

JOHN. (*Rushing on:*) But wait! What about all those special,...Specials? The stories I grew up with—that warmed my cockles? Rankin Bass, Charles Schultz, Dr Seuss. WHAT ABOUT THE GRINCH!!!!

MICHAEL. He's got a point, Jim. The Grinch is a B.H.C. too.

JIM. B.H.C.?

MICHAEL. *Beloved Holiday Classic.*

JIM. (*With effort:*) OK. Fine, sure. OK. So we'll do the Grinch, get it out of the way and move on...

(*The following is delivered to the audience very rapidly, just getting it over with.*)

OK, so there's this mean guy—all GREEN mind you—who lives on top of this mountain called...Mt. Crumplebutt, or something. And he just *hates* all the creatures who live down below. And he just *hates* when they go and celebrate something that vaguely resembles Christmas, so he gets this idea to go on this obviously drug-induced orgy of theft and steal all their whozits and billybingers and roast beast and then thinks, "Oh. Why am I so mean?" So he gives it all back and turns nice.

(*The others look vaguely disappointed...*)

And he has a dog.

JOHN. Wait a minute! There's more to it than that! Sure he's mean... But that's because "His heart was two sizes too small."

(*A placard with a tiny heart is held up in front of JIM.*)

MICHAEL. Or it could be that his shoes were too tight...

(*He places the "grinch hat" on JIM's head—in the original production, this was a Korean War helmet liner with some fright green yarn glued on and a ridiculously tiny Santa hat.*)

JOHN. Whatever the reason, his heart or his shoes... (*Prompting JIM:*) ...go on!...

JIM. You're gonna make me do this, aren't you? You're gonna make *me* be the Grinch...

(*JOHN nods.*)

JOHN. Whatever the reason, his heart...

MICHAEL. ...or his shoes...

JIM. (*Reluctantly:*) He stood there on Christmas just *hating* the Whos.

JOHN. (*Gasping, with MICHAEL:*) How can you hate the Whos? We've got who-bangles, who-beads, whiz-pops, and fraps...

MICHAEL. Who-dickies, who-werps, zingboffs, and baps!

JIM. (*Aside:*) I'm beginning to understand the Grinch's point of view in all this.

JOHN. Boffles, buffles, whizbangs and flecks...

MICHAEL. Bingos and bottles and lots of...bad checks!

JOHN. And the sing, Sing, SING, SINGING! Whoo Hoo!

JIM. I must stop this Christmas from coming, but Howwwwoooooo... (*What a painful rhyme.*)

MICHAEL. But first—a musical interlude—

ALL. (*With underscore and lame dance steps:*)

You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch.

You're an evil, rotten soak;

JIM. You don't care about old Marley,

You're a miserly ol' bloke—

Mr. Scrrroowwiinnnnch!!!

(It was worth a shot...)

ALL. You're a scoundrel, Mr. Grinch;

MICHAEL. You're a spotty, loathsome worm!

JOHN. You're the bottom of the barrel,

BOTH. Just a microscopic germ—

Mr GRRRRRII—

(Underscoring cue abruptly ends in a grating record scratch.)

JIM. OK, OK! I think they get the point.

JOHN. Then he got an idea!

JIM. A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA! *(To MICHAEL:)* Where do you think you're going, reindeer boy? *(He produces a single antler—original was made of a cardboard tube and coat hanger painted brown—and straps it to MICHAEL's head—quite ridiculous looking.)* I'll clean out those Whos to their last can of who-hash!

MICHAEL.

The Grinch grabbed the Who's tree, up the chimney he shoved,

When he heard a small sound like the coo of a...doved.

He turned around fast, and he saw a small Who!

Little Cindy-Lou Who, who was no more than two.

JIM. Wait a minute! There's something missing...

JOHN. What?

JIM. Cindy-Lou Who!!!

MICHAEL. Who?

JIM. Yes.

JOHN. What?

JIM. No, *who*.

MICHAEL. Who what?

ALL. THIRD BASE!

JOHN. All right, who's gonna help us out here? We're gonna need a Cindy Lou Who...

(JOHN runs into the audience and fetches a "volunteer," Cindy Lou Who. Hopefully a burly "guy." A Cindy Lou headpiece is helpful, embarrassing, and very funny...especially if it has pink fur and blinking antennae.)

ALL. She stared at the Grinch, and she said...

JIM. Hey, buddy, I'm doing this...now GO...she said... *(Holding up a cue card with correct line.)*

VOLUNTEER.

“Santy Claus, why,
Why are you taking our Christmas tree? WHY?”

(All cheer—YEAH!!)

JIM. Why my sweet little tot...

JOHN. The sham Shanty Claush lied,

JIM.

“There’s a who-light on this who-tree that won’t who-light on one side.
So I’m taking it who-home to my workshop, my dear.
I’ll fix it up there. Then I’ll bring it back who-here.”

MICHAEL.

Then he patted her little curly who-head,
Got her a drink and sent her to bed.

JOHN. *(To guy:)* Whoa, slow down there, DiNiro. You’re not done yet, my friend...stay right there...

JIM. “Pooh-pooh to the who-Whos!”

JOHN. He was Grinch-ish-ly who-humming,

JIM. “They’re finding out now that no Christmas is coming!
All the Whos down in Who-ville will all cry BOO-HOO!”

(If the audience responds with a “BOO-HOO”—and they generally do—the guys give them a big “thumbs up.” Then the distant strains of Who music are heard.)

JOHN. Every Who down in Who-ville, the tall and the small, was singing!

JIM. Without any presents at all!

JOHN.

He HADN’T stopped Christmas from coming!
IT CAME!

JIM. Somehow or other, it came just the same!

MICHAEL.

And what happened then...?

Well...in Who-ville they say
That the Grinch’s small heart
Grew three sizes that day!

(JOHN holds another placard, with a great big heart!)

JOHN.

And he brought back the whiz-pops! And the bread made with yeast!
And he...

MICHAEL. HE HIMSELF...

JIM. The Grinch, carved the Roast Beast