

JIM. Yes it's time for that jolly old Elf that can only mean one thing!

MICHAEL. My two weeks in Cancun. Cabana boys at my beck and call...

JIM. Santa Claus is Coming to Town!!

MICHAEL. Sun and sand...

JIM. And here he comes!! Oh...

MICHAEL. Fred...doesn't Santa usually ride *in* the sleigh instead of straddling one of the reindeer?

JIM. Uh, yes, well I guess Santa is very excited to be here!

MICHAEL. It looks like Santa's broken into the Christmas eggnog a little early! If you ask me, it'll be a miracle if he makes it to 34th Street! Get it?! Miracle...34th St? Ahh, Natalie would...

JIM. Well that's all from New York! **Happy Thanksgiving** from all of us—

MICHAEL. (*Quite sloshed by this point:*) To all of us!

JIM. And stay tuned! Coming up next is an encore presentation of that new holiday classic from Turner Broadcasting "A Very Brady Kwanzaa."

MICHAEL. (*As himself:*) And later tonight Bravo presents an all-new, special for the holidays episode of "Queer Eye for the Sleigh Guy."

(*Theme music.*)

JIM. (*With a certain "swish," and champagne glass:*) He's fat, he lives in an igloo...

MICHAEL. (*Ditto:*) He eats nothing but milk and cookies—we've got to update that kitchen...maybe some sushi...

JIM. Jolly is good but all *red* is out.

MICHAEL. Lose the reindeer, but all those adorable little men in tights—don't change a *thing*...

JIM. You can keep the Good list but *I'm* taking the Naughty!

MICHAEL. We'll take him from Fat...

BOTH. ...to FABULOUS!

(*Clink!*)

(*JOHN waddles on to stage singing "Thumpity, Thump-thump," etc., plants himself center and tosses a top hat down.*)

JIM. What the hell is that?

(*This is obviously something that JIM and MICHAEL were not in on.*)

MICHAEL. Well, Jim, it, uh...it looks like a snowman...

JIM. A snowman.

MICHAEL. Yeah, you know, a jolly, happy soul. With a corncob pipe...

JIM. A button nose...

BOTH. And all the rest...

JIM. Hey, what's that on the ground?

MICHAEL. Well, I bet it's a...a magician's top hat that didn't work, so he just threw it away...

JIM. Why don't you pick it up...

MICHAEL. Hey, there's something written on the brim. It says, "Whatever you do, do NOT place this hat on Frosty's head. Or he will come to life. And you will rue the day." Maybe we should just leave...

JIM. Are you kidding? Rue the day? That's ridiculous!

MICHAEL. I don't know, Jim. Somebody wrote that warning...

JIM. Yeah, on the brim of a hat. And even if it were true, how tough can he be? I mean, come on, they named him Frosty. Frosty the Snowman. It's a fairy tale...

MICHAEL. They say...

JIM. I don't care what "they" say! *(Places hat on Frosty's head.)* There. You see? Nothing!

(Lights flash and the sound of wind and music...low-budget magic.)

JOHN / FROSTY. Happy Birthday! Wait a minute, is it my birthday? Come on kids, let's dance!

JIM. Holy Hannah, a talking snowman!

MICHAEL. There must have been some magic in that old top hat we found.

JIM. 'Cause when we placed it on his head he began to dance around. Well, sorta danced...actually, he's just shaking and twisting and getting all sweaty. He's kinda freaking me out...

JOHN / FROSTY. Come on, gang! Let's have a parade!

(He enthusiastically hugs JIM, who really doesn't like this.)

JIM. Oh boy, am I beginning to rue this day.

MICHAEL. Aww, Jim, that's cute...in a creepy frozen forbidden snowman love sorta way.

JOHN / FROSTY. I'll lead us down to the village, with a broomstick in my hand. We'll run here and there, all around the square, playing "Catch me if you can!" Come on!

(JOHN / FROSTY heads off stage.)

JIM. Well, that's just great. Tell ya what—why don't you lead us down through the streets of town, right to that traffic cop... farther...just a little bit farther...that's right...and only pause a moment, when you hear me holler...

(The sound of a HUGE car crash, squeal of brakes, etc. Hat flies back onstage...an uncomfortable pause.)

...stop.

MICHAEL. Hey, Jim, that was kinda harsh...

JIM. What?

MICHAEL. There are kids here. This could be very upsetting, very emotionally scarring. It could cause serious problems later in life. This guy in the front row looks really distraught...

JIM. Oh, come on...

MICHAEL. I think you should apologize. *(To guy in front row:)* What's your name, sir?

(Get a response, and regardless of what he says, confirm it as—)

Cindy.

JIM. It's just a story...

MICHAEL. No, I really think you need to apologize to Cindy here... say you're sorry for what you did to Frosty... SAY IT!!

JIM. (*Very solicitous:*) Okay, okay... Cindy, I'm sorry for what I did to Frosty...

MICHAEL. Good, good...and now say you're a control freak with abandonment issues, and that you have a problem with the Holiday season, because your family was never really very close, and you never got what you wanted, not even that Red Ryder BB gun, which you really *really* wanted, and no, I *wouldn't* have put my eye out with it, and so yeah, maybe I do hide my disappointment and frustrations behind pseudo-intellectualism and lame Christmas around the World trivia, so what...

JIM. Hey, Mike, whoa there, whoa...it's OK, big fella, it's OK...

MICHAEL. Sorry, I always get kinda stressed around the holidays.

JIM. Well, I'm sorry too. I just think it's kinda late for Frosty there, it looks like he's melted. (*Picks up hat.*)

MICHAEL. Are you sure?

(*JIM looks offstage, and is hit in the face by a glass of water.*)

JIM. Pretty sure.

MICHAEL. Ah, nertz!

JIM. Just when I was beginning to like the big slush ball...

(*He tosses the hat offstage, immediate sound FX of wind, music, etc.*)

JOHN / FROSTY. (*Entering with hat:*) Happy Birthday! Hey Jim! Hey Mike! It's great to see you guys again, but the sun's kinda hot today, so I've got to be on my way. So I'll say goodbye...

JIM / MICHAEL. Goodbye!

JOHN / FROSTY. And don't you cry, I'll be back again someday!

(*He exits, singing thumpity, thump-thump...*)

MICHAEL. Ya know, Jim, I've learned something here tonight. I've learned that there are some Christmas stories that can make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside, so you view the holidays in a different light, no matter how deep-seated and scarring the issues you have with your own family really are...

(*He exits.*)

JIM. And I **learned that no matter** how nice they are, some guests who visit for the holidays can be a real pain in the ass...

(*Realizing that he is alone on stage, he takes advantage.*)

Marley was dead...

(*Blackout.*)

Ah, crap...