A Christmas Musical for Young Children

Script and Music by Ingrid Hansen Smythe

Music arranged by Ingrid and Steve Hansen Smythe

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Cast of Characters

BUMBLES

an energetic, child-like elf — preferably good at tumbling

TINKLES

a managerial, officious elf

BINGLES

a sweet, though slightly bossy and snitchy, elf

JINGLES

another sweet, though slightly bossy and snitchy, elf

DAVE

the wise-guy — a slightly cynical elf

SANTA

the head elf

THE EASTER BUNNY

THE TOOTH FAIRY

A MAGICIAN

Note: Although there are nine characters, *only six actors are required* on stage at any given time. If there are only six, the role of The Easter Bunny must be played by Santa, the Tooth Fairy can be played by either Bingles or Jingles, and the magician should be played by Tinkles.

Regarding vocal ranges, it is assumed that Santa and Dave (and perhaps Tinkles) are baritones or tenors, and that the remaining singers are altos. When elves sing harmony, the bottom note never exceeds the upper range of a baritone, so male elves should sing the notes as written, not an octave lower.

Vocal Numbers

ACT I
1. March of the Happy Christmas Elves
2. I'm Bumbles
3. It's Christmas Magic
4. Twinkle Twinkle Little Elf
ACT II
1. You've Gotta Persist
2. I'm Dumbles
3. Mr. Pickle Head
4. He's Bumbles
ACT III
1. It's Easter Magic
2. It's Dental Magic
ACT IV
1. You've Gotta Persist Reprise
2. Bumbles' Reprise
3. March of the Happy Christmas Elves Finale
Appendix I - Full Scores
Appendix II - Vocal Scores

Act I

Setting: Santa's Workshop. The set should be sparkly, colourful, and cosy. Backdrops could be wrapped with wrapping paper. There is a jar of Christmas Magic (perhaps full of craft sparkles) on a pedestal. There is a conveyor belt or, perhaps, a long table that is set up to look like, and to work like, a conveyor belt. One end should be behind the curtain, just offstage. (The table could have slippery but relatively strong material wrapped around it that could be pulled by someone off-stage, so that it looks completely mechanical.) There is another table with wrapping supplies and colourful boxes for the toys to go in that come off the conveyor belt. The table is covered with a table cloth and one side of it must be up against the curtains. Santa's toy sack might be on or beside it. There is also a large chair for Santa.

(The elves march in, waving to the children, and singing.)

TINKLES

Hello, everyone! Welcome to Santa's Workshop!

ELVES

WE ARE THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS ELVES
WE MAKE THE TOYS ALL BY OURSELVES
WE SEW THE HAIR ON DOLLS
SAND THE CORNERS OFF OF BALLS
WE MAKE THE LEGO AND WEBKINZ
THE GAMES AND E-Z BAKE OVENS

WE ARE THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS ELVES
WE MAKE THE TOYS FOR YOUR TOY SHELVES
BLOCKS AND RUBBER DUCKS
PUZZLES, KITES, AND TRUCKS
THE SKIPPING ROPES, THE TRIKES, FRIZBEES
THE NINTENDOS, GAMEBOYS AND WIIS

AND WIIS, OH,

WE ARE THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS ELVES
WE MAKE THE TOYS SO YOU'LL ENJOY YOURSELVES
WHEN OUR WORK IS DONE
IT'S YOUR JOB TO HAVE FUN, BUT
REMIND YOUR FOLKS ALTHOUGH THEY'RE TIRED
BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED, SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED!

(March of the Happy Christmas Elves continues quietly in the background. Bingles, Jingles, and Dave rush to their stations and begin dealing with the toys coming off the conveyor belt. Some are put into colourful boxes or gift bags, others get stuffed into Santa's sack. While they are working, much curly ribbon should fall on the floor. In the general hubbub, Bumbles disappears — he should go offstage and, from there, hide under the wrapping table, which is covered with a table cloth. This must be done so that the children don't immediately know where he is, otherwise there will be a constant ruckus.

Tinkles, who has a clipboard and pen, is evidently checking various operations. After perhaps twenty or thirty seconds, he begins pointing at each of the elves, looking at his clipboard, muttering under his breath, obviously counting. He then blows the whistle for roll call. The music abruptly stops.)

TINKLES

Attention Elves! Roll call!

(The elves line up and stand at attention.)

'Big T'! That's me. Here!

DAVE

(speaking in a stage whisper to the audience) His name's really Tinkles.

TINKLES

Jingles!

JINGLES

Here!

TINKLES	
Bingles!	
BINGLES Here!	
TINKLES Dave!	
Yo. DAVE	
TINKLES	
Bumbles!	
(There is no reply.)	
Bumbles!	
(Once again there is no reply. Tinkles addresses the audience.)	
Has anyone around here seen an elf - about this tall - pointy ears - pointy hat	<u>;</u> –
pointy shoes - falls down a lot?	
(Bumbles peeks out from under the tablecloth. The children will	
undoubtedly see Bumbles, exclaim vociferously, gesture madly. Tinkle	es
turns to see Bumbles.)	
All right, enough fooling around. Come on out, Bumbles.	

(Bumbles rolls out from under the table, knocking the other elves down like bowling pins — the sound effect should be of a bowling alley, bowling ball, bowling pins falling — at which point Bumbles leaps up, and yells in Tinkles' face.)

BUMBLES

Here I am!

(Tinkles, irritated, checks off his name while Bumbles sings his theme song. While Bumbles is singing, he should repeatedly knock the jar of Christmas magic off its pedestal, which is always caught by one of the other elves.)

I'M BUMBLES, I'M BUMBLES

I'M PRONE TO FALLS AND STUMBLES,

I HATE NAPS, I DON'T CHILL

I FIND IT HARD TO SIT STILL,

I'M BOUNCY, I'M ROCKY,

I'M SPINNY AND I'M TALKY,

I SLIP UP, TRIP, BUT STILL I RUN AROUND,

ME NO SPEAKY ENGLISH WHEN YOU SAY, "SLOW DOWN,"

I'M A BOUNCY BALL OF BOUNDLESS ENERGY,

DOES ANYBODY OUT THERE

KNOW SOMEBODY LIKE ME?

I'M BUMBLES, I'M BUMBLES,

I'M WHIMSICALITY,

SO WHEN YOU NEED A

HAPPY, SNAPPY, NEVER-NAPPY ELF

CALL ME!

TINKLES

Bumbles! Bumbles!

(Bumbles doesn't hear — he's too busy proudly marching around to the concluding notes of his song.)

Bumbles!!!

(Music ends.)

BUMBLES

Yes, Sir! Bumbles here, Sir! At your service!

TINKLES

All right, Bumbles! Settle down.

BUMBLES

I am settled down, Sir.

DAVE

I'd hate to see him after a couple of cups of coffee.

JINGLES AND BINGLES

(looking in container of some description)
He's been into the candy canes again!

TINKLES

Bumbles — have you been eating sugar?

BUMBLES

No, Sir! I mean — not exactly, Sir. I mean — well — yes.

TINKLES

I see. Well, never mind. You're just going to have to be more careful. I mean—you almost broke our only jar of Christmas magic!

BUMBLES

(gasps)

I didn't!

(Bumbles is not in denial — he merely sounds incredulous.)

ALL ELVES

You did!

BUMBLES

I didn't!

ALL ELVES

You did!

BUMBLES

I did?!

ALL ELVES

Yes!

BUMBLES

And — does that matter?

(All the elves are shocked — perhaps they gasp, put their hands over their mouths, and open their eyes wide at the same time.)

TINKLES

What do you mean, "Does that matter?" Of course it matters! Why, without Christmas magic, Christmas can't happen!

BUMBLES

(gasps)

Why not?

ALL ELVES

Why not?!

TINKLES

There are lots of reasons! (Music begins.)

DAVE

For example...

SANTA HAS EIGHT REINDEER
WITH RUDOLPH THAT MAKES NINE

AND SADLY SKILL AT FLYING

IS NOT PART OF THEIR DESIGN

EACH REINDEER WEIGHS 500 POUNDS:

EACH ONE'S A HEFTY FELLER

AND HE'S NOT GOT WINGS OR ENGINES,

AND HE'S NOT GOT A PROPELLER

YET EVERY CHRISTMAS EVE THEY FLY

SIX THOUSAND TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND

DOES ANYBODY KNOW JUST HOW THESE REINDEER GET AROUND?

ALL

THEY'VE NOT GOT LIFT OR THRUST YET FLY ALL NIGHT THEY MUST SO HOW DO REINDEER FLY? IT'S CHRISTMAS MAGIC! AI!

DAVE

THE MYSTERY OF SANTA

MAKES YOUR HEAD GYRATE AND SPIN

'CAUSE LIKE ALL OF HIS REINDEER

SANTA'S NOT EXACTLY THIN.

HE'S GOT A TUMMY THAT STICKS OUT

JUST LIKE A GIANT EGG

AND HE'S NOT ENROLLED AT WEIGHT WATCHERS

OR BEEN TO JENNY CRAIG

YET EVERY CHRISTMAS EVE SANTA FITS

IN A SPACE 'BOUT TWO FEET WIDE

DOES ANYBODY KNOW HOW SUCH A

FAT GUY GETS INSIDE?

ALL

HE'S BIG YOU MUST ADMIT AND A CHIMNEY'S A TIGHT FIT HOW DOES HE COME AND GO? IT'S CHRISTMAS MAGIC! HO!

CHRISTMAS MAGIC FILLS YOUR HEART IT ALSO FILLS YOUR STOCKING — AND ISN'T THAT YOUR FAVOURITE PART?

DAVE

HOW DOES SANTA FIND YOUR HOUSE WITHIN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD?

HOW DOES HE KNOW IF YOU ARE BAD? OR JUST MISUNDERSTOOD?

AND HOW COME MOM BURNS EVERYTHING, FROM TOAST TO LUCKY CHARMS

BUT CHRISTMAS DINNER'S ALWAYS COOKED WITHOUT SETTING OFF THE SMOKE ALARMS?

AND EVERY CHRISTMAS EVE IS FILLED
WITH FESTIVE FUN AND MIRTH
DOES ANYBODY KNOW HOW LOVE AND
JOY CAN FILL THE EARTH?

ALL

THE BIGGEST MYSTERIES ARE THINGS NOBODY SEES WHY IS THERE PEACE AND JOY? IT'S CHRISTMAS MAGIC! OI!

TINKLES

That's why this jar of Christmas magic is so important. If it gets broken — no Christmas!

JINGLES AND BINGLES

And this is the Christmas Magic Meter!

(Jingles and Bingles point to the Meter on the wall, which is registering full.)

BUMBLES

What's a Christmas Matchstick Meteor?

TINKLES

The Christmas *Magic Meter* tells us how much magic is in the jar. Right now, the jar is full to the top — and so the meter is full to the top too.

BUMBLES

Gotcha!

(Bumbles carefully takes jar from pedestal.)

BUMBLES

Don't worry everybody. Look! I'm being extra careful. This jar of magic will be safe with me!

(While speaking, Bumbles marches/trots/whatever across the stage — upon saying "me" he trips, the jar goes flying, and Dave makes a spectacular save.)

ALL ELVES

(Scream as Bumbles trips.)

BUMBLES

Whoops.

(Dave puts the jar of magic back on the pedestal.)

JINGLES AND BINGLES

You need practise!

BUMBLES

I practise falling a lot.

DAVE

No, no Bumbles. You need to practise being careful.

BUMBLES

How can I practise that? It's impossible!

DAVE

No it isn't! For one thing — you could practise walking slowly, without stumbling, from one end of the workshop to the other.

BUMBLES

Okay!

(Drum roll.)

(Bumbles eagerly bounces to one end of the stage and walks — in a slow and exaggerated way — towards the other end of the stage. He's doing well but his concentration breaks before he makes it to the end and he falls in an amusing way.)

ALL ELVES

(shaking their heads)

Aw!

BUMBLES

I almost did it!

JINGLES AND BINGLES

You need to focus!

DAVE

Yeah, try this, Bumbles. Practise being as still as a statue. Don't move a muscle. Hey, kids, why don't you try it too? Let's pretend we're frozen! Right — *now*!

(A Jeopardy-like theme begins playing. The children pretend to freeze — or not, depending on the crowd. Bumbles looks like a zombie — maybe even turning red if he can manage it. All the other elves, except Dave, have also frozen, hopefully in amusing positions. Dave gives each of them a little push or a tickle, or makes a funny face at them, trying to make them unfreeze, but they don't — although they might have trouble controlling laughter, which would be amusing, especially for the adults. The music ends and Dave becomes concerned about Bumbles.)

DAVE

Bumbles. Bumbles? Bumbles! Don't forget to breathe!

(Bumbles falls over backwards or sideways, and is caught by the other elves. He then leaps up, none the worse for wear.)

BUMBLES

Did I do good? Huh? Did I? Did I?

TINKLES

All right, that's enough fooling around. It's almost Christmas, and there's work to be done before Santa gets here. Just look at this workshop! (*Tinkles kicks at some of the curly ribbon.*) It's a mess!

