



AMERICAN HOLIDAY

Players:

EMCEE, the master of ceremonies, somewhat smug, a tad European and very flamboyant.

MISS TRANSVESTITE, a Texas-style drag queen with fire engine red nails, dramatic makeup, giant hair and large breasts. Dripping in sequins and rhinestones.

MISS TRANSSEXUAL, a handsome, male-to-female, post-op transsexual, attired in a rather run-of-the-mill gown.

HARPER, a very plain, very androgynous person, in gender-neutral attire, with a stunningly beautiful singing voice.

RINGER, an actor planted in the audience to encourage audience participation.

The play takes place in a TV studio, reminiscent of “American Idol” or a beauty pageant.

AT RISE: Three tall stools. Our contestants are seated atop.

Seating order, stage right to left: MISS TRANSVESTITE, MISS TRANSSEXUAL and HARPER.

EMCEE waltzes onstage from right (or left) with a deck of index cards in hand.

EMCEE

[*To audience, with bravura*] Ladies and gentlemen, *mesdames et messieurs*, karaoke stars and kangaroos, put your hands together! Offer a warm welcome to Miss Transvestite!

EMCEE gestures to MISS TRANSVESTITE and encourages audience applause.

MISS TRANSVESTITE smiles and waves to the audience.

Miss Transsexual!

EMCEE gestures to MISS TRANSSEXUAL and encourages applause.

MISS TRANSSEXUAL smiles and waves to the audience.

And...

EMCEE shuffles his index cards.

EMCEE (continued)
And...

EMCEE shuffles his cards again. He apologetically addresses HARPER.

Sorry, dear...

HARPER
Harper.

EMCEE
Come again?

HARPER
Harper.

EMCEE
No, no. That can't be right.

HARPER
Yes. It's Harper. Please. Get on with it.

EMCEE
Okay. *[To the audience]* And Harper.

HARPER reluctantly waves to the audience.

MISS TRANSVESTITE
Excuse me. Excuse me. Hey! Excuse me!

EMCEE
Yes, Miss Transvestite?

MISS TRANSVESTITE
Are we live?

EMCEE
Yes, yum-yum, we're live.

[To audience] Welcome to American Holiday! The show that picks the next Easter Bunny. The next Santa Claus. The next Lobster Boy. Tonight, one of these *[gesturing to the contestants one-by-one]* lovely, exquisite, *[referring to HARPER]* adequate contestants will be chosen to represent our newest American holiday, Gender Bender Day!

MISS TRANSVESTITE and MISS TRANSSEXUAL preen and pose as they are introduced.

EMCEE (continued)

Will it be Detroit housewife and semi-professional hockey player for the Detroit Red Wigs, Miss Transsexual?

Will it be native Texan, Log Cabin Republican and celebrity impersonator, Miss Transvestite?

Or, will it be, uhm...

HARPER rolls eyes.

HARPER

Harper.

EMCEE

That's right. Or will it be Harper?

You get to decide. Yes you. Each one of you in our audience tonight. But, before we kick-off the competition, let's have another round of applause for our [*gesturing to the contestants one-by-one*] gorgeous, stunning, [*referring to HARPER*] life-like contestants!

EMCEE encourages audience applause.

MISS TRANSVESTITE and MISS TRANSSEXUAL wave and blow kisses.

HARPER hops off the stool and tries to exit the stage, but is brought back and reseated by EMCEE.

Miss Transvestite, I'll start our question and answer round with you.

MISS TRANSVESTITE

[*Deep voice*] Okay. [*Clears throat, higher voice*] Okay.

EMCEE

Miss Transvestite, darling, tell Mr. and Mrs. America why *you* should be our symbol for America's new holiday, Gender Bender Day?

MISS TRANSVESTITE

Thank you, Bartholomew. First, a woo-hoo to my boo-boo, Kenneth, back in Dallas. I love you, Kenneth! A shout-out to my peeps, Haden, Alexis and Tyler, and my main-man, our Lord Jesus Christ—the reason for the sequins— and my club cubs, Reagan, and Payton, and—

EMCEE

Miss Transvestite, we'll be here all night, I'm sure. I need your answer.

MISS TRANSVESTITE

My answer?

