



BLOODLIST 2009



BLOODLIST 2010



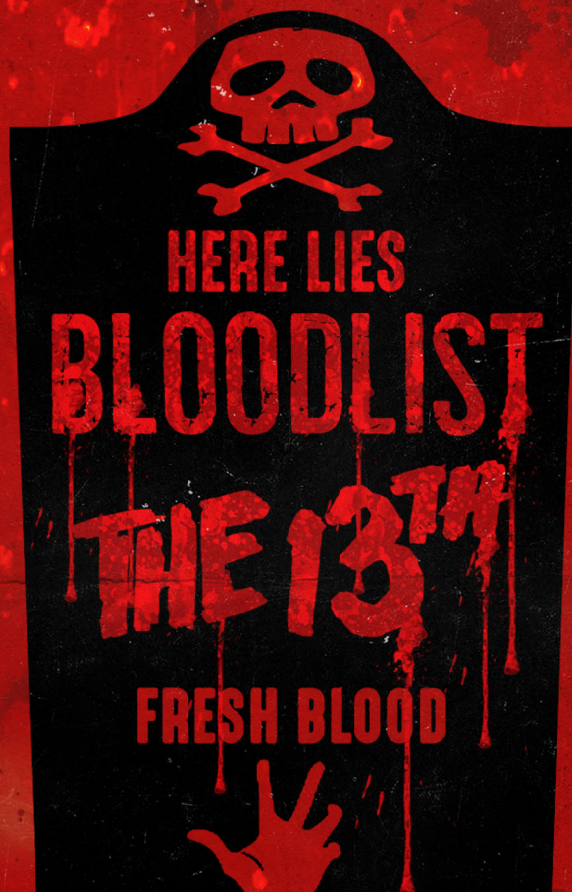
BLOODLIST 2011



BLOODLIST 2012



BLOODLIST 2013



BLOODLIST 2014



BLOODLIST 2015



BLOODLIST 2016



BLOODLIST 2017



BLOODLIST 2018



BLOODLIST 2019



BLOODLIST 2020

On the First Day of Christmas...

Written by

Casey Giltner

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

A SHOEBOX sits on a workbench.

A pair of HANDS reach in -- Carefully wrap the box in thick brown shipping paper and tape it shut.

The person (Who will remain unseen) pulls on a pair of red gloves and picks up the package.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

The red gloves carry the package -- Out of a decaying building. Onto a street being pounded with snow.

Into an alley. Past a burgeoning homeless encampment. Arriving at a rusted MOPED. A red clown nose affixed to the front.

The red gloves strap the package to the back of the scooter. The moped starts and zips away.

**EXT. MOPED - DAWN**

The package *rumbles* as the scooter navigates the icy roads...

From the blighted neighborhood of its origin...

Through a middle class neighborhood of single family houses...

And into a neighborhood filled with pristine upper class townhomes... Where the moped eventually pulls to a stop.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAWN**

A fresh coat of snow blankets everything. The red gloves unstrap the package and carry it down the sidewalk...

Up a set of front steps. Setting the package down on the doorstep to #12. Before retreating down the steps and out of frame.

But we stay on the package. Written in thick black ink above the address:

TO AMELIA SYLVAN

*SUBTITLE: December 14th*

The footprints linger...

And are slowly snowed over...

Until the front door opens -- And a new pair of hands reach down, pick up the package, and carry it inside.

**INT. SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS**

The hands belong to BEATRICE, the housekeeper (35 - dedicated, always hassled, deeply religious).

She sets the package on the entryway table with the mail.

The townhouse is an elegant, expertly decorated feast for the eyes. The main floor a web of interconnected rooms. Looking up the grand stairwell, we see the banister continues up three stories.

Beatrice proceeds down the hall into the-

**KITCHEN**

Where a pour-over coffee is waiting for her. She disposes of the filter and carries the coffee --

-- Through the DINING ROOM with its bar and ornate, 18-seat, oak table. Into the -

**LIVING ROOM**

Where she delivers it to a MAN, lounging on a couch with his IPAD, reading glasses perched on the tip of his nose.

This is NICK SYLVAN (45), a man dripping with charisma. As suave (and flawed) as Don Draper. He owns any room he's in and carries any conversation he has.

NICK  
Morning, beautiful.

BEATRICE  
Good morning, Mr. Sylvan. Don't  
let your wife hear you.

Nick winks playfully.

NICK  
She'll never understand what we  
have, Beatrice.

She shivers. Even the hint of impropriety too much for her.

BEATRICE  
How could anyone?

We hear someone and sweep out into the-

**GRAND HALLWAY**

A WOMAN is coming down the grand stairwell, on the phone, frustrated, talking a mile a minute.

This is RILEY SYLVAN (40), philanthropist and socialite. She's an accomplished, high-strung woman. A planner. Demands structure. Needs things done *her* way.

RILEY

-No, that's not right. Tell them that we've already complied with the city requirements and then some. We have gone above and beyond and above and beyond that.

She enters the-

**KITCHEN**

Beatrice sweeps an espresso in front of her. Riley covers the mouthpiece.

RILEY

Beatrice, did you finish drafting the menu for the party?

BEATRICE

Yes, Mrs. Sylvan, it's all done.

She slides a piece of paper to Riley. Riley scans it and begins crossing items out and writing in new ones.

RILEY

-He has no reason to vote against us. We simply need to remind him he has much more to gain by having us as an ally. He needs to *feel* the pressure we would exert if he made the unfortunate choice to oppose us. Okay, I have to run. See you in an hour.

Riley hangs up. She hands the amended menu back to Beatrice. Nearly every item has been changed.

RILEY

This looks good. You can send it over to chef.

BEATRICE

Mrs. Sylvan, may I speak with you about my Holiday hours?

RILEY

Bea, can you hold that thought?  
We'll circle back later this week,  
okay? I have to be off.

BEATRICE

It's just that Christmas is very  
important in my family-

RILEY

Of course it is. Later this week.  
We'll discuss it. I promise.

Riley takes her espresso and whisks over to Nick in the-

**LIVING ROOM**

RILEY

Morning.

NICK

(waving his IPAD)  
You see this?

RILEY

See what?

NICK

The overnight market.

RILEY

You know I haven't.

NICK

We're over a fucking barrel.

RILEY

Yes, well, try not to lose our  
entire fortune today. We have a  
Christmas party to throw.

They talk with the easy, dull familiarity of over a decade  
spent in close proximity.

NICK

The party shall go on. Unless I  
jump out my office window.

RILEY

Well, make sure you jump from the  
highest floor. I couldn't bear to  
have to pull the plug on you.

NICK  
Head first it is. I'll make sure  
my brains really splatter.

RILEY  
I'm off. Don't forget the  
invitations. You should've taken  
them in last week.

NICK  
It only increases their  
anticipation, not knowing whether  
they're invited this year.

RILEY  
People need their hands held,  
Nick. You know that.

NICK  
Is this you holding my hand?

RILEY  
Be a big boy. The foundation needs  
revenue. I can't afford for it not  
to be a success.

He smiles then looks back at his tablet.

NICK  
Consider it done, my love.

RILEY  
*Thank you.*

She proceeds into the-

# **HALLWAY**

Where she withdraws an immaculate blue peacoat from the closet.  
As she's putting it on, she notices the package on the entryway  
table.

As she reaches for it -- The front door flies opens. She jumps.

On the other side is the nanny, OLIVE (20), a guarded, modest  
girl with great wide innocent eyes.

RILEY  
Christ, Olive. You startled me.

OLIVE  
I'm so sorry, Mrs. Sylvan. Have a  
nice day.

They trade places. Mrs. Sylvan exits.

Olive clocks the package as she hangs her coat -- But Nick emerges from the living room, drawing her eyes away.

OLIVE  
(nervous)  
Good morning, Mr. Sylvan.

He turns, smiling when he sees her.

NICK  
Oh -- Olive! Come on. Haven't we known each other long enough for you to call me Nick?

OLIVE  
Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Sylvan.

She puts her head down and hurries past.

He frowns. Watches her walk up the stairs for a beat too long. Then he heads up the hall, through a door that leads to the GARAGE.

*...The house is quiet...*

**INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

The door at the very end opens. A CHILD pokes her head out.

This is AMELIA (6). A squishy little oddball. Easily occupied. Quietly desperate for love and affection.

AMELIA  
Mommy? Daddy?

Olive's head appears from the stairwell.

OLIVE  
Hello there, sleepyhead. I was just coming up to wake you.

AMELIA  
Good morning, Olive.

Olive kneels down and gives Amelia a great big hug. They're clearly very close. We sense immediately that Olive, if anything, is too protective.

OLIVE  
I'm sorry. They already left for work. You were too sleepy!

AMELIA  
...Oh...

OLIVE  
You know what it is today?

Amelia groggily shakes her head.

OLIVE  
It's only eleven days until  
Christmas! Are you excited?

Amelia smiles and nods.

OLIVE  
Come on. Time to get ready or  
you'll be late for school.

**INT. SYLVAN FINANCIAL OFFICE - DAY**

Nick walks through the bullpen handing out envelopes to his  
EMPLOYEES. Nick is the President of *Sylvan Financial*, an  
Investment Firm of suspect ethics.

He stops at the office of ROMAN, his Vice President, confidant,  
and bombastic drinking buddy of flexible morality.

Nick slides him the rich forest green envelope.

ROMAN  
Is this what I think it is?

He opens it - Inside is a blood red card embossed with elegant  
gold calligraphy.

ROMAN  
A Christmas Masquerade?

NICK  
No expense spared this year.

ROMAN  
Good god, man. What did you hold  
back on last year? I was hungover  
until New Years.

NICK  
Have I ever steered you wrong  
before?

ROMAN  
Yes. Repeatedly. That's why I like  
you.

Nick smirks and ducks out.

**INT. SYLVAN HISTORICAL PRESERVATION FOUNDATION - DAY**

A schlubby looking CITY COUNCILMAN is led in by Riley's assistant MINA (22). His disgruntled eyes linger on the exuberant chandelier.

RILEY  
(introducing herself)  
Hello, Councilman Matthews. Riley  
Sylvan, philanthropist. Welcome to  
the Sylvan Historical Preservation  
Foundation.

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
Thanks... So you're looking to-

RILEY  
-Save the East Towne Bank from  
demolition.

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
Isn't it just an old bank?

RILEY  
I assure you it is not just an old  
bank. It is a cornerstone of our  
community and pristine example of  
Emersonian architecture.

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
It's pretty ugly if you ask me.

RILEY  
We're asking you to save it, not  
admire it for its beauty.

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
Be a lot easier to save if it was,  
you know, nice to look at.

RILEY  
So you won't vote with us?

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
I didn't say that.

RILEY  
Then what are you saying?

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
People like pretty buildings.

RILEY  
I don't disagree.

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
And your bank, old as it may be,  
is ugly as shit.

RILEY  
You're missing the point. The  
point is to preserve our  
connection to the past-

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
No. It's about utility. And nobody  
needs an old bank.

RILEY  
It could become a museum or a  
gallery-

COUNCILMAN MATTHEWS  
We have enough galleries. I'm  
trying to help find people a place  
to live. And this bank is standing  
in the way of 125 units of  
affordable housing.

Riley smiles uncomfortably, unsure how to respond. Just then,  
Mina returns, apologizing for the interruption.

MINA  
Riley. There's a call for you.

RILEY  
Take a message.

Mina bends down to whisper in Riley's ear.

MINA  
It's your mother. She said some...  
some really mean things.

RILEY  
Apologies, Councilman. Excuse me  
for a moment.

#### **RILEY'S OFFICE**

Riley walks into her office and picks up the phone.

RILEY  
Now's not a good time, Mother.

THE GRANDMOTHER (PHONE)  
Yes, yes. I'm sure you're very  
busy.

THE GRANDMOTHER (PHONE)  
It won't take a minute, I'm just  
calling to confirm my holiday  
travel plans with you.

RILEY  
I wasn't aware you were traveling.

THE GRANDMOTHER (PHONE)  
Yes, I've decided to visit. I'm  
overdue, I think we can both  
admit.

RILEY  
I'm not sure this is the best  
year. What about Easter?

There's a folder placed prominently on her desk.

A POST-IT NOTE is stuck to the folder:

*"Can you explain this? ~ Bridgette."*

She opens the file. Inside are a number of financial documents  
with certain rows and columns highlighted.

Riley closes the folder with a frown.

THE GRANDMOTHER (PHONE)  
Nonsense. I haven't seen my  
Granddaughter in ages. I'll be  
flying in Christmas Eve.

RILEY  
Really, Mother, I have the  
Foundation's Christmas Party that  
night. It's not the best time.

THE GRANDMOTHER (PHONE)  
I'll be in quite late. I'm sure  
things will be wrapped up by then.

RILEY  
It's... It's not that type of  
party, Mother.

THE GRANDMOTHER (PHONE)  
As I said, I'll be in quite late.

Riley bites her tongue. Her Mother always gets her way.

RILEY  
...We would love to have you.

THE GRANDMOTHER (PHONE)  
Splendid.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, OFFICE - DAY**

Olive sits at Nick's desk. It's an ornate, rich oak behemoth. More for show than actual use. A photo of Nick with President Bill Clinton is displayed prominently. Olive flips the photo down on its face and turns on the family computer.

She logs into REDDIT.

Clicks into a sub-reddit: "*Nanny Confidential*"

And a thread titled: "*Diary of Mr & Mrs. S*"

Olive is the author. A daily debriefing about Nick and Riley, clandestinely referred to as *Mr. & Mrs. S*.

*"Yet again, Mr. & Mrs. S. leave for the day without so much as a HELLO to their daughter."*

The replies roll in:

*"...negligent..."*

*"...terrible parents..."*

*"...They don't deserve you..."*

From @RealSantaHoHoHo:

*"Someone should take that girl away. She's in danger."*

Olive smiles to herself and upvotes the comment.

-- A school bell rings --

**EXT. AMELIA'S SCHOOL - DAY**

Olive waits out front with a number of parents and nannies. Kids begin to pour out of the building. Amelia comes bounding out and runs into her waiting arms.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

Olive returns with Amelia from school into the grand hall.

Beatrice is hanging garland laced with Christmas lights on the banister.

