

World War SantaZ

Written by  
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*Three's Company. But Four?*

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by Lawrence Whitener

**CAPTION:** *"Christmas was close at hand, in all its bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment, and open-heartedness."* - Charles Dickens

**FADE CAPTION:** *"Screw you, Santy."* Claude Kringle

FADE IN:

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NEW YORK CITY**

Starling Department Store's annual Christmas Parade has begun traveling down 77th Street. Three and a half million people line its Manhattan route just to get a glimpse of the store's best-selling *Fortune 500* famous Lederhosen Father Christmas.

**EXT. STARLING SANTA FLOAT - MOMENTS LATER**

PARADE SANTA, in Starling trademarked Santa-suit Lederhosen, sits on his Santa Throne high on the first float waving to all the good little girls and boys. A drone flies straight at him. A true performer to the very end, he keeps smiling and waving as he *growls* through his teeth.

PARADE SANTA  
*Shoulda' stayed in pre-med.*

Drone *explodes* mere inches from Parade Santa sending pieces of his red suit to shower fans with Christmasy bloody cheer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Who could have done such a  
dastardly deed?

**INT. NYC APARTMENT BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Small bedroom with a double bed. A European-style Santa-suit with leather-suspenders hangs on the back of its closet door.

BILL, 50s, light-Indian, obese with long white hair and beard, exits bathroom drying his wet-hair with a towel. He is wearing a red t-shirt with matching boxers. He tosses his towel on the bed and begins putting on his Santa-suit.

GIRLFRIEND, 40s, Indian-dark, enters bedroom upset and tosses his wet towel onto the floor disgusted. She pulls a suitcase from under the bed, opens it on bed angry, and begins packing by throwing clothes into it. Bill watches her concerned.

BILL  
Some where you are going?

GIRLFRIEND

Sure ain't on your North Pole!

BILL

Some things are still bothering you  
I think. Yes?

GIRLFRIEND

"Yes!" I'm embarrassed when my  
friends still ask what you do.

BILL

Some might think it really neat to  
be dating a "real" Santa, no?

GIRLFRIEND

No! You're a pretend Santa, and I  
don't want to pretend I have a  
"real" boyfriend anymore.

BILL

My most precious, it is for only  
two months out of twelve. Why so  
perturbed must you always be?

GIRLFRIEND

So those two months make up for the  
other ten when you're just a bum?

BILL

Why do you keep calling me such a  
name? I am a driver of trucks that  
tow. That is a most honest living.

GIRLFRIEND

When you can get it. But some might  
think it odd you can't get steady  
work towing cars, In New York City!

BILL

As I keep telling you my most  
precious, none of these wonderful  
companies will hire me full-time  
for ten months only.

GIRLFRIEND

And as I kept telling you my most  
piddling, get a real job or bye-bye  
I go. You didn't, so I will.

BILL

What?

GIRLFRIEND  
(finger-tip waves)  
Go bye-bye.

She *slams* her suitcase closed and goes to exit.

BILL  
No, wait!

She stops glaring. He opens a drawer to remove scissors.

BILL  
This is how much I love you!

Bill puts a hand splayed on closet door and begins *stabbing* the point of the scissors into the wood between his fingers faster and faster. Oops, he stabs a finger. He stares at it.

BILL  
Kismet.

GIRLFRIEND  
There are three different kinds of karma; psychic, mental, and physical. You, need serious mental.

She goes to leave. He blocks her way smiling most charming. She swings her suitcase hitting him in the face. He falls down. She exits *slamming* the front door. He looks in the mirror at his now red nose and bleeding finger.

BILL  
At least I match my most colorful costume.

He finishes dressing self-answering her allegations aloud.

BILL  
I do have a real job, making people most happy. All you do is make me feel most bad. That is not good.

A *Jingle Bells* ringtone sounds in his cellphone on the nightstand. He answers it most joyous.

BILL  
Most happiest of holidays!

Other person is not heard. Bill listens intent, then *gasps*.

BILL  
Who could have done such a dastardly deed?

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
I already asked that.

**INT. A SOUTH POLE EFFICIENCY BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Its slanted-to-the-ceiling continuous round-wall shows this is a huge igloo. A red-leather throne is in its center. A double-mattress on a wooden box-frame is against a curtained wall. Laid out on the bed is a torn filthy Santa-suit.

CHRIS CLAUDE, late-60s, a George Hamilton orange tan, is obese with dirty long white hair and beard. He shuffles in faded-red *Long Johns*. He sneezes, wipes his nose with a sleeve, then puts on the stained Santa-suit with disdain.

CLAUDE  
Family! Sure can't pick 'em.  
(to self sarcastic)  
"Do this. Don't do that. When will you get a real job? 'Tis better to give then receive." Oh, yeah? Well, receive this!

Claude flips *Double-Birds* in his self-standing rusty mirror.

CLAUDE  
I'll give that fat fricassee a gift that keeps on giving all the way up his bum --all year long!

Claude pulls his Santa Hat down at a rakish angle, then lights a Stogie *puffing*. He blows a huge smoke-ring. It forms into a green wreath hanging in mid-air.

CLAUDE  
I can be just as real a phony Ho-  
Hoer as that bubble-butt wanna-be.

Claude punches his smoke-wreath and green pine-needles fall.

The song "*Grandma Got Run-over By A Reindeer*" goes off in his cellphone on the bed. He answers it angry.

CLAUDE  
Merry F'n Christmas!

Other person is not heard. He listens intent, then arm-pumps.

CLAUDE  
One down, one to go.

**INT. THE NORTH POLE MASTER BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Huge well-furnished bedroom with antique knickknacks. A plush beautiful Santa coat and cloak hangs on a lifelike mannequin.

KRIS KRINGLE "SANTA" CLAUS, early-60s, obese, fluffy long white hair and beard, has an albino face. He enters wearing Santa pants, boots, and sweater. He tries to suck in his gut while looking in a beautiful antique self-standing mirror.

MRS CLAUS, 50s, a Nubian Queen in matching sweater, enters.

SANTA

Know what my problem is?

MRS CLAUS

Anything edible?

Santa pecks her cheek as he puts on his Santa-coat.

SANTA

Because you're just too darn good a good cook.

MRS CLAUS

And baker apparently. Noticed you finished another plate of cookies all by your large lonesomeness.

SANTA

Every Christmas you outdo yourself. But this year's peppermint-bark? *Mmm-mmmm*. Yummy in my tummy, mummy!

MRS CLAUS

Long as you're happy, sweetie-cake.

SANTA

(little-boy excited)  
Any left?!

Mrs Claus shakes her head. Santa throws the luscious red-silk Santa-cloak around both shoulders and pats his Buddha Belly.

SANTA

I'm always jolly holly when around you, babe-a-licious.

MRS CLAUS

(pokes his big belly)  
*Awww*, you're just my little whittle tubby-hubby Santa.

They peck-kiss on the lips.

"We Wish You A Merry Christmas" played by handbells ringtone goes off in his cellphone bluetooth. He presses on one ear.

SANTA

Ho, Ho, Hooooo.

(listens intent, reacts)

Ho, No!

Santa *punches* his mirror with a gloved fist. Pressure cracks in the glass splinter throughout, then they reform as new.

**INT. NYC ON-SET TRAILER - LATER SAME NIGHT**

An actor's Set Trailer gets ready for a Shoot. Ornate red-silk Santa frock-coat of white fur and gold lamé trim with a matching Santa coronation-robe hangs in a clear plastic bag.

LARRY, the actor, 60s, obese with reddish-white long hair and white beard, stands eyes-closed in red-silk pants, black Gators with white fur, white turtleneck, and red suspenders.

MAKE-UP, 40s, in a vest with various cosmetic brushes the pockets, stands in front of Larry patting powder on his face.

HAIR, 30s, wearing a fanny-pack of hair-care products, is beside him fluffing his beard and spraying his hair.

WARDROBE, 50s, with safety-pins between her teeth, holds the coat up behind Larry as he slides his arms in. She adjusts it on him, then steps around him under Hair to button it up.

LARRY

How long it take you to sew this?

WARDROBE

And on the seventh day, I rested.

LARRY

It's a beautiful design, thank you.

WARDROBE

Thank her, she's world famous.

Wardrobe head-motions to COSTUME DESIGN, 60s, frizzled orangish-red hair, who is ferociously cell-phone texting.

LARRY

May I get a picture with you?

Costume Design answers without looking up.

COSTUME DESIGN

Plenty of time On Set, baby.

Wardrobe gets the robe and helps him put it on then adjusts.  
Larry looks in the full-length mirror and gets misty-eyed.

LARRY  
I'm, a real Santa.

COSTUME DESIGN  
Yeah, just remember to duck.

PA, 20s, with bags under her eyes, sticks her head inside the trailer's doorway.

PA  
Last Looks!

Hair, Make-up, and Wardrobe, step back to look Larry over.  
Costume Design doesn't look up from her non-stop texting.

COSTUME DESIGN  
Ready, Santa-baby?

LARRY  
I was born to be Santa --"baby."

**EXT. NYC SET TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER**

Larry exits in full Santa-suit with a candycane-staff, round-glasses, and red-silk gift-bag, then checks his pocket-watch.

Same PA fast-walks by him.

LARRY  
When do we Roll?

PA  
On stand-by.

LARRY  
Equipment?

PA  
Legal.

PA scurries away. Larry pockets his watch to follow her.



**EXT. STARLING DEPARTMENT STORE ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS**

The New York City giant chain-store is closing so SHOPPERS carrying full bags of gift-wrapped presents, exit gawking at the movie equipment being set up by a FILM CREW, all ages and ethnics, wearing equipment belts and fanny-packs. When Shoppers see Larry, they snap pictures. He poses majestic.

LARRY

Ho, Ho, HO! Merry Larry Christmas!

Larry sees DIRECTOR, male, 30s, wearing impeccable color-coordinated "hip" clothes, arguing with STARLING EXEC, female, hard 30s, in a business-suit, near the store's entrance. Larry sticks both arms straight out on either side palm up. He closes his eyes and inhales deep. He turn hands palm down and lowers his arms to his body slowly exhaling.

LARRY

You are one with your character.

Larry opens his eyes smiling and goes to the Arguing Two.

**EXT. STARLING STORE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Director shakes his head as Starling Exec enters the store.

LARRY

Ho, HO ...!

DIRECTOR

Ho-no. It's a Wrap.

LARRY

Ho, What?! We're not shooting?

DIRECTOR

We are. You aren't.

Starling Exec exits the building followed by Bill, now in his trademark "Starling Stores" Santa costume.

LARRY

Two --Santas?

BILL

Madam, I am decidedly most tired,  
so if Santa One really wants ...

Starling Exec goes hands-on-hips and scolds Bill.

STARLING EXEC

Only a real Starling Santa, can  
ever play a real Starling Santa!

LARRY

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm Union, and  
was Booked as your Starling Santa?

STARLING EXEC

Why --am I even talking to you?

LARRY

Because your "real" Santa wants to  
know why he's being re-cast?

BILL

Most assuredly sir, I am a real  
Santa, too.

LARRY

Yeah, then show me see your union  
card, whiney!

Bill and Larry circle each other with fists ready to fight.  
Director steps between them wiping his brow to Larry.

DIRECTOR

You'll get reimbursed for all  
expenses and receive full pay!

LARRY

But not screen credit! Why was I  
fired?

STARLING EXEC

Only a real Starling Santa can...

LARRY

Yeah, yeah, got that already bossy-  
lady. So you're the one that fired  
me?

STARLING EXEC

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

LARRY

Who approved the studio's script?

STARLING EXEC

I --am in charge of Starling Day  
Parades, so I make all decisions  
regarding Starling Santa."

LARRY

Okay, you --approved the script. So  
you're the one that fired me.  
That's what I said. Why?

DIRECTOR

Your suit --must match theirs.

Bill models his suit proudly. Larry draws back a hand like he  
wants to slap Bill, *I oughta*, then "gets it."

LARRY

I'm being fired because Wicked  
Witch of the East forgot to tell  
your studio about their matching  
"Starling Santa" costume rule?!

She becomes *Thurston Howell the III*, with nose in the air.

STARLING EXEC

Only a real Starling Santa can ever  
play our ...

Director turns Larry around to face towards his set trailer.

DIRECTOR

We have to move on now, please. The  
Network will pay all your fees with  
standard night-rate.

LARRY

But this would've given me national  
exposure --and usage fees? It's my  
big break.  
(turns with puppy dog eyes)  
What actor doesn't want to play  
Santa at least once in their  
career?

Director smiles fake and pats Larry on the back turning him.

DIRECTOR

That's why they call it Show --  
Business.  
(pat becomes a push)  
Places Everyone!

