He’s Making A List

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A country store. Two cars sit in the parking lot.

Soft Christmas MUSIC plays from the damaged speakers.

Surrounded by fake snow, a waving snowman is painted on the window.

A white gloved hand PUSHES the front door open.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The buzzer RINGS as MIKEY HOBBS, 34, scrawny loser, and JOEY COX, 27, his bossy girlfriend, enter. They wear Santa Claus outfits, beards and all.

Standing behind the counter, CASHIER, 43, friendly, chuckles.

    CASHIER
    A little early, ain’t you?

Mikey puts a revolver to Cashier’s face.

Putting his hands up, Cashier stumbles back.

    CASHIER
      (startled)
      Oh God!

    MIKEY
      (deadly)
      Hand over the money, fucker!

    CASHIER
      Please! Don’t shoot!

Angry, Mikey waves toward the cash register.

    MIKEY
      The money, asshole! I ain’t got all day!

    CASHIER
      Alright!

In a storage room, CASHIER’S WIFE, 40, nervous, watches behind a cracked-open door. Neither Mikey nor Joey see her.
Cashier struggles to open the register.

MIKEY
Come on, man, hurry the fuck up!

CASHIER
I’m trying!

Straining, he OPENS it.

Reaching over, Mikey snatches all the twenties and tens.

JOEY
(to Mikey)
You got him?

Cashier looks at his Wife. They make intense eye contact.

MIKEY
(offended)
Yeah, geez.

Shaking his head, Cashier commands his Wife to stay there.

JOEY
Just saying...

Covering her mouth, Cashier’s Wife sheds tears.

MIKEY
(to Cashier)
Yo, gimme a bag!

Startled, Cashier faces Mikey.

Mikey waves his gun over at the brown bags.

MIKEY
You heard me!

Cashier snatches one.

MIKEY
It’s the time of giving, bitch.

Cashier opens it.

Mikey throws all the money inside.

CASHIER
(pleading)
Please. just take it... I won’t tell anyone.
Disinterested, Mikey snatches the bag.

In the backroom, Cashier’s Wife dials 911.

    CASHIER
    (to Mikey)
    Just don’t hurt us.

Smiling, Joey steps toward him.

    JOEY
    (cold)
    Merry Christmas.

She raises a pistol.

Cashier staggers back.

    CASHIER
    No--

Joey PULLS the trigger.

A bullet BLASTS into Cashier’s skull.

Blood and grey matter SPLATTER over the cigarette display.

Struggling to stay quiet, Cashier’s Wife watches Cashier slump over to the cash register. The cheerful Christmas music continues to PLAY.

    MIKEY
    (chuckling)
    Nice one, babe.

Mikey high-fives the excited Joey as he heads for the counter.

    JOEY
    Someone’s gotta do it.

She waits by the door.

    MIKEY
    (offended)
    What’s that supposed to mean?

He approaches the cigarette display.

    JOEY
    You heard me.

Mikey wipes off the moist blood. Grabs a few cartons.
JOEY
(smiling)
Is that my Christmas gift?

Clutching the cartons, Mikey rushes toward her.

MIKEY
Cheaper than a ring.

They share a quick kiss.

MIKEY
Come on!

They leave, triggering the BUZZER again.

Headlights shine through the window. Joey and Mikey are heard DRIVING AWAY.

Christmas MUSIC accompanies the grisly scene. Blood DRIPS off the cash register.

CASHIER’S WIFE (O.S.)
(to 911 Dispatcher)
Yes, it was a couple!

Pressing the phone to her ear, she emerges from the backroom.

CASHIER’S WIFE
They were dressed like Santa!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rural. Joey’s Toyota ZOOMS down the two-lane blacktop. Faint SIRENS are heard behind them.

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT

Joey floors it. The nervous Mikey sits beside her, clinging to the brown bag.

He glances over at the speedometer. Well over 75.

Hearing the SIRENS, Mikey turns and looks out the back window.

MIKEY
Shit!
JOEY
Relax.

Keeping her cool, Joey turns up the radio. More Christmas MUSIC.

MIKEY
Goddammit!

Mikey faces Joey.

MIKEY
They’re getting closer!

Joey takes off her beard and red hat.

JOEY
Who cares? Pigs can’t fly.

MIKEY
What if we get caught--

JOEY (annoyed)
Just fucking chill, Mikey! Goddamn.

MIKEY
No, they’ve got us this time--

Joey tugs down Mikey’s fake beard.

JOEY
Look, I got this, alright!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Toyota PASSES a billboard: Santa’s Enchanted Forest. One Mile On The Left. Bailey Road.

The billboard’s archaic painting shows Santa, reindeer, and a few elves. Charming and old-fashioned.

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT

Joey and Mikey are no longer wearing the Santa Claus disguises. The costumes are in the backseat.

Trembling, Mikey looks through the back window.
MIKEY

Fuck!

He sees a cop car appear at the top of a hill.

MIKEY

Joey!

Joey notices a dirt road on the left.

JOEY

Hold on!

She swerves the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Joey turns onto the dirt road. A thick forest surrounds the road.

The street sign: Bailey Road.

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT

Joey stops the car. Kills the headlights. The radio still plays Christmas MUSIC.

Mikey sees the police cars ZOOM past Bailey Road.

MIKEY

Shit. I think we lost them.

Relieved, he faces Joey.

JOEY

(smug)

I told you.

MIKEY

Oh, baby!

He hugs the giggling Joey.

MIKEY

We did it! We nailed another one!

JOEY

(acknowledging the bag)

Buy me a real Christmas gift this time. A nice one.
MIKEY
I will, baby.

JOEY
(smirking)
Fucking cigarettes...

She lets go of the brake. Picks up speed.

MIKEY
Anything for you.

JOEY
(sarcastic)
How sweet.

Joey flicks on the headlights.

JAMES, short, bearded, wearing an elf costume, long ears, leads two reindeer right in front of the Toyota.

Alarmed, Mikey reaches toward Joey.

MIKEY
(frightened)
Look out!

Startled, Joey turns the wheel, just avoiding James.

EXT. BAILEY ROAD - NIGHT

Joey misses James by inches.

The vehicle RAMS into a deep ditch. The headlights dim.

Faint Christmas MUSIC echoes through the woods.

INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - NIGHT

The radio is dead. Joey and Mikey struggle inside. Both of them have cuts and scratches. Nothing too serious.

MIKEY
(groaning)
Fuck...

Nervous, Joey looks around.

JOEY
What happened? Where’d he go?
Loud FOOTSTEPS scurry across the roof. Joey and Mikey look up.

JOEY
Oh God!

MIKEY
What the fuck!

A long metal candy cane STICKS through the roof, a sharp blade attached to the end of it.

The blade ENTERS the top of Mikey’s head, protruding through his mouth.

JOEY
(terrified)
Oh God!

His body quivering, Mikey is lifted up.

Blood SPURTS out of his mouth, SPRAYING the dashboard.

JOEY
Mikey!

James PULLS the candy cane all the way back out.

Mikey’s corpse collapses against the glove compartment.

JOEY
(screaming)
No! Baby!

Joey reaches toward him. Loud CACKLING stops her.

JOEY
Oh God!

She looks up and sees James staring right at her, a wicked smile on his face. Yellow teeth. Cavities galore.

JAMES
Merry Christmas to all!

Joey grabs her pistol. Points it at him.

JAMES
And to all a good night!

JOEY
Fucking creep!

The candy cane CRASHES through, right next to Joey’s head.
Screaming, Joey FIRES several wild shots.

Retrieving the candy cane, James leaps off the car. Joey still hears his ominous giggles.

    JOEY
    You little son-of-a-bitch!

EXT. BAILEY ROAD - NIGHT

The frantic Joey steps out of the Toyota. Gripping the pistol, she looks around. James is gone.

    JOEY
    Oh God...

Joey hears the Christmas MUSIC. A corny song.

    JOEY
    What the Hell?

She traces the music to the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Tall trees tower over Joey as she rushes past the whipping branches. The MUSIC is louder.

EXT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Joey steps through a gate opening. Big speakers blast the Christmas MUSIC.

Thousands of Christmas lights CUT ON. So many colors, a mosaic of electric beauty.

Wooden decorations are everywhere: friendly reindeer and snowmen. Someone loves Christmas a little too much.

Joey steps back, stunned.

    JOEY
    No... what...

She hears a twig SNAP. The giggling.

Raising the pistol, Joey looks around.
JOEY
Where are you, motherfucker!

A wooden snowman FALLS DOWN. A female snowman stands right next to it.

Joey rushes toward them.

JOEY
Little green bastard!

Just as she reaches the fallen snowman, a BELL distracts her.

Jumping in fright, Joey whirls around.

A baby reindeer stares at her with big eyes. A JINGLING BELL is around its neck. Too cute.

Joey relaxes.

JOEY
Hey there.

She reaches toward the reindeer.

Crying out, James jumps out behind the female snowman.

Joey turns just as James SLAMS the candy cane over her head.

She falls to the harsh ground, unconscious.

STABLE

Thirty minutes later. A wooden stable. Painted green and red. A cartoonish-Rudolph image is on it.

Christmas lights run along the roof. BELLS are heard inside.

INT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - STABLE - NIGHT

The back area of the stable. It’s separated from the rest of the building by a huge wall.

Broken Christmas decorations litter the floor: shattered ornaments, faded Santa Claus figures, etc. An unfinished wreath sits in a chair.

Lying on a table, Joey is chained to a long wooden board. Bells are attached to the chains.

