

First written in

*Gold Beach,
Oregon*

@ 1940

JINGLE BILL

A Christmas play for Children

Prologue

Two cuckoo clocks,
One Left, one Right,
A row of TOYS between.
Three ARTISTS paint the TOYS.
All right.
That does complete the scene.

Grab the baton ! Grab the score !
"Expressivo", violins !
One ! Teo ! Three ! Four !
The overture begins.

The curtain quakes,
The curtain shakes
And goes up with a
squeak.
The ARTISTS, thus disc
covered,
Begin at once to speak.

ARTISTS: The artist's life
Is full of strife,
But fun, if you can bear it.
You climb the ladder to the top--
And end up in a garret.

TOYS: You climb the ladder to the top...

ARTIST: And dine on a shriveled carrot !

ARTISTS: But,
Christmas time
It would be a crime
For us to be not jolly
For we can buy
our Christmas pie
By painting a Christmas dolly.

TOYS: And they can buy
 Their Christmas pie
 By painting a Christmas dolly !

(Out of a clock
A cuckoo doth pop,
Stop and gawp
At the ARTISTS.)

CUCKOO: This is a watchbird, watching you,
 And no pie you'll be tasting.

(The other clock
A nother CUCKOO
Appears and sneers.)

CUCKOO: This is a watchbird, watching you,
 And all the time you're wasting.

TOYS: Hark to the cuckoo,
 Hark to the cuckoo,
 Hark to the cuckoo's work !
 Time is flying
 Time doth fly
 Like the little cuckoo bird.

(The ARTISTS blush,
resume their brush
work.)

CUCKOOS: At one o'clock, it's "Cuckoo !"
 At two, "Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !"
 And, then, at three,
 It's sure to be
 "Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !"
 The cuckoo's always watching
 Over you... Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !...
 So never shirk
 Your daily work
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! Cuckoo !
 Tick ! Tock ! Tick ! Tock !
 Do not watch the clock.
 Tick ! Tock ! Tick ! Tock !
 Everyone will talk.
 At one o'clock, it's "Cuckoo !"
 At two, "Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !"
 Get out of bed,
 You sleepy head,
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !
 To you !

SNOWBALLS: There is nothing aggravating
Like the waiting, waiting, waiting
For a letter that is late
And overdue.

J.BILL: I've made a million toys
For a million girls and boys...
They simply must be on their way tomorrow.
If he doesn't come and get them,
If he really does forget them
Think of how the Christmas joys
Will turn to sorrow
For so many girls and boys.
He can't do that to me !

SNOWBALLS: No, he can't !

J.BILL: But, he might...

SNOWBALLS: That's right !

J.BILL: I'll go mad, that's what I'll do,
And then go madder.
I'll get sad and then I'll climb
The highest ladder I can find...
And jump !

SNOWBALLS: No, no, NO !

J.BILL: And I'll die, die, die !
(That is if a letter doesn't come today.)

SNOWBALLS: There is nothing aggravating
Like the waiting, waiting, waiting
For a letter that is late and overdue.
There is nothing so perplexing
Nor so positively vexing
Than a letter that is late...
But, wait.... !

J.BILL: Some one's coming up the road !
He's carrying a heavy load.

SNOWBALLS: It's Santa Claus !

J.BILL: NO !

SNOWBALLS: OH.

The mailman is coming,
The mailman is coming,
Hey, la la, Hey, la la,
Heyla la, lee !
The mailman is coming
And we all are humming
A nd laughing with
Frivolous glee !
Ha ha, ho ! ha ha ha,
Hee ha ha ha
Ho ha ha ha
Hee ha ha ha
Ho ho ho ha ha ha Hee !
The mailman is coming,
A nd we all are humming
And laughing with frivolous glee !
Glee, hee, hee !
Glee, hee, hee !
Glee, hee, hee !
Glee, hee ! He may have a letter for me !

I bet you can't write !

I can, too !

Bet you can't !

Neither can you !

I can, so !

Please go, we know you can't.

I'll prove it !

Just try !

I'll prove it,
Don't cry.

Give me the pen, and give me the paper.
I'll put an end to your silly caper.

I'll bet you can't spell..."Dear Jingle Bill,"
I'll bet you can't spell..."Arriving without
pause..."
I'll bet you can't spell..."Have the toys all
ready..."
I'll bet you can't spell..."Sincerely, Santa
Claus."

I bet I could, and I did.
So there !

Well, read it. (He does.)
Thanks, Mr. Mailman.

Say, that's a letter !
Give it back to me !

Kootchy koo

JINGLE BILL

A Christmas Play for Children
(Incomplete)

by Edward Chamberlain

ACT ONE

The Throne Room of Jingle Bill

A lone
Baritone
Breaks through the still.
It's Jingle Bill
On his throne
Alone.

J.BILL: I am the king
Of the wintry chill.
I am the king
Called Jingle Bill.

VOICES: Jingle Bill ! Jingle Bill !

J.BILL: I am the king
Of the Southern Pole,
Where penguins sing
Like an oriole.

VOICES: Jingle Bill ! Jingle Bill !

J. BILL: For Santa Claus
I'm the creator
Of all toys south
Of the equator.

VOICES: Jingle Bill ! Jingle Bill !

Out of a hole
Some snowballs roll.

SNOWBALLS: We're little snowballs
Of the king.
Don't you think we're beauties?
We're on his staff
To make him laugh
And that's our particular duties.

J.BILL: And that's their particular duties !

SNOWBALLS: We're little snowballs
Of the king.
It's true...it's not a rumor !
He laughs till he aches
And his poor tummy shakes...
We keep him in the best of humor !

J.BILL: They keep me in the best of humor !

The SNOWBALLS, I own,
Have little shyness...
They run to the throne
And tickle his highness.

SNOWBALLS: Kootchy Koo, kootchy koo,
Kootchy, kootchy, koo !

J.BILL: Ha, ha, ha, ha,
He, he he, he !

SNOWBALLS: Kootchy koo, kootchy koo,
Kootchy, kootchy, koo !

J. BILL: Ha, ha, ha ha,
You're tickling me !

SNOWBALLS: When the king gets blue
And starts to frown,
We tickle him up,
And we tickle him down.
We tickle his head,
And we tickle his knees,
We tickle him till he hollers....

J.BILL: PLEASE !

SNOWBALLS: Kootchy koo, kootchy koo,
Kootchy, kootchy, koo !

J.BILL: Ha, ha, ha, ha,
He, he, he, he !

SNOWBALLS: Kootchy koo, kootchy koo,
Kootchy, kootchy, koo !

J.BILL: Stop it ! You're tickling....
Stop it ! You're tickling...
Stop it ! You're tickling ME !

You've made me laugh till I cry.
And now that I'm crying,
I'll never, never stop.

SNOWBALLS: WE'll make you laugh....
Kootchy, koo, kootchy koo....

J.BILL: Go 'way, I say !
I will not play.

SNOWBALLS: Why, Jingle Bill !

J. BILL: Some other day,
Some other day...

SNOWBALLS: Are you ill,
Jingle Bill?

J.BILL: I'm NOT ill....
I'm sick !

SNOWBALLS: Is it measles, is it mumps,
Or is it choleric?

J.BILL: I'm simply in the dumps....
I'm melancholic.

SNOWBALLS: Poor Jingle Bill...

JBILL: Go 'way. I'm irritated.

SNOWBALLS: All right for you....

J.BILL: No, come back. I must relate it.
I've heard that a trouble confessed
Will go away faster
Than if it remains on your chest
Like a mustard plaster.
The reason for my fretfulness
Is Santa Claus' forgetfulness.
I've been waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting,
waiting

For a letter that will say
That he's simply on his way.
I tell you that it's very aggravating.

(Notes)

I've got a plan
To make Hingle Bill better.

What is your plan?

We'll write him a letter.

A letter?

Yes. Remember, he said he'd not die
If he heard from Santa Claus.

But, to write that would be a lie
And against the postal laws.

This little lie is VERY white...

That's true, indeed,....let's write !

You get, the pen,
You get the ink,
You get the paper,
And I'll just think.....
I've got it now ! Let's all be still....
How do you start? Ah, yes....
"Dear Jingle Bill "....
Oh, dear, what a plight !

What's wrong?

I don't know how to write.

Nor I. Nor I. Nor I. Nor I.

Poor Jingle Bill ! He will succumb
Because the Snowballs are so dumb !

Mr. Mailman ! Mr. Mailman !

What's up?

Will you write us a letter?

I don't think I'd better
After what's happened today.

Please ! Please !

No siree ! Go 'way !

(notes)

Now's the time that every toy
Has that power to bring joy
To some child.
Realize that your small part
Lives forever in their heart,
Undefined.