Director hand-motions to PA who takes Bill and moves him to  
stand over an "X" marked with Gaffer Tape. Film Crew gets in  
place. Starling Exec oversees all like a *General on Review*.

Larry hangs his head sad and shuffles back into his trailer.

**INT. LARRY'S SET TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER**

Hair and Make-up are packing-up their equipment cases.

Larry enters up the stairs dejected like an inmate on the way to the gallows. PA enters fast behind him causing Larry to trip so he stumble-catches himself on the far wall.

PA

Thanks guys, that's a Wrap for you.

PA exits. Hair and Make-up exit carrying their cases.

COSTUME DESIGN

Hold it, baby.

Costume Design takes a picture of Larry with her cell-phone.

STILL CUT:

Larry stands stupefied with his mouth wide open.

RETURN TO.

Costume Design drops the phone in her purse.

LARRY

May I at least have a copy?

COSTUME DESIGN

No can do baby, never been aired.  
Suit belongs to the Studio now.

(to Wardrobe)

Leave everything in the plastic  
sleeve. E-mail them your invoice.

Costume Design exits. Wardrobe takes Santa-robe off Larry.

WARDROBE

*I'd better get paid for this.*

(to Larry)

Just hang the rest in the garment  
bag. Nice working with you, almost.

Wardrobe hangs up Santa-robe in bag and exits with her case.

LARRY

Twenty f'n years waiting to be  
discovered. Yeah, this puts  
"Business" in my "Show" alright.  
Right up my almost-Showtime butt.

Larry hangs his Santa-coat in its bag, then tilts head. Both eye-brows go up. He peeks out his trailer's door, *Hmmmm?*

**CAPTION:** *X-Minus Ninety-Six Hours*

**EXT. NORTH POLE ICE CASTLE - SIMULTANEOUS**

A light snow is falling. The large Ice-Castle has glittering rainbow spires. An Ice-Barn near it has a corral with reindeer inside. Their antlers twinkle as their breath fogs.

A huge Ice-Factory is behind both. Its steam-whistle *blows*.

Christmas lights decorate all sparkling. Oh, what a sight.

**INT. NORTH POLE ICE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Antique Christmas decorations and throw rugs are everywhere. Its two-story ballroom has a balcony. A giant Christmas tree with popcorn-strings is in the center near an opulent oak throne. A huge stone fireplace has Yule-logs *burning* in it. All are draped in ornate vintage Christmas lights and tinsel.

Santa sits on his throne eating cookies and toasts with milk.

SANTA

And to all, a good bite.

Mrs Claus sits in an over-size rocker by the fire knitting.

MRS CLAUS

Terrible what happened in New York today don't you think?

(no response)

Well --?

Santa blows milk out his nose *choking*.

SANTA

Is a source of water?

MRS CLAUS

Are you going to finally visit him this year?

SANTA

Want to, can't afford to.

MRS CLAUS

Because?

SANTA

He still chooses to be naughty.

MRS CLAUS  
But he's your only brother?

SANTA  
Coulda' fooled me.

MRS CLAUS  
Don't say that!

SANTA  
Hey, I'm not trying to be mean.  
It's just that, he left when I was  
young, so I never really knew him.

MRS CLAUS  
He's still your only relative.

SANTA  
He's "still" a relative-jerk. Look,  
I'm tired of bailing him out of  
jail. Do you know how much Magic-  
Snow I've had to use on civilians  
over the years to make them forget?  
That stuff's hard to come by --and  
expensive.

MRS CLAUS  
Use some on him.

SANTA  
Won't work on either of us --  
genes. Works on you though, since  
you're from "the outside."

MRS CLAUS  
(stops rocking)  
You've never used it on me, have  
you?

Santa throws another log on the fire ignoring her.

MRS CLAUS  
Hey, jingle-boy!

Santa turns holding up a Christmas bell and *jingles* it while  
smiling through perfect pearly-whites that star-gleam.

MRS CLAUS  
I said, ever use Magic-Snow on me?

SANTA  
You, me, no! Why would you think  
such a thing? Ho, HO, HO! --*Oh-oh*.

Santa is facing her with his free hand behind his back. His index-fingers are crossed.

Mrs Claus smiles and goes back to her knitting.

MRS SANTA  
At least call him.

Mrs Claus points to a red antique crank-phone on the wall.

SANTA  
Uh, uh, line's down. Yeah, that's  
it! We gots the blizzard blues.

Santa smiles innocent. Mrs. Claus glares over her granny-glasses at him. He capitulates and grumble-mumbles as he picks up the receiver, then cranks its handle as it *dings*.

**EXT. SOUTH POLE CASTLE - ALSO SNOWING - MOMENTS LATER**

Earlier igloo-type "castle" now has multiple *Sno-Cat* tracked-vehicles parked around it. All types of junk are strewn throughout the snow. *Fred Sanford* would be proud. A wall-phone inside the igloo *dingaling-dings*.

**INT. SOUTH POLE CASTLE - IMMEDIATELY**

Large open round room with mounted reindeer-heads on its ice walls. Same type wall-phone with a crank-handle is *dinging*.

Claude slouches on his red throne in his dirty Santa-suit, one leg over a chair's arm, wearing red-mirrored sunglasses.

Standing around him are snow-camo suited BADGUYS with black leather chamois full-face two-hole balaclavas on. All Badguys are Arabic but speak with a thick Hispanic accent.

BADGUY LEADER, dressed same, stands hands-on-hips and head-motions to the *ringing* phone.

BADGUY LEADER  
Going to answer that, Effendi?

CLAUDE  
His apology --is not accepted.  
(knife-edge hand forward)  
Execute.

Badguy Leader gives military "move out" hand-sign and his Badguys exit. He bends slightly at the waist to Claude as he exits backwards.

CLAUDE  
(say-lerh-maan)  
Salam.

Badguy Leader exits. The *Sno-Cat* engines rev-up outside.

CLAUDE  
And a big fat salami to you.

Aurora Borealis colored-light shines through his ice-walls throwing shadows on Claude's face making him look demonic. He turns to a cheap plastic toy of *Santa's Workshop* with elves. His fist smashes down destroying it. His voice drops ominous.

CLAUDE  
Boooooooooom --.

**INT. NORTH POLE CASTLE ENTRANCE - NEXT NIGHT**

Large double front-doors of wood and brass with wreathes. All is quiet, then *explosions* blow open both doors.

Badguys, now in all-black tactical-gear, rush-in *firing* their automatic weapons and tongue trilling.

BADGUYS  
*Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh!*

All green Christmas lights now flash red with Christmas-bell *klaxons* going off.

**INT. NORTH POLE CASTLE HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Badguys enter running and firing. No response. Badguys stop and wait poised.

Eerie *cries* from second floor balcony, then NINJA ELVES somersault down dressed in white and red Ninja-suits. They land with jingle-bells on their toes *jingling*.

**FIGHT SCENE:** Karate-yelling Ninja Elves throw Angel Carousel fan-blades as *Shuriken* at Badguys who *fire* automatic-weapons.

Santa grabs BADGUY ONE and bear-hugs him who struggles until he passes out. BADGUY TWO hits Santa's head from behind. Santa collapses on all-fours tongue-whistling shrill.

SANTA  
Pheeeeeeeee!

All Ninja-Elves reverse-handspring to exit inside secret wall-panels that open and re-close fast.



BADGUY THREE throws Mrs Claus to her knees next to Santa.

Badguy Leader *rings* a servant hand-bell.

Hard boots *echo* up the hallway. Claude, clean and barbered, enters dressed exactly the same to now look like Santa. He holds a reindeer's severed head dripping-blood with its red nose brightly shining and sings a version of *Deck The Halls*.

CLAUDE

Hail the worm, ye lads and lasses.  
Fa-la-la-la-la, en-chi-la-da!

Claude throws his reindeer-head near Santa. It roles face-up as its nose flickers then turns black.

SANTA

Rudolph? NO! Why, brother, why?!

CLAUDE

Because "brother," you're a three-decker toadstool sandwich!

SANTA

We could have shared all. But you, you chose to go live life an ascetic.

CLAUDE

You're the one who's ass-septic!  
(spits on Christmas tree)  
Me, live here, under your white-gloved thumb of goody-two-shoes rules? Uh-uh, no way, a-mi-go.

SANTA

So rather than live here a Prince, you exist the King of sinful sots.

BADGUY LEADER

(el-ham-cao)  
Alhamqaa! Enough! We need his sleigh. Now!

SANTA

My sleigh? No! You can't use its stealth secrets for evil exploits.

CLAUDE

They will, as we forever turn the world against your meritorious memory until all its peoples turn their back on you. Just like you turned your back, on meeeeeee.

Claude turns his back to Santa.

SANTA

Look. I saw you when you were sleeping, I knew when you were awake. I knew when you were bad or good, as I kept crying, "Jesus F'n Christ," be good for goodness sake!

CLAUDE

But still wouldn't visit your own brother --for fifty Christmases!

SANTA

Because you were a P.R. nightmare! I checked my list twice. All the time hoping, you'd turn, even remotely, *you know*, kinda' sorta -- nice.

CLAUDE

(spins angry to Santa)  
You ain't seen naughty. --Not, yet.  
(to Badguy Leader)  
It's in the barn. Have your men only harness reindeer I selected.  
(to Santa)  
Didn't know you had malcontents in the herd, did ya'?

Claude's evil *laugh* sounds exactly like *Vincent Price*.

CLAUDE

You should have listened and let them unionize. I did. Ah-hah-hah-hah-hah!

SANTA

The World won't let you get away with this!

CLAUDE

"The World" --won't ever know, beardo. I'm taking your place, permanent-like. Get over it.

MRS CLAUS

I'll never join with you!

Claude reaches into a pouch on his belt, then opens his hand to blow sparkle-dust into her face with a *tinkling* sound. She swoons, then opens her eyes smiling romantic at him.

SANTA

Magic Snow?! How, where did ...?

CLAUDE

My friends tracked some you left behind. That North Star you've been following, has been following you.  
(no response, explains)  
It's "their" satellite, cosmo-nut.

SANTA

What are you going to do with me?

CLAUDE

Me? Nothing. Can't say the same about those pesky Killer Penguins.  
(leans-in menacing)  
So you'd better watch out, you'd better not cry, better not pout, or they'll be telling you why.

A bag is pulled over Santa's head followed by the *thunk* of a black-jack hitting him. He passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

**EXT. SOUTH POLE MARKER - NEXT DAY**

High *winds* blow snow. Badguys One, Two, and Three wear arctic gear pushing Santa, with bag still over his head, who now stumbles wearing only bright red Long Johns and black boots.

Santa is thrown down onto all-fours. His bag is pulled off.

His eyes focus down on a 3" round bronze-medallion buried in the snow. It is the 1959 "US Coastal Geodetic Study" *First Marker*. He recognizes it, then his hands are chained to a metal-stake driven into the ice held by Badguy Two while Badguy Three uses an ice-hammer.

Badguy One throws Rudolf's severed-head at Santa's feet. All have to yell over the blowing snow.

BADGUY ONE

Two heads better than uno, eh,  
esé?!

The Three Badguys *laugh* -- most evil, then get on their snow-mobiles and exit to tongue trills.

THREE BADGUYS

Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh --  
AWAYYYYYYY!

Wind *blows* harder. Santa looks sadly at the reindeer-head.

SANTA

Sorry, bud-bud. I didn't think he  
was that bad-bad.

A horror-movie *clicking-sound* echoes eerily.

Santa squints against the frigid snow-wind.

FIRST KILLER PENGUIN, 7' tall, a long shark-like snout,  
waddles towards Santa. It opens its mouth to show large blood-  
stained prehistoric shark-teeth.

SANTA

Killer Penguin! One still exists?!

Santa kicks the reindeer-head towards it. First Killer  
Penguin picks it up with its flippers and chews on it.

Santa breathes relief until he hears more *clicking*.

SECOND KILLER PENGUIN waddles towards him bearing its teeth.

SANTA

There's Two?! Oh, come on!

Santa spits blood into the snow, then wipes with arm sleeve.

I won't tout, I won't fly, bring  
it, you black-butted seabird!

Santa reaches behind himself, then pulls out a box cutter.

SANTA

I'll be too busy lookin good --  
while I'm slicin' and dicin'!

He swipes at, but misses Second Killer Penguin who bites onto  
Santa's leg and shakes him side-to-side like a shark.

SANTA

Aieeeeeee!

Santa stabs at Second Killer Penguin's shark-like snout with  
his box cutter until he passes out from the pain.

A canon-like *shot* rings out.

Second Killer Penguin collapses dead on top of Santa.

First Killer Penguin spins to attack.

An Irish accent warns off-screen as *Hannibal Lector*.