The mystery package remains on the entryway table.

Amelia notices it. Distracted, she accidentally steps on the end of the garland, pulling down an entire section.

BEATRICE  
AMELIA! Watch where you're  
walking! What do you have to say  
for yourself?

AMELIA  
(shamefully)  
...I'm sorry, Beatrice...

Olive puts a hand to Amelia's back and guides her past, glaring  
at Beatrice. *Was that really necessary?*

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Amelia sits at the counter, chewing on a pencil, working on her  
homework.

AMELIA  
Olive, can you help me?

OLIVE  
Let me see. Your teacher wants to  
know *the meaning of Christmas*. You  
don't know the meaning of  
Christmas?

Amelia shakes her head shamefully. Olive beams at Amelia and  
cups her hands gently.

OLIVE  
Christmas is... for spending time  
with the people we love most. A  
day for family. A day to be  
grateful for what we have.

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - DAY**

Olive shows Amelia an animated YOUTUBE video about the 12 days  
of Christmas.

ANIMATED VIDEO  
*-On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
my true love gave to me, twelve  
drummers drumming, eleven pipers  
piping, ten ladies dancing-*

**LATER**

Amelia and Olive sit cross legged across from one another.

OLIVE  
Okay, ready?

Amelia nods.

OLIVE

*On the first day of  
Christmas, my true love gave  
to me, a partridge in a pear  
tree.*

AMELIA

*On the first day of  
Christmas, my true love gave  
to me, a par-chige in a pear  
tree.*

Olive laughs.

OLIVE

Good. Watch a couple more times.  
Keep practicing and we'll do the  
WHOLE thing together tomorrow.  
Okay?

Amelia smiles.

**INT. RILEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Riley is still at work. And from the looks of it, she's the last one in the office.

A noise breaks her concentration.

She looks up. It came from deep inside the building.

She walks to the edge of her office and looks out.

RILEY

Is anyone still here? Bridgette is  
that you?

There's no response... And yet... It feels like someone is there. Watching her.

She retreats inside. Opens her desk drawer. Inside is a snub nosed revolver with a pearl handle.

She puts the gun in her purse. Gathers the rest of her things. Hurries out of the office, clutching her purse tightly.

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Growing restless, Amelia abandons the TV.

**INT. GRAND HALLWAY - NIGHT**

She skips down the stairs, *humming the 12 Days of Christmas* song to herself.

In the **KITCHEN**, she sees Beatrice in a heated, conspiratorial conversation on the phone.

She moves up the hall...

AMELIA

-Five golden rings, four calling  
birds, three french hens, two  
turtle doves, and a partridge in-

She stops...

Her eyes landing on the package on the entryway table.

She tips the package down to look at it. There's a light  
imprint of Santa Claus on the side of the package.

TO: AMELIA SYLVAN

*It's for her!*

**INT/EXT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT**

Nick, on the edge of inebriation, drives himself home in his  
Tesla Model X.

As he approaches their townhouse, he lifts his hand to press  
the garage door opener...

But to his surprise, the garage is already open. He pulls in-

**INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Parks and presses the opener -- The garage door slowly rolls  
shut behind him.

He turns off the engine and gets out of the car.

He listens for a moment. The garage seems quieter than normal.  
*Like he's not alone.*

He backs toward the door, his drunken eyes lingering on the  
dark corners of the garage.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Nick closes the door and just to be sure, flips the lock.

He ambles up the hall, a bit more cautious than normal.

Stopping short. He does, in fact, hear something...

HIGH PITCHED VOICE (O.S.)

*-He's making a list. He's checking  
it twice. He's gonna find out  
who's naughty and nice. Santa  
Claus is Coming to town...*

He tracks the sound up the hall, into the-

**LIVING ROOM**

Amelia is sitting crossed-legged in the middle of the room. Her back to us, holding something. The wreckage of the opened package strewn about the room.

She looks back over her shoulder.

AMELIA  
Hello, Daddy.

NICK  
Amelia? Honey, what is that?

Nick walks further into the room.

An electronic singing card lies open on the floor, belting out the song.

HIGH PITCHED VOICE (O.S.)  
*He sees you when you're sleeping.  
He knows when you're awake. He  
knows if you've been bad or good,  
so be good for goodness sake...*

And in Amelia's hands is a TOY DRUM.

NICK  
Where did you get that?

AMELIA  
It was a present. It had my name  
on it.

Nick picks up the singing card. The singing stops. On the front is a picture of a grinning Santa Claus.

He opens the card -- The song begins again.

HIGH PITCHED VOICE  
*You better watch out. You better  
not cry. You better not pout I'm  
telling you why. Santa Claus is  
coming to town...*

Inside the card is a handwritten message:

*Dear Nick,  
You've been very naughty.  
From, Santa*

AMELIA  
Eww. It's icky.

Nick peels his eyes away from the card. The drum is leaking blood.

NICK  
Don't touch it!

He lunges and swats it from her hands -- Splattering blood across the white rug.

NICK  
Go up to your room, right now.

AMELIA  
What did I do?

NICK  
AMELIA! GO, NOW!

Amelia flees from the room on the verge of tears.

Nick carefully picks up the drum and examines it. TWISTS it open and takes off the top.

Sure enough. Inside is a hospital blood bag.

He lifts the bag out -- Blood drips from a small incision in the corner of the bag.

CRASH

OLIVE (O.S.)  
Oh my god!

Nick looks around --

-- Olive has dropped a tea tray, cups shattered on the floor.

NICK  
Where did Amelia get this?

OLIVE  
What?

NICK  
I walked in to find Amelia playing with *this*. How could you let this happen?

OLIVE  
I-I don't know -- I thought she was up in her room.

Meanwhile, the card is still singing.

HIGH PITCHED VOICE  
*You better watch out. You better  
not cry. You better not pout I'm  
telling you why. Santa Claus is  
coming to-*

Nick rips up the card and cracks the plastic speaker in half, silencing it.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The drum rests on the kitchen counter, wrapped at the base with a garbage bag.

Nick sits nearby. Close but not too close. Nursing a glass of scotch.

*We hear the front door open.*

A moment later, Riley walks in. She notices the look of anguish on his face and stops short.

He takes a heavy drink and beckons her forward. Pulls back the garbage bag and lifts the top off the drum.

NICK  
Our daughter, got this in the mail  
today.

She rears back in disgust.

RILEY  
What in the actual fuck, Nick? Is  
that blood?

NICK  
Who would send something like this  
to a five year old girl?

RILEY  
She's six.

NICK  
That's not the point.

**GRAND HALLWAY**

Riley and Nick's voice echo out into the hall and up the stairs, where Olive sits eavesdropping.

RILEY (O.S.)  
Where were Olive and Beatrice in  
all this?

NICK (O.S.)  
They claimed they didn't know  
anything about it. How they let  
her open the package in the first  
place - They should both be fired.

Olive's phone buzzes.

She takes it out of her pocket. There's a new MESSAGE from an  
unknown number. She clicks open the message:

"Did they get my gift?"

Olive stares at her phone incomprehensibly.

Three dots... Then, another message appears:

"Did they open it?"

Olive types back:

"Who is this?"

The stranger responds:

"HO HO HO (And a SANTA CLAUS emoji)"

#### KITCHEN

RILEY  
We should call the police.

Nick hesitates. *He hasn't mentioned the card yet.*

NICK  
Is that really necessary? It was  
probably a practical joke. Maybe  
someone at the office?

RILEY  
You think someone at your office  
sent *this*? What kind of sick  
people do you hire?

NICK  
We'll throw it out. And if we  
never mention it, whoever it was  
won't get the satisfaction.

Nick slides the drum into a garbage can. It lands on top of the  
*singing card*, which has already been thrown out.

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Amelia is curled up in bed, upset, not understanding what she did to set her father off.

We move to the window and look outside.

Across the street: A PERSON is standing serenely in the freshly falling snow. Staring directly at Amelia's window...

Wearing a burly black jacket, black boots, stocking hat, the red gloves from the opening scene, and a rubber Santa Claus mask.

A truck drives past -- And the masked Santa is gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

**DECEMBER 15TH****EXT. SYLVAN'S HOUSE - MORNING**

The front door opens. Riley steps out and looks down.

An elegantly wrapped gift is waiting on the stoop.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Nick and Riley stand over the package. Olive and Beatrice hover nearby, Beatrice RECORDING with a phone.

RILEY

Ready?

BEATRICE

Yes, Mrs. Sylvan.

NICK

Do we really need a recording?

RILEY

Whatever it is - whoever sent it -  
we'll want proof.

Nick cuts the tape with a kitchen knife, carefully peels off the wrapping paper, and opens the box.

They all lean over the package -- Inside is a used crack pipe.

NICK

Are you fucking serious?

RILEY

Maybe it was a practical joke.

OLIVE  
There's a note.

She removes a small LETTER wedged in the corner. Nick grabs it from her before Riley can. He reads it quick.

*Dear Riley,  
I'm extremely disappointed with you.  
Santa*

Relieved, he hands it over to Riley. Her face craters.

RILEY  
Beatrice, stop recording.

Beatrice clicks stop and puts down the phone.

RILEY  
Was there a note with the first one? Nick?

She glares at Nick. His expression can't help but admit, yes.

RILEY  
Why didn't you mention it?

NICK  
It didn't seem important.

RILEY  
What did it say?

NICK  
The same thing more or less... But it was addressed to me.

RILEY  
And you thought what? You were being blackmailed?

Nick's face turns red, growing defensive.

NICK  
I didn't know what it meant. I just didn't mention it.

RILEY  
Nick, is there anything I should know?

NICK  
This is stupid. I need to be at work. This has taken up enough of my damn time.

He storms out. Riley simmers, on edge. Olive avoids her gaze.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, OFFICE - DAY**

Olive pulls up REDDIT on the computer.

There's a new D.M. from @RealSantaHoHoHo. We see that Olive had previously asked a question-

"Were you the one who sent the drum?"

@RealSantaHoHoHo:

":) Someone has to teach Mr. S & Mrs. S a lesson."

Olive types a new message.

"OMG, I can't believe that was you!"

The response is instantaneous - @RealSantaHoHoHo:

"Amelia deserves someone who cares about her. Someone like you. Someone like me."

Olive smiles to herself. Types a new message.

"I know right? Sometimes I wish I could just get Amelia away from all this."

@RealSantaHoHoHo:

"What's stopping you?"

Olive:

"Lol. How did you know where they live?"

@RealSantaHoHoHo:

"I have my ways ;) "

**INT. SYLVAN HISTORICAL PRESERVATION FOUNDATION - DAY**

Riley sits at her desk, her jaw clenched. Her suspicious eyes scan the office through the glass walls of her office.

They land on BRIDGETTE (20s - Bookish). A knotty mass of brown hair and anxiety.

Bridgette looks up and sees Riley watching her.

The suspicion evaporates from Riley's face. She puts on a smile. Bridgette stands and walks to Riley's office.

BRIDGETTE  
Did you get a chance to look at  
the files I left you yesterday?

RILEY  
Sorry, no I haven't. I've been  
very busy.

Bridgette hesitates.

RILEY  
Yes, Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE  
It's just that...

She closes the door and sits down. *This must be serious.*

She takes a deep breath and launches in.

BRIDGETTE  
I ran the books.

RILEY  
Who told you to do that?

Bridgette drops the collegial facade.

BRIDGETTE  
My paycheck bounced... So I took a  
look. We're deep in the red. Like  
really deep. Like 800-grand deep.  
I thought to myself, this can't be  
right because you've brought in  
millions of dollars in donations.  
I mean, Nick donates nearly half a  
million every year. Where does the  
money go?

(beat)  
It goes to you. You spread it  
across salary, bonuses, expenses.  
All together last year you took  
\$1.4 million.

RILEY  
I know my salary is quite high,  
Bridgette, but my job is bigger  
and more complex than you can  
understand-

BRIDGETTE  
It's money laundering, Riley...  
You've been lying to everybody.

BRIDGETTE

This foundation isn't real and now you're out of money. If another one of my paychecks bounces, I swear to God, Riley.

RILEY

Are you blackmailing me?

BRIDGETTE

All I'm saying is, if I don't have a job, I don't have any reason to protect you.

She gets up and walks out, leaving Riley stricken.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

The front door blows open. Olive and Amelia hurry in, just returned from school.

They glimpse Beatrice in the **LIVING ROOM** hanging Christmas decorations. She hooks a large metallic candy cane on the wall.

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - DAY**

Amelia skips in and drops her backpack. She gazes at her bed with wonder -- A Christmas present is sitting on her pillow.

*To Amelia  
From Santa*

Amazed, she takes the present and unwraps it.

Inside is a teddy bear in a top hat, smoking a corn cob pipe.

She considers it for a moment... Ultimately, smiling and hugging it tight.

There's a light tap at the window.

Curious, Amelia approaches.

Her eyes follow a bird up, onto the building across the street, eventually finding their way to the pavement below.

The rubber masked Santa Claus is standing across the street.

Santa waves at her.

Amelia waves back.

Santa raises a finger to his rubber lips as if to say "Shhh."

**DECEMBER 16TH**

**EXT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - MORNING**

The front door opens. Nick and Riley look outside.

*But thankfully, today the stoop is empty.*

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Nick, Riley, Olive, and Beatrice gather around the island, debriefing on the situation.

RILEY

Just because there wasn't a package this morning doesn't mean one won't still come.

BEATRICE

Who would do something like this?

RILEY

That's what we're trying to figure out. Keep your eyes open today. Both of you.

BEATRICE

We will. I promise.

Olive remains quiet. Nick throws her a nervous glance.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

A series of shots of Olive and Amelia making Christmas cookies:

- Olive mixes the batter.
- Amelia scoops it onto a cooking sheet.
- Olive spreads frosting onto the cookies.
- Amelia decorates them liberally with sprinkles.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Amelia is watching an animated Christmas special on TV.

Satisfied that Amelia is occupied, Olive sneaks out of the living room.

**INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Olive sits at the computer. As before, she clicks into REDDIT and begins typing in her thread about "Mr. and Mrs. S."

Her phone buzzes. It's from the unknown number. She stops typing and looks and opens the message.

"Hope they like today's gift."

