

LOVE FOR CHRISTMAS

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - STEPS -- NIGHT

SANTA CLAUS (still looking 60s), big white beard, large stomach, and the well-known Christmas suit, sits slumped. His disposition is not so jolly.

A large red bag, half empty, rests next to him.

Snow drifts down lightly. Christmas decorations illuminate the area.

A shuffling O.S.

CUPID (looking young), curly golden locks surrounding his sculptured beautiful face, in red baggy short pants, shivering from the cold, sneaks around the corner, carrying a heart shaped red box with a gold bow. He stops short when he sees Santa.

Santa gets up, glares at him.

SANTA

Seriously. What are you doing here anyway? Is this Walmart's idea?

CUPID

Came to give you a helping hand. We all have to put in a little overtime to survive these days.

SANTA

News flash, "Wrong holiday!" Go chill out for a few months.

Cupid gives him look up and down.

CUPID

By the looks of things it isn't your holiday either. What gives, ol' man?

Santa gives a heavy sigh.

SANTA

Okay, I'll admit. I just don't have a clue what I'm doing any more.

CUPID

Seriously, Gramps, you look terrible. You sick?

Santa slumps back to his spot on the step.

SANTA

It just isn't the same any more.

Cupid opens Santa's bag, peeks inside. He lifts out a computerized tablet, then a cell phone and an arm load of video games. He shakes his head.

CUPID

YOU'VE lost the meaning of  
Christmas. Stop giving them what  
they ask for and give them what  
they need.

SANTA

But they love this electronic  
stuff! Every letter I get--

CUPID

You need to touch hearts again, not  
give them more crap that keeps them  
miles apart.

He opens the red heart box, gives Santa a peek inside. His mouth drops in shock.

SANTA

Wouldn't that be a homewrecking  
move on my part?

CUPID

Hey, I'm in the love not war  
business but, wrong is wrong...

Santa thinks a moment then his face brightens.

SANTA

You know you might just be on to  
something! The gifts I've been  
giving them has probably done more  
damage than anything in the past.

Cupid nods in agreement.

CUPID

To be honest, that's why I'm here.  
You've been really bad for  
relationships. Which is cutting  
into my business.

Santa's shoulders drop again.

SANTA  
I'm seriously out of time though.

Cupid grabs Santa's hand.

CUPID  
I can help.

SANTA  
But what are you going to deliver  
here in February?

Cupid looks in the window, looks back at Santa, then sadly  
shakes his head.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- SAME

MOM (30s) sits alone at the table. A set place is untouched  
across from her. A tear runs down her cheek as she glances at  
the clock on the wall.

EXT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Cupid opens Santa's bag, throws the box in.

CUPID  
She deserves better. Let's get  
going if we're going to save this  
night.

Santa hoists his bag over his shoulder, a spring in his step.

SANTA  
Where to, lover boy?

Cupid gives him a disgusted look.

CUPID  
Seriously?

Santa grimaces.

SANTA  
Sorry, that was... uh... totally  
inappropriate.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

The sun is just starting to come up.

A LITTLE GIRL (4) rushes down the stairs, shrieking at the sight of the few gifts lying under the tree.

She unhooks her filled Christmas stocking and sits on the ground, empties it in front of her.

Heart shaped chocolates, a red and pink mini umbrella covered in hearts, a Valentine's lunch box and bottle.

She grins, stuffs a chocolate into her mouth.

DAD (30s) and Mom, in their night clothes, come down the stairs.

Mom sits on the ground next to the little girl, who hands a chocolate to her Mom.

Mom spots the red heart shaped box under the tree, holds it to Dad.

Dad texts on his phone, holds up his hand "just a moment", hits send.

He suddenly heads for his laptop bag, pulls out a small store wrapped gift from the side pocket and exchanges gifts with Mom.

She unwraps her gift enthusiastically, frowns as she lifts out a bracelet.

MOM

Wendy?

Dad grabs the gift and shoves it in his pocket, the heart shaped box falls to the ground.

DAD

They must have got it wrong at the store. I'll get that sorted.

LITTLE GIRL

What store?

Mom gives her a smile, touches her hair lovingly.

MOM

Santa's store, honey.

DAD

They are very busy there this time of year.

Mom looks at him in disbelief, but keeps a happy smile for the sake of their child.

MOM

Should I go to Wendy's address to  
get my gift?

Dad's phone dings.

DAD

No. Come on now, it was just an  
honest mistake on their part.

MOM

You defending Santa now?

He bends to pick up the box, lifting the lid.

Inside lies a pair of socks with hearts and flowers on. Dad  
looks unimpressed.

DAD

Looks like Santa got this wrong  
too.

Mom looks at them, shakes her head tosses the box at Dad.

MOM

Nope, like I said. No mistake. I  
saw some emojis on your phone the  
other day from Wendy. Those are  
exactly her thing.

Dad's eye's widen when he realizes he's been caught in the  
act.

The little girl picks up a gift under the tree, shows the  
card to her Mom.

LITTLE GIRL

Is this for me?

MOM

It's for you, my angel.

The little girl rips it open, exposing a fluffy white Teddy  
with "I love you" on the chest.

Dad points to the child's gift.

DAD

See? There's the proof. Seems Ol'  
Santa has gone senile. That looks  
more like a Valentine's gift.

Mom looks down at her daughter and smiles.

MOM

I think Santa nailed this one. Love  
would be completely missing from  
this Christmas.

The little girl hugs the Teddy closes, kisses him on the  
nose.

LITTLE GIRL

You're going to be my best friend.  
I love you.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Santa and Cupid peek through the window.

They high five.

FADE OUT.