CROTCH (O.S.)  
I'll be eatin' your kidney with  
what-pudding and a fine eggnog,  
laddie.

(Lector's "thipping")  
*Ths-ths-ths-ths-ths-ths-ths.*

Hardest wind yet *blows* all snow into Whiteout conditions.

FADE TO WHITE.

**EXT. A STAND-ALONE SMALL IGLOO - LATER THAT DAY**

Typical two-man standing-room igloo has a metal stovepipe sticking out of its round roof. Smoke billows out of it.

**INT. SAME SOUTH POLE IGLOO - MOMENTS LATER**

A bare interior except for in the center of its ice-floor a pot-belly burning with a frying pan on top *sizzling* a large kidney. A punch-bowl of eggnog with a ladle in it sits on a driftwood hand-made table nearby.

Santa sits leaning against a wall with a Penguin-fin wrapped around his injured leg. He awakes, then focuses, and reacts.

SANTA  
Crotch?

CROTCH, 8' tall, is covered in green fur. A Blunderbuss leans against the wall next to him. He snarls while sipping eggnog and talks with an "*Unluck of the Irish*" accent.

SANTA  
Thought you was dead?

CROTCH  
Aye, might as well be, me Santa darlin'.  
(toasts his glass)  
That G.D. Doctor Zeus threw me to the bloody curb for that no-good North Pole brudder a' mine! Hate them today, hate them everyday.

Crotch pulls out a bottle, adds its liquid to his eggnog, then tosses the bottle to Santa who takes a sip and *coughs*.

SANTA  
Peppermint Schnapps?

Santa tosses it back. Crotch catches it to drink angry.

CROTCH

Seen any distilleries nearby,  
laddie?!

SANTA

Seen my brother?

CROTCH

(quotes Irish saying)  
"Some cause happiness wherever they  
go. Others, whenever they go."  
(toasts, chugs)  
Aye, been watching his blustery big  
ego since he hooked-up with that  
evil I-CICal. Rhymes with cynical.

SANTA

ICICLE has my sleigh?!

CROTCH

(chokes on his Schnapps)  
Bollocks me green bollocks! You  
mean walrus-jockeys now have  
Santa's secrets? Well there goes me  
whole homey neighborhood.

SANTA

I must get back, and it back! Will  
you help me?

CROTCH

Looked outside, Dorothy? We ain't  
exactly in Kansas --chief.

Crotch rips off a part of his cooking kidney and tosses it.

CROTCH

Have some penguin, killer taste.

Santa catches and begins gnawing, then stops remembering.

SANTA

Wait. The snow marker!  
(snaps fingers)  
Morgensen's Pole! I used to deliver  
to its weather station till it was  
abandoned in '75. Should be nearby.

CROTCH

Faith and Begorrah your  
frostliness, it be a hundred degree  
below! You're not going anywhere in  
those Santa-skivvies.

Santa throws himself to grab a handful of Crotch's fur.

SANTA

Balaclava-badguys have my stealth technology! They can go anywhere in the world unseen. You have to help me --or I have to die trying.

Crotch angry-yanks his fur out of Santa's grip as he quotes.

CROTCH

"If ya' wants praise --die. If yee wants blame --marry."  
(goes back to eating)  
Me? I prefers neither, mate.

Santa looks up with puppy-dog eyes. Crotch *laughs* diabolical.

SANTA

However, I do know this one cold-blooded snow-gent.  
(squints at Santa)  
How ya' feel about wearin' a slightly used --Penguin-suit?

**EXT. SOUTH POLE SNOWFIELD - NEXT DAY**

Two Killer Penguins waddle along. One is missing a flipper.

An eerie cry sounds like fingernails-on-a-blackboard.

Santa exclaims from inside his whole penguin-suit.

SANTA (MUFFLED)

What the hell is that?!

Crotch is inside the one-finned penguin-suit.

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

Him!

Snow beneath them starts to shift as both fight to stand.

SANTA (MUFFLED)

Avalanche!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

HIM --ya' bloody fool!

Pulling-away snow forms into a huge ball as a second flume forms into a second smaller ball on top. Gnarled twigs fly into either side of second ball as arms. Three lumps of coal stick on second ball, each one above the other, as buttons.

A third smaller snow ball forms on top of the second. Three lumps of coal fly in as two stick inches apart horizontal with the third under them as eyes and nose. A top hat sails in and lands on top of all. A red scarf floats in to wrap between first and second ball. Black pebbles fly in sticking to third top smallest ball to form a long thin oval mouth.

SHINGLES, the Forbidable Snowman, whose cheeks have a Rosacea problem, speaks with a thick Brooklyn accent.

SHINGLES

Who dares disturb the great, and  
like, really powerful Oz-man?!

Santa's penguin-suit spins to Crotch.

SANTA (MUFFLED)

You brought me to --The Assassin?!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

(quotes)

"If it's a drowning you're after,  
don't torment yourself in shallow  
water!"

SHINGLES

Told you last time, Crotch! I ain't  
doin' in your North Pole bruther!  
His Monty Python hocus pocus rabid  
rabbit is one crazy cuniculus!

(spits ice cubes)

That little livid Lepus makes a  
wacky werewolf look like a limp-  
dick lycanthrope!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

Aie! --But you do be rememberin'  
Scarlet here, don'cha?!

SHINGLES

Thought he were his dingle-berry  
bruddah! You wants I should do him  
instead?!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

Maybe later! But for now, no! It's  
his banjaxed bráthair! That one be  
suffering' from a double-dose a'  
original sin! He hooked up with  
those frozen hearticles, ICICLE!

(quotes)

"May a cat eat him! And may the  
Devil eat the cat!"



SHINGLES

I am a bad-ass! But those sum  
bitches --fuhgetaboutit!

SANTA (MUFFLED)

Will you help us save Christmas?!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

What's this "us" stuff, paleface?!

SHINGLES

And what did I just say, Kemosabe?!

Santa glares at both. He can be quite convincing.

**EXT. SOUTH POLE WEATHER STATION - LATER THAT DAY**

A gigantic snowball rolls toward the several small corrugated metal-huts and stops. Same two Killer Penguin suits are shot out of its center into a snow bank. Both pull themselves out to stand wobbly shaking off their snow.

SANTA (MUFFLED)

Oh yeah, much better way to travel!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

(quotes angry)

"Most often it's a person's mouth,  
that broke their nose!"

**INT. ABANDONED U.S. WEATHER STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

The Communication's Hut has a vintage transistor ham-radio frosted-over on a wood table. A frozen cast-iron pot-belly stove is in the center of room. Snow blew in and covers all.

Door is *kicked* open and the two Killer Penguin suits waddle in. Santa pulls his Penguin-chest apart and exits its skin.

SANTA

These things stink worse then low  
tide in Mandalay!

Crotch does the same to exit his one-flipper Penguin-suit.

SANTA

Gonna' have to burn furniture for  
some heat. You bring any matches?

CROTCH

You never said nothing about  
bringing no stinking fire-sticks!

SANTA

Careful. Your dangling participle  
is showing.

Crotch looks down checking himself. Wooden matches being  
*shaken* in their cardboard box makes him look up.

Santa stands smiling and holding their cardboard container.

SANTA

Don't leave home without 'em.

CROTCH

Since you be having no pockets,  
wouldn't they be searching you for  
contraband?

SANTA

There are some places even a tizzy  
terrorist ain't gonna look --  
especially in a fat old man.

CROTCH

Whisht! That just be mank, mate!  
What else you got up there, a cell?

Santa now holds up a small flip-phone wiping it off.

GRINCH

Sorry to be askin'. Phoning home,  
E.D.?

SANTA

(shakes head)

D.Z. Dead zone. No reception, so we  
have to get this old radio working  
then get to our new L.Z.

CROTCH

"Our" Landing Zone, langer? I don't  
live in your world, let alone care  
about it. Shingles'll get you  
there. Maybe, for a price.

SANTA

Only two type of folks now, Mick.  
And unless you're part Swiss, you  
ain't no Neutral Nation. So come on  
Sparky, help me raise "Santa One."

CROTCH

Who that be, a submarine?

SANTA

That's Santa Three.

CROTCH

Santa gots an L.E. ship?

SANTA

Just a mini-sub. Under the North Pole's shifting ice. Won't do no good down here since Antarctica's a frozen land mass.

CROTCH

So what be Santa One? Your own Air Force One-ee?

SANTA

(holds up two fingers)  
And Two-ee. I use them both for over-night --special delivery.

CROTCH

Well now, gives a whole new meaning to "red-eye" now don't it? Eastern Block havin' a clearance sale? How'd you be gettin' all that hostile hardware?

SANTA

Tis better to give than receive, my son. --Both ways.

CROTCH

What you be havin' that be so award-winnin', they be givin' you those?

SANTA

Information. Remember, I can --

Santa touches the side of his nose and becomes invisible for a moment, then reappears.

SANTA

So the C.I.A. awarded me an old Vietnam Talon and its Refuel Tanker as payment, uh, as --a present.

CROTCH

How long for it to get here?

SANTA

One flies twenty-four seven while Two tracks my Santa-Jack.

CROTCH  
You're chipped?

SANTA  
Have been since nine, eleven.  
(taps a wrist)  
The Boys like to know where I'm at,  
at all times.

CROTCH  
Gives a whole new meaning to "eye  
in the sky." But they ain't be  
landing here, shamus.

SANTA  
Don't have to. The plane's equipped  
with STARS.

CROTCH  
Air retrieval?! Gives a whole new  
meaning to twinkle, twinkle, eh?

Crotch shakes his head examining the radio set mumbling.

CROTCH  
Sub, planes, air rescue, GPS. Let  
me guess, you's also got a Red  
Ferrari with white leather.

SANTA  
(uses a bad Italian accent)  
Sì, señor. "Arcana Intellego," with  
their coat-a-arms onna' da sides.  
And she be onna' big-bad skis, a'  
course.

CROTCH  
"A' course." So you worked with  
Italian Security also? Well,  
whoopie-de-doo for you boo-boo.

SANTA  
Actually, I have pretty much worked  
with all free nation securities.  
Except for Russia, they're too  
caught up in election-botting.

Crotch *bangs* on the radio then holds up its transistor-board.

CROTCH  
Uh, you wouldn't happen to have a  
soldering iron orbiting Uranus,  
would ya'?

SANTA

As a matter of fact --.

Santa arches forward reaching behind himself.

CROTCH

Saints preserve us!

**EXT. SOUTH POLAR ICE CAP - LATER SAME DAY**

The two Killer Penguin suits now stand on an arctic plateau.

Shingles stands off on a hill to the side as over-watch.

Turbine-engines *drone* in low overhead and fly away. A large package in bright red foil falls through the low overcast hanging from a drag-chute and *thud-lands* near them.

Santa peels off his Penguin-suit and climbs into its harness.

SANTA

Inflate the balloon while I slip on  
the harness! Sure you won't come  
along?! They can drop a second?!

Crotch peels off his Penguin-suit then inflates and sends up balloon. He hooks its trailing-webbing onto Santa's harness.

CROTCH

Not a job, but an adventure, eh?!

The turbine-engines fly in low again.

SANTA

You enlisting?!

CROTCH

I likes my life as is, as an  
uncivil civilian!

SANTA

Gonna' have to join-up sometime!

CROTCH

(quotes)

"Tis only a stepmother, that would  
blame ya'!"

SANTA

Well, thanks for savin' Chris-my --

Engines become *loud* as Santa is jerked up and through the cloud cover. His voice fades.

SANTA (O.S.)  
aaaaaasssss!

CROTCH  
If you be stupid enough to think  
I'd be savin' your blue Christmas  
cheeks --!  
(turns to Shingles)  
"We" got a bridge in Brooklyn to  
sell ya', right?!

An antennae rises out of the middle of Shingles head.

SHINGLES  
Big Red's Oscar Mike!

Crotch puts on his penguin-suit and waves one flipper, *Get lost*, then tries to pick up the other penguin-suit. He can't.

CROTCH  
Bah, hum-vee!

Shingles antennae retracts back in his snowball-head fast.

SHINGLES  
What'd ya' just say there, paddy?!

Crotch does an Irish Jig as best he can in a Penguin suit.

CROTCH  
I said --"Don't be talking about  
yourself while you're here, laddy!  
'Cause we'll all surely be doin'  
that, after you're gone!"

Shingles coal-eyes "burn" red, melting back into his head.

SHINGLES  
Fuhgetaboutit!

**INT. SANTA ONE - MOMENTS LATER**

Santa is winched into the rear loading-platform of the cargo plane and grabbed by AIR-ELVES dressed in red leather flight suits with white boots. Plane's cargo hatch *whines* closed.

