

Fairytale Encounter

written by

Making up the numbers

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the bedside window, snow drifts gently to the ground, casting a serene, seasonal glow over the quaint festive neighborhood.

In her bed lies MOLLY (8), an angelic child with wide, sparkling eyes, brimming with excitement as she lies awake, unable to sleep.

Suddenly, a sound from downstairs – a hustle, a bustle. Molly sits up abruptly, her face lighting up.

MOLLY

It's him!

LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

The bedroom door creaks open. Molly tiptoes out, moving silently down the staircase in her pyjamas, those faint noises from the living room beckoning her forward.

She creeps to the living room door, her small hand resting on the handle. Unable to turn it, she leans in, pressing her ear gently against the door.

A mix of fear, anticipation, and over-excitement holds her back, as though the door before her is forbidden...

But curiosity prevails. She takes a deep breath, then slowly turns the handle and pushes the door open.

Revealing in the living room --

SANTA CLAUS

Who stands by the Christmas tree in the corner, a cookie hovering near his mouth. His eyes locked on Molly, utterly frozen, caught completely off guard.

Molly, oozing childlike wonder, steps into the living room.

MOLLY

It's really you!

Santa takes a huge bite of the cookie, chewing it slowly as he glares at the little girl.

MOLLY

Is it nice, Mr Santa Claus?

Santa replies in a hushed tone.

SANTA

Lower your voice, numb-nuts.

Santa tosses the remainder of the cookie to the floor.

SANTA

It was rubbish, make sure you do better next year.

Molly's gleeful expression quickly fades.

SANTA

What?? You expected Santa to be in a good mood, tonight?

Molly, taken aback, stands speechless.

SANTA

Question -- has your minuscule brain ventured into maths class yet, little miss-nosy-chops?

She gentle nods.

SANTA

Good. Work this out -- there are approximately three billion little brats on this planet. On average it takes me five minutes to get in and out of all their germ-infested living rooms. What's three billion multiplied by five?

Molly thinks.

MOLLY

Uh... fifteen Billion?

SANTA

Correct-amundo. Fifteen billion minutes. It's one night for you, goddamn eternity for me -- in what world do you think I have time for interactions with the likes of you? Any of you, for that matter.

Molly dips her head.

SANTA

Now, get your ass to bed before I kick it up there.

MOLLY

(mumbles to herself)

Why do you bother, if you hate it so much.

SANTA

Heard that. And since you asked --
pissed the big man off. The
punishment was drastic. Do you
think I'd do his voluntarily?

(to himself)

...just two hundred and seventy
eight more christmas's to go...

Santa glares back down at Molly.

SANTA

Oi, rat-features, you still here?

Molly raises her head, her wide doe eyes now brimming with stern conviction.

MOLLY

Guess I won't be leaving a cookie
out for you next year.

Santa's face stiffens up a notch.

SANTA

How dare you. You nauseating little
brat.

He stares intently at the stocking that hangs next to the Christmas tree.

SANTA

Well, you want be needing this.

Santa snatches the stocking. Then fixes his irate eyes on the remaining wrapped presents that are spread at the base of the tree.

SANTA

Or those either. I'm claiming
compensation.

He hastily grabs all the presents and stuffs them into his large sack, while Molly watches with an enormous frown.

SANTA

Don't screw up again, little girl.
Merry fucking Christmas.

Santa snaps his fingers, and both he and his sack vanish, disappearing into a cloud of shimmering sparkles.

Molly stands somber. Simply cannot fathom the encounter.

She storms out of the living room and into the --

HALL

Her footsteps heavy as she stomps up the staircase, disappearing off-camera.

We here a banging on a door.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Mum! Dad! Santa was just here and
he stole all our presents!

Beat.

MUM (O.S)

Go to bed, Molly.

THE END.