

## I Saw Mommy

*( Stage right- Mommy and Santa Claus are making out, Santa's back to stage left. Both making noises/ groans/ giggling)*

*Enter Sam- He walks into the room, sees Mom and Santa- silently says "Santa" and jumps back behind a chair to watch a minute. After fully realizing what is going on he gets frustrated and stands up suddenly*

Sam- Mom!!??

*(Santa and Mom jump apart and look startled at Sam)*

Mom- Sammy? I.. ah.... I didn't see you there sweetie

Sam- Yeah, obviously you didn't see me there. Do you want to explain to me what you were doing?

Mom- Hey there my little Pumpkin Pie. It is Christmas Eve. You are supposed to be sleeping

Sam- I WAS sleeping, you moron, until you woke me up.

Santa- *(Deep Santa Voice)* Whoa- ho-ho there little guy. Watch your mouth, Sammy.

Sam- Shut it Santa

Mom- Sammy! That is no way to talk to Santa

Sam- Really? And what should I do instead? Hmmm? Stick my tongue down his throat?

Santa- Ho! Ho! Ho! Okay Sam. I think that is enough. Time for you to go to bed

Sam- Yeah.... No. Not gonna happen Mr. Claus. Not until you explain what you are doing here with my Mother

Mom- Sam- this is... it is just a dream. Yeah, you are dreaming and all that junk food you ate is giving you a nightmare. So why don't you go back upstairs and you will forget all about this in the morning.

Sam- I am wide awake here, Lady. I am not going anywhere.

Santa- Now, Sammy, you don't want to end up on my naughty list, do you? You know I don't leave any toys for bad little boys and girls.

Sam- Is that what this is about? Toys?

Santa- What? Well, yes, you need to be good to get toys

Sam- Is my mother giving herself out for toys?

Mom- Sam! What has gotten in to you??

Sam- Does Dad know? Huh? Does Dad know what you do for toys?

Mom- Sammy, you don't understand. This is not about toys

Sam- No? So what then? I know what I saw Mom. You were kissing Santa Claus! You tickled him under his beard so snowy white, and you were about to ring his bells!

Mom- Sammy, you are too young to understand

Sam- Oh I understand just fine. You made an oath to Dad. You promised to love him forever. Through thick and thin and now I come down here to find this? You betrayed him! What are you going to say to him?

Mom- That is between your Father and me

Sam- No, thanks to your moaning, I am in this too. And if you don't tell him then I will.

*(Mom and Santa look nervously at each other).*

Mom- Just give us a minute- okay?

Sam- Fine... One minute

*(Mom pulls Santa to the side so Sam can't hear them. Santa drops the "Santa voice" and speaks normally)*

Mom- I don't know what to do

Santa- Why can't we say that there is no such thing as Santa Claus? Just tell him that it is actually Dad dressed up as Santa?

Mom- I can't do that to him!

Santa- Why not? How else are we going to get out of this?

Mom- He is only 6 years old. He is my baby. I can't tell him that

Santa- I know, Honey, but all kids find out eventually

Mom- But he is so innocent

Sam- *(getting annoyed at the secrets and yells out)* Come on you lying whore. Hurry up!

Santa- Yeah... he is a pure little soul isn't he?

Mom- I know he isn't perfect. But he still believes in the magic of Christmas. I can't kill that for him.

Santa- I know, I know, you are right, we can't tell him.... But what do we say?

Mom- I don't know

Santa- Hey, he still believes in the magic of Christmas, right?

Mom- Yes...

Santa- So how can we use that to help us?

Mom- Right.... Magic.... Magic....

Santa- Magic beans? Magic Cards?

Mom- Magic fairy dust!

Santa- What?

*(Mom runs over to Sam)*

Mom- Hey, sweetie, Santa just explained what happened. He sprinkled magic fairy dust on me while I was sleeping and it made me do things I didn't want to do.

Sam- What the hell??

*(Santa rushes over and grabs mom by the arm and pulls her back to the side while saying:)*

Santa-*(loudly and in Santa's voice)* Whoa – ho! Ho!

Mom- What?

Santa- *(back to normal voice)* How is making Santa a rapist not killing the magic of Christmas???

Mom- Oh... right... Good call

Santa- Okay okay okay... we need to think.

Mom- I got nothing.

Santa- I got it! It was all just a silly misunderstanding!

*(Santa rushes over to Sam)*

Santa- *(using Santa voice)* Now see here my young lad. This was all just a silly mistake

Sam- You're damn right it's a mistake!

