Merry Bloody Christmas

By

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December 2008 jayrex@hotmail.com
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KAREN (34) stands up, hands on hips, speaks to her son NATHAN (5).

KAREN
Come on Nathan, it’s time for beddy byes.

Nathan sits at the foot of the pine Christmas tree. He picks up a present and shakes it. He tries to peel back an edge of the poorly wrapped present.

NATHAN
But mommy. It’s almost Christmas day. Can’t I open just one present now? Please, pretty pleaseee.

Nathan turns around to look at his mom with puppy dog eyes, hugging the present with both hands close to his chest.

Karen glances at the clock looking down upon the room above the open flamed fireplace.

She walks over to Nathan and extends a helping hand.

KAREN
Come on. If I let you open this present now, then you’ll be up all night long.

Nathan reluctantly sets the present down.

NATHAN
Okay mom.

Nathan takes his mother’s hand.

She pulls him up to his feet.

KAREN
That’d boy.

She walks him over to the door and opens it.

She lets go of Nathans hand.

KAREN
I’ll be up in ten minutes. I’ve just got to put out this fire. I (MORE)
KAREN (cont’d)
want those teeth cleaned mister. Okay?

Nathan climbs the stairs, crawling, pulling himself up by his hands.

NATHAN
Okay mom.

Karen leans forward to shout up.

KAREN
I’ll be checking. Lights off in fifteen minutes.

Karen closes the door. She walks over to a cabinet and opens the twin doors.

She leans in and takes out a black bin liner filled with more presents. Stands and goes to top up the presents at the base of the tree.

She STOPs suddenly in her tracks.

A man, dressed as SANTA CLAUS with a brimming sack sitting next to him. Stands up with a present in hand, brings it to his ear and gives it a little shake.

KAREN
Danny?

Santa Claus turns around, startled.

SANTA CLAUS
Who?

KAREN
Who are you? Get out of my house, thief.

SANTA CLAUS
Jolly Saint Nick if you must know. And how dare you accuse me of stealing.

Santa shakes the PRESENT in his hand.

SANTA CLAUS
And what do you call this?
KAREN
A present.

SANTA CLAUS
I can see that.

Santa opens the name tag.

SANTA CLAUS
To Nathan from Santa Claus. Why I never faced such cheek. In my name too. How dare you?

KAREN
It’s a present from Santa.

Santa opens his sack and pulls out his PRESENT to Nathan and waves it frantically to Karen.

SANTA CLAUS
What do you call this, then?

A speechless Karen, stumbles for words.

KAREN
A, a pre, a present.

SANTA CLAUS
You damn right a present. Do you realize how long it took me to make this?

KAREN
About two seconds?

SANTA CLAUS
Two weeks. And this is the thanks I get.

KAREN
Come on, Santa doesn’t exist. Parents provide the presents.

Santa motions his hands up and down his sides.

SANTA CLAUS

Karen shakes her head.
KAREN
I can’t believe I’m listening to this.

Santa steadies Karen’s present in front of him.

SANTA CLAUS
Lets see what I got the little rascal, eh?

Karen stomps towards Santa, pointing her finger.

KAREN
Don’t you dare open tha-

Santa pulls out a whip in his belt used for the deer, and waves it menacingly.

SANTA CLAUS
Don’t come any closer!

Karen stops, red faced, crosses her arms and shakes her head.

Santa continues to open the present.

SANTA CLAUS
You got Nathan a...a frigging Action Man doll. You gotta be kidding me.

KAREN
What? What’s wrong with Action Man? Nathan will love it.

Santa shakes his head. He RIPS the wrapping off his present to Nathan.

SANTA CLAUS
I made Nathan an Action Man doll. Karen, you’ve really disappointed me.

Karen starts to feel a little guilty.

KAREN
I’m sorry. I didn’t mea-

SANTA CLAUS
That’s right you’re sorry. No more presents for little Nathan and you.
KAREN
Me? What have you ever got me?

Santa looks up to the heavens for answers.

SANTA CLAUS
God help me. Who the hell do you think got you your bike when you were Nathan’s age?

KAREN
My parents?

SANTA CLAUS
Ahhh for Christ sake, there you go with the parent shit again. You’re starting to sound like a broken record.

Santa stomps up to Karen. Brings his face an inch away from Karen’s face.

He hits his chest.

SANTA CLAUS
Hellooo, it was me!

He uses the handle of the whip to knock the top of Karen’s head.

SANTA CLAUS
Is anybody in there?

Karen steps back, raising her hands to protect her head.

KAREN
Heyyy, I’m sorry, my mistake. I take it back.

Santa walks over to the fireplace, and picks up a saucer full of cookies.

SANTA CLAUS
And I suppose these are for me?

KAREN
Uh.

Santa flips the cookies into the air.

SANTA CLAUS
Thought so.
Hey, that wasn’t nice!

Santa walks over to his stack. Throws his toy in.

I’ll take my things and go.

He stamps on the ACTION MAN toy from Karen.

Let’s see how Nathan will take this.

You bastard. I don’t want to see you ever come back, again. You hear me?

Santa walks over to the fireplace with his sack over the shoulder.

Don’t you worry lady, I won’t. Merry bloody Christmas.

Santa vanishes, leaving a puff of smoke and sparkles floating in the air.

A door handle CLICKS. Karen turns around as Nathan walks into the room.

Momm, what’s all that noise-

Nathan goes back to bed.

Nathan stops suddenly, frozen, by the ACTION MAN toy scatter over the floor like a wounded soldier.

Nathan starts to cry.

I don’t want my...my...my present momyyyy.

Nathan turns and runs out of the room.

Karen looks out the window and sees Santa’s sleigh fading amongst the clouds.
KAREN
Merry bloody Christmas to you too.

FADE OUT.