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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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the rednecks un-do christmas

HOLIDAY. Celebrate the holidays with the Bubbas, a lovable redneck family, as they head even further south for another hilarious adventure! Fleeing West Virginny's winter weather, the Bubbas have set up camp at a rundown trailer park in southern Alabama. But just as the Bubbas are getting ready to celebrate Christmas Eve with a pot of polecat gumbo, a family of snobby snowbirds arrive in their \$10-million-dollar RV and try to force the Bubbas out of the trailer park. And to add to the madness, Bubba Santa Claus arrives on the scene frantically searching for Rudolph, who has mysteriously disappeared. To aid in the search, Bubba Santa hires the Blubber Team, the "best" covert paramilitary group in the South, to find Rudolph in time for Christmas. But when reindeer antlers and a reindeer leg turn up, it doesn't look good for poor Rudolph, and Bubba Santa finds himself grounded on Christmas Eve, unable to deliver presents. However, with a little southern ingenuity, Bubba Santa finds a new way to deliver gifts—an RV with a global positioning system!

Performance Time: Approximately 90-120 minutes.

characters

(5 M, 5 F, 7 flexible)

BUBBA MAN: 40, Redneck snowbird from West Virginia.

BUBBA GAL: Bubba Man's redneck wife.

BUBBA BOY: 17, Bubba Man and Bubba Gal's redneck son; wears a tool belt containing several rolls of duct tape and has a greasy rag in his back pocket.

BUBBA GIRL: 6, Bubba Man and Bubba Gal's redneck daughter. (May be played by an adult dressed as a girl.)

BUBBA SANTA CLAUS: Redneck Santa Claus; wears a traditional Santa suit that is dirty, ragged, and patched and a baseball cap with a fluffy white ball attached to its top; has a scraggly beard and carries a can of root beer.

BUBBA NEPHEW: Bubba Man's redneck nephew; he is a menacing, snarling, monstrous specimen; ugly and disheveled with a dirty face and scraggly beard.

HEYWEED THROTTLEBOTTOM: 40s, a snobby nouveau riche snowbird; wears expensive clothes and a tam hat (or other hat), carries a cane, and speaks in an elevated accent.

BEVERLY THROTTLEBOTTOM: Heyweed's wife; wears stylish, expensive clothes.

LILY THROTTLEBOTTOM: 16, Heyweed and Beverly's daughter; wears stylish, expensive clothes.

MILLY THROTTLEBOTTOM: 9, Heyweed and Beverly's daughter; wears stylish, expensive clothes. (May be played by an adult actress dressed as a girl.)

SHERIFF RAY RAY RAY: Local sheriff; wears aviator sunglasses, a big hat, a badge, and a gun belt beneath his big belly; flexible.

DEPUTY JAY JAY JAY: Local deputy; a skinnier, younger, dumber version of the Sheriff; flexible.

BLUBBER 1: Dimwitted leader of Bad Guys and Gals, Inc., the "best" covert paramilitary team in the South; flexible.

BLUBBER 2: Team member; flexible.

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BLUBBER 3: Team member; flexible.

BLUBBER 4: Most dimwitted of the Blubbers; flexible.

MR./MS. LAWLESS: Mr. Throttlebottom's subservient attorney; dressed in black and carries a heavy suitcase; flexible.

NOTE: For flexible roles, alter pronouns in script accordingly.

setting

Christmas Eve, Swamp Gas Trailer Park, a rundown trailer park in southern Alabama.

set

There is a sign that reads, "Swamp Gas Trailer Park, Swamp Gas, LA." The "R's" are printed backward. At SR is a dilapidated and rusted-out trailer, which may be a two-dimensional cutout. There are several duct-taped areas on the trailer's skin, and mounted on it is a single pair of broken reindeer antlers, which are held together with more duct tape. At CS are two equally dilapidated chairs, or old tires can be piled on top of each other and used as chairs. The chairs surround an open fire that has a big cooking pot sitting on it.

synopsis of scenes

ACT I: Christmas Eve, Swamp Gas Trailer Park, a rundown trailer park in southern Alabama.

Intermission

ACT II: Christmas Eve, Swamp Gas Trailer Park, one hour later.

props

Trailer marked with duct-taped repairs	Tool belt
Reindeer antlers	Car parts (Fender, muffler, exhaust pipe, etc.)
Pile of tires or ragged lawn chair	Heavy dark suitcase
Sign that says, "Swamp Gas Trailer Park, LA" with "R's" written backward	Big locked box on casters (Large enough to contain Bubba Nephew)
Large cooking pot	Handful of pens
Spoon	Sheets of papers
Rolls of duct tape	Double-barreled shotgun
Greasy rag	Large bandages
Christmas tree with a trunk and branches but no needles	Sweater or light jacket, for Gal
Aviator sunglasses	Sweater or light jacket, for Beverly
Handcuffs	Arm sling
Badge	Large diaper for Blubber 4
2 Gun belts with holsters	Crutch
2 Guns	Deer leg (about the length and diameter of a baseball bat)
Old tire with rim	Roll of extension cord
Large handkerchief	Bubblegum
Cans of root beer	Heavy coat, for Beverly
Stuffed toys	Jacket, for Millie
Cane	Santa suit, for Bubba Nephew
2 Bags	Pitch pipe (optional)
Perfectly decorated Christmas tree	Car keys
2 Strings of Christmas lights	Small box
Light string with a single, empty, full-sized socket in the middle	Red light bulb
Cell phone	Ornaments made from empty root beer cans

special effects

Car crash
Smoke
Huge car crash
Shotgun blast
Plane flying overhead
Snow
Holiday song (optional)

Note: Many sound effects may be downloaded free of charge from the Internet.

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"l.a." don't stand
fer los angeles...
it stands
fer lower alabamer.

-deputy

act i

(AT RISE: Christmas Eve, a rundown trailer park in southern Alabama. Bubba Man and Bubba Gal are sitting around an open fire, which has a big cooking pot sitting on it. Bubba Man stares off right while Bubba Gal stirs the pot's contents. Even though it is Christmas Eve, they do not wear coats.)

MAN: Whar's that Bubba Boy when I need him? I send him out to that thar store, an' he stays gone fer five er ten minutes er so. An' I told him to hurry.

GAL: Whut yew fussin' 'bout, Bubba Man? Yew know the Circle K's two miles down the highway. That thar's a long walk. It'll take him near 'bouts an hour.

MAN: He took the pickup.

GAL: In that case, it'll take him near 'bouts two hours.

MAN: But I need me a chaw real bad.

GAL: A chaw? Bubba Man, I done told yew, I ain't kissing no mouth whut's been chewin' tobacker. It's the chaw er me.

(Brief pause.)

MAN: Well, finish the cookin' afore yew leave.

GAL: I ain't goin' nowhars, Bubba Man. Not on Christmas Eve, I ain't.

MAN: Yeah, yew just wanna stay over so's yew can collect yer Christmas present. An' then yew'll skedaddle.

GAL: Maybe so. But I ain't standin' under no mistletoe, so don't try no kissin' on me. *(She takes a spoonful of gumbo from the kettle and sturps it loudly.)*

MAN: Bubba Gal, as much as I admire yer polecat gumbo, I cain't stand to kiss yew after yew been sippin' on it. It ain't kind to yer...a-roma.

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GAL: Well, then, I guess that makes us even, 'cause I cain't stand yer tobacker mouth, an' yew cain't stand my polecat...a-roma.

(Bubba Man turns to her and smiles leeringly.)

MAN: But after I git me a chaw, I can stand jist about any ol' thang.

GAL: *(Giggles.)* O, Bubba Man, yew are soooo romantic-like.

(She crosses toward him.)

MAN: Pee-yew! Woman, stay away! *(She stops as he waves her away.)* I ain't had my chaw yet.

GAL: Well, if'n my polecat gumbo smells so bad, how yew goin' eat it?

MAN: I'm goin' hold my nose. *(He demonstrates by holding his nose and speaking nasally.)* That's how.

GAL: You cain't be smellin' this yer polecat gumbo on me no-ways.

MAN: How come?

GAL: 'Cause I ain't put the polecat in it yet.

MAN: How come?

GAL: 'Cause you ain't shot me no polecat yet.

MAN: Well, it must be the rotten taters in it then.

GAL: Ain't no taters in thar.

MAN: Well, the rancid onions.

GAL: Ain't no onions in thar neither.

MAN: Then whut's in that thar kettle?

GAL: Water.

MAN: Yew mean we're havin' water gumbo fer Christmas Eve dinner?

GAL: An' fried parsley. Unless you can round me up sumpin' else to put in thar.

MAN: I'll git Bubba Nephew to do it.

GAL: Naw, unh-unh, nope. Don't yew even thank it. Don't want that fellar outta his locked box...too dang dangerous.
MAN: But he's the best shot in the whole dad-blamed South, woman. He never misses.
GAL: That's 'cause he don't aim. He jist shoots everthang in sight.
MAN: Well, yew still got that a-roma on yew.
GAL: Must be left over from the Thanksgivin' polecat roast. Maybe I oughta wash up a bit.
MAN: How come? Yew'll jist git stinky all over agin.
GAL: Well, yer right 'bout that.
GIRL: (*From off right.*) Hey, Pa, Ma! Bubba Boy's got somethin' fer us!
MAN: (*To Gal.*) He's back...and jist in time. My mouth's as dry as a cotton field full o' cotton.
GAL: Well, whut else is a cotton field goin' be filled with?
MAN: Boll weevils. (*He calls off right.*) Hurry up with that thar chaw! I'm a-dyin' hyer [here].

(*Bubba Girl enters SR.*)

GIRL: He's a-comin'.
GAL: How'd yew an' Bubba Boy git to the Circle K an' back so fast?
GIRL: Ma, we didn't git to the Circle K. (*She sniffs.*) Yew smell good.
GAL: Yeah. It's the polecat gumbo.
GIRL: Oh, goodie! Skunk fer dinner!
GAL: Yep. An' this hyer time I thank I might even skin 'im afore puttin' 'im in the pot.
GIRL: Gee, I ain't never tasted *skint* skunk afore, Ma.
GAL: Soon's Bubba Man shoots me a polecat.
MAN: All right, Bubba Gal. I heared yew. (*To Girl.*) If'n yew didn't make it to the Circle K, then where'd Bubba Boy git my chaw o' tobacker?
GIRL: Oh, Pa, he didn't git no chaw.

MAN: No chaw? Whut'd I send him out thar fer?

GIRL: The pickup broke down.

MAN: Whar?

GIRL: *(She points off right.)* Right up thar...at the highway.

MAN: Yew didn't even git outta the trailer park?

GIRL: It ain't my fault that old pickup is held together with
bubbligum an' duct tape.

MAN: But yew been gone fer...all the fangers [*fingers*] on my
hands an' all the toes on one o' my foots.

GAL: Are yew talkin' about the foot that has all its toes, er the
one whut's missin' a few?

MAN: All of 'em.

GAL: Fifteen minutes.

GIRL: Well, Pa, we seen this truck whut was pulled over to
the side o' the road an' piled high with Christmas trees. So
we sorta sneaked us one.

GAL: *(Excited.)* Yew got us a Christmas tree? Oh, Bubba Girl!
And on Christmas Eve, too! Ain't this excitin'? We ain't
never had a tree afore.

MAN: Whut er yew talkin' about, woman? We got trees all
around us.

GAL: But our very own!

GIRL: *(She looks off right.)* Hyer he comes, Ma.

*(The Bubbas all turn right in anticipation. Bubba Boy enters
wearing a tool belt containing several rolls of duct tape and has a
greasy rag in his back pocket. He is carrying a tree that consists of a
trunk and several branches but not a single pine needle.)*

BOY: Hey, ya'll. Look whut I got. *(He proudly stands it up on
the ground.)*

GAL: *(Pleased.)* A Christmas tree!

BOY: Fell off the back of a truck, an' I jist picked it up.

MAN: Fell off a truck?

BOY: With a little help.

MAN: *(He smiles.)* Good boy. *(He frowns.)* It looks more like a stack o' farwood [firewood] to me, though. Whut happened to all the pine needles?

BOY: Well, it kinda got runned over.

MAN: Whut happened to the rest of its branches?

BOY: It kinda got runned over more'n oncet.

GAL: But it's ahrs [ours], Bubba Man, all ahrs.

MAN: Well, I guess it'll do.

GAL: After we put thangs on it, it'll look almost real.

MAN: Well, all right. *(He looks for a place to put it. Indicates.)*

Let's put it right over hyer.

BOY: Okay, Pa. *(He places tree where Pa indicated.)*

GAL: I thank it'd look better over hyer, Bubba Man.

(Gal indicates a new spot. Brief pause.)

MAN: *(To Boy.)* Okay. Put it over thar. *(Indicates the spot where Gal had said.)*

BOY: Okay, Pa. *(He places the tree in its new spot.)*

GIRL: No, no. Over hyer, over hyer. *(Indicates a new spot.)*

MAN: *(Disgusted, he gives in.)* Over thar, over thar.

BOY: Okay, Pa. *(He moves the tree again.)*

GAL: No. I liked it better whar it was to begin with.

MAN: *(Quickly.)* Okay, over thar.

(Boy picks up the tree and starts to put it where Gal had indicated.)

GIRL: No, no. Over hyer. *(Indicates another spot.)*

GAL: I'm the ma 'round hyer, so it goes whar I say.

GIRL: *(Cries loudly.)* Awwwwwwww! But I'm the baby, an' I want it over hyer!

MAN: Stop screamin', Bubba Girl! Stop it, stop it, stop it!

GIRL: I ain't stoppin' till he moves it back over hyer.

Awwwwwwww!

MAN: Bubba Boy, gimme that thar tree.

BOY: Okay, Pa.

(Boy gives Man the tree. Man raises it over his head.)

MAN: I'm gonna do sumpin' bad to the next person whut makes a sound. *(Girl immediately stops crying.)* Now, we goin' put this hyar tree right hyar, and we goin' decorate it, and it's goin' look... *(He puts it down and stares at it.)* ...a lot better'n it looks right now. Any dee-scussion? *(Gal and Girl start to speak. He interrupts them.)* I didn't thank so. Now, let's all stand back an' admire ahr tree. *(He stands it on its trunk and steps away from it. It falls over.)* Uh-oh. *(He stands it back up and steps away. It falls over again.)* Whut's goin' on hyar? *(He stands it up and steps away again. It falls over again.)*
Bubba Boy?

BOY: Yeah, Pa?

MAN: Yew done got a dee-fective tree.

BOY: A dee-fective tree?

MAN: Well, cain't yew see? It don't stand up right. Trees is supposed to stand up.

BOY: Sorry, Pa. Want me to go steal...uh, I mean, find...another un?

GIRL: Cain't. That truck done gone on its way.

MAN: Well, we'll jist make do with this hyer dee-fective one.

GAL: How we goin' to hang orn-a-ments on a tree whut's laying all dead-like on the ground, Bubba Man?

MAN: Don't worry. I'll figure sumpin' out.

GAL: Well, maybe yew'll wanna do that afore Christmas is done an' gone.

(Wearing aviator sunglasses, a big hat, a badge, and a gun belt beneath his big belly, Sheriff Ray Ray Ray enters SR. He is followed by Deputy Jay Jay Jay, a skinny and younger version of the Sheriff. Sheriff stops suddenly.)

SHERIFF: *(To Bubbas, yells.)* Hold on, thar, ya'll!

MAN: Dad-blammit! The Sheriff! We done been caught!

(Bubbas put their hands in the air. Sheriff looks around and then back at the Bubbas.)

SHERIFF: Whut cha'll doin' with ya'll's hands up in the ahr
[air] like kat?

DEPUTY: Maybe they's swattin' at skeeters, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: We don't 'llow no killin' of nature's pests 'round
hyer.

DEPUTY: Maybe they's wavin' at somebody, Sheriff.

(Sheriff looks around.)

SHERIFF: I don't see nobody fer 'em to be wavin' at.

DEPUTY: Maybe thar's somebody hidin' in them woods. *(He
pulls out his gun and looks off.)*

SHERIFF: Put that thar gun away afore yew accidentally
shoot somebody.

DEPUTY: I ain't goin' to accidentally shoot nobody.

SHERIFF: Like you done accidentally shot poor ol' Doc
Reynolds in his rumpus?

DEPUTY: Well, he shouldn'a stooped over jist as I was cockin'
my gun.

SHERIFF: An' then yew accidentally plugged that blind, 90-
year-old lady who was tryin' to cross that thar street.

DEPUTY: Well, Sheriff, that weren't no acc-i-dent. She was
crossin' against the light!

SHERIFF: Put that thar gun away.

DEPUTY: Awww! *(After a few tries, he finally gets his gun back
into its holster.)*

SHERIFF: *(To Bubbas.)* An' ya'll put yer hands down. Yew
can sing praises later.

(The Bubbas lower their hands.)

MAN: Whut yew want, Sheriff? Whutever it is, we didn't do it.

SHERIFF: First, I want yer names. Write this down, Deputy.

(Deputy feels all his pockets but cannot find a pencil or pad.)

MAN: Well, Sheriff, I'm Bubba Man. *(Introduces.)* This hyer woman's Bubba Gal.

