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Christmas, Virtually

By

FLIP KOBLER and CINDY MARCUS

Dramatic Publishing Company

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Christmas, Virtually was premiered by The MAIN in coordination with the city of Santa Clarita on Dec. 11, 2020.

CAST:

The Twelve Days of Christmas

Lucy Amy Shumacher
James B. Schultz Domenic Bisesti

Naughty or Nice Hotline #1 - 3

Operator Susan Comber
Maggie Freya Beauregard

Reindeer Games

Dr. Silverman Candis Marko
Rudy Joe Abraham
Hermie Ann Harris

Joint Custody

Brian Cameron Ley
Ellen Molly Flannigan

New Presents

Darcy Bailey Rogers

Hanukkah

Hanukkah Jessica Stone
Mrs. Claus Felicia Tamika Sheppard

It Could Be a Wonderful Life

Mom Candis Marko
Gabriel Daniel Marcus
Clarence Scott “Q” Marcus

A Family Recipe

Ellie Haley Hawkins
Mom Nancy Lantis
Dad Brad Green
Bubbie Elda Coleman

Hanukkah Schmanukkah

Vern..... Kohlton Rippee
Geoff Flip Kobler
Hana Abi Bowling

I'll Be Home for Christmas

Private Linton..... Amy Shumacher
Pastor..... Domenic Bisesti

Noel Noir

Justin Case Kale Shepherd
Clarice Malone Simmons
Vixen Bailey Rogers
Prancer Ric Bronson
Dancer Haley Hawkins
Comet..... Domenic Bisesti

Santa's Lap

Santa..... Brad Green
Stella Miranda Jane Bowling
Ralph..... Ava Rhae Kersten
Donna..... Elle Jerbi
Flo Reagan Kliethermes
Additional cast Oliver Boon, Josh Arnold

PRODUCTION:

Directors..... Cindy Marcus,
Stephan Nieman, Calliope Weisman
Assistant Director..... Haley Hawkins
Music..... Dennis Poore, Flip Kobler

MUSIC NOTE

Accompaniment and teaching tracks and sheet music for two original songs, “We Are the Light” and “Live Love,” are available for download from the publisher at www.dramaticpublishing.com/christmas-virtually.

Christmas, Virtually

CHARACTERS

The Twelve Days of Christmas

Lucy (w)

James B. Schultz (m)

Naughty or Nice Hotline #1 - 3

Operator (w)

Maggie (w)

Reindeer Games

Dr. Silverman (e)

Rudy (m)

Hermie (m)

Joint Custody

Brian (m)

Ellen (w)

New Presents

Darcy (w)

Hanukkah

Hanukkah (e)

Mrs. Claus (w)

It Could Be a Wonderful Life

Mom (w)

Gabriel (m)

Clarence (m)

A Family Recipe

Ellie (w)
Mom (w)
Dad (m)
Bubbie (w)

Hanukkah Schmanukkah

Vern (e)
Geoff (m)
Hana (w)

I'll Be Home for Christmas

Private Linton (e)
Pastor (e)

Noel Noir

Justin Case (e)
Clarice (w)
Vixen (e)
Prancer (e)
Dancer (e)
Comet (e)
Cupid (e)

Santa's Lap

Santa (m)
Stella (w)
Ralph (m)
Donna (w)
Ace (m)
Flo (w)

Christmas, Virtually

The Twelve Days of Christmas

(LUCY, a shy young woman, is a bit surprised by the gifts she's getting from MILO, an ardent admirer.)

LUCY. So, ah, hi Milo. It's me, Lucy. Leaving a visual message here for ya. I got your gift. And wow. I don't know what to say. I told you I loved Christmas, and you sent me this. That's just so sweet. I'm not sure where I'll put it. But the landlord said I could have a pet. I was thinking maybe a cat, but a bird is good too. I planted the pear tree on my balcony. Next year, maybe we can pick the pears together? Anyway. I just want you to know that I can't wait to see you. Call me.

(It's a few days later. LUCY is looking just slightly worn but she's hanging in there.)

LUCY *(cont'd)*. Hi, Milo. It's me, Lucy. Uhm, when I said the landlord was gonna let me have a pet, I didn't think that was an open invite to send me more birds. The French hens are laying eggs all over the place. And the turtle doves ate the pear tree, so now the partridge is pissed and keeps attacking the calling birds, who are shrieking so loud my neighbor is threatening to report me to the SPCA. Uhm. Can you call me?

