

I Jacked Santa Claus

by

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EXT. OHIO - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

A glorious small town Christmas. Lights a glow. Snow falling. Sleigh bells RINGING. CAROLERS someplace nearby.

On the corner a SALVATION ARMY SANTA bends packing up his Bell and Bucket. A sudden panic on his face, as a young teenager, BILLY TUCKER, runs SMACK into him... knocking him on his ass.

BILLY  
Watch it, fatty!

Billy picks himself up, kicks Santa... and dashes off.

Moments later, STORE SECURITY dash past. Blowing their WHISTLES! Knocking Santa back into a snow pile.

The small crowd of shoppers turn to watch the chase. None bothering to help up Santa.

The Salvation Army Santa picks himself up. Insulted if nothing else. He goes about picking up his things. A new CLANK in his bucket. He looks, big surprise! The kid must've dropped what he had stolen into his salvation bucket. A Rolex no less.

And all-his, if no one sees him with it. He looks around. All clear. Puts it on. And hurries around the corner.

Off in the distance more WHISTLES blow and harried YELLING fades into the snowy night. As once again the SOUNDS of Christmas over come the moment.

EXT. ABANDON STREET - NIGHT

As the now loaded down with gifts Salvation Santa hurries down the street. He's in an awful hurry. He drops his keys in his haste to open the car door.

SANTA  
Oh my, this just isn't right. I'm  
running so behind tonight.

He drops the load of wrapped packages as he hunts for the keys in the snow.

To his delight, he finally spies them. A twinkle in his eye. It isn't the same Santa after all. Bending down to pick up the keys.

A rude heavy boot steps on the keys.

BILLY  
Not so fast, fatso.

Santa looks up to find Billy Tucker menacing a pistol -- pointed at him.

BILLY  
Hand over the watch.

SANTA  
But I don't have a watch.

Santa shows him. No watch.

BILLY  
I'm talking about the one I put in  
your bucket.

SANTA  
My bucket?

BILLY  
Don't play dumb with me, fatso. I  
dropped a Rolex in your bucket. Now  
cough it up. Or I plug you right here.

SANTA  
Young man --

BILLY  
One, two, thr...

SANTA  
Wait, I'm sure I have something here.

Santa reaches into the pile of gifts he was carrying. Now  
spread out in the snow.

SANTA  
(proudly)  
It's not a Rolex, but I'm sure you'll  
find the time to use it.

BILLY  
What is it?

SANTA  
A book. The Meaning Of Christmas

BILLY  
A book!? Here's a new chapter for ya,  
fatty. Give me my watch or I shoot  
your fat ass. End of Christmas story.

SANTA  
Obviously, you need this book more than  
you know. The meaning of Christmas  
is in the giving, not in the taking.

BILLY  
Have you lost your marbles, fatso?

SANTA  
Oh no, I have a wonderful set right  
here.

Santa pulls out a beautiful silk bag filled with marbles.

SANTA  
Perhaps you might...

Billy slaps the marbles and they go flying. Santa goes after them.

SANTA  
Oh my, this just won't do at all. I have Matthew Tomas, a very good boy, waiting for these -- since he took sick in July.

Billy can't believe this fat old fool is actually scrambling around in the snow picking up the marbles when he could shoot him at any second. Billy cocks the gun.

BILLY  
Stop picking up marbles.

SANTA  
But you don't understand, Billy.

BILLY  
Who told you my name?

SANTA  
I know everyone's name.

BILLY  
Yeah right, fatso. Get up.

Santa rises. An honest to God twinkle in his eye.

SANTA  
Your mother won't like this one bit.

BILLY  
Shut up. She doesn't care about me. Turn around.

Santa does. Billy frisks him.

BILLY  
Where's the wallet? Man, you're a lard ass. You ever think about maybe skipping a meal?

SANTA  
Wallet? Oh, I have a nice one right here. It's for Mr. Waters, but....

Santa hands over a small package.

BILLY  
Listen fatso, I'm givin' you a count to nothin'. Where's your wallet?

SANTA

I don't personally carry one. Makes me hunch in the seat. I do have a swell change purse. But I believe I left it in my sleigh.

BILLY

Change purse? What are you an old lady?

SANTA

It was a gift. From me wife. Who is expecting....

Billy looks at the car.

BILLY

This your ride?

SANTA

Oh yes, a beauty isn't she. Dual exhaust and real leather trim... can really fly.... But -

BILLY

But nothin'. Give me the keys.

