

Bah Humbug!

 A Jukebox Musical

Written by
Max van Doorn

ORIGINAL CAST

NICK - *Peter Rock*

A teenage misanthrope with divorced parents, Nick hates the holidays and the consumerist culture that his family can't afford to take part in. With a Jewish mother and Christian father, Nick is disillusioned about any sort of familial messages associated with the holidays.

CINDY - *Taralynn Dorr*

A little girl with a serious fear of Santa Claus. Her adorable demeanor is contrasted by her inexplicable physical strength.

MICHAEL / DAD - *Austin Cline*

A workaholic father who only sees his kids on Christmas, Michael espouses traditional Christian family values without actually caring for his children.

SUSAN / MOM - *Casey Dean*

A hard working single mother, Susan spends her Christmas looking for a good, Jewish second husband.

Jeffrey Goldstein / Date - *Kris Buxton*

An anxious young Jewish man, Jeffrey's Christmas eve blind date takes an unexpected turn.

RICH KIDS

SKITTLES - *Andrew Lyle*

The leader of an amateur music group, Skittles flaunts his wealth and aspires to be a successful rapper.

RYAN - *Hayden Bebber*

A lover, not a fighter, Ryan just wants to have an amazing Christmas with his bros.

D-TRIX - *Nathan Christensen*

An aspiring beatboxer, D-Trix is not the smartest of his friends. He acts like muscle of the group, despite his thin appearance.

ORIGINAL CREW

Writer / Director	Max van Doorn
Assistant Director / Choreographer	Elise Collins
Technical Director	Forest Fowler
Assistant Technical Director	Ashley Arvola
Additional Choreography	Paige Olson

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FULL CAST	

Approximate Runtime: 45 minutes.

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Created by Max van Doorn

SCENE 1: CAROLS

*MOM, NICK, and CINDY stand as Carolers alone on stage.
This song should be sung A capella by the actors.*

“LONELY NIGHT”

MOM. Come along, kids. You don't want to catch a cold.

NICK. Why do we have to spend Christmas with dad?

MOM. Because, Sweetie, the judge was a white Christian male who thinks custody for one day a year constitutes quality parenting. Besides, mommy deserves a break.

DAD emerges from the “door” to greet them. CINDY jumps into her father's arms.

CINDY. Daddy!

DAD. My little Cinderella! Go on inside and get yourself a cup of cocoa.

DAD and NICK greet each other with cold formality.

DAD. Nicholas.

NICK. Sperm donor. (ALT: Father, Dad)

Finally, only MOM is left with DAD at the door.

DAD. Susan, it's good to see you.

MOM. Hello, Michael.

DAD. So, where are you off to tonight.

MOM. Not that its any of your business, but I've got a date. A friend of mine from college set me up with her cousin.

DAD. You know, you don't have to do this. I'm sure the kids would love to have the whole family together on Christmas eve.

MOM. You can talk to me about family when you get away from your office enough to see the kids more than once a year.

DAD. Now Susan, that's not fair. I love our kids more than anything in the world.

CINDY comes back and tugs on DAD's hand.

DAD. Shut up Cindy, the grownups are talking. Anyway, the kids are my top priority. You'll see, this year is going to be their best Christmas ever. They've got my full attention.

DAD's cell phone rings. He picks up.

DAD. Michael Whovelle, Director of Marketing.

MOM gives a disgruntled sigh, and exits. DAD begins to reach for her, but is interrupted by the person on the phone.

DAD. Sus- Yes, of course sir. Just let me get to my desk.

DAD exits. NICK and CINDY re-enter.

NICK. Alright, Cindy. Let's put up dad's old Christmas decorations...

NICK opens a cardboard box, and pulls out a single small string of tinsel. CINDY points out the "window" to the other side of the stage.

CINDY. Look! They've got lots of decorations!

The RICH KIDS explore the stage during this number, putting bows everywhere and harassing CINDY and NICK.

"CHRISTMAS SWAG"

The RICH KIDS continue with bad dubstep beatboxing for a few seconds after the song ends. The RICH KIDS don't notice NICK and CINDY nearby, listening.

