A Krampus Carol
Copyright © 2022 Brent Holland. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright Protection. This play (the "Play") is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights. All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments. Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. ("Playscripts"). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website (www.playscripts.com). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable.

Restriction of Alterations. There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, the cutting of music, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

Author Credit. Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.
(www.playscripts.com)

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying. Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

Statement of Non-affiliation. This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works. This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work not included in the Play's score, or performance of a sound recording of such a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov), ASCAP (www.ascap.com), BMI (www.bmi.com), and NMPA (www.nmpa.org) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

The Rules in Brief

- DO NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- DO NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- DO NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, cut any music, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- DO provide the required credit to the author(s) and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that authors are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the author, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—whether or not you charge an admission fee. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law. Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to $150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov) for more information.

THE BOTTOM LINE: If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

Cast of Characters

KRAMPUS, male, a mythological demon who is Santa's partner.

SANTA, male, Santa Claus. Yeah, that Santa Claus.

JASMINE, female, Krampus's love interest as a young man.

JACOB MARLEY, male, Ebenezer Scrooge's old partner. Still doing his job.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, any, the Ghost of Christmas Past, woefully unprepared.

YOUNG SANTA, male, Santa before the beard. Idealistic.

YOUNG KRAMPUS, male, Krampus as a young man, before life beat him down.

BINKY, any, Santa and Krampus's right-hand elf.

JESS, any, another of the elves that works for Santa.

DORIAN, any, a worker elf in Santa's workshop.

DIPPY, any, a worker elf in Santa's workshop.

CHAD, any, a bad kid who turns out to be a bad adult.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT, any, the gregarious Ghost of Christmas Present.

MRS. CLAUS, female, Santa's wife. Not a big fan of Krampus.

SKYLAR, any, Jasmine's middle child, outspoken.

ALEX, any, Jasmine's youngest, a nice child who is always on the nice list.

PARKER, any, Jasmine's oldest. Krampus's biological child.

SIDNEY, any, a newly hired elf that specializes in electronics.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE, any, the silent and spooky Ghost of Christmas Future.

CLERK, any, a clerk at Taco Champ, a favored eating spot for Mrs. Claus.

JAMIE, any, a dissatisfied assistant manager at Taco Champ.

A KRAMPUS CAROL
by Brent Holland

(As the lights come up, we are in the living room of a home. SANTA CLAUS *is onstage placing presents and checking a list.)*

SANTA. Hmm . . . Let's see. Skylar was particularly good this year, as always. *(Merrily chuckling and speaking to Skylar, who is not onstage:)* I've got quite the haul for you, Skylar. *(He places gifts.)* And of course little Alex is on the nice list. I don't even have to check twice for that one. *(He places gifts.)* And now let's see about Parker. Parker is thirteen this year . . . how time flies. *(Checking the nice list:)* Hmmm . . . *(Finishing the list:)* I must have missed Parker's name. I guess I should look again. What? But Parker has been on the nice list every year!

(He checks one more time as KRAMPUS *enters.)*

KRAMPUS. *(Slithery:)* Did I hear you say you can't find one of these children on the nice list?

SANTA. Hold your horses, Krampus. I'm checking again.

KRAMPUS. You've already checked twice, Santa. You *only* check twice.

SANTA. But Parker has always been on the nice list.

KRAMPUS. Sometimes nice kids turn naughty.

SANTA. Sometimes . . . but . . .

KRAMPUS. Why don't you check your other list.

SANTA. *(Still looking at the nice list:)* I'll get to that.

KRAMPUS. You're stalling, Santa.

SANTA. *(Pulling out a second list:)* Oh my . . .

KRAMPUS. *(Smiling:)* I guess Parker must have had an off year.

SANTA. You don't have to be so happy about it.

KRAMPUS. You have a job to do, Santa, as have I.

(He pulls out a long rod.)

SANTA. *(Sternly:)* This is Parker's first time on the naughty list. You don't need to get physical with him.

KRAMPUS. Do I tell you how to do your job? Do I tell you what gifts to bring or how it's weird that you just eat the Oreos all in one bite without unscrewing them like you're some kind of heathen?

SANTA. That's not the same.

(He is standing in KRAMPUS*'s way.)*

KRAMPUS. You're in my way, Claus.

SANTA. Fine! Just get it over with. Do what you have to do. I'll be up on the sleigh.

KRAMPUS. Don't care to watch?

SANTA. It's really disturbing how much joy you get from this.

*(*SANTA *leaves.)*

KRAMPUS. *(To himself:)* Whatever. *(To the door, where* SANTA *exited:)* You'd be nothing without me, fat man. It's the fear of *me* that puts so many names on your beloved nice list. *(He kicks one of the gifts.)* Well, no point in putting this off.

(He gets his rod out and moves toward Parker's room. JASMINE *enters from behind.)*

JASMINE. What are you doing in my house?

KRAMPUS. Go back to bed. This doesn't concern you.

JASMINE. If you take one more step, I'll . . . uh . . . shoot you.

KRAMPUS. You don't have a gun.

JASMINE. You don't know that!

KRAMPUS. *(Turning around:)* If you had one, you would have already used it, now go back to bed like I asked . . . *(He sees her and is stunned.)* Jasmine?

JASMINE. *(Recognizing him:)* Oliver?

(Blackout. The lights come back on and KRAMPUS *is in his bed. A clock chimes twelve, waking him up.* JACOB MARLEY *is sitting in his room waiting to be seen, but* KRAMPUS *just gets up and walks past him. The sound of urinating in a toilet is followed by a flush. As* KRAMPUS *reenters,* MARLEY *gets ready, smiling broadly, only to have* KRAMPUS *stumble back by and go back to bed.)*

MARLEY. What the?

*(*MARLEY *stares for a moment and makes several noises to try to get* KRAMPUS*'s attention. Finally, he looks disgusted and snaps his finger, causing the bell to chime again.* KRAMPUS *doesn't move. But the* GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST *enters, running.)*

PAST. Holy crap! It's my turn already?

MARLEY. What?

PAST. The clock just rang. It's 1 a.m.

MARLEY. No it isn't.

PAST. What?

MARLEY. My bad. He won't wake up. I just rang the clock again to wake him up.

PAST. So it's not one?

MARLEY. No, you're good.

PAST. Thank God. I haven't read his file yet.

MARLEY. You haven't?

