

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

CAST

Jim.....Clark Beckham
Della.....Leslie Marberry
Mr. Crockerty..... Caleb Walker
Madame Sofronie..... Victoria Fagan

Scene 1	2
MUSIC CUE #1 – OVERTURE: “We Wish You A Merry Christmas” piano solo	2
MUSIC CUE #2 – SONG: “Everything” in Key of C-D.....	3
MUSIC CUE #3 – FX: Cascading, descending chords as hair falls.....	6
MUSIC CUE #4 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: Goes straight into “Look At My Watch”.....	7
MUSIC CUE #5 – SONG: “Look At My Watch” in Ab-Db.....	7
MUSIC CUE #6 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: “My Hair!”.....	8
MUSIC CUE #7 – SONG: “Madame Sofronie” in Key of Am	9
MUSIC CUE #8 – BETWEEN SCENES MUSIC FILL for costume change: “Madame S- Reprise,” transition into “Everything”	11
Scene 2	12
MUSIC CUE #9 – SONG: “Your Hair Is Gone!” in Key of A	12
MUSIC CUE #10 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: setup for “By the Way” in Eb.....	16
MUSIC CUE #11 – SONG: “By the Way” in Key of Eb.....	16
MUSIC CUE #12 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: “We Wish You A Merry Christmas”-Piano solo.....	17

Scene 1

MUSIC CUE #1 – OVERTURE: “We Wish You A Merry Christmas” piano solo

Lights come up. It is the morning of Christmas Eve. DELLA, in her bloomers & blouse, is at her vanity pinning up the last of her hair. JIM is in bed under the blankets and says his part in the following exchange completely covered by them. There is some movement on his part, but his face and body don’t emerge until the end.

DELLA. Jim, Jim darling! Wake up and face the day.

(There is no response from JIM. DELLA crosses to bed.)

DELLA. Jim, Jim darling!

JIM. Leave me alone! Go away!

DELLA. Face the day!

JIM. Go away!

(DELLA crosses to table, gets pitcher.)

DELLA. *(Getting irritated)* Jim, it’s time to get up.

JIM. *(Yawns)*

DELLA. Time to open your eyes!

JIM. It’s cold, and I want to sleep!

DELLA. *(Walks over to bed)* If you don’t get out of bed I will take this cold water and dump it over your head!

JIM. *(Uncovers his face)* You wouldn’t dare.

DELLA. Yes, I would!

(On “would” DELLA lunges toward JIM. He leaps out of bed just in time. He is wearing pajama bottoms and t-shirt as he says:)

JIM. Wait! Della, stop!

DELLA. *(Showing him the pitcher is empty)* I can’t believe you fell for that. *(She goes back to what she was doing at the vanity table)*

JIM. *(Muttering)* I can’t believe I fell for you.

DELLA. What was that?

JIM. *(Quick to cover)* ...I can’t believe I fell in love with you—I mean, you can’t believe that someone as beautiful as I—rather *(finally gets it together)* I can’t believe that someone as beautiful as you fell in love with me. *(walks behind screen to dress)*

DELLA. *(Good-naturedly)* Nice try. At least you admit you are in love.

JIM. I admit nothing. *(His head pops out from behind the screen)* Wait...what do you mean, “admit” I am in love?

DELLA. You never say “I love you.”

JIM. (*Follows her as DELLA makes the bed*) Oh, now I don't love you?

DELLA. You don't say it.

JIM. I do.

DELLA. No. You don't.

JIM. I do.

DELLA. (*Looks at Jim*) When do you say it?

JIM. With my eyes. (*He bends at the waist and "looks hard" into her eyes*)

Beat.

DELLA. (*Laughs*) What are you doing?

JIM. I'm...(*throws hands up and walks to SR*) drowning. (*Looks back to her*) Look, you want me to say it? I love you. There. I said it.

DELLA. Oh, wonderful. The seven little words every woman wants to hear: "I love you. There I said it."

JIM. Della, you know me. You know this all makes me uncomfortable. When I say "I love you" it doesn't sound natural. It sounds like some bad romance novel. Somebody's gonna laugh at me.

DELLA. What do you mean, laugh?

JIM. Somebody's going to laugh at me saying that stuff.

