

Satan Claws

written by

Matthew Taylor

COPYRIGHT © 2018

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

Taylor.mj88@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Neatly presented, subtle Christmas decorations in the windows.

On the roof, CHRIS (8) covers the chimney hole with a sheet of wood. He hammers in nails to secure it down.

From the front door rushes LINDA (30's) dressing gown and slippers. She looks up at Chris.

LINDA
Jesus Christ! Chris! Get down!

CHRIS
Almost done mom.

LINDA
Get inside! Now!

Chris huffs, scuttles down the roof, drops onto a lower roof and bundles into a window.

Linda surveys the lawn. Crudely made large signs dotted around. A picture of Santa with a big red cross over him, another reads "*Please do not stop here Santa*"

INT. CHRIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris places a large wooden cross onto his window ledge.

Linda storms into the room.

LINDA
What the hell are you playing at?
You could have hurt yourself! Why
were you blocking the chimney?

Chris climbs into his bed.

CHRIS
To stop Santa from getting in.

Linda takes a seat on the bed. She puts a comforting hand on Chris.

LINDA
Why don't you want Santa to come?

CHRIS
I've figured it all out mom. Santa
is Satan.

Linda's eyes widen.

LINDA
Why do you think that?

CHRIS
From everything you've told me
about him mom, he's evil. His name
is even an anagram of Satan.

Linda rubs Chris back.

LINDA
Oh honey, you're old enough now to
know, Santa isn't real. He's just
make believe.

Chris, confused.

CHRIS
Made up? What do you mean?

LINDA
He's made up, to make Christmas a
bit more, I dunno, special.

Chris ponders.

CHRIS
Are you insane?

LINDA
Chris!

CHRIS
Where do the presents come from?

LINDA
Me and your dad.

CHRIS
You're telling me, you let a fake
fat man take credit for presents
you bought? And the only way he
could get them to us, is to break
into our house in the dead of
night?

LINDA
Well, when you put it like that--

Chris points at a dome security camera in the corner of his room, it's red light pointing at him.

CHRIS

-What about the camera? You told me he's always watching, always judging.

Linda sighs.

LINDA

I lied about that as well.

CHRIS

You sicko!

LINDA

Chris!

CHRIS

Don't have a go at me! You told me an old man watches me while I sleep to check if I've been 'naughty'

Linda gets up. Turns off the security camera.

LINDA

Try and get some sleep please, Santa might not be real, but Christmas still is.

Chris ponders. His eyes widen with realisation.

CHRIS

Holy Christ, I've figured it out. The Devils greatest trick was convincing the world he didn't exist. You don't believe he is real because that's what he wants. Mom, we have to stop him from coming in!

LINDA

Just go to sleep, please. I need a drink.

Chris tucks himself in tight.

CHRIS

Yea like I'm gonna be able to sleep now.

Linda turns the light off and leaves. The hallway light seeps in through the ajar door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Festively decorated. A large open fire roars.

DAVE (30's) wraps presents in front of it.

LINDA

I need a drink. That kid has some
imagination. Oh, and you have to go
unblock the chimney.

Linda grabs a whiskey from the mantle piece, slumps into an
armchair.

INT. CHRIS BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chris is fast asleep, clutching a baseball bat.

THUMP.

Chris's eyes bang open, staring at the ceiling.

Chris looks to the camera, it's red light back on, pointing
right at him.

STOMP, STOMP, CREAK.

Coming from the stairs.

CREEPY VOICE

(singing)

I watch you when you're sleeping.

Chris, eyes widen, frozen in his bed.

Sound of claws scraping along the hallway wall.

CREEPY VOICE (CONT'D)

I know if you're awake.

The footsteps stop outside Chris's door. Something blocks the
light from coming through the door.

A clawed hand unfolds around the door, it pushes it open.

SATANIC SANTA fills the door frame. Tatty red clothes hang
from the skinny figure, two horns protrude from under the
hood.

Satanic Santa points a long claw towards Chris.

SATANIC SANTA

I know if you've been bad or good.

Swiftly, Satanic Santa towers above a quivering Chris. He moves his head in close, his face shadowed by his massive hood.

SATANIC SANTA (CONT'D)
So be good, for goodness sake.

Chris nods frantically.

CHRIS
I'll be good, I swear, please don't hurt me.

Satanic Santa hovers his claws close to Chris face.

Chris squeezes his eyes shut.

He opens them.

Satanic Santa has gone.

Chris slams his bedroom door shut, then cowers under his duvet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The crackling fire glows the room, lights twinkle on the Christmas tree.

Linda sits in an armchair, her back to the door. She brings a glass up to her mouth, takes a gulp.

SATANIC SANTA (O.C.)
I've made a list, I've checked it twice.

Linda struggles out of her armchair, turns to the door.

SCREAM.

Satanic Santa stands in the doorway, claws aloft.

Satanic Santa moves slowly into the room.

Linda backs away, terrified.

SATANIC SANTA (CONT'D)
Gonna find out who's naughty...

His creepy singing turns to laughing.

Satanic Santa removes his hood, Dave's chuckling face underneath, fake horns atop his head.

LINDA

Holy shit, Dave! What the fuck?

Linda grabs a soft Santa decoration from the mantle piece and throws it at him.

LINDA (CONT'D)

What are you playing at?

Dave takes a seat in the arm chair, finishes off Linda's drink.

DAVE

Well, I can tell you Chris wont be naughty again.

Dave chuckles as he puts his feet up.

FADE OUT.