

Santa's List

by  
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## INT. OFFICE

Table tops are cluttered with letters and open catalogues.

Shelves are stacked high with binders of different colours and the walls are awash with maps.

A fax machine, in the corner of the room, kicks into life and paper starts to spew out into its collecting tray.

The office door opens and the noise of busy factory workers drowns out the buzz from the fax.

NICK, late forties enters dressed in a red outfit, finished with white trim, and closes the door behind him.

He collects the freshly printed papers and quickly glances over them. Noticing several more sheets on the floor, he picks them up and adds them to the pile.

## INT. WAREHOUSE

Aisle after aisle of shelves are stacked high with an assortment of transparent boxes, each filled with small coloured cubes.

The floor is crowded with hundreds of men, all dressed in red jackets with white trim and matching trousers. All have overgrown fluffy white beards.

They talk amongst themselves and frequently ruffle their facial foliage.

CLIVE, middle aged and overweight stands beside ANDY. Clive's beard is tinged with a yellow colour around his hidden mouth and his red suit sports a number of interesting stains.

Andy, late teens, sports a bright new suit. He fidgets with his chin fluff, barely an inch in length.

CLIVE

Come on, I wanna get back before dawn.

ANDY

Does it take long then?

CLIVE

Depends where you get I suppose.

Andy's trousers sag at the crotch, he pulls at them.

ANDY

As if I ain't got enough to worry  
about, my bloody pants are too  
big.

CLIVE

Don't worry you'll be fine. It  
ain't that difficult. Oh, here  
we go.

The office door opens and a steady hush settles throughout  
the warehouse.

Nick emerges and stands in front of the crowd.

NICK

Right lads, I've got the lists so  
we better get cracking..

Nick takes the top sheet and holds it up.

NICK

Clive.

Clive steps out from the crowd.

He takes the sheet of paper from Nick, glances down and  
shakes his head.

CLIVE

(under his breath)  
Oh I don't believe it, Livermore  
Estate again. That's two years  
running.

Some of the group snigger at Clive's reaction. Andy's  
expression remains blank, he approaches Clive.

Clive sinks into his shoulders.

NICK

Is it bad news?

CLIVE

(quietly)  
I can't believe this shit.

Nick holds up another sheet.

NICK

Dennis.

Clive looks up at nick.

CLIVE

Let's see where he gets.

DENNIS, in his early twenties and wearing an immaculate bright red suit, collects his list and without looking at it, walks away.

Dennis approaches Clive.

CLIVE  
Need I ask?

Dennis' beard raises at the sides, as his concealed smile broadens. He stops and pauses as he passes by Clive and Andy.

DENNIS  
North Shore Gardens.

He continues.

CLIVE  
Son of a...

ANDY  
That's a good one then?

CLIVE  
It is kid, but then it helps when your Nick's nephew don't it.

NICK (O.S.)  
Peter.

CLIVE  
Good luck and I'll catch you later.

Clive walks toward the exit door and with a shake of his head, leaves.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Large clouds glide across the sky, dropping their cargo of snowflakes on the ground below.

The warehouse is a dark building that shows no brand names on its outer walls.

Beside the warehouse is a vast field covered with a white blanket of snow and populated with hundreds of reindeers.

Clive strides away from the warehouse, crunching the fresh snow under foot. He walks past the field and into a carpark at the rear of the warehouse.

EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT

Large floodlights illuminate the rows of parked vehicles. All the vehicles are identical in shape and colour, they are all large red sleighs.

The sleighs have large lights bolted on the front and a large boot space at the rear. A single seat sits open top with a windscreen for protection.

Clive removes a fob from his trouser pocket and pushes the button. The lights on a nearby sleigh flash.

He climbs aboard the sleigh and parks his bum onto the snow covered seat. He quickly jumps up.

CLIVE

Oh for Christ's sake.

He rubs the snow off his now wet trousers and shovels it off the seat. He sits, takes out a cigarette and lights it.

Dennis sits in the seat of his sleigh a few feet away.

Clive looks over the piece of paper and mutters to himself.

An engine sound is heard, growing louder. A clatter and Clive's sleighs jolts forward. Ash from his cigarette falls into his lap.

He slowly turns and looks behind him.

A large forklift truck pulls away from the sleigh leaving a pallet of red bags, all neatly tied at their neck.

Clive places the sheet of paper on a clipboard, attached to the windscreen, and inserts a key in the ignition. He turns the key and fires up the sleighs engine.