A craggy hand touches Joey’s face, waking her up.
NATALIE
Wake up, dear.

Groggy, Joey opens her eyes.

JOEY
Ugh...

NATALIE REED, 62, kooky granny, witchy, leans up over her.

JOEY
Who are you?

She pulls at the chains, RINGING the bells. No escape.

Her head lies in a Christmas tree stand, the screws positioned right into her temple.

JOEY
(terrified)
Oh God!

Natalie strokes Joey’s face.

NATALIE
(kind)
It’s okay, dear.

Reaching toward the side of the table, she FLICKS on a switch. A button is right next to the switch.

A loud BUZZING erupts at the end of the table. A behemoth buzz saw.

JOEY
(yelling)
No!

NATALIE
We’re gonna take real good care of you.

JOEY
(yelling)
No! Let me go! Untie me!

Straining, Joey looks around.

She sees James and the other short "elves": BOBBY, 35, disgruntled, MARILYN, 29, charming pixie, and COURTNEY, 44, cheerful. They all have the same costume and ears as James.
Like a manger scene re-enactment, the elves and GEORGE GWENN, 41, deranged buffoon in a candy-colored suit, crowd around Joey.

JOEY
No, please! Help me!

Natalie reveals a beaming smile.

NATALIE
(to Joey)
No worries, child.

She presses the button.

The board Joey is on HEADS straight toward the saw. Joey screams in horror.

JOEY
No!

NATALIE
We’re gonna show you the Christmas spirit.

Joey squirms. The chains are wrapped too tight.

JOEY
Oh God!

GEORGE
(to the elves)
Come on, y’all, let’s sing her a song!

BOBBY
(eager)
Yeah!

Excited, Natalie walks toward them.

NATALIE
What a great idea, George!

JOEY
Let me outta here!

George leads the group in a cheerful Christmas song.

JOEY
Oh God! Help me!
The incessant CAROLING overpowers Joey’s death screams as the blade DIGS into her flesh, SPLITTING her down the middle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Afternoon. A grey December sky. The same two-lane blacktop from earlier.

A nice sports car GUNS IT, passing a lumbering semi.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - DAY

A clean interior. Christmas MUSIC plays at a low volume. The heater works overtime.

BILLY ROBERTS, 41, neurotic and clever, handles the wheel.

His daughter CAROL, 8, wise beyond her years, sits in the passenger’s seat.

She holds a green and red invitation. A picture of a jolly Saint Nicholas is on it. The text: Exclusive Tickets For Santa’s Enchanted Forest. December 10, 2016. 5-10.

BILLY
(playful)
We’re getting closer.

Carol flashes him a nervous smile. She’s anxious.

BILLY
I bet Santa’s waiting on us.

A new Christmas SONG plays. One of Carol’s favorites.

CAROL
Oh!

Excited, Carol turns it up.

BILLY
(annoyed)
Carol.

He reaches toward the volume knob. Carol grabs his wrist.

CAROL
But, daddy--
BILLY
It’s too loud.
Groaning, Carol gives up. Watches him turn it down.

CAROL
I like that song.

BILLY
We’ve only heard it ten times.

CAROL
You’re mean...

Upset, Billy looks at her.

BILLY
What!
Carol avoids his stern eyes.

BILLY
Carol.

She remains quiet, pouting.

BILLY
Carol, look at me when I’m talking to you!

CAROL
No!

The radio gets LOUDER, interrupting them. An annoying ad. Corny Christmas music plays in the background.

GEORGE (V.O.)
(too cheerful)
Join us here at Santa’s Enchanted Forest for our exciting grand opening!

Carol leans in closer, excitement surging through her.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Are you one of the exclusive first customers? We sure hope so!

CAROL
(yelling at radio)
Yay!

His anger fading, Billy grins.
GEORGE (V.O.)
And if not, be sure to catch Santa starting December thirteenth! Five to ten P.M. every day through New Year’s!

CAROL
(hyped up)
Oh boy, daddy!

GEORGE (V.O.)
Come out and enjoy our train ride through the Christmas tree farm, and most importantly, to Santa’s little workshop!

Carol cheers.

GEORGE (V.O.)
So come on out and join us just off of Bailey Road!

Carol squeezes Billy’s arm.

CAROL
That’s us, daddy!

BILLY
(smiling)
I know.

GEORGE (V.O.)
It’s fun for the whole family!

The ad ends. Christmas MUSIC now plays, only it’s back at a low volume.

Growing impatient, Carol pulls on Billy’s arm.

CAROL
Hurry, daddy!

BILLY
I’m trying.

Carol leans back in her seat.

Playful, Billy looks at Carol.

BILLY
I think Santa might’ve come a little early.

Her eyes wide, Carol faces him.
CAROL
Really?

Billy nods at the invitation.

BILLY
Yeah, I think he might’ve snuck it in the mail along with that.

CAROL
Stop playing--

BILLY
I’m not!

He nods toward the glove compartment.

BILLY
See for yourself!

Moving as fast as a child on Christmas morning, Carol OPENS the glove compartment.

A small wrapped present rests inside.

CAROL
Oh wow!

She grabs it.

BILLY
(grinning)
Go ahead.

At his command, Carol TEARS through the wrapping paper.

Layers fall to the floor, annoying Billy.

BILLY
Be sure to pick it up--

The gift is a CD. The Thunder Girls’ Christmas Album. Tweener Heaven.

CAROL
(shouting)
Yes!

She clutches the CD to her chest.

CAROL
The Thunder Girls’ Christmas!
BILLY
(not as excited)
Santa knows best...

Carol faces him.

CAROL
Can we play it now, daddy? Oh, please!

BILLY
I don’t know--

Carol squeezes his arm. A death grip.

CAROL
Please...

BILLY
(giving in)
Alright...

CAROL
Yes!

Carol opens the case. Sticks the CD in the player.

BILLY
Just not too loud--


Carol sings along, belting the lyrics.

Chuckling, Billy watches her get into it.

He joins in, intentionally mangling it.

CAROL
(giggling)
Daddy!

BILLY
What?

CAROL
You suck!

Ignoring her, Billy turns up the SONG as he sings along, his voice even worse this time.

Laughing, Carol gives him a light push.
EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sports car passes the sensational billboard: Santa’s Enchanted Forest.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - DAY

Another Christmas SONG plays. Carol looks out the windshield, searching for Santa’s Forest.

    CAROL
    Are we there yet?

    BILLY
    Almost.

Carol sees James standing on the roadside, right next to the Bailey Road street sign.

He waves a red and green sign: Turn Here. Santa’s Enchanted Forest.

Excited, Carol points at him.

    CAROL
    There it is!

Slowing down, Billy looks at James.

    BILLY
    (amused)
    Oh wow.

    CAROL
    He’s a real elf, daddy!

Billy turns onto Bailey Road.

    BILLY
    (teasing)
    I bet you’ve never seen one of those before, huh.

Billy and Carol wave at James, Carol’s wave much more exuberant.
EXT. BAILEY ROAD - DAY

The sports car drives down the dirt road. Joey’s Toyota is gone.

Watching Billy drive out-of-sight, James’s expression morphs from fake charm to ominous coldness.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - DAY

Billy heads for a dirt parking lot.

Overjoyed, Carol points at all the colorful signs hanging from the trees. Merry Christmas! Ho Ho Ho! Deck The Halls!

    CAROL
    Wow!

Billy notices one sign: Enjoy The Music.

    BILLY
    (to Carol)
    Hey, check it out.

He rolls down all the windows. Turns off the radio.

Lovely Christmas MUSIC drifts into the car, immersing them.

Carol notices different speakers in the trees.

    CAROL
    Awesome!

    BILLY
    Better than The Thunder Girls, huh?

Grinning, Carol shakes her head.

    BILLY
    (joking)
    No?

EXT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - PARKING LOT - DAY

Evening. The sports car pulls in. Only a few other cars are in the parking lot.

Marilyn walks toward the sports car.

She greets Billy and Carol as they step out.
MARILYN
(cheerful)
Welcome to Santa’s Enchanted Forest. The most magical place outside the North Pole.

BILLY
(impressed)
Okay...

CAROL
Are you really an elf?

MARILYN
Why yes I am.

CAROL
Oh my God, that’s so cool!

MARILYN
It most certainly is.

She leans in toward Carol.

MARILYN
Are you ready to meet Santa?

CAROL
Yes!

BILLY
(sarcastic, to Marilyn)
I am too actually.

Laughing, Marilyn grabs a hold of Carol’s hand.

MARILYN
Follow me.

INT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - MAIN TENT - DAY

The back area of the tent. Christmas MUSIC plays on the speakers. Large fans blow out fake snow.

A table contains hot chocolate and cookies. A candy cane clock hangs over it.

Surrounded by a small white fence is a beautiful Christmas tree. A few presents lie underneath it.

Two lethargic reindeer are kept inside another fenced-in area.
Train tracks line up in the corner.

A BELL rings as Marilyn leads Billy and Carol toward the hot chocolate.

Near the tracks, Bobby and Courtney talk to the ALLENS: HENRY, 44, eager yet annoying, SYDNEY, 42, Henry’s all-business wife, and DREW, 8, their pampered daughter. Henry waves a camcorder around.

BOBBY
This is our departure zone for Santa’s workshop.

Henry nudges Drew.

HENRY
Say what do you think of that, Drew? That’s where he makes all the toys.

BOBBY
(dry)
That’s where "we" make the toys actually.

Henry points the camera at him.

HENRY
(laughing)
Hey, lookie here! A smartass elf!