PILOT-ELF, dressed in W.W. II leather Bomber jacket, a 50-Crush cap, and red-leather riding-pants with white boots, enters carrying a riding crop pinched under one arm. He has a small rectangular mustache and is smoking a Stogie.

Santa "clicks" his heels together using a bad German accent.

SANTA

Achtung! Der flight is now Rauchen  
Verboten.

Pilot-Elf blows a huge smoke-ring, then spits in one palm, snuffs the cigar out in it, and puts stub back in his mouth. He puts in a monocle and speaks with a genuine German accent.

PILOT-ELF

Mein Fuh --, uh, Father! Your  
bastard brudah and his commie  
kameraden are chaos anrichten!

Pilot-Elf *slaps* riding crop on his thigh too hard and winces causing his monocle to fall out. He puts the monocle back in.

PILOT-ELF

He is all over da world. U.N.  
Council is voting on postponing  
Weihnachtstag. Nein, Nein, NEIN!

Pilot-Elf whips his riding crop onto his thigh three times with each *Nein* and now drops his crop rubbing injured leg.

SANTA

Ho, HO, that just won't do-oh.

PILOT-ELF

Horch dee Herald Engel singen, ya  
Jolly Saint Schwanz! Your junge ist  
scheisse!

Pilot-Elf goes to whip his riding crop, but doesn't have it, and looks around.

CREW-ELF ONE picks it up off the floor and hands it to him.

PILOT-ELF

Give me some G.D. Sidewinders and  
I'll flamme his sorry sack, direkt!

Pilot-Elf *whips* his riding crop on Crew-Elf One's thigh who grimaces then limps to a flight parka and tosses it to Santa who puts it on. Santa grabs Pilot's cigar and eats it.

SANTA

Hey Cap'n Jack-off. I'm serious as  
a valentine-attack. Which is what  
I'm gonna' give my big bad bro' in  
about forty-eight hours.

(spins to Crew)

AIR ELVES!

Air-Elves and Pilot-Elf come to ram-rod Attention.

SANTA

You flyboys been crying for action,  
so here it be. I need three things.  
First, get me north to rendezvous  
with Santa Three. Second, shadow my  
S, O, B. And third --  
(gags most horrible)  
Get me a freakin' spittoon!  
(evil-eyes Pilot-Elf)  
You been trading *down there* again?

Crew-Elf One gives Santa a paper cup who spits his cud-cigar  
into it. Pilot-Elf's been caught again and turns nervous.

PILOT-ELF

Nein mein Fuh --uh, that was my  
last Cuban. Honest, injun.

SANTA

Don't mess with der Fatherland.  
(to Crew)  
Stand to boys. Def Con, Santa Wars!

Interior light turns yellow.

Air-Elves *cheer* and run to their Stations.

Pilot-Elf snap-salutes with riding crop knocking his hat  
back. He straightens it, then exits ramrod into cockpit.

**CAPTION:** *X-Minus Forty-Eight Hours*

**EXT. NORTH POLE ICE CASTLE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Christmas lights are off. Badguy's arctic-white snow-camo  
Humvees are parked in front. Heavily-armed Badguys foot-  
patrol in snow-camo parkas and fur-trader hats. Even their  
breath *fogs* mean.

**INT. NORTH POLE ICE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Christmas lights, decorations, and rugs are now gone. The  
Christmas Tree has been chopped up for fire-wood with  
ornaments still on branches. All are stacked beside or burning  
in the fire-place. Their ornaments *pop* in the fire.

Throne is now Picasso-graffitied in red and black paint.

Claude sits with a leg dangling over a chair-arm smoking a  
Cuban cigar. He blows a huge smoke-ring into the shape of a  
wreath.



CLAUDE

You can't beat a great Cuban. Have one, Atta Bara.

Claude offers his box of Cubans to Badguy Leader confiding.

CLAUDE

*I got this elf that flies them in for me special --air delivery.*

Leader *slaps* box away causing cigars to fly across the room.

BADGUY LEADER

(el-hah-meek-o)

Al'ahmaq! We are behind schedule!

CLAUDE

Loosen your snow-turban, Sadeeke.

BADGUY LEADER

(sah-deek-ON)

Sadiq! Please do not defame our tongue! We speak English only now, si?

CLAUDE

Well hush my puppies. Ahab the Arab got his little feelin's hurt.

BADGUY LEADER

And we wish to keep on --hurting. You must carry our message to ...

CLAUDE

I know, I know, to the Big Apple. Got it, and boy, are they gonna' get it.

MRS CLAUS (O.S.)

Oooooh, Santaaaaaa! I've been oh so naugh-teeeee --!

Mrs Claus appears in red lingerie dangling fur hand-cuffs.

CLAUDE

But first, I need to discipline the missus. *Ho, ho --heh, heh.*

Claude goes to Mrs Claus and *slaps* her butt as both exit.

MRS CLAUS

Ohhh, Yes! I need to be --punished.

Badguy Leader calls over Badguys One, Two, and Three, and whispers to them.

BADGUY LEADER  
*When gringo is finished tomorrow,  
 gringo is finished --tomorrow.*

Badguy Leader pulls a curved *Janbiya* saying "Understand."

BADGUY LEADER  
 (tah-fah-home-eh)  
 Tafahhum?

Badguys One, Two, and Three, pull their own curved *Janbiya* knives to give quiet tongue-trill ululation.

BADGUYS  
 Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh.

**EXT. THE NORTH POLE'S ICE FLOW - NEXT MORNING**

Thick overcast as Turbine-engines drone-in above. Santa, now wearing a red jump-suit, appears through the low clouds under a candy-cane striped parachute and lands disappearing into a huge snow drift. He *curse-mumbles* as he claws his way out, then jams a metal box on a stake into the ice. He pulls up its antennae and box now *beeps*. He waits. Ice-flow *cracks* apart as a red and white striped Sub Conning Tower breaks through it. A candy-cane periscope rises from Tower.

SANTA  
 Thar she blows!

Hatch opens and inside-air *hisses* out. CAPTAIN-ELF, in a complete Napoleon-suit with matching red-white hat, emerges. He speaks with their "naturally-superior" French accent.

CAPTAIN-ELF  
 Non! Thar he blows, yee old wind  
 bag. Très inquiet have we been.

Santa smiles as he climbs the Conning Tower ladder to enter its hatch. Captain-Elf salutes by slapping his hand on a bicep, *Fungu*, then enters down behind Santa closing hatch.

**INT. SANTA SUB - CONTINUOUS**

Low-roofed sub-interior is downsized. CREW-ELVES, in vintage red and white horizontal-striped shirts, stand at Attention.

BOSUN'S ELF "pipes" Santa on-board with a version of *Jingle Bells*. Santa stands hunched-over because of the low ceiling.

CAPTAIN-ELF  
Le Père Noël arrive en ville!

Crew-Elves salute with hands upside-down on top of heads.

SANTA  
Heave To Boys, the word be given --  
Christmas Eve.

Interior light turns orange. Organized chaos as Crew-Elves scurry to man their Posts.

Captain-Elf presses Dive Button followed by ship-wide klaxon of "OUGA CHAKA; OUGA, OUGA; OUGA CHAKA; OUGA, OUGA!"

CAPTAIN-ELF  
Desçente, desçente!  
(to Santa)  
Où est la bibliothèque, Air Boss?

SANTA  
Up, up, and away, to Northern Ice.

**EXT. SAME NORTH POLE ICE FLOW - CONTINUOUS**

Candy-cane periscope retracts into Tower as the Conning Tower sinks back through the cracked ice. Fissure closes overtop.

**CAPTION:** *X-Minus Twenty-Four Hours*

**EXT. STARLING DEPARTMENT STORE ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Store just closed. Interior lights click *off*. Front door opens and Bill exits wearing his Starling-Santa costume.

LARRY (O.S.)  
Hey Santa-wannabe.

Bill spins defensive to Larry who is wearing street clothes.

BILL  
Watch your sleigh-bells!

LARRY  
Relax jingle-berry, real Santas  
need to jovial --together.

Larry offers his hand. Bill hesitates, then shakes.

LARRY  
Name's Larry. So how'd it go?

BILL

Two Lines for eight hours. Most tiring, but extra pay.

LARRY

I called the union's New York office and filed a complaint to make sure the Studio does the Taft-Harley so you get my rate.

BILL

I am eigible for union joining now?

LARRY

Yep. You gonna'?

BILL

Three thousand is a huge savings loss for their joining fee.

LARRY

You'll break even after your first three union gigs. Happened to me.

BILL

Really? Like to hear more I would.

LARRY

That's what I love most about the Business of story-telling. All the stories you get to tell, about The Business. Come on, I'll buy you a drink. I got plenty to tell.

PASSENGER, in passing car, throws a drink cup hitting Bill.

PASSENGER

Santa Sucks!

LARRY

(grabs crotch)

Suck, This!

(to Bill)

You okay?

BILL

Do Starling Santas now have big bulls-eye on back of back?

Larry helps Bill wipe off the thrown drink.

LARRY

Nah, Parade Santa was a fluke.

BILL

Can not be believing how people  
have changed this season. Store  
kiddies --  
(rubs a shin)  
kept kicking at my lower leg part.

LARRY

I can't figure why the real Santa  
turned so mean so sudden. Dementia?

Digital Billboard on a corner building runs a headline across  
it, *SANTA SCROOGED! CHILDREN CRY BAH-HUMBUG!*

WALKING PEDESTRIANS read its headline and *gasp*.

Bill holds both hands over his heart like having an attack.

BILL

Ney-hin! He most surely could not,  
would not. Should he not?

LARRY

Guess I'll have to go back to  
playing a homeless-biker.

BILL

What about me?

LARRY

Your best acting, is when you're  
not acting.

BILL

Serious I am mostly, this is most  
serious!

LARRY

When the situation gets serious,  
doesn't mean we have to. Come on,  
Poppi Noel, let's make merry.

Digital Billboard shows live-footage of Claude flying his  
evil sleigh with eight new reindeer. He wears flight-goggles  
gripping motorcycle high-rise handlebars on the front bow. He  
enjoys flipping-off everyone with most enthusiastic *The Bird*.

LARRY

See, still has his sense of humor.

The evil-sleigh dumps a huge load of sludge over New Jersey.

BILL

She-it. Most definitely.

Larry takes Bill by the elbow and starts to sing a drinking song to the *Wizard of Oz*.

LARRY

Ohhhhhhhhhhh, we're off to drink a blizzard, the wonderful blizzard of booze. You'll find you have to whiz a whiz if ever a whiz there whooze!

Bill joins in. Both hold hands and skip away singing.

LARRY/BILL

Because, because, because, because, becauuuuuuse --because of the wonderful things beer does!  
Ba-rip-a-dee-da-boo.

**EXT. EVIL SLEIGH OVER NEW JERSEY TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS**

This Evil Sleigh has a cutting-bar on its front. Claude flies the reindeer low through the town's Main Street severing its Christmas lights strung over the road. Broken light-strings fall onto the pavement *popping* and causing car accidents.

CLAUDE

A-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
(whips reigns)  
On Feces, on Pooper, on Crapper!  
Let's see if all those prunes I fed ya' at lunch --Git 'Er Done!

All Reindeer defecate peppermint-striped poop as they fly.

TOWNSPEOPLE, in Christmas clothes, scream running for cover.

TOWNSPEOPLE

Aieeeeeee!

**INT. FAMILY CAR DRIVING THROUGH SAME TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS**

Family of Four drive along sightseeing. FATHER and MOTHER are in front, SON and DAUGHTER in back. All wear their seatbelts.

MOTHER

The season was so merry before, He, came to town.

SON

Dad, why did Santa become such a Christmas creepo?

FATHER

Don't know son. First the Election,  
now this. The times, they are a ...

DAUGHTER

Look out!

A huge glop of peppermint fecal matter *hits* their windshield.

Father turns on wipers which smears it all over the glass.

FATHER

Can't see! Brace for impact!

SON

(as *Jean Luc Picard*)  
Shields to maximum, Number One!

Mother hits Son on top of his head.

**EXT. FAMILY CAR DRIVING THROUGH TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

Car plows through a Christmas Tree Lot throwing trees up into the air as their TREE SALESMAN, in a Russian fur ear-cap, dives for cover. Family's car stops and engine *dies*. Family exits their car shaky as Tree Salesman runs to them.

TREE SALESMAN

Everyone okay?

The Family of Four check themselves and nod.

FATHER

What was that?

TREE SALESMAN

Deer droppings.

SON

No, shit?

MOTHER

He's fertilizing us?

DAUGHTER

Fits.

Daughter points at their rear license plate. All five look.

New Jersey slogan on license plate reads, *Garden State*.

All Five look up at the Evil Sleigh flying away.

CLAUDE

Your momma's so stupid, when she  
heard Christmas was just around the  
corner --she went looking for it!

