

MIDDLEMOST POST

#060 - "Summer Santa"

Written by

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WRITERS DRAFT #2 - 08/27/21
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Two SPINNING BRUSHES pop out of PARKER'S feet as he happily sweeps up the room.

1 PARKER 1
 <HUMMING "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO
 TOWN">

ANGUS and RUSSELL sort mail nearby. Angus watches the little nimbus with pride.

2 ANGUS 2
(to Russell)
<SIGHS> Look at Parker go. Kid's
tidying up the place, and I didn't
even have to ask.

There's a <KNOCK> at the door. Angus heads over to it.

3 ANGUS (CONT'D) 3
(still to Russell)
I think the Shackleton work ethic
is finally rubbing off on the
little nimbus.

He opens the door to find SANTA CLAUS!

4 SANTA CLAUS **4**

Hoooo!

Startled, Angus slams the door, races over to the calendar, and sees that it's JULY.

5 ANGUS 5
(re: calendar month)
Okay, I'm not crazy.

6 PARKER 6
Santa's here!

Parker zips to the door and opens it.

7 SANTA CLAUS 7
Parker J!

8 Santa C! PARKER 8

Parker and Russell hug Santa. This isn't red suit Santa, this is SUMMER SANTA. Dressed for fun in the sun in a Hawaiian shirt. His beard not the traditional white but BROWN.

9 SANTA CLAUS 9
Good to see you, Gussy.

Santa gives Angus a giant hug.

10 ANGUS 10
<SQUEEZED GRUNT> Santa, what are
you doing here?

11 SANTA CLAUS 11
Parker invited me. Get over here,
little fella! <LAUGHS>

He gives Angus a big noogie.

12 ANGUS 12
(while receiving a noogie)
Parker, you've been talking to
Santa?

13 PARKER 13
Yeah. Remember, I told you I was
gonna write Santa a letter and you
said...
(as Angus)
"Go for it, kiddo."
(as Parker)
Then I said, "Great news! Santa's
coming to town!" And you said...
(as Angus)
"Good deal."
(as Parker)
Remember?

14 ANGUS 14
I thought you meant for Christmas,
not summer vacation!

15 PARKER 15
<NERVOUS CHUCKLE>

16 SANTA CLAUS 16
Oof, this got awkward fast. Don't
worry, Gussy. I can read a room.
I'll just head back to the North
Pole.
(grabs bags)
Where it's freezing. Hopefully I
can still return the shirt.

Santa mopes away as Parker gives Angus the sad eyes.

17 PARKER 17
<SADLY SNIFFLES> Don't you want to
spend time with your brother,
Angus?

Angus starts to feel like a total ass. Santa sure seems to be
taking his time leaving too.

18 SANTA CLAUS 18
<DEEP SIGH>

19 ANGUS 19
 (to Santa)
 Wait. Of course you can stay.

20 SANTA CLAUS 20
 Really? I mean, if you insist.
 <CHUCKLES> Santa could use the
 sunshine.

Parker turns into the SUN and beams some rays at Santa.

21 PARKER 21
 Here to help, Santa!
 (re: brown beard)
 Nice beard by the way.

22 SANTA CLAUS 22
 Thanks, Parker J! Santa's beard
 changes colors with the seasons.
 This--mmm, uh-huh--is my summer
 brown.

23 PARKER 23
 Very chic.

Santa heads deeper into the ship with Parker and Russell.

24 PARKER (CONT'D) 24
 Come on, Santa! We have sooo much
 to talk about. You can take Angus'
 bed.

25 SANTA CLAUS 25
 Whoa! <GIGGLES>

26 ANGUS 26
 Hold on there. Just so we're clear,
 not all of us are on summer
 "vacay." This is still a work week
 for the Middlemost Post.

Angus confidently strolls off, chest out.

27 ANGUS (CONT'D) 27
 While you nap and chase a tan,
 we'll be out there working our
 tails off and busting our hu-
 aahhhhhhhh!! <HARD IMPACT>

Not seeing that the hatch to the hull was left open, Angus
FALLS straight through it. <SLAM>!

