

*The Best Secret Santa Present Ever In The History Of Peckinpaw  
High School*

A Holiday Comedy In One Act

by  
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**CHARACTERS: 2 M, 1 F**

PATRICK- M, 16

SAMMY- M, 16

CHRISSY- F, 16

**SETTING:**

Peckinpaw High School. December 2012.

**AWARDS:**

**2011 KCACTF NATIONAL FINALIST** JOHN CAUBLE AWARD FOR  
OUTSTANDING SHORT PLAY

## SCENE 1:

PATRICK holds a folded piece of paper in his hand triumphantly.

PATRICK

*(Direct address)* I hold in my hand, a gift from the fates. The key to the proverbial kingdom.

Proof positive that there IS, in fact, a God and that he has FINALLY shined his ever-benevolent light upon me- after 16 years of leaving me in relative darkness. *This* is MANNA FROM HEAVEN.

And the shit tastes delicious.

Now, to the untrained eye, it may just look like some random, slightly-rumpled, quarter-square of folded loose-leaf paper-carelessly torn from any given, boring, Staples-brand, spiral Algebra notebook.

No.

This is an invitation to every eleventh grade boy's fantasy at Peckinpaw high school. This is notification that I am Chrissy Summerfit's Secret Santa for the high school holiday gift exchange.

Who is Chrissy Summerfit you may be asking?

She is the girl of my dreams:

Beautiful raven hair. Dark bedroom eyes. *Shoulder freckles.*

And she's totally HOT enough to be snooty and popular, but she's actually really bookish and down to earth. Like she does all sorts of charity work on weekends. And she's not afraid to just like- be herself, ya know? Needless to say, under normal circumstances, she is entirely out of my league. But this is NOT some *typical* Secret Santa pull.

This a sign from God to pursue THE DESTINY that is Chrissy Summerfit being my date to the Holiday Dance. Which, I should note, follows the Secret Santa gift exchange by *exactly* one week. COINCIDENCE? I. Think. Not.

And so, I've hatched a plan. A plan to find the best possible Secret Santa present EVER. A present SO GOOD that at the dance, Chrissy will hold me close, and whisper, "Thank you so much, Patrick. YOU. ARE. THE BEST."

*...as long as it's under the school-imposed fifteen dollar price limit.*

Now!

I've consulted various websites, dating blogs, and women's health magazines for research and advice, on the subject of romantic holiday gift-giving. Here's what I've found thus far:

Holiday gift giving scenario number one: "The Date Gift".

Which goes something like this:

Enter CHRISSY opening a gift.

CHRISSY

Oh my God! Tickets to see that awesome concert and/or movie!  
What an amazing and thoughtful gift!

PATRICK

Ah thanks.

CHRISSY

Hold on a minute. There are two tickets here!

PATRICK

Yeah! I figured you and I could go to the concert and/or  
movie together. Like a date. And if that's not your style,  
I've got a gift certificate to your favorite dining  
establishment instead!

CHRISSY

That's SO romantic! Maybe we can go after you take me to the  
holiday dance?

PATRICK

That sounds like a plan!

Chrissy Hugs Patrick close.

CHRISSY

Thank you so much Patrick. You are the BEST!

She exits.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address)* BOOM! See the entire purpose behind "The  
Date Gift" is to keep the relationship progressing by adding  
more dates. But it shouldn't be a self-serving thing. Like  
you shouldn't take her to a steak house if she's a  
vegetarian. Or you shouldn't take her to a metal show, when  
she listens to Beyonce. So you can't be scared to do your  
research and find out your potential significant other's  
tastes and preferences.

Enter CHRISSY.

PATRICK

*(direct address. Terrified)* Oh my god, here she comes.  
CHRISSY! HEY!

CHRISSY

Hi Patrick.

PATRICK

Uh. You get the Algebra homework all done?

CHRISSY

Yeah. You?

PATRICK

Yeah. Totally. So, do you like movies and/or live music?

CHRISSY

Uh. Yes?

PATRICK

Cool See, I'm uh- taking this informal survey of the Junior class about like- what they'd rather do on a Saturday night-

CHRISSY

Why?

PATRICK

It's for the school paper.

CHRISSY

I didn't know you worked on the school paper?

PATRICK

Yeah. I'm just kinda like a guest columnist this week.

