

A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS CAROL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SHOPPING MALL COURT - NIGHT

Christmas decorations and light fill the space in front of a miniature Christmas Village.

SANTA, immortal, bearded, happy, sits out front along with his helper STELLA, also immortal, elven, feisty.

MARY, 38, spunky, cute spies Santa from the entrance. She points.

MARY

I'm going to go make a Christmas wish. You wanna go with?

GEORGE, 38, dad-bod, Mary's husband, looks nauseous.

GEORGE

No thanks. I stopped believing in Santa ... yeah, I never believed in Santa.

Mary approaches Santa across the empty food court.

MARY

I, uh, have a wish.

Santa's eyes twinkle.

SANTA

You seem a bit old for this and I can see all kinds of trouble ahead if I have you sit on my lap.

Mary laughs.

MARY

Actually, it's more in the way of advice. How do I get my husband to stop hating Christmas?

SANTA

Wow. That's a tough one. You know we usually go in for more tangible gifts. How about a nice football?

Mary slumps, her expression defeated.

MARY

Just once, I'd like to have the perfect Christmas.

Mary shuffles back toward George.

Santa watches her go, crooks a finger at Stella.

SANTA

They're headed into the card shop.
You've just been promoted to
cashier. Find out what's behind her
wish.

Stella nods, disappears in a cloud of green glitter.

INT. HOLLYMARK GIFT SHOP - NIGHT

REILLY, 15, cute, gazes into an elaborate basketball-sized snow globe -- shakes it -- watches in wonder. Bits of fake snow float in the crafted miniature model town of Hollymark. Reilly takes it to a nearby shopping cart.

REILLY

Mom, can I have this? It looks just
like Christmas on TV.

Mary looks at the snow globe -- gives it a little shake.

MARY

That is the biggest snow globe I've
ever seen. Look at the detail.

REILLY

Right?

MARY

Okay.

Mary puts the snow globe in her shopping cart. She and Reilly move to the checkout counter.

George stumps up to them from the card aisle, his expression one of long-suffering.

GEORGE

I just need somebody to explain to
me why a piece of heavy card stock
with an almost-but-not-quite funny
cartoon of Christmas costs five
dollars.

His expression opens in mock surprise and wonder.

GEORGE

Ooo! It's made from recycled paper.

He tosses a handful of cards into the shopping basket, sees the globe.

GEORGE

Oh for the love of eggnog. They still make these things?

MARY

Evidently.

George picks up the globe, peers at it.

GEORGE

Hollymark. That's not on the nose at all.

George gives the globe several violent shakes. The snow inside swirls, a frantic blizzard.

Reilly takes the globe from him.

REILLY

Not so hard. I like it better when it just kind of drifts down.

GEORGE

(to Mary)

Why is it in the basket? I thought we agreed, no more Christmas junk. We can barely find our way through the house as it is.

MARY

Oh, stop. It's just a globe, and it's cute.

GEORGE

Alvin and the Chipmunks was cute too, for about half the first verse.

MARY

Come on, Scrooge. We still need wrapping paper.

GEORGE

You do know that flights and accommodations for Aruba are really cheap this time of year, right? Seriously, we could fly down, spend ten days on the beach and by the time we came back, all this insanity would be gone.

Stella, positively elfin, looks at George from behind the checkout counter, her face open yet serious. Her name tag, "STELLA" prominent on her shirt.

STELLA

Sounds like someone needs a dose of Christmas spirit. I may have to tell Santa on you.

GEORGE

We wouldn't want Santa to overexert himself and have a medical emergency, and someone would prefer a pina colada on the beach.

Mary and Reilly give George a look. He holds up his hands in surrender.

GEORGE

Okay, okay. It was just a suggestion, a really excellent, well-thought --

MARY

-- scrooge --

REILLY

-- bah humbug --

MARY AND REILLY

-- suggestion.

Mary and Reilly place their items on the checkout counter. George shakes his head.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Christmas decorations abound. Shoppers bustle in and out of the mall. Bits of snow drift down.

Carolers stand at the entrance and sing, invite random people from the stream of shoppers to join in.

Reilly prances out of the card shop, stands on the side, joins in with "Sleigh Ride." Her voice, a smooth alto, blends with the rest. Reilly waves to her parents to join.

Mary grabs George's hand and pulls him toward the carolers.

George locks his knees against Mary's tug.

GEORGE

Not a chance. You know I can't sing.

MARY

(through a toothy smile)
It's Christmas and it's for your daughter.

George allows himself to be pulled forward. He and Mary join in the song. Mary's clear soprano soars in counterpoint to Reilly's voice. George mouths the words.

The singers next to George give him the side eye.

The song finishes. George looks relieved.

GEORGE

Thank God.

REILLY

That was fun! But I couldn't hear dad.

GEORGE

I was singing what they call pianissimo.

REILLY

What's that mean?

GEORGE

Softly.

MARY

More like pianissi-issi-issi-issi --

GEORGE

Are you done?

MARY

-- issimo.

George, Mary, and Reilly slop through the snow away from the mall entrance.

INT. HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Reilly curls on the couch. She holds the snow globe in front of her face. She looks at the globe -- lowers -- sees the same scene on the television set of a Christmas movie.

Mary snuggles up next to her, watches the movie.

George strolls in, takes a look at the Christmas movie on television.

GEORGE
Oh jeez, here we go. Is she the
main character?

Mary and Reilly answer, stare straight ahead.

REILLY
Yes.

GEORGE
Single parent trying to save her
bakery?

REILLY
No.

GEORGE
Workaholic widow with a small
child?

MARY
No.

GEORGE
Event planner who's run into an old
flame?

Mary and Reilly stare at the television set.

GEORGE
That's it, isn't it?

Mary and Reilly stare straight ahead.

George looks at the television set.

ON TV SCREEN

JOHN, 35, Handsome, walks up to JENNIFER, 28, Beautiful, in her office.

JOHN
Hey, Jen, I'm glad I caught you. We
need to change the color scheme for
the party. Can we do that?

BACK TO SCENE

George cavorts around the room.

GEORGE

Yes! Yes! Who's the man? Who's the man? I'm the man!

MARY

You are so obnoxious.

REILLY

Dad. We're trying to watch the movie.

GEORGE

You've already seen the movie. Like a thousand times. It's always the same movie.

George glances at the television screen.

ON TV SCREEN

Stella, from the Hollymark store, glares out at George. The Hollymark movie plays out behind her.

STELLA

I warned you, George.

BACK TO SCENE

GEORGE

What the ...?

George looks at Mary and Reilly. They watch the movie.

ON TV SCREEN

STELLA

You need a dose of Christmas spirit. I told you I'd tell Santa on you.

BACK TO SCENE

George looks around the room.

GEORGE
I must have gotten hold of some bad
eggnog.

ON TV SCREEN

Santa, jolly, edgy, bustles in. He hands Jennifer a gift.

SANTA
Ho Ho Ho! Merry Christmas, Jen.

Santa joins Stella at the front of the movie set -- glares
out of the TV set at George.

SANTA
You're being a bad boy, George.

INTERCUT - TV SCREEN/FAMILY ROOM

George gapes, hurries to the left side of the room.

Santa's and Stella's gazes follow him.

George runs back to the right side of the room.

Santa and Stella's gazes track him.

George fakes a run to the far side of the room, darts back.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary shifts on the couch, watches George.

MARY
What the heck are you doing?

George's frozen gaze locks with Santa's on the TV screen.

GEORGE
Nothing. Does anything about this
movie seem different to you?

MARY
You've made your point, we've seen
it a thousand times before.

GEORGE
No, I mean -- never mind. Do we
have any aspirin?

George slips from the room, looks back over his shoulder.

ON TV SCREEN

Santa and Stella watch George leave the room. They disappear.

INT. HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

George opens the mirrored door to the medicine cabinet -- searches through the bottles -- closes the door.

George reflections of Santa and Stella in the mirror.

GEORGE

Oh man, first the TV. Now the mirror.

Stella holds out a bottle of aspirin, thrusts her hand in front of George's face.

STELLA

Looking for this?

George spins -- reaches out -- touches Santa and Stella.

GEORGE

Aughh!

Santa and Stella glower at him.

GEORGE

Are you kidding me? You're in my bathroom!

Santa looks around the bathroom, his expression amused.

SANTA

Relax. If I see you when you're sleeping, the bathroom's no big deal. You really should floss more.

GEORGE

Okay, now you sound like some kind of spook.

STELLA

Wrong holiday, George.

SANTA

You will be visited by three spirits.

GEORGE

You think we could cut that down to two, or better yet, one?

SANTA

I said three, and you'll get three.

GEORGE

I've seen this one. Everyone has seen this one. Seriously, the flashbacks take forever.

SANTA

You know, you're really starting to annoy me, you little --

GEORGE

Santa has a mouth? Yeah, yeah. Christmas past. Christmas --

SANTA

Nope. Not for you, George. Three event planners.

Santa and Stella disappear in clouds of red and green wisps of fog.

George searches the bathroom, turns back to the medicine cabinet.

GEORGE

I need something stronger than aspirin.

A KNOCK at the bathroom door. George jumps.

GEORGE

I don't care what events you have planned, I'm not going anywhere with you!

MARY (O.S.)

George, are you okay?

George peers around the bathroom, yanks back the shower curtain. He's alone.

GEORGE

No. Yes. I don't know.

George opens the door. Mary looks around.

MARY

Who were you talking to in here?

George looks panicked.

GEORGE
You heard them too?

MARY
No. Just you.

GEORGE
Stella and Santa were in here with me.

MARY
Who's Stella?

GEORGE
The girl from the Hollymark store.

MARY
A little young for you, isn't she?

GEORGE
What? No! She and Santa said I was going to be visited by three spirits. I think I have a fever. Dear God, let me be sick.

Mary feels George's forehead, shakes her head.

MARY
Ha ha. Very funny, Scrooge. The movie's over. Reilly and I are going to bed.

Mary stomps down the hall.

George opens and closes the medicine cabinet door several times -- peers at the mirror -- looks behind him.

INT. HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

George glares at the dark TV screen -- off.

The TV comes on. Santa and Stella on screen.

INTERCUT - GEORGE FAMILY ROOM/SANTA TV SCREEN

George spins. Snatches up the remote.

GEORGE
Oh, hell no.

He turns the TV off.

The TV comes back on. Santa waves a remote.

George turns it off.

Santa turns it back on.

George clicks his remote over and over.

Santa points at George.

SANTA
It's time, George.

George gets stretched. His body elongates. The TV set SUCKS George in.

GEORGE
No! No no no!

George vanishes into the set. The TV goes dark.

INT. GEORGE'S BOYHOOD HOME - NIGHT - 30 YEARS EARLIER

George spins and whirls into a sprawling kitchen decorated in Christmas splendor. Gold and red dominate. Servers and caterers bustle around each other, carry food and drink.

BODHI, 28, impeccably dressed and groomed in 90's style, examines a dish, smiles at George.

BODHI
Hello, George.

George pats himself -- looks around the kitchen -- slumps.

GEORGE
Oh, man. Anyplace but here.

Bodhi laughs -- goes to the refrigerator -- grabs a couple of beers -- gives one to George.

Bodhi takes a long pull.

George gives him a puzzled look.

GEORGE
Event planner of Christmas past?

BODHI
Bodhi. Yep. That's me.

JULIAN breezes in with a glass of wine in one hand -- checks the food -- fixes a server's tie. Bodhi points at Julian.

BODHI
He's good. Very good.

GEORGE
I remember. He hated serving beer.

BODHI
Not really. We have an image to maintain. So, why are we here?

GEORGE
Aren't you supposed to tell me that?

BODHI
Watch.

ELIZABETH MARTIN, 38, bursts in. Her intense gaze darts everywhere, hawklike. She spots the entre', claps her hands.

ELIZABETH
Gorgeous! Absolutely gorgeous.

She salutes Julian with her wine glass.

ELIZABETH
Oh Julian! It's wonderful. Now, everything must be perfect. Guests will be arriving any second. I want this to be the best Christmas party ever!

Julian simpers, dips his head.

JULIAN
And it will be.

ELIZABETH
I don't know how you do it, Julian.

George throws up a hand, shakes his head.

GEORGE
Sure you do, mom. You pay for it.

ELIZABETH
(to Julian)
Every year has to be better than the one before.

BODHI
(to George)
And what's wrong with that?

