

Kill the Christmas Father Daddy Man

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A short play

By Jarred Corona

At Rise: The family room of someone's house, implied by few chairs and a table. Perhaps there's a Christmas tree. Perhaps not.

A man, Joshua, waits with a baseball bat or a two-by-four or some other long phallic weapon that he plays with a bit too much.

He addresses the audience.

JOSHUA

This Christmas is going to be different. That bastard is finally going to get what's coming to him. One good whack on that jolly jutting gut and a pop on those puffy pink cheeks will set him straight. I'll hit a ground ball all the way up into his Santa's Sack so he'll fall squirming on the floor. Only a few minutes more to wait, and I'll finally have my revenge. Tonight, we kill Father Christmas. Don't look at me like that. It's what he deserves. Every year I work to the bone baking all sorts of cookies and pies and breads and muffins to share with everyone and every single year, that fat, gluttonous, greedy sonuvabitch steals an entire tin of chocolate chips cookies to pad out his already plump tire. Well, I'm tired! No more! You can have three, maybe seventeen, but not sixty-six chocolate chips! It's only a few minutes 'til midnight. You'll see. You'll all see as I deliver upon the world a RED Christmas!! Have to hurry and set the bait: a handful of cookies.

He puts the cookies on the table and hides.

JOSHUA

Come get your cookie comeuppance, Kris Kringle.

Beat.

JOSHUA

He's coming.

Beat.

JOSHUA

He always comes. It's Christmas.

Beat.

Santa, a Santa Clause type, sneaks on. He has a present. Perhaps he tosses it with wild abandon and rushes the cookie tin.

SANTA

Ho-ho-ho, come to Papa.

JOSHUA

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

He rushes out and attacks Santa.

Yikes.

SANTA

You naughty boy!

JOSHUA

I knew you'd come, you motherfucking cookie thief! How could you?! These! Are! Mine! Beg! Beg for mercy!

SANTA

Stop.

JOSHUA

I didn't hear a "Please."

SANTA

Please.

JOSHUA

Please what?

SANTA

Please stop.

JOSHUA

Wrong answer! Please what?

SANTA

Please, sir.