

LAST OF THE TANNENBAUMS

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Daniel Guyton

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SYNOPSIS: Eddie the Evergreen desperately wants to be a Christmas tree, until a little bird tells him what REALLY happens to Christmas trees.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 either)

EDDIE THE EVERGREEN (m/f) An Evergreen. (29 lines)
BIRD (m/f)..... A Bird. (28 lines)
LUMBERJACK (m/f)..... A Lumberjack. (2 lines)

PRODUCTION HISTORY

LAST OF THE TANNENBAUMS premiered at the “Lighting of the Malverne” Ceremony in Malverne, NY. It was produced by the Malverne Community Theatre (Dave Coonan, Artistic Director) in December, 2013. It was directed by Dave Coonan. Costumes were designed by Michelle Cavill. The cast was as follows:

EDDIE THE EVERGREEN..... Michael Pagano
BIRD Katie Cush
LUMBERJACK Bruce Liby

LAST OF THE TANNENBAUMS was also produced at the Theater in S@NE in Schenectady, NY by Mostly Harmless Productions (Richard Sagendorf, Artistic Director) in November 2014 as part of *Hilarious Nightmares Part Deux: a Night of Daniel Guyton One-Acts*. It was directed by Richard Sagendorf. The cast was as follows:

EDDIE THE EVERGREEN..... John Schmiederer
BIRD Scott Ziobrowski
LUMBERJACK Richard Sagendorf

Dedicated to Brian and Matthew Smith, my brothers.

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AT RISE: *EDDIE THE EVERGREEN, alone in an open field, sighs sadly. A BIRD enters, sitting near him.*

BIRD: What's wrong Eddie?

EDDIE: Nothing, Bird. It's just...well gosh...all of my friends are gone.

Susan, Jeremy...all of the evergreens in the snowy forest have been chopped down, except for me. I don't know where they've gone.

BIRD: Well, that's easy Eddie! They've become Christmas trees!

EDDIE: Christmas trees? What's that?

BIRD: Well, a human being comes and chops your legs off...

EDDIE: My legs?!

BIRD looks at EDDIE'S trunk.

BIRD: Well, your...leg, I suppose. Anyway, they chop your leg off...

EDDIE: Ouch!

BIRD: And then they drag you through the fields of ice and snow, load you up on top of their big metal noise machine, drive a hundred thousand miles along a noisy polluted highway with other big metal noise machines, and then they bring you inside of their big wooden people's nest, where apparently it's really warm.

EDDIE: Oh, that sounds lovely.

BIRD: What? Having your leg chopped off?

EDDIE: Oh no, the...warm. It's so cold out here in the snowy forest. *(He looks around.)* Or...field? Can it still be a forest if I'm the only one?

BIRD: No, you're not in a forest anymore, Eddie. *(BIRD looks down sadly.)* But it's not really a field either. It's more like... a clearing.

EDDIE cheers up.

EDDIE: A clearing.

BIRD: Yeah, cheer up pal. I'm sure they'll chop your leg off next.

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EDDIE: (*Excited.*) Oh! You think so?

BIRD: (*Cheerfully.*) Sure! You're... (*BIRD looks EDDIE up and down, then realizes he can't think of any compliments.*) The only one left. So someone's bound to take you.

EDDIE: Gosh, that'll be swell! I don't wanna be in the fores- field-clearing! Anymore. (*Thoughtfully.*) Oh boy oh boy! I'd love to be a Christmas tree. Tell me more, Mr. Bird! What does a Christmas tree do? Besides stay warm in people's nest holes?

BIRD: Well, the humans dress you up with shiny ornaments and ribbons...

EDDIE: Oh, that sounds beautiful!

BIRD: And a pretty little angel goes on top of your head.

EDDIE: (*Excited.*) An ang-! (*Then thinks about it.*) On my head?

BIRD: Yeah, I don't know why. Human beings are really weird.

EDDIE: Huh. Well, I still think it'll be nice to have an angel on my head. Of course, I've never had an angel on my head before, so I don't know if...

BIRD: (*Kind of enjoying this.*) Do you know what those humans do to you afterwards, Eddie?

EDDIE: No. What?

BIRD: They chop you up into little pieces and burn you.

EDDIE: Oh.

BIRD: Yeah! Or they bring you out to the road for the garbage-man.

EDDIE: (*Horrified.*) The garbage...! (*He thinks about it.*) What's a garbage-man?

BIRD: Oh, he's like a regular man except he eats garbage.

EDDIE: Oh! Golly! But I'm not made of garbage, so what would he want with me?

BIRD shrugs.

BIRD: Who knows? Like I said, human beings are really weird.