GEORGE

Everybody loved the party. Except me. I wish I could have been a guest instead of the entertainment. Mom lost her mind every year. The perfect Christmas party. The perfect Christmas gifts. The perfect Christmas decorations.

BODHI

Is that so bad?

GEORGE

She wouldn't even let me give dad the model of a clipper ship I made. It took me weeks. It wasn't good enough. Christmas was a nightmare. And you know what happened the day after?

Bodhi takes a long pull from his beer.

BODHI

Tell me.

GEORGE

Nothing. Everybody went back to being as self-centered, clueless, and mean as ever.

George polishes off his beer. Sets it on the counter.

GEORGE

Any chance of getting another? I've already lived this once. I'd rather not do it again stone cold sober.

BODHI

You shouldn't drink and time travel. Besides, I don't want to miss my favorite part.

GEORGE

What favorite --

GEORGIE (GEORGE), 9, cute, pokes his head through the kitchen door. He sneaks in, wears an elf costume complete with pointy shoes. Red smears mark his cheeks.

He checks the crowd -- darts to the side -- tucks himself into a corner behind the pantry door.

BODHI

This part.

George points at his younger self.

GEORGE

My annual humiliation is your
favorite part? Look at me! I look
like some kind of deranged
ornament. What kind of sick
Christmas spirit are you?

Bodhi waves one hand at George.

BODHI

Shh. Here she comes.

Elizabeth explodes into the room, her gaze bores through
everyone there.

Georgie shrinks into a ball behind the pantry door. The tips
of his pointy shoes stick out.

Elizabeth sees them -- pounces -- hauls Georgie out from
behind the door.

ELIZABETH MARTIN

There you are! Come on, you know
everyone is waiting. And look at
your makeup.

She holds Georgie at arm's length, frowns. She licks her lips
-- gives each of Georgie's cheeks a sloppy kiss -- rubs her
lipstick stains into rough circles -- checks him again.

ELIZABETH MARTIN

Perfect!

Elizabeth drags Georgie away.

BODHI

Let's go.

Bodhi hauls George through the kitchen wall to emerge into a

LIVING ROOM

Decked to the nines for Christmas with a fireplace in the
corner and a concert grand piano in the center.

JOEL MARTIN, 45, and Elizabeth Martin bask in the light, host
and hostess extraordinaire.

A PIANIST, 40, perches at the grand piano. White tie and
tails. Georgie fidgets beside it, his gaze on the floor. He
shuffles his feet. His pointy shoes flop with the motion.

BODHI

Nice piano.

GEORGE

Yeah, as instruments of torture go,
it was quite effective.

PIANIST

What shall we play, Georgie?

BODHI

Georgie?

GEORGE

Oh, yeah. Mom called me that my
whole life.

ELIZABETH MARTIN

(to the Pianist)

Nothing too difficult, how about
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen"?

BODHI

Actually that's fairly challenging.
The chords are difficult to come in
and out of.

GEORGE

Great. My spirit is a music major.
They could have picked "Jingle
Bells." It wouldn't have made any
difference.

The Pianist plays an opening flourish, looks at Georgie.

PIANIST

Ready, Georgie?

The Pianist launches into a version of "God Rest Ye Merry
Gentlemen" with lounge-room digressions and flourishes.

Georgie gapes fish-like at the Pianist.

The Pianist repeats the opening, gives Georgie a nod.

Georgie misses his cue. The Pianist gives him a look. Repeats
the intro, gives Georgie a violent nod.

Georgie comes in late and off-key.

GEORGIE

"God rest ye merry gentlemen, let
nothing you dismaaaaaaay.

(MORE)

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Remember Christ our Savior was born
upon this daaaaaaaay."

The Pianist tries to match Georgie's ever-changing tempo.
Georgie can't get on tempo or key. They go back and forth.
The Guests dissolve into laughter.

The Pianist plays louder, covers Georgie's singing.

ELIZABETH MARTIN
Louder, Georgie! This is wonderful.

Georgie screams the song. The Guests collapse in hysterics.
Bodhi doubles over, clutches at George for support.

GEORGE
Oh, yeah. It's a wonderful life. I
wish I'd never been born.

Bodhi gives George a long look, cocks his head.

BODHI
Yeah, sorry. Different outfit. We
don't have the budget for that.

Georgie finishes the song. Elizabeth and Joel Martin hug
Georgie. Georgie clutches at Joel, hides his face.

JOEL MARTIN
Strong work, Georgie!

The GUESTS applaud.

GUEST 1
Bravo! Well done, Georgie!

GUEST 2
Encore! How about an encore?

GEORGE
Not on your life.

BODHI
See? That's your problem right
there. Look at the laughter and joy
you brought these people. When was
the last time they laughed like
that?

GEORGE
Last year. What was the song?
That's right. It was "Oh Holy
Night." I sang so bad it was
practically sacrilegious.

The Guests gather around Georgie. They hug him, tousle his hair.

Bodhi points at Guests around the room.

BODHI
Look. There's nothing mean-spirited
here. They love you.

GEORGE
Do we have to stay here?

Bodhi looks disappointed.

BODHI
No. We have more Christmases to
see. This way.

Bodhi leads George through the wall. They disappear.

INT. GEORGE'S BOYHOOD HOME FOYER - NIGHT - 24 YEARS EARLIER

George looks around the room, the Christmas decorations even more extravagant. Lights burn everywhere. The house empty, still.

GEORGE
When are we?

BODHI
Christmas past.

GEORGE
Yeah, I kind of gathered. How old
am I?

BODHI
Fourteen.

GEORGE
Where is everybody?

BODHI
They're coming.

TEENAGE GEORGE, 14, and ELIZABETH MARTIN, 44, explode through the front door. Teenage George SLAMS the door.

GEORGE
I remember this. Dad died in
February.

George points at all the decorations around the room.

GEORGE

And Mom saw her first Hollymark movie. She went a little crazy.

TEENAGE GEORGE

I said No!

Teenage George stomps up a few steps of the stairway.

GEORGE

And I'd finally had enough.

ELIZABETH

(to Teenage George)

It's a tradition. I don't know why you're being so inconsiderate.

Teenage George rounds on Elizabeth.

TEENAGE GEORGE

I don't want to sing, mom. I never wanted to sing. You never listened.

ELIZABETH

I think your voice is beautiful.

TEENAGE GEORGE

Are you kidding? It cracks so much even I think it sounds stupid.

ELIZABETH

We invited the Harpers down the street. I told their daughter, Mary, you were quite the singer.

TEENAGE GEORGE

You didn't. No.

George watches Teenage George bound up the steps.

GEORGE

I skipped the party that year. God, I hated missing it. I'd been trying to screw up the courage to talk to Mary for months. At least I'd finally outgrown that idiotic outfit.

BODHI

Why didn't you go?

GEORGE

I didn't trust Mom not to volunteer
me to sing in front of all the
guests.

George squints at Bodhi.

GEORGE

Would she have?

Bodhi fidgets, looks embarrassed.

BODHI

I mean, I know the past as it
happened, but --

GEORGE

Looking at the possible outcomes is
part of all that spirit stuff,
right?

BODHI

It's kind of hard, you know, to
look at EVERY possible --

GEORGE

You're lying, aren't you?

BODHI

Yeah. Yeah, she would have.

Elizabeth slow-steps to the hall closet, opens the door.

BODHI

Uh oh.

George sees Bodhi's stare, puts his head in his hands.

GEORGE

Don't tell me. She got another elf
outfit.

BODHI

Okay, but something tells me you're
about to come to that conclusion
independently.

Elizabeth pulls out a new bigger elf costume, caresses it,
rubs the furry shoes across her face.

GEORGE

Can we leave this memory now?

BODHI

You need to see how the party
turned out with out you.

GEORGE

Mom told me. It was short. Awkward.
Welcome to the club everybody. My
fault of course. Let's go, spirit.

Bodhi takes George by the arm and they walk through the front
door.

EXT. MARY'S HOME - NIGHT - 15 YEARS AGO

George and Bodhi fall out of thin air, land on the sidewalk
in front of a cozy house decorated for Christmas.

George points at the porch swing.

GEORGE

This is Mary's house. Mary and I
spent so much time together on that
swing it was practically a friend.

BODHI

And you're about to spend some
more. Here you come now.

Across the sidewalk stroll YOUNG GEORGE, 23, and YOUNG MARY,
23. A bit of snow swirls around them as they mount the steps.

GEORGE

God, look at us. We're so young.

Bodhi nods toward Mary in appreciation.

BODHI

Mary is seriously hot.

GEORGE

Hot? We don't say that any more.

BODHI

Relax, my speech matches the time.

Young George points to the swing.

YOUNG GEORGE

Let's sit for a while.

YOUNG MARY

It's cold.

YOUNG GEORGE
Just for a little bit.

Young Mary settles onto the swing, pats a space next to her.

TEENAGE MARY
Aren't you going to sit? I'm cold.

TEENAGE GEORGE
Not just yet.

Young George steps back, goes to one knee.

GEORGE
Oh! It's that day.

YOUNG MARY
Oh my God oh my God oh my God.

Young George pulls out a ring box.

YOUNG GEORGE
Mary if you'll make me the happiest
man on earth, I swear I'll do my
best to make you the happiest
woman. Will you --

YOUNG MARY
Yes! Yes!

Young George comes to his feet and Mary jumps into his arms
and kisses him.

George looks on, his expression wistful.

GEORGE
Best. Day. Ever.

BODHI
But don't you think it kind of
sucks to peak at twenty-three?

Young Mary looks at her ring, and twirls, her dress spins.

YOUNG MARY
I want to show my parents.

Young George nods. Young Mary precedes him into the house.

Young George pauses for a second in front of the open door --
fist pumps -- does a silly little dance.

YOUNG MARY (O.S.)
I saw that!

An older couple passes by on the sidewalk. They see Young George's dance, point at him and laugh.

Young George looks away, embarrassed. Young Mary comes back to him on the porch. She cups his cheek in one hand.

He looks at her from beneath his eyebrows.

YOUNG GEORGE

Sorry.

Young Mary kisses him.

YOUNG MARY

Don't be. Every woman wants a man
to love her so much he'll make a
fool of himself.

Young Mary takes his hand, leads him into the house.

INT. HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Two small whirlwinds dissipate to show George and Bodhi.
George wobbles, dizzy. Bodhi goes over to the mini-fridge,
grabs a beer.

George looks slightly offended.

GEORGE

Help yourself.

Bodhi takes a pull, cocks his head at George.

BODHI

Well, George, how 'bout it?

GEORGE

Oh, it was great! Thank you for
making me relive the memories that
I've worked like hell to ignore my
whole life.

BODHI

You haven't ignored them. Every
December they eat their way out of
you like a Christmas alien.

GEORGE

Not always.

BODHI

Really? Tell me about singing with
the carolers at the mall.

GEORGE
You saw that?

BODHI
We see everything. It's time to
grow up, you're not a child
anymore.

GEORGE
I think I knew that.

BODHI
Then stop looking at your memories
through the eyes of a child. You
gave those people joy.

GEORGE
At my expense.

Bodhi throws up his hands.

BODHI
Fine. At your expense. Well, guess
what? Sacrifice is the language of
love. So you sacrificed a bit of
your dignity.

GEORGE
People laughed at me.

BODHI
They laughed because you brought
them joy. C'mon, George. See it
from the other side.

GEORGE
Go away.

Bodhi sets his beer down.

BODHI
Yeah. No can do. Time to report in.

Bodhi picks up the remote and turns on the television.

Santa and Stella appear on the screen.

INTERCUT - TV SCREEN/GEORGE'S FAMILY ROOM

SANTA
Well?

BODHI
Sorry, Santa. Not yet.

SANTA
This is your last chance, Bodhi.
(to George)
You know I've got better things to
do. I'm supposed to be packing,
checking my list --

GEORGE
At least twice, right?

STELLA
What a lump.

SANTA
You know, you got a real attitude
problem.

GEORGE
Attitude problem? Are you the O. G.
Santa?

Santa pulls a piece of coal out of thin air.

SANTA
I'm gonna take this and shove it --

STELLA
Santa!

Santa tosses the coal away.

SANTA
You're lucky I'm so busy.

GEORGE
Ooh. Santa's gonna play tough guy.

Santa reaches out of the tv set with one arm. His arm
elongates. He tries to grab George.

George dodges all around the room. Santa's arm and hand snake
after him.

Santa lands a smack to George's face.

George picks up a candle stick, whacks Santa's arm over and
over.

GEORGE
Crazy freaking elf!

