESTER

OOH,  
 LET'S TAKE HIM IN.

NESTOR

CAN'T WE BROWSE THROUGH THE PET SHOPS  
 AND ORPHAN-FILLED SWEATSHOPS  
 BEFORE TAKING THIS BABE TO SLAUGHTER?

HESTER

(Aside; reassuring the frightened  
LUDLOW)  
HE'S TEASING.

NESTOR

*NESTOR*

I'D TAKE IN LITTLE MATCH GIRLS!

*[or: I'D TAKE IN MATCH GIRLS!]*

HESTER

*or: HESTER*

YOU LIKE TO SNATCH GIRLS!

*OH NO!*

(Breathy)

*SWEETIE, THAT'S A NO-NO!*

WHICH WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT TO OUR DAUGHTER!

*IT WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT*

*--TO OUR DAUGHTER! ]*

NESTOR

STOP WHEEZING!

LUDLOW

I'VE NO WORLDLY POSSESSIONS, EXPENSIVE OR FLOW'RY --

(He ditches his newspapers)

JUST THIS LUMP OF COAL LEFT BY ME DAD FOR ME DOWRY.

(He takes out a coal lump from his  
pocket and shows it, then puts it back)

AND I'D WORK FOR YOU TILL I'M THIN AS A PIN,

(Pleading, on his knees)

JUST BONES AND SKIN,

AND NEVER GRIN!

HESTER & NESTOR

(As if they have no choice now)

I CAN'T TAKE IT...!

OOH,

LET'S TAKE HIM...

OOH,

LET'S TAKE HIM...

OOH,

LET'S TAKE HIM IN!

...

(Lights begin dimming, as the GRIMBLES lead out the overjoyed LUDLOW -- who tags onto their tree)

NESTOR

(Furtively to HESTER)

I KNOW WHAT YOUR SHELTERING HIM IS REALLY ABOUT!

HESTER

NESTOR, PLEASE! YOU MUSTN'T LET OUR  
SAD SECRET OUT...

...

(Lights go out. Then, vaguely illuminated, the CAROLERS return, pointing out a "Christmas card" type depiction of a quaint, moonlit house. They sing Little House of Liverpool)

DAISY

HESTER AND NESTOR GRIMBLE  
TOOK THE LADD TO THEIR HOME --  
A HOUSE AS SMALL AND SAFE AS A THIMBLE  
FROM WHICH THE LADD NEED NEVER ROAM.

## CAROLERS

LITTLE HOUSE OF LIVERPOOL  
 (One CAROLER points out:)  
 WITH A STAR ABOVE.  
 LITTLE HOUSE OF LIVERPOOL,  
 WHERE FOLKS LIVE WITH LOVE.

LITTLE HOUSE OF LIVERPOOL  
 UNDER BRITISH SKIES.  
 HOUSE NEARBY A RIVER POOL  
 GURGLING LULLABIES.

IF THE ANGELS MOVED BELOW,  
 WHERE'S THE PLACE THEY'D WANT TO GO?

LITTLE HOUSE OF LIVERPOOL,  
 COTTAGE-LIKE RESORT  
 IN THE TOWN OF LIVERPOOL:  
 WHERE SHIPS COME TO PORT.

(The CAROLERS vanish. Lights shine up to reveal the animal-and-plant infested living room of the GRIMBLES' home. The GRIMBLES enter with a gawking LUDLOW. They are greeted by PRUDENCE, their picture-pretty young daughter, and MURIEL McNULTY, their Edna May Oliver/Bea Lillie type maid)

## NESTOR

OO-OO-OO-OO!  
 WOO-OO-OO-OO!

ALAS AND ALACK!  
MY POOR ACHING BACK!

HESTER

(Calling to her daughter)  
OH, PRUDENCE! WE'RE HERE.

NESTOR

THANK HEAVENS, MY DEAR!

...

PRUDENCE

OH MUMSY! AND OH DADSY!  
I'M HAPPY AS CAN BE  
TO HAVE YOU HOME TO SEE!  
AND LOOK WHAT YOU'VE BROUGHT FOR ME!

OH GOODY AND EGAD-SY!  
WHAT GOODIES YOU PROVIDE!

(She races past LUDLOW to the tree  
on her father's back. Meanwhile,  
though glad to be in this shelter,  
LUDLOW is largely ignored)

HESTER

LADD, GO SIT ON THE SIDE.

(LUDLOW sulks over to the corner)

PRUDENCE

WHAT A SPIFFY CHRISTMAS TREE!

NESTOR

(At last getting the tree off his back)  
HAULING THAT THING THERE,  
MY BACK FEELS LIKE DEADWOOD.

MURIEL

WHAT DID YOU BRING THERE?  
IT LOOKS LIKE A REDWOOD!

HESTER

STOP THIS SILLY SMALL TALK,  
SPESH'LY SINCE YOU'RE ALL TALK!  
COME, YE MEN AND WOMEN!  
THIS TREE'S IN NEED OF TRIMMIN'!

(They sing Our Christmas Tree, as they mount and  
decorate the tree. Also taking part are the GRIMBLES'  
three pets, two DOGS and a reddish CAT. The actor who  
later plays PRESCOTT is DOG 1; the actor who plays  
TIN SOLDIER is DOG 2; and the actress who plays DAISY  
is the CAT)

EVERYONE

(Dividing parts)  
JUST MADE FOR OUR TREE-STAND,  
LET'S WRAP BEADS ABOUT IT!  
ALL YEAR, HOW DID WE STAND  
EXISTING WITHOUT IT?  
SO WONDROUS AND WACKY  
AND BEAUTIFU'LLY TACKY:  
TRA LA LA --  
OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.



LET'S HANG UP THE SANTAS,  
THE BULBS, AND EACH TRINKET  
UNTIL THIS PINE PLANT IS  
SO FULL WE COULD SINK IT.

MURIEL

IF YOU'D CARE TO SHARE SOME  
ADORNMENTS, I'LL WEAR SOME!

EVERYONE

TRA LA LA --  
OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

PRUDENCE

LET'S LIGHT UP THE CANDLES, FORGETTING THE DANGER!