SANTA

Oh, all right, but you really don't understand, Billy.

BILLY

That's it. How do you know who I am?

SANTA

I know everyone. See I have a list.

Santa pulls out a great big list, seemingly from out of the air.

SANTA

Let's see. Billy Tucker. Oh my, you've been a very bad boy this year. How did you get out of reform school?

BILLY

Look, I don't know... ah hell; you're coming with me. Get in.

Billy pushes Santa into his car. And Billy gets behind the wheel.

INT. SANTA'S CAR - NIGHT

Billy starts the car. Throws it in gear.

BILLY

I was gonna let you go, but no. You had to be difficult. I don't know what crazy game you're playing, but I can't leave you wandering the streets telling the cops who I am.

SANTA

Billy --

BILLY

Shut up! I don't know who you think you are... but I know there's no such thing as a Santa Claus. He's nothing but fartsos like you begging for change on street corners.

SANTA

I am Santa Claus. Those others are just fighting a good cause.

BILLY

Yeah, and I'm Billy the kid. And I'm fighting my cause. Freedom. Now shut up. Put your seat belt on or something.

SANTA

Actually, Billy Tucker from 4387 Pennsylvania Street, apartment 110. You used to write me letters. Remember the blue bike. That was me. I left you that myself.

BILLY

Blue bike? You know about my blue bike?

SANTA

Of course. We all knew how much you loved your blue bike. You took great care of it. One of the most sincere letters I ever received. You were very proud of it.

BILLY

Then you know my father tried to give it to my stepbrother for Christmas.

SANTA

You out grew it. Pity you threw it off the bridge. Were some good miles still on that bike.

BILLY

It was still *mine*! And no one was taking *my* bike! It was given to *me*!

SANTA

I see. Is that why I haven't gotten a letter from you in years? Because your father tried to give your blue bike away.

BILLY

No. Because my old man told me ten year-olds don't go around writing stupid letters to someone who doesn't exist. So I could forget about the things I wanted. And be happy with the things I got.

SANTA

Like sweaters and socks. School things.

BILLY

And stupid books about the dumb meaning of Christmas.

Billy pulls the car into the street as a Police Car pulls by. Santa waves. Billy scrunches.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Rolls down his window.

OFFICER

Marry Christmas, Santa.

SANTA

Marry Christmas to you, officer Willey. Kiss Timmy for me. And don't forget my milk and cookies again this year.

The OFFICER looks back. Big smile on his face. Thinks. Shakes his head. Rolls up the window.

OFFICER

Naaaaa...

INT. SANTA'S CAR - NIGHT

Billy drives on. Santa is looking around the car.

SANTA

Oh my.

BILLY

Now what?

SANTA

We've left all my presents out in the street.

BILLY

Will you shut up about the presents.  
(puts the gun back on Santa)  
Now, where's my watch?

SANTA

I don't have the watch, Billy. And stealing it doesn't make it yours.

BILLY

Okay, so you know I stole it. All that will get you is one last ride out of this stinking town.

SANTA

You're not gonna harm me, Billy. So why don't you put that down before you hurt yourself.

BILLY

Yeah, you gonna take it from me?

SANTA

Of course not. I'm a giver not a taker.

BILLY

Yeah well, keep in mind that this gun says I'm Santa Claus and you're nothing more than a fat old man begging for his life.

Billy turns the corner. He stops. He's momentarily not sure where he is.

SANTA

I'm afraid you've managed to take a wrong turn somewhere. Would you like to talk about it?

BILLY

I jack you... and you want to talk. I'm dangerous. I'm mean. I'm no good. I'm a powder-keg itchin' for a match. Ask my old man, he'll tell ya. I ain't been good since I threw my bike off that bridge. And I ain't likely to start tonight just because it's Christmas.

SANTA

Technically, not yet.

Billy puts the car back in gear. Makes a turn.

BILLY

Christmas ain't nothin' but bull any how. So I'm doin' you a favor, fatso. You're sittin' this one out.

SANTA

Obviously, you're holding pent up sorrow and taking it out on the rest of the world. Revenge won't bring back your blue bike, Billy. There's always bad karma to repay.



BILLY

Listen, you old fool. I'm taking you to the bridge. Dropping you off and I'm taking this car as far as it'll take me.

SANTA

Oh, I'm afraid this car will take you a lot farther than you've ever imagined. It's a magic sleigh, you know.

BILLY

Keep it up, fatso. Where's the money from your bucket?

