

# THE CHRISTMAS BUNNY

(fourth draft, 13<sup>th</sup> February 2010)

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**TALKING ANIMAL**

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1 INT. DARK ROOM. NIGHT

A big, old book with the title "The Christmas Bunny" embossed on the front lies closed on a wooden table. The cover is opened to the first page which contains large text and lavish illustrations - this is clearly a children's book. A confident, strong, soothing voice narrates the words on the page to traditional, twinkly Christmas music.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was a cold, snowy Christmas  
Eve night  
Children across the land were  
tucked up tight  
Dreaming of gifts in their  
stockings and pillow cases  
Left by Santa Claus to bring  
smiles to their faces

The page is turned to reveal a similar page, continuing the story.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And other magical figures from  
fairytale and myth  
Hoped they would be granted their  
own Christmas wish  
Like the proud Easter Bunny and  
beautiful Tooth Fairy  
Remembering the newborn of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary

2 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Bunny, a tall man with stubble dressed in a fluffy rabbit suit and Fairy, a woman in a leotard and tutu accessorised by a tiara, wings, heavily caked-on makeup and a cigarette, stand at the entrance to their living room.

FAIRY

Jesus Fucking Christ.

Sprawled across their shabby sofa in the middle of a ramshackle room is an unconscious Santa Claus, lying next to an empty bottle of sherry, an empty bottle of pills, a mobile phone and a folded piece of paper. Bunny, concerned, walks over and sits next to Santa. As he feels his pulse, opens up the paper and reads the enclosed note, an angry Fairy sternly talks to Bunny.

FAIRY

Come on, Bunny! Wake up your fat  
friend and get him out of our  
home before he lands us in some  
serious trouble. We really don't  
need this shit right now!

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY  
(calmly)  
He's dead.

Fairy's eyes light up, more in excitement than sorrow, and she instantly calms down then walks over to the sofa, sits next to Bunny and puts her arm around him.

FAIRY  
Oh. Oh, my. That's just... awful.  
Who's going to deliver toys to  
all of those lovely little  
kiddies? You know... maybe you  
could... should do it. I'm sure  
that's what he would want you to  
do. And it must be a well paid  
job... you should apply!

Bunny can't quite believe Fairy's insensitivity.

BUNNY  
A great man has died, Fairy. A  
friend. Are you really thinking  
about money at a time like this?

Fairy smiles at the upset Bunny and places her hand on his cheek.

FAIRY  
I'm sorry, Bunny.

The two sit silently for a while but Fairy finds it hard to resist her train of thought.

FAIRY  
You didn't know him that well...  
And there's not much we can do  
about it now anyway... A little  
bit of extra money could really  
help us out... It could solve all  
of our problems!

BUNNY  
I don't want to think about this  
right now. And you know what, I  
like eggs. And chocolate. I'm  
happy doing what I'm doing.

FAIRY  
Yes, honey, I know you are.

Another awkward silence follows. Fairy maintains her strained loving-caring-understanding smile but bursts with excitement after a matter of seconds, grabbing Bunny's arm as if that, in some way, adds more importance to what she's saying.

FAIRY

But maybe you could do both! I know it's difficult but you should make a move on this now - strike while the iron's hot!

Bunny, still disapproving, looks in to Fairy's eyes but then looks around the room, at the broken TV, shabby sofa, cheap coffee table and sickly, bare Christmas tree and sighs.

BUNNY

Fine. But let's get this sorted out first.

Fairy's somewhat fake smile turns to a genuine look of glee as Bunny gets up, walks over to the telephone, dials a number and waits for a response as Fairy finishes her cigarette and gives Santa a dirty look.

BUNNY

Oh, hi Marilyn. It's Bunny... Yeah, I'm OK - y'know, not too bad. Yeah, she's fine, her own usual fun-loving self. How're you? Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Oh yeah? Uh-huh. Listen, uh, sorry to be rude, but we've got a bit of a situation here. Can you put me through to The Boss? Thanks...