PAST. I've been busy.

MARLEY. But you know who this is, right?

PAST. Not yet . . . *(Pause.)* Don't sweat it, Jake. I'll read the file.

MARLEY. It's Krampus.

PAST. Who?

MARLEY. Krampus! As in Santa and Krampus?

PAST. Never heard of him.

MARLEY. Go read the file.

PAST. I will.

MARLEY. Now!

PAST. Ok, ok . . . I'm on it.

*(*PAST *exits.* MARLEY *looks to see that* KRAMPUS *hasn't moved.)*

MARLEY. Hey. Krampus!

(No movement.)

Hey! Yo! Wake up.

(No movement. MARLEY *goes to shake* KRAMPUS.*)*

Wake up!

KRAMPUS. *(Groggily:)* Five more minutes . . .

MARLEY. No. Get up now.

(Finally, KRAMPUS *realizes that he's being shaken by a stranger and screams.)*

Finally!

KRAMPUS. Who in the hell are you?

MARLEY. It is better to ask who I was, not who I am.

*(*KRAMPUS *looks at him, confused.)*

KRAMPUS. What?

MARLEY. I'm a ghost.

KRAMPUS. Oh . . . Ok . . .

MARLEY. And that doesn't bother you?

KRAMPUS. Nah. I must be dreaming.

MARLEY. No, you're not.

KRAMPUS. I have to be.

MARLEY. Why?

KRAMPUS. Because ghosts don't exist.

MARLEY. Yes they do! I'm a ghost. Right here. Me.

KRAMPUS. I don't believe in ghosts.

MARLEY. You don't believe in ghosts? But you're Krampus.

KRAMPUS. And?

MARLEY. I hate to break this to you but a *lot* more people believe in ghosts than believe in Krampus. Ghosts are much more believable!

KRAMPUS. Maybe so, but I know I'm real.

MARLEY. So am I!

KRAMPUS. Whatever. Do you need something or can I go . . .

MARLEY. Back to sleep? I thought you were dreaming.

KRAMPUS. I am. I have to be.

MARLEY. But what if you're not?

KRAMPUS. Then I guess I've lost my mind.

MARLEY. *(Losing his temper:)* No you haven't! You are sane, and awake, and I'm a freaking ghost! *(A beat passes.)* Aren't you going to say anything?

KRAMPUS. Am I supposed to? What do you want me to do?

MARLEY. Well, you could start by asking me my name.

KRAMPUS. Fine, what's your name, ghost?

MARLEY. I am the ghost of Jacob Marley.

*(*KRAMPUS *starts to giggle and that giggle turns into a full-on belly laugh.)*

What's so funny?

KRAMPUS. *(In a ghostly voice:)* Ebeneeeeeeezer . . . Ebeneezer Scroooooooge . . .

MARLEY. That's not funny.

KRAMPUS. Yeah it is. I guess you're here to haunt me into changing my ways, right Jacob Marley?

MARLEY. *(Defensive:)* I am!

KRAMPUS. And three ghosts are going to visit me tonight?

MARLEY. Uh . . . yes. That's totally going to happen.

KRAMPUS. Yeah right.

MARLEY. But it is!

KRAMPUS. Prove it!

MARLEY. Fine!

KRAMPUS. Fine!

*(*MARLEY *snaps his finger and the clock chimes one.)*

Neat trick.

MARLEY. Just wait.

*(*PAST *rushes in with a report in her hand.)*

PAST. *(Harried:)* Am I late? How could it be one already?

MARLEY. It isn't, but I'm proving a point here.

PAST. He's finally awake?

MARLEY. Yeah, and he doesn't believe in ghosts.

PAST. *(To* KRAMPUS*:)* You don't believe in ghosts?

KRAMPUS. No I don't.

PAST. But he's like a demon, right?

MARLEY. You didn't read the file, did you?

PAST. How could I have? I only had like two minutes!

MARLEY. He's the guy that travels around with Santa Claus.

PAST. There's a guy who travels around with Santa? Is he like an elf?

KRAMPUS. I'm Krampus!

MARLEY. Krampus is the demon that beats up the kids that misbehave.

PAST. That's a thing?

KRAMPUS. Of course it's a thing!

PAST. I've never heard of that.

KRAMPUS. I'm still super popular in Eastern Europe.

PAST. Really?

MARLEY. Actually, he's telling the truth, he really is.

PAST. No way!

KRAMPUS. Seriously!

PAST. So Santa has a demon that rides shotgun with him to beat up kids?

KRAMPUS. The bad kids.

PAST. So the good kids get presents and the bad kids get a black eye? Do you punch them or something?

KRAMPUS. Actually, I beat them with a stick.

PAST. How come I've never heard of this?

MARLEY. You have to be on the naughty list.

PAST. I had to have been on that list at some point as a kid.

KRAMPUS. Did you get presents every year?

PAST. Yeah . . .

KRAMPUS. Then you were never on the naughty list.

PAST. So you're real?

MARLEY. This is the first time I've ever done a gig where both the client and ghost refuse to believe in each other.

KRAMPUS. So you're really the Ghost of Christmas Past?

PAST. I am!

KRAMPUS. And you're going to show me a bunch of crap in my past to try to make me feel bad about the person I am now.

PAST. *(To* MARLEY*:)* It's not as much fun when they already know what I'm going to do.

MARLEY. This one is going to be a pain.

KRAMPUS. So I guess you two are here to show me the error of my ways, right?

MARLEY. We are, Krampus.

KRAMPUS. *(Jumping up:)* Well, let's get on with it then.

PAST. *(Surprised:)* Uh, what?

KRAMPUS. You're wasting your time, you know? I love being me and wouldn't change a thing about my life.

MARLEY. *(To* PAST*:)* Good luck with that.

PAST. I'm not prepared! I can't do this now!

KRAMPUS. *(Putting on his jacket:)* Let's get a move on!

PAST. I haven't read the report!

MARLEY. Guess you'll have to wing it.

PAST. *(To* MARLEY*:)* Come with me!

MARLEY. No can do. I'm out of here. Good luck though, and good luck to you, Krampus!

PAST. You can't leave me like this.

MARLEY. *(From offstage:)* Too late, I already have!

*(*MARLEY *is gone. A moment passes.)*

PAST. Well . . . that sucks.

KRAMPUS. Let's get to it, Past. I can't wait to show you how wrong you are about me.

