

A SEASONAL AFFAIR

by

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A white martini rests on the counter. Nutmeg is peppered onto it as someone whistles "Jingle Bells".

TINA, a fastidious housewife, finishes garnishing the drink. She raises the glass and appreciates the fragrance as--

BOB (O.S.)
Sugar muffin!

Tina glances at the clock. 4pm. She panics and slides the martini behind the toaster, just as--

BOB, a former high-school athlete now caught up with reality, sets his briefcase down inside the kitchen door. She spots his other hand holding a poorly-concealed bouquet of roses behind his back.

FREEZE FRAME

TITLE OVER: 365 days since Bob and Tina last had sex.

TINA
You got fired, didn't you.

He slinks up. She stays between him and the drink. He whisks out the flowers.

BOB
No. I just came home early.

TINA
Oh.

BOB
More time with you and the rug bug.

Tina snatches the roses from him and turns around-- the eating area behind her is full of various flowers in vases.

Bob spots the martini on the counter and inspects it. As she swaps the roses for some dead flowers, he steals a sip.

BOB (CONT'D)
Rum and eggnog?

TINA
Just trying a recipe.

BOB
My party at work's on Friday.

TINA
I'll pass.

BOB
We could go as something fun.
(off her glance)
Oh come on. That was last year.
Why do you think I want you to go?

TINA
Why do you think I don't want to?

BOB
Please?

Upstairs, the BABY starts to cry.

TINA
Welcome home, sweet cheeks.

He puts the drink down and goes to tend to the baby.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bob jogs down a suburb street. Autumn leaves everywhere.

INT. FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Bob spills in the front door, panting heavily.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tina looks up. Crap. She resume her task.

She's at the table, threading popcorn and cranberries onto a string when Bob enters.

BOB
Whew. Forty-five minutes, non-stop.
Hard core. Ten pounds to go.

She can't help but smirk to herself. He waits for approval.

BOB (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TINA
Popcorn string.

Bob gets closer.

BOB
 You know, it's been a while, but--
 I thread a mean cranberry.

His hands touch hers.

TINA
 You're sweaty.

BOB
 So?

She smiles, not sure what to do, and plays along. They build the string together as Bob smells her hair.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Is the baby sleeping?

The corners of Tina's mouth curl upwards. She kinda likes it.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (gently)
 How long are you going to keep
 busting my balls?

Mood broken.

TINA
 Bob.

BOB
 Tina.

He kisses her cheek. She pulls away. He sniffs the air.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Is that?

TINA
 I made cookies.

She packs up her craft supplies.

BOB
 Gingerbread? Just trying a recipe?
 I could understand fruitcake. But
 this?

TINA
This? What's this? Do you want to
 ask me something?

Bob steels his nerve.

BOB
Yeah. Are you-- are you getting
ready for Christmas?

TINA
What's wrong with Christmas?

BOB
Nothing.

TINA
Nothing.

BOB
Nothing. It's just a ridiculous
thing to be getting ready for--

TINA
I'll be prepared.

BOB
The day before Hallowe'en.

TINA
(Raising her finger)
Aaah!

Bob freezes. Tina glares. Upstairs, the baby starts to CRY.

BOB
Can I have a cookie?

TINA
I ate them.

She exits.

BOB
All of them?

TINA (O.S.)
You're trying to lose weight.

He opens the fridge.

BOB
Where's the milk?

EXT. NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tina stops in the street. Looks both ways. She's in front of a house with a nice-looking evergreen in the yard. She eyes it up. Lifts an axe to her shoulder.

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Bob closes the door behind him, one pumpkin under each arm.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob is so proud of his pumpkins.

Tina struggles to put up a Christmas tree.

BOB
Oh, seriously?

Her axe rests by the couch.

BOB (CONT'D)
Is that an axe?

TINA
You know the Hendersons? Don't
mention it to them, okay?

The tree finally stands on it's own.

BOB
So check these out. I carved them
with a bit of a theme.

Tina admires the tree.

Bob places down the pumpkins, one carved with a candy cane,
the other a reindeer.

BOB (CONT'D)
Tina?

She turns around; she suppress a laugh out of kindness.

TINA
That is hideous.

BOB
Why are you being like this?

TINA
Like what?

BOB
I mean I'm trying to-- I thought I
got it.