Fairy shuffles over to Santa and surreptitiously looks over his body, kicks him and then reaches in to his pockets, removing some money and slipping it down the front of her top.

BUNNY

Boss! Hello. Easter Bunny, here. Yeah, I'm OK - y'know, not too bad. Yeah, she's fine, her own usual sharing, caring, couldn't-imagine-life-without-her self. How're you? Right. Yeah. Um, Santa Claus. He's, uh, dead. Yeah. Quite sure. At home. Yeah. No, this is where we found him. Right. OK. See you soon.

A knock at the door comes almost immediately. Bunny hangs up the phone and goes to answer the door. He walks back in to the living room accompanied by The Boss, a very well dressed, smart man, oozing confidence. Fairy nervously rises from the sofa.

FAIRY

Sir.

(CONTINUED)

## THE BOSS

Fairy.

The Boss walks straight over to Santa, sits next to him and reads the suicide note. Meanwhile, Fairy moves to stand next to Bunny and gives him several stares, nods and nudges.

## THE BOSS

(to himself)

"Bunny, Fairy, my friends...  
sorry to do this to you... blah  
blah blah... can't take it any  
more... spoiled little shits...  
living in the fucking Arctic...  
fucking cold... fucking snow...  
surrounded by pointy-eared  
midgets... fucking sleigh...  
fucking sherry... fucking  
chimneys... fucking ho, ho,  
ho..."

On a particularly forceful nudge from Fairy, Bunny is pushed forward and in response he abruptly, awkwardly interrupts The Boss.

## BUNNY

So! Anyway... Maybe this isn't  
the best time... What happens to  
Christmas? Don't you need a new,  
uh, Santa?

The Boss focuses on Santa as he takes his pulse.

## THE BOSS

Yes, Bunny. We certainly do. Why?  
Do you have any suggestions?

## BUNNY

Well, y'know, I thought maybe I  
could...

The Boss, satisfied that nothing can be done for Santa, stands to his feet and faces Bunny and Fairy.

## THE BOSS

That, my friend, is a very  
interesting idea. You are  
certainly qualified. Bunny,  
Fairy; can you please lift him  
up?

Bunny, still looking a little upset and Fairy, filled with glee, walk over to Santa and lift him up - no easy task, given his weight. The Boss walks out of the living room and towards the front door, the couple following him, awkwardly dragging the body.

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BUNNY

I know it might not be the best time and I might not have quite the right image...

THE BOSS

Bunny, as hard as it might be, this is a perfect time to work out such matters. Let me think about it.

The trio walk out of the front door with the body.

3 INT. ELEVATOR. NIGHT

Instead of the normal doorstep and yard, the characters find themselves stepping in to a modern metallic elevator, much to the surprise of Bunny and Fairy. Bunny pops his head back out of the lift to see his hallway and then back inside just before the door closes. They say nothing as the elevator travels upwards to the sound of tacky elevator music although Fairy does give Bunny a dirty look for his previous comment.

4 INT. BRIGHT WHITE EXPANSE

The Boss, Bunny and Fairy walk out of the elevator into a blinding white, featureless landscape. The Boss walks off briskly and with purpose, the other two trying to keep up, still carrying the body, with difficulty.

FAIRY

(whispering through gritted teeth)

You need to try harder. Sweetie. I... We really need this.

This time Bunny gives Fairy a dirty look.

BUNNY

So, uh, Boss...?

THE BOSS

Mm-hm.

BUNNY

The Santa, uh, job?

THE BOSS

Mm-hm.

The Boss stops in his tracks, pulls out a mobile phone and quick-dials a number. Fairy, getting a little angry, and Bunny, stop equally abruptly in response, accidentally dropping Santa's body.

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FAIRY  
(muttering to Bunny)  
It's not working. Try harder!

FAIRY  
(muttering to herself)  
You stupid bastard.

BUNNY  
(sarcastic)  
I really want the job. I really, really, really want it. My wife's got an expensive tooth fetish and I just really, really, really want a slightly inappropriately close relationship with elves and reindeer.