Santa pulls his arm back into the tv set, shakes his hand.

SANTA

Okay, smart guy. Let's see how you
handle this.

Santa picks up his remote, turns the television off from the inside.

BACK TO SCENE

George wakes up on his couch with a candle stick in his hands -- rubs his eyes.

He eyes the dark TV set.

GEORGE

Sheesh. Demented cashier elf. Crazy
gangster Santa. Snarky event
planner. Worst dream ever.

George rolls off the couch, bumps into the end table.

Reilly's snow globe tumbles to the floor. The fake snow inside swirls. The snow globe gets bigger and bigger. It fills the room, the details of Hollymark inside it sharpen.

George stares through the glass of the globe at the town of Hollymark. Huge, bright in its Christmas glory.

Inside the globe, Bodhi walks up the street to the edge of the glass, smiles at George.

Bodhi reaches through the glass, takes hold of George's hand.

Bodhi pulls. George pulls back.

GEORGE

I don't think so!

Bodhi yanks. George's hand and arm slither through the glass. His body hits the glass. BONK!

Bodhi frowns. Pulls again.

George's arm snakes through, but his body BONKS again.

Bodhi pulls several times. George's face hits the glass.

BONK BONK BONK.

Bodhi grabs George's arm with both hands, braces his feet against the glass.

George flies through the glass -- slams into Bodhi -- both men fall to the ground.

EXT. HOLLYMARK - STREETS - PRESENT - DAY

Bodhi and George untangle and stand, George in winter clothes, Bodhi in the current style with colors that resemble L-E-D Christmas lights.

The two men brush powdery snow from their clothes.

GEORGE
You're also the spirit of Event
Planner Present?

BODHI
At your service. Wow. You must
really hate this place.

George gestures at the town.

GEORGE
Can you blame me? It's my childhood
on steroids.

George looks ahead at the buildings decked out in Christmas lights. Gentle snow falls, shoppers fill a quaint town square. Smoke drifts upward from the chimneys of homes and businesses.

BODHI
Welcome to Hollymark, where it's
always the most wonderful --

GEORGE
-- Don't say it.

Bodhi gives George a big smile.

BODHI
You're going to like this. I've got
the best events planned.

GEORGE
A sports bar and a beer?

BODHI
Nope. We're going to start with a
party at the house of Farmer Gray,
watch the Hot Chocolate contest,
drop by the Toy Drive --

George waves his arms, cuts Bodhi off.

GEORGE

That sounds ghastly. You know I don't like any of that stuff. Why are you doing this?

BODHI

I'm trying to get you into the Christmas --

GEORGE

No. I don't believe you. What do you want from me?

BODHI

To see the magic of Christmas. Just come to the party with me, you'll see.

Bodhi tugs on George's arm. George yanks his arm away.

GEORGE

No. Not until you tell me the truth. Santa said this was your last chance.

Bodhi stares at George, his cheerful expression drops away.

BODHI

It is. If I can't get you to see the magic of Christmas, I'm ... done.

George looks disgusted.

GEORGE

You're just like my mother. You don't care about me. You just want to be a Christmas spirit. I'm not going anywhere with you.

Bodhi makes a calming gesture.

BODHI

Alright. Alright. I've got to run this party and then we'll talk. I'll listen to whatever you have to say. Just look around. Maybe you'll see something you like.

Bodhi heads away from the town.

George looks at the beautiful lights of the town square in disgust.

GEORGE
I am in hell. Perky, Hollymark,
Christmas hell.

George trudges toward the square, head down. PASSERSBY with their Christmas packages all wish him a Merry Christmas.

PASSERSBY 1
Merry Christmas.

GEORGE
Uh, yeah. Merry ...
(trailing off)
... whatever.

He goes a few paces farther.

PASSERSBY 2
Merry Christmas to you, sir!

GEORGE
Yup.
(to himself)
It's a merry Stepford Christmas
alright. I wonder when they all
turn into zombies and come for my
presents.

George stops in front of the coffee shop.

GEORGE
The decorations are cozy. Perfect.
Of course they are.

He goes in, the chime over the door rings a clear, perfect, crystal tone.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

George shakes the snow off his boots. Canned Christmas music plays. Lights twinkle on a Christmas tree in the front window. Comfy couches fill spaces around tables.

A group of middle-aged people stand at the bar in front of a lineup of numbered, steaming mugs of hot chocolate. A Barista stands behind the bar, ready to serve.

Live Christmas music plays over the canned music. George looks around, spies a small stand for live music in the corner -- empty. The bell chime above the door rings a clear perfect tone.

STEPHANIE, 28, beautiful, blonde, breezes in -- perfect hair, makeup -- high-powered business suit.

Hot chocolate JUDGES pivot to see Stephanie.

JUDGE 1

Stephanie! We haven't seen you in years. What brings you back to Hollymark?

George, eyes wide, drifts over to Stephanie, looks her over inside the polite distance.

GEORGE

It's you. You're here.

Stephanie leans away from George, her expression confused.

STEPHANIE

Do I know you?

GEORGE

No. No. I don't know why I didn't expect to meet you here, but it's Hollymark, of course you're here. You had to be.

STEPHANIE

What? I had no intention of being --

George gives a vigorous nod, smiles.

STEPHANIE AND GEORGE

-- back here this Christmas.

GEORGE

(to the Judges)

Don't you see? She's the high-powered executive who's been forced back to her hometown. She thinks she wants that promotion she's up for --

(to Stephanie)

-- you are up for a big promotion, right? --

Stephanie, mouth agape, nods.

GEORGE

-- when what she really wants is love.

STEPHANIE

Listen, I don't know who you are or
what you think you're --

George snaps his fingers.

GEORGE

That's why we're hearing the music.

JUDGES

What music?

GEORGE

There's a plot twist coming. I
mean, sort of a twist. It's not
like anyone could miss it.

George folds his arms, taps his head with one finger.

GEORGE

(to Stephanie)

Okay, this shouldn't be too hard.
Who here in town was the man you
thought you were going to spend the
rest of your life with?

STEPHANIE

What? No one. I think you should
mind your own --

GEORGE

(to the Judges)

Okay, she's lying. Who was it?

JUDGES

Beau Carpenter.

STEPHANIE

(to the Judges)

Excuse me!

GEORGE

Ha! Knew it. Okay, Beau's still
around here. He must have a job
that takes him all over town,
right?

Stephanie looks at George like he's crazy. The Judges nod.

JUDGE 1

How could you possibly know that?

GEORGE

There's got to be a reason for the two of them to be together in a bunch of different locations. That way we see a lot of beautiful shots of the town. Veterinarian?

JUDGES

No.

GEORGE

Event planner.

JUDGES

No.

GEORGE

(frowning)

Handyman?

The judges smile. George turns to Stephanie.

GEORGE

You're up for a major promotion and you're going to risk that for a handyman?

STEPHANIE

I'm just here to settle mom's estate.

GEORGE

Yeah, yeah. Save it for someone who doesn't know the story.

(to the Judges)

So Beau's sister or brother died or got posted overseas and he's parenting a nephew or niece, right?

The Judges' eyes grow wide.

JUDGE 2

Uh, niece.

GEORGE

(to Stephanie)

And you're going to see what a great parent he is and you're just going to melt. Eventually. Don't forget to hold off on kissing him until the very end.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Try to forget that you'll wake up
with a post-Christmas-joy hangover
on the 26th and wonder what
happened to your life.

The beautiful background music stops playing.

Everybody stares at George. The mood turns awkward.

Judge 2 lifts a cup from the bar, offers it to George.

JUDGE 2
Ummm. Hot chocolate?

GEORGE
No. Can't stand the stuff.
Okaaaaay. I guess I should be on my
way.

He looks around.

GEORGE
No TV. Maybe I can find a sports
bar and catch a game.

George leaves, the chime over the door slightly off-key.

Stephanie and the Judges stare at each other.

JUDGE 1
I always thought you and Beau
belonged together.

STEPHANIE
This is crazy. He's right. My whole
life is back in New York. I can
settle mom's estate on-line.

Judge 2 sips his mug, looks at it.

JUDGE 2
Shoot. My hot chocolate's gone
cold.

Judge 1 smacks him in the back of the head.

Stephanie storms out. The chime over the door rings slightly
off-key.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - STREETS - DAY

George squints in the snow outside the coffee shop. The wind
picks up.

PASSERSBY
Merry Christmas!

George pivots away from them -- works his way around the square.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - DAY

George comes to a stop -- throws up his arms in frustration.

GEORGE
Not one sports bar, pizza joint, or
liquor store in the whole place.

CLARENCE, 35, very tall, and ANGELICA, 33, approach, arms filled with packages, smiling at each other.

CLARENCE AND ANGELICA
Merry Christmas!

They pass George. George calls after the man.

GEORGE
Excuse me.

The couple turns.

CLARENCE
Yes?

GEORGE
You're tall. Any chance you played
basketball in high school or
college?

CLARENCE
(smiling)
I did as a matter of fact.

ANGELICA
I was his biggest fan.

CLARENCE
And the prettiest cheerleader on
the squad.

GEORGE
Yeah, no doubt. There must be a lot
of basketball games on TV this time
of year. Do you own a television
set?

CLARENCE
(laughing)
I don't know anyone who doesn't.

GEORGE
Then why are you spending all your
time shopping when you could be
enjoying the big game with a cold
one?

Clarence blinks at George -- looks to his wife -- the
presents he's holding -- back to George. It's obvious the
gears in his head just shifted without a clutch.

George turns away.

GEORGE
Alright. This could be fun.

George saunters down the street, dances a few steps. He stops
in front of the Hollymark Confectioner's Shop. A placard out
front claims "The Best Christmas Fudge in the World."

A display of Christmas desserts, candy, and cookies stretch
across the window facing the street

GEORGE
It's not Chicago deep-dish, but
it's better than nothing.

George opens the door. The door chimes, slightly off-key.

INT. HOLLYMARK CONFECTIONER'S - DAY

George steps past the display case to the counter. Canned
Christmas music plays from the bakery speakers.

BETTY, 28, beautiful, comes out from the back to the counter.
A dusting of flour provides the perfect touches to her face
and apron. She smiles.

BETTY
What can I get you today?

GEORGE
Pizza would be great, but let me
have a few gingerbread cookies.

BETTY
No fudge?

GEORGE
It's grainy.

BETTY
Not mine, here, I'll throw in a
sample.

Betty wraps sweets, puts them in a Christmas-themed bag. She goes to the cash register. George takes a seat on the stool in front of her on the other side of the counter.

George looks taken aback.

GEORGE
Oh. Money. I didn't think about
money.

George pats his way through his clothes. Betty lifts her eyebrows.

BETTY
Problem?

George looks startled, pulls out a wallet from his inside coat pocket. He looks inside the wallet.

GEORGE
No ID. No credit cards. Figures,
since I'm No body. Ooh, cash!

George pulls out a twenty and hands it to Betty.

Betty rings up the purchase and holds out George's change.

GEORGE
Keep it. I have the feeling it
won't be there when I wake up.

BETTY
What?

GEORGE
I think this is a dream.

Betty smiles and nods.

BETTY
I know what you mean. Hollymark is
almost perfect.

GEORGE
Almost?

BETTY
I have to close my shop at the
first of the year.

GEORGE

Why? You make Christmas goodies in
Hollymark!

BETTY

My lease is up and I'm not even
close to meeting the new price.

Live Christmas music plays over the music from Betty's
speakers.

George looks around.

GEORGE

You hear that?

BETTY

What?

GEORGE

Live music, like from a jazz
quartet.

BETTY

Uhhh, no. Are you feeling alright?

George looks around. Realization blooms in his expression.

GEORGE

I think your problems are just
about over.

BETTY

Oh, really?

GEORGE

What if I told you that the next
person through that door is not
only going to solve your business
problems, he's going to be the love
of your life?

BETTY

You know, you sound like you've
been hitting the eggnog a little
hard.

The door chime rings. George gives Betty a confident smile --
spins on his stool.

MRS. CLAUS, 60, rosy-cheeked, plump, breezes into the shop.

George stares at her, goes pale.

MRS. CLAUS

I was passing by outside and saw your sign. My husband and I are looking for the perfect desserts for our annual Christmas party.

GEORGE

Oh no. Is he coming in here?

MRS. CLAUS

Why, yes, young man. He's parking the sleigh.

(to Betty)

The roads to the north are a mess. Our car just wouldn't make it.

