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Holiday Surprise

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HOLODAY SURPRISE JUSTIN ROBERTS

(We are in an underground joint, warehouse, private flat type place. In the center of the middle room there is a very large pipe organ and nothing else; it is backlit with shades of green light. The room SL is a restroom, but not by purpose. There is a gray upside down urinal, and the lights above the mirror are shades of red. In the mirror is a neon 3-D painting of Santa Claus. On the wall are four holocopters (mind image projection devices) they all have sparkly holographic bows on them. MARJORY comes down the dimly lit hallway SR smoking a cigarette, we see her only her silhouette until she reaches the front of the stage. She timidly opens the door and walks into the center room. The room should have an audible electric hum. The door has a white frosted stencil that reads DANGER X-MAS, similar to a DANGER X-RAYS sign that one might see in a doctors office. As she opens the door this sign is revealed to the audience. She sees the organ, looks around warily, closes the door very quietly and walks over to the organ. She peeks behind it and then addresses it. She places her fingers carefully on the middle keys without a sound as if she had learned the position early in life and was remembering it. She looks around hesitantly once more, sits on the organ bench and begins to play "Moonlight Sonata." She plays on for several measures while DONNER comes down the hallway curious of the noise. He opens the door very quietly, spots MARJORY and sneaks up behind her with his hands in his light blue velvet suit coat pockets. He watches her for a moment, takes off his red and green 3-D glasses and puts his hand on her shoulder. She is startled, turns around rapidly and scoots away to the end of the bench.)

- DONNER Are you lost little darling?
- MARJORY No.
- DONNER No?
(DONNER sits on the bench with MARJORY.)
You came with a friend?
- MARJORY Yeah.
(Pause.)
- DONNER I see.
(Beat.)
Is your friend around?
- MARJORY No, I think he went off with someone.
- DONNER I don't mean to interrogate, I'm just curious.
(Beat.)
—Like you.
- MARJORY Killed the cat right?
(She chuckles nervously.)
- DONNER Right. You're not a cat are you?
- MARJORY Not since I last checked.
- DONNER Yeah, I can usually tell when someone's a cat.
(Beat.)
I'm right again.
- MARJORY Huh.
(Pause.)
- DONNER That was quite the composition you were performing, what do you call it.
- MARJORY I call it "Moonlight Sonata," I wrote it last night.

- DONNER (Seriously.)
It's very good. You've got a thing for finger moving. What's your favorite color?
- MARJORY Brown.
- DONNER Like your pants?
(DONNER points to her pants almost touching them.)
- MARJORY Yeah, minus the polka dots.
- DONNER I have two favorite colors. Green and Red. That's amazing, because green and red together make brown—minus the polka dots.
(MARJORY laughs awkwardly.)
- MARJORY I guess we have something in common then, right?
- DONNER We have a lot in common.
(Pause.)
My name is Donner.
- MARJORY I'm ...
- DONNER Can I call you xylo?
- MARJORY Uh ...
- DONNER I wanted a xylophone for Christmas when I was thirteen years old.
(Beat.)
I didn't get one.
(Beat.)
My parents backburnered the chromatic scale.
- MARJORY That's really too bad.
- DONNER This doesn't have to be.
- MARJORY I guess not.

- DONNER Of course not, you are a gift, and so is your composition. Back to your composition. Let's talk about your composition xylo.
- MARJORY Well, it's not ...
- DONNER Not what it's not, what it is.
- MARJORY It's ...
- DONNER It is making our organ sad. The sad organ only plays one note at a time, because if he plays multiple, he gets confused. Confusion makes us angry. We have to be happy in these times, this season can fill our cold stockings with sparkle if we let it. We can't let the chords tangle our thoughts, we have to keep them straight like the velvet ropes that hang from clouds.
(Beat.)
The organ is sighing.
(Beat.)
Do you hear it?
- MARJORY It sounds like electricity.
- DONNER No, no, no. It runs on wavelengths.
(Both listen.)
Here, let me show you.
- MARJORY I saw the cord in the back.
- DONNER No, no, that's just for show xylo. Let me show you.
- MARJORY Okay—
(He takes her left hand.)
Wait.
(She takes it back.)
- DONNER I'm not trying to get you.
(He offers his hand again. She hesitates and gives it to him.)
Your hand is cold and wet, like you've been holding icicles all night. You have to let them dry, evaporate and move them.

MARJORY Come on man.

DONNER I wish you wouldn't label me. But I understand.

MARJORY Ultraman?

