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The UnXmas Story

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12 DAZE

A dozen festive yuletide monologues

by Richard Krevolin

12 Monologues, Cast Varies

Synopsis: The real story behind the music. Yes, finally, the real characters you know and love from this beloved X-mas song tell their own stories in their own words. Twelve interlocking monologues that work together to form an outrageously funny 75 minute play, 12 Daze is the perfect antidote to all that sickly sweet holiday fare. This play can be performed by teenagers or adults and has 12 wonderful different roles that actors and audiences alike will love...

YES, SVETLANA, THERE IS A
GRANDFATHER FROST

by Jeff Goode

2 Males, 2 Females, 2 KGB Agents

Synopsis: At a State-run newspaper in Communist Russia, a cynical journalist is asked to defend the Soviet Santa. "And even though your father turned out to be an embarrassment, and a traitor, you must still miss him, sometimes, at the holidays."

The UnXmas Story opened December 7, 2001 at C'est Destine Productions in Chicago, Illinois, under the direction of Cheryl Snodgrass, with the following cast:

Shepherd

Angel

Mary

Joseph

King

Bryan Heffron

Jennifer Shepard

Margaret Dube

Eric Curtis Johnson

James Thorn

CHARACTERS:

SHEPHERD

ANGEL

MARY

JOSEPH

KING

SETTING:

Bethlehem

The UnXmas Story

By Jeff Goode

Scene: A Hillside

(Enter a SHEPHERD-type.)

SHEPHERD: Okay, stop me if you've heard this one. Angel walks into a bar. Angel of the Lord. Glory shone round about, the whole deal. Walks into a bar. Bartender goes, "You just fly in from the coast?" Angel goes, "Yeah, how'd you know that?" Bartender goes, "Your arms look tired." But seriously, so this Angel - Angel of the Lord, right? - looks around this bar. Little dive bar, 'bout a mile out of town. You take the south road, you can't miss it. Looks around the bar, the Angel. Looks around, sees... What do you think? Table in the corner. Shepherd. Just sittin' there. Minding his own business. Isn't hurtin' nobody. Angel walks up to him. Angel of the Lord. Walks up to the table. Glory all around. Shepherd is like, "Now what?" Angel turns around, motions toward the door: Boom! Heavenly host. Praisin' God in the highest, peace on earth. You know the drill. Bartender goes, "Hey! Let's see some I.D." Angel goes, "Aw, c'mon!" Bartender goes, "Let's see some I.D." So the host is all over at the bar going through their wallets. And it's all, like, out-of-state and "this doesn't look like you" and "left mine at home" juvenile kind of shit.

ANGRY VOICE: *(offstage)* Hey!

SHEPHERD: So the Bartender's thinking, "Sorry I asked." And the Angel is like, to the Shepherd, "Whaddaya say we get outta here?" And the Shepherd is like, "What?? I just got here. I got a table. You know how hard it is to get a table in this place?" And the Angel is like, "Yeah, but... I gotta talk to you a minute." And the Shepherd is like, "So talk." And the Bartender goes, "Hey! This one's under age." And there's this host - one of the host - can't be more than 15, swear to God. Busted, totally. And the Angel's like, "No, wait, no wait." And the Bartender's like, "You think I'm playin'?" (Cont.)

SHEPHERD (Cont'd): So the Angel, to the Shepherd, is like, "You wanna step outside?" And the Shepherd is like, "Oh, so now you're gonna kick my ass?" And the Angel is like, "No, no, it's not like that." And the Bartender is like, "Out! Out!" And he's chasin' this little host around the bar. Got a broom. Chasin' the little guy around. And he's running under tables, knocking over chairs. Complete mess. And then he ducks behind the bar. Which you do not do. Bartender is like, last straw, goes ballistic, "That's it! Everybody out!!" (*SHEPHERD looks irritated*) ... So now I lost my table.

ANGRY VOICE: (*offstage*) Get on with it!

SHEPHERD: I'm just sayin'.

ANGRY VOICE: (*offstage*) All right, already!

SHEPHERD: So this Angel - Angel of the Lord - goes to the Shepherd. Shepherd still a little pissed.

ANGRY VOICE: (*offstage*) All right!!

SHEPHERD: Goes to the Shepherd. "Fear not." (*SHEPHERD rolls his eyes.*) Goes, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." Shepherd is like, "Yeah, they better be good." Angel goes, "For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord," right? And the Shepherd is like, "Yeah? So?" And the Angel is like, "Whaddaya mean, 'So?'" And the Shepherd is like, "What do you want me to do about it?" And the Angel is like, "The Savior, man! You gotta check it out." And the Shepherd goes, "I'm on my break." "You're on your break?" "I'm on my break. I stopped by for a quick drink. I get a table at the bar. Well, I had a table at the bar. Now I don't got a table at the bar. Now I'm outside and thirsty. I got 20 minutes before I gotta be back at the herd because I picked up a double from Joab because he needed off to take care of his taxes. So now I'm gonna be up all night with the sheep." And the Angel goes, "Don't worry, I'll watch the sheep."

