

HOB0
(CHRISTMAS SHORT)

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INT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL STREET. NIGHT.

Uptight FREDERICK (28) walks/talks angrily on his phone.

FREDERICK

No! It's a bleeding marketing company! Which means I'm marketing myself every second, which means if I don't get tangerines for the Christmas party, Miriam will slaughter me! No! I'll do it myself!

He hangs up, turns, sees TONY (28), his sweet boyfriend, standing outside his nice flat. Tony frowns.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

Hey babe. God, Penny forgot the tangerines. That was her only--

TONY

Freddie.

FREDERICK

Wait, you're not dressed?

TONY

I'm not going to the party.

FREDERICK

What?

TONY

They've offered me the job, Freddie. The curator job. I got it.

FREDERICK

Oh. Right. Thought that was a lark.

TONY

A lark? It's my dream job, Freddie! A gallery in Florence.

FREDERICK

Italy? Pasta and no air conditioning and... Ronaldo? That's the dream?

TONY

You know it is! I love you but--

FREDERICK

I love you too.

TONY

But I've accepted. I'm going.
You've had the same awful job since
uni. They're using you and you
don't even realize it.

FREDERICK

No. Wait. I'll ask Miriam about the
promotion. At the party tonight.
I've just been putting in my time.

TONY

That's what people say about
prison, Freddie. *You're not happy.*
I'm sorry.

FREDERICK

But...

TONY

It's over.

Tony closes the door. Frederick left all alone.

His phone RINGS, he answers as he walks of:

FREDERICK

No! Why does she even *want* bloody
tangerines? Where am I supposed to
find tangerines on Christmas Eve!

As a passing TANGERINE LORRY hits a bump... one TANGERINE
falls, rolls, Frederick steps on it, slips, goes down hard.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

EXT. SAME LONDON STREET. DAY.

Frederick, bruise on his head, slowly awakens to the sounds
of a LOUD FEMALE VOICE and SLEIGH BELLS JINGLING...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

You got to be [**jingle**] kidding me!

FREDERICK

Who's there?

Into view pops HOBO THE CHRISTMAS ELF. Female. Looks 30s. Red
elf hat, green elf suit. Northern accent. Joe Pesci-in-
Goodfellas attitude.

HOBO
Hiya Fred. Took a spill on a
tangerine there, did'ja?

Hobo helps Frederick stand (his posh suit now very dirty).

FREDERICK
What's happening? Why are you
dressed like a traffic lamp?

HOBO
Oi, Hobo, thanks for helping me up.

FREDERICK
Who are you?

HOBO
I'm Hobo, dummy! I'm your Christmas
elf, for my sins.

FREDERICK
Your name's Hobo?

HOBO
(rolls eyes)
When I was named a thousand years
ago, 'Hobo' was a perfectly fine
elf name. Not my fault your
language changed.

FREDERICK
(looks at phone)
Oh God! I have to go!

HOBO
Nice. A real [**jingle**] you are.

Frederick is confused... as Hobo was just speaking, a small
STRING OF SLEIGH BELLS magically appeared before her mouth,
jingled loudly, then disappeared.

FREDERICK
What the actual hell?

HOBO
They don't like us cursing.
Sometimes we get kids, so that's
how they set the parental controls.

Frederick doesn't follow. To prove her point Hobo says...

HOBO (CONT'D)
[**Jingle**] [**jingle**] [**jingle**] and a
[**jingle**] [**jingle**] to you!

Frederick in disbelief, rubs his injured head.

FREDERICK
I've hit my head and am
hallucinating a female elf.

HOBO
All elves are female. Except Santa
of course.

FREDERICK
So you're like chickens? And Santa
is the rooster?

HOBO
Gross. That's gross. No. He's like
our Da. He can be a real [**jingle**]
though.

FREDERICK
And I suppose the Northern accent
because...

HOBO
North Pole, bingo.

