

# I Jacked Santa Claus

One Act Stage Play by

*Karl J. Niemiec*

LapTopPublishing.com  
3531 Rolling Springs Drive  
Carmel, IN 46033  
[kjn@laptopublishing.com](mailto:kjn@laptopublishing.com)  
317-379-5716

CHARACTERS

- SANTA CLAUS                      He's the real deal, stopping to pick up special orders.
- BILL TUCKER                      A troubled teen (any ethnicity) who has run away from reform school, robbed a store, and put a gold watch into a Salvation Army Bucket thinks the real Santa Claus is the same fake Santa.
- OFFICER WILLEY                O.S. Voice.

SETTING

- Christmas Eve in Small Town America on an icy road/bridge overlooking a frozen river.
- Outside/Inside Santa's car that turns into his sleigh with all the reindeer and trimmings.

*AT RISE: Outside a Ohio - store front - NIGHT A glorious small town Christmas. Lights a glow. Snow falling. Sleigh bells RINGING. CAROLERS someplace nearby. Off in the distance more WHISTLES blow and harried YELLING fades into the snowy night. As once again the SOUNDS of Christmas overcome the moment. As loaded down with gifts, Santa, hurries down the street. He's in an awful hurry. He drops his keys in his haste to open the car door.*

SANTA Oh my, this just isn't right.  
*(He hunts for the keys in the snow)*  
 I'm running so behind tonight.  
*(He drops the load of WRAPPED PACKAGES as)*  
 Got you.  
*(Bending down to pick up the keys)*

BILLY *(Rude heavy boot steps on the keys)* Not so fast, fatso.  
*(Santa looks up to find menacing PISTOL pointed at him)*

BILLY Hand over the watch.

SANTA But I don't have a watch.  
*(Santa shows him. No watch)*

BILLY I'm talkin' about the one I put in your bucket.

SANTA My bucket?

BILLY Don't play dumb with me, fatso. I dropped a gold watch in your bucket. Now cough it up. Or I plug you right here.

SANTA Young man --

BILLY One, two, thr....

SANTA Wait, I'm sure I have something here.

*(Santa reaches into the pile of gifts he was carrying now spread out in the snow)*

SANTA *(proudly)* It's not a gold, but I'm sure you'll find the time to use it.

BILLY What is it?

SANTA A book. The Meaning of Christmas.

BILLY A book!? Here's a new chapter for ya, fatty. Give me my watch or I shoot your fat ass. End of Christmas story.

SANTA Obviously, you need this book more than you know. The meaning of Christmas is in the giving, not in the taking.

BILLY Have you lost your marbles, lard'o?

SANTA Oh no, I have a wonderful set right here.

*(He pulls out a beautiful SILK BAG filled with MARBLES)  
Perhaps you might....*

*(Billy slaps the marbles and they go flying)*

SANTA *(goes after them)* Oh my, this just won't do at all. I have Matthew Tomas, a very good boy, waiting for these -- since he took sick in July.

BILLY *(cocks the gun)* Stop picking up marbles.

SANTA But you don't understand, Billy.

BILLY Who told you my name?

SANTA I know everyone's name.

BILLY Yeah right, fatso. Get up.

SANTA *(rises)* Your mother won't like this one bit.

BILLY Shut up. She doesn't care about me. Turn around.

*(Santa does)*

BILLY *(frisks him)* Where's the wallet? Man, you're a lard ass. You ever think about maybe skipping a meal?

SANTA Wallet? Oh, I have a nice one right here. It's for Mr. Waters, but....  
*(Santa hands over a SMALL PACKAGE)*

BILLY Listen fatso, I'm givin' you a count to nothin'. Where's *your* wallet?

SANTA I don't personally carry one. Makes me hunch in the seat. I do have a swell change purse. But I believe I left it in my sleigh.

BILLY Change purse? What are you an old lady?

SANTA It was a gift. From me wife. Who is expecting....

BILLY *(looks at the car)* This your ride?

SANTA Why yes, a beauty isn't she. Duel exhaust and real leather trim... can really fly.... But --

BILLY -- But nothin'. Give me the keys.

SANTA Oh, all right, but you really don't understand, Billy.

BILLY That's it. How do you know who I am?

SANTA I know everyone. See I have a list.

*(Santa pulls out a GREAT BIG LIST, seemingly from out of the air.)*

SANTA Let's see. Billy Tucker. Oh my, you've been a very bad boy this year. How did you get out of reform school?

BILLY Look, I don't know... ah hell; you're coming with me. Get in.

*(Billy pushes Santa into his car. And Billy gets behind the wheel. Billy starts the car. Throws it in gear)*

BILLY I was gonna let you go, but no. You had to be difficult. I don't know what crazy game you're playing, but I can't leave you wandering the streets telling the cops who I am.

SANTA Billy --

BILLY Shut up! I don't know who you think you are... but I know there's no such thing as a Santa Claus. He's nothing but fatsos like you begging for change on street corners.

SANTA I am Santa Claus. Those others are just fighting a good cause.

BILLY Yeah, and I'm Billy the kid. And I'm fighting my cause. Freedom. Now shut up. Put your seat belt on or something.

SANTA Actually, Billy Tucker from four-three-eight-seven Pennsylvania Street, apartment One-ten you used to write me letters. Remember the blue bike. That was me. I left you that myself.

BILLY Blue bike? You know about my blue bike?

SANTA Of course. We all knew how much you loved your blue bike. You took great care of it. One of the most sincere letters I ever received. You were very proud of it.

BILLY Then you know my father tried to give it to my stepbrother for Christmas.

SANTA You out grew it. Pity you threw it off the bridge. Were some good miles still on that bike.

BILLY It was still *mine*! And no one was taking *my* bike! It was given to *me*!

SANTA I see. Is that why I haven't gotten a letter from you in years? Because your father tried to give your blue bike away?

BILLY No. Because my old man told me ten year-olds don't go around writing stupid letters to someone who doesn't exist. So I could forget about the things I wanted. And be happy with the things I got.

SANTA Like sweaters and socks. School things.

BILLY And stupid books about the dumb meaning of Christmas.

*(Billy pulls the car into the street as an O.S. Policeman walks by. Santa waves. Billy scrunches)*

OFFICER *(O.S)* Marry Christmas, Santa.

SANTA Marry Christmas to you, Officer Willey. Kiss Timmy for me. And don't forget my milk and cookies again this year.

OFFICER Naaaa....

BILLY *(drives on)* See, even cops think you're nuts.

SANTA *(looking around the car)* Oh my.

BILLY Now what?

SANTA We've left all my presents out in the street.

BILLY Will you shut up about the presents. *(puts the gun back on Santa)* Now, where's my watch?

SANTA I don't have the watch, Billy. And stealing it doesn't make it yours.

BILLY Okay, so you know I stole it. All that will get you is one last ride out of this stinking town.

SANTA You're not gonna harm me, Billy. So why don't you put that down before you hurt yourself.

BILLY Yeah, you gonna take it from me?

SANTA Of course not. I'm a giver not a taker.

BILLY Yeah well, keep in mind that this gun says I'm Santa Claus and you're nothing more than a fat old man begging for his life.

*(Billy turns the corner. He stops. He's momentarily not sure where he is)*

SANTA I'm afraid you've managed to take a wrong turn somewhere. Would you like to talk about it?

BILLY I jack you... and you want to talk. I'm dangerous. I'm mean. I'm no good. I'm a powder-keg itchin' for a match. Ask my old man, he'll tell ya. I ain't been good since I threw my bike off that bridge. And I ain't likely to start tonight just because it's Christmas.

SANTA Technically, not yet.

*(Billy puts the car back in gear. Makes a turn)*

BILLY Christmas ain't nothin' but bull anyhow. So I'm doin' you a favor, fatso. You're sittin' this one out.

SANTA Obviously, you're holding pent up sorrow and taking it out on the rest of the world. Revenge won't bring back your blue bike, Billy. There's always bad karma to repay.

BILLY Listen, you old fool. I'm taking you to the bridge. Droppin' you off and I'm takin' this car as far as it'll take me.

SANTA Oh, I'm afraid this car will take you a lot farther than you've ever imagined. It's a magic sleigh, you know.

BILLY Keep it up, fatso. Where's the money from your bucket?

SANTA I've never used a bucket. But I do have a bag of important documents here somewhere. *(Santa opens the GLOVE BOX)* Here it is. What would you like?

