

A VIEW FROM THE SLED

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FADE IN

EXT. SUBURBIA - TOWN CENTER - DAY

SUPER: Three Days Until Christmas

Shops, stores, local businesses all decorated to the hilt. Lights and tinsel hang from the trees that line Main Street.

Cables strung across the street, from old telephone poles, equally decorated; a Santa, a Frosty, a Rudolph all present.

Christmas music BOOMS from outdoor speakers. Snow falls. Sidewalks and streets covered white.

EXT. TED'S BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

A husky, winter well-dressed man, MR. KELP (55), nose to the front window, examines the display.

INT. TED'S BICYCLE SHOP - DISPLAY WINDOW - DAY

A RACING BIKE, a MOUNTAIN BIKE and a TRICYCLE pose for Mr. Kelp. Slightly hunched over, he seems to be staring through the bikes; at something else.

Barely visible behind the bikes, an old SLED, upside down and partially covered with a curtain.

RACING BIKE (V.O.)
Ya think? Maybe, maybe, maybe?

MOUNTAIN BIKE (V.O.)
(disparagingly)
Nah. I don't think so. He's
checking out... him. This snow is
killing us.

TRICYCLE (V.O.)
What? No way!

INT. TED'S BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

The shop is inundated with every kind of bicycle imaginable. Mr. Kelp enters the shop and walks directly to the rear of the display window.

He lifts the upside-down SLED from the display. Holds it next to him. A quick examination.

SLED (V.O.)
 (elated)
 Yes!

Mr. Kelp turns toward Ted standing behind the check-out counter.

MR. KELP
 I want to purchase this. Is it a Flexible Flyer?

TED
 What? Oh, that's not for sale. It's a piece of junk the former shop owner left behind. My kid was suppose to get rid of it, ya know... kids. Now, the Trek Racer is--

Mr. Kelp, SLED in his grasp, demonstrably, steps to the counter.

MR. KELP
 (harshly)
 Is it a Flexible Flyer?

TED
 (hesitant)
 I don't... Maybe...

MR. KELP
 If it is a Flexible Flyer, I want it. They're sold out everywhere else. I'll pay whatever!

TED
 Uh, definitely... yes, a Flexible Flyer

SLED (V.O.)
 Uh, okay I guess.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - DAY

SLED upside down, across the rear seat. Mr. Kelp drives with a cell phone to his ear. On the rear floor and atop SLED a load of packages.

MR. KELP
 Yes, I found one... Have Jonathan, move the Lincoln out of garage four and into garage three.
 (MORE)

MR. KELP (CONT'D)

It will make it easier to unload
the sled and other stuff.

SLED (V.O.)

This just keeps getting better.

INT. KELP MANSION - GREAT ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Christmas Morning

A beautifully, decorated room; Christmas splendor. A tall,
elaborately decorated tree. An abundance of wrapped presents
under and around the tree.

SLED, wrapped and secured with a large red bow, front and
center of the tree.

SLED (V.O.)

Come on, come on, come on. I'm
suffocating in here.

Christmas music suddenly BLARES. MRS. KELP (50), slippers,
bathrobe, hair bonnet, un-make-upped enters the room
accompanied by a bathrobed, Mr. Kelp.

MRS. KELP

(shouts)

Warren! Christmas morning! I
think Santa's been here.

No response. The parents look at each other, questioningly.
Mrs. Kelp tries again.

MRS. KELP

Warr Warr... I think you've gotten
your Christmas wish.

SLED (V.O.)

Warr Warr? Uh, oh.

At a snails pace WARREN (12) pudgy, spoiled, descends a
staircase. He walks to SLED and slowly rips off the bow and
wrapping paper.

SLED (V.O.)

Whew! Finally!

Warren is clearly upset.

WARREN

What? I told you! I told you! A
Flexible Flyer! A Flexible Flyer!
This is a piece of junk!

Warren stands on SLED, jumping up and down.

WARREN

This sucks! This sucks! This
sucks!

SLED (V.O.)

Oof. Oof. Oof.
Hey, Warr Warr take it easy.

Warren continues jumping.

SLED (V.O.)

Hey, you little brat! It's
Christmas for Christ's sake!

