

Poor Santa

written by

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POOR SANTA

BY  
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EXT./INT. STREET - DAY

Mid winter is in its climax. The sky razor-blue is darkened by white thick clouds. Is about to snow as cold wind blow all over the city.

A black Dad 40, his body drained by the cold wind, shivering, he walks down a paved path heading home. Big and small snow trucks are moving down the streets sparkling salts down the way.

Stomping he steps up the little stairs of the house and stands before the entrance door, puffing out warm breaths, formed into a tiny cloud on the air.

MOM 35, is busy cleaning the house and straightening up, the sofa, the kitchen, with a mop in her hands, running here and there.

She hears the keys noise at the door, crackling. Dad is trying to open the door. She says his name loudly.

MOM  
Is it you,

He steps in.

In fainted voice.

DAD  
Yes it's me.

The door is half open. She barefoot steps towards the open door to watch out the sky.

MOM  
Lord have mercy.

She closes the door quickly behind her.

Steps towards the coach siting before her husband as he is rubbing his hands in between his mouth.

She leans closer to him.

MOM (CONT'D)  
What an ugly day.

DAD  
You can't stand out freezing to death.

MOM  
It's the season nothing to complain.

He laughs and then takes a big breath.

DAD  
There will be coming more of it.

MOM  
What?

DAD  
The snow I mean.

MOM  
There's something else I'm more worried about. The new issue.

DAD  
The new issue what?

MOM  
Oh... The new issue! COVID-19.

DAD  
You mean the Chinees flu. The unknown enemy.

MOM  
Aren't you, with the planet I'm dealing with?

Scratches his bald head.

DAD  
I believe so, as far as I'm sharing with you the same breath.

Taps her upper nose.

MOM  
I feel scared about the new one.

Steps towards the kitchen. His eyes follows her as he is silently sitting down.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Oh, Christmas, without-

Raises his eyebrows.

DAD

Don't tell me that, it's hitting  
hard our nation.

CONT'D

By the way, what will be the  
weather this Christmas.

Gives him a small condescending smile.

MOM

I guess it will snow. I hate the  
snow.

DAD

It better be! I like the snow.

He steps towards the Christmas tree to finish his  
decorations.

MOM

You got a nice job decorating.  
How's that coming?

DAD

You know what? Do your job of  
cooking, rather than keep talking.

He remains silent saying nothing, not even looking at her.

CUT TO:

The trio kids, MUNA female (8), LILY female (10) and HALAL  
male (13) are playing video game in front of small screen TV.

Mom sees Halal running towards her.

MOM

You are not supposed to be here.  
Are you?

HALAL

We feel like we are in prison Mom.  
I'm tired, all the time to be with  
my sister only. I need a break. I  
hope my school starts soon.

Lily joins stepping towards her Mom, looking at her frowning  
down at her.

LILY

Huh... Me too Mom, I'm tired to be all day long, in a room, sitting in one place, without getting out.

MOM

Don't you see the change around? We are in the middle of big war without bullet.

Beat.

The invisible enemy, the COVID-19 is still around.

Mom leads both stepping towards the salon.

Halal and Lily try to sit very close to one another.

MOM (CONT'D)

Oh, no. This time we follow the new rule. I mean the social distancing.

HALAL

Yeah! Six feet apart.

Halal raises from the sofa and steps two steps away, trying to distance from Lily.

Lily attempts to measure the distance, using her little feet.

LILY

Okay, six feet apart...

HALAL

Not with your feet but Mom's feet. Too close! Ah...ah stay away from me. I'm sorry for that.

Mom intervenes in the middle.

MOM

Are you okay babies? What's going on?

HALAL

Lily's not respecting the dumb social distancing, Mom. She is too close to me, Mommy.

Mom sits in between both, facing and smiling towards Lily.

MOM

Lily, I know you are honest. Your feet are too little to hit the standard.

Mom makes two normal steps separating both.

MOM (CONT'D)

Let me make it my way. Okay, you sit here and you sit there.

Leaves them on their own, stepping back to the kitchen.

Halal with a remote control attempts to search a Christmas movie show. Lily is comfortably sitting on the sofa, reclining back and forth.

Halal tracks a Christmas movie show on the spot.

Both start to watch the movie.

Muna steps up the stairs to join her brother and sister.

Halal lowers the volume.

Angry Muna without a mask, steps towards Halal.

HALAL

You see! No mask.