DONNER It has no matter. Let's forget.

(Pause.)

Now, point your finger like an arrow.

(She points.)

I'm going to let your hand go and you must touch the key you feel most.

The note holds no relation to the thought in your head, it must go directly in, up and out.

(Beat.)

Feel!

(She presses a key; it is awkward.)

MARJORY Ceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

(DONNER cups her mouth, and MARJORY slaps his hand down.)

What the hell's your problem?

DONNER You weren't feeling.

MARJORY You're a creep.

(MARJORY gets up.)

DONNER I'm only trying to help something move.

MARJORY You're blowing smoke man.

DONNER I'm a vessel not a chimney. It's a column of air xylo.

MARJORY Quit calling me that.

DONNER Fine, but try and understand. Come sit once more.

MARJORY Only if you promise not to touch me.

- DONNER I will touch you, but not with my physical.
- MARJORY Whatever.
(She sits on the bench.)
- DONNER I just want you to see what you can capture with a column of air. It takes only a single pitch soldiering towards the infinite decimal to shatter a crystal glass. Concentrate, reverberate, and consummate the particles colliding within a brass tube of this organ. Your thoughts can procreate and burst inside it like the rupturing of a ... like ... a ...
- MARJORY Like a maggots in a rotten possum carcass.
(DONNER stands up and turns around to face FS.)
- DONNER That's gross, but no, that's not it.
(He thinks and scratches his head. MARJORY turns around to watch. DONNER makes a frame with his hands, makes a circle inside steps back, aims his finger like a pistol, focuses and shoots at his imaginary target.)
- MARJORY You missed.
(He turns his head to look over his shoulder at her, and then looks back at the audience with a sinister grin.)
- DONNER How can you be so sure?
- MARJORY There was nothing to hit to begin with, you're shooting at an imaginary target.
(Beat.)
In my opinion you missed.
- DONNER I HIT IT. DEAD ON.
(Beat.)
I SAW IT. I HIT IT.
- MARJORY A duel.
- DONNER Excuse me?

- MARJORY A duel. That's the only way to settle differences in opinions. In the end there's only one right answer. The winner is still standing with it on their shoulders. And if they want to, that is if they don't feel totally comfortable with their opinion, they can always reflect further in their opponent's standing pool of fresh blood.
(MARJORY stands.)
You missed my bleeding heart by a long shot Mr. Donner.
(MARJORY plays the very powerful opening chords to Beethoven's Fifth on the organ)
I'm bored.
(He grabs his chest staggers around the room with his eyes closed. He comes very close to falling into MARJORY but seems to be well aware of the space. He comes close to the ground, draws a circle around himself on the ground, spins once inside it, falls, and occupies the circle in the fetal position.)
BORED.
(Long Pause. She stares at him, and lights a cigarette.)
- DONNER Please, xylo. Come help me from the womb.
(MARJORY sits, crosses her legs and ashes on the ground.)
- MARJORY Let me finish my cigarette first.
- DONNER Okay.
(He remains in the fetal position facing towards front stage. Long pause.)
How old are you xylo?
- MARJORY (Drags and exhales.)
Thirty-six.
- DONNER Me too.
- MARJORY Any kids?
- DONNER No xylo, you're the closest I've come.
- MARJORY Humans call me Marjory.
(MARJORY drops her cigarette and rubs it out with her foot. She stands and stares at DONNER.)

DONNER Yeah, that's a great name, but it's not helping me find my past.

MARJORY Hm.
(She steps closer.)
That's too bad.

DONNER Yep.
(Long pause. MARJORY steps closer.)

MARJORY So, is that your birth name, Donner.

DONNER It was a gift.

MARJORY From who?

DONNER Santa Claus.
(MARJORY laughs, DONNER is serious.)

MARJORY Really?

DONNER Never mind.

MARJORY Did he give you anything else?

DONNER Yes. Everything.

MARJORY Like what?

DONNER Birth—me.

MARJORY What's that?

DONNER BIRTH—ME—.

MARJORY Oh.
(She crouches behind him.)
Let's see.
(She waves her hands over him.)
Wait.

