

ADULT MONOLOGUES

Monologue #1 (Kris)

I did indeed. Oh, I feel better about Christmas now than I have for the past fifty years. Attitudes have become so shameful in this century and I must say I thought that included you. Actually I'd just about made up my mind I wouldn't fight it anymore – the commercialism, the cynicism. I mean, I was ready to give up for good. But now look what's happened because of your faith in me. Oh, Mrs. Walker, you and I are going to put the clock back to the gentle days, the kindly days that people are letting slip through their fingers without doing a thing to stop it. The days of green Christmas trees instead of pink ones and real pine cones and holly berries...

Monologue #2 (Doris)

Excuse me, Mr. Gaily. My life revolves around that swell little kid. Why did you take her to see Santa Claus? (pause)

The harm is that I told her Santa Claus is a myth. Then you take her down to the store and she sees dozens of gullible children and a very convincing old man with real whiskers; what is she to think? Who is she to believe? And, parenthetically, there's no room in our lives for daddies, "honorary" or otherwise. I can clarify that if you'll forgive some rather personal background. Thank you – it's funny but a girl can tell a stranger things she wouldn't dream of telling a friend – particularly a stranger she doesn't intend to ever see again. Now for the personal part. I really should have some background music for this. You see, I waited till I was twenty-five for my dream courtship with my dream prince. I lived in this dream world for exactly nine months and thirteen days. He walked out on us the day Susan was born. This divorcee grew up very fast after that.

Monologue #3 (Shellhammer)

Whatever you heard is true! People were normal and then suddenly they were shrieking "on to Gimbel's". It swept over the store like a prairie fire! Think of it! Only twenty one shopping days until Christmas and not a customer – or a clerk – in the entire store.

How could I stop it? I was the pivot man! It was mass hypnotism! Mr. Macy is probably making a deal to replace us with automation.

Oh, and wait until you see Santa's employment card.... "Kris Kringle".

Monologue #4 (Fred)

And while we're getting personal, let me fill you in with a few facts. I am about to embrace the legal profession, to which status I have attained the hard way, namely flunking the bar exam two years in a row, finally skinning through on my third try, after six hours a week in the Judge Advocate's office and fifteen years of correspondence school. I'm a plodder. My plans, therefore, don't include even any casual broads for awhile.

KID MONOLOGUES

Monologue #4 (Susan)

Hi Boss!

(raising hand as if giving an oath) I will not allow my short-sighted mother to spoil me rotten with brand new bunny slippers.

Bunny slippers! Thank you!

I saw your parade, Doris. It wasn't bad. I received the balloon from Captain Frederick Gaily, US Marine Corps, retired. Lives next door. He's harmless. He's a lawyer now and he's going to live in Conneticut...

I told him we didn't believe in Santy Claus, Prince Charming or anything we can't see, smell, taste or touch. He was thunderstricken...stricken?

Monologue #5 (Harry)

Hi Santa, I'm Harry Finfer. I've been a good boy. I wanna fire engine for Christmas. Just like the big ones that squirt real wet water and I won't do it in the house just in the backyard, I promise. See Mom? I told you, I told you he'd get me one! Thank you, thank you Santa!