JINGLES AND BINGLES

When is Santa coming, 'Big T'?

TINKLES

Tomorrow!

ALL ELVES EXCEPT TINKLES

Hooray!

TINKLES

You can hooray all you like, but that doesn't change the fact that there's work to be done. Jingles — Bingles — get the cleaning supplies!

BUMBLES

Oh boy, cleaning! I love to clean! I mean — I like making a mess better — but I want to help! Can I help? Can I? Can I!?

TINKLES

May I help, Bumbles. May I help.

BUMBLES

Of course you may, Tinkles!

TINKLES

I mean — oh forget it. And that's 'Big T', if you don't mind.

BUMBLES

Sure Tinkles! 'Big T' it is! Hey Tinkles — maybe some of these boys and girls can help us clean!

(Bingles and Jingles arrive with trolley of attractive-looking cleaning supplies. There should be a few sponges, feather dusters, and colourful spray bottles full of pretend.)

TINKLES

Good thinking, Bumbles. If you'd like to help clean the workshop, put up your hand and I'll choose volunteers. Meanwhile elves — let's get to work!

(Jingle Bells begins in the background. Volunteers are chosen. The elves show the children how to wipe with sponges, dust with feather dusters, and spray with pretend spray. One elf should help the children left in the audience to wipe the dust off themselves, tidy their personal space, smooth their hair, ask to see if their teeth are clean, that sort of thing. At the words "We're all done", the sponges, feather dusters, spray bottles and so forth should be put back in the trolley. The children sit back down, and Jingles and Bingles roll the cleaning supplies offstage.)

TINKLES

Ah, that's better! Everything's shipshape for Santa!

BUMBLES

Where are the ship shapes, Tinkles?

TINKLES

Shipshape just means everything's neat and tidy. And for the last time, the name's 'Big T', all right?

BUMBLES

(head down, scuffing the ground) Sorry, Mr T.

JINGLES AND BINGLES

Mr T!?

DAVE

(does a quick Mr T impression)
I pity de fool!

TINKLES

All right, all right, that's enough. Besides, it's late, Elves. Time for bed!

BUMBLES

Aw! I don't wanna go to bed.

(Bumbles stretches, and yawns in an exaggerated fashion.) I'm not tired!

TINKLES

I can see that. Nevertheless, it's past your bedtime.

BUMBLES

But I'll never get to sleep! It's impossible!

(Jingles and Bingles have retrieved colourful blankets from backstage — one for each elf. The elves proceed to bed down for the night, Bumbles clearly visible.)

DAVE

It's *not* impossible, Bumbles.

JINGLES AND BINGLES

You need to practise!

BUMBLES

Practise sleeping? No thanks! I wanna be conscious!

(Dave, Jingles, and Bingles lying down, but not asleep yet. Tinkles watches Bumbles.)

TINKLES

They're right, Bumbles. Just relax each muscle, from the tips of your toes right up to the top of your hat.

(Bumbles relaxes in exaggerated way — slack face, maybe tongue hanging out — but eyes open.)

TINKLES

That includes your eyelids, Bumbles. Relax your eyelids.

BUMBLES

No way! Then I might accidentally fall asleep.

TINKLES

That's the idea Bumbles.

BUMBLES

But I'm a happy, snappy, never-nappy elf — I don't do sleep.

TINKLES

(sighs)

Say — maybe if these helpful children said goodnight to you, you'd fall asleep.

BUMBLES

No way! That's impossible!

TINKLES

Children — on the count of three — let's all say "Goodnight, Bumbles!" Okay? One — two — three!

(The children yell "Goodnight Bumbles!" and Bumbles instantly falls asleep, snoring and breathing loudly in an amusing way.)

TINKLES

Good work, children. Now — we'll see *you* in the morning.

(Lights dim. Jingles, Bingles and Dave sit up and sing Twinkle Twinkle Little Elf, obviously to the tune of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, but like a lullabye. They lie down again afterwards.)

JINGLES, BINGLES, and DAVE

TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE ELF
GO TO SLEEP ALL BY YOURSELF
SLEEP HELPS YOU TO BEAM AND SHINE
YOU NEED REST SO YOU WON'T WHINE
TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE ELF
GO TO SLEEP ALL BY YOURSELF

(Another verse plays, without vocals, while the elves sleep. When it ends, Act II begins.)

Act II

Setting: Santa's workshop

(Lights come up. Rooster crows. Elves sit up, yawn, rub eyes and so on. Happy Christmas Elves Music begins playing softly, crescendos.)

DAVE

Hey — do you guys hear that?

JINGLES AND BINGLES

It's Santa! He's coming!

BUMBLES

(bursting out of bed)
Santa's coming! Oh boy, oh boy! Santa, Santa!

(Jingles and Bingles take blankets offstage, immediately return.)

TINKLES

Quickly, elves! Roll call for Santa!

(Tinkles blows whistle. All elves line up, including Tinkles, but excepting Bumbles, who has once again run offstage and is hiding under the table. Santa enters.)

SANTA

(Waves to the children. He is carrying the rolled-up Christmas list) Ho ho ho! Hello children! How wonderful to see you all! Ho ho ho!

(Tinkles blows his whistle and the music stops abruptly.)

TINKLES

Roll call!

SANTA

What's that? Oh yes. Roll call. Ahem. Jingles?

Here!	JINGLES
Bingles?	SANTA
Here!	BINGLES
Dave?	SANTA
Yo.	DAVE
Tinkles? (No reply.) Tinkles?	SANTA
That's 'Big T', all right Santa?	TINKLES
Oh, sorry Tinkles. 'Big T'?	SANTA
Here.	TINKLES
Bumbles? (No reply.) Bumbles? (Again, no reply. Santa ad	SANTA ddresses audience.)
	elf — about this tall — pointy ears — pointy ha

(Bumbles peaks out from under table. Children exclaim. Santa turns to see Bumbles.)

SANTA (CONT'D)

Ah, there you are. Hello Bumbles! Come and see Santa!

(Bumbles races out and almost knocks Santa over, giving him a huge hug.)

BUMBLES

Santa! I'm so glad to see you! You're so big, I can hardly see anything else!

SANTA

Well, ah — thank you Bumbles. I'm glad to see you too.

BUMBLES

Did you bring the list Santa? The list with all the names on it?

SANTA

I certainly did Bumbles.

BUMBLES

Am I on it, Santa? Am I, am I?

SANTA

(consulting list)

Let's see now. Yes, Bumbles, here's your name. In between Brenda and Burton.

BUMBLES

Are all *these* children on the list?

(Bumbles makes a sweeping gesture toward the audience.)

SANTA

Well, let me see.

(Santa looks at individual children, checks back at list. The following interaction is slightly improvisatory, Santa asking one or perhaps as many as four or five children for their names. After each one he should act as if he is familiar with the child.)

Yes, yes. You're on the list, and you're on the list and... let me see...What's your name again? (*Child gives name*.) Why of course, it's ...(*Santa says the child's name*.) Now I recognize you! Oh yes, you're on the list too. Yes, Bumbles, everyone's on the list.

BUMBLES

And do you know what I want for Christmas, Santa?

SANTA

Well, why don't you sit on my lap and tell me, Bumbles.

(Santa sits on chair, Bumbles sits on Santa's lap and becomes very serious.)

BUMBLES

I want a pony.

SANTA

I'm sorry, Bumbles. A pony won't fit in my sack you see.

BUMBLES

Okay, then I want a Webkinz and some Hotwheels and Tinkertoys and an Etch-a-Sketch and a View-master, and a pogo stick and a yo-yo and a candy cane and — most of all — I want no more naps.

SANTA

I'm afraid everyone needs naps, Bumbles.

BUMBLES

(sighs, in an exaggerated, exasperated fashion.)

Oh, fine. Just bring me the other stuff, okay? Pleeeeze?

SANTA

Well, Bumbles — no one gets everything they want — but I'll see what I can do.

BUMBLES

Thanks, Santa.

(Hugs Santa hard around the neck.)

I love you!

SANTA

(in a strangled tone.)

Thank you, Bumbles. I love you too.

BUMBLES

And do you know what all these children want for Christmas, Santa?

SANTA

(pulls out different list from his pocket.)

Well — I know that...

(Improv time. Santa should give about ten children's names and what they want. This information will have been collected by an elf before the show, in the lobby, while the children are waiting to come into the theatre.)

And, let's see. Yes, I think I know what the rest of these children want too. It's all right here on my list. Now, elves —

(Elves snap to attention.)

— it's time to sprinkle the reindeer with Christmas magic so that they'll be able to fly on Christmas Eve. Who wants to sprinkle the reindeer this year?

(All elves have their hands up, jumping, shouting.)

ALL ELVES

(not in unison)

Me! Me! Pick me! Over here, Santa! I want to do it!

SANTA

Now, wait a minute — Jingles and Bingles, you sprinkled the reindeer with magic last year, isn't that right?

JINGLES AND BINGLES

(disappointed)

Yes.

SANTA

And I seem to remember that Dave did it the year before, isn't that right, Dave?

DAVE

(making "whatever" sign, but also disappointed) Whatever.

SANTA

And you did it the year before that, didn't you Tinkles?

TINKLES

If you mean 'Big T' — yes — 'Big T' did it the year before.

SANTA

Sorry, Tinkles. 'Big T' did it the year before. That means ... it must be *Bumbles*' turn.

ALL ELVES

(Groaning)

Oh no.

DAVE

Don't give the jar of magic to Bumbles, Santa! He'll just trip and break it!

SANTA

Nonsense! I have every confidence in Bumbles. He just needs practice! Now, Bumbles. Take this jar of magic (*Santa hands the jar to Bumbles*) and walk from one end of the workshop to the other.

(Bumbles walks again in a careful and exaggerated fashion, concentrating hard, tongue-showing — and he makes it to the end of the workshop without stumbling. Bumbles replaces the jar on the pedestal.)

SANTA (CONT'D)

You see, elves? What Bumbles needs to do is simply to persist! He just needs persistence!

JINGLES AND BINGLES

Persistence?

BUMBLES

What's persth-isth-thenths, Thanta?

SANTA

Well, I'll tell you, Bumbles!

LET'S SAY YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM
A THING THAT YOU CAN'T DO
LIKE SKIPPING ROPE OR WHISTLING
OR TYING UP YOUR SHOE
OR ZIPPING UP A ZIPPER
OR TELLING LEFT FROM RIGHT
OR COUNTING TO ONE HUNDRED
OR SLEEPING THROUGH THE NIGHT
YOU SAY TO YOURSELF "I BLEW IT!"
YOU TELL YOURSELF "I CAN'T DO IT!"
BUT I KNOW HOW YOU CAN GET THROUGH IT
OH YOU GOTTA PERSIST!

SANTA with ELVES as backup singers

YOU GOTTA PERSIST, YOU GOTTA PERSIST WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM IN YOUR MIDST YOU CAN'T GIVE UP, YOU'VE GOTTA BE AN OPTIMIST IF YOU SAY "I CAN'T," YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT BUT IF YOU SAY "I CAN," THEN YOU JUST MIGHT SUCCESS IS JUST IN SIGHT BUT YOU GOTTA PERSIST!

SANTA

PERSISTENCE MEANS KEEP TRYING
IN SUNSHINE OR IN RAIN
IT MEANS IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED
TRY, TRY AGAIN
PERSISTENCE MEANS STICK TO IT
YOU'RE NOT HELPLESS YOU CAN DO IT
BIG MISTAKES LEAD TO BIG SUCCESS
IT'S ALL IN HOW YOU VIEW IT
CAUSE' A BAD ATTITUDE MAKES YOU FALL APART
BUT A CAN-DO ATTITUDE MAKES YOU SMART
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN'T, TAKE HEART
YOU JUST GOTTA PERSIST!

SANTA with ELVES as backup singers

YOU GOTTA PERSIST, YOU GOTTA PERSIST
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM IN YOUR MIDST
YOU CAN'T GIVE UP, YOU'VE GOTTA BE AN OPTIMIST
IF YOU SAY "I CAN'T," YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT
BUT IF YOU SAY "I CAN," THEN YOU JUST MIGHT
SUCCESS IS JUST IN SIGHT
BUT YOU GOTTA PERSIST! OH...
IF YOU SAY "I CAN'T," YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT
BUT IF YOU SAY "I CAN," THEN YOU JUST MIGHT
DON'T GIVE UP THE FIGHT
YOU JUST GOTTA PERSIST!

BUMBLES

Now I get it, Santa! Persistence means keep trying! And that's just what I'm going to do!

SANTA

That's the spirit, Bumbles!

DAVE

You realize — he's still gonna break the jar.

SANTA

Now, now Dave. No matter what happens, Bumbles can handle it. Go ahead, Bumbles. The reindeer are grazing in their meadow right now. So take the jar of magic —

(Santa hands the jar to Bumbles)

— open it carefully, and sprinkle some of the magic on each one of the reindeer, all right? Good man! Meanwhile, I want the rest of you elves to come with me. And bring the cleaning supplies. We've got a reindeer stable to muck out.

