

OTIS KRINGLE HATES CHRISTMAS!

Written by

Otis J. Kringle

Based on some Real Life Shit

Dear Blessed Viewer,

What you're about to witness is a true story.

Jolly Klaus, Rudolph, Jack Frost, the Frigid Bitch -- even the massive sing-along orgy in the car wash -- every stitch of it happened, autobiographical-style.

If you don't believe me, go look at who the writer is again (like you actually paid attention) and then go fist yourself with both your fists and a neighbor's fist for calling me a liar.

Haha, I'm kidding -- Use the uncomfy end of a traffic cone. If you don't have one, I'll bring it to you for Christmas. After all, I am Santa Claus (technically).

And this is how it all came to be...

Hugs (and Fists!),

Otis J. Kringle

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: Christmas Eve, 1989

SNOW FALLS in kamikaze flurries, covering the lawn of a quaint house decorated with a lone strand of BLINKING LIGHTS.

Passing CAROLERS SING as they prance along the sidewalks.

Until a pack of neighborhood DOGS ATTACK, sending the carolers scattering, off-key as hell.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Young OTIS NELSON (that's me, mom's maiden name, 9), clad in pajamas, crouches in front of Christmas tree, fiddling with a contraption we can't quite make out.

MOM (O.S.)

Otis? Time for bed, honey.

I quickly feign adjusting a tray of milk and cookies before turning to see my MILF of a MOM (40s, looser than Kevin Bacon's foot), tiny robe, mammoth snifter of eggnog in hand.

MOM

The tree's not going anywhere, I promise you.

YOUNG ME

Yeah, duh. What time do you think Santa will come down the chimney?

MOM

Oh honey, Santa doesn't cum down chimneys, he cums all over my...um, nevermind. Uh, that depends: Were you good this year?

YOUNG ME

Sure, you bet. So long as you don't count the times me and Martin and Cornshit egged the Lloyd house.

MOM

How about the times you said "Cornshit" instead of "Cornelius"?

YOUNG ME

Crap, sorry mom --

MOM
Just watch the goddamn language,
okay? Here, I've got an early
present for you.

She presents a sealed ENVELOPE.

YOUNG ME
This isn't coupons again, is it?

MOM
It's from your dad. Your real dad,
not that douche canoe Jerry.

I take the envelope --

YOUNG ME
Really? Weird.

MOM
I can't promise you it'll have
answers but he insisted you have
it. Now get to bed or he'll never --
that is, Santa will never cum. Er,
come.

YOUNG ME
Okay, mom. Merry Christmas!

I scamper from the room as Mom plops down on the couch, her
robe falling open, revealing some saucy lingerie. Rowr.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

I close the door and dive onto my bed. Two seconds later, the
envelope is ripped open and I've got a folded piece of
PARCHMENT in my hands.

I check it out, only -- It's nothing but a series of hand-
written SYMBOLS and SQUIGGLES ala hieroglyphics.

It might as well be written in mitten-smeared poop. WTF?

CLUNK! Something bounces off the window. I hop out of bed and
yank aside the curtain.

The butt-chinned CORNELIUS SHATT (9, aka "CORNSHIT", pretty
much sums him up) and MARTIN IVEY (9, wears nothing but Val
Kilmer-themed attire) stand on the lawn, chucking snowballs.

Martin waves as Cornshit snatches up a ROCK and hurls it.

KER-KRACK! The GLASS SPIDER-WEBS. I sling open the window.

YOUNG ME
 Damn it Cornshit -- my mom's still
 awake!

YOUNG CORNSHIT
 Oh come on, she's probably so
 wasted, she wouldn't notice if she
 was the headliner in a donkey show.

I flip him the bird and toss a ROPE LADDER over the edge of
 the sill.

Both pals climb up and fall into my room.

YOUNG CORNSHIT
 Gah, I think ripped my nards --

YOUNG ME
 Serves you right. Hey, Martin.

The boys regain their feet. Martin removes his jacket,
 revealing a *TOP GUN* "Shirtless Volleyball Iceman" shirt.

YOUNG MARTIN
 Hi, Otis. Sorry about the window.

YOUNG CORNSHIT
 Maybe it's not too late to ask
 Santa for a new one.

YOUNG ME
 Asshole.

YOUNG CORNSHIT
 That so? In that case, maybe I
 should just keep this...

He produces a JAR of clear-ish liquid, waving it with a grin.

YOUNG ME
 Hell yeah, you got it!

YOUNG MARTIN
 No, I got it. Oleoresin Capsicum.

YOUNG CORNSHIT
 Or as a non-dweeb would say it: Hot
 pepper juice.

YOUNG MARTIN
 My dad says there's enough in here
 to make a herd of buffalo cry like
 little girls with skinned knees.

I dig under my bed and grab a SUPER SOAKER. Cornshit dumps the pepper juice into it.

YOUNG ME
Well dudes, here's to doing what no
kid has ever been able to do ever:
Capture Santa Claus.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mom SNORES her ass off, passed out on the sofa.

WAMF! A BURST of LIGHT and SNOW FLARES in front of the fireplace, dissipating to reveal -- could it really be?

Yep, it's motherfucking SANTA CLAUS, sack of toys in tow.

The jolly old bastard whips out a FLASK and takes a herculean swig as he soaks in Mom and her slut suit.

SANTA CLAUS
(hammered)
Oh my my, oh hell yes, Miss Nelson.
I'd let you shit in my hand in
front of my grandmother just so I
can see your ass. I'm gonna...

He trails off, catching sight of the cookies and milk I set under the Christmas tree. He stumbles over to partake.

SANTA CLAUS
Five centuries of doing this and
chocolate chip is still the tits.

Alas, he misjudges the distance, overreaching by a mile, trips, and CHA-CHUNK! A BEAR-TRAP SLAMS shut on his ankle!

Santa YOWLS as a PULLEY attached to the ceiling YANKS him into the air, leaving him dangling upside-down.

YOUNG CORNSHIT (O.S.)
The quarterback is toast!

Cornshit (with the Super Soaker), Martin and I charge into the room.

YOUNG MARTIN
We did it! We nabbed Santa! Now
where's my VHS of *Top Secret*?

SANTA CLAUS
 You little shitbiscuits -- I'm
 going to skull-rape every last one
 of you if you don't AAAAGGGGHHHH!
 MY FUCKING EYES!

Cornshit BLASTS Santa's face with a torrent of PEPPER SPRAY.

YOUNG CORNSHIT
 Make with the toys, old man!

Santa MOANS in agony, clawing at his eyes. I immediately
 regret this whole idea, feeling terrible --

YOUNG ME
 Oh crap -- He's really hurt.

YOUNG CORNSHIT
 Don't be a pussy, Otis. Martin,
 grab his toy bag and we'll--

WAMF! A FLASH of LIGHT and SNOW, and Santa now stands in
 front of the fireplace, face jolly with rage. He limps over
 to us, tossing aside the bear-trap.

SANTA CLAUS
 You think this is funny? I still
 have 142 million homes to visit!

YOUNG ME
 It's my fault, sir. I just wanted
 to see if we could, that is, I--

SANTA CLAUS
 Shut up, Otis Nelson. You too,
 Cornelius Shatt and Martin Ivey.
 Because guess what? You're all on
 the Naughty List. Forever. Merry
 fucking Christmas!

WAMF! A final strobe of light and Santa is gone.

MOM (O.S.)
 Well, Otis...

I turn to find my awake and miffed Mom slugging down the rest
 of her eggnog.

MOM
 What do you think about finally
 meeting your real dad?

Um, excuse me -- My WHAT? And right on cue, "*I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*" BLARES...

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. UPS TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

SUPER: **25 years later...**

"*I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*" blasts from a radio.

WUNK! WUNK! WUNK! I'm now 34, looking like Seth Rogen when Seth Rogen looks like bearded shit, and I'm kicking the bejeezus out of said radio until it SPARKS and DIES.

I steer along, taking turns and corners like a NASCAR driver on crystal meth.

My CELLPHONE VIBRATES. I answer it.

ME
(into phone)
The hell do you want now?
(listening)
I told you, I'm not stealing
anything. I'm borrowing it to prove
what a bunch of lying morons you
have working for you. Now piss off!

TIRES SQUEAL as the truck skids to a halt in front of a DUPLEX, nearly hitting a MOVING TRUCK in the driveway.

I kill the engine, confused -- Why the hell is that here?

INT. MY DUPLEX - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

I barrel into the LIVING ROOM, glancing around --

ME
Rachel? Hey, Rachel!

I hit the KITCHEN next to find RACHEL AUSTIN (late 20s, hella-gorgeous if only her every mannerism didn't scream "I AM FED THE FUCK UP!") zipping up a suitcase.

ME
There you are. Hi. How's it going?
Um, what are you doing?

I notice the plethora of open and barren cabinets.

ME
Holy shit. Are you leaving me?
You're kidding, right?
(off Rachel's glare)
You're not kidding. That explains
the moving truck. And the suitcase.
Also, the complete lack of any
Tupperware.

Rachel produces a sealed ENVELOPE and hands it to me.

ME
What's this?

RACHEL
Just read it, Otis. Let's not turn
this into a spectacle.

ME
A spectacle? You're breaking up
with me via letter, of course I'm-

RACHEL
Five years, Otis. All the stuff I
love about you is still there but
it's buried under all this stuck-in-
a-rut-I-don't-know-what. I can't be
with a man who has the ambition of
a toilet seat.

She walks out of the room with her suitcase.

RACHEL (O.S.)
I would rather you not been here
for this but you're home from work
early. I'm afraid to ask why.

EXT. MY DUPLEX - DAY

I rush outside as Rachel climbs into the moving truck.

ME
Rachel, wait! This is, like, ice
queen cold.

RACHEL
No it's, like, ice queen necessary.

ME
But-but-but it's Christmas.

RACHEL
You hate Christmas.

ME
And this isn't helping!

RACHEL
Read the letter, Otis.

She starts the truck and backs down the driveway, leaving me clutching the letter in stunned disbelief.

Though I don't see it, Rachel brushes away a tear as she gives me one last look before driving off.

I trudge back to the front door when TIRES WHINE and a vehicle DOOR SLAMS. My eyes light up as I spin around --

ME
Rachel, I knew you'd change your mind...oh balls on my face.

A fatass POLICE OFFICER (34), sporting a porn star 'stache and a prominent butt-chin, approaches me. His badge reads "OFFICER SHATT". As in --

ME
Cornshit?

CORNSHIT
Hello, Virginia...

He whips out a set of HANDCUFFS and slaps them on me.

CORNSHIT
Do you believe in Santa Claus?

EXT. THE NORTH POLE - CHRISTMAS COMPLEX - DAY

SNOW SWIRLS and GUSTS around a SPRAWLING ESTATE that looks like a cross between a shopping mall and a medieval castle.

Smoke billows from a FACTORY. REINDEER graze in a pasture. Festively clad ELVES haul toys under awning-covered walkways.

A MAILBOX at the front gate reads: *THE KRINGLES, 1 ARCTIC WAY*

A runt of an elf, DUNBAR CAPP, wearing a CONE-SHAPED HAT, hauls an armload of firewood, whistling a merry tune.

A group of larger elves pass Dunbar, jostling into him as they do, causing the firewood to topple over --

TALL ELF
Watch where you're going, Duncicap.

DUNBAR
 (picking up wood)
 For the ten-trillionth time: My
 name's Dunbar Capp, not "Duncecap".
 Sheesh, you guys are dumb.

FAT ELF
 That's funny, coming from the elf
 wearing a dunce cap. Moron.

SKINNY ELF
 Yeah, moron.

WHAP! A SNOWBALL WALLOPS Dunbar, knocking his cap off.

The elves snicker and move along as Dunbar picks up his hat,
 brushing it clear of snow. It's obvious he adores this thing.

DUNBAR
 (to himself)
 You know what, Dunbar? They're just
 jealous. Keep your chin up and your
 head held high.

RUDOLPH (O.S.)
 I say, that is an outstanding
 philosophy. Aristotle-esque.

Dunbar looks to find RUDOLPH the REINDEER and his obnoxiously
 bright, oversized RED NOSE standing behind him, sounding a
 helluva lot like Samuel L. Jackson.

RUDOLPH
 Why, that and a plane ticket will
 get you to Madagascar.

DUNBAR
 Oh. Hi, Rudolph. What do you want?

RUDOLPH
 Slave-master Claus would like you
 to tote some of that wood to the
 banquet hall.

DUNBAR
 (lights up)
 He did? No fooling?

RUDOLPH
 Dunbar, I wouldn't dare dream of
 exercising a jesting jape at this
 time of the year. Veracity assured.
 (off blank look)
 No fooling.

He holds back laughter as Dunbar scoops up the rest of his firewood and skips off, happy as heck he gets to visit Santa.

RUDOLPH
What a gullible rube.

INT. CHRISTMAS COMPLEX - BANQUET HALL - DAY

A warehouse of a room containing a massive table packed with steaming plates of grub and a 10-FOOT TALL SNOWMAN CAKE.

Santa Claus sits at the head of the table while MRS. CLAUS, sporting a festive green muumuu, sits at the other end.

In between them sits two dozen of their KIDS, ages ranging from young adult to get-the-fuck-out-of-the-house-already.

Santa rises, a goblet in hand, and wobbles around the table with a horrible limp (courtesy of my bear-trap, natch).

SANTA CLAUS
This time of year always reminds me of one thing: Family. Know what the best part about family is, besides never having to apologize for farting? It's the part that fills-

CLANK-CLONK-CLATTER! All eyes swivel to find Dunbar lying flat on his face, firewood scattered around him.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh for fuck's sake, Dunbar -- What are you doing here? Can't you see I'm in the middle of a toast?!

Mrs. Claus hurries over and helps Dunbar to his feet.

SANTA CLAUS
I swear, you're about as useless as boobs on an igloo.

MRS. CLAUS
Now dear, he was just trying to be helpful; weren't you, Dunbar?

DUNBAR
Yes ma'am. Rudolph told me that Santa wanted me to bring some-

SANTA CLAUS
Rudolph told you? I haven't said two words to that hemorrhoid-nosed goat since the Great Fog of '74.
(MORE)

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)
I should put you both on the
Naughty List.

Dunbar hangs his head, beet red, ashamed.

MRS. CLAUS
Kristofer Odin Kringle, quit using
the Naughty List as a weapon all
the time or no holiday anal for
you.

(back to Dunbar)
Now why don't you be a good little
elf and put the firewood out back?
You do a good job and I'll make you
a nice mug of hot cocoa, okay?

DUNBAR
Yes, Mrs. Claus and thank you.
Sorry everyone. Merry Christmas!

INT. WOOD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dunbar enters an airplane hanger of a space, greeted by
chopped stacks of every kind of wood imaginable.

An ELDERLY ELF passes him, shaking a finger.

ELDERLY ELF
You mind yourself in here, Dunbar
Capp. We spent all morning cleaning
and don't want to come back to find
it a disaster, understood?

DUNBAR
Yes sir. I'll be careful, promise.

ELDERLY ELF
That's a good lad. Keep your chin
up and your head held high!

He leaves. Dunbar walks past aisles of all categorized under
BANNERS headlined with "GOOD".

Further down, he passes under a different banner reading
"BAD" before reaching a heaping mound of coal and a towering
pile of scrap branches.

A ROARING FURNACE stands along the far wall.

Dunbar takes his firewood and wedges it into the pile as if
playing a giant game of reverse Jenga.

CREEEAAAK. Dunbar stops, eyes drifting upward and swelling in horror as the pile of WOOD SWAYS back and forth.

He presses his back against the stack, using every ounce of strength he can muster to keep it upright.

The creaking stops. The pile stays put. Dunbar sighs in relief and steps away. That was close.

KER-KRAAAASH! The WOOD COLLAPSES and SLAMS into the mound of coal, scattering it, sending Dunbar tumbling away.

After the dust settles, he staggers to his feet in dismay.

DUNBAR

Oh no oh no oh no! Santa's going to
ship me to the South Pole.

(calming breath)

You can fix this. Yes, you can.

He gets to work picking up the fallen coal, arms pinwheeling as he restacks it.

SSSS! Dunbar freezes. What the heck was that?

DUNBAR

Hello?

SSSS! He steps through the debris to find a pocket of HISSING STEAM rising. A GLOWING HOLE burns from the ground.

And there's something in it.

Dunbar reaches into the crevice and retrieves a bulky object:
A LEATHERBOUND BOOK with an iron padlock clasping it shut.

Dunbar traces his fingers over an engraved title: "**THE
SANTANOMICON**"

DUNBAR

Santa-nom-Icon? Truth. He is indeed
an icon. I should probably bring
this to him. But I wonder what's
inside? I'll just take a quick
peek, that's all.

He tries to pry the book open, grunting and straining, but it's locked tight. He tries kicking it, banging it on the ground, wedging it open with a piece of wood. Nothing works.

Annoyed, he grabs a piece of COAL and bounces it off the padlock. It pops right open.

Dunbar leafs through the pages, brushing away thick layers of ash and cinders --

The writing inside resembles DRUNKEN HIEROGLYPHICS (ala the parchment I received from Mom back in '89), illegible.

DUNBAR
Gosh darnit stupid words! Why can't
I read you?! I hate hate hate you!

And like magic, the LETTERS on the page SHIMMER and SWIRL, revealing song notes and lyrics.

DUNBAR
"Here Comes Jolly Klaus". Hmm, a
Christmas carol?

Then, as if hypnotized, he finds himself singing (NOTE:
Musical number sung to the tune of "Here Comes Santa Claus").

DUNBAR
(singing)
*Here comes Jolly Klaus, here comes
Jolly Klaus / Right from the pits
of hell / Chaos and Mayhem and all
his minions / Pullin' him from that
hot well!*

An IMAGINARY ELF BAND appears behind him, BLARING along in harmony on their instruments.

DUNBAR
*No more dreamin', children are
screamin' / All is bleak with
blight / Forget your stockings and
say your prayers / 'Cause Jolly
Klaus comes tonight!*

He dances around, grabbing a splintered branch to use as a microphone while the FURNACE behind him ROARS to life.

DUNBAR
*Here comes Jolly Klaus, here comes
Jolly Klaus / Darkness will eat the
world / He's got a sack that's
filled with doom / For all the boys
and girls! / Hear those sleigh
bells roar and scream / Oh what a
horrible plight / So jump in your
beds and cover you heads / 'Cause
Jolly Klaus slays tonight!*

KABOOOOM! The FURNACE EXPLODES in a maelstrom of fire and smoke, the CONCUSSIVE BLAST hurling Dunbar across the room.

MIST and FLAMES SWIRLS as a tall, spindly MAN appears, garbed in clothing straight out of 15th-century Scandinavia, with burning CRIMSON EYES and glistening FANGS.

JOLLY KLAUS (ageless), wielding a ridiculous BATTLE-AXE and a BURLAP SACK, takes in his surroundings.

JOLLY KLAUS
Free at last! About bloody time.

I/E. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

I sit in the back of a squad car, hands cuffed behind my back. I wrinkle my nose in disgust. Something reeks --

A gnarly, crudded-up HOOKER (70s) sits beside me, adjusting her false teeth.

ME
For Pete's sake, Cornshit -- What the hell's that smell?

CORNSHIT
That's "Officer Shatt" to you, pal.

ME
It's like a hot dog all the way.

The stank hooker shoots me a withering look.

HOOKER
(to Cornshit)
You can drop me off here, Officer Donkey Cock.

Cornshit pulls over and lets the granny whore out. She slaps a tonsil taster on him before sashaying away.

Cornshit plops back in the car and hits the gas.

ME
Tell me you didn't just do it with that hooker before arresting me.

CORNSHIT
Of course I didn't "just do it" with her. What am I, Nike? I went spelunking in her ass. Twice.

ME
You're a disgusting human being.

CORNSHIT

Whoa there, Otis -- I'm not the one breaking the law around here.

ME

Prostitution is illegal.

CORNSHIT

Hey, you stole federal property! You're lucky I got the call and not somebody fond of cavity searches. Tell me, why steal a UPS truck?

ME

Because I got fired, that's why.

CORNSHIT

How the hell do you get fired from being a Route Efficiency Expert?

ME

I took the truck to prove the route didn't take as long as the drivers said it did and that it was their incompetence that was making them late, not the routes I planned.

CORNSHIT

And? Was it?

ME

I don't know. I forgot to time it.

CORNSHIT

(guffaws)

Damn, I love how your life always puts mine in perspective. You're lucky you've got Rachel around to bail your ass out of dumb shit.

I sigh. And close my eyes.

ME

I just want to go home.

INT. CHRISTMAS COMPLEX - WOOD WAREHOUSE - DAY

A jackal of a grin oozes over Jolly Klaus' face as he takes in his surroundings.

JOLLY KLAUS

Home, sweet home.

Through the settling dust and rubble, a RED GLOW appears and Rudolph steps into view, sniffing the ground.

JOLLY KLAUS
Greetings, Rudolph the Demonic.

RUDOLPH
What the -- Jolly Klaus? For real?

Jolly tests the edge of his axe with his thumb and, with two loping strides, is in front of Rudolph, already swinging it --

BEHIND A PILE OF DEBRIS, Dunbar watches in horror as THUNK! The AXE LOPS Rudolph's nose off, sending it bouncing across the ground like a rubber ball.

Dunbar stifles a yelp as Rudolph rises, a FIERY DEMON HORN jutting from his nasal cavity. So *that's* why his nose glows.

JOLLY KLAUS
That's more like it.

RUDOLPH
You're telling me -- Hello, fresh air! What the Hades are you doing here? You're supposed to be pulling two millennia in the Badlands.

JOLLY KLAUS
Somebody invoked a Carol of Naughtiness and freed me. Who was it? Where is the *Santanomicon*?

RUDOLPH
Haven't the foggiest. Ha, see what I did there? I heard the explosion and came looking, sheer curiosity, haven't seen a soul.

JOLLY KLAUS
I must find it. Now.

RUDOLPH
Why? After five hundred years, you're free. Enjoy the moment.

JOLLY KLAUS
I don't want a moment; I want eternity. That book is the only thing that can imprison me again. If it falls in the hands of a Kringle, I'll be banished back to the Badlands. Speaking of which, where is my corpulent brother?

In the shadows, Dunbar trembles, the *Santanomicon* clutched in his hands as Rudolph leads Jolly Klaus out of the warehouse.

DUNBAR
(freaking out)
Oh no. What have I done?

INT. CHRISTMAS COMPLEX - BANQUET HALL - DAY

The Claus family is polishing off the rest of their feast as Santa picks up a gravy boat and drains the contents, capping it off with a magnificently loud BELCH.

MRS. CLAUS
Good grief, I hope you're bringing yourself the gift of manners this year, you inebriated buffoon.

Santa sways to the SNOWMAN CAKE in the middle of the table.

SANTA CLAUS
Hey kids, who thinks a piece of cake sounds pretty fucking good?

Hearty BELLOWS of agreement abound from his offspring.

SANTA CLAUS
Tough shit. I'm the man of the house, so it's all mine.

He takes a knife and shoves it into the snowman's gut.

KABLOOOP! The CAKE EXPLODES in a shower of goopy frosting --

Jolly Klaus now stands in place of the snowman, battle-axe and sack in hand. Santa can't believe his eyes...

SANTA CLAUS
By the great snowy Helheim -- Jolly Klaus?!

JOLLY KLAUS
Hello, little brother. Where is the *Santanomicon*?

SANTA CLAUS
How the hell would I know?

JOLLY KLAUS
A shame. Goodbye, little brother.

And with that, he swings the axe at Santa's neck --

A GEYSER of BLOOD mixes with cake icing and stunned looks.

JOLLY KLAUS
Merry Christmas, kinfolk...

He drops the sack on the table. It spills open, revealing a litany of BLADED WEAPONS, ANTIQUE GUNS, even GRENADES.

JOLLY KLAUS
I brought presents for everyone.

EXT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

Dunbar watches through the window in horror as Jolly Klaus STABS, SHOOTS and DISMEMBERS every Kringle in the room --

Gore and innards fly everywhere like wet confetti.

Finally, Jolly tosses a half-dozen grenades into the air --

BABABABOOOOM! The HALL EXPLODES in a storm of flame and debris.

Dunbar can do nothing but run for cover.

EXT. CHRISTMAS COMPLEX - REINDEER CORRAL - DAY

Eight not-so-tiny REINDEER dine at a trough, oblivious to the four-legged beast wreathed in a red glow at the corral gate.

HINGES GROAN as Rudolph enters the corral, his flaming horn melting snow in his wake.

RUDOLPH
What it is, bucks and does -- It's me, your old whipping boy Rudolph.

The eight reindeer heads turn in unison.

RUDOLPH
Remember how you've always laughed at me? Always called me names?

The deer exchange confused glances. One of them (BLITZEN), casually backs away...

RUDOLPH
And how you never, ever included me in any reindeer games?
(paws snow)
Let's discuss that, shall we?

With a SNARL, he charges, HORN SLASHING and SPEARING, painting the pure driven snow with reindeer BLOOD.

RUDOLPH
Bye Dasher, bye Dancer! Bye
Prancer, bye Vixen! Die Comet, DIE
CUPID! DIE DONNER! DIE...
(looks around)
Hey, where the fuck is Blitzen?

EXT. CHRISTMAS COMPLEX - STABLES - DAY

A terrified and devastated Dunbar staggers through the snow, *Santanomicon* clutched to his chest.

DUNBAR
Okay, D-Dunbar. You gotta...you h-
have to...you should do something!
Come on, th-think or OOOMPH --

He trips and goes down, swallowing snow. As he tries to get up, a huge SHADOW FALLS over him, followed by an opening animal's MOUTH...

Blitzen bites down on Dunbar's coat, aiding him to his feet. Dunbar, relieved, hugs the hell out of him.

RUDOLPH (O.S.)
Oh Blitzen? Come out, come out,
wherever you are...

Rudolph appears from around a stable, spots the reindeer.

RUDOLPH
Bingo.

Dunbar crouches down and frantically PACKS a SNOWBALL as Rudolph eyes him and, more importantly, the *Santanomicon*.

RUDOLPH
Smack my bottom and call me
Gertrude, so you're the one that
freed Jolly Klaus? Why Dunccecap, I
didn't think you had any naughty in
you. Color me impressed.

DUNBAR
I didn't mean to, it was a gosh-
darned accident!

RUDOLPH
Like I give two deuces.

With a HOWL, he charges, horn lowered like a fiery lance.

Blitzen slings Dunbar onto his back and the duo hauls ass away from the reindeer/demon.

RUDOLPH
Get back here!

He quickly gains ground on Blitzen and just he's about to sodomize him with his horn, Dunbar HURLS the SNOWBALL at him.

SSSSTTT! The SNOW DISINTEGRATES in Rudolph's flaming proboscis, slinging BOILING WATER into his eyes.

Rudolph YOWLS in agony as Blitzen leaps into the air, taking flight, climbing through towering FLAMES and billowing SMOKE emanating from Santa's demolished complex.

Blitzen snorts and coughs at Dunbar.

DUNBAR
I know, they're all gone. All the
Kringles are dead. Christmas is
doomed and it's all my fault.

Blitzen snorts again. Dunbar's eyes light up with hope --

DUNBAR
Of course! Blitzen, you're a
certifiable genius: We have to find
the Bastard Kringle.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

I sit on a bench, wearing an orange jumpsuit at least three sizes too small, my crotch looking like a...uh, nevermind.

A drunk transvestite, MISS TICKLE (30s), wearing daisy dukes and a frilly bra, sits near me, admiring my snug attire.

MISS TICKLE
Damn sugar, that outfit don't leave
much to the imagination.

I stare at him/her, noting the miniscule denim shorts.

ME
One of your balls is hanging out.

Definitely a him. Miss Tickle looks down and, sure enough --

MISS TICKLE

Oops. You look like you're smuggling grapes and mine are tumbling out.

(adjusting, singing)

Dangle balls, Dangle balls, Mine dangle all the way...

CORNSHIT (O.S.)

Are you cheating on me again, Miss Tickle?

We look over to find Officer Shatt at the bars.

MISS TICKLE

Oh baby, you know I only got eyes -- and dick -- for you.

ME

I just threw up in my mouth.

CORNSHIT

That's not very Christian of you, Otis. "Judge not lest ye be go fuck yourself." Get up and get cracking, you've been processed and released.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - DAY

Still in my disgustingly constrictive jumpsuit, I follow Cornshit to finish up my release paperwork.

ME

What do you mean you lost my pants?

CORNSHIT

I didn't lose anything. The clown who booked you did.

ME

You booked me.

CORNSHIT

You say tomato, I say eat a penis calzone, extra sausage.

ME

Great, way to be an adult. Also, thanks for calling Rachel.

CORNSHIT

You know, I did call Rachel but she refused to bail you out and hung up on me. Why is that?

ME

She thinks you're an asshat.

CORNSHIT

Yeah, but why won't she help you?

ME

(sigh, fine)
She broke up with me after five years of dating and no, I don't want to talk about it so just tell me who bailed me out.

MARTIN (O.S.)

I'm your huckleberry.

And here comes Martin (now 34), wearing a shirt plastered with Val Kilmer's Doc Holiday sporting a Santa hat.

ME

Martin -- You did this?

He greets me with a hug.

MARTIN

What can I say, 'tis the season.

ME

Look buddy, I can't even begin to tell you how grateful I am.

MARTIN

Yes yes, you'll pay me back and take me out for cosmos, I know.

CORNSHIT

Cosmos? God, you're such a queer.

MARTIN

Cornelius, don't be a hater because my boyfriends are infinite times hotter than the busted hookers you have to pay to jerk you off.

CORNSHIT

At least they have pussies.

MARTIN

You can't get an asshole pregnant.

CORNSHIT
Shit. Well played.

ME
You think it's possible for one of
you to give me a lift home?

CORNSHIT
Fuck you, felon. I'm off for a
shift at the Highland, that stupid
Christmas Capades thing.

MARTIN
Aw, you're moonlighting as a mall
cop now? Finally, something you're
qualified for.

He ducks as Cornshit whips a CLIPBOARD at him. It rockets
over his head and WHACKS a random COP in the face.