He flicks a switch and the headlights turn on. He grinds the stick into gear and the sleigh raises off the ground, hovers for a second and then heads skyward.

EXT. LIVERMORE ESTATE - NIGHT

Snow continues to fall steadily.

Run down houses stream either side of the streets. Gardens are untidy with old furniture, car parts and general junk strewn about them.

A sleigh flies across the sky and gently lands at the end of a street. Its light turns off and its engine killed.

EXT. POPULAR GROVE - LIVERMORE ESTATE - NIGHT

Clive climbs down from his sleigh and collects one of the bags from the back. A vandalised street sign reads Popular Grove.

Crunching the snow, he opens the gate and walks up the driveway of the first house in the street. Snagging his bag on the broken fence, he is pulled back with a jerk. He mutters, frees himself and continues.

Nearing the door, a security light beams on and Clive freezes in the spotlight.

After a few seconds hesitation, he darts into the darkness, skidding into the fence. He raises his boot and looks down.

CLIVE  
I don't believe it. Fucking  
dogs.

The light switches off and darkness prevails again.

Clive removes a huge bundle of keys from his pocket and systematically searches through them, stopping on one.

CLIVE  
Number one, I hope.

Tentatively he pushes the key into the door, turns anti-clockwise and the door swings open.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Clive, sack in hand, quietly shuffles up the hallway. He opens the first door he come across and peers inside.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Clive closes the door and switches on the light.

The room is filled with decorations and a Christmas tree, far too big for its surroundings. The furniture is old and worn and the light coloured carpet shows many stains.

Clive scans the room.

CLIVE  
Where's my sodding pie and  
whiskey?

He slings the bag on the floor and removes a piece of paper from his pocket.

CLIVE

Right, Henderson's. Two dolls, a bike and a console. A console...Jesus, kids today don't know they're born.

Clive rummages in the bag and removes two small pink cubes, he places them down under the tree. He delves again and pulls out a slightly larger blue cube, followed by a grey one.

CLIVE

Right, time to get out of this shithole.

He takes a box from his inside pocket. The box has only one switch, he points it toward the cubes and presses the button.

A beam of red light illuminates the cubes and they transform into the objects from the list, fully wrapped in Christmas paper.

Clive hides the box away in his jacket.

A growl is heard (O.S.)

Clive freezes.

CLIVE

Not fucking now!

He slowly turns, confronted by a large dog bearing it's fangs.

CLIVE

Nice doggy. Here have some sparkle.

He rummages in his pocket.

CLIVE

Where the fuck is it?

EXT. POPULAR GROVE - LIVERMORE ESTATE - NIGHT

The sleigh has a thin layer of snow upon it. On the dashboard sits a small bag of rainbow coloured dust.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Clive removes his hand from his pocket.

CLIVE  
Time to improvise. Look doggy, a  
dolly to play with.

Clive slowly picks up one of the dolls and waves it about in front of the dogs gaze. He mimics throwing it several times, the dog shows interest.

CLIVE  
Good dog.

He throws it into the far corner of the room. The dog catches it mid flight and tears into the wrapping paper.

Clive picks up the bag and quickly exits.

EXT. POPULAR GROVE - LIVERMORE ESTATE - NIGHT

Clive closes the front door and walks down the front path, the security light bursts on again.

CLIVE  
Bollocks.

He continues regardless.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Complete darkness, rustling and banging is heard.

CLIVE  
Where the fuck is it?

A crack of pottery. The light turns on.

A small tree is covered with tinsel and baubles. Two thread bare sofas are compensated by a huge television.

Clive looks down. A broken bowl and milk soaking into the carpet.

CLIVE  
Where's Rudolph when I need him?

He chuckles to himself.

Clive removes a piece of paper from his pocket.

CLIVE  
What here? More bikes.

He throws two blue cubes under the tree. Presses the button and they materialise. The bikes are too large and push the Christmas tree over.



CLIVE

Son of a...

He grabs the bag, swings it over his shoulder and bangs it into the television. He leaves.

A moment.

Clive slides his arm through the door and switches off the light.

EXT. POPULAR GROVE - LIVERMORE ESTATE - NIGHT

Clive wanders back to the sleigh and throws the now empty bag onto the back. He removes a fresh full one.

He grabs at his crotch.

CLIVE

I could do with a piss now. It's all that sodding tea.

He searches for a spot.

Clive walks up a garden path, the lawn strewn with rubbish and junk. The downstairs windows are boarded up.

CLIVE

Ah fuck it, I'm sure I'm not the first.