HESTER

(To NESTOR)  
IF YOU CRUSH THE CRÈCHE, YOU'RE A DOG IN THE MANGER!

HESTER, PRUDENCE, & MURIEL

BRING THE STRING OF POPCORN AND THE GARLAND *(or: STRING THE POPCORN, FLING THE  
TINSEL, AS OUR FAM'LY GALLIVANTS!)*  
AND THE TINSEL IN!

NESTOR

ADD MORE CANDY CANES...AND I WILL NEED A SHOT *(or: ADD MORE CANDY CANES AND WE WILL  
HAVE A WHOLE CORRAL OF ANTS!)*  
OF INSULIN!

EVERYONE

TRA LA LA,  
LA LA LA,  
LA LA LA!

THE STAR GOES ON TOP NOW  
AND ADD THE TOY TRUMPET.

MURIEL

WE'VE NO TIME TO STOP NOW...

HESTER

FOR NEXT WEEK WE DUMP IT!

NESTOR

ALL LIT-UP AND BUSHY  
AND WARM AS A TUSHY!

EVERYONE

*(or: SO LIGHT AND FANTASTIC  
AND TANNEN-BAUM-BASTIC!)*

FA LA LA,  
LA LA LA,  
TRA LA LA,

(They bow as if worshipping it)  
ALLAH-LA!

OUR VERY OWN CHRISTMAS TREE!  
TRA LA!

(They've finished the tree -- a  
thrown-together mess -- which they  
admire. As the song ends, it suddenly  
dawns upon PRUDENCE and MURIEL  
McNULTY that there is a stranger in the house)

MURIEL  
 WHO IS THIS CHILD MARKED WITH SOOT AND TEARS AND CALLUSES?

(As she approaches him, LUDLOW  
 freezes with fear)

IS HE THE VICTIM OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS?

NESTOR  
 NO, HE IS LUDLOW LADD...

HESTER  
 A LITTLE ORPHAN BOY.

PRUDENCE  
 MAY I HAVE HIM FOR A DOORSTOP, A BOOKEND, OR A TOY?

HESTER  
 WELL, I DON'T KNOW...  
 I DON'T WANT YOU SPOILED.

NESTOR  
 AND HE SOBS SO,  
 YOUR CLOTHES MIGHT GET SOILED.

MURIEL  
 (Kindly)  
 HE'S LIKE A PET  
 YOU FOUND ON THE DOCKS.  
 WHY DON'T I GET  
 A FRESH LITTER BOX?

LUDLOW

(Warming up to MURIEL)

MUM, THAT'S VERY KIND  
AND YOU MAKE ME HEART BUBBLE.  
BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND --  
PLEASE DON'T GO TO SUCH TROUBLE.

(A whistle blows and bells chime,  
signifying that Christmas dinner is  
ready. LUDLOW is momentarily startled.  
EVERYONE ELSE takes a deep,  
delicious whiff)

NESTOR

MMM, WHAT'S THAT COOKIN'?

MURIEL

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE DINNER.

NESTOR

MIND IF WE LOOK IN?

MURIEL

SIR, YOU'RE THE BREAD-WINNER.

NESTOR

AH, YUMMY!

HESTER

AH, YUMMY!



I CAN'T PIDDLER UPON THIS TREE. DOG 2  
*(or: I CAN'T CHASE SQUIR-RELS UP THIS TREE)*

NOR MUNCH ON CHRISTMAS RAT. CAT

(She stretches next to presents that  
 fall on her)  
 ANY TIME I'M STRETCHING--  
 BOXES HIT ME-YOW!

IT'S SO PRICKLY FETCHING DOG 1  
 EV'RY BROKEN BOUGH-  
 WOW!

I COULD CALL MYSELF "SANTA PUSS"-- CAT  
 I'VE WHISKERS AND RED FUR.

IF YOU CALL YOURSELF "SANTA PUSS" DOG 1  
 I'LL PUNCH YOU WHERE YOU PURR!

DON'T THE GRIMBLES EVEN DOG 2  
 WALK US ANYMORE?!

SOON WE WILL BE LEAVIN' DOGS  
 PRESENTS ON THE FLOOR.

DOGS &amp; CAT

EV'RY CAT  
 AND DOG KNOW THAT  
 CHRISTMAS MAKES US GOOD...AND SORE!

CAT

(Aside)  
 IT'S AWFUL!

DOG 1

AWW....

DOG 2

SHAKE A PAW...

(They dance; then continue the song)

DOG 1

I PLAY DEAD AND DO TRICKS AND HEEL  
 AND NO ONE EVEN LOOKS.

DOG 2

EVEN IF YOU WERE DEAD -- FOR REAL --  
 FROM CHOKING ON TREE HOOKS.

CAT

TANGLED IN A GARLAND,  
 MANGLED BY A WIRE\*...  
 (\*"WIRE" is one-syllable)

TILL I WANNA SNARL AND JUMP INTO THE FIRE!	DOG 2
RRR!	DOG 1 (Angry when DOG 2 bumps into him)
LAMBS ARE SACRED AND REINDEER THOUGH EATEN OTHER NIGHTS. BUT FOR US, CHRISTMAS IS A PAIN; LIKE BASSET HOUNDS, IT BITES!	DOGS & CAT REIGN
OTHER NIGHTS, THEY PET US...	CAT
PLAY AND GROOM AND FLUFF.	DOG 2
THIS NIGHT, THEY FORGET US!	CAT
THAT'S THE TALE.	DOGS
(Moving their tails away) IT'S ROUGH.	CAT
RUFF!	DOGS



EV'RY CAT  
AND DOG KNOW THAT  
CHRISTMAS CAN BE BEASTLY STUFF!

DOGS & CAT

BOW-WOW!

DOGS

MEOW!

CAT

(The ANIMALS dance out. Spotlight turns to PRUDENCE and LUDLOW. Left alone with her, the shy LUDLOW crouches in the corner. PRUDENCE, for lack of anything better to do, tries to strike up a conversation with LUDLOW. They sing Boy...Oh Boy!)

(Clearing throat and trying to win LUDLOW's attention)  
EHH-HOOGH, EHH-HOOGH, OOGH...