28 ANGUS (O.S.) (CONT'D) 28
 OOOW!!!

INT. S.S. STEADFAST - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angus is suspended off the ground in a full BUTT CAST. Santa surveys the damage.

29 SANTA CLAUS 29

Oh yeah. That's a busted hump all right. Tough break too. It's gonna be a real doozy when you gotta take a doozy, if you know what I mean.

Santa walks off as Parker floats up to Angus.

30 PARKER 30
 <GIGGLES>
 (whispers)
 I know what you're doing, Angus.
 You're pretending to be hurt so
 Santa will take over your mail
 route. Just like Santa did to you.
 Classic.

31 ANGUS 31
No, Parker. I'm hurt. Like really,
really hurt!

32 PARKER 32
You're really hurt!? Oh, my, cloud!
This is terrible! Who's gonna
deliver all the mail!?

Parker opens a door. A barrage of mail SHOOTs out, burying the room.

33 SANTA CLAUS 33
Hoooo! Tag me in, little brother.
Santa's gotchu.

34 PARKER 34

Look at that. We ended up right back in the same spot. Only Santa was faking it, and you broke your butt.

35 ANGUS 35
 <GROANS>

Angus stretches out towards Santa, but his suspended butt cast refuses to budge.

36 ANGUS (CONT'D) 36
 <STRETCHING EFFORTS> Santa, are you
 sure you can handle delivering all
 this mail?

37 SANTA CLAUS 37
<CHUCKLES> Does an elf sleep
standing up?

38 ANGUS 38
I don't know.

39 SANTA CLAUS 39
They do. It's weird. Listen, I can
handle your mail route, Gussy. Only
problem is, Santa can't be seen in
public, kinda kills the mystique.
I'll need to disguise myself so
people think I'm you.

Parker snatches the BEANIE off Angus and puts it on Santa.

40 PARKER 40
How's that?

Santa looks in the mirror. He's a spitting image of Angus.

41 SANTA CLAUS 41
Hoooo! Now we are talking. Come on,
Parker J. What do you say we grab
this day by the bells and...
(action pose)
Hyah! Deliver some presents!

42 ANGUS (O.S.) 42
Mail.

43 SANTA CLAUS 43
Right, mail! Ta-da!

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Santa, Parker, and Russell walk the route, Santa laboring.

44 SANTA CLAUS 44
Phew. So you really just walk
everywhere, huh? House to house
to... and on foot!

45 PARKER 45
Angus says it builds character.

46 SANTA CLAUS 46
Builds blisters on the bunions,
that's for sure.

Russell <SPITS> up some mail. Parker hands it to Santa.

47 PARKER 47
Here's your first delivery, Santa.

48 SANTA CLAUS 48
Santa? Who's Santa? I'm Angus,
remember?

Santa nudges and winks at Parker with a twinkle in his eye.

49 PARKER 49
Right. Go get 'em, Angus!

Santa takes the mail, clamps it in his mouth, then climbs the
TRELLIS on the side of the home.

50 SANTA CLAUS 50
<MUFFLED CLIMBING EFFORTS>

51 PARKER 51
Uh, Angus? What are you doing?

52 SANTA CLAUS 52
(letter in mouth)
Getting on the roof.

Santa pops the letter out from between his teeth.

53 SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D) 53
Last I checked, that's where the
chimney is.

Parker floats up to Santa.

54 PARKER 54
We usually just knock on the front
door.

55 SANTA CLAUS 55
Huh, right. So basic. I love it.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Santa <KNOCKS> on Brad's door. Brad opens it, sleepily
rubbing his eyes.

56 BRAD 56
Yeah?

57 SANTA CLAUS 57
Bradley! <LAUGHS> Hey buddy, look
at you, all grown up.

58 BRAD 58
Huh?

59 SANTA CLAUS 59
Hey, get over here, little fella.
<CHUCKLES> How the heck have you
been?

Santa wraps his big arm around Brad and gives him a noogie.

60 BRAD 60
Hey, yo! Knock it off, Angus! Hey,
hey, stop it. Stop it.

Brad breaks away, grabs the mail.