RANDOM COP
OW! Who the fuck threw that?!

CORNSHIT
Gotta go.

He dashes out while Martin and I head to the exit.

MARTIN
Let's hear it, old chum -- How the
hell did you get into this mess?

EXT. THE NORTH POLE - CHRISTMAS COMPLEX - DAY

Flames and smoke rise from what's left of the compound, ash
and debris covering acres of snow.

Jolly Klaus tethers a SLEIGH cobbles together out of fresh,
still-goopy BONES to Rudolph.

RUDOLPH
Not so tight -- the Spanish
Inquisition was over centuries ago.

JOLLY KLAUS
Quit being a *pusekatt*. Are you
certain you can fly this thing
without hitting a mountain?

RUDOLPH
I do have experience in this
particular situation, you know.

JOLLY KLAUS
I was under the impression it was
just the one time.

RUDOLPH
Thanks for being a dick.

Jolly hops into the sleigh, axe and sack in tow.

JOLLY KLAUS
You think you can track him?

Rudolph's flaming HORN MORPHS into a radar dish --

RUDOLPH
(sniffing)
Blitzen has the anus of a lactose
intolerant grandpa. Piece of cake.

He gallops away, tearing up snow as he vaults into the air,
yanking the sleigh and Jolly Klaus into flight.

I/E. MARTIN'S CAR - DAY

Martin drives while I slump in my seat. Ugh.

ME
This is worse than the Christmas
Mr. Kibbles shit in my hair.

MARTIN
You passed out in his litter box.

ME
It looked like a cute little beach.

MARTIN
Speaking of which, you think
Rachel's gone for good?

ME
She's your friggin best friend, you
tell me.

MARTIN
She thinks you've turned into the
miserable-fudge-formerly-known-as-
Otis who likes being miserable as
fudge and now she's miserable as
fudge only I don't mean fudge.

He pulls into my duplex driveway.

MARTIN

Look, I know Christmas always sucks for you but it's not because it's a lousy holiday. Christmas didn't make you steal a UPS truck or make Rachel break up with you. You did all that by your lonesome.

I'm already grabbing the door handle --

ME

Whatever. Appreciate the ride.

MARTIN

Trevor and I are making dinner later with Pugnacious Dee and watching 24 hours of *A Christmas Story*. You should join.

I hoist myself out of the car as fast as I can.

ME

Thanks, but the only person I'm joining tonight is Jack Daniels.

MARTIN

Call me if you change your mind.
And Otis? Merry Christmas.

Naturally, I give him the finger. He waves adios and peels away. The driveway's empty -- looks like UPS came and took their truck back.

My duplex neighbor, HOOPER (50s), a grizzled sumbitch who looks one Lifetime movie away from being a date rapist, sits on his porch smoking a blunt.

ME

Hey, Hooper.

HOOPER

Dig the pants, O-Dog. What happened to the sweet UPS ride? Shit was dooper than roller derby on Sundays.

ME

Bye, Hooper.

INT. MY DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY

I sulk through the room, exit, reappear a moment later, a handle of Jack Daniels now my copilot.

I plop down on a futon, take a swig of the whiskey. I grab the TV remote and hit the power button --

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE fills the screen. I try to change the channel but the goddamn batteries are now magically dead.

So I hurl the remote against the wall. It BREAKS.

 HOOPER (O.S.)
 (through wall)
Hey bro, could you keep it down?
I'm trying to rub one out.

 ME
Sorry, Hooper.

I get up, try to change the channel the old fashioned way, when something CLATTERS from the kitchen.

 ME
Hello?

INT. MY DUPLEX - KITCHEN - DAY

I creep into the room like a ninja, flicking the light on...

Nobody's there. However, the FRIDGE is open with all its contents littered on the floor. Busted Hot Pockets, Rachel's expired wine coolers, Miracle Whip, you name it.

 ME
The hell...?

I step over the disaster to the far wall and KNOCK on it.

 ME
Hooper? You done punching your clown yet?

 HOOPER (O.S.)
 (through wall)
Ayuh, you betcha! Think I just set a personal best, lotion-free. You wanna play some Uno?

 ME
Uh, no. Look, did you see anybody come over this afternoon while I was gone? Besides the cops?

HOOPER (O.S.)
 Sure, your sexy fine honey dropped
 by. She waved to me! Okay fine, she
 told me to put my pants back on...

ME
 Thank you, Hooper.

HOOPER (O.S.)
 Ten-four, Rubber Duck.

I dig my cellphone out and call Rachel. Of course it goes
 straight to voicemail.

ME
 (into phone)
 Hey Rachel, it's Otis. Your ex-
 boyfriend. I think it's pretty
 crummy you'd come over here and
 vandalize our -- ahem -- my home
 after breaking up with me. I...

I just stepped in something that went SQUISH.

I look down to see my foot lodged ankle-deep in a big PILE of
 GREEN SOMETHING that looks an awful lot like --

ME
 Is that shit?
 (indeed it is)
 How could you shit on the floor?!

I curse up a storm as I hop down the HALLWAY and into the

BATHROOM

I stumble through the doorway, straight into the shower
 curtain, SNAPPING it from the rod as I try to break my fall
 into the bathtub.

Struggling, I make it back to my feet and throw open the
 TOILET, mashing my soiled shoe into it and FLUSHING.

I do my best to rinse off the funk before yanking my foot
 back out and drying it with my no-longer-favorite towel.

A hulking SHADOW moves past the doorway in the background. A
 loud SNORT follows.

I freeze. What the hell was that?

INT. MY DUPLEX - BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens, revealing only shadows as I grope for the wall switch. CLICK. Light fills the room.

Or at least the parts not filled by the 500-LB REINDEER, its face plastered with random food from my fridge.

DUNBAR (O.S.)
His name is Blitzen.

I whirl to see a pointy-eared midget wearing a dunce cap and chomping on an apple.

DUNBAR
Sorry about barging in like this.
Your backdoor was open so we came
in and had some snacks while we
waited for you.

I struggle to gather my composure. Finally --

ME
Who are you? What are you doing in
my house with a reindeer? Do you
have any idea what kind of trouble
you're about to be in?!

DUNBAR
We're all in trouble, Bastard
Kringle, especially Christmas, and
only you can help. I want you to
listen to me very carefully...

EXT. WINTER SKY - DUSK

Rudolph tears across the sky, Jolly Klaus and the sleigh in tow, as the sun sinks under the horizon.

Banking hard, Rudolph charges through a FLOCK of GEESE, his flaming horn IGNITING them into a giant, BLAZING LETTER "V".

The duo cackles maniacally as they continue south.

INT. MY DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

I stare at Dunbar, incredulity slapped on my face.

ME
Let me see if I have this right:
You're an elf. From the North Pole.
You work for Santa Claus, who's-

DUNBAR
Used to work for Santa Claus.

ME
 Right, because he's dead along with
 all the Clauses because you freed
 his evil brother by singing and now
 he's going to...?

DUNBAR
 End Christmas. That's why he was
 locked up in the first place. He
 hates all holidays and was always
 trying to destroy them.

ME
 Sounds like my kind of guy.

Dunbar holds up the *Santanomicon*.

DUNBAR
 This can send him back. If Jolly
 Klaus can be sung out of the
 Badlands, I think you can sing him
 back into them.

ME
 Me?

DUNBAR
 I can't read any of the Nice
 carols, only the Naughty ones.

ME
 What makes you think I can?

DUNBAR
 You're the Bastard Kringle.

ME
 Why do you keep calling me that?

DUNBAR
 Santa Claus was a bit of a cad. He
 had unprotected relations with your
 mother and nine months later you
 were born. He's your birth dad.

Oh shit. The memory hits me like a nut shot --

FLASHBACK

1989, the Nelson household.

WAMF! A FLASH of LIGHT and SNOW, and Santa now stands in front of the fireplace, face jolly with rage. He limps over to us, tossing aside the bear-trap.

SANTA CLAUS
You think this is funny? I still
have 142 million homes to visit!

YOUNG ME
It's my fault, sir. I just wanted
to see if we could, that is, I-

SANTA CLAUS
Shut up, Otis Nelson. You too,
Cornelius Shatt and Martin Ivey.
Because guess what? You're all on
the Naughty List. Forever. Merry
fucking Christmas!

WAMF! A final strobe of light and Santa is gone.

MOM (O.S.)
Well, Otis...

I turn to find my awake and miffed Mom slugging down the rest of her eggnog.

MOM
What do you think about finally
meeting your real dad?

BACK TO SCENE

I trip backwards, nut shot turning into a freight train through my pee-hole. Dunbar tries to steady me.

ME
Get away from me, you and your
bullshit. I don't care what you or
Mom -- rest her soul -- say. Santa
Claus is not my dad. Now get the
hell out of my house, you batshit
crazy little...ELF!

HOOPER (O.S.)
(through wall)
The hell's going on over there?

ME
Shut up Hooper, I'm jacking off.

HOOPER (O.S.)
Right on, brother!

I tower over poor little Dunbar, fists clenched.

ME

I don't know what's going on here
and I don't care. You know why?
Because Christmas SUCKS. I hope it
ends, what do I care? Now go get
your reindeer and beat it.

DUNBAR

You want me to strike Blitzen?

ME

Leave damnit!

Dunbar scampers from the room like a spooked rabbit.

HOOFBEATS sound and the back DOOR SLAMS. I snatch up my
bottle of Jack and take a herculean swig.

I'm about to take another when I notice the *Santanomicon*
lying on the floor, left behind by that elf.

I pick it up and flop down on the couch, flipping to what
looks like the *Table of Contents* --

Though it's really hard to tell as everything is written in
these goddamn hieroglyphics.

Goddamn familiar hieroglyphics.

INT. MY DUPLEX - BEDROOM - NIGHT

I barrel to the far corner of the room to a dusty CHEST,
knocking pillows off it and flipping it open.

I dig through it, tossing junk aside, until I find it: the
ENVELOPE Mom gave me back in 1989, the one from my real dad.

I yank out the letter inside and compare the writing on it to
a random page in the *Santanomicon* --

They're written in the same exact language. I think.

Doesn't really matter though, I can't read either one.

ME

Yep, screw you Christmas. Screw you
right up your fat, stupid, bulbous-

And just like that, the WORDS in the *Santanomicon* DISSOLVE
into English, a Naughty Carol activated by my shitty holiday
attitude.

My EYES GLAZE over, as if in a trance, the title of a CAROL now apparent: *"Freeing Frosts from Frozen Fjords"*.

(NOTE: Sung to the tune of "Let It Snow".)

ME

(singing)

*Oh the weather outside is
frightening / Like a stocking full
of thunder and lightening / So
before all terror is lost / Free
Jack Frost, free Jack Frost, free
Jack Frost!*

THUNDER GRUMBLES outside as I leap onto my futon, belting out a tune like I'm a semi-finalist on *American Idol*.

ME

*It doesn't show any signs of
quitting / In your breeches you'll
soon be shitting / There's only one
scratch for that itch / Frigid
Bitch, Frigid Bitch, Frigid Bitch!*

KA-KRAKT! LIGHTNING PUMMELS the duplex, killing the power.

HOOPER (O.S.)

(through wall)

Aw what the crap, man? I was about to blast out a DNA Daiquiri.

I snap out of my trance, very confused as to why I'm standing on the futon.

ME

You say something, Hooper?

HOOPER (O.S.)

Yeah bro, what the heck are you crooning about?

ME

Huh? I was singing?

HOOPER (O.S.)

Ayuh, you sounded like a bag of jackals in a cement mixer. Pretty sure it confounded my daggum electrical workings. It's darker than a sack of buttholes over-

BOOOOOM! Something EXPLODES in Hooper's side of the duplex, followed by a SCREAM.

ME
Hooper?! You okay?

INT. MY DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

I bolt over to the wall me and Hooper share, BANGING my fist on it, jackhammer style.

ME
Yo, Hooper! Tell me that was just a
whack-off mishap and you're okay.
(pause)
Hooper? Buddy?

KA-BOOOOM! My REFRIGERATOR BURSTS open, the door shredding off its hinges and rocketing across the room, DEMOLISHING my oven and dishwasher.

ICY MIST flows from inside the fridge as I cough, my breath freezing in clouded puffs.

The FRIGID BITCH (30s) steps from the twisted metal, a sultry vixen clad in a white bikini and fur-lined snow boots, her silver hair flowing like a come-hither avalanche.

FRIGID BITCH
Where in the barren blue brazen
blazes am I?

I clamber to my feet, teeth doing a maraca impression.

ME
Y-y-you're in my k-kitchen. And I'm
going to s-s-sue the shit out of
you.

FRIGID BITCH
This isn't the North Pole?

ME
What p-part of "in my k-kitchen"
was c-confusing?
(off blank look)
You're not in the N-n-north Pole.

FRIGID BITCH
Splendid! No North Pole, no Santa
Claus, no Kringles, no more
Badlands. And for good measure, how
about no you as well?

She raises her hands, SNOW and SLEET gathering around them as she summons some sort of wintery power.

THWAM! Before she can use it, the kitchen WALL DISINTEGRATES, a BLOCK of ICE blasting through it from Hooper's side of the duplex.

It SLAMS into Frigid Bitch and knocks her clean through the opposite wall.

Inside the ice-block: A frozen-solid HOOPER, his pants around his ankles, lotion in his hand, shocked look on his face.

I manage to duck out of the room as JACK FROST (40s, Hugh Jackman accent), wearing only GOGGLES, a BANANA HAMMOCK and an ALABASTER CAPE, high-steps through the hole in the wall.

JACK FROST
Holy mother of Pearl Buck Rodgers
and Hammerstein was that intense!

He scans the room, a huge grin on his face.

JACK FROST
Oy, my dear loving sugartits?
Please tell me you're here; daddy
needs his tundra thawed.

WAMPOW! A barrage of SLEET WALLOPS Jack, sending him cartwheeling across the room.

Frigid Bitch stomps through the hole in the wall.

FRIGID BITCH
You no-good, pie-faced, clumsy
excuse for a spouse.

JACK FROST
C'mon, relax babe -- I was trying
to make a grand entrance.

Frigid sashays over to him, quite fetching.

FRIGID BITCH
Don't you "relax babe" me.

JACK FROST
(licking lips)
Oh, my dear Frigid Bitch, I do so
love it when you strut that stuff.
Really gets my meat-sicle a-
cracking.

Frigid grabs a handful of his crotch.

FRIGID BITCH
You mean this little Christmas
sausage?

JACK FROST
It's about to become the biggest
yule log you've ever seen.

The two start swapping spit and are all over each other like
white on snow. It's pretty gross.

INT. MY DUPLEX - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOANS of ecstasy swell from the kitchen as Frigid Bitch and
Jack Frost bump uglies. It sounds even grosser.

I frantically look for a place to hide and dive into the
CLOSET, shutting the door behind me.

FRIGID BITCH (O.S.)
OH YES! Fill that stocking up!

JACK FROST (O.S.)
Being naughty has never been so
nice!

I crouch in the corner, fishing out my cellphone and using a
FLASHLIGHT APP for some visual aid.

It shines right on the face of Dunbar. I'll be honest: I piss
myself a little in shock.

ME
(hushed)
I thought I told you and your
reindeer to take a hike.

DUNBAR
Blitzen is waiting outside, thank
you very much. And I'm not leaving.
Leaving would mean giving up on you
and I can't do that. You're too
important. I'm not going to let you
let us all down.

ME
Us? Who the hell am I going to --
What us?

DUNBAR
The whole Christmas and Santa Claus-
loving world. US!

ME

Shhh! There's two I-don't-know-what's balling each other in my kitchen and I get the feeling that if they find me, they'll make me be in a threesome, not the cool kind.

DUNBAR

(quieter)

See, Bastard Kringle? And if they don't get you, Jolly Klaus will. You need to sing from the *Santanomicon*. Where is it?

ME

Um, yeah, about that...

From the kitchen, Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost hit pay dirt, causing SLEET and SNOW to tumble from the ceiling.

DING-DONG.

I freeze. Was that the...?

DING-DONG! DING-DONG DING-DONG! Yeah, that was the doorbell.

DUNBAR

Are you having company? I could bake a pie if you like.

ME

Shut up.

ZZZZTTTT. My cellphone vibrates. Of course I answer it.

ME

(whisper, into phone)

Hello?

RACHEL

(over phone)

Otis, where are you? I'm standing at our -- at your front door. Why are you whispering?

ME

Rachel, listen to me very carefully: Get the F-U-C-K away from here. Right now.

RACHEL

Look, I know you're upset and for some reason think I messed on your floor -- which I certainly did not, disgusting -- but I'm only here to drop off the house key I forgot to-

ME

Whatever yay leave it under the mat give it to me later tomorrow whatever but just fucking leave!

(silence)

Rachel?

RACHEL

Why is there a stank whore in a bikini staring at me through the window? I'm coming in.

KER-KRASH! GLASS SHATTERS followed by a SCREAM --

ME

Rachel!

I leap to my feet and bolt out of the closet, Dunbar right on my ass.

INT. MY DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dunbar and I careen into the room to find Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost ICE SHACKLING Rachel to the ceiling.

ME

Hey, let her go!

RACHEL

Otis, what the hell is going on?
Who are these people?!

Dunbar spies the *Santanomicon* lying on the floor beside the couch and casually makes his way over to it.

JACK FROST

(to me)

Salutations, friend. You must be the owner of this fine estate. First of all, I'd like to apologize for the damage my lady and me may have caused after consummating our lust. Secondly-

FRIGID BITCH

Will you cease your marvelous,
orgasm-inducing tongue from moving
for crying out loud?

SNOW and SLEET gather around her like a cyclone --

FRIGID BITCH

Not really any point in explaining
when we're going to execute them
anyway, wouldn't you say?

JACK FROST

Very valid point, my gypsy.
(back to Otis)
Regardless, quite sorry about this;
you seem a splendid fellow.

Suddenly, a SCORCH MARK SIZZLES in the center of the front
door as a FIERY HORN BLAZES through it.

SWAKT! The DOOR TUMBLES through the living room as Rudolph
slings it from its moorings. His brow furrows, seeing --

RUDOLPH

Jack Frost and the Frigid Bitch?
Who invited you to the party?

FRIGID BITCH

It's our party, you dildo-nosed
camel, and you're not welcome.

JOLLY KLAUS (O.S.)

Is that so?

The leering Norseman shambles in behind the reindeer.

JOLLY KLAUS

Methinks you might want to
reconsider that notion.

Jack Frost and Frigid Bitch immediately drop to their knees
and bow.

JACK FROST/FRIGID BITCH

All hail our All-Father, the
greatest and most powerful force in
all of the known and unknown
Universe and beyond!

JOLLY KLAUS

You may rise, my minions.

The duo jumps back to their feet.

JACK FROST

Damn nice to see you, Master Klaus.
Sweet Frosty's carrot nose, looks
like we finally got the band back
together.

JOLLY KLAUS

Where is it?

JACK FROST

The band? We're right here, mate.

RUDOLPH

Did you have your head repeatedly
slammed in an oven door as a child?
Where is the *Santanomicon*?

FRIGID BITCH

Why would the book be here?

JOLLY KLAUS

How do you think you escaped the
Badlands? Sheer blind luck? Cosmic
machinations of lottery-like
proportions?

JACK FROST

Well, I hadn't given it much
thought really. I was rather
enjoying being balls-deep in the
missus here and then-

DUNBAR

I have it right here!

(shows book)

With the good guys, losers. Catch,
Bastard Kringle!

The elf chucks the book at me and I actually catch it.

FRIGID BITCH

(off me)

Wait, he's a Kringle?

JOLLY KLAUS

Indeed, and the very last one.

And that's when the PAGES of the *Santanomicon* suddenly FAN to
life, stopping on one I can't make heads or tails of.

But then my eyes find Rachel's...

And from that one look, I can see how much I love her, care for her, and already miss her. What I wouldn't give to spend Christmas with her --

The HIEROGLYPHICS on the page SHIMMER and REFORM, changing into a title I can read: *"A Season of Fire and Ice"*.

And I know exactly what to do: **FUCKING SING.**

I belt out the song in a glorious tenor, causing Jolly Klaus and his toadies to shrink back in horror --

ME

(cherubic crooning)
*Outside it's getting hot yet cold /
 'Tis the Season of Fire and Ice /
 While Santa Claus is bein' told /
 About who's been naughty or nice!*

I find Rachel's eyes again, only now they're filled with pure terror. Is my singing doing that to her? Does she hate me?

ME

Is that why you moved out? And
 stopped giving me blowies? Screw
 you, Christmas! I hate you!

RACHEL

I'm sorry: What?

Guess not. I turn beet red and resume singing --

Only I can't. The writing in the book has swirled back to unreadable, thanks to my change in spirit. @#\$.

ME

Fuck.

Jolly Klaus and the rest of the Badlands gang are now back on their feet, cracking knuckles and flexing muscles --

So Dunbar and I simply haul ass from the room.

EXT. MY DUPLEX - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

The elf and I skitter through the grass, diving to a tumbling halt behind a row of garbage cans.

I briefly contemplate recent decisions --

ME

Fuck me -- Did I just leave Rachel
with the Bizarro Santa Claus, a
demonic reindeer and the frozen
fuck buddies?

DUNBAR

No wonder she broke up with you.

I frantically rifle through the *Santanomicon* pages.

ME

Quick, show me how to use this
stupid thing. And everything else I
need to know and that means
everything --

I clear my throat for the big band "*Exposition Dump*".

ME

(singing)

No more parsing out info /
Distributing it as you see fit /
Like appetizers followed by tapas /
Getting to the main course bit by
bit / I want it all at one time,
please / I'm tired of nonsense, so
quit / Stand over my figurative
toilet / And drop it all in one
complete shit!

DUNBAR

(singing)

I hate to be a grump / But it seems
you want a chump / To fly copilot
with you / and take an Exposition
Dump / Explain things to a tee / In
massive quantities / Like
information diarrhea / Shooting out
your rump!

ME

Just kindly walk me through / And
tell me what to do / It'll only
take a minute / Like a Taco Bell
poo --

(off *Santanomicon*)

For a sec I could read it / Sing
along and repeat it / Then the
words disappeared / poof,
squadoosh, jack shit.

DUNBAR

*Sorry, I know it's tragic / but
alas, it's Christmas magic / and
doesn't work that way / I can't
show you how to manage it.*

ME

*Come on! Just make it easy / Don't
dry-hump my jeans and tease me /
Exposition Dump on my face / That's
all it takes to please me!*

DUNBAR

*I said I can't, you mump! / So just
sit there like a lump / Do nothing
and --*

(deep breath)

*Let Rachel die, let Frigid B-Word
and Jack Frost ruin the
neighborhood, let Jolly Klaus end
Christmas because you won't use
your Christmas Spirit to sing a
Nice carol to send him back to the
Badlands and you only have until
midnight because then he'll remain
free foreeeeeeevvvvveeeer...*

(gasping)

*But I'm not giving you any
Exposition Dump.*

I'm not sure what to take away from this --

ME

*Goddamnit, I don't have any
Christmas Spirit!*

DUNBAR

But you're a Kringle!

ME

*And you're an annoying piece of --
you know what? I think you're
making this all up as you go. Screw
this fucking book -- I'm calling
the cops.*

I'm a tick's fart away from launching the tome across the street but Dunbar jumps on me like a rabid koala bear.

DUNBAR

*You can't do that! Jolly Klaus will
ruin Christmas forever!*

KA-SLAKT! A barrage of SLEET HAMMERS the trashcans, sending them tumbling into the street --

We dash for cover into the --

EXT. MY DUPLEX - BACK YARD - NIGHT

A swirling MONSOON of SNOW whips after us and materializes as the Frigid Bitch. Neat trick.

FRIGID BITCH

The book, Bastard Kringle. Give it to me.

ME

Now you're calling me that?

FRIGID BITCH

I shan't ask again.

ME

Okay, fine -- I give you the book, what do I get in return?

FRIGID BITCH

The use of your arms and legs for the remainder of your life.

ME

You're quite the salesman. How about you hand over Rachel then I'll give you the book?

DUNBAR

Bastard Kringle, no!

ME

Stop calling me that!

FRIGID BITCH

I'm afraid I must reject your proposal.

ME

Then you're going to have to pry the book from my frosty dead fingers.

FRIGID BITCH

Counter-proposition accepted.

She leaps forward and snatches the book from my grasp. Or at least she tries to --

As her fingers brush the cracked leather: ZZZZTTTT!
ELECTRICITY CRACKLES from out of nowhere and shocks the
living shit out of her.

FRIGID BITCH
AAAAGH! Why you little -- that's no
way to treat a pretty lady!

WINTERY POWERS UNDULATE around her and just as it looks like
she's going to turn me into a popsicle --

WHAM! BLITZEN HAMMERS into her, knocking her clear across the
block --

And that's when all hell breaks loose.

Rudolph gallops across the grass, towing Jolly Klaus, who
twirls his battle-axe, causing CLOUDS to GATHER above him in
a raging roil.

Jack Frost, wearing a bandolier of razor sharp ICICLES, is
right behind them, skidding along the lawn atop a frost-
coated SURFBOARD.

He rips out one of the icicles and WHIPS it at me.

I barely manage to yank up a trashcan lid to deflect the
projectile, though the force of it knocks me into the --

STREET

I stagger onto the asphalt like an asshole only to be clipped
by a GAL driving a VW BUG, sending me dick over tits across
the pavement.

VW BUG
(screaming)
Watch where you're going, cunt
brisket! And Merry Christmas!

She flips me the bird and speeds off, only --

KA-WHOMP! A SNOWSTORM WALLOPS into her, flipping the car over
and over and over into my neighbor's lawn across the street.

(Inside, I do a little cabbage-patch. People can be so cruel,
especially around the holidays.)

Frigid Bitch hurricanes into view in all-out assault mode,
Jack Frost right behind her.

Jolly Klaus yanks on Rudolph's reins, making him hang back, observing as I race forr cover behind a row of parked cars, barely avoiding another barrage of Jack Frost kill-sicles.

RUDOLPH

What the hell are we waiting for?

JOLLY KLAUS

'Tis a wasted effort. It appears one cannot physically take the *Santanomicon* from a true Kringle. You witnessed what happened to Frigid Bitch.

RUDOLPH

Should we maybe clue her in on that little nugget?

JOLLY KLAUS

Nay. Let them continue to stall Bastard Kringle until I can devise a plan to make him give the book to me.

Am pretty sure they villain-cackle as they retreat while the beatdown continues in the street.

Pretty neat as I'm nearing defeat and the collateral damage is not very sweet and -- Ahem, sorry.

The collateral damage on trying to kill me ends up being five destroyed CARS, three HOUSES leveled to icy rubble, and a frozen GERMAN SHEPHERD.

That being said, Dunbar and I manage to leap atop Blitzen and haul some behind.

The reindeer gallops through traffic and evades a last Frigid Bitch attack long enough to get the hell outta there, the *Santanomicon* and our asses safe and sound.

Alas, Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost aren't that easily deterred so of course they give chase.

Wouldn't be much of a story if they didn't, right?

INT. MY DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jolly Klaus paces the room, regarding the still-ceiling-shackled Rachel with a sneer.

RACHEL

Who are you? What do you want with me? This constitutes as a felony, you know. What did you do to Otis? You better not have hurt him. Help! Hooper, put on some pants and call the police!

JOLLY KLAUS

Madame, if you don't cease flapping that tongue of yours, I'm going to remove it, perhaps feed it to Rudolph with a side of your still-beating heart.

The reindeer licks his chops.

Rachel gulps and zips it as Jolly's attention is drawn to --

TV

A REPORTER is live on location at the HIGHLAND MALL, interviewing none other than the uniformed Cornshit.

REPORTER

And what kind of crowd are you expecting tonight, Officer Shatt?

CORNSHIT

Well, this is the biggest effing event the city will see this year -- unless one of my colleagues caps a black man again -- with somewhere around twenty thousand people coming through. So be sure to get here early, folks!

RANDOM COP

Uh, thanks, Officer Shatt. And let me remind everyone, we'll be lighting the star on the state's biggest Christmas tree at midnight. So come one, come all...

The reporter continues on as --

JOLLY KLAUS

Now wears a grin that may well swallow his face (Musical Number "*Smile*").

RUDOLPH

(singing)

*Color me confused / You look happy
'bout this news / Why would
Christmas tidbits make you smile?*

JOLLY KLAUS

(singing)

*Two birds, one stone / An audience
for my throne / Which I'll be
claiming all the while / luring the
Kringle in / with kidnapping
shenanigans / Hence the reason for
my smile.*

RUDOLPH

*Funny, it seems to me / it would be
simply / much easier to go ahead
and kill him.*

JOLLY KLAUS

*Easy, perhaps so / but to upset the
status quo? / One has to shock,
awe, put on a show and thrill them!*

(clears throat)

*And give them a reason to SMILE.
Which I plan to do, being my point.
Go, fetch my sleigh.*

RUDOLPH

(off Rachel)

What about the harlot?

JOLLY KLAUS

*Did you not hear the verse about
kidnapping? We're taking her with
us!*

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bumper-to-bumper TRAFFIC congests all eight lanes of a busy highway, headlights flashing.

HORNS HONK in a shitty rendition of "*Jingle Bells*" that makes those barking dogs (you know the ones) sound like Pavarotti.

INT. MINI-VAN - NIGHT

A SOCCER MOM (30s) drives along at a whopping 8 mph as her SON (5) and DAUGHTER (7) sits buckled up in the back seat.

DAUGHTER

How much longer til the Christmas
Capades, mom?

SON

Yeah how much longer? I gotta pee
but I wanna see Santa first then
maybe pee but not on his lap I want
to ask for a rocket launcher.

SOCCER MOM

Patience, my dears. It's a virtue.

DAUGHTER

Do you think we'll get to meet
Frosty the Snowman?

SON

What about Rudolph don't forget
about Rudolph I wanna see Rudolph
more than Frosty so RUDOLPH!

WHAM! A REINDEER, carrying a bearded deadbeat and a wee elf,
SLAMS onto the hood of the van, hooves buckling the metal.

I scowl and Dunbar waves as Blitzen staggers back into the
night air.

Beat.

