

FRANKIE

Guys did we just sing the entire Christmas carol canon?

ALL

Yeah!

SMUDGE

I was overwhelmed with the sudden need to 'a carol!'

JINX

Me too.

SPARKY

I was possessed by the spirit of Christmas.

JINX

Me too.

SMUDGE

C'mon. We've got to keep the momentum going or we'll be trapped in the nether regions. I knew this would happen. I just knew it.

JINX

Me too.

SMUDGE

I need my Milk of Magnesia.

(SMUDGE crosses STAGE LEFT. JINX takes out blue bottle and gulps the fluid.)

FRANKIE

We have to remain strong.

JINX

There's a force that's driving us to distraction.

SPARKY

It's a short drive for some.

FRANKIE

We must suppress the urge to celebrate the Holiday Season.

JINX

It's overwhelming. It was our favorite time in life.

FRANKIE.

No. Forget it. It is preventing us from discovering the purpose of our returning to

(Substitute name of city)

SPARKY& JINX

But...

FRANKIE

Resist!

SPARKY& JINX

But...

FRANKIE

Resist!...

(FRANKIE has the "zip it" moment with SPARKY & JINX; then, to the audience)

Ladies and Gentlemen, please forgive us. Our auras must be receiving seasonal static. We'll get back to the show in a moment, in the meantime...

(To SMUDGE)

Uh... Smudge, cover for us.

SMUDGE

Why me?

FRANKIE

Because I can't breathe, Jinx needs time to coagulate, and Sparky turns everything into a joke.

(SPARKY releases the air from a whoopee cushion he's been blowing up and slinks OFFSTAGE.)

SMUDGE

What'll I say?

FRANKIE

(Wiping the stuff off SMUDGE'S mouth with his handkerchief.)

You just have to talk to them. Talk about anything to take everyone's mind off of the holidays.

SMUDGE

(He stands there uncomfortably holding the suitcase.)

Uh... While Jinx is clotting, I'll forge ahead. You know that saying "You can't take it with you?" Well you can, you're allowed one suitcase. So we took our props and the bass charts...

(He checks to see that the other guys having gone.)

I know I'm not supposed to talk about the holidays but that's all I can think about now. I guess it's what we miss the most out of being alive. Oh, we also miss that great feeling of hope we got from having our dreams— like touring around the world or making our own records. 'Forever Plaid,' the first album; the Gershwin album, 'Rhapsody in Plaid'; the French album, 'Je m'appelle Plaid' and our favorite, the

(SMUDGE)

Christmas album, 'Plaid Tidings,' which we hoped would be the soundtrack to our TV Christmas Special of the same name. But the dream that propelled all the other dreams...the Uber-Dream. The Uber-Dream—from the German word Uber meaning "over"—was the dream of just making people feel comforted and warm and runny inside.

Anyway, that was the Uber-Dream, the driving force; and right under the Uber-Dream was the...Under-Dream—from the German word "under" meaning "under"...The Under-Dream was the dream that could make the Uber-Dream happen. Now, the Under-Dream had to be real specific to make the Uber-Dream come true. So, we figured out that the way to make people have that cozy feeling was by us having our own TV Christmas Special.

You see my parents were separated. And the only time we were together was at Christmas. And the only time we were together and not yelling was when we were watching TV. Every year, while we were watching Perry Como, Dean Martin or Milton Berle's Christmas show, Mom or Dad would get decked up in a Santa suit. And when Perry or Dean or Uncle Miltie would get to the annual Santa Claus sketch, Mom or Dad would act it out live for us—just to the side of the Zenith. They'd pretend to give us presents as they passed out empty gift boxes. Then, when the show was over, Dad or Mom would go home to their other families. We, the Plaids, all had stories of the soothing effects of Holiday Television programming. So we all decided on the same dream. We made a model of what the TV studio set would be like for our own Christmas Special.

Excuse me—

(Takes out the set with little model of the Christmas set.)

See. This is the model of our ideal holiday home. It's a living room: there's a window, the fireplace with the stockings hung with care, stairway, the Christmas trees are here, that's us; the audience would be...

(HE gestures to the audience.)

...and here is the snow.

(HE sprinkles snow on the set.)

Whenever we'd get low or scared about our lives we'd gather in my basement and sing Christmas carols—even in August! We'd dream of doing our own TV Christmas special. We'd stare at the set real hard and sing to lock in our dreams.

11 – The Most Wonderful Time/Merry Christmas

IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL TIME OF THE YEAR
THERE'LL BE MUCH MISTLETOEING AND