PRUDENCE

(Clearing throat and trying to be well-behaved)  
EHH-HOOGH, EHH-HOOGH, HOOGH...

LUDLOW

EHH-HOOGH, EHH-HOOGH, OOGH...

PRUDENCE

EHH-HOOGH, EHH-HOOGH, HOOGH...

LUDLOW

PRUDENCE

(Trying a more direct approach)  
 BOY...YES **SIR** -- YOU!  
 (LUDLOW realizes she is addressing  
 him)  
 DON'T JUST SIT AND STRETCH.  
 TELL ME, WERE YOU  
 ALWAYS SUCH A WRETCH?

LUDLOW

(Hurt)  
 THOUGH I'VE GOT NO  
 PARENTS AND NO MAID...  
 MISS, I'M NOT NO  
 ORPHAN BOY BY TRADE!

PRUDENCE

ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE CHILDREN  
 WHO KILLS PARENTS AS A LARK  
 SO THAT YOU CAN ATTEND THE  
 ORPHANS' PICNIC IN THE PARK?

LUDLOW

NO! I GREATLY  
 LOVED WHAT FOLKS I HAD  
 TILL I LATELY  
 LOST ME WIDOWED DAD!  
 THEN, ALL JOY THAT  
 FILLED ME WORLD...WENT BAD!

(He disintegrates into sorrow.  
 PRUDENCE is touched. She pats  
 him like he's a wounded puppy)

PRUDENCE

BOY...OH BOY! THAT  
 REALLY MAKES ME SAD.

...

LUDLOW

LET'S FORGET IT, IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE!

PRUDENCE

BUT YOU'VE MADE ME SO FORLORN.

LUDLOW

HEY, THIS AIN'T ANY TIME TO GRIEVE --  
 WHY, IT'S THE NIGHT WHEN I WAS BORN!

PRUDENCE

WHEN YOU WERE BORN?

(He nods "Yes". PRUDENCE  
 is delighted)

OH, BORN LIKE OUR SAVIOR...  
 THEN I MUST GIVE YOU A GIFT.

LUDLOW

THAT'S WASTEFUL BEHAVIOR.  
 BUT IF YOU INSIST...BE SWIFT!

PRUDENCE

WELL, WHAT SHOULD IT BE?

LUDLOW  
 MISS, WOULD YOU TELL ME  
 YOUR FAMILY SE-  
 CRET, OR IS THAT TOO OFFENSIVE?

(Aside)

I OVERHEARD HER PARENTS SHOUT  
 THAT THEIR SECRET MUSTN'T LEAK OUT!

PRUDENCE  
 WHAT SECRET? ... DON'T RUN!

(She pulls back the fleeing LUDLOW,  
 who thinks he has said the wrong thing)

LUDLOW  
 THE TRAGICAL ONE!

PRUDENCE  
 (Realizing)  
 ALL RIGHT! GOOD AS DONE.  
 AND THIS GIFT WON'T BE TOO EXPENSIVE!

LUDLOW  
 I'VE SHARED MY TRAGEDIES WITH YOU.

PRUDENCE  
 AND I'LL SHARE MY TRAGEDY TOO!

(She sings The Secret)

YOU SEE, I HAD A TWIN BROTHER...  
 A BROTHER QUITE LIKE NO OTHER.  
 THIS HARSH STORY EATS UP MY GUTS  
 FOR THE CHAP WAS A TERMINAL KLUTZ.  
 FROM THE DAY MOTHER BORE HIM, PELL-MELL,  
 TILL THE DAY THAT HE FELL DOWN THE WELL,  
 EV'RYTHING -- HE WOULD LOUSE UP,  
 THOUGH HE BRIGHTENED THE HOUSE UP...  
 ONCE WE DRESSED UP HIS NECK WITH A BELL.

(The CAROLERS' VOICES are heard, echoing  
 PRUDENCE's plaint)

CAROLERS' VOICES

FROM THE DAY MOTHER BORE HIM, PELL-MELL,  
 TILL THE DAY THAT HE FELL DOWN THE WELL,  
 EV'RYTHING -- HE WOULD LOUSE UP,  
 THOUGH HE BRIGHTENED THE HOUSE UP...  
 ONCE THEY DRESSED UP HIS NECK WITH A BELL.

PRUDENCE

DESPITE MY BROTHER'S AFFLICTION,  
 PLUS SLOPPY WAYS AND BAD DICTION,  
 DEAR PRESCOTT WAS EV'RYONE'S PRIZE:  
 ALL BECAUSE OF HIS DIAMOND-CLEAR EYES.  
 LIKE TWO PERFECT DIAMONDS THEY SHONE --  
 SO ENCHANTING, YET ACCIDENT-PRONE.  
 BUT THOSE DIAMONDS HAVE DIMMED OUT  
 AND OUR FAM-I-LY SLIMMED OUT...  
 SO NOW I AM BUT ONE TWIN ALONE.

## CAROLERS' VOICES

LIKE DIAMONDS, HER BROTHER'S EYES SHONE --  
 SO ENCHANTING, YET ACCIDENT-PRONE.  
 BUT THOSE DIAMONDS HAVE DIMMED OUT  
 AND HER FAMILY SLIMMED OUT...  
 SO NOW SHE IS BUT ONE TWIN ALONE.

...

## LUDLOW

IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU TOO  
 COULD FEEL SO MUCH SORROW\*.  
 (\*Pronounce "sarr-oh")

## PRUDENCE

AH YES! BUT I'LL TELL YOU  
 THE WORST THING, BY FAR...OH...

(She sings It's No Fun)

IT'S NO FUN SPENDING LIFE AS A TWIN  
 WHEN YOUR DEAR OTHER TWIN HAS KICKED IN!  
 IT SEEMS LIKE OUR MAKER  
 TOOK BACK ONE FOOD SHAKER  
 AND THE PEPPER IS MINUS THE SALT.

IT'S NO FUN WITH YOUR TWIN DOWN THE WELL  
 WHEN YOU'D LIKE TO ENJOY THE NOËL.  
 MY LIFE IS A GRAY TIME  
 OF NIGHT WITHOUT DAYTIME  
 SINCE THAT HALF OF ME CAME TO A HALT.

