

Santa's Coming

By

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Brace yourselves...

FADE IN:

EXT. THE ROGERS' HOUSE - MORNING

Tasteful Christmas decorations adorn a home not quite large enough to be pretentious.

Snowflakes fall amidst the early morning glow of a sun not yet risen.

SUPER: Christmas Morning.

INT. THE ROGERS' HOUSEHOLD, STAIRWELL - MORNING

Slowly descending the stairs in a robe is BROCK (39) -- Dad, he/him, average dude with an average job.

He yawns, crosses to the --

LIVING ROOM

He flips a light switch.

The dazzling Christmas tree illuminates, but...

No presents. Strange.

Brock glances around. Checks the clock on the fireplace mantle -- 6:49.

On the KITCHEN counter is an untouched plate of milk and cookies. Not a bite taken. Damn strange.

THUMP.

He looks to the ceiling, rubs his scruff. He starts upstairs, revealing two pictures near the TV.

INSERT: PICTURES

One is a family photo -- Brock, wife Joyce and son, Michael, sitting with SANTA CLAUS. One big happy family.

The other is one of just Joyce sitting on Santa's lap.

BACK TO --

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Brock twists a door knob.

BEDROOM

Brock's jaw drops. Eyes widen. The *SQUEAL* of bedsprings.

On the bed is Brock's wife, JOYCE (38), naked. Spread eagle. Her legs reaching for the sky.

On top of her, nude from the waist down and pounding her hard, is SANTA CLAUS. Joyce's hands grip his rosy, wrinkled ass cheeks.

BROCK
What the fuck!?

Joyce opens her eyes, taps Santa on the shoulder.

JOYCE
Chris? Chris, you better stop.

SANTA
Wait, wait... I'm gonna nut.

After a few more thrusts, Santa turns his head, spots Brock.

SANTA
Whoa! Hey..!

He dismounts.

A nasty little queef *FLUTTERS* out of Joyce.

JOYCE
Whoops.

Brock winces.

BROCK
You guys wanna explain what's going on here?

SANTA
It's not what you think.

BROCK
Really?

Joyce lights a cigarette. Takes a deep drag, puffs it out.

JOYCE
Relax, Brock. It's no big deal.

Brock's incredulous.

BROCK

Are you shittin' me? Santa ballin' my wife is no big deal!?

JOYCE

Look, this should really come as no shock. Our relationship has been in the dumper for years now. I guess I really just wanted you to find out.

BROCK

Thanks. I appreciate your subtlety.

She SIGHS.

SANTA

Brad's got a point.

BROCK

It's Brock.

SANTA

Whatever.

JOYCE

Are you mad?

BROCK

(sarcastic)

No, no. Totally fine.

JOYCE

Well, at least it's Santa Claus. Would you rather I be gettin' my stank on with some homeless guy down the street?

SANTA

There's a homeless guy down the street?

JOYCE

Yeah, there's a few of them over by the foundry.

SANTA

Oh wow. I better hit them after I leave here.

JOYCE

Yeah, well, don't give 'em any money.
They're just gonna use it to buy
booze.

SANTA

Oh. Well, that's what I was gonna give
them.

JOYCE

Money?

SANTA

No, no. Booze.

BROCK

(to Santa)

Excuse me. Hello? I don't mean to
interrupt, but it's Christmas morning
over here and there's no presents
under our tree yet.

SANTA

Yes. Billy here is right. Where are my
trousers?

Santa stands up. Brock shields his eyes.

BROCK

Jesus Christ! You didn't use a condom.

SANTA

Santa don't play around with no kiddie
catcher.

Brock turns to Joyce.

BROCK

What do you have to say for yourself?

WHOOSH!

Santa's gone. Like, into thin air gone.

Silence.

From outside the room --

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Mommy! Daddy!

Brock gives his wife a look.

BROCK
Maybe put some clothes on?

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MICHAEL (7), in Christmas-themed pajamas, pounds at the bedroom door.

MICHAEL
Hey! It's Christmas morning. Are you awake?

Just then, the door opens. Brock exits first, ruffles Michael's hair.

BROCK
Good morning, son. Merry Christmas.

MICHAEL
Daddy, let's go downstairs and open presents!

Joyce comes out, hair a mess. Kisses Michael on the cheek.

JOYCE
Merry Christmas, sweetheart.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The three of them enter the room. Presents everywhere! All the stockings are stuffed. The milk and cookies are gone.

MICHAEL
Mom, look! Santa came! Santa came!

Brock gives Joyce the evil eye.

BROCK
He sure did, son. He sure did.

From outside, *SLEIGH BELLS* are heard, then --

SANTA (O.S.)
Ho ho ho!

Joyce, uncomfortable, straightens her shirt.

BROCK
You can say that again.

Michael darts to the tree, selects a present and begins tearing at the paper. Joyce joins him.

Brock SIGHS. Whatever.

BROCK
I'll put on some coffee.

As Brock heads into the --

KITCHEN

His phone rings. FACE TIME CALL.

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN

An image of THE EASTER BUNNY, pink and fluffy, wearing a bikini top and not much else, flashes on the screen.

EASTER BUNNY
Hey stud! Just calling to wish you a
Merry Christmas. You know, even though
it's really not my thing.

Brock checks back to Joyce and Michael. Darts out of sight.

BROCK
(hushed)
Dammit, Rhonda. I told you never to
call me at this number.

EASTER BUNNY
Sorry, Boobie. I just can't stop
thinking what I'm gonna do the next
time I get my paws on you.

BROCK
Oh yeah?

EASTER BUNNY
Mm hmm. Hope you like hunting for
eggs.

Brock glances around, a devilish grin on his face.

BROCK
You know I do.

FADE OUT.