

THE CHRISTMAPOCALYPSE: DEN OF BROKEN TOYS

audience Interactive Scene #1: Welcome the

Objectives:

1. *Dress the audience up to look like broken toys.*
2. *Construct beautiful movement sequences through the action of decorating the room.*
3. *Distribute little notes to the audience with secret missions on them.*

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

Prologue Poem

BACKWARDS BOY

It's Christmas Eve morning and now you are here
 In our unusual land of dark yuletide cheer.
 You shouldn't have come, you shouldn't have come,
 To this land of madness. Get out now, run!
 Leave our town, that's for the best.
 Don't risk your life for a meaningless jest.

Backwards Boy waits to see if anyone leaves.

BACKWARDS BOY

So you'll stay? See it through?
 Don't say we didn't warn you.

Welcome to the Den of Broken Toys

The ensemble promenade-dance to Peril of the Bells, telling the story of The Den of Broken Toys. After, they begin speaking.

CANDY CANE DEALER

Xmas Town is a very strange place.
 It looks like shards of glass in a ripped up face
 Everything worthwhile has broken down.

(CONTINUED)

No hope, no love, no kindness around.

JACK FROST

Darkened buildings and jagged streets

Shady figures you don't want to meet.

WIMPIE WINNIE

And in the center, a great big crater

Where a tree used to sit...that story's for later.

LITTLE LOST LACY

Let us tell you the tale of how we got here,

We'll paint you a picture both crystal and clear.

ROTTEN REGGIE

It was twenty-five years ago to the day,

A day like no other is what we now say.

SOUR SALLY

Snow fell softly, gentle and slow.

Our dear Christmas Town laid below.

CANDY CANE DEALER

With colorful lights upon every lane,

It looked as lovely as a candy cane.

JACK FROST

Most were asleep and peaceful in bed,

Not knowing that they were soon to be dead.

LITTLE LOST LACY

Everything was still...

Until...

ABOMINABLE BOUNTY HUNTER

A flash, a rumble, a crash, a sound.

Upon the sweet city, a large mushroom cloud.

LITTLE LOST LACY

The town half destroyed, we filled with despair,

For the smell of burnt gingerbread men filled the air.

ANARCHIST REINDEER

Bright green flames engulfed many homes,
From the sky came a shower of reindeer bones.

CANDY CANE DEALER

The worst truth upon us was suddenly thrust,
The great Santa Claus was now only dust.

JACK FROST

In this time of upheaval, this time of great change,
Up rose the very most cruel and deranged.

SOUR SALLY

The wickedest children, the vilest types,
We're the most fun, the wrong turned to right.

ROTTEN REGGIE

If you're feeling alone, just call the Snow Queen.
She'll sell you a night with a pretty plaything.

WIMPIE WINNIE

The Candy Cane dealer has a beautiful smile,
She prances around in the latest style.

CANDY CANE GIRL

And what a group of people we have here tonight,
A deliciously sweet, saccharine sight.
The criminally mad, the tortured and sad,
The worst of the bad, me I'm just glad,
To be spending my time in my favorite place,
It really puts a smile on my face.
Now, you may wonder where you are sitting.
You're in the outskirts of town, in a building most
fitting,
Like the mouth of a dragon eating you up,
We welcome you to our crumbling club.

WICKED CHILDREN

Welcome to the den of broken toys,

LITTLE LOST LACY

It's where you'll find the worst girls and boys

Itchy children with rotten sores

Infected bug bites, puss and gore.

WIMPIE WINNIE

I have lice!

SOUR SALLY

I have fleas!

ROTTEN REGGIE

My hands and feet smell like cheese!

WICKED CHILDREN

Give us candy! Give us things!

Now let's sing. Now let's sing!

Sing A Song #2: -- Wreck the Halls

The Good Elf Makes a friend

SOUR SALLY

There are those who will smile and act so polite.

They seem timid and meek and carefully contrite.

But deep down inside, to you I confide,

A darkness does hide

For I have no doubt,

That no one's without,

Their secrets and lies,

Like a jar full of flies.

When you look extra hard,

We're all twisted and scarred.

THE GOOD ELF

What good is a smile in a fountain of frowns,

Oh what could I do to change this grim town?