ELVES

Ew.

(Elves trudge off, heads bowed, in a line ahead of Santa.)

SANTA

(exiting)

Ho ho ho! The elvish have left the building. Ho ho ho.

(The Bumbles' Theme begins playing slowly and quietly in the background.)

BUMBLES

Oh boy! This is my big chance! I'm gonna to be sooooo careful — (Bumbles walks carefully with the jar offstage.)
— nothing can possibly go wrong.

(A crash — much like a giant cymbal crash preferably — is heard offstage. At the same time the Bumbles' Theme ends also with descending crashes. Bumbles runs out from backstage.)

(gasps)

Oh, no!

(He watches as the Christmas Magic Meter descends to zero, to the sound of a descending slide whistle.)

(Sounds frustrated, worried.)

Oh! Oh!!! What have I done!? No, don't answer that! I know exactly what I've done! I've broken the jar of magic! And I've wrecked Christmas! Oh!

BUMBLES (CONT'D)

I'M DUMBLES, I'M DUMBLES

I'M PRONE TO FALLS AND STUMBLES

I TEETER, I FUMBLE

I TOTTER AND I TUMBLE.

I'M BASHY, I'M SMASHY,

I'M KLUTZY AND I'M CRASHY

I HAVE BROKEN MANY THINGS BEFORE

YESTERDAY I BROKE A DISH, A BED, A DOOR

BUT EVEN THOUGH I'VE WRECKED A CAR, A STORE, A STEEPLE

I'VE NEVER RUINED CHRISTMAS

FOR SEVERAL BILLION PEOPLE.

I'M DUMBLES, I'M DUMBLES

I'M CLUMSY AS CAN BE

SO WHEN YOU NEED A

SHAKY, QUAKY, JARRY-BREAKY ELF

CALL ME.

SANTA

Come along, elves!

(Bumbles hears Santa and elves coming back from offstage.)

BUMBLES

Oh no, here they come. Maybe they won't notice anything's wrong!

SANTA

Ho, ho, ho! We made quick work of that! Cleaning out the reindeer stables wasn't so terrible now, was it elves?

ALL ELVES

(Grumble, yuck, stick their tongues out, wipe their hands on their clothes.)

SANTA

And how did you make out, Bumbles?

BUMBLES

(looking manic — nervous laugh)

Great! Oh, yeah, great! Everything's slip-shape!

DAVE

Slip-shape?

BUMBLES

I mean flip-shape!

TINKLES

Flip-shape?

BUMBLES

I mean blip, skip, trip, ship — ship-shape! That's what I mean!

SANTA

(Giving Bumbles two-thumbs up) Good work, Bumbles!

TINKLES

All right, elves, it's time we made the very last of the toys. Everyone to their stations, please! Santa, would you mind wrapping?

SANTA

Not at all!

(The elves go to their places, the conveyor belt starts up, and weird things begin to appear. The elves inspect the toys, look confused.)

TINKLES

(blows whistle)

Stop! What's going on?

JINGLES AND BINGLES

The toys look all wrong!

SANTA

Now	why	is	that	hap	pening,	I	wonder	

TINKLES

Does anybody have any idea what this is?

(Tinkles is holding up a roughly nailed-together wooden square or cube, or something similar.) **BUMBLES** Um — I know! **TINKLES** What is it? **BUMBLES** It's — it's a ball! **ALL ELVES** A ball? **BUMBLES** Yeah, a bouncy ball. You just have to sand off the corners, that's all. **TINKLES** Hmm. I say, let's ask the experts. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury — children —

I ask you — is a ball square?

CHILDREN

No!

TINKLES

Is a bouncy ball made of wood?

CHILDREN

No!

TINKLES

I ask you — is *this* — a ball?

CHILDREN

NO!!!

TINKLES

And what is *this*?

(Tinkles picks up a jar of pickles from the conveyor belt.)

BUMBLES

Why, it's a jar of little green dolls.

DAVE

It looks like a jar of dill pickles to me.

BUMBLES

Not Dill pickles. Doll pickles.

JINGLES AND BINGLES

Pickles aren't toys!

BUMBLES

Mr Potato Head's a toy. Why can't a pickle be a toy?
HE'S BUMPY AND HE'S GREEN
AND HE'S NOT JUST FOR CUISINE,
DRESS HIM AS A PLUMBER, DRESS HIM AS A TEACHER,
DRESS HIM AS A LAWYER, DRESS HIM AS A PREACHER
DRESS HIM AS A SHEPHERD, AND I THINK YOU GET MY GIST
DRESS HIM AS A NUN OR AS A SYSTEMS ANALYST
BREAD AND BUTTER, DILL, OR GHERKIN
POSTMAN PICKLE'S ALWAYS WORKIN'
AND DICKLES AREN'T HIST FOR DRETEND

AND PICKLES AREN'T JUST FOR PRETEND

A PICKLE CAN BE YOUR BEST FRIEND

HE HAS A CAR, A HOUSE, A BED

HE'S MR PICKLE HEAD!

JINGLES AND BINGLES

That's just silly!

SANTA

(looking at list)

Hmm...I don't *think* anyone's asked for a jar of pickles...

TINKLES

(picking a brightly wrapped box off the conveyor belt) Ah, now this looks more like it. What's in here?

(Opens it and takes out a pair of Santa's underwear — which are very, very large, and very, very red.)

BUMBLES

(nervous laugh)

It's Santa's underpants! What a fun toy!

TINKLES

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury — children — I ask you — is underwear a toy?

CHILDREN

No!

BINGLES AND JINGLES

(gasp)

Santa! Look at the Christmas Magic Meter!

BUMBLES

(spread-eagled against it)

Oh no you don't!

TINKLES

Bumbles — step away from the meter.

(Bumbles steps away. Everyone gasps with horror, except Santa, who strokes his beard and looks thoughtful.)

SANTA (in a kindly, non-accusing voice) Bumbles — where is the jar of Christmas magic? **BUMBLES** Well — it's a long story but — Rudolph broke it! **SANTA** Rudolph broke it? **BUMBLES** Yeah, that's right! His nose was glowing so brightly he couldn't see past it and, suddenly — smashy-smashy! **SANTA** Hmm. (Santa sits in the chair and pats his leg.) Bumbles, come and sit on my lap for a moment. **BUMBLES** All right. **SANTA** Bumbles — **BUMBLES** Yes, Santa? **SANTA** — there's something that I want you to give me this Christmas.

BUMBLES

You want *me* to give *you* something, rather than the other way around?

SANTA

Yes, Bumbles, I do.

BUMBLES

Well, if you're asking me for something — shouldn't you be sitting in my lap?

SANTA

(doubtful)

Well — I suppose so.

(They change places. Santa sits on Bumbles lap, and Bumbles immediately begins a highly exaggerated impression of someone being crushed to death.)

SANTA

(getting up)

I think we'd better do it the other way 'round, Bumbles.

BUMBLES

I think you're right, Santa.

SANTA

Now, Bumbles. This is what I want from you for Christmas. I want you to be totally, 100% honest with me. Do you see these children out here? They always try to tell the truth, no matter what, and that's what I want you to do too.

BUMBLES

But what if telling the truth gets a person — an elf — in biiiiiig trouble?

SANTA

You have to be brave, Bumbles. You have to tell the truth no matter what. Now — is there something you want to tell me about the jar of magic?

BUMBLES

Yes.

SANTA

What is it, Bumbles?

(Pause)

BUMBLES

Rudolph broke it!	
Did Rudolph really break it,	SANTA Bumbles?
Sort of.	BUMBLES
Really?	SANTA
Kind of.	BUMBLES
Really?	SANTA
No.	BUMBLES
Who broke the jar, Bumbles	SANTA
I did.	BUMBLES
What did I tell ya! I knew h	DAVE ne'd bust it!
No more Christmas!	JINGLES AND BINGLES
Now he's done it!	TINKLES
	BUMBLES

(grabbing Santa around the neck and squeezing, and sobbing.)
Oh Santa! I didn't mean to do it! I just tripped and....

SANTA

(patting Bumbles affectionately.) That's all right, Bumbles.

DAVE

No it's not all right! There's no more Christmas magic! The reindeer won't be able to fly —

TINKLES

Santa won't be able to fit down the chimney —

JINGLES AND BINGLES

The turkey will be dry and overcooked —

DAVE

And what about peace and joy and goodwill? You've really done it this time, Bumbles.

SANTA

(rising)

Now, now. That's quite enough, elves. Yes, Bumbles broke the jar of magic — (Bumbles sobs louder)

— but Bumbles is just the elf who can fix it!

BUMBLES

(wiping his eyes)

I don't know, Santa. I'm not very good with glue and staple-guns and stuff like that.

SANTA

I don't mean you have to fix the jar, Bumbles. The jar doesn't matter — what matters is getting the magic back.

How am I supposed to do that, Santa? It's impossible!

SANTA

It's not impossible, Bumbles. You just need to find other sources of magic. Now — who can you think of who's magical?

BUMBLES

(thinking hard)

Um — penguins?

SANTA

Hmm. Let's ask these children, shall we? Children — who has long ears, and a fluffy tail, and brings you a basket of eggs and candy in the springtime?

CHILDREN

The Easter Bunny!

SANTA

That's right! And who leaves money under your pillow when you've lost a tooth?

CHILDREN

The Tooth Fairy!

SANTA

That's right! And what sort of person can saw a lady in half and put her back together without hurting her, or make a coin appear from behind your ear, or pull a rabbit out of a hat?

CHILDREN

A magician!

SANTA

That's right!

You mean, I've got to find The Easter Bunny, The Tooth Fairy, and a Magician, and get some magic from them?

SANTA

That's right!

BUMBLES

That's impossible!

SANTA

No, Bumbles. Just improbable. But I know you can do it. You just need to persist.

BUMBLES

All right, Santa. If *you* think I can do it — I think I can do it! I'll fly around the world looking for more magic, and I won't come back until I find it!

SANTA

That's the spirit, Bumbles! I'll go buy the airplane tickets for you right now!

(Santa exits.)

ELVES except BUMBLES

HE'S BUMBLES, HE'S BUMBLES

HE'S PRONE TO FALLS AND STUMBLES

HE HATES NAPS, HE WON'T CHILL,

HE FINDS IT HARD TO SIT STILL

HE'S BOUNCY, HE'S ROCKY

HE'S SPINNY AND HE'S TALKY

HE SLIPS UP, TRIPS, BUT STILL HE RUNS AROUND

HE NO SPEAKY ENGLISH WHEN YOU SAY, "SLOW DOWN,"

HE'S A BOUNCY BALL OF BOUNDLESS ENERGY

BUMBLES

AND THAT IS WHY THE BEST ELF FOR A MAGIC QUEST IS ME!

Bumbles' Big Christmas Adventure

ELVES except BUMBLES

HE'S BUMBLES, HE'S BUMBLES HE'S FULL OF VIP AND VIM SO WHEN YOU NEED A FRETTING, JETTING, MAGIC-GETTING ELF CALL HIM!

(Everyone marches off stage.)

(Entr'acte Music — Bumbles Theme.)

Act III

Setting: Not Santa's Workshop. Hawaii. Sounds of waves, perhaps Hawaiian guitar music. Bright lighting. There is a chaise lawn chair at the beach, a beach ball, suntan lotion, a colourful drink, maybe with a miniumbrella or silly straw.

(Dave and Bumbles enter. Bumbles has a crayon and a booklet. Dave is loaded down with luggage.)

BUMBLES

(distracted, holding large crayon, looking at booklet.) Hey, wait up, Dave!

DAVE

I don't know why Santa made me come on this quest with you. What's in all these bags anyway?

BUMBLES

Nothing. Just my Thomas the Tank engine set, with expansion track and roundhouse.

DAVE

Is that all?

BUMBLES

Yes. Except for my bubble mower...

DAVE

And?

BUMBLES

And my Little Pony Popcorn Theatre — plus Ponyville....

DAVE

And?

...and my Littlest Petshop Playhouse, my Polly Pocket So Hip Cruise Ship, my Puppy in your Pocket Pet Condo —

DAVE

— okay, okay, I get the idea. In other words, you brought everything but the kitchen sink.

BUMBLES

Oh, and the Fun and Flow Playtime Kitchen Sink.

DAVE

Didn't you pack a toothbrush and a change of underpants?

BUMBLES

Santa said just bring the necessities.

DAVE

Toothbrushes and underpants are necessities!

BUMBLES

(laughs)

You're funny Dave!

(Dave gives Bumbles incredulous look.)

DAVE

As I said, I don't know why Santa made me come on this quest.

BUMBLES

Because you need an attitude readjustment — that's what Santa said.

(Bumbles turns his attention to his booklet.)

Okay it says in my Westjet booklet, "Draw a picture of your favourite part of the flight." Oh, that's easy. Hold on, Dave, I've gotta draw a picture of you throwing up in your air-sick bag.

Oh man. This is gonna be a long quest.

