

Frosty the Rogue Man  
By Claudia Haas  
claudiahaas12@gmail.com

## Frosty the Rogue Man

### CAST:

Frosty (m) ageless; an urban snowman

Holly (f) embattled urban woman

Place: An empty bus stop; there could be a bench. Or not. There definitely is a snowman.

Time: A December Eve

Synopsis: Holly makes her way home from work when she encounters a talking snowman. He has a lot to say to her and she doesn't want to hear it anymore.

Frosty the Rogue Man

AT RISE, HOLLY walks to a bus stop. She checks her watch and stretches her neck to see if a bus is coming. She is a wee bit chilly. All is deserted except for a snowman nearby. The snowman has a small Christmas tree in his arms.

FROSTY

Hey dollface! Want to frolic?

(HOLLY is momentarily startled. She looks around. Seeing no one, she returns to shivering and looking for the bus.)

FROSTY (cont'd)

Wanna play?

(HOLLY zips around – eyes darting in all directions. She peers around the snowman and then looks elsewhere. FROSTY changes positions.)

FROSTY

Let's run and have some fun!

(HOLLY spins around. She notes that the snowman may have changed positions. She whips out some hairspray or something ridiculous from her purse.)

HOLLY

CREEP! CREEPSTERS! I'm armed and not afraid to use my weapon!

FROSTY

Baby, it's cold outside. Be nice, sweetie.

HOLLY

I am no one's "baby," "sweetie," "dollface," – got that!

(HOLLY moves around – karate gestures, jumping and maybe a yell and ends it all with a quick punch into Frosty's stomach. The Furr .... I mean snow flies.)

FROSTY

Yeouw! What'd you do that for?

HOLLY

You really are made of snow!

FROSTY

Most snowmen are.

HOLLY

Most snowmen don't talk. Unless you're Frosty the Snowman – who started talking when a magic hat was put on his head.

FROSTY

I'm Frosty!

HOLLY

Nooooo!

FROSTY

YES!!!! I started talking when this Christmas tree was placed in my arms. Hey baby doll – wanna trim my Christmas tree!

HOLLY

PERVERT!

FROSTY

I'm a snowman! A kissy-face snowman!

(And FROSTY makes lip-smacking, kissy sounds.)

HOLLY

Are you coming on to me?

FROSTY

Don't know. Don't know what that means. Come here, sugar-lips – smile!

HOLLY

For the record – I am not sugar-lips. I don't smile for perverted snowmen and I really don't appreciate being harassed on the street. If I had a hairdryer – I'd melt you!

FROSTY

What'd I do, Baby?

HOLLY

I'm not a baby! Do I look like a baby?

FROSTY

Don't know. Don't know what a baby is.

HOLLY

Then why are you saying it?

FROSTY

That's what I heard. When I was being built. That's what the humans were saying. "Hey Baby, Baby! Yooo! Beautiful! Smile! Talk to me, Doll-Face!" I thought I was repeating it all pretty accurately.

HOLLY

So ... you're just repeating what you heard people say.

FROSTY

Yes – I thought I got it right.

HOLLY

Women don't really like being called "Baby" and stuff by strangers. Even strange snowmen.

FROSTY

Oh. What do they like?

HOLLY

Mostly they like to be ignored.

FROSTY

That's sad.

HOLLY

That's – what we think of as – safe. I mean – I guess you could say "hi." But nothing more!

FROSTY

Okay. Hi.

HOLLY

Hi.

(Pause.)

FROSTY

Wanna ... have some fun?

HOLLY

NO! Leave it at "hi." That was enough!

FROSTY

But – it's my only time to have fun – morning will come and it will be above freezing and I will be a puddle.

HOLLY

Don't you get it – I don't want to have – fun. Not with strangers. We don't know each other!

FROSTY

I'm Frosty. I don't want to be a stranger. I want to be your friend.

HOLLY

Inviting a strange woman to have “fun” is not the way to her heart.

FROSTY

So – what do I do? How can I make a friend?

HOLLY

Go slow. Offer to meet for coffee.

FROSTY

What's coffee?

HOLLY

A hot drink that keeps you awake.

FROSTY

Can't do hot.

HOLLY

Right. Maybe – ask to walk downtown and look at holiday directions?

FROSTY

Can't walk.

HOLLY

What can you do?

FROSTY

Talk.

HOLLY

Yeah – but that Baby-kissy-face stuff has to go. Not appealing.

FROSTY

I know other stuff. I've been paying attention. “Four score and seven years ago...”

HOLLY

*You know the Gettysburg Address????*

FROSTY

Some kid at the bus stop was reciting it. I'm a sponge. I remember everything. Is that perverted?

HOLLY

Not exactly. So if I told you to say, "Holly is beautiful and I am so lucky that she came into my life" – you would say it?

FROSTY

Holly is beautiful and I am glad that she came into my life. Who's Holly?

HOLLY

I am.

FROSTY

Hi, Holly.

HOLLY

Hi, Frosty. How about, "Holly will always be my love. I will sacrifice all for her."

(Holly is getting chilled.)

FROSTY

Holly will always be my love. I will sacrifice all for her.

HOLLY

Would you?

FROSTY

Yes.

(HOLLY bursts into tears.)

FROSTY (cont'd)

What a sad sound!

HOLLY

*I finally found a man I can train and he's going to melt!*

FROSTY

We are star crossed lovers.... I mean .... friends..... star-crossed friends.

We are! We truly are!

HOLLY

You're chilled. Take my gloves.

FROSTY

(HOLLY does so.)

They're filled with snow.

HOLLY

And my scarf.

FROSTY

(She does so.)

Better?

FROSTY (cont'd)

Yes. Thank-you. I don't think the bus is coming. I probably should walk home. Only – I don't know if I ever will see you again!

HOLLY

Take the Christmas tree. Go home and trim it. And remember me.

FROSTY

But –

HOLLY

Go! I don't want you to see me turn into a puddle. I'm vain that way.

FROSTY

OH FROSTY!

HOLLY

OH HOLLY!

FROSTY

***I LOVE YOU!***

HOLLY

***I know! GO!***

FROSTY

HOLLY

For the record – I love being the tragic heroine!

(And Holly blows tragic kisses and runs off in a most satisfied, tragic manner.)

FROSTY

Whatever that means! GO!

(HOLLY runs off with the small Christmas Tree.)

FROSTY

(Quietly)

Hey, Baby, Baby ....

End of Play