

Sugar Plums Molding

Written By

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CHARACTERS

LILY, 10, once ripped out a tooth to try and lure the tooth fairy into a trap

NICK, 77, one time he was in the forest and a deer approached him. For a moment he thought it was the spirit of his father, but as soon as it ran away he dismissed the idea

MAGGIE, 33, only when she saw Lilly take her first steps did she really understand what people mean when they talk about magic

NOTES:

1. A // indicates the next line to begin

ACT IScene 1

An upper-middle class living room. A medium sized Christmas tree is mildly decorated with string lights and a few ornaments and five or so presents resting underneath, wrapped kindly but not amazingly.

In a quite lovely fireplace, a fire is just finishing dying out. It's now just a warm glow.

It's peaceful and quiet.

A rustling at the front door for a minute. The door opens and we see NICK, a 77 year old man. White hair, a big white beard, small glasses, real plump, he basically looks exactly like Santa, but he's in all black and is holding a lock picking kit in his hand.

He enters the house quietly, takes a quick look around, grabs three of the presents, and takes them out the door, not closing it behind him.

Once he's left, LILY, a 10-year old girl in pj's tentatively scuffles into the room, hands behind her back.

Nick enters again, doesn't notice Lily, she's like shadowed in the corner hahaha.

Nick picks up the remaining two presents, turns around,

sees Lily, and freezes. He drops both presents.

LILY

Santa?

NICK

(little kid scared)

Oh.

LILY

Santa, where'd your suit go?

NICK

Umm....I...

LILY

And you drove up with a car? Where's your sleigh and reindeer, Santa?

NICK

I didn't...It wasn't working right.

LILY

And you seem fatter than I was expecting.

NICK

I'm gonna go. I've gotta get back.

LILY

What? But you just got here!

NICK

Yes I'm afraid I have many many places to be.

LILY

Right. Right. Okay, just one thing before you go?

Lily opens a little closet, we can't see what she's doing.

She emerges with an insane looking net gun.

Um.

NICK

BAM! It fires and a net just tackles Santa. He screams, probably at the noise the gun made.

LILY
(dropping the act, almost annoyed)
Well that was fucking easy, dude.

NICK
Why do you have a net gun?

LILY
To capture Santa, dingus. How has no one caught you before this?

NICK
Please let me out of the net.

LILY
I put so much work into this, too. I had to have put up like 12 security cameras around this house to make sure I caught you.

NICK
Wait, what?

LILY
Hidden in the plants, in the walls, and I'm waiting for this beautiful sleigh to descend onto the roof, but on the street camera I see a fucking Toyota Camry--weird car choice, by the way.

NICK
Hang on, it's a fine car.

LILY
And I'm like, okay I know someone isn't stupid enough to be robbing us, but then I see you get out of the car and I'm like "oh. Hmm. I didn't know Santa looked so much a sea sponge in a mid life crisis" and I come down

here and all I had to do was put on a little Cindy Loo Hoo and use the net gun? I had a whole trapdoor system in the kitchen, there's a tripwire in the backyard, it could have been so cool, dude.

Nick has no idea what to do.

NICK

Congratulations.

LILY

Yeah, whatever. I expected more of a challenge.

NICK

Well...this is just level one. To test ya. Now next year is when it's really gonna be hard to get me.

LILY

Are you seriously trying to get me to let you go?

NICK

No, the first time is to make sure you're even up to the challenge. I could've avoided this if I really wanted to.

LILY

Yeah, that's why you shrieked when I shot the net at you.

Pause.

LILY

God, are all the other holiday creatures as lame as you?

NICK

Not at all! Actually, I can call them if I could get my phone from my car...

LILY

...Jesus, I'm not 5.

NICK

You're like 9.

LILY

Nine and three quarters, you shriveled puffer fish.

NICK

Your insults are weirdly specific.

LILY

So, what do I win?

NICK

For catching me.

LILY

sigh yes.

NICK

Well it's sitting in my car, I just need to get it for you...

LILY

...I'm legitimately starting to be grossed out by how sad this is.

NICK

It really is there.

LILY

It is not. Just tell me, then.

NICK

What do you want?

LILY

You do wishes?

NICK

Like a genie?

LILY

No, like Santa. Like magical wishes.

NICK

Right, sorry. Yeah, of course I do. You want one of those?

LILY

Yeah, but you don't get to ask questions. I don't wanna talk about it.

NICK

...Okay, that's fine.

LILY

...Bring my dad back.

oh jesus fucking christ

NICK

Your dad...

LILY

I said don't ask.

NICK

No no, um. I actually know where he is.

She waits.

NICK

I mean duh. I know where everyone in the world is. He's over in New Mexico, I can grab him and bring him here tomorrow.

This is just a waste of Lily's time.

LILY

Listen, if you can't do it just say so.

NICK

I can! He's in New Mexico I swear. I just have to bring him here.

LILY

He left the country, dude.

Oh...

NICK

Lily drags the net off of Nick.

LILY

Just get out of here.

NICK

Wait, no.

LILY

Look, if you can't do it, whatever. Just stop fucking lying to me and go.

NICK

....No, hey. Okay, I don't know where he is. But I will promise you that I'll do everything in my power to find him. I promise. Hey. I mean it.

LILY

I'm just supposed to trust you?

NICK

Unfortunately, yes. But I really do mean it.

Lilly's mother, MAGGIE, silently enters the living room. The other two do not see her. She stops dead. Backs up. Watches.

LILY

And you'll bring him back here?

NICK

Yes. I promise.

LILY

Could you maybe get him some better clothes while you're at it.

NICK

(chuckles)

We'll get him a whole new wardrobe, yeah.

*Maggie slowly exits the room
from where she came.*

LILY

And maybe shower a bit more?

NICK

Oh, absolutely will do that.

LILY

Make him a better chef?

NICK

We gotta do that, right?

LILY

Aaand a better hugger.

NICK

Not only will he give the best hugs, but
he'll give you the best birthday presents,
too.

LILY

And throw the best surprise parties.

NICK

And play catch with you all the time.

LILY

And say I love you every day.

NICK

And he'll say it before you go to bed every
single night. And mean it every time.

*Lily walks up to Nick, not
looking at him.*

LILY

But if you promise, you can't break the
promise. No matter what. You have to do *all*
those things.

NICK

It's not like I'm doing anything else.

Yeah, fair. Okay.

LILY

She raises a pinky. He pauses.

LILY

It's a pinky swear. So it's like super ultimate you can't break it.

NICK

(fluttering)

Yeah. I know what it is.

They pinky shake.

Maggie enters the room with a pump shotgun.

NICK

Oh, I'm sorry.

LILY

Mom, I found Santa!

Maggie, still moving, shoots Santa in the stomach. He falls and screams.

LILY

Oh my god!!!!

A quiet room.

LILY

Mom!!!

MAGGIE

Lil, are you okay?

LILY

Mom, what the fuck was that!!!

MAGGIE

You've seen me do worse.

LILY

Yeah but--UGH you just fucking KILLED Santa!! I just caught him.

Hey.

NICK

Maggie raises the gun.

MAGGIE

Shut the fuck up.

Nick pulls a necklace that's been tucked underneath his shirt. It's a Life Alert. He presses the button.

MAGGIE

Wait--

NICK
(into the life alert)
I've been shot! I've been shot and need an ambulance! What's your address?

MAGGIE

Is that a fucking life alert?

LILY

30 Shaw Lane.

MAGGIE

Lil!

NICK

I'm at 30 Shaw Lane!

He drops.

MAGGIE

Seriously, is that a life alert?

LILY

Mom, why the fuck did you just shoot Santa?

NICK

I wasn't doing anything, I swear.

MAGGIE

You're trespassing in our house. I'm not breaking any laws.

LILY

He's delivering us gifts, mom!

Those aren't from--

MAGGIE

She notices some are missing.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry. So let me just...

NICK

Pardon?

MAGGIE

You....look like you do...and you break into peoples' houses on Christmas Eve and steal their presents?

NICK

First time actually.

MAGGIE

Off to a killer start.

LILY

Wait, dude, did you not even bring me any presents?

NICK

Yes, I'm sorry...No, sorry. I didn't think anyone else would get involved in it. I needed something. I didn't want anyone else to be involved in this.

MAGGIE

What do you expect when you break into someone's house?

LILY

Are none of us gonna talk about the fact that Santa brought me no presents and I've been a pretty fucking good girl this year?

MAGGIE

(okay, let's do it)

Lil.

LILY

Certainly better than I was last year. I mean I took a shit on Mr. Michael's desk and still got a hot wheels set.

MAGGIE

Lily, I have something to tell you.

NICK

Hey, no don't do that.

MAGGIE

Are you seriously trying to tell me how to parent right now?

NICK

...A little bit, yeah. Don't do that.

MAGGIE

Make her think I shot Santa? Dope trauma.

NICK

Either way you shot a guy!

MAGGIE

(a smug laugh)

You have no idea the house you walked into.

LILY

And it's not like you even brought me coal! At least I could've used that as a weapon.

NICK

Hey, Lily.

Maggie raises the shotgun and pumps it.

MAGGIE

Don't you fucking say her name.

LILY

Mom, no. You are *not* shooting Santa in the head. That's so fucked up.

NICK

I meant it. I meant my promise.

LILY

No, dude, you don't have to bring that up right now.

NICK

I'm gonna bring him back. Okay? I meant it when I said I'm gonna find him.

MAGGIE

Who?

LILY

No one, mom. Dude, you're good.

NICK

Her dad.

A beat.

MAGGIE

Jesus....Santa's not real, sweetie.

LILY

(takes it in and shakes her head)

What?...Mom, stop.

MAGGIE

I mean it.

NICK

Hey.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry.

LILY

Of course he's real.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry.

Santa.

LILY

You had to break it?

NICK

You're gonna die on my floor.

MAGGIE

Mom. Are you serious right now?