(CONTINUED)

As I smile to all with my toothiest grins,
I'm drowning in sadness that stirs from within.
For I am filled with such great sorrow,
I dread each moment of each tomorrow.
I've lost the life that I once had,
I've seen too much to not be sad,
And every breath I take causes me pain,
My attempts to be happy feel in vain.
I used to make toys for the good girls and boys,
The simplest pleasures are the finest of joys.
And I was friends with the great St. Nick
I was his favorite, the first one he'd pick,
To go to the forest and choose the tree,
That we would chop and make so pretty.
I never saw a kinder man,
You might even say I was his biggest fan.
If I could wish upon a star,
I'd bring him back from death afar,
Even if I had to sell my soul,
I do it, I swear, no matter the toll.
I'd give up my heart, my ears, my eyes,
If only it meant Santa hadn't died.

*Backwards Boy gives The Good Elf a broken toy or
maybe a small flower. She smiles.*

THE GOOD ELF

Oh my, oh my, what a nice thing to do!
You remind me of someone I once knew.
You remind me of a good little lad,

(CONTINUED)

He could always make me smile when I felt sad.

But when the disaster happened, he took his last
breath.

Oh, there's just been so much death.

But who are you?

What do you do?

WICKED CHILDREN

He sleeps on that bed of broken toys,

And we all call him Backwards Boy!

SOUR SALLY

He wanders the streets and he never speaks,

WIMPIE WINNIE

I've heard him scream

ROTTEN REGGIE

I've heard him weep.

LITTLE LOST LACY

He can crawl and climb and dig and trap

He likes to collect the strangest crap.

CANDY CANE DEALER

He likes to tip toe along the crater,

The danger there is even greater!

Even Jack Frost knows to not get too close

To that place that still sometimes glows.

WICKED CHILDREN

Backwards boy, you're a half-wit!

You're worth less than my snotty spit!

Backwards boy, do your dance!

Backwards boy, jump and prance!

*The wicked children tease and bully Backwards Boy
until he cries and runs away.*

***Sing A Song #3: -- All I Want for Xmas is YOUR Two
Front Teeth***

Interactive Scene #2: Anything Goes

Anything goes improv. Possible objectives:

1. Redecorate the room so it looks uglier or prettier.

2. Invite audience members by the hand into mirror/improv sequences.

Note: If you character speaks "Not North Pole" begin small conversations with the audience.

If your character doesn't speak "Not North Pole" they can say to audience members:

"I only speak North Pole Speak

You have to rhyme to speak with me"

Little Lost Lacy

Little Lost Lacy begins having a loud temper tantrum.

SOUR SALLY

Little Lost Lacy is Lonesome again,

She has no one to talk to, not even one friend.

A long time ago her life was all hugs.

Sparkles and dreams and smiles and love.

But all that is gone and she cries out instead,

LITTLE LOST LACY

"I have no one who loves me cuz my family's all dead."

WIMPIE WINNIE

They didn't die fast in that unholy blast,

They petered off slowly, Lacy watching aghast.

Her mother and father had nothing to eat,

So they gnawed on each other, Isn't good meat still meat?

JACK FROST

She did have a sister who tried to survive,

By eating plum puddings that she found left outside,

(CONTINUED)

Sadly the plums had become quite infected,
 With strange parasites, it was so unexpected
 For Lacy to wake and open her door,
 Just to see her sister's intestines all over the floor.

ANARCHIST REINDEER

Her brother enlisted in the Nutcracker force,
 And was blasted to pieces by the reindeers, of course.
 Her elderly grandma succumbed to a stroke,
 While being heavily beaten by a very big bloke,
 The bloke was her grandson, Lacy's first cousin,
 Who was cooked to a crisp when pushed into an oven,

CANDY CANE DEALER

I could tell you what happened to her uncle and aunt,
 No, it's just too disgusting, I can't tell, I can't.
 Needless to say, Lacy's alone.
 She's got nothing to live for, not even a home.
 The worst thing of all, the thorn in our sides,
 Is that she clings to a dog that clearly has died.
 It smells like bad eggs and is dripping with maggots,
 But Lacy bites anyone who tries to grab it.

Little Lost Lacy chases someone with her dead dog.

Sing A Song #4: Jingle Bells

Sour Sally runs in.