He looks at the bored Sydney.

HENRY
This is great!

Courtney smirks at the pissed-off Bobby.

RANDY CLARK, 52, stoic, well-dressed, and FREDDY, 9, Randy’s awkward son, stand nearby. Like a bodyguard, Randy holds Freddy’s hand, distancing themselves from the others.

TABLE

Marilyn, Billy, and Carol talk in front of the table.

Marilyn
(acknowledging the snacks)
Please, help yourself.

Courtney approaches them.
COURTNEY
(smiling)
All of Santa’s favorites.

BILLY
Except for the milk, right?

Carol pushes him.

CAROL
(annoyed)
Daddy.

BILLY
What?

He grabs a cookie.

BILLY
Just a little humor for Santa’s little helpers.

Flirtatious, he smiles at Marilyn. Courtney rolls her eyes.

MARILYN
Always a treat.

She glances at the clock.

MARILYN
The train should be here any minute.

CAROL
(eager)
Tell them to hurry!

MARILYN
Oh, they’ll be here soon enough.

She leans down toward Carol.

MARILYN
Just remember to be patient.

Stroking Carol’s hair, Marilyn flashes her a warm smile.

MARILYN
Good things come to those who wait, Carol.

Carol glances at Billy, confused.

Not paying attention, Billy takes a large bite.
BILLY  
(to Courtney)     
Mmm, these are delicious.

Courtney hands him a cup of hot chocolate.

COURTNEY     
Glad you like them.

Marilyn     
Remember, Carol.

Carol faces her again.

Marilyn     
We’re always watching.

She winks.

Stunned, Carol watches Marilyn and Courtney walk away.

Chewing on another cookie, Billy raises the cup.

Billy  
(to Courtney)     
Hey, thanks for the hot chocolate!

Reindeer Spot

A few minutes later. Carol drags Billy toward the fenced-in area.

Carol     
Come on, daddy!

Billy     
I’m coming.

They stop next to DONNA STEWART, 35, tough single mother, and TOMMY, 8, Donna’s geeky son.

Inside the fence, the reindeer lie on their side, barely conscious. At least they’re well-fed.

Her eyes wide, Carol peers over the fence.

Carol     
Wow!

Tommy  
(to Donna)     
They look sick.
BILLY
Nah, they’re just resting.

Tommy and Donna look at him.

BILLY
The twenty-fourth’s a big day for them, you know.

DONNA
(smiling, subtly flirtatious)
Are you supposed to be the reindeer expert?

BILLY
Not quite.

CAROL
Oh my God, they’re so cute!

A reindeer YAWNS, making a groggy noise.

TOMMY
(upset)
Where’s Rudolph!

Donna pats his back.

DONNA
Maybe he’s on the farm—

BOBBY (O.S.)
(annoyed)
Rudolph’s sick, kiddo.

Startled, they all turn and see Bobby standing right behind them.

BILLY
Uh, pardon—

BOBBY
You heard me! Rudolph’s sick. He ain’t feeling too hot.

TOMMY
Can we touch them?

BOBBY
(outraged)
No, kid! Good Lord!

Standing near the table, Marilyn glares at Bobby.
MARILYN
Bobby!

TOMMY
Lame...

CAROL
Yeah!

BOBBY
Deal with it. It’s called life.

He walks toward the disapproving Marilyn.

Tommy and Carol look at the reindeer.

TOMMY
(under breath)
Jerk.

Billy smiles at the giggling Donna.

BILLY
(to Donna)
Some kind of elf.

DONNA
Yeah...

BOBBY
(defensive, to Marilyn)
He asked me! Kids can’t have everything these days!

EXT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The parking lot is empty. All the cars are gone.

Whistling a Christmas TUNE, James steps out of the parking lot. Heads for the front entrance.

INT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST – MAIN TENT – NIGHT

Drinking hot chocolate, Drew and Sydney stand at the table.

Still waiting for the train, Henry struggles to make small-talk with Randy.

Freddy is turned away. He’s so quiet.
HENRY
So y’all got the invite too?

Randy nods. Not much for conversation.

RANDY
Yep.

HENRY
(babbling)
I mean we were stoked, man! An exclusive invite? I know Drew’s excited!

He points the camcorder at Freddy.

HENRY
I know this little guy must be--

Randy pushes the camera down.

RANDY
(blunt)
It’s Christmas. Every child is.

HENRY
Yeah, man. Right on.

He motions toward the camera.

HENRY
Say do you mind if I get a shot of y’all? I like to get to know my fellow travelers, you know. My wife gets so mad at me for it, but--

Randy pulls Freddy closer toward him.

RANDY
No thanks.

HENRY
It’s just for the memories--

RANDY
Go film something else. You got all this scenery! What more could you want?

Diffusing the tension, Henry puts his hands up.
HENRY
Hey, my bad. You’re right. What the Hell am I doing? We got reindeer and elves, for crying out loud!

Waiting nearby, Bobby cusses under his breath.

REINDEER SPOT

Standing a few feet away from the fence, Billy and Donna talk. Both of them hold cups of hot chocolate.

DONNA
Your little girl’s a real charmer.

BILLY
(pride)
Yeah.

He looks over and sees Carol with Tommy.

They hang out near the reindeer. Even they have great chemistry.

BILLY
She’s something else.

DONNA
Tommy’s usually pretty quiet.

Carol and Tommy’s conversation becomes more animated. Tommy acts out a story for her.

DONNA
I’m glad she brought him out of his shell. I was a little worried...

BILLY
(smiling)
Probably not a good thing.

Laughing, Carol and Tommy run toward the Christmas tree.

DONNA
(to Billy)
I think it is. It gets rid of all that conversation bottled up inside him.

Billy takes another sip. Cringes.
BILLY
God!

He faces Donna.

BILLY
This tastes like shit.

DONNA
(teasing)
They couldn’t spend the money on everything.

She points toward the elves.

DONNA
Just look at the fucking elves.

BILLY
Fuckers are life-like, aren’t they?

CHRISTMAS TREE
Like lovebirds, Carol and Tommy lean over the fence. Gaze at all the alluring presents.

TOMMY
I bet they got my Gravedigger in there.

CAROL
You asked for one too!

Impressed, Tommy faces her.

TOMMY
Uh, yeah!

CAROL
With the bloody shovel?

TOMMY
Duh!

Carol looks at the gifts.

CAROL
(hopeful)
Maybe both of ours are there then.

She notices a Christmas ornament. Friendly forest animals are on it. The text: Baby’s First Christmas. Carol Roberts. 2008.
TOMMY
(eager)
Yeah! And my Wolfman doll too! The vampires and ghosts!

Transfixed, Carol stares at the ornament.

INT. BILLY’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT (FLASHBACK)


An impressive Christmas tree. The Christmas lights are turned off.

Family photos show Carol and Billy with VIRGINIA, 39, light-hearted matriarch.

POLICE investigate the scene.

Some of the furniture is turned over. Pulled out drawers. The front door has been forced open.

Near the hallway, a middle-aged OFFICER holds Billy back. Billy wears pajamas.

BILLY
(frantic)
No! Let me see her!

OFFICER
Sir, I’m going to need you to come to the station.

BILLY
You think I did this! Are you crazy!

OFFICER
It’s just routine--

Billy pushes Officer’s hand away.

BILLY
Goddammit, let me see my wife!

OFFICER
Sir, please!

Leaning up, Billy looks down the hall.

He sees his open bedroom door. Blood scatters across the floor.
BILLY
(unsettled)
Oh God!

OFFICER
Sir.

Tears slide down Billy’s face.

BILLY
No! Virginia!

Dropping their forced coldness, Officer tries to console Billy.

OFFICER
I’m sorry.

Turning away, Billy leans against the wall.

BILLY
God... on Christmas...

OFFICER
Sir.

Silent, Carol stands in front of the Christmas tree. She wears her pajamas.

Her solemn eyes stare at a particular ornament. Baby’s First Christmas. The same one from the Enchanted Forest.

CAROL
(quiet)
Please, Santa.

Tears fall from her eyes.

CAROL
Bring mommy back.

A TRAIN WHISTLE blows.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - MAIN TENT - NIGHT

The whistle distracts Carol.

TOMMY
They’re here!
Tommy and Carol see the excursion train arrive. Much nicer and cleaner than a typical amusement-park-type train. Painted green and red of course.

George sits in the front seat. The conductor.

GEORGE
(exuberant)
All aboard!

Desperate for a great shot, the excited Henry pushes Drew toward the train.

HENRY
Get right there, honey!

Sydney slaps him.

HENRY
Ow!

SYDNEY
You don’t have to film everything!

Drew smirks.

Randy looks at them, amused by the berating.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

Cold. The train cruises along.

In the cozy seats behind George are the families. They bundle up in blankets. Carol and Billy sit in front of Donna and Tommy. George talks into a mic.

GEORGE
(tour guide mode)
And over on the left is Santa’s beautiful manger scene.

The group all turn.

Hundreds of Christmas lights illuminate the perfect figurines. Joseph, Mary, the Wisemen. Even the animals look authentic.

Impressed, Henry lifts up his camcorder. Zooms in on the manger scene.
HENRY
Jesus Christ!

Sydney pulls Drew closer toward her.

SYDNEY
(disapproving)
Henry.

HENRY
(defensive)
What?

George glares at Henry.

GEORGE
No cameras, sir.

Henry points it at George.

HENRY
Do what?

GEORGE
I said no cameras! Santa’s policy.

HENRY
Santa’s policy?