RICH KIDS. Word.

SKITTLES. Yo shauties. I'm Skittles, rapper extraordinaire, and this is my crew; D-Trix

DTRIX. *bad beatboxing*

SKITTLES. And Ryan

RYAN. Word to your mothers.

DTRIX. Ha! That was awesome. Your dad's record label is gonna love this new single.

The RICH KIDS high five.

SKITTLES. I can't wait for us to headline at our own rager tomorrow.

DTRIX. BUT, let's not forget to be thankful for all that we receive this holiest of nights.

RYAN. Totally! So, what you guys get from the rents this year?

DTRIX. Well, as you know my parents' private ski lodge in Aspen is our personal party pad for New Years. But, this time I thought we could take the helicopter to the Alps first. Maybe meet some hot Swiss chicks. What about you, Skits?

SKITTLES. I was having trouble deciding between asking for a red Lamborghini Aventador or a red Porsche Spyder...So I got both!

RYAN. Dude, I got the same model in green!

SKITTLES. Drag race around the cul de sac?

DTRIX. I call shotgun!

The RICH KIDS exit, excited.

NICK. Oh, the noise! Oh, the noise, noise, noise, NOISE! Those rich kids think the world comes on a silver platter. Its just not fair. They get private jets and ski passes, and we don't even have a Christmas tree. The holidays aren't so jolly when you're flat broke.

“SANTA HATES POOR KIDS”

CINDY. But Christmas isn't about presents! Its about giving, and spending time with the people you love.

NICK. Who told you that lie? You wanna know how Christmas really started?

CINDY. no-

NICK. I'll tell ya. Old Saint Nick, the original Santa, was the patron Saint of pawn brokers. Not exactly the spirit of giving. And Santa didn't always deliver the presents on his own. No, he had a partner in crime called Schwartz Pieter who would dress in black and punish bad children for him. And the big red sack he carries? It was red from the blood of bad children they would kidnap on Christmas eve. Or there's krampus, an evil anti-claus that looks like a demon-beast and whips kids who misbehave. Not to mention earlier Christmas rituals involved the sacrificial killing of goats. And all that is barely scarier than modern traditions where Santa watches you sleeping and breaks into your house at night. Plus all the presents are made through the slave labor of "elves".

Finally, CINDY is too frightened to bare it. She exits. NICK fails to notice, making no pause in his diatribe.

NICK. -But those are just bullshit stories. Everyone knows santa isn't real-

NICK turns around to see CINDY gone.

NICK. ...Cindy? Oh well. I should probably get started on dinner. Dad sure as hell won't remember to put the Roast Beast in the oven.

NICK exits.

SCENE 2: DOWN TO BUSINESS

DAD enters his office, still on the phone.

DAD. No sir, I've got nothing going on tonight. I'll have that report on your desk by Monday. Yes. The Darling Corporation is my top priority.

A second phone makes a text noise.

DAD. I'm going to have to call you back.

DAD reads the text aloud.

DAD. "Merry Christmas. - Dave, from Accounting" Hm.

*DAD quickly types a reply. The music starts.
During this song, the chorus emerges holding cellphones like candles.*

"CHRISTMAS TEXT"

DAD dials back his boss.

DAD. Sorry about that sir. You were saying?

Fade to Black.

SCENE 3: PLOTS & PLANS

CINDY sits in her room by the window, scared and shaking. NICK enters.

NICK. Cindy, have you see the cranberry sau- What's wrong?

CINDY. Do you think he'll still come if we don't leave him milk and cookies?

NICK. What are you talking about?

CINDY. Santa! I don't want him to eat me if he's hungry, but I don't want him to think he's welcome to our pastries.

NICK. Cindy, you're not making any sense. What are you worried about?

CINDY. Fine. I'm going to tell you a secret. But you need to promise to listen. Promise?

NICK. I promise.

CINDY clears her throat, attempting to look serious.

“SANTA CLAUS SCARES ME”

CINDY ends the song hiding under a blanket.

CINDY. Please keep Santa away from our house.

