

ALIEN CHRISTMAS

Screenplay

by

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Story by

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EXT. NORTH POLE - EVENING

Christmas Eve. Light snow falls on a smattering of buildings.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Heavysset man, age unknown but old, weathered appearance, long gray beard, and big gut - KRIS KRINGLE. Breathes heavily, barely squeezes into his red suit, he tries to zip it up, but his stomach is too big. He sighs.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Chaos, hustle and bustle in a flurry of activity as preparations are made for Santa's annual journey. ELVES load toys, harness reindeer, polish the sleigh, etc. Santa, eating a hot dog, is approached by MERVYN ROSENBERG, 26, nerdy, short, wearing glasses and a bow-tie, grasping multiple thick stacks of paperwork.

MERVYN

(holding a stack of paper)

Mr. Kringle, this really needs your attention. Being as the Polar Bear is now officially an endangered species, the Environmental Impact Report must be completed and notarized.

(holding up another stack of papers)

In the case of being compliant with the Natural Resources Defense Council, you will need to...

SANTA CLAUS

Now is not a good time, Mervyn.

Santa walks away.

MERVYN

Mr. Kringle, as your legal counsel, I must advise you of the consequences North Pole Enterprises will face if...

(calling out)

The deadline is January 1.

INT. ELVES WORK AREA - NIGHT

ELVES, including MARSTAD, 25, German, sporting a punk hairdo and tattoos and OGNIAN, 35, red haired and muscular, gather around Santa's right-hand elf and elf union representative, BENNY, 50 and clean cut.

MARSTAD

You said you'd talk to the fat man about our issues.

OGNIAN

Yeah, Benny, you promised to do so.

ELVES

YEAH!

BENNY

I will, I will.

OGNIAN

What about our raises, which were due to us months ago?

MARSTAD

And what about our health benefits? I got a bad back and who do you think pays for the damn chiropractor - ME! That's who.

ELF #3

What about our 401K retirement plan - where's that been, huh?

Shouts from the crowd are heard: "Cheap Bastard", "Strike on the Fat Man", "Elves are People Too", "No Slave Labor", etc. Santa walks by. Place goes silent.

SANTA CLAUS

Why are you all standing around?
(clapping hands twice)
Hop, hop. There is work to be done.

Santa exits. Marstad starts towards him. Ognian holds him back.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MRS. CLAUS, elderly but spry, thin and dyed dark hair, lays in bed, watching television.

ANGLE ON: TELEVISION SCREEN

Camera pans a massive platter of shrimp.

ON TELEVISION (V.O.)
Shrimp.

YOUNG GIRL eats a shrimp.

YOUNG GIRL
I love shrimp!

YOUNG BOY eats a shrimp.

YOUNG BOY
I love shrimp!

ON TELEVISION (V.O.)
If you're craving shrimp, Crazy Stan's
All-U-Can-Eat Shrimp Emporium means
shrimp, shrimp, shrimp! Even the jumbo
guy loves our jumbo shrimp.

"Santa Claus", played by a short Asian woman, stuffs her face
with shrimp.

ASIAN SANTA CLAUS
Ho-Ho-Ho. I can't get enough shrimp at
Crazy Stan's All-U-Can-Eat Shrimp
Emporium.

ON TELEVISION (V.O.)
Shrimp! Shrimp! Shrimp!

ANGLE ON: Santa Claus standing in the doorway.

SANTA CLAUS
I am allergic to shellfish. I ought to
confer with my legal counsel. I've
become a laughing stock. These
hucksters have me hawking so much
crud.

MRS. CLAUS
Pumpkin, you're taking yourself much
too seriously.

Santa sits beside her.

SANTA CLAUS
Rose, all these studies and reports
which Mervyn is insisting on me...

MRS. CLAUS
 (putting finger to her lips)
 Shush, I'm watching Jerry Springer.

SANTA CLAUS
 Mr. Springer has a permanent spot on my naughty list. The junk they put on these days. With radio, children had to use their imagination. In this day and age, nothing is left to the imagination.

MRS. CLAUS
 Oh, it's not that bad.

SANTA CLAUS
 Do you remember, dear, when we would stay up all night listening to the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, dancing the night away.
 (grinning)
 Those were the days.

MRS. CLAUS
 Those were enjoyable times.

Benny peeks in.

