

REED: (To audience) Everybody!

ALL: And a House with a Swimming Pool!

(When it's over, AUSTIN gets a paper handed to him from the wings.)

AUSTIN: What? Aw crap. Gladys says the storm's getting worse. They're probably going to close the roads in about an hour.

MATT: That means you folks might have to stay here tonight. Slumber party!

AUSTIN: (Checking his program) Okay! So the next act was supposed to be the Kwanzaa Concert Caravan, but they're not here yet, shoot...you know what? Wait a second— (He exits.)

Start > MATT: If that storm really hits tonight, we'll have to save Christmas!

REED: Christmas'll be fine. It's just a storm.

MATT: Oh that's too bad.

REED: Why?

MATT: Because Christmas movies are awesome! All the best ones are about saving Christmas. Like *It's a Wonderful Life*—

REED: Yes, the moving story of the government shutting down a bankrupt savings and loan.

MATT: That's not the point. It's about the power of believing. Like *Miracle on 34th Street*.

REED: Yes, where I believe the post office enables a mentally ill old man to carry on his delusion that he's actually Santa Claus.

MATT: But you can't argue with the message of *A Christmas Carol*.

REED: That a big Christmas dinner can cure a terminally ill child? Or *Frosty the Snowman*? What

kind of moronic snowman goes into a greenhouse? Or *Rudolph*, where the lesson is that it's okay to be different? What kind of socialist propaganda is that?

MATT: Is there any Christmas movie you actually like?

REED: *The Little Drummer Boy*.

MATT: That's never on anymore.

REED: That's why I like it.

(AUSTIN enters holding a *Minara* and a box of props.)

AUSTIN: Found it! Happy Kwanzaa everybody!

REED: Maybe you should explain what Kwanzaa is for people who might not know.

AUSTIN: Oh, sure. Kwanzaa celebrates African-American culture from December 26 to January 1. Each of these candles represents one of the Seven Principles of Kwanzaa—Unity, Self-Determination—

REED: Look, Kwanzaa is very nice, but not everybody celebrates it.

AUSTIN: So? Not everybody's Jewish but we all love show business.

REED: Austin!

AUSTIN: In fact, speaking of show business... (He pulls a *Menorah* out of the box and holds it up.) Happy Hanukkah, everybody!

MATT: Happy Hanukkah, and a rip roaring Ramadan! As the Muslim-American Ramadancers would have shown us, Ramadan celebrates the time when Muhammad received the Holy Koran!

AUSTIN: Yes, but nothing compares to Hanukkah—The Jewish Festival of Lights!

MATT: But Hanukkah's a minor Jewish holiday. It's only popular because it's close to Christmas.

AUSTIN: Hanukkah's better than Christmas. It lasts eight days!

MATT: But Ramadan lasts a whole month!

AUSTIN: But you have to fast from sunrise until sundown!

MATT: And you get to feast at night!

AUSTIN: Ramadan usually doesn't even happen in December.

MATT: So Jewish Holidays are better than Muslim Holidays?

AUSTIN: Well, clearly you think Muslims are superior to Jews!

MATT: You said we couldn't celebrate Ramadan!

AUSTIN: You tried to force us to celebrate Ramadan! Hannukkah teaches gratitude and compromise!

MATT: Ramadan teaches empathy and kindness!

AUSTIN: Arabs!

MATT: Jews!

BOTH: Ahh! *(They both exit to opposite sides of the stage.)*

REED: Ah, Christmas in the Holy Land. **< END**

(AUSTIN runs back in.)

AUSTIN: Is he gone?

REED: Yeah. That was great. Shalom.

AUSTIN: Asalaam Alaykum, my brother.

(They fist bump. AUSTIN strikes the box.)

REED: Yeah. A silent mausoleum to you too. *(Looking at his program)* Shoot. This was the part of the program where the acrobats from Cirque du Sleigh were supposed to contort themselves into the words "Merry Christmas" on a high wire.

(AUSTIN gets an idea; sotto:)

AUSTIN: Shoot. I'd like to see that. Hey, can I—?

REED: *(Sotto)* Sure. Yes, do that. *(He exits.)*

AUSTIN: Yeah, as I was trying to say, I had to fly in last night and almost didn't make it. Let me tell you what happened...

(AUSTIN tells his tale as the lights fade very slowly to a special.)

AUSTIN: Twas a night before Christmas, with such snow and rain

Not a creature was stirring, including my plane.

My carry-on was stowed in the overhead with care

In hopes this last-minute flight would still get me there

But with all of the lightning and thunder and showers

We sat on that runway for hours and hours

What should have been only a two-hour flight

Was becoming a journey that might take all night

It didn't start well. First, my shuttle was late

Then the airport was mobbed, which wasn't so great

And they gave me a middle seat, which was really a drag

And charged forty-five dollars to check in my bag!

And then at security—so much emotion!

They unwrapped my presents! Made me throw out my lotion!

And then when it looked like I'd just about make it—

The TSA groped me and laughed at me naked

I boarded last but that wasn't the worst

I walked past the snobs who were sitting in First

And sat through the safety shpiel, which is always a bore—

Is there *anyone* who hasn't fastened a seat belt before?!