(As this is said, the stage changes around them. They are now in the past, in a small toy shop. YOUNG SANTA *is busy at work with the elves:* BINKY, JESS, DIPPY, *and* DORIAN*.)*

YOUNG SANTA. I think this wagon is going to turn out nicely.

KRAMPUS. Santa!

PAST. He can't hear you. Duh.

BINKY. That's a nice one, Santa!

YOUNG SANTA. Thanks, Binky!

DIPPY. *(Who is always cranky:)* The tire is loose and it's the wrong color.

YOUNG SANTA. *(Jovially:)* Noted, Dippy. Anything else you'd like to complain about?

DIPPY. You got an hour?

YOUNG SANTA. Want to hit up Taco Champ after work?

DIPPY. That place tears up my bowels. You want me to spend the night pooping molten lava?

(They all laugh.)

YOUNG SANTA. What are you working on there, Binky?

KRAMPUS. Look how young he looks!

PAST. This is the past, that's the way that works.

BINKY. Just a little stuffed bear. Can't have too many of those, can we?

DIPPY. We have about two hundred in the bin over there.

YOUNG SANTA. Never mind him. I think you're right and I also think this year is going to be the best yet.

JESS. Last year was incredible though! Every orphanage we visited just overflowed with happiness.

YOUNG SANTA. I just wish we could have done more.

DORIAN. What do you mean, Santa?

YOUNG SANTA. It's just that there are so many good little boys and girls out there. I wish we could make something for each of them.

DORIAN. *(Wistful:)* That sure would be nice.

JESS. But considering it's just the six of us, I think we're doing pretty good, ya know?

YOUNG SANTA. I know, Jess. But if we could find a way . . .

*(*YOUNG KRAMPUS *enters.)*

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I've found a way!

BINKY. Oliver!

DIPPY. About time you showed up for work.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Hey there, Binky. That bear is looking great! Hey Dippy! I see you're as chipper as always.

BINKY. *(Beaming:)* Thanks, Oliver!

DIPPY. Bite me, Oliver.

PAST. Who's that guy?

KRAMPUS. What?

PAST. That guy. Oliver. Who's that?

KRAMPUS. That's me!

(During this, BINKY *shows off her bear to* YOUNG KRAMPUS*.)*

PAST. You?

KRAMPUS. Of course it is. *(Going and standing next to* YOUNG KRAMPUS*:)* See?

PAST. I don't see it.

BINKY. And if you squeeze it, it squeaks!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. That is so cute!

JESS. That squeaker drives the dog nuts.

DIPPY. That's because it's a dog toy.

BINKY. It is not!

DIPPY. No kid's gonna want that. Take it to Petco.

PAST. So that's really you?

KRAMPUS. Why are you having such a hard time with this?

PAST. Dude, the years have *not* been kind.

KRAMPUS. What?

YOUNG SANTA. What were you talking about when you came in, Ollie? You said you found a way? A way for what?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. You know how we said we wanted to massively increase how many presents we can give out each year?

YOUNG SANTA. Of course.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. But the travel alone would make it impossible?

DORIAN. Have you been tinkering again, Oliver?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I have. And this invention is the best yet!

JESS. Even better than when you made it so our reindeer can fly!

KRAMPUS. *(To* PAST*:)* That was a pretty nifty invention.

PAST. Shhhh! I'm trying to hear.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Even better than that! I present . . . *(Pulling out a ring:)* THIS!

(They all gasp . . . then a beat.)

JESS. What is it?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Watch this!

(He touches the ring and the lights dim and all movement except for YOUNG KRAMPUS *stops. He walks to the other side of the room and touches the ring again. The lights go back to normal.)*

Ta-da!

YOUNG SANTA. *(Turning around to see* YOUNG KRAMPUS*:)* How did you do that?

BINKY. Is that a ring of teleportation?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Not exactly.

DORIAN. Then what is it?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Using enchanted sand from an hourglass, I made a ring that's able to slow down time so much that I can literally walk around the world before a single second passes for the rest of you.

JESS. Whoa!

YOUNG SANTA. What are you going to do with it?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Not me, Santa! Us! I made two. One for each of us so that we could travel as far as we want delivering presents to every good child we want!

YOUNG SANTA. That incredible, Ollie!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Thanks, Santa. *(Looking at* DIPPY*:)* What do you think, Dippy?

DIPPY. It's alright.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. *(Prodding:)* Just alright?

DIPPY. Fine. It's pretty cool. Good job. Now do you feel better?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I do! But that's not all! I talked to the elven labor union and they agreed to terms.

JESS. They did?

YOUNG SANTA. The elves are going to work with us?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. They are! Hundreds of them have volunteered to make toys for all of the good little boys and girls around the world!

(The lights fade and the scene changes to an office. YOUNG KRAMPUS *is now busy at his desk.)*

KRAMPUS. That was so long ago.

PAST. No kidding.

KRAMPUS. What do you mean by that?

PAST. Oh, nothing. You've just . . . you know . . . aged a bit.

KRAMPUS. I haven't aged as much as Santa!

PAST. I don't know . . .

KRAMPUS. Come on! He's gotten all fat and has a big old white beard and . . .

(The scene starts around them as JASMINE *walks into Young Krampus's office.)*

JASMINE. Excuse me, is this the office of Krampus and Claus?

(Both KRAMPUS *and* YOUNG KRAMPUS *are taken with her.)*

KRAMPUS. Jasmine.

PAST. Who's that?

KRAMPUS. *(Wistfully:)* The most beautiful woman in the world.

PAST. What?

KRAMPUS. Nothing . . . *(Thinking:)* Aren't you supposed to know all of this?

PAST. Yeah. Normally, I would, but I didn't have time to read your file.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. *(Taken with her:)* It is. What can I help you with, Ms. . . .

JASMINE. Jasmine. And who may you be?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I'm Krampus. Oliver Krampus.

JASMINE. Excellent! You're just the man I need!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. It's always nice to be needed.

PAST. Were you flirting with her, Krampus?

KRAMPUS. You really should have read the file.

PAST. She's way out of your league. You had to know that, right?

JASMINE. So Mr. Krampus . . .

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Please, it's Oliver.

JASMINE. Oliver. Well, Oliver, I represent a well-funded humanitarian co-op that has taken an interest in the operation you and Mr. Claus have going on here.