He drops the bag into the fresh snow and turns toward the fence running alongside the path. He lowers his trousers and relieves himself with a relieved sigh.

Turning back round he glances down and brushes the dribbles from the front of his trousers. He looks at his hand and rubs the moisture on his jacket.

Clive takes a step, right into an old bucket full of half frozen water. He stumbles, dropping the bag and scattering cubes everywhere. He loses his balance completely and falls backwards into the snow topped rubbish.

CLIVE

Knackers, I hate this fucking estate.

He closes his eyes and smiles through his beard. Stretching his arms out wide he moves them up and down, creating an angel shape in the snow.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Plush furniture and a beautiful tree decorated with tinsel and flashing lights. A wall unit is open revealing many alcoholic bottles inside.

Dennis sits comfortably in a chair, his feet up, swigging from a bottle of expensive red wine. Beside him a plate containing biscuits and a note which reads 'for Santa'.

EXT. COCKBURN STREET - LIVERMORE ESTATE - NIGHT

A street sign reads Cockburn street, the 'burn' letters have been crossed out.

The sleigh has a heavy covering of snow.

Fresh footprints lead down the street.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A small room with few decorations.

Clive places a yellow cube under a small tree.

CLIVE

Is that it?

He glances over the list in his hand and shakes his head with a sympathetic look on his face.

CLIVE

Better than nothing I guess.

He points the box at the lonely cube and presses the button. The cube transforms into a wrapped book shape.

Clive pauses a moment and delves into his bag. He removes an orange cube and motions toward throwing it under the tree. He stops himself and places it back into the bag.

He picks up a large biscuit from a nearby plate, and takes a bite.

A creak (O.S.)

Clive freezes, biscuit in hand. He rummages in his pocket.

CLIVE

I still didn't pick up the  
fucking sparkle. Please don't be  
a nasty one.

The door behind him slowly opens.

VOICE (O.S.)

Santa!

Clive jumps with shock.

CLIVE

Jesus Christ!

Clive spins and is confronted by ADAM, eight years old and dressed in Transformers pyjamas.

Adams eyes burst from his head at the sight of Clive.

ADAM

Jesus? What are you doing here?  
Are you helping Santa?

CLIVE

Er, no I am Santa. You just startled me.

Adam closes the door behind him.

ADAM

Did you get my letter?

CLIVE

Of course I did.

ADAM

Have you brought me my car set then? I've been good all year.

Clive fakes a smile.

CLIVE

You'll have to wait till morning.

ADAM

Can't I open them now?

Clive glances under the tree at the sole present. He edges in front, blocking Adams view.

CLIVE

No, you best go back to bed and wait till morning.

ADAM

OK Santa, can I see Rudolph before you go?

CLIVE

Er, it's his night off...I mean he's retired now. He's getting old you know.

Clive finishes off the biscuit by stuffing the final large piece into his mouth.

Adam rushes Clive and hugs him, sending crumbs spitting out from his mouth.

CLIVE  
Alright, calm down son.

Adam releases the embrace.

ADAM  
You look different from when I sat on your knee in Barkers toy market.

CLIVE  
Erm, yeah I've lost a bit of weight since then.

ADAM  
No you look fatter Santa.

Clive rubs his stomach.

CLIVE  
Fatter, really. Best cut down on the biscuits.

Clive sneakily pulls a light red cube from his bag and tosses it under the tree. He quickly zaps it with the box and it transforms into a large box present.

Clive smiles to himself. He checks his watch.

ADAM  
Thanks for coming Santa. Do you have to go now?

CLIVE  
Erm...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Dennis sits stretched out in a chair, his eyes closed.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Adam and Clive sit crossed legged on the floor. Each holds a trigger in one hand.

A large electric race car circuit is mapped out on the carpet. Two small cars race round.

Adam and Clive stare transfixed on the speeding cars, occasionally nudging each other as the cars pass on the track.

Their faces are lit with excitement.

EXT. HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

Clive exits the house, Adam stands in the doorway.

ADAM  
Bye Santa. I had fun.

Clive turns and smiles.

CLIVE  
Me too, oh and ho ho ho son.

Clive strides down the path and lights up a cigarette.

CLIVE  
I guess this estate isn't all  
that bad.

A snowball crashes into the back of his head, knocking the freshly lit cigarette from his lips. The snow slips down the back of his jacket.

Adam chuckles (O.S).

Clive shudders.

CLIVE  
Kids!

Clive exits the garden.

