

Doctor Juneau: Physician of the Elf

An Edgy Christmas Reboot by
Colby Day

Colby Day
Colby@ColbyDay.com
646.673.4733

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

DR. PERCIVAL JUNEAU, a clean cut, greying gentleman with perfect teeth, sits at his desk. He anxiously dunks a cookie into a cup of milk until it falls apart.

The INTERCOM BUZZES. He brushes the crumbs off of his fingers and wipes up spilt milk before pressing the button.

JUNEAU

Yes?

MONA (O.S.)

(emotional)

Shall I send Ms. Quark in? You've been in your office for an hour.

He rubs his temple.

MONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know you don't like delivering bad news.

JUNEAU

I'll come out.

He stands and puts on his coat, accidentally knocking over the glass of milk. It spills across the desk. He looks at the spilt milk for a second, then leaves as milk drips, pooling on the floor.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Juneau enters the waiting room to see MONA, his secretary, sitting at her desk, wiping tears from her eyes, embarrassed.

JUNEAU

(to Mona)

Pull yourself together.

MONA

Sorry, sir.

He steps over to VERA in the waiting room.

JUNEAU

Mrs. Quark.

She looks up to him.

VERA

How is he, doc?

JUNEAU

Your son has suffered spinal
damage, and has lost all function
in his legs.

VERA

When will he be back on his feet?
Figured he'd miss the reindeer
games.

JUNEAU

What I'm saying is, he won't be
back on his feet. Ever, Mrs. Quark.

This hits her like a ton of bricks.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)

Now, this was a work-related
injury? Have you filed a report?

VERA

No. No. We can't do that. You know
what they're like. We can't.

She grabs his hand.

VERA (CONT'D)

Please.

JUNEAU

I can bring you back to see him.
He's sedated, but...

She nods.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)

Right this way.

He opens the back door towards the rest of the office,
allowing Vera past him into the hallway.

Juneau stops at MONA's desk. She dries tears from her eyes.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)

File a report with Saint Nick's.

MONA

You can't. They'll be blacklisted.

JUNEAU

We have to do our jobs.

The PHONE rings. Mona stares up at him. She wipes a tear.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)
Please, Mona. It's unprofessional.

She answers the phone as he watches.

MONA
Dr. Juneau's office. No, he's in a
consultation right now...

He exits through the door.

EXT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - DUSK

A humble little cottage sits on a path at the edge of the forest. The sign reads: "DOCTOR PERCIVAL JUNEAU, PHYSICIAN OF THE ELF." A little Christmas tree twinkles in the window.

JUNEAU exits, locking up. The office sits above the filthy, grimy streets of an industrial town. Houses and windows smeared with coal and soot. Across the way is Saint Nick's Workshop.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Juneau enters the front door of his sad little apartment. Light pools in after him. He takes his coat off, letting it fall over a chair.

He crosses the room to a little sidecar bar, where he pours Nutmeg swirls in his glass.

EXT. CHRISTMAS WAY - THE NORTHERN LIGHTS PUB - NIGHT

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS PUB, a local watering hole. Out front a HOMELESS ELF, covered in soot, pleads for money. Over his head a sign that reads "No Fins, Elves Only."

HANS, a rotund bartender, exits with some trash bags.

HANS
You can't beg here, bud.

HOMELESS ELF
Saint Nick laid me off.

Hans heads to the alley as shadows come closer to the elf.

SLEET (O.S.)
Move along now.

The HOMELESS ELF looks up to see: two Snowguard. SLEET and FROSTY.

HOMELESS ELF
I got nowhere to go.

Sleet pulls out a baton, red and white striped, his "Candy Cane."

SLEET
They never listen.

HOMELESS ELF
Please, for the love of Kringle.

EXT. THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Hans stops throwing out garbage to listen. On the wall the shadows of SLEET and FROSTY loom over the HOMELESS ELF.

SLEET (O.S.)
No such thing as Kris Kringle, is there Frosty?

HOMELESS ELF (O.S.)
Please...

EXT. CHRISTMAS WAY - THE NORTHERN LIGHTS PUB - CONTINUOUS

The HOMELESS ELF reaches up to Frosty, who considers. Sleet gives him a look.

FROSTY
No. No such thing.

SLEET
Didn't think so.

He brings his candy cane down hard.

EXT. THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

HANS watches the SHADOWS of SLEET & FROSTY beat the HOMELESS ELF.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Juneau sleeps in his armchair, glass in hand. There's a loud BELL of the buzzer.

HANS (O.S.)
Juneau, we need your help!

Hans POUNDS the door.

HANS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Juneau!

Juneau stirs awake.

JUNEAU
What is it?

HANS (O.S.)
We need you.

Juneau runs his hand through his hair, steeling himself.

INT. THE NORTHERN LIGHTS PUB - THE BAR - NIGHT

The curtains are drawn. The HOMELESS ELF is laid out on the bar, badly injured. JUNEAU looks over him carefully.

He looks up to Hans, who pours himself a peppermint schnapps.

JUNEAU
Doesn't look like a bar fight. What happened to him?

HANS
Do you want to know?

Juneau starts packing up his medical bag.

HANS (CONT'D)
Do I have to tell you? Saint Nick and his goons!

JUNEAU
I don't get involved.

HANS
Percy.

JUNEAU
I can't.

He moves to a side door, opening up to the alley. SNOW blows in, it's a storm.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)
And I think you should be careful.

HANS

"He knows if you've been bad or good."

JUNEAU

Old wives tale. Closest thing to Santa Claus is Saint Nick.