GEORGE

I have to get out of here. If he sees me, I'm dead.

MRS. CLAUS

What on earth is the matter with you. My husband wouldn't hurt --

George darts behind the counter, crouches behind it.

GEORGE

(to Betty)

Do you have a back way out of here? No? I need to hide.

BETTY

Why?

GEORGE

Don't you get it. Look at her. See the outfit? The beautiful silver hair? The angelic smile? That is Mrs. Claus!

BETTY

You've got to be --

GEORGE

Shhhhh! She'll hear you. Her husband, Santa, is about to come in here with his weird snaky arms and kick my Christmas.

George peeks over the counter at the door. Betty stares at George like he's deranged.

BETTY

Her husband ... Santa.

The chime over the door rings, slightly off key.

Behind the counter, George holds his breath.

SANTA 2 jaunts into the shop.

Betty goes to greet him.

George huddles behind the counter. Muted voices drift across the shop.

MRS. CLAUS (O.S.)
Oh these are simply divine. I'm
going to tell all my friends about
your shop.

BETTY (O.S.)
Really?

MRS. CLAUS (O.S.)
Yes, dear. And I have a LOT of
friends.

A big, white-gloved hand lands on George's shoulder.

GEORGE
Auuughhh!

George jumps, spins, comes nose-to-nose with Santa 2.

GEORGE
(breathing hard)
Santa?

Santa 2 winks, lays a finger alongside his nose. Santa 2 comes out from behind the counter.

George edges around Santa and Mrs. Claus, flattens himself against the wall, creeps toward the door.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - DAY

George runs away from the confectioner's shop -- looks over his shoulder.

Slams into EDDIE, 32, cute, glasses. George and Eddie tumble to the snow by a Christmas-card sleigh with two horses hitched up front.

George lands face down in fresh horse manure. He spits it out, scrubs his face clean with snow.

EDDIE
Oh, my head.

George uses the sleigh to pull himself to his feet.

Eddie holds his nose. Blood runs between his fingers. George helps him to his feet.

GEORGE
Oh no. Your nose is bleeding. I'm
so sorry.

Eddie pinches his nose, looks into Betty's shop.

EDDIE
Oh man. Just when I finally screwed
up the courage to talk to her.

George scoops some snow -- puts it on Eddie's nose -- darts a glance at Betty's shop.

GEORGE
I'm sorry. You need to have that
looked at. I really need to go.

George runs away. A pair of SHOPPERS greet him with oversized smiles.

SHOPPERS
Merry Christmas!

GEORGE
Shut up! Do you not see horse poo
all over me? I hate this place!

The Shoppers recoil.

George looks down at his wet clothes. Shivers. The sun touches the horizon.

George spies the street he and Bodhi used to come to Hollymark.

GEORGE
I'll hitch. Not a problem.

George heads out of town. It grows dark.

EXT. HOLLYMARK OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Cars pass George on their way into Hollymark.

GEORGE
Sooner or later, I'll hit reality
and catch a lift. Or I'll wake up.
(shivering)
Or freeze to death.

George comes to the sign for the town. He gives it a look of disdain.

GEORGE
Yeah. Bye.

He takes a step. BONK. He runs into an invisible barrier. He tries again. BONK.

GEORGE
Oh come on. Really?

George packs a snow ball, throws it. The snowball flies through the barrier. He throws another through. He tries to follow it. BONK.

George snarls at the sky.

GEORGE
Fine! Just ... fine!

George kicks the sign, heads back to town.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - NIGHT

George spies a clothes shop and a boutique hotel.

EXT. HOLLYMARK CLOTHES SHOP - NIGHT

George exits the shop in Christmas-themed clothes complete with hideous sweater. He tugs at the garish clothes.

GEORGE
Mom would be so, so happy.

Passersby wish him "Merry Christmas," the same people from when he first came to Hollymark.

PASSERSBY
Nice clothes!

George gestures in frustration.

GEORGE
Stop it! Stop it stop it stop it!
You've been shopping all day. Don't
you have anything else to do?

They give him a blank look, move on.

A YOUNG BOY, 11, approaches him with a flier.

YOUNG BOY
Would you like to make a donation
to the toy drive, sir?

George looks at him, suspicious.

GEORGE
Nooooo. I don't know which version
of this it's going to be. And I
don't care. It could be A Grand
Canyon Christmas for all I care.
I'm done.

The Young Boy looks at George like he's lost his mind.

YOUNG BOY
Are you okay, mister?

GEORGE
No. I'm trapped in Hollymark with a
bunch of NPC's. I'm going to sleep
until I wake up in the real world.

George heads for the Hotel.

INT. HOLLYMARK HOTEL - NIGHT

The chime above the door rings badly off-key. The inside of
the hotel appears bigger than the outside. George stares --
steps out the door -- in again. Repeats. Shrugs.

GEORGE
Whatever.

Soft Christmas music plays. Garland and Christmas lights fill
the lobby.

George goes to the front desk.

KAILYN, 28, brunette, beautiful, gives him a dazzling smile.
George sees her, his gaze narrows.

KAILYN

Are you here for the Christmas festival?

GEORGE

(weary)

Christmas festival? Oh yeah. I'd forgotten that one. Sure. One room please. King bed, big screen tv, and giant -- I mean absolutely gigantic mini-bar.

Live Christmas music begins, the quartet starts, drowns out the lobby music.

George puts his head in his hands.

GEORGE

Oh God. Make it stop.

(to Kailyn)

You don't hear anything different do you?

KAILYN

Sir?

A car pulls to a stop outside, The DRIVER, 60, gets out and opens the back door.

JONATHAN, 32, Euro-man, drop-dead handsome, steps out.

The Driver grabs the bags from the trunk, opens the hotel door for Jonathan.

GEORGE

Oh, like nobody could see this coming.

KAILYN

(eyeing Jonathan)

Let me finish getting this gentleman checked in and I'll be right with you.

JONATHAN

No trouble. You're more than kind.

Kailyn cocks her head, smiles at Jonathan's soft foreign accent.

Jonathan and Kailyn gaze at each other, spellbound.

George looks from Kailyn to Jonathan and back again.

GEORGE

Alright everybody, listen up. In the interest of time and getting some sleep, I'm going to shortcut some things.

(to Kailyn)

He's a prince of some little European principality that you've never heard of and doesn't really exist anyway and he's running away from something and magically ended up in Hollymark. Who'd a thunk it?

Everyone stares at George.

JONATHAN

Excuse me, my good man, but --

GEORGE

Are you running from the weight of your responsibilities?

Jonathan frowns.

GEORGE

Okay, that's a no. Ah! Got it. You don't like your arranged marriage. That's it. She's beautiful, but emotionally a bit cold.

Jonathan's eyes go wide with shock.

George points to Kailyn.

GEORGE

She's the love of your life.

JONATHAN

How could you possibly know that?

GEORGE

(screaming)

Can you NOT. HEAR. THE MUSIC?

George turns back to Kailyn, who gapes at him. He snatches the room key from her hand, heads up the stairs to his room.

GEORGE

Just jump to the end and kiss her already.

George disappears down the hall.

DRIVER

Your highness, we can't stay here.

Jonathan looks at Kailyn, nods, sad.

JONATHAN

You're right of course. If people
know where I am, the press will be
all over us.

(to Kailyn)

It was very nice, to have almost
met you.

Jonathan and his driver leave.

INT. HOLLYMARK HOTEL - GEORGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

George opens the mini-fridge. Takes out a mini-bottle of
wine.

GEORGE

Don't they have anything stronger?

George flops on the bed -- drinks the small bottle of wine --
channel surfs. Christmas cooking show -- Christmas decorating
show -- Christmas shopping show -- Christmas lights show. The
show types repeat.

GEORGE

Yeah. Why show a Christmas movie
when they're all right here?

George drifts off to sleep.

Bodhi BANGS through the door.

George jerks awake. Bodhi stands over him, waves his arms.

BODHI

What in the name of Christmas is
wrong with you?

George wipes the sleep from his eyes.

GEORGE

What? You wanted me to see
Hollymark. I saw it.

BODHI

I was gone for one afternoon. One!
Stephanie's going back to her
miserable rat-race in the city.

(MORE)

BODHI (CONT'D)

Betty's quit making desserts, The Christmas Toy Drive is short, and the crown-prince of Valeria is missing. How could one person do so much damage in a few hours?

GEORGE

Get a hold of yourself. It's not like it's real.

Bodhi flops onto the bed, puts his hands to his head.

BODHI

Oh man. My last chance as a Christmas spirit and my charge destroys the town. Do you know what you've done?

GEORGE

I'm sure you're going to tell me.

Bodhi waves his arms, his expression wild.

BODHI

You broke Hollymark! It's a nightmare out there. People spitting and snarling. I had to break up a fight. A fight!

GEORGE

Serves you right. You don't care anything about me, you just want your cushy job as a Christmas Event Planner Spirit.

BODHI

Yes. I do. But I do care. Two things can be true at the same time, George.

Bodhi looks at the wine bottle on the table -- grabs it -- empty. He flings it aside, heads for the mini-fridge.

GEORGE

Sorry, man. There was only one.

Bodhi opens the fridge, pulls out another bottle, takes a very long pull, practically chugs it.

BODHI

I really don't like you right now.

GEORGE

Where'd that bottle come from?

BODHI

It's Hollymark, doofus. The whole place is magic. It's where all the stories combine. And it's perfect, or was, until you got here.

GEORGE

About that, how come the Santa was different?

Bodhi looks up in exasperation.

BODHI

All the stories. Don't you listen? Different stories have different Santas.

George laughs.

GEORGE

You mean like Doctor Santa, Judge Santa, and Malibu Santa.

Bodhi shoots George a look.

BODHI

That's practically blasphemy.

GEORGE

Hey, I tried to leave. You kept me prisoner here.

BODHI

I'm your spirit. You can't get here or leave here unless I'm with you. Man, if I could have pulled this off I would have been something. Finally.

Bodhi takes another pull from the wine bottle, empties it. He tosses it aside and goes back to the mini-fridge. Flings open the door to show another bottle.

George's expression becomes shrewd.

GEORGE

Hey man, I'm sorry. Let me grab a couple of glasses.

George gets a couple of glasses from the mini-bar. Bodhi fills them, spills a little his hands unsteady.

They drink. George drinks a little. Bodhi drinks a lot.

GEORGE
How did you end up in this gig,
anyway?

BODHI
I was an event planner. After I
crossed over, I couldn't wait to be
a Christmas spirit.

Bodhi upends the bottle over his glass. A few drops come out.

BODHI
That's done. I've got a perfect
record. I'm Oh-for-Christmas.

George drinks.

GEORGE
Why?

Bodhi shrugs, drinks.

BODHI
I don't know. The Christmas gig is
about the spirit, the magic of
Christmas. I just couldn't get
people to connect. The worst part
is, I love this.

Bodhi give George a direct look.

BODHI
Do you have any idea how much it
hurts to suck so bad at something
you love?

George nods.

GEORGE
Yeah. A bit.

George grabs another bottle from the magic fridge, hands it
to Bodhi.

INT. HOLLYMARK HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

George carries Bodhi, fireman-style, toward the exit of the
hotel.

GEORGE
Please let it be there. Please
please please.

George trudges out the door. The chime CLANKS.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - NIGHT

Snow whips across George. A single car tries to maneuver, the tires spin and skid. George looks across the square, sees sleigh tracks, scans left and right.

Bodhi groans.

The jingle of sleigh bells drifts across the air.

A different sleigh with different Santa and Mrs. Claus steers into the square. The sleigh passes the confectioner's store without stopping.

George looks confused.

The sleigh pulls to a stop in front of the coffee shop.

GEORGE

Whatever.

Santa 3 and Mrs. Claus 2, exit the sleigh, bustle into the coffee shop.

GEORGE

Yes!

George hurries across the square with Bodhi on his back. Bodhi bounces and groans.

BODHI

Oh, Father Christmas. I think I'm going to be sick.

George dumps Bodhi in the back seat -- Bodhi retches violently -- George fist pumps.

George jumps in the front, flicks the reins.

The sleigh lurches into motion -- swerves back and forth across the road -- almost hits a PEDESTRIAN.

PEDESTRIAN

Watch it, butthead!

GEORGE

That's not very Christmassy.

George points the horses down the road they entered. The lights of Hollymark fade behind them.

The sleigh comes to the town sign. The horses pass through. George throws up his arms, winces.

He passes through the barrier, looks back at the town.