Frederick doesn't have time for this obvious mental trauma,
so he walks off. Hobo follows.

HOBO (CONT'D)
So it's probably clear that my job
is to teach you the real meaning of
Christmas. But don't worry, Fred.
This time around, not interested!

INT. TUBE. DAY.

Frederick and Hobo ride the tube.

HOBO
I mean, have you seen the state of
the [**jingle**] world, Fred? Corporate
greed. Rise of fascism. Coachella
considered a major cultural event.
You think wooden toys for spoiled
brats makes any difference?

FREDERICK
(to someone O.S.)
Excuse me. You don't see anyone
sitting next to me, do you? So I
sound mad? Great, thanks.

HOBO
You know what I really want, Fred?

EXT. LONDON BUSINESS DISTRICT. NIGHT.

Frederick and Hobo walk quickly, Hobo chattering away...

HOBO
I want to get kicked OUT of the
North Pole. [**JINGLE**] that place,
you know? I want to party!

FREDERICK
I know I'm just talking to myself
here, but could you *cork it*?

HOBO
All I have to do it NOT help you
find the meaning of Christmas. And
if I make things worse for you,
even better.

FREDERICK
I'm officially mad.
(beat, then he sees...)
Tangerines!

Ahead, the same lorry that spilled a tangerine earlier is now
parked just ahead, rear gate open. Frederick runs toward it.

HOBO
Larceny? Stellar start, Fred!

As Frederick steals a CRATE OF TANGERINES off the lorry...

INT. LIFT. NIGHT.

Frederick/Hobo in a ritzy lift. He holds the tangerines, she
hums a punk version of 'Let It Snow'. This annoys Frederick.

FREDERICK
Hey, hallucination. Is it at all
possible, for the next hour or so,
for you to, you know, *not exist*?

HOBO
This party is important to you, huh
Fred? Needs to go well?

FREDERICK
Yes. I need to ask for a promotion--

Hobo SLAPS the crate of tangerines, which spill from Frederick's hands as--

INT. BANQUET HALL. DAY.

Lift doors open, tangerines roll out. 50 WELL-DRESSED EMPLOYEES turn to see Frederick scrambling to pick them up.

He looks up at them. Embarrassed smile. Hobo laughs in glee.

JUMP TO

Frederick sets the crate of oranges on a buffet table.

HOBO

Nice. Floor oranges. Flooranges. Ha.

FREDERICK

(whispers)

Shut up.

HOBO

Oh, punch! I want some punch!

Hobo leans over the punch bowl, inhales, unseen by everyone.

FREDERICK

(still whispering)

Then have some punch.

HOBO

Can't. Non-corporeal. But you can bet a pub is the first place I'll--

FREDERICK

Shut up!!!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Frederick?

Frederick turns: it's MIRIAM (30s), his tough-as-nails boss.

FREDERICK

Miriam! I mean Ms. Pepper. Hello. Happy Christmas.

HOBO

(only Frederick can hear)

Oi, she seems like a real [**jingle**].

MIRIAM

You've got a nasty bump on your head. And your suit...

(MORE)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
And did I just see you picking
these tangerines off the floor?

FREDERICK
Yeah. I call them 'flooranges'.

Frederick smiles. Miriam does not. Hobo laughs again.

MIRIAM
Throw them away, Frederick. Oranges
for stockings aren't a nice company
perk if they're 'flooranges'.

HOBO
A company perk?

MIRIAM
(turning to leave)
Well, Happy Christmas Frederick--

FREDERICK
Actually Mrs. Pepper, I was...
Could we talk a moment?
(glances at Hobo)
Alone?

HOBO
Not a chance, chap.

Miriam looks annoyed, but nods.

INT. CORNER OFFICE. DAY.

Miriam's office. She sits at her desk. Frederick/Hobo stand.

FREDERICK
You see, I've been with the company
since uni. I think I've put in my--

HOBO
Since uni! With her? Oof.