DELLA. "Stuff"?

JIM. (*Walks toward her*) I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm not good at saying that stuff out loud. That's the way I am.

DELLA. I understand, Jim, but do you want to pass this trait onto our future children?

JIM. No.

DELLA. (*She stands, takes his hands*) Jim... I love you.

JIM. And...I you.

DELLA. (*She throws her hands up in frustration, then goes behind the screen and puts her skirt on*)

JIM. Della...

MUSIC CUE #2 – SONG: "Everything" in Key of C-D

DELLA. (*Pops her head out from behind the screen*) Don't worry, Jim. I know you love me. You may not say those three magic words, but you show me every day.

JIM. But...you still want the words.

DELLA. I'm a woman. I can't help it.

JIM. (*Singing*)

YOU'RE A FALLING STAR, YOU'RE THE GET-AWAY CAR.
YOU'RE THE LINE IN THE SAND WHEN I GO TOO FAR.
YOU'RE THE SWIMMING POOL, ON AN AUGUST DAY.
AND YOU'RE THE PERFECT THING TO SAY.

Jim sits on bed and sings while Della is behind screen getting dressed.

AND YOU PLAY IT COY BUT IT'S KINDA CUTE.
AH, WHEN YOU SMILE AT ME YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU DO.
BABY DON'T PRETEND THAT YOU DON'T KNOW IT'S TRUE.
'CAUSE YOU CAN SEE IT WHEN I LOOK AT YOU.

Jim walks to vanity and pics up framed picture.

[CHORUS:]

AND IN THIS CRAZY LIFE, AND THROUGH THESE CRAZY TIMES
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, YOU MAKE ME SING.
YOU'RE EVERY LINE, YOU'RE EVERY WORD, YOU'RE EVERYTHING.

Jim walks toward screen, still looking at pic.

YOU'RE A CAROUSEL, YOU'RE A WISHING WELL,
AND YOU LIGHT ME UP, WHEN YOU RING MY BELL.
YOU'RE A MYSTERY, YOU'RE FROM OUTER SPACE,
YOU'RE EVERY MINUTE OF MY EVERY DAY.

Della walks to vanity and sits, filing her nails. Jim walks to her, stopping to get a flower off table, hands it to her, peeks over her right shoulder on "mystery." Jumps on bed.

AND I CAN'T BELIEVE, UH THAT I'M YOUR MAN,
AND I GET TO KISS YOU BABY JUST BECAUSE I CAN.
WHATEVER COMES OUR WAY, AH WE'LL SEE IT THROUGH,
AND YOU KNOW THAT'S WHAT OUR LOVE CAN DO.

[CHORUS]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

JIM & DELLA.

SO, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA
SO, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA

They saw on first set of "la-la's." On second set, Jim takes her hand and pulls her to C.S., grabs both of her hands.

JIM.

AND IN THIS CRAZY LIFE, AND THROUGH THESE CRAZY TIMES
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, YOU MAKE ME SING.
YOU'RE EVERY LINE, YOU'RE EVERY WORD, YOU'RE EVERYTHING.
YOU'RE EVERY SONG, AND I SING ALONG.
'CAUSE YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING.
YEAH, YEAH

They swing around. Della lands on chair with "excited" look as if she's just gotten off a roller coaster ride

JIM & DELLA.

SO, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA
JIM.

SO, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA

Jim either jumps on chair right away and then does chair trick OR Jim sings to her, then jumps on chair on "I sing along"
Jim is off of chair after "everything," and offers her both hands on "yeah, yeah." She takes his hands, he holds them to his heart and leads her to table where they sit, holding hands, smiling and looking intently at each other. *Hold pose until after applause and next lines.*

JIM. Now you believe me?

DELLA. I never doubted it for a moment. *(They laugh and finally break pose. JIM rises and moves to vanity, taking on a more serious expression, while Della stays at table preparing his breakfast, muffin & coffee.)* Would you like a muffin, Jim?

JIM. I'm not hungry this morning, Dell. *(JIM sits at vanity. There is a pause. DELLA is curious about JIM's response to her question. She hums the tune to "Everything" as she pours two cups of coffee.)*

DELLA. Some coffee? *(There is no response from JIM. Instead he is lathering soap and preparing to shave.)* Jim?

JIM. What.

DELLA. Coffee?

JIM. *(Starting to shave)* Oh...yes, of course...coffee.

(DELLA continues her humming as she brings JIM his coffee.)

DELLA. Would you like a muffin? *(No response)* Jim!?

JIM. I'm a bad husband.

DELLA. *(Crossing to bed to get her shoes which are on floor on SL side of bed.)* What are you saying? You're the best husband in the world!

(During the next speech DELLA sits on bed and fastens one of her shoes.)

JIM. Really. Would the best husband in the world put his wife in a fifth floor walk-up with no hot water? Would he earn a meager twenty dollars a week which barely pays the rent and the bills, let alone leave enough to buy food to keep her alive?

DELLA. Jim—

JIM. *(He turns and looks at her.)* Would the best husband in the world wake up on the morning of Christmas Eve knowing that he couldn't save, borrow or beg enough money to buy his wife a Christmas present? *(He is done shaving, grabs towel & begins to wipe shaving lotion off his face but does not get it all.)*

DELLA. *(Crossing to him, one shoe on)* So that's it! . . .Jim, listen to me. When I married you and took your name, Mrs. James Dillingham Young (!) I knew that--for awhile--it would be hard to meet expenses.

JIM. It's not hard to meet expenses—they're everywhere.

DELLA. *(She wipes excess soap off JIM's face, then walks to table to get his muffin.)* If it will make you feel any better, I can tell you that I don't have a Christmas present for you either! Now have a muffin, boy! *(DELLA hands him muffin and goes back to bed and puts her other shoe on.)* See, we're not starving! Come on, smile! It's my favorite time of the year!

JIM. Tomorrow is Christmas, Della. Do something for me?

DELLA. Anything!

JIM. Let your hair down.

DELLA. Well, that's something easily done. (*She stands and loosens her pins and shakes her head to loosen her hair.*)

MUSIC CUE #3 – FX: Cascading, descending chords as hair falls

Her beautiful hair cascades down. She twirls in front of him to show it off. There is a change of light, and her hair seems to glow! Lights back to normal.

JIM. (*Standing, with lighthearted pomp*) You have the most beautiful hair in the world!

Why, if the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, you would have to let your hair hang out the window someday to dry, just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts!

DELLA. (*Laughing*) Oh, Jim, love is blind, but you're very sweet.

JIM. (*Looking about their modest apartment, maybe picking up a worn pillow*) Bad. Husband. I'm a husband who is bad. (*He walks behind screen to put pants, shoes & shirt on, in that order [in case he doesn't have enough time, he can button his shirt after he comes from behind the screen]*)

DELLA. You're a wonderful husband *and* provider.

JIM. Look at this apartment, Della. No rug—

(NOTE: As JIM describes each aspect of the apartment, DELLA whispers her feelings. SHE sounds sincere, gracious, understanding, and—above all—honest and loving. JIM'S description continues as if uninterrupted by DELLA'S whispers.

DELLA. No matter.

JIM. –old, torn, faded, and tattered curtains—

DELLA. No matter.

JIM. –very little furniture—

DELLA. How much more do we really need?

JIM. (*as if really seeing it for the first time*) –possibly some of the ugliest stuff I've ever seen.

DELLA. But still useful for us.

JIM. You deserve more.

DELLA. As I said before, “How much more do we really need?”

JIM. It's not just what we need, but what I want to give you. A golden chandelier, a silver tea service.

DELLA. A candle will do what a golden chandelier does. And a polished silver tea service only brings so much work polishing and polishing to keep it so shiny and shining.

JIM. We'll make the servants do it.

DELLA. Servants?

JIM. Yes, lots and lots of servants; in every room of our garish, extravagant mansion.

DELLA. I wouldn't think of having strangers afoot in our own home, taking care of us, taking care of you! I prefer to do that myself, thank you!

This entire exchange, Jim is dressing behind screen (pants, shoes & shirt) as Della dreamily looks about the apartment as she responds.

JIM. A rather thankless job, taking care of a bad husband.

DELLA. (*Teasing*) You're right, but someone's got to do it. What time is it, dear? You don't want to be late for work.

