

World War SantaZ

Written by
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What if every Christmas character you loved, had an evil twin?

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CAPTION: *Three's company...but Four?*

FADE IN:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NEW YORK CITY

It's Starling Department Store's annual NYC Christmas Parade. Traveling down 77th Street, three and a half million people line its Manhattan route just to get a glimpse of the "Largest Store in the World" best-selling *Fortune 500* Santa.

EXT. STARLING SANTA FLOAT - MOMENTS LATER

PARADE SANTA, in Starling's trademarked Santa-suit of German Lederhosen, sits on his high Santa Throne 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 stares at the incoming growling.

PARADE SANTA
Shoulda' asked for hazard pay.

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

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

INT. NYC APARTMENT BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Small bedroom with a double bed. Christmas decorations are everywhere creating an obsessive-compulsive observation. The exact same "Parade Santa" Starling European 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 Store Santa-suit.

GIRLFRIEND, 40s, Indian-dark, enters bedroom upset to pick up his wet towel with barely two finger-tips disgusted. She opens a window and throws it out then pulls a suitcase from under the bed and opens it on the bed angry. She begins throwing clothes into it. Bill watches her concerned.

BILL
Some where you are going?

GIRLFRIEND

Sure ain't to your North Pole!

BILL

Some thing is bothering you I think. Yes?

GIRLFRIEND

"Yes!" I'm embarrassed when my friends 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

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

GIRLFRIEND

Those two months do not make up for the other ten when you're a bum.

BILL

Why do you call 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 keep telling you, my most piddling, get a real job or bye-bye I will go. You didn't so I will go.

BILL

Where?

Girlfriend finger-tip waves sarcastic.

GIRLFRIEND

Anywhere.

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

BILL

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 kinds of karma --
psychic, physical, and mental. You,
need serious mental.

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

BILL

At least I match my most colorful
costume.

(dresses angry)

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

Happiest of holidays!

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

BILL

Who could have done such a
dastardly deed?

TV in room clicks on and earlier NARRATOR asks offended.

TV NARRATOR (FILTERED)

Hey, I already asked that.

INT. SOUTH POLE EFFICIENCY IGLOO - SIMULTANEOUS

Its slanted-to-the-ceiling continuous round-wall shows this as 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 worn-torn filthy Santa-suit.

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

KRAMPUS

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

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

KRAMPUS

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

Krampus 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.

KRAMPUS

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

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

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

KRAMPUS

Merry F'n Christmas!

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

KRAMPUS

One down. One to go.

INT. NORTH POLE MASTER BEDROOM - IMMEDIATELY

Huge well-furnished bedroom with antique knickknacks. A plush beautiful Santa coat and cloak hangs on a lifelike mannequin. It really is the most gorgeous Santa costume ever made.

KRIS KRINGLE, aka 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 his beautiful antique self-standing mirror.

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

SANTA

Know what my problem is?

MRS KRINGLE

Anything edible?

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

SANTA

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

MRS KRINGLE

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 KRINGLE

Long as you're happy, sweetie-cake.

SANTA

Any left?!

Mrs Kringle shakes her head. Santa throws 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 Kringle pokes his belly. It shakes when he laughs like a bowl full of jelly. He *giggles* like "The Pillsbury Doughboy."

MRS KRINGLE

Awwww, 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 on his cellphone bluetooth. He presses on one ear.

SANTA

Ho, Ho, Hooooo.

(listens intent, reacts)

Ho, Ho, No!

Santa *punches* his mirror with a gloved fist. Pressure cracks form as its glass splinters throughout, then reforms as new.

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

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

LARRY the actor, 60s, obese with reddish-white long hair and full 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 in its pockets, stands in front of Larry *patting* powder on his face.

HAIR, 30s, wearing a fanny-pack full of hair-care products is beside Larry *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 it. 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 cell-phone texting ferocious.

LARRY

May I get a picture with you?

Costume Design answers without looking up.

COSTUME DESIGN

Plenty of time On Set, baby.

Wardrobe gets his 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.

P.A. in her 20s with purple bags under her eyes looking 50, sticks her head inside the trailer's doorway.

P.A.

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 P.A. fast-walks by Larry without stopping.

LARRY

When do we Roll?

PA

On stand-by.

LARRY

Equipment?

PA

Legal.

P.A. 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 its FILM CREW, all ages and ethnics, wearing equipment belts and fanny-packs. When Shoppers see Larry they *snap* selfies. He poses most majestic.

LARRY

Ho, Ho, HO! Merry Larry Christmas!

Larry sees DIRECTOR, female, 30s, wearing impeccable color-coordinated Prada clothing arguing with a STARLING EXEC, female, hard 30s, in a business-suit near store's entrance.

Larry sticks both arms straight out on either side palm up, closes both eyes, inhales deep, then turns his 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 her 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 full 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 to scold 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 "the one and only"
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 up like geriatric WWE wrestlers.

DIRECTOR

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

LARRY

But not screen credit? So why am I now The Terminator-ed?

STARLING EXEC

Only a real Starling Santa can ...

LARRY

Yeah, yeah, got it 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 all Starling Day Parades and "I" make all decisions regarding Starling Santa.

LARRY

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

Director turns to look at her Crew. Starling Exec primps Bill's costume. Larry looks from Bill to Starling Exec to Director then "gets it."