HANS

I wouldn't be so sure about that.

Juneau exits. Hans looks after him.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

JUNEAU trudges through the flurries of snow.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

JUNEAU sits at his desk, drinking a cup of cocoa, staring out his window. Behind him, Mona enters.

MONA

Dr. Juneau --

JUNEAU

(snapping)

Would you let me have my morning cocoa?

MONA

Alright.

She exits. He stares out the window.

EXT. NORTHERN LIGHTS PUB - NIGHT

A sled pulled by REINDEER pulls up in the snow. A black leather boot steps out into the slush. SAINT NICK himself stands on the sidewalk, dressed in red and black and gold. The portrait of a dictator.

SLEET, FROSTY, and A THIRD SNOWGUARD stand nearby.

Saint Nick nods to Sleet.

SLEET

Alright boys. Fire in the hole.

A smile crosses SAINT NICK's face as it's lit with the orange glow of flames.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Juneau sits with a stiff glass of nog. The sound of SHATTERING GLASS and YELLS. He turns, looking out the window. His face, lit in orange is horrified.

He drops the glass of nog, shattering on the floor.

EXT. NORTHERN LIGHTS PUB - NIGHT

JUNEAU, in slippers and robe, stands in front of the FLAMING building.

JUNEAU

Hans! Hans!

He turns, darting down the alleyway.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

JUNEAU slips to a halt in front of the back door, where HANS lies crumpled in a heap, badly burned.

JUNEAU

Hans!

He kneels down. HANS looks up at him.

HANS

Saint Nick...

JUNEAU

What did you do?

HANS

Hiding...

JUNEAU

Sh. Let me take you to my office.

HANS

No. Not me.

He points over to the DUMPSTER.

HANS (CONT'D)

Save Kris...

JUNEAU looks over to the DUMPSTER.

HANS (CONT'D)

Kringle.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - RECOVERY ROOM - MORNING

JUNEAU stands in front of a bed. A HUDDLED FORM sits before him, wrapped in a tattered red blanket with white fringe.

JUNEAU

You need to stay here now. Okay?

Slowly THE FIGURE nods.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MORNING

VERA stands at MONA's desk, a bill on the counter.

VERA

Things are a little tight at the moment.

JUNEAU enters from the back room. He picks up the bill and tears it in half.

JUNEAU

There must be some misunderstanding. No charge.

VERA looks to him, determined.

VERA

I can't accept charity.

JUNEAU

And I can't accept blood money.
Enough's enough.

VERA nods.

VERA

Thank you.

She exits as MONA turns to JUNEAU.

MONA

Dr. Juneau, sir...

JUNEAU

I'm sick of it, Mona. That's all.

She hugs JUNEAU with pride.

MONA

Oh you did a great thing, that's all.

She steps back, looking at him admiringly.

JUNEAU
I need your help.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

JUNEAU and MONA stand looking at the FIGURE. JUNEAU removes the cloak from his head to reveal: A TATTERED FACE, lined with wrinkles. He's emaciated, unwell. But there's still a kind twinkle in his eye.

MONA's hands cover her mouth in surprise.

MONA
Holy --

JUNEAU
Help me with him?

She NODS.

EXT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Juneau closes up shop, looking anxiously over his shoulder as he locks the front door. Mona stands with him.

MONA
You're doing a great thing helping
that man.

JUNEAU
Sh.

He looks around, hearing the SLUSH of approaching Snowmen.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)
Run!

Mona looks confused. Juneau shoves her.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)
They're coming!

She's terrified, unable to move. He slaps her across the face.

JUNEAU (CONT'D)
Move!

She runs into the thick pines as he looks down the road to see SLEET and his GOONS approaching.

SLEET
Time we paid a call on the doctor.

The SNOWGUARD reach the office, and light some molotov cocktails.

SLEET (CONT'D)
Evening, Doc. I heard a little rumor.

JUNEAU
Oh?

SLEET
You might be harboring a fugitive.

JUNEAU
Don't know what you're talking about.

Sleet SLAMS his candy cane across JUNEAU's face. JUNEAU spits blood.

SLEET
So you won't mind if we head inside?

JUNEAU
Over my dead body.

SLEET
No need.

He hits Juneau again, who crumples to the ground.

SLEET (CONT'D)
Torch it.

FROSTY hesitates.

SLEET (CONT'D)
Torch it.

The SNOWGUARD throw Molotov Cocktails into the building.

SLEET (CONT'D)
What a shame. Your life's work. Up in flames.

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

MONA watches through the trees as the SNOWGUARD march off. As soon as they're gone, she darts over to Juneau.

EXT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - NIGHT

She tugs at him.

MONA
Dr. Juneau. Dr. Juneau!

He turns to the building, its windows SHATTER from the heat.

MONA (CONT'D)
It's too late. We need to go. We
need to go.

He pulls away from her, heading towards the building.

INT. DR. JUNEAU'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

JUNEAU struggles through the flames, spotting KRIS KRINGLE as he heads out of the recovery room.

JUNEAU
Kris Kringle!

He grabs him, throwing him over his shoulder.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

RUDOLPH pulls a sleigh and its ELF DRIVER.

Snow falls thickly, making it difficult to see. Ahead of the sleigh, TWO SILHOUETTES step out of the treeline onto the path, waving their arms slowly: MONA & JUNEAU.

Through the trees, they talk with the DRIVER for a moment.

JUNEAU moves back to the treeline, ducks down, picks up Kris Kringle, and brings him over to the sleigh, laying him down gently.

They start off, away from the North Pole. Away from everything.

FADE TO BLACK.