DREW
(pleading)
Stop, daddy!

Throwing up his hands, Henry faces Drew and Sydney.

HENRY
Jesus, I’m not doing anything!

GEORGE
Hey, none of that either!

Seated with Freddy, Randy groans.

HENRY
(to himself)
Good God!

GEORGE
Watch it, buddy! No one defies the Lord’s name in this park!
SYDNEY  
(to Henry)  
We came here for Drew. Stop screwing it up--

HENRY  
I’m not--

SYDNEY  
You’re being selfish!

DREW  
(quiet)  
Mom, it’s okay.

Billy and Donna exchange smirks.

DONNA  
I don’t miss those days.

Henry leans in toward Sydney.

HENRY  
I’m just preserving the memories--

SYDNEY  
For once, just pay attention to our daughter. How about that.

DREW  
Mom--

SYDNEY  
(to Henry)  
See! Look how upset she is!

DREW  
I’m not upset!

Ignoring them, George CRANKS UP the joyful Christmas music. Billy throws out his cup of hot chocolate. Donna gives him a playful punch.

DONNA  
Billy.

BILLY  
(playful)  
It was nasty.
DONNA
Don’t just throw it out.

TOMMY
Yeah, that’s littering, mister Billy.

CAROL
(to Tommy)
It’s okay. Daddy says he’s a rebel.

DONNA
(amused)
I believe him.

BILLY
I can’t deny it.

Still bickering, Henry hands Sydney the camcorder.

HENRY
Fine! You handle the directorial duties--

Sydney gives it right back.

SYDNEY
Oh no, you don’t!

DREW
Mom...

SYDNEY
(ignoring Drew, to Henry)
We’re gonna enjoy this as a family, Spielberg!

Giving up, Drew turns away.

Desperate to distract everyone else away from the argument, George motions toward another sight.

GEORGE
And coming up now is something sweet for the whole family. A gingerbread house gone wild! Welcome to Santa’s great outdoor bakery!

Everyone stops and looks on in awe. Even Henry and Sydney shut up.
CAROL
Wow! Look, daddy!

BILLY
I know. Crazy.

The train passes oversized sweets. Giant cookies, gingerbread men, candy canes.

George points toward the dangling tree limbs.

The limbs are made up entirely of cinnamon. Very edible.

GEORGE
Feel free to break off a piece.

Billy smiles as George snatches off a piece.

BILLY
Seriously?

George takes a large bite. Munches away.

BILLY
(to Carol)
He ain’t kidding.

CAROL
I want some, daddy.

Billy BREAKS OFF two large pieces. Hands one to her.

Leaning over Donna, Tommy tears off multiple pieces.

Billy takes a bite.

BILLY
Wow!

Everyone else enjoys the snack. Everyone except for Randy and Freddy.

Billy looks at Donna.

BILLY
You try one?

Donna finishes her piece.

DONNA
Mmm-hmm.

The train leaves the dessert utopia behind.
All the lit-up sweets cut out. Billy’s cup still lies on the ground, right by the tracks.

An elf shoe SMASHES it. James.

He glares at the train as it rides away.

LATER

The excursion train approaches a large shed.

Santa’s face is painted around the shed’s opening, his mouth open to Ho! Ho! Ho!

Carol curls up next to Billy. He puts his arm around her.

Straining to stay awake, Billy gazes off at a smiling snowman.

GEORGE
And now we’re getting closer to the Christmas Tree Farm, folks. Where Santa grows the finest trees you’ll ever see.

Rubbing his head, Henry turns away.

GEORGE
Many have called it the eighth wonder of the world.

Billy tilts forward.

Donna taps on his shoulder.

DONNA
You okay?

BILLY
(uneasy)
Yeah, I don’t know.

GEORGE
For me though, I just refer to it as Paradise.

Billy looks down at Carol. She’s sound asleep.

BILLY
(to Donna)
I feel a little weird.
DONNA
Me too.

The train picks up SPEED, hurling toward the shed. Total darkness awaits inside.

GEORGE
(loud)
Don’t be scared, folks.

Leaning back, Donna rubs her head.

DONNA
My head hurts...

Billy looks toward the shed.

BILLY
Something ain’t right.

GEORGE
(oblivious)
We’ll go on right through it.

Billy notices the other families. They’re all passed out.

BILLY
Shit! Donna!

Worried, Billy whirs around.

Donna and Tommy lie side-by-side. Both of them are unconscious.

BILLY
No.

GEORGE
Just remember.

Billy staggers up.

GEORGE
We’re getting closer and closer to Santa’s workshop.

Billy stumbles toward George.

GEORGE
All the toys you could ever imagine.

Groaning, Billy falls to the ground. Closes his eyes.
The train enters the shed. Darkness suffocates the scene.

GEORGE
It’s fun for the whole family.

EXT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - DAY

A chilly morning. Another grey sky.

Rows of Christmas trees line up, forming a maze. The trees are flawless, retaining a natural beauty without any decorations or lights.

Billy lies on the ground, asleep.

Worried, Donna shakes him.

DONNA
Billy!

Groggy, Billy looks at her.

DONNA
Wake up!

BILLY
What? What happened?

DONNA
I don’t know. I woke up... the train was gone.

Billy looks around.

Like a yuletide cornfield, Christmas trees surround them.

BILLY
Where are we?

Donna helps him to his feet.

DONNA
Tommy’s gone!

BILLY
Tommy!

Looking for Carol, he searches the area.

BILLY
Shit!
DONNA
I can’t find him!

Billy rushes off.

DONNA
Billy!

She chases after him.

Desperate, Billy pushes aside tree branches.

BILLY
(yelling)
Carol!

DONNA
Billy, wait!

Donna grabs his shoulder.

DONNA
Billy--

BILLY
What the Hell happened! Where’d they go!

DONNA
I don’t know, I passed out. That’s all I can--

Realizing what happened, Billy turns away.

BILLY
Fuck!

DONNA
What?

Billy faces her.

BILLY
The hot chocolate! I knew it tasted like shit!

DONNA
But why...

BILLY
I don’t know.

Terrified SCREAMING erupts from further away.
DONNA
Oh God!

Panicking, they take off for the spot, tracing the SCREAM.

MIDDLE ROW
Donna and Billy come to a frightened stop.

BILLY
Shit!

Backed up against a Christmas tree, Henry continues screaming. The uneasy Sydney stands a few feet away from him.

HENRY
(hysterical)
They’re gonna kill us!

Randy’s dismembered body adorns a Christmas tree. Organs and severed limbs. Vivid blood tarnishes the green branches.

Like a star, Randy’s severed head sits at the very top, his eyes open wide.

A wrapped Christmas present sits below the tree.

The other trees next to Randy are organized in a similar fashion. Scattered limbs. A severed head placed on top.

The only one different is Joey’s. Her head is still placed in the stand. Hanging upside-down, her body is split all the way to her neck.

Her carved corpse collapses on both sides. Intestines dangle out.

Covering her mouth, Donna turns away.

HENRY
(hysterical)
Oh God! We’re gonna be like them!

Angry, Sydney slaps the shit outta him.

SYDNEY
Shut up!

Billy steps toward Randy’s body.
BILLY
I don’t understand.

He faces the others.

BILLY
What happened? What the Hell is this?

SYDNEY
We passed out.

DONNA
Everyone did.

SYDNEY (emotional)
I woke up. And she was gone.

She looks at the uneasy Henry.

SYDNEY
They took Drew.

BILLY
They took Carol and Tommy.

Sydney motions toward Randy.

SYDNEY
What if they did this to them! What if they slaughtered them! The kids!

Disturbed, Henry looks down, avoiding the "trees."

Donna grabs Sydney’s hand.

DONNA
Look, we can’t think like that!

SYDNEY
They took the phones. God, we’re in a fucking Christmas tree farm! The bodies--

DONNA
But they didn’t kill us! They must’ve left us here for a reason!

SYDNEY
No...

Billy notices the present.
DONNA
(to Sydney)
They’re probably okay. Safe.

Billy picks up the gift.

A little card on it reads: To Henry, Sydney, Donna, & Billy. From Santa.

BILLY
What the Hell?

The others walk toward him.

DONNA
What is it?

BILLY
It’s for us.

He looks at them, confused.

BILLY
From Santa?

DONNA
Open it!

Billy unwraps the present, revealing a box.

He glances at the others. All of them are anxious.

DONNA
Billy.

Hesitant, Billy lifts off the top.

Human fingers are inside. Preserved, severed fingers.

BILLY
Oh God!

Terrified, he jumps back, dropping the box.

BILLY
What the fuck!

The box hits the ground. A few fingers FLY OUT, landing on the grass.

Disgusted, they all look at the fingers.
SYDNEY
Oh God!

HENRY
(weak, to himself)
I really wish I had my camera.

Sydney hits his arm.

HENRY
Ow!

Billy looks at Donna.

BILLY
(worried)
You don’t think it’s…

For a closer inspection, Donna leans in toward the fingers.

DONNA
No.

She faces Billy.

DONNA
They don’t look like children’s.

Sydney walks away.

HENRY
Sydney.

SYDNEY
There has to be a way!

BILLY
I don’t know…

He looks at all the Christmas trees.

BILLY
Looks damn near impossible.

Supportive, Donna grabs Sydney’s arm.

DONNA
Hey, we’ll find a way--

Breaking away, Sydney confronts them.
SYDNEY
We can’t just wait here!

She points at the corpses.

SYDNEY
And end up like these fuckers!

HENRY
Yeah, no shit!