LARRY (CONT'D)

You forgot to tell the Studio their
suit must match yours didn't you?

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

LARRY

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

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

STARLING EXEC

Only a real Starling Santa can ever
play ...

Director turns Larry around to face towards his set trailer.

DIRECTOR

We have to move on. The Network
will pay all your fees with
overtime night-rate.

LARRY

But this would've given me national
exposure and usage fees? It's my
first big break. I'll get noticed.
What actor doesn't want to play
Santa once in their career?

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

DIRECTOR

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

Director hand-motions to P.A. 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

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

PA

Thanks guys, that's a Wrap for you.

P.A. 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.

Costume Design drops the phone in her purse.

LARRY

May I at least have a copy?

COSTUME DESIGN

No can do baby, never 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. 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. Its large Ice-Castle has glittering rainbow spires. An Ice-Barn beside 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 Kringle sits in an over-size rocker by the fire knitting.

MRS KRINGLE

What happened in New York today is so terrible don't you think?

(no response)

Are going to visit him?

(no response)

Well?!

Santa blows milk out his nose *choking*.

SANTA

Is a source of water?

MRS KRINGLE

Are you going to visit him this year, yes or no?

SANTA

I want to, but can't afford to.

MRS KRINGLE

Because?

SANTA

He still chooses to be naughty.

MRS KRINGLE

But he's your only brother?

SANTA

Coulda' fooled me.

MRS KRINGLE

Don't say that!

SANTA

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

MRS KRINGLE

He's still your only relative.

SANTA

He's "still" a relative-jerk. 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 make and expensive.

MRS KRINGLE

Use some on him.

SANTA

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

MRS KRINGLE

(stops rocking)

On me? You --? You've never used any "on me" have you?

Santa throws another log on the fire ignoring her.

MRS KRINGLE

Hey, jingle-boy!

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

MRS KRINGLE

I said, ever use Magic-Snow on me?

SANTA

You, me? Why no. Why would you think such a thing? Ho, HO, HO!

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

Mrs Kringle smiles and goes back to her knitting.

MRS KRINGLE

Then at least call him.

Mrs Kringle 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. Kringle glares over her granny-glasses at him. He capitulates and grumble-mumbles as he picks up the receiver then cranks its handle as box *Dings*.

EXT. SOUTH POLE IGLOO - ALSO SNOWING - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. SOUTH POLE IGLOO - CONTINUOUS

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

Krampus slouches on his red throne in his dirty Santa-suit, one leg over 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 it, Effendi?

KRAMPUS

His apology, is not accepted,
because he "offends" me. Execute.

Badguy Leader gives the military "Move out" hand-sign and his Badguys exit. He bends slightly at the waist circling a hand to Krampus while exiting backwards saying "*Say-lerh-maan*."

KRAMPUS

Salam.

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

KRAMPUS

And a big fat salami to you, too.

Aurora Borealis colored-light shines through his ice-walls throwing shadows on Krampus's face making him look demonic. He turns to a cheap plastic toy replica of *Santa's Workshop* with tiny elves. His voice drops.

KRAMPUS

Boooooooooom --.

His fist smashes down destroying it.

INT. NORTH POLE CASTLE ENTRANCE - NEXT NIGHT

Large double front-doors of wood and brass with wreathes. All is quiet, then huge *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 coiled.

Eerie *cries* from the 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: Kia-yelling Ninja Elves throw Angel Carousel fan-blades as *Shuriken* at all 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

Phooooooooo!

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

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

Badguy Leader *rings* a servant hand-bell.

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

KRAMPUS

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

Krampus throws his reindeer-head near Santa.

Head roles face-up as its nose flickers red then turns black.

SANTA

Rudolph? NO! Why, brother, why?!

KRAMPUS

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

SANTA

We could have shared all. But you you chose to go live life at the other end of the world an ascetic.

KRAMPUS

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.

KRAMPUS

They will. While I 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.

Krampus turns his back on Santa.

SANTA

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

KRAMPUS

But still wouldn't visit your only brother --For Fifty Christmases!

SANTA

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

KRAMPUS

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

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

KRAMPUS

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!

KRAMPUS

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

MRS KRINGLE

I'll never join you!

Krampus 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 ...?

KRAMPUS

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?

KRAMPUS

Me? Nothing. --Can't say the same
about those pesky Killer Penguins.

A black bag is pulled over Santa's head by Badguys.

Krampus bends to whisper in Santa's ear.

 KRAMPUS (CONT'D)
 *You'd better watch out, you'd
 better not cry, better not pout,
 they'll be showing you why.*

Thunk of a black-jack hitting Santa's head who 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 the 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 at a 3" round bronze-medallion buried in the snow. It is the 1959 "*US Coastal Geodetic Study First Marker*." He recognizes it as 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 are better than uno! Eh,
 ese?!

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. Didn't think he was
 that bad-bad.

A horror-movie type *clicking-sound* echoes eerily. Santa squints to try and see against the frigid snow-wind.

FIRST KILLER PENGUIN, 7' tall with 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
on you black-buttied seabird, that's
why!

Santa reaches behind himself to pull out a box cutter.

SANTA

I'll be too busy lookin' good
slicin' and dicin' your blubber
butt!

Santa 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 as *Hannibal Lector*.

CROTCH (O.S.)

And I'll, be eatin' your kidney pie
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. STAND-ALONE SOUTH POLE 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

Bare interior except for in the center of its ice-floor is 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 an Arctic Sea 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 curly 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?