GEORGE

Ha! Take that! Bite me Hollymark!

Bodhi's head wobbles into view from the back seat. Hollymark recedes in the distance.

BODHI

What have you done?

GEORGE

I've taken my life back, thank you very much.

BODHI

Oh, this is bad, George. Hollymark is broken. You can't just leave it.

GEORGE

Sleep it off, Bodhi. Before you know it, this will all be over and we can go back to our lives.

Bodhi collapses back onto the seat.

The sleigh disappears into the distance.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOME - NIGHT

Heavy snow falls through pools of light cast by the street lamps. George pulls the sleigh to a stop.

Bodhi groans from the back. His hand flops over George's seat, twitches. Bodhi pulls himself into view.

BODHI

Oh, my head! My mouth feels like the inside of last year's Christmas stocking.

Bodhi looks around, sees George's house. It's dark.

George climbs out of the sleigh, plows through the snow toward his front door.

Bodhi tries to clamber out of the sleigh. He flops face-down in the snow. Gets up, wobbly, brushes himself off.

BODHI

You don't understand. We have to go back.

GEORGE

I AM back, thank you. Back to my wife, my daughter, and the life I had before all you deranged Christmas people showed up.

BODHI

Whoof. I don't feel so good.

Bodhi takes a step, explodes into a cloud of red and green Christmas glitter.

The sleigh and the horses explode.

The snow stops in mid-air. George's eyes grow wide.

GEORGE

Oh, crap.

George dashes up the walk to his house, keys in the code at the front door. The lock clicks. He peeks in.

INT. GEORGE'S HOME - FOYER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

George flicks on the light. He peers into the living room. No Christmas tree, no decorations, just the furniture.

An expression of horror grows on George's face. He runs upstairs

INT. GEORGE'S HOME - BEDROOMS

George runs down the hall to Reilly's bedroom.

GEORGE

Reilly? Reilly!

He throws open the door, sees a sterile-looking home office.

He dashes to the master bedroom, rushes in -- everything neat -- tidy -- masculine.

George trudges in slow motion to the closet. Flips on the light -- inside a half-filled closet with his clothes.

He slumps, leaves.

INT. GEORGE'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM

George, frantic, searches beneath the end tables, the sofa.

GEORGE

C'mon. It's got to be here.

Bodhi spins into existence on the sofa -- dressed all in black -- eyes hooded -- his outlines blurry.

George glances at Bodhi.

GEORGE

That's it? Event planner future and you're just dressed in black?

Bodhi snaps his fingers.

BODHI

Thanks. I almost forgot.

Bodhi pulls a black hoodie out of thin air, puts it on, pulls up the hood.

George shakes his head -- kneels on the floor -- searches under the furniture.

BODHI

The snow globe's not here.

George gets up. Bodhi gives him a sinister smile.

BODHI

You were naughty, George. Getting me drunk so you could hijack Santa's sleigh.

George's stare runs a slow up and down on Bodhi. The far side of the room is visible through Bodhi's midsection.

GEORGE

What's wrong with you?

BODHI

I told you. I'm done.

GEORGE

Oh, man. I thought you meant fired, not, not evaporated!

BODHI

Don't worry about it. Besides, you got what you wanted. You're free at last. No Christmas to deal with.

GEORGE
This is Christmas future?

Bodhi waves one arm, indicates the whole house.

BODHI
Part of it. Very tidy. No
decorations to trip over, no eggnog
stinking up the refrigerator, and
best of all every sports channel on
tv that money can buy.

GEORGE
Where's Mary? Where's Reilly?

BODHI
They're not here.

GEORGE
I can see that. I didn't ask where
they weren't, I asked where they
are.

Bodhi reaches over and grabs the tv remote from the side
table, flips it over to George.

George fumbles the catch, picks it up, turns on the tv set.

INTERCUT - TELEVISION / FAMILY ROOM

Santa and Stella come into view against a dark background and
they do not look happy.

SANTA
Just how stupid are you, George?

Stella slowly raises her hand, glares out of the tv set.

STELLA
I think I know.

SANTA
Did you really think it would be as
simple as stealing a sleigh?

GEORGE
Give me back my wife and daughter!

SANTA
You know how this goes. You don't
have a wife. You never did, and
because you never married, Reilly
doesn't exist.

George tosses the tv remote away, glares at Santa and Stella on the screen.

GEORGE

Yeah? Well, you should have paid more attention when you were sifting through my past. If I'm not going to sing for my mother, I'm certainly not going to get pushed around by some department-store-Santa-reject!

George hunkers down on the couch.

GEORGE

Sooner or later, midnight comes, I wake up, and all the little Christmas nightmares have to go away. I never asked for this.

Santa glares back at George. Nods once.

SANTA

No you didn't. Your wife did.

George jerks in surprise.

GEORGE

What?

SANTA

Mary cried out from the depth of her heart. She saw the depth of hurt in yours. Now I'm going to do the one thing you want least.

GEORGE

Yeah?

SANTA

Yeah. I'm going to give you your wish.

STELLA

(sarcastically)

Congratulations, George. Almost no one forces Santa to give up.

Santa picks up his remote, turns the tv off from the inside.

BACK TO SCENE

George turns to Bodhi.

GEORGE
What did he mean?

BODHI
Look at your watch.

George's watch reads 12:01. He looks at Bodhi, then turns a circle at the empty room.

GEORGE
Where's the stuff? The Christmas
decorations? Where's Mary? Reilly?

Bodhi walks over to the mini-fridge, opens the door, nods in approval.

He pulls out a bottle of imported, checks the label.

BODHI
Your choice in beer's gotten
better. Guess it's because you
don't have to worry about setting
anything aside for Reilly's college
education.

GEORGE
I don't believe you. You can't just
make people disappear. This is a
dream.

BODHI
No. You know how dreams are, fuzzy
at the edges. I remember this one
dream where I was doing an event,
serving wine, and this one bottle
of beer on the table kept getting
bigger and --

GEORGE
Shut up.

George stomps out of the room. Bodhi flops on the couch with his beer, stares ahead.

BODHI
(softly)
And right about now, he's finding
out that no Christmas is coming.

Bodhi's eyes well up. A tear runs down his cheek.

BODHI
And George will cry boo-hoo-hoo.

George stumbles back into the room.

GEORGE
(thickly)
It's not a dream. Is it?

BODHI
Look outside.

George shambles over to the window.

GEORGE
The snow's falling again. You have
to bring them back. You can't give
Mary her wish if she's not here.

Bodhi cocks his head to one side.

BODHI
We gave Mary her wish. Tried like
crazy to make you a part of it.

GEORGE
Mary can't have her wish without
me.

BODHI
Her wish didn't include you. Maybe
she just assumed you'd be there.
It's like a contract, you have to
watch the wording.

GEORGE
The wording?

BODHI
She wanted to have the best
Christmas ever. Nothing about you
in there.

George flops down next to Bodhi.

GEORGE
God, I hate this holiday so much.
The phony concern, the graft, the
pretension. It's so fake.

BODHI
Oh, George. Some of it is, but a
lot isn't. People carry a bit of
Christmas with them through the
year.

(MORE)

BODHI (CONT'D)

It's never as much as December
25th, but it's some, and it makes
them kinder than they would be.
Christmas is always with us.

George goes to the fridge and grabs a beer, screws off the
top. He goes to take a pull, stops just short of drinking.

GEORGE

They're really gone.

George walks over to the dark window overlooking the street.
He looks out and down through the window, frowns.

GEORGE

Why is the sleigh still there?

Bodhi sets his half-finished beer on the coffee table.

BODHI

That's my ride.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

Bodhi looks down at himself, puts his hand through his
transparent middle, wiggles his fingers.

BODHI

Huh. You'd think that would hurt.
I'm going away. You should get some
sleep. You'll probably want to
work, catch a game on tv, wander
from room to room a few times.
You've got a busy day ahead. Happy
December 25th. A day like any
other.

George turns, thoughtful.

GEORGE

Where is Mary, right now?

BODHI

She's asleep, getting ready to wake
up to her best Christmas ever.

GEORGE

Wait. She's in Hollymark?

Bodhi nods.

BODHI

Somebody was supposed to meet her there, that is before they broke Christmas.

George strides over to Bodhi -- grabs him by the arm -- pulls him toward the door.

GEORGE

Let's go.

BODHI

Oh, no. You had your chance. No do-overs.

GEORGE

Santa, my Santa, said I was going to have three visitations. I've only had two. Event planner past and present.

BODHI

Nothing doing. You got me drunk, hauled me off in Santa's sleigh, and I exploded. Have you ever exploded?

GEORGE

Words count, right? Take me to my Christmas future.

Bodhi gestures at his transparent self.

BODHI

I don't know if I have enough magic left. Is this what you really want?

George gives Bodhi a slow nod.

INT. GEORGE'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Bodhi stops by the front door, puts a hand on George, stops him.

BODHI

You're not going to like this very much.

GEORGE

Yeah, I know. I've seen the movie.

BODHI
That's why most people change
before they get to the future.

GEORGE
Will I get Mary and Reilly back?

Bodhi points to the rooms.

BODHI
Christmas has left this house.
You're asking me if these are the
things that must be, or only might
be.

GEORGE
Which is it?

Bodhi closes his eyes, lifts his head.

BODHI
Hmmm. Difficult to see the future
is.

GEORGE
Star Wars?

BODHI
Does it matter?

GEORGE
No.

Bodhi opens the door.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOME - NIGHT

Bodhi and George climb into the sleigh. Bodhi takes the
reins.

BODHI
You know there's going to be a
price to pay, right?

Bodhi cracks the whip in the air over the heads of the
horses.

The sleigh launches into motion.

George and Bodhi ride the sleigh through a kaleidoscope of
flashing colors, light and dark. The intensity grows
blinding.

The flashing stops. A blizzard rages. Hollymark Square looms, dark, forbidding in the distance.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - DAY

George leans forward over the front of the sleigh, peers through the driving snow at the somber shops and houses of Hollymark.

The sleigh stops in front of the courthouse. The few Christmas lights in sight burn dimly -- don't work -- flicker in random patterns.

The clock in the tower reads 8:00AM.

GEORGE
I thought it would be Christmas.

BODHI
It is.

GEORGE
Where are all the, the lights, the shoppers, the people?

Bodhi pierces George with his black-rimmed stare.

BODHI
Things have changed.

Bodhi's wave encompasses the town.

BODHI
You're like God, man. You've remade Hollymark in your own image.

GEORGE
It's ugly.

BODHI
So was your attitude.

Bodhi brushes his hands together, shivers, settles his hoodie.

BODHI
Do you want to go back home now?

George turns a slow circle. Snow pelts him in the face.

GEORGE
Where's Mary?

BODHI

In this reality, you never got married. She doesn't know you.

GEORGE

How do I get her back?

Bodhi's stare turns intense, spectral, ominous. He takes a slow predator's step toward George.

BODHI

You pay the price.

George looks scared, backs away. He stops, clenches his fists.

GEORGE

What do I have to do?

Bodhi points at the dark confectioner's shop across the square.

BODHI

You ... have to make cookies.

George's shoulders slump.

EXT. HOLLYMARK CONFECTIONER'S - DAY

George trudges the length of the glass windows at the front of the store. Bodhi looks on, the display cases nearly empty.

GEORGE

But, she did it. She sold everything she had to Santa.

BODHI

Santa hasn't been here yet.

GEORGE

What happened?

BODHI

Go in and find out.

George pulls the door open against the weight of the snow.

INT. HOLLYMARK CONFECTIONER'S - DAY

The bell above the door CLANKS. George looks around the dimly lit store. Racks, bowls, utensils lay discarded.

George drifts to the display case -- picks up a scone -- takes a bite -- spits it out.

GEORGE

Oh my gosh. That's awful. What did she do?

BODHI

She stopped caring.

GEORGE

Why?

Bodhi points outside. The snowstorm rages.

BODHI

She knew no one could get through the weather to make it back.

GEORGE

That's stupid. The weather doesn't bother Santa.

BODHI

Oh, look who's the expert on Christmas. Betty didn't know that was Santa and Mrs. Claus. You know how the story goes.

GEORGE

Is Santa coming back to her shop today?

BODHI

That depends.

GEORGE

On what?

BODHI

On whether there's anything to come back for.

Bodhi's gesture takes in the room.

GEORGE

I don't even know where to begin.

Bodhi nods and disappears into the rear of the shop. He comes back with a large recipe book.