SON

Aw what the fuck mom? That wasn't
Rudolph.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Blitzen wobbles a couple hundred feet above the traffic,
straining to climb higher...

But it's no use. The poor fellow plummets, gasping as he
stumbles to a landing next to an OFF-RAMP.

ME

Whoa, hey, what gives? Can't stop
here, chief. We need to keep the
pedal to the medal, make sure we've
lost those assholes so we can
regroup, come up with a plan.

DUNBAR

He just flew all the way from the North Pole then saved us from the worst creeps ever locked in the Badlands THEN made it here with two riders on his back, one of them a whole bunch fatter than me.

We dismount, Dunbar patting the reindeer on the knee as we make our way to a clearing.

DUNBAR

Good job, Blitzen. Take a breather, enjoy the gorgeous night air.

The reindeer obliges, totting up an embankment to chow down on some Funyun wrappers.

ME

Great. Let's just stand around and twiddle our ding dongs while the cast of every Christmas special every chases after me.

DUNBAR

(scanning sky)

They're chasing us, not just you. And I don't see them anywhere. I'm thinking they probably gave up.

ME

Locked away for centuries in some dank shithole and they gave up after a couple hours of effort. You sure you don't work for NASA?

DUNBAR

I'm trying to be optimistic, Bastard Kringle. I like to keep my chin up and my head held high. You should try it sometime.

ME

Excuse the hell out of me but I prefer wearing a cup and being realistic.

DUNBAR

Wearing a cup? Why?

ME

For when life inevitably kicks you in the balls.

DUNBAR
Aren't balls made to be kicked? And
thrown and bounced and tossed?

I almost cry as I yank out my cellphone, pacing like a fiend,
and scroll through my contacts.

DUNBAR
What are you doing?

ME
Inventing a better burrito, the
hell does it look like?

DUNBAR
You know, most Kringles are
legendary for their jolly
disposition. Why are you such a
cranky fiddlestick?

ME
(sigh)
I'm sorry. This is just a lot to
swallow in one sitting.
(off phone)
I'm getting us and hopefully Rachel
some help.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - TOY STORE - NIGHT

Cornshit, now decked in a festive pink mall cop uniform,
whistles as he peruses an aisle filled with stuffed animals.

He picks up a cute cuddly panda bear, inspecting it as a
female EMPLOYEE passes by him.

EMPLOYEE
Are you finding everything you
need, sir?

CORNSHIT
Yeah, unless there's a stripper and
blowjob aisle I don't know about.
(off horrified look)
Sorry, I meant wife and permanent
dry-spell aisle.
(off panda)
You think this would make a good
gift for a little girl? She's
three.

The employee looks the bear over as a GOTH KID (15), wearing eyeliner under a cloud of manufactured depression pretends to browse.

EMPLOYEE

I think this is super-adorable.
Your daughter will love it.

Cornshit smiles, actual genuine warmth in his eyes.

CORNSHIT

My daughter? Oh no, it's for my niece. She's pretty awesome. I'm not real good at picking out stuff and I want to make sure I get her something she'll really dig.

EMPLOYEE

Sir, I think any gift given with love is something she'll like.

Cornshit's smile evaporates.

CORNSHIT

That's some fucking bullshit.

EMPLOYEE

(horrified again)
I beg your pardon?

Cornshit shoves past her as Goth Kid, now at the end of the aisle, crams a stuffed RHINO into his skinny jeans.

He spots Cornshit and tears into a sprint.

CORNSHIT

STOP RIGHT THERE, VAMPIRE WEEKEND!

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Goth Kid races past decorations and Holiday cheer, nearly bowling over a family of SHOPPERS in the process.

Cornshit rumbles behind him in pursuit, ample gut bouncing.

CORNSHIT

Get back here you little bitch or I swear to Christ I will fucking murder you in front of your entire family!

Several PARENTS clamp mortified hands over their KIDS' ears.

RIIIING! Cornshit's cellphone blares. He fumbles for it as Goth Kid starts pulling away.

CORNSHIT
(into phone)
Whatever it is, call the goddamn
real police!

He winds up and launches the phone like a cruise missile.

WHACK! It clocks Goth Kid right in the the back of the skull and sends him flying face-first into a FOUNTAIN. KER-SPLASH!

Cornshit leaps into the water after him, flipping him over and slapping cuffs on him.

GOTH KID
What the heck, dude?! I didn't do
anything! Help! Rape!

Cornshit yanks the stuffed rhino out of the kid's pants and slaps the kid in the face with it.

GOTH KID
Dude, that's like assault and crap.
I've got rights!

Cornshit dunks the kid's head under the water.

CORNSHIT
You have the right to remain
silent.

EXT. HIGHWAY - UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

I'm screaming into the phone --

ME
I can't call the real police --
they won't believe a word I'm
saying. That's why I called you!

Somewhere, way further down the highway, METAL CRUNCHES and GLASS SHATTERS.

SCREAMS aren't far behind.

DUNBAR
Uh oh.

A RUMBLING reverberates, like a rage of stampeding dinosaurs.

ME

What was that you were saying about
optimism?

I crane my neck, straining to see through the lanes of
traffic.

An AVALANCHE ROARS down the freeway, massive --

And tumbling in the shape of SNOW DUDES performing a variety
of impressively lewd sex acts with SNOW DAMES.

It knocks aside vehicles like bothersome flies, closing in on
our position at locomotive speed.

ME

Yep, time to go.

DUNBAR

Blitzen, we need you!

Blitzen trots over, nostrils flaring.

DUNBAR

Think you've got enough for one
more run, buddy?

The reindeer snorts. Damn right he does.

Dunbar and I hop back onto the big lug's back as he breaks
into a gallop and leaps into the air --

Just as the Frigid B-avalanche CRASHES by, Jack Frost atop it
on his surfboard, hurling ICICLES after us.

Frigid Bitch materializes in human form on the shoulder of
the road, pissed as all hell.

FRIGID BITCH

(singing)

*This whole course of events is
quite vexing.*

JACK FROST

(singing)

*Would you like to fix that with
some steamy hot, out-of-sight
sexing?*

FRIGID BITCH

*Now's not the time, keep your prick
in your pants / First we catch that
Kringle, then we do that dance.*

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Dunbar and I hang on for dear life as Blitzen spirals behind a cluster of crappy retail shops.

We quickly dismount, concerned, as something is way not kosher with the reindeer. I look him over...

And waddaya know, an eight-inch ICICLE juts from his hindquarters --

DUNBAR

Oh no, he's been wounded.

ME

You think so?

DUNBAR

Yes, I do. There's a large piece of ice sticking out of him, right there next to his-

ME

Yes yes, I got it. Note to self: Sarcasm is wasted on elves. I'd love to see you on Twitter.

I examine the icicle, then -- as gently as I can -- grasp hold of it, setting my feet --

ME

Apologies in advance, big guy: This might sting a tad.

I WRENCH out the icicle --

WHONK! And Blitzen KICKS the everloving shit out of me, sending me cartwheeling some 30 feet through the air.

I land on my ass, pavement searing a hole in the seat of my damn pants.

ME

OOOOOWWWW!

I spin to a halt as a YOWLING TORNADO of winter wind rips down from the sky and lights atop a nearby ROOFTOP.

Three guesses who it might be (and if you guessed Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost, congrats, you've been keeping up).

ME

Oh come on, we just got through with this!

(MORE)

ME (CONT'D)
 Isn't a little break or something
 in order? Piss off, Universe!

FRIGID BITCH
 (calling down)
 Hello again, Bastard Kringle. How
 about a nice cold breath of fresh
 air?

I struggle to my feet, ass on fire.

ME
 Ha. Ha. HA. That's funny because
 you're made of snow and ice and
 stuff. ZING. I think I cracked a
 rib from laughing so-

WHOOOOSH! ARCTIC SLEET barely misses me and crystallizes on
 the asphalt --

I race down the alley as Jack Frost hops on his surfboard and
 Frigid Bitch BLASTS into storm-form.

I snatch up Dunbar, leap onto Blitzen's back, and the
 reindeer charges down the alley.

THA-THONK! A DUMPSTER catapults into the air and SLAMS into
 the ground, followed by another and another while Jack Frost
 surfs around the corner, boxing us in.

ME
 Fly Blitzen, fly!

The reindeer takes to the air once again, cresting over the
 shopping center roof!

For about three seconds.

Injured and gassed, he quickly loses altitude and the sudden
drop knocks off Dunbar's DUNCE CAP.

DUNBAR
 GAH -- MY HAT!

He lurches around, almost leaping off Blitzen to retrieve it
 before I yank his ass back.

ME
 Forget the stupid hat!

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Blitzen clips the roof of a Dollar General and hits the asphalt running, careening in and out of holiday traffic.

Cars swerve and people SCREAM as Jack and Frigid descend into the parking lot.

Meanwhile, Dunbar throws a full-on hissy fit -

DUNBAR

My hat! I need my hat! It's the most importantest thing in the whole world and it's not stupid!

ME

Falling to your death over it certainly is.

He continues on as I glance at the surrounding buildings, desperately searching for an escape route.

And then I see one. Call *Jeopardy*, I am a friggin genius.

ME

(pointing)

That way, Blitzen. GO!

Blitzen takes a hard left just as a Frigid B-avalanche WALLOPS a row of CARS, sending them flying through a comic book store window.

The fleeing us streak toward a LINE of VEHICLES, all waiting for something we can't see yet.

Blitzen bounds onto their roofs, trouncing across them, buckling the metal, Frigid and Jack hot on our tails.

Just as it appears we're going to be swallowed up by our pursuers wintry evil, we careen into --

INT. AUTOMATED CAR WASH - NIGHT

Did I mention I'm a friggin genius?

We YELP as HOT WATER pummels us from hissing JET SPRAYS, slipping and sliding through the blasting torrents.

Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost hit the water as well and everything icy about them instantly MELTS --

And they tumble to a slush-laden halt just as me and the gang haul ass out the exit!

Jack stands up, SQUEALING in delight as the SLAPPING WRAPAROUNDS whack against his nether-regions. ("*Foreplay*")

JACK FROST

(singing)

*Oh you naughty little strumpet /
You know what daddy likes / A slap
and whap across my junk / Makes me
feel just right!*

Frigid Bitch gains her feet as well, soaked to the bone.

FRIGID BITCH

(singing)

*Oh you clumsy stupid jackhole /
This mess is all your fault / If
you hadn't led us in here / That
damn Kringle would be caught!*

Jack thrusts his hips back and forth with a wink.

JACK FROST

*You can call me names all day / But
in case you couldn't see...*

(off engorged crotch)

*All this chasing and fighting / Has
made me harder than Norwegian
chocolate recipes!*

Frigid Bitch can't help herself, licking her lips at the sight of his massive erection. She saunters into a striptease.

FRIGID BITCH

*When you put it to me that way / I
suppose I can wait, I'm your wife /
How about you and I get ass-naked /
While we discuss all the positions
in life?*

JACK FROST

(spoken)

Now you're speaking my lingo, babe.

He clears his throat, SINGS. It's somber and reflective, maybe even a little poetic. ("*The Positions in Life*")

JACK FROST

(singing)

*So many years trapped in the
Badlands / Nothing to bang but my
sad hand / I dreamt of reverse
cowgirl and doggy / Even missionary
got me froggy / This lack of
fornication, I could not stand.*

FRIGID BITCH

-I'm so sorry, my loving man-

Car DOORS OPEN throughout the carwash and its lot, DRIVERS and PASSENGERS stepping out and HUMMING along in harmony as the TEMPO to the song speeds way up.

JACK FROST

(spoken)

*That's okay, babe. Because then I
was freed. And I remembered all our
Positions in Life, like --*

*(NOTE: The car wash patrons will couple off and dance/act out
each position in the background.)*

JACK FROST

(singing)

*The Circus Seal, Screwnicorn, Dutch
Oven, Pootie Shorn / High Dive,
Morning Mist, Bronco / Flaming
Amazon, Hot Lunch, Tea Bag, the
Donkey Punch / Double Dipper, Tiara
Taco!*

FRIGID BITCH

*Then there's the Shocker, the
Sniper, the Raspberry Wiper / Dogs
in a Bathtub, hooray! / The Dirty
Sanchez and Elvis, the Forklifting
Pelvis / and a Pearl Necklace so
makes my day!*

JACK FROST

*Michigan Mangler, Houdini, the
Peekaboo Weenie / Anal Boot, Rusty
Trombone / Angry Dragon, Poo
Finger, Cosmopolitan Stinker / the
Sasquatch and Violet Snake Moan!*

Now the drivers and passengers sing along as well!

DRIVERS/PASSENGERS

(singing)

*Don't forget the Kentucky
Wheelbarrow, the Mia Farrow /
Cleveland Steamers are quite a
sight / The Bismark, the Blumpkin,
the Norwegian Pumpkin...*

(deep breath, finale)

*The Mushroom Stamp, Meat Puppet,
Topeka Destroyer, Samoan Pile
Driver, Flying Camel, Arabian
Goggles, Pink Sock, Pasadena
Mudslide, Rear Admiral, Golden
Showers, Dump Truck, Hot Karl, yes,
THESE ARE ALL THE POSITIONS IN
LIIIIIIIFE!*

Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost are already going at it in life positions that would make Gumby scream.

Pretty soon, so is everybody else in a GIANT CARWASH ORGY!

EXT. WINTER SKY - NIGHT

Rudolph tears through the sky, his flaming horn swathing through the darkness.

Jolly rides in the sleigh, Rachel trussed up beside him in manacles made out of mistletoes.

He closes his eyes, listening to the sounds from the land far below them.

Joyous Christmas SINGING grates against his ears like razors,
emanating from the thousands of people and their holiday cheer throughout the city.

His eyes snap open as he pounds the side of his head in disgust, trying to dislodge the happy-crappy music out of it.

He retrieves a whetstone from his burlap sack and sharpens his battle-axe on it.

Rachel squirms in her restraints to no avail.

RACHEL

You best let me go, you son of a bitch -- I swear once I get my hands free, so help me, I'm gonna-

JOLLY KLAUS

Tell me something, madame: Do you believe in Santa Claus?

RACHEL

Do I look like I'm six to you? Of course I don't believe in Santa Claus.

JOLLY KLAUS

Nor should you, considering I relieved him of his head earlier this glorious eve. He was my brother, you know.

RACHEL

Riiiiight. And the Easter Bunny is my therapist.

JOLLY KLAUS

And him being my kin means that your beloved Otis is my nephew.

RACHEL

Which would mean Santa Claus is his dad. HA. Please refer to my previous "Riiiiight".

JOLLY KLAUS

Doubting Thomases, the lot of you. This is why you don't even deserve Christmas. You're flying in a sleigh being pulled by a reindeer and a 1500 year old demigod yet you still refuse to believe?

Rachel slumps in her seat.

RACHEL

I don't know what to believe. I just want to see Otis again. Maybe breaking up with him on Christmas Eve was a crap thing to do even if it was the right thing to do.

(off Jolly's axe)

Just wish I'd known it might be the last one we'd get to spend together before making that decision.

JOLLY KLAUS

Don't worry, madame -- I can guarantee you'll be spending Christmas Eve with him. IN DEATH'S ARMS!

Cue the maniacal villain laughter again.

