

Santa and the Beanstalk

SCRIPT (AGES 7+)

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Easy Peasy
PLAYS

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FULL DETAILS

Running Time (including music): Approximately **45 minutes**.

Number of songs: **8**

Cast: 31 speaking parts (easily adaptable to approximately **20 - 50**).

The cast can also be expanded further with **non-speaking parts**; suggestions for expanding or reducing the cast are provided in your Play Pack. For further information, take a look at the cast list available on our website.

SCENE 1: WELCOME TO OUR SHOW!



Track 1: MEDLEY (OPTIONAL)

Time to get ready for the start of the show! The instrumental Medley welcomes the audience as the cast assemble, ready to begin the performance...

SCENE 2: INSIDE SANTA'S WORKSHOP

*Everywhere is a hive of activity - **Elves** are making toys, and carrying wrapped presents backwards and forwards. **Santa** is overseeing all the work.*

Narrator 1: Welcome, one and all!
It's time to start the show.
To get you feeling Christmassy,
We've even booked some snow!

Narrator 2: Everywhere the trees are decked,
With carols being sung,
Christmas cards are being sent,
And festive bells are rung.

Narrator 3: With only two days left to go,
The place that works non-stop
Is far away at the North Pole -
It's Santa's toy workshop!

♪ **Track 2: COUNTDOWN TO CHRISTMAS (PART 1)**

Chorus Two more days to Christmas,
There's magic in the air,
Two more days, I'm counting ev'ry one.
Two more days to Christmas,
There's magic in the air,
I just can't wait
'Cause Christmas is such fun!

← Circle arms upwards
and outwards, with
fingers fluttering.

Verse 1 Santa Claus is working,
Busy as can be,
Rushing to be set for Christmas Day,
Making lots of presents
To hide beneath the tree,
Wrapping toys and games for us to play.

← Mime a 'busy' action,
such as painting,
sawing, sewing,
hammering etc.

← Pretend to wrap
presents.

Chorus Two more days to Christmas,
There's magic in the air,
I just can't wait
'Cause Christmas is such fun!

♪ **Track 3: ON OFF MUSIC**

*The **Elves** exit, leaving **Santa** alone on the stage, looking very worried.*

Narrator 4: But trouble's brewing in the shop,
And Santa's getting worried;
He fears that time is running out,
And things need to be hurried.

Narrator 5: With two days left it's obvious -
There's no time to rehearse.
On top of that, he starts to fear
That things will get much worse.

Santa: *(Gloomily, to the audience)* I fear that things are going to
get MUCH worse...



Track 4: ON OFF MUSIC

Santa exits, shaking his head sadly.

SCENE 3: SANTA'S KITCHEN

Mrs Claus is snoozing in a chair, snoring loudly, when Santa enters with Pixie, Trixie and Dixie.

Narrator 6: Mrs Claus has put her feet up,
Just to have a snooze,
When Santa and his trusty elves
Decide to break the news.

Pixie: *(Aside, to the audience)* Unfortunately, Mrs Claus is a complete scatterbrain, and never listens to a word anyone says!

Santa taps Mrs Claus on the shoulder and she wakes with a jump.

Mrs Claus: Hello dear! I've been busy all morning making mince pies - I'm worn to a frazzle! How are things in the workshop?

Santa: The elves are working flat-out.

Mrs Claus: Shout? Why do they need to shout?

Santa: No, not SHOUT - I said, they're working FLAT-OUT!

Mrs Claus: Oh, those poor dears! All those bikes and footballs they have to get ready. I don't know how they manage it every year.

Trixie: It's not bikes and footballs anymore, Mrs Claus! These days it's computer games, mobile phones, and MP3 players!

Mrs Claus: What in Lapland is an MP3 player?!

Dixie: It's something that plays music.

Mrs Claus: You mean like a record player?

Santa: *(Shrugging)* Yes, I think so. Except they're only this big *(holds up his finger and thumb to show the size of an MP3 player)*, so where you put the record, I haven't got a clue!

Mrs Claus: *(Confused)* The reindeer want the loo?!

Santa: No, I said I haven't got a CLUE!

Mrs Claus: A shoe? What do you want a shoe for? *(Hands on hips)* You need your boots in this snow, or you'll catch a cold!