BODHI

Start here.

GEORGE

This is going to take forever. I need you to do that funny Christmas timey-wimey thing so that I can get this done.

BODHI

You're mixing your movie metaphors again. I'll try.

Bodhi waves his arms. The clock on the walls stops. Bodhi's abdomen becomes transparent. He see it -- jerks his hoodie closed -- zips it up.

Display cases less than half-filled. Through the window the blizzard rages.

George, covered with flour and desperation, sprawls on the floor with Bodhi across from him.

GEORGE

Who am I kidding? You know how people say "this tastes like shit" or "that tastes like crap" and you wonder, how do they know?

George reaches up to the counter behind him -- pulls down a cookie -- stares at it -- takes a bite.

GEORGE

Thanks to Santa and his reindeer, I know.

George and Bodhi look up, Eddie stares at them through the window, his expression sad, hopeless. Bruises make a racoon mask of his eyes.

BODHI

Who's that?

George peers out the window.

GEORGE

That's the guy I ran into before. Oh man, did I break his nose?

BODHI

Yep. I was pre-med before I switched to music. That's definitely a broken nose.

GEORGE

Oh man. I think that's the love of Betty's life.

Eddie slumps, turns away.

BODHI
So? Do something.

George throws open the door, manhandles Eddie into the shop.

GEORGE
I'm sorry. I know you must be busy,
but we're only halfway done.

EDDIE
What are you doing? Who are you?

GEORGE
I'm just a guy trying to help Betty
keep her shop.

EDDIE
You must really love her.

GEORGE
What? Me? No. I'm married. I'm just
trying to fix something I broke.
Ooh. Sorry about the nose. Do you
know how to make desserts?

EDDIE
I studied for a while in France.

GEORGE
(smiling)
You're a pastry chef, right?

EDDIE
No. A chemist.

GEORGE
(to Bodhi)
Really? Really!?

BODHI
Give it a rest. The other thing has
been done a million times.

EDDIE
But I do like to bake. There's
actually quite a bit of chemistry
that goes into the taste of a
perfect dessert.

George grabs the recipe book and shows Eddie a page.

GEORGE
I can't get this one to work. We've
got a trash can full of rejects.

EDDIE
Yeah. Macarons are finicky. I got
this.

Eddie grabs spoons, mixing bowls, flour.

Bodie sidles up to George, tugs his sleeve.

GEORGE
(to Eddie)
I think you should --

BODHI
Shut up.

George looks at Bodhi.

GEORGE
(to Bodhi)
I need to --

BODHI
Shut up. I know what you need. It's
fixed. Don't over-fix it.

GEORGE
Ah. Gotcha.
(to Eddie)
Would it be okay if I left the rest
of this to you? I have some things
I need to take care of.

Eddie's eyes twinkle, he smiles at George.

EDDIE
Sure. That ... would be great.

George heads for the door, stops.

GEORGE
(to Eddie)
Oh, you might want to taste test
some of what we've done. Most of
the pastries taste like sh --

BODHI
-- Foul. They taste foul.
(to George)
Seriously. Your language.

George and Bodhi rush out of the shop. The bell above the door sounds, a little less clanky.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - DAY

Dusk highlights the snow storm, the intensity of the blizzard lessens. More people stroll the streets.

GEORGE
Okay. Where next?

BODHI
The coffee shop.

GEORGE
Right.

George and Bodhi hurry away from Betty's shop. George collides with Mary.

Mary stumbles back. George lunges -- catches her -- keeps her from falling.

GEORGE
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Mary looks up. George recognizes her. His face fills with longing.

GEORGE
You're here.

Mary gives a little laugh.

MARY
I usually come here first thing in the morning. I get a couple of squares of chocolate to --

GEORGE
-- go with your morning coffee.

Mary cocks her head at George.

MARY
Do I know you?

George glances at Bodhi who shakes his head.

GEORGE
Not yet. I just like, uh, my coffee the same way ... with dark chocolate.

Mary squints at George through the heavy snow.

MARY

Well, I've got to get out of this.

GEORGE

I, uh, hope I run into you again.

MARY

Not literally.

Mary heads for the door. She puts her hand on the latch.

GEORGE

Oh! Merry Christmas!

Mary looks back at him, gives him a smile.

MARY

Merry Christmas.

She drifts into the shop.

GEORGE

God, I've never wanted anything so much in my life.

BODHI

We need to go. We're cutting this close. Christmas is almost over.

George and Bodhi run and slip down the sidewalk, cross the square. The wind whips their clothes around them.

INT. HOLLYMARK COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

George and Bodhi fall into the coffee shop. The bell chimes above the door, but out of tune.

The Barista looks up.

BARISTA

Oh. It's you. The romance killer.

Bodhi gives George a look.

George turns a slow circle, eyes each of the patrons.

GEORGE

She's not here. She has to be here.

BARISTA

She's got no reason, thanks to you.

Bodhi points out the front window.

BODHI

There.

Stephanie stalks in through the front door.

George takes a tentative step toward her.

Stephanie orders a latte'.

BARISTA

(to George)

Haven't you done enough damage?

GEORGE

That's what I'm trying to fix.

STEPHANIE

Are you two talking about me?

BARISTA

No!

GEORGE

Yes!

GEORGE

I made a mistake. I --

STEPHANIE

(to George)

-- Beau Carpenter was always my kryptonite. If I'd seen him, I would have fallen head over heels all over again. You're practically my guardian angel.

BODHI

That's got to be the first time anybody's said that.

GEORGE

(to Bodhi)

Nice.

(to Stephanie)

Don't you see? If you still have feelings for Beau that strong it means something.

Stephanie laughs.

STEPHANIE

My feelings for Beau were never the problem. It was his feelings for me. He couldn't commit.

She steps toward George, pokes his chest with her finger.

STEPHANIE

His favorite trick was to go to his
knees and give me the smolder,
knowing I was hoping he'd propose.

She waves her finger in George's face.

STEPHANIE

Well not anymore.

Stephanie looks at her watch.

STEPHANIE

In a few minutes I'm headed back to
the city and away from all the
insanity that surrounds Beau
Carpenter.

The Barista sets Stephanie's coffee on the counter. Stephanie
grabs it, stalks to the front corner of the coffee shop next
to the cozy fire.

George approaches the Barista.

GEORGE

Is there any way to get Beau here?

BARISTA

You're serious?

GEORGE

Believe me when I say my wife
depends on it.

The Barista waves a hand at the storm.

BARISTA

He's out on calls. Water pipes are
freezing all over town.

Bodhi nods.

BODHI

That's your fault, too, you know.

GEORGE

Me?

BODHI

Yeah. Never gets below twenty-five
degrees. Usually.

George looks around the coffee shop, spots the bathroom way in the back. He points at it.

GEORGE
Do I need a key?

BARISTA
No.

George stalks toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

George locks the door, eyes the toilet.

GEORGE
The things I do for love.

He wraps his arms around the toilet. Strains. It doesn't budge. He spits on his hands, wears a determined look.

INT. HALLWAY

Bodhi sneaks up to the bathroom door, raises a fist to knock.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GEORGE / BODHI

George lifts, strains. His muscles quiver and his face turns red. He groans with effort.

GEORGE
Hunnnnhhhh!

Bodhi jerks back from the door, his expression startled.

George sets his feet on either side of the toilet and tries again. His grunt echoes off the tile.

GEORGE
HUNNNNNNNHHHH!

An ELDERLY MAN shuffles up to Bodhi, hears George's grunt.

Bodhi shrugs.

BODHI
Sorry about that. I think my friend, uh, ate something that disagrees with him.

ELDERLY MAN

Ha. And it sounds like it's winning the argument.

BODHI

Heh.

George slips, his hands splash into the toilet bowl.

Bodhi knocks on the door.

BODHI

George? Are you okay?

George rolls up off the floor, woozy. Toilet water drips from his arms. He stumbles to the sink, sits on it.

Bodhi knocks again.

ELDERLY MAN

Tell your friend to lay off those Christmas cheese balls. They're like eating glue.

George bows his head in defeat -- reaches for the door -- his feet slip from beneath him.

He lands on the sink. George and the sink crash to the floor. The sink breaks.

Twin spouts of water shoot everywhere, drench George. George picks up the faucet from the wreckage.

INT. HALLWAY

George flings the bathroom door open. Bodhi backs away.

George struts out of the bathroom -- wet -- panting -- triumphant.

Water jets out of the bathroom into the hallway. George holds the faucet in his hand -- hoists it in triumph.

The Barista gapes at him.

BARISTA

What are you doing?

GEORGE

I am here to rescue Christmas and chew gum. And I'm all out of gum. We. Need. A handyman!

The Barista whips out her phone, taps in a number.

BARISTA
(into phone)
Beau. We've got water going
everywhere ... no ... now!

She puts down her phone.

George slaps his credit card on the counter.

GEORGE
For the sink. And let's have a
Christmas latte' while we wait.

The door opens.

BEAU, 33, good-looking, rugged, fills the door frame, holds a bag of plumber's tools.

Beau walks past Stephanie -- her back to him , head down over her laptop.

George shakes his head.

GEORGE
What does a guy have to do? I still
can't believe how obtuse these
people are.

Bodhi gives George a pointed look.

BODHI
Just like real life, right?

GEORGE
See? See? This is why you're
struggling as an event planner.
This attitude right here.

Bodhi glances outside. His expression turns serious.

BODHI
I think you have a problem.

Bodhi points out the window.

A tricked-out jeep, big snow tires, pulls up in front of the coffee shop. Across the door "Vern's Taxi".

BODHI
I think Stephanie's ride just got
here.

GEORGE
Why can't anything be easy. Is
there any magic you can do here?

Bodhi opens his hoodie -- everything beneath missing. George
sees the coffee shop through Bodhi's middle.

BODHI
I'm almost gone.

GEORGE
I've got to stall.

George cocks his head at Bodhi. Laughs.

GEORGE
Actually, I don't have to stall,
Stephanie does.

George strides to Stephanie.

GEORGE
It looks like your ride is here.

Stephanie glances out the window, closes her laptop, starts
for the door.

GEORGE
Don't you want a cup of coffee or
food for the road? Might be nice to
have in case you get stuck.

STEPHANIE
Ooh. Good idea. Thanks.

Stephanie goes to the bar, refills her cup. George follows
her.

GEORGE
My grandmother always told me to
think ahead. Long trip or short, we
always hit the bathroom first.

Stephanie shakes her head.

STEPHANIE
I don't need to go.

George's expression turns panicked. The sound of water
SPLASHES.

GEORGE

Really? I look at snow or rain or
hear the sound of a faucet and all
I can think about is Niagara Falls
pouring and splishing and
splashing. Oof.

Stephanie squirms, shoves her coffee at George.

STEPHANIE

Hold this.

She heads for the rear of the coffee shop.

George and Bodhi follow her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP REAR

Beau comes out of the bathroom, head down, holds out a bent
bracket.

BEAU

(to the Barista)

Sheesh. It's a coffee shop, not a
gym.

The Barista turns, glares at George, sees Stephanie.

Beau looks up, locks eyes with Stephanie.

Stephanie whirls, SMACKS George across the face.

STEPHANIE

Grandmother? Just how stupid do you
think I am?

BODHI

(to George)

Actually, that was pretty
insightful. Not obtuse at all.

GEORGE

(to Stephanie)

Well not stupid, exactly. Just kind
of ...

Beau drops the bracket. CLANK. He goes to his knees.

Stephanie rounds on him.

STEPHANIE

Oh no you don't. That's not going
to work on me anymore.

Beau reaches into his pocket, pulls out an engagement ring box. It's worn and dirty.

STEPHANIE

And now you have props. It looks like you dug it out of the trash.

BEAU

I bought it the day you left for the city. I've been carrying it for five years. I told myself the moment I saw you, I'd tell you what you meant to me, what you always meant.

Stephanie looks even angrier.

Bodhi grabs George's sleeve, pulls him toward the door.

GEORGE

Wait. She's still angry.

BODHI

She'll get over it.

GEORGE

I might need to help.

BODHI

She'll get over it!

GEORGE

I want to see -- I mean -- I need to make sure it turns out the way it's supposed to.

BODHI

Look who's turned into a romantic. It will.

GEORGE

How do you know?

BODHI

I'm a spirit, remember? At least temporarily. Their wedding just popped up on the calendar. Now c'mon. We're running out of time.

George and Bodhi head toward the door. George looks back, sees Stephanie shake a finger at Beau. He's knees down on the floor.

GEORGE
She looks really bent out of shape.

BODHI
Give her a break. She's got five
years to work through.

They hurry out the door. The chime above the door RINGS,
almost in tune.

EXT. HOLLYMARK COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

George and Bodhi come out of the coffee shop. Mary starts in.
Everyone stops.

GEORGE
Oh! Hi, uh, again.

Mary smiles at him.

MARY
I promise I'm not stalking you.

GEORGE
No! No. You can't have a good piece
of fudge without a cup of coffee to
go with it.

MARY
Right?

GEORGE
Kind of late in the day for that
though.

Mary laughs.

MARY
I just came from watching the
Nutcracker Suite. I'm meeting, uh,
a friend and I need a little boost.

She blushes.

GEORGE
You have a date.

MARY
Um, yes. Yes. You could probably
call it a date.

George looks like he's been punched in the gut.

GEORGE
He must be quite a guy.

Mary nods.

MARY
Well, he's very talented, one of
the dan --

Bodhi pulls George away.

GEORGE
-- oh, well, Merry Christmas.

Mary scoots into the coffee shop.

GEORGE
I've lost her.

BODHI
Not yet. But you'll have to be the
man she wants.

GEORGE
Did you see the way she blushed
when she talked about him? She's
already found what she wants.

BODHI
It's Hollymark, but you'll have to
make your own magic.

George and Bodhi hurry across the square. The Young Boy with
fliers for the toy drive crosses their path.

George digs his wallet out in mid-stride, throws it. It
smacks the Young Boy in the chest.

The Young Boy opens it, the inside stuffed with money.

YOUNG BOY
Thanks, mister!

George and Bodhi run on.

EXT. HOLLYMARK SQUARE - NIGHT

Snow falls almost vertical to the ground, the flakes large,
gentle.

George looks up.

GEORGE
The wind is letting up.

BODHI
The magic is coming back. Thanks to you.

GEORGE
Me? I did this?

BODHI
Of course you're the slob who broke it in the first place.

GEORGE
Even the weather?

BODHI
When you first came to Hollymark it was like you grabbed Reilly's snow globe and shook it until you broke it. Now, you're calming it.

More people appear on the street. George sees Shopping Man walking with Shopping Woman.

GEORGE
(to Shopping Man)
Hey! How did the game turn out?

SHOPPING MAN
Who knows? It suddenly occurred to me that I could watch the game or be with the cheerleader. Sometimes I think I must have gotten bonked on the head by one too many basketballs.

George laughs.

GEORGE
Merry Christmas.

SHOPPING MAN
Merry Christmas.

The snow falls a bit more gently.

GEORGE
Okay, maybe not everybody here is an idiot.

BODHI
High praise.

George and Bodhi work their way through the crowd toward the hotel. People smile.

EXT. HOLLYMARK HOTEL - NIGHT

George and Bodhi burst into the lobby, the chime's ring above the door almost perfect.

Kailyn works the desk. She looks sad.

George stops.

GEORGE

I don't even know where to start.
Prince whoever is gone.

BODHI

Well, for once you're in luck. The
blizzard you created trapped
everyone here.

GEORGE

Isn't this the only hotel?

Bodhi gives George a look. George smacks his head.

GEORGE

Of course. I'm an idiot. There's
the Bed and Breakfast.

BODHI

Plural.

Behind the desk, Kailyn packs up her stuff. George rushes over to her.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

KAILYN

My shift is up. I'm going home.

GEORGE

You can't.

KAILYN

I'm pretty sure I can. I'm not sure
what happened last time you were
here, but I think I don't like you.

BODHI

Go ahead, George. You were saying something funny about the people around here not being very bright.

GEORGE

What if I told you that Jonathan is really the prince of --

George looks to Bodhi for help.

BODHI

Valeria.

GEORGE

Yes. Valeria? Valeria!

KAILYN

Of course he is. I'd like to go home now and eat a couple pints of ice cream.

GEORGE

He loves you.

KAILYN

He doesn't even know me.

GEORGE

Will you stay?

KAILYN

Why should I?

GEORGE

Why shouldn't you? Isn't the man of your dreams worth the chance?

Kailyn's gaze narrows.

KAILYN

Thirty minutes.

GEORGE

What? Two hours. He's blocked in by the weather and I don't even know where he is.

KAILYN

One hour.

GEORGE

But --

Kailyn looks at her watch.

KAILYN
Fifty-nine minutes and fifty
seconds.

BODHI
You don't have two hours anyway.

GEORGE
Mary?

Bodhi nods.

George and Bodhi rush from the hotel. The door chimes behind them, only slightly out of tune.

EXT. HOLLYMARK HOTEL - NIGHT

George and Bodhi come out onto the square. Snow drifts gently down.

GEORGE
Where to?

BODHI
There's three B & B's here.

GEORGE
Why?

BODHI
Different stories need different
settings. You wanna complain or you
wanna get this fixed?

GEORGE
Which one's closest?

BODHI
More Than a Manger. It's just two
streets over.

George squints at Bodhi.

GEORGE
More Than a Manger? Was there a
writer's strike?

BODHI
I kind of like it.

GEORGE

Let's go.

George and Bodhi hurry through the streets.

EXT. MORE THAN A MANGER - NIGHT

George and Bodhi stop in front of the B&B, cute two-stories, wrap-around porch on three sides.

BODHI

I don't see their car.

GEORGE

We need to check.

They mount the porch, stomp, clear snow off their feet.

INT. MORE THAN A MANGER - NIGHT

George and Bodhi burst into the lobby, empty. A fire burns steadily in the fireplace.

George goes to the small antique desk, rings the bell.

LINDA, 34, brunette, comes out of the back room.

EXT. MORE THAN A MANGER - NIGHT

George looks up at the sky, sighs.

GEORGE

Which one's next?

Bodhi points up the street.

BODHI

Rooms in the Inn is five blocks
that way.

George and Bodhi trot up the street.

EXT. ROOMS IN THE INN - NIGHT

George and Bodhi approach the bed and breakfast, an almost exact copy of the previous one.

George runs up to a limousine parked in front.

GEORGE
That's it. That's his car.

BODHI
Okay. Let's go talk to a prince.

George and Bodhi run up the steps.

INT. ROOMS IN THE INN - NIGHT

George and Bodhi rush into the bed and breakfast, the interior almost identical to the previous one.

GEORGE
Sometimes it's hard to tell a
Christmas movie from a Twilight
Zone episode.

BODHI
Do you want to be snide or do you
want to get your life back?

George rings the bell. LUCY, Linda's identical twin except with blonde hair. George looks from her to Bodhi.

BODHI
People like the familiar.

GEORGE
(to Lucy)
We're looking for a friend.
Distinguished. European accent.

LUCY
I'm sorry. We don't give out
information on our guests.

GEORGE
It's really important.

Lucy shakes her head.

George looks to Bodhi for help. Bodhi lifts his hands.

GEORGE
His name is Jonathan. Does that
help?

LUCY
Sorry. But if you know his room
number, I can ring him for you.

GEORGE

No. I don't. Look, I made a real mess of things. I ruined Jonathan's and Kailyn's chance at the love of a lifetime. And because of that, mine as well. I just need a chance to make things right.

LUCY

Kailyn, the clerk at the hotel?

GEORGE

Yes!

LUCY

Sorry, I can't give you information about our guests.

George looks stricken.

LUCY

But I do have a vacancy. You might say it's strategically located.

George goes for his wallet. It's gone.

Bodhi steps in with a black credit card. Plunks it down on the counter.

INT. ROOMS IN THE INN - ROOM 7 - NIGHT

George gestures in impatience at Bodhi across the room.

GEORGE

What are you doing?

Bodhi opens the mini-fridge -- grabs a small bottle of red wine -- tosses it to George.

BODHI

We're going to need supplies.

Bodhi slams the door to the empty mini-fridge, opens it again. Grabs the new bottle of wine.

George holds six bottles. Another bottle lands on top of the pile in his arms.

GEORGE

How much do you think we're going to need?

BODHI

He's European. He can probably
drink us both under the table.

GEORGE

I think I see a flaw in the plan.

BODHI

We're only going to pretend to
drink.

GEORGE

What about the driver?

BODHI

I don't know. I've never gotten
this to work, remember?

George and Bodhi carry their mountain of mini-wine bottles to
the door.

INT. ROOMS IN THE INN - HALLWAY

George knocks on the door to the prince's room with his head.
There's a muffled sound from inside. George squints, smacks
the door with his head again. Blinks, dizzy.

The door opens. The Driver fills the doorway, not happy.

GEORGE

I don't need much time, but if you
don't let me talk to the prince,
every news outlet in the country is
going to be on your doorstep before
you can say "Highness."

The Driver grabs a fistful of George's shirt.

GEORGE

Do you want to follow the rules or
do you want him to be happy?

The Driver let's go, steps aside.

INT. PRINCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

George and Bodhi stare around a palatial room that couldn't
possibly fit in the bed and breakfast.

GEORGE

This is the oddest little town I've
ever been in.

Prince Jonathan of Valeria sits in an overstuffed chair in front of a crackling fire. He holds a wine glass in one hand, his gestures, loose, careless.

The prince sees George, squints at him with an owlish look.

JONATHAN

Ah. The man from the hotel. I see you've tracked me down, and in a blizzard no less.

GEORGE

Yeah. About that.

Jonathan waves his free hand at George.

JONATHAN

I'm curious, old chap. Who are you? Security? Reporter? How in the devil did you find me? After we landed no one knew where we went.

GEORGE

I wasn't looking for you. I recognized you.

JONATHAN

Hmm. My mistake. I never thought anyone from a little town like Hollymark would recognize the Prince of a tiny principality.

Jonathan looks down at his wine glass.

JONATHAN

Empty. Pity.

Bodhi unscrews the cap, refills the Prince's glass.

JONATHAN

That's the spirit. I could use a good man like you, if you get tired of the security business or journalism or whatever.

Jonathan takes a long pull.

JONATHAN

How long before they get here and haul me back to my betrothed? My duty.

GEORGE

No one's coming, your highness.

JONATHAN

You'll pardon me if I don't quite believe you.

GEORGE

Look out the window. No one's chasing you.

Jonathan settles deeper into the chair.

GEORGE

What would happen if you were to marry before you were found, your highness?

JONATHAN

It would be a disgrace that would land me in the scandal sheets for months. It's delicious to think about, but the crown and the people need the money that comes from this marriage.

GEORGE

I think you're missing an opportunity here, your highness. The scandal sheets could pull quite a bit of tourism to your country.

Jonathan looks at George, his gaze narrows. He empties his glass, holds it out to one side. Bodhi refills it.

JONATHAN

It might at that.

GEORGE

I have someone I'd like you to meet.

JONATHAN

Please tell me it's that enchanting creature at the hotel.

GEORGE

She's waiting for you.

George looks at his watch.

GEORGE

For another five minutes.

Jonathan looks at his Driver.

JONATHAN
What do you think, old friend?

DRIVER
A man should do his duty, your
highness. But, it's easier to do if
he's happy.

They all rush from the room.

INT. HOLLYMARK HOTEL - NIGHT

George, Bodhi, Jonathan, and his Driver burst into the hotel -
- trip over each other -- end up in a pile.

Kailyn looks at the men, her expression amused.

KAILYN
That ... was an interesting
entrance.

Jonathan disentangles himself from the pile. He and Kailyn
lose themselves in each other's eyes.

KAILYN
I waited an extra five minutes.

JONATHAN
That was awfully sporting of you.

Jonathan walks over to Kailyn. Takes her hands in his.

JONATHAN
Tell me, does the idea of a bit of
scandal intrigue you?

KAILYN
You're married.

JONATHAN
Engaged, actually, but it's
arranged, and neither of us are too
keen on it.

GEORGE
(to Bodhi)
This is quick, even by Hollymark
standards.

BODHI
You created a bit of romantic
pressure, like stopping up a hose.

GEORGE

What about Jonathan's country? I
just kind of made that stuff up
about tourism.

Bodhi's hand wave dismisses George's concern.

BODHI

Kailyn's here on an internship. Her
father wanted her to learn the
business from the ground up. Chain
of hotels. Fantastically wealthy.

GEORGE

They're going to adore her.

BODHI

You have no idea.

George and Bodhi saunter from the hotel, high five on their
way out. The chime above the door rings a perfect tone.

EXT. HOLLYMARK HOTEL - NIGHT

Beautiful snow drifts down. The streets fill with people
looking up and around at the beautiful lights.