CHRISSY

Okay-

PATRICK

So like purely hypothetically speaking, and not necessarily in reality, would you rather see a movie or, a concert on a Saturday night?

CHRISSY

I think it'd kinda depend on who or what's playing-

PATRICK

Well, what kind of stuff are you into?

CHRISSY

I don't know. I have pretty wide-spanning tastes.

PATRICK

Could you get specific?

CHRISSY

I'm pretty much into everything.

PATRICK

Okay. Well, what about in terms of the actual *activity* itself? Like do you have a preference for a *perfect* Saturday night?

CHRISSY

Honestly, If I had my way, I'd probly just stay home and read a book or something. *(Beat)* Does that help?

PATRICK

Yeah. Definitely. I'll just uh- I'll add those answers in the thing. For the survey.

CHRISSY

Great...

PATRICK

Also. Are you a vegetarian?

CHRISSY

No.

PATRICK

Okay. Great! Thanks.

Chrissy exits.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address)* This is obviously going to be harder than anticipated. So I'm enlisting help from my friend Samuel Myerson. Sammy for short. We've been best friends since Kindergarten, so that makes him a pretty qualified and trustworthy wingman.

Enter SAMMY.

SAMMY

This Secret Santa crap is so fuckin stupid.

PATRICK

*(Direct address)* He's also Jewish.

SAMMY

I'd sincerely like to get through ONE YEAR of my life where Christmas is not shoved down my throat *constantly*.

PATRICK

What are you so pissed off about? They included Hanukkah. It's "Secret Moses" too.

SAMMY

Moses had nothing to do with Hanukkah! Okay? He's fucking Passover! I mean, if you're gonna take the time to patronize me, at least get the God-damn holiday right.

PATRICK

Would you rather it was "Secret Hanukkah Harry"?

SAMMY

No frankly, I wouldn't. Hanukkah Harry is a Saturday Night Live Sketch by John Lovitz, that Christians go around assigning "religious significance" to, because they're ignorant fucktards who know nothing about Judaism. The Hanukkah story's not even *in* the bible. The only reason the holiday is a big deal is cuz we had to keep up with you *Christians* to give the illusion of societal equality and political correctness, which *lets's face it*, is bullshit.

PATRICK

You pulled someone really terrible didn't you?

SAMMY

Fuck off.

PATRICK

I knew it. Who'd you get?

SAMMY

We're not supposed to say anything. It's "*Secret Santa*". Not "*Broadcast it to your friends, Santa*".

PATRICK

Come on man. It's me. I'm not gonna tell anybody.

SAMMY

*Fine. (Beat)* I pulled Brett Swish.

PATRICK

YOU PULLED BRETT SWISH? *(laughs)*

SAMMY

Yeah. Laugh it up.

PATRICK

I'm sorry. It's just-

SAMMY

I know. Believe me. The kid used to beat the shit out of me and take my lunch money EVERY DAY in elementary school. And now I have to spend MORE MONEY on some stupid gift for the douche.

PATRICK

What are you gonna do?

SAMMY

I'm thinking about giving him a note that says: "consider the ill-gotten tater-tots in grades 3 through 5 your gift, dick-face".

PATRICK  
Ya wanna know who I got?

SAMMY  
No.

PATRICK  
Come on man. It's really exciting.

SAMMY  
You're not supposed to tell anybody!

PATRICK  
You told!

SAMMY  
That doesn't mean you're supposed to tell.

PATRICK  
Chrissy. Summerfit.

SAMMY  
Well, Woo-fuckin-hoo.

PATRICK  
Come on! That's HUGE!

SAMMY  
Why is that huge?

PATRICK  
Cuz it's Chrissy Summerfit!

SAMMY  
I don't understand what you see in that girl. She's not even that hot. She's got shoulder freckles.

PATRICK  
You just say that cuz your parents will only let you date Jewish girls.

SAMMY  
Whatever. I can date who I want.

PATRICK  
Well look, I've got a plan to use this gift exchange to get Chrissy to come to the Holiday dance with me. But I need your help.

SAMMY  
Dude, those dances are lame.



PATRICK

You've never even gone to one.

SAMMY

I don't have to go to one to tell you they're lame.

PATRICK

Whatever. Are you friends with Chrissy on Facebook?

SAMMY

Why would I be friends with Chrissy Summerfit on Facebook?

PATRICK

Cuz, you guys are in the same class-

SAMMY

So are you! And are YOU friends with Chrissy Summerfit on Facebook?

PATRICK

No.

SAMMY

Then why the hell would *I* be friends with Chrissy Summerfit on Facebook?

PATRICK

Well, CAN You be friends with her on Facebook?

SAMMY

What the fuck for?

PATRICK

Cuz I've gotta look at her profile for research.

SAMMY

You can't just have a conversation with her?

PATRICK

See I tried that. And it kinda didn't work.

SAMMY

Well, why don't YOU friend her on Facebook?

PATRICK

Because if I friend her on Facebook it's gonna look all stalkerish and she's gonna know that I'm her Secret Santa!

SAMMY

This is so fuckin stupid.

PATRICK

Would you just do it? I'll help you get a revenge gift for Brett if you help me out.

SAMMY

Fine. Deal.

PATRICK

Thank you.

SAMMY

Ah. Whatever. I'm already sick of this fucking holiday.

SAMMY exits.

PATRICK

*(direct address)* Now! It's very important when picking a perfect holiday gift for your significant other, to take their personal tastes into account. Which brings us to holiday gift giving scenario number two: The "I'm paying attention!" gift. Which goes a little something like this:

Enter Chrissy opening a present.

CHRISSY

Oh my God! A book by that author, cd by that band, or painting by that artist I mentioned I loved in passing conversation and/or my Facebook profile!

PATRICK

Do you like it?

CHRISSY

I love it!

PATRICK

Ya know, I just figured it would be a great way to express how in-touch I am with your personal tastes and interests.

CHRISSY

Aw . You're so observant! Can't wait to observe YOU at the HOLIDAY DANCE!

Chrissy Hugs Patrick.

CHRISSY

Thanks so much Patrick. You're the best.

She exits.

PATRICK

(*direct address*) You see, when you get them something based off of what they already love, it proves that you *listen*, and from what I've read, girls love guys who listen.

ENTER SAMMY with a laptop.

SAMMY

Alright. I've got her profile up.

PATRICK

Awesome. Now, what does it say under her movies and music?

SAMMY

"Wide-spanning tastes. Pretty much into everything."

PATRICK

Are you kidding me?

SAMMY

No.

PATRICK

Christ. At least she's consistent. What about under books?

SAMMY

"I read 'em"

PATRICK

That's all it says?

SAMMY

That's all it says.

PATRICK

Quotes?

SAMMY

Nothin.

PATRICK

Really, no quotes?

SAMMY

No quotes.

PATRICK

Okay. What about "about me"?

SAMMY

"What would you like to know?"

PATRICK

What it says in the "about me" section.

SAMMY

No. That's what it says in the "About me" section.

PATRICK

"What would you like to know?"

SAMMY

Yes.

PATRICK

Is there ANY information on this profile?

SAMMY

Ya got me, man.

PATRICK

What if I just bought her two tickets to the Holiday Dance and a note that said "Wanna go with?"

SAMMY

Are you ACTUALLY considering that?

PATRICK

What's wrong if I was?

SAMMY

You mean, besides the fact that you'd look like an unimaginative, self-serving, pathetic, gutless, stalker? I mean, nothing, man.

PATRICK

Why is this so hard?

SAMMY

Not to put any added pressure on your already addled mind here, but anything for Brett yet?

PATRICK

I don't know. I've gotta get this done first.

SAMMY

Well, we've got two weeks, so, don't get too stressed out. It's just a fuckin' school dance after all.

PATRICK

Thanks.

Sammy exits.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address)* I spent the next two weeks seeking out Chrissy Summerfit and asking her every conceivable question that popped into my mind. What's your favorite color? What's your favorite article of clothing? Body part? Facial Feature? Childhood stuffed animal? What are your parents like? Where do you see yourself in 5 years? What are your feelings on Israeli Palestinian Conflict? Stem Cell Research? The probability of life on other planets? The existence of a higher being? And with every question I felt like I was floundering. Like I was wearing some giant neon beacon that was practically screaming "I AM YOUR SECRET SANTA! PLEASE LOVE ME!!!!!!" And then just when I was about to give up, it STRUCK ME. Out of absolutely nowhere. And suddenly, A million puzzle pieces of random information came together and formed a coherent picture of a three dimensional human-being.

