

My Daddy's Santa Claus

By

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FADE IN:

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

TOMMY, 7, is led by the hand by his mother HELEN, 27, to visit the makeshift grotto, complete with SANTA, ELVES and trained REINDEER.

Tommy carries his wish list in his other hand.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPER: ONE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS DAY

TOMMY and JIMMY, 7, both sit next to each other in class, with crayons in hand and their version of 'what Christmas means to them' picture carefully coming together on their paper.

TOMMY

I'm getting a bike for Christmas
from Santa Claus, a PSP, a Go-Go
Hamster, a-

JIMMY

You're not.

Tommy stops drawing.

TOMMY

I am. Santa told me.

JIMMY

Not.

TOMMY

Why?

JIMMY

'Cause, Santa Claus doesn't exist.

TOMMY

He does exist. He got me a Wii
last year.

JIMMY

Want to know who Santa Claus is?

TOMMY

Who?

Jimmy leans over to whisper.

JIMMY
He's your dad.

Tommy sits back, a little taken back into his own world. He slowly mutters to himself.

TOMMY
My daddy's Santa Claus, wow.

Tommy picks up his half-finished Picasso and walks over to the window, holds up his picture of Santa Claus flying across the sky towards a crude drawing of his home.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SUPER: CHRISTMAS EVE

Tommy sits on the couch with a pencil and notepad on his lap. He starts to check off everything on the list.

TOMMY
Cookies...

He looks over the coffee table.

TOMMY
Check. Milk, check. Over-sized
sock.

He looks over to a sock pinned against the mantelpiece.

TOMMY
Check. Wish list.

An unsealed envelope leans against the glass of milk.

TOMMY
Check.

He looks over to the tree and with it's base modestly covered.

TOMMY
Better check the list.

He retrieves the wish list and reads aloud.

TOMMY
PSP, bike, go-go hamster, more
lego, games for Wii, hmmm, not
enough.

He starts to extend the list.

TOMMY
 Scalextric, Transformers Optimus
 Prime and Bumblebee, England top,
 Buzz Lightyear...

Tommy extends his wish list to two sides of the page.

TOMMY
 My daddy can give me everything
 tonight.

Helen leaves the kitchen and sees Tommy eating a cookie.

HELEN
 Tommy, leave the cookies for Santa.

Tommy suddenly jumps back.

TOMMY
 There's plenty of cookies mum.

HELEN
 Okay, just one. Didn't I tell you
 to go to sleep ten minutes ago?

TOMMY
 Just making sure everything was
 here for Santa.

HELEN
 Go to sleep young man.

Tommy drags his feet along the ground.

TOMMY
 Night night mum.

HELEN
 Don't let the bed bugs bite.

Tommy closes the door behind him.

TOMMY (O.S.)
 I won't.

TOMMY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Helen open's the bedroom door.

HELEN
 Come on mister, it's Christmas day.

An excited Tommy leaps out of bed and races down stairs.

LIVING ROOM

Tommy rushes over to the tree. A few extra presents have crowded the tree's base.

He starts to tear off the wrapping to all his presents.

Helen stands back with a camera in hand taking snaps.

Suddenly out from nowhere a scream fills the air, AHHH.

TOMMY

Where's my lightsaber?

Helen drops her smile and her camera.

HELEN

Calm down Tommy. Santa brought you everything that he could.

Tommy continues to lift presents out of the way.

TOMMY

Where's my PlayStation, my bike, my radio controlled car?

HELEN

Your new bike's out in the garage still wrapped up.

Tommy turns around.

TOMMY

Really?

HELEN

Yes.

TOMMY

PlayStation?

HELEN

Sorry.

TOMMY

How do you know so much about what I have? I thought this was between me and Santa?

BILL, 30, enters the room, looking as if he's still battling his REM sleep.

BILL
What's all the screaming about?

HELEN
Tommy didn't get everything from
Santa as he's been naughty during
the year.

She turns to Tommy.

HELEN
Isn't that right mister?

TOMMY
That's poop crap.

Helen gasps. A grumpy Tommy turns to Bill.

TOMMY
If you hadn't worked all night, and
give my presents away, I would have
my PlayStation to play now.

HELEN
Mind your language young man. You
didn't get everything because you
have been bad, and Santa knows
this.

Tommy points towards Bill.

TOMMY
Of course Santa knows, he's daddy.

Bill kneels down to face Tommy.

BILL
Tommy, I'm not Santa and I haven't
given your PlayStation away.

TOMMY
But you are daddy, Jimmy told me.

BILL
Jimmy told you I was Santa?

TOMMY
Yes.

Bill and Helen looks at each other.

BILL

Tommy, Santa exists but I'm not
him.

TOMMY

If you are not Santa, who is?

Bill quickly looks around to divert attention from himself.

He sees a LARGE SANTA sauntering past the window with a can
of beer in hand and a red bag slung over his shoulder with
the other, and points towards him.

BILL

He is.

Tommy rushes past Bill, into the-

HALLWAY

Then opens the front door, and shouts at Santa.

TOMMY

Oi, Santa, where's my PlayStation?

The startled Santa turns his head sluggishly before slipping
backwards like an over-the-top clown, releasing the red bag
in hand.

A half-wrapped Playstation falls out towards Tommy who runs
over to pick it up.

TOMMY

Thanks Santa.

SANTA

Eh...oh...no problem.

FADE OUT.