

A Wee Christmas Tale

By

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Final Draft

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INT. LIVING ROOM- 6PM

FADE IN

Nice warmly feeling room, rich red furniture, coal fire,
dark red candles lit and fiber-optic Christmas tree

JOE, 2, in pj's

HEATHER, 30, Joe's Mum

Joe's hyper and exited about Santa coming, he is loud and
cheery waving his teddy bear.

JOE

Santa's coming tonight yay, Santa,
Santa, Santa.

Heather is about to put coal in the fire.

JOE

Mummy?

HEATHER

yes dear.

JOE

Why is the fire on? Wont Santa get
burnt if you do that?

Heather laughs

HEATHER

He'll no get burnt ya silly cookie.
He's got magical powers like me &
you.

JOE

Oh

Joe yawns.

HEATHER

Right you, off to your bed Santa
disnae come to kids that urny
sleeping.

JOE

OK n'night.

Heather puts Joe to bed and picks up a Christmas story book,
open it up and reads it to him.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

Once upon a time there was a little
boy writing a letter to Santa.....

FADE OUT

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM

FADE IN

Joe's bed, cupboards, chests of drawers and wardrobe.

Joe opens up his eyes rubs them and stretches, runs
downstairs to the living room to find loads of presents with
his name on them.

Heather is still in bed half asleep.

Joe runs in to his Mum's bedroom and shouts Mummy, Santa's
been.

FADE OUT