

X-MAS TALES  
'A LONE HAND'

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is a dingy, badly illuminated dark room. White walls, slatted shutters on the windows, and the sounds of a rain downpour outside. It's monsoon season.

Pieces of letter sized paper are scattered all over the wooden floor.

A cranky old fan revolves with an irritating scratching noise like a nail on tin.

Bing Crosby's "Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town" plays on an old portable wind-up gramophone player, the sound fills the room.

Over in the corner of the room, next to one of the windows, is a writing desk; an old Royal typewriter sits proudly on top of the desk surrounded by reams of paper strewn over the desk.

The downpour of rain continues, the sound of a watery leak which drips, drips, drips and merges with the sound of the revolving fan and the song on the gramophone which makes an irritating noise.

Ping, "You better watch out", whoosh, cling, ping, "You better not cry", whoosh, clang, ping, "You better not pout, whoosh, cling, ping, "I'm tellin' you why, Santa Claus is comin' to town", swish, ping, clat-clat-clatter...

A man's foot kicks the gramophone, the needles skids across the record, scratches sounds, the song abruptly stops in its tracks.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

My life's what some people refer to as a "fuckin' mess". My last work was a total failure. Sometimes I envy other writers... It seems life's dealt me a lone hand.

The sound of a bomb explodes not very far away. Then another, boom, this time closer still.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

By the way, my name's Charlie Bookowski and guess what, yep you got it, I'm a writer... Well, I used to be until I had an accident one day...

CHARLIE BOOKOWSKI, in his late 50's, sits back on a filthy worn couch, he wears a yellowish stained t-shirt. He is badly in need of wash, is unshaven and sports a week's growth of

stubble on his face. He looks as if he has been dragged through a hedge backwards.

Sweat trickles down Charlie's face and collects in a damp patch on the neck of his shirt and under his armpits.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

As I grew up with the name Bookowski then it seemed the only thing I could be was a writer. So I decided to write. Seemed like the right thing to do at the time... Actually, I couldn't be more fuckin' wrong if I tried...

Charlie appears exhausted, tired, dark rings are visible under both his eyes. He leans back into the couch.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I'm a freakin' mother fucker solitary loner of a writer. Lost in this fuck of a country, in the middle of a dirty fuckin' war. And to top it all off, it's fuckin' Christmas day...

A bottle of Jack Daniels and a half-full-glass stands on a small wooden coffee table just in front of the couch. To the side a .45 caliber handgun and an ashtray piled-high with extinguished cigarette butts.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

One day I met a drunk mother fucker in a dirty lowlife bar down in Saigon. He turned out to be a U.S. Marine. "Just call me 'O'", he said. "Oh", I said.

(Pause)

'O' had recently lost his platoon in a jungle massacre and was rambling. "Charlie", he said, "I have a dream. When I get back home, I wanna' be a movie director."

Charlie picks up the Jack Daniels, pushes it up to his lips and sucks from the bottle.

The Adam's apple on his throat goes up and down when he gulps down the brown liquid.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

this fuckin' war. In this fuck of a country. But he did survive, the mother fucker.

Charlie takes another slug from the Jack Daniels.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Do you recall Ben Sanderson, the main character from Leaving Las Vegas? The writer drunk? Well I'm ten times worse than him. At least he had Sera the pretty hooker to keep him company. Me, I've got too much time on my hands and nobody to spend it with.

A shaved hand with red painted long finger nails caresses Charlie's neck.

The hand's index finger sexily strokes Charlie's lips. He opens his mouth and slowly takes the finger and sucks on it up and down. His tongue licks the length of the finger.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Maybe it's because I'm a failure that real decent women didn't care for me... I mean real decent women, not the bitch whores outside spreading sexually transmitted diseases to mother fuckers like me.

Charlie takes another slug from the Jack Daniels.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Christ, every man needs a woman! And so do fuckin' I!

The shaved hand with red painted nails slowly creeps up Charlie's leg.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

But how? That was the question.

The hand glides towards Charlie's trouser zipper and suddenly unzips the fastener. Charlie smacks out at the hand, shoos it away from him.

CHARLIE

No, please don't, baby...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I couldn't find any real decent women out there... It's just those... those whores tramping the dark streets hunting for desperate fools like, me, Charlie Bookowski.

The hand with red painted finger-nails again sneaks up Charlie's trouser leg and proceeds to open the zipper.

Suddenly the weary expression on Charlie's face changes to one of rapture

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
I couldn't deal with it any longer...

The hand slides into the open trouser crotch and fumbles inside. Charlie is excited and moans in pleasure.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, that's it! Oh baby, do it!

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
I had to make a tough decision. Change my situation.

Charlie's eyes roll up and down as he being pleased.

CHARLIE  
Oh Jesus! Yeah, baby! Faster!

A large mound under Charlie's trousers goes up and down, faster up and down, up and down as it masturbates him.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
It was attitude and I had to get one...

Charlie picks up the .45 revolver from the coffee table and cocks the trigger.

CHARLIE  
Oh, God! Don't stop! Don't stop!

The large mound in Charlie's trousers rapidly goes up and down like an animated mini mountain as the hand masturbates him.

Charlie leans back on the couch, his eyes screwed tight and his face in ecstasy. He lets out a rush of air as he orgasms.

The hand with red painted finger nails pulls itself out of Charlie's crotch and lands on the filthy couch.

Charlie glances down at the hand.

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry, baby, but I have to. I need a real decent woman. Sorry.  
Oh, I nearly forgot, Merry Christmas!

The hand lies on the couch, it trembles and shakes.

Charlie points the .45 handgun against the hand and pulls the trigger.

Bang!

A horrifying scream and then a moan, the sounds of someone in great pain.

Charlie jumps up from the couch, holds his hand. Blood trickles through his fingers.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

A woman is all I need... I had to  
change that fuckin' life forever.  
Return to my real life!

Charlie holds his hand, jumps up and down in the middle of the room.

CHARLIE

Jesus Christ! The fuckin' pain!

BLOOD seeps from the gunshot wound in the hand.

Charlie stamps his foot on the floor, attempts to gain some respite from the intense pain.

A bottle of red nail polish stands on top of the coffee table.

The sound of a bomb explodes in the near distance.

A window shutter flaps back and fro in the warm night breeze and the sound of rain pitter patters outside.

FADE OUT:

THE END