

Exposé: Holiday Celebrities Tell All!

By Bryan Starchman

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DEDICATION

This play is dedicated to my nephew, Davis Allan Bryant. As you start your life, I hope you will always have lots and lots to believe in.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Every month many look to their calendars and start counting down the days until the next holiday. Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving -- like little presents lined up throughout the year, giving us all a chance to relax. But what about those who are working behind the scenes to make these holidays great? What about the everyday problems of Cupid, leprechauns, and the New Year's Baby? Do we ever stop to think about their needs? Their wants? No! And that's why they're on strike.

Journey through the bizarre, strange, and riotously funny underbelly of the holiday world as the icons we all know and love go on strike in this comedy. See what happens when hunters try to shoot down Rudolph, the Thanksgiving Turkey joins overeaters anonymous, and the Tooth Fairy goes to the dentist. And don't forget the lesser-known holidays like Bad Poetry Day and Stupid Question Day. They need recognition too, and if they don't get it, we may never see another three-day weekend again!

ORIGINAL CAST OF SCENE 2

SANTA: Ethan Steffensen

BETSY SMITH: Teena Starchman

BUBBA SMITH: Nate Nichols

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(13 m, 11 w, 4 flexible, extras, doubling possible)

SANTA CLAUS: Male.

BETSY: A hillbilly.

BUBBA: Another.

THE EASTER BUNNY: Male.

MOONBEAM: A hippie girl.

SKYE: A hippie guy.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY: Male.

COUNSELOR: At overeaters anonymous.

OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS MEMBERS: Various people.

THE TOOTH FAIRY: Male.

GRETEL: Girl, played by a teenager or adult with pigtails.

CUPID: Male.

VICKY: A single woman.

PANDORA: Another single woman.

SYLVIA: A third single woman.

LEPRECHAUN: Male.

BRET: A high school boy.

TRISH: A high school girl.

SECURITY GUARD: Male or Female.

SECURITY GUARD: Another.

MOTHER: Of Mother's Day.

STUPID QUESTIONER: Male.

BAD POET: Male.

WITCH: Female.

NEW YEAR'S BABY: Male.

BALD EAGLE: Male.

SUZANNE: Out on a blind date with Bald Eagle.

TOURIST: In search of a bald eagle.

TOURIST'S SON: Young boy.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: The Big Three

Santa, Easter Bunny, and Thanksgiving Turkey

Scene 2: Rudolph the Reindeer

Santa, Betsy, and Bubba

Scene 3: The Easter Bunny & CHAPFF

Easter Bunny, Skye, and Moonbeam

Scene 4: Thanksgiving Turkey & Overeaters Anonymous

Turkey, Counselor, and 3 or 4 Extras

Scene 5: The Working Stiffs

Cupid, Tooth Fairy, and Leprechaun

Scene 6: The Tooth Fairy Goes to the Dentist

Tooth Fairy and Gretel

Scene 7: Looking for Love in All the Wrong Places

Cupid, Vicky, Pandora, and Sylvia

Scene 8: Pot of Gold in the Food Court

Leprechaun, Bret and Trish, two Security Guards

Scene 9: The Forgotten Holidays

Mother, Stupid and Poet

Scene 10: The Misunderstood Celebrities

Baby, Witch, Bald Eagle and Santa

Scene 11: The Bald Eagle

Bald Eagle, Suzanne, Tourist, and Son

Scene 12: On Strike

Baby, Cupid, Leprechaun, Bunny, Mother, Fairy, Eagle, Poet, Stupid, Witch, Turkey and Santa.

(See end of script for Set Pieces and Props.)

Scene 1: The Big Three

(AT RISE: Three ominous figures sit on stools in semi-darkness. As the LIGHTS fade up, the audience discovers that they are the THANKSGIVING TURKEY, SANTA CLAUS, and the EASTER BUNNY, and they don't look very happy. The stage is bare except for the stools they sit on. Leaning against the stools are some picket signs, but at this point, we can't read what they say.)