(Poor LUCY. Things have gone from bad to worse.)

LUCY *(cont'd)*. Milo. It's Lucy. When you sent me the five golden rings I thought you were trying to make up for the stupid birds. But then you followed it up with six pregnant

geese! SIX! Have you seen geese in heat? And where am I supposed to put the swans?! My bathroom is only so big. NO MORE birds!

(Yeah. It's LUCY again, and she's now gone over the deep end.)

LUCY *(cont'd)*. MILO! It's Lucy. You're sick. You know that? Leaping lords?! You know they're hitting on the maids, right? There are rules against this kind of thing. Cease and desist, or I'm gonna call the cops!

(JAMES B. SCHULTZ, Esq., comes on the screen.)

JAMES B. SCHULTZ. Mister Turnball. Mister Milo Turnball. This is attorney James B. Shultz. My client, Lucy Anderson, is suing you for intentionally induced stress and discomfort as well as monetary compensation for the damages caused. Oh, and we'll be including the bill for her involuntary commitment to Sunny Hills Sanitorium. See you in court, sir.

(Blackout.)

Naughty or Nice Hotline #1

(An OPERATOR comes on the screen. She's kind but firm—been at this job a long time.)

OPERATOR. Naughty or nice hotline. How can I direct your call?

(Now MAGGIE comes on the screen. She's 9ish, going on 37 with a Harvard law degree and some serious self-delusion.)

MAGGIE. I'm calling about my naughty status.

OPERATOR. Right. I can help you with that. Can I have your name?

MAGGIE. Maggie Cartwright.

OPERATOR (*oh no!*). Maggie Alison Cartwright?

MAGGIE. Yes.

OPERATOR. Hello Maggie, this is operator oh-two-eleven tango charlie.

MAGGIE. Are you that mean ol' operator I had last year?

OPERATOR. And the year before. And the year before.

MAGGIE. I wanna know how come I'm on the naughty list.

OPERATOR. You mean this year? Let's take a look. (*We hear computer keys clacking.*) Oh, geez, Maggie, you've been a busy girl.

MAGGIE. A busy nice girl.

OPERATOR. Not according to this. You've been very naughty.

MAGGIE. Nu-uh, that's a lie. It's naughty to lie, *you're* naughty.

OPERATOR. Maggie, it says here that you stole Susie Perkins' doll.

MAGGIE. Nu-uh. I didn't steal it.

OPERATOR. You took it without her permission.

MAGGIE. She wasn't playing with it.

OPERATOR. That doesn't mean you can take it.

MAGGIE. The doll wanted to be played with. That was a nice thing I did.

OPERATOR. Susie cried for over a week. She didn't know what happened to her doll.

MAGGIE. Well that's stupid, Susie is a big stupid jerk-pot.

OPERATOR. That's not very nice.

MAGGIE. But it's true. Why would she cry? I had the doll.

OPERATOR. But she didn't know that.

MAGGIE. She coulda asked.

OPERATOR. She did, you said you didn't have it.

MAGGIE. I didn't want to upset her. I was being nice.

OPERATOR. By lying to her?

MAGGIE. If she wanted the doll, she should've played with her. Why isn't Susie on the naughty list?

OPERATOR. She hasn't done anything naughty.

MAGGIE. I gave the doll back. That's nice.

OPERATOR. But the doll didn't have a head.

MAGGIE. My dog ate the doll's head. That's not my fault. The dog is naughty.

OPERATOR. So why did you give the doll back?

MAGGIE. It didn't have a head! Who wants to play with a doll that doesn't have a head?

OPERATOR. So you only gave it back—

MAGGIE. Which is nice—

OPERATOR. Because you didn't want to play with it anymore.

MAGGIE. We were taking turns. That's sharing. That's nice.

OPERATOR. Maggie—

MAGGIE. I want you to put me on the nice list.

OPERATOR. I can't do that.

MAGGIE. But I'm nice.

OPERATOR. No, Maggie, you're not.

MAGGIE. That's not true. People say I'm nice. Everybody says I'm nice.

OPERATOR. Name one person who says you're nice.

MAGGIE. I'm not gonna rat out anybody. Rats are naughty. I'm nice. See how nice I am by not ratting out people?

OPERATOR (*sigh*). Tell you what, Maggie. If you can go twenty-four hours without being naughty, I'll reopen your file. Sound fair?

MAGGIE. Twenty-four hours? How about six?

OPERATOR. Twenty-four.

