

ALEX COOPER'S
CHRISTMAS CHEER

Written by
Alex Cooper

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

SUPER: Olde London, December 24th

The street bears many poverty stricken houses. The stone paved street guides numerous horse and carriages down and into the unknown horizon that is blocked by a murky haze.

A house's door swings open...

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An OLD MAN quickly and forcefully escorts WILLIAM (10) out of his home. William is covered head-to-toe in pitch-black soot. He holds a big brush in his hand.

WILLIAM

Chimney's as clean as a
whistle, mister!

OLD MAN

You're getting smut on my
floor, boy!

WILLIAM

Sorry, Gov. A discount for
your troubles?

The old man gives William one last push and William trips out the doorway, falling on his stomach.

William quickly turns over and sits up.

The old man reaches into his pocket and throws a few coins at William, then shuts his door with a SLAM!

William gets up, wipes the dirt off his soot-covered clothes and then picks up the coins from the ground. He counts them in his hand.

WILLIAM

Two quid!

William runs off down the street, dropping his chimney brush.

INT. SHOP WINDOW - LATER

On display is a shiny red bicycle.

William runs up to the window. He puts his hands on the window and smiles in delight at the bicycle.

EXT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

William runs from the window -- leaving dirty handprints on the window -- and to the shop door. He walks up the step to enter the shop when, all of a sudden, he is stopped by the SHOPKEEPER, who stands at the door. The Shopkeeper is French and looks like a mime with out the make-up.

SHOPKEEPER

(Shakes a finger)

Uh, uh, uh. Your not coming
in here little boy.

WILLIAM

But mister, I want to buy that
bike, there in the window!

The Shopkeeper tilts back his head and laughs.

SHOPKEEPER

I am not one to give charity.

WILLIAM

But I have money!

William digs deep into his pocket and, moments later, pulls out a hand full of soot-covered coins.

The Shopkeeper looks at it in disgust, but doesn't look away.

SHOPKEEPER

(reluctantly)

And, how much is there?

William gives it a quick count.

WILLIAM

At least five quid, mister!

The Shopkeeper laughs again.

SHOPKEEPER

My dear boy, you know nothing
of value do you? That bike
is worth five times that
amount.

The smile disappears from Williams face.

WILLIAM

But mister-

SHOPKEEPER

If you are not buying anything
then go away. Please would you
step away. And clean those
dirty hands prints off my
window.

William hangs his head in sorrow and puts his money back in
his pocket.

He walks over to the window and wipes it with his soot-
covered sleeve. The smudge gets worse.

The Shopkeeper runs out of the shop and grabs William by
the arm.

SHOPKEEPER

Stop it! You're making it
worse!

The Shopkeeper pushes him away.

WILLIAM

Sorry, mister.

The Shopkeeper frantically tries to clean the smudge.

SHOPKEEPER

Go away! Don't come back
till you get money!

William runs off down the street.

EXT. STREET - LATER

William sits in the gutter with head-in-hands. He sighs.

The legs of SANTA CLAUS (...) step into frame. Instead of cheery red pants he wears brown pants.

SANTA (O.S.)

Excuse me, young boy.

William looks up and sees a rather portly old man with a snow-white beard and rosy cheeks. He wears a dark brown suit and a top hat. His hand is behind his back.

WILLIAM

Sorry mister, am I in
your way?

SANTA

Oh no, my dear boy.

(beat)

I just thought you might
have dropped this?

Santa reveals William's chimney brush.

William stands up to face Santa.

WILLIAM

My chimney brush! Thanks
mister.

SANTA

Why did you ever drop it?

WILLIAM

I didn't mean to, I just,
forgot about it 'cause I
was excited, mister.

SANTA

Oh? Excited about what?

William frowns.

WILLIAM

I thought I had enough to
buy a bicycle, but... I
didn't.

SANTA

Well, how much do you need?

WILLIAM

Twenty quid, I would have to
clean at least a hundred
chimneys to get that much!

SANTA

Or one really dirty one, and
what a coincidence this is!
I've been meaning to get my
chimney cleaned and now I
meet you.