A PHOTO is attached. Olive clicks it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Amelia is still watching her animated Christmas special. In the background, we see Olive rush past.

A moment later -- *The doorbell rings...*

But Amelia's enraptured eyes don't leave the TV.

*The doorbell rings again...*

This time, Amelia blinks, awoken from her TV coma. She looks round, stands, and walks out into the-

**GRAND HALL**

AMELIA  
Olive? Beatrice?

But wherever Olive and Beatrice are, they're out of earshot.

Amelia considers the front door. She knows she's not supposed to open it, but she chances it --

-- There's no one there.

She looks up and down the block. Whoever it was is gone.

She's about to close the door when she notices something --

-- Sitting on the front stoop is a Christmas stocking.

**INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Amelia closes her bedroom door tight.

She turns the stocking upside down over her bed -- Out falls a small wooden figurine. A royal King, with arms and legs that move up and down when she presses a switch on the back.

She moves apart two other figurines on the top shelf of her bookcase and proudly slides the King between them.

**INT. THE SYLVAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Nick, just home from work, finds Olive, Beatrice, and Riley talking in the kitchen. They stop talking when they see him.

NICK  
Well?

RILEY  
I was just asking them.

BEATRICE  
I kept watch out the window all day like you told me. Nobody came to the door and I didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

NICK  
What about the mail?

BEATRICE  
The mail was just mail. Bills and junk.

NICK  
Olive? Anything to report?

Close on Olive, her eyes nervous and guilty.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, OFFICE - DAY [EARLIER]**

Olive staring in horror at her phone.

Angle on the photo: A dead cat, with a nail through it.

**EXT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, PATIO/GARDEN - DAY**

Olive flies out the patio doors, searching wildly until she finds it --

-- Nailed to garden pergola. The dead cat. Entrails hanging out. Blood dripping down into the flowers.

Olive covers her mouth and looks away in horror...

...Beat...

...Then springs to action.

- She gets a hammer.
- Puts on rubber gloves.
- Pries the nail out.
- Disposes of the cat in a trash bag.
- Carries it discreetly down the street.
- Drops it in a dumpster along with the gloves.

BACK TO:

**INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Nick and Riley wait on Olive's answer. She shakes her head.

OLIVE  
It was just a normal day, Mr.  
Sylvan. We did homework and read  
some books.

Nick eyes her with a hint of distrust.

OLIVE  
Oh, and we made cookies!

Olive proudly pushes the plate of terribly-decorated Christmas cookies across the counter.

Riley casts a disdainful glance at the cookies and stalks from the room. Nick close behind her. Neither took a cookie.

Olive offers one to Beatrice hopefully.

BEATRICE  
I'm sorry. Your cookies are  
terrible.

Beatrice leaves. Alone, Olive breathes a sigh of relief.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nick and Riley are alone, safely out of earshot from the help.

NICK  
You think they're being honest  
with us?

RILEY  
What reason do they have to lie? I  
think someone just wanted to mess  
with us. We're rich. We're  
important. We make easy targets.

Nick isn't convinced. And even though she said the words, neither is Riley.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Olive hoofs it through the snow. She's distraught and feeling extremely guilty.

Her phone buzzes again. She has three unread messages. With dread, she opens them.

"Did they like it?"  
 "They ain't seen nothing yet."  
 "Ho Ho Ho :)"

**DECEMBER 22ND**

**INT. SYLVAN FINANCIAL, NICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nick sits at his desk scrolling through his email. There's one that catches his eye.

From an unknown sender.

Subject: *"Wishing You A Very Merry Christmas"*

Intrigued, he clicks the email.

**EXT. EAST TOWNE BANK - DAY**

Riley walks with her assistant Mina, giving a tour of the bank they're trying to save to a group of SUITS. She holds the front door open and waves the group inside.

We move closer to the bank and watch her through the glass front doors as she gesticulates to the important architectural facets, passionately explaining their importance.

*We pull back to reveal this is being recorded on a phone.*

*Held by a person wearing red gloves.*

*Being broadcast LIVE.*

*We pull back further to reveal this video is being watched by Nick in-*

**INT. SYLVAN FINANCIAL, NICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nick stares at his computer, his face inscrutable.

The office phone RINGS.

Nick looks at it. He hovers his hand over the receiver, afraid to answer. Finally, he picks up.

NICK  
 Hello?

CALLER (PHONE)  
 Mr. Sylvan?

NICK  
 Who is this?

CALLER (PHONE)  
Mr. Sylvan, I'm calling in regard  
to your daughter, Amelia.

NICK  
(relieved)  
Oh... Is this the school? I can't  
talk now. I'll call you back.

He slams the phone down and dials Riley. *The phone rings...*

NICK  
Come on, pick up.

On the video, Riley isn't answering. *Her phone must be silent.*  
He texts her: "CALL ME, NOW!"

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Nick tears out of the parking ramp.

He calls Riley again as he drives. *But the phone just rings...*

His eyes bounce between the road and his phone.

He opens his email.

Clicks the hyperlink.

LIVE STREAM: Riley is exiting the bank. *She's by herself now.*  
*And being followed.*

Nick looks up --

-- A WOMAN is crossing the street in front of him --

-- He SLAMS on the brake --

-- She jumps on the hood... Thankfully she doesn't fly off.

Nick steadies himself. *Holy shit.*

The woman stares through the window at him.

THE WOMAN  
WHAT THE HELL, MAN?! YOU ALMOST  
KILLED ME!

She gets off the car and comes around to his window.

Nick digs into his pocket and rips out some cash. He rolls down  
his window and throws it out the window.

NICK  
I'm sorry, it's an emergency-

He hits the gas -- The car PEELS OUT. Dollar bills float through the air in his wake.

He reaches for his phone -- But it's fallen out of reach on the passenger side floor.

**EXT/INT. CAR - LATER**

Nick pulls up outside the East Towne Bank.

But Riley's car is gone.

He snatches his phone off the floor.

Clicks the email link again.

LIVE STREAM: *Riley is walking into a boutique shop.*

He scans the frame -- Spotting the name of the boutique.

"GIANNA'S"

He opens his maps.

Sets his phone in the cup holder.

Puts the car back in drive.

Speeds away furiously.

LIVE STREAM: *Riley is shopping. Picking through items on the rack. The person filming is inside the shop with her watching from behind a rack of clothes.*

**INT/EXT. BOUTIQUE - DAY**

Nick's car SCREECHES to a stop outside the boutique.

He SPRINTS inside.

He frantically scans the shop -- But doesn't see Riley.

NICK  
The woman that was just in here.  
Where is she?

THE BOUTIQUE CLERK  
What?

NICK  
The woman that was just shopping!

THE BOUTIQUE CLERK  
I'm sorry, I don't know-

Nick runs back to his car.

**INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY**

Nick drives ferociously.

*LIVE STREAM: Riley is arriving home. The person filming is following her. And seems to be getting closer.*

*Riley walks up the front steps into the house and closes the door behind her.*

*The stranger walks up the same front steps.*

*A red gloved hand reaches out and opens the front door.*

*The stranger walks inside.*

Nick speeds up, taking a corner with reckless abandon.

**EXT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

Nick double parks, leaving the car running.

He jumps out.

Runs up the steps.

Throws open the front door-

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

He stops abruptly. The situation is different from the video. Beatrice is vacuuming the grand hall. There's no sign of Riley or the stranger.

Beatrice sees Nick, disheveled and out of breath, and turns off the vacuum.

BEATRICE  
Mr. Sylvan? What is it?

Confused, Nick looks back at his phone-

*LIVE STREAM: The stranger is walking up the stairs.*

The same stairs Nick is looking at right now.

His phone RINGS --

-- It's Riley calling him back. He answers frantically.

NICK  
Are you okay? Where are you? Why  
didn't you answer my call?

RILEY (PHONE)  
I was in middle of a meeting.  
What's wrong?

NICK  
I was -- Somebody sent me  
something and...

He doesn't know how to explain it.

LIVE STREAM: *The stranger has gone all the way upstairs to the  
third floor, right outside of Amelia's room.*

*A red gloved hand reaches out, takes the doorknob --*

*-- It cuts to static before we see inside.*

Nick collapses onto the stairs. *What the fuck is going on?*

RILEY (PHONE)  
Are you okay? Nick? Nick?

#### **INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

A bedraggled Nick mopes back into his office.

On his desk waiting for him -- A Christmas gift.

He opens it suspiciously... Tips the box up and looks inside...

It's a pregnancy test. And it's positive.

#### **INT. SYLVAN FINANCIAL, SECURITY OFFICE - DAY**

Nick sits with the SECURITY GUARD, reviewing the office's  
security tapes for the day. REWINDING through the day's tapes.

Finally, Nick sits forward.

NICK  
There.

The security guard hits PLAY.

#### **SECURITY TAPE**

Video of Nick's office going about its day.

Suddenly, a person in a full Santa Claus outfit, complete with  
rubber Santa mask, walks into the office carrying a sack.

*The same rubber mask we've seen outside Amelia's window.*

Santa takes a gift out of his sack and sets it on Nick's desk, looking pointedly at the security camera.

#### **SECURITY OFFICE**

Nick can't believe what he's watching. But the security guard is unbothered.

SECURITY GUARD  
Why didn't you just say you were  
looking for Santa Claus?

#### **INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

It's late. The industrial lights cast harsh shadows against the concrete.

Riley walks to her car alone, mind elsewhere. She opens her car door, but doesn't get inside --

-- Sitting on the driver's seat is a Christmas gift.

Riley looks around.

But she's alone. The parking ramp seems empty. There's only one other car left on her level.

She slowly opens the gift. It's a long thin box. Inside are xeroxed copies of financial documents. The same ones we saw Bridgette give her with highlighted rows and numbers.

And a phone number scrawled on a torn piece of paper.

Vroooooom --

-- The only other car in the ramp starts up. *Though we didn't see anyone get inside.*

Riley LEAPS quickly inside her car and LOCKS the door.

She watches the other car. But it's just sitting idle.

She frantically opens her purse, looking for her gun, the snub nosed revolver. But it isn't inside. *Fuck.*

With one eye on the idling car, her shaking finger DIALS the number.

AUTOMATED VOICE (PHONE)  
You've reached the Federal Bureau  
of Investigation, Office of-

Riley hangs up, turns off the phone, and shoves it in the glove box for good measure.

Beat.

She flips through the documents. On the very last page, scrawled in the corner:

*"Merry Christmas, Riley"*

A tire squeals - *Screeeeech*

Riley looks up just in time to see a moped SPEED by --

-- A blurred hint of a rubber Santa Claus mask on the driver.

-- *Buzzzzzz* --

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

The building's front door CLANGS open. Bridgette peeks outside.

Riley, flustered, is waiting on the other side, snow and wind blowing something fierce.

BRIDGETTE

Riley? What are you doing here?

She scans the darkness behind Riley with concern.

RILEY

(bursting at the seams)

Is it you?

BRIDGETTE

Is what me?

Riley holds up the documents.

RILEY

I found this waiting for me in my car. Along with the phone number for the FBI. Is this supposed to be some sort of threat? A warning?

BRIDGETTE

Are these what I think they are?

RILEY

Did you show these to anyone else?

BRIDGETTE

Why would I do that?

RILEY

Because you're the only one who knows!

BRIDGETTE

You mean, besides you? I found your crimes and didn't report them. That implicates me too. There's no reason I'd shoot myself in the foot like this.

RILEY

You haven't told *anyone*?

BRIDGETTE

You need to get your own house in order. Don't blame me just because your husband has a big mouth and a wandering cock.

RILEY

You think I would tell my husband about this?

But Bridgette has already SLAMMED the door in her face.

**INT. THE SYLVAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Nick is drinking Scotch, unwinding from the chaos of the day. He hears the front door open and footsteps in the hall.

Riley appears through the doorway, disheveled and exhausted.

Her eyes find the Scotch in Nick's hands. Without prompting, he pours and slides her a glass. She takes a deep drink.

RILEY

...How was your day?

He chews on the question.

NICK

Eventful... Yours?

RILEY

Noteworthy.

A beat. Neither wants to broach the subject.

NICK

...What if... our mysterious Secret Santa wasn't done?

RILEY

...What makes you say that?

NICK  
It feels like... like we're being  
watched.

Her look says the feeling is mutual.

NICK  
I've thought about it... And I  
think we should cancel the party.

Her gaze turns violent.

RILEY  
No.

NICK  
It's just a party.

RILEY  
It's not just a party. The  
foundation can't survive the year  
without the revenue it brings in.

NICK  
Are your finances that bad?

RILEY  
Under no circumstances are we  
cancelling.

Nick weighs coming clean for a moment.

NICK  
What did our Secret Santa send  
you?

RILEY  
It doesn't matter. Someone's just  
trying to get money out of us. The  
Sylvans do not negotiate with  
terrorists.

She downs the rest of her scotch and stalks out of the kitchen,  
leaving Nick alone, nerves exposed.

**INT. NICK AND RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

It's the middle of the night. Riley and Nick are dead asleep.

Someone is standing at the foot of their bed, watching them...

It's the masked Santa Claus. A KNIFE with a wood-carved handle  
in the shape of a reindeer in one hand. Her snub-nosed, pearl  
handled revolver in the other

He raises the KNIFE up over them-

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. NICK AND RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Riley snaps awake. Breathless. Terrified.

But the foot of her bed is empty.

Nick snores away. It must have been a dream. *And yet, it felt so real...*

**DECEMBER 24TH**

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

It's the CHRISTMAS PARTY. And it is unnecessarily extravagant. Right down to the masquerade theme, giving it an *Eyes Wide Shut* cosplay vibe.

*The doorbell rings.* Beatrice opens the door and ushers a new group of PARTY GUESTS inside.

Their masks range from bejeweled Mardi Gras, to elegant wood-carved indigenous, to one slacker in a Richard Nixon mask.

A number of private caterers (all wearing matching plain white masks over black tuxes) doll out food and drinks to the quickly expanding crowd.

Nick is looking suave as ever in a velvet tuxedo and a gold mask fit for an Egyptian Pharaoh.

A line of party guests wait to greet him. He palms a CHECK from a woman in a dazzling green dress and a wood carved UNICORN mask, and slips it inside his jacket pocket.