*(*YOUNG SANTA *enters.)*

YOUNG SANTA. *(Jovially:)* If someone is calling me "Mr. Claus," they must not know me at all. *(Reaching out a hand:)* The name's Santa.

JASMINE. Nice to meet you, Santa. I'm Jasmine.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Jasmine was just telling me that she represents a co-op in the North Pole.

YOUNG SANTA. The North Pole? People live up there?

JASMINE. A few. Though most people don't consider it an ideal living situation.

YOUNG SANTA. It's kinda cold, don't you think?

JASMINE. It can be a bit chilly at times.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. So what does your co-op want with us? We're kind of small beans here.

YOUNG SANTA. Please have a seat. We're all ears.

JASMINE. Well, as you imagine, warehouse space in the North Pole is relatively inexpensive at this time and the organization I work for is looking to make a tax write-off on one of our properties.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. And how does that concern us?

JASMINE. Krampus and Claus has quite the reputation these days. With the help of the elven labor union, you supplied thousands of kids with presents last Christmas.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. We'd love to be able to do more.

JASMINE. Well, that's where we come in. I have been authorized to invite you to an investors' meeting in the North Pole. My company is very interested in bankrolling a workshop as well as warehouse space, assuming you are willing to relocate.

YOUNG SANTA. To the North Pole?

JASMINE. That's correct.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. But why would someone want to do this for us?

JASMINE. Because there are still good people out there, Oliver.

YOUNG SANTA. So what would we need to do?

JASMINE. I'm here to invite you to the meeting. Your travel has been arranged and taken care of . . . All you have to do is say yes and meet me first thing in the morning for the trip north.

YOUNG SANTA. What do you think, Ollie?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I think it's worth hearing what they have to say.

*(*BINKY *enters.)*

BINKY. *(Seeing* SANTA*:)* There you are!

YOUNG SANTA. Is there a problem?

BINKY. Dominick has flown in from Brooklyn to inspect our new line.

YOUNG SANTA. Right. *(To* YOUNG KRAMPUS*:)* Can you handle the details?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Sure thing.

YOUNG SANTA. *(As he and* BINKY *exit:)* It was a pleasure to meet you, Jasmine.

JASMINE. You too! *(After a beat, she hands* KRAMPUS *a folder:)* Here are all of the travel arrangements. I look forward to seeing you tomorrow.

(She prepares to leave.)

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Do you have plans tonight?

PAST. Oh no. Don't do that.

KRAMPUS. Shut up, it works out great.

PAST. Really?

JASMINE. Plans?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. For dinner. I assume you aren't local, right?

JASMINE. Are you asking me out on a date, Oliver?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. *(Jokingly:)* Me? No . . . I just thought I could point you in the direction of the best restaurant in town.

JASMINE. Ok.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. And then show up at the same time as you.

*(*JASMINE *laughs.)*

And pay for your meal and tell you a bunch of long-winded, pointless stories about all of the wonders of Krampus and Claus . . .

JASMINE. *(Thinks a moment:)* That sounds nice. Got a place in mind?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Big Doug's on the corner of Market and Evers Avenue.

JASMINE. Big Doug's?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. There's normally quite the wait list, but the owner and I go way back.

JASMINE. 7:30 work for you?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Sure does.

JASMINE. Alrighty then. I'll see you at Big Doug's at 7:30.

(She smiles and exits.)

PAST. There is no way that should have worked.

(After a moment, SANTA *enters.)*

YOUNG SANTA. I need my keys.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. We leave first thing in the morning. Let Binky know she'll be running the place for a couple of days.

YOUNG SANTA. Of course. *(A beat.)* I can't believe it's finally happening!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. What is?

YOUNG SANTA. Our big break! We're so ready for this!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. *(Thinking:)* Are we? We still have a couple of points we disagree on, Santa. I don't know if this is the time for growth or not. I mean, I'll hear what they have to say . . . but . . .

YOUNG SANTA. Ollie! We have the chance to make a real difference here!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I agree! I just don't think we should give out presents to everyone. You know that!

YOUNG SANTA. And I don't think we should leave children out.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. But rewarding bad behavior sends a bad message.

YOUNG SANTA. We've been through this, Ollie. You will never get me to agree that beating the bad kids with a stick is a good idea.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. It certainly would send the right message.

YOUNG SANTA. A message of fear?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. If necessary, yes. But I've been thinking . . . If this really is our big break, I just don't think I could be onboard unless there was someway we could correct the kids who aren't doing like they're supposed to.

YOUNG SANTA. Is that a threat?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. No! I just think that maybe instead of smacking the kids around . . . which I *still* think is a good idea, we could counsel them.

YOUNG SANTA. Counsel them?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. If we know a kid is not well-behaved, we could replace presents with a counseling session . . . show that kid the error of their ways so that they can be on our nice list the next year.

YOUNG SANTA. That doesn't actually sound like a horrible idea, Ollie.

*(*JESS *and* BINKY *enter.)*

JESS. Dominick is in the toy shop, Santa.

BINKY. I can't understand his Greek accent.

YOUNG SANTA. He's Italian, Binky. But don't worry. I'll come and deal with him. *(To* YOUNG KRAMPUS*:)* We'll talk later, ok?

(The scene fades.)

PAST. So what happens next?

KRAMPUS. What?

PAST. What happens next?

KRAMPUS. You don't know? You're supposed to know all of this. You're the Ghost of Christmas Past!

PAST. *(Scanning the file:)* I don't see it. I see that the date went well with Jasmine . . . That's a shocker and ooh. That's not good. But I don't see . . .

KRAMPUS. You suck at your job.

PAST. Sticks and stones, Krampus.

KRAMPUS. Well, the meeting went great and we moved our entire band up to the North Pole. The weather isn't so bad once you get used to it. Santa and I came to terms with the co-op and with each other.

PAST. With each other?

KRAMPUS. Right. The good kids, or the kids on Santa's nice list, would receive presents.

PAST. How did he know who was nice?

KRAMPUS. It's a lot to explain.

PAST. Gotcha.

KRAMPUS. Anyways . . . so kids who were on *my* list, the naughty list, would not receive presents. Instead, I would sit down with the kid and explain why we didn't bring them anything and how they could change that during the next year.

PAST. That sounds kind of nice.

KRAMPUS. It was at first. I really felt like I was making a difference. But then the word got out that if Krampus came to you that you weren't getting anything and kids really started to get upset if I showed up.