INT. CANTEEN - WAREHOUSE

Numerous Santa's sit in a canteen drinking hot beverages.

Clive enters with a cigarette hanging from his lips, half concealed by his beard.

CLIVE  
You seen the newbie, Stu?

STUART, mid thirties with glowing red cheeks, turns to Clive.

STUART  
Who?

CLIVE  
Andy, just wondered if he'd  
finished yet?

STUART  
Not seen him.

CLIVE  
What time you get back?

STUART  
I've been back a while. How was  
it this year, you get attacked  
again?

CLIVE  
It was alright actually, and no I  
didn't get attacked this year.

Clive sits down and pours himself a cup of steaming tea. He reaches over to a nearby plate and grabs a large biscuit. He stares at it and then down at his stomach, he drops it back on the plate.

Stu leans toward Clive and nudges him.

STUART  
You won't have heard about Dennis  
then?

Clive's face lights up with anticipation.

CLIVE  
No, why what's happened?

Clive takes a sip from his cup.

STUART  
Nick came in about half an hour  
ago and told us, I nearly wet  
myself.

CLIVE  
What? Tell me.

STUART  
Well he never finished his  
delivery cos...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Dennis, eyes tight, is stretched out in the chair. His wet boots drip melting snow onto the clean carpet.

A wine bottle lay on the floor beside him, the carpet slowly drinks the red liquid.

He snuggles his back into the chair and scratches his crotch.

The door opens and PHIL sleepily walks in. He is mid twenties and large in build. He walks past Dennis and then double takes. His eyes spring wide.

He quietly leaves.

A moment.

Phil bursts in brandishing a golf club.

PHIL  
(screaming)  
Cheeky fucking bastard, how dare  
you try and rob us tonight!

Dennis jumps from the chair in a sleepy daze and backs away.

DENNIS  
No wait, calm down...I'm Santa.

PHIL  
Course you fucking are, and I'm  
the Easter bunny you funny twat.

Phil swings the club at Dennis. It misses by inches, the resulting draft of air causes his beard to move.

DENNIS  
Bloody hell, you're gonna kill me  
with that.

PHIL  
Too fucking right I am.

Dennis steps back and stands on the wine bottle, he falls and lands on the Christmas tree, sending decorations and tinsel everywhere.

Phil swings the club down, again he just misses Dennis.

Dennis, in a panic, reaches inside his jacket and removes his bag of sparkle. He grabs a handful and throws it into the face of Phil.

PHIL  
What the fu...

Phil coughs, splutters and chokes as he swallows a mouthful. He composes himself and raises the golf club.

PHIL  
Right, enough of this. Get the  
fuck out of my house before I...

Phil blinks rapidly and begins to sway back and forth. His eyes snap shut and he falls forward, smashing down on the coffee table.

DENNIS  
Holy shit! Might have overdone  
it with the sparkle.

Dennis picks up his bag and leaves.

INT. CANTEEN - WAREHOUSE

Clive, Stuart and the other Santa's sit consuming their refreshments.

CLIVE  
He's a fucking arse anyway.

STUART  
That's not the end of it.

CLIVE  
Really, tell me more.

Clive sips from his cup.

Nick enters.

NICK  
Just to let you know, Dennis is  
gonna be OK.

Clive looks at Stuart with intriguing eyes. A smile grows on his face.

CLIVE  
Oh, tell me what happened next.

Stuart looks over at Nick.

STUART  
Well that's good news.

Nick nods and leaves.

Stuart looks back to Nick.

STUART  
He is a bit of a prick like.

CLIVE  
Go on...



EXT. HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

The front door opens and a shaken Dennis steps out. He blows out his cheeks with relief.

DENNIS  
Bloody idiot. Might pick a  
different delivery next year.

A golf club smashes over his head. His eyes flicker and his legs buckle.

A WOMAN charges from the doorway. She wears a snug night dress and swings a golf club around her head.

Dennis quickly stumbles down the garden path, falls head first over the gate and lands in the street.

He scrambles to his feet and staggers toward his sleigh.

INT. CANTEEN - WAREHOUSE

The Santa's laugh hysterically.

Andy enters looking tired. His once plush red suit now dirty.

Clive rubs the tears from his eyes and looks over at Andy.

CLIVE  
Hey kid, how'd you get on?

Andy looks down at his torn trousers.

ANDY  
Got bit by a dog.

Everyone laughs.

ANDY  
It's not funny.

CLIVE  
Don't worry kid, you got off  
lightly.

Andy looks confused.

FADE OUT.