GAL: His wife... *(Indicates Boy and Girl.)* ...and their mama.

BOY: An' I'm Bubba Boy.

GIRL: An' Ma and Pa call me Bubba Girl.

MAN: An' then thar's old Bubba Hound Dog. But he ain't hyer. He kinda met with an acc-i-dent.

SHERIFF: *(To Deputy.)* Did you accidentally shoot these folks'ez hound dog, Deputy?

DEPUTY: No, Sheriff. I ain't never seed them afore.

SHERIFF: So yew ain't never shot no hound dog?

DEPUTY: Not since last week, Sheriff. I swear.

SHERIFF: *(To Man, referring to Deputy.)* He didn't do it.

DEPUTY: I didn't do it.

MAN: The old hound weren't shot, Sheriff. Some folks was hungry, so they et 'im.

SHERIFF: Why, that's downright dis-gustin'! Who et 'im?

MAN: We did.

GAL: No, Sheriff. That ain't so. We wouldn't eat old Bubba Hound Dog.

SHERIFF: Yew shore?

GAL: Shore I'm shore. He was way too tough.

BOY: A gator got 'em Sheriff. Et 'im right up.

GIRL: Right afore ahr weepy eyes. *(She sniffs.)*

SHERIFF: All right. I'll let that pass. I'm Sheriff Ray Ray Ray... *(Introduces.)* ...an' this hyer's my deputy, Jay Jay Jay.

DEPUTY: Howdy. I'm Jay Jay Jay.

SHERIFF: I jist said that. *(To Bubbas.)* He's my wife's sister's great uncle's nephew three times removed. *(Note: If the Deputy is played by a female, change "nephew" to "niece.")*

MAN: Removed from whut, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Removed from common sense, I'd say.

DEPUTY: (*Confused.*) Whut's that mean, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: (*Ignoring Deputy.*) I keep the peace hyer in Swamp Gas, L-A.

GAL: "L.A.?" We in Los Angeles? We thought we was in the South.

DEPUTY: Heck, mister lady. "L-A" don't stand fer Los Angeles...it stands fer Lower Alabamer.

SHERIFF: An' I like to keep junk off our Lower Alabamer highways.

DEPUTY: It keeps wrecks to a minimum, yew see.

SHERIFF: So I'm hyer to ask yew if yew know whose piece o' junk that is up thar on the highway. (*He points off right.*)

MAN: Why, Sheriff, that ain't no junk. That's ahr pickup.

(A loud car crash is heard off right. Everyone looks off right as the sound reverberates. Then a used tire with its rim rolls onto the stage. It can roll and tip over, or Boy can catch and hold it. Deputy looks back at the Bubbas.)

DEPUTY: That *was* yer pickup.

SHERIFF: That yer tar [tire]?

(Boy glances at the tire.)

BOY: Right rear. I'd recognize it anywhar.

SHERIFF: How's that?

BOY: Piece of Pa's chaw tobacker stuck right hyer in this hyer hole.

GAL: (*To Man.*) I thought yew wasn't chewin' no more.

MAN: I ain't. (*He looks at the tire.*) That chaw's from [1968].

[Change this date to about 45 years from the present.]

GAL: That ain't possible.

MAN: I started chewin' when I was young.

GAL: Yew was only two in [1968].

MAN: Well, that's young.

SHERIFF: Well, Bubba Man, I want yew to git all whut's left of that junk heap off the highway. Put it in the ditch er sumpin'.

DEPUTY: *(As he tries to get his gun out of his holster.)* And if'n yew don't, I'm liable to accidentally shoot yew. *(Pause.)* If I can git this hyer shootin' iron outta my holster.

SHERIFF: *(To Deputy.)* Did yew write all that down like whut I told yew to, Deputy?

DEPUTY: Oh. Well, no. But I memorized it, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Yew memorized it?

DEPUTY: Well, I would have memorized it...if'n I knowed how to spell "junk."

SHERIFF: If'n yew didn't write it down, how er we gonna know whut I told 'em?

DEPUTY: I fergit.

SHERIFF: *(To Man.)* Don't yew fergit it. Come on, Deputy.

(Sheriff exits SR. Deputy turns to exit SR.)

DEPUTY: I'm a real good shot, too. *(His gun goes off in his holster. The bullet hits his foot. He screams and limps off SR.)*
Yeeiiiiiii!

BOY: Gee, Pa. I wish we had officers o' the law as smart as them back in West Virginny.

MAN: Yeah. Looks like we cain't git away with nuthin' down hyer on the coast.

BOY: Whut er we goin' do 'bout the pickup?

MAN: We goin' put er back together agin. That thar's whut we goin' do.

BOY: It's in a thousand pieces, Pa. How we goin' do that?

MAN: Yew got yer duct tape, don't yew?

BOY: Yeah. *(He shows his tool belt.)*

MAN: Well, Bubba Boy, that thar's all it takes.

(Man and Boy exit SR, as Boy takes the tire.)

GIRL: Whut er we goin' do, Ma?

GAL: We goin' decorate that thar tree, Bubba Girl.

GIRL: With whut?

GAL: We'll find sumpin'. This is goin' be ahr best Christmas ever. Come on. Let's see whut we can find.

(Girl and Gal exit up center behind the trailer. As soon as they are gone, Bubba Santa Claus enters SL, obviously looking for something. He is wearing a dirty, ragged, patched Santa Claus suit and has a dirty, scraggly beard. On his head, he wears a baseball cap with a fluffy white ball attached to its top. He is carrying a can of Root Beer. He takes a big swig of his drink, lets out a loud burp, and then wipes his mouth with his sleeve.)

SANTA: Ho, ho, ho! Root beer's got a lot bigger burp than lite beer. *(He rubs his fat tummy.)* Ho, ho, ho! *(Then his face turns sad, and he cries.)* Oh, oh, oh! Whyyyyyyyyy!

(Santa pulls out a big hanky and blows his nose. Then he sits down and looks forlorn. The Blubber Team appears from behind a tree or building at left with Blubber 1 on the bottom, Blubber 2 above him, Blubber 3 above him, and Blubber 4 jumping up to try to appear above him. Instead, Blubber 4 falls on the others, and they all crumble to the ground onstage. As Blubber 1 shushes them, they all jump up. On tiptoes, Blubber 1 rushes to a second hiding place, Blubber 2 to another, Blubber 3 to another, and Blubber 4 looks around trying to decide what to do. Then Blubber 1 tiptoes to a second hiding place, Blubber 2 to another, Blubber 3 to another all while Blubber 4 turns in circles in indecision. Each makes a third trip, this time gathering around Santa but still trying to hide. Blubber 4 is still trying to decide where to go.)

BLUBBER 1: *(Speaking into his shirt cuff.)* Blubber Team Member One, report in. *(Silence.)* Blubber Team Member One, report in. *(Silence. Frustrated.)* Blubber Team Member One, if you don't report in, I'm going to fire you!

BLUBBER 2: (*Speaking into his shirt cuff.*) Blubber Team Member who's doing all that yelling, you're Blubber Team Member One.

BLUBBER 1: What?

BLUBBER 2: You're telling yourself to report in.

BLUBBER 1: Oh. Well, of course. I have to report in like everybody else. I'm, uh, I'm reporting in. Present. (*He looks around. Into cuff.*) Blubber Team Member Two?

BLUBBER 2: I've already reported in.

BLUBBER 1: When?

BLUBBER 2: When I told you you were telling yourself to report in.

BLUBBER 1: (*Yells.*) Report in!

BLUBBER 2: (*Into cuff.*) Present!

BLUBBER 1: (*Into cuff.*) Blubber Team Member Three.

BLUBBER 3: That's me, isn't it? Or am I Number Five?

BLUBBER 1: (*Angrily.*) Report in.

BLUBBER 3: (*Into cuff.*) I'm here, I'm here!

BLUBBER 1: (*Into cuff.*) Blubber Team Member Four, where are you?

BLUBBER 4: What do you mean, where am I? I'm right over here waving at you. (*He waves.*)

BLUBBER 1: Don't wave, you idiot. Report in on your secret shirt cuff microphone and answering system.

BLUBBER 4: Oh, right. (*He whispers into his shirt cuff.*) Pssss, pssss. Pssss.

BLUBBER 1: (*Into cuff.*) What?

BLUBBER 4: (*Into cuff.*) Pssss, ssss. Pssss.

BLUBBER 1: (*Into cuff.*) I can't hear you.

BLUBBER 4: (*He looks at Blubber 1 and yells to him.*) I said, Pssss, ssss. Pssss.

BLUBBER 1: (*Yells back.*) What does that mean?