BUMBLES

(after drawing what is essentially a big scribble)
Okay I'm done! So, here we are in Hawaii — but, where's the Easter Bunny?
Didn't Santa say this is where he goes on vacation?

(The Easter Bunny, unnoticed by Dave and Bumbles, has entered while Bumbles is speaking. He is wearing oversized sunglasses and amusing swim shorts. The Bunny settles himself on the chaise lawn chair, which has a pillow on it, and starts pretending to put suntan lotion on himself.)

DAVE

I don't know where he is.

BUMBLES

Maybe these children know where The Easter Bunny is. Can you point to the Easter Bunny?

(Children gesture.)

BUMBLES

Look, Dave, it's the Easter Bunny! Hi there, Mr Bunny!

(Dave and Bumbles go to The Easter Bunny's location on stage, with Dave hauling the luggage.)

EASTER BUNNY

Ah, just in time. You wouldn't mind rubbing a little suntan lotion on my back, would you?

(The Easter Bunny hands the bottle to Bumbles. Dave has put down the luggage.)

Oh, no problem! When it comes to putting suntan lotion on — (Bumbles hands the bottle to Dave)

— Dave's your man!

(Dave, exasperated, proceeds to rub lotion on rabbit.)

Now, Mr Bunny, to get right to the point: there's something we want, and we think you're just the rabbit who can give it to us.

EASTER BUNNY

What is it you want?

(Bumbles sits in the Easter Bunny's lap and puts his arms around his neck, just like he does with Santa. The Easter Bunny looks slightly surprised.)

BUMBLES

I want a pony.

DAVE

That's not it, Bumbles!

BUMBLES

Oh, right, sorry. I was thinking of something else. What we want, Mr Easter Bunny, is a little magic.

EASTER BUNNY

Why do you need magic?

BUMBLES

Well, it's a long story, but *Rudolph* —

DAVE

— Bumbles —

— I mean — you see, Dave and I (I'm Bumbles by the way) are Christmas elves and we're on a quest to find more magic because — well — because I didn't mean to but, anyway, who cares how it happened — the point is we suddenly, accidentally-*not*-on-purpose ran out.

EASTER BUNNY

You ran out of Christmas magic? Why, then Christmas can't happen!

BUMBLES

So everyone keeps telling me.

EASTER BUNNY

This is very serious.

(Directing his attention to Dave...)

Excuse me, Dave is it? You missed a spot. Just over to the left — ah, that's it.

BUMBLES

So, Mr Bunny, can you spare a little magic?

EASTER BUNNY

What makes you think I've got magic?

(Dave stops rubbing lotion on the Bunny.)

DAVE

You're the Easter Bunny, aren't you?

(Depending on Dave's accent, "aren't you?" might be spoken as "ain't cha?")

EASTER BUNNY

Yes.

Well then of course you've got magic!

(Bumbles gets off the Bunny's lap.)

THE EASTER BUNNY HOPS AROUND THE WORLD IN JUST ONE NIGHT

AND THE BAG OF TREATS HE CARRIES IS NOT EXACTLY LIGHT

HE'S GOT A BILLION CHOCOLATE EGGS HE MADE ALL BY HIMSELF

'CAUSE SADLY WILLY WONKA IS NOT AN EASTER ELF.

YET EVERY EASTER MORNING
WE AWAKE TO FIND OUR CANDY
DOES ANYBODY KNOW HOW THIS HERE
RABBIT GOT SO HANDY?

DAVE and BUMBLES

HE DOES IT BY HIMSELF NO REINDEER, SLEIGH, OR ELF SO HOW CAN EASTER BE? IT'S EASTER MAGIC! WHEE!

EASTER BUNNY

I am pretty amazing!

BUMBLES

You sure am!

DAVE

But do you have any magic you can spare?

EASTER BUNNY

I suppose I could spare a little. Now — where did I put that extra magic? (*The Bunny arises, pats himself down.*)
Ah yes, here it is.

Bumbles' Big Christmas Adventure

(Dave has retrieved an empty jar — just an ordinary mason jar — from one of the large bags he was carrying, a bag obviously full of a jumble of things. The Easter Bunny retrieves a small container — like a baby-food jar — from a pocket. He gives the small jar, which is full of magic — i.e. sparkles — to Bumbles.)

DAVE

Okay, Bumbles. This is your big chance not to mess up. I'll hold the Christmas Magic jar, and you pour the magic into it — okay?

BUMBLES

Okay, Dave!

(Drum roll. The Easter Bunny looks on apprehensively.)

DAVE

Be careful!

BUMBLES

I am being careful!

EASTER BUNNY

Don't make any sudden moves now. Concentrate. Easy does it.

BUMBLES

I am easy doing it!

(The magic is successfully transferred. The magic meter goes up a little, accompanied by ascending slide whistle.)

Ta da! Look! The magic meter's gone up!

DAVE

Yeah, a little.

BUMBLES

Hey, Dave?

Yeah?

BUMBLES

How come we're in Hawaii, but we can still see the Christmas Magic Meter?

DAVE

Because it's a magic Magic Meter. You can see it wherever you go.

BUMBLES

That's handy!

DAVE

Yeah, and judging by the meter, we still don't have enough magic.

EASTER BUNNY

I'm afraid that's all the magic I can spare.

BUMBLES

That's okay. We haven't asked the Tooth Fairy for some magic yet. Now how are we going to find *her*? It's impossible!

DAVE

No it isn't. It's easy — if you've got a loose tooth.

BUMBLES

(jumping up and down)

I've *got* a loose tooth! I've *got* a loose tooth! It's been hanging by a thread for days!

DAVE

Well, just pop it out then, Bumbles.

BUMBLES

No way! That's impossible! It might hurt.

It doesn't hurt to pull a loose tooth, Bumbles — not if it's hanging by a thread. Here, let me show you. Open your mouth —

BUMBLES

Do you promise it won't hurt?

DAVE

Come on, Bumbles. We haven't got a lot of time left.

BUMBLES

Well — okay.

DAVE

Bunny — you better hold him.

EASTER BUNNY

All right.

(The Easter Bunny puts his arm around Bumbles' shoulders in a comforting way. Bumbles opens his mouth extremely wide. Dave reaches in and, using sleight of hand, pulls out a tooth and shows it to the audience. Bumbles remains standing there with his mouth open.)

DAVE

That was easy, wasn't it.

BUMBLES

(speaking with mouth wide open) Hurry up, Dave.

DAVE

What?

BUMBLES

(still with mouth wide open) I said, hurry up, Dave.

DAVE AND EASTER BUNNY

What?	W	h	a	t	?
-------	---	---	---	---	---

BUMBLES

(closes mouth)

I said, hurry up, Dave.

DAVE

What do you mean hurry up? I'm finished. Look.

BUMBLES

Wow, is that my tooth? Gee, that didn't hurt a bit! So, now what?

DAVE

Now we find a pillow and put your tooth under it.

EASTER BUNNY

You can use my pillow.

(The Easter Bunny gives Bumbles the pillow from the chaise lawn chair. The three of them lie down. Bumbles takes the tooth from Dave.)

BUMBLES

Great! Now, I'll put the pillow right here — and put my tooth right here — and put my head right here.

(Bumbles makes a show of carefully placing the tooth under his pillow — near the top edge so The Tooth Fairy can easily locate it.)

BUMBLES

Now what?

DAVE

Now you have a nap.

(sitting up)
Me? Why me?

DAVE

Because it's *your* tooth, and if *you* don't go to sleep, the Tooth Fairy won't come. That's the way it works.

BUMBLES

But I'm not tired. I slept on the plane, remember?

DAVE

If you were asleep, how come you kept saying, "Look at me, Dave, I'm sleeping."

BUMBLES

Maybe I talk in my sleep.

DAVE

(addressing audience)

Come on, kids. We know how to put Bumbles to sleep, don't we? On the count of three let's say "Good night, Bumbles." One — two — three —

CHILDREN

Goodnight, Bumbles!

(Bumbles falls asleep instantly.)

DAVE

Now — we wait for the Tooth Fairy.

(Brahms' Lullaby plays. The Easter Bunny snores loudly, but is awake and watchful. The Tooth Fairy enters — and as she does so she may have to put her finger to her lips and shush the children — and she makes her way over to Bumbles' pillow, reaching under it and exchanging the tooth for some loose change. The lullaby is about to end when Dave and The Easter Bunny jump up.)

DAVE AND EASTER BUNNY

Gotcha!

TOOTH FAIRY

Oh!

(Bumbles startles awake, jumps up, and points to The Tooth Fairy.)

BUMBLES

Aha! Look Dave! Look Bunny! I found the Tooth Fairy!

TOOTH FAIRY

Oh!

BUMBLES

(jumping up and down)

Oh Ms Fairy! Did you bring me some money? Did you, did you?

DAVE

Look under your pillow — that's where she usually puts it.

(Bumbles retrieves the money.)

BUMBLES

(Again, jumping excitedly)

Oh, wow! She brought me a dime! And another dime! And a nickel! I must be a billionaire! Oh, thank you Tooth Fairy!

(Bumbles hugs the Fairy vigorously.)

TOOTH FAIRY

You're welcome but — why did you startle me so?

DAVE

Sorry about that. We didn't mean to frighten you but —

You've got something we need!

TOOTH FAIRY

What's that?

BUMBLES

Magic!

TOOTH FAIRY

What makes you think I've got magic?

DAVE

(Perhaps spoken as "ain't cha?")

You're The Tooth Fairy, aren't you?

TOOTH FAIRY

Yes.

DAVE

Well then of course you've got magic!

THE TOOTH FAIRY'S A LITTLE GAL WITH SOME UNUSUAL TRAITS

SHE'S STRONGER THAN HULK HOGAN, AND RICHER THAN BILL GATES

SHE DOESN'T ONLY TAKE A WAND AND WALLET ON ADVENTURES

SHE CARRIES MONEY, CARRIES TEETH, AND EVEN GRANDPA'S DENTURES

AND EVERY TIME YOU LOSE A TOOTH

SHE DOES A TOOTH AND MONEY SWITCH

DOES ANYBODY KNOW JUST HOW THIS FAIRY GOT SO RICH?

DAVE and BUMBLES

THE TOOTH FAIRY'S PETITE BUT STRONG AND RICH AND FLEET SHE TAKES OUR TEETH, BUT HOW? IT'S DENTAL MAGIC. OW!

BUMBLES

So what do you say, Ms Fairy? Can you spare a little magic for a good cause?

TOOTH FAIRY

What cause is that?

BUMBLES

Well, it's a long story, but Rudolph —

DAVE AND EASTER BUNNY

Bumbles —

BUMBLES

I mean — Rudolph can't fly without it. We don't have enough magic you see. And without enough magic —

DAVE

— no Christmas!

TOOTH FAIRY

Oh, that's awful! Well of course I can spare some magic. Now, where did I put it? (The Fairy pats herself down.) Ah, here it is! (She retrieves it from a pocket and gives it to Bumbles.)

(Dave has gotten out the jar of Christmas magic and has opened it.)

DAVE

Now pour it *carefully*, Bumbles.

BUMBLES

I will, I will. Sheesh. It's as if you don't trust me or something.

Bumbles' Big Christmas Adventure

(Drum roll. The Bunny and The Fairy gather around. Bumbles starts to pour.)

TOOTH FAIRY

Don't rush it, now.

EASTER BUNNY

Use both hands.

DAVE

Don't lose your focus. Concentrate....

BUMBLES

Would you be quiet for just one second so I can concentrate?

DAVE, EASTER BUNNY, AND TOOTH FAIRY

Sorry.

BUMBLES

Thank you.

(Bumbles pours the magic successfully. The magic meter goes up, to the sound of the slide whistle. It still isn't even half full, however.)

BUMBLES

Ta-da!

DAVE

He did it! Twice in a row!

BUMBLES

You don't have to sound so surprised.

TOOTH FAIRY

Is there enough magic now?

(Everyone looks at the meter.)

Nope, I'm afraid not. That might be enough magic to get Santa down the chimney, but it ain't enough to get him back up again.

TOOTH FAIRY

That's too bad. What will you do now?

BUMBLES

Well, there's one more magic person on our list.

TOOTH FAIRY

Who's that?

BUMBLES

A penguin.

DAVE

No, Bumbles. Not a penguin.

BUMBLES

No, sorry, I mean a musician.

(The musician playing for the show starts to rise expectantly...)

DAVE

Not a *musician* ...

(The musician sits back down, dejectedly...)

A magician, Bumbles. A magician.

BUMBLES

Right, that's it. A magician.

TOOTH FAIRY

Oh, I know where you can find one of those!

DAVE, BUMBLES, AND EASTER BUNNY

You do?

TOOTH FAIRY

Why, yes. He just lost a tooth to gum disease last night, so I put a loonie under his pillow to cheer him up.

BUMBLES

Well, where is he?

(The magician walks on stage.)

TOOTH FAIRY

He's right over there!

MAGICIAN

Come one, come all! Come and see the greatest magic show on earth!