NICK

Thank you. You've done a great  
service for the Sylvan Historical  
Preservation Foundation.

The unicorn moves on and the next guest in line steps forward with a check in hand.

*The doorbells rings again.*

We leave Nick and find Riley, looking stunning in a shining, shimmering gold gown and a slim black mask.

She strides to the front door and opens it.

But nobody's there... She steps outside-

**EXT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

She looks around for whoever rang the doorbell. But the only person outside is the next door neighbor, GEORGE (45 - dull, nosey), just arriving home.

GEORGE THE NEIGHBOR  
Evening, Riley.

RILEY  
Hi, George.

GEORGE THE NEIGHBOR  
Having some people over?

RILEY  
...A few...

GEORGE THE NEIGHBOR  
This wouldn't be your annual  
Christmas Party would it? I was  
hoping for an invite again this  
year.

RILEY  
We kept the guest list smaller  
this year. Things got a bit bigger  
than we liked last year. Just a  
few colleagues and clients. You  
understand?

GEORGE THE NEIGHBOR  
Oh, sure. Of course.

George frowns. And remains standing there. As if waiting for her to invite him over anyway. But Riley turns her back and hurries inside.

**INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Olive and Amelia sit together on the floor playing with dolls.

AMELIA  
How come I can't go to the party?

OLIVE  
It's a party for grownups. You  
wouldn't really like it.

AMELIA  
Are you going to go?

OLIVE  
I wasn't invited.

AMELIA  
That's mean.

OLIVE  
It's okay. I'd rather stay and  
hang out with you. Adult parties  
are *boring*.

They giggle together conspiratorially.

Olive's phone *buzzes* -- She looks at it sharply, but refuses to pick it up.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

The guests are getting louder. The drinks are flowing. Nick is pressing the flesh and not holding back on the liquor himself.

Riley sweeps through the rooms, checking in on everyone, accepting their praise, but never lingering long.

PARTY GUEST  
You've done such amazing work.

RILEY  
Thank you.

Nearby, we see Bridgette, clearly visible beneath her Mardi Gras mask. She overhears and lets out a hearty *laugh*.

Riley shoots her a nervous glance.

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Amelia is in bed, but she can't sleep. From below we hear laughing and a crash of glass breaking.

Olive rocks in the bedside chair, a book open in her hand, but too on edge to actually read it. Her eyes glancing every few seconds at her phone sitting next to the lamp.

On cue, her phone *buzzes* again.

She ignores it. Stands and heads for the door, leaving her phone behind.

AMELIA  
Are you going to the party?

OLIVE  
Just to the bathroom. Go back to sleep, sweetie.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

The party has paused for Riley to give a speech.

RILEY

-The Sylvan Historical  
Preservation Foundation is only as  
strong as its supporters. Your  
generosity tonight is truly in the  
Christmas spirit.

As Riley is speaking, we drift into the **HALLWAY**.

The front doorknob turns -- But the doorbell hasn't rung.

The door opens. Someone enters. We follow them into the party.

RILEY (O.S.)

-I want to thank you all so much  
for doing your part to keep our  
history alive.

*A round of applause* -- The music resumes as the party picks  
back up where it left off.

The person we're following is getting looks...

Angle on the person: It's the rubber-masked Santa Claus, in  
full Santa outfit. With a sack full of presents over his  
shoulder and everything.

DRUNK PARTY GUEST

SANTA!

The masked Santa opens his sack and hands the drunk a small  
Christmas present.

LUSTFUL DRUNK

I've always wanted to sit on  
Santa's lap.

Santa wags a finger, opens his sack, and hands the lustful  
drunk another small present.

**ACROSS THE PARTY**

Nick stands in close conversation with Roman. Roman clocks  
Santa parading through the party.

ROMAN

You guys are always one-upping  
yourselves.

Nick glances over and sees Santa (But only from behind).

NICK  
Riley really knows how to get  
everyone in the giving spirit.  
Speaking of which...

Roman sighs and reaches into his pocket. Producing a check.

ROMAN  
I just wish you loved me for my  
personality.

NICK  
The Sylvan Foundation appreciates  
your unyielding support. To show  
our thanks, we kindly ask you to  
find your way to the office  
upstairs. Upper right hand drawer.

Nick taps two fingers to his nose. Roman smirks gratefully and  
heads for the stairs.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Amelia peeks out her door. There's no sign of Olive.

She sneaks out of her room and slides to the edge of the  
banister.

She gazes in awe at the ongoing debauchery. The drinking. The  
dancing. The colorful masks.

But her eyes are naturally drawn to Santa, mingling amidst the  
guests.

At that very moment, Santa looks up...

And locks eyes with Amelia...

**INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Olive returns from the bathroom. But Amelia's bed is empty.

She considers the other closed doors in the hall.

She walks to the first and looks inside - **Nick and Riley's Room**  
- It seems empty.

She moves on to the next door, but hesitates before opening it-  
*There's noise coming from inside.*

She cracks it open...

It's a **closet**. Inside, two party guests are having extremely  
sloppy sex (Their masks still on).

Olive cringes and quickly slips the door shut.

She moves to the last door. **Nick's Office.**

She reaches for the doorknob --

-- But the door opens. Roman runs into her on his way out.

OLIVE

I'm sorry.

ROMAN

It's my fault. You're the nanny,  
right? Nick told me about you?

OLIVE

What did he tell you?

Roman steps closer. *Too close.*

ROMAN

I hear you're wild. A freak. When  
you let yourself be.

She backs up.

ROMAN

Come on. Don't you know what kind  
of party you're at.

OLIVE

I'm watching Amelia.

ROMAN

She's not going anywhere. Come on-

She squirms away, leaving him grasping at air.

She rushes out to the banister (where Amelia was moments  
earlier) and looks down into the party.

But there's no sign of Amelia. *And no sign of Santa.*

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Olive rushes back in and picks up her phone. Opens the messages  
she's been ignoring.

"I hear there's a party tonight :)"

"Hope everyone is in the giving spirit"

"I don't see you? Didn't let "the help" attend the party?"

She throws the phone down, horror-struck.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT**

Riley sees Olive coming down the stairs in a panic and races over to meet her at the foot of the stairs.

RILEY  
What's wrong?

OLIVE  
I can't find Amelia. I-I just went  
to the bathroom and now she's  
gone.

Riley is more annoyed than worried.

RILEY  
Oh. I'm sure she's wandering  
around somewhere. Just find her,  
will you?

**DINING ROOM**

Beatrice is clearing glasses by the dozen. Riley arrives at her side.

RILEY  
Have you seen Amelia?

BEATRICE  
No. Isn't she in her room with  
Olive?

RILEY  
She snuck out. Apparently.

BEATRICE  
That child, I swear.

**LIVING ROOM**

Olive works her way to Nick. He's two drinks over his limit.

NICK  
Decided to join the party?

OLIVE  
Have you seen Amelia?

NICK  
Should I have?

She tries to leave. He throws an arm around her shoulder.

NICK  
Come on, stay! Have a drink. I bet  
we can find you a mask somewhere.

He begins to guide her to wherever "somewhere" is.

She worms out from under his arm and hurries frantically into  
the hall -- Colliding with Riley and Beatrice.

Nick watches their hushed meeting with concern.

NICK  
What's going on?

OLIVE  
Amelia is missing.

NICK  
What?

RILEY  
Stop saying that.

BEATRICE  
Should we send everyone home?

RILEY  
That isn't necessary. She's  
probably just hiding somewhere.

OLIVE  
I've looked almost everywhere.

RILEY  
Almost everywhere isn't  
everywhere. You take the upstairs.  
Beatrice check the basement. I'll  
take the main floor.

Olive looks like she wants to say something.

RILEY  
What is it?

OLIVE  
...Nothing.

Olive whisks away and back up the stairs. Beatrice sets off  
toward the basement.

NICK  
What about me?

RILEY  
Stop drinking and start doing your  
job. Half of them haven't given us  
a cent yet.

**INT. SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Riley weaves through the party guests, looking in the nooks and crannies of the house. Even the kitchen pantry.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Beatrice hits the light switch. The lights flicker on dimly, unveiling the largely unfinished basement.

She peeks cautiously around the boiler, between the rows of storage and wine racks.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

Riley pokes her head in. A devil, a lion, and a plague doctor are smoking against Nick's car.

RILEY  
Have you seen a six-year-old?

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Beatrice heads for the stairs, but stops. She hears something.

...Whirrrrrr...

She traces it to the back corner.

Through an archway are STAIRS leading to a set of storm doors.

They're slightly ajar. Wind leaking through.

Beatrice pulls them all the way shut and swings the lock over.

**EXT. PATIO - NIGHT**

Riley steps outside and scans the darkened garden.

RILEY  
Amelia?

But the only response is the *howl* of the wind. She stifles a shiver and hurries back inside.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick graciously palms another check. He sees Riley, Olive, and Beatrice, once again having a hushed discussion in the hall.

He makes eye contact with Riley. She shakes her head, at a loss. *Amelia's not here.*

NICK  
Excuse me, if I could have  
everyone's attention.

But the party has reached the point of no return. Everyone is too locked into their own world of debauchery.

NICK  
Excuse me! Hello out there!

But Nick is too drunk for this job. Riley takes over.

RILEY  
LISTEN EVERYONE. I'M SORRY BUT WE  
HAVE TO END THINGS A BIT EARLY  
TONIGHT!

DRUNK PARTY GOER  
(to Riley)  
What the hell is wrong with you?

RILEY  
I'm sorry, but it's out of our  
control-

DRUNK PARTY GOER  
You have a sick sense of humor.

RILEY  
I don't know what-

DRUNK PARTY GOER  
WHAT A BRAVE WAY TO TELL US ALL  
WHAT YOU REALLY THINK OF US. THAT  
WE'RE JUST PIECES OF SHIT.

He throws the opened gift from the masked Santa down at her feet. Inside is a headless dove.

RILEY  
Where did you get that?

But the drunk party goer has already stormed out.

Riley looks around. She sees the same little boxed gifts have been handed out all across the party.

And now other people are beginning to open theirs.

Riley realizes too late what is about to happen.

There's an uproar --

-- A rolling wave of disgust through the party.

Followed by a light stampede to the door.

STONED LADY WITH NIPPLE EXPOSED  
I want my money back.

PISSED OFF GENT IN A TURTLENECK  
I'm cancelling that check.

BRIDGETTE  
Wow... Just, wow.

And just like that, the party has cleared out, leaving a tsunami of decapitated birds, feathers, and garbage behind.

Nick's drunk eyes survey the mess. Riley is shaking, furious and dumbstruck.

Roman exits the bathroom, in tandem with the Unicorn in the green dress, both surprised to find the townhouse empty. The Unicorn makes an awkward beeline for the door.

GREEN UNICORN  
It was a great party.

But Roman lingers.

ROMAN  
What the fuck happened?

NICK  
Amelia's missing.

ROMAN  
She's just a kid. How far could she have gone?

NICK  
That's not all... We've been getting... threats.

ROMAN  
What kind of *threats*?

NICK  
Like pagan blood ritual shit. And some more *personal* in nature.

Olive collapses on the stairs. Pulls her knees to her chest.

OLIVE  
Mrs. Sylvan... I think this is all  
my fault.

RILEY  
That's stating the obvious. You  
were supposed to be watching her.  
It's entirely your fault.

Olive bursts into tears.

RILEY  
...It's okay, Olive. I'm sure  
we'll find her...

Olive, sick to her stomach with guilt, looks up at Riley  
through tears. She wants to tell her the truth. About the  
message board and the texts and the gifts... But to speak would  
be to break down completely... So she just nods.

In the background, two WAITERS, still masked, are trying to  
clean up. Riley rounds on them.

RILEY  
Just fucking leave it!

The waiters scurry away.

RILEY  
ALL OF YOU NEED TO GO. RIGHT NOW.

The wait staff collectively move for the exit. The others look  
at Riley, wondering who she'll turn her venom on next.

RILEY  
We didn't check outside.

NICK  
Wouldn't someone have seen her?

RILEY  
Well, we didn't really get the  
chance to ask them, did we, Nick?

She storms to the front door. Olive and Beatrice follow her.  
Nick follows, but first, he turns to Roman-

NICK  
Can you stay here in case Amelia  
comes back?

ROMAN  
You got it, man.

Nick strides out the door.

**EXT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Nick, Riley, Olive, and Beatrice fan out across the block.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

All alone, Roman empties a carafe of scotch into a glass. He sets his mask on the counter and takes a long drink.

*THUD* -- A noise overhead.

Roman walks out into the **GRAND HALL** and looks up the stairwell.

ROMAN

Hello? Little girl? Amy? Amoeba?  
Whatever your name is?

There's no answer. He walks up the stairs.

**SECOND FLOOR**

He reaches the second floor landing. He considers the doors. Some open. Some closed.

*THUD* -- He looks up again.

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Roman surveys the room. Nothing seems amiss.

He picks up the teddy bear smoking the corn cob pipe on the shelf and considers it.

Behind him, we see something descend from the ceiling-

...*Creak*...

He turns around. The ladder to the attic has opened.

ROMAN MADISON

Whoa... You are one creepy fucking  
kid.

He pokes open his jacket pocket and dips a pinky into the cocaine therein. Snorts it.

He drops the teddy bear on the floor and grabs hold of the attic ladder.

**INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**

Dust envelopes a landscape of forgotten boxes. Roman climbs up, emerging into a head full of cobwebs.

ROMAN MADISON  
Hey, kid? You up here?

He eases forward, around a stack of cardboard boxes, crouching low to avoid the rafters.

Behind him, the ladder to the attic swings SHUT.

Roman looks back. *What the fuck?*

He retreats and tries to push it open. Stomps on it with his foot. But it won't budge. It's locked.

He *shivers*. There's a draft...

He traces the source, through the dark maze of boxes, to the corner... To an oddly placed piece of plywood.

He peels it back. Behind it, the roof has been carved open.

**EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**

Roman pokes his head through the opening.

Snow clings to the roof, icy and crusted-over. But there are footsteps, leading to the edge.

Cocaine fueling him forward, Roman carefully pulls himself through the hole onto the roof.

