

Christmas at the Dingles

A short play by

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EDGAR

Hit 'em you bastard. Me wife can hit harder than that, you stupid, rotten, good-for-nothing jerk.

(To Santa)

See what he's doing wrong? First, he's jabbing too low. He has to keep the left up. See what I mean? Pick it up, pick it up you moron.

(Edgar crosses to a table and picks up a stuffed Christmas angel. He beats Santa with it as he cheers on the boxer. When Santa gets hit, he flinches only slightly.)

What kind of a boxer are you? Swing, damn it, swing.

(Pause) Bloody idiot, get up off the mat. Oh, for Christ sake. Five, six, get up you nit, nine.

(Edgar begins to shake Santa.)

He's up, he's up. Go to a neutral corner, you bastard. The bell, saved by the fucking bell.

(Edgar is hugging Santa as Prunty enters carrying two large mugs.)

PRUNTY

Edgar, dear, I've brought you a toddy.

EDGAR

I don't want a bloody toddy, Prunty. Now leave us alone until the fight is over. I been waiting for a month to see this fight, and you're not going to stop me. Understand?

(Prunty crosses to the table and puts the toddies down.)

PRUNTY

Edgar, it's Christmas eve. One shouldn't watch such violent things at Christmas time.

(She crosses to Santa and
sits on his lap.)

Christmas is a time for love, caring, and understanding.
A time when people should come together in harmony and
peace.

PRUNY (CONT'D)
(Kisses Santa, then stands
and screams at Edgar.)

So, I'm turning the damn thing off.

(Pruny crosses to the TV and
Edgar intercepts her. Santa
jumps up and comes between
them as if to stop the
fight.)

EDGAR

You turn the damn thing off and I'll throw you out the
damn window, you ugly...

(Edgar, stopped by Santa's
menacing glare, turns back
to the TV.)

Round three, twelve more to go and then I'll join you in
your little Christmas celebration, my lovely.

(Edgar and Santa cross to
their chairs. Santa tries
to sit in Edgar's chair and
there is a brief scuffle,
then both settle into their
original positions. Edgar
whistles loudly.)

Kill 'em, you ninny.

(Pruny crosses to Santa.)

PRUNY

If that's the way you want it, Edgar, then I'll celebrate
by myself.

(Pruny grabs Santa by the hand and pulls him up. Pruny starts singing "Here Comes Santa Claus" as the two dance to the song. They dance in front of the TV, blocking it from Edgar's view. When he moves to the right, they move to the right. When he moves to the left, they move to the left. Santa is definitely into it.)

EDGAR

Would you stop it! I can't see a bloody thing.

(Pruny breaks away from Santa in tears and sits on the stage left chair. Santa sits in the middle chair and tries to comfort her.)

PRUNY

You don't care about me. All you ever care about is your stupid boxing matches.

(Edgar doesn't move to comfort Pruny, as she continues to wail. Santa grabs Edgar by the shirt and pulls him close, as if to say " Well, man, do something.")

EDGAR

Oh, Pruny, I hate it when you cry, you know that. Come on, please, stop.

(More crying from Pruny. Santa lets go of Edgar and begins to comfort Pruny.)

It's Christmas and it's time we had some fun.

(Edgar tries to grab Pruny from Santa's arms but Santa won't let her go. Pruny continues to wail.)

Come on, love, cheer up. I'll turn it off, if it will make you happy.

(Edgar crosses to the TV and turns it off. Pruny continues to sniffle as Edgar crosses back to his chair. The two are hugging and being hugged by Santa.)

Come on, let's have a song.

(Pruny is reluctant.)

Pruny, please?

(Slowly, Edgar starts singing "Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer." Soon, the two are singing and being rocked by Santa. Pruny and Edgar get up and start dancing and are joined by Santa. Santa sings the part that starts: "Rudolph with your nose..." When the song comes to an end, Santa continues singing by himself. Edgar and Pruny watch him briefly.)

EDGAR

Shut up, you fat tub of lard.

(Santa rushes to his chair in tears. Pruny rushes up and hugs Santa and tries to comfort him.)