Randy’s head TILTS forward.

Startled, everyone jumps back.

SYDNEY
Oh God!

Like a jack-in-the-box, Randy’s head TILTS back-and-forth.

Blood flows from Randy’s mouth as he talks. His mouth moves like a ventriloquist’s dummy. He’s been programmed.

RANDY
(cryptic yet pleasant)
Don’t worry, your kids are safe.
But you must save them.

Sydney charges toward Randy’s head.

SYDNEY
No!

RANDY
Survive the Enchanted Forest for the greatest gift of all: Life.

SYDNEY
What!

RANDY
Find the workshop.

Dejected, Henry walks away.

RANDY
And remember. It’s fun for the whole family.

Sydney glares at Randy’s head.
SYDNEY
Where is it, asshole!

Looking down, Randy’s head goes still.

SYDNEY
No!

Randy’s eyes shut. His mouth closes.

Preparing to strike, Sydney draws her hand back.

SYDNEY
You dead bastard!

Donna grabs Sydney’s arm. Sydney struggles to pull away.

SYDNEY
No! Let me--

DONNA
Look, we can find the tracks!

BILLY
The tracks?

DONNA
It’ll take us there! They want us to go to the workshop, right?

SYDNEY
Yeah--

DONNA
Just follow the tracks and we’re there!

CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays. A pleasant SONG.

SYDNEY
Oh God!

Terrified, the group look around.

They see speakers hidden in the Christmas trees.

SYDNEY
Why are they doing this?

Henry walks toward them.
HENRY
Some asshole’s idea of a sick holiday joke!

A nail SHOOTS out behind a tree, HITTING Henry’s shoulder.

HENRY
Ah, fuck!

Wincing, he grabs the wound.

The others rush toward him.

SYDNEY
Henry!

Another nail FLIES OUT, whizzing past Sydney’s head.

SYDNEY
Shit!

She looks toward the tree it came from. The group hear scurrying FOOTSTEPS. Manic giggling.

BILLY
Where are they!

Checking his shoulder, Henry sees the nail.

HENRY
It’s a fucking nail!

More nails SHOOT OUT.

Panicking, the group barely dodge them.

BILLY
Shit!

He grabs Donna’s hand.

BILLY
Come on!

Billy and Donna run toward Randy’s corpse.

Putting her arm around Henry, Sydney follows after them. Nervous, Henry glances back.

The Christmas trees are RUSTLING.
HENRY
Shit...

Emerging behind Randy’s "tree," Marilyn raises a large hammer. Confronts Billy and Donna.

BILLY
Oh fuck!

Marilyn swings the weapon, SLAMMING it into Billy’s head.

DONNA
Billy!

Sydney and Henry step back.

SYDNEY
Oh God!

Dazed, Billy stumbles away, brushing past Christmas tree branches.

BILLY
(disoriented)
Fuck...

Donna chases after him.

DONNA
Billy!

Marilyn snatches her arm.

MARILYN
Ho, ho, ho.

Revealing a wicked smile, she raises the hammer.

Donna struggles to pull her arm back.

DONNA
You crazy bitch!

Marilyn pushes her back.

Falling beneath Randy’s "tree," Donna lands in a pool of blood. Her scurrying hands touch the severed fingers.

DONNA
(disgusted)
Ugh, gross!

DIFFERENT SECTION
His head bleeding, Billy stumbles through the rows of trees. He touches his head. The oozing blood. The Christmas trees line up on both sides, contributing to the inescapable claustrophobia.

MIDDLE ROW

Henry and Sydney back away.

Henry sees Bobby and Courtney step out from behind the Christmas trees. Both of the elves are smiling. Bobby holds a long screwdriver, Courtney the nailgun.

    HENRY
    Sydney!

He points her toward the elves.

    SYDNEY
    Shit!

She turns and leads Henry the other way, leaving Donna behind.

    SYDNEY
    (to Henry)
    Hang in there, baby!

Smirking, Courtney FIRES off several rounds. The nails HIT Henry in the back. Screaming in pain, he stumbles to the ground.

    SYDNEY
    No!

She leans in toward Henry. He groans, the pain unbearable.

    SYDNEY
    Henry!

RANDY’S TREE

Like a vicious taunt, Marilyn waves the hammer in Donna’s face.

    MARILYN
    Bad little girls like you get more than a bag of coal, you know.

Donna stares at the hammer. The blood stains.
DIFFERENT SECTION

Cringing in pain, Billy leans against a Christmas tree.

Breathing heavy, he looks around. There’s no escape. Too many trees.

    BILLY

    Shit...

A chainsaw CRANKS. Terrified, Billy looks behind him.

Holding a powerful chainsaw, George lurches out at him. He wears a Rudolph mask.

    BILLY

    Oh fuck!

Billy takes off, heading back the way he came.

REVVING the chainsaw with glee, George chases after him.

MIDDLE ROW

Trembling, Sydney struggle to lift Henry up.

    SYDNEY

    Come on! Henry, please!

    HENRY

    (weak)

    Don’t worry about me... just go...

Sydney notices Bobby and Courtney nearing closer and closer. They brandish their dangerous tools.

    HENRY

    Go, Sydney...

RANDY’S TREE

Marilyn strokes Donna’s hair.

    MARILYN

    You see Christmas is about more than just gifts and presents.

Donna looks up.

She notices a long intestine within reach.
MARILYN
It’s about rewarding the good.

Marilyn raises the hammer.

MARILYN
And punishing the bad.

Straining, Donna snatches the intestine.

Marilyn lowers the hammer.

Lunging forward, Donna wraps the intestine around Marilyn’s neck, pulling it tight.

Gasping for breath, Marilyn drops the weapon.
She falls to her knees. Grabs at the intestine.

DONNA
Merry Christmas, bitch.

Donna pulls it even tighter.

Marilyn’s eyes POP OUT.

Blood SPRAYS over the determined Donna’s face.

Satisfied, Donna lets go.

Marilyn’s corpse hits the dirt, blood oozing from her empty sockets.

Leaning up, Donna looks over. Sees the elves descending upon the helpless Henry and Sydney.

DIFFERENT SECTION

The chainsaw’s harsh BUZZING overpowers the soundtrack. Weakened, Billy stumbles into different Christmas trees as he rushes away. He glances back.

George is only inches away. He lifts up the chainsaw. Behind the ominous Rudolph mask, his eyes glower.

MIDDLE ROW

Courtney puts the nailgun to Sydney’s head. Bobby stands next to Courtney.

Lying on the ground, Henry watches them, too weak to help.
COURTNEY
(soft singing)
If the fates allow.

Henry reaches toward Sydney. Sydney sheds tears.

HENRY
Sydney...

Sailing through the air, Marilyn’s corpse CRASHES into Bobby and Courtney.

Staggering back, Courtney FIRES several nails in the air.

Holding the hammer, Donna crashes the scene. She was the one who threw Marilyn’s body.

DONNA
(to Sydney)
Run!

Grabbing Sydney’s arm, Donna leads her away.

Pulling back, Sydney steps toward Henry.

SYDNEY
No! I need to get Henry!

She reaches toward him.

DONNA
We can’t!

Henry rejects Sydney.

HENRY
Go! Hurry...

Bobby and Courtney get back on their feet.

SYDNEY
Baby, please--

HENRY
(pleading)
Go!

Exhibiting unusual strength, Donna drags Sydney away.

SYDNEY
Henry--
DONNA
We don’t have time!

HENRY
I’m sorry...

SYDNEY
(soft)
I love you. Oh God. Henry!

Sydney and Henry share intense eye contact as she leaves him behind.

HENRY
I’m sorry, Sydney...

Bobby and Courtney stop near him.

SYDNEY
(worried)
Oh God!

Bobby lifts Henry up by his shirt collar. Raises the screwdriver.

BOBBY
(to Courtney)
Got him.

Donna makes Sydney turn away.

DONNA
(strong)
We can’t.

SYDNEY
No...

DONNA
We have to keep going!

DIFFERENT SECTION

Billy staggers against a Christmas tree.

George charges forward. Swings the chainsaw.

Just dodging the blade, Billy stumbles into another tree.

The chainsaw HACKS off several branches.

Angered, George swings the weapon again.

Billy avoids it and falls to the ground.
The chainsaw DIGS DEEP into a tree. George struggles to pull it back out.

Amused, Billy smirks.

George KICKS him in the chest.

    BILLY
    Ah, fuck!

With one strong tug, George yanks the weapon back out. Raises it up over Billy.

    BILLY
    Uh-oh...

Showing off, George REVS the weapon and waves it around.

Crying out, Donna JAMS the hammer claw into the top of George’s head.

    BILLY
    Whoa!

Blood SPURTS out of George’s head as he collapses to his knees.

Standing behind him is the glaring Donna.

George’s arms lower.

The chainsaw SLIDES into George’s chest, mutilating him. A rough cut.

Blood and grue SPRAY over Billy.

Blood coats the Rudolph mask’s red nose.

George’s innards come TUMBLING OUT.

The CHAINSAW stalls half-way through the job. The grass turns crimson. Blood leaks out of the bottom of the Rudolph mask.

Billy looks at Donna, impressed.

    BILLY
    Nice.

Donna offers him her hand.
DONNA
You owe me one.

Grabbing her hand, Billy stands up.

BILLY
Yes, ma’am.

SYDNEY (O.S.)
(excited)
Guys, look!

Billy and Donna run toward her. The incessant Christmas music has now stopped.

Sydney pushes aside several tree limbs.

SYDNEY
Over here!

