

# **CHRISTMAS SHOW MEMORIES**

by

**Vicki Bartholomew**

A Christmas Comedy

One-Act in 3 Scenes

One Set

1 M, 5 F

# **Christmas Show Memories**

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CAST for CHRISTMAS SHOW MEMORIES

JULIE  
ROGER  
MRS. WEBB  
ROSIE ROZANOV  
MRS. ALEXANDROVICH

## DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

LONI ROZANOV is a serious young sixth grade teacher. She is taller than her mother. She sings and dances. Her parents are Russian, but she herself has no Russian accent.

JULIE is Loni's roommate and friend. She is a bubbly young secretary.

ROGER is Loni's want-to-be-steady boyfriend.

MRS. WEBB is Loni and Julie's nosey landlady who worries about her "respectable establishment".

ROSIE ROZANOV is Loni's Russian mother. She is very short, limps and uses a cane.

MRS. ALEXANDROVICH is Rosie's friend. She is also a Russian immigrant. They are going off to Reno to gamble.

Loni and Julie's apartment living room has a sofa and table. In scene two, Julie has decorated for Christmas with lots of garland and some Christmas lights. In scene three, the apartment has pieces of the Christmas show sets.

## SYNOPSIS

Scene 1. Loni tells her roommate, Julie, that she is the director for the Brookfield Day School Christmas Show. Loni does not like shows, because she feels that her mother pushed her into performing in shows as a child. She thinks that her mother wanted her to be a ballerina. Julie, however, is very enthusiastic.

Scene 2. Julie decorates the apartment for Christmas. Loni realizes she has a bad attitude and prays for guidance. She sings "Silent Night". Roger comes to see Loni, but all her attention is on the show.

Scene 3. Loni's mother arrives for a surprise visit. Mom likes Roger. Mom tells Loni that she never dreamed of her daughter being a dancer. She only wanted Loni to have fun dancing in shows.

# ACT I. Scene 1.

{*JULIE and LONI'S apartment, one evening in the fall. JULIE is working at the table when LONI enters carrying her school books.*}

**LONI:** (*SHE sighs and sets her books on the table with a thud.*) Sigh!

**JULIE:** Bad day, huh?

**LONI:** This is the worst day of my teaching career!

**JULIE:** Wow! That bad! Let's see. How bad can it be? Was it that . . . nobody did their homework?

(*LONI shakes her head negatively.*)

**JULIE:** (*Continues.*) I know, they wouldn't keep quiet when you were trying to lecture!

**LONI:** Sixth grade teachers don't LECTURE.

**JULIE:** Okay, they were running around the room and jumping over desks while you were NOT LECTURING.

**LONI:** Worse than that. Much worse.

**JULIE:** Oh, Loni, you didn't have an irate parent show up with a gun, did you?

**LONI:** You watch too much TV, Julie. Besides, at a private school, irate parents bring a lawyer, not a gun.

**JULIE:** Well, excuse me. I'm just trying to imagine what extraordinary event could have possibly gone wrong at the ever-so-expensive-and-dignified Brookfield Day School.

**LONI:** No guns, not even close.

**JULIE:** And? . . . If you don't want to tell me what happened, don't. But it seems to me that it would be much more polite to just spit it out instead of leaving me hanging here.

**LONI:** I'm sorry, Julie.

**JULIE:** You're forgiven. (*JULIE holds up a Christmas decoration.*) Do you like it?

**LONI:** Nice.

**JULIE:** You don't have any idea what it is, do you?

**LONI:** Uuuh. Not really.

**JULIE:** It's a Christmas decoration.

**LONI:** Christmas! I hate that word.

**JULIE:** I love Christmas!

**LONI:** That's because you're a secretary and not a teacher.

**JULIE:** I make half as much money as you do.

**LONI:** Money?

**JULIE:** You said I'm a secretary.

**LONI:** And you said . . . What does money have to do with this conversation?

**JULIE:** You said that secretaries like Christmas and teachers don't. And I said that teachers have more money to spend on Christmas than secretaries.

**LONI:** Ookaay?

**JULIE:** And you get two weeks off at Christmas. And teachers get to make all that Christmas artwork. My mom still has the pipe cleaner reindeer I made in third grade. (*Continues in a different voice.*) It was so cute. (*Usual voice, enthusiastic.*) I've got so many ideas. Maybe I could help you. I could cut out little elves. I know; we could make Santa's with cotton ball beards.