Santa- Yes. You see... Well, Mrs. Claus and I like to meet up about half way through my night. And she helps perk me up for the rest of my deliveries

Sam- So? My Mom is not Mrs. Freaking Claus

Santa- Yes, my boy, but you see, it was really dark and I must have gotten my houses mixed up

Mom- Yes! And... and... your father went out to get some wine and I fell asleep on the couch while I was waiting

Santa- Yeah- so when I came down the chimney-

Mom- I thought he was Daddy

Santa- and I thought she was Mrs. Claus

Mom- and we just got carried away

Santa- Yes. So you see my tender tot, It was all just a big understanding

Mom- Yes. Boy, Aren't my cheeks red!

Santa- Ho! Ho! Ho! Even Santa makes mistakes

Sam (*glares at them both for a beat*) Yeah... There are some holes in your story, mister.

Santa- Uhhh... holes?

Sam- Yeah. Like how on Earth do you have time to stop for a fling on the busiest night of the year?

Santa- Well...I... uh... I always have time for Mrs. Claus

Sam- And Mom, why would Dad be coming down the chimney?

Mom- I... I had just woken up, I didn't see him come in

Sam- And even with the lights low, how did you not feel the difference between a big bushy beard verses a clean shaven face?

Mom- I..... hold on (*Grabs Santa's Arm and goes back to the side*) Well shit... that didn't work

Santa- (*back to normal voice*) I don't see any other options. We have to tell him

Mom- I know.... It just makes me so sad

Santa- I know, Honey. But we were going to have to tell him sometime

Mom- You're right

*(Mom and Santa slowly and sadly walk back to Sam)*

Sam- What is it going to be now? Aliens?

Mom- No, my sweet little Angel. Just the truth

Sam- Finally!

Mom- this is not going to be easy, son.

Sam- No shit- out with it.

Mom- Well.... I was really hoping you would be older when it came to this. And I want you to know we love you.

Santa- Yes, we love you *(reaches out to touch Sam's shoulder)*

Sam- *(pushes Santa's hand away)* Don't touch me you perv!

Mom- Sammy.... God.... This is harder than I thought it would be....

Santa- Just do it, like a band aid- quick

Mom- Sammy.... There is no such thing as Santa Claus

Sam- Bullshit!

Santa- It's true son

Sam- No it's not- he is right here!

Mom- No, Sammy, this isn't Santa

Sam- What?

Mom- Daddy and I thought it would be fun for him to dress up as Santa this year and I was going to take pictures of him delivering your gifts to show you in the morning

Sam- (*heart broken*) No.... no.... that can't be true

Mom- Oh Sammy. I didn't want you to find out this way (*she hugs Sam*) I love you so much, sweetie, I just wanted this year to be extra special

Santa- I am so sorry, kiddo. We never thought this would happen

Sam- But... but.... No Santa? No reindeer? No elves?

Mom- (*hugs Sam tightly*)- Shhhhh.... Just let it out honey.

Sam- I.... I wasn't ready for this

Mom- (*pulls back and looks at Sam*) Look at me, my big boy. You are one of the smartest 6 year olds I know. And you are so brave. And I know you will get through this.

Sam- (*Earnestly*) But...are you sure you aren't just sleeping around?

Mom- (*gently brushes his hair back*) Shhhhhh. Listen. Why don't you go upstairs and get in bed. Daddy will change and come tuck you in. Okay?

Sam- But-

Santa- Yeah, buddy, how about I come up and read you one more bedtime story?

Sam- Okay.... Okay I guess.

(*Sam turns to go upstairs*)

Sam- Hey mom?

Mom- Yes, Sweetheart?

Sam- Sorry I called you a whore.

Mom- I know, sweetie. I love you

Sam- Love you too

*(Mom and Santa watch Sammy leave. They wait a beat to make sure he is gone and let out a big breath)*

Santa- Is he gone?

Mom- Yeah.

Santa- Come here *(gives mom a hug)* He will be just fine.

Mom- I know...

*( Dad walks in the room carrying a bottle of wine, walks over and puts his arms around Mom and Santa)*

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Dad- I got the wine- now who is ready for some real Christmas Magic?

Mom- Yeah baby. Listen, Sammy needs you to run upstairs and read him one more bedtime story

Dad- Now?

Mom- Yeah... and if he asks about it- you were getting over heated in the Santa suit

Dad- Shit.... Alright.... But when I get back I want to really heat up that Santa suit.

*(slaps Santa on the ass as he exits)*