PAST. I guess that's understandable.

KRAMPUS. And kids just kept getting worse and worse. I mean, like, on the whole. Kids weren't towing the line like they did when we started.

PAST. *(Looking at the file:)* I see things didn't end well with Jasmine.

KRAMPUS. That wasn't my fault . . . We just didn't see eye to eye.

PAST. But you have regrets.

KRAMPUS. *(Emphatically:)* No! I mean, sure . . . she's beautiful and wonderful and . . .

PAST. And?

KRAMPUS. *(Quietly:)* She just didn't understand.

*(*JASMINE *is sitting and waiting for* YOUNG KRAMPUS *to come home from work; after a moment, he enters.)*

JASMINE. Merry Christmas, my love!

(She runs to hug him but she can see he is upset.)

Is something wrong?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. It was even worse than last year!

JASMINE. *(Sympathetically:)* Oh no! I'm so sorry, dear.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. The children . . . They just keep getting worse! They're all just so mean!

JASMINE. But most kids are still on the nice list and I read the article in the North Pole Times where there were almost three hundred kids who were on the naughty list last year that made it to the good list this year! You had to have had a big part in that! I know you talked to each one of those kids.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Three hundred out of more than eleven thousand! That's hardly a success. If Santa would let me do it my way . . .

JASMINE. *(Coldly:)* You know how I feel about that, Ollie.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I know, I know . . . It's just so frustrating. I think special situations should be considered. Some of these kids will never change their ways with a "stern talking to from Krampus."

JASMINE. I don't think they would respond to getting beaten down with a stick either.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. We've never even tried! We wouldn't have to take the stick to all of those little turds, but . . .

JASMINE. Turds? Is that how you feel about them?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. You should have been there tonight, Jas . . .

KRAMPUS. Can we just skip this?

PAST. No. I want to see what happens . . . *(Oops, not that.)* I mean . . . *you* need to see what happened.

KRAMPUS. I lived it, and I still think I'm right!

JASMINE. I'm sure you did your best to show them the right path.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. *(Exploding:)* But they didn't listen! They never do! If just once, I did what I think *has* to be done, we could really get these kids in line! I told Santa that something has to give.

JASMINE. You know how I feel about it.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I know. You tell me all the time. But I have to do what I feel is right.

JASMINE. I suppose so, but if you choose that path, I won't be a part of it.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. But Jasmine . . .

JASMINE. I won't, Ollie! I mean it. If you ever strike a child in anger, I'm leaving.

KRAMPUS. ENOUGH! I don't feel sorry about any of this! How about you show what happened next Christmas. How about you show how much I endured before snapping?

PAST. I don't think that's on the agenda.

KRAMPUS. Well, call your boss. You need to see why I became who I am.

PAST. *(Takes out a cell phone:)* Hey Jake. Krampus wants to change up the order of things. *(Listens.)* Yeah. He wants to see the next Christmas. *(Listens.)* The one after the one we just watched. *(Listens.)* You can? Sweet. Thanks Jake!

(Hangs up as YOUNG KRAMPUS *sneaks into a child's bedroom.)*

CHAD. *(Sitting up:)* Is that you, Santa?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. No, it's not Santa. Hi Chad . . . We need to talk.

CHAD. You gotta be freaking kidding me! I'm on the naughty list? What the hell?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Well, the committee decided . . .

CHAD. The committee? What do they know?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Well, they know most everything really . . . thanks to this gadget I made some years ago . . .

CHAD. You're not bringing me any presents, are you?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Well, no. That's how this works. I'm here to counsel you, to show you how easy it would be to get back on the nice list. I have a pamphlet that will show . . .

(He goes to hand CHAD *a pamphlet and* CHAD *smacks it out of his hand.)*

CHAD. I don't want your stupid pamphlet! Take a hike, Krampus.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Listen Chad, I'm here to help you.

KRAMPUS. You see? I tried to be patient!

CHAD. Has it ever occurred to you that I don't want your help? That I like who I am?

PAST. Hey, you've said the same thing!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. But your behavior . . .

CHAD. What behavior?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. There was that incident with the pool noodle . . .

CHAD. That wasn't me.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. *(Getting frustrated:)* We have proof.

CHAD. *(Petulant:)* Show me.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I don't have it with me.

CHAD. Then it didn't happen. I'm innocent and Santa owes me presents. I want an Xbox!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. The chicken salad incident, that case of Vaseline, that thing you did to the Swedish foreign exchange student? This is why you aren't getting a new Xbox.

CHAD. You have no proof I did any of that!

YOUNG KRAMPUS. We have absolute proof!

CHAD. *(Obnoxiously mocking him:)* But you didn't bring it with you! *(Imitating:)* I'm Krampus and I'm too stupid to bring any evidence with me.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. *(Getting ready to leave:)* Well apparently, you don't want my help, so I guess . . .

CHAD. Get the fat man in here to get me my Christmas presents.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. No one calls Santa "the fat man."

CHAD. What are you going to do about it?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I'm leaving.

CHAD. Yeah, that's what I thought. You got nothing, Krampus. You *are* nothing. Get out of my room and don't come back until you have my Xbox.

*(*KRAMPUS *stops.)*

KRAMPUS. This is the good part.

*(*KRAMPUS *pulls out a stick.)*

CHAD. What are you doing?

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I've had about enough of you, Chad.

CHAD. *(Looking scared:)* What?

(And the lights go out on that scene.)

KRAMPUS. Bring the lights back up! You're missing the best part.

PAST. I don't need to see any more, Krampus.

KRAMPUS. But . . .

(The lights come back on with YOUNG KRAMPUS *in the center of the stage. He is being spoken to separately by* YOUNG SANTA *and* JASMINE *on his right and left.)*

YOUNG SANTA. *(Angry:)* You did what?

KRAMPUS/YOUNG KRAMPUS. He totally deserved it.

YOUNG SANTA. This is not what we agreed to.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. The rules have changed. This is the way it has to be, Santa.

YOUNG SANTA. I won't sit by and let you go down this road, Oliver.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. What do you think you can do about it?

YOUNG SANTA. *(Calmly:)* I won't let fear ruin the spirit of Christmas. Right now, everyone on earth knows of us . . . of you. But that can change.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Is that some kind of threat?

YOUNG SANTA. No, Oliver. But from now on, I won't be seen with you. We're not friends. I thought we were, and while I can't kick you out of the organization, and I can't keep you from coming with me . . . I sure can quit doing all of the promotional stops we do and I can make it to where the name of Oliver Krampus disappears.

KRAMPUS/YOUNG KRAMPUS. Yeah, right.

JASMINE. I love you, Ollie.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. I love you too, Jas. Please don't go.

JASMINE. I told you how I feel and you . . . you just don't care. You're not the man I thought you were, Ollie.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Give it a year . . . the results will be there, I promise!

JASMINE. That's not the point . . . Even if they are, it's not how it should be done.

YOUNG KRAMPUS. Fine! Then go! I don't need you!

JASMINE. *(Sadly:)* Goodbye, Krampus.

(Blackout. When the lights come back on, KRAMPUS *is asleep in his bed as the clock chimes two.* KRAMPUS *doesn't stir as the* GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT *storms in.)*

PRESENT. *(With a lot of energy:)* Wake up, Krampus! It's time!

KRAMPUS. *(Groggy:)* I'm up, I'm up.

PRESENT. *(Sitting on the bed next to him:)* So how did it go with the Ghost of Christmas Past?

KRAMPUS. She didn't read my file, so she was kind of lost.

PRESENT. Again?

KRAMPUS. Not the first time?

PRESENT. Nope. Happens all the time. She's kind of ditzy.

KRAMPUS. Did you read my file?

PRESENT. I sure did, and while I knew who you were beforehand, your file reinforced what I already knew.

KRAMPUS. And what's that?

PRESENT. That you're a douche.

KRAMPUS. That's not nice.

PRESENT. And the whole spanking people . . . Is that some sort of unresolved childhood issue?

KRAMPUS. No! I had a great childhood! Really!

PRESENT. So what's up with wanting to spank people?

KRAMPUS. It's corporal punishment! *(Looking at him for confirmation:)* Spare the rod, spoil the child?

(No reaction from PRESENT.*)*

It's not like I enjoy it or anything.

PRESENT. Are you sure?

KRAMPUS. I mean, I don't enjoy it in any . . . creepy kind of way.

PRESENT. There's a non-creepy kind of way?

KRAMPUS. Can we just whoosh away somewhere? I'm not comfortable talking to you about this.

PRESENT. Whoosh away somewhere?

KRAMPUS. Let's just get to doing whatever it is we need to do. Chip-chop-chip!

*(*PRESENT *just looks at him.)*

Let's go!

(And like that, we are in Santa's living room where SANTA *is talking to his wife.)*

MRS. CLAUS. But why does he have to go on the whole trip with you?

SANTA. He owns half a stake in the company . . . You know that, darling.

MRS. CLAUS. The United States, Canada, England, the *whole* Middle East, Asia . . . None of these countries believe in him anymore.

SANTA. I believe in him.

MRS. CLAUS. Of course you do, he rides next to you in the sleigh.

SANTA. No, no, no . . . I believe in him. You didn't know him when he was younger . . . He used to be such a good person.

MRS. CLAUS. He's a deviant.

SANTA. No he isn't . . .

MRS. CLAUS. I think it's weird that he is so into spanking people. It's not right, Santa.

KRAMPUS. Do people actually think that?

SANTA. I know a lot of people think that about him, but I don't think it's the case.

KRAMPUS. It's definitely *not* the case.

MRS. CLAUS. I wouldn't trust him around the elves.

SANTA. He's never beaten any of the elves!

MRS. CLAUS. That you know of!

KRAMPUS. *(Miffed:)* Why do people think this is so creepy?

SANTA. Plus Binky and the others can handle themselves.

MRS. CLAUS. If you say so, dear.

SANTA. I'm feeling good about tonight, I think this may finally be the year.

MRS. CLAUS. You say that every year.

SANTA. I think we're close though.

KRAMPUS. Close? Close to getting everyone to forget about me?

PRESENT. That's not what he's talking about.

KRAMPUS. He's been working on that for years.

SANTA. I think he sees it. Maybe he won't say it out loud yet, but he has to know that the old way worked better.

MRS. CLAUS. Was he really that good at it?

SANTA. He was the best! He would sit with the kids and explain that everything was fixable, that every kid could be back on the nice list if they tried.

MRS. CLAUS. So what happened?

SANTA. I think the pressure was too much.

*(*KRAMPUS *makes a scoffing sound.)*

He wanted to save every kid, and when he failed, he would get mad at himself I think.

MRS. CLAUS. Mad at himself?

SANTA. Just a thought. *(He looks at his watch.)* It's almost time. I guess I should go let the elves know that I'm about to take off.

MRS. CLAUS. Good luck tonight! Don't eat too many cookies. You've been putting on weight again.

SANTA. Yeah, yeah . . .

MRS. CLAUS. Seriously, Claus . . . watch what you eat tonight.

SANTA. That reminds me . . . After Christmas this year, I want to have Oliver over for dinner. Would that be ok?

MRS. CLAUS. What on earth for?

SANTA. Just to show him we care.

MRS. CLAUS. But I *don't* care.

SANTA. Well, I do. So be a sport and do it for me, alright?

MRS. CLAUS. *(Hugging him:)* For you, I would do anything.

SANTA. You're the best.

MRS. CLAUS. Now get out of here and remember what I said about the cookies!

(The scene fades and there is a moment of silence.)

PRESENT. Were you paying attention?

KRAMPUS. Of course I was.

PRESENT. Santa hasn't given up on you, ya know?

KRAMPUS. But he still doesn't see. If he would just stop being so pigheaded and admit . . .

PRESENT. That you're right?

KRAMPUS. Yes!

PRESENT. Guess we should go take a look at another scene . . . I think you know these guys . . .

(We are now back in the workshop. JESS, DIPPY, *and* DORIAN *are working on something electronic together.)*

DIPPY. *(Irked:)* This sucks.

DORIAN. Complaining about it isn't going to help. Santa's about to leave . . . We need to get this fixed.

DIPPY. I don't have a degree in electronics!

JESS. *(Holding a gadget:)* The board is getting power . . . I just don't get why it's not working!

*(*BINKY *enters with* SIDNEY, *the new elf.)*

BINKY. Why are you three still working? Santa's loading up for the Southeast US and Cuba right now!

DIPPY. This stupid PlayStation won't power up.