George looks across the square to the Confectioner's shop. A
sleigh pulls to a stop in front. Santa 2 and Mrs. Claus hop
down.

Inside the shop, Betty traces the bruise around Eddie's nose,
gives him a gentle kiss.

GEORGE

That's not a bad ending.

BODHI

Or that.

Bodhi points to the coffee shop. Inside, Stephanie and Beau
lift their mugs and clink them together. They smile and lean
forward for a kiss.

BODHI

Alright, Romeo. You're up. If we
hurry, we'll have just enough time.

Bodhi leads George across the square.

EXT. HOLLYMARK KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Bodhi leads George to the club.

BODHI

We're here. It's time to win Mary
back.

George looks up at the neon lights that frame the entrance.

GEORGE

Where's here?

The door opens, music wafts out from inside. A singer croons
a Christmas song. The cheer of the crowd swells.

George goes pale, grabs a lamp post, steadies himself. He
rushes to a nearby garbage can, throws up. He slips to the
ground face down, rolls over.

GEORGE

Karaoke. Why did it have to be
Karaoke?

BODHI

Are you okay?

Bodhi helps George to his feet. George clutches at him.

GEORGE

Isn't there something easier I can
do? I could donate a kidney.
Doesn't anyone in this town need a
kidney?

Bodhi pulls his hoodie forward to hide his face, points a
trembling hand at the door to the club.

George shakes his head in disgust.

BODHI

She's in there. If you want your
life back, you're going to have to
go ... in there.

George swallows. Bodhi opens the door.

INT. HOLLYMARK KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Mary watches, smiles, from the front row.

SINGER MAN, 40, handsome, belts out a love song with cheesy
gestures.

SINGER MAN
(singing)
Last Christmas I gave you my heart.

Singer Man holds the mic with one hand, brushes Mary's face with the other.

George clenches his fists, stalks toward the front of the club. Bodhi jumps in front of George, clutches him. George drags him toward the stage.

BODHI
You can't. You'll kill the magic.

GEORGE
He's caressing my wife!

BODHI
She's not yours! She's not
anybody's yet.

George grabs Bodhi, shakes him by the shoulders.

GEORGE
Don't you get it? I can't sing!

BODHI
It's Hollymark, George. Thanks to
you, the magic is back.

GEORGE
So?

BODHI
Everyone in Hollymark can sing!

George looks at the stage where Singer Man finishes his song.

GEORGE
Can they dance?

BODHI
Just the people who do the
Nutcracker every year.

George marches to the DJ at the front of the bar.

GEORGE
Have you got "It's Not Unusual"
with the extended bridge?

DJ
Uh, we usually just do Christmas
songs.

GEORGE
Have you got it?

Behind George, Bodhi grimaces, waves his hand at the computer. His legs disappear. Bodhi floats over to a table -- stands behind it -- hides his missing legs.

The DJ types on his keyboard, looks surprised.

DJ
Huh. There it is. Alright.
(to the crowd)
And next up we have George, ladies
and gentlemen. He'll be singing
"It's Not Unusual," by Tom Jones.

Muted applause. The crowd breaks into confused mutters. The DJ starts the song.

Mary gets up from her seat. George rushes over to her, takes her by the hand.

GEORGE
Please. Please don't leave.

Mary cocks her head at him.

MARY
Oh. It's you. I keep getting the
feeling I'm supposed to know you.
Do I?

GEORGE
I hope so.

MARY
That's kind of a strange answer.

GEORGE
It's been kind of a strange day.

Singer Man swaggers up with a pair of drinks.

SINGER MAN
(to Mary)
I thought you wanted to move toward
the back.

Mary's gaze flicks from George to Singer Man and back.

The DJ replays the intro to the song.

MARY
(to Singer Man)
Let's just stay here ... for a bit.

George runs up on to the stage. The DJ tosses him the mic. George catches it just as the intro ends -- the spotlight hits him -- he spins to face Mary.

GEORGE
(singing timidly)
It's not unusual to be loved by
anyone.

George's hears himself pitch perfect, his eyes go wide. George throws his shoulders back, holds out a hand to Mary.

GEORGE
(singing)
It's not unusual to have fun with
anyone.

Singer Man looks from George to Mary and back, jealous.

GEORGE
(singing)
But when I see you hanging about
with anyone ...

George makes a dismissive gesture at Singer Man, emphasizes the word "anyone" more than usual.

GEORGE
(singing)
It's not unusual to see me cry.
I wanna die.

Singer Man runs to the DJ's stand -- snatches a mic -- makes a flying jump into the spotlight, lands next to George.

The crowd cheers. George amps up his voice.

GEORGE
(singing)
It's not unusual to go out at any
time.

Singer Man darts in front of George and sings to Mary.

SINGER MAN
(singing)
But when I see you out and about
it's such a crime.

George jumps in front of Singer Man. The spotlight tracks the two men as they trade lines, inch closer to Mary each time.

GEORGE
(singing)
If you should ever wanna be loved
by anyone.

SINGER MAN
(singing)
It's not unusual.

GEORGE
(singing)
It happens every day.

SINGER MAN
(singing)
No matter what you say.

GEORGE
(singing)
You'll find it happens all the
time.

Singer Man glares at George, shoves him out of the spotlight.

SINGER MAN
(singing)
Love will never do what YOU want it
to.

George runs back into the light -- falls to his knees -- sings to Mary in a voice that fills the club.

GEORGE
(singing)
Why can't this crazy love be mine?

The crowd roars it's approval.

The DJ waves his hands in the air. The song goes into its extended bridge.

George dances. His hips swivel to the beat, his feet blur in a quick-step across the floor.

Singer Man looks at George with disdain, copies George's dance move, ends with a perfect quadruple pirouette.

George looks stunned. Mary looks at George in anticipation. Singer Man looks triumphant, launches into a series of almost superhuman athletic ballet moves.

George steps back out of the spotlight.

Bodhi runs up to George.

BODHI

You're doing great! Don't give up!

George gestures at Singer Man.

GEORGE

I can't compete with that. He's a ballerina!

Bodhi shakes his head, yells over the riotous music.

BODHI

You're not trying to beat HIM!
You're trying to win HER! LISTEN!

George blinks. Behind the sound of the bridge, the Christmas jazz quartet plays. A smile stretches across his face. He takes a running jump, lands in front of Mary.

George starts dancing "The Carlton."

The crowd howls with laughter.

George pushes through his hesitation, nails the dance!

Dozens of people from the crowd rush the stage and join George in a choreographed version of "The Carlton."

Glitter appears in the air around George and the dancers. A million colors dance against the walls.

Bodhi looks on in wonder.

BODHI

Wow. That's a new one.

Bodhi sees his legs -- opens his hoodie -- pats his chest.

Bodhi jumps into the spotlight next to George. They jump toward each other, exchange high fives in mid-air. Everyone dances in unison.

Singer Man steps to the side, looks on with an expression of incomprehension.

The bridge ends. The crowd dances perfect choreography.

George sings to Mary, cups her face in his hand.

GEORGE

(singing)

It's not unusual to be mad with
anyone.
It's not unusual to be sad with
anyone.
But if I ever find that you've
changed at any time.
It's not unusual to find out I'm in
love with you.
Whoa-whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh.
Whoa-whoa, oh-ohh.
Whoa-whoa, oh-oh-oh-oh, whoa.
Whoa-whoa, whoa-whoa.

George lowers the mic. The crowd erupts!

DJ

Whoa! Ladies and gentlemen, that is
how we roll!

George steps closer to Mary.

MARY

Nobody has ever serenaded me like
that.

GEORGE

If I haven't before, it's because I
was a blind stupid fool.

MARY

Who are you?

GEORGE

I'm George, your George.

Mary puts her arms around George's neck.

MARY

Mine? Well George, you have just
given me the best Christmas of my
life.

Mary leans in and kisses George. He kisses her back.

GEORGE

I didn't think we were supposed to
kiss until the very end.

George looks at Bodhi. Bodhi smiles and nods.

BODHI

Merry Christmas, George.

Fake snow falls inside the club. The club and everyone in it recedes into the distance.

Gentle snow falls on the town of Hollymark.

Snow swirls around the snow globe town of Hollymark.

INT. GEORGE'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

George wakes up on the couch, the room filled with Christmas decorations, lights, presents.

Morning light streams in through the window.

Mary and Reilly shuffle in, sleepy. Mary cradles a cup of coffee in one hand, a square of chocolate in the other.

George looks at Mary and Reilly. He gasps.

GEORGE

What day is it?

Mary and Reilly look at each other, shake their heads.

MARY

Yes. We know you'd like to ignore it out of existence. It's December 25th, Scrooge.

GEORGE

Oh, God. I didn't miss it.

George springs from the couch, enfolds Mary in a passionate kiss.

REILLY

Ewww. C'mon, dad. I'm right here.

Mary waves her hand.

MARY

Mmmph. Mmmph. Ick. Morning breath.

George hauls Reilly and Mary into a hug.

GEORGE

Merry Christmas. Merry, merry Christmas.

INT. GEORGE'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Reilly hands out the last gift from beneath the tree. Underneath she finds an ornate envelope decorated in red and gold addressed to George.

REILLY
Here you go, dad. Nice envelope.

Mary looks at the envelope, shakes her head.

MARY
That's not from me.

Mary looks at Reilly.

REILLY
Not me.

George opens it, pulls out a note and a gift certificate to an unidentified shop. George reads the note.

GEORGE
"Dear George, thanks for the promotion. Santa said this might take a bit of time and effort on your part, but it's guaranteed. ~ Bodhi, Christmas Event Planner 1st Class"

MARY
Who's Bodhi?

GEORGE
He's a friend. A very dear friend.

George looks at the gift certificate, laughs.

INT. KARAOKE CLUB - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1 YEAR LATER - NIGHT

Mary, Reilly, and George watch from a table. A singer works through a rendition of "The Christmas Song."

The singer finishes the song with an exaggerated bow. Everyone cheers. George folds his napkin, sets it on the table.

GEORGE
(to Mary)
Ooh! I need to get your gift.

George disappears into the shadows.

MARY

What gift?

George approaches the DJ stand, smiles in surprise. Santa and Stella DJ the songs.

GEORGE

Santa? Stella? Don't you have
someplace, a bunch of someplaces,
you need to be?

Santa looks at his watch.

SANTA

I got time, besides I wanted to see
the payoff. You do know this isn't
Hollymark, right?

STELLA

Not everyone can sing.

GEORGE

That's okay. Even if I make a fool
of myself, Mary will still love it.
Maybe especially if I make a fool
of myself.

SANTA

(winking)

That's the spirit, George.

The spotlight on the stage cuts off. Santa's voice rebounds from the walls.

SANTA

Ladies and gentlemen, may I give
you the next singer and song? Give
it up for Tom Jones's immortal
"It's Not Unusual."

The beat comes on. The spotlight finds George in the center of the stage doing "The Carlton." The crowd goes wild.

GEORGE

(singing)

It's not unusual to be loved by
anyone.

Mary and Reilly look at each other, shocked.

The song progresses. The crowd gets more and more amped.

George hits the final notes, throws serious hip action.

GEORGE
Whoa - whoa - whoa - whoa.

George hands the microphone back to the DJ.

MARY AND REILLY
That was amazing!

REILLY
Dad, where did you learn to sing?

GEORGE
That was my Christmas gift ... from
Bodhi.

Mary cups George's face in her hands, kisses him deeply.

GEORGE
Best. Day. Ever.

George looks at his watch.

GEORGE
C'mon. We gotta hurry or we'll miss
it.

MARY
Miss what?

GEORGE
The movie.

George, Mary, and Reilly hold hands, leave the club.

INT. GEORGE'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM

George and Mary nestle on the couch. Reilly runs in with a
big bowl of popcorn.

INTERCUT TV SCREEN / FAMILY ROOM

The camera zooms in on a confectioner's shop. Snow drifts
down.

George points at the television.

GEORGE
Ooh! Ooh! I know her! Her name's
Betty. She runs a dessert shop. She
is so nice.

A character in the movie walks in and greets Betty by name.

Reilly and Mary give George a puzzled look.

REILLY

But this is a brand new movie.

George smiles.

GEORGE

Oh. Lucky guess.

Reilly reaches for her snow globe, gives it a little shake.

Inside the globe, a man sings Karaoke and dances with a crowd inside the club at Hollymark.

FADE OUT.