

BAD SANTA (Willie and the Kid)

WILLIE

...Next. Next!

Still nothing.

WILLIE

...Next, goddamnit! Let's move it
along -- this is not the DMV!

The snot-nosed Kid is next in
line, frozen by fear.

WILLIE

It's okay. C'mon.

The Kid stays put.

WILLIE

What's your name?

The Kid shakes his head meekly.

WILLIE

...You can tell me...

No response.

WILLIE

...How about Santa? If you don't
tell him, you won't get a present.

This penetrates the Kid's fear. He moves.

WILLIE

...That's right. Let's tell Santa.

Marcus leads the Kid up to the throne and places him on
Willie's lap.

WILLIE

What do you want? C'mon, wuddya want?
A snot rag?

The Kid just stares, motionless except for the flowing rivulet
of snot. Willie can't help but stare at it.

WILLIE
(to himself)
...Another fuckin' mongoloid.
(shouts)
Ok, get him outta here before
he pisses on me.

Suddenly the Kid is moved to yank Willie's beard. He holds
it stretched below Willie's chin.

WILLIE
(whispered to the kid)
...Let it go, you little bastard.

KID
It's not real.

WILLIE
It was real. The hair fell out when
I got sick.

KID
How'd you get sick?

WILLIE
I loved a woman who wasn't clean.

KID
Mrs. Santa?

WILLIE
No, her sister.
(whispers through
clenched teeth)
Let the fucking thing go.

KID
What's it like at the North Pole?

WILLIE
Like the suburbs.

KID
Which one?

WILLIE
Apache Junction. What the fuck do
you care?

Willie shoves the Kid:

WILLIE

Get the hell off my lap.

The Kid backs away, looking at him.

KID

You are really Santa, right?

WILLIE

No. No, I'm an accountant. I wear
this as a fucking fashion thing.

KID

Okay.

The Kid backs away in awe, never breaking his reverent stare.

As Marcus helps the next child onto Santa's lap Willie hisses
at him:

WILLIE

Get that kid out of here, he's
freaking me out.