DORIAN. The board's getting power, but other than that we got nothing.

SIDNEY. *(Looking in:)* I think you blew a transistor.

DORIAN. Where?

SIDNEY. That little one. Right there. *(Points.)* See?

BINKY. This is Sidney, she's our new electronics guru.

JESS. Sweet! We've been needing one forever!

KRAMPUS. Hey, I hired Sidney this week. We really did need more help with electronics and computers.

DORIAN. Is this your first day?

SIDNEY. Sure is. You said Santa is loading up? I can't wait to meet him!

JESS. You haven't met Santa?

DORIAN. Who did your interview then?

BINKY. I did the initial interview, but Krampus was the one that made the call to hire Sidney.

KRAMPUS. *(To* PRESENT:*)* You see, I still do good things around here. These guys all still like me.

DORIAN. *(With some disgust:)* Oh man, you interviewed with Krampus?

SIDNEY. Yeah. He seems nice enough. I had to look him up on Wikipedia though . . . I had no clue he owned half of the organization.

JESS. Unfortunately.

BINKY. Be nice, Jess.

SIDNEY. Unfortunately?

JESS. Krampus sucks the joy out of working here.

SIDNEY. Really? He seemed like an ok guy.

DIPPY. He's a jerk.

(They all look at him.)

Don't give me that look. We all think he's a jerk.

DORIAN. He wasn't always like that. He used to be one of the gang, ya know? But I just think he hates his life or something now. He's miserable and we all try to avoid him when we can.

BINKY. *(Sternly:)* Look, we're not going to spend time bad-mouthing Krampus, alright?

KRAMPUS. Thank you, Binky.

BINKY. So I'll just say this once so we can drop it. I used to like Krampus a lot. We were close . . . You guys know that. But now . . . I just think he needs to leave. Working with him is difficult because he's so unhappy. And this has nothing to do with him beating up the kids . . . I mean, that's weird and all but that's an issue for him and Santa to deal with. I just wish we had the old Oliver back.

SIDNEY. Oliver?

BINKY. That's Krampus's first name.

SIDNEY. The Wikipedia article had nothing about that.

DORIAN. After Krampus and Santa's falling out, Santa did his best to make kids forget about Krampus. He can't hurt kids who don't believe in him.

SIDNEY. He can't?

DIPPY. Those are the rules, and they're good rules too.

BINKY. But enough about that. Let's get back to work. We got a sleigh to load.

SIDNEY. I can change out that transistor if you'd like.

JESS. That would be great!

(The scene fades.)

KRAMPUS. Wow.

PRESENT. I'm sorry you had to see that. I don't always enjoy my job because I know it's painful to see what people say about you when . . .

KRAMPUS. I'm going to fire all four of them tomorrow.

PRESENT. What?

KRAMPUS. You heard what they said about me! I sign their freaking paychecks. They can kick rocks.

PRESENT. Oh. Ok. I thought that would have had a slightly different effect.

KRAMPUS. You and all of the ghosts are wasting your time here. I like who I am, I like what I've become!

PRESENT. Oh really?

KRAMPUS. Yes, really.

PRESENT. Then explain this.

(The scene shifts to the first scene of the show.)

JASMINE. What are you doing in my house?

KRAMPUS. *(To* PRESENT*:)* Why are we here?

PRESENT. Because if you are proud of who you are, then you are proud of this as well.

KRAMPUS. This isn't fair.

PRESENT. I'm not here to be fair, Krampus.

JASMINE. *(Repeating it the same way:)* What are you doing in my house?

*(*KRAMPUS *joins the scene.)*

KRAMPUS. Go back to bed. This doesn't concern you.

JASMINE. If you take one more step, I'll . . . uh . . . shoot you.

KRAMPUS. You don't have a gun.

JASMINE. You don't know that!

KRAMPUS. *(Turning around:)* If you had one, you would have already used it, now go back to bed like I asked . . . *(He sees her and is stunned.)* Jasmine?

JASMINE. *(Recognizing him:)* Oliver? What are you doing here? *(Seeing the gifts:)* Is Santa here?

KRAMPUS. He was. He just left. He's on your roof.

JASMINE. But why are you here? *(Realizing:)* Is one of my kids on the naughty list?

KRAMPUS. I'm afraid so.

JASMINE. And you think you are going to come into *my* house and lay a hand on one of my children?

KRAMPUS. It's what I do, Jasmine. You know that.

JASMINE. And you know that I don't believe in the way you do it.

KRAMPUS. But you believe in me, as do your children . . . or else I wouldn't be here.

JASMINE. My children all believe in you because . . .

*(*ALEX *and* SKYLAR *stumble into the room.)*

ALEX. *(The youngest:)* Mommy, who are you talking to?

JASMINE. Go back to bed, Alex!

SKYLAR. You woke us up . . . *(Seeing the presents:)* And it's CHRISTMAS! We have presents!

JASMINE. Skylar . . . I need you to listen to me, honey. I need you and Alex to go back to bed now, alright?

KRAMPUS. I didn't know you had kids. Where's their dad?

ALEX. We're adopted!

SKYLAR. *(Walking up to him:)* Are you Krampus?

KRAMPUS. *(Taken aback:)* I am. You know me?

SKYLAR. You're Mom's friend, right?

JASMINE. Used to be my friend.

KRAMPUS. *(Taking on a kindness:)* That's right, Skylar. Your mom and I go way back . . . back before you were even born.

ALEX. That's a long time!

KRAMPUS. I know, right?

ALEX. Mommy says you work with Santa! Do you?

KRAMPUS. I sure do. Santa and I have worked together for a long, long time.

SKYLAR. That's pretty cool.

KRAMPUS. Thanks! I think it is too.

ALEX. Did you bring us presents?

JASMINE. We can look at our presents in a little bit, Alex . . .

KRAMPUS. Alex . . . you were on the nice list this year, so Santa brought you a lot of the things on the list you sent us.

SKYLAR. And how about me?

KRAMPUS. You too, Skylar! You were on the nice list too.

ALEX. How about Parker?

JASMINE. *(Taking on a "mom" voice:)* If you two want to open anything this morning, you'll listen to your mom and go back to bed. Mr. Krampus and I need to talk.

SKYLAR. Ok . . . but hurry up, please! I want to see what Santa brought me.

ALEX. *(As they exit:)* Tell Santa we said thank-you!

