

MINI-MONOLOGUES

MARGOT

"Friends, Romans, Country People, lend me your eyes! This year marks our tenth Christmas in the 'greater Los Angeles area,' which makes me sound like a newscaster or a robot, but I am happy to report that the Freckleton fam is thriving in this bustling and energetic environment! Yes, we do miss our East Coast friends and family, but we are so grateful for the many blessings that this move to California has gifted into our lives.

Eliot, the boy wonder, just turned six! This year, on his Christmas list to Santa, he included his own personal commentary. He asked for Hot Wheels, even though he believes we should be driving electric cars. And he asked for a set of Elite Force Marine Recon Action Figures and an Obi-Wan Kenobi Electronic Lightsaber, even though he believes we should 'make love, not war.' His growing political consciousness has us convinced that he will someday change the world." Dot, dot, dot. Smiley face.

MARGOT

That was the Christmas newsletter that I sent out in early December. You know, the version of your world that's meant to remind all of your friends and family, and miscellaneous loved ones, that your life is better than theirs. That your kids are better than their kids. That the Christmas you are about to spend is infinitely better than any Hallmark or champagne commercial ever invented! There's another version, of course. The real version. And when this year's Christmas finally rolled around, that version decided to rear its ugly and cynical head.

ELIOT

Mom? Papa T won't get out of bed! He said that he doesn't want to go to the restaurant for dinner because Italian food has too many carbohydrates in it, and he wants to lose weight for the New Year. He said that he wants to get back in fighting shape. All the great Italian fighters slept a lot. Rocky Marciano, Rocky Graziano, and Rocky Balboa all made sure they got their rest. It's going to be a long night, and he wants to be prepared for it.

BENJAMIN

Hanging a few menorah ornaments on the Christmas tree is cute, but I'd hardly refer to it as groundbreaking. In the first place, the menorah isn't just a candle, as my wife would like you to think, it's a symbol of my heritage and faith. So, draping a miniature version of it on the Christmas tree sort of defeats the purpose. Now, I got no problem with Santa Claus or Rudolf or Apollo and Daphne, or whomever it is you celebrate in your pagan rituals. If you want to eat mushrooms and prance through the forest in your loincloths, that's your business. But I'd just as soon you keep your traditions to yourself and leave me to mine!

BRANDY

BRANDY (as Hologram)

Papa T. For many years, you served your daughter, Margot Freckleton, in her fight to preserve the sanctity and joy of Christmas. Now she needs your help in her struggle against the Empire. I regret that I am unable to present this request to you in person, but it is after midnight on Christmas Eve, and I am sleeping, so this message is being sent to you via the dream state. I have placed information vital to the survival of the Rebellion, and its mission of protecting the true meaning of Christmas, Hanukkah, the solstice, Kwanzaa, and Twelfth Night, not to mention any other holiday celebration I might have neglected, into the memory systems and hard wiring of your brain. When the time is right, you will know what to do. This is our most desperate hour. Help us, Papa T. You're our only hope.

PAPA T

I propose a truce of two hours! Two hours! That's all I'm asking, so that the families can see if they can get along, and Daisy and Matthew can figure out whether or not they even like each other, before they disappear from our lives forever!

(Reciting)

After all, "'Tis but thy name that is my enemy."

(To Benjamin and Joey)

And while we're on the subject? Mister Brik? Mister Freckleton?
Tear down this wall!