Warren tires of jumping, steps off SLED. Lifts SLED and
tosses him across the room.

SLED (V.O.)

OUCH! This kid is too much!

Mr. and Mrs. Kelp run to Warren; hug and comfort him.

MR. KELP

Warren... son, the stores... they
were all out of them. I'll try
again right after the holiday.

WARREN

(exasperated)

Well great! What am I suppose to
do today on Snake Hill. The kids
race all day.

MR. KELP

I'm sorry son but you'll have to
use...

Mr. Kelp turns towards SLED.

MR. KELP

...the piece of junk. If we can't
return it, we'll just get rid of
it.

SLED (V.O.)

Go figure. No surprise there.

EXT. SNAKE HILL - TOP - DAY

Four girls and four boys, all pre-teens stand at the top of,
snow covered, Snake Hill.

All hold their sleds upright. Warren holds SLED.

BILLY JONES (12) taller than the other kids, LL Bean outfitted, stands next to Warren.

BILLY

What are you going to do with that excuse for a sled, Kelp? I guess it doesn't matter, you'd suck anyway.

WARREN

Shut up!

SLED (V.O.)

Don't take that crap, you twerp.

FRANK BUD (11) stands on the other side of Billy. His winter clothes are noticeably worn. A few finger tips protrude from worn gloves.

FRANK

Yeah, Billy. Close it. Let's just have some fun, okay?

SLED (V.O.)

I like this guy... Yes, William, close it!

Frank addresses the group.

FRANK

Remember, this is just a practice run. No bumping or cutting off.

JESSICA WOODS (11) down the line of kids from Frank.

JESSICA

Frankie, where's your sister? I thought she wanted to race this year?

FRANK

Yeah... uh, no sled from Santa this morning. She's a little sad but she'll be okay. I left her down at the bottom of the hill. She's building a snowman with your sister.

BILLY

Cut the chatter. Okay, on three we sled.

Billy counts to three loudly. On three, the kids all take off, running, building speed and finally landing atop their sleds. Warren is the last to land.

SLED (V.O.)
Umph... Jeez!

EXT. SNAKE HILL - SLEDDING - DAY

Billy, Frank and Jessica lead the pack. Warren brings up the rear.

SLED (V.O.)
Stop dragging your feet! A little leg pumping would help! Use that ice patch! Watch out, deep snow! Oh, brother. This kid is hopeless.

EXT. SNAKE HILL - BOTTOM - DAY

The sledders regroup and begin the trek back up Snake Hill.

Finishing last, Warren is irate. He stands, and drags SLED over to a dead tree trunk. He begins slamming SLED against the trunk.

SLED (V.O.)
No! Ow! No! Ow! No! You're gonna break me apart!

TRINA WOODS (10) blonde pony-tail and ROSEY BUD (10) old winter muffler and beanie, putting the finishing touches on a snowman, witness the violent act.

TRINA
Cut it out you jerk! What are you doing?

Warren turns to the girls.

WARREN
Mind your own business. This sled is a piece of junk!

ROSEY
What..? Wait! Can I have it?

WARREN
(laughing)
Sure! Take it! Burn it! Throw it in the trash! It's yours... I'm out of here.

Warren quickly stomps off.

SLED (V.O.)
Well now, what have we here?

EXT. SNAKE HILL - SLEDDING - DAY

Rosey atop SLED leads all the other sledders down the hill.
No one closer than ten feet.

SLED (V.O.)
Yes! Yes! Yes! You go girl! Now
we're having fun!

EXT. SNAKE HILL - BOTTOM - (LATER) - DAY

Almost dusk. The sledders stand around Rosey at the bottom
of the hill. Several back slaps and congratulations. Rosey;
a huge grin with SLED at her side.

From somewhere in the neighborhood's distance a WOMAN'S shout
ECHOES.

WOMAN
Frank and Rosey Bud, get your butts
home! Dinner!

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Rosey sits on SLED armed with a permanent marker. She
carefully scrolls her name across the top surface of SLED.

ROSEY
Thank you. I love you SLED.

SLED (V.O.)
Ooh, that tickles... hmmm, ROSEBUD,
I love you too! Merry Christmas!

FADE OUT