TREE SALESMAN

See, still got his sense a' humor.

Father looks at his damaged filthy car.

FATHER

Only now --I ain't laughin'.

**EXT. MCGUIRE AIR FORCE BASE RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Two F-16s take off from New Jersey runway with after-burners.

**INT. F-16 ONE - CONTINUOUS**

FIGHTER ONE pilot switches on his HUD display.

FIGHTER TWO pilot comes on the radio with a Southern accent.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)

We's dogfightin' Santa now, bubba?

FIGHTER ONE

Only if fired upon. Otherwise, we  
just force his BUFF-butt down.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)

So we're grounding ole' Saint Nick?  
Uuu-eee, Merry Foxtrot Christmas!

MONITOR INSERT: Radar blip starts bouncing up and down.

FIGHTER ONE

What the Hotel? You seeing this?

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)

That's not po-see-ble? Is it, good  
buddy?

MONITOR INSERT: Radar blip draws a square, then circles down  
to a point and disappears in a star-flash.

Base comes over their radio.

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)

A.T.C. requests status on head-butt  
to T.O.I, a.s.a.p.



FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)  
They gets paid by the initial?

Fighter One pilot stares at his now empty radar screen.

FIGHTER ONE  
Uhhhhhhh --?  
(fiddles with knobs)  
R.D.R.'s bent, so negative at this  
time. You tracking our Tango?

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)  
Negative, flight leader. We request  
fly-by last known vector. Oh, and  
flight leader --?

FIGHTER ONE  
Yes, sir?

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)  
Don't screw the pooch.

FIGHTER ONE  
Fireball, Maverick!

**EXT. F-16 JETS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Both jet's after-burners *flame-on* and they rocket away.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)  
Great Balls a' Fire! Gonna' jingle  
lotsa bells down there, Poncho.

Both jets go supersonic. Their sonic wake cuts through the  
snow below them.

**EXT. SAME NJ TOWN - MOMENTS LATER**

The Family of Four are inspecting their car as *thunder*  
approaches. Tree Salesman finishes uprighting his last tree.

SON  
Is that a sonic boo ...?

The two F-16s fly overhead with sonic-cone deafening *Boom*.

Snow on the ground *explodes* into the air. Hanging feces on  
wires and poles drop on Townspeople who again run, cursing.

TOWNSPEOPLE  
@#%!

Poop plops on Father's head. He slow-turns to Tree Salesman.

FATHER

Did Santa just take a dump on me?

Tree Salesman looks around. Peppermint-poop now sparkles on all his lot's trees, then the trees slowly fall back over.

TREE SALESMAN

Back atcha'.

**INT. F-16 ONE - MOMENTS LATER**

Fighter One pilot checks his dash instruments.

FIGHTER ONE

We are now over target area. --  
Visual?

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)

Tally one bird. Nine o'clock abeam.

Fighter One pilot looks 90° horizontal outside his canopy.

**EXT. AIR SPACE OVER A DIFFERENT NJ TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS**

Claude flies parallel to Fighter One and flips *Double Birds*, turns throttle-grip, and Evil Sleigh rockets away to disappear. Sleigh's condensation cloud envelopes both jets.

**INT. F-16 ONE - CONTINUOUS**

Fighter One pilot looks all around outside his cockpit's fog.

FIGHTER ONE

No Joy! Check Six.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)

Pinging On, neighbor. He's vaping  
like a viper.

Fighter One pilot looks other way to spot his wing-man.

FIGHTER ONE

He's fast and I'm furious. Throttle  
back, before we go Bingo fuel.

Both jets reduce speed.

Peppermint-poop hits their windshields.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)  
Bravo Sierra! Did something just  
hit your canopy?

FIGHTER ONE  
10-4. And I'm thinking, that's  
exactly what it is --Sierra.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)  
You sayin', Santa took a Combat  
Dump on us?

FIGHTER ONE  
Admiral to Sea. Gives a whole new  
meaning to Deck the Halls. Home  
Base is gonna' love this report.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)  
Shoulda' worn Poopy Suits. You  
login' him a U.F.O.?

FIGHTER ONE  
Nope. U.F.B. --Un F'n Believable.  
(switches frequency)  
Flight Leader to A.T.C. Bandit is  
M.I.A. Both V.F.R. compromised.  
Request I.F.R. approach.

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)  
You get paid by the initial?

FIGHTER ONE  
Affirmative. Joker fuel. R.T.B.

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)  
Two F-35's just became available.  
Should we dispatch?

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)  
Only if they got warp-drive.

FIGHTER ONE  
Negative, Tower. Bogey has bugged-  
out. Have F.A.C. fly over-watch.

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)  
Roger that, Leader. Base Commander  
will meet you on the Tarmac.

FIGHTER ONE  
Tell him to bring a Firetruck. We  
can't exit until our canopies are  
Windexed.

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)  
Say again, Flight Leader?

FIGHTER ONE  
Both windshields are FUBAR. We need  
full service.

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)  
Are you declaring an emergency?

FIGHTER ONE (FILTERED)  
Only to our pride, Air Boss.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)  
*Only to our pride.*

**EXT. AIR SPACE OVER NJ TOWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Both jets bank to return. Silence, then *Beatles* music plays.

Claude and Evil Sleigh break through the cloud cover singing  
the amended classic. His Bad Reindeer *sing* its chorus.

CLAUDE  
Prang, Prang. Maxwell's poopy  
hammer came down upon their heads.

BAD REINDEER  
Duu-duu, duu-duu, duu.

CLAUDE  
Prang, Prang. Max's silver tinsel,  
made sure, Christmas's dead.

BAD REINDEER  
Woh, oh-oh-oooooo!

CLAUDE  
Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Evil Sleigh rockets into the night with instrumental playing.

**EXT. AN IRISH PUB IN TIMES SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER**

Its green neon-sign reads, *Santa's Shea*. Neon-Leprechauns  
wearing Santa hats jig on either end of its lettering.

TWO PATRONS exit weaving and drunk-slurring Christmas carols.

PASSING PEDESTRIANS carrying wrapped packages ignore them  
with disdain.

**INT. SHEA PUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Dank dark bar with green Christmas decorations. BARTENDER, wearing Reindeer-antlers and a green Santa-vest with a Leprechaun button saying "Kiss Me, I'm Irish," wipes down his bar-top, then passes-out with forehead down on it, *thump*.

Only two Patrons are left. Larry and Bill are now drunk with multiple empty Shaker Pints on their high table. They are throwing red and white darts at a Christmas tree-shaped dartboard. Multiple darts are stuck all around it in the wall, but none on the board.

Larry gives a well-practiced over the years beer *belch*.

LARRY

So where's your hub, bub?

BILL

Bru, Brook, Brook-lin. You?

LARRY

Nay-shun's Cap-eee-toll.

BILL

D.C.?! No shit?

PASSERS-BY run outside bar's front windows covering their heads as glittering peppermint-striped poop falls on them.

LARRY

No, lots a' shit. We just call it politics. You ma, mary, married?

BILL

Was to be, but she left long ago calling me a Santa Bhangi. New girl friend left me yesterday. She never was into my whole Ho-Ho thing. Both yell at me to get a most real job.

LARRY

You got mine.

BILL

Was not my intention. The Devil, does wear Prada at Starling.

Larry sings deep-baritone to *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas*.

LARRY

"All the tender sweetness of a seasick croco-diiiiiiiile."

BILL  
(sings deeper)  
"She's a mean one, Mrs. Grinch."  
(back to regular voice)  
Definitely not a Daadi.

LARRY  
Daddy?

BILL  
With an "i." Indian word for wife.  
You?

LARRY  
Daadi, no. Widower, yes. Still,  
better than being homeless. I  
should know, I've played them in a  
lotta' pheh, phil, fimmmm --movies.

BILL  
I do not believe I am spending  
Christmas Eve like this.

LARRY  
The Studio paid for my suite. It's  
got room service, mini-bar, and x-  
rated cable. You a party animal?

BILL  
Party, never. Animal, for sure no.

LARRY  
How 'bout, I teach you both?

Larry holds up a high-five, Bill goes to slap it, but both miss to fall face-first past each other onto the floor, *thud*.

Bartender jerks his head up bleary-eyed to see Passers-By now running the opposite way outside his window covering their heads as Peppermint-poop falls shiney-sparkling. Bartender gets sentimental speaking with a New Yorker accent.

BARTENDER  
Ain't Broadway beau-tee-full at  
night? --*Fuhgetaboutit*.

Bartender again drops forehead on bartop to a harder *thump*.

NYPD CRUISERS with red lights rotating and sirens *blaring* speed by outside his windows.

**CAPTION:** *X-Minus Twelve Hours*

**EXT. NORTH POLE ICE BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

MANY BADGUYS in snow-camo walk heavily armed as sentry.

**EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING ICE BARN - SIMULTANEOUS**

Santa kneels looking through binoculars at all below.

Ninja Elves, now in all-white camo fatigues stand flanking Santa wearing Christmas-wrap tubes strapped to their backs.

SANTA

"Four thousand throats may be cut  
in one night by a running man."

Santa's red suit turns all white as his hat becomes a white two-hole balaclava. He pulls it down over his face, then runs into the night disappearing.

NINJA-ELF ONE

Klingon?

NINJA LEADER

Trekkie.

NINJA-LEADER gives military hand-signals. Ninja-Elves dive into the snow to swim under it like sharks in all directions.

**EXT. NORTH POLE ICE BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

Ninja-Elf One aims his tube out of a snow-bank at BADGUY FOUR walking by. Christmas-wrap ribbons shoot out of it encircling Badguy Four. One ribbon has a gift-tag on it that sticks over his mouth. Tag reads, "*Do Not Open --Even on Xmas!*" Ribbons pull Badguy Four inside Ninja-Elf One's snow-hill struggling.

BADGUY FIVE walks around an Ice-Barn corner as NINJA-ELF TWO stands ice-camouflaged invisible against its wall. His frosty invisible-eyelids open as he loops a Christmas-ribbon garrote around Badguy Five's neck who struggles then collapses.

Badguy Five's unconscious body is pulled under the snow by many Ninja-Elf white gloves.

BADGUY SIX comes around Ice-Barn's opposite corner and stops puzzled. He talks like a parrot.

BADGUY SIX

'El-lo?

Badguy Six pulls back his weapon's bolt, *thock*, and searches for his missing colleagues.

NINJA-ELF TWO's head pokes out of the snow. He blows through his thin Christmas-wrap tube and a dart shoots out sticking in Badguy Six's neck who swoons, then collapses.

**EXT. AERIAL OF ICE BARN - IMMEDIATELY**

Multiple Ninja-Elf snow-trails converge on Badguy Seven like sharks to a kill. He stops puzzled, bends over, and is sucked under the snow head-first, his boots wiggling under last.

**EXT. ICE BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

SEVEN BADGUYS stand by an oil-drum *fire* keeping warm.

Ninja-Leader slides silently by them on a white snow saucer aiming a big Christmas-wrap tube which *poof-shoots* a Tinsel-Ball above them. It *poof-explodes* raining silver tinsel over all the Badguy's clothing. They look amused at each other.

SEVEN BADGUYS

A-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

They stop laughing as the acid-dipped tinsel burns through their clothes and skin. They begin dancing and stripping.

SEVEN BADGUYS

Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh!

Santa, in his all-white tactical Santa-suit, resurrection-rises slowly out of the snow. He begins *clapping* time.

SANTA

Looks like we got ourselves a  
Christmas Jamboree, me hardees.

(now in pirate-accent)

Give 'em a warm Yule-tide Greetin'!

Ninja-Elf swim-trails warp under the snow towards the Seven Badguys who are sucked under one-by-one. Snow grows red in perfectly-round bloody-patches where they once stood.

BADDEST BADGUY, a giant, aims his gun at Santa and speaks with a Russian accent.

BADDEST BADGUY

Since you not be running for  
President, das vedanya, Ded Moroz.

A high-pitched *whistle* goes inaudible. Baddest Badguy drops his gun covering his ears in pain to look towards the sound.



FROSTY, Shingles twin brother, stands facing him as one twig-tip waves back and forth, *Uh-uh-uh*. Frosty turns around and bends over. Rock-hard sparkling ice-balls shoot from his back-side peppering Baddest Badguy who passes out from the pain.

SANTA

How 'bout that? Snowballs from Hell. Heard of 'em. Never seen 'em.

Frosty turns around speaking in a most proper British accent.

FROSTY

Least I could do, Old Chap. My dearly, almost departed, barely related relative called from the deep south and said you might need some "looking after." Thanks to you, my bruv and I are having our first Boxing Day in a millennia. Well done, I must say.

Ninja-Elf snow-trails converge on Baddest Badguy and suck him under the snow. One boot comes off. Snow turns red under it.

SANTA

(salutes his Elves)  
Remind me not to piss you boys off.

Frosty waves a twig, then de-forms into blizzard-snow and blows away.

SANTA

Or you either, puffed-up daddy.

**INT. NORTH POLE ICE BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

Horse-stable interior of reindeer-stalls with name plaques.

Entrance hangar-type door *rumbles* sliding up.

Santa enters ducking under it, his white suit now covered with dried blood stains. He goes to a stall then pats its name-plate. The stall's plate reads, *RUDOLPH*.

Ninja-Leader walks up behind Santa and sprays him with an aerosol can. Santa's white suit turns back to Santa-red. Ninja-Leader speaks with a wonderful Japanese accent.

NINJA-LEADER

Home and hearth secure, leedah.  
(bows head to stall)  
What will you do without his most honorable leadership?

SANTA

Don't know, don't have to.

Santa twists the name-plaque and the hay-floor trap-door withdraws as a platform rises with the real RUDOLPH who has the brightest red nose ever. Both it and his tail flash, *happy*. Santa hugs Rudolph's neck. Rudolph, tail still wagging, rubs his head against Santa's shoulder.

NINJA-LEADER

Hun-den! How?

SANTA

World War Two trick. A political decoy. Specifically, a ReinDroid.

NINJA LEADER

"Wein-Dwoid?"

Q-Q, Elf-Master Toy-Maker, speaks with a Jamaican accent.

Q-Q (O.S.)

Anne-droid, mon!

A smaller floor trap-door withdraws and a flat-bed elevator rises with Q-Q on it. He is Jamaican, long white dreadlocks, wearing a white lab coat and red-rimmed thick glasses. He steps off cleaning his glasses with his coat's lapel.

Q-Q

Robot possessing some degree a' artificial intelligence, most resembling a reindeer, mon.

Ninja-Leader goes ram-rod straight to bend forward at waist.

NINJA-LEADER

Sensei!

Q-Q puts on his glasses and nods.

Ninja-Elves enter the barn and bow their heads at Q-Q with Japanese accent in low reverence.

NINJA-ELVES

Q-Q.

Q-Q

I take it my weapons wrapped up your Christmas woes, mon?

Ninja-Elves and Ninja-Leader high-five "pirate-guffawing."

NINJA-ELVES

Oh, yeah ...You bet ...Nice, etc.

SANTA

Been busy in Santa's Workshop, eh?

Q-Q

Received your message I did, so  
everything tis ready. Try to bring  
inventions back in one piece dis  
time, if'n it be pleasin' you, mon.  
And even if --it not be.

Q-Q holds up a vintage garage-door opener, then *clicks* it.

Electrical *whining* as middle of barn's floor trap-door  
retracts to an aircraft-elevator rising. Centered on it is a  
brand new sleek gleaming maroon Supersonic Sleigh. Its back  
bumper-sticker reads, *Eat My Sprinkles*.

NINJA-ELVES

Uuuuuuuuuuuuu!

SANTA

(pats Rudolph's head)

Think you can convince your first-  
string to play ball?

Rudolph scratches a front hoof across the floor angry.

SANTA

Teamsters?

Rudolph's nose glows brighter as he scratches excited.

SANTA

With full medical?!

Rudolph and Ninja-Elves *murmur* enthusiastic agreement.

SANTA

Ho, Ho, hostage negotiating.

(nods head)

Alright, you can unionize.

Q-Q

(two thumbs-up)

Truly a Slap-Happy Christmas, mon!

SANTA

But I can't ratify, if I don't fly.  
So to win the night, The Word is  
given --Christmas Day!

Ninja-Elves slide back into Stance clinching icicle-daggers between their teeth to a fearsome *Kabuki-Yooo* Samurai yell.

NINJA-ELVES  
Yuuuuuu-Uuuuuuuu --!

**CAPTION:** *X-Minus Six Hours*

**EXT. STARLING DEPARTMENT STORE ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS**

NYPD cruisers and emergency equipment are parked at angles with red lights flashing, but no sirens.

SWAT OFFICERS deploy with automatic weapons aimed as their SWAT-LEADER holds up then *keys* a bull-horn behind a cruiser.

SWAT-LEADER (FILTERED)  
What are your demands?!

Peppermint poop falls sparkling. NYPD, EMERGENCY PERSONNEL and all SWAT open Christmas umbrellas to protect themselves.

Bill enters weave-walking then under SWAT-Leader's umbrella.

BILL  
Ma, Mary, Merry Chris-mas, oci-fer.  
(*hiccup*)  
I works here.

SWAT-LEADER  
(recognizes him)  
Oh hey, yeah, I brought my kids to see you last week.

BILL  
Kevin and, uh --Kristy.  
(*beer belch*)  
Football Fathead and Malibu Marnie.  
R-r-right?

SWAT-LEADER  
How'd you remember?

BILL  
(*sloppy salutes*)  
It'zzz my job-buh.

SWAT-LEADER  
Yeah, well, it's my "job-buh," to contain this situation. Gutless guerrillas have taken over your Christmas Land.

BILL  
That's my land!

Bill takes off funny-running, arms flailing, to the store.

SWAT-LEADER  
Covering Fire!

Badguys *fire* automatic weapons from inside store's windows.  
SWAT Officers return *fire* as Bill stumbles entering store.

SWAT-LEADER  
(flags hands both ways)  
Cease Fire, Cease Fire!

All firing stops. Swat-Leader shakes his head.

SWAT-LEADER  
That is one ...

Peppermint-poop *plops* on Swat-Leader's helmet. He chagrins.

SWAT-LEADER  
shit-faced Santa.

**INT. STARLING CHRISTMAS LAND - MOMENTS LATER**

A Winter Wonderland, except for Claude sitting on its throne.

Badguys in tactical-black stand throughout with automatic weapons raised at PARENTS and their CHILDREN who cower on knees with hands behind heads.

Badguy Leader enters carrying a gold football-shaped bomb with a red ribbon and bow, then sets it under the huge beautifully decorated but artificial Christmas tree.

BADGUY LEADER  
Ho, Ho, HO. --Kafirs!

Badguy Leader turns a key in the bomb, then removes key to a *ticking* sound.

BADGUY LEADER  
Open only, for a truly Christmas surprise.

BADGUYS  
Ah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah!

Bill enters still funny-running with arms waving high.

BILL  
I'll slave Krismas!

CHILDREN  
Santa!

Bill dives for the bomb sliding on his stomach. He stops short by inches. Badguy Leader smiles evil, then uses his boot to move the bomb a little closer to Bill ...one inch.

BADGUY LEADER  
Almost only counts in horse-shoes  
and hand grenades, Infidel.

Bill stretches his fat fingers for the bomb in vain.

BADGUY LEADER  
Typical decadent Westerner. All  
talk, mostly fat, and always rude.  
Why don't you dye your hair orange?

Badguy Leader aims his weapon at Bill.

Parents cover their Children's eyes.

Skylight's glass *breaks* as rappelling Ninja-Elves fast-rope down with a single long Christmas-wrap tube strapped across their backs. They land in Fighting Stance to a Karate yell.

NINJA-ELVES  
Kia!

BADGUY LEADER  
Where's your fearful leader?

LARRY  
Right here, Sadist Sadim.

Larry enters now wearing the earlier studio-suit with his candy-cane staff, round spectacles, and empty red-silk gift-bag slung over a shoulder.

CHILDREN  
Ooooooh! The "real" Santa!

Badguy Leader is quite the fashion aficionado.

BADGUY LEADER  
No doubt that is the most beautiful  
Santa-suit ever made, Effendi.

Claude stands up aiming his automatic pistol at Larry.

CLAUDE

Three's a crowd, odd-ball!

SANTA (O.S.)

Then let's even the odds!

A gold rope lowers Santa through the broken skylight wearing a child's Western double-holster over his suit's black belt.

PARENTS

Four Santas?

SANTA

I'm the one and only --Real Santa!

All Children *clap*.

Santa wipes his face with a red Christmas towel and his white grease-paint comes off on it. He removes his towel to reveal, Santa is actually African-American.

Two AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE PARENTS do a D.A.P. handshake.

TWO A.A. MALES

That's what we're talkin' about!

SANTA

Believe it, baby.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN FEMALE PARENTS primp their hair, *Mmmm-mmm*.

A.A. FEMALE

Give a whole new meaning to p, h,  
a, t, Santa.

Santa draws, then cowboy reverse-twirls both his toy-handguns which Bill recognizes drunk-slurring.

BILL

Red Ryder poop-guns. On Clearance,  
sleventh floor.

Santa fast "pops" a cork that sticks onto Claude's boot-fur.

Claude is beyond disgusted.

CLAUDE

Well, that's just so --you.  
(holsters his gun)  
Somebody shoot that phat phony.

Badguy Three pulls his gun-bolt and aims at Santa who fast-"pops" his second cork. It sticks in Badguy Three's nose-tip.

BADGUY THREE

Owie!

CLAUDE

"Owie?"

(to Badguy Leader)

Where'd you get your henchmen,  
Goons R Us?

Badguy Three pulls the cork off and looks at it. It has a needle with a drop of blood on its tip. Badguy Three grabs at his throat, then sways, and falls face-first unconscious.

Santa twirls to fast-holster both guns, then undoes buckle, and tosses holster-set to ONE LUCKY BOY. UNLUCKY BOYS try to take it away. PARENT FATHERS get involved. A fight ensues.

BADGUY LEADER

(holds up bomb key)

Nothing can undo our conflagration.  
To stop us, none of you abominable  
Americans are good enough.

Badguy Leader swallows his bomb-key.

Helicopter *blades* sound overhead. Crotch falls through the broken skylight to land on bended-knee. He stands *growling*.

CROTCH

Well I ain't no Plastic Paddy. And  
you mate, you do look "good enough"  
--ta' eat.

All Badguys pull their weapon-bolts back to *thock* sound.

Parents cover-up their Children protecting them.

CROTCH

Uuuuuuu --! Guns, guns, guns.  
(as famous Latino gangster)  
"Say 'ello to my lil' friendz."

A giant box crashes through rest of unbroken skylight to land flat on floor, *Boom*. Box begins to rock until its wood-slats *explode* revealing inside, SIX KILLER PENGUINS, all famished.

SANTA

Crotch!

PARENTS

"Crotch?"

CHILDREN

Ha, ha, that's poopy-silly!



CROTCH

Learned from you I did. Did a job  
for Mossad pro quid. Those Nappies  
don't celebrate Christmas and eat  
jelly donuts. My kinda' peoples!  
(points to Penguins)  
I even unionized these cuddlies.  
Actually quite intelligent. Then  
realized, if ya can't join 'em --  
(waves hand toward Badguys)  
eat 'em!

Six Killer Penguins *click* their teeth waddling to Badguys.

NINJA-ELVES

Banzai!

Ninja-Elves cartwheel toward Badguys.

Parents carry their Children to a backwall for safety.

**BACKGROUND FIGHTING:** Badguys *fire*. Killer Penguins are shot,  
but continue to bite off Badguy limbs. Ninja-Elves pull long  
Christmas Tree-Toppers as Samurai-swords from their back-  
tubes to stab Badguys. Wonderful battlefield pandemonium.

Larry pulls gift-bag down over Badguy Three's head as Bill  
clubs Three with a present from under the tree to a heavy  
*clank*. Badguy Three dead-falls as Bill's "present" rips open  
and barbell weight-plates fall out. Bill flexes both arms.

LARRY

You are a party animal.

Badguy Two pulls his *Janbiya* and charges at Bill who exhales-  
hard in Badguy Two's face who *coughs* in disgust bending over.

Larry pulls out his candy-cane's handle to remove a cane-  
sword and stabs Badguy Two up his anus who goes cross-eyed.

BADGUY TWO

Uuuuuuuuu --?!

Claude aims his handgun at Santa.

CLAUDE

This town's not big enough for two  
stinkin' Santas.

Larry and Bill each raise a hand in protest.

LARRY/BILL

Hey-a?

Badguy One pulls his *Janbiya* and charges at Larry and Bill screaming tongue trill ululations.

BADGUY ONE  
Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh!

Rudolph now flies down through the broken skylight to speak high-pitched like Mike Tyson quoting him.

RUDOLPH  
"I love to hit people, I love to!"

Rudolph rear-kicks Badguy One airborne through a wall.

BADGUY ONE (O.S.)  
Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh!

Rudolph bites onto Claude's gun and carries it out skylight.

Santa fist-bumps Bill and Larry, then admires Larry's suit.

SANTA  
That really is a gorgeous suit. May  
I inquire where you purchased it?

LARRY  
Patricia Field designed it for me.

SANTA  
I love her work!