61 BRAD (CONT'D) 61
Ah, great. Now I gotta brush my
hair again.

Brad stomps into his home and slams the door. Santa just stands there, smiling. Parker and Russell share a look.

62 PARKER 62
You okay, Santa?

63 SANTA CLAUS 63
Oh yeah. Just waiting for the milk
and cookies. Bradley makes a mean
snickerdoodle. Probably pulling
them out of the oven right now.

64 PARKER 64
Yeah... we don't get milk and
cookies for delivering mail.

65 SANTA CLAUS 65
You don't?

Santa looks to Russell. She shakes her head.

66 SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D) 66
Oh. Gee. I mean, I kinda wish I'd
known that. Woulda packed a few
gingersnaps for the road is all I'm
saying. <SIGHS>
(rallies)
Alright, well. Who's next?

EXT. RED RIDGE - ROB & ROD'S HOME - DAY

Santa hands a package to ROD.

SANTA CLAUS

67 Here you go, Rod. Merry Chri--uhh.

67

Parker shakes his head.

68 PARKER 68
<MIMING "NO"/"NUH-UH">

Santa course corrects.

69 SANTA CLAUS 69
I mean, merry... had a little lamb.

70 ROD 70
No, duh, bro.

Rod shuts the door.

71 PARKER 71
You did it, Santa! Nice job.

72 SANTA CLAUS 72
Phew, that was a close one. Almost
blew my cover!

Santa spots a rusted WEIGHT BENCH in the yard that has seen
better days.

73 SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D) 73
Hm. I gave Rob and Rod that weight
bench for Christmas last year.
Doesn't look like they use it much,
judging by the looks of it.

74 PARKER 74
Sure they do.
(muscles out)
They're SWOLE.

75 SANTA CLAUS 75
You're probably right. Who's next?

As they walk on, Santa looks back at the weight bench,
clearly in his head about this.

EXT. BLUBERG - BADMINTON COURT - DAY

Parker, Santa, and Russell stroll by TODD and TINA playing
badminton.

76 PARKER 76
Hey, Todd! Hey, Tina!

Tina waves back with her RACKET.

77 TINA 77
Hi, Parker.

Santa clocks Tina's racket, suddenly looks concerned.

78 SANTA CLAUS 78
That's a nice racket, Tina. You get
that for Christmas?

79 TINA 79
No. Todd got it for me.

80 TODD 80
It was expensive.

81 SANTA CLAUS 81
What happened to that really cool
racket you got from Santa?

82 TINA 82
Uh, I gave it away. Or maybe I
threw it away. <SCOFFS> I can't
remember.

83 TODD 83
You threw it away, honey.

Santa is clearly hurt by this.

84 SANTA CLAUS 84
Okay. But to be clear, you did ask
Santa for a racket, and he got you
what you wanted. The thing you
asked for. That you threw away.

Todd and Tina share a confused look.

85 TODD 85
Are you okay, Angus?

86 SANTA CLAUS 86
Uh-huh. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah...

Stung a little, Santa trudges on, cracks in his jolly façade
beginning to show.

EXT. PURPLETON - DAY

A downtrodden Santa trails behind Parker and Russell. They
come upon REGGIE6, digging a hole with a SHOVEL.

87 PARKER 87
Hi, Reggie!

88 REGGIE6 88
Hi.

Santa zeroes in on that shovel, thinking back to when he gave
it to REGGIE7.

89 REGGIE7 89
Reggie.

Santa mentally returns to the present, immediately
suspicious.

90 SANTA CLAUS 90
Where did you get that shovel?

91 REGGIE6 91
Oh, this shovel? I got this shovel
from my friend Reggie. It was a
gift.

92 SANTA CLAUS 92
I see. A gift that clearly didn't
mean much to Reggie when Santa gave
it to him.

Slighted, Santa trudges on.

EXT. MIDDLEMOST TOAST - ESTABLISHING

93 SANTA CLAUS 93
So let me get this straight...

INT. MIDDLEMOST TOAST - DAY

Sitting in a booth, Santa hasn't even touched his food. He's
still processing.

94 SANTA CLAUS 94
Somebody asks me for a present, I
bring them that present ALLLL the
way across the world, then they
give that present to someone else?

Parker and Russell casually eat.

95 PARKER 95
(while chewing)
<SMALL BITE> Called regifting.

96 SANTA CLAUS 96
What?

It's like someone punched Santa in the gut. MS. PAM arrives
with more toast.

97 MS. PAM 97
Hot toast for the hardest working
post peeps on the mountain.

98 SANTA CLAUS 98
<SIGHS> Ms. Pam, you've never
"regifted" a present from Santa,
have you?

99 MS. PAM 99
No, no, never.

100 SANTA CLAUS 100
I didn't think so. That's why
you're on the "nice" list, Pamela.

Parker continues to eat, oblivious.

101 PARKER 101

Mmm, mmm.

Content, Santa finally takes a bite of his toast.

102	SANTA CLAUS	102
	<CHEWS>	

103 MS. PAM 103
I usually put it on the curb when
I'm done with it. I don't know
where it goes after that.

Ms. Pam strolls off. Bitter, Santa pulls out a PAD and PEN and starts jotting something down.

104 SANTA CLAUS 104

You know what, Parker? I think it's
time I updated my "naughty and nice
list."

EXT. DRIZZ WINDMILL - DAY

Santa hands THE DRIZZ his mail.

105 THE DRIZZ 105
Thanks, Angus.

106 SANTA CLAUS 106

Question. Microphone, Santa got you
for Christmas last year. You still
got it?

107 THE DRIZZ 107
Hey, what do you say. I sold that
thing for twice the price.

Angry, Santa writes on his pad. Crosses Drizz out on the "Nice" column and writes his name on the "Naughty" side. Parker and Russell share a look. This could be a problem.

EXT. BLUBERG - DAY

Santa hands mail to FLORENCE, his pad and pen ready.

108	SANTA CLAUS	108
	Mind if I see that beautiful sun hat that Santa got for you a few years back?	

109 FLORENCE 109

Not at all. My little Fufu made it
her bed.

Florence points to a TINY DOG doing a crossword puzzle in the hat.

110	SANTA CLAUS	110
	<GROANS>	

Santa walks off, writing in his pad.

111 SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D) 111
Your oatmeal cookies taste like
cardboard, Florence.

Florence clutches her pearls.

112 FLORENCE 112
 <OFFENDED/SAD GASP>

Parker and Russell smile at her. It's awkward.

113 PARKER 113
I'm sure they're delicious.

EXT. ORANGEFIELD - DAY

Santa talks to POSTBOT and DRONE PARKER.

114 SANTA CLAUS 114

So you didn't even use the oil that
Santa got you. We're done here.

Santa makes a mark on his pad and trudges off. PostBot looks to Drone Parker.

115 POSTBOT 115
What's his deal?

EXT. GREENWOOD HOME - DAY

Santa peers through the window to see GARY and MAPLE in bed, sleeping.

116	SANTA CLAUS	116
	Don't forget, I see you when you're sleeping, Gary.	

Russell tries to push Santa away, but he fights her.

117 SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D) 117
 <STRUGGLING EFFORTS> I see ALL of
 you when you're sleeping!

He gestures that he's watching them at all times as Russell pushes him away from the window. Parker floats by nervously.

118 PARKER 118
(to Gary and Maple)
He doesn't mean that literally.

119 SANTA CLAUS (O.S.) 119
You better believe I do!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Santa, a defeated man, sits on the park bench.

120 SANTA CLAUS 120
<SNIFFLES>

Parker and Russell saddle up next to the big guy.

121 PARKER 121
Santa? Wanna talk about it?

122 SANTA CLAUS 122
I just don't get it. I thought
everyone loved Christmas.

123 PARKER 123
They do!

124 SANTA CLAUS 124
Then how come no one appreciates
the gifts I get them? It's hard
work delivering all those presents
on one night. I'd like to see them
try!

125 PARKER 125
Well, they can't because they're
not Santa.

126 SANTA CLAUS 126
Well, maybe Santa shouldn't bring
gifts anymore or go out of his way
since it doesn't seem to matter.

