

THE HOLIDAY ICON MONOLOGUES, PART I

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Matt Thompson

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

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SYNOPSIS: In three comical monologues, we learn a little more about the heart and soul of our favorite holiday icons. The Easter Bunny gives a commencement speech at Kosher College during which he shares with the graduating class that he is renouncing his iconic status and shall now be known as the Passover Rabbi! In our second monologue, Mr. Turkey gives a harrowing narration to Vegetarian Monthly Magazine about his escape from the Thanksgiving dinner table. Our third monologue finds Sergeant Elf speaking to the crowd of new Elfin recruits as they prepare for the Holiday Season. This ten-minute short is sure to have your audience rolling in the aisles any time of the year.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 MEN)

THE EASTER BUNNY (m).....Male. Any age. He is giving a commencement speech at Kosher College when he declares that he is renouncing his iconic status as the Easter Bunny and is becoming the Passover Rabbi.

MR. TURKEY (m).....Any age. Gives an interview to Vegetarian Monthly Magazine about his escape from the Thanksgiving dinner table.

SERGEANT ELF (m).....Male. Any age. Speaks to the crowd of new elf recruits as they prepare for the holiday season.

AT RISE:

Bare stage. THE EASTER BUNNY enters in a suit and tie. He takes a moment to sniff around the stage. He's a bit neurotic and may speak with an accent. He sees the audience.

THE EASTER BUNNY: When I was asked to speak today at your college commencement, I wasn't exactly sure what I was going to say. So many people think that I've got an easy life and that I bounce around the garden looking for the next new salad bar. You see, my father was the Easter Bunny. Ever since I was little, he gave me the whole spiel about the family business. He thought that I should follow in his paw prints. As I came of age, my father relented, and I went to college instead. The day I left, he gave me a beautiful 14 carrot gold bracelet. Engraved on the inside it said "Never forget who you are." But even with my father's blessing, I always felt there was a lot of pressure, you know? My father was in the family business and his father's father was in the family business and on and on and on. And as supportive as my father was, my mother was always nagging me to tuck my tail between my legs and bounce back to the burrow. Anyhow, I went away school. I didn't want to end up a hare brain like so many of my friends. But the longer and longer I was in school, the more and more my family got concerned. I know of lot of you are math majors. I'll be honest, when I was your age, I was an egghead, always into calculations. I mean, I wasn't a total square. There were a few nights in college that I was up all night drinking carrot juice. But you see, I wanted to be a doctor. I don't know if my father had a change of heart, but he stopped talking to me my second year when I stopped coming home for the holidays. We were estranged, and so I put myself through medical school, graduated and had a private practice for a couple of years, and that's when I got the word. My father passed away. I always thought he was a bit egocentric, but now I realized that he was just working out some issues. I realized that as much as I enjoyed helping other, I had turned my back on my own family. So, I came back to the burrow, and I've been workin' the family business ever

since. It makes my mother's heart all aglow. And honestly, I don't mind being the Easter Bunny. It's got a lot of perks, you know? Job security, I'm a national icon, I am cuddled and held a lot, which my therapist tells me is a good thing. Human contact. It's hard work, don't get me wrong. I make all of those baskets. And do you know what I get for making a basket? Two points. Just like everyone else! But there is something missing. You see, I can't hide what's really inside. And I've been living a lie for so long now, I don't know if I really understand it all. For all these years, I've just wanted to come out of hibernation and tell the world how I felt. The pressure would really build up right before Easter. I would get these panic attacks, and I would just I want to run around and feel the grass between my paws and eggsize my rights as a rabbit in the world. (*Confidentially.*) Okay, here's a little secret I'll share with you. (*Beat.*) I've been living a lie. Most of my family... I don't think they would understand what I'm going through. The only person who may understand the way I'm feeling is my cousin. He's out in Hollywood. He's been making cartoons out there forever. He could tell I was a little upset, so he pulled me over and asked, "What's up, doc?" I told him how I felt. I think he understood. I mean, he really was sympathetic to my feelings, you know. And I know that there are so many rabbits out in Hollywood that are just like me, with the same feelings of yearning and acceptance. And I want to change. I really do. But then I keep thinking about the kids. Oy. What will they think? How will they perceive me after I've "changed"? They're counting on me to bring them sugar-ridden baskets of candy and polyurethane grass. I can't just let them down. I tried to tell my therapist but he just thinks, "it's all in your head." (*Sharing a secret.*) I'll tell you the moment it happened. The spark that set me in this direction. The changing moment of my life, and why I'm here today! (*Beat.*) I was a teenager, and my thyroids were going crazy! So me and some of the other kids bounced all the way down to the west side of town. Now, this is a long way from our regular neighborhood. And we were sniffing around Mrs. Ellenstein's lawn, and we all ended up around the back door near the kitchen where we found some food. But this