NARRATOR. NICK had an idea. An awful idea. NICK had a wonderful, awful idea.

NICK. You know, Cindy, Santa has a lot of houses to visit on Christmas eve. I'm sure he wouldn't remember which houses he'd already visited, if they were full of presents.

CINDY comes out from underneath the blanket.

CINDY. But we haven't got any presents. We don't even have a tree.

NICK. I know just what to do. I'll make a quick santy claus hat and a coat. You'll see, what a trick! With this coat and this hat, I'll look just like St Nick. Then we'll “borrow” some presents, and bring them back here. Now, all I need is a tiny reindeer.

NICK smiles and puts the reindeer headband on CINDY's head. CINDY pretends to be a dog.

NICK. No Cindy, reindeer. Reindeer. Good, now let's go. Its time we stopped Christmas from coming.

“SANTA AND I KNOW IT”

They exit. NICK is laughing maniacally. CINDY is prancing behind him.

INTERMISSION

(Include Intermission Announcement)

SCENE 4: J DATE

A middle aged man sits at a restaurant table, nicely dressed and waiting. MOM enters, late.

MOM. I'm so sorry I'm late, I had to drop my kids off at their father's. I'm Susan.

DATE. No, its no problem at all. A mother's priorities should always be her kids. I'm Jeff. Jeffrey Goldstein.

MOM. So Jeff, what is it that you do?

DATE. Well, you see...

DATE trails off as MOM's inner monologue talks over him.

MOM(VOICEOVER). Oo, he's cute. And so polite. I wonder if he does any volunteer work...

"CHANUKAH HONEY"

DATE. *Gulp* (flustered and impressed) Wow.

MOM. I sang that out loud, didn't I.

Her DATE nods. MOM climbs down from her chair, embarrassed.

MOM. Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

DATE. No, no I like it. I wish more women were this...forward.

MOM. In that case, what do you say we go back to your place?

DATE. *Gulp* Sure! Just let me check with my mom that its cool if I have someone over.

MOM. How old are you?

DATE. Thirty Two.

MOM. Riiight. Waiter! Check please!

Fade to Black.

SCENE 5: SANTA'S COMING TO TOWN

Lights up on the RICH KIDS wrapping presents together on the floor.

RYAN. I love wrapping presents. Its my favorite part of Christmas, just behind unwrapping them again and finding out what's inside.

DTRIX and SKITTLES briefly look at the audience at the same time, then go back to wrapping.

DTRIX. You know what I love more than wrapping? Rapping...like Eminem rapping. With the "pff tch". I'm the best rapper ever.

SKITTLES. Oh yeah? I bet you can't wrap for 6 minutes straight.

DTRIX. Challenge accepted!

"WRAP GOD"

The song stops abruptly at "show off". (1 minute in)

RYAN. I don't know about you, but I'm all rapped out. *Yawns* Cuddles?

ALL IN UNISON. Cuddles.

They pull the blanket over themselves and cozy up together on the floor. NICK and CINDY enter, tiptoeing.

NICK. Come come, Cindy. This is stop number one. Open the bag, and let's have some fun.

As the song plays in the background, NICK grabs every present, peeks inside them and then throws them behind him for CINDY to put in the great big santa bag.

"THE NIGHT SANTA WENT CRAZY"

NICK. That's every present that belongs to those three. Now for the finish, we're taking the tree!

NARRATOR. As Nick took the tree, he made a small noise. A creek, that is seems, awoke one of the boys. It was Skittles, their leader, who rose from his bed. He stared and he stared at old Nick. Then he said...

SKITTLES. Santy Claus, why? Why are you taking our Christmas tree? Why?

NARRATOR. But you know that old Nick was so smart and so slick. He thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick.

NICK. This is not the tree you're looking for. Nope? Why, my sweet little thug. There's a light on this tree that just won't light on one side. So I'm taking it home to my workshop, my dear. I'll fix it up there, and I'll bring it back here.

SKITTLES. Okay, Santy Claus!

NICK pats SKITTLES on the head.

NICK. Now run along to bed.

SKITTLES goes back to bed.

