

Wishful Thinking

By Don Zolidis

MOM
DAD
MORGAN
YOOCH
SANTA
MAGIC ELF HELPER
ELF
SECURITY GUARD ELF
CAROLERS
DR. FUGENBARKENSTEIN

(The Mall. Christmas music plays. MOM, DAD, and MORGAN enter with shopping bags. MORGAN is on the phone.)

MORGAN

What did he say? No way. Ohmygosh... no... WAY. So then what did you do? No! Are you serious?! You're like a superhero! Ohmygosh. You did NOT! So what did she do? I can't believe she did that, I hate her.

MOM

Morgan can you get off the phone please?

MORGAN

She needs to get a life. Seriously.

MOM

Morgan. Get off the phone.

MORGAN

Hold on, Amber.

(to her mother)

I'm busy.

(back into the phone)

Yeah that was just my Mom, I don't know what she wanted. So then what happened? Ohmygosh! Nooooooo! Someone needs to tell her that no one likes her. Yooch does not like her. I know this for a fact, I talk to her everyday, she's like my best friend ever. No one likes her. Julie doesn't like her. Speedo doesn't like her. Melanie hates her. I mean, Melanie eggs her house every night—well, not every night, but she's done it at least twice. Travis doesn't like her—no he doesn't like her. Well I don't care if he is going out with her he still doesn't like her. He's probably going out with her *because* he doesn't

like her. I don't know. Guys are weird. They do things like that. Why do you think Toby went out with you?

(MOM grabs the phone out of MORGAN's hands.)

Hey!

MOM

Hello. This is Morgan's mother. She can't talk any more because we're having family time. Good-bye.

MORGAN

MOM!!! I can't believe you did that! I'm so embarrassed I'm going to DIE!

MOM

You are not going to die.

MORGAN

Really? I'm not going to die? That's funny, because I learned in science class that all of are going to die at some point. I guess you know better than all the scientists, don't you? You've got a special MAGIC Crystal ball that lets you see the future and you've figured out that no one's going to die any more. We'll all immortal now? Hey Everyone! We're all immortal! My Mom figured it out! Except, have you thought about this Mom, where's everyone going to live?

MOM

Do you ever want to see your phone alive again?

MORGAN

Oh the phone's alive now too? Wow! Is this like a Disney movie?

MOM

Don't you get that way with me! I brought you into this world, I'll take you out of it!

DAD

Dear, maybe we should...

MOM

George. Now is not the time!

MORGAN

That's right, George.

MOM

Don't you call your father by his name!

MORGAN

That doesn't make any sense!

MOM

Morgan. I'm about to have a conniption right here.

MORGAN

What exactly is a conniption? Do you even know what that is?

DAD

Okay, let's just settle down. Morgan—maybe you should get off the phone when your mother asks you. We're having family time now. Okay? And family time is a wonderful happy time when we get to experience the joy of being related to each other. It's a time of warmth, of fireplaces, of chestnuts roasting over an open fire. It's a time when I get to say, "I love you because you're my daughter," and when can I say, "thank you for being my wife."

(Pause.)

MORGAN *(to MOM)*

Was he always like this?

MOM

Well ever since he got that job writing cards for Hallmark he's been a little hard to take.

DAD

Just remember, these special moments don't come around every day. We need to cherish them. Hold them in our arms and say, "I love you moments. Thank you for being there for us."

MORGAN

If I apologize to Mom will you stop talking like that?

DAD

Talking like what?

MORGAN

Mom. I'm sorry I yelled at you.

MOM

Good.

DAD

All right. Hug it out.

(They tentatively hug.)

MORGAN

Can I have my phone back?

MOM

No you can't have your phone back.

MORGAN

WHAT?! This is worse than living in Nazi Germany! I'm running away!

DAD

I remember my first time running away. It was me and three other hobos in a box car headed out west. It was cold outside, but the fire we lit in the car was warm and inviting. And we shared a meal of roasted beans in a tin can. I cherish that memory. There's nothing quite like the company of hobos to remind you of what's important in life: family, friends, and good handwriting.

MORGAN

Dad. I mean it—you need to stop.

(YOOCH enters, loaded down with shopping bags.)

YOOCH *(extremely excited)*

MORGAN!!!!

MORGAN

YOOOOCH!!!!

(they run and hug and dance up and down.)

DAD

These are the friendships we cherish—

MOM

George. Can you leave it in the office please?

YOOCH

Ohmygosh you look so pretty today!

MORGAN

Really?! You think so?!

