

NAUGHTY CLAUS

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FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A CROWD watches as flames and smoke billow out windows. Fire truck and Ambulance SIRENS sound in the distance.

BECCA, 28, valiant and unwavering, leaps from the entrance with a small CHILD in her arms.

She puts the child down as a gust of flames bursts out the door. It knocks her to the ground.

A set of angel wings on Becca's back, invisible to the crowd, burns away till they've disappeared.

LATER

As PARAMEDICS put BECCA into an ambulance her SMART PHONE drops to the gutter.

A JUNKIE sneaks over and takes the phone.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The Junkie hands the phone to a DEALER behind the counter.

The dealer checks it over and hands him a twenty dollar note.

JUNKIE

C'mon?

DEALER

Best I can do.

The Junkie stashes the money in his pocket then huffs out.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

The home of a neat freak; aligned to perfection, everything has its place.

MICHELLE, 32, a conceited business woman, needs control over every aspect in her life, slinks a black dress over her head.

She turns off an alarm on the bedside table as it begins to chime.

She puts on a low heeled pair of pumps.

KITCHEN

Michelle opens the fridge and takes out a carton of organic milk from the perfectly categorized shelves.

She pours the milk over oatmeal with fresh raspberries in a bowl on the bench.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DAY

Michelle strides ahead of her assistant NINA, 20's, she jots everything down in a notepad.

MICHELLE

I want the contract for Tiffany's on my desk asap and the one for Andie's Dry Cleaning sent back.

NINA

I'm on it.

MICHELLE

And make sure those morons in processing made the amendments. We don't need another stuff up before Christmas.

A HOMELESS man touches her arm.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare some change?

MICHELLE

Get away.

She pushes him backwards.

MICHELLE

Infectious hounds. I hate it when they do that. Get a real job.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Christmas decorations align the walls.

Michelle and Nina head for the elevators.

MICHELLE'S OFFICE

Michelle sits at her desk and stares out the window at the busy street below.

MICHELLE

(into phone)

Claus. C. L. A. U. S...yes, like
Santa...don't mock me or I'll have
your job faster than you can click
your fingers...thank you.

Nina opens the door.

NINA

Your friend, Amy, is here.

MICHELLE

Tell her I'll be down shortly.

Nina nods and closes the door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DAY

Michelle walks beside AMY, 30's, relaxed, down to earth, she carries a small box of knick-knacks.

MICHELLE

I don't understand why you
couldn't have gone before lunch.

AMY

It's on the way. And I think the
question should be when are you
going to start wearing real heels?

MICHELLE

I'll choose comfort over height
any day.

AMY

Everything about you screams style
except your shoes. You're not
winning any men with them.

MICHELLE

Real women don't need men to get them through life.

AMY

Yeah, but the idea of growing old with one has a nice ring to it.

Amy drags Michelle into the pawn shop.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Michelle stubs her foot on the way in. She grabs it and winces.

MICHELLE

Fruit!

AMY

You can say fuck. It's not going to hurt you.

MICHELLE

Profanity's a disgusting habit.

AMY

Yeah, but so is degrading little children.

Michelle wipes dust from a keyboard in the corner.

DEALER

How can I help you two ladies?

Amy empties the box onto the counter.

AMY

Are these any good to you?

The dealer sifts through the knick-knacks.

DEALER

I'll give you fifty for the lot.

AMY

Actually, I'd like to put it towards one of your watches.

DEALER

Which one would you like?

She points to an intricate pocket watch in the front cabinet.

AMY

That one. I'll take the phone next to it too.

The dealer puts them on the counter.

DEALER

Haven't checked the phone yet.
Could be a cheap knock off.

AMY

I'm sure It'll be fine.

INT. RESTAUNT - DAY

A corporate meeting place. Amy and Michelle finish a salad lunch.

AMY

My dad's been bragging about that damn watch for ages now. Thought I'd utilize the trip to get rid of some old junk.

Amy takes the smart phone from her bag and pushes it across the table.

AMY

And that's for you.

MICHELLE

What? No. You know I like simple and those things aren't. My life's complicated enough.

AMY

They're easy once you know how to use them. Plus there's no refunds and I know how you can't stand the thought of throwing money away.

Michelle shoots her an angry look.

MICHELLE

Alright. But only if I buy it from you.

AMY

You're not--

MICHELLE

Those are my terms. Take it or leave it.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT/LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle lies on a lavish couch and reads a book. Soft classical music plays on the stereo.

She puts the book down on her chest.

MICHELLE

Why can't real love live up to the idealized version?

A BEEPING sound comes from her handbag, tucked neat in a box next to the front door.

Michelle gets up and walks across to the box.

She opens her handbag and takes out an old style flip phone then sees the smart phone at the bottom. It beeps.

She takes it out and sees a map app that begins to flash. She presses the button and it brings up directions from her apartment to a hospital nearby.

She creases her brow then puts it back in her bag.

LATER

Dark and silent. The smart phone beeps, continuous.

BEDROOM

Michelle holds a pillow against her head.

Feed up, she kicks the doona off and gets up.

KITCHEN

The smart phone sits on the bench. Michelle paces the room, cordless phone to her ear.

MICHELLE

(into phone)

This damn thing is driving me nuts. It won't shut up.

AMY

(over phone, filtered)

Have you tried turning it off?

MICHELLE

Yes, Amy. It won't turn off and keeps bringing up a map with directions to go God knows where.

AMY

Sorry chick, I have no idea what you're doing wrong and I have a big day tomorrow. I really need to get back to sleep. You're gonna have to figure it out by yourself.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - NIGHT

Michelle marches the streets as she follows directions on the smart phone, not giving a care about anyone around her.

MICHELLE

Alright you possessed machine. You win. I'm finding your owner then I'm done with you.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Michelle slinks in and quietly shuts the door.

Becca lies in bed with bandages along her arms and cords attached to assorted machines.

The smart phone dings and turns off. Michelle sighs.

MICHELLE

Thank you.

Becca opens her eyes.

MICHELLE

Hi. I'm sorry to bother you, but I believe this is yours. So I'm just going to leave it here for you to deal with when you're ready.

Michelle puts the smart phone on a table beside the bed.

BECCA

That's not mine.

Becca winces as she tries to sit up.

MICHELLE

I'm pretty sure it is.

BECCA

It's not actually. I wouldn't have lost it if it was. It's yours now and you need to know how it works.

MICHELLE

Oh, I really don't. It's already kept me up all night with its incessant beeping. Good Luck.

BECCA

Where did you get from?

MICHELLE

That's none of your business.

BECCA

Was it beeping when you got it?

MICHELLE

No.

BECCA

Then welcome to the world of angels.

MICHELLE

Excuse me?

BECCA

You pressed a button and voila,
you're an angel. Congratulations.
It's your calling. Duty. Whatever
you want to call it. You need to
pass a series of tests in order to
earn your wings--

MICHELLE

I think they may have sent to the
wrong part of the hospital.

Michelle leaves. Becca calls after her--

BECCA

Wait! You'll need to accept it
sooner or later.

INT. BECCA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Small, cluttered, open planned and super unorganized.

An alarm Buzzes. Michelle rolls over in bed. She sits up and
rubs her eyes then switches the alarm off.

MICHELLE

Damn it.

She gets up, half dozy, and runs into the wardrobe.

She searches through an array of clothes then stops.

MICHELLE

What the hell?

KITCHEN

Michelle peers her head out the front door to see a dark and
dingy hallway with gangsters and children that roam about.

One of the gangsters winks at her on his way past.

GANGSTER

Hey, Mich.

She slams the door and grabs a can of pepper spray off the
bench.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Michelle rushes along the street in an oversized jacket.

MICHELLE

Stranded with no phone, no money
and nothing that's merely ok to
wear. Great. This is just great.

INT. SHOPPING MALL/TOP FLOOR - DAY

A row of small cubicles sit in front of set of large offices.

Michelle gets off the elevator and is confronted by two
SECURITY GUARDS.

SECURITY GUARD

I need to see some ID.

MICHELLE

And I need to get to my office.

She tries to walk forward, but they block her.

SECURITY GUARD

Management only. Without ID, we
can't let you through.

MICHELLE

You two bozos see me every day.

Michelle takes a step forward. They refrain her.

MICHELLE

Hey!

She points to Nina, who walks across the room.

MICHELLE

Nina!

Nina glares at her with a puzzled look then sits at a
cubicle.

MICHELLE

That's my assistant. Let me go!

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Michelle gets thrown onto the street.

MICHELLE

That's courteous now, isn't it?

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Michelle strides past a RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Ah...which room ma'am?

She ignores the receptionist and gets into the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY- DAY

Michelle shakes the door knob to her apartment. Frustrated, she sits down on the floor.

Two POLICE OFFICERS exit the elevator with an OLD LADY.

OLD LADY

There she is. Breaking and entering.

MICHELLE

Mrs. Harland. What are you doing?

OLD LADY

How do you know my name? I've never met you before?

Michelle gets up as the Officers approach.

POLICE OFFICERS

Miss, you're gonna have to come with us.

MICHELLE

Wait a minute. You're making a big mistake.

She looks back and forth at the serious Officers then dashes for the stairwell.