

Reindeer Monologues

Callback Sides

Vixen

I remember one summer I was at a benefit at the Playboy Mansion,
And Hef saw me and asked if I would do a photo spread for the December issue.
Mrs. Claus threw a fit.
She wanted to have me fired.
I think she was just jealous because she doesn't look good in a black leather harness and spikes.

She doesn't look good in gold body paint and pasties either.
But that's what she wore to the office Christmas party last year. Gold paint, pasties,
And an elf
Strapped to her crotch like a fig leaf.
A screaming, terrified fig leaf.
I think she had planned to come as a Christmas ornament, but, y'know, after that first pint of
bourbon,
Her creative juices get a little sloppy.
She staggered into that room.
And her elf screaming:

“AAH AAH AAH!”

“Guess what I am!”

“You're a holiday fruitcake, honey.”

That's what Cupid said.

And she spent the rest of the party hanging on all the bucks saying, “If I was a fruitcake, would you eat me for Christmas?”

This is the woman who wanted me fired for moral turpitude.

Apparently, promiscuity is acceptable as long as it's vulgar, humiliating, and ultimately futile.

That's a healthy attitude:

“Remember, girls:

A woman is only a slut

if she meets with some degree of success.”