(All have walked over to where the magician is while he's been speaking, with the unfortunate Dave still hauling the luggage. Dave, Bumbles, and

The Tooth Fairy are beside the Magician. The Easter Bunny is behind him.)

Ladies and gentleman: watch me pull a coin out of this young ladies' ear!

(Using sleight of hand, the magician appears to pull a coin out of The Tooth Fairy's ear. Bumbles jumps up and down, excitedly. The magician looks at it, puzzled.)

Wait a minute. This isn't a coin. This is a tooth.

TOOTH FAIRY

Yes, would you like a coin?

(She offers him a coin.)

I'll trade you. That's the way it usually works.

MAGICIAN

Well, all right.

(Flustered, The Magician takes the coin.)

And now

(he says, recovering from his bewilderment over the tooth)

watch me pull a rabbit out of the hat!

(The magician reaches into his top hat, and appears to be searching for a rabbit.)

MAGICIAN (CONT'D)

Now — where is that rabbit?

(The Easter Bunny taps the magician on the shoulder and he turns around. The magician startles, examines his hat, and looks at the Easter Bunny again.)

Well bless my stars! Just look at the size of that rabbit! I must be a genius! And now, ladies and gentleman, watch me saw

(turning his attention to Bumbles) this young man in half!

BUMBLES

(hiding behind The Tooth Fairy — obviously nervous)
Oh, wow! I'd love to be sawn in half — I mean, who wouldn't — but there's something else I'd like even more.

MAGICIAN

What's that?

BUMBLES

Magic!

MAGICIAN

Well sawing you in half is magical.

BUMBLES

It doesn't sound magical. It sounds surgical.

MAGICIAN

True. It's more the putting you back together again that's the magic part.

DAVE

What Bumbles here means is that we need some of your spare magic for Christmas. Otherwise, there isn't going to be any Christmas.

MAGICIAN

That's terrible! But what makes you think I've got any magic?

You're a magician, aren't you?

MAGICIAN

Yes.

DAVE

Then of course you've got magic!

(Oompah oompah — The music begins. Dave opens his mouth to sing, but then says...)

Actually

(turning to interrupt the musician by waving his arms) we're running out of time here, people. Listen, Mr Magician — can you just lend us a bit of magic?

MAGICIAN

Of course I can. Now where did I put that spare magic?

(The magician pats himself down)

Ah, yes, now I remember. Hocus pocus! Abracadabra and Scooby Doo! (The magician taps his hat with his wand and pulls out a small bottle of magic with a flourish, then hands it to Dave.)

Ta-da!

DAVE

(giving it to Bumbles)

Here, Bumbles, you can do it.

BUMBLES

Me? You think *I* can do it?

DAVE

Sure. You've done it twice without messing up like you usually do.

BUMBLES

Gee — thanks, Dave.

Bumbles' Big Christmas Adventure

DAVE

(retrieving the big jar from the sack and opening it up.) Yeah, yeah.

BUMBLES

I'm gonna tell Santa it worked!

DAVE

What worked?

BUMBLES

That attitude readjustment! Santa said we just needed to spend a little quality time together and —

DAVE

(interrupting)
Just pour the magic, all right?

BUMBLES

Right-O Dave!

(Drum roll. Everyone clusters around.)

EASTER BUNNY

Now try not to be scared.

TOOTH FAIRY

Take your time.

MAGICIAN

Don't let all these people make you nervous.

BUMBLES

You're the one making me nervous! Now shhhhh!

(Bumbles pours successfully again. The Magic Meter goes up, but is still not even halfway.)

Ta da! I did it! I did it!

Bumbles' Big Christmas Adventure

(Everyone congratulates Bumbles simultaneously, shaking his hand, patting him on the back. Dave puts the jar of Magic back in the sack.)

You're a good egg, Bumbles.
TOOTH FAIRY Fairy good, Bumbles.
MAGICIAN Good trick, boy.
DAVE Yeah, nice one, Bumbles.
BUMBLES Thanks! Now, let's look at the Christmas Magic Meter! I bet it's full now!
(Everyone looks at the meter.)
EVERYONE EXCEPT BUMBLES Oh-oh.
BUMBLES What?
DAVE Well look at it. It isn't even half full. I'm afraid we don't have enough magic, Bumbles.
BUMBLES What do you mean?
DAVE I mean — no Christmas.

No Christmas! Oh no! I killed Christmas! This is the worst thing I've ever done!

DAVE

No, actually, it isn't. Remember the time you —

BUMBLES

(interrupting)

You know what I could really use?

DAVE

What?

BUMBLES

I could use a hug.

DAVE

Yeah, I'm not really a huggy kind of guy, you know?

BUMBLES

Please? Could you please just give me one little hug?

DAVE

Oh, all right.

(Bumbles gives Dave a hug. The Christmas Magic Meter goes up a little, accompanied by slide whistle. Bumbles notices the meter.)

BUMBLES

Hey — did you see that, Dave? The Magic Meter went up when you hugged me!

DAVE

Wow. Uh — why?

BUMBLES

Because you *gave* me something.

What did I give you?

BUMBLES

Duh — you gave me a hug. Do it again, Dave!

(Bumbles launches himself at Dave for another hug. The meter goes up, always with slide whistle.)

BUMBLES

It's working! Mr Bunny — quick — hug me, hug me!

(Bumbles and the Bunny embrace. The meter goes up.)

Ms Fairy! You too! Hug hug!

(Bumbles and the Fairy hug. The meter goes up.)

Look at the meter!

DAVE

(having pulled the jar of magic out of the sack — obviously an identical jar, this one with more magic in it)

Wow! It's more than half full now. But there's still not enough magic to make a reindeer fly.

BUMBLES

Oh!

(Bumbles turns his attention to the audience.)

Say, maybe one of you could come up here and give me a hug. If you'd like to hug me raise your hand and I'll choose volunteers!

(Jingle Bells begins to play in the background. Bumbles chooses volunteers to give him a hug. The magician, The Tooth Fairy, and The Easter Bunny ought also to roam around the audience hugging those children who want to give hugs. Having children hug other children sounds too fraught with danger, but the kids might be encouraged to hug themselves by wrapping their arms around their own torsos. The Magic Meter continues to go up until it reaches the top.)

Look at The Christmas Magic Meter everyone! It's at the top!

(Cheers are encouraged. The children take their seats and the actors go back onstage.)

Get the jar of magic out, Dave! Let's have a look!

DAVE

(takes out the jar — again an identical jar — but this one is full.) Well what do you know. It's full. But — why?

BUMBLES

Because doing nice things and giving to others — well, that's the real Christmas magic!

DAVE

Wow. You saved Christmas, Bumbles.

BUMBLES

Actually, it was all of these children who saved Christmas!

(Directing his attention to the audience.)

I couldn't have done it without every last one of you! Give yourself three cheers! Hip hip — hurray!

(Bumbles raises his arms in the air each time.)

Hip hip — hurray! Hip hip — hurraaaaaay!

DAVE

Bumbles — I hate to break up the party, but we've got to get this magic back to Santa's workshop — like, *now*.

BUMBLES

Right-O, Dave!

(Bumbles mood changes quickly — he is obviously very sad to be saying goodbye.)

Goodbye, Mr Bunny.

(Bumbles and the Bunny shake hands.)

EASTER BUNNY

Goodbye, Bumbles. And remember — check your shoes for Easter eggs *before* you put them on next Easter.

BUMBLES

I will. Goodbye, Tooth Fairy.

(Bumbles and The Fairy shake hands.)

TOOTH FAIRY

Goodbye, Bumbles. Don't forget to floss.

BUMBLES

I will. Goodbye, Mr Magician.

(Bumbles tries to shake his hand, but the magician turns away, pulling out one of those long, long magician's handkerchiefs as he does.)

MAGICIAN

(dabbing his eyes and blowing his nose noisily into the handkerchief)
Oh, I hate goodbyes. People just vanish — poof — and I can't bring them back!

BUMBLES

(Patting the magician on the back)
I understand. You're used to making people disappear — but they always come back again.

MAGICIAN

Well (*sniffling*)... most of the time — yes.

Don't cry, Mr Magician. We'll reappear someday too. But for now (Bumbles waves, while Dave struggles with the luggage)....
Goodbye, everyone! Goodbye Mr Bunny! Goodbye Ms Fairy! Goodbye Mr Magician.

(Suddenly cheering up)
Come on, Dave, what's the hold-up?

(Everyone exits. Bumbles skips offstage. Dave struggles to get offstage with the luggage.)

Entr'acte Music — It's Christmas Magic Ho!

Act IV

Setting: Santa's Workshop. It's the same as before, with the addition of a gift-bag with a stuffed animal in it.

(Dave — still hauling luggage — and Bumbles enter.)

BUMBLES

Come on, Dave! Hurry up!

DAVE

I could go faster if you'd carry some of these bags.

BUMBLES

You're so funny! Okay, come on! Get the jar of Christmas Magic out and put it on the pedestal.

(Dave takes out the jar. Bumbles whisks it away and in the process of walking over to the pedestal trips once or twice. He puts it only partway on the pedestal a couple of time and it falls off — but he catches it. Dave hides his face — he can't watch.)

BUMBLES

Phew! Now everything's back to normal! And do you know why?

DAVE

Because you almost wrecked Christmas again?

BUMBLES

No, Dave. It's back to normal because I did just what Santa said to do. I persisted!

PERSISTENCE MEANS KEEP TRYING
IN SUNSHINE OR IN RAIN
IT MEANS IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED
TRY, TRY AGAIN
PERSISTENCE MEANS STICK TO IT
YOU'RE NOT HELPLESS YOU CAN DO IT

BIG MISTAKES LEAD TO BIG SUCCESS
IT'S ALL IN HOW YOU VIEW IT
CAUSE' A BAD ATTITUDE MAKES YOU FALL APART
BUT A CAN-DO ATTITUDE MAKES YOU SMART
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN'T, TAKE HEART
YOU JUST GOTTA PERSIST!

YOU GOTTA PERSIST, YOU GOTTA PERSIST
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM IN YOUR MIDST
YOU CAN'T GIVE UP, YOU'VE GOTTA BE AN OPTIMIST
IF YOU SAY "I CAN'T," YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT
BUT IF YOU SAY "I CAN," THEN YOU JUST MIGHT
SUCCESS IS JUST IN SIGHT
BUT YOU GOTTA PERSIST! OH
IF YOU SAY "I CAN'T," YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT
BUT IF YOU SAY "I CAN," THEN YOU JUST MIGHT
DON'T GIVE UP THE FIGHT
OH YOU GOTTA PERSIST!

(As Bumbles sings enthusiastically, he keeps threatening the safety of the jar of Christmas Magic. Dave keeps protecting it.)

BUMBLES

Do you get it, Dave?

DAVE

I get it already, I get it! Now could you just sit still for a second?

(The Happy Christmas Elves theme begins to play. Bumbles jumps up and down, clapping his hands.)

BUMBLES

They're coming, Dave! They're coming!

(Tinkles, Jingles, and Bingles march in, with Santa in the lead.)

TINKLES

(blows whistle) Roll call!
(The elves line up, except for Bumbles who has snuck back stage, out and around the seats so that the children haven't seen him.)
SANTA Ah, oh yes. Jingles!
JINGLES Here!
SANTA Bingles!
BINGLES Here!
SANTA Dave!
DAVE Yo!
SANTA 'Big T'! (No reply. Tinkles looks amazed.) 'Big T'! (No reply) Tinkles?
TINKLES Santa! You called me 'Big T'!
SANTA Isn't that your name?

TINKLES

Yes! Yes it is, Sir. Here, sir!

SANTA

Thank you, Tinkles. Bumbles!

(No reply.)

Bumbles!

(Still no reply.)

Jingles, Bingles — would you check under the table, please?

(Jingles and Bingles lift the tablecloth, but Bumbles isn't there.)

Bumbles!?

BUMBLES

I'm over here, Santa!

(Bumbles is crouching or sitting either beside or actually in the lap of one of the grown-ups in the audience. His arms may be around his or her neck or, if he is crouching beside the person, he may simply be tugging at the audience member's sleeve.)

SANTA

Bumbles! What are you doing over there?

BUMBLES

Well, I just thought

(Bumbles directs his attention to the audience member)

— could *you* bring me a pony?

TINKLES, JINGLES, BINGLES, AND DAVE

Bumbles!

TINKLES

Get back here, Bumbles!

BUMBLES

Sorry, gotta go!

(Bumbles runs back onstage.)

SANTA

(as Bumbles is running to the stage)
Bumbles!

BUMBLES

(even more overexcited than usual) I'm here, Santa, I'm here! And guess what!?

SANTA

What, Bumbles?

BUMBLES

Look, Santa, look! Look at the Crispy Manic Meter!

TINKLES, JINGLES, BINGLES, AND DAVE

The what?

BUMBLES

The Cross-stich Midget Meter!

TINKLES, JINGLES, BINGLES, AND DAVE

The what?

SANTA

I believe Bumbles means the Christmas Magic Meter.

BUMBLES

That's it!

(All turn to the meter.)

JINGLES AND BINGLES

It's full!

TINKLES

(looking at the jar of magic)

And look! So is the jar of Christmas magic!

Believe it or not — *Bumbles* saved Christmas.

JINGLES, BINGLES, AND TINKLES

Bumbles?

DAVE

Bumbles.

BUMBLES

(sweeping the audience with his arm) With a little help from my friends.

TINKLES

Still — we'd better check to make sure everything's back to normal. Stations everyone!

(The elves and Santa take their places as the conveyor belt starts. Out come various toys — perhaps a large teddy bear, a toy truck, a dollhouse, a large doll, that sort of thing —)

TINKLES

(checking each one as it comes along, and perhaps showing it to the audience.)

Normal — normal — normal —

(Tinkles blows his whistle)

STOP!

JINGLES, BINGLES, TINKLES, DAVE AND BUMBLES

What is it?

TINKLES

(picks up the jar)
It's a jar — of pickles!

(Santa reaches into his pocket and pulls out the list of who wants which toys.)

JINGLES, BINGLES, TINKLES, DAVE AND BUMBLES

(groaning tone)

Oh no!

SANTA

Wait just a moment — well, bless my soul. Someone in the back row *does* want a jar of pickles for Christmas.

(All peer at the back row.)

JINGLES, BINGLES, TINKLES, DAVE AND BUMBLES

Weird!

SANTA

(picking up the jar of magic)

Now — it's time for one very special elf to sprinkle the Christmas magic over the reindeer —

ALL ELVES

(not in unison, jumping up and down)
Oh, me! Me! Pick me! Over here Santa!

SANTA

(raising his hand to quiet them)
— and that elf is — Bumbles!

ALL ELVES

(Groan)

DAVE

That's it, we're doomed.

TINKLES

He's gonna break it.

JINGLES AND BINGLES

Just like last time!

Now, now, that's enough elves. I've no doubt that Bungles —

BUMBLES

— Bumbles —

SANTA

yes, of course — I've no doubt that Bumbles can do it.
 (Santa gives the jar to Bumbles.)
 Here you go, Bumbles. And good luck. I know you'll succeed.

BUMBLES

Thanks, Santa! I won't let you down!

(The Bumbles' Theme starts, slowly and quietly, as Bumbles exits, walking in a careful and exaggerated manner. The elves are biting their nails nervously, or hiding their faces, or showing other signs of nervousness.)

(Bumbles is saying to himself)

Okay — focus, focus — concentrate, concentrate...

SANTA

You see, elves? I think you've learned a valuable lesson here today. Sometimes you just have to have to trust people, to give them second chances, and —

(From offstage a [loud cymbal] crash is heard and the Bumbles' Theme stops suddenly. Santa grabs his chest as if he's having a heart attack. The other elves cover their faces simultaneously.)

TINKLES

Oh no!

DAVE

Not again!

JINGLES AND BINGLES

We told you so!

I — I don't understand — I thought if he just persisted —

(Bumbles peaks out from backstage)

BUMBLES

Hey guys! Is there a problem?

SANTA

The jar of magic! Is it....

BUMBLES

Is it what?

SANTA

Is it....

JINGLES, BINGLES, TINKLES AND DAVE

BROKEN?!

BUMBLES

(coming onstage)

Ha ha! Just kidding!

(Bumbles crashes the cymbals he is carrying together.)

TINKLES, JINGLES, BINGLES AND DAVE

Bumbles!

SANTA

(fanning himself with relief)

Phew! You even had me worried for a moment.

BUMBLES

What? Don't you trust me?

(Elves open their mouths to speak.)

(warning the elves)
Don't answer that.

BUMBLES

Come on, guys! I wouldn't let you down. After all — I'm Bumbles!

(While Bumbles is singing, one of the elves should retrieve the jar of magic from backstage and place it on the pedestal.)

I'M BUMBLES, I'M BUMBLES THOUGH PRONE TO FALLS AND STUMBLES I TRIP UP, I SLIP UP BUT ALWAYS I WILL GET UP I BEWARE, I TAKE CARE, I DON'T GIVE IN TO DESPAIR I MAKE MISTAKES BUT STILL I TRY AGAIN I HAVE GOT PERSISTENCE ON THE BRAIN I'M AN ELF ON WHOM YOU CAN RELY BECAUSE I NEVER GIVE UP AND FAILURE I DEFY! I'M BUMBLES, I'M BUMBLES SUCCESSFUL AS CAN BE SO WHEN YOU NEED A BRAVEY, RAVEY, CHRISTMAS-SAVEY ELF CALL ME!

(March of the Happy Christmas Elves plays quietly. Elves link arms, swaying, faces raised and ooing, à la Charlie Brown's Christmas.)

SANTA

(addressing the children)

Well! All's well that ends well. Bumbles has sprinkled the reindeer with magic, so they'll be able to fly to your houses on Christmas Eve. The elves will be able to put the finishing touches on the toys. And best of all — Bumbles learned to persist! He learned to keep trying, and that's the most important lesson of all.

SANTA (CONT'D)

Now, even though each of you are on my list, feel free to write me a letter anytime — and don't forget to tell whoever looks after you what you want for Christmas, all right? I'll try to make all your wishes come true —

BUMBLES

(interrupts)

Can I have a pony?!

SANTA

— unless you wish for a pony. I'm sorry, children, but Santa doesn't bring actual live ponies.

BUMBLES

Can I have a penguin?

SANTA

No! Anyway, children, I'll be visiting each of you on Christmas Eve. And remember to keep the Christmas Magic alive all year by giving to each other and doing nice things for one another. Will you remember to be helpful? And kind to all creatures? And will you persist, just like Bumbles? Good for you!

And now I have a special gift for Bumbles — because he persisted and saved Christmas.

BUMBLES

(breaks ranks and takes the gift-bag that Santa has retrieved.)

For me? Oh boy!

(Bumbles opens the gift-bag. It's a pony — preferably a largish stuffed animal.)

A pony! Oh! Thank you, Santa!

(Bumbles hugs Santa. The slide whistle is heard for the Christmas Magic Meter — depending on how it is set up, the meter could be so full it is seen to be bursting out the top, or a bell could be heard dinging furiously — something to convey that the magic is busting off the charts.)

(turning his attention back to the children)
And thanks to all of you children for helping Bumbles on his big Christmas adventure!

ALL

WE ARE THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS ELVES
WE HOPE THAT YOU'VE ENJOYED YOURSELVES
THANKS FOR HELPING OUT
WE HOPE THERE IS NO DOUBT
THAT BUMBLES' STORY HELPED IMPART
SOME CHRISTMAS MAGIC IN YOUR HEART

IN YOUR HEART — OH

WE ARE THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS ELVES
WE MAKE THE TOYS FOR YOUR TOY SHELVES
SO LOOK UNDER THE TREE
CHECK YOUR STOCKINGS AND YOU'LL SEE
ON CHRISTMAS MORN YOU'LL HAVE SUCH FUN
FOR OUR WORK — AND OUR PLAY — IS DONE!

(March continues in background as recessional.)

SANTA

(waving)

Ho ho ho! Happy Christmas to all — and to all a good night!

(All march offstage.)

The End

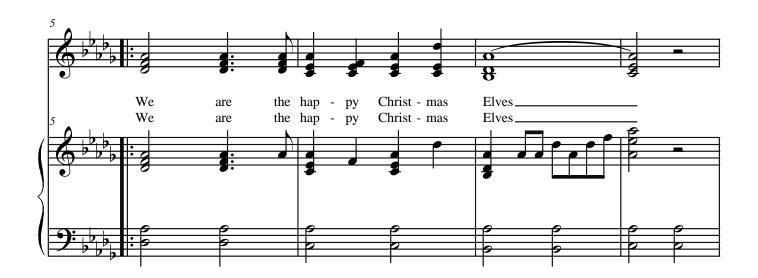
Bumbles' Big Christmas Adventure

Appendix I - Full Scores

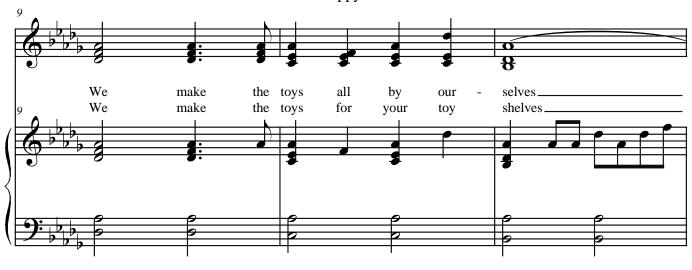
March of the Happy Christmas Elves
I'm Bumbles 81
It's Christmas Magic 84
Freeze Music
Cleaning Music
You Gotta Persist 90
I'm Dumbles
Mr. Pickle Head
He's Bumbles
It's Easter Magic
It's Dental Magic
You Gotta Persist Reprise
Bumbles' Reprise
March of the Happy Christmas Elves Finale