EXT. BURGER KING - DUMPSTER AREA - NIGHT

A resting Blitzen sniffs at a trash receptacle while Dunbar paces, frantic as he rings his poor little hands.

DUNBAR

We're sunk. Sure we have the *Santanomicon* but what good is it if he can't read it? Jolly Klaus is gonna get his grubby mitts on it and Christmas will be sunk all because the BASTARD KRINGLE STINKS!

Behind him, the sound of a clearing throat. He whirls around to see me with an armful of takeout bags.

DUNBAR

Oh. Hello, er, Bastard Kringle. I was just telling Blitzen here that, uh, I didn't, uh...

ME

Know I was standing here?

I chuck a bag of food at the elf who doesn't even try to catch it, letting it bounce off the dumpster.

Piping hot APPLE TURNOVERS spill out everywhere. Dunbar wrinkles his nose in disgust.

DUNBAR

What is this stuff?

I plunge into another bag, unwrapping several WHOPPERS.

ME

Gas. We're going to need it if we're going to keep our car a step ahead of Frigid Bee-yotch and Jack Hole.

DUNBAR

I'm a vegan.

ME

And I'm a Gemini. But we all gotta eat. Carbs and protein, yum.

I hold out a burger for Blitzen.

DUNBAR

What are you doing?! You can't feed a reindeer meat product or...

He trails off as Blitzen scarfs down the Whopper whole and licks his chops, eyeing the bag for more.

DUNBAR
I can't even look at you right now.
(to me)
How long is it until midnight.

ME
(off watch)
A little over four hours. Why?

Dunbar SHRIEKS in a panic, pulling his hair.

DUNBAR
Because if you haven't sent Jolly Klaus back to the Badlands by midnight, he's free FOREVER.

ME
Wait, what the fuck? When were you going to tell me that?!

DUNBAR
I did, earlier -- when we were singing "*Exposition Dump*"!

KABOOOOOM! Several blocks away, a MUSHROOM CLOUD of SNOW and LIGHTNING ERUPTS.

ME
Goddamnit. Fine, whatever -- we need to go. Now.

DUNBAR
Where?!

ME
To the only friend I've got that's not an asshole. I hope you like Val Kilmer.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A suburban sprawl of cookie cutter houses, all tastefully decorated with festive blinking lights and HOA approved Holiday characters.

Except for one --

This sucker's so bright, there's a decent chance it can be seen from Alpha Centauri, its LIGHTS STROBING to a dubstep versions of Christmas tunes courtesy of four giant SPEAKERS.

Two STUFFED LIONS (the Ghost and the Darkness) wearing reindeer antlers flank the walkway to the front door.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A home filled with dapper furniture and chic art, adorned excessively in Christmas cheer and even more excessively --

With every type of Val Kilmer MEMORABILIA imaginable.

Autographed movie posters, Pez Dispensers, Bobble-head dolls, lunchboxes -- pretty much if Kilmer's likeness is on it, it's here somewhere.

Martin, wearing *THE SALTON SEA*-themed pajamas, is slumped in a leather recliner with a plate of ice cream sandwiches and a huge glass of red wine.

He's also leaking a few tears as he watches "*24 Hours of A CHRISTMAS STORY*" on TBS.

He wipes his eyes and HUMS a sad tune as he soaks in a PHOTOGRAPH of himself, a dashing SPANISH MAN (40s), and a PUG wearing a Santa hat.

A SPECIAL NEWS REPORT interrupts Ralphie and the gang on TV.

ON THE TELEVISION

A rotund NEWS REPORTER stands on the shoulder of the freeway, microphone in hand.

Wrecked vehicles, massive snow drifts, and stranded motorists litter the background.

ROTUND REPORTER

As you can see behind me, there are scores of crippled cars and trucks everywhere, travel at a standstill, thanks to what eyewitnesses are calling a freak, violent expletive-deleted-show of an expletive-deleted blizzard.

AERIAL SHOTS

Overtaken tractor trailers, SUVs, and numerous other vehicles are shown partially buried under snow and debris.

ROTUND REPORTER (V.O.)
One witness, a mother of two, even
claimed that the damage to her mini-
van was actually caused by
a...flying reindeer?

MARTIN

Downs another gulp of Cabernet.

MARTIN
Sheesh, what in the Madmartigan are
these people drinking -- A flying
reindeer? Gimme a break.

KER-KRAAASH!

Blitzen SMASHES through a set of sliding glass doors, sending
me and Dunbar flipping through the air and landing with THUDS
on the coffee table, SPLINTERING it.

Martin leaps to his feet, spilling his wine and SCREAMING
bloody murder --

He snatches up a FIRE POKER and whacks the living shit out of
my ribcage. Several times.

ME
OW FUCK! Martin, stop it! It's me!
It's Otis!

He pauses mid-bludgeon --

MARTIN
Otis? What do you think you're
doing? My doors! My carpet! My
Batman Forever coffee table!
(beat)
Is that a fudging reindeer?

EXT. HIGHLAND MALL - ROOF - NIGHT

Rudolph and the sleigh of Jolly Klaus and Rachel spark to a
screeching halt atop the multi-storied complex.

RUDOLPH
Ladies and gentlemen, you may now
unfasten your seatbelts. Thanks for
flying Rudolph Airways this foggy
Christmas Eve.

Jolly rises, grabbing at Rachel who ducks out of the way.

RACHEL

I'm not going anywhere with you and that's that, I mean it or I'll claw your eyes right out of the sockets and use them to HEY!

Jolly snatches Rachel up by her collar, exits the sleigh, toting her with him like a briefcase.

JOLLY KLAUS

This right here is why I never got married: The annoying mood swings.

In the distance, THUNDER EXPLODES as a roiling CLOUD of SNOW and ICE reenacting a car wash orgy approaches --

Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost!

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Martin staggers into the room, trying to balance his wine glass as he makes his way to the fridge, me right behind him.

He fishes out a fresh bottle of wine.

ME

I'm sorry to heap all this on you, Martin. But I didn't know who else to go to.

MARTIN

Otis, please just give me -- I really need a -- I think I'm going to -- Yes, I might just faint.

I guide him to a nearby stool and help him sit.

ME

Whoa, easy there buddy. You okay?

He takes a gigantic gulp of wine.

MARTIN

For the love of Virgil Adamson, NO. I'm not even within three counties of Okay.

ME

Look, I'm sorry about your living room. I promise I'll pay for it and fix all of it, as soon as I-

MARTIN

It's not about the gosh-danged
living room, Otis.

(deep breath)

Sorry. I didn't mean to yell. See,
the thing is -- Trevor left me.

ME

Left you? But you told me you guys
were cooking dinner and gorging on
Ralphie and "You'll shoot your eye
out" and whatnot.

MARTIN

I lied. He moved out three weeks
ago. He took Pugnacious Dee with
him. Hateful prick.

ME

Why the hell didn't you say
anything about it?

MARTIN

I told Cornelius.

ME

You told Cornshit before me? But
I'm your best friend!

MARTIN

I couldn't tell you. You know how
you are this time of year, every
year, for the past 25 years. At
least Cornelius listens, sort of.

ME

The hell's that supposed to mean?

MARTIN

Every year, whenever the first
Christmas song plays, you become a
life-hating boob. All you do is
bitch about Christmas sucking and
how it makes you miserable.

(off glare)

Burn holes through me all you want
but you know it's true.

I grit my teeth but I know what he wants to hear --

ME

You're right. I'm sorry Christmas
is such a sore spot. I'm more sorry
about Trevor and Pugnacious Dee.

(MORE)

ME (CONT'D)

I know how much they mean to you.

(pause)

Right now I don't know what to do.
Somehow I have to figure out how to
save Rachel and make things-

A bawling SOB sounds from the living room.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martin and I rush into the room to find Dunbar hugging
himself and sniffing in the middle of the floor.

ME

Dunbar? What's the matter?

DUNBAR

(wiping tears)

I lost my hat. Santa gave me that
hat. It's my most favorite best
present I ever got from him and now
it's all gone.

ME

I hate to break it to you but I
don't think hats like that are
exactly gift material if you know
what I...

(off scowl from Martin)

Uh, I mean, um, would you like me
to buy you a new one?

DUNBAR

The hat's not the point. It's that
I'm sad about it when there's so
much more bigger stuff to worry
about. I'm being selfish and that's
not what Christmas is about.

ME

Tell me about it. It's about being
put on the Naughty List by your
asshole fake-dad and having shitty
Decembers for the rest of your
life.

MARTIN

I got put on the same list you did!
So did Cornelius. And we have great
holidays -- this year so not
included. You know why?

ME
Please, enlighten me.

MARTIN
Because a stupid list doesn't
dictate how you enjoy Christmas!

DUNBAR
That's what I've been trying to
say. Christmas is about doing more
for others than you would do for
yourself.

He and Martin share a look, knowing they just hit the nail on the head. They're probably thinking surely I'll see the poetic Christmas light now, right?

WHAM! Wrong. The front door slams. I'm outta here, fuck this.
The *Santanomicon* lies discarded on the floor.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

It's SNOWING as I stomp down the sidewalk, kicking through the powder, eventually having a seat on a bus-stop BENCH.

I slump back, sour frown plastered on my face.

After a moment, I yank Santa's LETTER from my coat pocket and scan its contents -- Yep, still just bunch of indecipherable horseshit.

I cram it back into my jacket and my fingers knock against another ENVELOPE. I fish it out --

It's Rachel's letter to me.

I forgot to read it. Oops.

I stare at it like a goober, can't bring myself to open it, afraid of what it's going to say --

I place it under my nose, catching a whiff of Rachel's perfume still lingering on it. Brings a smile to my face.

SANTA CLAUS (O.S.)
Why don't you just go ahead and ram
your Johnson in the damn thing?

I spin around to see my stupid fat "Dad", in all his red-suited glory, hovering on the lawn behind the bench.

Funny thing though: He's kind of translucent. Like a ghost.

He's also holding his own SEVERED HEAD, tucked under his arm, spinal cord dangling from it. Like a boss.

ME
(off head)
Whoa.

SANTA CLAUS
Got lopped off, thanks to my
jerkface brother. Did you know I
was at a titty bar with Alec
Guinness before you forced me to
come here?

ME
Pardon?

SANTA CLAUS
You're about to destroy Christmas.
All because you're being a selfish,
oh-woe-is-me dick.

ME
Outstanding -- Put me on the
Naughty List for 25 years then show
up and blame me because Christmas
is going to shit. And I'm the dick?

SANTA CLAUS
You shouldn't speak to your father
that way, Otis Kringle.

I leap up from the bench as he floats over to me.

ME
I'm Otis Nelson, not Kringle. And
you're not my dad.

SANTA CLAUS
Really? Then who is?

ME
David Crosby.

WHUNK! Santa cracks me square in the nose with his severed
head, knocking me flat on my ass.

SANTA CLAUS
Headshot -- BOOM!

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - HOLIDAY HAVEN - NIGHT

A fat DAD dressed Santa Claus sits in the middle of a Christmas village on a huge THRONE, asking various CHILDREN what kind of presents they want.

Scores of KIDS and PARENTS skate around in a huge ICE RINK, laughing and having a great time.

Cornshit leans against the railing, scarfing down a hot dog as he watches a NEWS CREW film all the fun.

TWO HANDS settle around his waist as somebody GRINDS against him, oh-so-provocatively --

THROATY VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, that's right baby. Swallow that chili dog like a rigid cock that just eased out of Bigfoot's ass.

Cornshit chokes and nearly pukes as he spins to see MISS TICKLE (My transvestite cell mate) clad in a slutty angel unitard, his mannish bulge quite prevalent.

CORNSHIT

Miss Tickle? Jimminy fucking Christmas -- What are you doing here? Thought you were locked up.

MISS TICKLE

My baby daddy bailed me out, sugar. I told him I'd pay him back after I collected from a few clients.

CORNSHIT

Your baby daddy? How is that even -- you know what, never mind. How'd you know I was here?

MISS TICKLE

Honey, please -- You throw a rock in Ho Alley and you'll hit at least three crusted-up skanks you've hid your sausage inside and they-

KER-KRAAAASH! From above, a SKYLIGHT EXPLODES --

Jolly Klaus -- Rachel slung over his shoulder -- Rudolph, Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost SLAM into the middle of the ICE RINK, scattering the skaters.

MISS TICKLE
(checking watch)
Lying mother fuckers. They said the
show wasn't starting til ten.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

I stagger back to my feet, clutching my blood-spurting nose --

ME
FUCK! The hell you do that for?

SANTA CLAUS
That was for the obscure joke. Now
you listen to me, you little shit --

I ignore the demand, instead KICKING him right smack in his
jolly old pecker, knocking him to the ground!

Or at least I try to. Instead my foot passes through his
foggy groin and I'm staring up at the sky again, flat on my
stupid back --

ME
Son of a bitch.

I jump back up to take another shot but KER-CRACK!

Santa whips his head around by the spinal cord like a
medieval morningstar and wallops me face-first into the bus-
stop bench.

ME
AGH! This is so not fair...

SANTA CLAUS
Life's not fair, son.

ME
Don't call me that!

SANTA CLAUS
What would you prefer?

ME
(staggering to feet)
I'd prefer to be left alone, thank
you very much.

SANTA CLAUS

And I'd prefer to be back at the
7th Heaven titty bar getting
lapdances from Amy Winehouse. I
wish it were that simple.

ME

You should wish in one hand, shit
in the other, smack yourself in the
face with the hand you shit in.

I plop down on the bench, deflated.

SANTA CLAUS

Listen, I was wrong for putting you
and your friends on the Naughty
List. No excuse, but I was
shitfaced the entire 20th century.
The only good thing that came out
of it was you.

(off silence)

Did you ever read the letter I gave
your mother for you?

ME

No. I couldn't. Literally. And
literally still can't.

SANTA CLAUS

Try again, son. And this time, when
you do? Forget Christmas. Forget
about all the things you don't
have. Think about what you do have.
And be happy about it.

This fucking guy, amirite? I'm about to give him a gargantuan
piece of my mind but --

Just like that, Dad, er, Santa Claus is gone.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - HOLIDAY HAVEN - NIGHT

Horried, Rachel watches as Jolly Klaus and his malevolent
cohorts SKATE around the ice rink.

Jolly executes a perfect quadruple axle before addressing the
crowd of aghast ONLOOKERS, Cornshit and Miss Tickle included.

JOLLY KLAUS

(singing)

*Ladies and gentlemen! Every boy and
girl!*

(MORE)

JOLLY KLAUS (CONT'D)
*/ Welcome to the final Christmas of
 this world / I hope you're all
 ready for a night of events / that
 will end with the death of all
 youths and parents!*

He spies the NEWS CREW filming the spectacle and his shark-like teeth glint like a, uh, great white shark's.

JOLLY KLAUS
 But first, I'd like to send out a
 message to a very special somebody:
 My sweetheart of a nephew.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martin, Dunbar and even Blitzen seem to have forgotten the immediacy of their situation as they are glued to *A CHRISTMAS STORY*, watching Ralphie open his glorious Red Ryder BB gun.

DUNBAR
 (sniffling)
 See? Santa never lets you down.
 Even while giving irresponsible,
 air-powered firearms to an eight-
 year old.