I FEEL LIKE I'VE LOST AN ARM...OR TWO;  
 AND MISS MY TWIN AS CLOUDS PASS BY;  
 AND REALIZE BUT FOR MY GRACEFULNESS,  
 THERE GO I.

IT'S NO FUN SPENDING LIFE AS A TWIN.

AS A TWIN!

CAROLERS' VOICES

LIVING UP TO THE DEATH OF YOUR KIN.

PRUDENCE

OF YOUR KIN!

CAROLERS' VOICES

(The CAROLERS hum along)

I FEEL INCOMPLETER  
 THAN RHYME WITH NO METER...  
 OR ROOMS WITH NO HEATER...  
 OR EGGS WITH NO BEATER.  
 WITH NO DIAMOND GETTING  
 THE MOST OF MY SETTING,  
 IT'S NO FUN  
 BEING ONE  
 LONESOME TWIN!

PRUDENCE

## CAROLERS' VOICES

(Overlapping with PRUDENCE)  
 LIKE SPRING WITH NO SUMMER  
 OR LEAKS WITH NO PLUMBER,  
 IT'S NO FUN  
 BEING ONE  
 LONESOME TWIN!

(LUDLOW leans over to comfort PRUDENCE)

LUDLOW  
 PLEASE, MISS, SIGH NO MORE SIGHS.

PRUDENCE  
 NOW MY FAMILY TRIES  
 TO HUSH UP THE DEMISE  
 OF OUR MUCH BELOVED PRIZE:  
 MY TWIN WITH THE DIAMOND EYES.

(They are interrupted -- as the GRIMBLES  
 and MURIEL jubilantly return. The latter may  
 have mouths full of of holidays foods. They may  
 each hold a fork -- one with a slice of meat, one  
 with a candied crab apple, and one with an  
 impaled frowning gingerbread man)

HESTER  
 DELICIOUS!

NESTOR  
 DELICIOUS!



YOU COOK SCRUMPTIOUS DISHES!                   HESTER & NESTOR

I PUT SO MUCH LOVE IN                               MURIEL

MY/YOUR TREATS FROM THE OVEN.               MURIEL,HESTER, & NESTOR

  (They exuberantly sing What a Dinner!)

WHAT A DINNER...                                   EVERYONE [Except LUDLOW]  
 WAITS FOR US!  
 WHAT A DINNER!

WORTH THE FUSS!                                   MURIEL

WHAT A DINNER!                                   MURIEL, HESTER, & NESTOR

  HESTER  
 (Giving a “French Chef” approval sign)  
 FAB-U-LOUS!

WE’LL EAT WELL TONIGHT!                       HESTER, NESTOR, & MURIEL

WHAT’S THE DINNER                               PRUDENCE

CANDIED HAMS  
SMOTHERED IN A  
SAUCE OF JAMS...

MURIEL

SITTING IN A  
PLATE OF YAMS.

HESTER

BE STILL, APPETITE!

EVERYONE

AH, WHAT FRITTERS I FRIED UP!

MURIEL

AND TO MAKE YOU SWOON -- PUDDING!

HESTER

BUT THE PLUM PUDDING DRIED UP.

MURIEL

THEY WE'LL NAME IT "PRUNE PUDDING"!

NESTOR

IT'S A SIGHT TO  
TEMPT A PRIG!

MURIEL

I COULD FIGHT TO  
TASTE EACH FIG!

HESTER & PRUDENCE

WHAT A NIGHT TO  
BE A PIG!

NESTOR

FOOD IS AT ITS HEIGHT!

EVERYONE

(They divide parts)

CHESTNUTS AND CANDY THAT'S SIMPLY COLOSSAL.  
FRUITCAKES AND BRANDY AND CIDER TO WASSAIL,  
ALL KINDS OF GRAND DEE-LIGHTS TO FATTEN UP A FOSSIL!  
WHAT A DINNER!  
WHAT A DINNER!  
WHAT A DINNER TONIGHT!

(They each gobble down some food --  
except for LUDLOW -- and then continue  
to exult)

AND IF THAT DOESN'T FILL US,  
I HAVE FIXED A FAT PHEASANT!

MURIEL

I JUST HOPE IT WON'T KILL US!

NESTOR

NESTOR, HESTER, & PRUDENCE  
STILL, LET'S GO HAVE THAT PHEASANT!

IT'S A MEAL TO  
FEED A MOB!

MURIEL

I WOULD STEAL TO  
TASTE EACH GOB!

NESTOR

HOW IDEAL TO  
BE A SLOB...

NESTOR, HESTER, & MURIEL

WHEN THE FOOD IS RIGHT!

EVERYONE

(Dividing parts)

MANY A MUFFIN AND CHEESE AND AT LEAST A  
TURKEY WITH STUFFIN' FOR EV-E-RY FEASTER!  
WE HAVE ENOUGH IN STORE TO HOLD US UNTIL EASTER!  
WHAT A DINNER!  
WHAT A DINNER!  
WHAT A DINNER TONIGHT!  
YUM!

(They're all ignoring LUDLOW again.  
He tries to catch their attention)

MY, THAT DINNER DOES SOUND GOOD!  
IS THERE SOME FOR ME?

LUDLOW

NESTOR

(Affronted and angry)

INDEED!

MURIEL

WELL, I DO BELIEVE WE COULD  
SPARE SOME CRUMBS THAT WE WON'T NEED.

HESTER

(To PRUDENCE and LUDLOW)  
BY THE WAY, WHAT DID YOU TWO DO  
WHILE WE LEFT YOU HERE?

(LUDLOW and PRUDENCE squirm a bit)

...WHAT'S THAT?

PRUDENCE

(Worming out of the blame)  
WHY, I TOLD OUR SECRET TO  
THIS INQUISITIVE YOUNG BRAT.

HESTER & NESTOR

YOU TOLD OUR SECRET TO  
THIS RIFFRAFF!

LUDLOW

(Fearfully honest)

YES, IT'S TRUE...

NESTOR

HOW DARE THIS STRANGER SEE FIT  
TO LEARN OUR TRAGEDY?