YOOCH

You make everyone else look like fried garbage!

MORGAN

Ohmygosh thank you! I love your new haircut!

YOOCH

Me too! It's like everything I ever wanted in life!

MOM

Hi there. You must be Mooch.

MORGAN

Stop embarrassing me.

MOM

How am I embarrassing you?

MORGAN

Her name is Yooch, not Mooch. Get it straight.

YOOCH

Hi.

MORGAN

Let's not talk to her.

(MORGAN pulls YOOCH away.)

YOOCH

So... I have news. Are you ready for it?

MORGAN

Hold on.

(MORGAN readies herself.)

Wait. Hold on.

(She readies herself again.)

Please tell me that Travis dumped that horrible chick.

YOOCH

No.

MORGAN

Darn it. Is he cheating on her at least?

YOOCH

I don't think so.

MORGAN

Shoot. Travis is so sweet.

YOOCH

Forget about Travis. Think for a second. What would be the most awesome thing ever?

MORGAN

Um... I get bitten by a radioactive spider and get super-powers. But instead of using my powers to fight crime and stuff, I just keep them in secret, you know? And then one day

in History class, outta nowhere I'll just grab Mrs. Windmeyer's head and crush it like a grape.

(Pause.)

YOOCH

No that's not what I was going to tell you. Um... that's pretty messed up about History class.

MORGAN

I hate her.

YOOCH

Right, but—never mind. Okay—so the most awesome thing ever is this: I'm having a CHRISTMAS PARTY!

MORGAN

Ohmygosh!

YOOCH

I know!

MORGAN

Are you serious?!

YOOCH

Yes!

MORGAN

I'm so there!

YOOCH

Yay!

MOM

Okay. Girls? We need to make one more stop before we go home.

MORGAN

Yooch is having a Christmas party!

YOOCH

I know!

MOM

That's nice.

DAD

Parties. Oh the parties we've had. Dancing the night away beneath a canopy of stars; a bittersweet tear in my eye, because I knew that I loved you.

MOM

Are you talking about me or are you just making stuff up now?

DAD

I'm talking about you.

MOM

We never went to any party like that.

DAD

Oh. Um... must have been another girl.

MOM

What?

DAD

I mean... there is only one face in my heart. And that is yours.

MOM

What other girl?

DAD

I have to go to the bathroom.
(He leaves.)

MORGAN

Where are we going now?

MOM

Look!
(SANTA enters with the MAGIC ELF carrying his throne.)

SANTA

Ho ho ho!

YOOCH

Ohmygosh! Santa!

MORGAN

Mom, you know how old I am, right?

YOOCH

I'm going first!

MOM

Your friend likes it.

MORGAN

She still plays with barbies.

(YOOCH sits on Santa's lap.)

SANTA

Ho ho ho. Boy you're... you're quite a load. Ho ho ho. What would you like for Christmas? Ow. Wait hold on. Do you mind shifting your weight a little bit?

YOOCH

Yeah, okay. Wait.

SANTA

Ow. Oh my back. A little help here elves.

(The two ELVES grab YOOCH and try to adjust her as SANTA stretches out his back.)

MAGIC ELF

We should have a weight limit of a hundred and twenty pounds for this.

ELF

No kidding.

YOOCH

Hey, I weigh under a hundred and twenty pounds.

MAGIC ELF

O-kay. Liar.

(They finish adjusting her.)

SANTA

Well now, have you been a good girl?

YOOCH

Yeah.

MAGIC ELF *(coughing)*

Liar.

YOOCH

What?

MAGIC ELF

Nothing.

(coughing again)

Total liar.

SANTA

What would you like for Christmas?

YOOCH

Well... okay... I'm having this party, right? And it's gonna be totally awesome!

SANTA

Uh huh.

YOOCH

But there's the girl Mandy, right? We all hate her because she's evil and she cheated on my friend Eric with this other guy named Doogie. I mean, the guy's name was Doogie, right? How could you possibly make out with a guy named Doogie? But anyway, she did, because she's horrible and we hate her, so anyway, I have to invite her to the party because she's my best friend's cousin, and my best friend doesn't even like her but her Mom yells at her if she doesn't do stuff with her cousin, right? So anyway, Mandy is coming to the party. And she's dating our other friend Travis who doesn't not what a horrible tramp she is. So here's what I want from you: kill Mandy.

(Pause.)

SANTA

Ho ho ho. You want Santa to kill for you?

YOOCH

It's not really for me, it's more for my friend Travis. Cause he should dump her.

