

BLUE CHRISTMAS

by WALTER WYKES

CHARACTERS

GEORGE
COWBOY
SAMMY
OLD WOMAN
ELVIS

PLACE

A Las Vegas street corner

TIME

The Present

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BLUE CHRISTMAS

[Downtown Las Vegas. GEORGE stands on a street corner, dressed as Santa Claus, ringing a bell and taking donations.]

GEORGE

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Ho, ho, ho! Help the children have a merry Christmas!

[Enter a COWBOY, down on his luck.]

Excuse me, Sir—would you like to—

[The COWBOY grabs GEORGE by the collar.]

COWBOY

What?! Would I like to what?!

GEORGE

Well, I ... I was just going to ask if you'd like to—

COWBOY

Don't give me any of that Merry Christmas bullshit!

GEORGE

What? I—

COWBOY

I just lost five hundred bucks at the blackjack table! Five hundred bucks! You know what I could've done with five hundred bucks?!

GEORGE

I ... I'm sorry, I—

COWBOY

Fuck off, you little prick!

[Exit COWBOY. GEORGE straightens his costume and, after a moment, continues—this time a little more restrained.]

GEORGE

Merry Christmas! Ho, ho, ho! Help the children have a—

[Enter SAMMY, a prostitute.]

SAMMY

What the fuck are you doing?!

GEORGE
What?

SAMMY
What the fuck do you think you're doing?!

GEORGE
I—

SAMMY
This is my corner!

GEORGE
Your corner?

SAMMY
That's right, asshole! My corner! Get lost!

GEORGE
I ... I can't.

SAMMY
What?

GEORGE
I can't move. This is where they put me.

SAMMY
Where *who* put you?!

GEORGE
The Children's Fund. You know, "Help the children have a merry Christmas!" They told me to stay right here—the permit's only good for this corner. They said if I go anywhere else, I could get arrested!

SAMMY
Oh, for fuck's sake ... let me see.

GEORGE
What?

SAMMY
The permit! Let me see the fucking permit!

GEORGE

Oh ... okay, it's ... ahh ... it's right here somewhere ... I ... I don't ... oh! Here it is! See. Fremont and 4th.

[He shows her the permit.]

SAMMY

Well, I don't give a shit. You'll have to go somewhere else.

GEORGE

But it says—

SAMMY

Beat it.

GEORGE

But—

SAMMY

Scram.

GEORGE

[Hesitantly.]

Where's ... where's your permit?

SAMMY

My permit?

GEORGE

That's right. Your permit. Do you have a permit?

SAMMY

No. I don't have a fucking permit.

GEORGE

Well ... then I don't see why I should have to—

SAMMY

Do you want me to kick your ass?

GEORGE

What? No, I—

SAMMY

'Cause I will. I'll take that stupid fucking beard and shove it up your fat red ass if I have to!

GEORGE

You know what—you're a very rude person! I don't know what kind of charity would hire a person like you to take donations anyway! You're ... you're very abrasive!

SAMMY

Charity?

GEORGE

Yeah, you're ... you're taking donations—right? I mean, that's why you want my corner?

SAMMY

Yeah, I'm taking donations for the fucking Women's League of America!

GEORGE

Well, then you should really try to be a little nicer because—

SAMMY

I'm a whore, asshole! A hooker! I let guys fuck me for money!

GEORGE

Oh ... well, I ... I'm sorry ... I didn't ... *really?*

SAMMY

Yeah. Really.

GEORGE

Wow! I've never met a real hooker before! I mean, I knew some girls in high school who were kind of slutty, you know, but they weren't *professionals*. I mean, they didn't get *paid*. Mom isn't gonna believe this!

SAMMY

So what do you think? Now that you've met one—a real live whore.

GEORGE

I ... well ... I don't—

SAMMY

You want a ride?

GEORGE

A ride? I don't ...

SAMMY

A ride. You know.

GEORGE

Oh! *A ride!* I got it! I'm with you now! Oh my god! I've been accosted by a hooker! This is great! This is so exciting!

SAMMY

Well? You want one or not?

GEORGE

Oh, no. Thanks for the offer, but ... my mother would be really disappointed. Besides, I don't have any money.

SAMMY

Well, get lost then.

GEORGE

I ... I still don't see why I should have to give up my corner. I mean, I have a permit, and ... you know ... what ... what you're doing isn't even legal.