BENNY
 Time to go, Boss.

MRS. CLAUS
 Millions of children depend on you.

SANTA CLAUS
 Millions of children question whether I even exist. How relevant am I in this day and age?

MRS. CLAUS
 I will not hear any of this. You bring joy to the world. You're all stressed. Why did you stop your meditation?

SANTA CLAUS
 Meditation schmeditation.

Benny peeks in.

BENNY
 Boss?

Santa bends down, kisses his wife on the cheek, then exits.

MRS. CLAUS
(calling out)
Don't forget to take your medicine.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Santa stands before the medicine cabinet. He opens a pill bottle.

SANTA CLAUS
High blood pressure. Ha! What do doctors know?

EXT. REINDEER STABLES - NIGHT

Santa pets the reindeer, whom appear past their prime, as they are graying, a bit heavy.

SANTA CLAUS
Vancer, Prancer, Rudolph....all my loyal team. My old friends, I do hope you are enjoying your retirement. I wonder how long it will be before they put me out to pasture.

Santa slips on reindeer manure.

EXT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A large group of ELVES gather around Santa's sleigh, red, containing a front bench-like seat and an ample back area with a covered roof, which is loaded up with overstuffed sacks of toys. Younger, spry REINDEER are harnessed to it. Santa and Benny walk towards the sleigh; Benny helps him in. Santa notices a strange object on top the sleigh.

SANTA CLAUS
The toys are supposed to be in the sacks.

BENNY
Boss, this is no toy. It's GPS.

SANTA CLAUS
GP what?

BENNY

Global positioning system. It uses satellite technology. This year, you're going to be twenty-three percent more efficient. It tells you where to go. It even talks to you.

Benny presses one of the gadget's buttons - in a computer voice - a sophisticated female British accent - it speaks: "You are now at the North Pole traveling zero miles per hour. No more information is available."

SANTA CLAUS

I don't need this.

BENNY

After tonight, you'll wonder how you ever lived without it. It's the future.

Benny notices Santa's suit is not on properly; he zips him up.

BENNY

Suck it in, Boss.

SANTA CLAUS

Did it shrink in the wash?

BENNY

That must be it.

Santa grabs the reigns and the sleigh starts moving forward. Elves cheer. The sleigh rises upward.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

A decrepit fishing boat is anchored. ELDERLY FISHERMAN is casting a line and feels a tug. A perturbation - a whirlpool - forms on the surface, then begins to bubble.

ELDERLY FISHERMAN

Uno grande pescare.

A massive wave capsizes the boat as a SPACECRAFT erupts from the sea. Fisherman is left holding on to his overturned boat. He angrily waves his fist at the craft.

ELDERLY FISHERMAN

COMMETTERE UN OMICIDIO. I ASSASSINIO!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

As Santa guides his sleigh, the GPS "talks": "Vehicle is traveling south southwest at twenty-three knots...Air temperature is recorded at Celsius minus twelve...No further information is available...Vehicle is traveling south at thirty knots...Air temperature is recorded at Celsius minus fifteen. No further information is available...Vehicle is traveling east at thirty-five knots. Air temperature is recorded at..."

ANGLE ON: GPS plunging to Earth.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest two-story dwelling is decorated in holiday cheer: decorations, a tree, stockings hanging, etc. WYATT GRUBER, 12, all American kid, looking like a young Richie Cunningham, with freckles and reddish hair, not fat, but with a few extra pounds, in pajamas, sits in front of a television, simultaneously entranced with a video game and eating cookies. TIMMY, 5, is also present.

TIMMY

Let me play now.

WYATT

I'm in the middle of a game.

MARTHA GRUBER, 43, attractive, comes down the stairs.

MARTHA

Wyatt, I just spoke with Elisa Miller. She informed me that her daughter has received her report card. Straight A's, I might add. Are you sure you didn't accidentally misplace yours?

There is no answer.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Wyatt, honey?

WYATT

I'm sure, mom.

MARTHA

Time for bed.

WYATT

Hold on, I almost got Dwight beat at Death Hunter.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - NIGHT

DWIGHTY JACKSON, 12, black, short for his age, thin, with a small afro, intensely plays the same video game as Wyatt.

DWIGHTY

Oh, no...you ain't got me beat.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARTHA

Sweetie, you said that almost an hour ago.