EMCEE

Yes, my peach. Tell America why you should be Mr. or Miss Gender Bender U.S.A.

MISS TRANSVESTITE

O, yes. [*Thinks*] Well, I believe I should be Miss Gender Bender because... Because. Well, look at them [*referring to MISS TRANSSEXUAL and HARPER*]. I mean, damn, boy. Where'd you find those two? The bargain bin at T.J. Maxx?

MISS TRANSSEXUAL

Hey!

HARPER

[*Sigh...*]

EMCEE

Now, Miss Transvestite...surely you have other reasons.

MISS TRANSVESTITE

Not really. [*With a shimmy*] Just drink me in, baby. Drink me in. You know I should win!

EMCEE

That's it? You're sure?

MISS TRANSVESTITE

[*Singing with excessive vibrato*] Puh-leeese!

EMCEE

Save something for the talent competition, pumpkin. [*Beat*] Now, Miss Transsexual—

MISS TRANSSEXUAL

Yes?

EMCEE

Same question. Why should *you* be our symbol for America's newest holiday, Gender Bender Day?

MISS TRANSSEXUAL

Well, Bartholomew, that's a good question, and I'll answer with a question: Who on this stage best exemplifies a bent gender? Who has lived as both a man and woman? Biologically, that is—

MISS TRANSVESTITE

Ooo, *that's* what's wrong with you? You had it cut off?

MISS TRANSSEXUAL

I've had several operations.

MISS TRANSVESTITE

[*Uh, uh*] That ain't right.

EMCEE
Miss Transvestite...

MISS TRANSSEXUAL
What are you getting at?

MISS TRANSVESTITE
The Lord made you a man, you stay a man.

MISS TRANSSEXUAL
Are you familiar with the word “hypocrisy?”

MISS TRANSVESTITE
Are you familiar with the word “bitch?”

MISS TRANSSEXUAL & MISS TRANSVESTITE rise off their stools.

EMCEE steps between them.

EMCEE
Okay, my lovelies. Calm down.

MISS TRANSSEXUAL and MISS TRANSVESTITE return to their stools.

Compose yourselves, my doves, while I pose the same question to [*gesturing to HARPER*] that.
He. She. It.

HARPER
Harper.

EMCEE crosses to HARPER.

EMCEE
Yes, I know. Harper. Same question. What makes you think you deserve to be here?

HARPER
What? That’s not the same question!

EMCEE
Is that your answer?

HARPER
[*With a sigh*] Sure. Whatever.

EMCEE
It’s time for our lightening round! I say a word. You say the first word that pops into your head.
Okay?

MISS TRANSVESTITE and MISS TRANSSEXUAL
Okay.

EMCEE
Miss Transvestite, I say puppy, you say—

MISS TRANSVESTITE
Love!

EMCEE
Miss Transsexual, I say butterfly, you say—

MISS TRANSSEXUAL
Wings!

EMCEE
Harper, I say, goat, you say—

HARPER
Hey!

EMCEE
I say rainbow, you say—

MISS TRANSVESTITE
Flag.

EMCEE
I say sunshine, you say—

MISS TRANSSEXUAL
Moonbeams.

EMCEE
I say, Ebola virus, you say—

HARPER
This is stupid.

EMCEE
Rhinestone—

MISS TRANSVESTITE
Cowboy!

EMCEE
Pearl—

MISS TRANSSEXUAL
Necklace.

EMCEE
Lead paint—

HARPER
Fuck you.

EMCEE
That concludes our lightning round! How about a round of applause for our contestants?

EMCEE encourages audience applause, gesturing to MISS TRANSVESTITE and MISS TRANSSEXUAL and ignoring HARPER.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, *meine damen und herren*, muffin eaters and millipedes, the moment you've been waiting for: the one minute talent competition!

EMCEE encourages audience applause.

Each contestant will have up to one minute to wow us with their talent. I'll randomly select who goes first using the Harvard-approved "enie minie minie moe" method.

EMCEE points from right to left, beginning with MISS TRANSVESTITE, and ending with MISS TRANSVESTITE.

Enie minie minie moe. Catch a beauty by her toe. If she hollers, let her go. Enie minie minie moe.

MISS TRANSVESTITE squeals, dismounts her stool, steps to downstage center.

