

**An Entertainment and the Arts Production  
The Eight Little Nutcrackers  
Produced by Stage Door 13 and WTAN Radio  
At The Francis Wilson Playhouse  
Written by Brenda Darnley Martin, John DiSanza and Susan Di Sanza**

***Characters:***

**5 women vying to be the host of a special holiday radio show, director, theatre manager, FX guy, narrator off to stage left – number to left of character name indicates order of “death.”**

**Narrator -**

**1 - Jamie Weiner–man in drag – Dixie’s husband, tired of being dominated by such a strong woman – he knows she is going for the role, so decides he can do it better than she can, but the role requires he pretend to be a woman –**

**2 - Consuelo Astor van Wyck – a NYC sophisticated transplant – trying to seduce director- thinks she knows how to work a director for a part–**

**3 - Laura Harper – local woman – knows everyone because she slept with everybody’s husband – works as a hairdresser tries to seduce the director – slept with Jamie.**

**4 - Nikki Nouse – young, pretty, Kim Novak sort of person - dressed in a red dress, with a neck scarf, etc. – she’s vying for the stage manager’s attention – she is from Atlanta, or is she? – she is everywoman – theatre grad from USF – last month – majored in dialects – works at a radio station part time on the weekend and is also a waitress – never what she seems – she is illegitimate daughter of Laura and Jamie. –**

**5 - Joey Beck, Fx guy – screws around a lot, imitating the 3 stooges –**

**6 - Melody Starr – voiceover queen who talks in rhymes to keep vocal chords toned – she also writes children’s’ books and has worked on the radio in the past. -**

**7 - Rich Mann – director - gay, but not flamboyant, goes for Jamie because he is a man’s woman – he knows Jamie is a man, but Jamie doesn’t know he knows –**

**8 - Chico Di Nero –nasty, egotistical station manager – fancies himself an author, artist and STUD – he is having an affair with Dixie, who is using him to get back at Jamie.**

**9 - Dixie Dawson – on her way to the audition, she saw her husband dressed as a woman – taking her place. She was overcome with a murderous rage – that’s it. She already has to deal with his past affair, the “baby” being a part of Clearwater society now, and to make it worse, Jamie is now going around town in DRAG – will the embarrassment never cease????**

**10 – Officer O’Brien – friendly neighborhood cop.**

## **Christmas music plays in theatre from the end of E & A**

### **Curtain Speech – music stops**

**Andy Rufo: Good evening. Welcome to Francis Wilson Playhouse. Tonight's show is being presented free as a special holiday gift to the community by WTAN, Stage Door 13, Entertainment and the Arts and Francis Wilson Playhouse. We are very excited about this collaborative project and hope that we will be bringing more of these special programs to you on occasion in the future. All of the entertainers in tonight's program have donated their talent. Please pick up their fliers in the lobby and remember them when you are booking entertainment.**

**Since this is being simulcast on WTAN radio from 8 – 9 PM, please do not leave at the conclusion of the show. Immediately after the curtain call, we will have live interviews with the cast and crew, giving audience members the chance to ask questions as time permits. So to our live audience and those of you listening on the radio or via the Internet, welcome to "The 8 Little Nutcrackers."**

### **Lights out after Andy leaves –**

*The Stage is set with nine chairs across – seated stage left to right: Joey Beck (does Fx, with prop table in front of him), Officer O'Brien (helps with Fx, )Chico DiNero, Rich Mann, Nikki Nouse, Laura Harper, Consuelo Astor van Wyck, Jamie Weiner, Melody Starr. Narrator is down stage right at podium...*

### **Narrator reads poem in the dark, with only a reading lamp– MYSTERIOUSLY**

**Narrator: T'was the month before Christmas, the theatre was dark -  
The director was waiting for the auditions to start;  
One by one the actors appeared  
to try for the lead in the Christmas Cheer.**

**But they really don't care about the part -  
What they want is hidden deep in their hearts.  
The golden nutcracker is what they pursue -  
And what they'll say is nothing to what they will do.**

**The director's choice will make the day  
For one of the actors who comes this way.  
The others, however, will be full of gloom  
'Cause they're not the one who will light up the room.**

**So sit back and witness the mystery to come -  
Try to figure it out – it will be lots of fun!**

**Lights up**

Narrator: It was a **dark and stormy night** in normally sparkling, Clearwater, Florida.