He steps out, perched on the edge. A rope ladder is dangling off the side, leading down into the garden beneath, in a spot no one would see from the patio.

A GUST OF WIND swirls through --

-- Unsettling Roman. He backs away from the edge.

As he does, we see the masked Santa Claus standing behind him.

Sensing a presence, Roman turns.

His eyes bulge. *Is he really seeing this?*

Santa withdraws a KNIFE from his sleeve (With a wooden handle carved into the shape of a reindeer).

Roman's foot SLIPS --

-- He nearly falls, but steadies himself.

But Santa comes at him quick with the reindeer KNIFE --

-- SLASHING Roman across the chest.

Roman gasps and topples over.

Santa STABS him quick --

-- Once, twice, three times in the back.

Roman LUNGES to the edge -- For the rope ladder.

But Santa JUMPS on top.

PINS him down on his stomach.

Brings the knife SLASHING across Roman's neck.

Looking up at Roman, we watch his panicked eyes go vacant.

Santa backs away. Leaving Roman's lifeless face hanging over the gutter. Blood steadily dripping into the darkened garden below.

**EXT. THE SYLVAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Olive treks between buildings looking in vain for Amelia.

A massive gust of wind blows through, bringing a new unyielding, violent snowstorm with it.

She fights against it, but it forces her back to the street.

She meets the others, all arriving back at the townhouse.

NICK  
(over the wind)  
DID ANYONE FIND HER?

RILEY  
OBVIOUSLY NOT!

**INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS**

They rush inside. Nick forces the door shut. Olive immediately goes to the fire to warm up. Beatrice breathes into her hands.

Riley turns about the shit-infused disaster of a townhouse. *Christmas Music* is still playing.

RILEY  
Shut that off.

Beatrice turns off the stereo. Now it's dead quiet, but for the swirling snowstorm outside.

Nick walks through the main floor.

NICK  
Roman? ROMAN?!

He sees Roman's mask on the kitchen counter, next to the empty Scotch carafe.

NICK  
Figures.

BEATRICE  
What do we do now? She could be anywhere.

NICK  
Should I call the police?

Both their questions are directed at Riley. She's thinking... Processing everything that's happened.

NICK  
Riley?! *What do we do?*

She snaps out of it.

RILEY  
Make the call.

OLIVE (O.S.)  
NO!

All three turn and look in on Olive, crouched on the floor in front of to the fireplace. Something desperate in her voice.

OLIVE  
You *can't* call the police.

RILEY  
We don't have any other choice.

OLIVE  
I... What if... What if she was kidnapped... Don't we need to wait for the ransom note or something?

Riley stares at Olive. A sinking feeling in her gut.

RILEY  
What aren't you telling us?

Tears return to Olive's eyes. She's in hysterics.

OLIVE  
(between sobs)  
There's a person I've been talking  
to... Online... I said some  
things... Stupid things... I  
think... *I think I'm the reason  
all this is happening to you.*

Riley takes her by the shoulders.

RILEY  
Tell me precisely what the fuck  
you are talking about.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, OFFICE - DAY**

Olive leads the family into the office to the computer. She  
clicks open the REDDIT thread on *Mr. & Mrs. S.*

Riley and Nick lean over the computer and begin reading. Their  
mouths slowly widen in horror as they read.

NICK  
Is this really what you think of  
me? Of us? Who the fuck do you  
think you are?

RILEY  
Nick.

NICK  
We brought you into our home. We  
trusted you. And this is how you  
repay us-

RILEY  
NICK.

He quiets.

RILEY  
Is this all there is?

Olive shakes her head.

OLIVE  
About two weeks ago I started  
getting messages from this person.

Olive opens the DM between her and @RealSantaHoHoHo.

OLIVE  
They began texting me. Threatening  
me. There were *other* gifts.

OLIVE  
Other presents like the drum and  
the pipe...

RILEY  
What happened to them?

QUICK FLASH TO:

The dead cat nailed to the pergola. Olive disposing of it and  
cleaning out the blood.

BACK TO:

**THE TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM**

OLIVE  
I got rid of them... They said if  
I told you... or went to the  
police... they would kill me...  
and Amelia.

Nick and Riley exchange a dire look. *This is inconceivable.  
It's so much bigger than they realized.*

OLIVE  
I couldn't tell you... I wanted  
to... but I just couldn't...

Beatrice places a comforting hand on Olive's back.

BEATRICE  
What does this all mean? Why would  
anyone do something like this?

Nick and Riley look at each other. Both with a secret. Neither  
willing to come clean.

NICK  
Money?

RILEY  
If it was money, they would've  
asked for it already.

NICK  
Revenge? God knows the firm has  
fucked over enough people with  
hostile takeovers.

RILEY  
That would explain a motive. But  
not the way this person is going  
about it.

RILEY

They're targeting all of us. You, me, Amelia, even fucking Olive.

Nick looks at Beatrice with suspicion.

NICK

What about you, Bea... Have you been threatened?

BEATRICE

No, Mr. Sylvan.

NICK

And you don't know anything about what's going on?

BEATRICE

I swear to you. On my mother's life. On my father's life. On my Grandmother's life-

NICK

Okay okay. And Olive, this is everything? All of it?

Olive nods.

NICK

We still need to call the police.

OLIVE

Please, you can't-

RILEY

You're fired.

Olive lets out a *shriek* of anguish. Beatrice gasps. Nick clears his throat.

NICK

Maybe we should sleep on it-

Riley glares at him. He shuts up quick.

RILEY

We never want to see you again. If anything happens to us. If these threats, these taunts, continue, I'll see to it personally that you're held responsible and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

NICK  
At least let her stay until we  
find Amelia. Or until the storm  
passes.

RILEY  
We can't trust her, Nick!

OLIVE  
Mrs. Sylvan... Please.

RILEY  
Just go. You can pick your things  
up later.

Devastated, resigned to her fate, Olive turns to leave.  
Beatrice gets her coat and sees her out the door.

Riley marches away. Nick follows her to the-

# **KITCHEN**

NICK  
Timing, Riley. Jesus. You just  
sent away the one person who might  
have some actual insight into our  
daughter's state of mind.

Riley looks at Nick like she may just murder him on the spot.

RILEY  
She invited a terrorist into our  
lives, Nick. What are you not  
getting about this? We are dealing  
with a sick, sick person. She's  
right about one thing though. We  
can't call the police. Not until  
we know what we're dealing with.

NICK  
Then what are we supposed to do?

RILEY  
I don't know... How much money did  
we get?

NICK  
How are you thinking about money  
at a time like this?

RILEY  
Where are the checks?

NICK  
They're in my jacket.

Riley fishes in his jacket and pulls out some checks. But there are only three.

RILEY

Where are the rest of them?

NICK

I don't know. I had more. A lot more. They're here somewhere-

He tears the jacket apart. Finding nothing.

RILEY

You drunk fuck. We needed that money. *I* needed that money.

NICK

Then we'll throw another party. Jesus, Riley. *Our daughter is missing.*

Nick walks up the stairs, leaving Riley enraged.

**EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT**

Nick steps out of the master bedroom onto the balcony.

Overlooking the street, we spy Olive making her way through the snowstorm, away from the house, clearly distraught.

Nick watches her for a moment. *Reassuring himself of something.*

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Face streaked with tears, Olive struggles through the wind and snow.

She takes a last look back at the townhouse, just catching a glimpse of Nick on the balcony before he walks back inside.

But further up the exterior of the house...

...Standing on the roof...

...The masked Santa Claus.

Reverse on Olive. *She can't believe what she's seeing.*

Wind whips the snow up in her face. She shields herself momentarily. But when she looks back, Santa is gone. The roof empty. *Did she imagine it?*

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Riley looks through her daughter's belongings, searching for some clue as to where Amelia could've gone.

She picks up an IPAD and unlocks it.

A Youtube video autoplays -- "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

YOUTUBE VIDEO

*On the first day of Christmas, my  
true love gave to me, a partridge  
in a pear tree-*

She locks the IPAD. Tosses it back on the bed.

Discouraged, she turns to leave.

Her foot bumps something in the hall -- The teddy bear with a corn cop pipe, dropped earlier by Roman.

Riley leans down and picks it up. She's about to toss it back in Amelia's room when she notices something in the bear's eye.

She *rips* open the bear. Pulls out the stuffing, sorting through until she finds a cord, connected to a hidden camera.

Bewildered, Riley looks back into Amelia's room.

She carefully scans the room...

On the bookshelf -- The wooden figurine of a King jumping. And next to it, a ceramic chicken.

Under the bed -- A stuffed goose.

Against the windowsill -- A hand-carved wooden swan.

Beneath the pillow -- A stuffed cow.

In the jewelry box -- A necklace with five golden hoops.

Hidden in the closet -- A ballerina music box.

Riley opens it. Twinkly music leaks out. Inside, next to the ballerina, is a pendant with two doves.

Riley gathers all the items on Amelia's bed and steps back to look at the haul.

*She doesn't recognize any of it.*

She examines the chicken, looking for another hidden camera. She DROPS it, shattering it to pieces. She picks through the ceramic shards.

- She cracks the King figurine in two.
- Tears open the stuffed cow and goose.
- Gouges out the eyes.
- Splinters apart the wooden swan against the dresser.
- Stomps the music box into pieces with her heel.

Inside the pieces of the music box, she picks out a little wired listening device. A bug.

*What the fuck?*

She scans the room once more, eyes landing on the IPAD.

She begins to *hum* the tune to the *Twelve Days of Christmas*.

RILEY

*...two turtle doves...*

She looks back at the trash heap of broken toys. Picks up the dove pendant and moves it to the right end.

She unlocks the IPAD.

YOUTUBE VIDEO

*On the twelfth day of Christmas my  
true love gave to me... 12  
Drummers Drumming, Eleven Pipers  
Piping*

She hits pause. She picks up the teddy bear in a top hat smoking a corn cob pipe and sets it down on the left end.

YOUTUBE VIDEO

*Ten Lords a Leaping, Nine Ladies  
Dancing, Eight Maids a Milking*

The wooden King figurine, the ballerina music box, and the stuffed cow.

YOUTUBE VIDEO

*Seven Swans a Swimming, Six Geese  
a Laying, Five... Golden...  
Ringssssss.*

The hand-carved wooden swan, the stuffed goose, the necklace with five golden hoops.

YOUTUBE VIDEO

*Four Calling Birds, Three French  
Hens, Two Turtle Doves and  
Partridge in a Pear Tree.*

We pull back to see she is arranging all ten gifts in the very specific order of the song. But there's a hole in her lineup.

RILEY  
...Four calling birds, four  
calling birds. What the fuck is a-

She looks up.

A string of four tiny blackbirds hangs from the ceiling fan.

*Bingo.*

She rips down the blackbirds and drops them in the lineup.

We push close on Riley, the full understanding of what she's looking at dawning on her.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Olive sneaks around the side of the house. She glimpses Beatrice inside at the dining room table. She's rocking back and forth with her eyes closed, deep in prayer.

She continues along the side of the house. Around back.

To the cellar storm doors. *But they're already open.*

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Olive eases cautiously down the storm door steps.

She stops at bottom. Pausing outside the archway, leading to the rest of the basement.

It's pure darkness.

She doesn't dare move forward. She holds her breath, listening...

*The whine of the pipes. The growl of the furnace.*

She clicks on her cell phone light and casts it across the basement. But there's no sign of whoever opened the doors.

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

Nick closes the door discreetly. He opens his top right desk drawer. Inside is the modest container of cocaine he mentioned to Roman earlier. He lifts the container out.

Deeper in the same drawer, something catches his eye. A folded up piece of paper.

He takes it out and unfolds it.

It's a crayon drawing done by Amelia. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY DADDY" is scrawled above a stick figure drawing of the two of them.

It stops him. Holds him emotionally for an extended moment.

Then his eyes are drawn back to the cocaine. He folds the drawing back up and puts it in his breast pocket.

He measures out two lines. The fuel he needs to keep going. The spark to light his fire. He leans down to SNORT them.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Nick tears through the house. Turning everything upside down. Inside out.

He opens the ottoman. Checks inside the grandfather clock. Pushes aside the jackets in the closet.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

Nick enters the garage in search of Amelia. He immediately notices - All the tires on both cars have all been SLASHED.

NICK  
*What the fuck...?*

He kneels down. A KNIFE protrudes from a tire. The same wooden reindeer knife we saw Santa with earlier.

RILEY (O.S.)  
Nick, come up here!

**INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Nick walks out of the garage up the hall to the stairs.

As he goes up the stairs we see Olive emerge from the basement.

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick enters to find Riley kneeling on the floor, looking deranged in a pile of broken toys.

NICK  
Did you need to destroy them?

RILEY  
I had to know if this was the only one.

She holds up the teddy bear's eye with the hidden camera.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Olive creeps up the basement steps as Nick disappears up to the second floor.

*The front door opens.*

She's exposed in the middle of the hallway.

She throws herself against the wall between the hall and kitchen.

*We hear heavy boots.*

Over her shoulder, we glimpse something red, out of focus.

Olive tries desperately not to make a sound.

In a picture frame, she catches a glimpse of the masked Santa Claus in the reflection of the glass.

He walks slowly up the hall.

Olive slides over into the kitchen.

She quietly withdraws a steak knife from the holder.

*We hear the boots walking over into the living room.*

Olive ducks behind the counter.

Through the dining room, we see Santa in the living room.

Olive crawls along the counter...

Out of the kitchen... Into the hall...

She edges toward the front door as Santa walks in the opposite direction, into the dining room...

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Riley is reciting the song and pointing to the respective gift.

RILEY

-Five Golden Rings. Four Calling  
Birds. Three French Hens. Two  
turtle doves-\*

NICK

And a partridge in a pear tree?

RILEY

The gifts are clearly connected to  
the song. There's eleven gifts.

NICK

What's your point?

RILEY

They started eleven days ago. And tomorrow is Christmas. The twelve days of Christmas. What if this is all building to something? What if someone was building up suspense-

NICK

To do what?

The *Midnight Chimes* sound on the Grandfather clock down below.

Riley and Nick exchange a dire glance. *It's now Christmas.*

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Olive tip-toes up the hall as Santa continues into the Kitchen.