"THE NIGHT SANTA WENT CRAZY" (LAST 30 SECONDS)

SCENE 6: HAPPY ENDINGS

NICK and CINDY enter with their stolen spoils. CINDY goes to check the cookie plate.

CINDY. Good. No bite marks.

CINDY slides to the floor, relieved and exhausted.

CINDY. So, now that we're safe from Santa, when do we return the tree, and the presents?

NICK. Are you kidding me? We're not returning this stuff. We finally have the Christmas we always wanted.

CINDY. But what will those boys do for Christmas without presents?

NICK. Please, with the money they have they could replace this stuff five times over.

CINDY. Even this?

CINDY opens one of the presents and holds up a handmade doll.

NICK. Doesn't matter, its too late.

CINDY. No its not!

NICK. The sun's up! They're probably awake already!

CINDY. Give it back!

NICK. Keep it!

NICK and CINDY fight over a gift box, pulling it back and forth between them. Then, there is a knock on the door.

NICK quickly hides the box behind his back as the RICH KIDS enter.

DTRIX. Hey, man. We're looking for a lost tree. Goes by the name of Piney.

He holds up a lost pet poster with a picture of the christmas tree. RYAN notices the tree in the back of the room.

RYAN. Piney!

He then notices the santa hat right next to the tree, and holds it up while looking at NICK. NICK gives him the finger over the lips hush, telling him to keep it a secret.

SKITTLES. Whoa, its all our presents too! So you guys...

Pause to build tension.

SKITTLES. ...found them for us! That's awesome. We thought they were lost.

NICK. Yup. Totally. We found them on the, uh, street! We brought them inside to keep them from getting snowed on.

CINDY. But, that's not-

NICK. Shut up, Cindy!

SKITTLES. Well thanks so much for finding them! Oh, and before I forget. We promised a reward for the safe return of our tree. DTriX, pay the good man.

DTRIX hands NICK several stacks of cash.

NICK. I love you guys.

NICK turns to CINDY, bending down to her level.

NICK. Here. I'll buy you ice cream every day for a month if you never speak of this again.

*CINDY zips her lips and throws away the key.
Another knock on the door.*

NICK. Of course, more people.

MOM enters.

CINDY. Mommy?

DAD pops his head out of his office, then rushes out to greet her.

DAD. Susan! You decided to stop by after al-

MOM. Please, spare me your misguided arrogance. I just want to have a nice warm meal with my children.
(ALT: kids)

DAD. Now, Susan.

CINDY. Are mommy and daddy gonna fight again?

NICK. Come on. Let's go spend their...I mean OUR money.

NICK, CINDY and RICH KIDS exit.

MOM. Look what you did. Our own kids can't even stand to be in the same room with us.

DAD. They seemed fine until you came along. Maybe they just don't like that their mother abandoned them on Christmas eve.

MOM. I abandoned them? You gave up custody to show your boss that nothing is more important to you than that DAMN company.

DAD. You're overreacting.

MOM. You skipped out on our honeymoon to attend a business trip in Alaska.

DAD. But I came back right after! I thought we had a great marriage. I mean, it wasn't all bad. The sex was good, wasn't it?

Awkward pause.

DAD. Was it?

MOM. Yes, the sex was mindblowing. To be honest, it was the only thing that held us together for as long as we were married.

DAD. Remember Nick's 5th birthday. We snuck off to the laundry room while the kids were playing with the pinata.

MOM. And that time the kids got food poisoning, and we did it in the on call room of the hospital.

DAD. Take me!

They kiss by sticking out their tongues and wagging them together. Gross.

MOM. Just to be clear, we are not getting back together.

They kiss, properly this time, with passion.

MOM. This is purely -

They kiss again.

DAD. Physical?

Kiss.

MOM. Right.

Kiss.

DAD. Fuckbuddies?

Kiss.

MOM. Fuckbuddies.

They rush off behind the curtains, making exaggerated sex sounds. The music has begun as the RICH KIDS get in place in front of the curtains.

