

SANTA THERAPY

by

Mel DuPont

First Draft

BILL, STEVE, and MEDIATOR sit in the Mediator's office.

MEDIATOR

Bill, Steve, thank you for agreeing to attempt mediation.

STEVE

No problem.

BILL

(arms folded)

Whatever.

MEDIATOR

(frowns)

Let's begin by taking a deep breath.

(demonstrates)

Steve and Bill breathe in and out.

MEDIATOR

Steve, tell me what your intentions are today.

Steve and Bill look puzzled.

MEDIATOR

What do you hope to get out of today's session?

STEVE

I hope to find out why Bill sat on my lap and told me he was going to blow me up. I mean, who does that to Santa?

Bill rolls his eyes.

STEVE

Maybe if I can understand why Bill did that, then I won't have to take him to court.

MEDIATOR

And Bill, what do you hope -

BILL

I hope "Steve" admits that he's not Santa, he's never been Santa, and that he's living a lie. I hope Steve does sue my ass, so that we end up in court, and the whole world will know that's Steve's a jerk who scams little kids.

Mediator and Steve are speechless for a moment.

MEDIATOR

OK. Steve, I feel comfortable asking you to concede that you are not Santa.

STEVE

(makes eye contact with Bill)

I am not Santa.

BILL

That's right.

Steve folds his arms.

MEDIATOR

Bill, can you explain to Steve why you dressed up as an elf, waited in line, sat on Steve's lap, and claimed you were carrying dynamite?

BILL

(looks right at Steve)

Centuries... of... lying.