

FADE IN:

THEME AND CREDITS THROUGH THE FOLLOWING

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

A blustery late November day in a typical Northeast American town... Holiday decorations hang across Main Street...

A sign in an appliance store window reads "THANKSGIVING BLOWOUT!"... as a SALESPERSON inside takes it down and replaces it with one that reads "XMAS MADNESS!"

The local gift shop's window burgeons with Christmas paraphernalia...

The church announcement board proclaims "He is coming... Ho ho ho!"

A SALVATION ARMY VOLUNTEER stands outside the post office ringing his bell... as three little girls, EMMA (8), LISA (7), and MONA (5) run past, excited out of their minds, looking for something.

EMMA
He went this way!

LISA
(to the volunteer)
Did you see him?

SALVATION ARMY VOLUNTEER
Who?

MONA
Santa!

SALVATION ARMY VOLUNTEER
Not yet.
(rings his bell)

CAMERA PICKS UP a pair of chatting MOTHERS pushing strollers... HOLDS ON a Post Office mailbox as they pass it... then DROPS DOWN to the sidewalk, where we see...

Something slowly roll out from underneath... It's a small, red plastic TOY SPORTSCAR... driven by...

A TINY PLASTIC SANTA CLAUS wearing a pair of miniature REFLECTOR SUNGLASSES that give him a detached, slightly ominous appearance.

MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE

TRACKING SHOT as the sportscar pulls out and drives down the sidewalk, Santa's head slowly rotating like a periscope. He's exploring, searching for something... or someone.

Santa navigates over a crack in the sidewalk... flushes a group of sparrows working on a chunk of cranberry muffin... then stops and watches as...

A PAIR OF LITTLE GIRLS in a Catholic school uniforms walk by chatting about school... Santa studies them, but they're not what he's looking for, so he drives on...

Suddenly, he spots something and...

URNS OFF, goes completely still... *playing dead*.

A BIG DOG, snuffling every inch of the sidewalk, approaches, pulling his TEENAGE MASTER on a leash. The dog spots Santa and *barks* at him insanely.

TEENAGER

It's just a toy. Come on!

The dog scarfs down the muffin chunk as his master pulls him away...

Santa studies the teenager, walking away...

He's too old... Santa drives on...

A moment later he arrives at an intersection, rolls down the curb ramp to the edge of the street, stops, checks to make sure the coast is clear...

Then rolls across the crosswalk... just as...

A speeding pizza delivery car, RACES through the intersection... just beating the light...

Its wheels CLIP Santa's car...

Sending it SPINNING...

CUT TO:

DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS - VARIOUS SHOTS

RUSSELL rides down the sidewalk on his bike, zig-zagging expertly through and around PEDESTRIANS...

He hops the bike off the curb... weaves imperviously through traffic... He is eleven years old, and utterly invincible.

CLOSE ON RUSSELL

as he spots something...

And SKIDS to a halt.

RUSSELL'S POV -

The little red sportscar, flipped over in the gutter.

Russell reaches down, picks it up...

RUSSELL

Cool.

RUSSELL'S POV - VERY CLOSE ON

A "KILLER TOYZ" LOGO, embossed on the bottom of the toy.

He flips it over in his hand, checks it out... The car is badly scraped up. A wheel is missing... Russell shakes it, knocks it against his handlebars, trying to bang it back to life... but nothing. Too bad.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Toasted.

(looks at Santa)

Hum.

He tosses it away, rides off...

VERY CLOSE ON SANTA -

As his head rotates and we see... a crack running through one of his reflector sunglass lenses.

SANTA'S POV -

Russell executes a perfect wheely... then rides away no handed through oncoming traffic.

C.U. SANTA -

Russell is just what he's looking for.

Santa's plastic toy sack POPS OPEN and miniature helicopter blades SHOOT OUT... SNAP OPEN... SPIN...

Santa rises out of his sportscar... HOVERS in the air for an instant... then ZOOMS away...

VARIOUS ARIAL SHOTS -

Blades whirling, Santa soars through the brisk air, following...

SANTA'S AIRBORNE POV -

Russell, riding his bike through streets and across yards far below...

MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE

As Santa expertly ZIPS between power lines...

Russell grabs onto a SUV and lets it give him a tow...

Santa SWERVES through a formation of southbound geese...

Russell shortcuts across a football field where a team practices...