SANTA: You might not believe it, but we have our bad days too.

TURKEY: Yeah, it isn't all sparkle and magic.

BUNNY: Sure, we only work one day a year --

SANTA: But you've got to understand the preparation that goes into something like that.

BUNNY: I mean, have you ever tried to lay an egg? Yeah. I didn't think so. Pretty hard to do ... if you're a chicken! I'm a rabbit! Rabbits are mammals. Try to figure that one out. Not an easy living, no way.

SANTA: And nowadays, people are less trusting. It used to be that they'd keep their doors unlocked. But now with Dobermans and alarm systems, it's like they don't *want* me to give them free presents. Not to mention the fact that most people don't have fireplaces anymore. It's pretty sad when I see stockings hung by the thermostat with care. I'm over a thousand years old, and I'm not getting any younger. Climbing through windows. Outrunning maniacal pets. It's enough to make a guy want to quit the gig altogether.

TURKEY: So we're protesting. Until you people out there acknowledge the hardships we endure and start teaching future generations to respect holiday celebrities, we're on strike.

(THEY pick up the picket signs which read "Holiday Celebrities on Strike.")

BUNNY: I have a dream. That one day Hallmark cards will not show a rabbit with a smile on her face, but will instead show a rabbit, in a power suit, working hard to make children happy all over the world. A ... a true mogul of happiness, if you will.

SANTA: I have a dream. That one day people will understand that they are slowly killing Santa by offering me delicious sweet treats, high in calories and carbohydrates. I have a weight problem! Don't you people realize that I am addicted to cookies? You are all enablers and we need to break this vicious cycle. I say, open your crisper drawers to Jolly Old St. Nick. Offer me the bounty of your gardens, not the crumbs of your cookie jar. Oh ... and I'm lactose intolerant ... so please, *please*, no more MILK!

TURKEY: And I have a dream that one day my brethren will not have to dread the last Thursday of November when they are led off to their deaths in every kitchen in America where their skin is basted in butter and they must spend their final hours baking in an oven next to a green bean casserole and Grandma Lottie's apple pie.

BUNNY: So tonight, we bring you our stories, and we hope by the end of this protest you will spread the word, and one day we will be recognized and respected for the truly great works we do. This is an expose: holiday celebrities tell all.

End of Scene

Scene 2: Rudolph the Reindeer -- Open Season

(At RISE: A SPOTLIGHT illuminates SANTA.)

SANTA: Recently, some of you watching the night skies on December 24th have probably been disappointed because you can't seem to spot Rudolph. Well, the truth of the matter is that Rudolph retired six years ago after a dreadful accident while we were flying over the Carolinas. There was an attempt ... *(HE gets a little choked up.)* ... on Rudolph's life. *(Turning away, fighting back tears.)* Excuse me.

(SPOTLIGHT illuminates BUBBA and BETSY, two hunters fully decked out in camouflage carrying oversized, cartoon-style elephant rifles. When they talk, SANTA freezes. When Santa talks, Bubba and Betsy freeze so the audience can focus their attention on the action.)

BETSY: It was Christmas Eve and Bubba and me were out hunting for some vittles. We was hoping to shoot us a duck.

BUBBA: Them's good eats.

BETSY: Or a deer.

BUBBA: Them's good eats too.

BETSY: So we're peering up at the sky, looking for some ducks, thirty below out and freezing our patooties off, and then I gets to thinking, ducks fly south for the winter.

BUBBA: We was in North Carolina, not South.

BETSY: So I'm about to give up when what do I see --

BUBBA: Let me tell 'em! Let me tell 'em!

BETSY: Go on, ya big oaf.

BUBBA: It was a flyin' deer! Them's *really* good eats ... I think.

SANTA: We'd just entered North Carolina and not a single light was on for miles. The Carolinas have always had a strong belief in Santa, so everyone was asleep, hoping I'd visit them all. The boys were singing a few rounds of "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," and just when they got to the part where they yell out "Like a light bulb" ... BANG! Something comes flying up from the earth!

End of Freeview

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