Muna tries to put back her mask.

LILY

This time I don't care, please make the volume high.

Lily attempts to snatch the remote control, from his hand.

HALAL

Breaking the law. Please stay away from me.

Lily sneeths and coughs lightly.

HALAL (CONT'D)

You see. I see the virus wandering in here.

LILY

I still have the mask on me.

In the middle of the movie, in a commercial break, they see Santa on the screen.

MUNA

No masks at all. I miss Santa  
without a mask.

HALAL

Is old movie, sister. Never get  
confused with the new reality.

LILY

I know what you are saying. I can't  
quite get excited either.

CUT TO:

Dad after he finishes decorating the Christmas tree, heads  
down stair, stepping on the stairs.

He stands in front of his kids.

DAD

Finally, I'm done with decorating  
the Christmas tree.

MUNA

You are a good father.

LILY

Almost sounds like you care, Daddy.

DAD

I hope you like my decorations?

All nod.

HALAL/LILY

Yes we do.

He leaves them on their own and steps up stairs.

CUT TO:

They continue to watch the TV, still sitting on the couch.

Lily raises from the couch and stands straight in front of  
Halal.

LILY (CONT'D)

Did you see Santa without mask?  
Won't that be nice?

HALAL

I hear you. Nothing to be excited  
about.

Halal touches his nose.

LILY  
You're not supposed to touch your  
nose, Halal.

Halal picks out a tiny bottle of disinfectant, rubbing his hands.

HALAL  
Nothing to fear.

LILY  
I think you're crossing the line.

HALAL  
Which line?

LILY  
The home rule.

Halal wipes his hands and face with antiseptic.

HALAL  
Thank you.

LILY  
Oh, when is going to finish all  
this awful things?

MUNA  
I feel the same.

LILY  
I really miss all my classmates.  
Don't you?

MUNA  
Me too.

INT. SALON - NIGHT

Mom and Dad follow the demonstration of dozen Santa's, cast as news in the state TV.

We see on the TV screen, a dozen WHITE and BLACK Santa's, gather for a demonstration, at the State House Stairs.

All carry various slogans.

A Black Santa with megaphone on his hand, step up the stairs and stands before all the demonstrators.

Facing towards all, begins to explain the aim and motive of their demonstration in a loud voice. A megaphone on his mouth.

He initiates.

SANTA  
Down, down the virus.

All repeat shouting.

ALL SANTAS  
"Down, down the virus".

He voices.

SANTA  
"We are against the Mayor's  
decisions".

All repeat in a shout.

ALL SANTAS  
"Respect our right".

He repeats.

SANTA  
"It's nonsense the virtual things".

All in one voice.

ALL SANTAS  
"No more virtual".

Finally they all walk in circle, waving up their slogans around the stairs.

Mom looks side way, furiously gazing at her husband, who is sitting besides her, viewing the TV show.

MOM  
I detest all of their action to  
demonstrate. Don't they read the  
situation we are in?

Turns his face towards her, lowering the volume of the TV.

DAD  
Anyway, they are exercising their  
freedom of speech.

MOM

What's the point, getting into that level when the whole country's in the middle of undeclared war, against the invisible enemy.

DAD

I accept your reading of the situation, we are all in-but.

MOM

But what?

DAD

Their liberal view of the situation has to be respected too.

MOM

They should cooperate with the state government, to help cope with this challenge to fight against this evil enemy.

DAD

Please, let's not make this any harder than it's.

Both step up the stairs, towards their bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dad wakes up early in the morning to the sound of the telephone. After it rings three times, he attempts to pick up the phone.

His BROTHER (45) is on the other end of the line.

BROTHER (O.S.)

Hey, my brother you like very much your bed. Sorry for disturbing you this early.

DAD

You already did, knowing it's very early.

Not to disturb his wife, goes down from his bed stepping down the stairs, towards the dining room.

BROTHER (O.S.)

One who wakes up early commands the day. No place for the late raisers. Oh, I quit whining.

DAD

I hear you. But what's the reason of your call. I want to process its urgency.

BROTHER (O.S.)

Did you watch the demonstration of Santa's last night on TV?

DAD

I did.

BROTHER (O.S.)

The crazy Santa's don't read the sign of time.

DAD

Well, look, for me it doesn't make me wonder. What they did it looks just fine for me.

Dad heads back to his bedroom and puts off his phone not to be disturbed again.