FREDERICK
(soldiers on)
Put in my time. I've proven my
loyalty, I believe. All the smaller
accounts I've managed have done...
fine. And I'm sorry about the
tangerines--

MIRIAM

The tangerines are a symptom,
Frederick. And yes, your small
accounts have done *fine*.

FREDERICK

Right.

MIRIAM

We don't make money on *fine*.

HOBO

This one's a piece of work, eh
Fred?

FREDERICK

Please, Miriam. I'm desperate. I'll
do anything. Really.

MIRIAM

Anything?

FREDERICK

I'd even... I'd even...

HOBO

Jingle your bells.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

Jingle your bells.

Frederick claps a hand on his mouth. *Hobo has spoken for him.*

MIRIAM

Excuse me??

FREDERICK

Nothing. Sorry.

Hobo laughs at her own gag.

HOBO

Seriously though, she's terrible.
You really like working here?

MIRIAM

I have an idea, Frederick. You say
you'll do anything?

FREDERICK

Yes.

MIRIAM

There's a new account. It requires
a delicate hand. Diabetes drug.

(MORE)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
 Identical to an earlier medication,
 but this one will be marketed in
 Africa. At twenty times the price.
 To children.

Frederick takes this in. Understands the moral implications.
 Hobo does as well.

HOBO
 Wait, you're not really going to--

FREDERICK
 It means a raise? A promotion?

MIRIAM
 It does.

Frederick thinks some more. Hobo sighs, looks up to the sky:

HOBO
 Fine, Santa. You got me again.

MIRIAM
 What do you say, Frederick?

FREDERICK
 I say...

And then Frederick (possessed by Hobo) breaks into song:

FREDERICK/HOBO
'The weather outside is frightful!'

Frederick is mortified, having just belted out 'Let It Snow'
 at top volume. Miriam is totally confused. Frederick looks at
 Hobo, who just shrugs. Frederick drops his hand and together
 he and Hobo sing...

FREDERICK/HOBO (CONT'D)
'And the fire is so delightful!!!'

Singing continues. Hobo enjoying herself. Frederick is half-
 Sinatra, half-terrified...

MIRIAM
 That's a no, then? You don't want
 the promotion?

Frederick whimpers, can't stop singing. Miriam sighs, picks
 up her office phone...

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
 Security?

FREDERICK
(near tears)
*'Let it snow, let it snow, let it
snowwww!'*

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON BUSINESS DISTRICT. NIGHT.

Frederick is thrown onto the street (where it's now snowing) by SECURITY. Hobo already stands there. Some flooranges tossed at him for good measure. He screams to Hobo:

FREDERICK
You just got me fired!

HOBO
Yeah, you're welcome.

FREDERICK
No. No. No! My boyfriend broke up
with me tonight. I needed--

HOBO
Yeah. Tony. Nice chap.

FREDERICK
Of course you know his name. You're
my hallucination.

HOBO
Ugh, Santa knows everyone's name.

FREDERICK
Shut up!

Frederick begins typing furiously on his phone...

FREDERICK (CONT'D)
Damn! And now Tony won't pick up!

HOBO
Don't you see this is the best
thing, Fred?

FREDERICK
Losing my job is the best thing?
Are you mad! Just because you hate
your life doesn't mean I hate mine.

Hobo has no witty response to this.

HOBO
I think you might have that
backwards there, mate.

FREDERICK
Fine! I hate my job! Happy?

HOBO
And you love Tony.

FREDERICK
And I love Tony!

HOBO
That's why I'm here, Fred.

FREDERICK
You're here because I slipped on
tangerine--

HOBO
Floorange.

FREDERICK
A *tangerine*, and I'm having a
mental episode, and now I'm ruined!

On his phone appears 'Hannah calling...' He answers.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)
Hannah! Hi, sorry. I'm trying to
reach Tony, he's not picking up--

HANNAH (ON PHONE)
I'm sorry, Freddie.