“XXXMAS BUDDIES”

DAD and MOM come back out from behind the curtain, their hair disheveled. NICK, CINDY and the RICH KIDS enter, seeing MOM and DAD together and happy. MOM and DAD frantically try to look normal.

MOM. Hey kids!

CINDY. Are mommy and daddy getting back together?

NICK. Not exactly.

NICK grimaces and shivers at the thought.

DAD. So, what's for dinner?

NICK. The roast beast!

NICK exits quickly, then returns with a blackened turkey

MOM. I'll order Chinese?

ALL IN UNISON. Chinese.

RYAN. Look at us all together. Like one big happy family.

DAD. Who are you again?

SKITTLES. This calls for a song!

"SNAPBACK SANTA HAT"

END.

MUSIC

- 1. Lonely Night** MOM, NICK, CINDY
Rachel Bloom
- 2. Christmas Swag** RICH KIDS
Ryan Higa (Feat. Dtrix)
- 3. Santa Hates Poor Kids** NICK, RICH KIDS
Your Favorite Martian
- 4. Merry Christmas Exclamation Point** DAD, RICH KIDS
Jon Lajoie
- 5. Santa Claus Scares Me** CINDY
Tessa Netting
- 6. Chanukah Honey** MOM
Rachel Bloom
- 7. Wrap God** RICH KIDS
The Midnight Beast
- 8. XXXmas Buddies** RICH KIDS
The Midnight Beast
- 9. Snapback Santa Hat** FULL CAST
Dave Days

Additional Music

- Santa and I Know It** 5
Key of Awesome (Written by Mark Douglas)
- The Night Santa Went Crazy** 7
Weird Al Yankovic

Licenses to use the music mentioned in this script must be pursued seperately.

LONELY NIGHT

Rachel Bloom

[MOM, NICK, CINDY]

[ALL]

Christmas night, Lonely night
nothing to do
for I am a Jew
As Christians sing carols
all night and all day,
I snack on stale guilt
and watch "Jingle all the Way".
This feeling of isolation will be
a recurring theme throughout my life.

Lonely night, Soul crushing night.
Not even allowed
to put up a few lights.

[CINDY]

Mom found my ornaments
and threw them away.

[NICK]

Mom found my Christmas tree
and threw it away.

[NICK & CINDY]

Then she made us watch "Schindler's List".
She made us watch "Schindler's List".

CHRISTMAS SWAG

Ryan Higa (Feat. Dtrix)

[RICH KIDS]

DTRIX. Hey Ryan!

RYAN. Hi Dtrix!

SKITTLES. Hey, the word on the street is I heard you got Christmas swag!

RYAN. I do I do!

SKITTLES. Oh you do. Well, let's show em okay?

RYAN. I will, with you!

[ALL]

Cash and clothes, Wrapped in bows
I got all of those
Christmas gifts and perky lips
Under mistletoes

Cookies and milk, Snow and balls
Santa's got a really big bag
Everybody best be lookin' at me
Cause I got Christmas swag

[DTRIX]

Rainbow colored lights on the house

[ALL]

I got that

[RYAN]

Heart full of happiness and cheer

[ALL]

I got that

[SKITTLES]

Candy canes, chocolate rain

[RYAN]

Unicorns and silly games

[DTRIX]

Trains and planes, champagne to the brain

[RYAN]

Every little thing I got it

[SKITTLES]

I'm popping bottles of eggnog (Swag!)

[DTRIX]
Singing Christmas carols with my dad (Swag!)

[SKITTLES]
I'm the best (Brag!)

[RYAN]
Happy tail (Wag!)

[ALL]
Bufferin' that low (Lag!)

Cash and clothes, Wrapped in bows
I got all of those
Christmas gifts and perky lips
Under mistletoes
Cookies and milk, Snow and balls
Santa's got a really big bag
Everybody best be lookin' at me
Cause I got Christmas swag

[SKITTLES]
I got a tummy ache from eatin' all them cookies
But guess what (What?)
I got more cookies

[DTRIX]
On a plate by the tree,
Santa's gonna be hungry, but if he's ever late
I'm gonna eat his cookies!
I decorate the house, I decorate the tree,
I decorate my homies, I decorate Steve
I decorate my car, I decorate the chair
I decorate the trash, I decorate decorations!