BLUBBER 4: I don't know. I was hoping you'd know.

BLUBBER 1: Get over here. (*He stands near Santa.*) Blubber Team Members, fall in! (*They amass too tightly around Blubber 1.*) Get away, get away. Get in line. (*They form no*

line.) A straight line. (He physically places them in a straight line.) There. (He gives a complicated salute to Santa.) All accounted for, Mr. Bubba Santa Claus. The Blubber Team is here, ready to indulge in covert operations, ready to use strong-arm tactics, ready to do naughty or nice at your bidding...and at a greatly inflated price, of course.

SANTA: Well, whut took yew boys so danged long to get hyer anyways? (He says "boys" even if some of them are female.)

BLUBBER 1: Aren't you supposed to say "Ho, ho, ho?"

SANTA: (Angrily.) Ho, ho, ho!

BLUBBER 4: That didn't sound too happy for a Santa—even a Bubba Santa.

SANTA: (Sobs.) Not only ain't I not happy, I'm plain depressed.

BLUBBER 4: Well, that's all right...as long as you can still deliver your toys tonight.

SANTA: That's jist it. I cain't.

BLUBBER 4: (Upset.) What? I'm not going to get any toys tonight?!

BLUBBER 1: You're too old for toys, Number Four.

BLUBBER 4: (Proudly.) You're never too old for toys, Number One!

SANTA: Will yew Blubber people jist shut up an' let me explain myself?

BLUBBER 1: Certainly. Explain away.

SANTA: Yer s'pposed to be the best covert paramilitary team in the whole Southland.

BLUBBER 2: And Northland.

BLUBBER 3: And Eastland.

BLUBBER 4: And West—

SANTA: Will yew jist zip yer mouths shut an' put a lock on 'em! I'm tryin' to tell yew sumpin' important hyer.

BLUBBER 1: Yes, sir. Zip, lock, listen. (He turns to Blubber 2, 3, and 4 and mimes.) Zip, lock, listen.

BLUBBER 2, 3, 4: (Imitate mime.) Zip, lock, listen.

BLUBBER 1: Go, Santa.

SANTA: I cain't deliver no presents tonight 'cause... 'cause Rudolph is a-missin'!

BLUBBER 1: Rudolph? Who's that? A friend? A foe? A rival?

BLUBBER 4: What? You don't know who Rudolph is? Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer? The most famous reindeer of all? The one with the very shiny nose? And if you ever saw him, you would even say it's bright red and glows in the dark? You don't know Rudolph?

BLUBBER 1: We've never met.

SANTA: He's the dadburn leader of all my reindeers. Without him an' his bright red nose, I wouldn't know whar I'se a-goin'. Why, I might end up in Lower Alabamer, fer all I know.

BLUBBER 1: Well, that's where you are.

SANTA: Yew see?! What'd I jist say? *(He sobs.)* I'm lost. I'm lost without Rudolph.

BLUBBER 1: Don't worry, Santa. We'll find him.

BLUBBER 2: We're good at finding.

BLUBBER 3: We can find anybody.

SANTA: But can yew find a missin' reindeer?

(Blubber 4 stares at the antler trophy attached to the trailer.)

BLUBBER 4: I don't know if we can find Rudolph, but we just found his antlers. Look!

(Blubber 4 points to the antlers. The others turn, notice the antlers, and gasp in disbelief.)

SANTA: Oh, nooooo! It cain't be! *(He goes to the antlers and studies them carefully.)* It cain't be! But it is! It is! These right hyer is Rudolph's antlers! I'd recognize 'em anywhars!

BLUBBER 1: They seem to be damaged and crudely repaired...with duct tape. How can you tell they're his?

SANTA: (*Points.*) See that tiny crack right thar? See that crud creeping outta that crack right thar? That's my crud a-creepin'. That thar's a piece of my chaw tobacker from way back in the year 1492. We was dee-liverin' toys to that thar Chris Columbus feller an' his crew, when Rudolph's nose develops a short in it an' goes out fer jist a second, an' he runs right smack dab into the main mast of the Santa Maria. Left a big crack in his left antler. An' ripped up Chris-ez sail purty good.

BLUBBER 2: Who's Santa Maria?

SANTA: It's a dadburn ship whut discovered America. Ain't yew got no larnin'?

BLUBBER 2: I flunked out.

SANTA: What? In the first grade?

BLUBBER 2: Good golly gosh, no. (*Slight pause.*) Second grade.

SANTA: Well, I used a chaw o' my good tobacker to glue his antlers back together. A chaw makes a excellent glue. But it's dadburn awful crud to put in yer mouth. (*Emotionally.*) That's how I know his hyer's Rudolph's antlers. (*He tries to look behind the trophy.*) But I don't see no Rudolph. Whar is Rudolph?!

BLUBBER 1: Don't worry, Bubba Santa. We'll find him...dead or alive.

SANTA: Alive would be better. (*Threatening.*) If yew find 'im dead, I jist might be so upset I'd break sumpin'.

BLUBBER 1: Like what?

SANTA: Yer arms.

BLUBBER 1: Ouch! That would hurt!

SANTA: (*To Blubber 4.*) As fer yew, no more toys.

BLUBBER 4: What?! That would hurt even more.

SANTA: Ever!

BLUBBER 4: Ever? Forever ever?! Oh, Santa!

SANTA: Find Rudolph! Find my leader with the red nose, an' I'll make good on my dee-liveries tonight. Don't find

Rudolph, an' nobody'll never see no toys on Christmas never agin!

BLUBBER 3: Is your sleigh all loaded up and ready to go, Santa?

SANTA: Sleigh? Sleighs is fer snow. Yew see any snow round hyer? Only way to git from one place to another down hyer is in a four-wheel drive pickup. That thar's mine up thatta ways near the highway. *(He points off SR. A loud car crash is heard off right. Several smoking stuffed toys fly onto the stage from SR. Everyone ducks and then stares at the toys. Blubber Team Members look at Santa. Mournfully.)* Yew ever have one o' them days?!

BLUBBER 4: Don't worry, Santa. I'll help you pick up your toys. *(He starts to exit SR.)*

SANTA: Never mind the dadburn toys, boy! *(Blubber 4 halts.)*

BLUBBER 4: But, Santa...

SANTA: I'll pick 'em up myself.

BLUBBER 3: But what about your pickup?

SANTA: Guess I'll have to rent me one of them U-Haul thangs.

BLUBBER 2: They don't have U-Hauls down here in Swamp Gas.

SANTA: Ah, well, won't matter anyways...without Rudolph.

BLUBBER 1: We'll find him, Bubba Santa. Blubber Team Members, spread out. Find Rudolph! Go, go, go! *(Blubber 2, 3, 4 don't move.)* Now!

(With a lot of noise and chatter, Blubbers run around confused and going nowhere. As Santa directs Blubbers to go in different directions below, Blubber 1 spins around as he watches each Blubber exit.)

SANTA: *(Frustrated. Points.)* Thatta way! *(Blubber 2 runs off in that direction. Points in another direction.)* And thatta way! *(Blubber 3 runs off in that direction. Points in another direction.)* Thatta way! *(Blubber 4 runs off in that direction.)*

BLUBBER 1: *(Still spinning.)* Right. That's what I would have said—thatta way, thatta way, and thatta way. Those are good directions. Good.

SANTA: *(Points in another direction.)* And thatta way!

BLUBBER 1: Right. Good. Oh. That's me. Right. Yes. Thatta way. Which-a way?

SANTA: *(Points.)* Thatta way.

BLUBBER 1: Right. Good. Thatta way. Thatta way? Right. Thatta way. *(He hesitantly starts and stops until he is offstage.)*

SANTA: *(Thoughtfully.)* Rudolph musta been in a mighty big hurry...to run off an' leave his antlers behind. I hope he still has that thar red nose that's like a beacon in the night.

(Santa exits SR. Gal and Girl enter up center from behind the trailer. Each carries a bag of improvised [unseen] ornaments.)

GAL: Okay. Two bags of goodies for the Christmas tree.

(Gal and Girl stop and stare at the tree lying on the ground.)

GIRL: Mama, don't yew thank the tree would look better if'n it was standin' up instead o' layin' down?

GAL: Yeah, I guess I do, Bubba Girl. Let's pick it up.

(Girl and Gal pick up the "tree.")

GIRL: Thar.

(Gal smiles.)

GAL: Yew was right. It looks a whole lot better this hyer way. *(They let go of the "tree," and it falls to the ground.)* But it don't seem to wanna stay up.

GIRL: Sumpin' must be wrong with it.

GAL: I guess so.

GIRL: I thought all trees knowed they was s'pposed to stand up straight. *(She points off left.)* I mean, all them trees is doin' it right.