(beat)

Tell you what, if you clean
my chimney, I'll give you
twenty pounds.

William's face lights up.

WILLIAM

Really, mister! That would
be bloody brilliant!

Santa gives a jolly laugh.

INT. SANTA'S HOME - LATER

Santa and William walking into Santa's warmly furnished
lounge room. The big chimney is decorated with Christmas
decorations.

SANTA

It's right there.

WILLIAM

I'll get it as clean as
a whistle, mister.

SANTA

Jolly good, while your doing
that, I'll go get some milk
and cookies.

WILLIAM

Yum!

Santa leaves the room.

William gets his chimney brush ready and ducks down to get
under the chimney...

INT. CHIMNEY - CONTINUOUS

William looks up into the coffin, only to see clear through
the top.

William runs his finger across the chimney wall and finds
no dirt.

He looks utterly confused.

William steps out from the chimney...

INT. SANTA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

WILLIAM

Mister?

Santa walks into the room with a tray of cookies, a jug of
milk and two cups.

SANTA

Yes?

William slightly frowns.

WILLIAM

Your chimney is as clean as
a whistle...

SANTA

Already, golly that was
quick.

Santa sets the tray on the coffee table.

WILLIAM

I didn't do it mister, it
was already clean.

SANTA

Really?

William's frown grows and he drags his feet as he walks to
the door.

WILLIAM

I'll go.

SANTA

Oh, no. Don't be silly.
I said I'd give you
twenty pounds for a clean
chimney, and my chimney's
clean.

William stops and turns to face Santa.

WILLIAM

Does that mean...

SANTA

Yes, here is your twenty
pounds.

Santa hands William a red pouch of coins.

William opens the pouch and looks at the coins in
amazement.

He immediately hugs Santa tightly.

Santa smiles and pats him on the back.

EXT. SANTA'S HOME - NIGHT

Santa's door opens and out steps William.

WILLIAM

Thank you so much, mister,
for your kindness.

SANTA

You deserve it William, now
go and buy your bicycle, I'm
sure the shops will be
closing soon.

William looks shocked.

WILLIAM

Bollocks! I forgot!

William bolts down the street.

Santa watches him run down the street.

WILLIAM

(yells)

Thanks again, mister!

Santa gives a small jolly laugh.

SANTA

(to self)

Call me Santa.

EXT. SHOP - LATER

William starts to slow down when he sees the shop's side.

William all of a sudden stops.

WILLIAM

How did he know my name?

William thinks for a moment but eventually shrugs it off
and walks up to the shop window to see that his red bicycle
isn't there.

William slowly approaches the window. He is stunned.

SHOPKEEPER (O.S.)

What are you doing back here?

William looks at the Shopkeeper who is standing on his shop step.

WILLIAM

I came to buy the red bicycle.

SHOPKEEPER

You're a bit late, boy. I already sold it to someone with money.

William pulls out the red sack of money.

WILLIAM

But I have money! Is there anymore?

SHOPKEEPER

That was our last one.

William hangs his head and begins to walk away.

SHOPKEEPER

I do have a blue one left.

William turns back to the Shopkeeper with a smile on his face.

SHOPKEEPER (Con't)

But that's forty pounds.

The smile disappears.

WILLIAM

I only have twenty-five quid.

SHOPKEEPER

That's to bad.

The Shopkeeper laughs and walks into his shop. He closes the door and turns over the open sign to close.

William stands, still and silent. A tear falls from his cheek.

All of a sudden a single snow icicle falls from the sky and lands on Williams cheek.

William looks up and sees Santa's sleigh fly across the moon.

SANTA

(faint)

Ho, ho, ho. Merry Christmas!

William rubs his eyes and looks back up at the sky to see nothing except falling snow.

Confused, draw his attention back to the world and turns to walk down the street when the sight of a red bicycle stops him.

William approaches it slowly. He sees a card hanging from the bicycle handle.

He takes the card and opens it.

INSERT: Christmas card that reads:

To William,

*Merry Christmas and thank you
for cleaning my chimney.*

*From
Santa Clause*

William looks back up the sky with a smile on his face.

WILLIAM

Thanks Santa.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END