DAD (CONT'D)

What's this all talking, talking, none-stop.

CUT TO:

In the bedroom Mom is undressing her work dress, trying to put on her night ware. Dad sneaks in the bedroom.

MOM

Ooops...,

Covers her half-naked body with the pajama hiding behind the cupboard door. Dad gazes at his bed pretending not to see her. Sprints out from hiding and stands behind him.

MOM (CONT'D)

I hate when one sneaks like a serpent.

DAD

Do you want me to roar like a lion?

MOM

I wish I have heard a cough or a sneath of you.

He coughs and laughs.

MOM (CONT'D)

Not now. I wish you did it earlier.

DAD

Are you hiding something from me?

MOM

Just to cover my naked body.

DAD

Wasn't your naked body in our deal?

MOM

What deal?

DAD

Our wedding deal.

MOM

You wish.

Both lie on the bed side by side. Mom puts off the bed-side lamp. The room turns to a total dark.

CUT TO:

It's six o'clock in the morning. Halal's alarm clock is ringing loudly. Stretches his hand towards the alarm clock to stop it ringing, while still in his bed. It continues to ring.

Again he tries to put it off as he falls down to the ground covered by the blanket and the bedsheets.

Lily hears the big sound, half asleep she steps towards Halal bedroom. Halal is trying to set the bed back, still dizzy and half asleep.

LILY

What's all that sound?

HALAL

Nothing.

LILY

My room was shaken by the sound.

He scratches his Afro hair.

HALAL

It's me, I just fall to the ground.

LILY

Due to a nightmare dream?

HALAL

No,

LILY

So,

HALAL

As I attempt to stop the alarm, I  
fall down to the ground.

LILY

I think you need help to set your  
bed.

Lily tries to help him to set the bed.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mom, is on her own alone preparing breakfast, inside a wide  
and spacious kitchen room. She is entertaining a low tone  
Christmas music.

The trio step towards Mom.

MUNA

I love you Mom. You are always  
there filling up all our needs.

MOM

It's my duty, daughter. My kids are  
the only thing worth living for.

All sit on a chair around the kitchen table.

MOM (CONT'D)

There's breakfast.

CUT TO:

We see Lily and Halal stepping downstairs to join the family  
for break fast. In the middle he stomps and Lily turns her  
face towards Halal.

LILY

Another unwanted sound. Are you  
still sleeping? Please wake up.

He follows her saying nothing, wiping his face hardly.

CUT TO:

All the family are seated around dining table, consuming  
their food.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Did you hear any sound this morning?

MOM/DAD  
No.

She bites her lips gazing at Halal. Halal blinks back to Lily's face.

LILY  
Halal fall down from his bed.

Mom looks sideways to Halal.

MOM  
Where you dreaming?

HALAL  
No.

MOM  
You better sleep early, to wake up early. For those who raise early they dominate the day.

HALAL  
Why raise early, for our days are doomed to do nothing.

DAD  
Don't you have home work to do?

HALAL  
I do.

DAD  
So,

HALAL  
I'm not trying to make a trouble.

DAD  
Now you make the point.

CUT TO:

Mom collects all the plates and dishes and steps towards the kitchen sink. Lily also follows her Mom, with her plate to the kitchen. She lays it deep into the sink, trying to wash it with her little tiny hands.

LILY

Mom, I'm happy with all my life.  
But-

MOM

But what my baby?

LILY

I feel sad about this dangerous  
COVID-19. It's ridiculous! I can't  
go outside, walk out outside, even  
to play with our neighborhood kids.

MOM

I hear all your complaints baby.  
But this time all is contrary to  
our expectations.

Halal looks down at the breakfast table.

HALAL

Our situation is awful high. I hope  
the days will be shortened.

CUT TO:

Mom after she cleans and tidy the kitchen, she steps towards  
the living room.

Dad, stepping down the stairs, stops at the doorway, giving  
her a good long stare.

DAD

I read something in your face.

MOM

It's not funny. I hope you are  
reading the real me. Am I getting  
any better at my home performances?

DAD

Well, it's actually my fair  
sensitive appreciation to you, on  
how you are handling, the ugly  
situation we are in.

MOM

Trying to be myself. Don't act  
surprised, my dear.

He lightly slams the door, as he steps out through the door.

CUT TO:

Mom's cell phone rings. At the end of the line is her friend ANNA 45.

ANNA (O.S.)  
(Over the phone)  
Did you guys get my mail?

MOM  
Not yet.

ANNA (O.S.)  
All mails are running late, because of the COVID-19. I hope it reaches you before Christmas. How's the Christmas shopping going on?

MOM  
So far so good. Though the situation is not perfect, we are sort of getting used to it.

ANNA (O.S.)  
I know, the worst of it our children became the victim. This Christmas all will be virtual. I doubt our children will enjoy it.

MOM  
I hear you. That feels terrible. The more our children stay long at home, the more they get stressed.

ANNA (O.S.)  
You know how that's. They need more space of their own.

CUT TO:

Mom and Dad on their way home they see lines of cars, flashing the hazard lights, heading towards the cemetery place. The lead black funeral truck stops at the red light.

MOM  
Would it be someone, a victim of the virus?

DAD  
Might be. Poor soul R.I.P.

Mom applies a quick sign of the cross, looking at the lead funeral truck.

MOM  
R.I.P.

DAD

There is no vaccine for this deadly virus?

MOM

Not yet. But the world is fighting to get one.

DAD

If the epidemic stays for one more year the whole nation will be gone.

MOM

Oh God, don't let it be.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Halal and Lily, are alone watching TV. Muna is playing games, sitting across at the corner.

Lily stands near over Halal.

LILY

I'm tired of seen you all day and night.

HALAL

Respect the rule of social distancing. You better step back. I might cough on you.

LILY

I don't care, still I'm masked nothing will happen to me.

HALAL

Don't ever try again to do that crap.

LILY

I'll advise Dad, to demarcate our status of staying together.

HALAL

What do you mean by that?

LILY

Just, to divide the room into two, one for me and one for you.

CUT TO:

Lily leaves Halal on his own, stepping up stairs, to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Mom is already in the dining room, taking her lunch. Lily, approaches her from behind, sitting beside her.

LILY  
I'm upset about the "stay home"  
rule.

MOM  
I understand, what you are  
complaining about. But-

LILY  
But what, Mom?

MOM  
The reality isn't in my hand. I  
wish I do.

LILY  
My connection with my sisters is  
getting weak and weak. Is not  
normal for 24 hours to see only  
Muna and Halal.

CUT TO:

Lily's cell phone rings three times, after which, she tries to answer the call. It's her school CLASSMATE 10, that's on the other end.

Lily swiftly steps out to the porch.

CLASSMATE (O.S.)  
How is it treating you the "Stay  
home", weird law of the State.

LILY  
It's bullshit, even to mention it.

CLASSMATE (O.S.)  
It's been long, not seen each  
other. I miss you.

LILY  
Me too.

CLASSMATE (O.S.)  
Christmas is coming.

LILY  
I know it's coming. But I hate  
Christmas without snow and Santa.

CLASSMATE (O.S.)  
We might lose this Christmas. I  
hope the next one to be normal.

CUT TO:

Halal slightly opens the door halfway, just to see his sister  
chatting on the phone.

Steps towards her.

HALAL  
With whom are you chatting?

Covers her cell phone with her hand, letting her Classmate on  
hold.

LILY  
Give me a break. Let me use the  
only chance I got, to chat with my  
friend.

Halal slams the door and steps inside.

CLASSMATE (O.S.)  
Everything is okay with you, Lily?

LILY  
Dealing just with interference of  
my big sister, to let me down one  
more time.

CLASSMATE (O.S.)  
Let it go. Don't hurt yourself. I  
will see you, when ever the things  
change.

Both hang up their phones.

INT. SALON - DAY

Mom moves to the Salon table, to write Christmas letters to  
all friends and families.

She is trying to console herself, by listening Christmas  
carol songs.

CUT TO:

Dad gets out from his room and stomps down the stairs, to join his wife.

Steps few yards towards her, wearing his night wears.

DAD  
Are you there Darling?

She sees him, his hair not brushed, his face looking dizzy from oversleep.

She confronts him.

MOM  
Still here. Signing the last bunch of the Christmas cards.

Gazes at his face.

CONT'D  
I didn't expect you to be still with your night wear. What if we have unexpected visitor? Please put on your dress.

DAD  
Nothing to get worried. It's just me and you. By itself, the Covid-19 has changed the normal way. No where to go.

CUT TO:

Dad and his Brother meet at a shopping mall.

BROTHER  
My mind is racing fast.

DAD  
How?

BROTHER  
I'm sad about the passing of one of my neighbor.

