

Merry f#%&in' Christmas!

By

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FADE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SUPER: CHRISTMAS EVE, MIDNIGHT

The misty night's sky twinkles with stars. Snow gushes down onto the rooftops below.

A single snowflake floats effortlessly, slower than the rest. It passes a -

INT/EXT. WINDOW

- where Ryan(8) looks out. An extremely cute kid. Blonde, almost white hair, and sky blue eyes.

He rests his head on a hand, his elbow on the windowsill. He lets out a SIGH.

INT. BEDROOM

A small bed in the room. No toys and no posters. Marks on the carpet and walls where things once were.

Ryan turns and walks to the bed. Lies down and looks to the ceiling.

Through the window a sledge flies by. A JINGLE BELL dances through the room. Ryan doesn't hear. Or even see the ANIMATED NOTES that float into the room.

He closes his eyes.

EXT. SHOPS - DAY

A giant hand pulls Ryan along. His amazed face reflects in the Toy Shop window.

The hand belongs to POPS(30s). A grimace on his face as he looks back at Ryan. He yanks his hand every so often. He holds a box in his other hand.

POPS

Come on, son. The race starts in ten minutes. Stop your dawdling.

Ryan doesn't give up the fight. He slows down at any chance and looks to the window.

A huge yank and Ryan lifts from the ground towards Pops. They turn into the shop.

INT. TOY SHOP

Pops stands at the till. He still holds Ryan's hand.

The SHOPKEEPER wears a SANTA HAT.

SHOPKEEPER
I'll give you twenty pound for it
guv'nor, take it or leave it.

Pops rolls his eyes.

POPS
Twenty pound? I paid fifty for it
yesterday!

The Shopkeeper shrugs his shoulders, smiles.

SHOPKEEPER
Second-hand now, innit? Toys ain't
like art ya know, they depreciate
in value.

Pops shakes his head and hands over the box. The Shopkeeper takes a twenty pound note out of the till. Hands it over to Pops.

Ryan looks up at Pops with tears in his eyes.

RYAN
But Daddy, I really wanted that.
You promised.

Pops looks down sheepishly. He pats his son's head.

POPS
Don't worry son, I'll get you
whatever you like when we win.

Ryan's eyes follow the Shopkeeper as he carries the box away.

EXT. RACETRACK - DAY

The GREYHOUNDS make it over the finish line...all except NUMBER TWELVE.

Number Twelve comes around the final bend. Falls. Gets to her feet and trots along to the finish line.

Pops stamps his feet and rips up his ticket in the stands. A gloomy Ryan at his side.

A tear falls from Ryan's eye.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tear falls from Ryan's eye. He SNIFFLES.

A HEAVY COUGHING comes from outside his door. Ryan turns away, shows his back to the door.

The door opens and in walks SANTA, but not your everyday Santa. This guy wears shades, a red leather jacket and a cigarette hangs from his lips. His white hair tied back in a ponytail and a white goatee.

Santa cringes as the LIGHT from the room hits his face.

SANTA

Shit, ain't that just the fucking
shit!

Ryan rolls over in his bed and stares at Santa. Shocked, confused...his eyes like saucers.

Santa walks inside and closes the door.

SANTA

There's always one kid awake, ain't
there?

Santa puts his sack on the floor and looks at Ryan. He takes a piece of paper from his jacket pocket. Reads it, nods.

SANTA

Ryan, eh?

Ryan nods, SNIFFLES. Sits up in his bed.

Santa gives his best smile, which isn't saying much and walks over to the bed. Sits on the side.

SANTA

Merry Christmas son, I'm father
Christmas.

RYAN

Really? You're Santa?

Santa nods, lets out a YAWN.

SANTA

Whatever you want, Saint Nic' if you must...so how's it going? I saw what happened the other day. What a bastard, eh?

Ryan GASPS, then LAUGHS.

RYAN

You're not Santa, Santa doesn't swear.

Santa raises his white bushy eyebrows, and reaches to Ryan. Tickles his belly. Ryan GIGGLES.

SANTA

Well how do you fucking explain this then, kid?

Santa lifts up his sack and opens it up.

BRIGHT LIGHT fills the room. Shines from the sack. A power comes from it that almost sweeps Ryan away. He stares into the bag as his blonde hair flies in the BREEZE.

Santa closes his sack back up, and puts it down again.

RYAN

Is...is there anything in there for me?

Santa puffs out his cheeks, gives a sympathetic smile.

SANTA

Sorry son, it don't work like that. You're dad has to tell me what you want and I didn't get a note this year...or any year come to think of it.

Ryan nods sadly, looks down.

RYAN

It's OK Santa, I understand.

Santa shakes his head, gives Ryan a look of pity. Picks up his sack again.

SANTA

I have come here for a reason though, son. That I can tell ya.

Ryan looks back up to Santa, holds back his optimism.

Santa pulls an AK-47 out of the sack. Ryan stares at it confused.

RYAN
What's that Santa?

Santa holds up the gun and admires it. Nods his head.

SANTA
This? This is an AK-47 and it's
your Daddy's present.

Santa stands up and heads to the bedroom door.

He turns back, pulls something out of his jacket pocket.

SANTA
You shouldn't be awake for this
though, son.

He tosses MAGIC DUST to the bed. It covers Ryan, who slowly falls asleep.

SANTA
You'll wake up to a better life,
promise kid.

RYAN'S EYES -

- close.

BLACK

A KNOCK at a door. A CREAK as it swings open.

SANTA(V.O)
Pops?

POPS(V.O)
Who the fuck are you?

SANTA(V.O)
I'm Santa Claus...Merry fucking
Christmas!

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE is mixed with SCREAMS of horror.

SILENCE...

EXT. SLEDGE - MORNING

Ryan lies asleep on the back of the sledge. Snow all around him.

A REINDEER stands next to him. Looks down at Ryan with big questioning eyes. Bends down and licks his face.

Ryan wakes and sits up. Looks around him in panic.

He looks to the reindeer and his face breaks into a smile.

Santa walks out of the hut in the background.

Ryan looks over his shoulder and smiles at Santa. Looks back around and LAUGHS, wraps his arms around the reindeer.

FADE OUT