

Angelhead

SCENE 1

Inside a box, the Christmas ornaments are all tangled together, willy-nilly. With the Angelhead theme playing softly in the background, the play begins.

Ballerina

(Stretching and yawning) Seems like we've been in here forever!

Billy Bulb

That's for sure! Hey, we wanna get up, momma!

Benny Bulb

We're sick of this dusty old box!

Baby Bulb

(Struggling to get loose from the tangled garland) Help! Somebody! Dis gawwand stuff is wapped all ahwound me!

Billy Bulb

(Helping Baby Bulb) Well, momma? Can we get out now?

Betty Bulb

Remember what I told you last year? We can't get out until the big people need us. We are ornaments, kids, we have only one purpose in life. . .

Cowboy Charlie

Yep, that's right young'uns, but it's a mighty grand purpose, I'll tell you! Yessir, we're about the luckiest dern bric-a-brac there is!

Toy Soldier

I have never understood your jolly attitude, Cowboy Charlie. Why, look at you, sir. Ever since they hung you next to those hot lights. . . well they might as well have held a match to you! You don't even look like a cowboy anymore! And what's worse, now they hang you on the back of the tree where no one can see you!

Cowboy Charlie

Now, now, Toy Soldier, don't you fret none about me. I'm just as proud as a palomino to dangle on them there trees; high or low, front or back, it just makes no nevermind. It ain't where we dangle, but why we dangle what counts!

Baby Bulb

Hey, Cowboy Cha-wee, why do we dangle, huh?

Ballerina

I know why we dangle!

All

(loud) Me, too! I know, I know! I know why we dangle
(etc.).

All Why do we dangle, dangle on the tree?
 It's not just for fun but to tell a mystery!
 Long ago a baby was born in Bethlehem;
 And this child was God and this child was man.

Cowboy Charlie I am a cowboy, grizzled and rough;
 I dangle to show that Jesus was tough!
 He never gave in to evil or sin,
 And I am a symbol of that part of him!

Chorus Why do we dangle, etc.

Ballerina

Ballerina I am a ballerina, how beautiful I am!
 Graceful and strong as I twirl and I spin;
 I show you these things as I dance in my place;
 I am a symbol of his beauty and grace!

Angelhead

Chorus

Bulbo I'm just a bulb, plain and shiny you see;
But you will see you if you look at me;
I'm here as a mirror dangling in my place
To say the Lord Jesus he knows your face!

Chorus

Clown I'm a funny clown, bringing laughter to the tree;
I dangle and I bounce to tell an irony:
The weight 'that Jesus carried was ocean wide,
But his heart was as light as a carefree child!

Chorus

Snowman I am a snowman, although I'm made of felt;
I'm not made of snow, so I guess I'll never melt!
I'm here because a girl took some scissors and glue,
And said to a rag, "I'll make a snowman of you!"

Chorus *(begins, interrupted by Billy Bulb)*

Billy Bulb

Wait a minute! Hold on! You didn't say how you are like Jesus!

Snowman

Well, I'm not. The girl who made me is. She took an old rag and made it into something wonderful *(pause, a little silence)* um, that would be *me!*

All

(laughing and nodding approval) Oh. That's right! You said it, Snowman! *(They resume singing the chorus and finish the song.)*

As the song ends all the ornaments are laughing and talking just before Angelhead makes her entrance.

Bulbo

(looking off stage, waving hands) Shhh! Quiet, everyone! I think I see Angelhead!

Billy Bulb

Why do we have to be quiet, daddy? Is something wrong with Angelhead?

Bulbo

I'm afraid so, honey. You were too little last year to remember this, so I'll tell you what happened. Angelhead used to be a lovely, bright ornament . . . before she fell out of the tree.

Toy Soldier

Well, the way I see it, she simply got what was coming to her. The nerve! Thinking she could replace Gabriel the Archornament, on top of the tree!

Bulbo

Come on now, Toy Soldier, we don't know if that's what she was trying to do.

Sparkles

(happily) I'll bet she was just climbing up for a better view of the house and the big-people!

Bright Bird

(squawking as he/she talks) I'll bet she was after one of those yummy candy canes!

Clown

Or maybe the caramel-corn string. That stuff is fantastic. Last year ago they hung me right next to it!

Icicle

I heard she was trying to get off the tree and get a look at the manger scene on the fireplace mantle.

Bulbo

Quiet, everyone! The truth is that only Angelhead knows why she fell off the tree. It's not our job to figure out her motives, but it is our job to love her. You see, little Bulbs, we don't know why she fell off the tree. All we know is that after she did, the cat got her, took her down to the basemant and chewed on her.

Benny Bulb

Oh momma, that's terrible! Poor Angelhead! How did she even make it back into the box?

Betty Bulb

Angelhead belongs to the big girl person, honey. Her grandmother gave her Angelhead when she was born, six years ago. She found Angelhead in the basement after Christmas and put her back in the box.

Angelhead enters. She is dirty, torn, and very sad.

All

Hi Angelhead!

Angelhead doesn't answer. She slowly moves past them to center stage. Only she is illuminated as she sings.

Angelhead I just want to have a place
Where no one will bother me;
Say bad things behind my face
Talk about my fall from grace. . .

Chorus Angelhead, you are lovely;
On this tree there's a place for you;
Fly up now, little angel!
Don't let your wounds keep you grounded;
You were meant to soar!

Angelhead The one who carved me called me Angelhead,
"You're a beauty," he said to me
"You'll look lovely on any tree,"
But look at me, now look at me . . .

Chorus Is it wrong to want the best,
Seek a higher, better branch;
Know that your the prettiest,
Simply better than the rest. . .

Chorus The others just don't understand-
Happy where they hang them;
That it would be so very grand
To hang by Gabriel's right hand. . .

Chorus Angelhead you are lovely;
Angelhead It doesn't matter anymore!
Chorus On this tree there's a place for you;
Angelhead I'm just a chew-toy for a cat!
Chorus Fly up now little angel!
Angelhead My wings are clipped, I'll never soar
Chorus Don't let your wounds keep you grounded;
Angelhead You won't find me on the tree, but on the
floor . . .

All You were meant to (I will never) soar!

Angelhead Don't pretend you care for me!
Go away, please go away!
Maybe in the manger scene
There'll be a place where I can be
Or someone to comfort me, to comfort me . . .

Blackout.