

Home for the Holidays

Bob Naquin





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HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

by Bob Naquin

CAST

RALPHY: (M) Married to Martha. Has delusions of valor he has never obtained. Always has a newspaper or sports magazine in his hand. Wears a wild Hawaiian shirt.

MARTHA: Married to Ralphy. A bit sarcastic. Has a cookbook she refers to often.

HOMELESS PERSON: (M/F) Dressed in dark, nondescript clothes, it is hard to tell whether this person is male or female (it does not matter which). Dispenses sage advice on the true meaning of the holidays. Has a booklet that he refers to from time to time.

JANICE: (F) Neighbor to Ralphy and Martha. Loves to spoil her grandson. Very rich and dresses as such. Carries a brightly covered package.

GAIL/GAYLE: (M/F) Neighborhood watch person. Tries to keep peace in the neighborhood. Loves to eat. Carries a clipboard to make him/herself seem important.

Place

Home of RALPHY and MARTHA.

Time

Two days before Christmas.

Setting: It is the home of RALPHY and MARTHA. The kitchen they are in is decorated for the holiday season.

The stage is divided into two. On the part of the stage that is not used for the kitchen scene, there is the outside of the house. In this area is a garbage can (or two), a shopping cart (or bicycle), and several large plastic garbage bags filled with recyclable material.

At Rise: HOMELESS PERSON is next to the garbage cans, shopping cart, bags of recyclables. He is studying a booklet he has in his hand. RALPHY is at the kitchen table reading the paper and having a cup of coffee. He is unaware of HOMELESS PERSON.

MARTHA: (*enters carrying a parcel post package of the appropriate size to hold a casserole dish*) Ralphy, you are still sitting where I left you when I went to the post office. Aren't you going to do something today?

RALPHY: (*looks over his paper at her*) Probably not. Since I returned from Viet Nam, I have days when I don't like to do anything at all. What did you get at the post office?

MARTHA: (*throwing the package carelessly on the table*) Just a Christmas present from my son.

RALPHY: Let me guess. Another casserole dish?

MARTHA: (*sadly*) Yes. Every year it's the same thing with that kid. This one makes about 20 years in a row that he has sent me a casserole dish for Christmas. You'd think he would try to be more thoughtful and get me something new just one time.

RALPHY: Well, Martha, did you ever tell him you were collecting casserole dishes?

MARTHA: No! Who the heck collects casserole dishes? Somehow, I managed to raise a very thoughtless or lazy son who puts no thought into a Christmas present for the Mother who raised him. Mostly alone, I might add. His father left me when he was three, so it was just the two of us for the longest time.

RALPHY: Well maybe it isn't a casserole dish this year. Put it under the tree and maybe you'll be surprised on Christmas morning.

MARTHA: Humph. I tell you where I am going to put it. The garbage man comes in the morning and this package will be in the can. (*she pokes at the package*) I am not even going to do him the honor of opening it.

RALPHY: Well that is a little harsh. However, he is your son. Do what you want. You know I will get you something nice for Christmas.

MARTHA: (*sarcastically*) Oh! I am sure of that. I already had to have the stone replaced in that ring you bought me last year.

RALPHY: I am sorry about that. I paid a lot of money for that ring.

MARTHA: I am sure you did. It cost me all of \$27 to have the stone replaced.

RALPHY: I'm going to do better this year. I hate to spoil the surprise, but I am getting you that pasta maker the doctor wanted you to have.

MARTHA: The doctor wants me to get a pacemaker. You never listen to me when I talk.

RALPHY: Do they sell pacemakers at COSTCO?

MARTHA: No. Even if they did, you would have to buy three of them at a time. What I want for Christmas is for you to get out of my kitchen so I can bake cookies for the guests we have coming over tomorrow. You know how Gail/Gayle from next door loves my Snickerdoodles.

RALPHY: Yeah. I sure do. You just have to look at him/her to see just how much.

MARTHA: (*poking RALPHY in the side*) Like you have room to talk. Now shoo. Get out. I have work to do.

RALPHY: (*getting up*) I need to get my lawn mower back from Charlie anyway.

MARTHA: (*looking at her cookbook*) Why do you want that old thing back?

RALPHY: Well he's had it since April and it's almost Christmas. I think he has borrowed it for long enough.

MARTHA: (*getting things out to make cookies*) Well if he's had it that long, let him keep it. You replaced the landscaping with rock so why do you even want it back?

RALPHY: Because it's mine. Besides, Charlie has drought tolerant landscaping just like ours so he doesn't have any lawn to mow either.

MARTHA: Well go get it then. I have no idea why you want to do that but if it gets you out of my kitchen, just go. (*she hands him the parcel post package*) And put this in the garbage on your way over there.

RALPHY: You are going to throw out your son's Christmas gift without opening it, and you question why I want my lawn mower back?

MARTHA: It's a casserole dish. I'm not going to bother opening up the same darn present he's been sending me for years. I am very upset with him and if you give me any grief over it I am going to be very upset with you.

RALPHY: *(takes the package and prepares to leave)* Okay. I will put it in the garbage. *(He looks out of the kitchen and notices HOMELESS PERSON for the first time)* Hey! There's a homeless person out by the garbage cans.

MARTHA: We live in a nice neighborhood, Ralphy. There are no homeless people here.

RALPHY: *(peering out)* Well we have one now. I bet he's taking the aluminum cans out of the garbage.

MARTHA: *(walks over to see what RALPHY is looking at)* I'll be darned. There is a homeless person out there. Go and tell him to go away.

RALPHY: You bet I will. I hate homeless people.

MARTHA: You hate homeless people? Why is that?

RALPHY: I was downtown last week and one of them asked me for a dollar for some coffee.

MARTHA: Did you give it to him?

RALPHY: I did. And he never came back with the coffee.

MARTHA: I think you may misunderstand the entire homeless/begging thing, Ralphy.

RALPHY: Hold onto your present while I get rid of him. I didn't go to Viet Nam to have some homeless person come here and screw up all that I have sacrificed for. *(he gives her back the package)*

(RALPHY leaves the kitchen and joins HOMELESS PERSON by the garbage cans)

RALPHY: Hey you! Homeless person! Get away from here.

HOMELESS PERSON: *(looking up from his book)* Are you talking to me?

RALPHY: Yeah. I am talking to you. Get the heck away from my house.

HOMELESS PERSON: This is a public street. I can be here if I want.

RALPHY: *(realizing that he has a point)* Well...Okay but I don't want you digging through my garbage to get the aluminum cans.

HOMELESS PERSON: That's your big worry? That I am going to STEAL something you have already thrown into the garbage?

RALPHY: Well I know how you homeless people are, making a mess out of everything and then going back to sleep in a doorway or under a trestle.

HOMELESS PERSON: I am not homeless.

RALPHY: Then what are you doing hanging around by my garbage cans?

HOMELESS PERSON: Once again, sir, this is a public street and I can stay here as long as I wish.

RALPHY: *(getting angry)* Yeah? We'll see about that. *(he turns in a huff and goes back inside)*

RALPHY: Where is my softball bat?

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!