

Mom's Ham

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A ten-minute play

By Rachel Bublitz

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*Mom's Ham*, a ten-minute play by Rachel Bublitz

Cast In Order Of Appearance:

Jennifer, female, mid 40s - mid 50s, any race. A Christmas-sized ball of stress.

Michael, male, mid 40s - mid 50s, any race. Jennifer's husband.

Rebecca (the actor playing Rebecca can double as Grace), female, late 30s - early 40s, any race. Jennifer's sister.

Phoebe, female, teenager, any race. Jennifer's daughter.

Santa Claus, male, 50s+, any race. White beard, wears a red suit. His belly shakes like a bowl full of jelly.

Eric, male, teenager, any race. Phoebe's boyfriend. Amorous.

Grace (the actor playing Grace can double as Rebecca), female, late 30s - early 40s, any race. Jennifer and Rebecca's mother.

A kitchen. JENNIFER, MICHAEL, PHOEBE, and REBECCA are on stage, putting away food from many grocery bags.

JENNIFER

I don't see salt anywhere, did you guys get any?

MICHAEL

I thought we did.

JENNIFER

I needed TWO boxes of kosher salt, and I don't see them in any of these BAGS!

MICHAEL

Calm down, they're here somewhere.

*MICHAEL hunts.*

REBECCA

I don't see why you need all that salt, Jen.

JENNIFER

I told you Rebecca, for the brine.

REBECCA

Mom never brined.

JENNIFER

Of course she brined!

REBECCA

She used a glaze.

JENNIFER

*After.* She used a glaze *after* it was cooked! She always brined the ham over night.

REBECCA

She never did.

JENNIFER

She *always* did!

REBECCA

You don't brine *hams*! You brine *turkeys*!

JENNIFER

Of course you brine hams! How do you think she got the meat so juicy?

REBECCA

The glaze!

JENNIFER

IT WAS THE BRINE! Now where is my salt?

REBECCA

I took it out of the cart. I mean why would anyone need that much salt?

JENNIFER

ARE YOU DELIBERATELY TRYING TO SABOTAGE THIS CHRISTMAS?

PHOEBE

Mom, chillax! I'm sure Aunt Rebecca didn't know she was being a horrible hose beast when she put the salt back.

REBECCA

What did you call me?

JENNIFER

Phoebe, apologize.

PHOEBE

But I was just-

JENNIFER

PHOEBE! YOU ARE NOT HELPING! APOLOGIZE NOW!

PHOEBE

Fine. So sorry *Auntie*. This is lame.

*PHOEBE exits.*

REBECCA

You need to teach that daughter of yours manners.

JENNIFER

You need to mind your own business.

REBECCA

She's my niece, by definition it's *my* business.

MICHAEL

You know what? It is getting super late.

*(Check time)*

Holy cow, it's almost midnight! I think we all should get some sleep, and figure out dinner in the morning. I can buy some salt after we open up presents.

REBECCA

Nothing is going to be open tomorrow!

MICHAEL

I will figure it out.

JENNIFER

It won't matter, you're supposed to soak it *overnight*! I have to bake it all day tomorrow! There won't be time to-

MICHAEL

It'll be fine, now lets get to bed.

JENNIFER

I can't, I have to make the dough for the rolls, so they'll proof over night. I was going to try and get one of the pies out of the way too.

REBECCA

Sounds like you have a long night ahead of you. I'll try and get up early tomorrow to help out with the glaze for the ham. Good night.

*REBECCA exits.*

JENNIFER

The *glaze*? THE GLAZE? SHE-

MICHAEL

Relax, she's just jealous because she wanted to host this year.

JENNIFER

But I'm the oldest! It's only fair that-

MICHAEL

I know, I know, you don't need to convince me. Come to bed soon, all right? Otherwise Santa will skip over our house.

JENNIFER

I'll try.

MICHAEL

Merry Christmas, I love you.

JENNIFER

I love you too.

*MICHAEL kisses JENNIFER and exits. JENNIFER yawns, then takes out a cooking book and a large mixing bowl and starts to make the dough for rolls. JENNIFER yawns again, slaps HER face, trying to stay awake. JENNIFER puts HER head down on the counter, falls asleep. SANTA enters, HE goes to JENNIFER.*

SANTA

Jennifer, wake up... Jennifer... Jennifer!

JENNIFER

Wh- Huh? I'm baking! I'm- OH MY GOD!

*(Grabs a knife, threatens SANTA)*

HELP! MICHAEL! THERE'S A BURGLAR!

SANTA

Keep your voice down, Jennifer, no one can hear you.

JENNIFER

WHAT DID YOU DO TO THEM? I'M CALLING THE COPS!

*(Tries phone)*

It's not working! Oh my GOD! Are you here to kill me? Oh my God, oh my God!

SANTA

Calm down, I'm here on official Christmas duty!

JENNIFER

Why can't my family hear me?

SANTA

Just a little Christmas magic, that's all! Nothing to be afraid of! Please put the knife down.

JENNIFER

So you can rape and murder me? I don't think so!

SANTA

*(To himself)*

Why don't they ever believe me?

*(To JENNIFER)*

When you were four years old you wanted a yellow hula-hoop for Christmas, and you were disappointed because you got a blue one instead. At seven you wanted a kitten, at ten a record player, and this year you want, more than anything, to make a Christmas dinner exactly the way your mother did.

JENNIFER

WHO ARE YOU?

SANTA

I'm Santa Claus! And I'm here to help. Can you put the knife down now, please?

