

WEREWOLF THINKS HE'S TURNING INTO SANTA

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TABBY, a middle-aged woman in a nice sweater, is arranging presents under a beautiful Christmas Tree. STEVEN, a heavily bearded man, comes down the stairs.

STEVEN

Tabby, I'm turning into Santa Clause.

TABBY

Very funny, Steven.

STEVEN

I'm serious. It's just like Tim Allen's holiday classic The Santa Clause.

TABBY

Steve, I know that's your favorite, but you're just a normal man.

STEVEN

I'll prove I'm Santa! Watch this!

Steven takes a razor out of his pocket and shaves off a bit of his beard. While both watch, it grows right back.

TABBY

Oh my god...Steve, that's amazing. I'm so sorry.

STEVEN

That's right! I have hair covering my entire body.

Steven rips off his shirt to reveal a layer of fur underneath all his clothes.

TABBY

Not just a beard?

STEVEN

No, I'm completely covered with course, fur-like hair.

TABBY

Steven, that's not a Santa thing...

STEVEN

Of course it is! It's like when Scott Calvin's hair turns white and gets longer, because he's turning into Santa!

TABBY

That makes no sense.

STEVEN

Oh, sorry - Scott Calvin is Tim Allen's character in the Santa Clause.

TABBY

No, the fur doesn't make sense.

STEVEN

But it's not just Santa's Christmas Fur! Just like Tim Allen, I have an insatiable hunger for desserts! I can't stop thinking about clamping my jaws around a thick, meaty cookie; tearing it apart; letting the warm milk run down my front as I prowl into the night.

Pause.

TABBY

It sounds like you're a werewolf. Why do you think you're Santa Clause?

STEVEN

Because, just like in Tim Allen's The Santa Clause, I was responsible for the death of the previous Santa.

TABBY

What?

STEVEN

It was exactly a month ago tonight. I heard a commotion outside, so I went to investigate. While I tried to see if there were any jolly old elves on the roof, this weird dog ran up and bit me. I got so scared I blacked out for 5 hours!

TABBY

A dog bit you?

STEVEN

Wait, here's the important part:
When I came to, I was outside the
mall, and I had accidentally caused
the death of the previous Santa.

TABBY

How?

STEVEN

I had accidentally ripped his arms
off and bitten out his throat.

TABBY

What?! Stephen, how could that
possibly be an accident?!

STEVEN

Tabby, you've seen Tim Allen's The
Santa Clause. You know he can't
stop himself from warping his body
through heating pipes, or
interrupting board meetings with
his amazing toy ideas - my Santa
Side was already taking over.

TABBY

You killed a man, Steven.

STEVEN

Regardless, I put on his coat,
cementing my oath to become the
next Santa Clause.

TABBY

Honey, I think that was just a mall
Santa.

Steven suddenly doubles over in pain, groaning loudly.

TABBY

Steven! What's wrong?

With a giant HOWL, Steven stands up to reveal large fangs.
He stops howling and touches them.

STEVEN

Ah yes! The Fangs of Santa! My
transformation is almost complete!

TABBY

Steven, it's a full moon. You should go. Now.

STEVEN

Wait! I want Blake to see me become Santa so we can bond like Scott Calvin and that kid in The Santa Clause. The Tim Allen movie.

TABBY

Yes, I know the movie, and absolutely not!

BLAKE, a child, comes down the stairs.

BLAKE

Mom, I heard howling!

STEVEN

Don't worry, son, those were just Santa's Howls of Christmas joy.

BLAKE

Dad?!

STEVEN

That's right, Blake-a-rake, your Dad is Santa! Come on over here!

Steven sits down. Blake runs over and sits on his lap.

BLAKE

Dad, why is your nose getting bigger while I watch?

Steven now has a dog-like snout.

STEVEN

All the better to find little children's houses with! So, sport, I have to ask - have you been a good boy?

BLAKE

Of course, Dad!

STEVEN

Really? I'm not so sure.

BLAKE

Why not?

STEVEN

Well, not unlike the way Tim Allen could tell whether random children had been naughty or nice while walking down the street, I'm being possessed by an animal bloodlust. Everything in my body is screaming to eat you. Surely Santa wouldn't feel something like that unless you'd been bad, right?

BLAKE

Well, I guess sometimes I don't brush my teeth before I go to bed.

STEVEN

There it is! Always brush. Now why don't you let Santa give you a quick Christmas kiss on the veins!

TABBY

Stop right there, Steven!

Tabby has drawn a gun, and is now aiming it right at Steven.

TABBY

Go to your room, Blake. This gun is loaded with Silver Bullets.

Blake gets up and moves away. Steven stands up.

STEVEN

Promise me one thing, Tabby -

Steven points at himself, revealing his hands have become huge claws.

STEVEN

- if I die, you must become the new Santa Clause. That's the how Tim Allen would have wanted it.

GUNSHOT & BLACKOUT