

ACT ONE

23

MATT: You said we couldn't celebrate Ramadan!

AUSTIN: You tried to force us to celebrate Ramadan!
Hannukkah teaches gratitude and compromise!

MATT: Ramadan teaches empathy and kindness!

AUSTIN: Arabs!

MATT: Jews!

BOTH: Ahh! *(They both exit to opposite sides of the stage.)*

REED: Ah, Christmas in the Holy Land.

(AUSTIN runs back in.)

AUSTIN: Is he gone?

REED: Yeah. That was great. Shalom.

AUSTIN: Asalaam Alaykum, my brother.

(They fist bump. AUSTIN strikes the box.)

REED: Yeah. A silent mausoleum to you too. *(Looking at his program)* Shoot. This was the part of the program where the acrobats from Cirque du Sleigh were supposed to contort themselves into the words "Merry Christmas" on a high wire.

(AUSTIN gets an idea; sotto:)

AUSTIN: Shoot. I'd like to see that. Hey, can I—?

REED: *(Sotto)* Sure. Yes, do that. *(He exits.)*

AUSTIN: Yeah, as I was trying to say, I had to fly in last night and almost didn't make it. Let me tell you what happened...

(AUSTIN tells his tale as the lights fade very slowly to a special.)

AUSTIN: Twas a night before Christmas, with such
snow and rain

Not a creature was stirring, including my plane.

My carry-on was stowed in the overhead with care

In hopes this last-minute flight would still get me there

24 THE ULTIIMATE CHRISTMAS SHOW (abridged)

But with all of the lightning and thunder and showers
We sat on that runway for hours and hours
What should have been only a two-hour flight
Was becoming a journey that might take all night
It didn't start well. First, my shuttle was late
Then the airport was mobbed, which wasn't so great
And they gave me a middle seat, which was really a
drag
And charged forty-five dollars to check in my bag!
And then at security—so much emotion!
They unwrapped my presents! Made me throw out my
lotion!
And then when it looked like I'd just about make it—
The T S A groped me and laughed at me naked
I boarded last but that wasn't the worst
I walked past the snobs who were sitting in First
And sat through the safety shpiel, which is always a
bore—
Is there *anyone* who hasn't fastened a seat belt before?!
They charged for a blanket, charged for a pillow
Charged for a headset, and a seat in the exit row
And just when it looked like things couldn't get more
black
The jackass in front of me leaned all the way back
So: They ran out of food, they would not let us fly
They would not take us back, and would not tell us why
It really looked like we would never get going—
Oh, and *that's* when the toilets began overflowing
But out on the runway there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my seat to see what was the matter
Across my companion I reached like a flash
Said, "get outa my way," and threw up the sash
And what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a crazed flight attendant holding peanuts—and

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beer!

He'd high-jacked the food truck so lively and quick
I knew in a moment he'd arrived in the nick

Of time. He pounded quite hard on the emergency
door

He forced his way in, and he got on the blower
He said, "People! You're the victims, you're not to
blame

But I'll tell you who is!" And he called them by name:

"On Delta! United! American, too!

On Southwest! Lufthansa! Aloha! JetBlue!

On Qantas! On Virgin! Alaska! Cathay!

SunCountry! ExpressJet! On British Airways!

On Frontier! On Spirit! On New Zealand Air!

To all of you airlines we hereby declare

Whether we fly frequently, or just now and then—

WE'RE NEVER FLYING WITH YOU EVER AGAIN!"

And before the sky marshal could tazer him down

He pulled the emergency slide and slid to the ground

As he did he knocked drinks and snacks off the shelf

And I cheered when he did it in spite of myself

We now could take off, with that nut off the plane

We soon would be home and never see him again

But I heard him exclaim as they dragged him away in
the night

"Merry Christmas to all, they just cancelled your
flight!"

(Fade to black. Light rises on MATT.)

MATT: The Saint Everybody's Sunday Schoolers were
going to read their Letters to Santa but they couldn't
make it tonight. Fortunately, we have tracked down a
number of letters to Santa written by people you may
have heard of.

(Light rises on REED.)