FREDERICK
What?

HANNAH (ON PHONE)
The company offered to fly Tony
over. He's at the airport. He's
leaving for Florence. Tonight.

Call ends. Frederick is bereft. Hobo sympathetic...

HOBO
That didn't sound good.

FREDERICK
He's leaving. Tony's actually
leaving.

HOBO
Well go to the airport then!

FREDERICK
It's too late.

Hobo rolls her eyes.

HOBO
Ah [**jingle**]. I can't believe I'm going to say this, Fred, but it's never too late if you have the Christmas spirit.

FREDERICK
What?

HOBO
The true meaning of Christmas is love, you moron. Do you love Tony?

FREDERICK
Yes.

HOBO
Would you give anything to make him happy?

Frederick thinks a moment, really considering it...

FREDERICK
I would. I'd give anything.

HOBO
Fan-**[jingle]**-tastic--

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. HEATHROW. NIGHT

Frederick and Hobo now stand, magically teleported, in busy Heathrow. Frederick is disoriented.

FREDERICK
What the... Are we at Heathrow?

HOBO
(flatly)
Yep. It's a **[jingle]** Christmas miracle.

FREDERICK
Tony!

Frederick sees Tony. Runs toward him. Tony is gobsmacked.

TONY
Freddie, how did you--

FREDERICK
You can't leave. I love you.

TONY
I'm getting on the plane, Freddie.

FREDERICK
Wait! I got fired tonight!

TONY
What??

FREDERICK
I got fired. And... and... it's
great. You were right. I was
miserable there.

TONY
Oh, Freddie. That's good but--

FREDERICK
What I wanted to say was, I'm happy
for you, Tony. About the job. I
really am. You've wanted this job,
and you deserve it, because you're
amazing. I want you to go. I do.

Tony smiles.

TONY
You could come?

FREDERICK
What?

TONY
To Italy. You've got some money
saved, right? You can find another
job. We could just... try. Together.

FREDERICK
Would that make you happy?

TONY
Would that make *you* happy?

Frederick thinks a moment. Then smiles.

FREDERICK
Yes. Yes it would.

They hug and kiss. Looking over his shoulder, Tony says...

TONY
There's a lady dressed as an elf.

Frederick turns, smiles, but then says to Hobo:

FREDERICK
You're actually *real*. But does this mean... you have to go back to the North Pole?

HOBO
'fraid so.

FREDERICK
I'm sorry.

HOBO
Ah, sall'right. It's not all that bad. I can exaggerate, you know. We dance and sing all day, Santa's a pal. Sometimes you just have to act out, you know?

TONY
What the hell is she talking about?

FREDERICK
He can see you, too?

HOBO
Not anymore.

FREDERICK
What?

HOBO
Look in your hand.

Frederick looks in his hand... a plane ticket has magically appeared there.

FREDERICK
It's a ticket. For me. To Florence.

He looks up, but Hobo is gone.

TONY
She just *vanished*.

FREDERICK

Hobo?

TONY

Wait? Are you coming with me to
Florence? Tonight?

Frederick looks at Tony. Smiles.

PRE-LAP: Twisted Sister's cover of 'Let It Snow' plays...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ITALIAN TERRACE. DAY.

MOVE IN through a happy gathering of 20 people, Christmas decorations, gorgeous Italian vista beyond...

SUPER: **'One Year Later'**

MOVE IN on Frederick and Tony, smiling, holding hands, the center of this happy Christmas party filled with friends.

They smile at each other, and kiss--

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH POLE. DAY.

A huge, raucous ELF PARTY. 50 ELVES, all female, all dressed like Hobo, all singing and dancing. SANTA presides. MOVE IN on Hobo, dancing along as...

She turns away from Santa, take a secret sip of LAGER. She grins mischievously at the camera. And she says...

HOBO

Merry [**jingle**] Christmas!

END.