***Fx: sound booth makes thunder***

Narrator: On the waterfront, at the Francis Wilson Playhouse, the director, Rich Mann, is sitting in his chair, reviewing his notes and the stage manager, Chico DiNero, is at the props table.

***Fx: doorbell rings*** –

Narrator: We hear the doorbell ring and Chico walks off stage to open the door.

***Fx: single footsteps exiting, door opening, wind, rain, Mike makes fog horn sounds from time door opens until door closes.***

Narrator: ***(after door opens and rain is heard)*** Oh, it sounds like there's a pretty bad storm out in Clearwater Harbor.

***(This sound effect piece is 24 seconds long – you may have to pause and wait for the door close)***

Narrator: ***(as double footsteps are sounding)*** Chico re-enters, accompanied by Nikki Nouse.

Chico: You'll never believe who this is! Mickey Mouse. I thought Mickey Mouse was a boy – this ain't no boy.

Nikki: No – it's not Mickey Mouse. It is Nikki Nouse! With an N, not an M.

Chico: Oh, pardon me miss- or I should I say “niss”, with an N, not an M. heh, heh. Nikki Nouse, meet Rich Mann, our director. But don't get excited, he's not so rich.

Rich: Nice to meet you Mickey.

Chico: Not Mickey, it's Nikki. With an N, not an M.

Nikki: Nice to meet you Rich.

***Fx: doorbell rings***

**Rich:** Chucko, would you get the door?

**Chico:** It's not Chucko, it's Chico.

**Rich:** Oh – it says Chucko Nero on my list.

**Chico:** That's wrong – it is Chico Di Nero, not Chucko Nero. And this is Nikki Nouse, not Mickey Mouse. And you're Rich Mann, but if you had that much money you wouldn't be here!

***Ex: doorbell rings again***

**Rich:** Chucko, I mean Chico, would you answer the door?

**Chico:** Sure. Excuse me, Miss.

**Narrator:** ***Ex: start speaking as single footsteps going away, door opening, wind, rain (Mike makes fog horn sounds from time door opens until door closes).*** While Chico is off getting the door, Nikki seats herself on the stool closest to the director and crosses her legs. Rich, not paying her much attention - since he is gay - absently hands her a clipboard with an audition form on it. She frowns. ***(This sound effect piece is 24 seconds long – you may have to pause and wait for the door close)***

**Narrator:** ***after hearing door close, and double footstep approaching*** Auditioner Melody Starr rushes in, closely followed by Chico.

**Melody:** I'm Melody Starr, the best by far - to host your show – that I know. As the voiceover queen, I steal every scene. I talk in rhyme, I hope you don't mind.

**Narrator:** Everyone stares at her.

**Rich:** We don't mind, I guess. This is Nikki Nouse.

**Nikki:** Charmed.

**Melody:** Nikki Nouse – I love your blouse!

**Nikki:** This is going to get old really fast.

**Rich:** Okay – we are expecting three more ladies to audition and then we will start. Here Melody, please complete this audition form.

Narrator: So to recap, on this ***dark and stormy night*** in normally sparkling, Clearwater, Florida - a gay director, nasty station manager, young ingénue and a cutesy, rhyming woman are sitting on the Francis Wilson Playhouse main stage, waiting for the auditions to start for the lead in the Christmas Cheer. In this narrator's humble opinion, things aren't looking that great for talent – so far we have a choice of Nouse or Nice.

***Fx: The doorbell rings***

Rich: Chico.

Chico: I know. Get the door.

Narrator: Chico heads off to get the door.

***Fx: single footsteps fading, door open, wind, fog horn***

Consuelo: (***after door opens – said over wind and fog horn fx***) Didn't you hear me knocking? This dampness is bad for my hair.

Chico: (***said over wind and fog horn***) I'm here, ain't I?

***Fx: Door closes and double footsteps approach***

Narrator (***pause if necessary to wait for footsteps to begin after door closes - say over footsteps fx***): They enter the room.

Chico: This one comes with a calling card. Miss Consuelo Astor van Wyck – meet the director, Mr. Rich Mann.

Consuelo: Mann? Are you one of the Southampton Manns?

Rich: No, I'm a "Village People" Mann.

Consuelo: You look more like a "Fire Island" Mann to me.

Rich: Same, same.