EDDIE: (*Thoughtfully.*) Yes. They should just eat the soil, like I do.

BIRD: Right! (*BIRD sees something on the ground.*) Or the worms, like I do. (*BIRD catches the worm and eats it.*) Mm, delicious!

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EDDIE: (*Sadly.*) Gosh, I wish I could eat worms.

BIRD: Oh my, they're so good Eddie! They taste like... like... (*He thinks about this.*) Like a warm summer's day.

EDDIE: (*Envious.*) Mmm boy, that sounds delicious!

BIRD: (*Nodding.*) Yeah. (*He stands.*) Speaking of, I guess it's almost time for me to head south for the winter, don't you think?

EDDIE: (*Sadly.*) Gee. Is it almost that time already?

BIRD: Yeah. We should have left earlier, but... (*BIRD point to EDDIE's head.*) Bird Junior just got his new feathers. He's just about ready to fly.

EDDIE: Aw, that's really nice.

BIRD: Yeah, my other two little ones have been flying for weeks now, but... (*EDDIE sniffs.*) Hey, what's wrong Eddie?

EDDIE: Well, it's... it's just that I'm gonna miss you, Bird. Now that Jeremy and Susan are gone, and... and the entire fores – field – whatever it is you call it! Now that they're all gone... Once you leave, I'm gonna be left here all alone!

BIRD: Aw.

EDDIE: And it gets so dark here at night!

EDDIE shakes his pine needles and weeps.

BIRD: (*Soothing.*) Hey. Hey come on now, Eddie. Don't be like that. It'll be all right. There's still two weeks left now 'til Christmas. I'm sure a—(*A motor revs off-stage. They both look.*) Hey, what's that? (*A mean-looking LUMBERJACK enters, with a large axe. BIRD flaps his wings excitedly.*) Oh! Hey, look Eddie! It's a person! Here to celebrate Christmas!

The LUMBERJACK spits.

EDDIE: He is?! Oh goodie!! (*The LUMBERJACK studies EDDIE from all angles, as EDDIE can barely contain his excitement.*) Ohmygoshohmygoshohmygosh! This is gonna be awesome!

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LUMBERJACK: *(Unimpressed.)* Hmm. *(He shrugs.)* Well, I guess you're the only one left.

EDDIE: This is it, Bird! This is it! I can feel it! *(The LUMBERJACK chops at him with his axe. EDDIE's demeanor changes.)* Oh. Oh, I really can feel it. *(The LUMBERJACK chops at him again.)* Ouch. Oh gosh, this is not pleasant at all. *(BIRD flaps uncomfortably, keeping his distance. LUMBERJACK chops again.)* Ow! Hey man! You just hit my shin!

BIRD: Eesh. You ok, Eddie?

EDDIE: NO I'M NOT OK! DO I LOOK O—*(Another chop.)* AAAUGH-AUGH-AAAUGH! *(He starts to weep.)* Oh Bird, this is terrible! This is horrible! Oh the humanity! *(Through his tears.)* No, I don't wanna be a Christmas tree! *(Another chop. He weeps uncontrollably.)* Waaa! I don't wanna be a Christmas tree! *(Another chop snaps EDDIE out of it. He looks very wobbly.)* Oh. Oh no. This is it. I think this is the end, Bird. I'm beginning to see a white light.

BIRD: Aw jeez, I'm so sorry about this, Eddie.

EDDIE: Please. If you see Susan again, tell her I loved her.

LUMBERJACK: TIMBER!

EDDIE: OOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!

EDDIE goes down with a crash. BIRD crosses to EDDIE cautiously, as LUMBERJACK prepares EDDIE for the haul.

LUMBERBACK: Yeah, this'll be fine wood for an outhouse.

BIRD: Are you ok, Eddie? Does it hurt anywhere?

EDDIE: *(Weak, like a hospital patient.)* No. No it doesn't hurt, Bird. And I think this is a good thing. I think I'm gonna be beautiful. With ribbons and ornaments... and a pretty little angel on my head. *(LUMBERJACK picks EDDIE up by the "leg." EDDIE gives BIRD a happy but weak thumbs up.)* I'm gonna be a Christmas tree!

LUMBERJACK drags EDDIE off by the leg. BIRD smiles sadly.

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BIRD: Yeah. You go get him, kid. *(Small pause.)* Poor sap. He has no idea what he's in for. *(He looks around.)* Hey wait, where's my nest? Where's my kids? Oh my god, Eddie! Eddie! Give me back Bird Junior!!! EDDIEEEEE!!!

BIRD 'flies' off stage after EDDIE. Lights out.

THE END

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