SOUR SALLY

SOUR SALLY

Neener neener neener!

You're a little wiener!

Neener Neener Neener!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOUR SALLY (cont'd)

You're a bathroom cleaner!

ROTTEN REGGIE

Sour Sally is really mean

She always says the ugliest things

Her mouth is a like scorpion's sting,

She is an expert at cruel words to fling.

THE GOOD ELF

Her favorite activities only include

Making you sob through words which are rude.

Her tongue is so sharp that it's even worse

Than the filthiest smarmiest gingerbread curse,

Insults and slander and slime-covered taunts,

WIMPIE WINNIE

Her knack at this craft, she gladly flaunts.

She'll call you a

SOUR SALLY

Twerp, moron, double dog dare dummy, poop bucket
snotforbrains immature juicy fart breath, smelly feet
armpit face with an extra ugly, knobby face!

LITTLE LOST LACY

As you can tell, her vocab is rich,

She's a mean mean mean mean mean mean bitch!

JACK FROST

If she wins at her game and you do in fact cry,

She screams,

SOUR SALLY

"Wittle baby, just shut up and die!"

ANARCHIST REINDEER

She'll make you ashamed, she'll laugh at your frown,

She's at her best, bringing you down.

(CONTINUED)

JACK FROST

She's so good at her game, she does it for sport
In the fighting pits beneath the Snow Queen's Court.

CANDY CANE DEALER

And when Sour Sally's in a rage
The world is her violent stage
She tears up books page by page
She sets reindeer ablaze
In a monstrous craze
Like a snake in a cage
In can last days and days,
Stay far far away!

WIMPIE WINNIE

But once she slipped up and said something spiteful,
To that bounty hunter who is very frightful.
So he chopped off her arms to boil and cook,
And now all Sally's got is two rusty hooks!

The Little Drummer Boy

Movement sequence done by cast.

The Good Elf Receives a Gift

Backwards Boy gives The Good Elf a book.

THE GOOD ELF

Oh you brought me a book.
Let me take a look.
It's in a language I dont understand
It must be older than this land.
oh my it's filled with recipes!
Do you think there's one in here for for peanut butter
cookies?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE GOOD ELF (cont'd)

"librum silvarum... osculum vitae."

That doesn't sound very sweet, eh?

A pressed rose falls out of the book.

THE GOOD ELF

Oh look, that's sort of pleasant.

A gift for a gift, here is a present.

*The backwards boy holds the rose. Examines it.
Pricks his finger. Yelps loudly. Rotten Reggie
runs in.*

Rotten Reggie

CANDY CANE DEALER

Rotten Reggie looks like a pig

He smells and he yells and he's awfully big.

He's unusually hairy and covered in warts,

Not only that, he makes the worst farts.

He'll belch in your face at every chance,

And he'll laugh and laugh when he pulls down your
pants.

SOUR SALLY

He pounds with his fists and bites with his teeth

Worse than all that, he smells like old beef.

WIMPIE WINNIE

I know the reason he really reeks,

It's cuz all he eats is lots of meat!

LITTLE LOST LACY

He's a little touchy about his large size,

The result of a diet hereby comprised:

Of slabs of steak, drum sticks (deep fried),

Burgers, bolgona, entire beef sides,

Mutton, and bacon, grease swallowed in pints,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE LOST LACY (cont'd)

Sausage, and liver, and gooey cows eyes,

Lamb and ham,

Pastrami, Salami,

Turkey And jerky,

Reindeer flank and reindeer thighs,

And sloppy, juicy kidney pies!

CANDY CANE DEALER

He likes to complain of his terrible plight.

ROTTEN REGGIE

"It's hard to be fat!"

CANDY CANE DEALER

he yells every night.

So he uses his pain as a simple excuse,

To hurt, and maim, and cause much abuse.

ROTTEN REGGIE

"If I have a flaw, I can do what I please.

I can ruin a party, in a face I can sneeze.

Is it your birthday? Give me your cake!

I must win every game, and I'll take and I'll take!

Didn't you know? You're supposed to be kind.

You have to kiss my giant behind!

None of you know about how I suffer!

You've never been big, it's so much rougher,

Than being thin, or svelte, or even skinny,

Oh how I wish I was Reggie in mini."