Pixie: *(Nervously)* What Mr Santa's trying to say is that we've run into a teensy-weensy snag.

Trixie: We've run out of money!

Mrs Claus: Honey? We don't NEED any honey - I'm making mince pies. You don't put honey in mince pies, you silly elf!

Dixie: Not honey! MONEY! We're broke! We haven't got enough to finish all the presents this year!

Mrs Claus: Oh, my giddy goose! How many presents are we short of?

Pixie: *(Unrolling a very long list of presents and consulting gravely)* Well, we've got enough presents for everyone in the whole world - except _____ *[insert the name of your town]*.

Everyone gasps in horror.

Santa: *(Determined)* There's only one thing for it - we'll have to sell Rusty the reindeer!

Everyone: *(Horrorified)* Sell Rusty?!

Trixie: Who to?!

Santa: The department store - they can use him in their Christmas grotto.

Mrs Claus: Blotto? I'm not blotto! Oooo, the cheek! I haven't even started making the sherry trifle yet!

Dixie: Well, I think it's awful selling poor Rusty! (*Gloomily*) I'm dreading telling the other elves. (*Shaking head worriedly*) I think there's going to be tears...

Mrs Claus: Ears? What's wrong with my ears?! Oooo, you cheeky elf!



Track 5: ON OFF MUSIC

Mrs Claus chases Dixie from the kitchen. Santa, Pixie and Trixie follow, gloomily.

SCENE 4: SANTA'S STABLES

*The **Elves** enter, whispering to each other, "They're selling Rusty!"*

Narrator 7: The reindeer and the workshop elves
 Have heard of Santa's scheme,
 And that's when trouble really starts -
 The biggest row you've seen.

All the Elves: *(Angrily, to the audience) We're REALLY angry!*

♪ **Track 6: NO, SANTA, NO!**

Chorus	No, Santa, no, you can't sell Rusty! No, Santa, no, you can't sell Rusty! If he goes, we'll be blue, If he goes, we'll go too. No, Santa, no, you can't sell Rusty now!	← Wag index finger to say, "No!"
		← Hands on hips in defiance!
Verse 1	I will sell my pom-pom hat. You won't get much cash for that. What about the scarf I knit? You'll sell that for quite a bit. Quite a bit. No, Santa, no, you can't sell Rusty now!	← Point to head.
		← Pretend to knit.
Verse 2	For my watch I'll get a lot. That's the only one you've got. I'd be glad to sell it though, So that Rusty needn't go. Needn't go. No, Santa, no, you can't sell Rusty now!	← Point to wrist-watch.
		← Thumbs up!
Verse 3	Maybe we can sing a song, To the folk that come along. We can dance and hold a tin, To put all the money in. Money in. No, Santa, no, you can't sell Rusty now!	← Pretend to hold a microphone.
		← Do a little dance!
Reprise	If he goes, we'll be blue, If he goes, we'll go too. No, Santa, no, you can't sell Rusty now! No, no, no!	← On the last "no," punch the air defiantly!

*The **Elves** are shaking their heads unhappily as **Santa** and **Mrs Claus** enter, looking for **Rusty**.*

Narrator 8: But Santa's mind has been made up,
And Rusty has to go.
For Rusty - who's a faithful chap -
This comes as quite a blow!

Mrs Claus: *(Looking around)* But where is he? I can't see him!

***Rusty** enters and hides behind **Santa**, his knees quaking.*

Santa: *(To the audience)* Can YOU see Rusty? Where is he?

Everyone: He's behind you!

***Santa** turns round, but **Rusty** ducks out of sight.*

Santa: Behind me? Oh no, he isn't!

Everyone: Oh yes, he is!

Santa: Oh no, he isn't!

Everyone: Oh yes, he is!

***Santa** finally spots **Rusty** and pulls him out of hiding, then calls over **Pookey** and **Squeak**.*

Santa: Take Rusty to _____ *[insert the name of a nearby town]*. Get the best price you can for a moth-eaten, flea-bitten old reindeer.

Everyone: *(Sympathetically, encouraging the audience to join in)*
Aaaah!

♪ **Track 7: SELL POOR RUSTY**

Chorus Sell poor Rusty,
 He's got to go,
 Sell poor Rusty, now.

← Sway sadly from side
to side...