*JENNIFER puts the knife down.*

SANTA (CONTINUED)

That's better. Now, we're going to start off with Christmas present.

JENNIFER

Presents?

SANTA

No, the *present*, as in time. Take my hand.

*JENNIFER cautiously takes SANTA's hand, they spin around twice, and are now in REBECCA's room. REBECCA is in bed, on her phone.*

JENNIFER

This is my guest room!

SANTA

Yes.

JENNIFER

That's my sister!

SANTA

Yes. She can't see or hear us.

JENNIFER

But how?

SANTA

Christmas magic. Now just listen.

REBECCA

*(On phone)*

It's not going to be like mom's, she's got it all wrong! She wants to *brine* the ham!

JENNIFER

THAT'S HOW IT'S MADE!

SANTA

She can't hear you.

REBECCA

*(On phone)*

I stopped her... Yes I told her about the glaze, don't worry, I'm just going to do it tomorrow. What time are you getting here?.... Ha! I doubt dinner will be ready by 5.... No, it's good that we're doing it here, she's- Don't tell anyone I said this, but Jennifer is really strong. If we were at my house- I don't know how she's doesn't break down and cry when she looks at that ham! I mean, all I can see is mom. She's really holding it together.... Right, except for the stupid brine, I don't know where she got that in her head..... Yeah, love you too.

*REBECCA hangs up her phone.*

JENNIFER

But, but she-

SANTA

Hold on, there's more.

*SANTA takes JENNIFER's hand, they spin twice, and are now in PHOEBE's room. PHOEBE is on the phone.*

PHOEBE

She's acting crazy! I mean, like worse than when, you know, Grandma died. It's like making a good dinner tomorrow is gonna make her mom come back to life... I know, that's stupid, but- It's so sad too, you know? I just want to help her and make everything perfect for her tomorrow or something. It means so much and... What?! Shut up, you're not!

*We hear a knock on the window. PHOEBE opens the window, ERIC enters.*

JENNIFER

Eric Miller, I am calling your mother!

SANTA

They can't hear you.

PHOEBE

What are you doing here?

ERIC

Merry Christmas, baby!

*ERIC and PHOEBE kiss passionately.*

SANTA

Come on, there's still more to see.

JENNIFER

But-

SANTA

You can deal with them later.

*JENNIFER takes SANTA's hand, they spin twice, and are now in MICHAEL and JENNIFER's bedroom. MICHAEL is sleeping in bed with a book.*

JENNIFER

Why are we here?

SANTA

What's Michael reading?

JENNIFER

Just some science fiction garbage.

SANTA

Are you sure?

*JENNIFER goes to MICHAEL, picks up his book, the cover falls off.*

JENNIFER

*(Reading the cover of the book)*

"Helping your spouse deal with loss."

SANTA

Come on, now it's time to visit the future.

*JENNIFER and SANTA hold hands, they spin twice, and are now in the kitchen with MICHAEL, PHOEBE, and REBECCA.*

REBECCA

YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG!

MICHAEL

NOW IT'S BURNT!

PHOEBE

YOU'RE ALL *STUPID!*

REBECCA

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GLAZE?

MICHAEL

GET OUT OF MY KITCHEN!

PHOEBE

I HATE EVERYONE!

JENNIFER

It's terrible!

SANTA

This will be your Christmas, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

But, this is nothing like- My mom's where always- We were so happy and I don't want-

SANTA

I know, we have one more stop. Take my hand.

*SANTA and JENNIFER hold hands and spin twice. Now THEY are in a kitchen with GRACE.*

JENNIFER

That's my...

SANTA

Welcome to Christmas past.

*JENNIFER goes to GRACE.*

JENNIFER

Mom?

SANTA

Remember, she can't hear you.

*GRACE checks to make sure the coast is clear then pulls out items, like buns, and pies (all store bought).*

JENNIFER

She never let us in the kitchen. Every year she produced this massive feast all by herself! It was so delicious, and peaceful, you know? No one was stressed or mean, we were all so nice to one another, and she was the picture of calm. Had it all under control. I just wanted to have that again... I miss her, I miss her so much and-

*GRACE pulls out a fully cooked honey baked ham.*

JENNIFER (CONTINUED)

OH MY GOD, DID SHE JUST PULL OUT A STORE BOUGHT HAM?

SANTA

She did indeed.

*JENNIFER looks at the food.*

JENNIFER

It's all store bought! I can't believe it!

GRACE

*(Yelling offstage)*

Dinner will be ready soon!

SANTA

Time to go back. My magic only goes so far.

JENNIFER

...I miss you, mom... I miss you every day.... Goodbye.

*JENNIFER takes SANTA's hand, THEY spin twice, and are now back in JENNIFER's kitchen. There is a honey baked ham on JENNIFER's counter now.*

SANTA (CONTINTINUED)

That ham is just like the one you mom used to serve on Christmas.... Merry Christmas, Jennifer.

*SANTA moves to exit.*

JENNIFER

Wait! Why did you bring me a blue hula hoop if you knew I wanted yellow?

SANTA

That was your mom, I didn't bring you anything that year.

JENNIFER

You didn't?

SANTA

I only go to the places that need me. Ho, ho, ho!

JENNIFER

Merry Christmas, Santa. And thank you!

*SANTA exits. JENNIFER looks at the ham a moment.*

JENNIFER

... Crap! PHOEBE! YOU TWO HAD BETTER STILL HAVE YOUR CLOTHES ON!

*JENNIFER exits. End of play.*