

EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

It is Christmas Eve and the snow is falling. We see inside a window. There is a warm glow emanating from the Christmas tree.

INT. HOUSE NIGHT

Seven year old Sara Jo Conrad stares out the window, awaiting the arrival of Krampus.

NARRATOR

Sara Jo Conrad is seven years old and she is awaiting a very special visit from a very guest. No, not Santa Claus, but that mean old nasty Krampus. Her brother James, is nine. He knows the Krampus is coming for him tonight. First, there will be a switching, then biting and clawing and perhaps Krampus will devour the child in its massive jaws and chew him up until he's nothing but bone or sinew. Or perhaps, he will drag James off to Hell. James is in his room right now with the door boarded up, praying and crying. James was very naughty this year. He stole from his friends and cussed out his teachers and set a fire or two. The Krampus would fix him good. Sara had her grandmother make him a dolly. The dolly's name was Grace. The doll resembles the Krampus in every way but two. The Krampus has red fur and the dolly has blue. The Dolly is smiling and Krampus most definitely sports a frown. Tonight on this Christmas, Sara Jo knows just what to do. She'll give mean old Krampus this dolly and he'll surely change his tune.

Time elapses and soon it is passed Midnight. Sara Jo lets out a yawn. She hears the pawing and snarling of the Krampus.

He bursts through the front door all ugly and scowling and hairy.

He is eight feet tall and carries a switch and a burlap sack.

KRAMPUS

Bring me the boy, or you'll soon  
feel my wrath.

Sara Jo reaches out and hands the dolly to the mean old  
beast.

SARA JO

Please, Mr. Krampus. My brother is  
very sorry for what he has done.  
He promises never to do it again.  
Take this dolly and promise to  
leave my brother in peace.

NARRATOR

The Krampus' heart melted at that  
moment. No one had ever given him  
a present.

Krampus hugs the doll.

KRAMPUS

I think I'll call you Dot. Tell  
your brother to write I am sorry a  
hundred times and I will never be  
naughty again and I might tell the  
big guy in red to leave a little  
something under the tree for the  
boy.

She motions to him to bend over and she kisses his cheek  
and he smiles and a tear gets in his eye.

He caresses his cheek.

NARRATOR

James did as he was instructed and  
he was never naughty again. He  
even found a new train set under  
the tree for himself on Christmas  
Day.

THE END: