

THE SACK

After a nerdy 17 year old gets caught buying alcohol and sent to prison- he has to convince his partner in crime not only to trust him, but that Santa Claus will be their way out.

Written by

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INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

HENRY (17), the teenage equivalent of Mark Zuckerberg is standing next to FRANKLIN (also 17) a slightly cooler, more stereotypical "band kid." They both stand in Christmas attire between two aisles, and their arms are FILLED with bottles of hard liquor.

FRANKLIN

Henry, she is going to love you.

Sweat is dripping down Henry's face, and he is staring at the female CLERK (85) who is reading a knitting magazine.

HENRY

I don't think.

(beat)

I don't think she knows who I am.

FRANKLIN

What are you talking about?

HENRY

Her.

He points to the clerk.

FRANKLIN

Henry. I'm talking about Scarlett,
She's going to love you.

(beat)

Girls love drunk guys, trust me.

Henry ignores Franklin.

HENRY

Mhm.

Henry starts walking towards the counter- the clerk does not move. His face is pouring with sweat, his lips are quivering, and he is very visibly shaking.

After what felt like an eternity (but in reality was a few seconds) the boys place their liquor on the counter. The clerk looks up at the boys, then down at the alcohol.

CLERK

ID please.

HENRY

(stuttering)

One second.

Scene cuts to black and loud POLICE SIRENS are heard.

INT. BACKSEAT OF POLICE CAR - AFTERNOON

Henry and Franklin sit next to each other, silently in handcuffs.

TITLE: The Sack

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

FRANKLIN

Well this blows.

HENRY

Yeah, I suppose it does. I really wanted to impress her.

FRANKLIN

No shit.

(beat)

Who do you wanna call Henry? My parents or yours?

HENRY

Neither, that'll just put us in even more trouble. Plus, if we did there is no way we'd get out of here in time for the party.

FRANKLIN

The party started twenty minutes ago- and even if we could there is nobody else who would come pick us up on Christmas Eve.

HENRY

There's one person.

FRANKLIN

Who?

HENRY

Santa Claus.

FRANKLIN

What?

HENRY

It's Christmas Eve, he's probably nearby, I'd guess.

FRANKLIN

Don't screw with me right now.

HENRY

I talked to him on the phone when I was younger once- I bet if I called he'd come for us.

FRANKLIN

Why didn't you just get a big jug of water and have Jesus turn it into wine then?

HENRY

I should've now that I think about it.

FRANKLIN

You're saying you also know Jesus?

HENRY

No, I'm joking. But I do know Santa.

FRANKLIN

What the hell, you know what, go call Santa.

(beat)

Excuse me! Officer!

Franklin flags down a nearby OFFICER, who walks over.

OFFICER

(annoyed)

Yes?

FRANKLIN

My friend wants his one phone call.

OFFICER

Fine, come with me.

The officer lets Henry out, and leads him to the phone.

INT. PHONE ROOM - NIGHT

Henry stands next to a landline phone, he types in the phone number S-A-N, T-A-C, L-A-U-S, murmuring the letters under his breath- the phone rings, and rings, and rings, and someone picks up.

HENRY

Hello?

OFFICER

Your time is up.

The officer walks into the room, and goes to hang up the phone.

HENRY

Wait!

The officer hangs up the phone.

OFFICER

Times up. Nothin' I can do.

Henry starts resisting tears.

HENRY

Okay.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The police officer leads Henry back into the cell with Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Well, what happened?

HENRY

He picked up, but the cop made me hang up the phone.

Henry buries his face in his hands.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Today was my one chance Franklin. Who knows the next time I'll get invited to another party. And even if I did- I'm clearly fucking incapable of getting there.

FRANKLIN

You're overthinking it, Henry. I'm sure you'll get invited to another party- and you're obviously trying to get out.

HENRY

By calling Santa?

FRANKLIN

I mean maybe not the best choice-

Just as Franklin says this, loud REINDEER HOOVES and JINGLE BELLS are heard from above the roof- Henry stops crying, and both boys look up to the roof.

Seconds later- the door opens, which the boys turn their attention to. SANTA CLAUS, dressed in full Santa Attire, and carrying a MASSIVE SACK over his shoulder walks through the door.

A massive grin grows on Henry's face, he nudges Franklin.

Santa turns to the two boys and walks over, in doing so his face is revealed. Santa Claus looks like the kind of homeless guy you'd want to stay away from at the park. He's also walking like a drunk, and smoking a cigarette.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
What in the Yule Tide Fuck.

SANTA
Hey-

Santa belches a bellowing belch...

SANTA (CONT'D)
Boys.

Santa points his fingers and magic dust unlocks the door, he steps inside the jailcell, and closes it back up. He wipes his face. Henry is no longer crying, he looks more angry.

SANTA (CONT'D)
So you have it or what?

FRANKLIN
Have what?

SANTA
(whispering)
I don't wanna say- the fuzz is right there.

Henry's face scrunches up, he's getting more angry.

FRANKLIN
I don't have any "shit," Henry called you to come help us.

SANTA
On Christmas Eve? You understand how busy I am?

Henry breaks, he slaps Santa in the face. Santa groans.

FRANKLIN
What the fuck!

Henry looks down to his hand, his eye widen in shock. He takes a second to process what he did- then goes back to anger.

HENRY

You're an asshole! You have the time to get fucking whatever bullshit drugs, yet not the time to help us!

SANTA

Dude, calm down. I just needed a break.

HENRY

Fuck you Santa.

SANTA

Yeah, whatever.

A tear sheds down Henry's face as Santa takes out a blunt- he starts smoking it, a police man walks over to stop him but he just uses the same magic he did on the door to knock him out before he can even get close.

Henry watches Santa for a moment- before reaching for and grabbing Santa's sack.

SANTA (CONT'D)

What the shit, man?

Henry reaches into Santa's sack- and grabs a Christmas Ornament. He chucks it directly at Santa's head- and with a loud THUMP, Santa falls to the ground. Henry shakes him.

HENRY

Knocked out, ice cold.

FRANKLIN

(sarcastically)

Who's this new Henry? Goddamn!

Henry takes a key and a stack of dynamite out of Santa's sack- and he unlocks the prison window.

HENRY

Ready to go?

FRANKLIN

Born ready.

Henry places the dynamite on the floor- and the two boys jump out the prison window.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

Henry and Franklin walk away from the Police Office- a massive VFX explosion is seen in the background- they watch it. In the sky you can see Santa's Sleigh with all the reindeer flying away.

HENRY

You think we can still make it to
the party on time?

FRANKLIN

I'm sure we can- we just don't have
any booze.

Henry smiles, reaches his hand into Santa's Sack and takes out a HANDLE OF TITO'S. Franklin joins in smiling.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Oh, Henry, I could kiss you.

HENRY

These lips are only for Scarlet.

FRANKLIN

Oh, they sure will be.

They laugh and Henry hands Franklin another handle of Tito's, they clink them together and walk off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK: