

# BIG LOUIE IS COMING TO TOWN

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## CHARACTERS

SANTA

Jolly Old Soul

LOUIE

A down and dirty auto mechanic with big aspirations  
and a long-term marketing plan

## SETTING

A living room on Christmas Eve.

SCENE

*(It is night time on Christmas Eve, and regardless of what's stirring all through the house, here in the living room Santa is softly whistling a happy tune while putting presents under the tree. Unexpectedly, the front door opens and in walks Big Louie with a big bag of presents.)*

LOUIE

Yo yo yo, and a merrrrry (*seeing Santa...*) who the hell are you?

SANTA

Excuse me? Don't you know who I am? I'm Sa—

LOUIE

Yeah, Santa Claus, damn it. What are you *doing* here?

SANTA

What am *I* doing here? It's Christmas Eve. I'm bring presents to all the good little—

LOUIE

I heard you were sick.

SANTA

Just a little sniffle. I wouldn't let anything stand in the way of—

LOUIE

So you thought you'd just stop in every single damn house and spread your germs like a carburetor-full of Christmas cheer?

SANTA

I... What?

LOUIE

You don't even have a mask.

SANTA

I—

LOUIE

At the very least you should be wearing a mask.

SANTA

Hold on there, young man. I know you. You're Louis. Louis Castig—

LOUIE

It's Big Louie. That's what I go by now.

SANTA

And what are *you* doing here in the McAllistor's house.

LOUIE

*(Swinging around his bag of presents...)*

What does it look like I'm doing?

SANTA

Oh, you are being a very naughty boy. Stealing presents. Someone's going to be getting a lump of coal in his stoc—

LOUIE

Hang on there, Jiggles. Where do you come off making accusations? Talk about stereotypes. I ain't here to steal nothing.

SANTA

Then what are you doing?

LOUIE

I'm bringing gifts. And unlike you, Mister Judgmental, I leave gifts for *all* the little boys and girls, not just the ones that some fat geezer arbitrarily decides have been good.

SANTA

What?

LOUIE

That's right. Big Louie gives gifts to everyone.

SANTA

You're telling me that you are here to *give* gifts?

LOUIE

That's right.

SANTA

Not steal them.

Not steal them.

LOUIE

And you expect me to believe that?

SANTA

Are you telling me that you find it hard to believe that someone would take it upon himself to go around and bring presents to little kids?

LOUIE

*(Santa starts to respond, but then realizes that he really doesn't have a good rebuttal.)*

Well?

Let me see 'em.

SANTA

You want me to show you my gifts?

LOUIE

That's right.

SANTA

No way.

LOUIE

I thought as much. You were lying.

SANTA

I wasn't lying. Big Louie never lies. And he don't discriminate. Gifts for every boy and girl, that's my motto.

LOUIE

I don't believe you.

SANTA

It is. It's written on my business card.

LOUIE

Let me see.

SANTA

LOUIE

No way.

SANTA

Just as I thou—

LOUIE

I'm not going near you. You're sick, and you're not even wearing a mask.

SANTA

I'm not sick. I just have a little sniffle.

LOUIE

That's how it starts. You've probably been contagious for over a week. How many houses you been to tonight?

SANTA

About fourteen or fifteen million so far.

LOUIE

Oh holy sausage in a handbag. What are you, trying to start another pandemic?

SANTA

I'm not sick. It's just a sniffle. And you're a liar, Little Louis.

LOUIE

You know what your problem is? You're scared.

SANTA

What?

LOUIE

That's right. You're scared of a little competition. You know I've got a better business model, and so you just want to discredit me. But it ain't gonna work.

SANTA

You do *not* have a better business model. I've been making kids happy for hundreds of years.

LOUIE

Scared.

SANTA

Not scared.

LOUIE

Oh, you're scared. You're scared because you don't know what I got in this bag.

SANTA

I think I do. You've been stealing all the gifts I've been leaving, you... you Grinch.

LOUIE

Defamation of character. That's just like you.

SANTA

Then show me.

LOUIE

Put on a mask.

SANTA

*You* put on a mask.

*(Santa and Louie try to stare each other down.)*

LOUIE

On the count of three...

SANTA

On three.

LOUIE

One...

SANTA

Two...

LOUIE AND SANTA

Three!!

*(They each whip out a facemask and put it on. Santa's is red with white trim, and Louie's is some other color, stained with grease, and reads Big Louie's Garage. Even better if it is in scrolling LEDs. Yes. They make them. Louie walks over and plops his bag down near Santa. Slowly, deliberately, he opens it and takes out a present. It is wrapped terribly, and a pink bow is hanging off of it by one end of a ribbon.)*

LOUIE

This is for little Emily.

SANTA

I already gave Emily her presents.

LOUIE

Oh yeah? What?

SANTA

A Malibu Barbie and an Easy Bake Oven.

LOUIE

What are you trying to do? Sell her into domestic slavery? Move over, Gramps.

SANTA

And what's that?

*(Louie "unwraps" the box and opens it. He shows it to Santa.)*

LOUIE

Four tickets to a hockey game and a brand-new set of brake calipers.

SANTA

For a seven-year-old girl?

LOUIE

Hey, these are Brembo High Performance calipers. From the GP4-RX line. Where the pads slide within the caliper body on special guides machined directly into—

SANTA

She's seven! She won't even know what brake clappers are!

LOUIE

They're *calipers*, and you'd be surprised. Any seven-year-old girl would be lucky to have motorbike brakes with an optimized hydraulic system like these babies.

SANTA

She's seven!



LOUIE

Quality's quality, Jiggly Butt. These babies would run little Emily over fifteen hundred bucks retail. Way better than some stupid easy break oven.

*(In disbelief, Santa looks back into the box and sees a card. He reaches in and takes it out.)*

SANTA

What's this?

LOUIE

It's like a Christmas card. From Big Louie.

SANTA

*(Reading... emphasizing the rhyming scheme after the first sentence.)*

Big Louie's Garage and Body Shop. When you want your wheels to look better than new. Making parents happy, and their children too. Gifts to make every boy and girl holler and hoot. Way better than that unimaginative old coot. In the red suit. *(Pause to look at Louie...)* What, you couldn't come up with any other words that rhyme with 'hoot'?

*(Louie motions for Santa to turn the card over. Santa reads.)*

You know, the creepy guy who comes down the chimney chute. And gets your carpets dirty with soot. From the boot... on his foot. That doesn't rhyme.

LOUIE

It's pronounced 'foot' *(making it rhyme)*.

SANTA

No, it says foot.

LOUIE

Poetic license. Anyway, now you see? I give you another two years. Three, max, before Big Louie is gonna have his own displays in Macys. *You'll* be lucky to get a guest appearance at Bob's Big Boy.

*(Santa just stares at him.)*

Now if you don't mind, I've got some presents to deliver.

*(Louie takes the card from Santa, drops it back in the box, and then wraps the whole package back up with shredded wrapping paper and the remains of the pink bow. It all starts to fall off, so he pulls down his mask, licks a hand, and smushes it all in place like somehow that's going to make it stick. It doesn't. He then holds it all in place, and props it under the tree against some other presents in a way that it almost stays wrapped. Santa just watches him the whole time. Louie then digs into his bag, pulls out a second box, and waves it at Santa.)*

LOUIE (CONT)

This one is for little Hank. I got him some sandpaper, a tire iron, and two rolls of high tensile strength duct tape. God, I remember all the fun I used to have playing with that stuff when *I* was five. Good times.

*(Louie packs up, and heads out.)*

Merry Christmas, buddy. And you might want to start moving that retirement account into bonds, if you know what I mean.

*(Louie exits. A moment later, Santa shakes his head and then exits. Lights go down. After a moment of darkness, we hear the delighted squeal of little kids and a child's voice calling out...)*

CHILD'S VOICE

Mommy! Daddy! Big Louie came! Big Louie left us presents!

*(End Scene.)*