

# THE GIFT OF THE MAGI 2001

## Characters:

- Mikey
- Dee Dee
- Narrator Angels
  - Raphael - Jon
  - Azriel - Daniele

RAPHAEL | Azriel ... 'ssup??

AZRIEL | Hey, Raphael. I was checking in on two humans. You remember that couple we saw in Texas last week? This one's even stupider.

RAPHAEL | Foolish earthlings! Do they not know how they come across to us? Which ones do you mean?

AZRIEL | See, down there, in the place they call Minnesota, by that river. No, you're looking at South Dakota. There's nothing's happening there. Over here, in the city they call St. Paul. Look under that roof ... there's an old married couple, and they're listening in on one another's holiday fantasies ...

RAPHAEL | One of them is typing ...

AZRIEL | He thinks he's a great writer ...

RAPHAEL | And the other one sings ...

AZRIEL | Ditto ...

**Mikey is typing ... "TAP-TAP-TAP"**

**Dee Dee is singing scales ... "LA-LA-LA-LA-LA." Then they stop.**

MIKEY | Gee, honey, life is sure perfect and everything, what with being married to an opera singer and writing torrid best-sellers that are also of surprisingly high artistic quality. **(Sweetly)** I love you so much!

DEE DEE | I heard that, husband. With my music and your writing, life just couldn't be more complete. **(Shrugs witlessly.)** No, I don't think there's a single way in which we could be happier!

AZRIEL | This shouldn't take long ... five, four, three, two ...

DEE DEE Well, I guess there is one small thing. I've always dreamed of having a giant white piano. For parties. You know, the kind that gorgeous hunk Liberace would play. Then ... my happiness would be complete. But this is nice, right now, just the way it is!

MIKEY You got that right, sugar plum. As long as we're just wishing hypothetically, I've always dreamed of getting away to a cabin in the wilderness, high on some Minnesota mountain. Oh, the books I'd write, if I just had a tiny log cabin to write them in. (sighs) But you understand, that's purely hypothetical!

AZRIEL This is where it gets weird ...

DEE DEE **(to audience)** You know, Mike is a literary artist of exceptional power and poise. But since he doesn't have that cabin on the mountain, there's no way he can call himself 100% fulfilled. 97%, max. Well, what kind of wife would overhear that and not take reckless, irrational action? Gee, today's royalty check hasn't arrived yet, so money is in short supply. What could I sell to give him this wonderful present? **(notices the house around her)** Of course, the house! Sometimes, I'm so DUMB!

RAPHAEL Holy Joe ...

AZRIEL Mikey's no better ... listen ...

MIKEY **(to audience)** You know, Dee Dee is such a swell girl. When the Good Lord made her, he threw away the mold. And it's a heck of a shame she doesn't have that giant white piano. **(looks at his PC)** Say, I could probably get some money for all these computers we have lying around! They're just taking up space anyway.

RAPHAEL Oh, no, don't tell me.

AZRIEL That's right. He's going to sell his computer to buy her a giant white piano. And she's going to sell the house to buy him a cabin in the woods.

RAPHAEL I feel sick ...

AZRIEL There's a people bag in a drawer there ... OK, let's fast forward to January ...

DEE DEE Oh, Mikey dearest, wasn't it just the best Christmas ever. Did two

people every give more of themselves? I just want you to know I adore the grand white piano ... even though it *is* a little cramped here in this one-room cabin high on a Minnesota mountain. It's kind of funny that we're both here, isn't it?

MIKEY Yes, I think I neglected to mention that when I went to the cabin I would be alone. It kind of defeats the purpose of getting away, you know ...

DEE DEE I guess I forgot that when I sold the house we'd both have to move up here. I also expected we'd have some money left over. You know, houses costing more than pianos. But we had to pay the piano movers to lug the piano up the mountain. And when they all broke their hips, we had to pay their hospital bills. By the way, is the stove on the right side of the piano or the left? And, do you think, if we invited him to a party here, Liberace would come?

MIKEY Oh, that's OK, sweetie. Nobody's perfect. Thinking back, it probably wasn't the smartest thing for me to sell all the computers to buy you the giant white piano. Because now that I have this tiny little cabin to write in ... with you ... and the grand white piano ... and Liberace ... all I have to write with is this Bic pen and a legal pad that's been gnawed by ... oh, I'd say ... weasels. Oh, it works, after a fashion ... but it really isn't the best thing for doing block moves.

RAPHAEL You wonder how they manage to feed themselves.

AZRIEL Or how they remember to inhale ...

MIKEY Well, happy holidays anyway, Dee Dee. It's just nice being here with you in this blizzard, with only a can of Crisco and a bottle of green catsup, high above the treeline and 100 miles from a gas station. Well, I have to get writing. Damn, I'm out of ink.

RAPHAEL You know, I love the holidays as much as anyone, but that is really sad.

AZRIEL Tell me about it. At least we don't have to sweat this stuff in heaven?

RAPHAEL So, Azriel, what did you get the Big Guy this year?

AZRIEL Same as always, a tie. Big Guy loves the ties.

RAPHAEL Blessed be the ties, as he puts it. I got him cologne.

AZRIEL	He <i>loves</i> your cologne.
RAPHAEL	I buy it by the jug.
AZRIEL	He wears it by the jug.
RAPHAEL	You can smell him coming a light year away.
MIKEY & DEE DEE	And so the curtain falls on another festive Finley Follies. Thank you for joining us again this year, and may you have better luck in your gift-giving adventures than we were able to muster.
ALL	<b>(waving)</b> HAPPY HOLIDAYS!