GAL: We jist need to find us a smarter tree.

GIRL: *(Pleased with herself.)* I seen one 'bout three trailers down. An' it's already decorated.

GAL: Well, let's go take a look.

(Girl and Gal exit up center behind the trailer. As they do, Beverly Throttlebottom, a snob, enters SL. She wears the latest high-end fashions. She surveys the scene.)

BEVERLY: *(Calls back off left in an elevated accent.)* Over here, my dear, sweet, darling husband Heyweed. This seems to be the perfect retreat for our warm and sunny Christmas vacation. *(She reads the sign.)* "Swamp Gas Trailer Park?" Well, not exactly an appealing name.

(Heyweed Throttlebottom enters SL. He, too, is a snob and wears the latest fashions. He carries a cane, wears a tam or other hat, and speaks in an elevated accent.)

HEYWEED: Disgusting! This place is absolutely disgusting. *(He indicates Man's trailer.)* Do you see that mobile home there? What a piece of junk! It makes the entire park look like a garbage dump.

BEVERLY: Well, darling, we did seek a more upscale place, but all the KOA campgrounds were booked.

HEYWEED: Our brand-new 10-million-dollar RV over there looks like a mansion next to these...trash bins.

BEVERLY: But you're the one who wanted to travel south for the winter, dear.

HEYWEED: Yes, but I wanted to stay in a more upscale park—one with an Olympic-size swimming pool, tennis courts, and a 25-hole golf course.

BEVERLY: Golf courses don't come with 25 holes.

HEYWEED: Then I would have had one built.
BEVERLY: Well, I think we'll enjoy ourselves here on the Gulf Coast.
HEYWEED: True, this warmer clime is much more conducive to the enjoyment of the holiday season.
BEVERLY: Are you sure we came far enough south?
HEYWEED: My dear, dear, Beverly, I know my geography. It never snows at Christmastime in South Alabama. In fact, it never snows here at all.
BEVERLY: I'll miss it.
HEYWEED: I could have a few tons shipped in, if you like.
BEVERLY: No. I'll enjoy the warmth. Still, I sense a slight nip in the air.
HEYWEED: Nonsense. Your body is simply adapting to the season.
BEVERLY: I guess so. Oh, Heyweed, this could be our best Christmas ever!
HEYWEED: Well, it will certainly be our richest Christmas ever.
BEVERLY: Yes, winning that lottery was nice.
HEYWEED: Nice?! It was wonderful, glorious! We'll never be in need again.
BEVERLY: Not in financial need, no.
HEYWEED: Well, dear, what else is there?
BEVERLY: *(Wistfully.)* What else, indeed.
HEYWEED: *(He calls off left.)* All right, dear Lily and Milly, our charming daughters, you may bring on the tree.
LILY/MILLY: *(Off left in unison.)* Yes, Daddy.
HEYWEED: What did you call me?
LILY/MILLY: *(Off left in unison.)* We meant "pater," Pater.
HEYWEED: *(Smiles.)* That's better. Now that we're wealthy, we must maintain our aristocratic ways.

(Lily, a 16-year-old, and Milly, her 9-year-old sister, both richly dressed, bring on a perfectly decorated Christmas tree and set it up at up left. The lights on it are not lit. Note: The tree may be rolled in

on a small wagon or platform or carried in and set upright. They maneuver it into place.)

LILY: Here it is, Pater.

MILLY: A great Christmas tree, Mater.

BEVERLY: Yes. Lovely.

HEYWEED: It should be lovely. I had it flown down here on a private jet from Nevada.

BEVERLY: I didn't know they grew Christmas trees in Nevada.

HEYWEED: They don't. This one was acquired from Caligula's Palace in Las Vegas.

BEVERLY: You mean you won it at blackjack?

HEYWEED: No, I bought it.

BEVERLY: Oh. But didn't you say they declined to sell it?

HEYWEED: They did. So I bought Caligula's Palace, too.

BEVERLY: A casino? You bought a casino?

HEYWEED: Think of it as an investment, dear. This way, we can rob people legally.

BEVERLY: But, Heyweed, don't you remember the good times we had when we were poor when we would bundle up, gather as a family on Christmas Eve, hike into the snowy woods, and cut our own tree?

HEYWEED: And now we can wear our summer outfits, gather at our private airport, and greet the tree as it offloads. That's a much more refined way of enjoying Christmas, my dear Beverly.

LILY: It was more fun the old way, Pater.

HEYWEED: The old ways are gone, Lily. We must look to the future.

LILY: But this tree came already decorated.

MILLIE: Yeah, I wanted to decorate it.

HEYWEED: *(Smiles.)* Think of it this way...these decorations are perfect. The perfect tree for the perfect family.

BEVERLY: But why?

HEYWEED: To keep up appearances.

LILY: But, Pater, life is not perfect. Nature is not perfect. So why can't we be imperfect just like them?

HEYWEED: Imperfect? Is that what you just uttered? Why, child, to be rich is to be perfect.

(Pause.)

MILLY: While you people argue, can I go play?

BEVERLY: Of course, dear.

MILLY: Bye. *(She rushes off SL.)*

HEYWEED: *(Calls after her.)* Don't soil your dress, Milly!

BEVERLY: Oh, let her soil it. How can she have fun in a Sunday dress? She loves to play in the woods, gathering stones, wading through streams, and—

HEYWEED: And collecting smelly animals and letting them loose in our 200-foot triple-wide motor home. We've already had to replace the furnishings twice.

BEVERLY: So her cat wee-weed on the carpet. It happens.

HEYWEED: It was not a cat. It was a polecat. A polecat is not a cat. A polecat is a skunk. And that skunk stunk up the whole KOA campground so badly, we were asked to leave—by the local police *and* the National Guard, if you recall.

LILY: I think I'll go look around.

HEYWEED: For what?

LILY: *(Sarcastically.)* I want to see if I can find some "perfect" boys. *(She exits SR.)*

HEYWEED: *(Calls after her.)* Don't let any of them hold your hand, Lily!

BEVERLY: Why not? She's 16 years old.

HEYWEED: Boys carry all kinds of fatal diseases, Beverly, dear—like acne, warts, zits.

BEVERLY: Heyweed, winning that lottery has really made you a different person.

HEYWEED: *(Smiles.)* Why, thank you, dear.

BEVERLY: Not for the better.

HEYWEED: What?

BEVERLY: Honey, you were so much fun when we were married...so carefree and joyful.

HEYWEED: And broke.

BEVERLY: We had each other. And then the girls came along.

HEYWEED: Well, I admit, they are a treasure.

BEVERLY: Why can't we go back to those days, Heyweed?

HEYWEED: Because, I didn't like being poor. And I like being rich.

BEVERLY: What's wrong with being poor—if we're happy?

HEYWEED: Beverly, we are not poor. And I don't want to be poor again. Could you imagine being, well, a redneck, for instance? Can you imagine how horrible that would be?

BEVERLY: How horrible, dear?

HEYWEED: How horrible? This is how horrible...if I were a redneck, I would pour beer on my oatmeal.

BEVERLY: Oh, Heyweed.

HEYWEED: If I were a redneck, I'd take you to a café that featured all the latest roadkill.

BEVERLY: No, thank you.

HEYWEED: And their Monday special would be deep-fried armadillo toes! *(Pause.)* If I were a redneck, I wouldn't change my shirt. I would just wait until it rotted enough to fall off my back.

BEVERLY: That's going too far.

HEYWEED: If I were a redneck and I had a dental appointment, I'd stay home and just send in my teeth.

BEVERLY: Oh, dear.

HEYWEED: If I were a redneck, I'd be very good at "Spit the Tail on the Donkey."

BEVERLY: That's gross.

HEYWEED: If I were a redneck, I would have made you a wedding ring from fishing lures and alligator teeth. The wedding would have taken place at the Okefenokee Swamp Bait and Tackle Chapel. And our honeymoon would have been spent in a leaky boat fighting off flesh-eating

mosquitoes and trying to find our way back to our broken-down pickup truck...which, after we found it, wouldn't start.

BEVERLY: That's awful!

HEYWEED: You're telling me. If I were a redneck, I'd take a bath every Saturday night whether I needed it or not. *(Pause.)* And then I'd let you wash the dishes in my leftover water. *(Pause.)* Unless we had us a hound dog, in which case I wouldn't take a bath at all. I'd just let him lick the dirt off my back. And then he could lick the dishes clean. *(Pause.)* That's how horrible it would be. But I don't do any of those things—because I have class. And money. *(He turns toward SR. Man enters from SR and spots Heyweed just as Heyweed spots him. They both stop, gasp, and point at each other.)* A redneck!

MAN: *(Gasps.)* A snob!