PRUDENCE  
HE ASKED FOR IT!

HESTER, NESTOR, PRUDENCE, & MURIEL

HE ASKED FOR IT!  
HE ASKED FOR IT!

(They burst into hysterics, singing  
Oh No!)

HESTER & NESTOR

OH NO! OH NO!  
OUR SECRET HAS COME OUT!

AW-OH! AW-OH!  
HE KNOWS WHAT IT'S ABOUT!

THE PAIN! THE ACHE!  
WE TAKE THIS BRAT ABOARD!

PRUDENCE

THE LITTLE SNAKE!

HESTER & NESTOR

AND THIS IS OUR REWARD!

HESTER

I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO BRING HIM UP,  
BUT NOW I'D LIKE TO STRING HIM UP!

NESTOR  
 TO THINK WE TRIED TO TREAT HIM GOOD!  
 I NOW WOULD LIKE TO BEAT HIM GOOD!

MURIEL  
 (Secretly amused)  
 THE LADDIE SETS AN UTTER TRAP...

HESTER & NESTOR  
 AND OUR GIRL CANNOT SHUT HER TRAP!

NESTOR  
 (To LUDLOW)  
 OH DARN IT, YOU, AND MANY MORE!

EVERYONE (except LUDLOW)  
 IS NOTHING SACRED ANYMORE?  
 ANYMORE?  
 ANYMORE?  
 (Threatening LUDLOW with fingers)  
 TSK! TSK! TSK! TSK!

HESTER, NESTOR, & MURIEL  
 WHAT NERVE! HOW BOLD!  
 WE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME!

SO LOW! BEHOLD!  
 THE SORROW AND THE SHAME!

WE PRAYED AND PRAYED  
 THAT NO ONE NEW WOULD KNOW!

BETRAYED! BETRAYED!  
AND LEFT TO CRY...

HESTER, NESTOR, & MURIEL

OH NO!

HESTER

OH NO!

NESTOR

OH NO!

PRUDENCE

OH NO!

HESTER & NESTOR

MURIEL

(Jumping in to temporarily placate them)  
BUT WAIT! PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T YELL...  
MAYBE NO REAL HARM BEFELL.

NESTOR

LADD! WHICH SECRET DID SHE TELL?

LUDLOW

HOW YOUR SON SLIPPED DOWN THE WELL.

(A huge silence envelopes the room. Then, EVERYONE  
relapses into a brief reprise of Oh No!)

OH NO!

HESTER, NESTOR, & MURIEL



	NESTOR
OH NO!	
	HESTER
OH NO!	
	NESTOR
OH NO!	
	HESTER & NESTOR
OUR SECRET <u>HAS</u> COME OUT!	
	HESTER
AW-OH!	
	NESTOR
AW-OH!	
	HESTER
AW-OH!	
	NESTOR
AW-OH!	
	HESTER & NESTOR
HE KNOWS WHAT IT'S ABOUT!	
...	
	HESTER
(Nervously addressing LUDLOW)	
THEN YOU'RE AWARE	
WHY WE TOOK YOU IN...?	

(LUDLOW shakes his head “No”)

OUR HOME'S SO BARE SINCE WE LOST THAT TWIN.	NESTOR
SO THEY BRING MONGRELS HOME, DEAR CHAP.	MURIEL
ANYTHING TO FILL IN THE GAP. HESTER BUT WE'VE NEVER HAD A LADD BEFORE. AND SINCE YOU, MY LADD, WE'LL ADD NO MORE.	PRUDENCE
DOES THIS MEAN I WON'T GET ANY MEAL?	LUDLOW
SINCE YOU'VE BEEN (pronounced “ <i>bean</i> ”) SO NAUGHTY, THAT'S THE DEAL!	PRUDENCE
I SWEARS, MISS, I WON'T TELL WHAT I KNOW!	LUDLOW

WHO WOULD LIS-  
TEN TO YOU, EVEN SO!

NESTOR

...

(HESTER claps her hands -- to  
catch EVERYONE's attention)

FAM'LY, LET'S DINE!

HESTER

PRUDENCE

(To LUDLOW)  
AND YOU STAY IN THE CORNER, WRETCH!

(LUDLOW coils up in the corner)

THAT WILL DO FINE!

HESTER, NESTOR, & PRUDENCE

(Miserable)  
I WISH I WASN'T BORN A WRETCH!

LUDLOW

(What a Dinner! is reprised, as all the GRIMBLES  
move off-stage to their "dining room")

WHAT A DINNER  
WAITS FOR US!  
WE'LL EAT WELL TONIGHT!

HESTER, NESTOR, & PRUDENCE

...

(MURIEL sneaks over to console LUDLOW)

YOU MUSTN'T WORRY, LADDIE.  
LATER I MIGHT  
BRING YOU A BITE.

MURIEL

COULD YOU?

LUDLOW

I MIGHT!

MURIEL

(Calling from outside)  
MURIEL, HURRY!

HESTER, NESTOR, & PRUDENCE

(Departing)  
LADDIE,  
NOW, THOUGH, GOOD NIGHT!  
(She snuffs out the light)  
OUT WITH THE LIGHT.

MURIEL

YOU'RE KIND!

LUDLOW

YOU'RE RIGHT!

MURIEL

(MURIEL gives him a tender glance, then exits.  
LUDLOW is left alone in the semi-dark room,  
brightened only by the shining Christmas tree.  
He sits up, musing Why (Do I Do Ev'rything Wrong)?)

LUDLOW

I FINALLY FIND A PLACE TA STAY  
AND LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE CHASED AWAY.  
I'M THOUGHT OF AS A BRUTE!

THEY'VE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS BY THE TREE;  
BUT 'STEAD OF STOCKINGS THERE FOR ME,  
I GUESS I'LL GET THE BOOT.  
AW SHOOT!

WHY  
DO I  
DO EV'RYTHING WRONG?

WHY  
CAN'T I  
BE NOBLE AND STRONG?

WHEN  
AGAIN  
WILL THERE BE A DAY  
ME LOWLY DISPLAY  
WON'T GET IN ME WAY?

WHY  
DO I  
DO EV'RYTHING WRONG?