(Enter a fed-up ANGEL-type.)

ANGEL: All right, that's enough! I did not say--

SHEPHERD: You said--

ANGEL: I did not say I would watch the sheep.

SHEPHERD: All right, well, I don't know where I heard it.

ANGEL: That doesn't even make sense. I'm an Angel. Of the Lord.

SHEPHERD: Oh, and I'm just a Shepherd, is that it? So fuck me?

ANGEL: I am not-- That's not what I'm saying.

SHEPHERD: Okay, well, I guess I'm hearing things again.

ANGEL: I am not here to watch your flock while you go to town.

SHEPHERD: Going to town was not my idea.

ANGEL: This is the greatest-- The single greatest... Event in the history--

SHEPHERD: Right, but who's watching the flock?

ANGEL: Would you let me finish? In the history of the entire planet.

SHEPHERD: Right, and who's watching the flock?

ANGEL: It doesn't matter who's watching the flock.

SHEPHERD: It does to the sheep. Do you know how sheep get? No, you probably don't. Because you're all, "I'm an Angel. Hark unto me. I got a message from God."

ANGEL: That's right! I've got-- (*before the SHEPHERD can interrupt*) Would you shut up? I've got a message from God about possibly the single greatest-- Definitely the biggest thing that's going to happen in your lifetime, anyway.

SHEPHERD: What if they're missing? What if I take off for Bethlehem and see this thing and come back the next day and they're gone. The sheep are just gone. They're lost. Or wolves got 'em. Or, I don't know, maybe one of you Angels took 'em.

ANGEL: That would never happen.

SHEPHERD: How do I know? Maybe this is some kind of "test". From "God".

ANGEL: Would you rather you didn't go? Everybody else is going. All the other fucking Shepherds in town - I'm sorry, but you're really pissing me off. Everybody else has seen it, and they all come back the next day, and they're like, "You should have seen it." And you're like, "Oh. Yeah. Heard about it. Thought I'd get in some quality time with the flock instead."

SHEPHERD: I get plenty of quality time with the flock, thank you very much.

ANGEL: Well then?

SHEPHERD: All I'm sayin'--

ANGEL: I know what you're saying, and all I'm saying is that what I said. What I tried to stress to you is that this is a big deal. That unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And compared to that, I just wouldn't worry about the sheep, if I was you.

SHEPHERD: (*to the audience*) So I went to Bethlehem to see the newborn king.

ANGEL: Thank you.

SHEPHERD: And the next day my sheep were gone.

ANGEL: (*grumbles*) Jesus Christ.

Scene: A Barn

(*Enter a VIRGIN MARY-type. Right behind her, a JOSEPH-type, carrying some luggage.*)

MARY: No room at the inn, my ass!

JOSEPH: Honey, calm down.

MARY: You saw that guy they let in right after us.

JOSEPH: Maybe he wanted a single.

MARY: A single? You think I wouldn't take a single? I wouldn't rather squeeze into a single than sleep out in the fucking barn?!

JOSEPH: Honey, lower your voice.

MARY: "Sorry, no vacancies. But the barn's available. We also have a lovely pig sty opening up in a few minutes, if you can wait."

JOSEPH: They didn't offer us the pig sty.

MARY: No, because that's extra. The in-room mud bath, you pay extra for that. I'm telling you, this isn't a "no room" thing, it's a "no money" thing. This wouldn't happen if you'd got that nice carpenter job like I told you.

JOSEPH: They weren't hiring.

MARY: They were hiring, you just took too long getting down there and they went with someone else.

JOSEPH: They wanted experience.

MARY: They wanted punctuality is what they wanted.

JOSEPH: Okay, this is not my fault.

MARY: I don't see anybody else sleeping in a barn because they couldn't get a job. Oh, except for me.

JOSEPH: Did you ever think that maybe they have rules at the inn about letting two people share a single together when they're not married? Did you ever think of that?

MARY: And whose fault is that, Mr. Cold Feet? Mr. I-don't-know-if-I'm-ready-for-this. Mr. It's All Happening So Fast I Think We Both Need Time To Think.

JOSEPH: You are unbelievable.

MARY: You didn't even check in under your own name, for God's sake. Mr. "Of Nazareth" and friend. What is that?! I'm your friend??

JOSEPH: You're not my wife.

MARY: I am your wife. Eyes o' God, and don't you forget it.

JOSEPH: That is not my child.

MARY: Okay, we're not going to get into this again.

JOSEPH: Well, it's not!

MARY: I don't know if I'd go there if I were you, considering I see a lot of farming tools around here and you do have to sleep some time.

JOSEPH: I wasn't going to bring it up.

MARY: You did bring it up.

JOSEPH: I wasn't going to, but you keep...

MARY: Watch it.

JOSEPH: Well, you do.

MARY: Careful.

JOSEPH: Sound like your mother.

MARY: What??

JOSEPH: You heard me.

MARY: You asshole!!

JOSEPH: See! You got a mouth like a fisherman. You get that from your mother.

MARY: You weren't complaining about my mouth when I was 8 months pregnant and you still wanted to get biblical every single night.

JOSEPH: (*covering his ears*) Okay, I don't want to hear this. La la la la...

MARY: You're going to hear it!

JOSEPH: La la la la...

MARY: You don't think I have enough to worry about being 8 months pregnant and my boyfriend can't afford a ring, so he wants to hold off on the wedding and it makes me look like the town whore? Oh my God, the baby! The baby!

JOSEPH: What?

MARY: Where's the baby?

JOSEPH: Oh shit.

MARY: Oh my God, you lost the baby again!

JOSEPH: He's around here somewhere.

MARY: He's up at the inn. You left him on the counter.

JOSEPH: I don't think so.

MARY: Go back and get him!

JOSEPH: Okay!

MARY: Go get my baby!!

JOSEPH: All right!

(He exits. She watches him outside.)

MARY: What are you doing?

JOSEPH: *(offstage)* He's right here with the luggage. He's fine.

(JOSEPH re-enters with a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes.)

MARY: He's not fine. You left him outside with the luggage. My God!

JOSEPH: He was on top.

MARY: *(taking the baby)* Oh you poor thing. You poor baby.

JOSEPH: I don't know what's the big deal. He's fine.

MARY: No thanks to you, you bastard.

JOSEPH: I don't think that's a word you want to be tossing around.

MARY: Oh! You are so lucky I'm holding this baby.

JOSEPH: Yeah, he's brought me nothing but good fortune.

MARY: Okay, as soon as I find some place to set him down, you're a dead man.

JOSEPH: I'll get the rest of the bags.

(He goes out to get the rest of the luggage.)

MARY: I'm serious! When you get back in here, you're gonna get it.

(She looks around the barn for a place to put the baby. She doesn't find one. She starts to cry. JOSEPH comes back in with the rest of their bags.)

JOSEPH: Now what's wrong?

MARY: There's no place to put him.

JOSEPH: What do you mean? There's some straw.

MARY: He's not going to sleep on a pile of straw.

JOSEPH: We're going to sleep on a pile of straw.

MARY: He's a baby. He needs a crib.

JOSEPH: Fine. So lay him in the manger.

MARY: I can't put him in a manger!

JOSEPH: Why not?

MARY: Because it's a trough! For animals! To eat from!!

JOSEPH: Yeah, and it's also exactly the same construction as a crib. I know. I was almost a carpenter, remember?

MARY: And what if a cow wanders in here in the middle of the night looking for a snack?

JOSEPH: Oh, please.

MARY: And eats him?!

JOSEPH: I'll bolt the door.

MARY: He's not going in the manger.

JOSEPH: He's going in the manger.

MARY: He's not!

JOSEPH: (*fed up*) Fine. Give him to me. I'll hold him.

(*JOSEPH takes the baby.*)

MARY: What are you going to do?

JOSEPH: What's it look like? I'm going to stand here, and hold him, all night. While you get some sleep. While the two of you get some sleep, I'll be right here, holding the baby.

(*He rocks the baby and sulks at the same time.*)

MARY: Are you sure?

JOSEPH: You better get some rest. We've got a long day tomorrow.

(*She watches him rocking the baby. It's very touching.*)

MARY: You're going to make a wonderful father.

JOSEPH: I don't think you want to play that card right now.

MARY: Honey?

JOSEPH: I should hear sleeping right about now.

MARY: I know you don't like to talk about women's issues.

JOSEPH: (*cringing*) Oh, God, don't say "cramps".

MARY: But do you remember the time last spring when we went on that picnic out to Galilee? And we stayed out late and watched the sun set. And you told me stories about Moses and the Israelites. And parting the Red Sea.

JOSEPH: And you said sometimes I remind you of Moses.

MARY: And sometimes I remind you of the sea.

(*JOSEPH blushes.*)

MARY: Do you remember what we did that night?

(*He blushes again and nods.*)

MARY: Honey... That's how you make babies.

(*JOSEPH is stunned.*)

JOSEPH: No fucking way!

MARY: Uh huh.

JOSEPH: Oh God, I think I'm gonna be sick.

MARY: Honey?

JOSEPH: You did that with those Romans???

MARY: No! That's what I've been trying to tell you. It's not the Romans! Nothing happened with the Romans!!

JOSEPH: Nothing?

MARY: Okay, I flirted with some Romans. But that's it.

JOSEPH: That's it?

MARY: And I waved at one of them.

JOSEPH: And that's it?

MARY: And maybe I gave him one of these.

(She gives a coy smile and a wink.)

JOSEPH: You are such a slut.

MARY: Okay, I made a mistake, I admit it. I'm not perfect. I was mad at you and I wanted to make you jealous. But that's all the further it went. The things you and I did that weekend in Galilee...

(He blushes again.)

MARY: The parting of the seas. The turning staffs into snakes.

JOSEPH: The coveting my neighbor's ass?

MARY: The burning bush. The plague of "lick us". I've never done any of that with anyone else but you.

JOSEPH: Not even the Romans?