JIM. I suppose it is time for me to go. (*Comes out from behind screen, buttoning shirt, walks to coat tree to get jacket.*)

DELLA. Well, take out your watch, darling, and see.

(JIM turns his back to her and to the audience so no one can see the watch as he looks at the time and puts the watch back in his pocket.)

JIM. It's 7:15.

DELLA. Oh, good! (*A pause*) Let me look at your watch, Jim.

JIM. (*Putting jacket on*) Why?

DELLA. Because it's so pretty. We may not have money, but that watch is certainly a treasure. I remember when your mother gave it to you, after your father passed on. Let's have a look at it. (*JIM does nothing.*) Why are you always so embarrassed to take it out? It really is a treasure.

JIM. You know why...

DELLA. Because your mother lost the chain and you carry the watch on a leather strap? Jim! (*She laughs.*) Don't be silly! Come on!

MUSIC CUE #4 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: Goes straight into "Look At My Watch"

JIM starts to take watch out, and DELLA helps him. He holds it up in the air by the leather strap. There is a change of light, and the watch seems to glow!

DELLA. (*continued*) Ooooo! That watch is really quite a beauty, Jim. (*With lighthearted pomp*) You know, if King Solomon were our janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, you could pull out your watch every time you passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy! (*They both laugh.*)

MUSIC CUE #5 – SONG: "Look At My Watch" in Ab-Db

The lights change. The room lights dim. The special stays on watch. Special up on JIM's face. This song is JIM's internal sentiment. While he is singing DELLA sits at vanity and applies finishing touches with powder puff in mirror and doesn't notice JIM. JIM remains stationary throughout.)

JIM. (*sings*)

LOOK AT MY WATCH

SEE HOW IT SHINES

IT ONCE BELONGED TO MY FATHER

IT'S MADE OF GOLD, WITH A FINE CHINA FACE

AND THE CRYSTAL HAS NO SCRATCH UPON IT...

(Now DELLA, noticing JIM, walks to him. As she turns to him, JIM and DELLA both look at his watch, mesmerized.)

DELLA. (*sings*)

LOOK AT YOUR WATCH
SEE HOW IT SHINES
IT ONCE BELONGED TO YOUR FATHER
IT'S MADE OF GOLD, WITH A FINE CHINA FACE

(Now JIM and DELLA face each other.)

JIM & DELLA.

BUT YOU ARE MY ONLY REAL TREASURE...

(Lights back to normal.)

JIM. And now—*(he closes the watch with a snap)*—it really is time for me to go to work.
(DELLA goes to coat tree to get his overcoat.)

DELLA. Don't forget your coat, Jim. It's cold out there *(helping him into overcoat, puts his hat on for him)*. Maybe today they'll give you a promotion. Maybe today they'll make you president of the company!

JIM. *(Confident as he starts to walk out)* I'm going to start thinking positive. *(Turning back to her)* But I know it won't work.

(JIM exits into SR room.)

DELLA. *(At door, calling to him)* Very funny, Mr. Scrooge. Have a good day at work. Tomorrow is Christmas, and you won't have to work at all! *(DELLA makes sure he's gone, then she runs to her secret hiding place [under the bed] and produces a can filled with pennies and proudly holds it up)* Oh, Della! You are so sly. All this talk of being poor, when here lies a fortune...*(She shakes the can, and the pennies rattle.)*...in pennies, but a fortune nonetheless! *(DELLA kneels CS and opens can and takes out a handkerchief and places it flat on the floor. She dumps out all the coins on this handkerchief and begins counting them in tens.)*

Ten...twenty...thirty...Jim is going to be so surprised!...fifty...sixty...seventy...eighty...He doesn't know it but...ninety...for five months I've scrimped at the butcher's, with the vegetable man...one dollar!...everywhere...because this Christmas, more than anything...twenty...thirty...I want to be able to buy Jim a gift—*(She pauses from her counting and the vamp stops momentarily, she twirls her hair absentmindedly)*—a beautiful gift...a gift worthy of the honor of being his. Sixty...seventy... eighty...one...two...three...four...five... six...seven! *(She stands.)* One dollar and eighty-seven cents! *(She suddenly realizes it's hardly anything and makes a face.)* One dollar and eighty-seven cents...? *(She puts pennies back in can. She slowly rotates, playing with her hair. Suddenly an idea comes to her and flashes in her eyes.)* Wait a minute! My HAIR!!