MARTIN
 (just as choked up)
 I know, right? It's like this one
 year, when all I wanted was this
 rare Val Kilmer special edition
 Thundercats figurine and...

He trails off as Ralphie's glorious moment is interrupted by another "SPECIAL NEWS REPORT".

BROADCASTER
 (over television)
 We interrupt this regularly
 scheduled program to bring you a
 special news report. Bradley Taint
 is live on scene at the Christmas
 Capades in Highland Mall.

TELEVISION

Inside Highland Mall at the Holiday Haven, reporter BRADLEY TAIN (20s) looks two seconds away from a heart attack.

Probably because Rudolph is behind him, his flaming horn leveled at Brad's crotch --

BRADLEY TAINT

As you can see, I'm in a rather,
uh, incendiary situation so,
without further delay, here's Jolly
Klaus, self-proclaimed Crusher and
Killer of Christmas.

Jolly Klaus snatches the mic out of poor Mr. Taint's hand.

Rachel's terrified face looms in the background.

JOLLY KLAUS

Season's Greetings, viewing
audience. This holiday message is
for Otis Kringle.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

I pull out Santa's letter and Rachel's letter, one I can't
read, the other I'm afraid to...

Screw it. I finally open Rachel's envelope and unfold the
paper inside --

It simply states: "*I miss YOU.*"

Underneath that: "*Come back soon. Love, Rachel*"

I absorb this, find myself thinking back to happier times she
and I had together, watching as if I'm having an out-of-body
experience as SAPPY SAXOPHONE MUSIC plays...

MONTAGE

- A dapper Otis pulls out Rachel's chair for her at a
romantic restaurant on their first date. He has a seat and
misses the chair. The two of them bust out laughing.

- Otis performs a Valentine's Day magic trick, producing a
BOUQUET of FLOWERS and a FLAMING HEART that catches said
flowers on fire. The whole thing is endearing as hell.

- Otis walks into a room to find Rachel and a group of
FRIENDS. They shout "SURPRISE" amidst a parade of balloons,
confetti, and birthday cake.

- Rachel is in the shower, washing her hair, when a GLASS of
WINE garnished with a chocolate-cherry sneaks past the
curtain. Rachel pulls Otis in behind the wine.

- Otis and Rachel lie in bed, her head on his chest, giggling
as he makes up a story from the pages of a coloring book.

BACK TO SCENE

I smile at the memories as the SNOW FALLING around me seems to GLOW, like falling bits of stars, everything around me seeming brighter, happier...

Jolly, even.

I take out Santa's letter, unfolding it, fingers brushing across the writing as I scan the page.

My eyes widen at its contents.

Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick, I can fucking read it!

And it's a NICE CAROL! A header at the top reads:

"A KRINGLE IS THE CLAUS"

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martin and Dunbar pace the room, the picture on the television frozen.

DUNBAR

So it's called a what again?

MARTIN

DVR. We've been able to record and pause shows without a VCR for about the last decade-and-a-half or so. It's all wireless magic and HD and stuff like that these days.

DUNBAR

Wow. That's pretty nifty. Sweet, even.

(pause)

I've got an Etch-a-Sketch in my bedroom.

MARTIN

I had one of those when I was five. It was pretty nifty. Sweet, even.

DUNBAR

Don't patronize me, Martin. I'll sock you right square in your-

A hollering "WOO-HOO!" sounds as I burst through the shattered sliding glass doors --

ME

Guys, you won't believe this shit:
I found my Christmas Spirit!

DUNBAR

Really? No fooling?!

To prove it, I hold out my hand, concentrate, and the Santanomicon FLIES across the room, telekinetic-style.

And WALLOPS me right in the head.

But I don't skip a beat, chuckling as I pick up the book and fan through it, all of the WORDS to the Nice Carols now in easy-to-read English.

ME

No fooling, little buddy. I'm finally seeing things like I've never seen them before -- Clear, precise, happy...

I trail off, noticing Rachel's DVR-frozen face on the TV.

ME

Holy -- Rachel?

I whip up my hand and this time the REMOTE rockets across the room. I snatch it out of the air and jam "PLAY" --

CHRISTMAS MUSIC swells as I watch Jolly Klaus enter the screen, rattling off his demands and how he's going to kill Rachel and the entire mall-visiting world if I don't bring him the *Santanomicon*.

Instead of flipping out and reiterating my hatred for the holidays for the umpteenth time this movie --

I take a deep breath, ready to cap off my character arc...

I turn off the television, a confident fire in my eyes.

MARTIN

Otis?

DUNBAR

Bastard Kringle?

MARTIN/DUNBAR

Are you okay?

I glance at the twin CUTLASSES (oddly, signed by Geena Davis and Matthew Modine) hanging criss-crossed over the mantle.

ME

Hey fellas? Who has two swords and
is going to save the shit out of
Christmas?

The cutlasses FLY from their housings into my waiting hands
as the *Santanomicon* now hovers in the air, PAGES SPINNING to
a Nice Carol entitled --

ME

(glorious singing)
This Fucking Kringle!
(rock music plays)
*Jolly Klaus better watch out / He's
going to die / He's going to shout
/ "OH WHY GOD WHY?!" / Otis Kringle
is going to town...on that ass!*

I twirl and spin around the room like Jackie Chan and Fred
Astaire in their prime, leaving a trail of Christmas Spirit
FLAME in my wake.

Martin, Dunbar and Blitzen join in as synchronized dancers --

ME

*I'm comin' in pissed / Definitely
not nice / Gonna put a sword
through his heart / Not once but
twice / Otis Kringle is going to
save...that Rachel lass!*

All the VAL KILMER PARAPHERNALIA comes to life and belts
along as backup singers --

ME

*OH! Jolly better watch out / He
best go and hide / 'Cause when I
fuckin' find him / My fists and his
face will collide / Otis Kringle --
with Dunbar and Martin and Blitzen -
- is coming to save...*

Here comes the grand finale, like a thousand voices!

VAL KILMER JUNK

(singing)
CHRISTMAAAAASSSSS!

A rousing musical finish, a massive CYMBAL CRASH.

ME

Damn right.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

I exit the house, cutlasses strapped to my back, *Santanomicon* in hand --

Martin, Dunbar and Blitzen follow behind me, classic wide-shot hero walk. Cue the BADASS MUSIC!

Then, RECORD SCRATCH --

DUNBAR

Um...how are we getting there? We can't all three of us fit on Blitzen.

MARTIN

Damn it, Trevor took the car. And Pugnacious Dee's stroller. Any bright ideas?

I check my watch. Exactly one hour til midnight.

My gaze drifts to the end of the walkway to the stuffed *THE GHOST AND THE DARKNESS* Sahara felines.

ME

I'd be "lion" if I said no.

I'm here all week, folks -- Try the popcorn in the lobby.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - HOLIDAY HAVEN - NIGHT

Jolly Klaus now resides in the huge throne formerly occupied by the fake Santa Claus.

Rudolph, Jack Frost and Frigid Bitch flank him as confused mall PATRONS try to figure out what's going on here.

Rachel is now tethered to Jolly Klaus by a thick strand of blinking Christmas lights.

Cornshit and Miss Tickle exchange glances, confused as hell --

MISS TICKLE

This is the most ratchet Christmas Capades I've ever seen. Who the hell is this box of tools?

CORNSHIT

Beats me, but I'll tell you one thing: That's my best friend's woman he's got up there and -- even though I jack off to her -- I'll be damned if I'm gonna stand for that.

He pulls out his police BATON and confidently strides through the holiday haven, right up to Jolly Klaus.

Rachel sees him first --

RACHEL

Cornelius?

CORNSHIT

Hi, Rachel. Good to see you. Is this cocksucker holding you against your will?

JOLLY KLAUS

Who are you? How dare you approach me without bowing.

CORNSHIT

Shut the fuck up, dingleberry -- your turn's coming. Rachel? Are you being held-

RACHEL

I've got a chain of Christmas lights around my neck and a reindeer with a flaming wang coming out his nose breathing come-ons in my ear. The hell do you think?

CORNSHIT

Fair enough.

(to Jolly Klaus)

Sir, I'm gonna need you to get the fuck out of the chair and put your hands on your ridiculous-looking head.

JOLLY KLAUS

Nay. Jack, if you please --

SLAKT! SLAKT! Before Cornshit can blink, he finds himself PINNED to one of the Elf Village houses thanks to a barrage of ICICLES, courtesy of Jack Frost.

Jolly is in front of him in an instant, BATTLE-AXE in tow --

JOLLY KLAUS
 Now, I'm going to need you to put
your hands on your head but only
 after I lop them off first.

The battle-axe rises...

ME (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 Here I come to save the day!

All eyes dart up to the busted SKYLIGHT --

Blitzen careens through the air, Ghost and Darkness reined to
 his back with me, Dunbar and Martin astride them.

Blitzen skids to a halt in front of Jolly, snarls at Rudolph,
 then moves aside as I leap off my lion, cutlasses drawn,
Santanomicon tucked in a satchel slung over my shoulder.

ME
 Get away from him, you-

WHAM! Jolly Klaus makes a gesture and I find himself SLAMMED
 into and through a series of elf village houses.

I groan as I fumble into my satchel, yanking out the
Santanomicon and peeling through its pages --

A shadow falls over me and I look up to find Jolly Klaus, his
 eyes afire with frightening fury.

JOLLY KLAUS
 Give me the *Santanomicon*.
 Willingly. If I have to threaten
 you with a countdown, I'm going to
 execute your harlot by extracting
 her spine through her nose.

I meet the gaze of all the frightened mall patrons
 surrounding the area. I can't let them down.

But then my eyes find Rachel's across the Holiday Haven. Man,
 I love her so much. I can't bear to lose her (again).

So I hand the book over.

Jolly Klaus snatches it out of my hands, fanged teeth
 glinting as he glances up to a large digital CLOCK on a
 nearby wall. **11:32**

JOLLY KLAUS
 All too easy, with time to spare.

ME
Now let Rachel go.

JOLLY KLAUS
Please. You weren't really buying
into me keeping my part of the
deal, were you?

I feign shock. Then grin.

ME
Of course not.

With a glorious HOWL and enshrouded in Christmas Spirit, I
charge the demigod, cutlasses rising and arcing down --

The BLADES STRIKE Jolly in the chest, felling the evil fuck
in a blur of sharpened steel!

Actually, they bounce right off Jolly and instantly TRANSFORM
into writhing, garland-laced COBRAS --

I SHRIEK like a baby hyena in roller skates, arms flailing as
I attempt to bat the snakes aside.

Jolly cackles, steps forward, and THUMPS me in the forehead.
I HURTLE across the mall and HAMMER into a --

CELLPHONE DISPLAY STAND

Owch. Like, OW to the fucking OWCH.

Dunbar and Martin rush to my aid, dragging the quite dazed me
to my feet.

MARTIN
You okay, Otis? Everything still in
one piece?

ME
Barely. Thanks. Looks like
Christmas Spirit means diddly-shit
when it comes to engaging in hand-
to-hand combat.

A recovered Cornshit and a game Miss Tickle join us.

DUNBAR
It also means diddly-poop when it
comes to letting that chowderhead
have the *Santanomicon*. Now what are
we going to do?

CORNSHIT
 Hey guys. Pretty fucked up night
 we're having here, huh?

I ponder all of this --

And promptly hauls ass in the other direction.

JOLLY KLAUS

Watches me flee, amused. He turns to Jack Frost and Frigid Bitch --

JOLLY KLAUS
 Fetch him, chop-chop.

Jack and Frigid oblige, the former taking off on his board, crowd surfing over the petrified mall patrons, while the latter does her snowstorm thing.

Jolly giggles as he casually thumbs through the *Santanomicon*.

JOLLY KLAUS
 Oh, that Otis Kringle. As useless
 as his old man.

He faux-yawns as he plops back down on his throne.

Martin and Dunbar creep up to the dais where Jolly sits, both about to soil themselves.

MARTIN
 (sotto)
 By Gay Perry's heroics and witty
 banter, this isn't going exactly as
 we planned.

Dunbar doesn't care, steeling himself, mustering all the courage he can and marching right in front of Jolly Klaus, quivering in rage --

Jolly Klaus gives him the proper amount of concern --

Absolutely zero. Rudolph steps up to field the light work.

RUDOLPH
 Bow to Master Jolly Klaus before
 you step any closer, Duncap.

DUNBAR
 I don't think so, Rudolph the Red-
 nosed...um, you...meanie...uh,
 meanie, uh...
 (MORE)

DUNBAR (CONT'D)
 (lousy at insults)
 You're a bad reindeer! And besides,
 I don't want to talk to you. I'm
 talking to the bad person with the
 book we need.

JOLLY KLAUS
 Need but can't have, I'm afraid.

DUNBAR
 Give it to me. Now. It's Christmas.
 And I think everyone should be
 happy on Christmas. Not scared of
 monsters like you.

Jolly rises, smoothing out his clothes, flipping to a page in
 the *Santanomicon* with a smug smirk.

JOLLY KLAUS
 (reading, singing)
*You're jesting, correct? This is so
 perfect / I adore hearing good
 opinions / You want to protect this
 shopping mall sect / from becoming
 my unwitting minions...*

EXT. HIGHLAND MALL - ESCALATOR - NIGHT

I hurry up the steps, wedging through fleeing SHOPPERS.

I glance over my shoulder, noting the Frigid B-avalanche
 ROARING after me in the distance.

And just as it looks like I'm trying to get the hell out of
 this place at all costs...

I make a beeline straight for a FIRE ALARM.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - HOLIDAY HAVEN - NIGHT

Dunbar clenches his fists, trying to figure out how he's
 going to stop Christmas from going the way of the dodo.

Jolly, on the other hand, pays him no mind, occasionally
 making grand gestures with his battle-axe, knocking scores of
 mall patrons over like dominoes --

JOLLY KLAUS

(singing)

*But there's a problem, you see,
standing between you and me / Like
a suit of armor encasing a nagging
itch / The combined attack of one
vile Frost, Jack / and his sultry
wife, the sex-mongering Frigid
Bitch!*

RUDOLPH

I say, what am I then? Minced foie
gras? Need I remind you of the
seven out of eight reindeer I
disemboweled?

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - VARIOUS SECTIONS - NIGHT

Jack Frost and Frigid Bitch unleash their powers on every
avenue of the mall, FREEZING PEOPLE in blocks of snow or
skewering them with ice attacks, desperate to find me --

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

I YANK the fire alarm. SIRENS BLARE and WATER SPRAYS from
overhead sprinklers --

THIS

Does not bode well for Jack Frost and Frigid Bitch,
nullifying their powers with the assault of water, turning
them into slippery, sliding sludges of melted ice and snow.

FRIGID BITCH

Odin-damnit, it's the car wash all
over again!

JACK FROST

(licking lips)

Promise?

I

Then dash into -- of all places -- a KINKO'S.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - HOLIDAY HAVEN - NIGHT

In the distance, Jack and Frigid are busy succumbing to the
sprinkler attack --

Dunbar and Martin's and Cornshit's and Miss Tickle's faces all light up.

ALL OF THEM
FUCK YES!

