

## Sample page #2 of "Season's Beatings: Live From Downtown"

(The carolers are getting louder and more boisterous as they jockey for the best position amongst themselves to be on TV. Wally moves away to get them out of the shot, but they all rapidly crab-walk sideways as a group to stay behind him as he telecasts!)

Wally: (Looking back around and seeing this as he goes to speak, he stops as he does a double-take.) "What in the...?"

(The carolers all begin to move as a tight group toward Wally and threaten to swamp him as they sing and stare at the camera with huge grins!)

Wally: "Uh, oh...!"

(Wally turns back toward the camera with a terrified expression as they gather around him and envelop him with their group and sing!)

Carolers: (Singing Hallelujah Chorus.) "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hal-le-lu-jah!!!"

(Wally's microphone is held high in the middle of the group, then sinks down out of sight. A moment later he is seen to crawl out of the group on his hands and knees and scurry away from them. He stands just as they finish the single verse of the "Hallelujah Chorus" with a sustained and triumphant "Haaaaaaleeeeeeluuuuujaaaaah!")

Wally: (Standing and recovering, he turns to the camera and gasps the lines.) "And now... we will ask the caroling group... to contribute of their money... to help the poor this Christmas!"

(At this, the group, looking alarmed, hurriedly begins to scurry as a tight group off-stage, singing the first verse of "Jingle Bells.")

Carolers: (As they leave.) "Dashing through the snow, on a one-horse open sleigh..."

Wally: (Running a hand through his hair, he speaks to himself.) "Wow. I was afraid they'd start singing "The Twelve Days of Christmas" next. (Turning back to the camera.) We'll keep looking. Surely someone is feeling happy today! In fact, here comes a jolly fellow now. (A disheveled man wearing a Santa hat staggers onto the stage.) Let's see if he has the spirit of the season!"

Tipsy Man: (singing in a slurred voice) "Jack Frosh't roashting on an open fire...chestnutsh nipping at your nose... (to Wally) Yeah... (holds up bottle) I've got the spirits of Christmas right here. And they help me through this stupid time of the year 'cause nobody wants anything to do with a smelly, stinky, sloshed, slummy dummy like me. You know how long it's been since somebody gave me a present? It's been... (counts on his fingers) ...never! That's right, never. Makes me sick. And I'm sick! Look at this coated tongue..." (sticks out tongue in Wally face.)

Wally: (repulsed) "Yeah, it's got fur on it."

Tipsy Man: "Been sick for...(counts on his fingers again) ...longer than I can remember. I only have a sliver of liver left! I've got so many ulcers my stomach looks like swiss cheese and that gives me chronic haaaalitosish...(breathing on Wally each time he tries to say it, Wally leaning back and grimacing) haaaalishofish... haaaali... bad breath."

Wally: "No kidding."

Tipsy Man: "And when I'm sick, I drink. And when I drink, it makes me sicker. And when I get sicker, I get drunker. And when I get drunker it makes me sicker. Know what I mean, buddy?"

Wally: (looking ill) "Yeah... I'm kinda feeling sick myself."

Tipsy Man: "Looks like you could use somma this. Here, have a swig! (clumsily spills his whiskey all over Wally's coat) Oops, shorry! Let me clean it off. (rubs it in as Wally shies away.) Excuse me...I'm feeling sick... (drinks from bottle) That's better. Uh, oh... I'm sick... (hold his stomach, starting to become even unsteadier, he begins to lean on Wally) I'm really sick... I mean I'm really sick..." (He

starts to heave and Wally tries to get away with the drunk chasing him, holding his stomach with one hand and the other to covering his mouth, with puffed-out cheeks. Wally finally ducks by him and the Topsy Man staggers offstage, with the sounds of loud heaving echoing back.)

Wally: (wryly) "There's nothing that can keep his Christmas spirits down. (With a discouraged demeanor) It seems this city needs a visit from the Spirit of Christmas Past. Because the Christmas Present seems to have been shoplifted. Let's try just one more time. (The Indignant Man has come onto the stage with a swagger and his nose held high, using his umbrella as a cane.) Excuse me sir! Please tell us how celebrating Christmas... (he notices his demeanor and slows down) brings you... (says almost fearfully) ...joy?"

Indignant Man: (Speaking haughtily and with a angry sneer) "How dare you approach me with the idea of celebrating Christmas! That pagan, commercialized excuse for running up credit card bills, worshipping at the false altar of SANTA CLAUS and getting drunk! (sniffs Wally) Hah! Smells like you've had a few swigs yourself! The materialism, the greed, the mad rush for WHAT?! I tell you, it's EEEEEEEEEVILLLLLLLLL! (he leans over Wally as he says this, and Wally leans back fearfully) PURE EEEEEEEEEVILLLLLLLLL! (they do it again) Look at me! I don't participate in this heathen rite and I HAVE THE (punctuates each word by hitting Wally with his umbrella) TRUE... JOY... OF THE... LORD!!! HO, HO, HO!!! (stalks off)