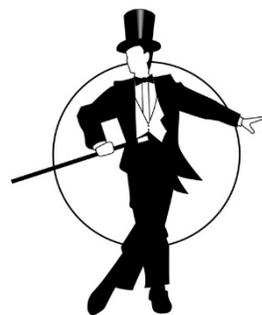


Hoppy Holidays

Susan Jarrett



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HOPPY HOLIDAYS

By Susan Jarrett

CAST

FRANK: Grumpy host

SYLVIA: Patient hostess

RANDY: House guest

KRISTINA: House guest

RUDOLPH: Red-nosed reindeer

EASTER BUNNY: Very cute

SANTA: Offstage voice

Place

Frank and Sylvia's living room.

Time

During the Holiday Season.

HOPPY HOLIDAYS

Setting: There is a fire burning in the hearth and a table with a punchbowl and some festive snacks. There are holiday decorations on the table.

At rise: Sylvia, Randy, and Kristina are sitting round the fire. Frank is at the table helping himself to some punch.

KRISTINA: Thanks so much for this evening. I love it that we get together like this every holiday.

RANDY: Yes. It's a great tradition - same great people, same delicious food, same lively conversation.

SYLVIA: Yeah. I love it too. No need to thank us though.

FRANK: (*grumpily, under his breath*): Same old, same old.

SYLVIA: Honey!

FRANK: Well I just don't get this being merry stuff. I don't do merry. And every year it's the same old thing—same people, same food, same conversation.

RANDY: Well we can fix that pretty quick.

FRANK: How so?

KEISTINA: Well, we could not invite you.

SYLVIA: And we could not feed you.

KRISTINA: And we could not talk to you.

FRANK: No, you couldn't do any of those things. For starters this is my house, so how could you not invite me?

RANDY: OK, then we would just not invite you every other year when it's at our house.

FRANK: Maybe. But how could you not feed me or talk to me if I wasn't there?

SYLVIA: Oh we'd find a way honey. Now come and sit down and stop being a Grinch.

FRANK: Sorry, I'm just feeling grinchy because it was such a lousy game again today.

KRISTINA: There's more to life than football, Frank.

FRANK: Like what? *(he smiles reluctantly, and everyone laughs)*

SYLVIA: Come and sit sweetheart. *(she pats the chair next to her and Franks comes and sits down.)* I actually have a plan to change things up a little this year. I have some entertainment for you before we eat.

RANDY: Ooh, adult entertainment?

KRISTINA: Randy! And talking of eating, do you by any chance have any chocolate? I am having a chocolate craving.

RANDY: Hold on a sec. I have a cure for that which is 100% calorie-free.

SYLVIA: *(passing Kristina a box of chocolates)* Yeah—right.

RANDY: No seriously. I was reading the other day in *The American Journal of Medicine...*

FRANK: *(interrupting)* And that's another thing I can't stand—everyone talking about their medical problems.

RANDY: No, hear me out. This is very interesting, and I know it works.

EVERYONE: OK. Go ahead. Whatever.

RANDY: Medical studies have revealed that *music* is very therapeutic and can generate the same beneficial and satisfying effects as chocolate, cannabis, or even sex. So... when you need to satisfy a craving, all you have to do is hear a happy tune and your craving will be satisfied!

EVERYONE: Wow! Well I never! Fabulous!
(Randy starts humming a happy tune. Everyone looks at him.)

SYLVIA: So what's with you? You don't even like chocolate.

FRANK: Or pot—do you? *(Randy is grinning and shaking his head.)*

KRISTINA: Randy! Stop it! You're embarrassing me! *(everyone starts laughing.)*

RANDY: OK, sorry. So Sylvia, what's this adult entertainment you have planned for us?

SYLVIA: I never said adult, I just said entertainment. Just sit back and enjoy. *(she fumbles under her chair and brings out a book. She holds it up dramatically in front of her, clears her throat and starts to read.)* T'was the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring...

FRANK: Oh come on! This is the entertainment? We're too old for this. We're not children!

RANDY: Definitely not adult, but that's OK.