food was unlike anything I'd ever seen. I didn't know what it was. I had no idea. And then I took a bite. Crispy on the outside. Chewy and soft on the inside. And then one of the older rabbits told me what it was that tasted like pure bliss, like gold in your mouth. It was a potato pancake, otherwise know as...a latke. I knew right then and there...that I wanted to become Jewish. He pulled out a yarmulke and placed it over his ears. My cousin would come home for the holidays each year and we would chat about my "problem." He'd buy me a *Maneshewitz*, and I'd pour my guts out to him. "If I make it past hunting season this year," I said, "I want a bar mitzvah." I told him about my desires to deliver matzo at Passover. I have it all planned out. On the next Satyr, I'll become Hasidic, let my fur grow out, and change my name to The Passover Rabbi. It's just one letter short of rabbit, right? No one will know. When I first read *Peter Cottontail*, I thought I was dyslexic because I read it backwards. But after a while, I knew that Israel was crying out to me, and I was just reading it in Hebrew. So, this is it. This is the year that it all changes. As of today, I'm officially retired as the Easter Bunny. Thank you for your strength, young graduates. In helping you, I've helped myself (*Pauses for a moment to fix his yarmulke.*). Now that I'm grey-hared, I've got a few words of encouragement for you. Remember, it's never too late to change. In closing, I'd like to thank Kosher College for having me speak today at your commencement. And remember, accept others in a kind manner, try Gifelta Fish at least once in your life, and most importantly, be true to yourself. Have a wonderful Yom Kipper! Farewell!

Music and the sound of applause as the EASTER BUNNY waves and bounces off. Lights out.

Lights up. MR. TURKEY enters wearing a striped prison outfit.

MR. TURKEY: I'm very glad that you chose to visit me here for this interview. It gives me a little time out of my cage. I must apologize for my attire, but this is standard issue. I don't have much time, so we had better get right to it. In your letter, you had asked me about why I ran away from the Cumberlands' Thanksgiving table. Let me re-create some of the events that took place that led to my incarceration. It was the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, exactly seven years ago today. And I was given anything to eat that I wanted. I mean anything. I gorged myself to the point that my feathers were standing straight up. And my human family was yukking it up so much that I didn't pay much attention. That's when one of them just picked me up by the feet and carried me into the house. I was in what is called a kitchen. There was a sink and a table with forks and knives! And then, all of a sudden, it got awfully hot. That's when I saw it: the fire. I saw the oven. And I just gobbled and screamed. I ran. I ran as far away as I could! As I slipped out the kitchen door, the father jumped out and tried to shoot me. I was free! I yelled back "liberty, equality and bad aim for all!" and I slipped away. So, for seven years I lived on the road traveling the country, staying one step ahead of the F.D.A., sleeping in strange coops, meeting all sorts of individuals, trying to pass the word about the true effects of Thanksgiving. Time finally caught up with me, and I was arrested on suspicion of fowl play. And this is where I've sat rotting for seven long years. But in that time, I've had a cookbook published entitled, *Tofurky: One Bird's Dream*. My mother came to visit just a few days ago. She's wonderful at guilt trips. She said, "If your father could see you now, he'd turn over in his gravy." I never meant to disappoint my family and not live up to my potential market price. I guess the idea to run away caught up with me when I was just a chick. That first year, when I was too young to sit on the dinner table, I overheard a conversation. The mother asked one of the little boys what you are thankful for on Thanksgiving. And he said, "I am thankful that I'm not a turkey." Well, that just broke me. When I was younger, I played in a band. Man, I could twirl those drumsticks, and I made the best sound. It was such a wonderful feeling to be a part of the

music community. Watching all those young birds trot around the dance floor. I admit there was this one particular chick that I fell for. She was gorgeous. She said I looked just like Gregory Peck. We went together for some time. Then, one day, I trotted across the field to where she nested, and she was gone. I saw her face on a billboard for Zachery Farms. But that's all in the past now. There's nothing left for me in this coop. I'm gonna fry, just like the rest of the inmates here. But hey, there's always hope. Maybe I could get adopted as a member of the Clarksville petting zoo. There's always hope. There's always hope! (A buzzer sounds.) Well, I gotta get going now. It's always a pleasure to chatter with *Vegetarian Monthly Magazine*. It's my hope that your readers get something out of this interview. I'd wish you a happy Thanksgiving, but...well, you know.