CHRISSY enters opening a present.

PATRICK

*(Direct address)* It all seemed really obvious to me when I thought about it later.

CHRISSY

Oh my Gosh.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address)* I should've known from the get go.

CHRISSY

This is SO sweet.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address)* But I have to say, I never expected this.

CHRISSY

Thank you so much! You are the BEST!

PATRICK

*(Direct address)* Someone beat me to the punch.

CHRISSY

This is the most perfect gift!

Enter Sammy.

SAMMY

Thanks. I just figured, ya know- I'm glad ya like it.

CHRISSY hugs SAMMY.

PATRICK

(*Direct Address*) Something is rotten in Denmark.

SCENE 2:

After school.

PATRICK

Hey man.

SAMMY

Hey...

Beat.

PATRICK

I finally got to thinkin' about that gift for Brett.

SAMMY

Oh. You don't need to worry about that.

PATRICK

No. No way. It's gonna be hilarious man. He's gonna be so humiliated.

SAMMY

I think I can take care of it.

PATRICK

Come on. We made a deal. You help me with CHRISSY, I help you. That's what *friends* are for.

SAMMY

Seriously. Don't worry about it.

PATRICK

No, I don't think you understand. I owe you.

SAMMY

Look, You obviously already know what's going on. So, let's cut the bullshit?

PATRICK

What's going on? I have no idea what you're talking about.

SAMMY

Dude, Patrick. Stop-

PATRICK

No, *Seriously*. I have no idea.

SAMMY

We've known each other too long for this.

PATRICK

*I wanna hear you say it to my face. Then I'll stop.*

SAMMY

Fine. *(Beat)* Me and Chrissy are kind of a thing.

PATRICK

Kind of thing?

SAMMY

Yeah.

PATRICK

Wow.

SAMMY

I'm sorry.

PATRICK

WOW.

SAMMY

But, this seriously isn't what it looks like.

PATRICK

What'd you get her for Secret Santa out of curiosity?

SAMMY

Made a donation in her name to that charity she works for on weekends.

PATRICK

That was good. I should've thought of that.

SAMMY

I'm really sorry.

PATRICK

I thought we were friends.

SAMMY

Look I didn't initiate this. I friended her on Facebook like you told me to do. And she just started talking to me.

PATRICK

What do you mean she started talking to you?

SAMMY

I don't know. She'd just like chat me at random times and we'd have these long conversations-

PATRICK

You said you weren't even attracted to her!

SAMMY

I wasn't. I mean, not at first, but then we started talking and I don't know- She likes me. She told me that. I've never had a girl tell me that EVER. At any point in my life. She thinks I'm funny. And smart. And is actually charmed by my complete and utter neurosis. I mean, you've had girlfriends. You've had girls express vague interest. This has never happened to me before.

But then she asked me why I finally decided to stop ignoring her and friend her on facebook- and I didn't even know what she was talking about- cuz like- I wasn't ignoring her. Like if anything I thought she was ignoring me, cuz like why would she wanna be my friend? So I just told her I was her secret santa.

PATRICK

Why the hell did you do that?

SAMMY

I don't know. I panicked okay? I wanted to tell you- but I didn't want to make it weird. But I fucked it all up and I'm sorry.

PATRICK

I don't know what I'm supposed to say.

SAMMY

Well, while I'm being honest, I should probably tell you that we're going to the Holiday dance together.

PATRICK

Fuck you.

SAMMY

She asked me.

PATRICK

You don't even LIKE dances.

SAMMY

I'll break it off if you want me to.

PATRICK

Fuck off.

SAMMY

You're my best friend, man. I don't wanna screw that up.

PATRICK

Get out of here.

SAMMY

I'm not-



PATRICK

Just get the fuck out of my face, okay?

SAMMY exits.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address)* Wow. My best friend of eleven years folks. I'm not entirely sure which holiday gift giving scenario this is. The "Stabbed in the back by your best friend" scenario? That seems appropriate. That scenario is gonna go a little something like this: The friendship is over. And I'm staying the fuck away from both of them. Bah. HUMBUG.

Enter CHRISSY holding a note.

CHRISSY

Hey Patrick?

PATRICK

What?

CHRISSY

Have you seen Sam?

PATRICK

Sam?