They stop next to her.

The red-and-green stable stands fifty feet away.

INT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - STABLE - DAY

The sun sets.

The front area of the stable. No one else is inside. Not even the animals. A small table stands in the back.

Exhausted, Billy, Donna, and Sydney enter.

SYDNEY
What is this?

DONNA
It’s empty.

She smiles at Sydney.

DONNA
That’s all that matters.

Billy stops at the table.

Plates of cookies and glasses of milk are on the table. Even a green note: Enjoy.

Donna and Sydney stop next to him.
DONNA
What the Hell.

Billy grabs a cookie.

Donna swats it out of his hand.

DONNA
(shocked)
No, are you crazy! Don’t eat it!

BILLY
I wasn’t.

SYDNEY
Are they trying to drug us?

Uneasy, Billy leans against the wall.

BILLY
I don’t know...

He puts his head in his hands.

Concerned, Donna steps toward him.

DONNA
Billy.

BILLY
God, I keep thinking about her.

Donna grabs his wrist.

DONNA
Hey.

Billy looks at her.

DONNA
(adamant)
We can find them. Her and Tommy. And all the others.

BILLY
Yeah.

They stare into one another’s eyes.

Sydney notices their "moment."
SYDNEY
(interjecting)
So... what exactly now?

Letting go of Billy, Donna steps toward an opening in the back of the stable.

DONNA
We need to find the tracks.

She sees a camcorder lying near the opening. Henry’s.

DONNA
It’s our only shot.

Curious, Donna picks it up.

SYDNEY
Fucking workshop...

Billy reveals a weak smile.

Fiddling with the camera, Donna turns it on.

DONNA
(to Sydney)
Is this yours?

Surprised, Billy and Sydney walk toward her.

SYDNEY
Yeah, where’d you find it?

DONNA
It was on the ground.

Donna plays a clip.

The footage shows a rural forest. Henry holds the camera. Muffled screams are heard.

HENRY (V.O.)
(wicked)
Well, well, well, what do we have here?

In the stable, Sydney reaches toward the camcorder.

SYDNEY
It’s nothing. Turn it off--

Donna pulls the camera away.
DONNA
Hold on.

SYDNEY
I’m telling you, it’s--

DONNA
Shh!

On the footage, Henry points the camera toward a YOUNG WOMAN. She’s beaten and bruised. Bound-and-gagged. Her terrified eyes stare at him.

HENRY (V.O.)
(cackling)
Looks like we’ve got ourselves a lucky winner!

Billy and Donna stare at the video, horrified.

DONNA
Oh God!

Defensive, Sydney confronts them.

SYDNEY
(overacting)
He’s joking! He has to be!

In the video, Henry flashes a hunting knife. A clean blade.

HENRY (V.O.)
(to Young Woman)
Don’t be scared, baby.

Young Woman flinches as he traces the knife along her face.

HENRY (V.O.)
Depending on your tolerance, this’ll be pretty quick.

BILLY
Jesus Christ...

Donna looks at Sydney. Henry is heard laughing in the clip.

SYDNEY
I had no idea! Honest! He’s probably just joking!

The video shows Henry pointing the camera away.
HENRY (V.O.)
Where are you, baby? I need you in the shot!

SYDNEY (O.S.)
(to Henry)
I’m coming!

The camera shows the smiling Sydney standing nearby.
Wearing dark clothing, she holds up a butcher knife. Blood stains are on her shirt.

SYDNEY
How do I look?

HENRY (V.O.)
(encouraging)
Lovely as ever!

Laughing, Sydney leans in toward Young Woman.
Young Woman squirms, unable to escape.

HENRY (V.O.)
Face the camera! I need the shot!

Sydney raises the knife over Young Woman’s face.

SYDNEY
(smiling for the camcorder)
I’m the star, right!

Carefree, she PLUNGES the blade deep into Young Woman’s forehead.

In the stable, Sydney KNOCKS the camcorder out of Donna’s hands.

DONNA
(angry, to Sydney)
What the Hell was that!

Sydney slinks back.

SYDNEY
Look, it’s not everything--

BILLY
It seemed like a lot.
SYDNEY
He forced me!

BILLY
(deadpan)
"I’m the star!"

SYDNEY
(rambling)
I didn’t know! We did it. And I
don’t know.

DONNA
What the fuck are you talking
about! You fucking killed her!

Avoiding their piercing glares, Sydney looks out the back
opening.

BILLY
(uneasy)
How many?

SYDNEY
What...

Billy confronts her.

BILLY
I said how many!

SYDNEY
(no eye contact)
I don’t know. I lost count.

She sees something outside.
Stunned, Billy backs away.

BILLY
Jesus...

Her eyes lighting up, Sydney lurches forward.

SYDNEY
There it is!

Donna and Billy turn around.

DONNA
What?

They follow Sydney toward the back opening. She points off
in the distance.
SYDNEY
The train!

Outside, the train tracks are seen running along.

Laughing, Donna grabs Billy’s hand.

DONNA
I told you!

SYDNEY
We’re gonna make it!

Christmas MUSIC echoes through the stable. Startled, the group turn around. They notice small speakers playing the hypnotic tune.

BILLY
Shit.

Through the front opening, they see Bobby and Courtney walk toward the stable. They are pulling someone along with them.

Curious, Sydney rushes toward the front. She strains to see who the third person is.

Donna pulls Billy away.

DONNA
Come on, let’s go!

SYDNEY
(panicking)
No, wait!

DONNA
We can’t hang around!

Billy stops her.

BILLY
Hold on!

He follows Sydney.

DONNA
Billy!

Sydney stops at the front opening. She looks on, frightened.

SYDNEY
Oh God!
BILLY

What?

Twenty feet away, Bobby and Courtney stand on both sides of a snowman: Henry.

A snow-like substance covers Henry’s body, holding him in place. His arms are extended out. His desperate eyes stare at Sydney.

Sydney covers her mouth.

SYDNEY

No... Henry.

Donna stops next to them. She recognizes Henry.

DONNA

(worried)

Oh God! What are they doing?

Smiling, Bobby waves Sydney over with his finger. Desperate to help Henry, Sydney steps forward. Donna snatches Sydney’s shoulder, stopping her.

DONNA

No, don’t!

SYDNEY

Henry! He needs me!

The CHRISTMAS MUSIC continues playing as Courtney holds up the chainsaw.

Trapped, Henry cringes.

SYDNEY

No!

Courtney CRANKS it, the unsettling noise slicing through the MUSIC.

BILLY

Shit!

SYDNEY

(to Donna)

They’re killing him!
DONNA
We can’t do anything! They want us out there! It’s a trap!

SYDNEY
No--

REVVING the weapon, Courtney places it over Henry’s arm. Henry watches, bracing for the impending pain.

SYDNEY
(screaming)
No!

Courtney lowers the chainsaw. A methodical slice.

SYDNEY
Henry!

Donna struggles to hold her back.

DONNA
God! I’m sorry!

The blade RUNS all the way through. Henry’s severed arm collapses to the ground. His frozen fingers BREAK OFF. The blood is frozen in a sparkling Christmas red.

SYDNEY
No!

Giggling, Bobby claps with glee.

SYDNEY
You sick fucks!

Courtney moves over to Henry’s other arm.

DONNA
(to Sydney)
We need to go! We can’t stay!

Tears flowing, Sydney looks away.

SYDNEY
I can’t!

Courtney POWERS through the other arm. A cleaner slice.
SYDNEY

No!

Sydney turns and watches the grisly scene.

Both severed arms lie across from each other.

SYDNEY

Henry!

Henry shuts his eyes.

Sydney reaches out.

SYDNEY

Oh God! Please!

Billy helps Donna restrain her.

SYDNEY

Henry!

DONNA

He wants you to live! He wanted you to be safe! We gotta go!

In one quick SWING, Courtney decapitates Henry.

His head TUMBLES to the dirt, his face SMASHING into a thousand pieces upon impact.

SYDNEY

Oh God!

Holding the chainsaw out, Courtney advances toward the stable.

BILLY

Fuck!

DONNA

Come on!

They drag Sydney toward the back.

SYDNEY

I can’t leave him!

DONNA

He’s gone! We can’t save him!

Stopping, Donna looks into Sydney’s eyes.
DONNA
We gotta find the children! Think of them! Your daughter!

Through her tears, Sydney nods.

The chainsaw is now LOUDER. Closer.

Growing impatient, Billy waits toward the back.

BILLY
Uh, guys. I don’t wanna interrupt this counseling and all...

Grabbing Sydney’s hand, Donna leads her away.

DONNA
Come on!

They exit the stable.

Cackling, Courtney and Bobby step inside.

Bobby KNOCKS the table over.

Cookies and milk scatter across the ground. Like running blood, the milk forms a long stream.

BACK AREA

The spot where Joey was killed. Empty cups of hot chocolate litter the ground.

Under the buzzsaw lies the SLICED board. Blood stains galore. Bobby and Courtney are heard LEAVING through the back opening.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Get them!

EXT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS - NIGHT

Billy, Donna, and Sydney run alongside the train tracks. They hear the CHAINSAW behind them.

Billy looks back and sees the elves leaving the stable.

BILLY
Shit!

They rush past a glorious sign: Winter Wonderlights. An image of Santa toting a bag of Christmas lights is on it.
As the group follow the track, thousands of lights CUT ON. Startled, they stop.

DONNA
What the Hell!

The lights create various scenes: Santa and his reindeer, large snowmen, Mrs. Claus cooking.