The sound of gobbling turkeys is heard. Lights out.

Lights up. An elf stands there. He is short. A long pause as the ELF looks out into the audience. His voice and movements are very gruff and militaristic. He's just like an army sergeant.

SARGENT ELF: Welcome! Now, you're all here today as new recruits. Being an elf is a proud profession. Your ability to work under pressure while maintaining quality control is of the utmost importance. When you leave the Elf boot camp, you may encounter some resistance in the outside world. You may hear miniature golf jokes. You may be called an Oompa Loompa. You may be asked to wrestle. You may be picked on by those taller individuals that are less fortunate than yourselves! Let me make one thing perfectly clear right now. Our lawyers here at the North Pole need you all to understand something. For many years, we've been called Santa's Helpers. But from now on, we elves will be know as Subordinates Clauses. As an elf, we can say that we have our feet firmly on the ground. The first thing you all learn in school is the elf-abet. But here we have our own list of priorities. Most important, under no circumstances whatsoever are you

allowed to talk about what you do in the factory. These toys are top secret! Santa designs and tests each and every one of these toys, and he's relying on us to make sure that these products are produced properly and of the highest quality. Is that understood?! *(Beat.)* I can't hear you! I said is that understood?! *(Beat.)* Good! Now, there are some rules on the factory floor. I have heard some chatting and other talk. The only noise that should be heard on the present construction site is wrap music. W.R.A.P! Is that understood? There is also no eating on the factory floor. Shortbread sandwiches may be consumed during your break period. Now, if any of you can't handle the rigors of this factory or those of the holiday season, I suggest that you step away right now and go back to the real world. This holiday season cannot tolerate anyone with low elf esteem. Remember, elves, the word stressed backwards spells desserts. So think about that, relax, and do your job. Some of you have worked in cold weather before. Some of you lawn gnomes may have not. And many of you may wonder how much difference there is between the North Pole and the South Pole. And I'm here to tell you that it's all the difference in the world. Up here, we make toys, fast, furious and with conviction. That's what the North Pole Toy Company is all about! *(A little softer, but still with conviction.)* Now, our boss, Santa, is getting up there in age. And he doesn't necessarily travel as well as he used to. And some of you may wonder why he still goes down the chimney. And I'm here to say that he still goes down the chimneys because it soots him. And it is our responsibility to do reconnaissance and take intelligence reports to make sure that there are no fires burning in any chimneys around the world. Santa goes down stacks of chimneys on Christmas Eve. We don't want a Crisp Kringle. As you leave the factory, you may encounter some children who do not believe in Father Christmas. That is their right. We deliver presents to them anyway. We have these rebels without a Claus charted out. Now, we have a very high order of toy guitars this season. All the kids are singing *Blue Christmas* and we need to double our production of Elfis toy guitars. There is a bonus for the team that comes in at one billion items. *(Very patriotic.)* We

are the greatest toy-making facility in the world! We have been serving the communities for centuries! Who are we? We are the Elves of Christmas! And what's red, white and blue at Christmas time?! A sad candy cane! We don't want that! We want to spread the cheer, the joy and the love of the holiday season across the globe! Now, in regards to your paycheck here at the North Pole Toy Factory, you will be paid on Boxing Day in cold cash. For those of you that are here for the fifth straight holiday season, you are eligible to purchase Santa's stockings at five and a quarter per share. (*A little change in tactics.*) Also, it is also our responsibilities to handle any and all problems that may arise during the holiday season. And right now, we've got a doozy. Christmas is coming, and we've got no one to pull the sleigh for Santa this year. It appears that Rudolph drank some bad spring water and is laid up indefinitely. I saw him personally and gave him a couple of elk-a-seltzers, so he's resting. But right now, we need alternatives and we need them now! One suggestion that came from Unit Mistletoe is to promote one of the other reindeer to lead the sleigh. My suggestion is Comet. He is the cleanest and most upstanding of the bunch. Aside from this little snafu, we are right on track and ready to make this the best holiday season ever. So, if there are no other questions or comments, it's time to get to work! Welcome to the Holiday Season, everyone! Now, let's make a little magic!

Lights out.

THE END