DAD  
Due to what?

BROTHER  
Covid-19 I guess.

DAD  
One less soul for the planet.

BROTHER  
Are you kidding?

DAD  
Relax, take it easy.

CUT TO:

Mom and Dad, follow a mass transmitted via TV Outlet.

They watch the preaching of the priest on the screen.

Here follows the text of the preaching.

"My fellow Christians at this  
crucial time, hold your guts, hope  
withing the process. It's because  
of our sins consequences."....

Mom puts off the TV by a remote control, still sitting on the  
sofa.

MOM  
I like the preaching. Do you?

DAD  
I do. But I miss the Holly  
communion.

MOM  
You know, the church is closed for  
all gatherings?

DAD  
I know, but the virtual things,  
don't really matter to me at all. I  
need to see the flesh and bones.

MOM  
To mean what?

DAD  
I mean, the virtual mass is just to  
elevate the moral of the faithful.  
No more no less.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

PRIEST One 45 and TWO 35, are sitting around a table, face to  
face. They're debating about the current situation of the  
churches, being closed for the believers.

PRIEST ONE

The situation we are in, I claim to  
be the punishment of God upon us.  
Isn't it.

PRIEST TWO

I rather differ to your views.

PRIEST ONE

How?

PRIEST TWO

I wouldn't involve God in this  
matter. War, diseases, epidemics  
are part of the fabric of humanity.

PRIEST ONE

What would you say about the  
pastoral movement to be  
accomplished among our faithful, as  
of today. Are you satisfied with  
virtual things?

PRIEST TWO

No I'm not.

PRIEST ONE

Why?

PRIEST TWO

The Holly mass, in order to be  
complete it has to involve, the  
sharing of Holly communions.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mom walks on a side walk, right and left of the street  
covered in snow. She's together with her two kids, following  
her footsteps enjoying the snow.

Lily slides on the icy snow falling forward. Halal tries to  
raise her up. Mom turns back her head as she hears a loud  
cry.

MOM

Are you okay, kids?

HALAL

Not okay, Mom.

MOM

What happened?

HALAL  
Lily kissed the snow.

Mom steps back.

Lily's is crying loudly.

Mom sees a drop of blood on Lily's forehead.

                  MOM  
I told you to be caution of the  
snow.

Mom holds Lily's hand and proceed walking to the store.

CUT TO:

In the store Mom meets her FRIEND 45.

                  FRIEND  
Do you enjoy, the wearing of masks,  
the social distancing, rules?  
Whatever.

                  MOM  
I don't.

                  FRIEND  
They say that children are not  
affected by this sickness. Am I  
correct?

                  MOM  
Correct. But they can be good  
transmitters.

                  FRIEND  
If they follow, all the regulations  
of "stay at home", there is nothing  
that can hinder them, to apply it  
in their schools.

                  MOM  
I hear you, by day it's getting  
worse and worse.

Muna and Lily, follow their Mom both enjoying the snow, by  
throwing to each other balls of snow.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A Homeroom TEACHER 35, carrying a big bag in his hand, walks  
down the corridor, towards his classroom.

On his way he meets the PRINCIPAL 40, at the threshold of the classroom door.

PRINCIPAL  
Are you enjoying the virtual  
classes?

TEACHER  
Just trying.

PRINCIPAL  
It's an unfortunate reality, to  
deal with. Isn't it?

TEACHER  
Yes, it's. Despite the empty seats,  
without my students, I try to  
fulfill my duties.

PRINCIPAL  
I feel you. Though you're acting in  
an empty class, you feel happy with  
what you're doing.

TEACHER  
Correct.

CUT TO:

Dad's phone rings making him jump from his bed. It's Halal's  
HOME ROOM teacher 40, on the other end.

HOME ROOM (O.S.)  
How's Halal doing?

DAD  
I guess good.

HOME ROOM (O.S.)  
May I talk with him?

DAD  
Right now he's not around. Anything  
I can help?

HOME ROOM (O.S.)  
I'm just doing a routing check up  
in regard to school work.

DAD  
My son has a smart Mom, may I  
connect you with her?

HOME ROOM (O.S.)

Okay.

DAD

Hang up.

Dad steps in rush down stairs. He hands the phone to Mom.

MOM

Who's it.

DAD

Halal's home-room teacher.

MOM

Hello.

HOME ROOM (O.S.)

