

Dec the Halls

By

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A fairly large but cozy looking lounge complete with a sofa, chairs, book case, wall paintings, small table and a lamp. A black Christmas tree lays on the floor behind the side of the sofa. Adam is sitting on the sofa with a tray on his lap/coffee table containing a chopping board, knife and half a dozen potatoes. He chops them loudly. Julia enters the room.

JULIA WILLIS

Oh God, I overslept. And there's still so much to do.

Julia sees the shopping on the floor. She looks irritated as she thinks that Adam hasn't come home with a tree. She gestures to the shopping.

JULIA WILLIS

What do you call this?

ADAM FLETCHER

What? I got everything you asked for; turkey, potatoes, Bisto, the lot.

JULIA WILLIS

Christmas is tomorrow and the one thing you don't buy is a tree? I knew I should've got it myself, I can never trust you with anything.

ADAM FLETCHER

Er Jules, what have I got here?

JULIA WILLIS

(sees the assemblable tree box and is disheartened)

Oh, I see.

ADAM FLETCHER

Yeah look, I put it up and everything.

Adam puts the tray on the coffee table/floor and goes round to the side of the sofa and erects the black Christmas tree that is lying on the floor.

ADAM FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Doesn't it look great?

(CONTINUED)

JULIA WILLIS
But I wanted a real tree.

ADAM FLETCHER
Well this is all you get when you
buy on Christmas eve.

JULIA WILLIS
And who's fault is that? Adam I
asked you to do this weeks ago.

ADAM FLETCHER
Okay Jules, I've had enough.

Beat.

JULIA WILLIS
I'm sorry. I know you wanted to do
the tree and I've kind of been
taking over. I just want our first
Christmas to be perfect, you know?

Adam pinches the bridge of his nose to stifle his headache.

JULIA WILLIS CONT'D
So (pause) what decorations did you
buy for it? Surely there must have
been some left at the shop?

ADAM FLETCHER
Er no. There weren't any. But don't
you worry, it's still early, I'll
try other shops and get everything
in. It'll look gorgeous by tomorrow
morning, I promise.

JULIA WILLIS
Well, alright love. I'll go put
this food away.

Adam picks up a pad of paper and pen and starts sketching
the tree and noting down appropriate decorations to use.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

2

Julia walks into the lounge to see Adam drinking tea and
reading a paper.

JULIA WILLIS
Honey, the shops are closed and you
haven't even bought any
decorations?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM FLETCHER

I've got everything I need. Don't worry.

JULIA WILLIS

Whats the matter with you love? You really haven't been much of yourself recently. Is there something you want to tell me?

Adam ignores her and carries on reading his paper.

JULIA WILLIS CONT'D

Okay. Well I'm going to bed. Goodnight honey.

Julia sighs as she begins to leave the room. Adam catches a look of her expression as she turns away and his face softens, momentarily coming out of his trace.

ADAM FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Jules don't worry, I'll have the best looking Christmas tree you've ever seen waiting for you tomorrow morning. I promise.

Julia smiles but still turns and leaves the room.

Hours later.... Adam puts the paper down and re-visits his tree decoration ideas when suddenly he find inspiration from his earlier designs.

ADAM FLETCHER

(gasps) Wait, that's perfect. Yes. Jules will love it!

Adam looks up at the clock and notices its late. He looks distressed and runs out of the room towards the bedroom.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

3

It's Christmas morning and Adam is kneeling on the floor moving around the decorations but we don't see the tree itself. Adam is finally finished and shuffles back to look at his masterpiece, his arms are covered up to the elbow in blood. He looks delighted.

ADAM FLETCHER

(speaking to himself)
There. It's perfect. Jules is going to love it. Of course she will.

(CONTINUED)

Julia is dead on the floor, a bloody knife next to her and her intestines hanging out of her stomach. The black Christmas tree has intestines draped over it and pieces of heart, liver and lung hung on the branches.

ADAM FLETCHER (CONT'D)
(talking to the tree)
Oh Jules, I'm so glad you could
help me finish this! You look
beautiful.

Adam readjusts the intestines to his liking as he hears sirens pulling up outside his house. Adam sits in front of the tree crossed legged looking giddy like a child and laughing to himself occasionally. The police officer breaks the door down and steps in (light behind the policeman obscures his features and expression). Adam turns to look at him.

ADAM FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Hello Santa. Merry Christmas. Do
you like my tree?

Adam looks up at the police officer in delight as he slowly closes in on Adam.

POLICE OFFICER
Adam Fletcher you are under arrest
for the murder and dismemberment of
Julia Willis. You do not have to
say anything as it may harm your
defense in court. Do you
understand?

-FADE OUT-