

FINAL YEAR REPORT

by

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INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A MONTAGE of a series of GRAPHS and CHARTS display on a TV monitor. We are watching a presentation.

A new graph with bars fills the screen, showing a slight tendency to increase. The last bar is significantly higher. A laser pointer scans the bars. A HIGH PITCHED VOICE comments.

HIGH PITCHED VOICE (OS)
... with an increase this year of
the number of casualties about 2%.

DEEP VOICE (OS)
Was that the negligence in Beijing?

HIGH PITCHED VOICE (OS)
(a bit nervous)
Er... well, it-it was an accident,
but yes. We lost three men there.

DEEP VOICE (OS)
And we couldn't deliver in time.
Please, continue.

PULL BACK to finally reveal a very nervous BERNARD, the owner of the high pitched voice. He's near the screen, with a MOUSE on one hand and a LASER POINTER on the other. He's short, wearing a green costume and a red hat, like an ELF. Actually he's an elf. And yes, he has pointy ears. And no, he's not jolly happy.

Same as all the other elves seated at the Board meeting table. GLORIA sits near Bernard. She nods quickly at him in approval and taps the table next to her (finish and sit down).

BERNARD
(relieved, quick)
And this concludes this final
year's report. Thank you.

The owner of the deep voice claps his big hands thunderously at the other end of the table. He's a big man wearing a red outfit and probably needs no presentation.

SANTA CLAUS
Ho, ho, ho! Fantastic report,
Bernard. Please, sit down, my
little friend.

Bernard slumps on his chair, a huge weight off his shoulders. Gloria taps his hand (good job). The rest of the elves clap after Santa not very enthusiastically. They all look so tired.

Santa Claus stands, his massive body dwarfing the elves even more.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

I'm not going to lie and say I am happy with the decline of quality of service.

Santa scans the elves, who shuffle uneasy on their chairs. You could call this a dramatic pause.

GLORIA

That was an accident, Santa.

SANTA CLAUS

Accidents happen when people are lazy and don't follow procedures. You should know more than anyone, Gloria.

Gloria simply smiles and hides her hurt feelings like a pro.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

Children from all over the world expect the most of us and we cannot fail them. Specially not in China. Not in these days.

The elves frown at each other. They don't approve Santa's lack of tact but no one dares to say.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

However! We are in Christmas and the job was done, so I think we all deserve our well earned holiday, ho, ho, ho!

Santa claps once and gathers the papers in front of him. He turns and gets ready to leave.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

So, if there's nothing else...

Gloria nudges Bernard.

BERNARD

S-Santa, there's-s actually something we'd like to...

Santa stops, surprised. Well, this is new. Bernard shuts up. Without losing his humor, Santa turns to the meeting table.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho, ho! And what is it, my dear Bernard? Do I need to sit?

BERNARD

I-It might be better, Sir.

Santa frowns, trying to see through Bernard. What do these elves want? He slowly sits back on his chair. A long silence.

SANTA CLAUS

Well?

BERNARD

It's about over... time.

Santa doesn't understand. The elves move uneasy on their chairs.

SANTA CLAUS

What overtime, Bernard?

Bernard freezes for a moment. Santa can look really scary when he doesn't understand something. Gloria moves her chair closer to him, for moral support.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

What's this all about, Gloria?

BERNARD

(regaining courage)

We—we work too many hours! There are too many kids! And—and we are not enough! Accidents happen.

Santa turns to Bernard. So that was the problem.

SANTA CLAUS

This is our job, Bernard. I wish I could have more elves but they don't grow on Christmas trees.

GLORIA

(sarcastic)

We don't have time to make new elves, if you know what I mean.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho, ho, ho! Now, that's funny. Maybe you should stop being a sad widow and find a nice little elf for yourself.

(winks)

If you know what I mean.

Gloria flushes, a mix of anger and shame. A disapproving murmur fills the table.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

We cannot stop just because we lose some elves, it's part of the business.

Bernard stands up, tears of anger forming on his little red face.

BERNARD

Some elves?! Twinkle and Bluestar were killed in Beijing. They were my cousins! They worked harder than anyone and you--

SANTA CLAUS

I cannot guarantee your safety if you don't follow the procedures.

BERNARD

Twinkle told me they were exhausted wrapping toys the whole night, they didn't want to go out, but you forced them.

Gloria touches Bernard's arm (easy). Bernard looks at her and calms down a little. He sits down, crosses his arms over his chest. Santa shrugs.

SANTA CLAUS

What can I do?

It's Gloria's turn to stand up. She straightens her costume and addresses all the elves making sure not to make eye contact with Santa.

GLORIA

We have talked and the Board has decided to propose a vote of no confidence against you, Santa.

Santa Claus pauses for a moment, trying to find the right words.

SANTA CLAUS

Don't fuck with me, Gloria.

The elves gasp at the swear word. Gloria ignores him.

GLORIA

Who is in favour? Please rise your hand.

SANTA CLAUS

Nobody's going to--

One by one all the elves rise their little hesitant hands. The last two are Bernard, then Gloria, more confident. Santa looks around in shock. Gloria looks at Santa, defiant.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

For Heaven's sake. What do you think you are doing?

GLORIA

(as firm as possible)
It's unanimous.
(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Santa, you are no longer part of
Christmas or the North Pole.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --

SAMPLE