

Jewish Christmas (monologue)

As Elijah delivers this monologue, he wraps his old toys in newspaper and plastic bags.

ELIJAH: So, I'm a Jew. Jews don't usually celebrate Christmas. I mean, my family never celebrates Christmas, but there are some Jewish families that do, even if they're not Christian at all. I think they do it because they want their Jewish kids to feel all the wonder and merriment that all their Christian friends do. And I'm always a bit torn by those families, a little betrayed — kind of a Judas situation, I guess — but I also get it cuz Jewish Christmas can be kind of a bummer.

I mean, even though we pretend not to feel FOMO, every year we try to fill the void with little things that just never really hit the spot. We go to the movies. We eat Chinese food — okay Chinese food always hits the spot, don't get me wrong. Sometimes we get lucky and Hannukah falls on the same night as Christmas so we can pretend it's just as good, but... come on; you ever seen a Hannukah Bush at Rockefeller Center?

He begins shoving the wrapped toys under the [plant, or whatever's available as a stand-in tree].

One Christmas Eve when I was eleven and feeling deeply moved by the George Lopez Christmas Special as one does, I grabbed a bunch of my old toys, wrapped em up in newspaper and plastic bags, and shoved em under one of our fake house plants.

And I got in bed and I was all excited; thinking maybe I would open my stinky old rollerblades on Christmas morning and they would be shiny and new (*he quickly tears open the rollerblades*)! But they weren't. They were just my stinky old rollerblades with the mis-matched laces.

Some years around the holidays I wish I had something shiny and new to open on Christmas morning. But other years, I sit back and look at what I have, and I feel... fine. Not Merry. Never Jolly. But just fine. Tsvah Ratson. Satisfied.