Sorry to disturb you. I'm reaching you on behalf of you son, Halal. I presume you're the extended teacher of Halal.

MOM

Oh, what an honor, to be called a teacher.

Beat.

(in a say)

"If there are no horses to pull the cart, the donkeys are available".

Gets confused at her say.

HOME ROOM (O.S.)

What to mean your say?

MOM

If the professional are not available, the literate are available.

HOME ROOM (O.S.)

Don't get low, Mom. I don't feel you assume yourself illiterate. I see the progress in Halal's school performances. He's one of the best.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Mom steps down the stairs and stomps in the middle of the stairs.

They hear the loud sound, to disturb their ear. The trio in rush they step, towards their seat.

They keep their distance each sitting apart, looking at each other.

MOM

How are you doing with all your home works?

HALAL

Fine.

MOM

You know, I'm doing a dual duty.

HALAL

To mean what Mom?

MOM

I mean that of being a mother and the unfortunate teacher. I hope you enjoy my teaching.

Halal laughs in high tone.

HALAL

Unfortunate teacher! That really is in an exact phrase. For me you are both. Mother and a teacher.

In the middle, Lily interacts by joining to their conversation.

LILY

Any best idea Mommy, besides being staying for hours in this four walled room.

Beat.

We miss our classroom, our teachers and all our fellow students.

MOM

I feel your disappointment, let's be patient until the ill wind passes.

MUNA

Do you have any plan to take us to Santa. I love Santa. Ah... Christmas without Santa...

MOM

You will see Santa, but not touch or embrace him.

MUNA

What's the use to see Santa, without being embraced.

Muna looks towards her, wondering about Santa's loneliness, watching it from her laptop.

MUNA (CONT'D)

You see Mom?

MOM

See what?

Carrying her laptop, steps towards Mom.

LILY

I can see Santa, poor Santa without kids around him.

Mom leaves them on their own stepping back up the stairs.

CUT TO:

HALAL

How about Santa wearing a mask and we go meet him physically? Isn't that a good idea?

LILY

For me if the rule of six feet applies, it won't give me sense. I like to be embraced and hugged, under his arms.

MUNA

Oh, the inconvenience of it. I have the same feeling as yours.

INT./EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A BUS DRIVER 50, on a wheel driving through his route, with half-empty passengers all covered with masks. At bus stop a MALE 45, passenger attempts to ride mask-less.

BUS DRIVER  
Oh, no, no mask no ride.

MALE  
Please, please.

BUE DRIVER  
I don't want to lose my job.

Closes the front door and proceeds to the next stop.

Inside the bus all passengers, all starts to comment on the situation.

A BLACK LADY 60, who's sitting on the front row, faces the Bus driver.

BLACK LADY  
You did your job. After all no need to blame you but the evil Covid-19.

BUS DRIVER  
Nods.

A BLACK MAN 50, as he descends from the bus stands before the Bus driver.

BLACK MAN  
I hope the agly days and months get shortened.

Bus driver smiles and nods.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

We see dozens of HEALTH department crews holding a meeting in a large room. All are dressed in attiring Tuxedos. The HEAD health officer 60, is sitting in the middle on a comfortable chair.

The meeting session begins. All are attentive and alert to discuss the issue of the Covid-19.

HEAD  
It all seems tense to engage with the issue of the killing virus.

An OFFICER 35, interjects instantly.

OFFICER  
I'm afraid it is a never ending saga of the year.

HEAD  
Spit it off, Officer.

The Head officer turns his face to a MICRO BIOLOGIST 40, to check on him in regard to the development of the anti-virus.

HEAD (CONT'D)  
How are we going with the anti-virus stuff?

MICRO BIOLOGIST  
Slow, diligently to tip us with the right one.

HEAD  
I think we have to speed up.

MICRO BIOLOGIST  
Trying our best.

HEAD  
I'm just constrained by the hollow politics. I don't want to be a victim in the middle.

The Head officer furrows his brow facing to all and conclude the meeting session.

CUT TO:

Dad's in a gymnasium hall with dozens female and male fellows. The gym's TRAINER 30, is walking here and there for a follow up of the trainees.

Dad is striding on a running pad on a machine, following the speed stroke laid in his front.

Not controlling the speed-meter properly, Dad falls backward to fall on the ground.

DAD  
What a disgrace.

Trainer steps fast towards Dad, still lying on the ground.

TRAINER  
What happened my dear?

Dad raises from the ground.

DAD  
I set the machine very high, not to agree with my jogging steps.

TRAINER  
Don't do it again.

DAD  
Don't worry I have insurance. By  
the way do your insurances cover?-

TRAINER  
Cover what?

DAD  
Cover the customers.

TRAINER  
We do, after we legally screen the  
case.

DAD  
So, ... I, too, am insured?

TRAINER  
Insured, but in your case of  
falling to the ground, won't  
guarantee you.

DAD  
Why?

TRAINER  
Because all was your fault.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

The trio kids are out on the compound playing on the snow.  
They are having fun on throwing to each other bunch of snow-  
balls.

CUT TO:

Mom is inside the house, following her kids through a window.

CUT TO:

Dad is stepping in on to the compound. In the middle he stops  
to see his kids playing. Muna approaches her Dad and starts  
to throw snow ball at him.

DAD  
Enough kids, time to be in the  
house, it's too cold.

HALAL

We are not scared of the cold but  
of the virus.

DAD

I don't want to see your Mom to get  
angry.

All join stepping in following Dad. The trio step down stairs  
as Dad remains seated on the dining room. Mom is already  
seated on the couch.

CUT TO:

MOM

Did you have fun with your kids,  
out on the snow?

DAD

Somehow. How you didn't join them?

MOM

You know me, I don't like the snow.

DAD

I like when it's snowing fresh, not  
when it turns icy.

MOM

Oh, I can't wait the spring, ...the  
summer.

DAD

This time all the same, not going  
to the beach.

MOM

Oh, I miss it all.

CUT TO:

The trio is downstairs on their own.

LILY

I like Daddy playing with us, out  
on the snow.

HALAL

How about Mommy?

LILY

She enjoys more the kitchen rather  
the out door.

MUNA  
So, it's her choice.

CUT TO:

Mom and Dad are entertaining sitting before the Christmas tree, lit up with all mini color lights.

DAD  
I hope you're enjoying the tree?

MOM  
Yes I am. I hope you enjoy my cooking too, big Daddy.

DAD  
I do.

DAD (CONT'D)  
By the way, are you following the kids school performances.

MOM  
Yes I do. After all being a Mom and a teacher at the same time.

DAD  
What to do, it's neither my wish to engage as mom and a teacher.

MOM  
Oh, the virtual thing, when is going to end.

DAD  
I see you're worried about the other stuff.

MOM  
Which stuff?

DAD  
The teaching stuff, what else.

MOM  
Tied by the situation, not my profession.

DAD  
I feel you. Is enough for me, you to be a mom.

CUT TO:

The PASTOR 55, is on line with Dad who's sitting on the side of his bed.

PASTOR  
I can't wait the beginnings of our normal life.

DAD  
It's horrible, Pastor. Twenty-four hours to be tied in house.

PASTOR  
I hope good time will come soon.

DAD  
I have never liked to be away from the church, this long.

PASTOR  
Believe me, I hate all the virtual things. Oh, Jesus.

DAD  
Me too. It's ruining the good moments of our gatherings.

PASTOR  
How are your wife and kids?

DAD  
So far, they're good around here.

PASTOR  
I can tell in your voice.

DAD  
How can we forward our church contributions?

PASTOR  
This time via on line only.

CUT TO:

Mom is together with her kids, enjoying the Christmas tree, all sitting on the couch, sitting apart.

MOM  
You're all good kids. I love you all.

HALAL

Really Mom? You're not tired of us  
seen us all day long under the  
roof.

MUNA

I really appreciate Mom for all  
your sacrifice, during these long  
agly days.

LILY

We didn't feel lonely, though we  
miss our school.

MOM

Are you ready to celebrate,  
Christmas?

ALL

Nod.

HALAL

Are we going to church, Mom?

MOM

Unfortunately, this time no.

LILY

Let's go Mommy, we will not get  
sick. We miss all church kids.

MOM

We will follow the Mass on TV.

All feel not happy.

CUT TO:

We see Dad carrying Christmas gifts, all rolled in separate  
boxes. He drops it under the tree, not noticed by all the  
family.

CUT TO:

Mom is cooking big family cake, now and then walking back and  
forth shuttling between the kitchen and the dining room.

CUT TO:

We see the Pastor, a Priest and two Deacons inside the church  
podium, ready to start the Christmas eve mass celebration.

Inside the church it looks like an abandoned lonely empty house.