An angry COACH yells at him...

Russell gives him the finger...

While Santa has a near miss with a SPINNING FOOTBALL kicked from below...

END MUSIC AND CREDITS

As Russell approaches a modest, comfortable looking house... Home.

CLOSE ON A MAILBOX -

Reflective letters read "The Bells".

JERRY BELL (late thirties) perches on a ladder, hanging Christmas lights on the eaves of his house. He has the same burly physique and feisty attitude as Russell. Obviously, they are father and son.

Russell, avoiding recruitment, rides across the lawn right up to the steps, hops off his bike, lets it crash to the ground, and bounds for the door.

JERRY

Yo, Russ! Little help!

RUSSELL

(without stopping)

Homework!

(escapes into the house)

Jerry reacts to this. His son ticks him off. Suddenly...

A red flying object WHIZZES right past his head, almost knocking him off the ladder. Jerry grabs the rungs, catching himself just in time.

JERRY

What the--!

Unseen by Jerry, Santa flies around the side of the house...

Where he hovers in the air, gazing in a window...

C.U. SANTA -

The light of a television screen REFLECTING in his shades.

Santa's chest POPS OPEN. A rubber suction cup SHOOTS OUT and attaches itself to the glass of the window, as the helicopter blades retract back into his toy sack...

Santa stares into the room.

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Russ' sister, ASHLEY (8) sprawls on the couch, staring at...

THE TV -

On which a group of PRETEEN GIRLS dance ecstatically as...

DEBBI, a plastic, life-sized Barbie meets Britney vision of teenage polymer perfection, struts out from her outfit crammed closet and stiffly dances and poses through her own music video-like ad, surrounded by her entourage of real little girl "best friends." As a chorus of singers churn out her *mind numbing theme song*, we see Debbi and her posse...

Parading through a balloon filled CANDY STORE...

SINGERS (O.S.)

Debbi, it's Debbi...

The almost life-sized teenage
doll...

Riding together in a Debbi's PINK HUMMER...

SINGERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Debbi, it's Debbi...

Girl, you've really got it all...

Gabbing on their cell phones as they frolick through a VAST BOUTIQUE...

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Debbi, it's Debbi...

You're guaranteed to have a ball...

Dancing sexily for lasciviously nodding GANGSTAS at a party...

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Debbi, it's Debbi...
They'll be so jealous at the mall.

Debbi-less PRETEENS look on in an agony of unfulfilled desire as Debbi and her entourage haughtily strut by... Debbie suddenly turns TO THE CAMERA...

CLOSE ON ASHLEY, staring

CLOSE ON Debbi's perfectly pretty plastic face, which doesn't move a muscle (since it doesn't have one)...

DEBBI
Be my best friend.

ASHLEY, enraptured

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Be sure to ask Santa... for Debbi.
(talking so fast it's
barely understandable)
Only nineteen thousand nine hundred
and ninety-nine dollars...

CLOSE ON THE WINDOW -

Through which we see Santa... watching.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Debbi's Hummer, Tattoo parlor, Mega-
Closet, Boyfriend Kevin and Gay Friend
Keith sold separately. Batteries
not included. Another fine product
from... *Killer Toyz*.

ASHLEY, anguished

ASHLEY
Debbi...

The spell is broken when Russell flops onto the couch.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Russell!

RUSSELL
What?

He grabs the remote, changes the station.

ASHLEY
I'm watching this!

RUSSELL

I'm bigger.

She tries to wrestle it away from him, but he's got the big brother physical edge... She gives up.

ASHLEY

You suck, Russell!

Santa stares... as we hear...

WEIRD SLOBBERING SOUNDS

ON THE TV -

Hungry, gnarly looking ZOMBIES limp and stagger toward the camera...

RUSSELL

Ah, perfect.
(settles in to watch
it)

ASHLEY

You know we're not allowed to watch
this stuff... I'll get nightmares!

We hear *horrible screams* from the tube as an actor is eaten alive. Russell makes a "zombie face" at her--she punches him, and they wrestle and fight as...

Santa watches.

DREW (O.S.)

Why can't we all just live in peace?

DREW (5), their adorable, wise beyond his years little brother, ambles into the room.

DREW (CONT'D)

What's that?

RUSSELL

What?

DREW

Stuck to the window.

Russ and Ashley shoot a look at the window...

But Santa is gone.

END OF SAMPLE