BILLY Start with money. Coins, whatever... give up

SANTA I'm sorry. No need for money.

BILLY You put all that junk back there on cards?

SANTA Credit cards? Never in my life.

BILLY You stole them? Good for you, fatso.

SANTA Of course not. Those were special orders I had made specifically for some very special children.

BILLY Ain't that special. Well, you ain't got them now.

SANTA Things are never lost, Billy. Just momentarily misplaced.

*(Santa reaches into the back seat and pulls out the silk sack with the marbles that had spread all over the ground. He holds out the bag of marbles)*

SANTA Like you Billy, just momentarily misplaced your sense of direction. You'll figure it out soon enough.

BILLY *(takes a sudden left)* I ain't lost, fatso, I know exactly where I'm goin'.

*(Billy pulls Santa's car over to the side of the bridge. But the car slides on the ice and keeps going)*

*(BANG, it goes up and over the railing and hangs there, precariously over the frozen river, three hundred feet below)*

*(Billy grips the stirring wheel, trying his best not to fall towards Santa. Santa just sits there slumped to the door. He looks unconscious)*

BILLY Our weight, we're sliding. *(reaches over, shakes him)* Hey you, fatso. Ah, Santa dude? Yo, big fella, wake up!

*(Billy rolls down the window and grabs SNOW off the railing of the bridge. He smears it on Santa's face. Santa comes around. Sees his predicament)*

SANTA Oh, my! This won't do.

BILLY Why'd you have to be so fat?

SANTA I'm not fat, Billy. I'm jolly.

BILLY Dude, you're fat. You're also nuts. We're gonna die here if we don't think of something fast.



*(The car slides further out. Tipping towards the passenger side. Billy is sliding across the seat towards Santa. He's still holding onto the stirring wheel)*

BILLY Help me.

SANTA I'm afraid you'll have to help yourself here, Billy. Saving lives is not in my bag of goods. Spreading joy and hope are my gifts to the world. The consequences of your actions are left to others who'll judge you in the end.

BILLY Look, if I go -- you go.

SANTA It doesn't work that way.

*(The car slides further. Billy holds on with all his might, but it does him no good. His fingers slide off the cold stirring wheel. And plop, he falls into Santa's lap)*

BILLY This ain't what it seems.

SANTA Now, what would you like for Christmas, Billy?

BILLY Your fat ass over to the other side of the car. To keep us from falling.

SANTA I'm afraid I can't be of any help to you in this situation. You don't believe. And there'd be Christmas Spirit to pay if I left you to wander the streets knowing.

BILLY You're right about that. I don't believe I'm hearin' this, Tinker Bell. Get your butt over there.

SANTA If I were to do the one thing that would make you believe in me, Billy, you could never go back home again. *(RULE BOOK appears)* Right here after Snowmen Must Melt. Section 8. Clause Twelve. Under Santa's Little Helpers.

BILLY Wise up, Santa! I go home, I go to jail. So if you got wings to fly, start flappin'.

SANTA No, I'm Old Saint Nick. I need reindeer to fly.

BILLY I don't care if you're the Great Pumpkin. If you know how to keep us from fallin' three hundred feet into that river -- I will follow you to the ends of the earth and back again.

SANTA Oh, I'm afraid there won't be any coming back again. The small print. At least not as you know things now. Though next year --

BILLY -- Whatever. I woke you up. I might've saved you. So just do something. Make me believe, I don't care. Save us!

SANTA (*pulls out a GREAT BIG BOOK*) You did wake me up. Huummm....

*(As he thumbs through the page the weight of the book makes the car slide further)*

SANTA Here we are. Acts of self-preservation. There is a clause. Yes, I believe it counts. If in so keeping another from harm one's original intent is to save themselves it should still be considered an act of good for all. And therefore, shall pass as kindness onto another. Well, you might have saved Christmas after all, Billy. Congratulations.

BILLY Me? Ah, go on, it was a just a.... Never mind, just do something... fast.

SANTA Do you truly understand what I'm saying?

BILLY What? I have to be an elf or something?

SANTA Not or something.

BILLY Wait, I'm not gonna be your boyfriend or anything weird like that.