MUSIC CUE #6 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: "My Hair!"

DELLA runs to the vanity, opens the drawer, looks through some papers in a mad search.

DELLA. Where did I put that card?...It must be here somewhere...*(She holds up a business card)* Ah ha! Here it is!

DELLA throws her hair back, grabs the can of pennies and her shawl, hesitates for a second, then quickly exits stage and a follow spot is on her as she walks through the auditorium, between the tables on the floor, not noticing the people, just looking for Madame Sofronie's. Piano will be playing the "Madame Sofronie" song as DELLA is "looking" for the shop, and Victoria will discreetly get in place on S.R. steps,, along with an easel that holds a sign that says "Mme. Sofronie's." DELLA will eventually "find" her.

DELLA arrives at Madame Sofronie's shop, card in hand. MADAME SOFRONIE acknowledges DELLA with a nod as DELLA reads:

DELLA. "Madame Sofronie Hair Goods of All Kinds."

MUSIC CUE #7 – SONG: "Madame Sofronie" in Key of Am

MADAME SOFRONIE. *(Singing)*

MADAME SOFRONIE, HAIR GOODS OF ALL KINDS

NEED A WIG? NEED A FALL?

DO NOT HESITATE TO CALL!

DELLA. *(Speaking over music, a little intimidated and nervous about what she's about to do)* Madame Sofronie's! On Fourteenth Street. I remembered the hair-pieces in the window.

MADAME SOFRONIE. *(Singing)*

IF YOU WANT THE MEN TO SMILE

WE HAVE JUST THE LATEST STYLE

GUARANTEED TO MAKE THE FELLOWS ROLL THEIR EYES

FOR A LITTLE BIT OF FUN

TRY A BRAID OR TRY A BUN

WE HAVE EVERYTHING IN EVERY SHAPE AND SIZE...

(Mme. S. checks out DELLA's hair, touching it and judging it like any shopper would before buying a product.)

BY THE WAY, ALL OF OUR GOODS ARE MADE FROM GENUINE HUMAN HAIR

IF YOU NEED EXTRA CASH THEN STOP IN

AND MADAME SOFRONIE WILL PAY YOU

ACCORDING TO ITS BEAUTY

A VERY GOOD PRICE FOR YOUR HAIR.

DELLA. *(She considers.)* I'll do it!

MADAME SOFRONIE. This way *(leading DELLA out)*.

(Quick change into short wig.)

BLACKOUT as Mr. Crockerty quickly takes his place on SR steps. LIGHTS UP as Jim approaches his employer.

JIM. Mr. Crockerty, may I speak to you a moment?

MR. CROCKERTY. There cannot be a crisis today; my schedule is already full.

JIM. No, sir, it's nothing like that. Might you permit me to leave a bit early this afternoon?

MR. CROCKERTY. *(A bit blustery)* Why should I do that, Mr. Young?

JIM. I'd like to leave work before all the shops close.

MR. CROCKERTY. But it's Christmas Eve, Mr. Young.

JIM. That's exactly why I must leave.

MR. CROCKERTY. What's that?

JIM. I've got to buy a gift for my new bride.

MR. CROCKERTY. You know, I always wanted to be a procrastinator but I never got around to it. *(Gives Jim a fatherly pat on the shoulder)* You should have thought about buying her a gift before Christmas Eve, Mr. Young.

JIM. I did, Mr. Crockerty. I've been thinking about buying my wife gifts for the longest time. I just haven't had the means to.

MR. CROCKERTY. And you've just *got* to buy her a Christmas present on my time.

JIM. I'll make the time up, Mr. Crockerty.

MR. CROCKERTY. And what are you planning to buy her?

JIM. I don't really know.

MR. CROCKERTY. You haven't asked her what she wants?

JIM. Well, no...

MR. CROCKERTY. I understand, son. I haven't spoken to my wife in years. I don't want to interrupt her.

JIM. No, it's not that. It's just that I've very little money.

MR. CROCKERTY. Then you best be going.

JIM. *(Hopefully)* In an hour, Mr. Crockerty?