[ALL]
Cash and clothes
Wrapped in bows
I got all of those
Christmas gifts and perky lips
Under mistletoes
Cookies and milk
Snow and balls
Santa's got a really big bag
Everybody best be lookin' at me
Cause I got Christmas swag
Christmas swag!
I got Christmas swag

SANTA HATES POOR KIDS

Your Favorite Martian

[NICK, RICH KIDS]

[NICK]

I really hate it that my family's poor! I really wish I was a rich kid.
'Cause they always get all the pimped gifts for Christmas.
Did I get a new Xbox? Fat chance!
While Billy gets a new pony and a lap dance.
Plus a tree house mansion and a jet ski.
How the hell did he get a pterodactyl? Gets me!
I thought Christmas was awesome, on and poppin.
'Till Jan got a slave and Google stock options.
And I don't think you understand how it feels.
To see another kid roll up in his Bentley Power Wheels like:
"Look at my new ride; Santa just bought it.
He didn't get you nothing 'cause your mom's an alcoholic."
He's right I got some underwear used by my brother.
I'm like Oliver Twist, "Please may I have another?"
I opened up a present, and found an eviction notice!
Man, fuck you Santa! We're spending Christmas with the homeless!

[RICH KIDS]

Santa must hate the poor kids.
'Cause Santa only hangs with the rich, come on.
Santa Hates Poor Kids.
Santa Hates Poor Kids.

And if you ain't got money then he ain't coming.
Nothing under your tree tonight!

[NICK]

And all I got was a charm bracelet with no charms.
And a discharged G.I. Joe with no arms.
And a drunk step dad. Man, I hate it here!
And mom got some cigarettes and half a case of beer.
We're too poor for Christmas music. We A capella!
And our Christmas tree is just a busted umbrella.
With a bunch of junk glued to it. This shit is useless!
And Ravi said: Santa also hates you if you're Jewish.

[RICH KIDS]

Santa must hate the poor kids.
'Cause Santa only hangs with the rich, sing it.
Santa Hates Poor Kids.
Santa Hates Poor Kids.

And if you ain't got money then he ain't coming.
Nothing under your tree tonight!
Santa Hates Poor Kids.

[NICK]

Fuck you Santa! You fat motherfucker!
How'd you get so big? You been drinking butter?
Always acting jolly, I ain't buying into that.
And why you always trying to get kids to sit on your lap?
I heard you touch Scottish boys under the kilt.
Hey Fatty Clause! Stop eating my cookies and milk!
Or I'm going to go to the North Pole and enroll you in gym class.
And next year I'm leaving diet pills and Slim Fast.
You see me while I'm sleeping You creep me out.
And while you watching me why you got to take your penis out?
So bring it Santa! I'm not afraid to fight, bitch!
I'll whoop you ass and take a shit on your nice list!
I want to take you out in the worst way.
If you're a saint? Why'd you steal Jesus' birthday?
So keep your dumb gifts Santa, we don't need you!
And tell the Tooth Fairy, she's a cheap bitch too!

[RICH KIDS]

Santa Hates Poor Kids, come on.
Santa Hates Poor Kids.

And if you ain't got money then he ain't coming.
Nothing under your tree tonight!
Santa Hates Poor Kids.

CINDY. And God bless us everyone!

NICK. Shut the hell up Tiny Tim! You're not helping!

MERRY CHRISTMAS EXCLAMATION POINT

Jon Lajoie

[DAD]

You're the dude from high school I see at the gym
You're a friend of a friend or a second cousin
You're a coworker I sometimes eat lunch with
You're one of my many acquaintances
You know Christmas is about spending time
With friends and family
but just because you're not in one of those
two categories

Doesn't mean that I won't still do something special for you
Because Christmas is about giving, so here's what I'll do

I'm gonna send you a Christmas text (Christmas text, Christmas text)
Gonna type Merry Christmas exclamation point and then press send