WYATT

I really mean it this time.

Television goes OFF; Martha is holding up the plug.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - NIGHT

DWIGHTY

Gave up, did ya'? I figured.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

WYATT

MOM! That sucks.

MARTHA

Wyatt, remember our talk? We do not speak like that in this house. Video games are a privilege, not a ...

MARTHA/WYATT

...right, just like skateboarding.

WYATT

I know, I know.

MARTHA

Don't eat all of Santa's cookies.

WYATT

There's no such thing as Santa.

MARTHA

Your brother doesn't feel that way.

WYATT

Timmy is five. Only little kids believe in that stuff.

MARTHA

Well, I'm not so little myself and I still believe.

WYATT

Whatever, mom.

(pause)

Did I get any mail from dad?

MARTHA

No, sweetie. Not today.

Wyatt sneaks cookies packed in a Ziploc plastic baggy into a pocket and goes up the staircase.

EXT. ROOF HOUSETOP GERMANY - NIGHT

Santa climbs out of the chimney, breathing hard, part of his trousers ripped.

SANTA CLAUS

Now, why didn't I recall that Hans Bonner had a pit bull?

ALIEN SPACESHIP POV:

Via a holographic screen, Santa is watched. WE SEE: small part of a webbed appendage is briefly seen.

MONTAGE:

Santa on his journey as nothing seems to be going right, including:

SANTA SLIPS ON A ROOF, FALLS FACE DOWN

A REINDEER GETS SICK ON SANTA

SANTA'S PANTS COMPLETELY RIP DOWN THE SEAM

SLEIGH RUNS OVER SANTA'S FOOT

EXT. WYATT'S HOUSE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Santa clutches a toy sack and climbs into the chimney.

SANTA CLAUS (O.S.)

Oh dear. Chimneys are being built narrower these days.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt, awakened by a unusual noise, gets out of bed.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt slowly descends the stairs.

INT. CHIMNEY - NIGHT

Santa, wriggles to free himself. Kicking up dust, he coughs.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt cautiously approaches the fireplace.

ANGLE ON: FIREPLACE AS SANTA COMES CRASHING DOWN. A CLOUD OF SOOT EXPLODES AROUND HIM.

WYATT

Who are you?

SANTA CLAUS

Why, I'm Santa Claus, of course.

WYATT

Good one, Mr. Wilson. You sure put a lot of padding on to look fat.

SANTA CLAUS

My boy, I am not any such Mr. Wilson.

Santa reaches into toy sack and hands a wrapped gift to Wyatt. Santa starts towards the chimney, but pauses.

SANTA

Better save my energy.

Santa exits through the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Santa whistles to the reindeer.

EXT. SIDE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt peeks at the scene before him: reindeer and sleigh gliding down to the ground.

WYATT
 (to himself)
 No way!

Wyatt slowly approaches the sleigh; he looks through the bundles of name-tagged toys.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Santa finishes up relieving himself.

SANTA CLAUS
 That felt good.

ANGLE ON: Wyatt, hearing footsteps approaching, conceals himself between toy sacks.

Santa boards the sleigh and grabs the harness.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Santa's sleigh lifts off.

INT. TOY SACK - NIGHT

WYATT
 (peeking out)
 Whoa! If only Dwighty could see
 this...

INT. SIRCOLIGIAN SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Alien webbed-appendage touches a holographic screen.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The sleigh and reindeer DEMATERIALIZE.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Santa, sleigh and the frightened, grunting reindeer MATERIALIZE in a dimly glowing stainless steel chamber.

SANTA CLAUS
 Rose is right. I need a vacation.

Santa's body rises above the sleigh.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)
 What on God's green Earth?

Hovering gurney appears. Santa's body floats onto it, and is automatically strapped down.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

Let me go. Children are depending on me...

Syringe-like device zaps Santa's neck, knocks him unconscious. Gurney floats away.

INT. SPACESHIP EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

Holographic screens cover the walls. Water filled pods abound. Gurney arrives. We see tall amphibian-like SIRCOLIGIANS with fish-like heads, webbed appendages and frog-like tongues, but standing as humans would. They communicate via dolphin-like "clicks". SIRCOLIGIAN COMMANDER pokes Santa's stomach. From their reaction, we can tell they are amused.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Wyatt gets off the sleigh.

WYATT

This is cooler than Death Hunter.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wyatt carefully makes his way forward. One wall is lined with holographic screens. Wyatt places his hand up to the screen, causing his hand to "disappear" and appear to be in a fish tank. Small FISH swim around his hand.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(astonished)

Way cool.

Small fish suddenly swim off and a large MONSTER FISH appears to come towards him. Wyatt pulls away and his hand "re-appears".

INT. SPACESHIP EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

Santa is stripped to his underwear. Thin laser beams shine on various parts of his body. Holographic screens show corresponding body parts - one his heart beating, another his brain, another his stomach with a partially digested hot dog.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Creature, a mixture of an octopus body and a dog's head - a DOG-OPUS, floats over, using it's numerous "arms" to feel Wyatt's body.

WYATT

Down boy. You're the strangest looking dog I've ever seen.

Dog-Opus sniffs Wyatt's face and feels it with its "arms", tickling Wyatt's nose. Wyatt muffles a sneeze.

Dog-Opus lets out a SQUEAL.

WYATT

Shush. I got something for you, boy.

Wyatt removes cookie from his pocket; Dog-Opus "arm" takes cookie and places it in its mouth, gulping it. Dog-Opus licks Wyatt's face, wetting it with its syrupy saliva.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Gross.

Dog-Opus's "arm" removes packet of cookies wrapped in a Ziploc baggy. Creature floats away.

WYATT

I've got to get this.

Wyatt aims his cell phone at Dog-Opus and video records it.

INT. SPACESHIP EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

Sircoligians continue with their examination.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wyatt peeks in to glimpse adjoining examination area.

INT. SPACESHIP EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

A medical instrument ascends over Santa's neck. A tiny implant-chip is inserted into Santa's neck.

ANGLE ON: HOLOGRAPHIC SCREENS ALL DISPLAY THE EARTH. THEN WE SEE, THROUGH A FLASH OF LIGHT:

SANTA ON HIS SLEIGH DELIVERS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

SANTA GOES DOWN A CHIMNEY

AS A FAMILY SITS ON THEIR LIVING ROOM COUCH, SANTA SPRAYS A MAGIC MIND CONTROL DUST INTO THEIR FACES

FAMILY MEMBERS BOW DOWN TO SIRCOLIGIAN COMMANDER

CONTINENTS OF EARTH REPLACED BY WATER

NEW WATER WORLD POPULATED BY SIRCOLIGIANS

HUMANS KEPT IN CAGES ON FLOATING PLATFORMS

HUMAN ZOMBIES USED AS SLAVE LABOR

HUMANS AS FOOD - ONE BODY ON A ROTISSERIE, LIKE A TURKEY

BACK TO:

INT. SPACESHIP EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

Sircoligians "laugh", with rapid HIGH-PITCHED CLICKING.

Santa is automatically dressed, and him and gurney begin to float towards corridor.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wyatt sprints towards the sleigh.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Wyatt conceals himself in a toy sack. Gurney floats in and Santa's limp body levitates back into the sleigh.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAWN

Santa is asleep in sleigh. Wyatt gets off and nudges Santa.

WYATT

Santa...Santa, wake up.

Santa groggily awakens.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Santa?

Santa checks his watch.

SANTA CLAUS

Oh dear, I must've dozed off.

Santa grabs the harness.

WYATT

Santa, wait. Don't you remember what...

Sleigh lifts off.

SANTA CLAUS
Merry Christmas.

WYATT
...happened.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Martha and Timmy at the tree, unwrap presents. Wyatt runs in, hyperventilates.

WYATT
Mom, oh my God, oh my God, you were so right about Santa.

MARTHA
Young man, I've been worried sick about you.

WYATT
But mom, I was with Santa.

TIMMY
No fair! Wyatt got to meet Santa and I didn't.

MARTHA
Your brother did not meet Santa.

WYATT
Not just that but then we got kidnapped by aliens.

TIMMY
I wanna meet Santa too!

MARTHA
(to Wyatt)
Up to your room. You are grounded until further notice. Of all days to go and sneak off.

WYATT
But mom...

MARTHA
Room.

TIMMY
Santa would like me.

EXT. NORTH POLE - MORNING

Santa's sleigh arrives.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Benny sleeps on a couch, snoring. Santa enters and clears his throat.

BENNY
Get lost. I'm inspecting the inside of
my eyelids.

SANTA CLAUS
Benny, at attention.

BENNY
(jumping awake)
Boss, how nice to see you.

SANTA CLAUS
What time is it?

BENNY
9:10.

SANTA CLAUS
9:10 - in the a.m.?

BENNY
That's right, Boss.

SANTA CLAUS
How long have I been here?

BENNY
Here? Here, where?

SANTA CLAUS
Here, at the North Pole.

BENNY
Well, let's see, I've been here for
forty-three years...

SANTA CLAUS
No, this morning.

BENNY
We were waiting for you, Boss. You've
never been late before.

SANTA CLAUS
I think I need to lay down.

BENNY
Boss, you really need a vacation.

INT. FRANKLIN MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA LUNCH LINE - DAY

STUDENTS wait to be served. Dwighty is dressed in what he thinks is hip garb - baggy pants, old style button-down shirt, flat cap.

WYATT
Your pants are falling down.

DWIGHTY
This is the style, man. Everyone's gonna be rocking my look.

WYATT
I'm starved. Is today pizza day?

DWIGHTY
Dude, don't change the subject.

WYATT
I'm telling you, it happened.

DWIGHTY
What proof you got?

Wyatt takes out his cell phone and flips it open.

WYATT
What do you say now?

DWIGHTY
What's that supposed to be?

WYATT
(displaying cell phone picture)
It's like an octopus-dog - or something like that. What do you say now?

DWIGHTY
I don't see anything. You're pulling my pud.

Dwighty and Wyatt arrive at the counter. One slice of pizza remains. Wyatt goes for it, Dwighty moves faster and grabs it.

DWIGHTY
Finder's keepers. Too slow, bro.

They sit at a table.

ANGLE ON: BROOKE HIGGINS, 12, geeky but cute, sits alone.

DWIGHTY
There's Brooke. Go talk to her.

WYATT
I'm eating lunch.

DWIGHTY
She's sitting alone. Now is your chance. Get jammin'.

WYATT
She's, like, the smartest girl in school. I...don't...know...

DWIGHTY
If you don't bust a move soon, someone else will.

WYATT
You think?

DWIGHTY
I know.

Wyatt gets up and slowly begins to walk towards her.

ANGLE ON: FOOT TRIPPING WYATT. He falls. Food splatters all over Brooke.

EUGENE, AKA "MOOSE", HERMAN and GORDON LAUGH. Wad of pudding hits Eugene smack in the face. STUDENTS try to contain their chuckles.

ANGLE ON: Dwighty holds up a spoon. Eugene storms over to him.

MOOSE
You think you're funny?

DWIGHTY
Eugene, if you were any more stupid, you'd have to be watered twice a week.

MOOSE

The name is Moose, brother. What did you say to me?

DWIGHTY

You got something against black people?

MOOSE

Just against losers.

Moose grabs Dwighty by the shirt. Nearby PRINCIPAL WARNER patrols; he glances over in Moose's direction. Moose reluctantly releases Wyatt.

MOOSE (CONT'D)

See ya later.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

As a light snow flurry swirls in the air, school lets out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wyatt and Dwighty riding bicycles.

DWIGHTY

I'm hella lot faster than you.

WYATT

Oh yeah...

They take off and pedal as fast as they can.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Wyatt and Dwighty's bicycles race through an intersection, a car narrowly misses them. They turn a corner to see: BULLIES waiting on their motorized scooters, holding Louisville Sluggers. Dwighty and Wyatt slam on their brakes.

MOOSE

Get 'em!

The Bullies give chase, gain on their prey. They swing their bats, almost connect. One swing hits Wyatt's back wheel spokes, nearly knock him over. An ELDERLY WOMAN, holds a grocery bag, crosses the street. Wyatt and Dwighty swerve around her. Moose knocks her bag down - her groceries fall all over.

MOOSE (CONT'D)
 (calls out)
 Go back to the cemetery, granny.

Herman swings his bat at Dwighty, who grabs it and manages to knock the bully off his scooter.

MOOSE (CONT'D)
 You're gonna pay for that, butt
 breath.

GORDON
 Yeah, we're going to use your head
 for batting practice.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE SHORELINE - DAY

The chase continues, with Dwighty and Wyatt gaining some distance.

WYATT
 (to Dwighty)
 We're coming up to the lake.

