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12 DAZE

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- ***HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM ANDERSON, DAVIS, SETON, AND FENNER*** - Julia, a receptionist at a law firm is trying to get through the last ten minutes of her shift before the holidays. She gets calls from rude clients, her boss, her boyfriend, her mother and her best friend. Can she get them all sorted out before leaving for her second job as an elf at Macy's?

12
DAZE

**A Dozen Festive
Yuletide Monologues
By
Richard Krevolin**

Visit the playwright online at
www.ProfK.com

**CHARACTERS/
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Playwright's Note: In this script, you will not see ages assigned to most of the roles. This is owing to the fact that this play can be performed by teenage actors, senior citizens or actors of any age in between. And also please note that even when a gender is given to a character, it might be funnier to do some cross-gender casting for at least some of the roles. In general, don't be afraid to have fun with the characters. Be bold. Be daring. Do good theater.

12 DAZE
(A Dozen Festive Yuletide Monologues)
by
Richard Krevolin

(A Rock and Roll version of "The 12 Days of X-mas" plays in the b.g. LIGHTS RISE on THE TURTLE DOVE (dressed in green with a shell on his back and a few white feathers on his head) who enters, dancing. He speaks with a British accent and struts around the stage sticking his lips out a'la Mick Jagger...)

TURTLE DOVE

It's the day before X-mas...

I've been in the mall now for OVER FIVE HOURS...

I'm desperately searching for this one plastic action figure that me little brother has to have and I know he will use once and then flush down the loo...

But I get lucky and snatch the last one in the store...

Hoo-ray...

Things are really looking up for me now...

I fly over to the check-out area. There's this one short line, so I jump into it...

I know I'll be back home in no time at all...

20 minutes pass...

All the other lines seem to be moving. There's this one old geezer in me line who seems to be spending the afternoon arguing with the cashier about the advantages and disadvantages of paper versus plastic...

After 10 more minutes, I can't take it any longer, so I switch lines. At last, freedom...

But the moment I switch lines, me old line moves forward and I'm even worse off...

Now, I'm stuck behind this skinny, old lady in an old nylon track-suit who smells of brussel sprouts and moth balls and is hooked up to an oxygen tank which hangs from her walker...

(Imitate her using the walker.)

I'm glad she's wearing a track-suit because she's clearly built for speed. And oh yes, the whole time, she's sucking on a Jamba Juice Razzmatazz smoothie...

Of course, even though she looks like she's been dead for seven years, she's still got enough energy left to make me look at photos of her mutant-looking grandbaby who can say the word, "POO"...

(Do her using the walker again.)

THE PIPER

Yo, dudes, S'up?..

Still haven't got the hang of this pipe...

When they told me they needed a piper, I was like, totally, for sure, "You're going to pay me to suck on a some big, bong-like pipe all day?"

WHOA! AWESOME, MAN, I'M SO THERE! Heh, heh, heh...

But then, they gave me this plastic thing, and I was like,

Ohhhhhhhh... Bummer, dude... I thought you were talking about a different kind of pipe...

(Looks at the recorder and sighs. Then, he sticks it in his back pocket.)

But it's cool and, I'm all like, stoked, you know, to have a job, 'cause I've never had one before, so, that's a good thing, huh? Mucho dinero for the gringo, eh? Heh, heh, heh... I've been up here two weeks now. When I first got here, I was kinda freaking out, because like, it's really cold, you know? I mean, like all the snow in Laguna Niguel - that's where I live, dude, and there, it's like, not cold, you know? So, I'm totally shivering and all and just as I'm about to bail, I bump into Santa.

It was a total rush, you know? I mean, I never thought Santa was, you know, for real...

Some old, fat guy lumbering around the frozen tundra with little green helpers...

I mean, who'd a thunk it?..

But there he was, in the flesh...

So, I mosey on up to him and I'm all like, "Okay Santa-dude, like, do you really, REALLY know if like, I've been bad or good or naughty or nice or what?"

And he's all like, "Yah. Totally..."

And so, I'm all like, "WHOAHHH!!! Okay, then, like, what am I thinking now?"

And he's all like, "Well, let's see..."

But I can't wait, so I'm like, "DUDE, I'm thinking -- that since I'm a vegan, for X-mas dinner, we need a Tofurkey."

And he's all like, "HUH?"

And I'm all like, "A TOFURKEY, Dude."

And he's still all like "What?"