KRAMPUS. I will!

(After they are gone:)

JASMINE. *(Back to business:)* It's Parker, isn't it?

KRAMPUS. What?

JASMINE. Parker's on the naughty list, isn't he?

KRAMPUS. Apparently so.

JASMINE. You're not going to lay a finger on him.

KRAMPUS. It's what I do, Jasmine.

JASMINE. Well, not this time, and not in my house!

KRAMPUS. Don't take that tone with me. Your child didn't just land on the naughty list by accident!

JASMINE. He's had a tough year. He's thirteen . . . The kids at school pick on him.

KRAMPUS. Kids at that age pick on everyone! That's not an excuse.

JASMINE. I'm not making excuses for my son, Oliver.

KRAMPUS. Well, Parker is on the naughty list and you know what that means. By the way, I'm sure adopting a kid with my middle name was a nice reminder all of these years of what you did to me.

JASMINE. What I did to you? You broke my heart, Oliver Parker Krampus, and I've lived with that ever since. Also just a little FYI . . . Parker isn't adopted.

KRAMPUS. But Alex said . . .

JASMINE. Alex and Skylar are adopted, but not Parker.

KRAMPUS. *(Taken aback:)* I had no clue . . . I . . . never thought that you could have found someone else . . . I mean of course you could, I guess. Wow . . .

JASMINE. I never found anyone I loved like I once loved you, Oliver.

KRAMPUS. I'm sorry that Parker is on the naughty list.

JASMINE. I named him after his father.

KRAMPUS. What?

JASMINE. Parker. I named him after his father.

*(*PARKER *enters. He's got horns and is obviously* KRAMPUS*'s child.)*

PARKER. Jeez Mom, you're going to wake the dead in here. Are you alright?

JASMINE. *(Softly:)* He's yours, Oliver.

KRAMPUS. My son is on the naughty list?

JASMINE. Parker . . . this isn't the way I would have had this happen, but I guess fate sometimes has different plans. I'd like you to meet your father. Parker, this is Oliver.

PARKER. Holy crap. My dad is Krampus?

KRAMPUS. Yeah . . . I am.

PARKER. Wow. That really blows.

KRAMPUS. What?

PARKER. I always thought my dad was like a success, off somewhere saving the world . . . instead he's just a weirdo that likes spanking little kids.

KRAMPUS. I like to think that I *am* saving the world.

PARKER. Then you're a total loser.

(At this, KRAMPUS *takes out his rod.)*

JASMINE. Oliver! You will put that rod away right now and leave this house.

PARKER. Wow. You finally show up in my life and the first thing you want to do is hit me?

KRAMPUS. I didn't even know you existed until right now, and if you weren't such a jerk, maybe I wouldn't have had to come here at all!

JASMINE. Oliver . . .

KRAMPUS. I'm not going to do anything. But this is your warning, Parker. I'd find a way to get back on the nice list if I were you, or I'll be back next year.

(The scene fades.)

PRESENT. That was rough.

KRAMPUS. My kid's a douche.

PRESENT. *(Laughs:)* Like father like son, I guess.

(Blackout. KRAMPUS *is back in bed. The* GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE *walks in, dressed in an all-black robe that covers his head and face. The clock strikes three.* KRAMPUS *doesn't move.* FUTURE *waits but quickly gets impatient. He gets out his phone and sends a text message off. The clock chimes three again. More waiting. Finally,* FUTURE *shakes* KRAMPUS *awake.)*

KRAMPUS. I'm awake! Get your hands off of me.

*(*FUTURE *goes back to his original position.)*

I take it you're the ghost of Christmas Future?

*(*FUTURE *nods yes.)*

This is going to take all night if we have to play charades with me to figure out what you want.

*(*FUTURE *shrugs.)*

Can you speak?

*(*FUTURE *shakes his head no.)*

Are you sure?

*(*FUTURE *signals "What?")*

Just asking. Is this supposed to be scary?

*(*FUTURE *slowly nods yes.)*

Well, it's not. It's pretty lame.

*(*FUTURE *gives* KRAMPUS *the finger.)*

Back at you.

*(*FUTURE *points.)*

I take it we're leaving now?

*(*FUTURE *nods yes.)*

I'm not going to change, ya know?

*(*FUTURE *shrugs.)*

Let's just get this over with.

(The scene moves to the restaurant Taco Champ. KRAMPUS *and* FUTURE *watch* MRS. CLAUS *order from the* TACO CHAMP CLERK.*)*

CLERK. Welcome to Taco Champ!

MRS. CLAUS. Thank you!

CLERK. Mrs. Claus? Is that you?

MRS. CLAUS. It is, Sarah! It's nice to see you again. They're making you work on Christmas Eve?

CLERK. It's only me and Jamie tonight. Chad called in again. And Jamie's in one of her moods.

JAMIE. *(From offstage:)* I heard that!

CLERK. I don't care! *(To* MRS. CLAUS*:)* I haven't seen you in ages! What can I get you tonight?

MRS. CLAUS. This place always rips up Santa, so I try to eat here when he's working.

CLERK. Sorry to hear that.

MRS. CLAUS. *(Laughing to herself, imitating* SANTA*:)* Sweetie! I think I'm dying here! Seriously, I think I just pooped out my spleen!

CLERK. Wow.

MRS. CLAUS. But I have a stomach like iron. I can eat anything. So give me a pair of bean burritos with extra fire sauce and a five meat supreme.

*(*JAMIE *enters.)*

JAMIE. We're out of grilled chicken, so it's going to have to be a four meat supreme. *(Seeing* MRS. CLAUS*:)* Oh, it's you.

MRS. CLAUS. *(Pleasantly:)* Hello Jamie, how are you tonight?

JAMIE. I'm an assistant manager working Christmas Eve at Taco Champ, how do you think I'm doing tonight?

MRS. CLAUS. As pleasant as always, I see. Still angry about being on the naughty list all those years ago? You know I had nothing to do with that, so how about you be a deary and not spit in my food?

JAMIE. Tell your husband that I hope he gets hemorrhoids. Anyways, I got burritos to make, so is a four meat supreme good enough?

MRS. CLAUS. That will be fine.

*(*JAMIE *exits.)*

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, this free sample is not complete.

TO PURCHASE THE FULL TEXT, AND TO OBTAIN PERFORMANCE RIGHTS, GO TO

www.playscripts.com