MR. CROCKERTY. *(Filled with Christmas spirit)* Right now, Mr. Young. With very little money you'll have to search all afternoon to find something fitting for such a beautiful bride as Mrs. Young.

JIM. *(Overjoyed)* Oh, thank you, Mr. Crockerty. Thank you. Thank you. *(Rushing out of this section of the staging area.)* Thank you, and Merry Christmas to you.

MR. CROCKERTY. Merry Christmas to you, too...and to your new bride. Trust you find just the right gift for her.

JIM never hears MR. CROCKERTY'S last sentiment because he is rushing to leave.

MUSIC CUE #8 – BETWEEN SCENES MUSIC FILL for costume change: “Madame S-Reprise,” transition into “Everything”

Scene 2

It is evening now, and the stage is dimly lit. DELLA enters with her shawl covering her hair. She is carrying a small wrapped package. She looks at it and smiles, then crosses and places it on the table. She turns the switch which lights the gas lamps, and the stage lights come up to normal. She goes to vanity and stands in front of the mirror. She drops her shawl revealing her now short hair to the audience. Music stops.

DELLA. Oh, my! What have I done to my hair!?! (*DELLA furiously pulls at her hair, trying to repair the damage.*) If Jim doesn't kill me before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island Chorus Girl. But what could I do—oh, what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents? Please, God, please make him think I am still pretty. (*The slamming of a door is heard and JIM coming up the stairs la-dee-dahing the tune of "Everything."*) DELLA runs about as she says:) Oh, no! He's home! Oh! Oh! Should I hide?

JIM's la-dee-dahing stops, as DELLA makes one final touch in the mirror and positions herself for JIM's entrance. JIM enters carrying a wrapped present.

DELLA. Maybe he won't notice!

JIM. (*Dumbfounded and deadpan and standing still*) Dell. Your hair is gone.

MUSIC CUE #9 – SONG: "Your Hair Is Gone!" in Key of A

During this song it is absolutely essential that JIM remains totally deadpan.

JIM. (*Singing*)

YOUR HAIR IS GONE.

DELLA.

PLEASE DON'T BE MAD!

JIM.

YOUR HAIR IS GONE.

DELLA.

DOES IT LOOK BAD?

JIM.

DELLA.

YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR
HAIR IS GONE

LET ME EXPLAIN, JIM.

YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR
HAIR IS GONE

LET ME EXPLAIN.

YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR
HAIR IS GONE

LET ME EXPLAIN, JIM.

YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR
HAIR IS GONE

LET ME EXPLAIN.

(JIM turns to leave, still holding his present, then turns around and enters again.)

JIM. (*Singing*)

YOUR HAIR IS GONE.

DELLA.

YES, EVERY TRESS!

JIM.

YOUR HAIR IS GONE

DELLA.
IS IT A MESS?

(During this next lyric JIM places his wrapped present on the vanity and, zombie-like, crosses to SR. DELLA follows closely behind him, wringing her hands and fretting.)

JIM.	DELLA.
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR HAIR IS GONE	LET ME EXPLAIN, JIM.
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR HAIR IS GONE	LET ME EXPLAIN.
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR HAIR IS GONE	LET ME EXPLAIN, JIM.
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR HAIR IS GONE	LET ME EXPLAIN.

(JIM has reached the SL wall and just stops, staring at it.)

DELLA. <i>(aside)</i>	JIM. <i>(to himself)</i>
COULD IT BE HE'S LOST HIS MIND?	YOUR HAIR IS GONE

(JIM does an about-face and, zombie-like, crosses to SL as DELLA walks backward, afraid, until her back reaches the SR wall. JIM leans on wall with upstage arm, "towering" over a frightened DELLA.)

HE KEEPS REPEATING WHAT HE SAYS	YOUR HAIR IS GONE
IS HE TEASING? IS HE SCOLDING?	YOUR HAIR IS GONE

(On "kill" JIM abruptly turns to go sit in rocking chair as DELLA sheds her fear and starts to get frustrated. As she sings "What's past is past" she walks to CS facing audience, using big hand gestures)

IS HE GOING TO KILL ME ON THE SPOT?	YOUR HAIR IS GONE
--	-------------------

JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS GONE
DELLA.
WHAT'S PAST IS PAST!

JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS GONE
DELLA.
IT GROWS SO FAST!

(JIM is in rocker by this time and will rock in time to music. DELLA turns toward him and both sing loudly)

JIM.	DELLA.
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR HAIR IS GONE	YESMYHAIRISGONEMY HAIR IS GONE
YOURHAIRISGONE YOUR	MYHAIRISGONEMYHAIR

HAIR IS GONE
(Then sing quietly but with intensity, JIM still rocking, DELLA facing audience again)
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR
HAIR IS GONE
YOURHAIRISGONE YOUR
HAIR IS GONE

ISGONEISGONE
YESMYHAIRISGONEMY
HAIR IS GONE
MYHAIRISGONEMYHAIR
ISGONEISGONE

(During musical interlude, DELLA walks toward SR, then turns to face JIM when music hesitates. JIM holds his rock backwards when the music hesitates as if he is finally going to say something different, but then rocks forward and propels himself out of the chair, startling DELLA. JIM “lands” CS, looking toward audience, frozen. DELLA takes his hat and coat off and puts them on coat tree, JIM still unmoving.)

JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS GONE
DELLA.
YOUR EYES ARE GOOD!
JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS GONE
DELLA.
I UNDERSTOOD!

(As DELLA is at coat rack putting JIM’s coat and hat up, JIM starts hyperventilating. She rushes to him with concern, guides him to vanity and sets him down, gets brown paper bag from table and puts it over his nose and mouth. If there’s time, she makes him put his head between his knees.)

JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS...GONE
YOUR HAIR IS GONE
YOUR HAIR IS...GONE
YOUR HAIR IS GONE
DELLA.
WHEN I TELL HIM WHY I
CUT IT
WILL HE LOVE ME LIKE
BEFORE?
WILL HE WANT ME?
WILL HE NEED ME?
WILL HE TAKE ME IN HIS
ARMS AGAIN?

DELLA.
I’M STILL THE SAME, JIM
I’M STILL THE SAME
I’M STILL THE SAME, JIM
I’M STILL THE SAME
JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS GONE

YOUR HAIR IS GONE

YOUR HAIR IS GONE

YOUR HAIR IS GONE

(JIM takes covers, stands and seats DELLA. Standing behind her, JIM shows DELLA her hair in the mirror.)

JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS GONE

DELLA.
PLEASE DON'T BE MAD!

JIM.
YOUR HAIR IS GONE

DELLA.
DOES IT LOOK BAD?

(Extremely staccato, medium volume the first time, then louder on repeat. First time, both looking at mirror. On repeat, JIM paces a couple of steps, then returns, DELLA follows him with her eyes.)

JIM.
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR
HAIR IS GONE
YOURHAIRISGONE YOUR
HAIR IS GONE
YOURHAIRISGONEYOUR
HAIR IS GONE
YOURHAIRISGONE YOUR
HAIR IS GONE

DELLA.
YESMYHAIRISGONEMY
HAIR IS GONE
MYHAIRISGONEMYHAIR
ISGONEISGONE
YESMYHAIRISGONEMY
HAIR IS GONE
MYHAIRISGONEMYHAIR
ISGONE

(JIM is standing behind DELLA, lunges to the right as DELLA leans to the left, looking at each other, then return upright, looking in mirror.)

YOUR HAIR IS GONE! MY HAIR IS GONE!
YOUR HAIR IS GONE! MY HAIR IS GONE!

(Reverse that move.)

YOUR HAIR IS GONE! MY HAIR IS GONE!
YOUR HAIR IS GONE! MY HAIR IS GONE!

(JIM points to her reflection in mirror as DELLA touches her short hair.)

YOUR HAIR IS GONE! MY HAIR IS GONE!

(Reverse: DELLA points to her reflection in mirror as JIM touches her short hair.)

YOUR HAIR IS GONE! MY HAIR IS GONE!

(JIM has arms in front of him, palms up, raises them and looks to the heavens, then on "bomp" he levels head and hands with an emphasis. DELLA puts her hands to her face, raises her face heavenward, then on the "bomp," lays her head on her arms onto the vanity.)

YOUR HAIR IS GONE! MY HAIR IS GONE!

