

*Christmas decorations.*



*Scene 1.*

*Supermarket's lobby, stairs to second floor, lot of Christmas decorations, big Christmas tree.*

*Bobby Bobson slowly walks on the second floor, stops at every stair.*

BOBBY: "Owner of the supermarkets chain, Bobby Bobson, didn't have best day of his life. To be correct, he planned last day of his life." Not bad beginning for the story, when they wrote it. Like every time, they knew what was on my mind.

*There are muted laugh and music from party.*

BOBBY: Party for staff. "Bobby Bobson is the best boss which we could have" – said one of the workers, who was present in that disastrous night. "Our correspondent will be in touch. Thank you. As we said, Bobby Bobson, was found dead in the lobby of his supermarket. Stay tune with us and you will receive details of this tragedy. He was alone in the middle of the supermarket's lobby – heavy decorated for Christmas."

*Bobby carefully climbs over railings and now they are behind his back.*

BOBBY: I calculated this place few days. Not too far from Christmas tree, not too close. Body will be noticed, but I won't spoil whole decoration.

Decorations. How many times I asked to check it? This Christmas garland, it moved under own weight.

All I had do myself. At first I will put it on place, for not to be hanged on it.

*Enters Stella looks at the second floor, notices Bobby.*

STELLA: To the left.

*Bobby freezes with Christmas decorations in his hand.*

STELLA (*demanding*): Two more steps to the left.

*Bobby makes one step on the left.*

STELLA (*disappointing*): My left, not your left.

BOBBY: What the Hell do you want from me? And where are you?

STELLA: I am down here.

*Bobby turns his head and looks down, on the first floor Stella waves to him.*

STELLA: You noticed me. Fine. Now two steps on the left with that decoration.

*Stella shows at which direction.*

*Without second thought Bobby performs it.*

STELLA: Much better. Thank you for help. You could be back from this railings, it could be dangerous. God, you could kill yourself.

BOBBY: Thank you for noticing that, but it was my plan before you came. I didn't plan to have witness, but why not, at least no one will think that it was accident.

STELLA: What was your plan? If you don't mind to open it.

BOBBY: It is a little bit disappointing. Of course, I don't know you. But it will be proper at that moment, if someone will care. My plan. To kill myself.

STELLA (*curious*): Really?

BOBBY: Yes.

STELLA: Why?

BOBBY (*irritated*): It's long story.

STELLA: If you don't mind, I have plenty of free time.

BOBBY: I don't have wish to repeat myself.

STELLA: You already told it. To whom?

*Stella turns her head in every direction.*

BOBBY: I wrote it.

STELLA: Understand. In pocket of your black suit. By the way, you predicted that it will be necessary to change your white shirt after...

BOBBY: After what?

STELLA: After your body hit the floor.

BOBBY: Note is in black box near tree.

STELLA: Wait a moment till I find it.

*Stella starts to search box under tree.*

STELLA: Found! I chose red boxes and gold, black is easy to notice. Now if you don't mind to wait...

BOBBY: What for I should wait? Till you walk away?

STELLA: No. I just read your note.

BOBBY: Why?

STELLA: You said, that you didn't want to repeat. But you didn't say that I can't read it myself.

BOBBY: Oh my... I should be more attentive to time and check if I could be alone.

STELLA: Thank you.

*Stella sat on the Santa's chair, opens the box and starts to read papers.*

BOBBY: Did you finish?

STELLA: Next time it's better to print it. You have terrible handwriting.

BOBBY: Next time!

STELLA: I don't think it's such unpleasant that your mistress will spend holidays with her sick aunt.

BOBBY: There is written about lie.

STELLA: Sorry I thought that she will lay near her relative.

BOBBY: Her sick aunt is blond ski instructor.

STELLA: Woman prefers healthy lifestyle. What's wrong?

BOBBY: Instead of aunt she will spent time with a man.

STELLA: Now it's clear. Should I add this details in your note.

BOBBY: No!

STELLA: I just asked. And why your mother could see your children and you not?

BOBBY: Because my mother didn't cheat with other grandchildren. She is good granny, I am bad father, Tory's opinion.

STELLA: I see.

*Stella turns page.*

STELLA: Routine of work. People want to buy less on cheaper prices. Profit is different from predicted. Are you kidding?

BOBBY: I had other wishes.

STELLA: We all had.

BOBBY: Even you?

STELLA: Even I.

BOBBY: What is your wish?

STELLA: To be an artist, to teach art. Make people happy, bring joy to their life.

BOBBY: Close to what you do with me now?

STELLA: Yeah, but with more impressive salary.

BOBBY: Who are you, by the way?

STELLA: Tired Christmas Elf.

BOBBY: And more specifically?

STELLA: Person who works when Santa drinks near fireplace.

BOBBY: You are helper of our decorator Maggy?

STELLA: I am hard working slave of your decorator Maggy.

BOBBY: Everything had to be finished two days before.

STELLA: I know. You planned to jump. Why you care?

BOBBY: Work should be done on time. In my other supermarkets everything was finished week before.

STELLA: Fine. Why you didn't choose other place? Where everything was decorated week before.

BOBBY: It's my choice.

STELLA: Wrong.

BOBBY: What?

STELLA: In note you wrote that you hadn't choice.

BOBBY: It should be written like that.

STELLA: Cool. There are some rules for such notes. Like with white wine and meat, you never should do it. Or do if you know which wine to choose.

BOBBY: If you have choice, you want do it.

STELLA: You need a holiday. Better with family. Somewhere warm and sunny.

BOBBY: You have no idea what I need.

STELLA: "Daily routine, where nothing changes. Snow outside and snow everywhere inside."

BOBBY: Did you quote me?

STELLA: Yes. If you are tired of snow, you should see in front of you ocean and hot sand to move from routine.

BOBBY: And it will solve all my problems?

STELLA: No. But it will help in your inner deep hate for Christmas decorations.

BOBBY: I don't have hate to... Oh my...

*Bobby looked at his hands, he almost destroyed garland.*

STELLA: You plucked poor fir branch.

BOBBY: I'm sorry. Your work.

STELLA: Nothing. You know that a lot of people wish to live like you. To have all this and have a choice.

*Stella closed box and starts to write on the box cover.*

BOBBY: What you are doing there?

STELLA: If it's a gift it should has receiver.

SECURITY MAN: Mister Bobson, mister Bobson, you shouldn't do it by yourself.

*Bobby turns head and supermarket's Security Man with red hat on head is near him.*

SECURITY MAN: Stella texted to us... We could make it till morning. Mister Bobson, you shouldn't do it yourself.

*Bobby helps to security man put on place Christmas decorations.*

*Bobby quickly steps down staircase on first floor.*

*Proudly mister Bobson looks at finished decoration of his supermarket's lobby.*

BOBBY: I haven't wish to see this tomorrow. Maybe Tory will agree that kids should have some sun in the middle of snowy winter.



*Bobby comes to the boxes near Christmas tree. Takes black box at which text was written in gold.*

BOBBY: “Your life is a gift. Keep it. To Bobby Bobson. Tired Christmas Elf.”

*Scene 2.*

*Cozy decorated room in little apartment.*

*Stella wears red jumper.*

*On the little table is tiny box of sweets.*

*Doorbell rang, Stella opens.*

*Enters Postman.*

STELLA: Merry Christmas! Sweet Christmas!

POSTMAN: Sweet Christmas!

*Stella and Postman change tiny Christmas sweets boxes.*

POSTMAN: You have someone on the sunny islands. They have better weather than we, for sure. Happy Holidays!

STELLA: Happy Holidays!

*Stella closed door and take envelope which was decorated by palm trees.*

STELLA: To Tired Christmas Elf.

*Stella opens postcard.*

STELLA: “I hope it will be enough for your dream. From Bobby, Tory and kids.”

*Stella opens check, impressed.*

STELLA: It will be enough to start own business. This year I will leave to Santa something stronger than usual milk near cookies.

*Stella takes artificial snow from table and throws it above herself.*

*THE END.*

*November - December 2017.*