- DONNER Wait?
- MARJORY I don't know how.
(She gets up and walks to the organ bench.)
- DONNER Where is the reflection?
- MARJORY That was it.
(Beat.)
And now I have to blow my nose.
- DONNER And now we wait good shepherds, have faith, we await: THE
IMMACULATE CONGESTION.
(MARJORY looks at the door SL and stares at the sign on it. It reads in
large glimmering elaborate font "THE PRESENT : THE FUTURE," and
it is fastened to the door with a large holographic bow. MARJORY gets
up, mesmerized by the door, and begins to walk towards it slowly.
DONNER hears her footsteps, looks at her, cringes into a ball, and reaches
desperately from the fetal position.)
BIRTH ME!!!
(MARJORY jolts around.)
- MARJORY No kook!
(DONNER'S arm is still outstretched.)
- DONNER Why?
- MARJORY I'm bored again.
- DONNER Well—
- MARJORY I would like to see what's in there now.
- DONNER What happened to you?
- MARJORY Nothing. I'm still curious.
(DONNER laughs and curls back into a fetal position.)

- DONNER (Annoyed.)
You can't even find the luster in a simple metaphysical experiment. You need POP not art.
- MARJORY Who said anything about art? I'm bored, I just asked for entertainment.
(She leans over him to see if he's paying attention.)
I'm really just seventeen.
- DONNER Humph.
(She starts to walk around.)
- MARJORY I'm seventeen, I like to run in museums and stand up at movie theaters. My mom won't let me have any pets, because when they get sick I used to operate on them. I'm an only child, my mother is barren, she had to use a tube kit to get me and I came out in the rainforest exhibit in the Gaggle Arboretum.
(Beat.)
I was delivered by a Spanish janitor.
(Beat.)
My mom is pretty, she has yellow hair.
(Beat.)
My grandma is ugly, she has steel colored hair.
(Beat.)
My uncle likes space, and was institutionalized for it. And— I like go-gos, woosy's, Marble-A's, Marble-B's, but not Marble-C's, and jellies.
(DONNER reaches into his pocket and pulls out a colorfully wrapped piece of candy. With his focus still towards the audience, he shoots his hand up in the air with the candy well presented between his thumb and forefinger.)
- DONNER Here. Is this what you want.
(MARJORY looks at it, and goes over and snatches it from his hand. She unwraps it, holds it up to the light and looks it over thoroughly.)
- MARJORY What is it?
- DONNER (Tiredly.)
Recreation.

- MARJORY Thanks.
(She puts it in her pocket.)
- DONNER You can go have your gay parade now.
- MARJORY I think I'll wait.
- DONNER And why is that? I thought you needed entertainment.
- MARJORY It was just a word for whatever's behind that door.
(MARJORY walks over to it, puts her hand on the knob and looks back at DONNER.)
- DONNER You won't have any idea how to use it.
- MARJORY (Seductively.)
I have ideas.
(She opens the door. DONNER jumps up from his fetal position and rushes over to the room, which she is already inside of.)
- DONNER You're a violator.
- MARJORY Yeah, but maybe you are too.
- DONNER And an abuser. These are supposed to be locked up because of people like you, some boob must of gotten fuzzed and forgot to. Probably Blitzen.
- MARJORY (In awe.)
Really.
(She touches the holocopters very gently with both hands. They have lots of colorful wires, nodes, and circuitry. There are cords attached to the rear of the helmet.)
- DONNER Careful!
- MARJORY What are they?

- DONNER Neurophysic Projection Devices.
- MARJORY I think I've read about these before.
- DONNER No you haven't, this is different.
- MARJORY Well, I wanna try it.
- DONNER I really can't, you're too young, and the adverse effects could ruin your life.
- MARJORY Maybe you're too old.
- DONNER I'm the perfect age for everything.
- MARJORY So lets do it.
- DONNER What?
- MARJORY Whatever you want, lets just get these helmets on.
(Long Pause.)
Eh.
(Long Pause.)
Come on.
- DONNER (Abruptly.)
FINE.
- MARJORY Fantastik.
(She looks for the one she likes the best.)
- DONNER You can tell no one of this ever occurring, how, where, when, whatever.
Understand!
- MARJORY Yes Mr. Donner.
(She carefully picks out her favorite (they all look very similar) and walks out to the bench to sit down.)

DONNER Be – Careful.

MARJORY Okay.
(DONNER picks one as well, and along with it grabs a large black suitcase that was setting beneath the holocopters. He walks out to find MARJORY holding her helmet like a Christmas present, anticipating something grand and catastrophic. He sits down with her and opens the suitcase on the floor.)

DONNER Marjory, we are having a Holoday.

MARJORY Yeah?

DONNER I expect you to treat it with the respect you have for any other holiday.