Consuelo: I am sure you are familiar with my family lineage. The Astors and van Wycks are very old, New York royalty. I am here to lend my esteemed presence to your small time endeavor.

**Chico:** I thought van Wyck was an expressway in New York City. Here, take a seat and fill this out.

***Fx: door opens and closes. Triple footsteps approaching***

**Narrator:** (*begin as footsteps start*) **GREAT.** Now we have Nouse, Nice and a pompous New Yorker. Could it get any worse???... Whoops it just did! Here comes Joey Beck, the obnoxious sound effects tech, and two more lady auditioners. (*Say this next line as an "aside."*) One of them isn't much of a looker either.

**Chico:** Joey, what are you doing here tonight? Did they call you in?

**Joey:** Like sands through the hour glass, so are the Days of our Lives. I was in the neighborhood and thought I would stop by and make a little Christmas noise. (*Rings Christmas bells which are on the table*)

**Joey:** (*seeing the tiny candy canes, puts down the bells and helps himself to a few tiny candy canes*) *Nuk, nuk, nuk, nuk.* Holy Cannoli. Tiny candy canes!

**Nikki (to Laura and Jamie):** Mom (*beat*) - and DAD???? What are YOU doing here?

**Jamie:** In sparkling Clearwater Florida did you really think we weren't going to bump into each other at auditions.

**Nikki:** Yeah but they're looking for the perfect FEMALE host for a Christmas show - not a freak show.

**Laura:** If that's the best you can do at improvisation, they should get the hook and drag you both off stage already.

**Nikki:** I had hoped I would run into each of you sometime over the holidays, but who would have believed I would run into you both trying for the same female lead as me?

**Consuelo:** Excuse me – are you saying that THIS “woman” is your father????

**Nikki:** Yes, I am at a loss to explain it myself.

**Narrator:** Well now, isn't this a grand holiday reunion!

**Laura:** So, what's with all these nutcrackers on this table?

**Chico:** The station owner has a collection.

**Laura:** They must have known I was coming because I have cracked quite a lot of nuts in my time.

**Joey:** Nuk, nuk, nuk – nutcrackers cracking nuts. (*Joey will insert Curly's nuk, nuk sounds randomly, wherever it seems appropriate, until he "dies."*)

**Laura:** There's one, two, three, five, seven – eight nutcrackers here.

**Rich:** Okay, speaking of nuts – everyone's here, let's get the audition started.

**Chico,** please hand out the scripts.

***Fx:** door open, wind, fog horn (only when door is open), door slams shut and then silence - no footsteps*

**Rich:** Are we expecting anyone else?

**Chico:** Not that I know of.

**Jamie:** Maybe it's a ghost.

**Melody:** Maybe it's the ghost of Christmas Past, giving a test – will we pass?

**Narrator:** Hmmm. They're talking about ghosts. That's NEVER good! I don't like ghosts.... What an odd group we have assembled here. Hmmm: we have the ingénue, Nikki Nouse; Nikki's parents - Laura Harper and Jamie Weiner, who SOMEHOW are BOTH WOMEN – hmmm; the voiceover queen, Melody Starr, who only talks in rhyme; a Manhattan wannabe socialite, Consuelo Astor van Wyck; gay director, Rich Mann - with all the women hitting on him! – what's that about???.; the greasy theatre manager, Chucko Nero or Chico DeNiro; and Joey Beck, the obnoxious sound effects man. Hmmm.

**Rich:** On with the auditions. Ms. Van Wyck, please begin.

**Consuelo:** Where would you like me to start?

**Rich:** Please start from the top.

**Consuelo:** The Eight Little Nutcrackers, by John and Susan Di Sanza, and Brenda Martin.

**Rich:** Not that script, the audition script. Gees – where do they get these people???

**Narrator (*very snootily*):** Oh my – she’s been embarrassed and he’s not even one of the Southampton Manns.

**Laura:** Jamie, you’ve been dancing around like you’ve got ants in your pants. Are your knickers in a twist? What’s going on?

**Jamie:** Excuse me, I hate to delay us further, but I really need to go powder my nose. (*He “leaves.”*)

***Fx: single footsteps going away***

**Rich:** Okay – let’s start without her. Joey, what are you doing over there?

**Joey:** Eating tiny candy canes! Nuk, nuk,nuk.

**Melody:** I’ll do my part. I’ll start.

**Consuelo:** Excuse me, but I had already been chosen to start, and besides, I am accustomed to being first.

**Laura:** Well you may be first in New York, but I didn’t see the Christmas Tree at Rockefeller Center on my way in – did you?

**Rich:** Ladies, please. You’ll all get a shot at the top spot.

**Melody:** Oh you sound like me – I’m full of glee. I would like a cook-ie.

**Rich:** Ms. Van Wyck. Please read.

**Consuelo:**

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

*Fx: a loud nut cracking sound.*

Rich: What was that noise? Chico, Joey: go check it out. Ms. Van Wyck, please continue.

*(Fx: double footsteps loud to soft)*

Consuelo: Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

*(Fx: double footsteps soft to loud again as they return).*

Rich: Is Jamie okay?

Chico: I don't know, I didn't see 'nothin. You see anything Joey?

*Joey mumbles and shakes his head no, as he is chowing down on tiny candy canes again.*

Rich: Let's go on then. Thank you Ms. Van Wyck. Now, Mrs. Harper, please read the next passage.

Consuelo: I will be right back. Which way to the ladies' room?

Melody: Follow your nose I suppose.

*Consuelo looks annoyed, but "leaves."* *Fx: sound of single footsteps as Consuelo leaves.*

Laura: What is this a parade?

Rich: Mrs. Harper. Please read.

Laura: More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

**"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.**

***(Fx: suddenly there is another loud nut cracking sound.)***

**Joey: Geez – there's that sound again.**

**Chico – We better go check it out.**

**Joey – This time you go first.**

**Narrator: *(as fx: double footsteps going away)*. Chico and Joey are going to check it out. It sounds like a big nutcracker to me.**

**Rich: Mrs. Harper, please continue.**

**Laura: You got to be kidding.  
As I drew in my hand  
and was turning around,  
– This should be head, if I am not mistaken –  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes -- how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
- Hmm – wonder what he was smoking? -  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!**

**Narrator: *(as fx: double footsteps grow louder as Chico and Joey come back.) Joey gets another candy cane.)* Chico and Joey are back. Oh gees – Joey's getting another candy cane - how many is that???**

**Rich: Well - what is it now? Did something happen to Ms. Van Wyck?**

**Chico:** I don't know, maybe she's with that Weiner woman. There's nobody back there.

**Laura:** Maybe they're not coming back – the competition was too much for them.

**Rich** (*holding up mistletoe and looking at Chucko*): Could we have a little Christmas cheer here please? 'Tis the season.... *Chico sees Rich looking at him and the mistletoe and gives a look like "I don't think so."*

**Narrator:** Maybe it's just me, but it seems that Rich Mann is holding up the mistletoe in Chico's direction. He's barking up the wrong tree on that one!

**Laura:** Stand back boys, we're in for a rocky night.

**Rich:** Mrs. Harper - your audition... please.

**Laura:** OOO-KAY.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath; GEES!  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

**Melody:** (*to Joey*) Zounds! Joey, we need some sounds!

**Joey:** Nuk, nuk, nuk.

**Laura:** You want some sound? I'll give you some sound. I will take this script and stick it up your...

**Rich:** Ladies, please! That will be enough of that Mrs. Harper!

**Laura:** That's it. I can't work like this either. I am out of here. I'll leave you to "Melodious Melody." She leaves – *single footsteps sound*

**Melody:** Thank God she's gone – do you have any idea what it takes to talk in rhyme as Melodious Melody all day long? But I have to do it to show her up at auditions. Hmmm. Looks like the part is mine – that's fine! God I need a Tylenol.

**Nikki:** Excuse me. Neither you nor I have auditioned. What makes you so sure the part is your?

**Melody:** Mere formality darling. Mere formality. (*She pops a Tylenol from her purse. Notices candy on the table*) – May I have a piece of that candy cane? My throat is a bit dry.

**Narrator:** As Melody reaches into her purse and takes out a Tylenol bottle, Chico hands her a piece of candy cane. She takes the Tylenol and sucks on the candy.

**Rich:** Let's continue auditioning. Ms. Nouse. Please read.

**Narrator:** Man – you should see the look Nikki is giving Melody! If looks could kill, Melody would be rhyming her way to the pearly gates right now.

