

SCRIPT TITLE

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SANTANA, BABY

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ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. RICHARD AND MOTHER NATURE'S FORMER HOME - FRANKFURT,  
GERMANY - 1940

RYNN WAGNER(Mother Nature), 25 years, wears a flower dress.  
RICHARD WAGNER Jr.(Richard Nature), 9 years, thin, blond  
hair. RICHARD WAGNER, 27 years, wears Nazi officer uniform.

RICHARD WAGNER

(In German)

I go to work all day and have to  
smell death and now I come home and  
I am expected to eat death?

Rynn stands in the kitchen. She holds a serving spatula.  
Richard Jr. Looks into the kitchen from the living room.  
Richard Sr. knocks the spatula from her hands.

RICHARD WAGNER (CONT'D)

(In German)

Is that what you've made me? Jew  
stew?

Rynn looks down as Richard gets in her face. Rynn spots  
Richard Jr. in the living area then looks back to Sr. Sr.  
takes Rynn by the throat and Rynn struggles.

RICHARD WAGNER (CONT'D)

(In German)

I am so tired of your cooking. I'm  
so tired of this house and this job-

Richard squeezes harder. Rynn is chokes and tries to push his  
hand off of her throat. Jr. steps into the kitchen doorway.

RICHARD WAGNER (CONT'D)

(In German)

-and this life.

Richards continues to strangle Rynn. Jr. approaches his  
father's side and looks at the gun, holstered to his hip. Jr.  
takes the gun. Sr. releases Rynn and turns around.

RICHARD WAGNER (CONT'D)

(In German)

What the hell do you think you-

Jr. fires the weapon. There is a hole in the chest of the uniform. Sr. looks to Jr. then collapses. Jr sees his mother as his body falls. His mother holds her bloody stomach.

RICHARD  
(In German)  
No.

MOTHER  
(In German)  
It is ok, my son.

Rynn collapses and Jr. steps over his father to get to her.

RICHARD  
(In German)  
No, Mother. I'm so sorry, I was  
trying to help you. I'm-

Rynn dies.

EXT. SCHWARZWALD(BLACK FOREST), GERMANY - 1940

Richard walks through the forest. Richard looks around and sees only trees. Richard looks and is confused at coordinates written on paper. Richard looks up and spots a cabin.

RICHARD  
(In German)  
Weird.

Richard looks around then back to the cabin. Richard approaches the cabin. The front door creaks open. Richard pants.

WITCH  
(In German)  
I have been waiting.

A crow caws and fly's out of the cabin. The crow circles Richard. Richard ducks from the crow. The crow ushers Richard toward the door and caws in his face. The crow pecks at him.

RICHARD  
(In German)  
Ouch! Stop that. Ouch!

Richard goes into the house. The crow flies into the darkened cabin and lands on the hearth where a large pot is in the fire. Richard looks around. The witch sits in a wooden chair.

WITCH

(In German)

You have kept me waiting. You should have been here weeks ago. I hate waiting. I'm tired of it!

Richard is speechless. He steps closer to her and the fireplace.

RICHARD

(In German)

I am sorry, I didn't mean to insult you. The past few weeks have been-

WITCH

(In German)

I know exactly how they have been.

The witch waves her hand at him and stands.

WITCH (CONT'D)

(In German)

Where is she?

RICHARD

(In German)

Who?

WITCH

(In German)

Who. Who, who, who? You're mother. Who else are you here for?

Richard pats his pocket then pulls out a square of his mother's flower dress with blood stains. The witch snatches it and turns to her cauldron.

WITCH (CONT'D)

(In German)

You see this?

She holds the fabric up to the crow.

WITCH (CONT'D)

(In German)

This is our ticket out of here.

The crow caws. Richard is confused. The witch throws the fabric into the pot then turns and reaches for a jar with small eye balls inside. She plops an eye into the pot.

RICHARD

(In German)

Why did you do-

The witch holds up her hand and Richard's lips seal shut. Richard feels his mouth and his scream is muffled.

WITCH

(In German)

Don't worry, I'll bring her back.  
In a moment you will be home with  
your lovely Mother.

The witch reaches for another jar and plops another ingredient into the pot.

WITCH (CONT'D)

(In German)

Only one more thing my pet.

The crow caws then begins to choke. The crow positions itself over the pot on the hearth and coughs up a dead mouse into the pot. The post swirls.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE AT ANTARCTIC INC. HEADQUARTERS, DENVER, CO

LESLIE, 29 yrs, 5'5", fit, brown hair, wears slacks and a t-shirt with her café's logo. PEPPER, 75 yrs appears 25, 4'7", thin, short hair over her ears, wears dress skirt.

LESLIE

Good morning, Pepper.

PEPPER

Good morning, Leslie.

Pepper observes the festive décor of the coffee shop filled with extravagant Christmas decorations.

PEPPER (CONT'D)

You never waste a moment, do you?  
Have you been here all night?

Leslie chuckles as she makes the lattes.

