

MY GROWNUP CHRISTMAS LIST

by  
Michel J. DUTHIN

FADE IN:

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's the most wonderful time of the year.

The lights are out.

There is a fire in the fireplace.

The Christmas tree is fully decorated with presents stacked around.

As the CAMERA pans to the stairs, WE slide to the hall and continue up the stairs.

TOP OF STAIRS

A door is ajar...

MARTINS BEDROOM

As we enter a bedroom, the sound of a loud snoring can be heard.

Side by side, JOHN MARTIN and his wife AGNES sleep.

Laid on his back, JOHN heavily snores, his face distorted.

A THUMP is heard...

JOHN keeps snoring.

ANOTHER THUMP

JOHN stop snoring.

AND ANOTHER...

JOHN opens his eyes.

His eyes roll to the right, to the left.

NOTHING CAN BE HEARD ANYMORE

JOHN closes his eyes and re-opens them as a THUMP resounds somewhere in the house.

His hand slowly slides under the bed and grabs a baseball bat.

As ANOTHER STUMP resounds, JOHN sits on the bed and his feet slip into reindeers decorated slippers.

Wearing his pyjamas, JOHN, half awake, walks to the bedroom door.

He opens it wide and listens.

From downstairs, JOHN can hear the crackling of the fire.

Gripping the bat with both hands, he steps on the --

#### TOP OF STAIRS

JOHN's slipper slowly slide on the carpet.

ANOTHER STUMP resounds...

Gripping harder the bat, JOHN walks down the stairs, trying to not make a single noise.

#### LIVING ROOM

JOHN's head looms at the entrance of the living room.

The room is quiet. The fire keeps crackling in the fireplace.

A THUMP resounds from outside.

JOHN breathes in deeply and walks to the INTERIOR HALL.

#### INTERIOR HALL

JOHN turns the keys, opens the main door and steps outside.

#### EXT. MARTINS HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside the snow is falling but there are no friends to call "You Hoo".

The street is silent.

In his slippers, JOHN steps out in the snow and half-crosses the path.

He turns back to the house and lift his eyes.

On the rooftop, there are FOOTSTEPS in the snow going to the chimney.

JOHN's face freezes as he HEARS a WOMAN's scream.

JOHN

Agnes...

He rushes to the door.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - NIGHT

JOHN  
Agnes?!

The shrieking comes from upstairs.

JOHN  
Agnes?! Are you okay?!!

But the screaming continues, louder and louder...

Gripping stronger to the bat, JOHN rushes up the stairs.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

JOHN stops at the top of the stairs.

The screaming actually comes the bedroom. He is about to move, when he stops.

Instead of a fear screaming, it rather sound like a--  
pleasure screaming...

JOHN frowns and rushes to the opened bedroom door.

MARTINS BEDROOM

JOHN's vision is incredible: AGNES, his wife, is in the bed, making love to SANTA CLAUS. A naked-butt SANTA only wearing his red hat on!

AGNES pants with pleasure under SANTA's carnal assault.

JOHN  
(shouting)  
What the f---

At once, SANTA and AGNES freeze.

JOHN enters with the bat in his hands, ready to strike.

JOHN  
(shouting)  
What are you doing?!!

SANTA looks embarrassed. So's AGNES.

JOHN  
(to AGNES)  
Who-- Who is that guy?!

AGNES

John, I--

She quickly covers her body with the blanket.

SANTA

(to JOHN)

Take it easy John. Ho ho!!

He snaps his fingers and he is instantly wearing his red and white coat.

JOHN cannot believe what he sees.

SANTA

I can explain John. I'm the REAL Santa.

JOHN steps forward, menacing, rising his bat.

JOHN

Real Santa or not, you're fucking my wife!

SANTA

(smiling)

Be a good boy John. Mind your language.

JOHN's eyes are full with anger.

SANTA snaps his fingers again and the bat gives place to a INFLATABLE GIANT CANDY CANE.

Blinded with anger, JOHN starts to hit SANTA with the candy cane.

SANTA

(yelling)

Stop it John! It's not what you're thinking.

JOHN

YOU-- ARE-- FUCKING-- MY-- WIFE!!!!

JOHN looks to AGNES.

She's not looking at him anymore but to the bedroom door.

So's SANTA.

JOHN

What?!

AGNES indicates the bedroom door with her nose.

SANTA  
(pointing)  
That's all his fault!!!

JOHN turns back.

Half awake, A LITTLE BOY, wearing red and white pyjamas,  
stares incredulously at them.

HOBBES  
Dad? Mum? What's going on?

SANTA  
(pointing)  
That's all his fault!! He ordered  
me a little brother!!

HOBBES' eyes light up.

HOBBES  
(smiling)  
Santa?

FADE OUT:

THE END