The *Midnight Chimes* sound.

Olive is right by the clock.

*We hear Santa's boots coming her way*

She scrambles up the stairs --

-- As Santa emerges into the hall.

Olive reaches the second floor landing, heading for the third.

She hears *footsteps* overhead, coming her way.

She reverses course, disappearing into the office, just as -- Nick and Riley appear from the third floor. Walking down the stairs in silence...

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

As they descend, they see down below that the FRONT DOOR is wide open - Snow blows inside fiercely.

Nick FORCES the door shut and turns the lock.

NICK

Where's Beatrice?

But Riley is staring into the adjacent **LIVING ROOM**.

Nick follows her gaze...

Two CHRISTMAS GIFTS are waiting on the coffee table.

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

Olive presses the door shut and backs away from the door.

Behind her, we see SOMEBODY stand up.

Olive senses them and whips around, knife raised, ready to defend herself --

-- It's Beatrice -- Olive just stops herself.

BEATRICE

What do you think you're doing?!

OLIVE

Sorry...

BEATRICE

I thought you left.

OLIVE

I couldn't just go. Not with Amelia missing.

BEATRICE

Well, find somewhere else to hide.  
I was here first. And I don't want them thinking I let you back in.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick and Riley draw near the two CHRISTMAS GIFTS on the coffee table.

A CARD sitting between them. Addressed in elegant red calligraphy-

*To: Nick and Riley Sylvan  
From: Santa*

Nick picks up the card.

RILEY

STOP! Don't open it.

Nick disregards her warning. Tears it open.

He reads it in silence. His face inscrutable.

RILEY

Well? What does it say?

NICK

*"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan.*

NICK  
*You're going to want to call the  
police. You must fight this urge.  
If you wish to see Amelia again,  
do as I ask, and no harm will come  
to her... Please accept these  
gifts as a gesture of goodwill...  
Merry Christmas. Sincerely,  
Santa."*

Nick hands Riley the card. She reads it for herself.

Nick crouches down to examine the gifts.

Riley looks up from the card, mind racing, emotions fraying.

RILEY  
(hisses)  
*He's in the house.*

NICK  
What?

RILEY  
How else did the gifts get here?  
Whoever it was, they must have  
been at the party. And they didn't  
fucking leave. They may even be  
listening.

Nick looks overhead, as if expecting the stranger to jump out  
at them from the ceiling at that moment.

He grabs the FIRE POKER, arming himself.

Riley picks up the gifts, delicately, like they're bombs about  
to go off. She hands one to Nick.

Carefully, they peel back the wrapping paper, unveiling the  
small boxes beneath.

Nick looks at Riley. *Ready?*

*One... Two... Three --*

-- They rip the covers off their boxes.

Inside each:

A FLASH DRIVE - In the shape of a tree. Tied to the top of a  
pear with red string.

Riley laughs to herself with relief.

NICK  
Is this supposed to be a  
partridge?

RILEY  
It's a box within a box.

NICK  
What do you think is on them?

They exchange a knowing glance. *But neither is willing to come clean.*

NICK  
Wait... Where's Beatrice?

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

Beatrice sits, tapping her foot impatiently. Olive listens at the door to the conversation below.

NICK (O.S.)  
BEATRICE?

OLIVE  
Please don't tell them you saw me.

BEATRICE  
I'm not going down there. This is  
their mess. I shouldn't even be  
here. It's Christmas. I should be  
with my family.

OLIVE  
You're not going to help search  
for Amelia.

BEATRICE  
I'm not the police. Let them  
handle it. They don't pay me for  
*this*.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Nick calls up the stairs.

NICK  
BEATRICE?

*There's no answer.*

NICK  
Dammit.

NICK

Before we do anything with these,  
we need to search the house. I'll  
sweep the house and see if there's  
any sign of this guy. And  
Beatrice. You wait here.

RILEY

Are you insane?

NICK

*Just wait here.* I'll be right  
back.

He darts out of the room with the fire poker. *We note that both  
flash drives are missing from the gift boxes.*

Riley waits nervously, growing anxious.

*BLEEP --*

-- Riley jumps, but it's just her phone.

She grabs the phone. It's a message from an *UNKNOWN* number.

The message contains a VIDEO.

Riley's finger hovers over the play icon...

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

*We hear Nick's footsteps.*

OLIVE

Quick, hide.

Olive and Beatrice duck into the closet and crouch together in  
the darkness.

A moment later, Nick slips quietly inside. Closes the door and  
locks it. Rushes around the desk to their computer.

Through the crack in the closet door, we see Nick plug a flash  
drive into the computer.

There's only one file. A video file. He opens it up and hits  
play.

**VIDEO:**

It's hidden camera footage from the POV of the teddy bear in  
**AMELIA'S ROOM**. Olive is inside, picking up Amelia's toys.

Nick slips inside and closes the door behind him.

Olive whips around, guarded and nervous.

OLIVE  
What do you want?

NICK  
You need to stop this. I don't know what you expect from me, but you need to stop.

OLIVE  
I'm not doing anything, Mr. Sylvan.

NICK  
Look. Just because I slipped up and we had sex doesn't mean you can hang it over my head forever. What do you want out of this?

OLIVE  
We didn't just "have sex"-

NICK  
Call it whatever you want.

OLIVE  
You got me drunk... And the next thing I knew you had your hand down my pants.

NICK  
That is not what happened and you know it.

OLIVE  
Please, just leave me alone-

NICK  
Did you get pregnant?

# **CLOSET**

Tears are welling in Olive's eyes. Beatrice shifts awkwardly, not sure if she should console her or not.

OLIVE (VIDEO) (O.S.)  
What?

NICK (VIDEO) (O.S.)  
DID YOU GET PREGNANT? Somebody sent me a positive pregnancy test. As a threat. What do you want? Is it money?

NICK (VIDEO) (O.S.)  
What will it take for this to  
stop.

**VIDEO**

OLIVE  
It's not me, Mr. Sylvan. I'm not  
that type of person.

She glares at him. He can only handle her pious gaze for a moment. He exits quickly and pulls the door shut.

**OFFICE**

Nick trembles with fear. He rips the flash drive out, drops it on the ground, and STOMPS on it with his boot --

-- Cracking it into a dozen unmendable pieces.

Nick considers the second flash drive. *He knows he shouldn't, but curiosity gets the better of him.* He plugs it in...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Nick strides back in, heated and looking for a fight.

Riley sitting in stunned silence with her back to us.

NICK  
What is *this*?

He hands over a stack of printed financial documents.

NICK  
You've been embezzling money.

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

The coast is clear. Olive and Beatrice get out of the closet.

Beatrice happy to be out of a cramped space with Olive.

Olive sees the look on Bea's face.

OLIVE  
Why are you looking at me like  
that?

BEATRICE  
I knew it was a mistake for them  
to hire you. I knew what would  
happen the moment I laid eyes on  
you.

OLIVE  
What? That Mr. Sylvan would take  
advantage of me?

BEATRICE  
Don't be ridiculous. You brought  
this on yourself. The way you  
prance around here.

OLIVE  
I don't prance-

The ceiling overhead *moans*. They both look up.

BEATRICE  
What's that?

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Olive and Beatrice edge out of the office.

As they reach the bannister, we hear Nick yelling below.

NICK (O.S.)  
-What the fuck is wrong with you?  
We have plenty of money. I make  
more than enough for all of us.

Together, they creep quietly up to the-

**THIRD FLOOR**

Where they find the door to the attic open, the ladder down, as  
if inviting them up.

BEATRICE  
I'm not going up there.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

NICK  
Well? What do you have to say for  
yourself?

But Riley seems distracted.

RILEY  
I was going to put the money back.  
Right after the Christmas party.

NICK  
You were going to cover your  
embezzlement with more  
embezzlement?

RILEY

I just... My investments...  
Haven't quite turned out the way I  
intended... I couldn't tell you...  
It was embarrassing.

NICK

More embarrassing than going to  
prison?

He sees the phone in her hand with the video cued up. The one  
he just watched.

NICK

What is that?

Riley turns around, eyes livid. Shoves the phone into Nick's  
chest.

RILEY

You knocked up the fucking nanny!

**INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Olive gathers her courage and climbs up to the-

**ATTIC**

It's pitch black. Her breath hangs in the frigid air.

She turns on her cell phone light and steps forward, shining it  
across the rafters.

**THIRD FLOOR**

Beatrice looks through the attic entry, unable to see anything.

BEATRICE

(hisses)

What's up there?

**ATTIC**

Olive edges forward, petrified. Her light passes over the boxes  
and cobwebs, but finding no one.

OLIVE

There's nothing-

From behind her -- A *shuffling* sound.

Olive swings the cell phone around.

Hidden far in the corner -- An antique oak chest.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

NICK  
I can explain-

RILEY  
I knew you fucked around... but  
the fucking nanny?! She's not even  
that good looking! Was it the  
earnestness that did it for you?

Nick grasps for something to say in his defense.

RILEY  
So help me god, if she accuses you  
of *anything* I will testify against  
you, mother fucker.

But for once, Nick doesn't have a comeback. He turns away in a daze, light headed from being caught red handed.

NICK  
I need a drink.

**INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**

Olive draws closer to the antique chest... Flips the latch...  
And THROWS it open --

-- Inside, tucked in a ball, cuddled with a miniature lantern,  
is Amelia.

OLIVE  
Amelia!

AMELIA  
Olive!

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Nick walks to the **DINING ROOM**.

To the bar. He pours himself two, no three, wait, four fingers  
of Scotch and downs it in one go.

RILEY  
What good will that do? God you  
are a fucking cliché. You couldn't  
keep your dick in your pants long  
enough to consider the  
ramifications. In our house,  
Nick?! You couldn't at least keep  
it out of our house!?

**INT. THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

OLIVE (O.S.)  
I found her! She's okay!

BEATRICE  
Oh, thank goodness.

Behind Beatrice, we see SOMEONE emerge up the stairs, carrying a strand of Christmas lights...

They approach her silently...

**INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**

Olive helps Amelia out of the chest.

OLIVE  
What were you doing in there?

AMELIA  
(playfully)  
I'm hiding from Santa. If he finds me I won't get any presents.

Taped inside the top of the chest is a little camera sensor. One end of a baby monitor.

Olive quickly slams the chest shut.

She quick glances around the attic, paranoid, as if expecting to see more cameras.

OLIVE  
Come on. Let's get out of here.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Nick polishes off his Scotch. He walks into the **GRAND HALL**.

Riley follows, continuing to berate him.

RILEY  
What else haven't you told me? Is your little bastard about to come running in here?

**INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**

Olive guides Amelia back to the ladder. Beatrice looks up at them from the third floor.

BEATRICE  
There you are! You gave us such a scare.

Olive helps Amelia onto the ladder.

Looking down at Beatrice --

-- The strand of Christmas lights juts into view -

-- LASSOING Beatrice by the neck and YANKING her back.

Olive screams.

Amelia loses her footing.

Olive makes a desperate attempt to grab hold of her.

She PLUMMETS to the third floor carpet below.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

NICK

Look... We need to put these  
issues aside for the moment.

RILEY

Of course you would say that.

NICK

And we need to take care of this  
psycho, whoever he is. He bugged  
our home. He hacked our computers.  
He has our daughter.

**INT. THIRD FLOOR / ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**

The masked Santa Claus DRAGS Beatrice down the hall by the neck  
-- the Christmas lights wrapped tight around her neck.

OLIVE

Amelia climb back up! Quick!

Amelia struggles to sit.

Santa and Beatrice reach the bannister.

He runs the lights around her neck two more times into a knot.

Beatrice fights to her feet --

-- Tries to run back down the hall.

Santa YANKS her back and gives her a SHOVE --

-- Her momentum carries her, careening over the bannister.

**INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS**

NICK  
Whatever game he's playing we  
can't allow him to win it.

RILEY  
I swear, if he's not here to kill  
you, I might.

BEATRICE'S BODY plummets from overhead --

-- JERKING to a sudden stop right between them --

-- Her neck SNAPPING.

Nick dives for cover. Riley SCREAMS.

The noose of CHRISTMAS LIGHTS is strung tight around her neck.

Her eyes are open -- Staring at them with the fresh shock of sudden death.

**INT. ATTIC / THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Olive covers her mouth, horrified. *Holy shit.*

She motions to Amelia to climb, but can't get the words out.

**INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS**

RILEY  
Oh my god-oh my god-what is  
happening.

Nick tracks the Christmas lights...

...Up the bannister to the third floor...

...Where the masked Santa Claus is standing...

...Gazing down on them from the rail.

He lifts a KNIFE into view --

-- Then quickly disappears from view.

Nick GRABS Riley by the arm. But Riley can't look away from Beatrice's still spasming body.

NICK  
Riley! Come on! Run!

They run out the front door.

**INT. ATTIC / THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Looking through the attic door:

OLIVE  
Come on, come on, come on! Amelia  
get up! Hurry!

Amelia finally climbs to her feet.

But she turns towards Santa and walks out of view.

OLIVE  
No, Amelia! Amelia, climb the  
ladder!

Olive puts one foot on the ladder-

*Thud, thud, thud* - We hear Santa's black boots walking in our direction.

Olive pulls her foot back.

Santa's boots appear.

He stops. Leans forward and looks up into the attic, giving a little wave of the reindeer knife.

Olive instinctively YANKS the ladder up --

-- The door slams shut, sealing herself in the attic.

She runs her hands over her face. *What just happened?!* But the shock quickly gives way to a wave of panicked realization.

OLIVE  
*Amelia.*

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Nick and Riley flee down the sidewalk. But Riley stops. Shouts over the wind-

RILEY  
WAIT! STOP! What are we doing?

NICK  
We need to keep going! We need the  
police!

Riley puts her arms over her head and steadies her breathing, trying to think clearly.

RILEY  
We can't go to the police.

NICK

We don't have a choice! We have no idea where Amelia is. And our housekeeper is hanging in there by a fucking noose!

RILEY

*We can't go to the police!* You heard what Olive said. What the letter said.

NICK

This is beyond your control! We're calling them.

Nick whips out his phone and dials 9-1-1.

