

## 4 Nutcracker/Joy to the World (The Cat's Away)

(Band underscore, John & Louise vocal)

SR. HUBERT *enters right carrying a book of "The Nutcracker" from which she begins reading. She stands downstage as the "Nutcracker" music begins.*

SR. HUBERT. *(narrating)* Once upon a time there was a very nice family in a very nice town. They lived in a very nice house complete with very nice mice and a very nice cat... except when it came to mice... then the cat was... well... there's no other way to put it... a killer! The mice lived behind the living room wall and they never came out because of the cat. They worked there, they ate there, they slept there, they even voted there! And that's where our story begins. T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

SR. HUBERT *moves upstage and sits by the Christmas tree as we see JOHN and LOUISE dressed as mice enter right.*

*Music segues to disco version of "Joy To the World."*

What's happening? Well, it seems the cat is away starring on Broadway in her own show so the mice are celebrating!

JOHN & LOUISE. *(sung to the tune of "Joy To the World" in very high cartoon-like voices)*

Joy to the world, the cat's away  
And so the mice can play.  
The cat's a Broadway star,  
And New York is so far,  
That she can't catch us here.  
Let's all give a cheer,  
For we both can play and sing and have no fear.

MICE *exit right.*

*Music segues back to Nutcracker [underscoring].*

SR. HUBERT. Every Christmas Eve Mayor Stahlbaum gave a lavish Christmas party for his son Fritz and his daughter Clara.

*A huge offstage left crash is heard, followed by a scream.*

SR. HUBERT. What the hell... I mean, what the heck was that? Stop the music!

*Music out. SR. HUBERT exits left.*

SR. ROBERT ANNE. *(enters right)* What happened?

MARIA. *(runs on stage from left with a baton wearing her "Nutcracker" nightgown)* I didn't mean to hit her. Sr. Leo's knee just ran into my baton.

SR. ROBERT ANNE *enters downstairs and moves slowly toward Rev. Mother.*

That's when we need to find the deeper meaning. And I think you'll be surprised when I tell you that the one person here who really understands is the irrepressible Sister Robert Anne.

REV. MOTHER *exits right.*

SR. ROBERT ANNE. Actually, Christmas back in Brooklyn meant a lot of different things to me. Like one year—Christmas meant a month of detention...

See, we couldn't afford much and my Mom had found this scrawny little Christmas tree... my brother said it woulda been better if we'd decorated the broom! Anyway, there was a tree in front of Finklestein's Pawn Shop that I knew would look great in our living room. I mean, what did the Finklestein's need with a Christmas tree, anyway? Well, it *did* look great in our house till Mr. Finkelstein called my Mom. I didn't even get a lump of coal that Christmas. But hey, I'm not looking for sympathy here. I was a tough kid. I could always handle it all.

Except for the year my dad left. That was rough. It was the one time I'd really tried to clean up my act.

*Music starts under.*

The Sisters told me that if I could prove to them that I could change for the better, I'd be allowed to participate in the living nativity at St. James Cathedral. Ya gotta understand... St. James was the big time. It was like the World Series of Nativities, you know what I'm saying?

*SR. HUBERT enters right, followed by SR. AMNESIA who leads KIDS to the manger. FR. VIRGIL enters left. He and Sr. Hubert open the doors under then band to reveal a Nativity Scene. JOHN is Joseph, LOUISE is Mary and BILLY is a shepherd. MARIA is the "young Sister Robert Anne," Srs. Hubert, Amnesia & Fr. Virgil stay on stage and sing "backup" with the Kids.*

[16]

## Jesus Was Born in Brooklyn

(Sr. Robert Anne, with backup adult trio: Srs. Amnesia, Hubert, Fr. Virgil & Kids)

BACKUP SINGERS (ADULT TRIO & KIDS).

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant.  
O come ye, o come ye  
To Bethlehem.

# AUDITION SIDE FOR FATHER VIRGIL

HE GETS BY HERE SHE LOOKS DULL, HE SMILES.

SR. JULIA, CHILD OF GOD (PLAYED BY FR. VIRGIL). Hello, friends. And welcome to Sr. Julia's Festive Food Fantasy Frolic. And you thought nuns couldn't use the F-word! Ha, ha.

Well, shall we get right down to business starting with a few tips on planning your Christmas dinner party. To start off with, a Cheddar cheese wheel is always a crowd pleaser. But remember: **Don't cut the cheese!** If you cut the cheese the

smell could last for what seems to be an eternity. Just rip it quick and hope nobody notices the bouquet. Now, when it comes to the main course, I'm sure all of your guests will be expecting a turkey. Well, why not surprise them with a wild goose?! Last week I gave a couple of the sisters a goose for lunch. And let me tell you, they were thrilled. They could hardly sit still they were so excited! Sister Anne Louise said she hadn't had a goose that good since junior high school!

But friends, let's get to the real reason I'm here today. Fruitcake! That's right! Today we are going to make fruitcake! Yes, the Christmas gift that lasts a lifetime. And friends it's simple. I have put together here a very basic batter. Now before I add the fruit, I like to add just a smidgen of rum. Of course, we want to taste our rum to be sure it hasn't gone bad. (*tastes*) Ummmm, perfect. Rum should always go down smooth. Speaking of going down, I was going down to the market yesterday and happened to spot some lovely fruit and then I said to myself, Julia, why waste good fruit when nobody eats a fruitcake? So I came right back to the convent and found this bowl of perfectly beautiful plastic fruit. No one will ever know the difference. This fruit looks a little dry. Let's give the poor dears a little drink. (*pours rum over fruit*) And one for Julia. (*tastes a bit more*) Oh, yes, very smooth. (*maybe getting a teeny tipsy*) Now let's see. Did I put the rum in the batter? (*pouring a lot in and slurring speech slightly*) Oh well, better safe than sorry I always say.

Now let's just stir this. It's important to have a stiff wrist—(*The spoon flips out of her hand*)—Ooops! Butterfingers!! Oh well, necessity is the mother of invention. I knew God gave us fingers for a reason. (*putting her hand in the bowl to stir the batter*) You know, fingers were the first utensils. The cavemen used them for everything. They'd roast the meat over an open pit, tear at it with their cavemen teeth and crack the bones and suck the marrow out. (*slapping herself on the side of the face*) Oh, Julia, get a grip! Fruitcake. We were talking about fruitcake! (*more drunk, she licks some of the batter from her fingers*) You know, this is very tasty. I don't understand how this can taste so good but then the fruitcake tastes lie sh... sh... surely it's time to add the fruit. (*dumps fruit in and begins stirring with her hand*) Oh, the rum... you mustn't forget the rum. (*dumping more in and taking a swig*)

You know, I just sought of thomesing. Do you realize if Eve had taken that apple and put it in a fruitcake Adam never would have touched it. We'd still be living in Paradise today. Because the first fruitcake is still in existence. Look. (*pulls out a fruitcake from under the counter*) Here it is friends. The first fruitcake! No wonder fruitstops make such good doorcakes. I mean, fruitdoors make, I uh... is the oven on? I'm sweatin' like a pig up here. Oh, Mommy needs a little \*pop (*takes another*