**LONI:** Julie, what on earth are you talking about?

**JULIE:** Christmas? Art work? That's what you're having trouble with, isn't it.

**LONI:** I teach 6th grade. We make one decoration, a green tissue paper Christmas tree. That's all. It's no problem, okay? No Santa's. No elves. One decoration period.

**JULIE:** Then why did you want my help?

**LONI:** (*Loudly.*) I didn't ask for your help!

**JULIE:** Okay. You don't have to yell.

**LONI:** I'm sorry.

**JULIE:** Then . . . what did you want?

**LONI:** I can't remember. I've got a headache. (*LONI rubs her forehead.*)

**JULIE:** If you made this much sense today at school, no wonder your students were jumping over their desks.

**LONI:** My students weren't . . . look just forget it. I'm exhausted. I wish I could go to bed early this evening.

**JULIE:** Why not? I've got Spanish class. It'll be quiet.

**LONI:** I can't. I've got a few kids coming over to practice for the school Christmas show.

**JULIE:** What Christmas show?

**LONI:** The principal put me in charge of the school Christmas show.

**JULIE:** I love Christmas shows!

**LONI:** Somehow that doesn't surprise me.

**JULIE:** What kind of a show are you doing?

**LONI:** A third through sixth grade variety show.

**JULIE:** I love third graders. They're so sweet.

**LONI:** They are not sweet. They are little monsters. You couldn't pay me to teach third grade.

**JULIE:** Sixth graders are only three years older.

**LONI:** Sixth graders are real people. They can have a conversation with you. They write in paragraphs. They multiple. They divide!

**JULIE:** You know what your problem is, don't you?

**LONI:** What?

**JULIE:** You were an only child. You never learned to play with a younger sibling.

**LONI:** Oh, pleeease! I have lots of cousins.

**JULIE:** Why are you so grumpy? This is going to be fun.

**LONI:** I am not grumpy! I am never grumpy!

**JULIE:** *(Gives her a sideways look.)* Right.

**LONI:** I've got a headache!

**JULIE:** And touchy, too. What's REALLY bugging you?

**LONI:** I hated these shows when I was a kid.

**JULIE:** I don't believe you. You sing when you clean house. You wake me up tap dancing in the bathroom. You love this stuff!

**LONI:** I hated it when I was a kid. My mother was always signing me up for talent shows. It was awful.

**JULIE:** So why didn't you just tell her "no".

**LONI:** You've met my mother. Would YOU like to tell her "NO"?

**JULIE:** Are we talking about the same mother here? A tiny, sweet, little Russian lady about four feet tall?

**LONI:** *(Tells correct height of actress playing Mrs. Rozanov.)* ft. in.

**JULIE:** Loni, you must have been taller than her by the third grade.

**LONI:** Well, I wasn't. I was short until I was tall.

*(JULIE laughs or makes a face.)*

**LONI:** *(Continues.)* But that's not the point. My mother wanted me to become a ballerina like my Auntie Olga. She was always pressuring me. I felt suffocated. And if I objected, she said it was just stage fright; and I would like it once I got in front of the audience.

**JULIE:** Did you?

**LONI:** Sometimes.

**JULIE:** See!

**LONI:** But I promised myself that I'd never force my own children to perform in talent shows; and here I am, making a whole school perform.

**JULIE:** The kids will love it! Loosen up, Teach. You are going to have a great time. Oh oh. I'm going to be late. (*Reading as she exits.*) ?Donde esta el libro? ?Donde esta la pluma? ?Donde esta la mesa?

LIGHT CUE: BLACKOUT.

LIGHT CUE: LIGHTS UP.

(*LONI is collapsed on a chair when JULIE returns.*)

**JULIE:** Well? How did it go? I bet it was a lot more fun than you thought.

**LONI:** Fun? So far: I've got a singer who can't sing, a dancer who can't dance, and a mother who thinks she's making costumes for Las Vegas showgirls. When the principal sees her costumes, I'll probably get fired.

**JULIE:** Look on the bright side: At least you won't have to do the Brookfield Christmas Show next year.

**LONI:** (*SHE throws sofa pillow at JULIE.*) You're a nut! You know that, don't you?

**JULIE:** Someone has to be a ray of sunshine around here, Miss Doom and Gloom. You're taking all this too seriously, Loni. Loosen up. It's just a little Christmas pageant. You act like you're going to a funeral.