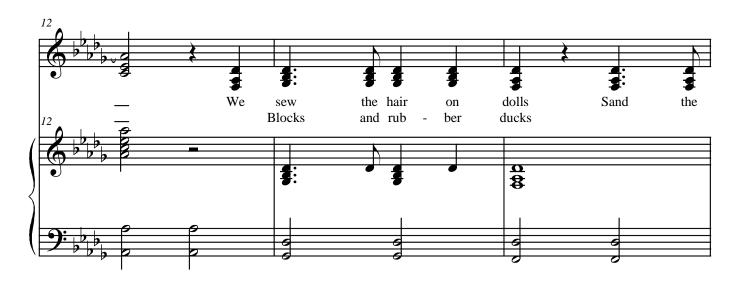
March of the Happy Christmas Elves

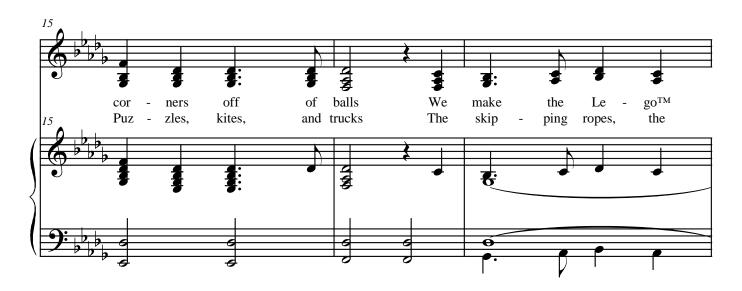




March of the Happy Christmas Elves







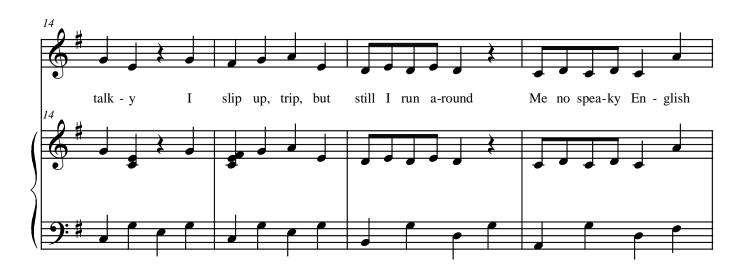


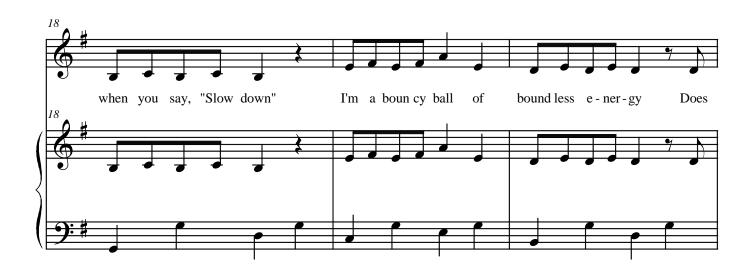


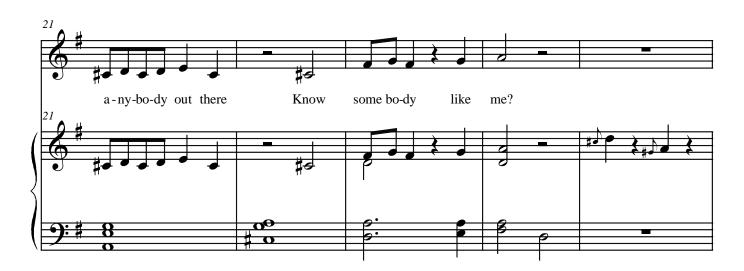


I'm Bumbles



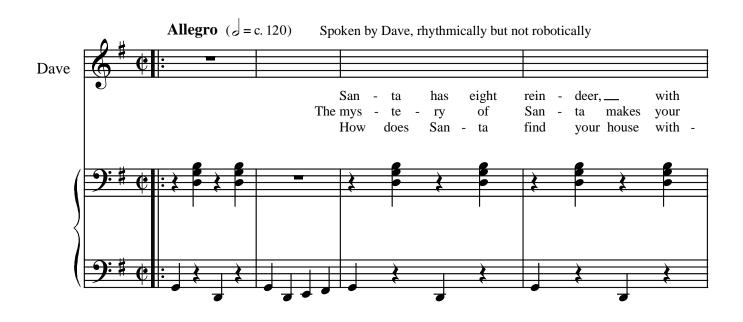


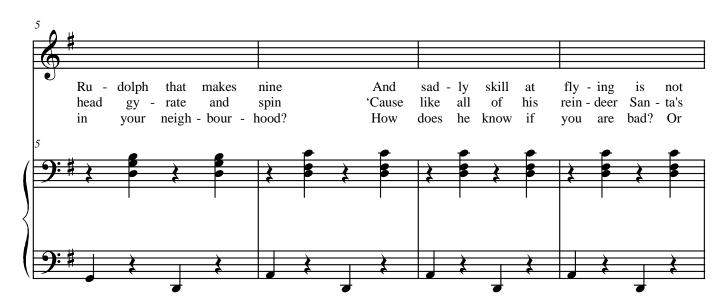






It's Christmas Magic





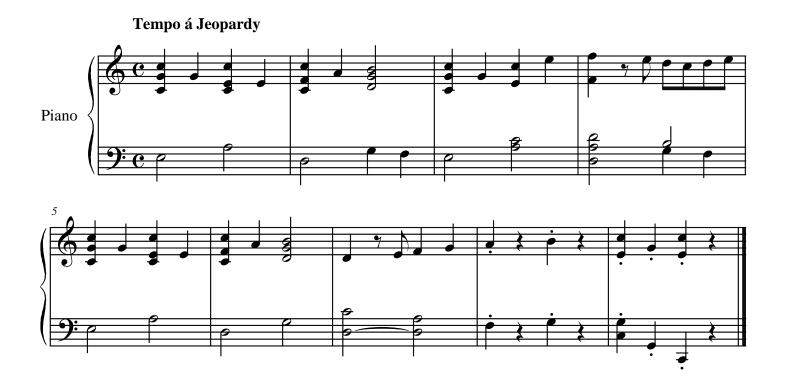






Freeze Music

I. H. Smythe



Cleaning Music (Jingle Bells)