LILY

Yeah, Lil. I'm sorry. He's not real.

MAGGIE

Oh my fucking--Do you know how many kids at school I've made fun of for telling me Santa isn't real? Like 12. I punched Jerry Sanders in the nose for saying it.

LILY

You punched Jerry Sanders?

MAGGIE

Fuck yeah I did.

LILY

Good for you.

MAGGIE

Oh my god, this is how I die.

NICK

But you're telling me that's not....? Santa just doesn't....?

LILY

No.

MAGGIE

So you both fucking lied to me then?...I--
Is *this* a lie? Are you lying *now*? Is everything a lie!?

NICK

//No, of course it isn't.

MAGGIE

Lil, I'm sorry.

LILY

(existential crisis)

Oh my god everything's a lie.

Beat.

MAGGIE

You're bleeding onto our floor.

NICK

You shot me.

MAGGIE

Yeah, and now you're bleeding onto my floor.

NICK

I feel like we started this on the wrong foot.

MAGGIE

Yeah, you broke into my house.

NICK

I was referring to the part where you shot me with a gun, but okay.

LILY

So you didn't mean the promise, did you. You were lying then, too.

NICK

No no. That I meant. You must've felt that I meant it.

LILY

Yeah but I also felt that every time someone told me Santa was....oh my god....are all the other like holiday creatures a lie too?

A silence.

LILY

Well, you can both fuck right off then!

*Nick drops his head, just lies
down, hand over wound,
depressed.*

NICK

Fuck.

MAGGIE

Lily, I'm sorry.

LILY

Why? Why lie to me about this shit too?

MAGGIE

It's just a customary thing. Every parent
does it.

LILY

Wow, way to carve your own path.

NICK

I'm so sorry.

MAGGIE

This isn't how I wanted it to go.

LILY

I fucking hope not.

NICK

Can I just offer my two cents?

MAGGIE

Dude, no.

NICK

I'm not great, obviously. I live in a nursing
home, just watching my friends slowly die
away from me, and I'm probably gonna die on
this floor, I'm not an idiot. But if there is
one thing I know it is that this world is so
full of magic--

*Maggie shoots Nick in the
head. He dies immediately.*

LILY

Jesus, mom!

MAGGIE

I do not want to hear him preach on his dying bed.

LILY

And I'm glad the way to deal with that was killing a guy. Not Santa mind you, as I have just learned that is impossible.

MAGGIE

Christmas is fucked.

LILY

Well we don't exactly have a great track record in the first place.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

LILY

No, not what I meant. Look, I know you're trying.

MAGGIE

I am.

LILY

I know...So am I.

MAGGIE

You're better at it than I am.

LILY

I am not.

MAGGIE

I never captured Santa.

LILY

Neither. Did. I.

MAGGIE

Yeah, but I never even tried to. The stuff you do is so insane. I don't know where you got that from because you're lightyears

cooler than I am....I'm just trying to not to fuck this up again.

LILY

You're being weird.

MAGGIE

Sorry. I'm sorry I lied to you.

LILY

Yeah, not great.

MAGGIE

It's just what I thought you're supposed to do.

LILY

Let's just...rule of thumb then? Don't lie to me....about anything. Okay?

MAGGIE

I'm sorry.

LILY

It's fine, just I can handle it, okay? I'm 10.

MAGGIE

Nine and three quarters.

LILY

Close enough.

Beat.

MAGGIE

I mean....technically speaking....he could be real.

LILY

No, don't you dare try and back peddle.

MAGGIE

No no, this is not a fact, purely hypothetical, but. Like. Santa *could have* been real, but then only stopped being real, because people stopped believing in him.... Maybe we just need a generation of kids to

believe in Santa again to bring him back. And not pretend. But like really believe.

LILY

That's just Tinker Bell.

MAGGIE

You can't disprove it though.

LILY

No, I guess you can't.

MAGGIE

It'd be really nice to find out he was real.

LILY

Yeah, well.

MAGGIE

Could be.

Pause.

MAGGIE

So.....your dad?

LILY

Yeah...It wasn't like....yeah. It hurts but I don't want to say that and then you feel all guilty. I know you did what you could and I couldn't understand I know I know. But I still miss him.

MAGGIE

I know. I'm sorry.

LILY

It's okay.

Blue and red siren lights slowly start flashing from the outside into the house.

MAGGIE

Merry Christmas.

LILY

Merry Christmas....oh, ambulance is here.

MAGGIE

Oh my god, it was a life alert.

LILY

I'll go talk to them.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I'll come too.

LILY

Cool.

Lily stands and stops. A little squirmy.

LILY

I love you. Thank you for everything.

MAGGIE

You know you're the light//of my life, Lil

LILY

Nope!! Don't get weird, forget I said it!
It's fine it's fine!

She exits out the front door, the light now spilling in through the door as well.

Maggie sits there for a second, looks at the body briefly. Remembers she's holding a shotgun, puts it down. Leaves.

The stage picture remains for a bit, just long enough to make it look like there's something to look for.

Depending on how you are, there's either something to see or nothing to see.