And I'm all like "Dude, a tofurkey is like a turkey-shaped roast made with vital wheat gluten, non-genetically modified soybean grown without chemical fertilizer, pesticides or herbicides, garbanzo beans, spices and expeller pressed canola oil."

And he's all like, "Ho?"

(LIGHTS DIM on THE PIPER and RISE on THE FRENCH HEN (A woman in a tight, colorful evening gown, a feather boa around her neck, who speaks with a French accent and laughs like a cackling hen.) She struts onto the stage, striking a seductive pose...)

THE FRENCH HEN

No, no, no, merci beaucoup, no more applause, please...

Bonjour garçons and mademoiselles...

Vite, vite, vite, mon cheries... Gather round...

You look at me and you say,

Excuse me, you are Britney Spears. Oui?

(Laughs to herself.)

Happens all the time...

I am not Britney... NO, no, no...

Come closer, closer...

Too close...

Don't hate me because I am beautiful...

Do you hate me?..

Don't hate me...

Love me... J'taime...

Come closer. Closer...

Too close...

Welcome, mon pere...

I am Claudine Dubois, spelled D-U-B-O-I-S, but pronounced like a fancy laced bra... Dubois! And I am...

Le grande dame de Paree, Le chanteuse fantastique...

But of course, you already know that...

Wait, wait, wait, if you are really Claudine, Le Grande Dame, Le chanteuse fantastique, something is not right?..

You look down at the program...

Go. Look. Vite, vite... Now, tell me what you see?

I am just listed as one of three French Hens.

(BEAT.)

You, Le fantastique Claudine,

You are just one of the three French Hens?

How can this be?

CLAUDINE DUBOIS -- VOCAL SUPERSTAR,

just one of three chicks in a chorus.

I do not understand...

This makes no sense at all. NO SENSE!

Men have spent fortunes just to hear her sing. They have cut off their ears just to prove their undying love...

THE PARTRIDGE

Get up, let's go. Move it, Frenchie or I'll report you to the Union...

THE FRENCH HEN

GO PLUCK YOURSELF!!!

(The FRENCH HEN slowly gets up and sings softly under her breath as she leaves.)

THE PARTRIDGE

You bend over backwards to have cultural diversity in the workplace and this is what happens...

(The Partridge, adjusts himself, fixes his hair and clears his throat.)

Badda-bing, Badda-boom, and yowza, yowza, yowza,

Season Greetings and welcome to the Pear Tree Lounge, folks.

Sorry about that, folks, she's been unhappy ever since she arrived here... The French are not a happy people...

You'd think she'd be honored to work up North with Santa and all the Santa Corp. people...

This little ditty's got a lesson in it for you, Frenchie.

("C'mon, get happy" plays.)

"Hello world, here's a song that we're singing,

Come on, get happy...

A whole lot of loving is what we're bringing.

Come on, get happy..." Oh, yeah... Rock on...

(BEAT.)

Sometimes you gotta step in, especially when you're the unofficial Mayor of the Twelve.

I mean, sure, I could pull rank and say, you might have played a few two-bit nightclubs in the sewers of Pareee, sister, but I used to be on PRIME TIME with Keith and Lori and the whole Partridge family...

Not the French Hen family, THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY..

So, try on our version of this Yuletide classic, MON CHERIE...

("Rocking Around the Christmas Tree" plays.)

"Rocking around the Christmas tree,

At the Christmas party hop,

Mistletoe hung where you can see,

Every couple tries to stop...

Hey, whoah, I think I love you..."

(To the audience.)

And that's just the tip of the iceberg, baby...

But hey, whoah, I'm a professional, I don't gossip...

Drink the drinks. Support the arts. Enjoy inter-mission... I'll sit here, waiting... No, no, no, don't bring me back anything. I'm fine. Santa will be here any minute now. He promised. Don't worry. I'm used to men lying to me. I'll be fine. I have no feelings... Forget about me. PLEASE! Go. Eat. Drink. Urinate.

(LIGHTS FADE... END OF ACT I.)

ACT II

(LIGHTS RISE on a teenager, The DRUMMER, who walks onto the stage in a silly mock-military drum uniform. He holds a drumstick in each hand and a small snare drum hanging from around his neck. He bangs along with a really bad childlike version of "THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY" playing in the b.g...)

THE DRUMMER

NO WAY!...

(He takes off his hat and drum and tosses them onto the ground.)

