

SANTA. IS. REAL.

Short Film Script (2 minutes)

INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT

Warm holiday lights. Plates half-eaten. Soft laughter from friends off-screen.

FRIEND (O.S.)
Hey... you okay?

YOU
Yeah. I mean... I don't know.

This semester just took a lot out of me. I feel like I tried so hard to keep up, and I still ended up behind. And now it's the holidays and everyone's happy, and I just feel empty.

When I was a kid, Christmas felt different. You didn't have to try to feel excited—it just happened. You believed in Santa. In magic. Like something good might happen just because.

Then you grow up. You find out Santa isn't real. And it's not even about Santa. It's like once that goes, everything else disappears too. The wonder. The excitement. The feeling that the world's on your side.

I think I'm scared I lost that part of myself.

I'm gonna step outside for a minute. I need some air.

EXT. BACKYARD – NIGHT

Cold air. Quiet.

The door closes softly behind her. The house lights dim slightly.

She looks up at the sky—normal. Still.

Then she freezes.

Her telescope stands in the yard.

ARTEMIS.

YOU
No way... Artemis?

The telescope creaks and slowly rolls toward her, aligning itself at eye level.

YOU
Okay—okay, that's not normal.

The eyepiece glows faintly.

She steps forward slowly, cautious. Her hand reaches out, hovering inches from the glass.

The glow pulses once.

She exhales.

YOU
Okay.

She looks through the telescope.

TELESCOPE POV:
Stars blink rhythmically—Morse code.

She pulls back. Looks at the sky with her naked eye—normal.

She looks back through the telescope. The blinking returns.

YOU
No way...

She rushes to a storage box, pulls out a crumpled Morse code sheet—handwritten.

She decodes quickly.

The message reads:

BELIEVE AGAIN

She smiles—wide, bright, relieved.

YOU
I really needed that.

She runs back toward the house, laughing.

The camera tilts up to the sky.

One star winks.

A faint voice echoes:

HO... HO... HO...

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:
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