Maybe I'll just copy and paste it (from a previous text)
Well, it's only two words I might as well just type it (less complicated)
If you're thinking of calling me to thank me, oh please don't (that's not how this works)
Texting is as far as this relationship goes (and keep your response brief)
I have way more important people in my life
You're not even in the top fifty
It's not that I don't care about you...
Well, yeah, I don't really care about you
But doesn't mean that I won't still do something special for you
Because Christmas is about giving, so here's what I'll do

I'm gonna send you a Christmas text (Christmas text, Christmas text)
Gonna type Merry Christmas exclamation point and then press send

I don't care enough to call
but I don't "not care" enough to do nothing

And to all of my non-Christian friends I will text you...
"Hey dude, what's going on? We should tots hang next week"

SANTA CLAUS SCARES ME

Tessa Netting

[CINDY]

Santa Claus scares me
No I'm not lying
Why does he come in my house when I am asleep
That's kind of creepy
Stay out of my chimney
If you just knock on my door I'll answer I swear

I don't want proof
Up on my roof
That a big fat man with a sac was sittin there
Reindeer sleigh
Go away
An don't come back on Christmas Day

Why does he watch me
Santa's a stalker
Day and night I'm in his sight
It's called privacy
He ran over Grandma
He's kissing my mother
Now he wants me by myself to sit on his lap (Ew)

I don't want proof
Up on my roof
That he came on Christmas Eve in his underwear
Reindeer sleigh
Go away
And don't come back on Christmas Day

Santa please stop it
That isn't funny
Maybe if I ask real nice he'll leave me alone

clear throat

Dear Santa, Please go away
My parents are buying my presents this year
Therefore, you are not required at my household
Maybe you should take a break...go on vacation...go on a diet
All those cookies cannot be good for your digestive system
Plus, your reindeer must be overworked and really tired from flying all the time
I know I would be!

Anyway, if you want me to have a Merry Christmas, please respect my wishes and KEEP OUT
Ps. Elves are people too you know!

He sees me when I'm sleeping
He knows when I'm awake
I'm gonna watch out
I'm going to cry
Don't come in for goodness sake

Santa you creeper
I'm really not naughty
Please don't come into my room and take me away

I don't want proof
Up on my roof
That a big fat man with a sac was sittin there
Reindeer sleigh
Go away
And don't come back
Santa you whack
Never come back on Christmas Day
Ho ho ho- AHH!

CHANUKAH HONEY

Rachel Bloom

[MOM]

Chanukah Honey
You got your MBA from Penn.

Amen.

That is such a good school.
Chanukah Honey.
So come and light my candle tonight.

Chanukah Honey
At the JCC you play basketball.

So tall.

You must be five foot eight.
Chanukah Honey
So come and flip my latkes tonight.

I know why you're such a tease.
It's 'cause your last three girlfriends were Japanese.
I'm exotic too, I've been to Palm Beach.
Oh, by the way, I think our parents have mutual friends.
The Schacters? Do you know them?

Chanukah Honey
You make puns just like my dad.

So rad.

You say Challah like, "Holla!"

Chanukah Honey
So come and spin my dreidl--

You may think I'm stuffy 'cause I work in finance.
But my Bat Mitzvah theme was dance!
Let me make all your dreams come true.
Oh, by the way, you went to camp with my friend's step cousin.
Small world.

Chanukah Honey
Can you hear those wedding bells?

LOL.

But seriously, do you want kids?

Chanukah Honey
So come kiss my mezuzah tonight.
I heard you were the beatboxer on your college a capella group.
Come and bless my challah tonight.
I'd love to hear your version of "Who Let the Dogs Out?"
Mezuzah is the name for my clit.

WRAP GOD

The Midnight Beast

[RICH KIDS]

[DTRIX]

Look, I was gonna go easy on you
Not to hurt your feelings,
But how can you maintain a track for,
6 minutes

Only talking about wrapping paper.

Just,

A feeling I've got,
like this could be extremely good.

Or plain terrible.

And if it is then

You're trouble

BIG TROUBLE.

[SKITTLES]

But if we are as terrible as you claim we'll be,
We're sorry, we're really, really sorry.