JACK FROST

But he doesn't know of impending fate,

Which will probably happen at a quarter to eight.

The other children don't want him thinner,

(CONTINUED)

Cuz they're gonna roast Reggie whole for their annual dinner!

Sing-a-Long #5: Reggie Roasting by an Open fire

Interactive Scene #3: Playing Games

Objectives:

#1: Play as many games with the audience as you can. This can include thumb wars, Rock-Gun-Grenade, Reindeer Reindeer Dead Santa (duck duck goose), etc.

#2: Make arts and crafts with the audience

#3: Construct beautiful slow motion movement sequences through playing with imaginary friends.

Note: Wimpie Winnie is sitting in the center of the room. No one wants to play with her. If an audience member tries to play with her, stop them.

Wimpie winnie

ANARCHIST REINDEER

Wimpie winnie isn't very strong,

She's weak and worried and never calm.

All she wants is a friend with to play,

A partner in checkers, or cards, or even charades.

WIMPIE WINNIE

Please play with me, I am so bored!

Please play with me, alone's such a chore!

ANARCHIST REINDEER

So Sally and Reggie came in and said,

SOUR SALLY AND ROTTEN REGGIE

We'll play with you! We'll be your friend!

We know a game you'll love it indeed,

It's really fun and it's called: Nosebleed!

WIMPIE WINNIE

Um, I don't know if I want to play that

(CONTINUED)

SOUR SALLY AND ROTTEN REGGIE

Wimpy Winnie, don't be a scaredy cat!

WIMPIE WINNIE

Ok ok

I'll play, I'll play

SOUR SALLY AND ROTTEN REGGIE

Knuckle sandwich, ho ho ho!

Punch, Punch baby in the nose!

WIMPIE WINNIE

I see angels, I see stars!

This is way more fun by far!

Hit me harder, bruise me more.

Next time, I won't fall on the floor.

ANARCHIST REINDEER

Winnie likes her newfound game,

Every child wants to play,

Her nose is crooked, her teeth are gone,

And Winnie she drools all day long.

Her brain's as good as runny eggs,

Urine frequently runs down her legs.

She wishes she had better friends,

But what can you do when all the good kids are dead?

Santa Baby

The Candy Cane dealer sings a dark reimagining of Santa Baby. Everyone else is still because she will start giving candy soon.

Interactive Scene #4: The Parade of

the Toys

Objective:

1. Teach the audience how to dance like soldiers, ballet dancers, and toy horses.

(CONTINUED)

2. *Encourage the audience to participate in The Parade of the Christmas Toys. It's a dance/march set to The March of the Toys from Babes in Toyland.*

Note: There can be more toy dances than soldiers, ballet dancers, and toy horses.

The Good Elf Finds Hope

The Good Elf examines her magic book a bit more. Backwards Boy watches her.

THE GOOD ELF

I wish I could read you.

Oh what did it do?

Well this is very peculiar,

I think I am starting.

To understand.

This book.

It's not a collection of recipes

But powerful, magical chemistry.

Show me what I need to do.

...can this be true?

"How to undo death."

I am short of breath

I can bring back santa claus.

I can take him out of death's jaws.

But I need some dangerous ingredients.

It will be a scary experience.

Can I survive such a hard test?

Of course I can, this is a hero's quest!

The Good Elf thinks to herself for a moment. Here is feeling with which I can barely cope:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE GOOD ELF (cont'd)
I feel hope.

Sing-along # 7: Zombie Claus is Coming to Town

Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies

Something happens to Backwards Boy, he starts hearing things and his hand has turned bright green from where he picked his finger.

Backwards Boy does a solo dance with a very pretty present. All of the children desperately want it. When he is done with his dance, the children clamor around the present and look inside. It's filled with all of their worst fears, it's filled with terror. They all die of fright. Anyone who isn't a child runs out of the room filled with fear.

BACKWARDS BOY

I have a message for everyone here.

Something started whispering in my ear.

When I pricked my finger on the rose,

I remembered how to speak in prose.

Everyone close your eyes. All the wicked children in Xmas Town are dead. Don't cry for them, they got what they deserved.

This is not the ending.

Backwards Boy Leaves.

END of the den of broken toys