*Chico pulls out a long peppermint stick and starts sucking on it, leering at Nikki as she reads.*

**Nikki:** He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

**Ewww** - Excuse me, but I can't audition as long as that disgusting Chico is staring at me and sucking that peppermint stick like that.

**Rich:** Chico, would you please go sit over there?  
(*Chico grunts his disapproval*)

**Joey:** (*looking sick, he sits down in a chair, leans his head back rubbing his stomach.*) You think they got problems? I ate too many tiny candy canes.

**Narrator:** Joey IS looking a little piqued. Joey, Joey.... That's good. He's sitting down.

**Nikki:** And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
*"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."*

**Rich:** Thank you - that was fine. We will be in touch.

Nikki: Thanks. I look forward to it. *She “leaves.”* **Ex: single footsteps.**

Melody: Oh how saccharin can you get????

Rich: Miss Starr, I would greatly appreciate your not ridiculing the other auditioners.

**Ex: Nikki struggling with the door, which won't open and single footsteps as she returns.**

Chico: I thought you left. What's the matter, you can't get out?

Nikki: Yeah, I can't get out.

Narrator: Hmmm - a locked door.

Rich: Chico – would you go open the door for her?

**Ex: double footsteps –door rattling again.**

**Ex: the lights go out –**

**Ex: we hear a slap.**

Nikki: (backstage) “You Animal!”

**Ex: double footsteps returning**

Rich: What happened?

Nikki – Nothing – I felt something GREASY!

Chico: The door is locked – it's locked from the outside.

**(Ex: the lights go black**

Narrator: Oh – the lights have gone out! - *Nikki screams and exits stage while lights are out.*

**Ex: five of the eight nutcrackers are taken off the table and put in a bag or something while the lights are out). LIGHT BOOTH – Please give them at least 10 seconds of darkness to move the nutcrackers**

**Fx: Lights come back up** – Nikki’s “gone”

**Narrator:** Oh good the lights are back on. But wait, where’s Miss Nouse? She’s not there, but her scarf is lying on the floor where she was a minute ago.

**Melody:** Well it looks like the part is mine now.... Joey, could I have another candy please. Gosh I am feeling a little woozy. Joey... Joey...

**Narrator:** Since Joey doesn’t seem to be listening, Melody is going over to tap him on the shoulder... **(PAUSE)** Oh my God – he’s fallen over – is he dead??

**Melody:** God – he’s dead! What’s going on in this place??? Everyone seems to have disappeared – Nikki literally just vanished – and now Joey is dead!

**Rich:** Melody, Melody - come with me. I have some valium in my office.

**Melody:** *(now, almost hysterical)* Look – the nutcrackers! Remember Laura Harper saying that there were eight nutcrackers???? Now there are only three! There were eight of us here tonight – and now we are only **THREE!**

**Rich:** Melody, PLEASE. Come to my office. You really need a valium now – and so do I! **Fx: double footsteps as they leave**

**Narrator:** Hmm - this is interesting. I wonder if Chico has realized that he is now **alone** with Joey’s body! He certainly seems nervous, pacing around the floor like that.... **(PAUSE)** Hmm.... Something is going on here. First the door slams shut, but no one comes in. Then that manly “babe” and the New York babe each go off to the bathroom and don’t return; and what’s with the weird nutcracker sound just after each person leaves? Then the door was barred shut from the outside, the lights go out and Nikki disappears!

**Chico:** Joey was eating the tiny candy canes. Joey! Could it be the tiny candy canes? Glad mine is still in my pocket here. Wonder what’s keeping Rich Mann and Melody Starr? How long does it take to go get valium?

**(Fx: two nutcracker sounds (play it twice?) in the distance – senses danger.)**

**Chico:** Oh God. There’s that noise again – twice more. That can’t be good. I’m not staying here with a dead Stooze! I’m out of here!

**Fx: Lights out**

**Narrator:** Uh-oh – the lights are out again.

*(Fx: a lot of footsteps, Chico struggling, yelling. While this is going on, two of the remaining three nutcrackers are taken off the table and Chico inserts a candy cane “stake” in his heart.)*

*Fx: The lights come back up.*

**Narrator:** Finally, the lights are back on. Hmm. Two more nutcrackers are missing. And then there was ONE. Chico. Hmm. *(Noticing that Chico is dead with a candy cane dagger in his heart), narrator takes a short, sharp breath* This is a sweet sight – Chico - stabbed through the heart with a candy cane and it’s almost Christmas night. Oh my God, **FM** rhyming now– the ghost of Melody must be haunting me!

