The Last Few Days of Shopping Before Christmas

CAST: Monologist - either male or female.

(Monologist enters.)
Monologist: Employees...attention please. I am Lancelot Boggins, your general manager.

In ten minutes, the door will open and the mob of last-minute shoppers will come streaming in. Some of you will be inured. Some will never be seen again.

It’s also possible some of you may be battered beyond recognition...which is the reason for those numbered tags on your toes.

If you feel you’re not up to this battle, get out now! But once your name is on the chicken list, you’ll never work for a big store again. Those who stay - be ready!

Your crash helmets and bullet-proof vests are over at the armament table.

Check your first aid book. Pay particular attention to the chapter entitled “How to Give Mouth-to-Mouth Resuscitation without Getting Emotionally Involved.”

A special reminder to Mr. Benson. No mistletoe hanging over the doorway to the ladies’ dress department. Remember the stink those blue noses from the vice squad made last year? Remember, there’s no way you can identify a policewoman once she slips out of her uniform.

A warning to all hands - don’t let mothers deposit their kids in Lost and Found. They forget them. On purpose! Last year we got stuck with forty-seven of those rotten...er...cute little tykes. Fortunately we managed to place most of them with nice families, but we still have a half-dozen kids nobody wants.

Remember, customers steal! Girls handling hairpieces - wigs are easy to lift. Don’t accuse anyone. We can get sued. Simply use your electric fans as an aid to detection.

Now, finally, all toy department personnel - don’t let grown men play with Barbie dolls. They have a tendency to develop a terrific crush on Barbie. Last year we had to toss out a grown man kicking and screaming. Do you think it’s easy taking a Barbie doll away from Mr. T?

Thank you, and go get ’em!