

SANTA LIVES (KINDA')!

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FISHER HOUSE - MORNING

The fireplace crackles. The lights on the Christmas tree twinkle in rhythm with the soft carol playing on the old record player. It's Christmas morning at the Fisher House.

TOM, 40s, almost morbidly overweight and showing no signs of slowing down, chugs back his morning coffee while reading the paper.

DOTTIE, 40s, drops a pile of wrinkled red cloth onto the coffee table, landing right on Tom's paper and knocking it out of his grip. Tom slams his mug on the table and groans.

He picks up the fabric and spreads it out in the air to inspect it. It's a Santa Claus costume. Looks smaller than it did last year.

Tom raises an eyebrow.

TOM

This should be fun.

DOTTIE

Should've went on that diet. I'll bet you regret it, now. Don't you?

TOM

I just don't see why I have to be the one to humiliate myself every year. Back in my day, kids hated Santa. "He sees you when you're sleeping, he knows when you're awake." That song scared the shit out of me.

DOTTIE

Oh, Tom, quit. It's a lovely song. You only have to do this once a year. Don't be such a wet blanket.

Tom eyes the Santa suit then folds it over his arm and heads to the hallway.

TOM

I swear this'll be the last time you see me in this stupid suit, woman. I'm telling the kids Santa doesn't exist... Today!

DOTTIE

Do that and momma won't leave any  
goodies out for you, tonight.

Tom laughs.

TOM

Goodies? Does it look like I need  
anymore goodies? I'll be damned if  
I let you fatten me up.

They both look down at Tom's stomach but say nothing.

Dottie switches to her sexy charm, running her finger from  
Tom's belt line, past his overstuffed belly and his double  
chins, all the way to the ever-gaping, always greasy donut  
hole that is his mouth.

She caresses his lips softly. It's creepy how into it she is.  
But at the same time, it's kinda' hot, too.

DOTTIE

(She winks at him)

I think you know what I mean...  
I just love how much Christmas  
cheer you get from eating my figgy  
pudding. Don't worry. I'll make it  
extra moist for you since you've  
been such a good boy this year.

Tom drools then chokes.

Tap, tap, boom! The sound of playful feet crashing to the  
floor upstairs.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

Hurry, the kids are up.

Dottie shoves Tom towards the hallway bathroom.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

Get dressed. I'll set everything  
up. Don't worry. I'll have them  
take it easy on you this year. And  
remember -- The truth will only  
destroy their imaginations.

Tom heads down the dark corridor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FISHER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The kids, LISA, 12, and JUNIOR, 6, race downstairs in their footie pajamas. Junior trips over Lisa and tumbles down the stairs finally coming to a rest at his mother's feet.

Dottie joins Lisa in her hysterical laughter. Time to get serious.

DOTTIE

So, who's ready to see the amazing  
Santa Claus?

Junior wipes the lenses of his oversized glasses while cheering.

Dottie pulls a fire extinguisher from behind her back. She cuts the lights out and blasts intense 80s metal on the record player.

Tom walks in with a slow confident stride. Dottie sprays the extinguisher at his feet so it looks like he's walking through thick smoke. Looks more like he's wading through a pool of thick milk.

Junior and Lisa cheer at the poor old guy in the skin-tight big red suit. He looks like a giant red bowling ball with random white and black trim -- only less defined and more of a sloppy old blob.

TOM

Ho, ho, ho! Now, who's ready to  
have a Merry Christmas?

Tom's speaking is labored. He can barely breathe. The suit is way too tight. He chokes and hacks.

Junior and Lisa look at each other: Is he serious?

TOM (CONT'D)

I hope you've both been good, cuz  
Santa's been hard at work all year  
with my elves making iPad's and  
Xbox 360s for all the good little  
boys and girls.

Lisa and Junior snicker under their breath.

LISA

Looks like you should've been  
spending all year making a bigger  
outfit.

TOM

Well that's not very nice, Lisa.  
Don't go ruining your Christmas,  
now. I'll take your presents right  
back to the North and give them to  
the sick elves in the hospital that  
don't have anything.

LISA

Honestly, you should go all the way  
back to the North Pole and slap  
your wife for letting you leave the  
house like that--

DOTTIE

Lisa!

LISA

Where's Daddy? He'd love to rip  
Santa a new one.

Junior points at Tom's bulging lower region.

JUNIOR

Ewww, I can see Santa's--

DOTTIE

Junior, don't--

He can't resist.

JUNIOR

Smoked Christmas sausage.

Tom turns as red as his suit. The kids laugh at him.

All he hears is their laughter. Their laughing faces  
surround him. They imprison him.

That's it. He snaps.

Tom lets out a loud battle cry then throws his fat sack of  
gifts right into the Christmas tree. The tree topples  
backwards into the fireplace.

The kids look on in horror as the room quickly fills with  
thick, black smoke.

The fire alarm SQUEALS!

LISA

My presents!

JUNIOR

My presents!

DOTTIE  
My babies!

                  TOM  
My house!

Dottie and Tom each grab a kid and race outside as the fire consumes the family couch before working its way down the corridor.

EXT. THE FISHER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The whole family watches as the house burns to the ground.

SIRENS blare and two FIRE TRUCKS SCREECH to a stop. It's too late. There isn't much left to save.

CUT TO:

Two POLICE OFFICERS slam Tom on the ground. OFFICER #1 cuffs him.

                  OFFICER #1  
Come on, crazy old goat. You're  
going down town.

Junior looks up at OFFICER #2 with his big dark eyes.

                  JUNIOR  
Yo, Mr. Policeman? Where are you  
taking Santa?

                  LISA  
He burned down our house, Junior.  
He's going to butt-pounding jail.

Dottie sobs as Tom is lifted to his feet -- his face and Santa beard are littered with random blades of grass and small dirt clots.

                  DOTTIE  
That's not Santa, kids. They're  
taking your daddy away!

                  TOM  
Let me go. This is my house,  
fuckin' pig!

Officer #1 pulls off Tom's fake beard and hat. The kids finally recognize him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Kids.

LISA

Daddy?

JUNIOR

Daddy? You're Santa?

The two Officers look at each other with raised eyebrows.

OFFICER #1

Well, this is awkward.

TOM

Kids, I've got a confession to make. Santa's fake. He's not real. It was me this whole time. I'm not crazy. I wanted to tell you two, but your mother--

OFFICER #2

Yeah, yeah, yeah. We'll sort this out at the station.

Tom's suit shreds due to moth holes and his intense weight. He's almost fully naked save for a red Christmas thong. Thankfully.

As Tom, half naked, is shoved into the back of a waiting squad car he shouts in glee.

TOM

Whoo! I'm free! I'll never wear this suit, again!--

The door is slammed in his face.

Officer #2 tries to comfort the now hysterically crying Dottie.

OFFICER #2

Merry Christmas, ma'am. If you ever need a drink or sex or anything, please, don't hesitate to call me.

The cops and firemen hop in their vehicles and speed off.

Junior looks up at Dottie who's trying to hide her tears. He tugs at the hem of her bathrobe.

JUNIOR

Mommy, can you make Daddy dress up as Santa again next year?

LISA  
Yeah. That was... so cool.

FADE OUT: