

FADE IN:

*THEME AND CREDIT THROUGH THE FOLLOWING*

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

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

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

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

EMMA  
He went this way!

JASMINE  
(to the volunteer)  
Did you see him?

SALVATION ARMY VOLUNTEER  
Who?

MONA, JASMINE & EMMA  
SANTA!

SALVATION ARMY VOLUNTEER  
It's a month away. Chill out.

JASMINE  
Come on!

The girls run off, and the volunteer goes back to ringing his bell, as the CAMERA PANS over to a post office mailbox... then DROPS DOWN to the sidewalk, where we see...

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

A TINY PLASTIC SANTA CLAUS wearing a pair of miniature REFLECTOR SUNGLASSES that give him a decidedly sinister appearance.

*MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE*

The sports car pulls out and drives down the sidewalk, Santa's head slowly rotating like a periscope. He's 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 GIRLS, dressed in their uniforms and toting field hockey sticks, 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 OVERFED LABRADOR RETRIEVER, 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, stupid. Come on!

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

Santa studies the teenager, walking away.

He's not the one. 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...

DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS - VARIOUS SHOTS

TREVOR (eleven, bi-racial) rides his BMX bike down the sidewalk, 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 TREVOR

as he spots something...

And SKIDS to a halt.

TREVOR'S POV -

The little red sports car, flipped over in the gutter.

Trevor reaches down, picks it up, examines it...

TREVOR'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... Trevor shakes it, pounds it against his handlebars, trying to bang it back to life... but nothing.

TREVOR

Toasted.

He tosses it away and 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 -

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

C.U. SANTA -

Trevor is *just what he's looking for.*

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

Santa rises out of his sports car... 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 -

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

*MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE*

As Santa expertly ZIPS between power lines.

Trevor grabs onto the back of a UPS truck and lets it give him a tow.

Santa SWERVES through a formation of southbound geese.

Trevor shortcuts across a football field where a team practices.

An angry COACH yells at him.

COACH

HEY!

Trevor gives him the finger.

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

*END MUSIC AND CREDITS*

As Trevor approaches a comfortable looking house... Home.

CLOSE ON A MAILBOX -

Reflective letters read "The Bakers".

Trevor's Dad, MARCEL BAKER (late thirties, African American) perches on a ladder, hanging Christmas lights on the eaves of his house.

Trevor, 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.

MARCEL

Yo, Trev! Little help!

TREVOR

Can't!

MARCEL

What?

TREVOR

(without stopping)

Homework!

(escapes into the house)

Marcel reacts to this. His son pisses him off. Suddenly...

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

MARCEL

What the--!

Unseen by Marcel, 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 POPS OUT and attaches itself to the glass of the window, as the helicopter blades retract back into his toy sack...

And Santa stares into the room.

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor's 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 Iggy Azalea 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 BFFs. 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 phones as they frolic through a VAST BOUTIQUE, tossing clothes all over the place, as the SALES PEOPLE act like it's the cutest thing they've ever seen...

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Debbi, it's Debbi...  
You're guaranteed to have a ball...

Twinking for 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, enraptured

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

DEBBI

Be my best friend.

ASHLEY moans with longing.

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, Gay Friend Keith, and plastic surgeon Steve sold separately. Batteries not included. Another fine product from... *Killer Toyz*.

ASHLEY, anguished

ASHLEY

Debbi...

The spell is broken when Trevor flops onto the couch.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Trevor!

TREVOR

What?

He grabs the remote, changes the station.

ASHLEY

I'm watching this!

TREVOR

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, Trevor!

Santa stares... as we hear...

*WEIRD SLOBBERING SOUNDS*

ON THE TV -

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

TREVOR

Ah, perfecto.

He settles in to watch it.

ASHLEY

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

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

Santa watches.

OMAR (O.S.)

Why can't we all just live in peace?

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

OMAR (CONT'D)

What's that?

TREVOR

What?

OMAR  
Stuck to the window.

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

But Santa is gone.

TREVOR  
There's nothing!

*More zombie munching noises*

OMAR  
We're not allowed to watch this.

Omar changes the channel and finds something he *really* likes.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Oh, cool!

He flops onto the couch right between his brother and sister.

ON THE TV - CONTINUOUS

A group of HAPPY KIDS celebrate at a backyard birthday party. Hats, balloons, a huge cake, and, of course, a clown. The PARENTS look on adoringly as their pampered BIRTHDAY BOY opens a present.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
They didn't invite you to the party...

Suddenly, a VAST DARK SHADOW falls over the yard, and they all look up, and...

SCREAM in terror!

ANNOUNCER, TREVOR, AND OMAR  
And now they're going to pay.

Ashley rolls her eyes.

A huge INFLATED TYRANNOSAURUS (like a balloon in the Macy's Thanksgiving Parade) lumbers straight toward them. Through a clear plastic portal in the monster's chest, we see a GRINNING LITTLE BOY operating the creature's controls.

ANNOUNCER  
Inflatosaurus Rex...

The partiers run for their lives!

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
He's thirty feet tall and completely  
harmless...

The birthday boy snatches up his presents... as a huge  
inflated DINOSAUR TAIL SMACKS HIM OFF CAMERA.

ANNOUNCER, TREV, AND OMAR  
Unless you get in his way.

LONG SHOT as Rex walks away through the backyards, his jaws  
crammed full with birthday presents...

And a traumatized, screaming clown.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Tell Santa you want... REX FOR  
CHRISTMAS! Another fine product  
from *Killer Toyz*.

MARCEL (O.S.)  
I need a few volunteers!

The kids turn and see Marcel standing in the doorway, his  
arms filled with boxes of outdoor lights and decorations.

TREVOR  
Oh, man! How come we have to have  
*so many* lights?

OMAR  
So Santa can find our house!

MARCEL  
Right!

TREVOR  
It's a friggin' month away!

MARCEL  
Hey! Language!

TREVOR  
(under his breath)  
Christmas bites.

ASHLEY  
You bite, Trevor!

OMAR  
Yeah, you bite, Trevor!

MARCEL  
LANGUAGE!

*Smacks and shouts* are heard from the tv, on which we see a badly dubbed KUNG FU MOVIE. PRINCESSES and MANDARINS whack each other and fly through the air.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
That's not *real* kung fu...

Marcel improves a few kung fu moves of his own. He's not terrible.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
Jackie Chan is the true master. He--

TREVOR, ASHLEY, & OMAR  
(in unison; they've  
heard it a zillion  
times)  
Performs all his own stunts!

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Ashley and Omar unwind strings of lights... as Marcel confronts Trevor.

MARCEL  
You know what "bites", Trev? Your attitude.

Trevor says nothing.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
Christmas isn't about getting. It's about giving, and that includes your positive energy--especially when you're around your little brother and sister.

Trevor says nothing.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
Don't "whatever" me.

TREVOR  
I didn't!

MARCEL  
You were thinking it--and when are you going to clean up your room?

TREVOR  
(starts to go)  
Right now.

MARCEL

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Do it *after* we put up the lights, *after* you finish your homework--I don't want anymore Cs on that report card--and *before* you veg out on Halo.

TREVOR

Yes, Lord Vader.

MARCEL

Hey, smart guy, this is my house, and as long as you live in it, you will do your share and obey the rules.

TREVOR

(under his breath)  
Get a job.

MARCEL

Wh--what was that?

Trevor says nothing.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

(upset)  
Set up the lawn deer!

Trevor turns and struts away, as Marcel, very hurt, stares angrily after him.

The family's minivan pulls up, and SUSAN BAKER (mid thirties, white) gets out, her arms filled with groceries. Ashley runs to greet her.

ASHLEY

Mom! I have something *really really* really important to discuss with you.

Unseen by them, the plastic Santa watches from the branch of a tree, just a few feet away...

VERY CLOSE ON SANTA, Ashley and Susan REFLECTED in his lenses...

CAMERA ZOOMS RIGHT INTO THEM...

SERIES OF EXTREMELY FAST SHOTS - CONTINUOUS

An electronic signal FLASHES through the toy's circuitry...

SHOOTS away from the house up into the sky...

ZOOMS into space...

BOUNCES off a satellite (made of colorful molded plastic and bearing the Killer Toyz logo)...

STREAKS back toward the Earth... down toward a highway... and right through the roof of...

A ridiculously long STRETCH LIMO, also made of molded plastic.

INT. BACK OF THE LIMO - CONTINUOUS

A man wearing the same sunglasses as Santa sits in the dark, a red plastic control device in his lap. He is TODD TYLER, president of Killer Toyz. Once a brilliant, slightly psychotic eight year old, he is now a brilliant, very psychotic 38 year old who still acts and dresses like a 22 year old. He stares at the device's...

SCREEN

On which we see Susan and Ashley.

SUSAN  
What is it, honey?

ASHLEY  
I need... a Debbi!

TODD, thrilled!

SUSAN (O.S.)  
A what?

We hear an excited whimper...

In the seat beside him sits POD, Todd's faithful lapdog computer, a terrier sized ROBOTIC DOG (spindly metallic neck and legs, head and body made of beige plastic; he looks like a rejected early '90s Apple design.) Pod whimpers excitedly and wags his antenna tail. He may be a machine... but he's a really sweet little dog. Todd totally ignores him.

BACK TO YARD - CONTINUOUS - ASHLEY AND SUSAN

ASHLEY  
It's a doll, Mom, and she's *really really* great.

SUSAN  
What's so great about her?

BACK TO TODD -

Watching, peeved...

ASHLEY (O.S.)  
Everything!

Pod wags his tail nervously.

BACK IN THE YARD -

Trevor struggles with the pieces of the lawn deer. Suddenly he hears VOICES, whispering from the bushes.

VOICES  
Trev... Trev!

ROB and JAMAL, Trevor's lummoxy best buds, peer out of the bushes.

BACK TO ASHLEY AND SUSAN -

ASHLEY  
But she's only...  
(says it as fast as  
is humanly possible)  
Nineteen thousand nine hundred and  
ninety-nine dollars.

SUSAN  
Ash, we can't afford that.

ASHLEY  
Mooooooooooooommm?

SUSAN  
Honey, your Dad's been out of work  
for almost a year.

ASHLEY  
I know!

BACK TO TODD -

TODD  
Lazy jerk.

BACK TO TREVOR AND HIS BUDS -

JAMAL  
Look what we got.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND which holds several M-80s (very large firecrackers).

Trevor's eyes light up.

TREVOR

Whoa.

JAMAL

We're going to the junkyard.

ROB

Blow up stuff.

TREVOR

I have to do this.

JAMAL

(derisively)

Santa's little helper.

ROB

Dude, are you a man...

JAMAL

Or an elf?

Trevor checks to make sure his father isn't watching...

A beat later Ashley runs crying into the house.

Marcel approaches Susan, concerned. In the b.g. we see, but they don't, Trevor slipping into the bushes.

MARCEL

What's going on?

SUSAN

There's a doll she wants.

MARCEL

Well, I've got the big interview tomorrow. Maybe if I get the job...

BACK TO TODD -

Eyes riveted to the screen.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Marcel, even if we win the lottery, she is NOT getting this doll!

Todd *fumes*, FLINGS the control device out the car window... while Pod cowers.

BACK TO THE YARD - SUSAN AND MARCEL

MARCEL  
Trevor said it again.

SUSAN  
"Get a job?"

Marcel nods, *really hurt*.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Honey... you were laid off. It's happening to everybody... and you're doing *everything* you can to find another job.

MARCEL  
Sometimes he just... ticks me off.

SUSAN  
He's eleven... and it's going to get a lot worse before it gets better.

MARCEL  
Guess I'm just... stressed out.

SUSAN  
(holds him)  
Hey, whether you get this job or not... we're going to have a great Christmas.

They hold each other.

MARCEL  
(calms down)  
I love you.

SUSAN  
It's mutual.

But then he glances over and sees...

The half assembled lawn deer, parts strewn all over the grass... and Trevor nowhere to be seen.

MARCEL  
(blows up)  
TREVOR! That little--!

EXT. KILLER TOYZ FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

A brightly uniformed SECURITY GUARD waves Todd's limo through a pair of molded plastic security gates, embossed with large multi-colored letters that proclaim...

"KILLER TOYZ".

CAMERA RISES off the limo as it drives toward...