CROTCH

Seen any distilleries nearby eejit?!

SANTA

Seen my brother?

CROTCH

"Some cause happiness wherever they go. Others, whenever they go." Aye, been watching his blustery big ego ever since he hooked-up with that evil I-CIC-al. Rhymes with cynical.

SANTA
ICICLE has my sleigh?!

Santa tosses bottle back. Crotch misses catching it.

CROTCH
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 so I can get it
back! Will you help me?

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

Crotch rips off part of his cooking kidney tossing to Santa.

CROTCH
Have some penguin. Killer taste.

Santa catches and begins gnawing then stops remembering.

SANTA
Wait. The snow marker! Morgensen's
Pole! I used to deliver to its
weather station till abandoned in
'75. It should be nearby.

CROTCH
Faith and Begorrah, your
frostliness. It be a hundred degree
below, you know! 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? Prefers neither.

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

SANTA

However snowflake, I do knows this
one cold-blooded snow-gent. How do
ya' feel about wearin' a slightly
used, Penguin-suit?

EXT. SOUTH POLE SNOWFIELD - LATER THAT 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)

Sure ain't Yeti!

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

SANTA (MUFFLED)

Avalanche!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

It's Him, ya' bloody reject!

The pulling-away snow forms into a huge ball as a second
flume forms into a second smaller ball on top of that one.

Gnarled twigs fly into either side of this second ball as
arms. Three lumps of coal stick on the second ball, each one
above the other as "buttons."

A third smaller snow ball forms on top of the second. Three
smaller lumps of coal fly in. Two stick inches apart
horizontal with the third centered under them as two eyes and
a nose. Black pebbles fly in sticking to third top ball under
its "nose" to form a long thin oval mouth.

A top hat sails in and lands on top of the "head" third ball.
A red scarf floats in to wrap itself between first and second
balls.

SHINGLES, Frosty's evil twin and "The Forbidable Snowman,"
has maroon cheeks with a slight Rosacea problem who speaks
with a thick Brooklyn accent.

SHINGLES

Who dares disturb the great and
like really powerful-like Sno-Man?!

Santa's penguin-suit spins to Crotch.

SANTA (MUFFLED)

You brought me to --The Assassin?!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

"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 any
wacky werewolf look like a limp-
dick lycanthrope!

CROTCH (MUFFLED)

Aie, No, I'm not! But you be
rememberin' snowy Scarlet here,
don'cha?!

SHINGLES

Thought he were his dingle-berry
bruddah! You wants I should do him
in 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!
"May a cat eat him! And may the
Devil eat the cat!"

SHINGLES

I am a big bad-ass, but those sum-
bitch 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?!

Shingles and Crotch square off like Snow Cowboys.

EXT. SOUTH POLE'S EX-WEATHER STATION - LATER THAT DAY

A gigantic snowball rolls toward several small corrugated metal-huts and stops. Earlier 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)

"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 some furniture
to get any heat. You bring 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
Crotch look back up.

Santa stands smiling 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 reaches behind then holds up a small flip-phone wiping
it off.

GRINCH

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

SANTA

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.

CROTCH

Won't do no good down here since
Antarctica's a frozen land mass.
(tilts head confused)
Why does Santa need a plane when
you've got a flying sleigh. What's
yours called, Air Force One-ee?

SANTA

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 have a clearance sale? How'd
you be gettin' all that hardware?

SANTA

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

CROTCH

What you have that be so award-
winnin' they be givin' away those?

SANTA

I ride, the Information Highway.
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 for uh --? As a present.

CROTCH

How long for it to fly 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.

CROTCH

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

SANTA

Don't have to. 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, G.P.S. Let me guess, you also got an "Arcana Intellego" red Ferrari with white leather.

SANTA

With their coat-a-arms on both sides on big-bad skis of course.

CROTCH

"Of course." So you've 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 U.S. 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!

Crotch backs up with both hands up, then Crosses himself.

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 their 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

"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" gots a bridge in Brooklyn to
sell ya', right?!

An antennae rises out of the middle of Shingles's sno-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's 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 right after you're gone!"

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

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, 50-Crush cap, and red-leather riding-pants with white boots, enters carrying a riding crop pinched under one armpit. He has a small rectangular mustache and is smoking a stogie.

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

SANTA

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, Fah-ter! Your bastard brudah and his commie kameraden are chaos anrichten!

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

PILOT-ELF

He is all ofer da world. U.N.
Council be foting on postponing
Veihnachtstag. Nein, Nein, NEIN!

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

SANTA

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

PILOT-ELF

Horch dee Herald Engel singen, ya
Jolly Saint Schwanz! Your böser
junge, uh, bad boy --ist scheisse!

Pilot-Elf goes to whip his riding crop but sees his hand is
empty so looks around for crop.

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 limping 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 comes. 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 shakes nervous.

PILOT-ELF

Nein mein Fuh --uh, dat 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 up into cockpit.

CAPTION: *X-Minus Forty-Eight Hours*

EXT. NORTH POLE ICE CASTLE - SIMULTANEOUS

All Christmas lights are off. Badguy's arctic-white snow-camo Humvees are parked in front. Heavily-armed Badguys patrol on foot in snow-camo parkas and Canadian 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.

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

KRAMPUS

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

Krampus offers his box of Cubans to Badguy Leader confiding.

KRAMPUS

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

Leader *slaps* the box away causing cigars to fly across the room yelling *El-hah-meek-o* for "fool."

BADGUY LEADER
Al-ahmaq! We are behind schedule!

KRAMPUS
Loosen your snow-turban, Sadeekeeee.

BADGUY LEADER
(Sah-deek-ON)
Sadiq! Please do not defame our
tongue! We speak English only now.

KRAMPUS
Well hush my puppies. Ahab the Arab
has his little feelin's hurting.

BADGUY LEADER
And we wish to keep on "hurting."
You must carry our message to ...

KRAMPUS
I know, I know, to The Big Apple.
Got it. And boy, are they gonna'
get it.

MRS KRINGLE
Ooooooh, Santaaaaaaa! I've been
naugh-teeeee --!

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

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

Krampus goes to Mrs Kringle and *slaps* her butt as both exit.

MRS KRINGLE
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 *Tah-Fah-home-eh*
for "Understand?"

BADGUY LEADER
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.

One accidentally cuts Two's cheek with his blade so Two slices his knife at One who ducks and it slashes Three's arm. Three stabs Two in a buttocks who "*Yelps!*"

Badguy Leader is beside himself and yells *In-ta-bah* for "Attention!"

BADGUY LEADER

Aintibah!

His Three Stooges stand rigid dropping their knives which *clatter* on the ice floor.

Badguy Leader *slaps* them all with one long continuous swipe.

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 down 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 ice. A candy-cane periscope rises from the Tower.

SANTA

Thar she blows!

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

CAPTAIN-ELF

Non! Thar he blows, yee moulin à paroles. Très inquiet have we been.

Santa smiles as he climbs up the Conning Tower ladder.

SANTA

"Windbag?!" --Se la péter!

Santa steps through the hatch to climb down interior ladder.

CAPTAIN-ELF

You fart in my general direction?!

Captain-Elf salutes by slapping his hand on a bicep "*Fungu*" then enters down behind Santa sealing the 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 its low ceiling.

CAPTAIN-ELF

Le Père Noël arrive en ville!

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

SANTA

Heave To Boys! The word be given,
"Christmas Eve!"

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

Captain-Elf presses sub's Dive Button and a ship-wide klaxon of Blue Swede's "*OUGA CHAKA; OUGA, OUGA; OUGA CHAKA; OUGA, OUGA, etc*" keeps sounding continuous.

CAPTAIN-ELF

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

SANTA

Up, up, and away, to Northern Ice!

All Crew-Elves begin singing same song's Lyrics.

CREW-ELVES

"When you hold me, In your arm's so
tight. You let me know,
Everything's alright."

Santa joins in. Who knew he was a Falsetto?

CREW-ELVES/SANTA

"I, I-I, I-I-I --Hooked on a
feeling!"

Captain-Elf pulls out his trumpet to *play* song's horn riff.

CREW-ELVES/SANTA

"I'm high on believing, That you're
in love with meeeeeee!"

Crew-Elves jump up to *Schuhplattler*, slapping their thighs, knees, and soles of their shoes then reseal at Posts singing.

CREW-ELVES/SANTA (CONT'D)
"Lips as sweet as candy, It's taste
is on my mind. Girl you got me
thirsty, For a-nuther, cup of wi-
ine!"

EXT. SAME NORTH POLE ICE FLOW - IMMEDIATELY

Candy-cane periscope retracts into Conning Tower as sub sinks
back through its cracked ice. *Singing* inside sub continues.

CREW-ELVES/SANTA
"I, I-I, I-I-I --Hooked on a
feeling! I'm high on believing,
That you're in love with meeee!"

Ice flow crushes back in sealing the sub's crack.

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
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 be jovial at all times.

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 needed the extra pay.

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

BILL

I am eligible for union joining?!

LARRY

Yep. Gonna'?

BILL

Three thousand is huge savings loss
for their member 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

What I love most about the Business
of story-telling is all the stories
you get to tell about The Business.

PASSENGER in passing car throws a drink cup hitting Bill.

PASSENGER

Santa Sucks!

Larry grabs his own crotch throwing his hips outward at car.

LARRY

Suck, This!
(to Bill)
You okay?

BILL

Do Starling Santas now have a big
bulls-eye on their back-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 high 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 just a homeless-hippy,
mountain-man, 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. I'll
buy. I got plenty of Set stories.

Digital Billboard shows live-footage of Krampus flying the
evil sleigh with eight new reindeer. He wears flight-goggles
gripping motorcycle high-rise handlebars on its front bow. He
enjoys flipping-off everyone most enthusiastic with *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 begins singing 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 to skip away *singing*.

LARRY/BILL

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

Ahhh, tis the season of foolish dreams.

EXT. EVIL SLEIGH OVER NEW JERSEY TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

Evil Sleigh has a cutting-bar on its front. Krampus 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.

KRAMPUS

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 - IMMEDIATELY

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 reaches back to hit 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 its 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
That's un-be-leaf-able.

Daughter points to their rear license plate. All look.

New Jersey's slogan on license plate reads "*Garden State*."

All Five look up at the Evil Sleigh flying away.

KRAMPUS
You're so naive, when you heard
Christmas was just around the
corner, you 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'.

Father kicks at what he thinks is a rock but is droppings so it sticks to his shoe. He shakes his foot furious until he slips on another poo-pile and falls face first into more.

MOTHER

Oh, Hon-eeeeee?

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 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: The 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 get 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

Jet's after-burners *flame-on* as both jets go supersonic.

Their sonic cone cuts a wake through the snow below them.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)

Great Balls a' Fire! Gonna' jingle lotsa bells tonight, Poncho.

EXT. SAME NJ TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Tree Salesman finishes uprighting his last tree.

Family of Four inspect their car as *thunder* approaches.

SON

Is that a sonic boo ...?

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

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 same trees slowly fall back over.

TREE SALESMAN

Back atcha'.

Tree Salesman takes out an aspirin bottle to pop a pill. He dry-swallows then offers bottle to Father who takes it.

Family car's rear bumper falls off, then its front one, then all four doors fall off at once..

Father empties the bottle's pills into his open bird-mouth.

INT. F-16 ONE - MOMENTS LATER

Fighter One pilot checks his dash instruments.

FIGHTER ONE

We are now over the 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

Krampus flies parallel to Fighter One, flips *Double Birds*, turns throttle-grip, and his 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! No Joy! Check Six.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)

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

Fighter One pilot looks out the other way to spot 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)

Are you saying, 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 our 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 will
require full service.

CONTROL TOWER (FILTERED)
Are you declaring an emergency?

FIGHTER ONE
Only to our pride, Air Boss.

FIGHTER TWO (FILTERED)
Only to our pride.

The two jets bank to disappear into ominous clouds.

EXT. AIR SPACE OVER A THIRD NJ TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Silence, then *Beatles* music plays.

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

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

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

KRAMPUS
"Prang, Prang. Max's silver tinsel,
made sure, Christmas is dead."

BAD REINDEER
"Woh, oh-oh-ooooo!"

KRAMPUS
Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Evil Sleigh rockets into the night to the music's
instrumental *playing*.

EXT. 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.

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 Leprechaun button saying "*Kiss Me, I'm Irish*" wipes down bar-top then passes-out with his forehead down on it. *Thump!*

Larry and Bill are the only patrons left. Multiple empty Shaker Pints are on their high table. They are over throwing red and white darts at a Christmas tree-shaped dartboard.

Multiple darts are stuck all around in the wall, but none are in the dartboard.

Larry gives a well-practiced over the years *long 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 Bhangì. New girl friend, she left yesterday. She never into my whole "Ho-Ho" thing. Both yell at me to get a real job.

LARRY

You got mine.

BILL

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

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

LARRY

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

Bill continues. Who knew he could sing Basso Profondo"

BILL

"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

No, no Daadi. Divorced, yes. I play
homeless, but I'm not a real one --
yet. I've created 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.

Passers-By now run back the opposite way outside his window.

Peppermint-poop falls shiny-sparkling as they cover-up.

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 bar's windows.

CAPTION: *X-Minus Twelve Hours*

EXT. NORTH POLE ICE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING ICE BARN - SIMULTANEOUS

Santa kneels looking through night-binoculars at all below.

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

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.

SANTA

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

NINJA-ELF ONE

Did Santa just speak Klingon?

NINJA LEADER

"Too loose, Lau-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 "pops" out of a snow bank to aim his tube at
BADGUY FOUR walking by. Christmas-wrap ribbons shoot out of
the tube encircling Badguy Four. One ribbon has a gift-tag on
it that sticks over Four's mouth reading "*Do Not Open--Even
on Xmas!*" The ribbons pull Badguy Four inside Ninja-Elf One's
snow-hill struggling. Ninja-Elf One sinks slow into his snow.

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. His unconscious body is pulled under the snow by many Ninja-Elf arms with white gloves.

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

BADGUY SIX

'El-lo?

Badguy Six pulls back his weapon's bolt, *Thock*, then 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 into Badguy Six's neck who swoons then collapses. Ninja Two dives back into his snow. His hands resurface near Badguy Six's head to pull the rest of his body under the snow.

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 until the 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 down over 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-leh!

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

SANTA

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

A white patch forms over Santa's eye with a pirate accent.

SANTA (CONT'D)

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. Their snow grows red in perfectly round bloody-patches where they once stood.

BADDEST BADGUY, a giant, jumps out from a corner aiming 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.
Spot on, I must say.

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

Santa tilts his head watching their deadly work.

SANTA

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 has name plaques.

Entrance hangar-type door *mechanical-rumbles* sliding up.

Santa enters ducking under it. His white suit is covered with dried blood stains. He goes to a stall then pats its name-plate that reads "RUDOLPH."

Ninja-Leader walks up behind Santa and sprays him with an aerosol can. Santa's white suit turns back to its 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.

Santa twists Rudolph's name-plaque.

SANTA

Don't have to.

Stall's hay-floor has a trap-door that withdraws as a VPL rises from the basement with the real RUDOLPH who has the brightest red nose ever. His tail wags and nose flashes "Happy" at seeing Santa who hugs Rudolph's neck.

NINJA-LEADER

Hun-den! How?

SANTA

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

NINJA LEADER

"Wain-Dwoid?"

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

Q-Q

Anne-droid, mon!

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

Ninja-Leader asks with his eyes.

Q-Q

A robot possessing some degree of
artificial intelligence resembling
a real reindeer.

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

NINJA-LEADER

Sensei!

Q-Q puts on his glasses and waves Ninja-Leader off.

Ninja-Elves enter the barn and bow their heads at Q-Q.

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
my inventions back in one piece dis
time if'n it be pleasin' you, mon.
And even if --it not be, please.

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

Electrical *whining* as a large trap-door retracts in the
middle of the barn's floor as an Aircraft Elevator rises.

Centered on lift is a brand new sleek gleaming maroon
Supersonic Sleigh. Bumper-sticker reads "*Eat My Sprinkles.*"

NINJA-ELVES

Uuuuuuuuuuuuu!

Santa strokes Rudolph's head between his eyes.

SANTA

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

Rudolph pulls a front hoof across the floor angry.

SANTA
Teamsters?!

Rudolph's nose glows brighter as hoof 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 throws a classic "Peace" V-fingers sign meaning "Nice."

Q-Q
Irie, mom. Irie.

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 the 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 their 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 and under SWAT-Leader's umbrella.

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

SWAT-LEADER

Oh, hey! I brought my kids to see
you last week.

BILL

Kevin and uhhhh --Kristy. Right?
(beer *belch*)
Football Fathead and Malibu Marnie.

SWAT-LEADER

How'd you remember?

BILL

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 fast-flags a hand to both sides.

SWAT-LEADER

Cease Fire, Cease Fire!

All *firing* stops. Swat-Leader shakes his head.

SWAT-LEADER

That is one serious ...

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

SWAT-LEADER

Shit-faced Santa.

INT. STARLING CHRISTMAS LAND - MOMENTS LATER

A true Winter Wonderland, except for Krampus now sitting on
its throne.

Badguys in tactical-black stand throughout the floor 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 the 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 ...just a little.

Bill tries "scoochin' forward" his flab closer to the bomb.

Badguy Leader encourages Bill.

BADGUY LEADER
Come on, just a little bit closer,
you can do it, fat capitalist.

Bill stretches his stubby fingers for the bomb.

Badguy Leaders steps on the key smiling crooked.

BADGUY LEADER
"Almost" --only counts in horse-shoes and hand grenades, Infidel.
(bends picking up key)
Typical decadent Westerner. All talk, mostly fat, and always rude.
Why don't you dye your hair orange?

Badguy Leader aims his weapon down 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 Karate yell.

NINJA-ELVES

Kia!

BADGUY LEADER

Where's your fearful leader?

LARRY

Right here, Sadist Sadim.

Larry enters with long steps now wearing earlier studio-suit and round spectacles with his candy-cane staff and empty red-silk gift-bag slung over a shoulder. There's something in it?

CHILDREN

Ooooooh! The "real" Santa!

Turns out Badguy Leader is quite the fashion aficionado.

BADGUY LEADER

No doubt that is the most beautiful
Santa-suit ever made, Baba Nawel.

Krampus stands up aiming his automatic pistol at Larry.

KRAMPUS

Three's a crowd, odd-ball!

SANTA

Then let's even the odds!

Gold rope lowers Santa through the broken skylight. He wears a child's Western double-holster set over suit's black belt.

PARENTS

Three's company, but --?

CHILDREN

Four?

SANTA

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

All Children *clap*.

Santa scrubs his face hard with a dry red Christmas towel and white grease-paint comes off. Santa removes his towel to reveal, he is actually African-American.

Two AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE PARENTS do a "dap" 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
Gives a whole new meaning to "p, h,
a, t" Santa-baby.

Santa draws both toy pistols then does cowboy gun-spinning.

Bill recognizes their make and model *drunk-slurring*.

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

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

Krampus is beyond disgusted.

KRAMPUS
Well, that's just so, y-o-u.
(holsters his real gun)
Somebody shoot that phat phony.

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

BADGUY THREE
Owie!

KRAMPUS
"Owie?"
(to Badguy Leader)
Where'd you get your half-baked
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 to fall face-first unconscious.

Santa twirls to fast-holster both guns then undoes its buckle
and tosses holster-set to ONE LUCKY BOY. UNLUCKY BOYS try to
yank it away. PARENT FATHERS get involved in their fray.
Typical pushing and shoving by "old men" with epithets ensue.

Badguy Leader gives a loud shrill two-finger whistle and all
fighting freezes. He holds up high the Bomb Key.

BADGUY LEADER

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

Badguy Leader throws his head back to drop the bomb-key in his open mouth then gags swallowing it..

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 like
you, mate. But 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)
So I unionized the cuddlies.
(pats closest one)
They're actually quite intelligent.
Then I 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 all 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 and slash Badguys. Beautiful battlefield bedlam.

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

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 pain bending over.

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

BADGUY TWO

Uuuuuuuuu --?!

Krampus aims his handgun at Santa.

KRAMPUS

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

Larry and Bill each raise a hand to protest.

LARRY/BILL

Excuse me, but --?

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 like Mike Tyson in same high-pitched voice quoting him.

RUDOLPH

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

Rudolph rear-kicks Badguy One airborne through a wall.

BADGUY ONE

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

Rudolph bites onto Krampus's gun startling him and carries it in his mouth to fly back out the skylight.

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

SANTA

That really is an exceptional suit.
May I inquire where you obtained
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 then finger-brushes his fur. Bullets fall out *bouncing* on the floor.

CROTCH

Hey, numb-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 on the floor unconscious.

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* to Badguy Leader.

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

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

Santa runs towards Krampus. Smoke clears. Krampus is gone.

BILL

Picked the wrong God Damn Santa
Land to break in to din't ya'!

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

Bill and Larry wave up to 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 his 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.

The 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 leave 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 necessary please to give them
Employee Discount.

Parents look at Starling Exec with eyes wide in expectation.

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

STARLING EXEC

Bring all final purchases to me.

Parents grab their Children to fast-exit for 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* candy-cane staff on floor twice like a scepter.

LARRY

Real Santas!

Crotch stands up rubbing his sore chest to quote his brother's famous Line.

CROTCH

"Maybe Christmas doesn't come from
a store. Maybe Christmas, perhaps,
means just 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 rides in the new Supersonic Sleigh pulled by his eight
Original Reindeer with Rudolph's red nose in front leading.

SANTA

You can't escape, brother dearest,
my GPS-cork tagged you!

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*. He looks at it.

SANTA

What?! Thirty degrees to Port!
(*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 Pole's overcast.

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

EXT. NORTH POLE ICE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Santa lands Supersonic Sleigh then goes to Krampus'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 the Samurai-yell ready for battle.

NINJA-ELVES

Ah-yaaa!

SANTA

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

Ninja-Elves remove large toy-drums from sleigh. 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 moving along conveyor belts.

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

ALLDRUMS STOP.

SANTA

Why, Brother?

KRAMPUS (O.S.)

We're not blood brothers! We never were. Search your feelings, Luke!

A SINGLE DRUM BEATS.

SANTA

I don't under ...?

KRAMPUS (O.S.)

I don't either, Norway Gnome. Ever
since I was disavowed!

SECOND DRUM JOINS IN.

SANTA

What?! When, by whom?

A Christmas tree-top ornament *whizzes* at Santa who ducks.

The tree-top ornament's point sticks in the wall behind him.

KRAMPUS (O.S.)

Father Christmas!

SANTA

Why would our dad --?

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

KRAMPUS

He's not my pop, poop-tart!

Robot-toys roll on the floor to Santa *firing* their rockets.

Santa jumps behind a pillar as their rockets *explode* on it.

SANTA

Then who --?

Krampus steps out from behind machinery.

KRAMPUS

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

Santa is beyond confused.

SANTA

"Moved?"

DRUMS CRESCENDO OUTSIDE THEN STOP.

KRAMPUS

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 --?

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

SANTA

Nooooooo?! Mother and --?

Krampus aims two large burning Roman Candles at Santa.

KRAMPUS

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

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

DRUMS BEAT FRANTIC OUTSIDE.

NINJA-ELVES (O.S.)

Yoi-Oi, Yoi-Oi!

Krampus'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 to grab a sling-shot. He fires large 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 Krampus like Dante's Inferno.

KRAMPUS

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

Sound of a heavy motor *rumbling* above him. 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 *Hughe's* plane chasing after Santa *firing* more BBs.

SANTA

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

INT. ICE FACTORY CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Its computerized command-center has monitors and gauges everywhere.

Santa shoulder-hits its 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.

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

KRAMPUS

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

SANTA

(points to bomb)
Do you really have that much anger
to ruin Christmas for everyone?

KRAMPUS

If you can't join 'em --
(smiles sinister)
Make 'em suffer.

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

KRAMPUS

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. Krampus charges. Fine ice-chips sparkle as they
parry and thrust. They fight, then both step back winded.

KRAMPUS

Too much, like work.

SANTA

Too fat. Now what?

KRAMPUS

Since I can't kill you, I'll kill
your --.

Krampus stabs his sword into 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."

KRAMPUS

Legacy!

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

KRAMPUS

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

SANTA

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

KRAMPUS

Boo-hoo. Get lost and not found.

SANTA

Sounds good.

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

KRAMPUS

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

SANTA

Then learn to speed-read.

Santa reaches behind himself then holds 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.

KRAMPUS

Nooooooo --!

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.

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

KRAMPUS

Curse you, Satan's Santa!

SANTA

Beware the dark side, of your force!

KRAMPUS

Thanks for reminding me, space ball-less!

Krampus shoulders his tube to *fire* an ground-to-air missile.

EXT. BOTH SLEIGHS OVER NORTH POLE - CONTINUOUS

Warning *beeping* from his 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, he 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. 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 the empty Supersonic Sleigh veers away.

SANTA

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

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

EXT. OLDER SLEIGH - IMMEDIATELY

Reins and harness release. Those 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, Awaaaaaaaay --!

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, Santy.

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.

The F-35 towing the old sleigh with bomb in it climbs higher.

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 together and stabilizes in a 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 wristwatch)
Two more minutes of free-fall.

Santa goes head-first 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.

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. The 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.

Q-Q

Plain enough. Not so simple, mon.

Both walk to the largest toy factor the world has never known about. Its massive machinery is silent inside. Smoke pours out all its window.

EXT. FATHER AND MOTHER'S 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 "WTF?"

EXT. FAMILY OF FOUR HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Two-level Colonial in suburbs with tons of O.C. 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 the 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.

SNAP SHOT: Bulb *flash* and their picture spins to stop then forms into a Christmas postcard.

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 Puff Big Daddy Santa."

Starling Exec clutches card to her chest getting sentimental.

CREW FOREMAN
We're Union, lady, so --we still
gets our "eight hours."

Construction Crew glares at her. She nods smiling sappy.