James Pierpoint











You Gotta Persist























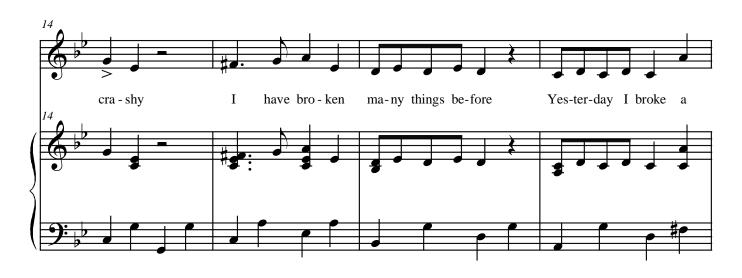


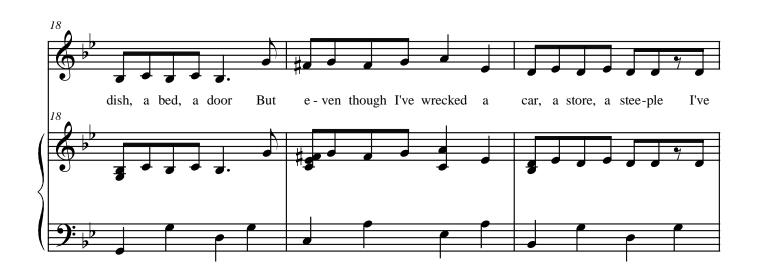


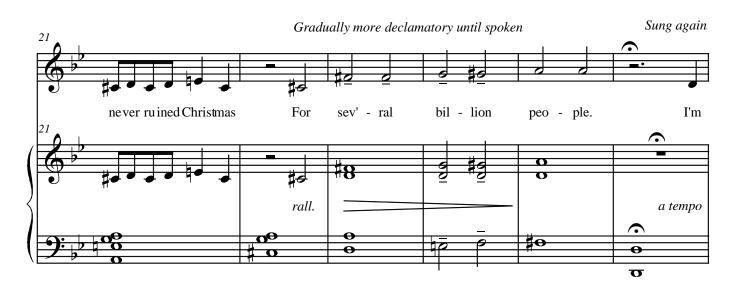


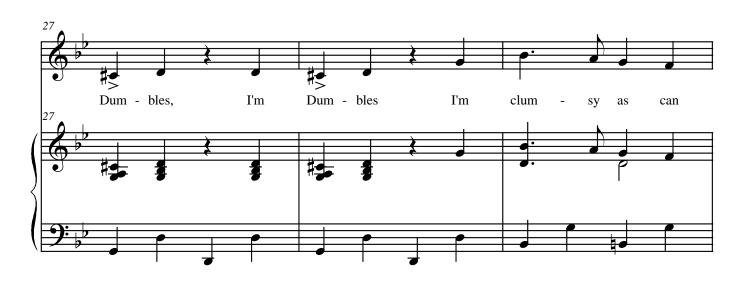
I'm Dumbles

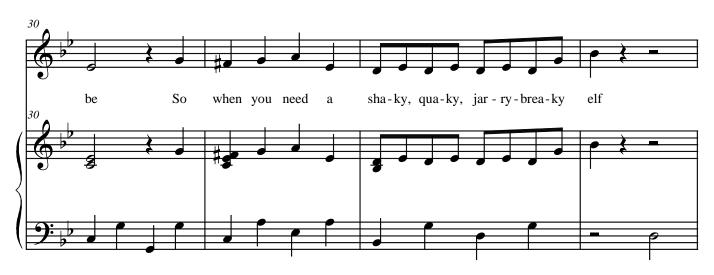


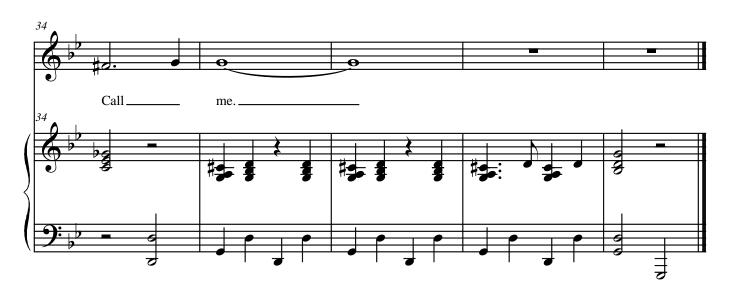












Mr. Pickle Head

I. H. Smythe



Thump piano on beats 1 and 3



house,

has

a

car,

a

bed

a



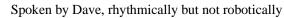
He's Bumbles



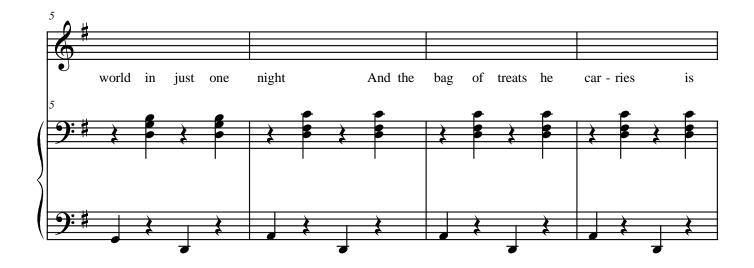


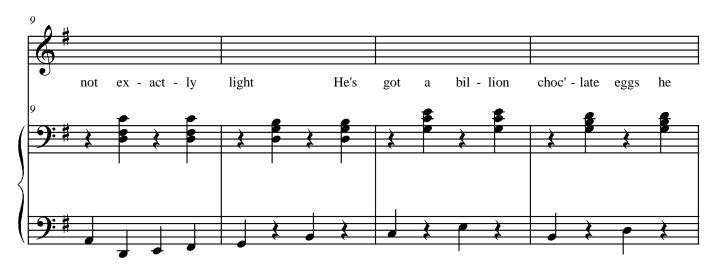


It's Easter Magic



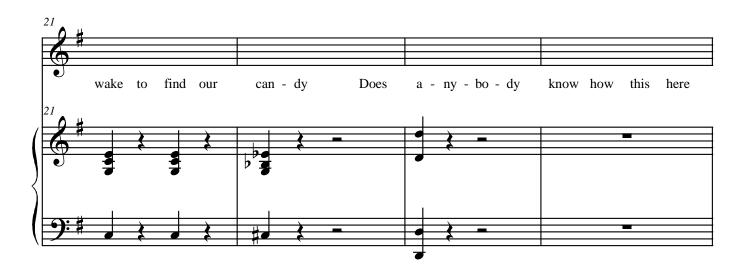


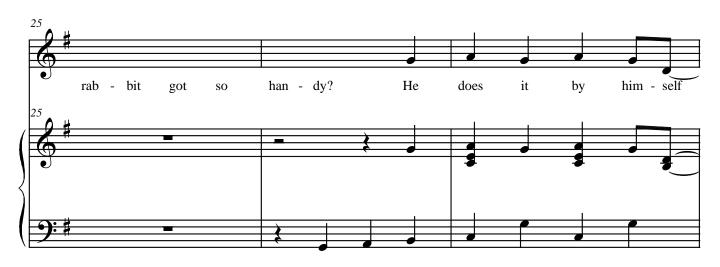


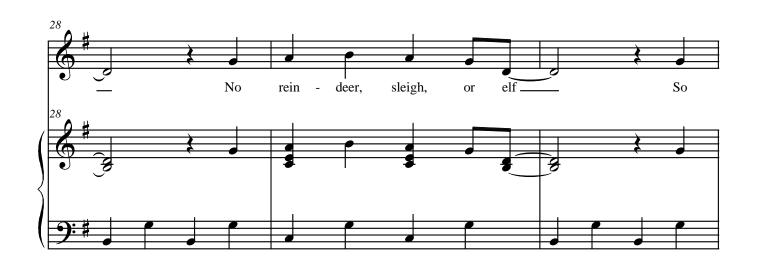






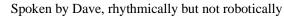




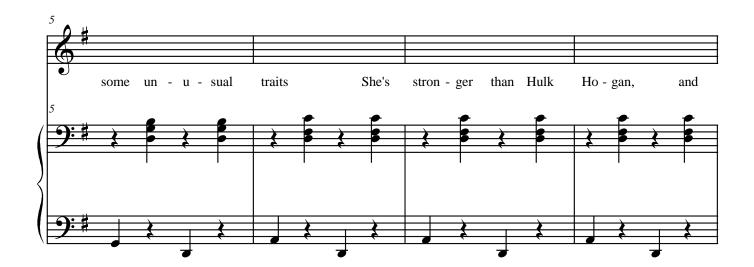


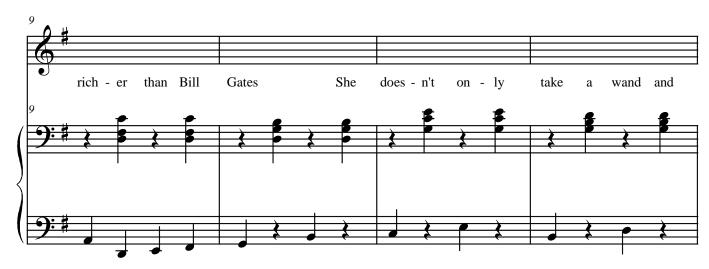


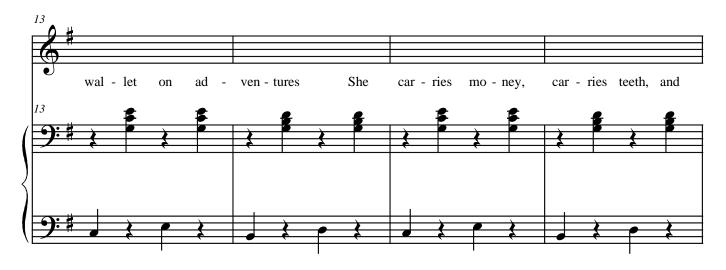
It's Dental Magic

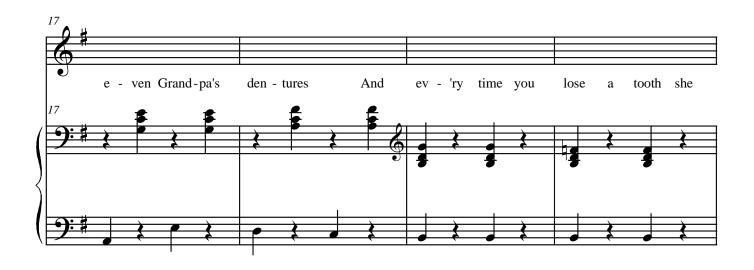


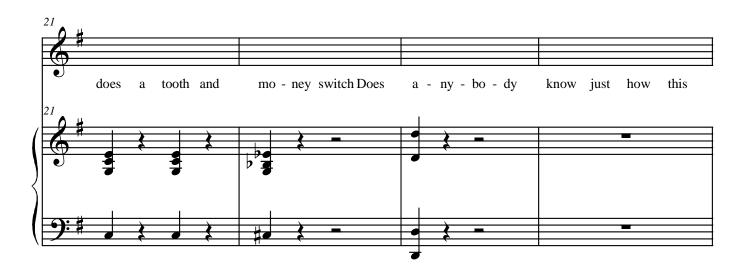


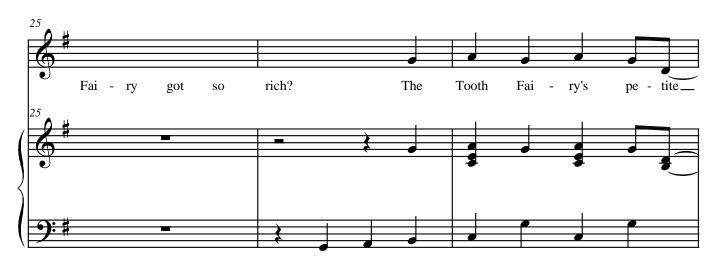


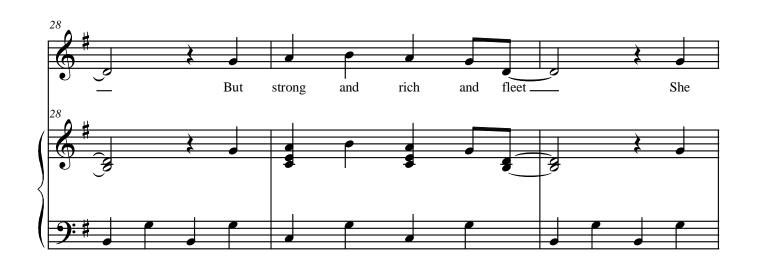


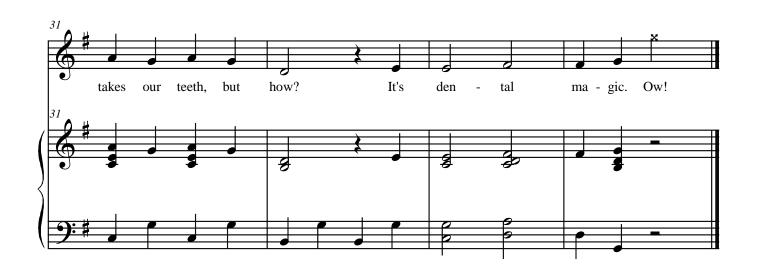












You Gotta Persist - Reprise

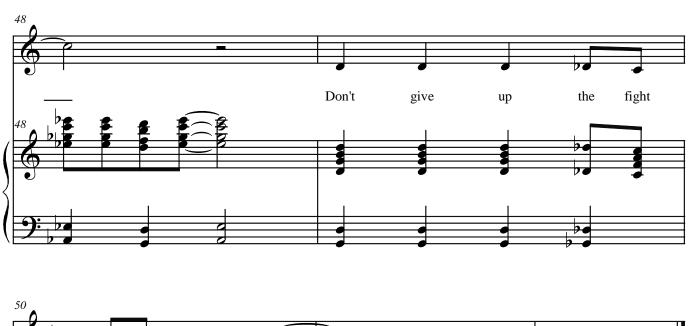








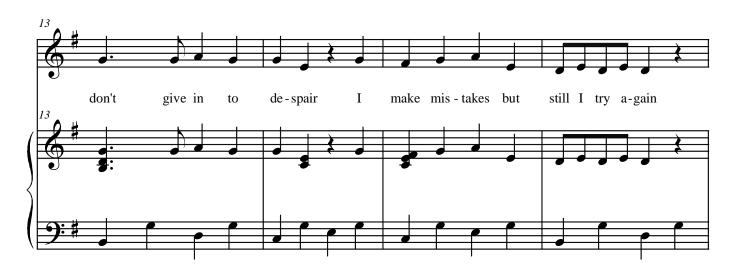


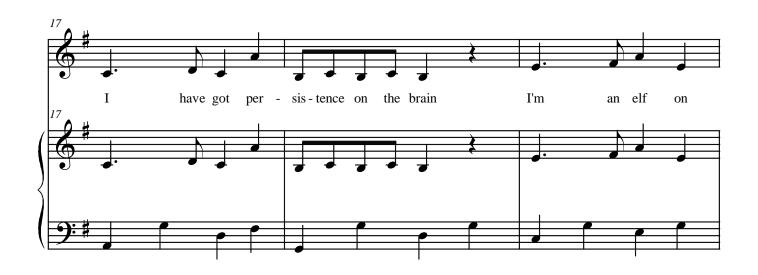




Bumbles' Reprise









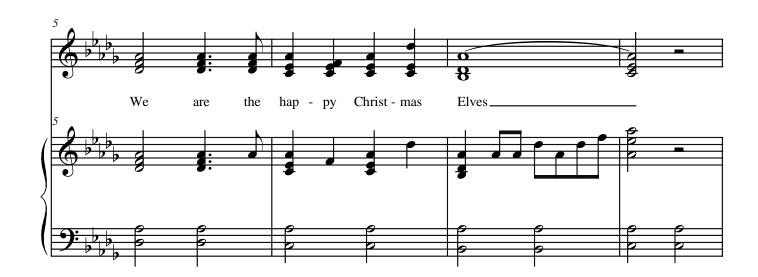
Bumbles' Reprise





March of the Happy Christmas Elves - Finale





March of the Happy Christmas Elves - Finale







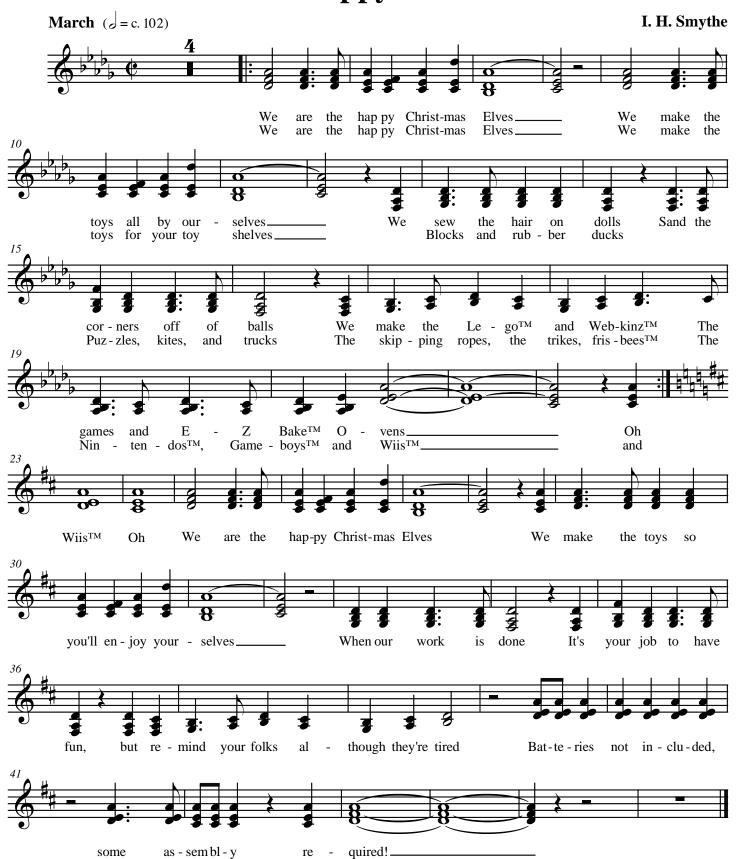


Bumbles' Big Christmas Adventure

Appendix II - Vocal Scores

March of the Happy Christmas Elves
I'm Bumbles
It's Christmas Magic
You Gotta Persist
I'm Dumbles
Mr. Pickle Head
He's Bumbles
It's Easter Magic
It's Dental Magic
You Gotta Persist Reprise
Bumbles' Reprise
March of the Happy Christmas Elves Finale

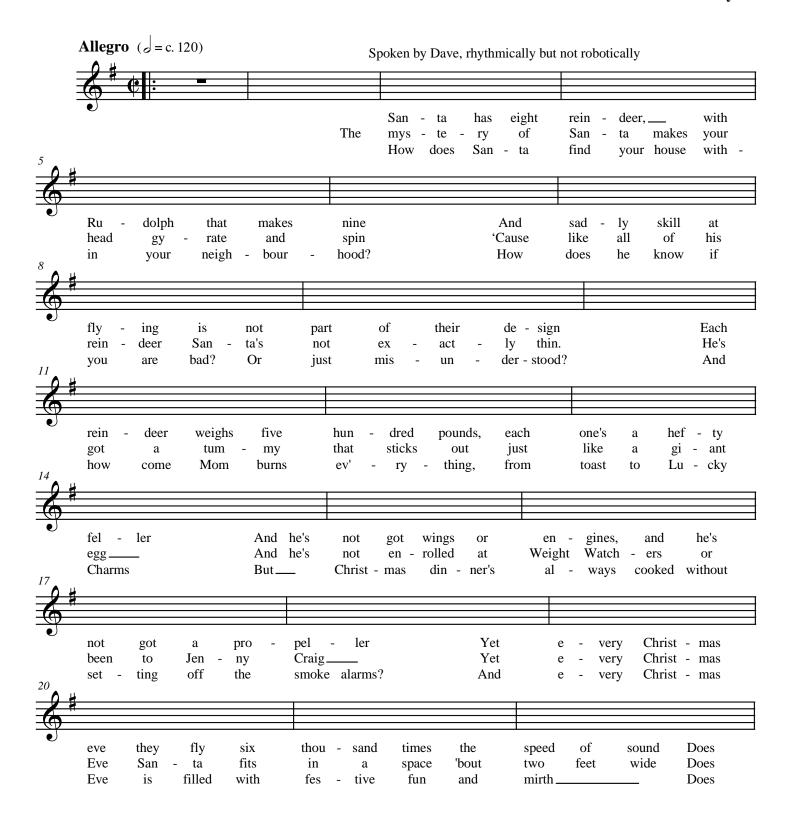
March of the Happy Christmas Elves

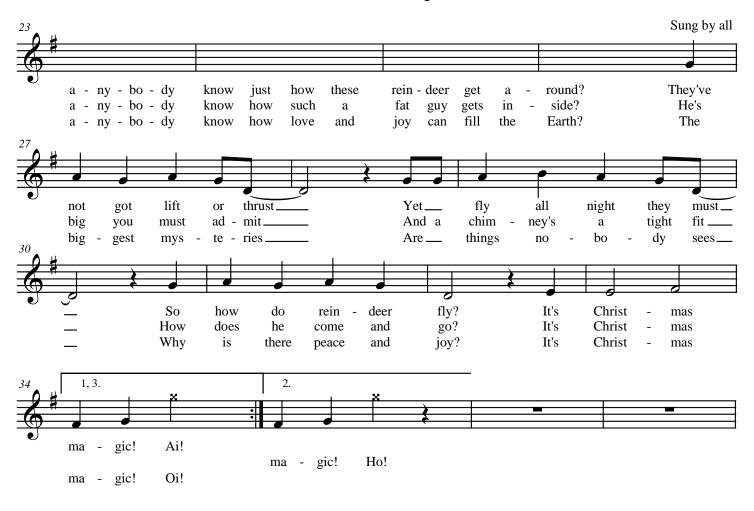


I'm Bumbles



It's Christmas Magic









You Gotta Persist

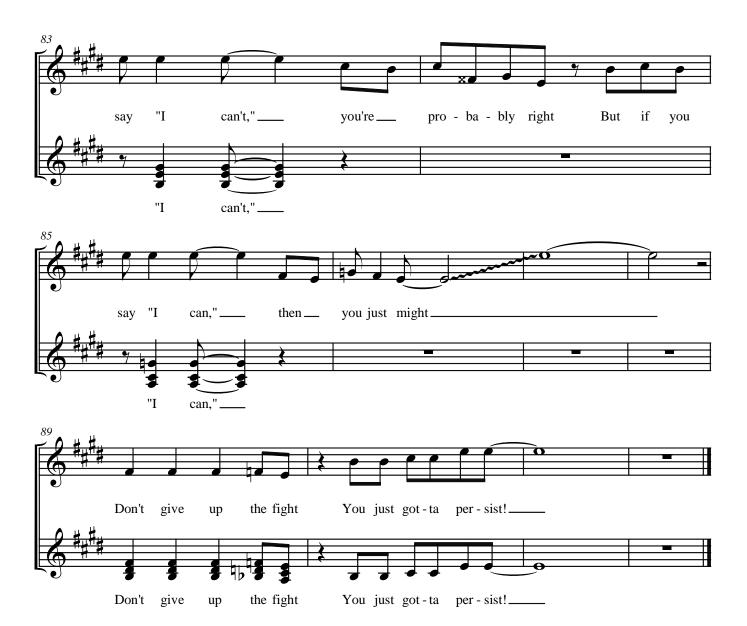












I'm Dumbles



Mr. Pickle Head



He's Bumbles



It's Easter Magic



It's Dental Magic



You Gotta Persist - Reprise





Bumbles' Reprise



March of the Happy Christmas Elves - Finale

