

Ho, Ho, Ho!

A Play by Taylor Shann

Copyright ©2009 by Taylor Shann

Free performance of this play for high school
and college level competitive forensics is permitted.
All other rights reserved.

The Intriguing Interp Series
is published by
Mushroom Cloud Press
Orlando, FL

For more information and performance rights, contact

Mushroom Cloud Press

278 Leslie Lane

Lake Mary, FL 32746

mushroomcloudpress@gmail.com

<http://www.mushroomcloudpress.com/>

ISSN listed in graphic seal below.



ATTENTION FORENSICS COMPETITION GOVERNING BODIES: IF YOU THINK THIS SCRIPT HAS BEEN ILLEGALLY COPIED, CONTACT MUSHROOMCLOUDPRESS@GMAIL.COM TO VERIFY.

OCTOBER 2009

ADAM, TIMOTHY and JOSE sit in various stages of Santa suits. They are waiting.

ADAM is just staring into space, TIMOTHY is looking at a printed script, and JOSE is playing with a digital device.

TIMOTHY:
Ho Ho Ho.

Beat.

TIMOTHY:
Ho Ho... HO.

Beat.

TIMOTHY:
Ho HO Ho... Ho.

Beat.

TIMOTHY:
Ho-

ADAM:
Stop. Just. Please, stop.

TIMOTHY:
Hi, I'm Timothy. Are you here for the job? Er, audition? No, I guess it's a job. The-

ADAM:
I didn't just mean, stop Ho-Hoing, I meant, stop talking.

JOSE:
(to his digital device)
Oh yeah, you LIKE that, Bitch.

ADAM and TIMOTHY look at JOSE, who keeps playing.

TIMOTHY:
I'm a little nervous. I've never gone out for one of these things before.

ADAM:
You're still talking.

TIMOTHY:
But people said I have a Santa laugh. I'm not even sure what that means.

ADAM:
Oh my God, you're still talking.

TIMOTHY:
...I'm sorry, am I being rude?

ADAM:
I have a migraine. Okay? (quietly) Okay? (mouths, 'Okay.)

TIMOTHY nods, ADAM closes his eyes and rubs his head, JOSE gets more animated with his device.

JOSE:
Yeah. Yeah. I rule you. I RULE YOU! YES! YES! No. NO! SHIT! SHIT! NO! URGH!
(hangs his head in disgust, looks at TIMOTHY) I was this close. THISCLOSE. Shit.

TIMOTHY:
Hi, I'm Timothy.

JOSE:
Jose, man, what's up. You guys up to play the big man?

TIMOTHY:
People say I have a Santa laugh.

JOSE:
No shit. People say I need to pay bills. Crazy. (to ADAM) What about you?

ADAM:
(in disbelief) Weren't you listening?

JOSE:
Nope. (pulls out a film cannister) Anyone know how long they've been in there?

TIMOTHY:
They said they need time to deliberate.

ADAM:
Are you-?

JOSE:
(pulls out rolling papers) I'm partaking. Do you, uh... want to partake?

ADAM:
Are you rolling a *joint*?

JOSE:
Are you a dick? (begins to roll a joint)

A door opens, we hear an offstage voice say "NEXT." ADAM gets up with a huff, looking at them with disgust. TIMOTHY gives a thumbs up. ADAM stomps out for his audition.

TIMOTHY:
I'm so *nervous*!

JOSE:
Hey. Relax.

TIMOTHY:
Are you an actor, Jose?

JOSE:

Nah man, I'm a man of leisure. (looks at his work) You want?

TIMOTHY:

No thanks, I shouldn't have tobacco. It makes it harder to sing. In your throat.

JOSE:

We gotta sing for this?

TIMOTHY:

Oh, I don't think so. I've never actually acted before. Or auditioned before.

JOSE:

(thinks, puts joint in his ear) What do you do?

TIMOTHY:

I got a degree in history from University of Indiana.

JOSE:

So you're trying to pay back some loans?

TIMOTHY:

No, I'm unemployed. I just want to.... I just want to ROCK THEIR SOCKS. (beat) If you know what I mean.

JOSE:

Sure, if you want.

TIMOTHY:

You know what they say... or... sing. Hi-diddle-de... an actor's life for me... do do do do dee dee do do- (he is being stared at) do do do.... De... (beat)

JOSE:

You're, uh, not a New Yorker, are you?

TIMOTHY:

I'm from Indiana.

JOSE:

Yeah. Yeah, that, uh, yeah. So you just moved?

TIMOTHY:

No, I just moved. Three months ago.

JOSE:

Alright. Really? (TIMOTHY nods) So what the hell?

TIMOTHY:

Well it's not one's fault. I was part of this program to teach? To teach and get your degree?

JOSE:

Oh yeah, I saw those ads on the subway, and then, uh, I did nothing. Yeah. So what happen, you couldn't cut it?

TIMOTHY:
The program was delayed, it's no one's fault. I just have to wait.

JOSE:
How long?

TIMOTHY:
Two years.

JOSE:
(long whistle) Shit.

TIMOTHY:
So, I'm just, uh... well. (beat) I'm so *nervous*!

JOSE:
I really wouldn't sweat it. (pulls out his device, starts playing again)

TIMOTHY:
Why would you say that?

JOSE:
(shrugs) My uncles the manager. So I'm probably gonna get it. So. Don't worry about it.

TIMOTHY:
(crestfallen) Oh.

ADAM re-enters, sits. TIMOTHY doesn't move. JOSE keeps playing.

ADAM:
Yeah, they want 'the tall one' next.

TIMOTHY:
Oh. (looks around) Oh! (stands) Well, Good luck, me.

ADAM:
You don't want good luck.

TIMOTHY:
What?

ADAM:
It's bad luck to say good luck.

JOSE:
Yeah, in Russia, it is. Good luck man.

TIMOTHY:
(confused) Thank you? (leaves)

ADAM and JOSE stare at each other.

JOSE:
Did you rock their socks?

ADAM:
Don't talk to me.

JOSE shrugs, begins playing his device again. ADAM stares out, taking his hat off.

ADAM:
That was the shortest audition I've ever had. (pause) I really need this job.

JOSE:
You got this game? (not looking up) It ROCKS.

ADAM:
I really, really need a job. Any job.

JOSE:
They're hiring at the Taco Hut. (keeps playing) Down in the, ah. Food Court. (keeps playing) There's a little pamphlet that says, "are you SPICY enough?" (keeps playing) Because, you know, Tacos are spicy. (keeps playing) You gotta be spicy. I guess (keeps playing) Well? Are you?

ADAM:
Am I.

JOSE:
(stops playing, looks up) Are you spicy enough to sell Tacos at the Taco Hut?

ADAM:
I have an MFA in acting.

JOSE:
No shit? I got through high school. So what?

ADAM:
.... I don't know.

JOSE laughs.

JOSE:
You're alright, man.

ADAM:
I don't know.

TIMOTHY comes out, with a smile on his face.

JOSE:
(playing again) How'd it go man?

TIMOTHY:
Well, you know, I gave it my best. And that's all anyone can ask.

ADAM:
Shut up.

JOSE:
Hey, man, you shut up.

TIMOTHY:
They're asking for- well, the last but not least-

ADAM:
Shut up.

JOSE:
You shut up.

ADAM:
Shut up!

JOSE:
You shut up.

ADAM
(grabbing the device) SHUT THE F-

TIMOTHY:
(pointing to JOSE) They, uh, they, uh- want-

JOSE:
(takes the device back) I lost. Thanks.

JOSE leaves. TIMOTHY takes off his hat, hurt.

TIMOTHY:
I don't understand why you have to be so mean.

ADAM:
Oh, grow up.

TIMOTHY:
No, that has nothing to do with it. You're rude. You're just... rude. And there's no call for it. Your mother would be ashamed.

ADAM:
My mother is a- don't look at me like that. You can't look at me like that. You- (tears off santa hat) I hate this. I hate this. I hate I hate I hate that I can't find work.

TIMOTHY:
Acting work?

ADAM:
No. (beat) Well, *yes* but no. Paid actor work is hard, doing a friend a favor for free is easier, but *work*. The bills, paying the bills work. I had a really shitty office job... that paid enough. You understand? I could check my email and bitch about it all day. I had the HR ladies wrapped around my finger, I would be fired *last*, you know? Only when the sky was falling. Only when- And I had health care. It was bad health care, but it was enough. And then I could audition and act. And I would watch the tonys every year and drink just awful champagne and just know, *know* that I was better than all those bitches up there. And I didn't have to wait tables, which I couldn't do anyway; and I didn't have to wear a tie, just a jacket. And... And-

TIMOTHY:
It sounds wonderful.

ADAM:

It was awful. It was a pain in the ass! (beat) But it was mine. And now I'm here. And I hate Christmas. I hate Santa. I hate that this is what I'm reduced to. I hate that *this*... is the only place that is hiring.

TIMOTHY:

They're hiring at the Taco Hut.

ADAM:

I KNOW THEY'RE HIRING AT THE TACO HUT.

A long silence.

TIMOTHY:

I don't know if this helps, but (puts on his hat)... Ho Ho Ho.

ADAM looks at him. JOSE walks back in, sits and begins playing again. TIMOTHY and ADAM look at him, then each other. Silence. Finally:

ADAM:

Well?!

JOSE:

(doesn't look up) What? Oh. (looks up) Yeah, man I got the job. So. Go home.

ADAM:

What?

TIMOTHY:

(a little crestfallen) Well, congrats to-

ADAM:

That's impossible.

JOSE:

Yeah, so. (goes back to playing)

ADAM:

No. No. No.

TIMOTHY:

....but, yes.

ADAM:

NO.

TIMOTHY:

His uncle's the manager, so, he told me he pretty much had the job.

ADAM stares in disbelief.

ADAM:

What? But then- why bother with the audition? If it was staged, why the farce? No one cares. No one cares, it's Santa, no one cares- I could have been searching, I had an-

ADAM screams. Silence.

ADAM:
God damn every part of every molecule of everything.

ADAM storms out. TIMOTHY stares. JOSE doesn't look up.

JOSE:
What a dick.

TIMOTHY:
Well, good luck with everything.

JOSE:
Hey, man. (beat) They're hiring elves. I could put in a word.

TIMOTHY:
But I don't look like a elf.

JOSE:
I don't look like Santa. But, hey, 9 bucks an hour. I was going to ask him too, but (shrugs)

TIMOTHY:
9 dollars an hour?

JOSE:
(takes the joint out of his ear, searches for his lighter) 9 dollars an hour.

TIMOTHY:
(thinks, then looks out the window) It's snowing.

JOSE:
(finds the lighter, with a smile) Ho Ho Ho.

Fade out.