

COAL FOR CHRISTMAS

by Jerry Rabushka

Copyright © 2023 by Jerry Rabushka, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-212-4

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

COAL FOR CHRISTMAS*A Comedic Monologue***by Jerry Rabushka**

SYNOPSIS: Why is everyone crying on Christmas morning when it's supposed to be the happiest day of the year? Because naughty or nice, Santa's been giving everyone a lump of coal. When the kids go north to find out what's going on, they have a shocking surprise in store... Santa's keeping the good stuff for himself!

TIME: Modern day.

SETTING: The story takes place first in the speaker's hometown, then in Maine, then in Santa's workshop on Baffin Island.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female)*

NARRATOR (f)..... Excited for Christmas until...

COSTUME: Normal attire

SET: Bare stage, however some Christmas decorations, twigs, branches and rocks could be used to decorate the stage.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: Everyone has their conception of what Christmas is, what the songs and stories mean, and many people have memories of how they got (or didn't get) presents. This play brings all that more out of focus than into focus, so as the character continues the story, we see that everything she once thought about Christmas turns out not to be true. The more arrogant and angry she gets in demanding her presents, the bigger the lesson she'll learn in the end, even if it's not the lesson everyone thinks she should!

NARRATOR: (*Excited.*) Santa Claus is coming! Santa's coming! (*Really excited.*) He's at the chimney! (*More subdued.*) Dad, why did you brick in the fireplace?

(*Taking a pause, then speaking directly to audience.*) It was as bad as Paul Revere screeching about the British—sorry, but I just LOVE the crown!—but Santa was coming and we didn't know what to do. Were we supposed to welcome good old St. Nick with store-bought cookies and oatmilk, or blanch in our boots?

After all, he knew if we were bad or good, he knew if we were sleeping or awake, he was like a security camera gone crazy, but yet he was on the way, bearing gifts not only for us, but for children the world over. Somehow, he delivered all those presents before our dogs woke us up in the morning to pee, while deftly staying out of sight of nurses, firefighters, and Seven-Eleven clerks working their stations in the wee hours of Christmas morning.

We were told from the time we were (*With a hand down low.*) “thiiss big” that our behavior was linked to what wound up under the tree, but more often than not, it had something to do with our parents' incomes. Santa uncannily calculated the booty based on what our relatives did for a living.

And another thing that didn't sit well... the naughty kids got whatever they wanted because everyone was afraid they would be even naughtier if they didn't. Sure, we'd heard stories that a year's worth of misbehavior would be rewarded by a lump of coal in our stocking or a switch left in a wooden shoe, but that never happened in real life. No kid was ever bad enough to be skipped over. Even spoiled Charlie down the street, even creepy Agatha next door, they all got presents.

Until... they didn't.

Agatha and Charlie were not amused when they woke up expecting to tear into gifts like vultures into raccoon roadkill, pulling apart presents by their guts and screaming “I don't want this!” for all the

neighborhood to hear. That one year, Agatha got the coal and Charlie got the switch. (*Happy to hear it!*) Once we found out, the rest of us had a merry, merry Christmas!

(*Taunting.*) So, Charlie, what did *you* get? Care to... switch it out? Hey Agatha, do you want to play a game of "Coal and Tell?"

Unfortunately, our glee at their misfortune must have, at least in Santa's point of view, moved us over to the naughty list.

Next Christmas, he came with a sleigh full of rocks, coal, and twigs, as if we were all geology students and not just greedy youngsters looking at our families as a fulfillment house for the latest trends of fashion and technology. (*Exited as in the start of the play.*) Santa Claus is coming! One if by land and two if by sea! He's coming to town, and he's going to bring me those jeans, that music, and a weave you won't believe!

And we could see them. (*Looking up!*) Blitzen, Ditzen, Mitzen, Fitzen whatever... no one knows their names, or cares, other than we want the goods! Drop it down the chimney, crash it through the skylight, throw it in the trash bin, I'll dust it off and you can take the leftovers to the house next door. If you perchance drop a neighbor's gift into my fireplace, I'll... give it to my brother and say it was from me.

But... (*Looks into the sky, troubled.*) ...something was wrong.

(*To the reindeer in the sky, rambling off all the wrong names.*) Dancer, Prancer, Glancer, Lancer, Romancer, where are you all going? Get back here!!

The next year, more and more of us got a lump of coal, a switch, or a fruitcake. It's funny... until it happens to you.

(*Gets into a conversation with her mother.*)

Mom, didn't you get me *anything*?

(As Mom, who seems happy about this.) I left it up to Santa. I guess you were naughty. It's out of my hands.

(To Mom, more aggressive.) Did you send him the list?

(As Mom.) Of course, I did. I guess you were naughty. It's out of my hands.

(Even angrier.) Did you stamp it?

(As Mom, getting more gleeful each time.) I guess you were naughty. It's out of my hands.

Are you sure you didn't leave it in your purse?

(As Mom, perhaps singing this a bit.) I guess you were naughty. It's out of my—

Stop saying that! *(Getting more and more upset and out of control.)* Why am I getting coal and tofu? Canned salmon with the skin on? Fish sauce and kerosene? What's going on and why is Santa stealing Christmas? Why aren't the kids getting toys? *(Over the top.)* Why is everyone crying on Christmas morning when it's supposed to be the happiest day of the year?

(As Mom.) Just be quiet and when we go to Grandma's, I expect you to eat what she puts on your plate, especially if it's canned salmon with the skin on.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
COAL FOR CHRISTMAS by Jerry Rabushka. For
performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:***

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com