

SANTA CLAUS GETS LAID

A Christmas Comedy

Written by

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(WRITING SAMPLE)

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FADE IN

EXT. WINTER, A LONE FARM PROPERTY - NIGHT

Snow covers a clearing that is many acres in a forested area. There is a modern two story farmhouse. Behind the house is a barn and stables. Beyond on the distant horizon is snow covered mountains. The sky is clear, crisp and full of stars. The night is quiet and eerie.

INT. THE STABLES AND BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cattle, pigs and horses are nervous. Mares keep their yearlings close. A small pig sniffs the air. It quickly leaves the barn through a small hole in the wall.

EXT. THE LONE FARM PROPERTY

The small pig exits the barn through the hole in the wall and stands in the snow, looking at the distant farmhouse.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is older, clean and modern. An ethereal glow of colored light comes from a large open entrance to one of the rooms. Strange sounds of bumps and knocks are heard outside on the roof.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVINGROOM

The livingroom is cozy. The lights from a Christmas tree give off a hazy dreamlike glow of Christmas illumination. The dying flames of a fire are in a fireplace. The bumps and knocks heard outside on the house are becoming frightening.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE FARMHOUSE

The front door to the farmhouse violently blows open.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM

A woman, ROXANNE, 40, an attractive farm wife, quickly awakens in bed. The eerie bumps and knocks are heard outside.

She looks over at the empty space next to her on the double bed. She hears more sounds and becomes nervous. She gets out of bed and puts on a bathrobe.

More sounds are heard, but now they are inside the home, downstairs. Roxanne gains courage and leaves the room.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE FARMHOUSE

Roxanne walks down the stairs. The front door is open. She quickly closes it and looks around. She heads towards the livingroom entrance.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVINGROOM

Roxanne enters and observes the room illuminated by the Christmas tree lights. She looks at a small table next to the fireplace. On it are a plate of half eaten cookies and a tipped over glass of spilled milk. Sounds of knocked over plates and cups come from another room in the house. Roxanne looks scared.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

Roxanne turns on a light. She studies the room. A calendar on the wall reads: DECEMBER 24. Cupboard doors are open. Plates and food items are on the counters and floor. The refrigerator door is open. She quickly closes it. Next to the fridge is the small pig. They stare at each other.

Suddenly a large hand grabs Roxanne. She tries to scream, but another hand covers her mouth. The small pig watches as Roxanne struggles with the large man gripping her tight. The large man's hands grip her bathrobe and tear it off of her.

Naked fear is on Roxanne's face as she is now only wearing her bedtime night slip. She looks confused at the large man in front of her.

ROXANNE

Santa?

The large man hauls her out of the kitchen. The small pig runs after them.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE FARMHOUSE

The small pig runs out from the hallway and watches as the dark figure of the large man carries Roxanne screaming and struggling out of the house through the open front door.

## INT. FARMHOUSE LIVINGROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The fire in the fireplace is out. A vehicle is heard driving up to the house. A door to the vehicle is heard opening and closing. Then the sounds of someone entering the house.

The figure of an unknown person in dark shadows enters the livingroom. The unknown person walks to the small side table where the cookie crumbs and spilled milk are. The person's hand, a female hand, touches the drink glass.

A grunting sound is heard. The unknown woman sees the small pig at the room entrance. The small pig runs away towards the main house door. The unknown woman quickly follows.

## EXT. THE LONE FARM HOUSE

The small pig runs out of the house to the driveway entrance. It looks out at the forest countryside. The unknown woman kneels down next to the pig, following it's gaze. The unknown woman is mid-aged and portly, dressed in a plaid winter coat with knitted mitts and cap. A serious expression on her face.

She quickly stands and goes to an old pickup truck parked near the house. The woman gets to the passenger door and opens it. She looks at the small pig.

MID-AGED WOMAN

Come on.

## INT. OLD PICKUP TRUCK

The woman helps the small pig into the passenger seat and then enters the truck next to the pig. The small pig and her stare intensely forward at the road ahead of them.

MID-AGED WOMAN

Step on it Leon.

## EXT. THE LONE FARM PROPERTY

The old pickup truck speeds off the property, following a rural winter road. The mid-aged woman and small pig are in the passenger seat, but no one seems to be in the driver's seat, yet someone or something is driving the truck.

## INT. OLD PICKUP TRUCK - LATER THAT NIGHT

The small pig in the passenger seat next to the woman begins to get agitated when they see a gas station/motel up ahead.

MID-AGED WOMAN  
Here, Leon. Stop.

EXT. SMALL ROADSIDE GAS STATION/MOTEL

The old pickup truck stops in front of the motel. The woman and small pig exit the truck. The small pig looks at the line of motel room doors, then stops at one, sniffing around it.