SANTA Billy, I'm Santa Clause. I've got to get Christmas started. Now I can't hang around with you all night, son. And if I reveal the truth to you here, I'm afraid there's no turning back.

BILLY What's the alternative? I wake up in some bed or something?

SANTA Yes, a riverbed. After you plunge, I'm afraid down there. But not 'til Spring.

BILLY With you?

SANTA Oh, no, I'm afraid I'll have to leave you to your own device. I'm sorry, Billy.  
Saving lives --

BILLY Yeah, yeah, I heard ya. Just show me.

SANTA You'll have to truly believe in me.

BILLY Come on. Okay, you're Santa Claus, ho, ho, ho.

SANTA I'm sorry. It won't work. I know you don't believe in me. But I do have a consolation gift for you.

*(Santa reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a large chunk of COAL. It makes the car lean even further)*

BILLY Holy... where'd you get that?

SANTA Actually, I had meant to give this to you later in the evening. But since you won't be able to receive it then. You might as well take it now. *(hands the coal to Billy)*  
Merry Christmas, Billy. Ho, ho, ho.

*(Billy drops it and it slams against the door. And the car begins to make its LAST SLIDE OVER the edge. Billy slams against the door as well, looking back to find Santa sitting behind the wheel. Santa reaches for the keys)*

SANTA So long, Billy. Coal is but a diamond in the rough. It's a metaphor, in case you're wondering.

BILLY Wait!

*(The door opens and Billy slides out, gripping the door jam, just hanging there as the coal falls the three hundred feet below. CRACK! Through the ice and into the cold rushing river below)*

BILLY Okay. Make me believe. Anything. I'll go anywhere. I don't want to end up like my blue bike. Crushed below.

SANTA Forever?

BILLY Forever. On the death of my blue bike. I swear.

SANTA You'll need to sign this.

*(Santa pulls out a LARGE FORM. Places it on the seat before Billy)*

BILLY But... I don't... I can't....

*(Santa tries to hand him a FANCY PEN. Billy can't grab it because he's holding on for dear life. He opens his mouth)*

SANTA It'll have to do.

BILLY Give it to me.

*(Billy signs the form, holding the pen with his mouth.)*

SANTA And here.

*(The car slowly slides off the bridge and down they go)*

SANTA And here.

*(Billy's eyes are wide open in shock as he writes with his mouth. Spits the pen out)*

*(Santa catches it and takes the form. Makes it disappear. Then calmly hits the remote on his key chain)*

*(In a FLASH the car turns into Santa's Sleigh, with all the reindeer and trimmings. And just like that he tips the sleigh the other way and Billy tumbles into it beside Santa)*

*(Billy looks down. They are hovering above the river. He looks back at Santa, to the reindeer, then to the ENORMOUS BAG OF GIFTS in the back)*

SANTA Do you believe in Christmas now, Billy?

BILLY Ah....

SANTA Tell you what. One more small gift.

BILLY Ah....

SANTA If you still don't believe, or don't want to join me. You can leave.

BILLY How?

SANTA You know. Just leave.

BILLY You mean jump. That's cold, Santa.

SANTA It would be a tragic accident, to be sure. Young man escapes from reform school, robs a store, then plunges three hundred feet to his death at the bottom of a frozen river to rejoin his beloved childhood blue bike.

BILLY No way. Not me. I saved Christmas. Didn't I?

SANTA Well, then Billy Tucker. It's official. Here's your new hat.

*(Santa hands Billy an ELVE'S HAT. Billy takes it and looks in a large shiny buckle beside him and Santa. He's an Elf!!! With pointed ears.)*

BILLY I'm a friggin'....

SANTA Ah, ah ah, no swearing from Santa's little helpers.

BILLY I jacked the real Santa Claus?

SANTA That you did, Billy. That you did.

*(Santa uses his REINS to make his reindeer fly. And up into the air they go. As they zoom off into the distance!)*

SANTA On Dancer on Prancer....

BILLY No no no!

SANTA It's ho, ho ho! You'll get the hang of it. Hang on.

(A hard bank into the SNOWY SKI.

BILLY AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!! I JACKED SANTA CLAAAAUUUUSSSS!!!!

(And they FADE INTO the Christmas Eve Night as we FADE TO BLACK.

CURTAIN