

The Four Musketeers
in
The Night Before Christmas
By Mary Engquist

CAST: 4 Roommates

Rachel
Arianna
Kim
Monica
Narrator

SETTING: In a dorm room with a window and beds. Narrator can play the parts of the Matrons.

SCENE

NARRATOR: It was the night before Christmas, and all through the dorm, not a creature was stirring, not even the four.

The night was cold with icicles outside, and who would dare be out on this cold winter night?

KIM: Hey, everyone, do you hear what I hear? *(As she stirs in bed, rubbing her eyes.)* And it's not the Little Drummer Boy!

MONICA: Do you realize what time it is?

ARIANNA: Go back to sleep. You're going to wake Rachel up. You know how grumpy she gets if she does not get all of her sleep.

RACHEL: Oh, what is all the commotion? I want my sleep, and I need my beauty rest, and so do you of all. Now be quiet.

NARRATOR: The four musketeers then rolled their blankets over their heads and slid into a deep sleep. The odd thing is they were all having the same dream...or were they?

RACHEL: Hey, look it is morning and no boogie man got us last night.

KIM: Yippee coyote, who cares?

MONICA: Well, I do! I don't want Santa to miss our dorm.

ARIANNA: Grow up you guys, there is no Santa Claus, and...

RACHEL: ...and if there was, you wouldn't tell us anyway. So THERE.

MONICA: Well, I have news for you all. While you were all fast asleep I saw Santa Claus.

KIM: Yeah, right. And my name is Mrs. Claus.

ARIANNA: Really?

RACHEL: Don't listen to her. She is still filled with Thanksgiving stuffing.

MONICA: Just because you would not eat any turkey doesn't mean you didn't eat all of the stuffing. Don't blame me for your mistakes.

RACHEL: I don't make mistakes. Besides, I have a little secret.

KIM: You mean to tell us you're holding out on us?

RACHEL: Well, what if I told you that was not Santa Claus last night, but Prince Charming?

MONICA: In your dreams, Rachel.

KIM: I want him in my dreams, Monica

ARIANNA: Yeah, Rachel, tell us more

MONICA: Yeah, our inquiring minds need to know.

RACHEL: Okay, if you insist. All I remember is that you guys woke me up last night and I could not go back to sleep. I heard some noises outside our window by the tree, and I saw this tall fat man strip off his Santa's suit. The more he took off the skinnier he became.

MONICA: Why did you not wake us up?

KIM: Yeah. Maybe we would've liked to look, too.

RACHEL: And take the chance of scaring him off? I may be a little crazy, but I'm not nuts.

ARIANNA: Quiet now, girls. Let her finish the story.

RACHEL: Okay, now he has his back to me, and is still taking off layers of clothing. In fact, I thought he would never get it all off.

ARIANNA: Tell us more.

RACHEL: Hold your horses, okay. Then, off came his Santa's hat, then the beard, and then the biggest surprise of all...he turned around, and I saw his face.

KIM: We are waiting!

RACHEL: Then, when I got all excited, I woke up.

KIM: No, don't tell us that! That's not what we want to hear.

MONICA: Yeah, that was a mean trick.

RACHEL: Ok, girls, I was just kidding!

KIM: Kidding about what? He was not real? Or you just woke up and it was a bad dream.

RACHEL: No, not a bad dream at all. When he turned around, the only thing I could see were his blue eyes looking at me. I thought for sure that he would run away.

MONICA: And did he?

RACHEL: No, but I opened the window and was getting ready to crawl outside...

KIM: You didn't?

RACHEL: Yeah, right into his arms!

MONICA: What?

RACHEL: Well, I sort of fell out the window and straight into his arms, and he was there and caught me.

KIM: What was he doing outside our window? And why the Santa suit?

RACHEL: Well, he was lost, and it was getting very late and very dark. He did not want anyone to see him.

ARIANNA: Yeah, tell us more.

RACHEL: There is not much left to say. Besides, he said he would be back again tonight.

KIM: In his Santa suit?

RACHEL: Are you kidding. Of course not. Why, he is my new Prince charming.

ARIANNA: I thought he was Santa Claus!

RACHEL: He didn't want anyone knowing his true identity.

MONICA: What is his true identity?

RACHEL: Don't you girls get it? He is the Prince of Auburn!

KIM: Well, I sure hope that he is not the Prince of Darkness.

MONICA: Quit being so negative, Kim.

KIM: Me? I want him to be the Prince of Light.

RACHEL: Okay, that is enough, girls. Besides, do you think for one moment that I will let him meet all of you? Why, that would be a mistake.

ARIANNA: Are you calling us all a mistake?

RACHEL: Never, never, girls. I love you all. It's just that...well...he is so, so cute, and after falling into his arms, I knew right then that we belong together.