Verse 1 You must get a good price,
 To pay for what we need.
 Games and dolls and all those toys,
 Bringing fun to girls and boys.

Chorus

Verse 2 How can we be happy,
 If Rusty goes away?
 He's our friend, we love him so,
 We don't want to let him go.

← Hold hands out to side
in despair.

← Hold hands
affectionately up to
heart.

Chorus
 Sell poor Rusty, now.

Pookey and Squeak forlornly lead a gloomy Rusty away as they exit stage left. Everyone looks very sad as they wave him goodbye.

All the Elves: Goodbye Rusty! We love you!

♪ **Track 8: ON OFF MUSIC**

Everyone gloomily exits stage right.

SCENE 5: ON THE ROAD

Pookey and Squeak enter from stage left, leading a forlorn Rusty behind them.

Narrator 1: So, off they go with Rusty...
But, then, along the way,
A rich man stops to talk about
His plans for Christmas Day...

A Rich Man, dressed in fine clothes, enters from stage right.

Rich Man: Hello there! That's a fine reindeer!

Pookey: This is Rusty. We're taking him to be sold.

Rich Man: *(Thinking)* Are you indeed...? I need a Christmas present for my wife... I'll buy Rusty - he'll make a FABULOUS hat-stand for her!

Rusty looks terrified.

Squeak: That's a horrible thing to do to lovely Rusty! You can't have him!

Rich Man: Oh, please yourself! Looks like she'll get chocolates again...!

The Rich Man exits, and Pookey, Squeak and Rusty continue on their way.

Narrator 2: It isn't long before they meet
Another on the lane -
A chef who has a cunning plan
For Rusty with champagne...

A Chef enters from stage right, wearing full chef's white uniform and hat.

Chef: *(Speaking in a French accent)* Ah, bonjour! *(Pronounced "Bon-shure!")* And who is this fine animal?

Pookey: This is Rusty. We're taking him to be sold.

Chef: *(Clapping hands excitedly)* Ah, tres bien! *(Pronounced "Tray bee-ann!")* I would like to buy Rusty! I have to cook Christmas dinner, and Rusty looks VERY tasty...!

Rusty looks absolutely terrified, and his knees quake with fear.

Squeak: That's a horrible thing to do to lovely Rusty! You can't have him!

Chef: Oh, là là! *(Pronounced "Oh, la la!")* Looks like it's turkey again...!

The Chef exits, and Pookey, Squeak and Rusty continue on their way.

Narrator 3: A little further down the lane
A wizard comes along,
And takes a shine to Rusty -
And that's when things go wrong...

A Wizard enters from stage right.

Wizard: Well, well, well, what have we here?

Pookey: This is Rusty. We're taking him to be sold.

Wizard: Well, he's a very fine reindeer. He could help me with my magic spells.

Pookey and Squeak don't look sure, and Rusty doesn't look very happy, but the Wizard produces a glittery bag and hands it temptingly to Squeak who looks inside and pulls out some foil-covered chocolate coins.

Squeak: This isn't real money! These are CHOCOLATE coins!

Wizard: Yes, but they're not JUST chocolate coins. They're made of MAGIC chocolate!

Pookey: *(In awe)* MAGIC chocolate?

Wizard: Yes, BLACK MAGIC chocolate. I took a DOUBLE DECKER into town a little AFTER EIGHT this morning, and bought the magic coins from the shop on QUALITY STREET.

Squeak: *(Still looks unsure)* I have a bad feeling about this...

Pookey: *(To the audience)* What do YOU think? Should we sell Rusty for the chocolate coins?

Rusty shakes his head pleadingly.

Everyone: No!

Squeak: *(To the audience)* We can't hear you - what did you say?

Everyone: No!

Pookey: *(Scratching head, thoughtfully)* But if the coins ARE magic...

Squeak: *(Suddenly decisive)* You're right! *(To the Wizard)* It's a deal!



Track 9: ON OFF MUSIC

*Rusty looks horrified, but it's too late - the **Wizard** shakes hands with **Pookey** and **Squeak**, who sadly wave goodbye to **Rusty** as he's led away by the **Wizard** and they exit stage right. **Pookey** and **Squeak** exit stage left.*

With time running out, will Santa and the Elves manage to save Christmas...?

To find out, order the full version at www.easypeasyplays.co.uk