

YULETIDE CAROL

by

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Based on a true story.

YULETIDE CAROL (V.O.)
(loud a cappella singing)
*Deck the hall with boughs of holly.
Fa la la la la la la la la...*

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

Beautiful, warm Spring day.

YULETIDE CAROL (50), an anonymous plump homeless woman, face hidden under a raspberry-colored babushka, pushes a grocery cart full of her earthly belongings.

YULETIDE CAROL
(top of her lungs)
*'Tis the season to be jolly
Fa la la la la la la la la...*

Townspeople go about their business. They're used to her.

YULETIDE CAROL
*Troll the ancient Yuletide carol.
Fa la la la la la la la la.*

She turns a corner into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Yuletide Carol sings with her oversized rear end sticking out from a Dumpster as she forages.

YULETIDE CAROL
On the first day of Christmas my--

A eureka moment of discovery silences the voice and she crawls backward out of the bin.

Yuletide Carol stands 5 feet tall and about a yard wide, bundled in a worn wool coat. Her scarf encircles her jack-o-lantern face - squinted eyes, lumpy nose, picket-fence grin, hairy warted chin.

She marvels at the Easter basket she's salvaged.

In admiration of her find, her voice grows soft, reverent...

YULETIDE CAROL
*O holy night. The stars are
brightly shining...*

Lost in song, her tree-trunk legs propel her in a Weeble-like wobble behind her cart back toward the busy

MAIN STREET

where no one seems to notice her, until...

YOUNG DANNY (6) follows his distracted, cigar-smoking FATHER out of a barber shop. Both sport fresh buzz cuts.

The pair go to a corner to wait for the light to change.

Curious at the singing homeless woman walking away behind them, Danny reaches for his father's hand.

YOUNG DANNY

Dad?

Danny's father flinches his hand away and glowers at him.

FATHER

We ain't crossin' yet, Danny Boy--

YOUNG DANNY

Who's that lady?

His father turns to look at Carol who seems content in her own musical world, well into another verse of *O Holy Night*. He stares at her for a moment as if trying to recall.

FATHER

Not sure. She's been here forever.
Sat outside Central High singin'
Christmas songs all year 'round
when I was a kid.

The light changes.

Danny's father grabs Danny's hand and leads him across the street.

FATHER

Yuletide Carol. That's what we
called her.

Once across, they get into a parked beater pickup truck.

The truck spews a cloud of smoke as it revs to life.

Danny watches Yuletide Carol through the dirty back window as his father drives them away.

FADE TO BLACK.