HEYWEED: A genuine dirty, illiterate redneck!

MAN: A real live snubby-like snob!

HEYWEED: *(Growls.)* Argghhh!

MAN: *(Growls.)* Argghhh!

HEYWEED: *(To Beverly.)* Of all the motor-home parks in the world, we had to end up in one infested by rednecks. I'll even wager, my dear, that there are more of them here. In fact, we may be surrounded by them.

MAN: That's right, Mister Picky-Picky-Picky. This hyer is redneck heaven, if'n yew really want to know.

HEYWEED: I cannot abide this!

MAN: Maybe yew might jist wanna git in that big ol' triple-wide o' yern over thar and drive on outta hyer...afore my rednecked-ness rubs off on yew an' gives yew a redder neck than mine.

HEYWEED: How dare you talk to me like that!

MAN: Okay. Then I'll talk at yew like a *snobby* redneck. How'd yew like kat?

HEYWEED: That settles it, Beverly. There is no way I can share this land with lowlifes like him. We're departing this Redneck Riviera right now! *(He turns left.)*

MAN: Yeah? Well, good! 'Cause I ain't goin' nowhars. An' I shore don't want no snobs clutterin' up my trailer park with ther smart-elicky ways.

(Heyweed turns back to Man.)

HEYWEED: Oh, yeah? Well, maybe I'll just purchase this entire mobile home park and exile you.

MAN: Yeah? Well, yew jist do that an' —. Whut's that word mean, "ex-tile"?

HEYWEED: "Exile." It means to ban you, to kick you out, to toss you and your other trailer-trash relatives out onto the street.

MAN: We ain't got no streets. All we got's dirt roads.

HEYWEED: Well, then, I'll pave the roads, and then toss you out.

BEVERLY: All the roads are paved.

MAN: Not back thar in the swamp, they ain't.

(Gal and Girl enter up center from behind the trailer. Hand in hand, Boy and Lily enter SR. Milly enters SL. All of them are smiling when they enter, but when they see the others, they stop and stare.)

HEYWEED: This is bad, my dear. This is worse than bad. It's terrible. We've landed in a whole nest of rednecks!

LILY: Look who I found, Pater. This is Bubba Boy.

BOY: Howdy, Mr. Snob.

LILY: Throttlebottom.

BOY: Throttlebottom. I was jist tapin' Pa's pickup back together when Bubba Santa's pickup was crashed into. So now I'm a-tapin' his'n back together, too. I'm kinda gettin' 'em mixed up, though—tapin' parts of Pa's pickup to Santa's pickup. An' parts of Santa's toys to Pa's pickup. It

won't run no more, but it's downright purty...with all them toys all over it an' all.

HEYWEED: What is this grimy, gritty, greasy redneck boy talking about?! Lily, you take your hand away from his hand instantly! *(Lily pulls her hand away from Boy's.)* That's better.

(Milly crosses to Girl.)

MILLY: *(To Girl.)* Hi. I'm Milly.

GIRL: Hey. I'm Bubba Girl.

MILLY: Seen any dead snakes today?

GIRL: *(Excited.)* No. But I seen some live ones. Wanna see 'em?

MILLY: Yeah. Let's go.

HEYWEED: Milly, you stay away from...

MILLY: ...the snakes. I know.

HEYWEED: No. Stay away from that redneck child.

MILLY: Don't worry, Pater. I won't touch her. *(She grabs Girl's hand, and they run off SL.)*

HEYWEED: *(Calls after them.)* You're touching her!

LILY: *(Quietly to Boy.)* Come on, Bubba Boy, while daddy's looking the other way.

BOY: Wanna see how I'm puttin' them trucks back together?

LILY: Can I help?

BOY: Yew might git that thar purty dress all dirtied up.

LILY: I can wash it later.

BOY: *(Smiles.)* Then, come on.

(They exit SR.)

HEYWEED: *(Calls to her.)* Lily, if you kiss him, I'm warning you...if you kiss him, you'll get warts all up and down your back!

(Beverly crosses to Gal.)

BEVERLY: *(To Gal.)* Hi. I'm Beverly Throttlebottom.

GAL: Well, hi. I'm Bubba Gal.

BEVERLY: We're new here. Can you show me where the Laundromat is?

HEYWEED: Laundromat?! Beverly, dear, you have the top-of-the-line washer and dryer in the RV.

GAL: *(To Beverly.)* Yeah. Come on. I'll show you. And Bubba Girl an' me was checkin' out pre-decorated Christmas trees over yonder. Wanna see 'em?

HEYWEED: Beverly, I forbid this. I forbid you to go to the Laundromat. There could be spider webs in there...and, uh, big scary bugs.

BEVERLY: *(To Gal.)* Let's go.

(Beverly and Girl chat as they exit up center behind the trailer.)

HEYWEED: Nobody listens to me anymore. Am I the man of the RV or not?

MAN: Looks like "not."

(Heyweed pulls out his cell phone.)

HEYWEED: All right. That's it. I'm tired of you and all of your redneck friends.

MAN: They ain't my friends.

HEYWEED: They ain't? I mean, they're not?

MAN: Naw. They's my kin.

HEYWEED: All of them?

MAN: Ever'body whut's named Bubba.

HEYWEED: But that's the entire South.

MAN: Yeah. *(He chuckles.)*

HEYWEED: I'm dialing my attorney. I'm going to buy this park. No. Cancel that. I'm going to buy the whole state...and have you ejected.

MAN: "Re-jected?"

HEYWEED: *(As he speed dials.)* "E-jected." It means thrown out. *(Into phone.)* Hello, Lawless? This is Heyweed Throttlebottom. We need to talk. *(He turns his back to the audience and talks on the phone in mime.)*

MAN: *(To Heyweed's back.)* Well, jist yew understand this: I got me a secret weapon, an' I ain't afeared to use it. *(To himself.)* All locked up safe an' sound in a big old box, he is. Fer now. But if'n I let 'im out, won't nobody be safe!

(Santa enters SR and sees Man.)

SANTA: Hey, Bubba Man, is zat yew?

MAN: Hey, Bubba Santa. Yeah, it's me. Me and the wife an' kids, we come down hyer fer the winter. Too cold up thar in West Virginny.

SANTA: Yew thank it's cold in West Virginny...you should try the South Pole.

MAN: South Pole? I thought yew's up thar at the North Pole.

SANTA: I was, Bubba Man, but it got too busy. All these hyer ex-plorin' types goin' by, peekin' in the winders an' all. Scarin' my elves. They's all little guys and gals, yew know. Scare purty easy-like. So we done moved ourselves down thar to the South Pole.

MAN: Well, that's good, 'cause the South is always warmer than that thar North.

SANTA: Naw, Bubba Man. Tain't so. The South Pole is colder than the North Pole.

MAN: Whut? I figured the South Pole was all deserty-like...with big sand dunes an' all.

SANTA: Them sand dunes is all snow dunes.

MAN: Well, how 'bout that?

SANTA: So, I brought ol' Ruddy up hyer fer a little scoutin' afore we set out to dee-liver all our toys tonight. But then Ruddy got lost.

MAN: *(Tenses up.)* Uh, Ruddy?

SANTA: Rudolph. Yew know. The one with the waggily tale. No, wait. That's the doggy in the winder whut's got the waggily tale. The red nose. That's it. The reindeer with the red nose.

MAN: Reindeer? Is that anything like a *deer* deer?

SANTA: Yeah. Yew seen 'im?

MAN: Uhhhh...

SANTA: 'Cause the reason I'm askin' is that thar set o' antlers mounted on that thar single-wide belongs to him. *(He indicates the antlers on Man's trailer.)*

MAN: Belongs to Rudolph?

SANTA: That's right. Them is reindeer antlers, which is diff'rent from other deer antlers. An' Rudolph is the only-est reindeer in these hyer parts, seein' as how my other reindeers ain't arrived yet.

MAN: Oh.

SANTA: So whomsoever belongs to that thar single-wide prob'ly knows whar Rudolph is, yew see.

MAN: *(Nervously.)* Well, uh, I ain't got no idee who lives thar, Bubba Santa. But I seen a bunch o' deers out thar in them woods. *(He indicates off SL.)*

SANTA: Out thar? *(He indicates off SL.)*

MAN: Yeah. Out thar. *(He indicates off SL.)*

SANTA: Maybe I should investigate. Out thar. *(He indicates off SL.)*

MAN: Good idee. Out thar. *(He indicates off SL.)*

SANTA: All right. Out thar. *(He moves SL.)*

MAN: An' if'n yew see a antlered deer out thar whut ain't got no antlers, that's prob'ly him. Prob'ly Rudolph.