MARJORY I will.
(DONNER begins to set up. He pulls out a projection device from the suitcase, and goes into the bathroom to retrieve to white stand up screens (The screens are semi-transparent so both the audience and actors can see what's being projected). They place the devices on their heads simultaneously. DONNER adjusts MARJORY'S slightly and when all is set up they sit cross-legged on the floor. They are plugged in and they begin to watch the screens flicker. At first various colors and patterns similar to that of a kaleidoscope appear. Various blips, beeps, and humming sounds occur in conjunction with the changing patterns and colors. After a short while, DONNER reclines and props his head up with a large pillow that was lying next to the organ. MARJORY is intensely involved in the screening. She is starting to see some cartoon like images of fruit and animals. DONNER'S screen begins to show some realistic images now. He may be taking part in some tribal rituals, or riding a toy pony. Next on his screen appears various shots of MARJORY making breakfast. She is cracking eggs, and MARJORY looks over to see what's on his screen. Immediately, a similar scenario appears on MARJORY'S screen.)

DONNER Try not to look at mine.

- MARJORY Oh, sorry.
 (She goes back to an intense study of her screen; she is still preparing breakfast. After she cracks the next egg yolk begins to ooze from the corners of her eyes. She wipes it off with a piece of bread and eats it. (The audience should be able to smell the breakfast, vendors may even be employed to pass out pieces of bacon to the audience.) She throws away the sausage, shakes some salt and pepper in her mouth and goes out the back door of the kitchen. It is raining, she sees a tree house, goes up inside of it and there are a few people waiting for her with tea. They sit down and talk. Simultaneously, MARJORY goes up stairs in DONNER'S Holoday. She opens the bathroom door and sees a large claw foot bathtub with the curtain pulled around it. She throws open the curtain and sees DONNER lying in a tub full of orange juice. He dips into the pool and offers MARJORY a cup of the juice. She takes it and enjoys it very much. She takes her clothes off, and gets into the tub with DONNER. They start drinking more and more rapidly, begin to kiss rapidly, and finally start copulating in the bathtub. (Vendors could hand out oranges at this time.) Their copulation continues until DONNER brings his hand to touch MARJORY'S leg. She notices what is happening in DONNER'S Holoday, and slaps his hand away. DONNER'S screen is of a mirror filled with orange pulp. MARJORY'S is a picture of a beached whale.)
- MARJORY You dirty creep!
 (She takes her helmet off.)
- DONNER So what.
- MARJORY So—, you just wanted to do this so you could fuck me on T.V.?
- DONNER It's a Holoday, not T.V. And no that was not the original plan. It just happens that way sometimes.
 (MARJORY stands up with the helmet in hand.)
- MARJORY Whatever, I should have known.
- DONNER It's a Holoday Marjory, it's not real life. That would never happen in real life.

- MARJORY You're a violator!
 (Gestures with helmet.)
 And you shouldn't be allowed to use this.
 (She shakes it and DONNER stands to save it if need be.)
- DONNER BE CAREFUL with that.
- MARJORY I can do whatever I want with it, I've just been violated.
- DONNER No you can't. Because you weren't violated, and that girl in the Holoday
 could have been anyone.
- MARJORY It was me. Don't think I don't know what I look like.
 (DONNER takes off his helmet.)
- DONNER Just settle down and we can figure out why this happened to us.
- MARJORY You touched my leg, I don't like you enough for you to touch my leg.
- DONNER Fine, if that's it then we're done.
 (He sets his helmet on the bench and turns off the projector.)
- MARJORY I want some time alone.
 (DONNER is busy taking down the screens.)
- DONNER What?
- MARJORY I want you to leave, I'm really shaken up.
- DONNER I don't think so, you're welcome to go any time you like.
- MARJORY (Very tensely.)
 No, I can't go. I have to stay for a few minutes, I can't move you have
 to leave.
 (MARJORY holds herself tightly and sits on the bench.)

- DONNER I can't leave you here alone.
(MARJORY starts sniffing and puts her head her hands, she begins to wimper.)
Would you quit it please?
- MARJORY (Yelling into her hands.)
NO!
- DONNER Fine! Five minutes. I'll be down the hall so don't try anything.
(DONNER leaves the room and closes the door. MARJORY lifts her head from her hands, and we can see that she has been faking. She smirks and then begins to pack up all of the equipment. She runs over to the bathroom, looks at Santa in the mirror and spits on it. She begins taking stuff to the window in the bathroom and dropping it gently onto the ground outside. She has everything and proceeds to climb out of the window. A minute or so later, DONNER comes into the room and finds everything gone. Lights down.)

THE END