

He Sees You When You're Sleeping

Newspapers at the kitchen table. A Sunday before Christmas.

Clare Oh shit.

David Mm?

Clare Oh you're fucking kidding me.

David What?

Clare It's Santa Claus.

David Santa Claus?

Clare Yeah. According to the paper, he's coming to town.

David (*laughs*)

Clare No really.

David Don't be stupid.

Clare It's in the *Mail on Sunday*. They wouldn't lie.

David He can't be coming to town. He never comes to town. Not any more.

Clare Take a look yourself if you're so –

David Okay I will.
Oh right.

Clare What are we going to do?

David Ah, it's probably nothing.

Clare Doesn't sound like nothing.

David They print these things, it's like I don't know cancer scares you never get the retraction it's just honestly I wouldn't worry about it.

Clare Okay but if he is...

David He isn't.

Clare Yeah but *if* / is what I'm saying –

David He isn't.

Clare Well...

David Trust me. Forget about it.

They read.

David You want another? (*points to mug*)

Clare No I'm good.

They read. David turns the page.

David Huh.

Clare Mm?

David It's in here too.

Clare What – Santa Claus?

David Yeah, he's coming to town... shit: look at the date.

Clare Oh my God.

David Fuck.

Clare That's soon.

David Jesus.

Clare Fuck, David, what are we going to do?

David Okay but calm down yeah?

Clare Don't tell me to calm down.

David There's no point getting worked up.

Clare David – it says he's going to find out who's naughty or nice.

David That's a myth.

Clare Is it fuck.

David Anyway, we don't have to worry.

Clare Oh don't we?

David Do we?

Clare Hello?

David What?

Clare ... Angela?

David Oh for fuck's sake, Clare.

Clare Hey I'm not the one who had an affair.

David It was *not* an affair.

Clare Oh really.

David It happened once. I was drunk. You were in Helsinki. It was a mistake. You know all this.

Clare I don't know anything.

David It was a complete one-off and I told you about it didn't I?

Clare Well, yes.

David Exactly.

Clare Still.

David Still what?

Clare I mean it's naughty isn't it? I think so. I mean it's not nice, definitely not nice, and if it's not nice, well, it's got to be naughty and anyway extra-marital sex is definitely *definitely* naughty and not in a good way, yes, I think that's firmly on the naughty list. So Santa's bound to pick up on it.

David How would he know?

Clare Oh *he* knows.

David How?

Clare He just knows.

David He's not supernatural, Clare.

Clare Oh don't you start your atheist thing.

David It's not ath— how is that athei— ? he's not *God*.

Clare Well he's certainly in that neck of the woods.

David Have *you* told him about Angela?

Clare Course I haven't.

David Well then.

Clare (*referring to the paper*) He's making a list. He's checking it twice. He sounds *really* thorough.

David This is ridiculous.

Clare You better watch out, is all I'm saying.

David Clare, don't be like this.

Clare You better beware, that's all I'm saying.

David Well what about you?

Clare What *about* me?

David Er – your work?

Clare What about it?

David Oh, come on.

Clare I'm sorry what's wrong with my job?

David Oh forget it.

Clare No, David, tell me.

David Clare, you're Senior Policy Advisor to George Osborne.

Clare And what's your point?

David I'm just saying...

Clare He wouldn't hold that against me.

David No. No.

Clare Would he?

David Well he might.

Clare Because actually we inherited an enormous deficit from the last / administration

David I know.

Clare This country is paying £42bn a year in / interest payments alone

David Clare, I know.

Clare We were on the brink of bankruptcy. And I know there are some people who think we're naughty but I happen to bloody well believe that, in terms of the policy of restoring fiscal credibility, in terms of the urgent task of getting control of the public finances, which were, by the way, totally out of control actually, I think, we are, in fact, pretty bloody nice actually, in fact very bloody nice.

David You don't have to tell me, Clare.

Clare I should definitely be on the nice list, not the naughty list.

David Clare, really, don't get upset.

Clare Well, it's so easy to criticise.

David Anyway, he doesn't care about economics. He gives away presents every year.

Clare Oh don't say that.

David Well it's true isn't it?

Clare Yes but you make him sound like Gordon Brown.

David Anyway, so maybe we don't get any presents this year. Big whoop.

Clare That's true I suppose.

David We can do without, for a year. Tighten our belts like the rest of the country.

Clare Absolutely.

David And who wants his presents anyway?

Clare Yeah actually.

David Sorry, Santa, but a rooty-toot-toot just ain't doing it for me.

Clare Yes, you can keep your rummy-tum-tum. I want an XBox.

David Try next door, you know what I mean?

Clare Thank you. Quite right.

David Cos that's all he'd do isn't it?

Clare What?

David To the people on the naughty list.

Clare I don't –

David Just not give them a present. He wouldn't, you know...

Clare What –

David *Do* anything.

Clare Ha ha no.

David No.

Clare Course not.

David I mean it's not like he gives rewards to the nice ones and, I don't know, punishments to –

Clare Don't say that, David. God.

David No, I'm saying he *doesn't*.

Clare No but don't even say it.

David Anyway, we're going away for Christmas so.

Clare Yes, exactly, so.

David So yeah.

Clare Yeah.

David Let's forget about it.

Clare Absolutely.

David And we don't have a chimney.

Clare Exactly. Thank you..

They resume reading the papers. After a pause.

We don't even have a chimney! (*laughs*) So stupid!

Long silence. They read.

David Can you hear something?

Clare No. What / something?

David Sh. Listen.

They listen.

What *is* that?

Clare I can't hear anything.

David It's sleigh bells.

Clare I don't hear anyth— okay.

And now, faintly, so can we.

David They're getting louder.

Clare It can't be —

Sound grows unmistakably. Also perhaps the rushing wind, the sleigh, maybe even a sound of flying reindeer.

David Oh my God, it is.

Clare What are we going to do?

David Don't cry.

Clare No no.

David He might not like that.

Clare No.

David You better not pout even.

Clare I'M. NOT. POUTING!

David We're not bad people.

Clare No we're not.

David We're good, for goodness sake.

A thump as the sleigh lands on the roof. Reindeer hoofs on the slates.

Clare Oh my God, he's on the roof.

David Calm down. The doors are locked. The windows are locked.

Clare Call the police.

He tries.

David The line's dead.

The lights go. Santa has cut the power.

Clare David, do something.

David Where's the torch?

Clare I don't know.

David Jesus.

Scrabble for a torch in a drawer. David clicks the torch on.

Clare What are we going to do?

David He can't get in. We just sit tight.

There's a loud sudden smash of an upstairs window. Sound of a large body heaving into the room, knocking over furniture.

Clare Oh my God. He's breaking in.

David Get a knife, anything, get something.

Clare WHY IS HE DOING THIS TO US?

David Just get something to protect yourself.

The noise subsides upstairs.

Now what?

A thud.

Another thud.

Santa is coming down stairs.

Clare David, what are we going to do?

David I don't know I don't know I don't know

Clare Oh God Oh God.

David He's coming!

Clare *(Screaming)* SANTA!

The torch flashes round and for half a second catches a gigantic, obese, bearded man in a red and white suit with a fixed smile coming down the stairs.

Blackout.