SANTA

I've never used a bucket. But I do have a bag of important documents here somewhere.

Santa opens the glove box.

SANTA

Here it is. What would you like?

BILLY

Start with money. Coins, whatever... give up.

SANTA

I'm sorry. No need for money.

BILLY

You put all that junk back there on cards?

SANTA

Credit cards? Never in my life.

BILLY

You stole them? Good for you, fatso.

SANTA

Of course not. Those were special orders I had made specifically for some very special children.

BILLY

Ain't that special. Well, you ain't got them now.

SANTA

Things are never lost, Billy. Just momentarily misplaced.

Santa reaches into the back seat and pulls out the silk sack with the marbles that had spread all over the ground. He holds out the bag of marbles.

SANTA

Like you Billy, just momentarily  
misplaced your sense of direction.  
You'll figure it out soon enough.

Billy takes a sudden left.

BILLY

I ain't lost fatso, I know exactly  
where I'm goin'.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Billy pulls Santa's car over to the side of the bridge.  
But the car slides on the ice and keeps going.

BANG, it goes up and over the railing and hangs there,  
precariously over the frozen river three hundred feet below.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Billy grips the stirring wheel, trying his best not to fall  
towards Santa. Santa just sits there slumped to the door.  
He looks unconscious.

BILLY

Our weight, we're sliding.  
(reaches over. Shakes him)  
Hey you, fatso. Ah, Santa dude?  
Yo, fatty!

Billy rolls down the window and grabs snow off the railing  
of the bridge. He smears it on Santa's face. Santa comes  
around. Sees his predicament.

SANTA

Oh, my! This won't do.

BILLY

Why'd you have to be so fat?

SANTA

I'm not fat, Billy. I'm jolly.

BILLY

Dude, you're fat. You're also nuts.  
We're gonna die here. If we don't  
think of something fast.

The car slides further out. Tipping towards the passenger  
side. Billy is sliding across the seat towards Santa. He's  
still holding onto the stirring wheel.

BILLY

Help me.

SANTA

I'm afraid you'll have to help yourself here, Billy. Saving lives is not in my bag of goods. Spreading joy and hope is my gift to the World. The consequences of your actions are left to others who'll judge you in the end.

BILLY

Look, if I go -- you go.

SANTA

It doesn't work that way.

The car slides further. Billy is holding on with all his might, but it does him no good. His fingers slide off the cold stirring wheel. And plof he falls into Santa's lap.

BILLY

This ain't what it seems.

SANTA

Now, what would you like for Christmas, Billy?

BILLY

Your fat ass over to the other side of the car. To keep us from falling.

SANTA

I'm afraid I can't be of any help to you in this situation, Billy. You don't believe. And there'd be Christmas Spirit to pay if I left you to wander the streets knowing.

BILLY

You're right about that. I don't believe I'm hearin' this, Tinker Bell. Get your butt over there.

SANTA

If I were to do the one thing that would make you believe in me, Billy, you could never go back home again.

(rule book appears)

Right here after Snow Men Must Melt. Section 8. Clause 12. Under Santa's Little Helpers.

BILLY

Wake up, Santa! I go home, I go to jail. So dude, if you got wings to fly, start flappin'.

SANTA

No, I'm Old Saint Nick. I need reindeer to fly.

BILLY

I don't care if you're the Great Pumpkin. If you know how to keep us from falling three hundred feet into that river -- I will follow you to the ends of the earth and back again.

SANTA

Oh, I'm afraid there won't be any coming back again. The small print. At least not as you know things now. Though next year --

BILLY

Whatever. I woke you up. I might've saved you. So just do something. Make me believe, I don't care. Save us!

SANTA

You did wake me up. Huummm....

Santa pulls out a great big book this time, from nowhere, and thumbs through the pages. The weight of the book makes the car slide further.

SANTA

Here we are. Acts of self-preservation. There is a clause. Yes, I believe it counts. If in so keeping another from harm one's original intent is to save themselves it should still be considered an act of good for all. And therefore shall pass as kindness onto another. Well, you might have saved Christmas after all, Billy. Congratulations.

BILLY

Me? Ah, go on, it was a just a.... Never mind, just do something... fast.

SANTA

Do you truly understand what I'm saying?

BILLY

What? I have to be an elf or something?

SANTA

Not or something.

BILLY

Wait, I'm not gonna be your boyfriend or anything weird like that.