Rows of lights also dangle over several charming gazebos. Other lights blink rapidly, blinding the group.

BILLY
Bad timing...

DONNA
Ugh, fuck this!

She leads them further down the track. Through the spectacular light show.

The lights illuminate Bobby and Courtney entering the area. They stop and look around, hunting for their prey.

ANIMATRONICS SECTION

Like a wax museum, animatronic figures lend the area an uncanny vibe. A Santa Claus moving and saying Ho! Ho! Ho!, reindeer flying.

In one part, a group of elves build a sleigh. The elves are dressed like the Santa’s Enchanted Forest employees.

A big red bag sits in the back of the sleigh. Large snow globes are next to it.

Billy, Donna, and Sydney run down the train track. They stick close together, unnerved by all the animatronic figures staring at them.

SYDNEY
Where’s the workshop?

Exhausted, Billy stops.

BILLY
I don’t know.

DONNA
(begging)
It can’t be much further, guys. We gotta keep moving.
Sydney notices the animatronic elves.

An elf near the back of the sleigh has a beard. It looks a little too real. His eyes stare right at her.

**BILLY**
(breathing heavy, to Donna)
Just gimme a second.

Donna snatches his wrist.

**DONNA**
determined
No! We gotta keep going!

Sydney walks toward the elf. The elf is more "active" than the others.

Donna leans in toward Billy.

**DONNA**
Just think of Carol. Think of her charm. Her presence.

**BILLY**
I am. I always am!

**DONNA**
The kids! Tommy! They need us!

**SLEIGH**

Taking cautious steps, Sydney approaches the elf. It looks so real. Such shifty eyes.

**SYDNEY**
You little bitch.

She grabs the biggest snow globe.

**ANIMATRONICS SECTION**

Donna sees Sydney standing at the sleigh.

**DONNA**
Hey! Where you going!

Ignoring Donna, Sydney raises the snow globe.

Donna walks toward her.
DONNA
There’s no time!

Billy hears the CHAINSAW.

BILLY
Oh fuck!

He sees Bobby and Courtney running past the gazebos.

BILLY
Donna!

Worried, he grabs Donna’s arm. Nods toward the elves.

BILLY
(sly)
No time, right?

DONNA
I told you!

Billy leads her away.

BILLY
Come on!

DONNA
Wait!

She glances back at Sydney.

DONNA
What about her?

BILLY
Who cares! She’s a fucking killer!

DONNA
(weak protest)
Well... fuck!

SLEIGH
Sydney hoists the snow globe over the elf’s head.

A mechanical smile appears on its face.

DONNA (O.S.)
(yelling)
Hurry!

Sydney turns around.
Sydney watches Billy and Donna running away. Donna looks back at her.

DONNA
(yelling)
The tracks!

As the bag MOVES, the top comes undone.

SYDNEY
(oblivious, to Donna)
Wait up, I’m coming!

Leaping out of the bag, James grabs Sydney by the shoulders.

SYDNEY
Oh God!

She drops the snow globe. Snow flurries EXPLODE inside the glass.

SYDNEY
(fighting back)
No! Let go of me, fucker!

Billy and Donna are too far away to hear Sydney’s screams. James drags Sydney inside. He reveals his metal candy cane.

JAMES
A treat for you my dear.

SYDNEY
No!

Raising the cane outside the bag, James’s hand LOWERS it into Sydney several times. Harsh, furious hits.

Blood SPRAYS across the bag, making it a darker red.

James steps out of the bag. Wipes the crimson off the cane.

Impressed, Bobby and Courtney wait outside the sleigh.

COURTNEY
(sarcastic)
Santa’s little helper.

Using his cane, James points toward Billy and Donna.

JAMES
Onward.

Smiling, Courtney REVS the chainsaw.
EXT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - CABIN - NIGHT

Donna and Billy reach the end of the track. They stop next to the empty excursion train.

Up ahead is a two-story log cabin. Fake snow surrounds the front door.

    DONNA
    (excited)
    That’s it! Oh my God, we made it!

    BILLY
    Carol!

Catching a chill, they slosh through the fake snow.

INT. CABIN - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Cozy. A large fireplace bathes the room in a warm glow. Stockings hang over the fireplace.

A snack tray sits between two lush chairs.

A long hallway connects to the room.

The front door swings open. A harsh BREEZE whisks inside as Donna and Billy enter.

Billy rushes toward the hallway.

    BILLY
    Carol!

Donna SHUTS the door. Notices the chairs.

    DONNA
    What is this?

She sees half-eaten cookies on the tray.

Leaving Donna behind, Billy enters the hall.

    DONNA
    Billy!

HALLWAY

Childrens’ paintings and drawings hang along the walls, all of them Christmas-themed.

A staircase lurks in the corner. A closed door is right below the staircase.
Running down the hall, Billy sees a window on the left. A door is right next to it.

Donna follows after him.

DONNA
Billy, wait!

He stops and peers through the glass.

BILLY
(stunned)
Oh God! Carol!

DONNA
Is she there!

She looks at the window. Her eyes go wide, shocked.

DONNA
No... what the Hell...


Playing beneath the tree are the kids: Carol, Tommy, Freddy, and Drew. They’re safe and having a blast.

BILLY
Carol!

He SLAMS his fist against the glass.

BILLY
It’s me!

The kids don’t hear or see them. It’s a one-way mirror.

BILLY
Carol!

DONNA
They can’t hear us!

Desperate, Billy looks over at the door.

Staring through the window, Donna sees Virginia lean down next to Carol. Virginia looks alive. She’s gentle. A devoted mother.
DONNA
(to Billy)
Who’s that!

Billy sees Virginia tickling Carol. His eyes go wide, terrified.

BILLY
No. No fucking way!

Billy goes for the door.

Donna reaches toward him.

DONNA
Billy--

Avoiding her, Billy grabs the doorknob. It’s locked.

BILLY
What the fuck!

Donna confronts him.

DONNA
Who was that?

Billy turns the locked doorknob. No use. Full of rage, he POUNDS on it.

BILLY
Goddammit, open the fucking door!

Donna grabs his wrist.

DONNA
Billy!

The front door SLAMS OPEN.

Startled, Donna turns around. She hears footsteps in the front room.

BILLY
(yelling)
Carol!

The door under the stairs OPENS UP.

Clutching a hatchet, Natalie comes CHARGING OUT.

Donna turns and screams.
DONNA
Billy, look out!

Billy turns around. Too late.

Natalie STICKS the hatchet into his brain.

Gooey FLESH splatters across the window.

WORKSHOP

The Thunder Girls’ Christmas MUSIC is playing. Like the greatest daycare center on Earth, the oblivious children run around the room: throwing a baseball around, playing tag.

Virginia coddles Carol.

Thinking she heard something, Carol looks over toward the window.

CAROL
(confused)
What was that?

Virginia kisses her cheek.

VIRGINIA
It’s probably nothing.

Revealing a small wrapped present, she hands it to Carol.

VIRGINIA
Here you go, sweetie.

Carol’s eyes light up.

CAROL
Oh wow! Thank you, mommy!

VIRGINIA
It’s all for you, Carol.

Carol opens the gift. The ornament. Baby’s First Christmas.

CAROL
Wow!

VIRGINIA
I remember it’s your favorite.

Excited, Carol hugs Virginia.
CAROL
    Thank you, mommy!

Smiling, Virginia kisses her head.

HALLWAY

Natalie PULLS the hatchet back out.

Blood SPURTS OUT of Billy’s head. The long slice runs down the top of his head, revealing brain bits.

    DONNA
    Oh God!

Staggering forward, Billy crashes against the wall, smearing the childrens’ paintings with blood.

Donna reaches toward him.

    DONNA
    Billy!

Billy slides against the wall.

    DONNA
    No!

Billy’s corpse falls to the floor.

Terrified, Donna presses back against the workshop door. She hears manic GIGGLING and loud FOOTSTEPS in the front room.

    DONNA
    (distraught)
    Oh God... no...

Smiling, Natalie points the hatchet at Donna.

    NATALIE
    You recognize anything, dear?

Donna stares at the weapon. The wooden handle. A red grip.

Nervous, Donna shakes her head.

    DONNA
    No. How... how’d you fucking get it!

Natalie steps toward Donna.
NATALIE
We always knew, dearie.

Blood DRIPS off the shiny blade.

NATALIE
(creepy singing)
We see you when you’re sleeping. We know when you’re awake.

Frightened tears slide down Donna’s cheeks.

DONNA
No!

INT. BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
A year ago. Closing time. The PATRONS clear out.

Dressed in an alluring dress, Donna catches the eye of a SLEAZY BUSINESSMAN.

INT. MOTEL - CHEAP ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
A roach motel. Bland walls.

Nude, Sleazy Businessman, lies under the sheets, waiting for Donna.

Standing a few feet away, Donna rummages through her purse.

SLEAZY BUSINESSMAN
(drunk)
I’m ready, baby.

Donna pulls out a hatchet. A red grip. The same one Natalie has.

SLEAZY BUSINESSMAN
Getting restless...

Smiling, Donna traces her finger along the blade.

DONNA
Almost ready.

Sleazy Businessman leans up.

SLEAZY BUSINESSMAN
Come on, baby. Hop in already--

Raising the weapon, Donna turns around.
SLEAZY BUSINESSMAN

Oh fuck!

One HACK decimates his neck.

Blood SPRAYS OVER the determined Donna’s face.

DONNA
You should’ve waited.

Sleazy Businessman grabs at his hacked neck. Blood drenches the sheets.