KRISTINA: Go on Sylvia. I'm sure you've been practicing for this

SYLVIA: Yes, I have. OK—not a creature was stirring...
(the doorbell rings. Sylvia stops. Everyone looks at each other.)

RANDY: Is this the adult entertainment?

KRISTINA: Randy, behave!

FRANK: I hope it's not going to be carolers.

SYLVIA: *(putting her book back down and getting up)* Well there's only one way to find out. I'll be right back. *(She exits. The others wait expectantly and listen.)*

SYLVIA: *(offstage)* Hi. Can I help you?

RUDOLPH: Merry Christmas, dear lady. I am hopelessly lost, and I was hoping maybe you could help me get my bearings so I could get back to the rest of my group.

SYLVIA: Er, yes, I guess so. Come on in and join the rest of *my* group.

(Rudolph enters. He is wearing a red nose and antlers.)

RUDOLPH: Merry Christmas to one and all! Thank you so much for inviting me in!

FRANK: Not so sure you were invited, but here you are. What do you want?

RUDOLPH: Oh, my sincere apologies, sir. I should have introduced myself. I am Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, at your service.

KRISTINA: Oh, heavens to Betsy! This is so exciting! I can't believe this!

RANDY: Novel entertainment, Sylvia! Well done!

SYLVIA: No, no. I had nothing to do with this. Poor Rudolph here is lost and was hoping we could help him find his way back to his group.

FRANK: I think if you go back out the door you came in by and try the house on the left—or the right - you will get what you want—whatever that is.

RUDOLPH: Again, my apologies sir. I know what an important night this is for you and how you were all just wanting to be merry (*Frank groans*) and bright on this jubilant eve, but somehow, I got disconnected.

FRANK: (*aside*) You're disconnected alright.

SYLVIA: I'm sorry, Rudolph. My husband is neither merry nor bright. (*She glares at Frank.*) Please continue.

RUDOLPH: Yes, well I got disconnected from the rest of the gang. Of course I was out in front, so I couldn't see what was going on behind me and I have no idea how my harness got separated, though I have a pretty good idea that it was probably that spiteful couple Donner and Blitzen, 'cause they're always pulling dirty tricks on me.

SYLVIA: (*interrupting*) Yes, they don't let you join in any reindeer games, do they?

RUDOLPH: You are so right, madam. And they especially had no time for me tonight as it wasn't foggy anywhere. Imagine that! No fog, so my very special talents weren't even needed. I feel quite redundant. Oh dear. Would you mind if I sit down?

SYLVIA: Of course not Rudolph. Can I get you anything? A glass of water perhaps?

RUDOLPH: (*sitting down and brightening at Sylvia's offer.*): Thank you. You know what I would really like?

SYLVIA: No, what?

RUDOLPH: The carrots that you put out for Santa and me.

FRANK: Saints preserve us! I'm sure the neighbors have carrots.

RANDY: Excuse me if I'm interrupting, but wouldn't it be easier just to call Santa and if we give you the address here...

KRISTINA: Great idea honey!

RUDOLPH: Unfortunately, that won't work.

KRISTINA: Why not? Santa has GPS doesn't he?

RUDOLPH: Of course, but he's driving so he can't be caught talking on his cellphone. Can you imagine how chagrined I would be if the Great Man got a ticket and I was to blame for it? Oh my word. Donner and Blitzen would have a field day with that one.

SYLVIA: Yes, I can see your point. Hey! How about calling Mrs. Claus? Maybe she could tell you where Santa is and we could point you in the right direction?

FRANK: Excuse me folks, but I think I need to have a quiet word with my wife. Honey? *(He gets up and starts to leave the room. Sylvia starts to follow him when the doorbell rings again, over and over, frantically.)*

FRANK: OH good heavens. Who's it gonna be this time? The Abominable Snowman? I'll get it. I'm coming! I'm coming! Hold your horses! *(He exits. The doorbell stops ringing. Frank is heard offstage.)*

FRANK: What the...? *(The Easter Bunny rushes in, heads straight for the fireplace and stands with her back to the audience, warming herself in front of the fire. She is wearing a little frilly dress, big rabbit ears and is carrying an empty basket. Frank returns.)*

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!