MAGGIE. Twelve?

OPERATOR. Twenty-four.

MAGGIE. Fine. Twenty-four. Geez.

OPERATOR. You go twenty-four hours being nice, and we'll see what we can do.

MAGGIE. Thank you soooooooo much. (*MAGGIE thinks she hangs up.*) What a stupid old stinky-breath mean old woman.

OPERATOR. I heard that.

MAGGIE. No, wait—

(Suddenly a card slams over us, taking up the entire screen. NAUGHTY!)

MAGGIE (*offscreen*). Dang it.

(Blackout.)

Reindeer Games

(DR. SILVERMAN comes on our screen. She's a therapist, understated clothes and jewelry. When RUDY comes on, he's a mess. Yes, that Rudy. A reindeer. If you could get antlers, that'd be amazing. But he definitely has that big red nose.)

DR. SILVERMAN. Hello, Rudolph.

RUDY. Hi, Doc. Thanks for seeing me.

DR. SILVERMAN. Of course. But this isn't our regular therapy time.

RUDY. I know, Doc, but I hadda talk to ya.

DR. SILVERMAN. OK.

RUDY. Things are tense here at the North Pole. Christmas is coming, and the stress levels are through the roof.

DR. SILVERMAN. And how are you coping?

RUDY. I'm doing the breath exercises you suggested. And I'm doing the meditations every morning.

DR. SILVERMAN. Well, that's great. Last time we spoke, you mentioned your feelings of paranoia.

RUDY. I'm not paranoid. Who said I was paranoid? Have you been talking to people about this? What are they saying?

DR. SILVERMAN. Those are your words, Rudy. Is this still about the nose?

RUDY. Of course it's about the nose. It's always about the nose. This damn nose. You know, when I was a fawn, they wouldn't let me play any reindeer games.

DR. SILVERMAN. That was a long time ago, Rudy.

RUDY. Still hurts, Doc.

DR. SILVERMAN. I know. But we've made some progress here. Don't they accept you now?

RUDY. Oh, sure, 'cause I saved Christmas.

DR. SILVERMAN. That's wonderful.

RUDY. Oh yeah, I'm a big hero.

DR. SILVERMAN. That's what you always wanted.

RUDY. Yeah. I can play any reindeer game I want.

DR. SILVERMAN. How lovely.

RUDY. I get invited to parties. We have ping-pong tournaments. Everybody loves me.

DR. SILVERMAN. That's terrific.

RUDY. No, Doc. No, it's not.

DR. SILVERMAN. You've always said you wanted to be loved.

RUDY. Yeah. But I don't know if they love *me* or just the nose.

DR. SILVERMAN. What?

RUDY. They hated me because of the nose, Doc. Hated me.

DR. SILVERMAN. And now they don't.

RUDY. Right. But what if they only love me because of the nose.

DR. SILVERMAN. What?

RUDY. "Oh Rudy, your nose is so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight?" It's the nose. They don't know the *real* me.

DR. SILVERMAN. What is the real you?

RUDY. I dunno, Doc, that's my point. They don't hate or love *ME*. They hate or love the nose. Am I even lovable? Am I?

DR. SILVERMAN. Of course you are.

RUDY. What do I have to offer, huh?

DR. SILVERMAN. Well you're the lead reindeer.

RUDY. Because of the nose.

DR. SILVERMAN. You helped Yukon Cornelius.

RUDY. Nose.

DR. SILVERMAN. You got the misfit toys off the island.

RUDY. Nose. Everything good I've done is because of the nose. I don't even know who the real *me* is. Am I funny? Am I smart? Am I kind?

DR. SILVERMAN. What does Clarice say?

RUDY. That she loves me.

DR. SILVERMAN. There ya go.

RUDY. But I think she might just feel sorry for me. Because of ... you know ...

DR. SILVERMAN. The nose?

RUDY. Yes! You see it too?!

DR. SILVERMAN. Rudy, the only one obsessing about your nose is you.

RUDY. No, Doc. I can tell, I can see it in their eyes. But I have a solution.

(Now RUDY turns his back to us and makes some adjustments while DR. SILVERMAN talks.)

DR. SILVERMAN. Rudy, have you been taking the medication I prescribed? I think it might help with this mania you're feeling.

RUDY *(still with his back to us)*. Don't need meds, Doc. I got this!

(He turns around. He's now wearing a simple brown nose. No red honker anymore.)

DR. SILVERMAN. A new nose?

RUDY. A brown nose. Everybody loves a brown-noser.

DR. SILVERMAN. Senators and talk-show hosts especially.

RUDY. I got this brown nose, and I'll fit right in. By the way, your hair is especially attractive today.

DR. SILVERMAN. Don't do that.

RUDY. And your office. The décor is so tasteful and elegant.

DR. SILVERMAN. Stop.

RUDY. And the sound of your voice. So soothing and comforting—

DR. SILVERMAN. Rudy stop! It's ... uf, how do I explain this. Have you ever seen *Cyrano de Bergerac*?

RUDY. Is that the new elf in the hot cocoa department?

DR. SILVERMAN. It's a story about a man with a huge nose. He struggled with it his whole life.

RUDY. What happened to him?

DR. SILVERMAN. Well, he fell in love.

RUDY. Like me and Clarice. Did they live happily ever after?

DR. SILVERMAN. Well, no, she ends up marrying his best friend.

RUDY. Clarice is gonna marry Hermie?!!

DR. SILVERMAN. No, no.

RUDY. People don't even like dentists.

DR. SILVERMAN. That's not the lesson.

RUDY. So he gets the girl in the end?

DR. SILVERMAN. No, he dies in the end.

RUDY. For pity's sake, Doc, why are you telling me this?

DR. SILVERMAN. It's a metaphor about not letting your differences define you.

RUDY. Of course it doesn't define him. He ends up alone and dead. I'm gonna die?

DR. SILVERMAN. No.

RUDY. So just live alone?

DR. SILVERMAN. No.

RUDY. So what's the point of it all, Doc? I'm freakin' out here.

DR. SILVERMAN. Rudy, I'm sorry, but we're out of time. I have to take my scheduled appointment.

RUDY. You gonna leave me hangin', Doc? I may eat a whole salt-lick here.

DR. SILVERMAN. No, I will call you back in fifty minutes.

RUDY. Fifty minutes, Doc, you promise?

DR. SILVERMAN. Fifty minutes, I promise.

RUDY. OK.

(RUDY vanishes from the screen. DR. SILVERMAN takes a huge breath and takes her next caller. HERMIE comes on, looking all blonde and elfy.)

DR. SILVERMAN. Hello, Hermie. How are we this week?

HERMIE. Turns out, nobody like dentists! AHHHHHHHHHH!

(Blackout.)

Joint Custody

(ELLEN and BRIAN appear on our screen. Parents struggling in these uncertain times.)

ELLEN. Hey, Brian.

BRIAN. Hey, El. How you doin'?' You look good.

ELLEN. Thanks. Got your nine-one-one. What's up?

BRIAN. Wanted to talk to you about the kids.

ELLEN. Why? What's wrong?

BRIAN. Nothing.

ELLEN. Are they OK? Jilly's asthma? You got the new inhaler—

BRIAN. Jilly's fine.

ELLEN. Dougie? Did he fall off his skateboard? You gotta make sure he wears the helmet.

BRIAN. The kids are fine. I need to talk to you about Christmas. Was hopin' we could switch our days.

ELLEN. What?

BRIAN. You take them Christmas Eve, and I'll take 'em Christmas Day.

ELLEN. No, that's not the agreement.

BRIAN. No, I know, but—

ELLEN. We worked hard on this schedule.

BRIAN. I know.

ELLEN. Our lawyers worked hard on this schedule.

BRIAN. I know, but something's come up. Julie's family has invited all of us to spend Christmas Day with them.

ELLEN. Julie. The girlfriend?

BRIAN. Not my girlfriend, El. Been married a while now.

ELLEN. Have ya? Wasn't invited to the wedding.

BRIAN. El.

ELLEN. Guess your shiny new wife doesn't want anything to do with us.

BRIAN. Not true. Her family has invited all of us for Christmas Day.

ELLEN. All of her brand new family she can show off. Instant mom, without having to actually carry a child for nine months, or give birth, or sacrifice her body.

BRIAN. El.

ELLEN. I can't switch. I have a date for Christmas Eve.

BRIAN. Charlie?

ELLEN. No. That didn't work out.

BRIAN. James?

ELLEN. No, you don't know him.

BRIAN. Somebody new?

ELLEN. What does that mean?

BRIAN. Nothing.

ELLEN. You said "somebody new." Like an accusation.

BRIAN. It wasn't.

ELLEN. Forgive me if I haven't found a substitute soulmate like some people.