Badguy Leader grabs two machine guns to *double-fire* at Santa. Sam Pekinpah would be proud. Crotch jumps in front of Santa.

SANTA  
Nooooo --!

Badguy Leader runs out of bullets. Crotch falls back on floor motionless. BadGuy Leader *chuckles*. Crotch stands and finger-brushes his fur. Bullets fall out bouncing on the floor.

CROTCH  
Hey, dumb-nuts. Where you think  
they got the weave for Kevlar?

Crotch jams an arm completely down Badguy Leader's throat.

CROTCH  
Say, Ahhhhhh.

BADGUY LEADER  
Ehhhhhhhhhhk!

Parents cover Children's eyes in disgust. Crotch looks at the Parents while "fishing" his arm deep inside Badguy's gullet.

CROTCH

Ever drop a ring down the toilet?

SOME PARENTS dry *heave*. Crotch rolls his eyes up.

CROTCH

There it is!

Crotch removes his bloody-arm and holds up bomb-key, *Ta-da*.

Badguy Leader collapses onto floor.

CAUCASIAN FEMALE PARENTS faint. African-American Females nod.

A.A. FEMALES

Uh-huh ...Got that right ...You go girl ...etc.

All Badguys are defeated and lay moaning injured or dying.

Crotch two-finger *whistles* with his bloody hand.

CROTCH

Craft Services!

Six Killer Penguins waddle *clicking-teeth* at Badguy Leader.

Crotch kneels, inserts key in bomb and turns to *end* ticking.

Claude throws a Christmas-tree ornament on the floor breaking it. Thick smoke from his ornament envelopes him.

Santa runs towards Claude. Smoke clears, Claude is gone.

BILL

Picked the wrong God Damn Santa  
Land to break in to!

Santa hops on his gold-rope's end-loop and is yanked up through the skylight.

Bill and Larry wave him good-bye.

SANTA

Take over, real Santaaaaaaaasss --!

Bill and Larry high-five. Children run to them. Both hold and comfort them as SOME PARENTS take selfies with dead Bad Guys.

Parents rush to Crotch patting and congratulating him while *Ewwing* at the Killer Penguins eating Badguy Leader. Crotch smiles, then grabs at his chest, and falls on both knees.

PARENT

Your heart?

CROTCH

Feels like it's growing --  
(in severe pain)  
three sizes this day!

SWAT rushes-in with Emergency Personnel. EMT's go to Crotch.

CROTCH

Help me, I'm --feeling!

Ninja-Elves shoot cables out the skylight and are pulled up.

SWAT-Officers watch them, then turn to SWAT-Leader.

SWAT-OFFICERS

SWAT-elves?

SWAT-Leader exits carrying the bomb as SWAT-Officers watch disgusted while covering the Six Killer Penguins orgy-feast.

Starling Exec enters hands-on-face horrified at the carnage.

STARLING EXEC

Who's going to pay for all this?!

BILL

They most assuredly will.  
(points to Parents)  
But please to give them Employee  
Discount first.

Parents look at Starling Exec with eyes wide in expectation.

Starling Exec drops her shoulders in defeat, then *sighs*.

STARLING EXEC

Fine. Bring all your final  
purchases to me.

Parents grab their Children to fast-exit speed-shopping.

CHILDREN

Presents!

Bill sits on store's damaged throne. Larry stands beside him.

Director and Film Crew enter with hand-held cameras filming.

DIRECTOR

That's where our suit went!

BILL

We are --

Larry *thumps* his candy-cane staff on floor twice.

LARRY

Real Santas!

Crotch stands rubbing his chest and quotes his brother.

CROTCH

"Maybe Christmas doesn't come from  
a store. Maybe Christmas perhaps,  
means a little bit more."

This is the first time we see him smile, with black-teeth.

**EXT. NIGHT SKY ABOVE NEW YORK CITY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Santa is in his new Supersonic Sleigh pulled by his eight Original Reindeer with Rudolph's red nose in front leading.

**EXT. INSIDE SANTA'S SUPERSONIC SLEIGH - MOMENTS LATER**

High-tech jetliner cockpit has a dash full of electronic gauges and monitors. Its radar monitor *blips*.

SANTA

You can't escape, brother dearest.  
My GPS cork tagged you.  
(reads screen)  
What? Thirty degrees Port, Rudolph!  
(*whips* reigns)  
Move it guys, double-overtime!

**EXT. NIGHT SKY ABOVE NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS**

Santa's Supersonic Sleigh turns left, then flash-exits like it has warp drive to a supersonic *boom*.

**EXT. NIGHT SKY ABOVE NORTH POLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Supersonic Sleigh breaks through the overcast.

Santa searches then sees his old sleigh parked in front of his Ice-Factory.

**EXT. NORTH POLE ICE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS**

Santa lands Supersonic Sleigh then goes to Claude's Evil Sleigh and pats it.

SANTA

Lotta' good memories with you.

Ninja-Elves exit Supersonic Sleigh's small hatch and stretch.

NINJA LEADER

Now I know --

(*cracks neck*)

how flying Coach feels.

Ninja-Elves slide a foot back giving Samurai-yell.

NINJA-ELVES

Ayaaa!

SANTA

No! My family, my fight. --Alone.

Ninja-Elves remove large toy-drums. Three Ninja-elves man each drum as two hold and one beats timpani-mallets on them slow. Their *Japanese Taiko War Drums* echo deep.

Ninja-Leader removes cloak, then coat from Santa. Ninja-Elf One hands Santa a long sharpened icicle, then bows at waist.

Santa draws icicle's edge across his palm, then licks its blood and begins jogging towards the Ice-Factory door.

Ninja-Elves beat their drums faster with Kabuki-yelling.

NINJA-ELVES

YOI-OIIIIIII --!

A giant silver steam-whistle on top of Ice-Factory *blows*.

**CAPTION:** *X-Mas, Zero Hour*

**INT. NORTH POLE ICE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Block-long automated toy factory of robotics that build toys of all kinds while they move along conveyor belts.

Santa somersaults through its door and comes up to a Kendo-stance with his icicle-sword held out.

DRUMS STOP.

SANTA  
Why, Brother?

CLAUDE (O.S.)  
We're not blood brothers! We never  
were. Search your feelings, Luke!

SINGLE DRUM BEATS.

SANTA  
I don't --?

CLAUDE (O.S.)  
I don't either, Norway Gnome. Not  
since I was disavowed!

SECOND DRUM JOINS.

SANTA  
What?! When, by whom?

A Christmas tree-top ornament whizzes by Santa who ducks.  
The tree-top ornament's point sticks in the wall behind him.

CLAUDE (O.S.)  
Father Christmas!

SANTA  
Why would our dad --?

All drums outside beat a fierce *Samurai Kabuki Gomen-Jyo*.

CLAUDE  
He's not my pop, poop-tart!

Robot-toys now roll towards Santa *firing* their rockets. He  
jumps behind a pillar as their rockets *explode* on it.

SANTA  
Then who --?

Claude steps out from behind machinery.

CLAUDE  
Took me awhile to think it out. --  
Why do you think I suddenly moved  
to the South Pole?

Santa is beyond confused.

SANTA  
"Moved?"

DRUMS CRESCENDO OUTSIDE, THEN STOP.

CLAUDE

Dad thought it'd be funny to spike  
Mom's eggnog one year and not tell  
her. She woke up at the South Pole.

SANTA

So --?

Claude removes his Santa-coat, then rips open his red shirt  
popping all its buttons. His bear-like chest-hair is green.

SANTA

Noooooo?! Mother and --?

Claude aims two large burning Roman Candles at Santa.

CLAUDE

Gives a whole new meaning to  
Christmas "Ho," huh?

Claude *fires* candle-rockets at Santa who takes off running.

DRUMS BEAT FRANTIC OUTSIDE.

NINJA-ELVES (O.S.)

Yoi-Oi, Yoi-Oi!

Claude's rockets *explode* on a column cracking it.

**INT. ICE FACTORY ASSEMBLY LINE - CONTINUOUS**

Santa is running beside a conveyor belt that's moving  
baseball accessories when he hears *buzzing* and looks up.

Radio-Controlled WW-II model fighter-planes fly in a V-  
formation above him. One by one, they peel off and dive.

Santa slides his ice-sword into his belt and grabs a baseball  
bat off the conveyor then takes practice-swings.

SANTA

'Ey, batta', batta'!

DRUMS BEAT TO A FRENZY.

Santa fast-swings his bat and hits first plane destroying it.  
Other planes then pull-up dropping their small Christmas-  
balls that *explode* around Santa.

Santa runs to another conveyor belt that has various toys and  
grabs a sling-shot.



He fires big marbles hitting several planes. Remaining planes dive-kamikaze at him *exploding* into the floor around him as he zig-zag runs.

SANTA

That all ya' got, boo-boo bro'?!

Several fires burn behind Claude like Dante's Inferno.

CLAUDE

I ain't your G.D. bro', Bro'!

Sound of a heavy motor *rumbling* above. Santa looks up.

An 8' radio-controlled *Spruce Goose* dives at him firing BBs.

Santa grabs a snow saucer to hold over his head as a shield. The BBs bounce off denting it. He takes off running with the huge plane chasing after him *firing* more BBs.

SANTA

That's a new one. Gotta' remember that one --*without the BBs.*

**INT. ICE FACTORY CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The computerized command-center has monitors and gauges.

Santa shoulder-hits the door opening it, then *slams* it shut and locks it.

DRUMS STOP ECHOING.

Big explosion on other side of door as *Spruce Goose* hits it.

Santa hears "ticking" and follows it to a second larger bomb, similar to NYC's under a small decorated real Christmas tree.

The door *implodes* into the room knocking Santa back and down.

Claude enters through smoke with a toy-bazooka and drops it.

CLAUDE

Modified your assembly line to produce "my" kinda' toys. D.O.D. should be interested in them.

SANTA

(points to bomb)

Do you really have that much anger to ruin Christmas for everyone?

CLAUDE  
 If you can't join 'em --  
 (smiles big)  
 make 'em suffer.

Claude draws his own icicle-sword and drops back into Stance.

CLAUDE  
 Don't bother lookin' for no key  
 this time, North Pole pimp. Like  
 your factory, bomb's on automatic.

**SWORD FIGHT:** Santa stands slow and presents his ice-sword. Both Bow. Claude charges. Fine ice-chips sparkle as they parry and thrust. They fight, then both step back winded.

CLAUDE  
 Too much, like work.

SANTA  
 Too fat. Now what?

CLAUDE  
 Since I can't kill you, I'll kill --

Claude stabs his sword in the master monitor. Its title label on top says, *Redundant Remote*. Warning Label beside it says, *Never Turn Off*. Manufacturer's Plate reads, *'Puters 'R Us*.

CLAUDE  
 Your Legacy!

Warning klaxons go off as all conveyor belts stop with steam releasing from their machinery. The factory shakes and rocks.

CLAUDE  
 Enjoy "my" fireworks, as your  
 precious toy factory self-  
 destructs.

SANTA  
 I don't hate you, brother, but I do  
 hate, what you're doing.

CLAUDE  
 Boo-hoo-hoo. Get lost, not found.

SANTA  
 Sounds good.

Santa drops his sword and hugs the bomb as he kicks the cover-plate off a tiny floor-drain.

CLAUDE

Uh-uh, I read the manual too,  
blubber-boy. Only fireplace flues.

SANTA

Then learn to speed-read.

Santa reaches behind himself to hold up a wooden match.

SANTA

Any "vent" used to convey --

Santa lights the match with his thumbnail and drops it into  
the drain's open duct.

SANTA

hot air.

CLAUDE

Noooooo!

Santa touches the side of his nose and shrinks with the bomb  
as both are sucked down into the drain-pipe.

**EXT. REAR OF ICE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Old pipes and broken equipment were thrown behind building.

Santa, still holding bomb, enlarges to full size from outside  
the storm drain, then shakes all over like a horse.

SANTA

Don't wanna' do that again.

He blows on a silent *Deer Whistle*. Both sleighs fly in side-  
by-side and land. He hops in the Supersonic Sleigh with bomb.

SANTA

Up, up, and away, both sleigh!

All Reindeer look back at Santa, shake their heads, then both  
sleds rocket straight up side-by-side.

**EXT. ROOF OF ICE FACTORY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Flat ice-roof with commercial-vents and a stairway exit-door.

Claude kick-exits out the stairwell-door carrying a larger  
toy-bazooka and shakes his fist up at Santa.

CLAUDE

Curse you, Satan's Santa!

SANTA  
Beware the dark side, of your  
force!

CLAUDE  
Thanks for reminding me, space ball-  
less!

Claude shoulders his tube and *fires* a ground-to-air missile.