STARLING EXEC
God bless you one and --.
(*sighs 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?

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 is 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 to pull out a check. Its written 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 hands the check to Helper.

TREE SALESMAN
Your Christmas Bonus.

HELPER
You promised me eight hours.

Helper notices a third smaller envelope on the ground.

HELPER (CONT'D)

What's that?

Tree Salesman picks up envelope uncaring.

TREE SALESMAN

Must have fallen out.

(opens envelope)

Can't get any worse.

Another smaller mechanical Christmas Card begins *barking*. Its the original 1950 Denmark "The Singing Dogs" to *Jingle Bells*.

SANTA (SUBTITLE)

"Fifty of the finest pine trees
will be delivered to your lot by
Special Messengers this coming
Thanksgiving. Merry Christmas!"

Tree Salesman smiles big getting out his wallet.

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 magnificent in the arctic sun.

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

Room looks as original, decorated, and beautiful.

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

Q-Q puts in a huge monocle that defies gravity to examine Santa as a Savile Row couturier with a proper British accent.

Q-Q

That rather suits you, old chap.
Truly a splendid cut. Remarkably
handsome jacket. One must say, that
suit sits magnificently.

Q-Q steps back to pocket his monocle.

SANTA

I didn't know you spoke Brit?

Q-Q speaks again in his Jamaican native language.

Q-Q

Only when I wear that infernal
Glass Onion, mon. Belonged to
Sherlock, don't cha know.

SANTA

Holmes?

Q-Q

In my yaad, that word means a close
friend, buddy, or bro.

Santa offers a hand. They shake. Santa speaks Jamaican.

SANTA

Mi chargie --dawg.

Q-Q

Irie, mon.
(checks out Santa again)
Yuh style tun up.

SANTA

And a perfect fit. Who knew? And
now that I've finally come out --
who knows? Maybe the world is
finally ready for an Obama Claus.
(holds up goblet)
You saved Christmas this year,
boys, not me. Be proud, stand tall,
and bask in your Elf-heritage!

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

SANTA

Your bonuses --are around The Tree.

All Elves race to the new huge Christmas Tree and pull off
envelopes with their names or look for presents under it.

Pilot-Elf opens his and its a new trumpet. He polishes it.

Captain-Elf opens his and its a new saxophone. He pets it.

Rudolph walks up to Santa and flashes his red nose in code.

SANTA

Mrs Kringle? Oh, she's fine, fine.
Just taking a nap.

Q-Q

Did you use Magic Snow to return
her back to normal?

A long leg in red hose appears through the door frame and bends suggestive.

MRS KRINGLE

Oh San-taaa! I'm readyyyyy for my
special pres-ennnnnnt!

Rudolph trots fast to bring Santa a microphone in his teeth.

Santa takes it and spins until his suit turns white then he hits John Travolta's pose from "Saturday Night Fever."

Q-Q presses his remote control and a DJ Deck rises from the floor in club-standard setup. Q-Q puts on purple shades then works a record on its turntable. The famous guitar riff begins of *Wild Cherry's* "Play that Funky Music."

All Elves freeze. Pilot-Elf and Captain-Elf wet their lips.

Who knew Santa studied to be a Cover Artist for Rob Parissi?

SANTA

"I never had no problems, yeah.
Burning down the one-night stands.
Then everything around me, yeah. It
got to start to feeling so low-ow.
And I decided quickly, yes I did,
heh. To disco down and check out
the show."

All Elves begin singing in perfect funk rock.

ELVES

"Yeah, they were dancing and
singing and moving to the grooving,
and just when it hit me, somebody
turned around and shouted."

All Elves begin Pole Dancing. Pilot-Elf and Captain-Elf play.

SANTA/ELVES

"Play that funky music, White Boy!
Play that funky music, Right!"

Mrs Claus spins out onto the "dance floor" in a skater-style mini-skirt with white faux-fur trim as "Santa Baby." Who knew she studied under Katherine Dunham?

SANTA/ELVES

"Play that funky music, White Boy!
Lay down the boogie and play that
funky music till you die. Heh, heh.
Gonna play some electrified funky
music, Yow!"

Ninja-Leader plugs a new electric guitar into Q-Q's speakers and plays the song's electronic riff. He drops to his knees.

A disco ball overhead lights up spinning. It's 1970 at Soho's "The Gallery" again.

Captain-Elf leans to yell over the music at Pilot-Elf.

CAPTAIN-ELF
So where'd you drop him?!

EXT. EARLIER SOUTH POLE WEATHER STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

The North Pole music is so loud you can hear it down here.

Smoke wafts out of the radio shack's chimney as earlier Six Killer Penguins patrol around it. They hear Santa's music and do "Funky Shuffle" County Line Dancing. They're very good.

INT. U.S. WEATHER STATION AT SOUTH POLE - MOMENTS LATER

Krampus sits sullen 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.

KRAMPUS
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.

Krampus gets the most evil twisted smile in villainy history.

Front door is *kicked-in* by a Killer Penguin with one flipper.

KRAMPUS
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
Labhairt go neamhbhalbh --son.

Crotch steps to the side. Through the open door, Krampus can see Shingles outside standing watch resolute.

KRAMPUS
"Talk turkey?!" We've got as much
chance as a snowball in hell.

Shingles smiles and turns around bending all the way over.

INCOMING!

WHITE OUT.