The woman goes to the door and puts her ear to it. Her eyes go wide as the faint sounds of a female voice are heard.

ROXANNE (V.O.)  
Oh, Santa, please.

An intensely angered expression fills the woman's face. She tries to open the door, but it is locked. She then storms with fury towards the main lobby entrance of the gas station/motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

The door suddenly opens exposing the scene inside. A small fake Christmas tree on a bedside table dimly illuminates the room. Clothes are scattered all around, the bed is a disaster of messed up bed sheets and overturned mattress.

Santa Claus is on his hands and knees on the floor. He wears only his armless undershirt, boxer shorts. A pair of costume party Reindeer antlers are on his head. In his mouth are the leather reins for a horse or Reindeer.

Sitting on a chair behind him is Roxanne dressed as a Christmas Vixen in a red and white corset, knee high stockings and boots. She holds a slim horse whip and the reins that Santa has in his mouth.

Santa is acting like a Reindeer as Roxanne playfully strikes him with the whip.

ROXANNE  
Is Santa being naughty again my  
Reindeer? Let's go see. On Dasher,  
On Dancer, On...

Santa and Roxanne quickly look at the open door. They are wide eyed as they are now caught. Santa sees the mid-aged woman, MARY, standing at the doorway with a red angry face. The reins fall to the floor as Santa's mouth drops.

SANTA CLAUS  
Mary.

Roxanne is shocked to see the small pig standing next to Mary.

ROXANNE

Casper.

The small pig gives a grunt. Santa stands as he and Mary stare at each other.

MARY

Kristopher, how could you? You...  
You... You Goblin.

She runs out of the room in tears. Santa stands frozen in his underwear. Roxanne quickly gathers her clothes and goes to Casper the pig at the doorway.

ROXANNE

Sorry, Nick, but we knew this was  
going to happen one Christmas.

She looks down at Casper the pig.

ROXANNE

Now if I can only keep blabber  
mouth from telling my husband.

Casper the pig gives her a disappointed sniff. She and Casper quickly leave. Santa is motionless, alone, confused with his arms out. He hears pickup truck engines starting up. He runs out of the room.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Santa Claus, in his underwear, watches helpless as he sees a pickup truck speed off down the winter road with Roxanne driving and Casper the pig next to her in the passenger seat.

He notices the pickup truck Mary drove up in. No one seems to be in it until he looks closer at the truck windows. He sees the head top and eyes of a small elf person seated in the driver's seat. The elf eyes glaring back at him. Santa makes an angered face.

SANTA CLAUS

Leon.

LEON the elf looks forward, his head barely even reaching the bottom of the steering wheel. The pickup truck tires spin and the truck speeds away down the winter road. Santa tries to run after it. He stops in the middle of the gas station/motel parking lot, helpless.

SANTA CLAUS  
Mary? Honey Muffin?

The faint sound of sleigh bells are heard. He looks up at the cold winter night sky. Alone, he sighs deep with tired sadness. He looks at the gas station/motel and sees a blinking neon sign in the window of a small building next to the truck stop motel lobby that reads: BAR.

INT. THE MOTEL BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

The bar is dark and somewhat depressing with its truck stop atmosphere and lonesome country music playing on an old jukebox. A handful of truck drivers sit at the bar counter, slouched sadly over their beer mugs, listening to the song that plays. A Bartender cleans drink glasses.

The door to the bar opens and everyone looks at who has entered. It is Santa Claus in his full red and white outfit. Nobody says anything as they all look at each other. The truckers then return to face their beer mugs.

Santa goes to the bar counter and sits down next to everyone. The Bartender takes notice of Santa's costume.

BARTENDER  
You look like you've been doin' a long haul tonight.

SANTA CLAUS  
Let's say I've been doing the longest haul of the year.

Santa sees the truckers next to him.

SANTA CLAUS  
It's almost Christmas and you're still open for business?

BARTENDER  
I'm always open this night of the year. You might say this is the place Christmas forgot.

The truckers nod. Santa is filled with the feelings of his own problems as he hears the lonesome country song.

SANTA CLAUS  
I'll have what they're having.

The Bartender serves Santa a beer. Santa reaches into a pocket of his red jacket and takes out a gold coin.

He places it on the bar counter. The Bartender takes the coin and stares at it.

BARTENDER  
You want a tab for this?

SANTA CLAUS  
Yes, And next round is on me.

The truckers all mumble thanks. Santa takes hold of the beer mug with both hands and drinks.

INT. THE MOTEL BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Santa Claus and the truckers continue to sit at the bar counter with their beer mugs. They are all noticeably drunk. Santa has a tear in his beer as the truckers and Bartender listen to him and the lonesome country song.

