

A Parent's Wish

Mom and Dad stagger on stage toward their bed on Christmas Eve, obviously exhausted. They both collapse on bed and let out a long sigh

Dad- Can it be true? Can we finally sleep now?

Mom- I think I might be too tired to sleep

Dad- *(tired laugh)* Yeah, I hear you. Thank God this only comes once a year.

Mom- I know.... Every year I tell myself that I will get everything done before Christmas eve and then just be able to relax and enjoy some wine.

Dad- How did it come up so fast this year?

Mom- I wish I knew.... Did we get everything done?

Dad- At this point I don't even care- so let's say yes

Mom- No, really. I won't be able to relax until I know we got everything.

Dad- *(seductively)* I can think of one thing we haven't done yet...

Mom- I am serious!

Dad- Okay- well, you made the cookies

Mom- Yeah..... every year I have this little fantasy in my head of the kids and I having a magic moment baking and decorating cookies.... But within 5 minutes there was flour everywhere, children screaming and egg in my hair!

Dad- But the important thing is you got them made

Mom- Yeah, I am sure it will be a precious memory for them someday- Mom with yolk dripping in her eye, ripping the measuring cup out of their hands screaming "Just let me do it!"

Dad- Well.... No one is perfect

Mom- At least you got the decorating done with them.

Dad- Yep.... I was pretty pleased that they only broke 3 ornaments this year. I thought we were in for a record.... Until William swallowed the baby Jesus.

Mom- It will be fun trying to get that back

Dad- I vote we just buy a new Jesus

Mom- Good call.

Dad- And then we wrapped presents

Mom- Whose bright idea was it to start wrapping every single tiny thing in the stockings?

Dad- Ummm.... I think that was you

Mom- Well why didn't you stop me??? Now every year we stay up all night. Do those stockings get bigger every year? How many individual tubes of chapstick can I possibly wrap??

Dad- But it is done. We did it. And look *(looks at clock)* It is only 2am. If we are lucky the kids won't start waking up till 5- so that gives us a whole 3 hours of sleep. That must be some kind of a record.

Mom- Why don't I learn from this? All I want is sleep. To actually be rested on Christmas morning.

Dad- I know, Honey. I'm pooped. Think you can sleep now?

Mom- I think I am already asleep.

(Mom and Dad close their eyes)

(there is a knock at the door)

Mom- Shit.... Did you hear that?

Dad- I hear nothing

(another knock at the door)

Mom- Good- I hear nothing too...

(Stacy barges into the room)

Stacy- Mom!!! Dad!!! Emergency!!

(Mom and Dad sit up straight)

Mom- What's wrong, Stacy?

Stacy- Mom! We didn't put out the milk for Santa!

Mom- *(groans and lays back down)* Santa doesn't need milk

Stacy- We always leave out Milk and cookies. We forgot the milk

Dad- Santa is lactose intolerant

Stacy- Santa ALWAYS drinks the milk, Dad.

Mom- You know what? This year I thought he might like his milk cold, so I left it in the fridge

Stacy- But what if he doesn't know where to find it?

Mom- Milk is always in the fridge. I think Santa will figure it out

Stacy- But he won't know where the glasses are

Mom- he will figure it out

Stacy- But... but... but... what if he uses my reindeer glass? What if he uses it and makes it dirty?

Mom- Then you can get another one

Stacy- Nooooo!!! I always use the reindeer!!! I have to use the reindeer one!!!

Mom- *(getting out of bed)* Fine! I will get out a friggin glass of milk for friggin Santa. Come on, Stacy

(Mom and Stacy leave)

Dad- *(Yells after Mom)* Precious memories, Dear, precious memories

(Mom returns with a dirty look and collapses in bed. Both close their eyes)

(William enters silently and stands with his face almost touching Dad's face. Waits a beat before speaking)

William- *(in Dad's sleeping ear)* Dad!

(Dad screams and jumps up causing Mom to scream)

Dad- What the hell??? Oh God, *(takes a deep breath)* William, hey buddy, what's going on?

William- I heard Santa Claus

Dad- Oh, no, buddy, that was just your mother getting a glass of milk

William- Nope. I heard Santa.

Mom- This is all yours, Daddy. *(lays back down and tries to ignore them)*

Dad- Listen kiddo, I know you think you heard Santa, but that was just Mommy, I promise

William- Dad, I heard him! And I forgot to leave my note for Santa where he could see it. But if Santa sees me now he will know I wasn't sleeping and he will put me on the naughty list *(starts crying)* and then Santa will hate me and never give me toys again and I will only get coal and-

Dad- Okay, I get it. What do you want me to do about it?

William- You need to bring the note to Santa! Please??? I worked so hard on it I just can't stand it if Santa doesn't get my note! Please??? Please, Daddy?

Dad- Okay! Okay.... I will bring down your friggin note.

(Dad and William leave)

Mom- *(Sarcastically yelling after Dad)* Precious memories, dear!

(Dad returns and collapses in bed)

Dad- Why can't they just sleep?

Mom- Shhhhhhh. I'm sleeping

Dad- Right... me too.

(Mom and Dad Fall back asleep)

(Stacy runs into the room screaming and crying)

Stacy- AHHH!!!! Mom! Mommy! Mom! MOOOOOOMMMMMMYYYYY!!

Mom- What??!

(Stacy jumps onto Mom's side of the bed and hugs her)

Stacy- I'm wet...

Mom- What?

Stacy- I'm wet.

Mom- *(suddenly feeling Stacy)* Oh god! You're wet!!!

(Mom jumps out of bed pulls Stacy out of bed)

Mom- AHHHH!!! *(grossed out)* Why would you get into my bed if you are wet?

Stacy- Well-

Mom- Never mind *(pulls stacy with her)* Come on. Oh my god...

Dad- Remember honey, Precious-

Mom- SHUT UP!!

(Mom and Stacy exit)

(Dad feels the wet spot. Shrugs his shoulders like it isn't that bad and lays back down)

(Mom reenters and collapses- feels the wet spot, starts to get up and then just gives up and lays down)

Dad- Please..... please no more

Mom- Next year we lock their doors

Dad- Or tie them to their beds

Mom- Or go to a hotel

Dad- I like that one

(mom and Dad start to sleep again)

(Suddenly Stacy and William come busting in the room)

Stacy- Is it morning now??

William- Yeah, is it morning?

Mom- No! No it is not morning!!!

Stacy- But I can't sleep anymore

William- It is scary in my room- I keep hearing noises

(Stacy and William cuddle up in the bed.)

Mom- Oh no- no no no- what are you doing?

(Stacy and William cuddle with their parents and start getting tired)

Stacy- I am *(yawn)* so excited I can't stop thinking about it

William- *(also yawning)* This is my very very very favorite time of the year

Stacy- Tomorrow is finally Christmas

William- It is finally here

(William and Stacy fall asleep. Mom looks down at the kids snuggled up and smiles at Dad)

Mom- *(in a whisper)* Maybe sleep isn't everything I want

Dad- *(lovingly and quiet to Mom)* Merry Christmas