127 PARKER 127
No! It totally matters! In fact, I
know one person who appreciates
your gifts so, so much that they
would never, ever, ever regift or
throw them out.

128 SANTA CLAUS 128
You?

129 PARKER 129
Ummm.

It's clearly not Parker. Santa sinks even lower.

130 SANTA CLAUS 130
<SIGHS> I don't think that person
exists.

131 PARKER 131
Sure they do. I live with him!

Santa brightens up.

132 SANTA CLAUS 132
Gussy?

EXT. S.S. STEADFAST - DECK - DAY

Parker pulls a sheet off a bunch of BOXES piled high, labeled
"Angus Stuff."

133 PARKER 133
See?

Santa takes in all the boxes.

134 SANTA CLAUS 134
I doubt that's "stuff" I gave him.

135 PARKER 135
Of course it is!

Parker sifts through the boxes, pulling out items and handing
them to Santa. All items that Santa gave Angus over the
years.

136 PARKER (CONT'D) 136
You gave him this spool of titanium
yarn, this beanie waterproofing
spray, this binkie in the shape of
an anchor--so cool! Oh... and this
cooking apron.

Written on the APRON... "World's Best Brother." Santa admires
the apron, touched by the sentiment.

137 SANTA CLAUS 137
(re: apron)
Oh! I handmade this apron myself. I
can't believe Gussy kept all this.

138 PARKER 138
Why wouldn't he? He's your brother,
and he loves you.

This gets Santa right in the heart. He wipes a tear.

139 SANTA CLAUS 139
<SNIFFLES>

140 ANGUS (O.S) 140
Hey!

Somehow, Angus has rigged a pulley system that spans the entire deck of the ship, allowing him to move his suspended butt cast as he pleases.

141 ANGUS (CONT'D) 141
<STRUGGLING/YANKING EFFORTS><TIRED PANTS> What are you knuckleheads doing up here!? Did the mail route go okay?

Santa smiles, endeared by Angus, which throws Angus off.

142 ANGUS (CONT'D) 142
(to Santa)
What? Why are you looking at me like that? Oof!

Santa embraces Angus' butt in a giant hug.

143 SANTA CLAUS 143
You're a good man, Gussy.

144 ANGUS 144
Ok. Thanks??

145 SANTA CLAUS 145
I don't know how you do it.
Delivering mail is HARD.

146 ANGUS 146
Really?

147 SANTA CLAUS 147
Are you kidding? It takes a special kind of person to be able to hand something to someone else and not expect anything in return.

148 ANGUS 148
Well, that is the job.

149 SANTA CLAUS 149
I know! You don't even bring joy to people, and you still do it.
<CHUCKLES> Amazing! I admire that, Gussy.

150 ANGUS 150
(touched)
You... admire me?

151 SANTA CLAUS 151
Hey. Does an elf sleep standing up?

152 ANGUS 152
<TEARS UP>

The brothers share a special moment, both getting teary-eyed.
Parker hugs Russell tight.

153 PARKER 153
Awww.

Santa and Angus snap out of it.

154 ANGUS 154
So, uh, I-I-I take it all the mail
has been delivered?

155 SANTA CLAUS 155
Oh, no. Far from it. We probably
delivered only half, maybe less.
Right, Parker?

156 PARKER 156
Pffft. I gotta shoot you straight,
Santa. I forgot we were even doing
that.

157 ANGUS 157
<GROANS> It's fine. I'll do it.

158 SANTA CLAUS 158
You sure about that, Gussy?

Angus struggles with his pulley system as he tries to head
back downstairs.

159 ANGUS 159
(struggling)
Yup. You want something done right,
<STRUGGLES>, you gotta do it
yourself. <MORE STRUGGLES><FALLING
SCREAM!>

Angus <TUMBLES> down the stairs and O.S.

160 ANGUS (O.S.) (CONT'D) 160
OOOW!!!

Santa looks to Parker.

161 SANTA CLAUS 161
Looks like me and you have some
mail to deliver, Parker. What do
you say?

162 PARKER 162
I say let's go-ho-ho!

Parker <POOFS> into a giant SLED. Santa and Russell hop on,
and the trio fly off into the sky!

THE END.