And now, rejoice !
You'll know you did right.
And now, prepare,
For, as the midnight chimes
Chimes ting out,
Santa will appear....
Hark !

(Joy to the World)

Let us have a revolution
Bang! Bang! you're dead,

Astrologers -

I see it all
I see it all
Don't tell me
Let me look -

I believe in Santa Claus.

All those presents say "Ay!"

Toying with an idea

I'm going to marry Santa Claus when
I grow up -

Ah, Doc, let's operate !

No, not that !

Jump up. Sit down.

Now multiply a fraction.

I've got it.

Well, keep it.

Now, your knee cap

I'll gently tap..

My word, what reflex action !

Hooray ! Hooray ! We've saved the day...

He's got a reflex action.

Hesitate. Don't operate.

I'll pronounce the diagnosis.

Jingle Bill, you're suffering from

Jittermeeju-jumbosis.

Jittermeeju-jumbosis?

Jit~~ter~~meeju-jumbosis?

(song)

Your nerves are shot,

You're overwrought,

You're dingy in the head.

Avoid the blues,

Take off your shoes

And run along to bed.

(notes)

Oh, my eyes ! Oh, my heart !
Oh, my hair....where's the part?
It's hazy !

He's crazy.

I've got a pain !
Have you got a pain?
You have ! You've got my pain !

OOOOOOOH.

I think I'm sinking.
What do you think?
Start in crying...
I'm dying....

Doctor ! The Doctor !
Quickly ! Call the doctor !

Here, Jingle Bill,
Just take this pill
Before it is too late.
Now, take one more.
They're small... take four.

Aw, Doc, let's operate !

No !
Say, "ah".
Sa
Now, Doc....

Say "ah".

Please, Doc.

Say "ah".

Oh, doctor, wait !

Say "ah". Say "ah". Say "ah". Say "ah".

Wake up, Jingle Bill !
Wake up, Jingle Bill !
Wake up ! Wake up ! Wake up !
The news you need
Is here, indeed !
So, quickly, quickly, quickly, read !

Eh, what?

Open up the envelope !
The news you want is here, we hope.
Read !

What's this?

Read it !

It's not...it is !
I can't believe my eyes..
It's true ! It's true !
My word, what a surprise !
Hooray !

Hooray !

This is our lucky day !
Make lots of noise !
Go fetch the toys !
Bring in the little dears.
Wash their necks, and hands, and faces.

We will.

Wait, ! Don't forget the ears.

We won't.

Oh, foolish me ! Oh, happy me !
I do deserve a frown.
To think that I would EVER think.
That Santa'd let me down !

(notes)

Strange..that we should have to wait.
Listen ! Someone's at the gate !

It's just the wind.

Yes. He's coming now , I know.
I hear footsteps in the snow.

It's still the wind.

Have patience, toys.
Yes, it annoys
To wait. He's at the door.
No....waiting...
Remember what you're waiting for.

Sure, what are we waiting for?
You, and your silly old cause !
He's at the gate, he's at the door !
Where is this Santa Claus?

He's coming, I tell you !

Where is this joy we give
And, in return,
Get all the love for which we yearn?

You've sold us on a myth, old man,
But, now we want it.

Yes, we want it.

A little love is all we want,
A little love is all we rate.
But, until we get that little bit...
We'll hate !

.....
Where is your Santa Claus?

He's coming.

I don't believe it.

(Justice, sweet justice,
Oh, what have you got?
Justice, sweet justice, will have to be bought.)

CUCKOOS: The Boogie Man is dead !
 The ol' fickle mink.
 The Boogie Man is dead
 A nd we're tickled pink !
 Ha, ha, hee, hee, ho !

 Quick as a train
 Can choo-choo-choo
 The BBOGIE MAN grabs
 The two CUCKOOS !

CUCKOO 1: Help !

CUCKOO 2 : Let me go !

BOOGIE: NO !
 Now, off to the crime
 With flags unfurled.
 I've plenty of time...
 A ll the time in the world !
 Heh, heh, heh, heh...

CUCKOO: Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Cuckoo.....cuckoo....
.....cuckooo....
Cu.....ckooo.....oo...
.....cooooo
No time today...
I'm all run down.

BOOGIE: Can I wind your business?

CUCKOO: Just mind your own !

Bang ! He disappears.

BOOGIE runs to first clock.
He simply won't resign.
Little CUCKOO won't talk,
Just hangs out a sign.
"MY TIME IS YOUR TIME".