(The song ends, and JIM is staring at DELLA like a setter at the scent of a quail. It is an expression that she cannot read, and it terrifies her. It is not anger, or surprise, or disapproval, or horror—just a stare.)

DELLA. *(Looks at JIM in mirror)* Jim, please don't look at me that way! *(Turns to him)* I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? *(SHE stands. JIM just stares.)* I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. *(Takes his hands)* Say "Merry Christmas," Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you.

JIM. *(Still deadpan)* You've cut off your hair.

DELLA. Cut it off and sold it. Don't you like me just as well? I'm still me without my hair, aren't I? (*JIM looks in the vanity drawer.*)

JIM. You say your hair is gone.

DELLA. You needn't look for it. It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered, but nobody could ever count my love for you. (*JIM wakes out of his trance and tenderly touches her cheek.*)

JIM. Don't make any mistake, Dell, about me. I don't think there's anything that could change how I feel about you. Not a haircut, or a shampoo, or a shave...But if you'll unwrap that package—(*He points to vanity where present is*) you may see why you took me by surprise for a while there. (*DELLA, excited, sits at the vanity and opens the package...and there are The Combs! She lifts them in the air.*)

DELLA. Oh, Jim!

MUSIC CUE #10 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: setup for "By the Way" in Eb

JIM. They're made of tortoise shell. They're the combs you had admired so many times in that little shop on Broadway, remember?

DELLA. Oh, yes, I remember. I worshipped these combs! But they were so expensive that I never dreamed that someday I could own them! Oh, thank you! They'll look so beautiful in—(*She suddenly remembers her hair is gone*)—my hair!! Oh, Jim...(*DELLA makes a quick feminine change to tears and wails. JIM comforts her, squatting down beside her, wiping away a tear. DELLA recovers, and hugging the combs she looks up at JIM with dim eyes and a smile to say:*) My hair grows so fast, Jim! (*JIM laughs. Then DELLA leaps up like a little singed cat.*) Oh! Oh! I almost forgot! (*DELLA gets package from table.*) Look what my hair bought for you. (*She hands package to him...he hesitates.*) Go on! Open it! (*JIM opens the package and holds up the gold watch chain and fob.*) Isn't it a dandy, Jim! It's a gold chain and fob for your watch! I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now! Give me your watch...I want to see how it looks on it.

(*The music stops. Instead of obeying, JIM turns and walks away a little. He then turns to DELLA and says:*)

JIM. Dell...let's put our Christmas presents away and keep them for a while...They're too nice to use just right now.

JIM puts his watch back in its box and sets it on the vanity. He takes her combs from her hands and returns them to box.

MUSIC CUE #11 – SONG: "By the Way" in Key of Eb

JIM. (*singing*)

BY THE WAY

IN ORDER TO PURCHASE THESE COMBS FOR YOUR HAIR

I NEEDED SOME CASH

SO I STOPPED INTO A PAWN SHOP ON BROADWAY

AND GOT WITH LITTLE TROUBLE

A VERY GOOD PRICE...FOR MY WATCH...

DELLA. (*Spoken over music*) Your watch is gone? (*She turns away, letting it sink in, then turns back to face him. At first she looks as if she's about to cry, but instead bursts into laughter. He joins her, relieved, and they have a good laugh together.*)

DELLA. (*DELLA moves back toward JIM*) No one has ever said "I love you" the way you have said it tonight, Jim.

JIM. (*Taking her hand.*) Now, let's celebrate. It's Christmas Eve.

MUSIC CUE #12 – MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: "We Wish You A Merry Christmas"-Piano solo

JIM. (*Turning and speaking directly to the audience.*) May this holiday season be a most joyous time for each and every one of you.

DELLA. (*To the audience.*) And this Christmas season, may you open your heart to all those you love and give gifts, even if the gift you give is simply your love.

JIM & DELLA. (*They look at each other*) The best gift you'll ever give. (*Looking back to the audience*) Merry Christmas!

Back in character, they exit together, arm in arm, talking and laughing, i.e.:

JIM. I can't believe you sold your hair for me. Short hair looks rather cute on you.

DELLA. Really, Jim? Oh, Jim, do you mean that or are you just trying to make me feel better?

LIGHTS OUT

THE END