WHY  
DO I  
FALL SHORT -- BEFORE LONG?

YET  
I BET  
ME QUESTIONS WILL GET  
NO REPLY!  
THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE I CAN DO --  
BUT TO ASK "WHY?".

(As the music sweetly plays, LUDLOW chirps  
a counterpoint; then continues the song)

AH-AH-AH, WHY?...  
AH-AH-AH...

CAN  
I PLAN  
TO CHANGE ME-SELF TILL  
FOLKS LIKE ME, OR WILL  
I STAY IGNORED STILL?

WHY  
DO I  
DO EV'RYTHING WRONG?

WHY  
CAN'T I  
FIND WHERE I BELONG?

OR  
BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LATE FOR MOR-  
TALS TO TRY --  
CAN'T SOMEONE LOVE ME FOR ME...  
AND NOT ASK "WHY?"?

(After a moment of silence, he decides to take a nap. He looks around and finds a discarded newspaper -- to be his customary pillow. Then, he prepares for bedtime)

LUDLOW (Cont'd)

(Nestling)

WELL...I MAY AS WELL NAP...

(Feeling something uncomfortable)

OO! OUCH!

(Taking out his lump of coal, lovingly)

IT'S ME LUMP OF COAL -- IN ME POUCH!

YOU'RE ALL THAT I'VE GOT NOW

AN' NOTHIN' ELSE -- NOT NOW...

FOR THEY'RE GONNA TELL ME TO LEAVE!

(Tenderly, he returns

the lump to his pocket.

Then, he scans the room)

TO LEAVE...

TO LEAVE...

OH MY! WHAT A BIRTHDAY ON THIS CHRISTMAS EVE!

(As LUDLOW dozes, the CAROLERS surround him and lull him with Lie In Slumber. They may be dressed angelically, as they sprinkle fairie dust and sandman's sand -- out of an hourglass dust)

CAROLERS

LIE IN SLUMBER,  
LITTLE SHEEP,  
WHILE OUR NUMBER  
HELPS YOU SLEEP.

WIPE YOUR NOSE OFF  
WITH YOUR SLEEVE.  
TIME TO DOZE OFF --  
CHRISTMAS EVE.

WHEN AWAKE YOU  
FEEL DEPRESSED,  
SLEEP CAN MAKE YOU  
FEEL YOUR BEST.

LIE IN SLUMBER,  
LITTLE SHEEP --  
TILL YOUR DREAMS ARE  
DEEP...DEEP...DEEP.

THINK OF MISTLETOE  
AND TOY TIN DRUMS --  
THAT'LL MAKE YOU FALL  
ASLEEP, YOUNG MAN.  
THINK OF TINY TIM  
AND SUGAR PLUMS.  
IF THAT DOESN'T WORK  
THEN NOTHING CAN!

WEIGHTLESS AS A  
DRIFTING CLOUD,  
DREAMLAND HAS A  
HAPPY CROWD.

SOLOIST [Who Later Plays PRESCOTT]

CAROLERS



LIE IN SLUMBER,  
LITTLE SHEEP --  
TILL YOUR DREAMS ARE  
DEEP...DEEP...

(LUDLOW yawns)

DEEP!

(The CAROLERS disappear, as LUDLOW falls into a deep sleep. The lights dim. A CHOIR OF ANGELS' VOICES is briefly heard, while the show turns into a dream. Soon -- as a clock strikes -- the lights edge up, with the setting still being the GRIMBLES' living room. LUDLOW groggily rises to discover that the Christmas tree has metamorphosed into a whimsical woman, MISSUS PINECONES. She is wearing the same tacky decorations as the tree; and is played by the same actress who played MURIEL McNULTY. LUDLOW is startled by her; but MISSUS PINECONES acts nonchalant)

LUDLOW

SAINTS PRESERVE US!  
WHO IN HEAVEN MIGHT YOU BE?

MISSUS PINECONES

AT YOUR SERVICE,  
I'M THE SPIRIT OF THE TREE.

ARE YOU FOOLING?

LUDLOW

(She seems affronted, fervently  
gesturing it's the truth)

MISSUS PINECONES

(Pointing to her decorations)  
ALL THIS JUNK MADE ME SO WARM  
TILL -- FOR COOLING --  
I DECIDED TO CHANGE FORM.

(She pats him)

LUDLOW

YOU'RE CERTAINLY DRESSED LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE...  
SO GAUDY THAT'S WHAT YOU MUST TRULY BE!

MISSUS PINECONES

(Hurt)

EEE!

LUDLOW LADD

(Realizing his faux pas)  
FORGIVE ME SUCH EFFRONT'RY...

MISSUS PINECONES

(Touched)

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M AN ALL-FUN TREE!

LUDLOW

I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU CAME!  
TELL ME, HAVE YOU A HUMAN NAME?

MISSUS PINECONES

FROM A LONG FERTILE LINE I STEM;  
AND I'VE GOTTEN MY NAME FROM THEM.

LUDLOW

AH!

MISSUS PINECONES

YAH!

(She warbles Call Me "Missus Pinecones")

MISSUS PINECONES (Cont'd)

CALL ME "MISSUS PINECONES."  
CALL ME "MISSUS PINECONES."  
A WOOD NYMPH AND DRYAD (pronounced "*dry-add*")  
POSSESSING -- MAY I ADD --  
THE SHAPELIEST LIMBS NOW SEEN.  
(Gazing at a birdnest Xmas  
ornament she wears)  
COO-COO!

CALL ME "MISSUS PINECONES,"  
NAMED FOR MY DIVINE CONES.  
I'M STURDY AS PLYWOOD!  
AH YES -- KNOCK ON MY WOOD! --  
BECAUSE I'M SO EVERGREEN!  
COO-COO!

I MAKE THE BIZARREST  
 KNOWN QUEEN OF THE FOREST (pronounce "*far-rest*"),  
 BUT JUST RUB MY TWIGS AND I SPARK.  
 I'M SAPPY AND LIMBER.  
 BUT PLEASE DON'T YELL "TIMBER!"  
 FOR MY BITE IS FAR WORSE THAN MY BARK!