SANTA

Um...

YOOCH

It doesn't have to be obvious, you know? Like, you don't have to take like a sharpened candy cane and pierce her stomach with it or anything. You can be subtle.

SANTA

Uh... I'm afraid I can't give you that present.

YOOCH

Why not? I've been good!

MAGIC ELF

All right, move along, nothing to see here.

YOOCH

He's not giving me what I asked for!

MAGIC ELF

Tough break, kid.

YOOCH

Come on!

(The MAGIC ELF takes out a walkie talkie.)

MAGIC ELF

Yeah. We've got a situation down here. Code Yellow. Bring the pepper spray.

YOOCH

All right, I'll go. I'll go. See you at the party, Morgan.

(YOOCH exits.)

MAGIC ELF

Merry Christmas! Who's next?

MOM

Come on, Morgan.

MORGAN

Fine.

(MORGAN approaches SANTA.)

Hi.

SANTA

Ho ho ho. You're another big one, aren't ya?

MORGAN

Excuse me?

SANTA

Why don't you sit next to Santa and tell Santa what you want?

MORGAN

Okay... um... Is there like a limit on what I can ask for?

MAGIC ELF

Look, Santa's busy, okay? There are a lot of children here who need to get requests in—

(the SECURITY ELF arrives with walkie talkie.)

SECURITY ELF

We got a situation down here?

No. MORGAN

Step away from Saint Nicholas! SECURITY ELF

What? MORGAN

Get down on the ground now! SECURITY ELF

This actually isn't the— MAGIC ELF

Don't tell me how to do my job, Miss. When the big guy's life is in danger, I'm the one you call. SECURITY ELF

I didn't do anything! MORGAN

ON THE GROUND! SECURITY ELF

(MORGAN gets down on the ground.)
We get terrorists all the time down here. Seems like they want to strike at the heart of America by going after Jolly ol' Saint Nick over there.

She wasn't actually threatening me. SANTA

Don't worry about it sir. In these situations, it's best to use extreme caution. SECURITY ELF

Excuse me, what are you doing to my girl? MOM

Are you challenging my authority as a mall security guard? SECURITY ELF

Why are you telling her to get on the ground? MOM

SECURITY ELF

I'm gonna tell you this once, you need to step back, check yourself, and allow me to do my job. Okay? I'm a professional. Does anyone have any gum?

SANTA

Santa might have some.

SECURITY ELF

Okay, then.

(He gets down near MORGAN.)

I'm gonna ask you some questions. One. Why were you trying to kill Santa Claus?

MORGAN

I wasn't!

SECURITY ELF

Answer the question!

MOM

Don't talk to her like that!

SECURITY ELF

Ma'am. You need to modulate your tone.

MOM

Don't talk to my daughter like that.

SECURITY ELF

Modulate your tone, Ma'am.

MOM

I'm calling the real police.

SECURITY ELF

Get on the ground, Ma'am.

MOM

No, I'm calling!

(The SECURITY ELF sprays her with pepper spray.)

Ah!!! That was pepper spray!

MAGIC ELF

You know what, there's no real problem here—

SANTA

Santa is worried about lawsuits!

SECURITY ELF
I'VE GOT THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL! No need to panic!
(*DAD returns.*)

DAD
What's going on here?

SECURITY ELF
MODULATE YOUR TONE, SIR.

MOM
That crazy elf hit me with pepper spray!

DAD
Ah, the smell of good pepper, filling your nostrils—

SECURITY ELF
EVERYONE NEEDS TO CALM DOWN!!!
(*SANTA stands up.*)
THERE ARE TERRORISTS ALL AROUND US!

MAGIC ELF
Looks like we've lost another guard.

SECURITY ELF
They're coming for us!! They're coming!
(*SANTA tackles the SECURITY ELF from behind. They wrestle.*)
They've got me! They've got me!
(*SANTA gets the SECURITY ELF in a sleeper hold and slowly knocks him unconscious.*)

SANTA
Sleep. Santa says sleep.
(*The SECURITY ELF is unconscious.*)

MAGIC ELF
Sorry about that. The stress of the holidays and all. Sometimes the security guards at the mall... they get a little...

MORGAN
Crazy?

MAGIC ELF
Yep.

SANTA

Santa is sorry. Here's a coupon for the Gap.

MORGAN

Ooh. Thanks.

(Lights shift.)

(if you would like to read the rest of this play, please email me at don@donzolidis.com This play is currently unpublished; scripts are free, performances are \$40 each.)