A vast factory complex, made entirely of brightly colored molded plastic.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - ANGLE ON

A HUGE SCREEN on which an hysterical, GRIEF STRICKEN MOTHER *wails* over...

The twisted, contorted body of her ten year old son, his guts spewed out on the street.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Oh My Guts!... So real...

An ambulance *screeches* to a halt. TWO PARAMEDICS jump out, look down at the kid, turn away in revulsion.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

They'll even fool the paramedics.

The DEAD BOY looks up at the camera... and winks.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Ask Santa for OH MY GUTS!... Another fine product from *Killer Toyz*.

THE YES PEOPLE, Killer Toyz' top executive team, sit in molded plastic swivel chairs around a long molded plastic conference table, screening an ad for the company's latest product.

YES PEOPLE

It's a home run!... It's a hole in one!... It's great!... It's greater than great!... If it were any greater, it might actually start to suck...

(Etc.)

Todd bursts into the room, followed by Pod.

TODD

(brightly)

Hi, guys!

VINCE, Todd's superlatively ingratiating number two, henchman, buttsuck, and ego masseuse, swivels in his chair, smiling from ear to ear at the sight of his master. He leads the Yes People in perfectly synchronized...

ALL

HI, TODD!

Todd jumps up on the table and struts down it like an overly caffeinated motivational speaker. Pod hops up and prances happily beside him.

TODD

Isn't this a GREAT day?

YES PEOPLE

It's great!... It's greater than great!... If it was any greater--!

Todd viciously SOCCER KICKS Pod, sending him flying across the room. Pod HITS the wall, CRASHES to the floor, and POPS OPEN, revealing the fold out keyboard and screen built right into him.

TODD

(psychotic)

WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT IT?

The Yes People go DEAD SILENT.

VINCE, still smiling

Pod shakes himself out, flipping the screen and keyboard back into place. He's fine.

Todd strides up and down the table, now an angry Mussolini.

TODD (CONT'D)

Christmas is twenty-six days away!  
We have the hottest new toy on the market today--Debbi, the Almost Life Sized Teenage Doll! We have spent ten million of my hard inherited bucks promoting it. Every little girl in the country wants one... and how many have we sold so far?

Dead silence. Vince ventures a guess.

VINCE

Um... None?

TODD

NOT ONE LOUSY STINKING DEBBI!

The Yes People sit frozen in his headlights... Todd segues into I Have A Dream mode.

TODD (CONT'D)

People, I have a dream. I want to make the toys kids *really* want... the toys I wanted when I was a kid... but people, we have a little problem-- a big little problem--a REALLY big little problem--A HUGE LITTLE PROBLEM!  
(beat)  
And that problem is...  
(a dirty word)  
Parents.

The Yes People all murmur in angry agreement.

YES PEOPLE

Parents suck... They're the worst...  
I wish mine were dead.

TODD

Parents won't let kids buy our toys, because they say they're too expensive... Well get a second job! Take out a loan! EMBEZZLE SOMETHING!

The Yes People murmur in agreement.

TODD (CONT'D)

Parents say, "Oh, your toys are baaad!" Well, of course our toys are baaad! That's why kids want 'em!

YES PEOPLE

(chanting)  
Bad is good!... Bad is good!... Bad is good!

Pod barks happily, excited by all this excitement.

TODD

Well, people, fortunately, we've got one thing going for us... and that is...  
(stops, awaiting their response)

VINCE & YES PEOPLE

YOU, TODD!

TODD

As always, I have found the solution to our problem... and with it... we will be able to eliminate parental authority FOREVER!

The Yes People are too scared to ask how.

VINCE

Uh... How, TT?

TODD

I'm glad you asked that question.

Vince smiles, very pleased with himself.

TODD (CONT'D)

I have "friends" in high places who told me how the government has secretly loaded our complete psychological profile into...

(beat)

Our social security numbers.

YES PEOPLE

Oooooohhh.

TODD

Each of our personalities has been encoded into those nine little digits... Working with our team of former Soviet fungineers in Rumania, I was able to crack that code and program it with the primary parental cerebral synaptical sequence--blah da blah da blah da blahhda--to design... THIS!

He whips a strange looking HANDHELD DEVICE out of his pocket.

**end of sample**