

## 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 too 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 no 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 off 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!**