CHRISSY

Yeah.

PATRICK

His name's Sammy. And why would I see him?

CHRISSY

I thought you guys were friends.

PATRICK

Right...

CHRISSY

You were doing all his Secret Santa research.

PATRICK

What are you talking about?

CHRISSY

You were asking me all those questions for him...pretending to be on the school paper...

PATRICK

I- wa- *(Sigh)* What do you want, Chrissy?

CHRISSY

He wasn't in class today. And he won't pick up his phone. And I really need to talk to him- So, could you just give him this?

CHRISSY hands PATRICK a note on folded notebook paper.

PATRICK

Yeah. Whatever.

CHRISSY

Thanks. I've got to uh- I gotta go.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address) SHE THOUGHT I WAS ASKING ALL THOSE QUESTIONS FOR HIM? COME ON! And Now I'm playing courier for their love letters. Man, fuck this holiday. (Patrick reads the note) Oh shit.*

SCENE 3:

SAMMY's room.

PATRICK

Hey.

SAMMY

What are you doing here?

PATRICK

You weren't in class.

SAMMY

I didn't feel like going.

PATRICK

Since when do you cut school?

SAMMY

The fuck do you care?

PATRICK

It's just out of character for you is all.

SAMMY

Well, I'm doing a whole bunch of out of character shit lately. May as well keep goin' with it.

PATRICK

What's with all the tissues?

Nothing. SAMMY

Have you been crying? PATRICK

No. I have a cold. SAMMY

Chrissy gave me a note to give to you. PATRICK

Keep it. I'm not interested. SAMMY

I think you should read it. PATRICK

Why? SAMMY

Because I read it, and I think she's got some important stuff to say. PATRICK

What the hell are you reading my notes for? SAMMY

I was curious! PATRICK

Man, whatever. I don't read your love letters. SAMMY

Who say's it's a love letter? PATRICK

Whatever! Just give it to me. SAMMY

You just said you didn't even want to read it. PATRICK

Well, I was just saying that. SAMMY

You're ridiculous! PATRICK

Fuck off! SAMMY

Beat.

PATRICK  
So, you broke it off with her?

SAMMY  
So what if I did?

PATRICK  
Why, man?

SAMMY  
Because the whole thing was screwed up. And if being with her meant losing my best friend, then I'd just rather be lonely. At least that way I could look at myself in the mirror. Those dances are lame anyway.

PATRICK  
I think you should go with her.

SAMMY  
Whatever.

PATRICK  
I'm serious.

SAMMY  
Why?

PATRICK  
Cuz she really likes you.

SAMMY  
How do you know?

PATRICK  
Cuz she said so in the note.

SAMMY  
But that's not fair to you.

PATRICK  
Fuck fair dude. I've been spending these last few weeks running around like an idiot trying to find some *scheme* to get her to go out with me: because I had no idea who she really was. And somehow- I don't know how- you inherently just get this girl on a level that I can't even approach. And she miraculously seems to get you too. *I'd* be screwed up if I got in the way of that.

SAMMY  
You serious?

PATRICK  
Yeah. Go to the dance with her.

SAMMY

What about you and me?

PATRICK

We've been best friends since Kindergarten dude. I'll always be your wingman.

SAMMY

Thanks Patrick.

PATRICK

Happy Chanukah, Sam.

SAMMY

Merry Christmas.

Sammy Exits.

PATRICK

*(Direct Address)* So, Sam and Chrissy got back together and had a great time at the dance. I went stag- because I was reading online that women find men to possess a mysterious and other-worldly confidence if they aren't afraid to go to big holiday functions alone. Or that's what I kept telling myself anyway.

Enter Chrissy.

CHRISSY

Patrick?

PATRICK

Yeah?

CHRISSY

I heard about what you did for Sammy and me and-

PATRICK

Oh. It's- Yeah. Don't even-

She hugs him close.

CHRISSY

Thank you so much. You really ARE the best.

PATRICK

Well I, ya know- It's-

She kisses him on the cheek and exits.

CHRISSY

Merry Christmas.

PATRICK

So it looks like everything worked out in the end. Oh and I almost forgot: I found the perfect Secret Santa gift for Brett Swish: Fifteen dollars worth of frozen Tater-tots. Cuz even douchebag bullies deserve to have a happy holiday.

End play.