SAMMY

What are you—a cop or something?

GEORGE

No! No! Not at all!

SAMMY

Don't fucking scare me like that! Fucking cops! I hate them!

GEORGE

Oh! Me too!

SAMMY

Really?

GEORGE

Don't get me started!

SAMMY

You don't like cops?

GEORGE

No! In fact, I blame them for my current situation!

SAMMY

What do you mean?

GEORGE

Well ... I'm driving down Maryland Parkway the other day, right, and this cop pulls me over for absolutely no reason! Big guy with sideburns. He gives me some crazy story about not using my turn signal—which is ridiculous because I ALWAYS use my turn signal! I mean, I'm *known* for using my turn signal! I should be like the turn signal mascot! Anyway, he asks if he can search my car, right, and I'm like, "Sure—go ahead. You're not gonna find anything *here*, pal." So he searches my car and finds this bag of marijuana in the glove compartment! I have no idea how it got there! Seriously! I don't even smoke pot! I tried it once, but it just made me paranoid and sleepy. I think he planted it there, you know, to make his pothead quota or something!

SAMMY

So this is what—community service?

GEORGE

Yeah. I had to do twenty hours. This is my last day. But I kind of like it, so I think I'm gonna volunteer. Help spread good cheer, you know. The Christmas spirit and all that.

SAMMY

That's actually kind of sweet. Most guys I know wouldn't volunteer to do the *dishes*.

GEORGE

You know, you're very nice for a whore. I mean hooker. I mean ... what's the politically correct term?

SAMMY

I don't think there is one.

GEORGE

Seriously. I mean it. You came on a little strong at first, you know, but now that we've worked through the whole corner thing—

SAMMY

You're still gonna have to leave.

GEORGE

Right, but—

[Enter an OLD WOMAN with a cane. She drops a few coins in GEORGE's bucket.]

Thank you.

OLD WOMAN

Merry Christmas, young man.

SAMMY

Hey! Why not me? Why not merry Christmas to me?! Fuck you, you old bag!

[The OLD WOMAN scurries off, terrified.]

GEORGE

[Calling after the OLD WOMAN.]

I ... I don't know her! Merry Christmas to you too! Ho, ho, ho! The ... the children thank you!

SAMMY

[Peeking into GEORGE's bucket.]

Hey ... how much you got in here anyway?

GEORGE

I don't know. It's just a bunch of coins.

SAMMY

Holy shit! You must have like two hundred dollars in there! Look at all those quarters! And you said you didn't have any money!

GEORGE

Well, it's ... it's not mine. It's the children's, you know.

SAMMY

How much of that money do you think actually goes to those kids?

GEORGE

I ... I don't know.

SAMMY

None of it! Are you kidding me? Not a fucking dime! Nobody does shit for nobody! Not unless they're getting something on the side! The whole thing's a fucking scam! Children's Fund my ass! This money goes straight to the casinos! That's where it goes! That's where all the money in this town goes! Do you know what you could afford to do with this money? Do you know what you could afford to have *me* do?!

GEORGE

Have you do? What ... what could I have you do?

SAMMY

Things you've never imagined!

[SAMMY slides a hand inside GEORGE's Santa suit.]

GEORGE

Oh, I ... I don't know about that. I've *imagined* a lot!

[Inside GEORGE's costume, SAMMY's hand continues to roam freely. GEORGE looks about nervously.]

SAMMY

Believe me, Sugar—whatever fantasies you’ve cooked up in that little head of yours ain’t nothing compared to the things I’m gonna do to you! I’m gonna blow your mind!

[Suddenly, GEORGE jumps.]

GEORGE

Whoa! Hold on!

[Removing her hand.]

I’m sorry, I ... I can’t. It’s not that I wouldn’t like to, but ... this money belongs to the children. It just wouldn’t be right.

[Silence.]

SAMMY

You know what ... this corner’s really dead today. I think I’m gonna try another spot.

GEORGE

Oh ... okay, well ... I hope I didn’t offend you.

SAMMY

No. Shit. It’s just—Daddy Mack ain’t big on down time.

GEORGE

Daddy Mack? What’s that—like your pimp?

SAMMY

He gets real uptight—keeps calling these “sales meetings” where he talks about efficiency and fully booking our inventory. He has graphs and pie charts. Fucker went to business school or something. It’s ridiculous. If he thinks we’re slacking off, he beats us with this stick he keeps on his desk.

