

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

ON A RED THREAD COVERED IN SOOT

INT. LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT

As a shadow passes an open room.

An eye opens...filled with the wonder only a child's eye can contain.

A LITTLE GIRL props up groggily on her bed, eyes dart to her open door...the rays of a dwindling light dances whimsically.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The girl peers around the corner. The light seems to draw away into another room.

She silently edges towards it...a curious smile spreading across her delicate face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still, silent. An unlit Christmas tree droops in a corner.

The 'light' seems to creep up a chimney...after a second it's gone. Lost into the blackness.

The little girl steps towards the chimney...peers up. A twinkle at the far end beckons her.

A golden dust drifts down, sparkling...falls onto the girl's enchanted face. She smiles.

A glint of red catches her eye. She kneels down, brushes away at a pile of soot revealing a red thread.

She delicately picks it up. The rest of the thread disappears up the chimney.

The girl tugs on it. Nothing.

The light at the top twinkles again.

...and without a moment of hesitation she begins to climb the thread...up, up, up...into the depths of the chimney.

In a second...she's gone.

The star on top of the Christmas tree twinkles.

And as snow starts to fall outside the window...the light returns. Shimmering down the chimney and stretching out into the living room.

The Christmas tree groans and stretches upright. Its branches shiver, becoming fuller...greener.

The Christmas lights flicker on...and the 'light' spreads out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The light seeps slowly down the long corridor like a golden fog.

INT. LITTLE BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The light seeps in under the door. A floppy Christmas stocking grows fuller and fuller.

The little boy wakes...

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As mistletoe slowly grows out of the roof...above the sleeping heads of the parents.

The mother softly wakes...eyes curiously on the mistletoe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the parents join their son in the living room...eyes with awe at the dancing lights of the Christmas tree, the delicate flakes of snow on the windows, the piles of shiny presents underneath the tree.

And finally...on the little girl...curled up on the couch...

Asleep with a smile on her face.

FADE TO BLACK.

MERRY CHRISTMAS