TINA
It?

BOB
That the house... could be in
like... costume.

TINA
In costume?

BOB
Because it's--

She hushes him with her finger.

TINA
We do not speak of Hallowe'en.
We're skipping that one.

BOB
Because of last year?

Tina laughs in disbelief.

BOB (CONT'D)
And when Kat's old enough to trick
or treat?

TINA
Get back to me.

BOB
Oh good. It's a good thing we
don't make love, because that way
we can't have more kids to bring up
and disappoint! (beat) I'm sorry.

TINA
You have no idea.

BOB
So you won't go to the party with
me.

TINA
You think?

BOB
I won't go.

TINA
Bob.

BOB
We'll stay in.

TINA
 You have to go.
 (off his glance)
 Look. Your punishment's almost
 over.

Bob cocks an eye at that.

TINA (CONT'D)
 It's been a year. It's taken me...
 time to resolve that. To sort
 everything out. To move on.

BOB
 Really? Because I bought you this
 elf costume.

He whisks out an elf costume.

TINA
 Thank you... for that. It's going
 to be a bunch of people I don't
 know and they'll be in disguise.

BOB
 So you won't recognize her.

TINA
 I'll only be miserable. Besides,
 we don't have a sitter.

Dejected, Bob looks at the costume in his hand.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bob drives, dressed as Dracula.

BOB
 (practicing)
 I want to suck your blud. I want
 to suck your bloood. I want to
 suck your blood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is decked out like a Victorian Christmas eve.
 A carol plays on the stereo. Standing near the roaring fire,
 a man dressed as SANTA CLAUS surveys the living room.

SANTA CLAUS
 It's perfect.

TINA (O.S.)
I don't want you getting the wrong
idea.

Tina enters, dressed in nothing but ribbons and a big bow.

TINA (CONT'D)
This is just a revenge fuck.

SANTA CLAUS
Me too.
(off her glance)
Fucking elves.

She kisses him on the cheek.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The office party rages, everyone in costume. An APE sits on the photocopier making copies of his ass.

Dracula Bob mopes by the punch bowl. A girl dressed as a STRAWBERRY bumps into him, spilling her own drink down her front. She's clearly intoxicated.

STRAWBERRY
It's okay, here-- dry me.

Strawberry thrusts a napkin into Bob's hand and guides his hand over her breasts, rubbing her dry. She's enjoying it.

BOB
I can't.

A box of condoms walks past wearing a Santa hat. He stops and passes Bob a condom.

BOX OF CONDOMS
I think I saw some whip cream over
there.

Strawberry bursts out laughing. Bob looks down at the condom in his hand and looks up.

The TOOTH FAIRY dances on a desk. She takes her top off and the GUYS FROM ACCOUNTING go nuts.

Bob looks at the Tooth Fairy, the condom in his hand, the strawberry, and high-tails it out of there.

BOB
Excuse me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina lies seductively under the tree. Santa eats a gingerbread cookie and washes it down with some milk, then pretends to notice Tina.

SANTA CLAUS
What's this? A present for me?

Santa leans down and reads the tag aloud:

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)
To Santa, enjoy, Tina.

He kisses her.

TINA
Mm. That scratches.

He tries again.

TINA (CONT'D)
Mm. That really hurts. No kissing, okay. And no oral.

SANTA CLAUS
You sound like my wife. A little oral?

TINA
No.

SANTA CLAUS
Whose fantasy is this?

TINA
Fantasy?

SANTA CLAUS
Look at all the trouble you went through.

TINA
It was no trouble. It's like a... costume. For the house. For Hallowe'en.

Santa sneers.

SANTA CLAUS
That's a fake fucking holiday.

Upstairs, the baby CRIES. Tina rolls her eyes and gets up, but Santa stops her.

TINA
I should see her.

SANTA CLAUS
You're not going anywhere.

She tries to get up again, but he roughly pushes her down.
The baby's cries stop.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)
See? It's like magic.

TINA
Get off me.

SANTA CLAUS
We had a deal.

TINA
We had an arrangement, and now we
don't.

SANTA CLAUS
I'm not leaving 'til I get my
present.

Tina punches him.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)
Someone's being naughty.

EXT. BOB & TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob gets out of the car. The house is decorated with
Christmas lights, complete with a sleigh and reindeer on the
rooftop. Christmas carols can be heard playing within.