BOOGIE runs to other...
What else can he do?
But CUCKOO, like his
brother,
Hangs out a placard, too.
"SOMETIME".

The BOOGIE does stagger
Back Center to blubber.
He pulls out a dagger.
(It's made out of rubber)

BOOGIE: Nobody loves me,
Nobody, no !
Nobody, nobody...why ?
If I sat on a pin
Then people would grin.
I think that I might as well die.
Don't you?

He stabs himself,
Grabs himself,
And falls.
Flop !

Thus circumstance
Allows the chance
For cuckoos
To come out and dance.

At the other clock's door
The BOOGIE knocks more.

CUCKOO: Cuckoo, cuckoo.
What do you want?

BOOGIE: Cuckoo, dear cuckoo,
My watch is quite slow...

CUCKOO: Fiddle dee fiddle,
Well, what do you know !

Bang ! He disappears.

BOOGIE: Curses, encore ! I must have time
To execute this perfect crime.

Back to the first clock.
What's this that he sees?
The clock's running back-
wards
With evident ease.

CUCKOO: Don't mind me,
But havn't you heard?

BOOGIE: No, What?

CUCKOO: Shh ! I'm a backward bird !

Bang ! He disappears.

BOOGIE: A curse on your reverses !

Other CUCKOO re-appears
And starts to cuckoo his
head off.
But he doesn't quite--
It wouldn't be right.

BOOGIE:

So !
Jingle Bill has made these toys
To give to Santa Claus.
So Santa Claus can give those toys
To boys and girls.
Give them away....
Imagine that !?
To me, (although I might annoy),
if you've a hat...well, doff it !..
For I'll abduct each lovely toy
And sell it for a profit.
Why not? It isn't dizziness
To want an extra dime.
I have a nose for business.
But all I need is time...
Time...time...time...

CUCKOOS appear.

CUCKOOS:

Cuckoo ! cuckoo !

Cuckoos, Look out !
That man is here !

Oh ! oh !

They disappear.

BOOGIE:

Ah, I have an idea !
Imagine that !

To one of the cucks
He walks. He knocks.

CUCKOO:

Cuckoo, cuckoo.
What do you want?

BOOGIE:

Cuckoo, dear cuckoo,
Please tell me the time.

CUCKOO:

I'd knock you cuckoo
If I had the time.

Bang ! He disappears.

BOOGIE:

Curses !

CUCKOO: This is a watchbird watching you.
You all are rummy dummy.

CUCKOO: This is a watchbird telling you
You'll have an empty tummy

TOYS: Hark to the cuckoo !
Hark to the cuckoo !
Hark to the cuckoo's cry !
Hurry !Hurry !Hurry !
You'll not have your Christmas pie !

Oh, perish the thought !
They grab their paints.
Like little saints
To work they trot.

CUCKOOS: At one o'clock it's "Cuckoo !"
At two, "Cuckoo !Cuckoo !"
And, then, at three it's sure to be
"Cuckoo !Cuckoo !Cuckoo !"

ARTISTS: There !
The job is through.

(To toys:)

And so are you...
You're ready for delivery.
We'll get our pay
And then be gay
A nd have ourselves a chari-vari !

They bow and leave.
The toys don't grieve,
But become animated
And dance and sing,
And exiting,
Make ready to be crated.

Now,
Through the curtains Center-
Is that a 'rang-utan?
But, no ! It's that tor-
mentor,
The BOOGIE-WOOGIE MAN !

(The CUCKOOS cease their
 invective
Return to their respec-
 tive

Clocks.
With CUCKOOS gone
The ARTISTS yawn.

ARTISTS: That one should rush
 The artist's brush
 Is very detrimental.
 To force a mood
 Is always rude
 If one is very temperamental.

TOYS: If one is very temp...
 If one is very temp...
 If one is very temperamental !

ARTIST 1: I AM temperamental.
 I'm a temperamental tyke.

ARTIST 2: I tear my hair and scratch out eyes
 Of people I don't like.

ARTIST 3: I rant and rave
 And pant. Ah, slave, !
 Let's have a sitdown strike ! !"

(They sit right down
 With a frightful frown.)

ARTIST 2: (from seat to feet, toute suite !)
 OW !

ARTISTS: What's the matter, Jack?

Artist 2: I sat on a tack !

(He weeps and moans
 And sobs and sighs.
 The others, too,
 Have tear-dimmed eyes.)