SANTA

Billy, I'm Santa Clause. I've got to get Christmas started. Now I can't hang around with you all night, son. And if I reveal the truth to you here, I'm afraid there's no turning back.

BILLY

What's the alternative? I wake up  
in some bed or something?

SANTA

Yes, a riverbed. After you plunge,  
I'm afraid down there. But not till  
Spring.

BILLY

With you?

SANTA

Oh, no, I'm afraid I'll have to leave  
you to your own devise. I'm sorry,  
Billy. Saving lives --

BILLY

Yeah, yeah, I heard you. Just show me.

SANTA

You'll have to truly believe in me.

BILLY

Come on. Okay, you're Santa Claus,  
ho, ho, ho.

SANTA

I'm sorry. It won't work. I know  
you don't believe in me. But I do  
have a consolation gift for you.

Santa reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a large  
chunk of coal. It makes the car lean even further.

BILLY

Holy... where'd you get that?

SANTA

Actually, I had meant to give this to  
you later in the evening. But since  
you won't be able to receive it then.  
You might as well take it now. Merry  
Christmas, Billy. Ho, ho, ho.

Santa hands the coal to Billy. Billy drops it and it slams  
against the door. And the car begins to make its last slide  
over the edge. Billy slams against the door as well.

Looking back to find Santa sitting behind the wheel. Santa  
reaches for the keys.

SANTA

So long, Billy. Coal is but a diamond  
in the rough. It's a metaphor, in case  
you're wondering.

BILLY

Wait!

The door opens and Billy slides out, gripping the door jam, just hanging there as the coal falls the three hundred feet below. SPLASH! Through the ice and into the cold rushing river below.

Billy looks back up at Santa.

BILLY  
Okay. Make me believe. Anything.  
I'll go anywhere. I don't want to  
end up like my blue bike. Crushed  
below.

SANTA  
Forever?

BILLY  
Forever. On the death of my blue  
bike. I swear.

SANTA  
You'll need to sign this.

Santa pulls out a large form. Places it on the seat before Billy.

BILLY  
I don't...

Santa hands him a pen. Billy can't grab it because he's holding on for dear life. He opens his mouth.

SANTA  
It'll have to due.

BILLY  
Give it to me.

Billy signs the form, holding the pen with his mouth.

SANTA  
And here.

EXT. SANTA'S CAR - NIGHT

The car slowly slides off the bridge and down they go.

INT. SANTA'S CAR - NIGHT

SANTA  
And here.

Billy's eyes are wide open in shock as he writes with his mouth. Spits the pen out.

Santa catches it and takes the form. Makes it disappear.

Then calmly hits the remote on his key chain.

EXT. SANTA'S CAR/SLEIGH - NIGHT

In a FLASH the car turns into Santa's Sleigh, with all the reindeer and trimmings. And just like that he tips the sleigh the other way and Billy tumbles into it beside Santa.

INT. SANTA'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

Billy looks down. They are hovering above the river. He looks back at Santa, to the reindeer, then to the enormous bag of gifts in the back.

SANTA

Do you believe in Christmas now, Billy?

BILLY

Ah....

SANTA

Tell you what. One more small gift.

BILLY

Ah....

SANTA

If you still don't believe, or want to come. You can leave.

BILLY

How?

SANTA

You know. Just leave.

BILLY

You mean jump. That's cold, Santa.

SANTA

It would be a tragic accident, to be sure. Young man escapes from Reform School, robs a store, then plunges three hundred feet to his death at the bottom of a frozen river to rejoin his beloved childhood blue bike.

BILLY

No way. Not me. I saved Christmas. Didn't I?

SANTA

Well, then Billy Tucker. Welcome. Here's your new hat.

Santa hands Billy an Elves hat. Billy takes it and looks in a large shinny buckle beside him and Santa. He's an Elf!!!

BILLY

I'm a friggin'....

SANTA  
 Ah, ah ah, no swearing from Santa's  
 little helpers.

BILLY  
 I jacked the real Santa Claus?

SANTA  
 That you did, Billy. That you did.

Santa uses his reins to make his reindeer fly. And up into  
 the air they go. As they zoom off into the distance!

SANTA  
 On Dancer on Prancer....

BILLY  
 No no no!

SANTA  
 It's ho, ho ho! You'll get the hang  
 of it. Hang on.

A hard bank into the snowy ski.

BILLY  
 AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!! I JACKED SANTA  
 CLAAAAUUUSSSS!!!!!!

And they fade into the Christmas Eve Night.

Fade Out:

The End