SANTA CLAUS  
I don't know what happened... It's been nine hundred years since this all began. Nine hundred years of sitting in that driver's seat, focused on that skyline ahead. Makin' deliveries, tryin' to be on time... But you gotta do it.

The truckers all nod in understanding.

SANTA CLAUS  
Why?... For the children. That's why. Am I right, guys, or am I right?

Everyone nods.

SANTA CLAUS  
Now it never started off that way. When I was younger and let's admit a few pounds lighter...

Everyone acknowledges their own trucker bellies.

DRUNK TRUCKER  
I always thought you were a bit heavy in the saddle, Santa, but it comes with the territory.

SANTA CLAUS  
Right. It's an obligation that's been placed upon us. To be jolly and fat.

(MORE)

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)  
Delivering our goods to the world  
out there that needs us to do it.

Santa pulls out another gold coin from his pocket.

SANTA CLAUS  
And for hundreds of years I used to  
just be kind and put one of these  
in the shoes of the poor and needy  
while they slept. And I did it all  
by myself. Worked my reputation  
from the ground up with the sweat  
and tears of a Saint.

He slams the gold coin down on the counter. The Bartender starts filling everyone's drink mugs. He gives Santa another beer. Santa stares at the mug with a sad expression glassing over his drunk eyes.

SANTA CLAUS  
But after hundreds of years... Sure  
people began to recognize me, but I  
was lonely.

Some of the truckers begin to sniff with their beers in their hands. A glow of remembrance comes to Santa's face.

SANTA CLAUS  
Then I met her. I remember. It was  
in 1849. She was young and fiery.  
Red hair that was from the sun. She  
straightened me out. And it's been  
almost two hundred years of her  
managing me and the workshop and  
our daughter ever since.

DRUNK TRUCKER  
You got a daughter?

SANTA CLAUS  
Yes. CRYSTAL. My Kitten. She's  
still young. She's only seventy  
five or eighty by now.

DRUNK TRUCKER  
It's kinda hard to think about  
you... You know... Havin' a kid.

BARTENDER  
So who's the woman you were with in  
the motel room?

Santa's eyes widen.

SANTA CLAUS

Roxanne.

He appeals to the truckers.

SANTA CLAUS

Guys. You got a woman for a couple centuries, you get comfortable and fat. And then the fun is gone before you realize it. For the past decade or so this has been my last stop. And I planned it that way. Roxanne, she's got this Santa Claus thing that drives her wild. And man, can she ring your sleigh bells.

DRUNK TRUCKER

So let me get this out in the open. You mean to tell us you're the real Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS

I am. For nine hundred years...

DRUNK TRUCKER

Yes, we know that already.

BARTENDER

Look, he's Santa Claus. What do you want him to do?

DRUNK TRUCKER

I'll tell you what I want. When I was a kid I wanted an Evel Knievel Crash Car set with stunt cycle and I never got it. Why, huh? Tell me that... Mr. Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS

Well, I'd need to ask Mrs. Claus, she handles the list. Naughty and nice.

DRUNK TRUCKER

Bah.

Santa quickly stands from his bar stool. He wobbles as he is tipsy and now on his feet.

SANTA CLAUS

Alright. I'll go get it right now. You never got it so it's still in my sleigh.

Santa exits the bar with everyone watching him. They return to their drinks and lonesome country music. Santa Claus then reenters the bar with his head down in sad shame.

SANTA CLAUS  
She took my sleigh.

Everyone at the bar counter shakes their heads. An understanding look comes to the Bartender.

BARTENDER  
You got anywhere to go?

SANTA CLAUS  
There is some place, but how?

Everyone at the bar counter is silent, their heads down. The lonesome country song in the background suddenly changes and everyone looks at the jukebox. A slim trucker is there.

JACKSON  
I'll take you.

He turns and faces everyone. He is a fit man in his early thirties wearing jeans and cowboy boots. He is a man of the country with a James Dean ladies man appeal to him, JACKSON. He looks unimpressed at the bar counter truckers.

JACKSON  
Unless you want to permanently join  
the bar counter club over there.

The drunk truckers make disgruntled faces and return to their beer mugs. Jackson goes to Santa Claus.

JACKSON  
The name's Jackson. Where do you  
need to go Santa?

Santa talks sad with his head down.

SANTA CLAUS  
Pittsburgh.

JACKSON  
Alright. For you. It's Pittsburgh.

INT. JACKSON SEMI-TRUCK CAB - SHORT TIME LATER

Jackson and Santa enter. Santa watches as Jackson starts the diesel truck engine.