SOUND CUE: THREE LONG DOORBELL RINGS.

**LONI:** Hark! The Widow Webb comes to mourn my demise!

**JULIE:** Loni!

**LONI:** Don't you think you should let the landlady in?

SOUND CUE: THREE LONG DOORBELL RINGS.

**JULIE:**(*Opens the door.*) Good evening, Mrs. Webb!

**WEBB:** (*Speaks as though an accusation.*) I knew you were at home. Cars been coming and going all night. Coming. Going. Coming. Going. (*She looks around the room.*) What was all that pounding on the floor? Expected to see a dead body at least. Been up here earlier but I had to finish watching "Murder She Wrote." The guilty ones always look so innocent. Don't think you can put anything over on me! I've got eyes in the back of my head.

(*JULIE sticks out tongue and makes faces behind the landlady's back.*)

**WEBB:** (*Continues.*) I don't miss a thing. SO watch your step. (*Turns suddenly toward Julie.*) This is a respectable house, missy. Well, speak up! I want the truth now.

**JULIE:** Loni's in charge of the Christmas show at Brookfield Day School. Isn't that exciting, Mrs. Webb?

**WEBB:** Why would she want to do that? Lot of work and no money. Working for free won't pay the rent. No head for business. No money. No rent. No money. No rent. Don't they have an auditorium? Paid my taxes.

**JULIE:** They needed the auditorium this week for a college course.

**WEBB:** An apartment building. Not a PTA. Children running up and down the stairs, screaming. Up. Down. Up. Down.

**JULIE:** It will only be for two weeks, Mrs. Webb.

**WEBB:** (*MRS. WEBB talks as she exits.*) Insurance won't cover it. I'll call and check with the agent. More work for me. They put me on hold. Got better things to do with my time.

**LONI:** My principal is going to fire me. My landlady is going to throw me out of my apartment. I hate Christmas.

**JULIE:** Mrs. Webb is not going to throw us out. She's a sweetheart under all that complaining.

**LONI:** What?!!

**JULIE:** You wait and see! She'll be in the front row clapping louder than anybody. I love Christmas.

LIGHT CUE: BLACKOUT.

SCENE ENDS.

## ACT I. Scene 2.

{*At the apartment a few days later. JULIE is decorating the apartment with garlands, lights, etc. LONI enters apartment.*}

**LONI:** What is all this?

**JULIE:** Christmas decorations.

**LONI:** I can see that! Julie, we haven't even had Thanksgiving yet. Aren't you getting a little carried away?

**JULIE:** I'm just trying to help by getting you in the Christmas spirit.

**LONI:** Principal Applegate should have put you in charge of the Christmas show.

**JULIE:** I'm not doing anything tonight. Would you like me to help?

**LONI:** Thanks, but I've only got one student coming tonight. (*Starts to turn away and stops.*) Oh, there is one thing. I've been trying to reach Roger to tell him that I couldn't meet him for dinner tonight. Do you think you could stop by Casa Juan Valdez and tell him for me?

**JULIE:** Sure thing. As soon as I plug in the Christmas lights.

**LONI:** Julie, you didn't put up lights this early, did you?

LIGHT CUE: CHRISTMAS LIGHTS COMING IN WINDOW.

**JULIE:** Don't they look great? This is so much fun. I love Christmas.

**LONI:** Yes, I've noticed.

SOUND CUE: DOORBELL RINGS THREE TIMES.

(*LONI opens the door. MRS. WEBB erupts into the room and heads for JULIE.*)

**WEBB:** What have you done to my house? Flashing lights. People can't sleep. On. Off. On. Off.

**JULIE:** They're Christmas lights, Mrs. Webb.

**WEBB:** Too soon. Huge electrical bill.

**JULIE:** I pay the electricity, Mrs. Webb.

**WEBB:** No business sense. Waste of money. On. Off. On. Off. Strange people going up and down the hall. I run a respectable house.

**LONI:** They are my students' parents, Mrs. Webb.

(*MRS. WEBB exits.*)

**LONI:** (*Warningly.*) Juullie! Please turn off the lights.

**JULIE:** Loni, lighten up. (*SHE laughs.*) Lighten up? Get it? Okay, we'll save the lights for another day. Voy al restaurante. (*JULIE picks up her purse and exits.*)

**LONI:** What else could possibly go wrong?

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