CALL ME "MISSUS PINECONES"  
 FOR MY MIGHTY FINE CONES.  
 I'VE NEEDLES SO PRICKLY  
 THEY'LL MAKE YOU FEEL TICKLY  
 AND YOU'LL END UP PINING FOR ME!  
 SO  
 CALL ME "MISSUS PINECONES,"  
 CALL ME "MISSUS PINECONES,"  
 CALL ME "MISSUS PINECONES,"  
 YOUR FIR-RIEND, THE CHRISTMAS TREE!  
 TWEEDLE-DEE!

...

LUDLOW

(Really warming up to her)  
 MISSUS PINECONES, ARE YOU SERIOUS --  
 YOU'D BE FRIENDS WITH ME?

MISSUS PINECONES

LADDIE, IT WOULD MAKE ME DELIRIOUS  
 AS A TREE CAN BE!  
 THIS NIGHT WAS MADE FOR US, SEE...

AND WHEN CHOOSING FRIENDS, I'M NOT FUSSY;  
 BUT I'D LIKE YOU ANYWAY,  
 SO DISMISS YOUR DARK DISMAY!

LUDLOW  
 MISSUS PINECONES, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT WITH ME!

MISSUS PINECONES  
 LADDIE, SO ARE YOU!  
 LISTEN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE FLIGHT WITH ME?

LUDLOW  
 WHERE YA GOIN' TO?

MISSUS PINECONES  
 I'M GOING TO A PARTY!  
 IT'S FREE -- NOTHING THERE À LA CARTE-Y!  
 THAT'S THE PARTY ONCE A YEAR  
 IN THE LAND OF YULETIDE CHEER.

LUDLOW  
 (Spoken)  
 THE LAND OF YULETIDE CHEER?

MISSUS PINECONES  
 THAT'S WHAT I SAID, MY DEAR.

LUDLOW  
 BUT HOW DO WE GET THERE?

MISSUS PINECONES  
 BY POPPIN'  
 YOUR CHEEK TILL YOU'RE MAGIC'LLY STOPPIN'  
 IN THAT LAND WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE  
 (She pops her cheek)  
 EACH NOËL!

LUDLOW  
 OH, TAKE ME, DO!

MISSUS PINECONES  
 THEN POP YOUR CHEEK -- LIKE SO...  
 (She pops her cheek in  
 a secret code, then LUDLOW  
 imitates her)  
 AND THEN AWAY WE GO!

(Fireworks and flashing lights detonate -- while the music crescendos -- as LUDLOW and MISSUS PINECONES are transported to the Land of Yuletide Cheer. Much of the COMPANY is there, greeting them in resplendent costumes — representing famous Christmas characters. The actor portraying MR. GRIMBLE becomes JACK FROST; MRS. GRIMBLE becomes MRS. SANTA; PRUDENCE becomes RAGDOLL; DAISY becomes the GINGERBREAD WOMAN; and ANOTHER CAROLER becomes the TIN SOLDIER. Thereupon, the COMPANY joyously performs The Land of Yuletide Cheer)

## TIN SOLDIER

THEY ARRIVE FROM FAR AND NEAR  
TO THE LAND OF YULETIDE CHEER,  
WHERE THE PARTY ONCE A YEAR  
IS A PARTY WITHOUT PEER!  
IT MAKES CANDYLAND SEEM STALE  
AND THE LAND OF OZ LOOK PALE!  
THAT'S THE PARTY OF THE YEAR...  
IN THE LAND OF YULETIDE CHEER!

## COMPANY

LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS  
AND CHRISTMAS TREES --  
YOU'RE WELCOME TO ATTEND.

ALL YOU LIVING TOYS  
AND DOLLIES -- PLEASE --  
COME, STAY UNTIL THE END...

WHERE EVEN SCROOGE WOULD GET A BOOST,  
WHERE JACK AND JILL WERE INTRODUCED  
WHILE MOTHER GOOSE WAS BEING GOOSED!  
HURRY ON HERE!

IN OUR MAGIC LAND  
WE JOKE TILL DAWN  
AND HO-HO AS WE DANCE...

WHILE THE RUBBER BAND  
PLAYS ON AND ON  
WHEN GIVEN HALF A CHANCE.

YOUR ROCKING HORSE WILL CARRY YOU  
 TO WHERE YOUR DREAMS CAN ALL COME TRUE!  
 IF THAT SOUNDS GOOD, THEN HURRY TO  
 THE LAND OF YULETIDE CHEER!  
 RAH!

(Trumpets blow, as a Ziegfeld-style pageant begins.)

This is the first half of *Ludlow Ladd*. To receive a complete reading copy, and for other contact information, please see the *Ludlow Ladd* information page - press your browser's Back button or visit:  
<http://www.singlelane.com/proplay/ludlow.html>

**Appendix:**

KOOKY CAROLS

(As a warm-up/prelude to *Ludlow Ladd*, CAROLERS gather to sing a set of silly songs)

- 1) CAROLERS
- IT'S SNOWING,  
 SNOWING,  
 TEN FEET HIGH!  
 IT'S SNOWING  
 EV'RYWHERE.  
 IT'S SNOWING  
 THOUGH  
 THE WEATHER GIRL  
 SAID IT WOULD BE FAIR.  
 IT'S SNOWING IN THE DESERT,  
 IT'S SNOWING IN L.A.  
 WE'RE NEARLY



BURIED IN A SNOW-WHITE  
CHRISTMAS TODAY!

IT'S SNOWING,  
BLOWING  
FROM THE SKY...  
AS HEAVY  
AS A FREIGHT.  
IT'S SNOWING  
SO --  
I SAW A ST.  
BERNARD SUFFOCATE.  
IT'S SNOWING THROUGHOUT EUROPE,  
IT'S SNOWING IN BOMBAY.  
WHITE CHRISTMAS  
CAME, AND IT'S UP TO OUR  
EYEBALLS TODAY!

IT IS SNOWING  
AND IT'S GOING  
TO KEEP GROWING,  
EVER FLOWING!  
OH, SNOW -- GO AWAY!

(A CAROLER steps forward to welcome the  
Audience. He's the same actor who will later play the  
"TIN SOLDIER")

CAROLER [later "TIN SOLDIER"]  
SEASONS GREETINGS, ALL, AND WELCOME TO OUR PLAY.  
FIRST, THOUGH, WE'LL PERFORM A WARM-UP, IF WE MAY:

SOME KOOKY CAROLS -- SELDOM DONE AND NOT THE BEST--  
YET WE'VE REVIVED THEM BY "UNPOPULAR REQUEST."

2)

CAROLERS

NOISY NIGHT,  
 NOISY NIGHT,  
 TRAFFIC AND LAST-MINUTE SALES.  
 NOW PEOPLE ARE SHIFTING  
 FROM SHOPPING TO SHOPLIFTING.  
 ROADS ARE A FRIGHT,  
 MUGGERS IN SIGHT;  
 WHAT A NOISY NIGHT!

NOISY NIGHT,  
 NOISY NIGHT,  
 UNRELIEVED CHAOS PREVAILS.  
 NOW CHILDREN ARE SCREECHING  
 AND PREACHERS LOUDLY PREACHING.  
 CHURCHES PACKED TIGHT,  
 RELATIVES FIGHT;  
 WHAT A NOISY NIGHT!

3)

CAROLERS

THE OLE SALVATION ARMY'S OUT.  
 IN SANTA SUITS, THEY SAY TO YOU:  
 "GIVE, PLEASE!"  
 "GIVE, PLEASE!"  
 AND THERE'S A HARE KRISHNA TOO! ...

[This becomes a round:]

THE OLE SALVATION ARMY'S OUT.  
 IN SANTA SUITS, THEY SAY TO YOU:  
 "GIVE, PLEASE!"  
 "GIVE, PLEASE!"

AND THERE'S A HARE KRISHNA TOO! ...  
 AND THERE'S AN ELF ON WELFARE TOO!  
 AND THERE'S A STARVING ACTOR TOO!

[Here are additional/alternative possibilities.  
 ACTORS can be encouraged to choose  
 the lines that most suit them:

AND THERE ARE "NEEDY CASES" TOO!  
 AND THERE'S A LOONY MOONIE TOO!  
 AND THERE'S A PREGNANT GIRL SCOUT TOO!  
 AND THERE'S LEONA HELMSLEY TOO!  
 AND THERE GOES O.J. SIMPSON TOO!  
 AND THERE'S A JOBLESS DIVA TOO!  
 AND THERE'S A FALLEN YUPPIE TOO!  
 AND THERE'S A MAD PROTESTER TOO! ]

- 4) CAROLERS  
 WE ARE-N'T NEAR A RACETRACK  
 AND NO ONE PASSED AWAY;  
 YET THERE'S SO MANY WREATHS AROUND,  
 IT MUST BE CHRISTMAS DAY!

(They have ended up in the formation  
 of a wreath. They enthusiastically button  
 the vignette with:)

HEY!!

- 5) CAROLERS  
 DECK THE HALL  
 WITH ALL THE HEADACHE PILLS  
 AND ALL THE UNPAID BILLS

THE SEASON HAS COST.

DECK THE TRASH CAN  
WITH THE GIFTS FROM LAST YEAR  
THAT WE EITHER BROKE OR LOST.

DECK THE WINDOW  
WITH THE MISTY GLAZE  
AND PAINTED-ON DISPLAYS  
THAT STAIN UP THE SPACE.

DECK THE WRECK  
WHO REC-OMMENDED  
WE SHOULD DECK THE HALL  
IN THE FIRST PLACE!  
HECK,  
DECK THEM ALL!

6) [Optional song:]

CAROLERS

LET'S ALSO SING...  
LET'S ALSO SING...  
LET'S ALSO SING  
OF CHANUKAH\*;  
[\*pronounce "K'HAH-new-kah"]  
MAY YOUR DREIDELS\* SPIN ONCE MORE...  
[\*pronounce "DRAY-dls"]  
ONCE MORE...  
ONCE MORE.

WE HEAR THE RING...  
WE HEAR THE RING...

WE HEAR THE RING  
OF CHANUKAH;  
TWO MENSCHES WROTE OUR SCORE.

THIS TIME OF YEAR...  
IT SHOULD BE CLEAR  
IT'S LIKE A CHEER-  
FUL TONIC--AH!--  
TO INCLUDE A KOSHER MUSE.

SINCE LONG AGO,  
MENORAHS\* GLOW  
    [\*pronounce "Meh-NO-rahs"]  
EIGHT NIGHTS; AND THOUGH  
NO MISTLETOE--  
LET US GATHER ROUND AND SHMOOZE.

THERE WOULDN'T BE  
NATIVITY...  
NOR CHRISTMAS DAY  
NOR CHRISTMAS PLAY  
IF THERE HAD BEEN NO JEWS.

## CAROLERS [Cont'd]

SING, ONE AND ALL,  
 BOTH LARGE AND SMALL...  
 SING, ONE AND ALL,  
 OF CHANUKAH;  
 LET THE LUSCIOUS LTKAS\* FRY...  
     [\*pronounce "LOT-kahs"]  
 FRY, FRY.

WE HEAR THE CALL...  
 WE HEAR THE CALL...  
 WE HEAR THE CALL  
 OF CHANUKAH;  
 AS CAROLERS SAY "CHAI."\*  
     [\*pronounce "K'HIGH"]

A SEASON OF  
 GREAT LIGHT AND LOVE--  
 A "MAZEL TOV-"  
 LY CHANUKAH--  
 WHERE THE NAKHAS\* NEVER ENDS.  
     [\*pronounce "NAH-k'haz"]

LET'S SING AND PRAISE  
 THE OIL WHOSE BLAZE  
 SHONE THROUGH THE HAZE  
 EIGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS,  
 AS OUR MIX OF VOICES BLENDS.

OH, HAVE A BRIGHT  
AND K'HAPPY\* NIGHT...  
    [\* i.e. pronounce the consonant like "CHanukah"]  
AND NEW YEAR TOO...  
THE WHOLE YEAR THROUGH...  
    (Hugging each other:)  
AND A COZY KWANZAA, FRIENDS!

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