

THE SANTA LIE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE: 3.33am... Christmas Day.

We open on a wide shot of a girl's bedroom. We track towards the bed where AMY JENKINS, a bright eight-year-old girl, is sleeping. Suddenly, she sits bolt upright in bed. She's heard something. She quickly gets out of bed and runs out of shot.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Amy stops at the top of the stairs. She hesitates. There's a light on downstairs.

INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

Amy slowly creeps down the staircase.

INT. LOUNGEROOM ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Amy appears in the entrance to the lounge room. She sees something. She looks puzzled, rubs her eyes and looks again.

INT. LOUNGEROOM. NIGHT.

Standing in the lounge room next to the Christmas tree are AMY'S MUM and AMY'S DAD. AMY'S DAD is struggling to put together a new bike for AMY. AMY'S MUM is filling the stockings that hang over the large fireplace with presents. They look up, suddenly, in shock. They have been busted.

INT. LOUNGEROOM ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Amy's face crumbles and she bursts into tears.

TITLE OVER BLACK: THE SANTA LIE

INT. KITCHEN TABLE. NIGHT

AMY sits on the opposite side of the dining table directly across from her parents. She looks at them sternly.

AMY'S MUM

Can we not talk about this in the morning sweetheart? It's very late.

AMY

(crossing her arms)  
No, we need to talk about this now. Where is Santa? What were you doing with the presents?

AMY'S DAD

(looking to Amy's Mum for support)

Erm, Well...

(MORE)

2.

AMY'S DAD (CONT'D)

Santa called us earlier and said he was running a bit late and well, he asked if we could help him out.

AMY

Seriously?

AMY'S MUM

Yes, he dropped in before with the presents but asked us if we could help put them under the tree.

Amy raises an eyebrow.

AMY

So, he was here?

AMY'S DAD

Yes... of course. Now, it's very late, so...

AMY

Lucie from school told me that Santa isn't real and that it's just a story what Mums and Dads tell to little babies.

AMY'S MUM

Really? Do you believe that's true?

AMY

She said that Santa couldn't fly all the way round the world without breaking the laws of physics...

AMY'S MUM and DAD look at each other, helpless.

AMY'S DAD

(squirming) Well...

AMY

Her Mum and Dad say that Santa is just a way of getting people to spend more money. So, is it true? Is Santa just a big fat lie?

AMY'S MUM

(after a sigh) Oh Amy. You're growing up so fast. Your Dad and I promised when you were born that we'd always be truthful with you, so... I'm sorry sweetheart. Santa is not real.

AMY

But why did you lie?

AMY'S MUM

(Going to Amy) When Grandma first told you about Santa and we saw how much you believed we didn't have the heart to tell you the truth. That's the problem with lies. The longer they go on the harder it is to stop telling them. But this is the truth Amy, we love you very very much and we're very sorry we lied to you. (She cuddles Amy who cuddles her back).

AMY

Does this mean I can have ice cream?

AMY'S DAD

Nice try kiddo. It's time for bed.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

AMY'S DAD is tucking AMY into bed. AMY'S MUM stands by the end of the bed.

AMY

Daddy?

AMY'S DAD

Yes, baby?

AMY

I love my new bike.

AMY'S DAD smiles and kisses her. She closes her eyes. Suddenly, there is a horrendous crash from downstairs. Amy sits up and they all look toward the door in alarm.

INT. LOUNGEROOM ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

AMY and her MUM and DAD appear at the entrance to the lounge room. They freeze in shock, awe and wonder.

INT. LOUNGEROOM. NIGHT.

Sat in a crumpled heap in the fireplace covered in soot is SANTA. A huge sack of presents lies next to him. He coughs, looks up toward AMY and her parents, straightens his hat and smiles a broad jolly smile.

SANTA

Merry Christmas!

FADE OUT.

END TITLES.