MONICA: Yeah, thanks a lot for not giving us a chance.

RACHEL: You girls will thank me someday.

KIM: What does that mean?

RACHEL: Look at the bright side of things. Sure he is cute, but wait until I have been with him 50 years. Huh! Not so cute anymore. Why, he will look like the first time I saw him with his white beard and fat belly.

MONICA: Yeah, Rachel, that happens to all old men.

KIM: I saw my uncle turn into an old man when he was dressed up one Halloween. He looked so bad he scared all the ghosts and goblins away.

RACHEL: See, you've got my point! You don't want to meet him. Why, he will get old and fat in a hurry with my good cooking.

ARIANNA: I hate to tell you this, Rachel, but your cooking is not so good.

KIM: Yeah, remember the time you were making us some chicken soup?

RACHEL: Oh, yes I think so...

MONICA: Well, it was not done.

RACHEL: What do you mean, Monica?

KIM: Just tell her.

MONICA: We were all peaking around the corner in the kitchen. We saw you boil the water and dip the chicken in 3 times and take it out.

KIM: Yeah, that is not how you make chicken soup. You are supposed to cook the chicken in the water for a few hours, not dip it in and out for a few minutes...

RACHEL: Well, just maybe I was doing a new recipe for you girls. Yeah, that's it. I was going to surprise you with Chicken Noodle soup without the chicken.

MONICA: Surprise you did, Rachel! Now, we insist that you give us all a chance with your Prince Charming.

KIM: Yeah, I have an idea. We each take one of our slippers and put them outside for him to find. Whichever one of our slippers he chooses, that girl gets to have him.

RACHEL: Wait a minute! That will never work.

MONICA: Oh, yes it will. Start taking off one of your slippers, girls, and let's throw them out the window.

RACHEL: Just a minute now. That only happens in the Cinderella story and it was only one slipper, not four slippers.

KIM: Yeah, that's true. But we are changing the Cinderella story.

RACHEL: You can't do that! Why, that is like changing history.

ARIANNA: Don't look now, girls, but there is something outside our window, and it isn't Santa Claus.

RACHEL: Move over, girls. He's my Prince. Wait! Look! There is more than one of them.

MONICA: Yeah, one for each of us.

KIM: Why do they all look the same? And move the same?

RACHEL: Because they are the same. It is a reflection off the snow outside and the light shining from our room. There is only one Prince Charming and he is mine.

KIM: What are you doing, Rachel? Close that window, it is freezing.

RACHEL: Not on your life, Kim. I am jumping now.

MONICA: Quick! Let's grab her before she hurts herself. You grab her arms, Kim, and I will get her feet.

ARIANNA: Come on, Rachel! Wake up! Please, wake up.

RACHEL: I'm awake now so get off of me and let go of my arms and legs and why are you all throwing me out of the window?? Where's my slippers?

KIM: Poor, Rachel. You just had a very bad dream and kept yelling, "Wait! My Prince Charming! I'm here!" And you were throwing you and your slippers out the window. All we did was try to stop you.

RACHEL: You mean to tell me that this all was just a dream? Then how did all your slippers get outside?

KIM: I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but your Prince Charming was in your dreams, Rachel. As for our slippers being outside...well, you threw them out in your dream.

RACHEL: If that is true, then why is that good looking man outside picking up one of our slippers?

(They all get excited and yell)

MONICA: Which one is he picking up?

ARIANNA: Hey, it's my slipper!

KIM: No, you silly girl, you threw out yours first and it is not that color.

RACHEL: Haha! Caught you.

MONICA: But who is the mystery man? Hey! Look! He is gone again.

RACHEL: Gone in our dreams forever. Too bad, girls.

KIM: Well, I am the one with all the senses, so my theory is we all had the same dream.

ARIANNA: Now, how can that be? People do not have the same dreams.

RACHEL: I have an idea. We all go back to bed and find out who he chooses.

MONICA: That is the best idea ever, Rachel. Whoever falls asleep first will know if she's the one.

NARRATOR: The girls quickly crawled back into their beds, closed their eyes, and covered their faces with their blankets. It was so quiet that you could not hear a bird sing, or a woodpecker

peck.

The matrons opened up the girls' dorm, looked in, and said,

MATRON 1: Look how cute! They are all finally sleeping now. But we will never know why each one of them kept throwing their slippers out the window.

MATRON 2: Of course not. But thank goodness for that new hired hand.

MATRON 1: Yeah, he never complained. Not even when we sent him outside to change his Santa suit in the cold snow.

MATRON 2: I cannot believe how much he looks like Brad Pitt.

MATRON 1: You're right. Let's be glad the girls could not see him. They would have thought they were dreaming!

THE END