**EXT. BOTH SLEIGHS OVER NORTH POLE - CONTINUOUS**

Warning *beeping* from sleigh's radar as missile locks on.

SANTA  
Starburst!

The two sleighs arc away from each other in an airshow-V.

**EXT. INSIDE COCKPIT OF SUPERSONIC SLEIGH - MOMENTS LATER**

Santa is pinned back against his seat by the G-force.

SANTA  
Gee Whiz --G Loc!

He fights to reach for the dashboard and stretches his arm.

SANTA  
Chaff!

His pointer-finger pushes a button marked *Counter Measures*.

**EXT. REAR OF SUPERSONIC SLEIGH - IMMEDIATELY**

Hershey Kisses in red and green colored-foil expel from back.

SANTA  
Roll! Pitch!

**EXT. BOTH SLEIGHS OVER NORTH POLE - CONTINUOUS**

The two sleigh move further apart from each other rolling  
upside down and jinking.

Hershey Kisses spread out falling and sparkling in the  
moonlight. The rocket tracks to and *explodes* in them.

SANTA  
Re-Join! Station Keeping!

The two sleigh turn back to intercept each other.

**EXT. INTERIOR COCKPIT OF SUPERSONIC SLEIGH - SAME**

The two sleigh line up side-by-side still going straight up.

SANTA

What a waste --of good chocolate.

Q-Q barks from dashboard speaker. Santa grabs its microphone.

Q-Q (FILTERED)

True North callin' Santa!

SANTA

(keys mike)

Yours truly.

Q-Q (FILTERED)

Your brother-mon be ...

SANTA

Open Mike!

Q-Q

Zulu Five Oscar escaped in enemy  
sub. Santa One pursuing. I ...

Radar Tracking warning *beeping* sounds again. Santa searches  
radar screen for the new bogey.

SANTA

Talk faster!

Q-Q (FILTERED)

(speed talks)

Shut down factory turbines. No  
restarting without repairs. How  
much time before --?

Santa looks down at the bomb's timer. It ticks down 3:01,  
3:00, 2:59, etc.

SANTA

Three minutes.

Q-Q (FILTERED)

No, how much time till you ...?

SANTA

Say good-night, Gracie.

Q-Q  
Good night, Gracie?

Santa throws the microphone down and hand-motions for other sleigh to come closer.

SANTA  
Bring her broadside, boys!

Old sleigh moves alongside and he jumps over with the bomb.

**EXT. INSIDE COCKPIT OF OLDER SLEIGH - CONTINUOUS**

Santa stuffs the bomb under his seat and grabs handlebars.

SANTA  
Rudolph, get everyone to safety!

Rudolph nods and now empty Supersonic Sleigh veers away.

SANTA  
Let's see if my bad-boy bro  
modified this mo'!

Santa's finger hits a button marked *Rein Release*.

**EXT. OLDER SLEIGH - IMMEDIATELY**

Reins and harness release. His reindeer fly to Rudolph.

SANTA  
Give your regards, to Broadway!

Santa twists handle-bars throttle to a deep-throated *rumble*, then flames pour out of exhaust-pipes along side of sleigh.

SANTA  
Nitrous Oxide, awaaaaaaaaay --!

**EXT. SPACE ABOVE NORTH POLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Old Sleigh rockets straight up towards the outer atmosphere then begins to buck as its engine *sputters*.

SANTA  
Just a bit more, babykins!

Engine stalls and sleigh hangs motionless, then pitches-over falling.

**EXT. INSIDE OLD SLEIGH COCKPIT - SIMULTANEOUS**

Santa fights to restart its engine.

SANTA

No air. No!

Radar Tracking warning signal goes to a loud *single-tone*.

Crotch's voice comes over the small speaker on dashboard.

CROTCH (FILTERED)

I'll take it from here, ya' old  
windbag.

An F-35, with Israeli Navy markings, flies by as its tail-hook lowers to catch the sleigh's yolk.

Santa is thrown back in his seat as his sleigh is pulled up.

CROTCH (FILTERED)

Bail, Bail, Ball-Buster!

Santa lifts his seat-cushion and pulls out a parachute with one hand as he keys his radio's mike with the other.

SANTA

Making more new friends? You're a  
fun guy to hang out with after all!

CROTCH (FILTERED)

Then let it all hang out and jump,  
balloon-belly!

SANTA

See you on the slopes, fur-ball!

Santa throws mike and jumps out putting on the parachute.

Sleigh cockpit is now empty. Crotch knows this as he answers.

CROTCH (FILTERED)

No --you won't.

**EXT. ICE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Supersonic Sleigh and all Reindeer fly down to land.

Q-Q, Ninja-Elves, and all Reindeer look up. Rudolph *whines* and looks like he wants to take-off. Q-Q strokes his neck.

Q-Q  
Faith is like believing, when  
common sense tells you not to, mon.

**EXT. SPACE OVER NORTH POLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Santa hooks his parachute's harness-ring and stabilizes in hard-arch position, then looks up.

SANTA  
Eject, Eject, Eject!

F-35 continues up through the Stratosphere towards Space.

SANTA  
Don't be a dead hero, dead-head.

**EXT. STRATOSPHERE - MOMENTS LATER**

Old Sleigh *explodes* as its bomb's fireball engulfs the F-35.

**EXT. AIR SPACE OVER NORTH POLE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Santa free-falls in a hard-arch seeing the F-35 disintegrate.

SANTA  
Free Bird, buddy.  
(looks at watch)  
Two more minutes of free-fall.

He goes into Delta-form as his air-speed *breaks* the Sound Barrier.

**EXT. NORTH POLE ICE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

All are looking up when they hear his *Sonic Boom* and wince.

Silence, then Santa's parachute breaks through a cloud and he does a standing-running perfect landing.

Ninja-Elves rush to collapse his chute and congratulate him.

SANTA  
Lift-off in five. Word is given.  
Holiday Over-Drive!  
(no response)  
Triple-time, boys!

Ninja-Elves exit to Factory running and jumping for joy.



Q-Q tosses a bright red snow-parka with white trim to Santa who puts it on.

Q-Q  
Really think we can-can --  
(in Redneck accent)  
Git 'Er Done?

SANTA  
Have to, plain and simple.

Both walk to their smoking silent damaged toy factory.

Q-Q  
Plain enough. Not so simple, mon.

**EXT. FATHER AND MOTHER BEDROOM - CHRISTMAS MORNING**

Earlier Family of Four's upper-floor master bedroom has a king-size bed. Father is *snoring* under the covers as Mother holds a pillow over her head sleeping.

Son and Daughter burst through their door wearing Santa-hats.

DAUGHTER  
Mom!

SON  
Dad!

DAUGHTER/SON  
Wake up!

Father stops snoring. Mother pleads under her pillow.

MOTHER  
*Just one hour more, please.*

SON  
Dad, you need to get up. The car!

DAUGHTER  
Mom, you really need to see this.

Father and Mother wake groggy, then stare at each other.

**EXT. FAMILY OF FOUR HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Two-level Colonial in suburbs with tons of Christmas decorations. Completely over-the-top.

Father and Mother in bathrobes open the front door and stand open-mouthed shocked. Daughter and Son exit around them.

DAUGHTER

A very Merry ...

SON

G.D. Christmas!

A new car with ribbon and bow around it sits in the driveway.

Family of Four gather around their new shiny red car. There's a card under a windshield wiper. Father opens it. It has a recording chip inside and speaks.

SANTA (FILTERED)

"Ho, ho, ho! All of us have down days. Hope this cheers your's up. Signed, Santa 'I'm Back' Claus."

DAD

God bless you, every time.

Family of Four lock arms smiling and Break The Fourth Wall.

**INT. STARLING STORE CHRISTMAS LAND - SIMULTANEOUS**

Double doors to Christmas Land open and Starling Exec with a CONSTRUCTION CREW, in bib-overalls wearing Santa-hats, enter.

STARLING EXEC

I agreed to over-time only if, you complete your renovations in --

All stare in disbelief. Christmas Land has already been renovated now looking even brighter and merrier.

STARLING EXEC

eight, hours?

Santa Land now has two side-by-side regal Santa Thrones. There is a Christmas Card on one.

Construction Crew and Starling Exec go to it. She opens the card and Santa's voice speaks.

SANTA (FILTERED)

"Sorry about last night, but you did the right thing. So this should bring us even --but only if you use both those real Santas. Ho, ho, ho for your Merriest of Christmases ever! Signed, Puffy-Santa."

Starling Exec clutches card to her chest getting sentimental.

CREW FOREMAN

We're Union, lady, so we's still  
gets our "eight hours."

Construction Crew glares at her. She nods smiling sappy.

STARLING EXEC

God bless you --  
(finally at peace)  
every last mother f-er.

**INT. CHRISTMAS TREE SALESMAN'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER**

Christmas Tree Salesman parks his pick-up truck now with a Hispanic HELPER.

TREE SALESMAN

Thanks for helping me trash all  
these. No one's gonna' buy a ...

HELPER

What, ése?

**EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE EMPTY SALES LOT - IMMEDIATELY**

Lot is now empty except for the world's most perfect blue spruce in a stand. A large bright red card is on it.

Helper and Tree Salesman exit truck and go to the tree.

Tree Salesman opens envelope and pulls out the world's most dazzling Christmas card ever and opens it. Inside it has a Santa-recording sung to the tune of Jingle Bells.

SANTA (FILTERED)

"Reindeer had stomach flu. Thanks  
for all you do. You can decorate  
this one, because my feets is done.  
Merry-hairy-hairier Christmas!"

A smaller envelope falls out of the card. Tree Salesman opens second envelope and pulls out a check.

Check is for \$1,000 in Santa Bucks from the *Midas Touch Bank* with "Not A Real Check" printed diagonally across it.

HELPER

What did Papá Noel give you?

TREE SALESMAN

His gift of humor.  
(deadpan delivery)  
Ha --ha.

HELPER

You promised me eight hours --or I  
ain't laughin'.

Tree Salesman hands his worthless check to Helper.

**EXT. NORTH POLE CASTLE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Tree Salesman's former trees are now stuck in the snow in front of Ice-Castle. Their forever frozen peppermint-poop glitters in the arctic sun.

**INT. NORTH POLE CASTLE'S MAIN HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Room looks as original, decorated and beautiful. All of the various types of Elves are partying in their Elf-uniforms now wearing Santa-hats. Q-Q wears costume-antlers. Reindeer walk throughout the hall. Santa sits on his throne without his white-face paint now wearing Larry's Studio Santa-suit.

Q-Q

That really is your best suit ever.

SANTA

And a perfect fit. Who knew? And now that I've come out --who knows? Maybe the world is finally ready for an Obama Claus.

Rudolph walks up to them and flashes his red nose.

SANTA

Mrs Claus? Oh, she's fine, just, uhhhh --taking a nap.

Q-Q

Did you use Magic Snow to return her to normal?

A naked leg appears through door frame and bends suggestive.

MRS CLAUS

Oh Santaaa, I'm readyyyy for my special pres-ennnnnt!

All look at Claus who *coughs*, then raises a goblet to toast.

SANTA  
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

All Elves raise their toast high smiling.

ELVES  
And to all, a great f'n night!

SANTA  
You saved Christmas this year,  
boys, not me. Be proud, stand tall,  
and bask in your Elf-heritage!

All Elves stand erect, chug, then throw their glasses  
*breaking* them in the fireplace.

SANTA  
Almost forgot. Your bonuses --are  
on The Tree.

All Elves race to the new huge Christmas Tree and pull off  
envelopes with their names.

Ninja-Leader reads his card smiling while walking to Santa.

NINJA LEADER  
And your brother?

All Elves stop to listen.

SANTA  
Yin-Yang. Kismet-Fate. The Force.  
(explains)  
What goes around the Pole --.

**EXT. EARLIER SOUTH POLE WEATHER STATION - SIMULTANEOUS**

Smoke wafts out of the radio shack's chimney as the Six  
Killer Penguins patrol around it.

**INT. U.S. WEATHER STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Claude sits in a wooden chair in the center of the room  
wearing only his red Long Johns. There is a huge pile of  
firewood stacked next to the burning pot-belly stove.

CLAUDE  
I was there, right there! Then  
exiled back here. But I swear I'm  
not finished. Not by a double-  
barrel pickle-juice long-shot.

Claude gets the most evil smile in villainy history.

Front door is *kicked-in* by a Killer Penguin with one flipper.

CLAUDE

What you want, Blackbird?!

Crotch emerges from his Penguin-suit. His fur is now all-white and his voice is raspy like *James Earl Jones*.

CROTCH

Merry F'n Christmas --son.

Crotch steps to the side. Through the open door, Claude can see outside to Shingles who is standing watch resolute.

Shingles smiles and turns around bending over.

Incoming!

WHITE OUT.