With the phone to his ear, The Boss hasn't quite heard what Bunny said but he smiles and raises a finger as if to say "just give me a minute."

THE BOSS  
Marylin! Yes. Yes. The replacement. No. Oh, indeed. If you could make preparations for the announcement...

As The Boss continues his conversation, Fairy sharply turns to Bunny and unleashes a diatribe that escalates in anger and volume as more things pop in to her mind.

FAIRY  
For fuck's sake! Can't you just do this one little thing? For ME? And, yes, maybe I do collect the odd tooth or two. So what? A girl is entitled to a vice and I'm not going to apologise for it. In fact, I expect you to understand me and support me. If you can't keep me in the manner in which I am accustomed I will look elsewhere! I'm a catch! Men want me. And I mean real men. Not glorified rodents with fluffy little tails and retarded mutant Thumper sperm. You know, while you're busy inserting our future up the hairy ass of a big fat fucking constipated elephant, why don't you tell him about the little things you do to keep yourself amused? Like the time you put laxatives in a Belgian chocolatier's Easter products? Or when LSD somehow found its way

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAIRY (cont'd)  
 into Bulgaria's egg supply?  
 Remember those children who  
 believed the only reason they  
 couldn't fly was because a giant  
 angry, gun-wielding kitten was  
 biting off their wings? Why don't  
 you tell him that, huh? You might  
 as well go all out and tell him  
 about the blind nuns, vodka jelly  
 and, what was it? Oh yeah, giant  
 chocolate orange dildos! Go on!  
 Go on! Tell him what a jolly,  
 child-loving, Christmas spirit  
 posterchild prince amongst  
 rabbits you REALLY are YOU  
 GOD-DAMNED USELESS PUDDLE OF  
 DIARRHOETIC PIGEON SHIT!

Fairy hadn't intended The Boss to hear her but he had. His telephone conversation long finished, The Boss stares at Fairy, totally taken aback by her outburst. Bunny stares at her too but with a sarcastic, toothy smile. Hoping the situation is still salvageable, Fairy flirtatiously blinks and giggles towards The Boss.

An apparently unmoved Boss offers a friendly smile in return before turning to a notebook, clicking on a pen, crossing something out and then returning the pen and pad to his pocket. He dramatically turns to address an unseen audience and makes a grand announcement, accompanied by a drumroll.

THE BOSS  
 Ladies and gentlemen, boys, girls  
 and asexual fairytale  
 creatures... The moment you have  
 all been waiting for... The new  
 Santa Claus will be...

He is handed an envelope from off-screen. He opens it and casually talks to himself in typical award show banter before announcing the winner.

THE BOSS  
 Oo. Well. Controversial. The  
 winner is... JESUS. OF.  
 NAZAREETH!

As rapturous applause erupts, Bunny and Fairy look on, Fairy utterly dejected and Bunny finding the situation rather amusing.

BUNNY  
 Hah!

FAIRY  
(to herself)  
But what the fuck's he got to do  
with Christmas?

Realising all is lost, Fairy flips her lid once more,  
throwing her arms in the air in resignation.

FAIRY  
Oh, screw this! Tooth fairy? I  
quit! And you? [pointing to  
Bunny] You can go fuck yourself!  
I'm destined for better things!

Bunny and The Boss look on, unperturbed by Fairy as she  
storms off.

THE BOSS  
LSD spiked eggs, huh? Amusing.

Bunny and The Boss casually walk away.

FAIRY  
(in the distance)  
How the fuck do I get out of this  
place?

5 INT. DARK ROOM. NIGHT

Returning to the big book of the first scene...

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
After failing to seduce the new  
Santa Christ  
The Tooth Fairy refused to take  
anyone's advice  
She ended up on the street  
selling carnal favours for money  
Ruining the day she even thought of  
The Christmas Bunny

Another page is turned to reveal a page simply containing  
"The End." The book is then closed, over which the credits  
roll.