

THE CHRISTMAPOCALYPSE: SANTA'S BOMB SHELTER

Setting: Santa's Bomb Shelter, a bunker converted into a dive bar.

the Audience Interactive scene #1: Don't Welcome

Objectives:

- 1. Make the audience feel unsettled.*
- 2. Move very little, but maintain eye contact with anyone who comes near you.*

Note: Hide and cower whenever the earth shakes.

Sing A Song #1:-- It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Xmas

Prologue: Santa's Bomb Shelter

BACKWARDS BOY

It's the night before Xmas and now you are here

Inside a bunker especially weird.

It's not for the weak what soon will appear,

A performance, a party, the show of the year,

And this I say, very sincere:

Merry ChristmApocalypse, my dears!

Opening Poem: Santa's Bomb Shelter

The ensemble promenade dances to Peril of the Bells, telling the story of Santa's Bomb Shelter. After, they begin the following:

CANDY CANE DEALER

Xmas town is falling apart,

And we're stuck near the city's ghostly heart.

Like a rotten lemon oozing with mold,

The buildings are starting to tumble and fold.

(CONTINUED)

THE ABOMINABLE BOUNTY HUNTER

Very strange things have happened of late,
Lightning, and comets, and great big earthquakes.
Trouble is brewing, I can feel it in my guts,
I can feel it in my teeth, and I can feel it in my
nuts.

THE SNOW QUEEN

I don't think you ever use your brain,
Trouble's already here, can't you hear it rain?
It's been raining for hours. It's actually hot.
How is it warm? Oh my stomach's in a knot.

SUZY SNOWFLAKE

Our twisted tribe of yuletide residents
Are awfully alarmed by all the evidence
That something is coming
Oh, I can feel my heart drumming.

PARTY ELF

Today has been so disarming,
A lot has happened that's very alarming!

GINGERBREAD BOY

The murderous children who are wild and crazy,
All died before Noon, the reason is hazy.

JACK FROST

The Snow Queen's palace burnt to the ground,
At half past two. I feel very turned around.
The ice magic I wield and use,
Has completely dried up, like a bomb with no fuse.

ANARCHY REINDEER

Don't mention bombs, I've run out of dynamite
Otherwise you'd already be dead, alright?
The streets are dripping with chaos and havoc,

(CONTINUED)

There's disorder, turmoil, bedlam, panic,

THE ABOMINABLE BOUNTY HUNTER

Some are looting, some are fleeing,

The smart came here, for the time being.

It's far too dangerous to go outside,

So we have to stay here and hide,

Like rats or roaches or some kind of vermin

While Xmastown is burnin.

THE SNOW QUEEN

And let's not forget our wonderful venue,

It's rundown and filthy and smells like a dead zoo.

This room where you sit is not what it seems,

These walls have seen horrible, horrible things.

JACK FROST

Not always a bar, its past is obscure,

It has a secret both rank and impure.

Gory and nasty and especially tragic,

I've heard its a magnet for frightening black magic.

CANDY CANE DEALER

Or maybe We're lying, playing a game,

To separate the weak from the brave.

To be here with you,

To see the night through.

Because tonight the end will come,

Or so say some.

Rumors are flying that the end is at hand,

We're being rejected by the sky and the land.

PARTY ELF

Well I think that's just grand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PARTY ELF (cont'd)

Bring on the end, bring on destruction,

Bring on death's great seduction.

Tonight's Christmas Eve and it might be our last

ALL

So let's live it up, go out with a blast.

Joy to the world

Sing-along # 14. Joy to the world

PARTY ELF

Joy to the world, the end is near!

But I don't have no fear!

Cuz even if I kick the bucket, I'll go out dancing and
yelling, "FUCK IT!"

And heathens and vultures dance!

and heathens and vultures dance!

And heathens, and heathens, and vultures dance!

The Good Elf I.

THE GOOD ELF

It's funny the way that things used to be,

Innocent, pure, simple, and free.

This used to be a fun place to dwell,

Now it's practically hell.

It was 25 years ago, to the day.

A day like no other is what we now say.

We faced a terrible calamity,

It caused us so much agony.

Santa Claus died, he was my hero.

I also lost my favorite friend, his name was Nero.

When the carnage calmed down, the blood washed from the
ground,

(CONTINUED)

We all had to ask, what next for our town?
 Everyone became unfriendly and cruel,
 That's what happens in a world without rules.
 This mysterious destruction changed who we were
 Warped us, remade us, while all the world burned.
 Is it a coincidence that today of all days
 Is when the earth should decide to rumble and sway?
 So now we're facing another calamity,
 A cataclysm's coming to bring more agony.
 But I am going to reverse all things tragic,
 I've got a book of powerful magic.
 I have all the ingredients on the list,
 Even the snow queen's jewel (I grabbed it from her
 fist).
 Now I just have to connect the dots better,
 And do everything letter to letter,
 When all things are done and said,
 I will bring back Santa from the dead!

Reindeer/Suzy Hate Tango

*Reindeer/Suzy lead a hate dance that everyone
follows.*

Last Christmas

Sing-along # 15: Last Christmas

Ghost Stories

Jack Frost runs in.

JACK FROST
 I want a scary story!
 Make it very gory.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK FROST (cont'd)

I like nightmares and vicious fables.

I like blood and minds unstable.

Tell me the worst, worst, worst thing you got.

Or I'll beat you so hard, you'll piss out snot.

CANDY CANE DEALER

I once knew a girl named Emerald Wreath,

She did burlesque for the Snow Queen privately,

She couldn't take the pressure of the court,

So she came here to face her last resort.

She slit her wrists in that corner.

Nobody mourned her.

ABOMINABLE BOUNTY HUNTER

I killed a guy there.

SUZY SNOWFLAKE

I once knew a boy named Dandy Danny

He was fancy and fair and small and randy

He looked like a girl in a delicate way

So some Gingerbread Boys made him pay

For having a gender that seemed indistinct,

They all raped him under that sink.

ABOMINABLE BOUNTY HUNTER

I shot a guy there.

ANARCHY REINDEER

I once knew a reindeer who couldn't keep his cool,

Every day, with a sword, he fought in a duel.

Then he came here, boasting so skillfully,

He het an elf with an axe to grind, literally.

They were equally matched, equally hot-headed,

So when they fought, they were equally beheaded.

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ABOMINABLE BOUNTY HUNTER

I strangled a guy there.

THE SNOW QUEEN

I've heard a rumor very disturbing,

It might not be for storytelling.

This is where Donner and Rudolph resided,

When the town was originally blighted.

And Santa was here too.

Apparently, he lived the blast through.

But Donner saw a chance for freedom,

So decided to commit treason.

I don't know how they did it,

I just know it happened where we sit.

That was the night that Rudolph went insane,

What he did damaged his brain.

It must have been very inhumane.

Sing-along # 16: Oh Wretched Night

The Good Elf II.

THE GOOD ELF

If only Santa wasn't past tense,

He would spin this mess into sense.

I like to imagine what would have happened

If Christmas town hadn't been flattened.

Once, Santa shared with me his vision,

It was crafted with care and precision,

Of growing our village into a city,

Wonderful homes from here to infinity!

He wanted to level the mountains and clear all the trees,

For the world's biggest toy factory.

He had plans for tremendous innovation!

We were going to be THE arctic circle tourist destination!

Think of how much good we could have done for the world,

If only everything hadn't unfurled.

Oh no I'm stuck, I can't figure this out.

I'm starting to fill with doubt.

Backwards Boy appears with a bottle of green liquid.

BACKWARDS BOY

Take the path that's been least treaded.

Dance with danger a needle threaded.

Drink and drink and drink and see.

Answers for you, Answers for me.

Drink and drink and drink and see,

A little poison will tell you everything.

ABOMINABLE BOUNTY HUNTER

I've never heard him speak before.

I thought he was mute or crippled or, or...

BACKWARDS BOY

Gears in a clock, rock rock rock. Go in my head Tick Tick Tock. Now I see, You and me, Under the tree, Under the tree! TREE!

The Good Elf ponders drinking. She takes a small sip. Then another. And another.

Interactive Sequence #2: Rin rin

Objective: TBD

Jingle Bell Rock

THE CANDY CANE GIRL

When the popcorn is strung, the ornaments hung,
 I'll put something sweet on your tongue.
 I'll make you happy, I'll bring you fun.
 Peppermint sticks and cinnamon swirls,
 Cherry cordials and licorice twirls.
 Marzipan, marshmallows, round lollipops,
 Chocolate with almonds, big lemon drops.
 But the best is butterscotch.

*The Candy Cane Girl distributes candy among the
 room. A techno remix of Jingle Bell Rock plays.*

Entre le b[U+009C]uf et l'âne gris

*The Good Elf dances with a sleeping Santa Doll
 having a touching duet with the doll.*

Sing-along # 17 What Child is this

The Good Elf III.

THE GOOD ELF

Drink! MORE DRINK. I NEED TO THINK!
 Consumed by books and calculations,
 Combined with ancient explanations.
 I'm closer now than I've ever been,
 I'm understanding the world we're in.
 MORE DRINK. I NEED TO THINK!
 Mix the mercury with strong peppermint,
 Magic and math are not so different.
 Reading cards, reading stars,
 It's not hard, I'm not far,
 From finding the way, to bring him back today.

(CONTINUED)

MORE DRINK. I NEED TO THINK!

Improvised movement sequence to
Whirly Bird
Sing-along # 18: Holly Jolly Xmas

Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies

Backwards Boy places presents next to all of the sleeping ensemble members.

The Good Elf IV.

THE GOOD ELF

In this potion all is clear, In this drink, I can hear,
The truth of how to bring him back, How to fix what we lack

You may think that I've gone mad, It's not that bad,
I've simply had,

An epiphany, a second sight! This will turn all things right!

MORE DRINK! I CAN FINALLY THINK!

Everything's bright

I've reached a new height!

It'll happen tonight

You'll soon take flight,

In crimson and white!

It's time, it's time, it's time alright!

I can break through!

To you.

The Good Elf begins summoning spirits.

