

MARIA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

An Original Stage Play

By

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The Setting

Though it's a simple living room setting, the quality of furniture should reflect a posh lifestyle as in 'upper-class'. (The rest I leave to your imagination)

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Icyline
Charline
Maria
James
Bishop Thomas
Prince

SCENE I

LIGHTS UP

*Icyline is seated at centre stage rummaging through a stack of papers scattered
On the centre table.*

She looks at her watch.

ICYLINE: I'm running late again. *(Calls offstage)* Charline honey...

CHARLINE *(offstage)*: Yes mom.

ICYLINE: I need you right now.

Charline appears almost instantly.

CHARLINE: I'm here.

ICYLINE: Come over here and help me sort through these papers.

Charline goes to her side and starts to help.

CHARLINE: Is this your new book.

ICYLINE: Yes... 'Living Within Your Means; A Guide to Proper Budgeting'

CHARLINE: Sounds interesting.

ICYLINE: Yeah well, I have a meeting with my publisher in forty five minutes. If I don't get there in time...

CHARLINE: Why not let Maria do it?

ICYLINE: And get my manuscript dirty and wrinkled, I think not. Doesn't she have enough work for today?

CHARLINE: If she did, she would not be in her den reading a bible.

Icyline stops.

ICYLINE: What? *(calls offstage)* Maria...

No answer.

ICYLINE *(shouts)* Maria.

MARIA (*offstage*): Coming Ma'am.

Icyline stands to challenge her as she enters dressed in maid's uniform.

ICYLINE: Where were you?

MARIA: In the den.

ICYLINE: Excuse me!

MARIA: In the den, ma'am.

ICYLINE: Doing what?

Maria looks at Charline.

MARIA: Reading, ma'am.

ICYLINE: How can you find time to read? Uh? Don't you have enough work to do?

MARIA: Yes, ma'am.

ICYLINE: Well, I sure hope so. Please add to your list '*cleaning of the attic.*' I want to get rid of all the cobwebs and junk from that miserable place today. Also, I want a new look for my bedroom. You can reshuffle the place and when I get back this afternoon, I'll let you know if I like it this time.

MARIA: Yes, ma'am.

ICYLINE: Why are you still standing there?

Maria shuffles away.

Charline laughs. Icyline joins her.

ICYLINE: God I hate to see her. She constantly reminds me of...

CHARLINE: Don't get too hyped up about her mom. If we keep pushing her, with any luck she'll run away and then the contract would be breached and we wouldn't have to give her a cent.

ICYLINE: It was a stupid contract in the first place. I should never have agreed to it. I'm her step-mother for God's sake...she's not my responsibility.

CHARLINE: If you hadn't agreed to it, you wouldn't have gotten the money you needed to fast-track your career...

ICYLINE: Don't remind me. The things we do to succeed in life.

CHARLINE: She's a small price to pay, but not to worry. In any case she'll be Twenty One in one and a half years...

ICYLINE: That's way too long. But, she's a whole lot stronger than I thought. I'm starting to wonder if we'll ever be able to break her.

CHARLINE: Don't worry. Don't you have an appointment you're running late for.

ICYLINE: Right.

They both get back to work.

A knock sounds at the door.

ICYLINE: Probably my ride. Keep at it. I'll get the door.

Charline nods and continues working.

Icyline gets up, straightens herself and walks to the door.

James is standing on the other side.

Icyline frowns and closes the door in his face.

She walks away a bit, but stops when the knocking resumes.

Charline looks up from the stack of papers.

CHARLINE: Who is it?

ICYLINE: An unwelcome guest.

CHARLINE: Oh, him again.

James opens the door and enters.

Icyline speaks without turning around.

ICYLINE: You're not welcome here.

JAMES: I didn't come to see you, Icyline.

Icyline turns to face him. James looks past her to Charline.

JAMES: Hi, Charline.

CHARLINE (*flat and uninterested*) Hi, dad.

James meets Icyline's eyes.

JAMES: Can I see her.

ICYLINE: No.

JAMES: You still haven't told her, have you?

ICYLINE: No.

JAMES: Look, we have our differences, but she should not have to suffer because of our disagreements.

ICYLINE: Well, someone has to suffer. I can't think of anyone more worthy than a bastard child.

JAMES: You're supposed to forgive others, Icyline. You were a Christian once.

ICYLINE: Yeah, well...that's before my so called christian husband ran off to get married in another country leaving me with a bank account I couldn't access unless I signed a stupid contract that I would take care of his bastard daughter till she was Twenty One. Uhm...did I leave anything out.

JAMES: No, but your story is a bit twisted. You know it's a little more complicated than that.

ICYLINE: Yeah, whatever...so why exactly are you here again?

JAMES: I'm here for a few days, Icyline...and I'm not leaving until I talk to my daughter.

ICYLINE: Oh yes, right.

Pause.

JAMES: Where is she?

ICYLINE: I don't know. Charline, Have you seen Maria anywhere?

CHARLINE: Can't say I have.

ICYLINE: I don't know where she is...but I wish you luck in finding her.

Icyline shoves James through the exit.

ICYLINE: Thanks for stopping by.

She slams the door in his face again.

Charline puts the last few sheets of paper on the stacks.

CHARLINE: I think you're good to go.

Charline looks up when she hears no response. Icyline wipes tears from Her eyes.

Charline goes to her.

CHARLINE: Don't do that, mom. He's not worth your tears.

ICYLINE: I know.

They both exit as

LIGHTS FADE.