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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[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!

What? I—

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

COWBOY
I ... I’m sorry, I—

GEORGE
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?!
BLUE CHRISTMAS

What?

What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!

I—

This is my corner!

Your corner?

That’s right, asshole! My corner! Get lost!

I ... I can’t.

What?

I can’t move. This is where they put me.

Where who put you?!

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!

Oh, for fuck’s sake ... let me see.

What?

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.

I ... well ... I don’t—

GEORGE

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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