GEORGE

He beats you? With a stick?

SAMMY

Or whatever else he’s got handy. Got me with a paperweight once. Had a black eye for two weeks.

GEORGE

Oh my god! That’s awful!

SAMMY

What’d you expect? It ain’t the sweet life.

GEORGE

Well, I don’t know ... it just seems like ... couldn’t you go to the cops or something?

SAMMY

Yeah. Right. The cops are gonna help me.

GEORGE

Well ... maybe I could do something.

SAMMY

[Laughs.]

What are *you* gonna do—rough him up?

GEORGE

No, but I ... I thought ... well, maybe I could scrape up a few dollars—buy you for an hour or two. We could go to a buffet.

SAMMY

A buffet?

GEORGE

Yeah. All you can eat.

SAMMY

Shit—I gotta watch my figure.

GEORGE

I'm serious. I want to help you out. It's Christmas! I'd feel horrible if you got a beating on my account.

SAMMY

It's really not that bad. You get used to it after a while.

GEORGE

How much would it cost?

SAMMY

Look, you really don't want to—

GEORGE

How much? You'll get no beating today!

SAMMY

A hundred bucks.

GEORGE

A hundred bucks. Wow. I don't have that kind of cash on me.

SAMMY

Well ... it was a nice thought, sugar.

GEORGE

Although ... I could always take out a loan!
[GEORGE jiggles the bucket.]

SAMMY

What?

GEORGE

There's a lot of money in here.

SAMMY

But ... you ... you said that money belongs to the children. It wouldn't be right, remember?

GEORGE

Oh, don't worry, I'll pay them back.

SAMMY

Yeah, but—

GEORGE

No buts! I've made up my mind!

SAMMY

Look, I just ... it's sweet of you to try to help me out, but—

GEORGE

Just out of curiosity, what do I get for a hundred bucks?

SAMMY

What?

GEORGE

You know ... what ... ahh ... what do I get?

SAMMY

What do you *get*?

GEORGE

Yeah.

SAMMY

I thought we were going to a buffet.

GEORGE

Sure, we can do that too, but I figure if I'm paying for it, I might as well ... you know.

SAMMY

So you actually want to ...

GEORGE

Well, that's what you do—right?

[Pause.]

SAMMY

Yeah. That's what I do.

GEORGE

So ... what do I get?

SAMMY

Only one way to find out.

GEORGE

Okay, well ... where do we ...

SAMMY

I've got a room at the Golden Nugget.

GEORGE

Great. Let's go.

SAMMY

[Speaks into her bra.]

You get that, Elvis?

GEORGE

Elvis? Who's Elvis?! What are you—

[Enter an undercover policeman dressed as ELVIS PRESLEY.]

ELVIS

I got it, pretty mamma.

[ELVIS flashes a police badge.]

GEORGE

[To SAMMY.]

You're a cop?!

SAMMY

No, I'm a street whore trying to stay out of jail.

[To ELVIS.]

Do you believe this guy? He was actually gonna steal money from the Children's Fund to pick me up!

GEORGE

But you said—

ELVIS

He ain't nothing but a hound dog.

[ELVIS produces a pair of handcuffs.]

GEORGE

[To ELVIS.]

Wait a second! Those sideburns! You're the cop that pulled me over!

ELVIS

Small world, ain't it?

[ELVIS pushes GEORGE up against the wall and begins to frisk him.]

You have the right to remain silent.

GEORGE

This isn't fair!

ELVIS

If you give up this right, anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law.

GEORGE

This is entrapment! I used my turn signal! I ALWAYS use my turn signal!

[ELVIS handcuffs GEORGE.]

SAMMY

Tell it to the judge, asshole.

ELVIS

[To SAMMY.]

I thought you were going soft on me there for a minute.

SAMMY

Shit.

ELVIS

That's my girl.

GEORGE

How can you do this to me! I was trying to help you out! I thought he was going to beat you with a stick!

SAMMY

I told you, sugar. Nobody does nothing for nobody.

ELVIS

Don't cry, hound dog. If it makes you feel any better, we'll have a mighty blue Christmas without you.

[The cop does a patent Elvis karate chop.]

Thank you. Thank you very much.

[Blackout.]

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