Donna hoists the hatchet.

DONNA
(yelling)
Impatient pig!

The next ferocious HIT CHOPS Sleazy Businessman’s head off.

His severed head rolls along the mattress. Stops against the bedpost.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Crying, Donna turns away.

Natalie stops right in front of her.

NATALIE
(still singing)
We know if you’ve been bad or good.

She runs the blade along Donna’s delicate face.

NATALIE
So be good for goodness sake.

Donna trembles.

DONNA
I had to! I couldn’t control it!

Natalie gets in her face.

NATALIE
And what about that cute little boy of yours?
Using the hatchet, she points toward the one-way mirror. Toward a laughing Tommy.

Tommy and Freddy fight with their "monsters." Tommy holding the gravedigger toy, Freddy the Wolfman doll.

DONNA
No...

NATALIE
You had to drag him into it! Into your wicked plans!

Donna closes her eyes.

DONNA
I didn’t want to--

NATALIE
Your own son!

INT. VACATION CABIN - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A log cabin. A small kitchen. 

Donna crushes a sleeping pill into a cup of juice. A child’s cup.

TOMMY’S BEDROOM

Thirty minutes later. Tommy lies in bed, unconscious.

EXT. VACATION CABIN - FRONT YARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rural. No neighbors.

Pulling him by his tie, Donna leads her HUSBAND into the woods.

Drunk, Husband giggles, enjoying the tease.

HUSBAND
Where you going?

DONNA
You’ll see soon enough, babe.

WOODS

They reach a clearing. Donna steps toward a bush.

Husband stumbles forward. He stops, horrified.
A huge hole lies in front of him. The shovel is nearby. A fresh grave.

HUSBAND

What...

He turns and faces Donna.

HUSBAND

Donna--

The hatchet SLAMS into his heart.

Husband screams as he falls to his knees.

HUSBAND

(struggling)

Oh God!

With a cold expression, Donna RETRIEVES the blade.

HUSBAND

Donna! It’s me--

Again and again, Donna SWINGS the hatchet, MUTILATING Husband’s face and chest. The HACKS run more than skin deep.

Donna pulls the hatchet back out. Tosses it over toward the shovel.

Relying on her brute strength, Donna rolls Husband’s corpse into the shallow grave.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Natalie points the hatchet at Donna.

NATALIE

You knocked him out then you did it! You killed your husband and sold it as a disappearance!

DONNA

I didn’t want him--

NATALIE

You may have fooled them, Donna.

She raises the hatchet.
NATALIE
But we always knew.

DONNA
No, fuck you!

Panicking, Donna runs toward the front door. She comes to a frightened stop.

DONNA
Oh God!

The elves stand at the front of the hallway: Courtney, James, Bobby, and even Marilyn.

Marilyn has regenerated, but not completely. She has skeletal eyes. Harsh bruises around her neck.

Lowering the hatchet, Natalie approaches Donna.

NATALIE
Don’t you see. It’s not just you, Donna.

Walking past the elves, George steps toward the nervous Donna. He still wears the Rudolph mask.

Like Marilyn, George is in the midst of a regeneration. Stitches hold his protruding intestines inside his chest. Dry blood scatters across the top of his head. At least the hammer isn’t there.

NATALIE
(to Donna)
All of you are here for a reason.

George stops in front of Donna. He holds up a white undershirt. The cloth is soaked with blood. Billy’s shirt.

DONNA
No...

NATALIE
To celebrate a very special Christmas.

INT. BILLY’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Virginia sleeps by herself.
NATALIE (V.O.)
Your friend Billy convinced them all too.

Wearing the white undershirt, Billy puts a revolver to Virginia’s head.

NATALIE (V.O.)
He told them it was a home burglary.

Glowering, Billy PULLS the trigger.

Blood splatters across his shirt.

NATALIE (V.O.)
An American tragedy.

LIVING ROOM

Hours later. Billy talks to Officer.

Carol stares at the ornament. Baby’s First Christmas.

NATALIE (V.O.)
Like you, he thought he got away with it.

Hidden behind all the ornaments, Billy’s undershirt is crammed inside the Christmas tree.

Carol sees it. The fresh blood.

NATALIE (V.O.)
But we knew all along.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Disturbed, Donna cowers against the door. Natalie’s piercing eyes stare right at her.

DONNA
I don’t understand. You couldn’t have! No one could’ve--

NATALIE
Oh, but we did.

She steps toward Donna.
NATALIE
And the others? What about them!

The elves are smiling. Giggling.

DONNA
The others?

NATALIE
You saw the camcorder! How sick they were!

Donna turns away.

Like a veteran cop grilling a novice crook, Natalie leans in toward her.

NATALIE
And what about the other man? The "quiet" man.

Donna faces Natalie.

NATALIE
The one who collected fingers.

INT. FREDDY’S PARENTS’ HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An upper-middle-class home. Freddy’s real PARENTS lie in bed, both of their throats slit. Blood runs along the sheets and pillows.

Randy puts a long knife to Freddy’s Dad’s finger.

NATALIE (V.O.)
The boy wasn’t even his.

Smiling, Randy glances over at Freddy.

Freddy cowers in a corner, terrified.

NATALIE (V.O.)
Just another victim of the "Finger Freak."

BACK TO PRESENT DAY
INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tears running down her face, Donna backs away toward the staircase.

Natalie follows after her.

   NATALIE
   Don’t you get it, Donna! Don’t you see it now! Each and everyone one of you are pure evil!

   DONNA
   No!

   NATALIE
   (contempt)
   You’re a danger to your own children!

   DONNA
   No, I’m not!

   NATALIE
   They must be protected!

Just as she passes the door under the staircase, Donna bumps into somebody. She whirls around.

SANTA CLAUS, grungy, Natalie’s husband, stands right behind her.

   SANTA
   (sly)
   Someone’s been a very naughty girl.

   DONNA
   No! I can change, I--

   SANTA
   It’s too late I’m afraid, young lady.

   DONNA
   No, please!

Santa holds up a pen and red piece of paper.

The paper is a list. Bold green letters are at the top of it: Naughty.

Randy, Sydney, Henry, and Billy’s names have been crossed out. Donna’s is next.
Recognizing her name, Donna panics.

DONNA
Oh God! No! Don’t do this! Please--

SANTA
It’s time to be punished, Mrs. Stewart.

Donna staggers back.

DONNA
Just one more chance...

Santa holds his hand out toward Natalie.

SANTA
If you don’t mind, I’ll have the honors, dear.

NATALIE
(smiling)
Hatchet for the holidays!

DONNA
No, please!

Natalie tosses Santa the weapon.

DONNA
(desperate protest)
It’s Christmas!

Santa makes the perfect catch.

SANTA
Indeed it is.

Grinning, he raises the weapon.

SANTA
The most wonderful time of the year, Mrs. Stewart.

DONNA
No!

As Santa charges toward her, Donna rushes into the open doorway.

BASEMENT
Cold, dark. Donna SLAMS the door behind her.
The hatchet’s blade PIERCES through, just missing Donna’s head.

DONNA
(screaming)
Oh God!

She runs down the stairs.

BOBBY (O.S.)
What are we doing! We gotta go get her!

SANTA (O.S.)
No worries, my boy.

Breathing heavy, Donna stumbles through the dark area.

The basement is a defect center for Santa’s workshop. Half-finished dolls and action figures populate the shelves. The dolls’ big eyes stare at Donna.

Donna notices a bowl of dog food in the corner. A bowl of water is right next to it.

SANTA (O.S.)
Rudy’s feeling much better.

Donna hears a frightening GROWL.

DONNA
(horrified)
Oh God!

A red light is seen moving right toward Donna.

DONNA
No!

Rudolph, saliva dripping from his open mouth, charges toward her.

He’s not a cute reindeer, but a rabid beast. Wild eyes, sharp teeth. A cross between an innocent reindeer and a bloodthirsty canine. He’s hungry.

Screaming, Donna stumbles back.

Sensing the kill, Rudolph lunges straight for Donna’s vulnerable throat.

HALLWAY
The elves are gone. Smiling, Santa looks through the one-way mirror. Watches the happy kids.

Natalie sends George away.

NATALIE
Go ahead and get ready! The thirteenth is upon us!

WORKSHOP

A catchy CHRISTMAS SONG plays. The kids open more presents. Sleeping on a sofa, Drew clings to a beautiful baby doll. In a rocking chair, Virginia clutches Carol. Carol caresses the ornament. Baby’s First Christmas.

CAROL
(to herself)
Thank you, Santa.

Virginia leans in toward her ear.

VIRGINIA
(whispering)
Merry Christmas, baby.

HALLWAY

Hugging each other, Santa and Natalie look through the mirror. They watch the kids in the workshop.

NATALIE
They’re gorgeous.

SANTA
I know.

He steps away.

SANTA
All of them are.

Natalie watches him head for the stairs.

NATALIE
(calling him back)
Nicholas.
SANTA
I’m sorry, dear.
Smiling, he stops at the stairway.

SANTA
I’m afraid I’ve got some more work to do.

EXT. SANTA’S ENCHANTED FOREST - CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - NIGHT
The speakers all blast the same catchy CHRISTMAS SONG.

Christmas lights now hang onto some of the trees, illuminating the scene.

New "trees" have been placed next to Randy and the other bodies: Henry, Sydney, Donna, and Billy.

Their corpses have been dissected and desecrated. Their severed heads placed at the top of the trees.

Like grisly ornaments, their organs and severed limbs decorate the pristine branches.

FADE OUT.

THE END