THE GOOD ELF

Loquere haec

Spirit I do beck,

Dico spiritus ultra

mors iniqua feltura

(CONTINUED)

mortem fecerunt longa barba
 Lac crustula et expectabo te arma.
 redire in vitam please
 Sanctus metus liberties
 redire in vitam please
 Qui salvabit nos, ci
 redire in vitam please

God Damn Ye Merry Gentlemen

The Good Elf has a long movement sequence where she uses black magic to try to resurrect santa claus. The ensemble watch in horror as the black magic takes over the bar.

THE GOOD ELF

Caecus sum.
 Caecus sum.
 Caecus sum.
 Caecus sum.
 Caecus sum.
 Caecus sum.

Dark the Herald Angel Sings

Backwards Boy rises, takes of his goggles and hat, becomes angelic in nature. He addresses the ensemble.

BACKWARDS BOY

Look at you
 Tried to undo
 The horrible past,
 Happened so fast.
 Unnatural spells,
 Mechanical bells,

(CONTINUED)

Dipping into
A magical pool?
You're the fool.
What you did,
What you tried,
It's a crime.
Now you're blind.

He addresses the other characters.
You Gingerbread Boys, Brittle and dumb,
You'll break into crumbs.
Take in my words,
You'll be eaten by birds.

He goes to the Anarchist Reindeer.
For the deers consumed by ideology,
Principles, rights, and war philosophy,
The terrorist tactics you hide beneath,
Will not save you from a wolf pack's teeth.

He goes to the Party Elf.
You breathe in chemicals and pour sugar on your tongue,
Your teeth will rot and so will your lungs.
You think that sounds fun?
Your party is done.

He goes to the Candy Cane Dealer.
In the humid Spring air, how well will you fare?
Your candy will mold, then you'll get old,
And wither to dust, I think that sounds just.

He goes to Jack Frost, the Snow Queen, and Suzy Snowflake.
Your glamorous life will quickly expire,
When you feel the sun's unending fire.

(CONTINUED)

And there will be no more snow,
 The smoke will fade, the toys will go.
He goes to the center of the room.
 This is where it first began,
 The first home built in all the land.
 Exactly where I stand.
 This was where the tree was chopped,
 The first pine slain, the first corpse brought.
 Slaughtered corpses green,
 Kindness replaced by plastic things,
 But we will reclaim what's truly ours,
 We are the trees and vines, the flowers and stars.
 Nature will truly be reborn,
 Tree corpses will no longer be adorned
 With ugly tinsel or blinking lights
 Tonight's the last of your selfish plight
 Upon this innocent earth.

He picks up the magic book.

BACKWARDS BOY

Oh look, a book.

It doesn't have the curse

Of only being in verse.

This the book of the land of trees.

Once upon a time, A long time ago, there was a beautiful kingdom. It filled all the land. The mountains. And the valleys. And it was a peaceful place. Quiet and calm. It was the land of the trees. Back then, trees were very different than we're used to. Back then, trees could walk and talk and even sing. In this land, no one in the land caused any trouble. The people of the trees didn't even mind the woodpeckers (even though they could be rather annoying). No. The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BACKWARDS BOY (cont'd)

people of the trees just liked to live and breath and work and watch the stars. And sing. This land was not ruled by a king or a queen. This land was not divided or defined by borders or flags. It was just a place where people lived. A place where people slept. A place where at night, you could watch the stars as much as you liked. You could be without worry.

And in this land there was a little girl. And everyone in the land loved her. Not just because she was beautiful or kind or clever. But because she was gentle and caring. She listened to the wind and could speak to the animals and danced with the clouds. The melodies she gave voice to were delightful and merry.

But one day it grew cold. Very very cold. A bitter breeze moved through the air like an angry tiger hunting prey. It made everyone shudder. It made everyone worry. It was so cold, it made the birds cry. It was so cold, it turned the lakes and rivers into solid silver floors of ice. It was a sign of what was to come.

The sky turned steel grey. Unhappy clouds laced the sky. And everyone felt that something bad was on its way. And the little girl whom everyone loved, sang a song to ease the nerves of so many grown ups. But it didn't really help.

And then came the great and terrible change. A storm of strange monsters crept into the land. They murdered, and raped, and pillaged. They tore down and destroyed and hacked and slashed and did whatever they could to ruin this beautiful place. They burned it up. They fed on the pain. They fed on suffering. They fed on lies.

And the little girl? She couldn't bear to see so much suffering. So she decided to do the only thing she knew how to do. She sang. She sang a song so sad, so beautiful, so haunting, that the people of the trees fell asleep. An enchanted sleep. A sleep so deep that that they would no longer be able to feel the pain that was done to them every day. They turned the trees we know today.

That little girl still watches over them. She watches over them and she waits. Because this land of monsters and suffering will burn itself out. Like a candle flame, its greed and selfishness will eat itself up.

I have a message for you:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BACKWARDS BOY (cont'd)

The sun will shine. The grey brick streets will be overcome by golden grass. Your world will end, making way for something beautiful and gentle and complex. Your world will end because it failed to heal itself. This, this, this, is just the beginning.

The characters slowly file out of the room.

END.