LESLIE

I couldn't wait. You know how much  
I love this season.

Pepper looks at a missed Thanksgiving turkey card holder and scoots it across the counter.

PEPPER

Trust me. I know.

Pepper walks around the room and pauses at the small, four-foot tree with painted ceramic ornaments. She reaches forward and runs her thumb over her name painted on a turtle dove.

PEPPER (CONT'D)  
You're going to need a bigger tree.

Leslie finishes the two drinks and places them on the counter. She looks to her little tree in the corner of the small stage and smiles.

LESLIE  
I've been thinking about that. But I don't want to use up all my credits, I still have gifts to buy.

Pepper returns to the counter.

PEPPER  
Well, maybe Santa will bring you a new one this year.

Leslie smiles.

LESLIE  
I'd prefer he bring snow. This year's heat is killing business.

PEPPER  
It's that bad?

Leslie shrugs and glances at the muted news which shows an update on the winter heatwave.

LESLIE  
The last few months I've basically been breaking even. Well, maybe losing a little, but it's bearable.

Leslie looks out of the windows.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sure the cold will return. I mean, it's the end of November, which means winter is-well-

Leslie wipes the frother.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
-already here, and winter has always brought the cold and the cold always brings customers.

Pepper smiles, hopeful.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
 Will I see you when I make my  
 rounds this afternoon?

Pepper shakes her head as she blows into the small lid hole.

PEPPER  
 I will be in Chicago this  
 afternoon.

The door bell chimes and another of Leslie's usual's arrives  
 on his way to work. Leslie glances at the door.

LESLIE  
 (To Mr. Kendall)  
 Good morning, Mr. Kendall.

She turns back to her friend.

PEPPER  
 (To Pepper)  
 Have a safe trip and send me pics.

Pepper nods and leaves the café.

PEPPER (CONT'D)  
 Always do.

INT. ANTARCTIC ICE CAVERNS - DAY

SANTA CLAUS, 125 yrs, appears 70s, broad, wears red and green  
 coveralls and moccasins, white beard. FELIX, 348 yrs, appears  
 40s, an Elf, 3', wears green coveralls, wears ice skates.

FELIX  
 Santa!

Santa signs off on an order and hands the clipboard down to  
 an elf who skates away. Felix skates up to Santa in a panic.  
 Santa turns to Felix.

SANTA  
 What is it Felix?

Felix skids to a stop, ice chips fly past Santa's shoes.

FELIX  
 Your wife. She has fallen ill.

Santa's smile fades.

SANTA  
 Is she in our room?



Felix nods. Santa disappears in a beam of pinkish-red light. Felix mumbles under his breath and begins to skate toward Santa's quarters.

INT. SANTA AND MRS. CLAUS'S QUARTERS - DAY

JASKÁ CLAUS, 125 yrs, looks in 70s, small frame, white hair.  
DR. SWEENY, 475 yrs, appears in 60s, 3'6" tall, thin, wears,  
lab jacket, wears a x-ray monocle.

SANTA  
Jess? What's wrong?

Jaská speaks and acts tired.

JASKÁ  
They don't know yet.

Santa looks to the doorway. Felix skates to the edge of Santa's quarters and retracts his skate blades to walk on the stone floor.

FELIX  
The doctors are running a diagnosis  
now. We should have results in a  
few minutes.

Santa turns back to Mrs. Clause.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
They believe she may have suffered  
a mild aneurism.

Santa looks to his arms as though he feels something on them then looks back to Jaská.

SANTA  
Will it happen again?

DR. SWEENY  
I am here, Santa. And with no good  
news, I am afraid.

Santa leaves his wife's side and approaches Dr. Sweeny.

DR. SWEENY (CONT'D)  
It appears the aneurism was caused  
by a small tumor.

Santa's skin flushes from rosy to pale. Santa looks back to his arms. Santa returns to his wife without a word to the Doctor.

JASKÁ  
The look in your eyes tells me  
there is bad news.

Jaská tries to smile. Santa's eyes fill with tears.

SANTA  
There is a tumor, Jess. In your  
brain, of all places.

Jaská squeezes Santa's hand.

SANTA (CONT'D)  
I will send you to the top human  
surgeon. You don't have to worry.  
Everything will be okay.

Jaská smiles and reaches for his cheek.

JASKÁ  
Mun ráhkistan du, Nihkul.  
(I love you, Nick)

Jaská lowers her hand and smiles into Santa's eyes. Santa grips both of her hands and smiles back.

SANTA  
I love y-

Jaská's hands and body fall limp and the gleam in her eyes fade. Santa stares at his wife's stoic face in disbelief. The room goes silent as all the nurse and doctor elves stare.

SANTA (CONT'D)  
Jaská?

Santa looks down at his arms and watches his skin lose its shine. Santa looks back into her clouded eyes. Tears fall from his eyes.

SANTA (CONT'D)  
Jaská?

Dr. Sweeny steps up beside him. Felix approaches Mrs. Claus and closes her eyes.