Yo, yo, yo... They made me wear this pathetic, nutcracker suite, stick a broom up my butt costume...

It's always the same...

(Singing a'la Bing Crosby)

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas...

Forget that!

(Rapping a'la Eminem)

I'm dreaming of a B-B-B-BLACK "X"-mas...

And I'm not talking about any of that mad kwaanza stuff...

I'm talking about justice, freedom, equality, you know what I'm saying?..

Think about it. This country's racist against young people... Who makes the laws? Old people.

Who has all the money? Old people.

They tell us how to live, what stupid clothes to wear.

(He looks down at his silly costume.)

You know what I'm saying... They say we don't read. That we're stupid. We talk funny, but they be bugging, not us. We're smart. We know we live in a gerontocracy. Yes, we know big SAT words like gerontocracy -- which means, rule by THE OLD! We know lots of ten dollar words, but we choose not to use 'em cause they sound stupid... But we could... See here... Repeat after me, people. GERONTOCRACY!

(LIGHTS dim on THE DRUMMER and RISE on THE CALLING BIRD who is still on the phone... She talks into her cellphone as she paces around the stage.)

THE CALLING BIRD

Sy, por favor, pick up el telefono...

Angelito, Yo necesito habla contigo...

Where are you?...

Okay, call me... I try cellphone.

(Punches in a new number.)

Sy, donde esta? Pick up, hombre...

SYYYYYYYY, help. This place no es good...

I die up here from cold...

Ayudame... POR FAVOR... Call me...

(She slams phone closed and looks back up at the audience.)

Sy es my manager. He get me out of contract...

I wait... He call back... He make big noise...

I go home...

(She looks at phone.)

RING!.. *(Shakes head.)* It no ring...

(As she waits, she starts to hum Feliz Navidad, Feliz Navidad, I wanna wish you a merry Christmas... She stops and stares at audience...)

No got a script or nada...

But let's see... I got X-mas card in mail hoy dia.

From mi amigos in Enid, Oklahoma.

I nanny there last summer...

(She fumbles and finally gets an X-mas card out of her pocket. She opens the card and pulls a RED Xeroxed letter out of it...)

I read it... Es very nice letter...

(She reads letter to audience.)

Dear, Dear Friends -

As we do every year, here is our annual Carrington family Christmas update. And oh what a fantastic year it's been...

First up, is our baby, 13 year-old Little Joey.

(To audience.)

A-ya-ya-ya, that kid used to run around the casa like he was muy loco.

(Back to letter.)

Guess what... He no longer is on R-r-r-r -- how you say this?

(She shows letter to someone in audience.)

(THE LORD begins to stretch for competition)

THE CALLING BIRD

(He flips phone open and makes another call.)

Sy! Sy, what es happening to me here? This Leaping Lord es stretching in my face and I'm going to kick him. I don't care, Sy, Ayudame!!!

(THE LORD stretches too close to THE CALLING BIRD and bumps him slightly.)

GO AWAY!!! *(into phone)* Sy, I will call you later. Don' change a thing about joursef, okay? Besos... *(to LORD)* Now JU!!!!... VETE A LA GUACAMOLE, CHIMICHANGA-CHALUPA-BREATH!!!
Aaaaagh!

THE LORD

Well, you're a sassy frassy lassie, aren't ya? Let's have a go then, ya wee little tweety bird!

(They grab hands in combat stance and begin to sort of arm-wrestle in the air. After a couple of seconds, salsa music starts and the wrestling gains a rhythm. Suddenly they're dancing the tango.)

THE CALLING BIRD

Cha-cha-cha...

(LIGHTS DIM on THEM and RISE on THE GOOSE (A woman in black pants, white T-shirt and white lab tech coat, Canadian accent). A traditional version of "12 Days of X-mas" plays softly in the b.g., as the GOOSE clucks around stage. She HONKS whenever she laughs...)

THE GOOSE

I used to work in a lab at Cal-tech, very cutting-edge experimental projects. Real hush-hush stuff for the government that I can't talk about or I'll have to kill you...

I'd still be there today if I wasn't released, against my will, mind you, to the Santa Corp. as Cal-tech's X-mas offering... You see, I was kinda special...

Let me tell you about it...

Since I'm Canadian, Americans always seem to love trying to make me say, ABOOOT...

Whatever turns you on...

And let me just say -- I'm a Canada Goose, not a CANADIAN goose... Hate it when people call me a CANADIAN goose... Aaargh...