BOB
Aw-- This is too much.

He walks up the path.

INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Bob enters.

BOB
Sugar muffin!

TINA (O.S.)
(urgently)
Bob!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob stops dead in his tracks. Santa's half on Tina, her ribbons and bow strewn about, barely covering her modesty. Santa pulls up his pants.

SANTA CLAUS
Why don't you run upstairs and
dream of sugarplums?

Tina can see the pain in Bob's eyes.

TINA
(pleading for help)
Bob.

BOB
Get away from my wife.

Santa picks up a brass fire poker. Tests its weight.

SANTA CLAUS
Or what?

Bob picks up the axe, still by the door.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)
Ho ho.

Bob and Santa begin to circle one another. Santa bares his teeth. Bob (still Dracula) hisses like a vampire.

Santa lands a vicious swing that Bob barely blocks with the axe-- the poker hook inches from his eye.

Santa makes a quick flurry of blows that narrowly miss or that Bob blocks-- Mr. Claus means business, but both fighters are inexperienced.

Santa takes a cautious swipe with the poker. Bob tests the reach of the axe. They size each other up.

BOB
(to Tina)
I get it now. All the planning.
(he takes swing, misses)
This is revenge for me sleeping
with Diane.

TINA
She was the tooth fairy!

FLASHBACK - OFFICE PARTY

Dancing on the the desk, the tooth fairy takes her top off.

TOOTH FAIRY

Wooooooooo!

INT. LIVING ROOM - AS BEFORE

BOB

She's always the tooth fairy.

Bob and Santa trade blows.

TINA

And you wonder why I didn't want to go?

BOB

(blocks poker)
Is it too much--
(ducks a swing)
--to ask--
(swings up with the axe)
--that I fulfill--
(parries a thrust)
--your wildest fantasies--
(deflects a punch)
--instead of some asshole--
(punches Santa with his
closed axe hand)
--who wants to get in your--
(kicks Santa in chest)
--stockings?

With Santa staggering back, Tina smashes a vase of flowers over his head from behind. He falls into a chair.

TINA

Why does everyone think it's a fantasy?

BOB

Why not just sleep with someone and get it over with?

Santa's holding his head. That hurt. He struggles to stand.

TINA

I used to love Hallowe'en.

BOB
 What should we wreck next, Flag
 Day?

TINA
 Screw you!

BOB
 I'd love to.

TINA
 Oh, sure you would. What did you
 bring this time? Chocolates?
 Roses? Oooh, do me baby.

On his feet, Santa grabs the poker and makes an exaggerated
 swing at Bob-- Tina kick-trips Santa's trailing leg. Bob
 dodges the blow, as Santa over-swings.

Santa spins from the trip, and FALLS DOWN--

Landing with his back square on Bob's outstretched axe.

Santa cries in pain, and awkwardly staggers to his feet, axe
 blade stuck between his shoulder blades. He dives for the
 chimney--

And he's gone, the axe clattering to be hearth below.

A stunned silence. Bob and Tina exchange a look of disbelief.

Bob dashes out of the house.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Bob runs outside and looks up to the roof, Tina close behind.

Santa falls from above to the ground in front of them. He's
 dead.

BOB
 (to Tina)
 That was-- he was--
 (recovers; to Santa)
 But I didn't even believe in you!

Bob spits on the body.

Tina throws herself into Bob's arms.

TINA
 Oh Bob.

He holds her and strokes her hair.

BOB

It's okay. (Beat) She wasn't the
real tooth fairy.

Tina slaps him hard. She looks at her man. Her husband.
And she kisses him. They kiss like they haven't kissed in a
whole year.

Inside, the baby starts crying.

BOB (CONT'D)

Every single time.

EXT. BOB & TINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Bob and Tina's house sits in a winter wonderland.

TITLE OVER: Two Months Later

TITLE OVER: Less than 4 hours since Bob and Tina last had
sex.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The radio plays as Bob and Tina and BABY eat breakfast.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

This morning, children around the
world are waking up to a very un-
merry Christmas, as empty stockings
everywhere can mean only one thing:
Santa has left us.

Tina stews, glaring at Bob.

BOB

Oh, like this is my fault too.

FADE OUT.