Riley KNOCKS the phone out of his hand -- It disappears into a snow bank. He dives after it.

NICK

Dammit, Riley!

**INT. ATTIC - NIGHT**

Olive gathers herself. *Amelia needs her. She can't give up.*

She looks around for a weapon. Settling for a piece of splintered wood.

She wields it like a vampire stake and stands over the door...

Beat.

She PUSHES it open --

-- The ladder descends. She races down, ready to fight.

But the hallway is empty. Santa and Amelia are gone.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Nick uncovers his phone in the snowbank. But it's already dead from the water damage.

Behind him, Riley sees something horrifying.

RILEY

Nick... Nick, stop.

She grabs him and physically turns him around.

Angle on the townhouse -- Amelia is standing on the balcony. The masked Santa Claus at her side with one hand on her shoulder and the reindeer knife in the other.

Nick screams over the wind:

NICK  
LET HER GO! LET HER GO RIGHT NOW!

Santa raises the knife over Amelia's head. Wags it back and forth as he shakes his head with a definitive, deliberate NO. Then ushers Amelia back inside the townhouse.

Riley *shivers*. She's still only wearing her dress. She rubs her bare shoulders.

RILEY  
Nick... Nick, listen to me... We have to go back in there.

Nick shakes with incoherent rage.

NICK  
Don't you care about her?

RILEY  
Of course I care. I care about not getting her killed. If we go to the police, it is over. All of it. Amelia's life. *This*. Everything we've built.

NICK  
Stop thinking about yourself and start thinking about your *daughter*.

RILEY  
It's *my* life, Nick. Not yours. He has *all* the evidence. It is an open and shut case.

She's shaking, both from the cold and righteous indignation.

RILEY  
We need to get the *upper hand*... *Your hunting rifle*... It's locked in the basement, right? I want you to sneak down there and get it.

Nick looks at her as if only truly seeing her for the first time.

RILEY  
Do it for Amelia if you must. But that-that *thing*... cannot leave our house alive.

Off of Nick's enraged face, we cut to-

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

One of the storm doors opens. A SHADOW slips through and lightly lowers the door closed.

They creep their way through the storage racks -- To a large gun locker.

The person pulls a chain -- A single lightbulb clicks on overhead, revealing Nick's face.

He kneels down close to the combination. Squinting to see the numbers as the dull light bulb sways overhead.

He turns the dial to the correct combination.

There's a *clank* from somewhere in the house above.

He stops and looks over his shoulder at the basement door.

Beat.

But it doesn't open. He looks back at the safe. Turns the dial to the last number. The locker clicks unlocked. He opens it.

It's empty.

Behind him, we see a FIGURE pass through the shadows.

It approaches Nick silently... Before disappearing further into shadow...

Nick pulls the chain, turning off the light bulb.

He feels his way forward, into the black, edging past the wine racks and storage shelves.

Suddenly, a WINE RACK comes crashing down at him --

-- He dives out of the way as a thousand bottles smash to bits.

He scrambles to his feet. But he can't see anyone. He turns --

-- Right into Santa.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Riley hovers at the edge of their property. Freezing and growing impatient.

Fed up with waiting, she sneaks back to the front door. She turns the doorknob silently and slips inside.

**INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS**

She presses the door shut as quietly as possible, made difficult by the wind and snow.

She presses her back against the door and turns to face the townhouse.

Beatrice continues to hang limp by the neck.

Riley eases around the body, trying not to look at it.

She steps lightly to the **KITCHEN** and pulls a BUTCHER KNIFE from holder.

Suddenly, the stereo BOOMS to life-

STEREO  
*Just hear those sleigh bells  
jingle-ing. Ring ting tingle-ing  
too-*

Riley fumbles the knife, dropping it *clanging* to the floor.

STEREO  
*-Come on, it's lovely weather for  
a sleigh ride together with you.*

She dives after it and grabs it with two hands, ready for an attack.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Nick SNAPS awake -- His mouth is gagged. Stripped down his underwear. Duct taped to a chair.

His vision comes into focus, revealing Santa standing at the tool bench, his back to Nick.

Santa picks through the assorted tools, landing on a box cutter. He draws toward Nick. Clicking it open --

-- *Click, click, click.*

Nick's eyes widen.

Santa takes a knee.

Traces the blade up Nick's ankle to his thigh...

FLICKING the box cutter across Nick's inner thigh --

-- Nick YELPS through his gag.

NICK  
(muffled)  
Why are you doing this?

Santa looks up at him. His piercing black eyes peer coldly through the mask.

In a deep, scratchy, modulated voice:

SANTA  
You should've been a better boy  
this year, Nick. Santa is always  
watching.

He JAMS the box cutter into Nick's leg.

Nick SCREAMS.

Santa walks back to the tool bench, leaving the box cutter sticking out of Nick's quivering leg.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Riley watches the basement stairs. Waiting for Nick to emerge... *But he doesn't...*

She tip-toes over.

RILEY  
(hisses)  
Nick? Nick?

*There's no answer.*

She takes off her heels and pads down the basement stairs to the door.

She presses her ear to the door. We can hear Nick's *muffled screams*.

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Nick eyes are filled with tears. Both arms and legs dripping in blood.

He grits his teeth. Closes his eyes...

Prepared for the next cut...

*But it doesn't come...*

He opens his eyes and looks around.

Santa is gone.

**INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

*Thud, thud, thud...*

Riley hears the footsteps. She backs away from the door.

The doorknob turns.

Riley turns and flies up the steps.

The door opens. Santa emerges.

Riley races down the hall to the grand stairwell.

Up to the second floor where she disappears into a closet.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Now alone, Nick tugs at his duct tape restraints. But he's wrapped tight.

He looks around for something to help him. The box cutter is sitting on the edge of the tool bench.

He rocks his chair back and forth, trying to shuffle it toward the bench.

But he rocks too far --

-- The chair teeters and topples over --

-- He hits the cement hard, gasping once again in pain.

But now he has leverage. He uses it to wriggle, trying to loosen the duct tape bit by bit.

*A big metallic sound --*

-- Someone is coming in from the back storm doors.

He wriggles faster as *footsteps* thud across the cement.

He looks up in fear. But it's not Santa. It's Olive. Her cheeks red. Her hair dusted with snow.

OLIVE

Nick?!

His grateful eyes scream at her for help.

OLIVE

Where are your pants?

She pulls out his gag and awkwardly begins to untie him.

NICK

They're here. Whoever the fuck it was you were talking to online. He fucking tortured me!

OLIVE

I know. He has Amelia... I-I had her. But I lost her and now I don't know where she is.

NICK

It's okay. Just untie me and we'll figure this out. Get the box cutter.

Olive grabs the box cutter off the tool bench and starts hacking at the tape.

OLIVE

I'm so sorry, Mr. Sylvan. This is all my fault. I couldn't just leave. Not with Amelia missing.

NICK

Well... Listen, Riley shouldn't have fired you. That was... harsh.

She stops cutting. An emotional beat.

OLIVE

I have a confession... I was pregnant...

Nick's eyes widen, but he says nothing.

OLIVE

I couldn't tell you... Because... Because of Riley... And Amelia... But I didn't tell *him*. I don't know how he found out.

A dazed look of concern comes over Olive. She's overwhelmed.

NICK

Look, this isn't really the time. Let's get out of this and then we can... talk. Okay?

OLIVE

...Okay...

Nick gets his arms free and painfully rips the rest off.

NICK

Do you see my clothes?

THUD - From overhead.

OLIVE  
What was that?

NICK  
Stay behind me.

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The basement door swings open. Nick steps through threateningly - Brandishing the hammer with one hand and the box cutter with the other. Olive right behind him.

They creep up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs, something swings into frame --

-- SMASHING Nick in the knee.

Santa steps out from the doorway, holding a large metal CANDY CANE (One of the ones we saw Beatrice hanging up earlier).

Santa SWINGS it at Olive --

-- She FALLS backward --

-- TUMBLING down the stairs --

-- STRIKING her head on the rail, knocked unconscious.

Santa turns. HOOKS Nick around the neck and DRAGS him down the hall.

Nick, choking, squirms himself free.

He coughs profusely.

Santa raises the candy cane and SWINGS --

-- STRIKING Nick across the back.

Nick HOWLS. His body contorts.

Santa rears back and SWINGS again-

**INT. SECOND FLOOR, CLOSET - NIGHT**

Riley crouches in the dark, terrified. Holding her knife close.

Footsteps pound up the stairs-

Thud... Thud... Thud...

Eventually stopping right outside the closet door...

She closes her eyes and prays...

Beat.

The footsteps continue on. We hear a door open further up the hallway.

Riley chances it. She pushes the closet door open and sneaks out into the-

#### **HALLWAY**

But Santa is waiting for her.

Riley stops, frozen in headlights.

RILEY

Don't you fucking come near me!

He pulls out his reindeer knife and walks toward her.

He teases a strike.

She waves her butcher knife wildly.

He winds up and SLASHES at her.

She dodges and runs for it - Fleeing back down the stairs.

#### **MAIN FLOOR**

She glances up to see Santa reach the stairs, following her slow and methodically.

She races past Beatrice's body to the front door.

*But the entryway table has been slid in front, blocking the door.*

Riley reverses course and flies down the hall to the kitchen.

Behind her, Santa's boots *thud* loudly in pursuit.

Riley cracks open the patio door and slips outside.

#### **EXT. PATIO GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

She quietly shuts the door and ducks down in the garden. *Hoping he hasn't heard her.*

She peeks discreetly through the frosted glass.

Inside, Santa surveys the kitchen, turning in a slow circle...

Then he looks straight at us. At Riley.

Riley jumps up and scales the fence into-

#### **NEIGHBORS BACKYARD GARDEN**

Dropping down into George's Japan-inspired garden.

The lights are on inside George's townhouse. But the patio doors are locked. She **HAMMERS** on the glass.

RILEY

George! George!

But no one comes. She presses her face to the glass. Moves around the side of the house, looking for George.

On the other side of the fence, we hear the *crunch* of Santa's heavy black boots on snow.

Riley picks up a rock and heaves it --

-- SHATTERING a pane of glass.

She reaches through and turns the doorknob, letting herself in.

#### **INT. GEORGE'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

RILEY

George! George? Are you here?

She doesn't see George, but she does see a landline phone.

She grabs it - But it's dead. *The cord is missing.*

That's when she sees it. In the adjacent dining room.

A foot.

Riley moves over...

A leg comes into view... Then a body... Then a face...

George's face. Dead. Staring up at the ceiling, lying in a pool of his own blood.

The phone cord is wrapped tight around his slit open neck. As though he had his throat slit while he was being strangled.

Riley considers it...

Delicately, she lifts George's heavy head...

And unwraps the cord from his neck...

Dropping the head back down with a sickening SPLAT.

Her fingers fumble one end of the cord into the socket and the other end into the phone.

It lights up. There's a dial tone!

She hits 9-1-1.

AUTOMATED VOICE

*We're sorry. Due to a high volume of calls, emergency services are not available at this moment. Please call back. If your situation is an emergency, please leave a message, describing the nature of your emergency. BEEP.*

RILEY

I need help! A man dressed as Santa Claus is trying to kill me!. Please, send help. I live at-

The phone goes dead.

RILEY

Hello? Hello?

She looks down -- The cord hangs loose from the phone. It's been cut.

Behind her -- Santa lifts the giant metal candy cane and brings it down swiftly over Riley's head.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

**INT. TAXI - NIGHT**

The GRANDMOTHER (70), a stately, refined woman. Dressed far too lightly for this weather. She holds her phone out in front of her face, the phone ringing on speaker.

THE GRANDMOTHER

Is your cab always this cold?  
Can't you turn the heat up any further?

She gets Riley's voicemail. Grandmother sighs and hangs up.

THE GRANDMOTHER

Typical.

**EXT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

The taxi pulls up out front. The snowstorm is growing fierce. Grandmother looks hesitantly out the window. The townhouse is fully lit. Christmas lights in every window.

Grandmother lumbers out. The driver takes her bags out of the trunk. She directs him.

THE GRANDMOTHER  
Take these inside for me-

But he drops them down, gets back in the Taxi, and speeds away.

Exasperated, Grandmother leaves her bags in the snow and hurries up the front steps.

She turns the doorknob, but it's locked.

She rings the doorbell.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

*Knock knock knock* -- A pounding on the door.

Grandmother's face appears, pressed against the frosted window pane.

**EXT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

She leaves her bags and treks back down the steps, battling the blistering snow, down the sidewalk to the dark garden path.

With some difficulty, she makes her way along the path. Her heels slipping and wobbling in the snow.

*Smack*

She pauses. *What was that?*

*Smack... Smack... Smack...*

Up ahead, the garden gate is unlatched and being blown by the wind repeatedly into the post.

She pushes open the gate into the garden and fights her way up to the patio doors.

But these too are locked.

Something dark DRIPS onto her face.

She lifts a gloved hand and wipes it off. It's blood.

She looks up.

Roman's lifeless body hangs limp over the edge of the roof.

Just then, the snow on the roof gives way -- Roman's body plummets --

-- Landing at her feet in the garden --

-- SPLATTERING her white coat with blood.

Grandmother SHRIEKS and falls backward into the snow.

Roman's lifeless face stares at her.

She crawls away in a panic.

She runs to the garden doors and tries to rip them open. It's no use. She bangs against the glass.

She picks up a large decorative rock and prepares to hurtle it through the door -- But she stops herself...

SOMEONE has appeared on the other side...

The person wipes away the fog on the glass, revealing the Santa Claus mask.

The Grandmother drops the rock. *WTF?*

Santa reaches down to unlock the door.

Grandmother backs away.

The patio door opens.

Grandmother turns and runs for it.

Bumbling through the garden.

Back down the pathway.

Behind her, the *crunch* of snow under Santa's thick boots.

Grandmother makes it back to the sidewalk.

The front door is now open.

We see Santa's SHADOW emerging from the garden pathway.

Grandmother quickly considers her options -- Before dashing inside the house.

**INT. THE SYLVAN TOWNHOUSE, MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

She throws the door shut. Turns the lock.

She backs away. Watching the doorknob... But it doesn't turn...

She keeps backing up...

Until she BUMPS into something...

...Slowly, she turns...

And looks up to see Beatrice's hanging corpse.

She SHRIEKS and stumbles forward into the house.

THE GRANDMOTHER  
RILEY? RILEY WHERE ARE YOU?

There's a *muffled sound* coming from the DINING ROOM.

Terrified, Grandmother cautiously peeks around the corner.

Inside, Olive is tied to a chair, a gag in her mouth.

THE GRANDMOTHER  
Oh my goodness!

The Grandmother runs to her side and removes the gag.

THE GRANDMOTHER  
What's happening?

OLIVE  
Lock the patio door! QUICK!

Grandmother runs through the dining room to the kitchen and flips the lock.

OLIVE (O.S.)  
Get a knife!

Grandmother grabs a steak knife.

She hurries back and kneels down next to Olive.

Suddenly, Santa appears behind her.

Olive SCREAMS.

But before Grandmother can even turn --

-- Santa JAMS his reindeer knife into the side of her head.

Grandmother's eyes register shock. But she makes no sound.  
Her body slumps to the hardwood floor.

OLIVE  
(mumbles incoherently)

Santa leans over the old woman, her dead eyes still wide with shock, and rips her knife out --

-- Blood begins spooling out.

He takes Olive's crying face in his hand. Stares into her eyes.

*She knows she's next... She closes her eyes, readying herself for death...*

*But it doesn't come...*

He lets go of her head and stalks out of the room.

We hear his heavy boots *thump* through the house and something large being *dragged* across the hallway floor.

After a moment, Santa re-appears, pulling Riley by her feet.

He drops her legs hard right in the pool of blood.

Riley's eyes flicker back to consciousness -- Finding her mother's dead face staring back down at her.

*We hear wheels on hardwood.*

Santa pushes Nick into the room, bound to a leather computer chair with an extension cord.

Nick clocks the lineup: Grandmother, Riley still coming back to her senses, Olive, a crying mess, and finally --

-- Santa ushering none other than Amelia into the room like she's just woken up on Christmas morning.

NICK  
*Get your hands off her.*

Santa walks in front of Nick and glares down at him, tracing the reindeer knife around his face before raising a red-gloved finger to his rubber lips. *Shhh.*

Amelia looks around the room, surveying all the adults and this odd situation she finds them in.

AMELIA  
Olive? Why are you crying? It's Christmas!

Olive tries to put on a brave face.

OLIVE  
I'm... I'm just sad, sweetie...  
that I won't see my family this  
Christmas.

*Thud. Thud. Thud.*

Santa's thick boots silence Olive.

He pulls Amelia onto the couch and sits her on his lap,  
presenting her with a Christmas gift.

SANTA  
(deep, scratchy, modulated)  
Merry Christmas, Amelia.

AMELIA  
Thank you, Santa.

Amelia neatly opens it.

Inside is her own rubber mask - A Christmas ELF.

SANTA  
Try it on.

Amelia excitedly pulls the mask on and poses.

SANTA  
Perfect. Now you can be Santa's  
little helper.

NICK  
Amelia, take that off.

AMELIA  
I don't want to.

NICK  
AMELIA, I said, take it off!

OLIVE  
Don't yell at her.

Nick glares at Olive. *Who's side are you on?*

OLIVE  
Don't worry about him, sweetie.  
Everything is going to be okay.  
Why don't you just go up to your  
room and play? Just for a little  
bit... okay?

OLIVE

And then we'll open up the rest of  
your presents... and we'll have a  
great Christmas... okay?

(glancing at Santa)

Is that okay?

Santa nods.

AMELIA

(disappointed)

Okay...

Amelia dashes into the hall. They hear her footsteps pound up  
the steps to the third floor.

OLIVE

Please... please don't hurt her.

NICK

*Why* are you doing this?

Santa tilts his head from Olive to Nick, but doesn't answer.

NICK

What do you want? Is it money? I  
can give you fifteen thousand  
dollars right now. It's in the  
safe in my office.

SANTA

You think I want money?

NICK

Then what? *Why* are you doing this  
to us? We're good people. We don't  
deserve this.

SANTA

You shouldn't tell lies on  
Christmas, Nick... Christmas is a  
time for *truth*. A time for family.

Santa draws near Nick, balancing the reindeer knife in his red  
gloved hand.

SANTA

When I was young, all I wanted was  
a good home. A loving father. A  
loving mother. But I had none of  
that...

He draws the knife down Nick's shirtless torso.

SANTA

My father had a drinking problem.  
And he didn't particularly care to  
have me. And he didn't  
particularly care to have a wife.  
And he made sure to remind us. On  
many an occasion.

He presses the knife against the flesh of Nick's stomach --  
Slowly piercing the skin -- Threatening to push deeper.

SANTA

You have everything in life you  
could possibly want... And yet  
look how you spend your Christmas.  
Locked in sin; debauchery;  
ignoring what's most important...  
Amelia deserves better-

Riley makes a sudden move, as if to lunge at Santa.

Santa produces a gun -- RILEY'S GUN! The snub nosed revolver  
with the pearl handle. He points it at her.

SANTA

I wouldn't do that.

Santa indicates the couch with the gun. Riley sits down.

SANTA

I have one last present to give.

He walks over to Olive.

SANTA

Have you been a good girl this  
year?

Olive looks up at him, distraught and confused.

He presses the gun to her forehead.

SANTA

I said... Have you been a good  
girl this year?

Olive closes her eyes and shakes her head.

SANTA

Why not?

OLIVE

I gossiped... and I was judgmental  
and...

OLIVE  
I was mean... and I spread  
rumors...

Santa caresses her head with his free hand.

SANTA  
There, there... Nobody's perfect.  
Now tell Santa what you want for  
Christmas?

Olive is too scared to answer. Tears overwhelm her.

SANTA  
Go on. Tell them what you want.  
And don't lie. Why did you come  
back tonight? Why did you stay  
after what *he* did to you?

The words fail to escape her panicked mouth. He COCKS the gun.

SANTA  
Don't be ashamed. SAY WHAT YOU  
WANT. What, do you WANT?

OLIVE  
I want... I want... *Amelia*.

SANTA  
You want Amelia for what?

OLIVE  
I want Amelia to be *my daughter*...

SANTA  
Why?

OLIVE  
Because... because I would be a  
better parent to her.

SANTA  
Good... Now make it come true.

He offers Olive the reindeer knife.

She stares at it. But doesn't dare take it.

He takes Olive's hand and forces the knife into it.

SANTA  
All you need to do is remove your  
one and only remaining obstacle.

He guides Olive's knife wielding hand until it's pointed at Nick's bare chest.

SANTA  
Remember what he did to you.  
Remember what they've done to  
Amelia.

He nudges her forward, the gun pressed to the back of her head.  
The knife shakes in her hand.

RILEY  
Olive, please-

SANTA  
Shut up!

Olive lifts it high and YELLS, willing herself to strike...  
...But she doesn't.  
The knife drops to her side.

OLIVE  
I can't do it.

Santa lifts the gun and FIRES --

-- BANG!

Olive screams and collapses to the floor.

Riley takes the opportunity.

She RUSHES Santa --

-- KNOCKS him to the ground.

The gun goes FLYING across the room.

NICK  
Olive!

Olive scrambles over to untie Nick from the chair.

Riley and Santa WRESTLE across the hardwood.

ROLLING into the hall.

Santa tries to pull his knife.

But Riley grabs his wrist, blocking it.

Olive untangles the cord, freeing Nick.

He grabs the gun off the floor and turns it on Santa.

NICK  
Hold it right fucking there!

Santa stops fighting. Riley stands and backs away.

Santa raises his hands. He seems neither frightened nor panicked by the reversal of his situation.

RILEY  
What are you waiting for? Shoot him!

NICK  
We can't just shoot him.

RILEY  
He killed my mother! It's self defense. Just shoot him!

NICK  
We'll turn him in.

RILEY  
We can't turn him in. He'll tell them *everything*.

NICK  
He's a serial killer, Riley. No one will believe him.

RILEY  
I will NOT go to prison! JUST SHOOT HIM! FUCKING SHOOT HIM!

The gun shakes in Nick's hand...

*...But he can't pull the trigger.*

Incensed, Riley rips the gun out of his hands.

And FIRES --

-- Once --

-- Twice --

-- THREE TIMES, hitting Santa right in the chest.

He plummets backward into hall.

Beat.

Riley exhales. *Holy shit. What has she done?*

The gun drops from her hand.

We hear *footsteps*... Amelia appears at the bottom of the stairs.

She *shrieks* when she sees Santa lying lifelessly on the hardwood floor.

AMELIA

You killed him! You killed Santa!

Olive runs to console her.

NICK

Amelia, honey. That is not Santa.

AMELIA

Yes, it is and you killed him!

NICK

Amelia-

AMELIA

I hate you! I hate you!

Amelia turns her face into Olive's chest and begins sobbing uncontrollably.

OLIVE

It's okay. It's okay. I'm here.  
I've got you.

Nick stares at her, unsure how to support her.

He puts a consoling hand on Olive's shoulder. Olive shrugs it off.

OLIVE

Don't you touch me.

He holds up his hands and backs away.

Riley is shaking. She walks in a daze to the dining room bar and takes a long drink of vodka straight from the carafe.

Nick maneuvers the Santa mask off with his foot. It's a WOMAN. Her hair damp and matted. Her face ordinary but for a prominent SCAR running down her cheek.

NICK

It's a woman... I don't recognize her... I thought maybe...

He looks back at Olive and Riley.

NICK

We don't have very long. Someone will have heard the gunshots and called the police. We have to get our stories straight before they get here.

Out of focus behind him, we see Santa stir.

She rises to her feet and pulls the mask back on.

Nick doesn't notice, until he sees the concern on Olive's face.

NICK

What?

Nick turns...

Santa lifts Nick's missing HUNTING RIFLE out from behind the grandfather clock and takes aim.

Nick hits the deck.

But Riley chooses that moment to walk back into the living room.

She barely registers the situation before --

-- BANG --

-- She's BLASTED clear off her feet.

Nick scrambles for cover.

Santa FIRES another shot -- hitting the Christmas tree, exploding an ornament just above his head.

Santa pops the rifle open. Inserts two new cartridges. Slams the gun shut.

But before he can lift it for another shot --

-- Nick seizes the FIRE POKER and LUNGES at Santa --

-- Santa blocks it with the body of the rifle.

Riley gropes at the massive bloody wound on her chest. She's in shock. She sees Amelia cowering in Olive's arms.

RILEY  
Amelia. Come to mommy. Come to  
momma, baby.

Nick wrangles Santa to the ground.

Forcing the rifle away.

Sideswiping Santa in the face with the fire poker.

Riley tries to crawl over. But Amelia shies away, pressing  
herself tighter to Olive.

RILEY  
Give me my daughter, Olive.

Olive pulls Amelia tighter, only enraging Riley further.

RILEY  
GIVE HER TO ME!

Riley claws deliriously at Amelia and Olive.

OLIVE  
Get off of her! Don't touch her!

Olive KICKS Riley right in the chest wound.

Riley *screams* in blinding pain.

Olive scoops Amelia up (with Santa occupied by Nick) and makes  
a mad dash for front door-

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Olive tears out the door. Runs across the street...

...But she stops. *Having second thoughts.*

She sets Amelia down on her feet.

OLIVE  
Stay RIGHT HERE. I'll be right  
back. I'm going to help your  
daddy.

She turns and runs back inside.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE, MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Santa drives her KNEE into Nick's gut and KNOCKS the fire poker  
away.

He's stunned, but only for a moment.

He lunges right back on top of Santa, pinning her on her back.

He works his hands up --

-- GRABBING her around the neck --

-- SQUEEZING the life out of her.

She struggles for breath, fighting to free herself.

He doubles his grip around her neck.

The life in her eyes fading...

BANG!

Nick's eyes go wide with shock.

CUT TO:

**INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - DAY**

Olive cuddled with Amelia in bed. Telling her a story.

OLIVE

...I haven't had a family for a long time. And the one I had wasn't very good... But now I have you.

She beams at Amelia and strokes her hair. Amelia grins.

OLIVE

But when you love someone... you have to protect them from bad people... And I will always protect you.

BACK TO:

**INT. THE LIVING ROOM [PRESENT] - CONTINUOUS**

Olive holds the still smoking pearl handled revolver. Her eyes wide with shock at what she's done.

We track the bullet's path to Nick.

His hands have loosened their grip.

He stumbles to his feet and puts a hand to his side. It comes away bloody.

NICK

Olive... You shot me.

Rage floods his face.

He takes a threatening step toward Olive.

*Thwack*

Nick GASPS, stops, and turns around...

The reindeer knife is sticking out of his back.

Santa is back on her feet. She pulls the knife back out and STABS Nick again --

-- Once, twice, three times - Pepperering his back.

Nick falls to his knees.

Santa puts the knife to his throat.

And looks up at Olive. Their eyes connect.

SANTA  
Merry Christmas.

She SLITS Nick's throat.

Olive turns tail and RUNS for it out the front door.

As Santa turns her attention to Riley, still slithering around on the floor, clinging to life.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAWN**

The sun is finally rising. Olive runs back out the door. *But Amelia isn't where she left her.*

OLIVE  
Amelia? AMELIA?!

She turns frantically in the middle of the street. *Where did she go?*

But then, she sees her... Wandering down the street, in the freshly fallen snow.

She turns around and waves when she sees Olive.

Olive runs to her. Pulls into her arms. Holds onto her tight.

She takes Amelia by the hand and together they run down the street, as sirens grow in the distance. Getting as far from the townhouse as they can, as quickly as they can.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Santa is gone. But the bloodbath remains. The Grandmother, Beatrice, Nick, Riley. Corpses everywhere.

We pull back to reveal we are watching from a hidden camera within the fireplace.

The video being played on a computer.

Being uploaded to YouTube...

...Upload Complete...

A red gloved hand takes the computer mouse and copies the video link over to REDDIT -- Into the Nanny Confidential thread about Mr. & Mrs. S...

Angle on Santa without her mask. She smirks.

And hits POST.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

SONG (V.O.)

On the first day of Christmas my  
true love gave to me, a partridge  
in a pear tree...

The song continues over the credits.