**Boy George and the Nutcracker**

By Chris Humphrey

For the Prattsbottom Mummers

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Papa (Chris)

Mama (Misty)

Boy George (Daniel)

Clara (Kathleen)

Uncle Drosselmeyer (Nigel)

The Doctor (Content)

Nutcracker (Ben)

*(Enter Papa, Mama, George and Clara. George is chasing Clara, pulling her hair, generally being a Horrible Child.)*

**Mama:** ’Twas the night before Christmas

**Papa:** And *all* through the house

**Mama:** Was our annual party

Thrown by me and my spouse.

The children, little darlings

**Papa:** obnoxious little shi... twits

**Mama:** Excuse me, darling, I’m *trying* to tell a heartwarming holiday story here.

**Papa:** And I’m trying to bring an element of reality into it.

**Mama** *(ignoring him)*: ahem… where was I? Oh yes…  
The sugarplum fairy had spread such a feast

**Papa:** All that sugar turned Georgie into a beast.

**Mama:** He wasn’t that bad.

**Papa:** He jumped on the furniture, turned over the chairs

Threw sweet little Clara down three flights of stairs.

**Mama:** There’s a knock at the door.

Now who could that be?

**Clara:** I’ll get it, Mama.

**George:** No, no, let ME!

*(Enter Uncle Drosselmeyer with gifts)*

**Drosselmeyer:** *(to Mama & Papa)* I open the door I enter in  
Whether I lose or whether I win  
Whether I rise, stand and then fall

I do my duty to please you all.

*(to audience)* We are not of a ragged set,

But of a moneyed trim.

If you don’t believe me, just look at George,

The 1%. Just look at him!

**George** *(trying to force gifts out of D’s arms)***:** Gimme gimme gimme gimme. Mine, mine, mine, mine.

**Drosselmeyer** *(dispensing gifts)*: For Papa a bottle, for his wife a shawl.

For Clara a nutcracker, for Georgie a ball.

**George:** Is that ALL?

**Nutcracker** *(cracking nuts for Clara and singing to the tune of “I am a Lumberjack”)***:**

I am a Nutcracker and I’m OK

I crack nuts all night, I crack nuts all day.

If you don’t want your nuts cracked, you’d best stay away,

Cause that’s what I’m gonna do.

Gonna crack those nuts in two!

**Clara:** Thank you Uncle Drosselmeyer, this is the best present *ever!* (taunting George to the tune of The Col. Bogey March, aka Bridge Over the River Kwai): Boy George, he only has one ball…

*(a stern remonstrance from Papa)*

*(Drosselmeyer and parents retire to refreshment table. George throws the ball at the nutcracker and knocks it down. Nutcracker rises up in a fury.)*

**Nutcracker:** I am a Nutcracker and I’m OK

I crack nuts all night, I crack nuts all day.

If you don’t want your nuts cracked, you’d best stay away,

Cause that’s what I’m gonna do.

Gonna crack those nuts in two!

*(Nutcracker gets George in a headlock. They struggle. George overpowers the Nutcracker and severely wounds it.)*

**Clara:** Nutcracker, nutcracker, crack me a nut.

Don’t let George win.

Go kick his butt.

*(Nutcracker dies.)*

**Clara:** Noooooooooooooooooo!

George, Bad George, you bad bad bad boy

Your tomfoolery has killed my favorite toy!

Is there a doctor to be found,  
Or any near at hand,  
To cure this deep and deadly wound  
And make my sweet prince stand?

*(Enter Doctor)*

**Doctor** *(singing to the tune of “I am a Lumberjack”)***:**

I am a doctor, and I’m OK,

I drink booze all night, I play golf all day.

If you have an emergency, you’d better go away.

’Cause I got stuff to do

And I don’t have time for you.

**Clara:** Please, Doctor, please. I’ll pay you whatever you ask.

**Doctor:** Well, then, little girl….

**Mama:** What can you cure, doctor?

**Doctor:** I can cure the mollygrubs, the sollygrubs,  
And trifling things like bollynubs.  
I can cure the itch, the stitch, the palsy and the gout.  
If there's ninety nine diseases in, I'm bound to fetch a hundred out.

I have in my pocket crutches for lame ducks  
Spectacles for blind bumble bees  
And plasters for broken-backed mice  
I cured Saint Harry of an agony  
A hundred yards long  
So surely I can cure this poor wee one.

*(The doctor administers a number of horrific cures. Nothing seems to work.)*

**Papa:** Just as I thought all along.

You are nothing but a charlatan!

**Drosselmeyer:** I have often heard it said

that a kiss from a maiden can cure the dead.

Clara?

**Clara:** uh, I don’t think that, uh, technically, uh…..

**Drosselmeyer:** Is there a maiden in the house

Who can give the kiss of life?

*(Option 1: An audience member comes up and gives the Nutcracker a kiss. Option 2: If no one comes forward, George steps up)*

**George:** Ok, I guess I’m the closest thing to a maiden there is on this stage. I’ll do it because… *(to the tune of “I Feel Pretty”)* I feel pretty. I feel pretty. I feel pretty and witty and gay!

*The Nutcracker receives his kiss and bounds back to life.*

**Nutcracker:** *(singing)* I am a Nutcracker and I’m OK…

**Papa:** All right, all right. Enough. Let’s get this party started.

With a rink tink tink…

**Doctor:** and a sup more drink…

**Mama:** We’ll make the old bell sound…

**Drosselmeyer:** A Christmas blessing on you all…

**Clara:** May happiness abound…

**George:** With a pocket full of money and a barrel full of beer…

**Nutcracker:** We wish you merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

Song:

Now Christmas comes but once a year,

And when it does it brings good cheer,

Roast beef, plum pudding, and lots of good beer

On Christmas Day in the morning.

Wassail, wassail, we sing you wassail,

That comes in bottles brown and pale.

We’ll feast on the beef and the pudding and ale

On Christmas Day in the morning.

The old year is old; the new year is new;

And so we raise this toast to you

With our beef and our pudding and pitcher of brew

On Christmas Day in the morning.