PRUNY

There, there, come on, it's all right. Edgar's just a mean, nasty, person who doesn't deserve anything for Christmas. Now let's see that big Christmas smile of yours.

(Santa smiles and the two hug.)

There, isn't that better?

EDGAR

You never treat me that way.

PRUNY

Because you don't deserve it. And besides, that wasn't very nice. He carried his big bag filled with wonderful gifts for us all the way from the North Pole. You should be ashamed of yourself.

EDGAR

Gifts! Gifts! Every year the bastard shows up at our door with his gifts. A bunch of crap, if you ask me. Never once have I gotten something I wanted, something I could use. Always the same, crap.

PRUNY

Edgar, it's Christmas eve. Santa deserves a bit of care. He's been working so hard to please everyone.

EDGAR

Oh, yes, he certainly has been hard at work. Let's hear about all of the nice things he's brought you through the years.

PRUNY

Well, there was...

(Pruny stops, thinking.)

EDGAR

Yes?

PRUNY

Well, I...

EDGAR

Come on, come on.

PRUNY

(To Santa)

I, I...you big tub of lard, claiming to be this great gift giver. Big fraud if you ask me.

(Santa slowly rises and crosses to the big bag.)

Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted something special for Christmas, and not once have you come through.

(Santa is crying as he crosses back to Pruny. He hands her the bag.)

Yes, beat a path to the door. The quicker the better. I don't want to see your fat ugly face around here again, understand?

(Santa crosses to the door and exits.)

EDGAR

I think we were a bit hard on the old guy.

(The sound of sleigh bells jingling and then Santa calling out his Raindeer. Then they are off.)

PRUNY

Look how big and full the bag is. Never seen it stuffed with so many gifts. And all for us. We're a couple of jerks, that's what we are. Sending 'im off like that without so much as a thank you. Just think how we're gonna feel when we open those presents and their all from Saks, Neiman-Marcus, Tiffany's.

(Edgar rushes to the door and opens it.)

EDGAR

We're sorry! Come back, we're sorry.
(No reply. He crosses back
to Pruny)

Bet he'll never come back after this.

PRUNY

Yeah. Suppose we should open 'em.

(Edgar reaches into the bag
and pulls out a present and
hands it to Pruny.)

PRUNY

Oh, I'm so nervous. What do you think it could be,
Edgar?

EDGAR

How do I know.

PRUNY

Ohhh, it feels special.

EDGAR

Just open the damn thing.

(Pruny opens the gift. It's
an old iron with no cord.)

PRUNY

Oh, no. Oh, no, not again.

EDGAR

Now, Pruny, calm down.

(Edgar pulls out another
gift and unwraps it.)

EDGAR

It better be good, tubby.

(It's and old sock with a
large round object inside.
He pulls out a large rock.)

All right, it's even.

PRUNY

He's doing it again. Every damn year we fall for his
song and dance and he gives it to us up the butthole.
(Pruny opens another gift
and it is a bag filled with
dirt.)

It's a bag filled with dirt.

(Edgar rushes back to the
door and opens it.)

EDGAR

(yelling)

Don't ever darken our doorstep again, you plump, portent
of Christmas despair.

(Edgar drags himself back to
Pruny.)

PRUNY

Fine Christmas this turned out to be.

(Pruny starts to sniffle.)

EDGAR

There, there me sweet. Let's just make ourselves comfy
and forget about that old bastard.

(Edgar and Pruny sit on the
chairs and cuddle.)

PRUNY

This is much better.

(We hear the sound of
carolers singing "Come All
Ye Faithful.")

PRUNY

Listen Edgar, the sounds of beautiful young voices
caroling outside our door.

EDGAR

Yes. Sounds beautiful.

PRUNY

You know what Edgar? I can't wait until next Christmas.
I'll bet next year we'll get something special, very
special. He's bound to change one of these years.

EDGAR

Yes, next year. (pause) It will be different.

PRUNY

Merry Christmas, Edgar.

EDGAR

You too, me love.

(The singing continues as
Edgar and Pruny cuddle, The
lights slowly fade to
black.)

The End