[ALL]

I'm beginnin' to feel like a WRAP GOD, (WRAP GOD)

Sellotape, blue-tack

Put it all in a

FAT WAD, (FAT WAD)

Not just any other wrapper can join this WRAP SQUAD, (WRAP SQUAD)

[DTRIX]

They said I wrap like a robot so call me wrap bot
But for me to wrap like a computer's not ideal.

'Cause then I get crap

He just gift wraps.

[RYAN]

All my line folds, fuck an in-tag

Here's a ruler fucking ball-sack

[SKITTLES]

Origami,

Fuck your combat,

Pre-made sellotape rip, so I'm on track!

DOUBLE SIDED

[DTRIX]

Don't make me laugh,
I bet when you started,
You didn't have your plan decided!
Then it all ends up lob-sided,
Try and take on the advice provided.

[SKITTLES]

Slickety hibberdy gibberdy shit flop,
You don't really wanna get into a rapping match with this

WRAPPIDY CHAP

Packing a tag with a bag
That the tag actually matches
So I brag and you wave white flag
Shape of your present ain't half bad,
But no structure?

It'll all sag.

Yeah I'm liable to wrap a
Motherfucking bicycle over
The back of a couple a rappers
That can't wrap a
Motherfucking box.

[RYAN & DTRIX]

Show off...

XXXMAS BUDDIES

The Midnight Beast

[RICH KIDS]

I don't want a lot for Christmas
There is just one thing I need
I don't care about the presents
Underneath the Christmas tree
I just want you for my own
More than you could ever know
Every night I study
How to get a Christmas fuck buddy

I don't want a lot for Christmas
I just want a girl for free
(And I) don't care about the presents
I just want a shagging spree
I don't need to hang my stocking
I just wanna put my ___ in
Santa Claus won't make me happy
Sorry I dont swing that way
I just want a little tug
Underneath the Christmas rug
Every night I study
How to get a Christmas fuck buddy
And its you baby

I won't ask for much this Christmas
All I ask for starts with blow (blowjob)
I am gonna keep on waiting
Underneath the mistletoe
On my Christmas list Ive written
All the girls I want to bed
From New Zealand back to Britain
Comment on my youtube thread?
I wanna ride you like a rodeo
More than you could ever know
Every night I study
How to get a Christmas fuck buddy
And when it gets to Christmas eve
And youve got no nookie (nookie, nookie, nookie)
How the hell do you think youre gonna get through the Christmas holidays?
Ycant sit around like another slacker
Ya need someone to pull your Christmas cracker

SNAPBACK SANTA HAT

Dave Days

[FULL CAST]

Jingle bells jingle bells snapback on my head
Oh what fun we'll have tonight it's Christmas time again
Jingle bells jingle bells sorry but you can't come in
We got a dress code fitted caps are no
Bye bye AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

Welcome to the party rock a snapback santa hat
Red cup green up fill it up snap it back
Santa clause heard he's coming to town
But if he's rocking a fitted, uh, we'll see you around
Feelin so fly with my snapback and hoodie
Call me Buzz Lightyear, have you met my friend Woody?
I know you been bad girl I got a list to tell us
If I stay too long Mrs. Clause will get jealous
It's Christmas time so let's get jolly
Snapback santa hat boughts of holly
Forget your resolution and drink this solution
It's one big happy family reunion

Jingle bells jingle bells snapback on my head
Oh what fun we'll have tonight it's Christmas time again
Jingle bells jingle bells sorry but you can't come in
We got a dress code fitted caps are no
Bye bye AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

I know when you're sleeping I know when you're awake
And if you catch me creeping the chimney's my escape
I'm trying not to pout, I'm sorry if I shout
All i want is milk and cookies bring em out bring em out
MILK COOKIES MILK COOKIES
MILK COOKIES MILK COOKIES

Jingle bells jingle bells snapback on my head
Oh what fun we'll have tonight it's Christmas time again
Jingle bells jingle bells sorry but you can't come in
We got a dress code fitted caps are no
Bye bye AUF WIEDERSEHEN!