

10 THE ULTIMATE CHRISTMAS SHOW (abridged)

*extension cord. He connects them, but the lights still don't go on.)*

AUSTIN: Amen. I love the Nativity Story. Let's get it on.

REED: Hey, be careful. The Nativity story is sacred.

AUSTIN: Yes, Reed: for Christians, Christmas is all about the birth of Jesus. But tonight's pageant celebrates *all* the winter holidays, from the religious to the secular. Because after all Christmas isn't just for Christians any more!

REED: Pagan.

AUSTIN: I'm not a Pagan. I'm a Utilitarian. I believe in God when it's useful. And I think we can all agree on what our favorite part of Christmas is?

MATT: Presents!

REED: Jesus!

AUSTIN: The annual family newsletter!

ALL: Yes!

*(AUSTIN and MATT run offstage.)*

**Start >** REED: That's perfect, because I have here the Saint Everybody's Holiday Newsletter and Church Bulletin. In fact, let me just read the bulletin first... *(He pulls it out of his pocket.)* The Saint Everybody's eighth graders will perform Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in the Church basement Friday at 7 P M. Everyone is invited to attend this tragedy. Ladies, the Saint Everybody's rummage sale is a chance to get rid of things that are no longer useful. Please bring your husbands. And our annual pledge drive is underway. Our slogan this year is "I upped my pledge. Up yours." And now, this year's holiday newsletter comes to us from the Bolander Family.

*(The light switches to MATT, dressed in a suburban house coat and fancy coiffed holiday wig.)*

ACT ONE

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MATT/OLEANDER BOLANDER:

Dear everybody at Saint Everybody's: It's been a big year for the Bolander family. Our son Evander Bolander is now the top student in his sixth grade class. Holding him back for four years has really paid off.

Our fifteen year old daughter Levander Bolander is dropping out of high school to go away to beauty college. Fortunately for us she's leaving behind her three beautiful children.

Husband and father Zander Bolander is looking forward to returning to the ministry once he finishes his prison term. His new church will need to be at least five hundred yards away from the elementary school.

And what about me—wife and mother—Oleander Bolander? I continue to feel blessed every day for having such a beautiful family. May the holidays make you feel as happy as I do thanks to my new medication.

&lt; END

*(Blackout. The lights rise as AUSTIN enters wearing a fabulous ensemble. In the original production, he wore a tight T-shirt, exposed belly, neckerchief, spangly headband, and hot pink short-shorts with a mistletoe belt buckle.)*

AUSTIN: All right, everybody, Gladys just—

*(AUSTIN stops because the audience is laughing at his outfit. Not knowing why they're laughing, he glances around, then turns upstage. Across his butt is the word "Juicy". The laughs spin him back around downstage.)*

AUSTIN: *Anyway.* Gladys just told me that our next scheduled act has not arrived, so we won't be able to hear the Cleveland Castrato Choir singing "Christmas Without Bells". I'm sorry about that, but—

*(REED enters and sees AUSTIN.)*

REED: Uh, Austin. What are you wearing?