Jolly Klaus shrugs, nonplussed --

JOLLY KLAUS
(singing)
*What's that, you say? You've
handled them this day? / Well,
please allow me to enchant us /
It'll be mighty swell, as I contact
the bowels of hell / and bellow
out...*

He takes his axe, pirouettes, draws some figure eights in the air, and SLAMS the BLADE into the ground --

JOLLY KLAUS
RELEASE THE KRAMPUS!

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - BED, BATH & BEYOND - NIGHT

The SECTION of the store between the coffee mugs and the bath salts SHAKES and RUMBLES --

FISSURES CRACK a road map through the tiled floor, STEAM BILLOWING out of it in acrid clouds as SHELVES TOPPLE over like dominoes!

Silence...

Then, DOZENS of disgusting, disfigured, naked ELVES scamper out of the opening and into the mall, a swarm of jagged nails and filthy teeth, wreaking immediate havoc.

Pretty bad, right?

That's nothing compared to the KRAMPUS --

It's a forty-foot tall MONSTER that would make the Rancor shit itself and cry.

Fangs the size of broadswords, claws protruding from four sore-ridden arms like steam shovels, a face like somebody hit a dragon with a hot truck of nickels.

With a bellowing ROAR, it tears through the Bed Bath & Beyond, eviscerating everything in its path.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - KINKO'S - NIGHT

ELEVATOR MUSIC plays *"Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer"*.

There's nobody behind the counter. I stride to a COPIER, pull out Santa's LETTER to me, and place it under the scanner.

A prompter comes up: NUMBER OF COPIES?

I do some quick math then enter: 20000

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - VARIOUS SECTIONS - NIGHT

Cornshit and Miss Tickle tear up the escalator.

MISS TICKLE

Why are we running this way?

CORNSHIT

Because it's in the opposite direction of the clusterfuck going on that way.

MISS TICKLE

Oh. So you're leading us to safety?

CORNSHIT

If you want to put it that way, sure, safety, whatever --

He stops short, disturbing GIGGLING reverberating from further down the mall.

There's an army of naked, wrinkled ELVES stampeding right for a group of horrified CHILDREN.

Cornshit hustles into action, pulling Miss Tickle along with him.

CORNSHIT

Kids! Over here, this way! Get your asses in gear stat, do you wanna be worm food?!

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The Krampus CHARGES out of Bed Bath & Beyond, swathing a path through shoppers, display stands and any other obstacles.

It stops for a moment, NOSTRILS FLARING, catching a whiff of something delicious.

The Krampus' lantern eyes zero in on a FAMILY carrying a pair of PUPPIES in a dog crate.

The creature licks its chops and lumbers right for them, and just when it looks like it's going to swoop them up in its massive jaws --

MARTIN (O.S.)
 "Hey peck, I'm the king of
 Cashmir!"

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! Cake and frosting pelts the Krampus in its face, distracting it.

It swivels around to find Dunbar and Martin hurling cupcakes from a nearby cart.

A volcanic ROAR erupts from the monster, pissed as hell.

MARTIN
 Oh shit, now what?

DUNBAR
 I've got an idea.

He and Martin retreat like box office bombs, Krampus giving enraged chase.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - FOOD COURT - NIGHT

Frigid Bitch and Jack Frost, soaking-sopping wet, stagger past the line of eateries, knocking over tables and chairs.

Frigid's nipples are about to poke a hole through her bikini.

Jack's package is about to spear through his banana hammock.

Frigid licks her lips --

Jack arches an eyebrow --

Yep, they start banging again.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - KINKO'S - NIGHT

I stare at my watch --

11:51

11:52

The copy machine continues spitting out copies at a snail's pace.

Elevator Christmas MUSIC still plays. I get an idea.

I dance around the copier, twerking-style, BEAT-BOXING along with the tune --

The COPIER HICCUPS.

And the sheets of PAPER SPITTING out faster faster faster -- like, insanely FAST.

You'd think I was magic or something. Awesomeness.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Cornshit pulls out his baton as Miss Tickle produces a lethal-looking DILDO he had hidden in one of his fuck-me boots.

The duo puts themselves between the hideous, stampeding elves and the terrified children --

And start beating the fuck out of the ugly little creatures, baton and dildo finding their marks, distracting and waylaying them long enough to allow the kids to escape.

However, there's just too many of the fuckers --

Cornshit realizes he and Miss Tickle are about to be in an ocean of shit without any scuba gear.

CORNSHIT
Miss Tickle, follow me!

He turns heel and sprints toward a line of stores, Miss Tickle right behind him.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - BABY GAP - NIGHT

Cornshit and Miss Tickle dart into the room and disappear amongst the clothes.

Beat.

The screeching elves barrel into the store, teeth gnashing, filthy nails tearing --

Until they catch sight of the brightly colored CLOTHING hanging from the racks and display stands.

The elves beady little EYES SWELL with excitement and they attack the pants, shirts, socks, you name it with gusto, wrenching on any article of clothing they can find.

Cornshit and Miss Tickle slip back out of the store, unnoticed.

MISS TICKLE

(sotto)

How the hell did you know that would work?

CORNSHIT

(sotto)

I read all the Harry Potter books. Elves love clothes. Praise be to Dobby.

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - FOOD COURT - NIGHT

Jack Frost and Frigid Bitch are going at it like fuck-starved inmates, knocking over tables and chairs.

Suddenly, Dunbar and Martin race by them, SCREAMING in terror, HURLING CUPCAKES at the couple.

Frigid and Jack stop thrusting long enough to wonder...

FRIGID BITCH

Was that-?

ROOOOAAAAR! The Krampus careens into view and is on top of the fornicating Frost and Frigid before the question can be completed --

The behemoth snatches them up in its jaws and they're down his throat and in his belly, NOM NOM NOM.

A mighty BELCH. Yum.

Then the Krampus' EYES BULGE --

And it SNEEZES, hurling out spit and snot.

Only it's FROZEN, coming out as JAVELINS of ICE, decimating the food court with wintry projectiles.

The Krampus STAGGERS through the area, a WHITE FROST SPREADING across its ample belly as --

It CRASHES through the front counter of a CARL JR's.

Panicking, the creature spies the FRYERS behind the counter and the piping hot GREASE inside of it --

The Krampus scoops them up and downs them ala a frat boy would Jager shots.

Jack Frost and Frigid Bitch SCREAM in agony from inside the beast's stomach and the entirety of the Krampus freezes solid, unable to move.

Then...

It SMASHES to the ground and SHATTERS into a zillion pieces.

Dunbar and Martin exchange high fives --

MARTIN

"You can be my wingman any time."

DUNBAR

"Bullshit! You can be mine."

MARTIN

O-M-G, you know *Top Gun*?

INT. HIGHLAND MALL - HOLIDAY HAVEN - NIGHT

Jolly Klaus eyes the clock on the wall. Midnight's almost here. He takes a seat in his throne with a smug grin.

He licks his thumb and peels through the *Santanomicon*, stopping on a Carol entitled, "*A Kringle Is The Claus*" --

His eyes light up.

JOLLY KLAUS

Poor, stupid leper Otis.

(off page)

This was your only chance.

He RIPS the PAGE out and crumples it up. It DISINTEGRATES into ASH.

JOLLY KLAUS

Nothing left for all of you but the inevitable, I'm afraid.

He thumbs back through the *Santanomicon* until he finds the Naughty Carol: "*The Ascension of Solstice*".

He rises, dramatically, Rudolph prancing around behind him.

RUDOLPH

Oh, here we go, the moment we've
all been waiting for --

JOLLY KLAUS

Indeed it is. This lighting doesn't
make me look portly, does it?

ME (O.S.)

Not so fast, Jolly Klaus.

All eyes on me once again as I lean pver the

SECOND-FLOOR RAILING

20,000 COPIES of Santa's LETTER in hand.

Cornshit, Miss Tickle, Dunbar and Martin all arrive back on
scene just in time. I nod to them with a righteous thumbs-up.

ME

(back to Jolly)

You think it's going to be that
easy? You bully your way onto a
fake throne, intimidate all these
holiday-loving people and their
families, and figure I'm going to
stand around and let you?

JOLLY KLAUS

Yes.

ME

Wrong.

HOLIDAY HAVEN

Jolly Klaus holds up the *Santanomicon* with a sneer, flips to
the spot where he tore out the "A Kringle Is The Claus" page.

JOLLY KLAUS

You had one chance to thwart me,
imbecile nephew. And look: I
incinerated it. So, you were
saying...?

ME

When I was nine, my mother gave me
a letter. From my dad. My real dad,
not that douche canoe Jerry.

(produces letter)

(MORE)

ME (CONT'D)

I thought it was a bunch of garbled nonsense but Dad knew better. He knew, when the time was right, I'd figure out what it meant, what it could do --

And with that, I fling the stack of COPIES I made at Kinko's high over the railing --

ME

Holiday shoppers, please grab your free copy of the song that's going to save Christmas. It's called "*A Kringle Is The Claus*"!

Many of the MALL PATRONS grab the fluttering papers from the air, look at them, and scowl --

Shit's written in hieroglyphics.

JOLLY KLAUS

Oh my, oh my, tsk tsk. If only it were legible, yes?

I merely smile. And when I speak, my voice is powerful yet pleasant, commanding yet engaging (not unlike Morgan Freeman's).

ME

Not to worry, friends. Dwell on happy thoughts. Think of those you love. Listen to my voice. Together, we're going to conquer this scarecrow-looking asswipe.

Jolly Klaus belts out in full-blown, gut-busting GUFFAWS.

JOLLY KLAUS

Is he being -- Oh my god, are you being serious right now?

ME

(singing)

*There's good cheer in the air /
despite all this mess and stress
and duress / We've all got much to
be thankful for / Because it's the
Eve of Christmas / Jolly Klaus is
a fool-*

JOLLY KLAUS
 (singing)
*-Otis Kringle's a fucking
 tool-
 -No, you twit-*

RANDOM SHOPPER
 (singing)
*-You mean like a dildo?-
 -Oh, just checking, it's cool-*

Several of the mall PATRONS, sheet music in hand, feel the warmth of my singing, Christmas Spirit yo! The GLYPHS on the page MORPH into English --

They join in the carol singing!

ME/MALL PATRONS
*We've all got our stockings / We've
 all hung them with joy / In high
 hopes that Santa Claus / Would
 stuff them with toys / Or anything,
 just so long as it's not coal-*

JOLLY KLAUS
*-Santa's dead, I killed him, and
 enjoyed it, truth be told-*

More glyph morphing into English (and some Spanish and Japanese and German), more mall patrons sing along.

ME/MALL PATRONS
*Naughtiness runs rampant / All
 throughout the year / But none of
 that really matters / Now that
 Christmas is here / 'Cause what
 they say is true / It's not about
 you or me...*

Now everybody's SINGING and DANCING like they're in the
 world's most awesome karaoke/flash mob bar, really feeling
 this song down to their souls --

OTIS/MALL PATRONS
*It's about taking care of others /
 Like our friends and family!*

As they belt out the chorus, Christmas Spirit LIGHT EMANATES from each and every one of them, SCORCHING every inch of Jolly Klaus' skin!

JOLLY KLAUS
 (aflame)
 GAAAAHHH! Hot hot hot! MELTING!

Still, he refuses to give up his seat, there's just ONE MORE MINUTE til midnight, if he can just hold on, he can still sing his carol and...

Uh-uh, nope -- Rachel's having none of it.

She takes the Christmas lights tethering her to the throne and slings them around Jolly's neck. And YANKS really hard.

RACHEL

That's right, big fella -- I saw
Return of the Jedi! Hated it!

Martin, Dunbar, Cornshit, and Miss Tickle all rush over and give her a hand --

Jolly struggles but he's not going anywhere, their combined strength like an iron vice.

ME/MALL PATRONS

*Christmas is here, it's as welcome
as shorn balls / A shining day of
happiness, that will never give us
pause / So here's to you Jolly
Klaus, with an added, rousing round
of applause...*

I step forward, vault over the second-floor railing, and land smack in front of Jolly Klaus, kicking the battle-axe out of his hands, sending it spinning upward...

ME

My name is Otis Kringle. Santa was my dad. You took him from all of us and now you want Christmas to boot? I don't think so. Fuck that and fuck you, too.

(belts out)

BECAUSE A KRINGLE IS THE CLAUS!

Rachel, Martin and Dunbar wrench the Christmas lights tight, snapping Jolly's head straight up and rigid as --

I catch the axe on the way down, wind up, spin, and CHOP Jolly Klaus' head clean off his shoulders, sending it soaring high into the air!

ME

Consider yourself on the Naughty List. Forever. Merry fucking Christmas!

Blitzen, who's been missing for awhile, suddenly steps into view beside Rudolph, glaring at the demonic deer.

And he speaks for the first time.

BLITZEN
Howdy, glowstick. How's this for a
reindeer game?

He bucks up and KICKS the dogshit out of Rudolph, sending him
tumbling in front of me --

Just as Jolly Klaus' severed noggin enters its descent.

It lands square on Rudolph's nose, the fiery hot horn going
right through it...

RUDOLPH
Oh mother fu-

KABOOOOM! Jolly's HEAD and the REINDEER EXPLODE into green,
red, and blue FIREWORKS, garnering a bellowing CHEER from the
Christmas Crowd.

That is until the fireworks gather into a gigantic SWIRLING
VORTEX and starts sucking shit into it ala a black hole!

Not to worry though, it's just the leftover bits of the
Krampus, the elves, Jack Frost, Frigid Bitch, Rudolph, Jolly
Klaus, and a bunch of Ed Hardy apparel -- all the naughty
remains now en route to the Badlands.

It disappears with a BLIP and a loud POP...

All seems okay again. CHEERS continue!

Martin scoops Dunbar up, hugging the mess out of him.

Cornshit looks deep into Miss Tickle's eyes, he into his.
They start making out. Lots of tongue.

I stride across the dais past the Santa throne to Rachel, and
lay the most magical, passionate kiss ever on her.

As I eases out of it, I can't help but look over Rachel's
shoulder to the ICE SKATING RINK.

The ghostly APPARITIONS of Santa Claus (severed head still in
hand), Mrs. Claus, and the rest of the Kringle family, all
standing there, all saluting me --

I smile, salute in return, though I do give the finger to
Santa, son-style, pointing to my still-busted nose.

Santa returns the favor, pointing to his bear-trapped leg.

I turn my attention back to Rachel.

ME

I got your letter.

RACHEL

Throw it away. You came back.

ME

Oh. Okay. Wait, is that because the old me is back and thus you can retract the "Come back soon" part or is it because you really don't mmmpphh?

She kisses the hell out of me this time. Guess it was the first thing.

The mall patrons in the crowd are all hugging and embracing each other as well. No orgy this go-round. Maybe in the deleted scenes?

It's a beautiful, elegant Christmas moment. MUSIC SWELLS --

Everything is friggin FANTASTIC.

You know, except for the destroyed shopping complex, the millions of dollars in property damage, the ruined gifts, the mauled shoppers, the permanently scarred kids who are going to need boatloads of therapy, the eviscerated --

Shit, this is a holiday flick, best we not dwell on that, right? That's why they created darker sequels.

So there you go, Blessed Viewer. That's my story. Thanks for taking the time to listen.

And **BELIEVE**.

Oh, and now's the part where we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!