SANTA: I'll look fer 'im. *(He exits SL.)*

MAN: Out thar.

(Heyweed turns in time to see Santa exit.)

HEYWEED: *(To Man.)* Who's that gentleman in the ridiculous red outfit?

MAN: That thar's Bubba Santa. Don't yew know Santa when yew see 'im?

HEYWEED: He doesn't look like any Santa I've ever seen.

MAN: He's the South's contribution to U.S. American vulture.

HEYWEED: You mean "culture"?

MAN: I mean whut I said. *(Pause.)* I thank.

HEYWEED: My attorney is drawing up the papers to purchase this place.

MAN: How'd he git hyer so fast?

HEYWEED: He was already here.

MAN: He was?

HEYWEED: I let him stay in the front hall closet of my RV.

MAN: Yew let him stay in yer closet?

HEYWEED: Correct. That way, he's present when I need him.

Oh, don't worry.

MAN: I ain't worried.

HEYWEED: He's quite comfortable. Of course, he does have to sleep standing up. But that keeps him on his toes. *(Pause.)* And he has his own popcorn machine and mini-refrigerator—which is large enough to hold a glass of water—if he sucks in his stomach when he tries to open the door.

MAN: Don't sound so comfy to me.

HEYWEED: It won't matter to you. In five minutes, I'll own this place. In another five minutes, I'll be back with the sheriff. In five minutes after that, you will be gone! Good day! *(He exits SL.)*

MAN: *(Calls after him.)* How can I have a "good day" if'n yer tryin' to git rid of me? *(To himself.)* I thank it might be time to unlock that thar secret weapon box, that's whut I thank.

(Man turns to exit up center. Boy and Lily enter SR. They are both greasy and smiling. There is only one roll of duct tape left on Boy's tool belt.)

BOY: Hey, Pa, I got one of them pickups all taped up an' ready to go. But them parts got so mixed up, I don't know which one it is.

(Man stops.)

MAN: It's mine.

BOY: But yew didn't even look.

MAN: If'n it's runnin', it's mine.

BOY: But whut about Santa? He needs his to dee-liver all them toys.

MAN: I don't thank he's goin' be dee-liverin' nuthin' tonight, Bubba Boy.

BOY: Why not?

MAN: 'Cause I don't thank he's goin' find his guidin' light. *(He exits up center behind the trailer. He immediately pokes his had back in.)* But don't tell 'im I said that. *(He exits.)*

LILY: What did he mean by that?

BOY: I ain't got no clue, Lily. No clue at all.

LILY: *(Romantically.)* That was great fun repairing the pickup.

BOY: *(Romantically.)* Yeah. Want to repair t'other one? I mean, Bubba Santa really needs them thar wheels.

LILY: *(Romantically.)* Yes. Let's repair the other one.

(A huge car crash is heard off right. Boy and Lily stand still as a fender or other car part crashes onto the stage SR. Pause.)

BOY: Yew know, Lily, after we finished that thar first pickup, maybe we shoulda moved it off the highway.

LILY: You think?

BOY: *(Points to duct tape on tool belt.)* I ain't got but one roll o' duct tape left.

LILY: Think that's enough?

BOY: Not a chance.

(Lily and Boy exit SR. Gal and Beverly enter from up center.)

BEVERLY: Sorry that tree belonged to someone else.

GAL: Yeah. Me, too. An' I had it almost halfway hyer.

BEVERLY: He was very angry.

GAL: I don't know why. I offered to return it after these hyer holl-ee-days.

BEVERLY: I'm sure you can find a tree to decorate.

GAL: Well, we done found a tree. Trouble is, I don't thank decoratin' it's goin' help it none. *(Pause.)* But at least yew got to see the washers 'n' dryers.

BEVERLY: Yes, I did. Thanks. But the thing is, I didn't really want to see the Laundromat.

GAL: Yew didn't? Well, we got us a lake full o' gators and moccasins. Wanna see that?

BEVERLY: No. I really just wanted to talk in private. You know, a little girl talk.

GAL: 'Bout whut?

BEVERLY: Since he won that lottery, Heyweed has gotten a little stuffy, and he's sometimes rather unpleasant. But he's harmless, really.

GAL: I don't know. When Bubba Man seen him, he went off like a root beer can with a stick o' dynamite under it. I cain't never figure whut makes that man explode.

(Beverly looks up and shivers.)

BEVERLY: Do you think it's getting a little cooler?

GAL: Yeah. *(She shivers.)* I been feelin' it, too.

BEVERLY: And damp. I think it might rain, dear.

(On the words "rain, dear," the Blubber Team Members instantly pop up at the points where each of them exited earlier. Beverly and Gal gasp and step back in shock.)

BEVERLY/GAL: Oh!

BLUBBER 1: *(From his hiding spot.)* Did we hear the word "reindeer"?

BLUBBER 2: We did.

BLUBBER 3: We heard the word "reindeer."

(Blubbers approach Beverly and Gal.)

BLUBBER 4: *(To Beverly.)* And you said it.

BLUBBER 1: What do you know about the reindeer?

BLUBBER 2: We've been looking all over for the reindeer.

BLUBBER 3: But we haven't found any reindeer.

BLUBBER 4: Especially, we haven't found Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer.

BLUBBER 1: Tell us what you know. Or we'll be forced to...force you. If you know what I mean.

BLUBBER 2: We'll put rollers in your hair and twist them real tight.

BLUBBER 3: We'll chew your fingernails down to the quick.

BLUBBER 4: We'll erase your mascara.

BLUBBER 1, 2, 3: *(In unison, to Blubber 4.)* We'll what?

BLUBBER 4: That's not a good one? *(To Beverly and Gal.)*

That's not a good one. I'll think of another one.

BEVERLY: I didn't say "reindeer." I said "rain, dear."

BLUBBER 1: You see! You said it again!

BLUBBER 2: Where is this reindeer of which you speak?

BEVERLY: In the clouds.

BLUBBER 2: In the clouds? *(They look up.)* How did he get up there?

BEVERLY: Well, I mean, that's where rain comes from.

BLUBBER 3: Rain? We're not talking about rain. We're talking about "reindeer."

BEVERLY: I didn't say "reindeer."

GAL: She didn't. She didn't say whut yer sayin' she said.

(Milly and Girl enter SR. Each is filthy dirty and is carrying a bag with something in it.)

BEVERLY: Milly, just look at yourself. Your father – I mean, your pater – will be terribly upset.

MILLY: But look what Bubba Girl and I found.

(Milly and Girl hold up their bags.)

BLUBBER 1: *(To Beverly.)* Will you please stop talking to those girls while we're trying to think of ways to torture you!

GAL: *(Ignoring Blubber 1.)* Whut chew girls got in them thar bags?

GIRL: *(Smiles.)* Deer manure.

BLUBBER 1: *(To Blubber 2, 3, 4.)* Did you hear what she said? Deer manure.

(Blubbers push Beverly and Gal aside and rush to Milly and Girl.)

BLUBBER 2: *(To Girl.)* Is it reindeer manure or just plain deer manure?

GIRL: *(Confused.)* I thank it don't come in different flavors.

BLUBBER 2: What are you talking about?

GIRL: What are *you* talking about?

BLUBBER 3: Where did you get it?

GIRL: Where did I git whut?

BLUBBER 3: The deer manure!

GIRL: Oh, 'bout a hunnert yards off that thar way. *(She points off down left.)*

BLUBBER 4: That must be where the deer is when it rains!

BLUBBER 1, 2, 3: *(In unison.)* What?!

BLUBBER 4: I mean, that must be where the raining deer is.

BLUBBER 1, 2, 3: What?!

BLUBBER 4: Rudolph. That must be where Rudolph is!

BLUBBER 1: He's right.

MILLIE: Well, there's plenty more where that came from.

BLUBBER 1: Excellent. *(Pause.)* Plenty more of what?

MILLIE: Deer manure.

(Santa enters excitedly SL.)

SANTA: I heard someone say "Rudolph." Did you find him?

Do you know where he is?

MILLY: Who's that?

GIRL: Bubba Santa.

(Milly runs to Santa.)

MILLY: Hi, Santa. Can I tell you what I would like for Christmas?

SANTA: *(He smells the manure.)* Ewww! Not till yew take a good long bath. *(Pause. He sniffs.)* Wait. Wait a minute.

Don't take no baths. Come hyer. *(He sniffs again.)* I think that's... *(He sniffs again.)* It is! It's deer poo!

BLUBBER 1: We know it's deer poo, Santa. But is it Rudolph's deer poo?

SANTA: Well, I cain't exactly tell the difference 'twixt one deer's poo an' the next.

BLUBBER 1: It's gotta be Rudolph's. Come on, team. Let's find him! Go, go, go!