*– lights out.*

*There is a loud, lunatic sort of laughter – lights up on Dixie, holding a big candy cane and tiny candy canes.*

**Dixie:** Anyone else want a candy cane?

*Fx: Lights go out and macabre music plays. At this time Dixie and Officer O’Brien move to center stage.*

**Narrator:** Fast forward four months.

*Lights come up on Officer O’Brien standing next to Dixie..*

**Officer O’Brien:** Dixie, you owned the fabulous radio station, WBRN. You had everything. And now here you are, arranged today by a Grand Jury on eight counts of murder. Why did you do it Lass?????

**Dixie (with a deranged sort of smile):** Revenge is a dish best served cold. *(She lets out another loud, lunatic sort of laugh.)*

**Ghost of Laura Harper:** I’ll tell you why she killed me! Everybody just thought I was a celebrity wannabe, hairdresser, but in fact I was sleeping with all your husbands. Dixie was the only one smart enough to figure it out! She knew that Nikki Nouse was my daughter with Jamie – born just 9 months after their honeymoon. I had the baby she always wanted to have.

**Ghost of Jamie Weiner:** One mistake in the first year of our thirty year marriage – I picked a bad chestnut from the wrong family tree. She never let me live it

down. So finally after all these years, I have suffered her domination enough and dare to have a little fun, dressing in drag and stealing her audition slot. She just snaps – how unexpected! I can understand her killing Laura and me, but did she have to go after our sweet baby, Nikki Nouse?

**Ghost of Nikki Nouse:** I guess she had to kill me because I am so young and beautiful and was Daddy’s little angel.

**Ghost of Consuelo Astor van Wyck:** I have been so misunderstood! I am not a snob – I am simply well-bred. I have no idea why that Dawson woman killed me – the nerve of her, attempting to lay a hand on an Astor van Wyck.

**Ghost of Joey Beck:** Talk about luck! My mother always told me the sweets would kill me. If I had stayed on the Atkins Diet I wouldn’t be dead right now. Nuk, nuk, nuk.

**Ghost of Melodious Melody Starr:** I understand the killing of those who came before; but killing me I’ll question evermore. My only crime was talking in rhyme.

**Ghost of Rich Mann:** What did I do, what did I say, I just came here to direct this play. Oh woe is me! It’s a Shakespearean tragedy.

**Ghost of Chico Di Nero:** You know, nothing much surprises me, but my death sure did! So Dixie and I – we did our thing once in a while. She kills me because I hit on her husband’s illegitimate daughter? She hated that kid! And to think I even picked up the tiny candy canes for her. Last time I do her a favor!

**Narrator:** Poor Dixie Dawson – a woman wronged by so many in so many nasty ways. She must have been overcome with a murderous rage – that’s it. I never forget my old grandmother Rose’s favorite holiday saying: Don’t waste your energy getting mad - get even. Wonder if Dixie’s related to grandma?

**Lights out**

*Pause*

**Lights up**

*Cast stands, bows and takes a seat again as name is called.*

**Narrator:** This original broadcast of “Eight Little Nutcrackers” was brought to you by the Francis Wilson Playhouse, WTAN Radio, Stage Door 13 and Entertainment and the Arts Radio.

**The Night Before Christmas was written by Clement Clarke Moore on Christmas Eve, 1822.**

**8 Little Nutcrackers was written by John and Susan Di Sanza and Brenda Darnley Martin on **Halloween Eve**, 2008.**

**The production was directed by Susan Di Sanza, and starred  
Rich Aront as Rich Mann,  
James Clark as Jamie Weiner,  
Laura Dent as Laura Harper,  
Susan Di Sanza as Consuelo Astor van Wyck,  
John Di Sanza as Chico Nero  
Brenda Martin as Melody Starr  
Mike Martin as Officer O'Brien,  
Cory McBride as Nikki Nouse,  
Joe Pauly as Joey Beck,  
and I am your narrator, David Kemler.**

**And last but not least, the part of Dixie Dawson was played by:**

**Lola Wagenvoord (first week )**

**Dee Ray Crews (second week)**

**Cast takes a group bow, stands and says: "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."**