

NAUGHTY

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is meticulously decorated for the holidays. Multi-colored lights twinkle on the Christmas tree in the corner. A plate of cookies and a tall glass of egg nog sit on a table next to a large cushy chair.

Dance of the Sugarplum Fairies plays as --

TWO BLACK BOOTS tiptoe across the floor to the Christmas tree. A red velvet sack drops down next to them.

SANTA CLAUS, white beard, red suit, a jolly old elf, bends down, opens the sack, pulls out a small box decorated with bright paper, ribbons, and bows.

Santa places it under the tree next to a sleeping kitten. The tag on the gift reads: To Candy, From Santa.

Santa stands, nods, then tiptoes towards the door.

CANDY (O.S.)

Where are you going, Santa?

Santa stops, winces.

SANTA

Go back to bed, little girl.

CANDY (O.S.)

I will...if you tuck me in.

Confusion sets in. Santa turns to see --

CANDY, (30), tall, voluptuous, beautiful, stands in the doorway, strikes a seductive pose in a transparent, red nightie.

Santa swallows hard.

SANTA

Uh, I should be going.

CANDY

But, you just... came.

SANTA

Really, I have to be somewhere else.
Anywhere else.

Candy unties the top strings on her nightie.

SANTA
(to self)
Candy canes, lollipops, gum drops.

Candy saunters to the chair.

CANDY
Why don't you come sit down.

SANTA
I wish I could, but I think I parked
my sleigh in a tow away zone.

CANDY
I want to tell you what I want for
Christmas.

SANTA
That's okay. I have a pretty good
idea what you want.

CANDY
Please, Santa?

Candy leans over, pats the chair cushion.

SANTA
Really, I have a long night ahead of
me. Maybe, some other time.

Santa turns to leave.

CANDY
But, Santa, I baked these cookies
especially for you.

Santa stops short.

CANDY
They're all warm and gooey inside.

Santa turns back toward Candy.

SANTA
They wouldn't happen to be --

CANDY
Chocolate chip.

Candy slowly bites into a cookie. She licks the melted
chocolate off her lips.

Santa drops his sack. CLANG.

CANDY

Oh, they taste so scrumptious.

SANTA

I guess I could skip Cleveland.

Santa meanders over to the chair, sits. Candy sits on his lap, places her arms around his neck. Santa reaches for a cookie, Candy moves the plate out of reach.

CANDY

No, no, no.

SANTA

Uh, okay. What do you want for Christmas, little girl?

CANDY

I have a confession to make. My Christmas wish is a little naughty.

SANTA

Really? What a surprise.

Candy leans in, whispers in Santa's ear. His eyes widen.

SANTA

Whoa Vixen!

Santa bolts up out of the chair. Candy falls to the floor, drops the plate of cookies.

CANDY

Hey! What gives?

SANTA

I'm sorry, you're a sweet girl.
Maybe a tad deranged, but very sweet.
I'm married.

CANDY

Married? So what if you're married.
People cheat all the time. What
world do you live in?

Santa stares off, deep in thought.

INT. SANTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

MRS. CLAUS, (50), granny glasses, frilly cap, lies in bed.
PUDDIN' McSPRINKLES, (25), elf, sits on top of her, panting.

PUDDIN' MCSPRINKLES
 What if Mr. C finds out?

MRS. CLAUS
 Don't worry, Puddin'. He won't be
 home for another -- Kris!

Puddin' McSprinkles looks up at the mirror above the bed.
 Santa stands across the room, his hands on his hips, pissed.

EXT. SANTA'S CASTLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The front door opens. Santa carries Puddin' McSprinkles
 outside, tosses him one hundred yards into a mound of snow.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Santa looks down at Candy, offers his hand. She smiles,
 takes Santa's hand, stands. Santa sits on the chair, guides
 Candy back onto his lap.

SANTA
 Now, about that Christmas wish.

Candy smiles, reaches to the table beside them, produces a
 twig of mistletoe, holds it above his head.

Candy kisses Santa's cheek, slinks down to the floor.

SANTA
 Uh, while you're down there. Would
 you mind?

Candy's arm pops up holding a chocolate chip cookie. He
 grabs the cookie.

Santa produces a metal flask from his coat, twists off the
 cap, empties it into the glass on the table.

CANDY (O.S.)
 Well, well. What do we have here?

Santa picks up the glass, drinks it down.

CANDY (O.S.)
 This is one Christmas package that's
 gonna get opened a little early.

ZIIIIIP.

Santa chokes, spits eggnog across the room. He places the
 glass back, slumps in the chair. His eyes widen.

Here Comes Santa Claus plays over --

SEXUAL INNUENDO MONTAGE

A BOY and GIRL rip wrapping off their gifts.

A BOY and GIRL suck and lick huge candy canes.

A BOY and GIRL jump up and down on pogo sticks.

A GIRL blows bubbles.

A BOY plays with a toy train set. The engine and cars enter a toy tunnel.

A BOY and GIRL sleep on the sofa in their pajamas. Opened Christmas packages lie all over the room.

END SEXUAL INNUENDO MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Santa and Candy lie in bed under the sheets. Santa smokes his pipe, his hair sticks out in all directions. Candy snuggles with him, wears his red cap.

CANDY

That was amazing. It's been my fantasy since I was a little girl.

Santa blows a smoke ring.

SANTA

I'm glad you waited to tell me.

CANDY

Do you mind if I ask you a question? Do you think this is... Oh, God, what's the right word?

SANTA

Normal?

CANDY

I was going to say perverted, but normal's a good one. I mean, a normal person wouldn't do this. Would they?

SANTA

I might not be an expert on normal. My life is anything but normal.

CANDY

Who knows. Maybe all my ex-boyfriends were right. I'm crazy. I'm perverted. I'm unbalanced. You can stop me anytime. Even you said I was deranged.

SANTA

Sorry about that. Candy, all those -- how many ex-boyfriends did you--

CANDY

Twenty-seven.

SANTA

Wow. Listen, I know a lot of people. All over the world. I wouldn't want to repeat some of the things they've told me they've done. Believe me, you're none of those things.

Candy smiles at him, kisses his cheek.

CANDY

Well, I guess I've kept you here long enough.

Candy reaches for her robe.

Santa moves his arm, reveals he is handcuffed to the bed.

CANDY

Oops. Sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Santa, dressed in red suit, and Candy, dressed in a red robe, walk to the front door.

CANDY

Don't forget your sack.

Candy leans to pick it up, can't budge it.

CANDY

What do you have in here?

Santa picks up the sack effortlessly, throws it over his shoulder.

SANTA

I really must be going, Candy. I have a lot more stops to make. Have a Merry Christmas.

CANDY

Wow. You take this Santa thing seriously, don't you.

SANTA

Ho, ho, ho.

Candy kisses his cheek.

CANDY

Thank you. For everything.

Candy holds out an envelope and a doggie bag.

SANTA

What's this?

CANDY

Cookies. And your tip. After all, you earned it.

SANTA

Please, there's no need for a tip. If there's one thing I enjoy doing, it's putting smiles on the faces of little girls. That didn't--

CANDY

I know what you mean.

Santa grabs the doggie bag. Candy opens the door.

CANDY

Maybe we can do this again some time. You know, I kind of have a thing for the Easter Bunny.

SANTA

I could probably arrange that. Merry Christmas, Candy.

CANDY

Merry Christmas. Santa.

Santa leaves. Candy closes the door.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Candy opens the door. TONY, (30), gigolo, stands in hall, wears a slinky red coat, fake beard around his neck.

TONY

Ho, ho, ho. I hear somebody's been
naughty.

Candy's eyes widen.

FADE OUT