

SANTA UNEMPLOYED  
Draft 4.0

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\*Intended as Proof of Concept for a Hallmark Christmas movie\*

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**INT. SANTA CLAUS' HOME - OFFICE - DAY**

In a cozy, wooden office adorned with Christmas decorations, SANTA CLAUS(60s) sits behind his desk in his typical red suit. He looks like the classic Santa - large, rosy-cheeked, and jolly... except this time, without the jolly.

In fact, he looks quite depressed as he strokes his beard and flips through a hefty stack of financial papers. He takes his glasses off before rubbing the bridge of his nose. The DOOR OPENS, and MRS. CLAUS(60s) enters the room.

MRS. CLAUS  
How's it looking?

SANTA CLAUS  
Like I'll be a department store greeter by this time next month.

MRS. CLAUS  
That bad?

SANTA CLAUS  
That bad. Kids just don't need me anymore, Mary. They order whatever toys they want from those new-fangled "websites".

MRS. CLAUS  
Oh hush dear, don't be silly--

SANTA CLAUS  
--And they'll never hire me like this. I'll have to shave my beard. My beard, Mary!

MRS. CLAUS  
Of course the kids still need you, Santa. You haven't been out of work the last two thousand years, and you haven't shaved for twice that long! Just you wait, you'll be back making toys before you know it, and this whole thing will allllll be behind us!

CUT TO: TITLE CARD: "SANTA UNEMPLOYED"

**INT. SANTA CLAUS' HOME - BATHROOM - DAY**

ON Mrs. Clause as she comforts someone beside her who's making EMBARRASSING SOBBING SOUNDS.

MRS. CLAUS

There there, dear. It's not so bad,  
working the bakery section at a  
department store. You love to bake!

An electric razor BUZZES to life, and we PAN to see Santa  
bringing the razor to his face. The beard starts to fall.  
Santa SOBS harder.

MRS. CLAUS (CONT'D)

Besides, with the sleigh,  
Vancouver's only a hop & a skip to  
the South. The commute won't take  
any time at all!

Santa SOBS even harder.

CUT TO: Santa flying his sleigh. He SOBS into the sky.

**EXT./INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - ENTRANCE - DAY**

Santa stares at the store for a moment before heading inside.  
As he enters, he's GREETED by a sad store-greeter in an even  
sadder Santa costume. A nearby speaker PLAYS "Jingle Bells".

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

CAYNE and MABEL(30s), two greasy, nearly identical security  
guards, sit behind a desk in a corporate-looking office. They  
stare intently at Santa, who brushes his fingertips over his  
baby-smooth face. The silence is palpable.

CAYNE THE GUARD

Sooo, mister...  
(looks at paperwork)  
Sant-ee Klows?

SANTA CLAUS

That's actually 'Santa Claus'--

CAYNE THE GUARD

Yea, yea, whatever. My name is  
Cayne, and this gentleman right  
here is my associate, Mabel.  
Normally you'd be meetin' with the  
head honcho, but lucky for you  
she's on holiday.

MABEL THE GUARD

Yep! So, the two of us? We're kinda  
runnin' this joint.

CAYNE THE GUARD

We were given full authority to  
make sure nothin' goes wrong.

MABEL THE GUARD

And that means nothin'. By any  
means necessary. Now, I see you're  
in the baking department, and by  
the looks of you you're quite  
familiar with baked goods.

CAYNE THE GUARD

Head on over there and get to work,  
or you'll be answerin' to us.

After a moment of awkward silence. Santa shuffles his way out  
of the office under the watchful eyes of Cayne and Mabel.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - BAKERY - DAY**

Santa enters the bakery to see an array of baked goods. He's  
eyeing an ENORMOUS TRAY OF CHRISTMAS COOKIES when the  
BAKER(40s) walks in. She seems bright and chipper.

BAKER

Ho-ho-ho there, you must be the new  
guy! Don't those look "so-so-so"  
good?

SANTA CLAUS

They most certainly do! Did you  
make all these yourself?

BAKER

I most certainly did! And truth be  
told... I always make a few extra  
to sneak a couple. Shhh, don't tell  
corporate!

SANTA CLAUS

Ahaha ooh I like your spirit, miss  
Baker! And here I was worrying this  
job would end up being terrible.

BAKER

Not a worry! We'll get a smile on  
these cheeks and have a splendid  
time together! Help yourself to a  
cookie while I grab you an apron.

We follow the Baker as she sifts through a cupboard and finds  
an apron. In the BG we hear LOUD MUNCHING. She turns back  
towards Santa and GASPS.

Santa stands nonchalantly by the cookie tray, which is now completely empty. Santa is covered in suspicious crumbs.

SANTA CLAUS

What?

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

MABEL THE GUARD

So, here we are, havin' ourselves an eggnog and enjoyin' our weekly viewing of 'Paul Blart: Mall Cop 2' when we get us a call from the baker.

CAYNE THE GUARD

And do you know what the baker said, Mr. Klows? Huh? Do ya?

SANTA CLAUS

Uhhh--

MABEL THE GUARD

--"Uuuh"? Not even close! She said that she no longer requires your services, and she wouldn't specify why. Suspicious, is it not, Cayne?

CAYNE THE GUARD

Suspicious indeed, Mabel... but hey, we're kind folk, are we not?

MABEL THE GUARD

We are! So, we've decided to give you another shot. Says here you're familiar with 'Package Delivery?'

SANTA CLAUS

Oh, uhhh, yes, I am.

CAYNE THE GUARD

Good! T'is the season after all.  
(holds up keys)  
Your sleigh awaits.

**EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - STREET - DAY**

Santa lifts an AMAZON-ESQUE PACKAGE and drops it into the rear of his new "sleigh" with the rest of the packages.

He grimaces at his new ride - a beat-up sedan from the 90s covered in Christmas lights.

A slapped on sign reads "Sleigh All Day Delivery Service" on either side, and a particularly ironic Rudolph ornament is duct-taped to the hood.

Santa SIGHS and squeezes into the driver's seat. He turns the key and, after a few attempts, the engine PUTTERS awake.

"Jingle Bells" PLAYS via the radio as the array of Christmas lights activate... and Rudolph's nose along with them. He tries to turn the radio off. It's busted. He GROANS.

**EXT. SMITH HOUSE - STREET - DAY**

Santa stands beside his car. He looks down at the address on the package he's holding, then up at the house before him.

He walks towards it, and KNOCKS on the door. No answer. He knocks again. No answer. He looks around the house until his eyes catch the chimney. He smiles.

OVER BLACK we hear Santa's FOOTSTEPS across the roof. He tries to climb into the chimney, but he TRIPS and TUMBLES his way down until he pops out in the...

**INT. SMITH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

... where JENNA & JONESY SMITH(40s) stand guarding their son, JERRY(8). They look at the soot-covered stranger in shock.

Santa holds up the package and gives a warm smile.

SANTA CLAUS

I have a delivery for a... Jerry Smith? Is that you, little boy?

Jerry starts to cry.

JENNA SMITH

WHO ARE YOU?!

SANTA CLAUS

Why, I'm Santa Claus!

JONESY SMITH

GET OUT OF OUR HOUSE!

SANTA CLAUS

No no, I'm just making a delivery!

JENNA SMITH

I'M CALLING THE COPS!

SANTA CLAUS  
Please, I just want to give your  
son my package!

JONESY SMITH  
THAT'S IT! I'M GETTIN' THE BAT!

**EXT. SMITH HOUSE - STREET - DAY**

The door to the Smith house SLAMS open and Santa beelines for the car. Jonesy follows a moment later, now wielding a bat.

Santa gets in the car as Jonesy closes in. It takes a few frantic tries, but eventually the lights fire up and the sound of "Jingle Bells" PLAYS.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Cayne and Mabel stare at Santa with scrutinizing looks.

CAYNE THE GUARD  
So, you wanna be reassigned, do ya?

Santa nods.

MABEL THE GUARD  
Well, I think we got one job left  
that you'd be perfect for. There's  
one catch though...

CAYNE THE GUARD  
You're gonna have to wear this.

Cayne and Mabel smile as Cayne puts something on the desk. We don't see the item, but Santa's face says it all.

SANTA CLAUS  
Please God no...

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - ENTRANCE - DAY**

"Jingle Bells" PLAYS from a speaker. We PAN over to see that it's right beside Santa, who's wearing a big, fake beard and a cheap, ill-fitting Santa costume. It's a real sorry sight.

A customer walks past and Santa quickly plasters on a smile.

SANTA CLAUS  
Happy Ho-Ho-Holidays!





ON Santa and the Guards.

MABEL THE GUARD

I donno Cayne. Looks to me like we caught ourselves a Grinch.

CAYNE THE GUARD

So this is what you do, eh? Sneak in on innocent corporations like ours, then give away our products *for free*? You make me sick.

ON Susie as, from across the room, she sees what's happening. She GASPS... then looks at the Arts & Crafts kit.

ON Santa & the Guards.

SANTA CLAUS

You don't understand! I want nothing more than to spread Christmas cheer!

MABEL THE GUARD

Well we're about to spread some Christmas *fear*.

Cayne and Mabel intimidate Santa with their batons as they step towards him menacingly. They let out some EVIL CHUCKLES.

Santa cowers away... until his eyes catch something creeping up behind the Guards. Santa raises his head in defiance.

SANTA CLAUS

Unfortunately for you two naughty-listers, you've forgotten one of Santa's secrets...

Little Susie SLIDES the Arts & Crafts Kit underneath Cayne's legs. Santa catches it.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

...CHRISTMAS MAGIC!

Santa disappears in a POOF of SPARKLING SMOKE, leaving Cayne and Mabel to kneel to the ground, SPUTTERING. Cayne stops, however, when he sees a layer of glitter over his hand.

CAYNE THE GUARD

Wait a second... this isn't Christmas Magic! It's just *glitter*!

Cayne and Mabel look up and wave away the smoke to see Santa and Little Susie booking it down the hall. They make a clean escape as they disappear through a door.

**EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - STREET - DAY**

Santa and Little Susie are panting from the run.

SANTA CLAUS

My goodness, you're so brave!  
Thank you for helping me.

LITTLE SUSIE

Christmas is for giving, even when  
you can't give much.

SANTA CLAUS

Well, it doesn't seem like many  
people appreciate that nowadays. I  
don't think kids like you really  
need me anymore.

LITTLE SUSIE

Of course we do! If Santa doesn't  
show people how to be giving, then  
maybe no one will, and then they'll  
be like those bad guys!

SANTA CLAUS

So, why did kids stop asking me for  
presents then?

LITTLE SUSIE

We don't know where to find you,  
you don't have a website!

SANTA CLAUS

Huh...

LITTLE SUSIE

Anyway, I gotta go find my Mom!  
Bye, Santa!

Santa waves at Little Susie as she runs off. He takes a  
BREATH, then stands up, eyes now full of hope and confidence.

CUT TO: Santa flying his sleigh through the air, trailed by a  
comet-tail of glittering Christmas magic.

SANTA CLAUS

*HO HO HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!*

We PAN OUT to see that we're actually looking at the homepage  
to Santa's brand new website.

**FIN**