(Blubber 2, 3, 4 don't move.)

SANTA: Unless yew boys want a lump o' coal in yer stockin's tonight, yew better move! *(As before, the Blubbers run in chaotic circles and finally exit down left.)* Ho, ho, ho! *(He trots off after them.)* Don't yew worry none, Rudolph. We're a-comin' to get cheeeeeew!

BEVERLY: What was that all about?

GAL: Don't rightly know.

BEVERLY: *(To Milly.)* Manure? You have manure in those bags?

MILLY: Well, yes. I would have put it in my pockets, but I don't have any pockets.

BEVERLY: Thank goodness for that.

GIRL: Yeah. And we didn't wanna git our hands any dirtier than they already was.

MILLY: We can learn all sorts of facts about deer from this.

GIRL: Yeah, like whut they et, which way they was goin', what they was –

GAL: I don't wanna hyer no more 'bout it. Jist take it away. Put it somewhars.

MILLY: Okay.

(Milly and Girl run off SL.)

BEVERLY: But not under your bed, Milly! *(To Gal.)* I hope she doesn't put it under her bed.

(Heyweed and Lawless enter SL. Lawless is dressed in black and carries a very heavy suitcase.)

HEYWEED: *(Sniffs the air.)* Pee-youuu! Mr. Lawless, did you let one?

LAWLESS: *(Insulted.)* I beg your pardon?

HEYWEED: What is that odor?

BEVERLY: That was your daughter.

LAWLESS: I can sue whoever fouled the air with this stinkingness.

BEVERLY: Sue our daughter?

HEYWEED: Not now, Mr. Lawless. I just want to buy this land so I can expel all the trailer trash around here.

(Lawless looks around.)

LAWLESS: Looks like that would include the entire park.

HEYWEED: Except us.

LAWLESS: Except you. That goes without saying.

GAL: Yew want to git rid of us?

HEYWEED: The sooner the better.

GAL: Does Bubba Man know about this?

HEYWEED: I told him to leave, but he refused. So I have no choice but to resort to legal action. This is my attorney Mr. Lawless. Do you have the papers, Mr. Lawless?

LAWLESS: I do.

HEYWEED: You can serve them now.

LAWLESS: Well, no, I can't.

HEYWEED: Why not?

LAWLESS: Because you have to sign them first.

HEYWEED: That should take as long as 30 seconds.

LAWLESS: The laws are more complicated now than in the past, Mr. Throttlebottom.

HEYWEED: So?

LAWLESS: So... *(He opens the suitcase and dumps out as many sheets of paper as possible.)* ...you have to sign all 6,000 pages.

HEYWEED: Six thousand pages?! I have to sign 6,000 pages?!

LAWLESS: Give or take a few hundred.

GAL: Bubba Man will be real unhappy 'bout this hyer.

HEYWEED: And I will be delighted to make him unhappy.

Give me the papers, Lawless. Give me a pen. I'll sign an entire set of the Encyclopedia Britannica if I have to!!

LAWLESS: It may take several pens.

(Lawless gives Heyweed a handful of pens.)

HEYWEED: Just give them to me!

(Heyweed snatches the pens away from Lawless.)

GAL: Uh, Mr. Throttlebottom, I'm thankin', please don't do that.

HEYWEED: Nothing can stop me. Absolutely nothing!

(As Lawless feeds papers to Heyweed, he signs them quickly and then tosses them up in the air.)

BEVERLY: Heyweed, have a heart. It's Christmas Eve.

HEYWEED: To quote a fine, upstanding man after my own heart, "Bah, humbug!"

(Man appears SR pushing a big locked box on casters.)

MAN: I thank I have sumpin' that'll stop yew – right hyer in this hyer box. It's...Bubba Nephew!

GAL: Oh, Bubba Man, yew cain't do this! Yew cain't let him outta that thar box. Yew know whut happens when yew let him out.

MAN: I know. But I'm goin' pro-tect myself, my family, an' all the so-called "trailer trash" in this hyer trashy park...when I let him out...to do his thang.

GAL: Please, Mr. Throttlebottom, don't sign any more of them thar papers. Yew'll just make Bubba Nephew more madder than he already is.

BEVERLY: He's already mad?

GAL: Wouldn't yew be if'n yew was locked up in this hyer box fer months at a time?

(Beverly thinks.)

BEVERLY: Heyweed, please stop signing those papers.

(Heyweed continues to furiously sign the papers and toss them aside.)

HEYWEED: A thousand pages down...5,000 to go!

LAWLESS: Give or take a few hundred. Maybe a thousand or so.

HEYWEED: Will you shut up and keep passing pages to me!

(Lawless passes him more papers.)

MAN: This hyer's yer last warnin', Mr. Snob Man. If yew sign one more sheet, I'm unlocking this hyer locked box.

(In spite, Heyweed makes a show of signing a sheet and holding it up.)

HEYWEED: Well, there it is, Mr. Bubba Man. And here's another. And another. *(He signs them and tosses them into the air.)*

MAN: Yew asked fer it!

GAL: Bubba Man, don't! Please don't!

(Man chuckles fiercely as he unlocks the box. He throws the lid open. Everyone focuses on the box. For a few seconds nothing happens.)

HEYWEED: Ha! All talk and no bite, huh, Bubba Man?

(Slowly, an ugly, disheveled, scraggly-bearded and dirty-faced Bubba Nephew rises from the box and snarls. He is a very menacing and snarling specimen. Everyone, including Man, winces and takes a step backward. Nephew rises to a standing position and is holding something behind his back. He laughs a guttural laugh and then raises a double-barreled shotgun to his shoulder.)

BEVERLY: Look out! He's got a gun!

MAN: That ain't jist a gun, lady. That's a shotgun!

LAWLESS: *(To Heyweed.)* You can sign these later. I'm leaving! *(He runs off SL.)*

HEYWEED: *(Frightened.)* I can sign these later. I'm leaving! *(He runs off SL.)*

BEVERLY: *(Screams.)* Aeeeeiiii!

(Heyweed returns and grabs Beverly.)

HEYWEED: Run, Beverly — as fast as you can! *(She exits SL. Heyweed looks around and then off SL.)* Hey! Wait for me!

(Heyweed runs off SL. Nephew fires toward SR. Gal screams and ducks.)

GAL: Aeeiiii!

MAN: They's over thatta way, Bubba Nephew! Shoot thatta way. *(He points left. Nephew turns and aims the gun at Man. Man ducks just as Nephew fires in his direction.)* Yew ain't s'pposed to shoot me, yew crazy nut. Yew s'pposed to shoot them!

(Nephew fires again toward SL.)

BLUBBER 1: *(Offstage.)* Ooooooh!

(Blubber 1 enters wounded in the head and falls to the ground unconscious. Nephew shoots again.)

BLUBBER 2: *(Offstage.)* Yeeoooooww!

(Blubber 2 enters. He is wounded in the arm and falls to the ground unconscious. Nephew shoots again.)

BLUBBER 3: *(Offstage.)* Ouch!

(Blubber 3 enters. He is wounded in the leg and falls to the ground unconscious. Nephew shoots again. Blubber 4 enters holding his wounded behind and bounces around.)

BLUBBER 4: *(Bouncing and holding behind.)* I, oh, ee-ee, oooh, ouch, ouch, ewww, oh! Oh, oh, oh!

(After a bit of a show, Blubber 4 falls to the ground unconscious. Nephew fires one more time toward the left.)

SANTA: *(Offstage.)* Yeeeeiiiiiiiiiii! *(His scream lasts over the following and gets louder as he approaches.)*

GAL: Who was that? Who'd he hit?

MAN: Old Heyweed, I hope!

(Nephew looks at the gun, then at Man.)

NEPHEW: Out of shells.

(Stumbling, Santa enters and looks around.)

SANTA: *(Squeals.)* Eeeeeeeek! Eek-eek! Eeeeeek!

(Heyweed, Lawless, Beverly, Milly, and Girl enter SL and stare at Santa. Lily and Boy enter SR and stare at Santa.)

BEVERLY: Oh, my gosh! You've...killed Santa Claus!

(Santa stops squealing.)

SANTA: *(To Beverly.)* Not jist yet. *(He squeals again as he stumbles about the stage and finally falls to the ground and stops squealing. Then he sits up. To Beverly.)* Now.

BEVERLY: Oh, my gosh! You've...you've killed Santa Claus!

(Santa falls back to the ground.)

NEPHEW: *(Whimpers.)* I killed Santa?

EVERYONE: *(Except Man and Nephew.)* You killed Santa!

(Man quickly shoves Nephew down into the box, slams the lid shut, and sits on the box. He looks about guiltily. Blackout. Intermission.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]