

A CHRISTMAS ROAD TO HELL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PROBATION WAITING ROOM - DAY

Tacky Christmas decorations adorn the walls. Piped radio on speakers play...

DRIVING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS - CHRIS REA

Much to the annoyance of SAM HATFIELD mid 50's, who sits fidgeting like a man ready to lose it.

Buzzer on the reception desk pings. Receptionist presses the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Hatfield room two please.

Sam jumps, up makes his way to room two. Knocks and enters.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Cars drive along at a safe pace. CLOSE ON the driver of one particular vehicle. A MAN in his 70's. He drives a matt black Pontiac.

Pontiac MAN rolls down the window, chills and takes in the scenery.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a name plate atop a desk...

ROSCOE P. JAMES - Harlem County Probation Services.

Mr. James sits behind his desk, cowboy boots on the table. Gaze fixed on the silhouette of a person dressing behind a screen.

MAN (BEHIND SCREEN)

Going to burn in hell for this
Roscoe. You know I ain't the
Christmas type.

Roscoe takes great pleasure at the thought. Places both arms comfortably around his neck.

ROSCOE

Man's gotta pay his debt to
society.

Sam emerges from behind the screen. He wears an ill fitting Santa Suit padding and all. Beard and hat in hand.

Roscoe pisses himself laughing. Sam far from impressed.

SAM
Just lock me up instead.

ROSCOE
No room in the inn, I'm afraid.

Sam gutted.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)
Anyway, you've spent the last four
years eating County turkey.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

Staff and children put finishing touches to a winter
wonderland in the front garden.

EXT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

Roscoe manhandles a reluctant Sam into the cab of the truck.
The whole vehicle glows with flashing lights. Roscoe turns on
the radio. It plays...

DRIVING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS - CHRIS REA.

Sam tries to protest but Roscoe jumps from the cab and slams
the door behind him.

SAM
I ain't cut out for this.

Roscoe's demeanor changes. He jumps up to the window of the
cab. Pulls his gun and sticks it in Sam's face.

ROSCOE
You worthless piece of shit. If you
don't get your ass to that
orphanage and make every single kid
smile, I'm going take you on a one
way trip to the desert.

Sam gets the message loud and clear.

INT. ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Radio plays...

DRIVING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS - CHRIS REA.

Children gather in the main hall. Staff hand out red Santa
hats to eager, excited kids.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Black Pontiac passes in the foreground.

INT. PONTIAC - NIGHT

Bright city lights shine on the tired face of Pontiac Man. Snow begins to fall, gradually getting heavier. Pontiac's wipers work overtime.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Snow hits Sam's rig hard.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Sam mutters all sorts of profanities under his breath. He switches on the radio. It plays...

DRIVING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS - CHRIS REA

He gets annoyed. Fiddles with the radio. Same song plays on every station. Sam slaps the radio off.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Snow conditions cause chaos. A crossroad junction just before the orphanage.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Sam barrels along, blizzard or not. Radio comes to life and plays...

DRIVING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS - CHRIS REA

The radio gets louder and louder. Sam begins to lose it. He tries, fails, to turn off the radio. The music gets louder and Sam freaks, bashes the radio with his fist.

SMASH!

Sam's truck ploughs into a black Pontiac sending it into the front garden of the orphanage. The truck continues, flattens the Pontiac and ends up embedded in a large bay window.

LATER

Broken Christmas decorations scattered all over the front garden. Black Pontiac resembles a metal pancake.

The orphanage is swamped by Emergency Services. A cordon erected. Detectives arrive and are taken by uniformed cops, to interview an eye witness.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

First on scene officer chats with the Detectives.

OFFICER

Seems as though the truck ploughed into the Pontiac and right over it. Driver never stood a chance.

All eyes to the Pontiac pancake.

DETECTIVE 2

Any word on our Vic?

OFFICER

Ran the licence plate. Owner name of Rea, Chris Rea.

DETECTIVE 1

Local?

OFFICER

Not round these parts. We contacted his next of kin. Seems he's a singer, coming to the end of a tour.

DETECTIVE 2

Probably just Driving home for Christmas.

EXT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Through the cracked windscreen the radio plays...

DRIVING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

Sam's cut, bloodied face, bonds with the inside glass. He slowly comes to, tries to make sense of what has happened.

The sound of the radio gets louder and louder until Sam screams.

FADE OUT.