LETTER TO SANTA *by* Ian Jackson

Toby – Starts play as a 17yr old, ends play as a 14yr old.

Santa – Take Santa, move the *n* to the end, what does it spell?

Mom – Toby's mother.

Samantha – Toby's girlfriend.

Boy – A boy.

{Lights come up on a desk and a chair, Toby, a 17yr old boy sits in the chair. He has brown curly hair, wears a Hawaiian shirt and a peace-sign for a necklace. He is writing}

Toby:

"Dear Santa,

I've been a believer in Santa Claus for as long as I can remember. Unlike my family, you've always been there for me, giving me advice when I desperately needed help.
However I am writing this letter to inform you that I no longer believe you are real. I asked you to keep my mom from dying and you didn't. I know it's silly to be writing to someone who isn't real, but I wanted to let you know.

Sincerely,

Toby. "

{Lights go down on Toby, and come up on a desk opposite him. Sitting in the desk is, Santa. He is writing}

Santa:

"*Dear Toby,*

This is Santa. I've read your letter, and am "

{Lights go down on Santa, and come up on a Toby. He is writing}

Toby:

"*Santa, you've got to be the meanest 'Jolly Old Man' ever. I think you should go to hell. Giving people coal just because you can, if that isn't mean I don't know what is. I don't want anything to do with you ever again.*

Your Maniac,

Toby"

{Santa comes in behind Toby}

Santa: Toby. *{Toby starts, stands}*

Toby: Santa!

Santa: There is something I need to show you.

{Santa blindfolds Toby. Lights go down, set pieces are brought on. There should be a chair, TV set, remote, wall pictures, etc... It should have a hellish atmosphere. Lights return blindfold is removed}

Santa: This is where all the bad people go. They live here in the heat and flame, never leaving, always in some kind of pain.

Toby: Not to shabby, got nice pictures, comfortable chair, and TV. I think I'll stay here, gotta be better than living with my asshole of a Father.

Santa: Stay? No one's ever wanted stay. You seem to have missed the point entirely. I brought you here to convince you to change. I can't have you living here with me...

{Toby walks over to the chair, picks up the remote and begins surfing the TV stations}

Santa: As you wish...*{Santa walks off stage, and hides where Toby can't see him, but the audience knows he is still watching.}*

{Toby surfs through several more channels, when it gets stuck on one that has a picture of Samantha. Santa waves his hands and makes a summoning motion at the TV, Samantha emerges from the TV set.}

Toby: Samantha? You can't be here, I killed you, you're dead.

{Samantha speaks with an eerie echo in her voice}

Samantha: Why'd you do it Toby? I loved you, I loved you Toby, why'd you cut off my hands...?

Toby: Shut up! I did what I did because I love you. You have know way of understanding...

{Santa pounds his fists on the ground, Mom walks up behind Toby}

Mom: Maybe because you never wanted her to? I know you never wanted me to... I gave you your life, you had no right to take mine.

Toby: I couldn't help it, you knew too much.

Samantha & Mom: Toby! *{This should be an extremely eerie scream}*

{Boy walks out from behind Santa, Santa whispers in his ear. He walks over to Toby}

Boy:*{yelling}* Drowning an entire grade!

Samantha: *{yelling} Hijacking planes!*

Mom: *{yelling}* Bombing day-cares!

{Santa should be seen making movements that seem to control the action on stage}

Samantha: Let me show you what it felt like to die. *{She gags Toby}* Gagged with my own hair. *{she tears off his shirt and ties him to the chair with it}* Stripped naked and then bound with my own clothes. *{She cuts off his fingers.}* Lovely sensation isn't it?

Mom: *{She pours a liquid over his head}* To have honey poured over your body and then to be devoured by dogs. *{Samantha & Boy start gnawing at Toby}*

Boy: Drowned

Mom: Eaten

Samantha: Mutilated

{These cries repeat multiple times, growing in intensity. Toby is screaming and crying. Santa walks over to Toby. He laughs his jolly laugh, then pulls of his hat/mask and is revealed as Satan. His laugh grows maniacal.}

Toby: No. No. I'll be good, I swear I will. No more bad things. No more bad things, no more, no more... *{Lights down, he wakes up at the writing desk as lights returns. He is writing}*

"*...if I do get coal, I'll find the nearest playground and push..." {stops writing}*

Toby: No, no, no, no. *{begins again}*

"*...if I do get coal, I'll still be the best most kind person I can be.*

Love,
Toby."

{Boy walks up to Toby and whispers in his ear}
Boy: Drowned *{Pours water on Toby's head}*

{Boy leaves, Toby is writing}

"*...if I do get coal, I'll find the nearest playground and push..." {stops writing}*

Toby: No, no, no, no. *{begins again}*

"*...if I do get coal, I'll still be the best most kind person I can be.*

Love,
Toby."

{Samantha walks up to Toby and whispers in his ear}
Sam: Mutilated *{Raises knife over Toby}*

{Samantha leaves, Toby is writing}

"*...if I do get coal, I'll find the nearest playground and push..." {stops writing}*

Toby: No, no, no, no. *{begins again}*

"*...if I do get coal, I'll still be the best most kind person I can be.*

Love,

Toby."

{Mom walks up to Toby and whispers in his ear}

Mom: Eaten *{she starts gnawing on his ear. He screams, lights go down on desk. They return to find 14yr old Toby waking from a bad dream}*

Toby: I do believe in fairies, I do believe in fairies, I DO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES! *{He starts. Mom walks on stage}*

Mom: Toby, I know all about what you've been doing after school.

Toby: Are you kidding me? I told you no spying, you bit... *{Santa is heard laughing "*Ho, ho, ho, HELL!" *}* I mean, you do?

{lights slowly fade during Mom's line}

Mom: Why didn't you just tell me you take interpretive dance? I was quite the dancer myself you know, there's so many things I could show you... *{lights should be down at this point}*

Toby: Mom, don't ever let me write another *Letter to Santa* again.

Mom: Toby

Toby: Yes?

{lights up}

Mom: EATEN!

{lights down}

End!