CUT TO:

All the family are together, in the dining room, to follow the liturgy. The TV is on, set on the channel.

MOM (CONT'D)

A church without church attendees!

The mass celebration goes live. All are following silently.

CUT TO:

After the mass celebration all the kids go to their bed.

CUT TO:

Mom and Dad remain seated at the couch.

MOM (CONT'D)

What a weird Christmas mass. A mass without communion. Virtually united without a union.

DAD

Let's not get unbalanced. I hope you are reading the situations. It's natural to be upset for today's Christmas event. Never ever be dominated, by unnatural thoughts.

MOM

We can resist the ugly situation but I feel sad about our poor kids, without a help. Oh, the invisible enemy! You made it hard on our life.

INT. CHRISTMAS TREE - DAY

The trio sit on the floor under the Christmas tree. Mom and Dad step towards the trio kids and sit on the carpet. One by one each open the sealed boxes. Everything is a surprise.

Lily raises up her gift to the air, moving her eyes left and right.

LILY

Despite all, I would like to see if this Christmas will be different.

Halal opens his gift package, gazing at his sisters, feeling his heart like it's squeezing.

HALAL

No difference, the usual one  
nothing new. I don't get surprised.

MUNA

The good thing of a Christmas gift  
is when you share it with others.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mom gets busy running between the kitchen and the dining room. Suddenly, she falls down on the ground, with some plates on her hands.

In laughter.

DAD

Should we call an ambulance? Are  
you okay?

MOM

Are you serious? It's not funny.

He steps towards her, giving her hand, raise her up, from the ground.

All sit around the table, to consume the food and drinks set on the table. A lower tone, Christmas songs dominate the area.

Mom, looks down to the floor.

MOM (CONT'D)

I'm kind curious, to know about  
your toothless laughter.

DAD

You seem very nervous this time.  
Come on relax! It's Christmas.

Halal intervenes.

MAT

Mommy, don't take it serious. He  
didn't mean to hurt your feeling.

Mom, gets a little bit conscious about her situation.

MOM

Honey, I'm terrified. I feel very bad for our children, as they note and jot the Christmas day differently.

Beat.

We are grown up and adult to accept the situation of celebrating, this Christmas. I feel sorry for our kids.

Lily raises up from her seat.

LILY

Mommy, don't worry about us.

MUNA

I have already sent a Christmas card to Santa. I hope he will feel happy.

MOM

Good baby! May we share the content of your letter to Santa. I mean can you read it loud.

Halal snatches the letter and starts to read.

HALAL

(Reading aloud)

Dear Santa. This Christmas season I didn't enjoy it as usual, for a reason of not getting sick, of the awful disease, the CORONA. Can you come to our house, since I'm not able to see you. If you come please wear a mask. I miss you and love you.

DAD

Good job baby. Though not in person you met Santa through your letter.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the middle of the night Lily gets engaged in a dream.

Here is her dream as follows.

Lily is seen, wearing her night vestments, sneaking through the door, stepping out on a street.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

She sees Santa walking down the street, with a cane towards her from the opposite side of the street.

Her Mom chases her behind walking fast.

In the middle of the street, meets Santa, face to face.

She jumps towards Santa. Santa lifts her up to his chest.

She gets awake to the realty.

Mom steps towards Lily's room and knock the door to wake her up. Lily's already awake half asleep, still lying on her bed gazing up to the ceiling.

MOM

Wake up Lily, it's time for breakfast.

LILY

I'm already up Mom.

Lily walks towards the bathroom, again reciting her dream consciously. She quickly washes her face and brushes her teeth. Again looks in a mirror, just to see her undone hair.

Moment later she steps downstairs to join Mom.

CUT TO:

We see Halal being in his room on his own, following the TikTok on his smart phone. He's totally engaged with his eyes fixed to the screen.

CUT TO:

Muna is still sleeping on her bed.

CUT TO:

The trio, wearing their new Christmas vestments, are sitting on the couch.

Lily approaches Mom from behind.

LILY (CONT'D)

Mommy! Mommy! I met Santa.

MOM

When? How?

LILY

I saw Santa alive.

Muna giggles.

MUNA

Really! The real Santa?

MOM

You mean in your dream.

LILY

Nods.

HALAL

Dreaming is half-truth. I am glad finally you are released, from the tension of your mind.

LILY

Oh, poor Santa! I hope next Christmas, to see you live.

END