DWIGHTY
 Follow me.

WYATT
 In case you haven't noticed, it's
 frozen.

DWIGHTY
 Trust me.

Wyatt and Dwighty come to the lake. Dwighty bicycles onto it; Wyatt hesitates.

DWIGHTY (CONT'D)
 Come on - don't stop now.

Wyatt bicycles onto the lake. Bullies also move onto the lake.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - DAY

The Bullies are only meters away; Moose kicks over Wyatt's bicycle, which knocks over Dwighty.

SOUND OF ICE CRACKING

The ice gives way under Moose and Gordon's scooters. They fall through.

MOOSE
Damn, that's cold.

Wyatt and Dwight bike off.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

On a crowded beach, Santa, in a swimsuit, lies on a towel, clearly out of place. Football hits Santa squarely in the face. Two TEENAGE BOYS come over to retrieve it.

TEENAGE BOY #1
Hey Santa, where's the reindeer?

They LAUGH and run off.

SANTA CLAUS
I see I have two names to add to the naughty list.

EXT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt, dirtied, enters.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Martha and Timmy sit at the kitchen table. RADIO is on in the background.

RADIO NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
...and that there is conclusive evidence that the additional melt water from glaciers is adding to a rise in sea levels worldwide. Satellite remote sensing...

Wyatt enters.

MARTHA
Wyatt, you're late and you're filthy.

WYATT
Sorry, mom.

MARTHA
March yourself right up to that bathroom and get cleaned up. Then, you can have supper.

Wyatt exits.

MARTHA
 (to herself)
 I just don't know what I'm doing to do
 with him anymore.

EXT. BATHROOM - EVENING

A clean Wyatt exits.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Wyatt enters.

MARTHA
 Now, don't you feel better?

WYATT
 Sorta.

TIMMY
 Mommy, can I go watch tv?

MARTHA
 Sure, honey.

Timmy exits. Wyatt sits at the table. Martha serves food to him.

WYATT
 Any mail today?

MARTHA
 Couple of bills? They're yours, if you
 want them.

(beat)
 I know what you meant. Timmy and I are
 both here for you. We always will be.
 That's the important thing.

WYATT
 I know mom.

MARTHA
 I was thinking, that for spring break,
 we'd take a trip. Get in the car and
 just go, go, go. Maybe out to the
 coast or the Smoky Mountains. How does
 a family vacation sound?

WYATT

Fine, mom. I'm really tired. May I be excused and go to my room?

MARTHA

You hardly touched your food.

Good night, sweetie. Remember, no television tonight. I'll hear it if it's on.

Martha hugs her son.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Wyatt lays in bed, headphones on his head, watches a cartoon on television.

ANGLE ON: TELEVISION SCREEN AS A COMMERCIAL COMES ON FEATURING "SANTA CLAUS"

SANTA CLAUS

So, come on down to Book City at Valley Acres Mall this Saturday and meet me in person. I'll be signing my new picture book. Kids, bring your parents, parents, bring your kids. The fun happens this Saturday at Book City. Just because it's not Christmas anymore, doesn't mean you can't meet Santa.

EXT. BOOK CITY - DAY

Dwighty and Wyatt in the crowd of PARENTS and CHILDREN.

DWIGHTY

Dude, why did you drag me down here? I got better things to be doing.

WYATT

Because, we have to warn Santa of the aliens' plan.

BROOKE WALKS OUT OF A STORE.

DWIGHTY

Hey look.

WYATT

Now is not the time.

DWIGHTY

Now is the perfect time. No jerks like Eugene to get in the way. Here she comes.

As Brooke approaches, Dwighty pushes Wyatt towards her.

WYATT

Oh...um...hi, Brooke.

BROOKE

Hi, Wyatt.

WYATT

Funny seeing you here.

BROOKE

My mom wanted to return a pair of shoes. She's always buying stuff and returning it.

AWKWARD SILENCE

WYATT

I had a doughnut for breakfast.

BROOKE

I had Froot Loops.

WYATT

I like Froot Loops too.

(beat)

My favorite is Count Chocula. I'm a sucker for anything with marshmallows.

BROOKE

I have to go work on my science fair project.

WYATT

What are you doing?

BROOKE

That's what I'm trying to figure out. See ya'.

Brooke walks off.

DWIGHTY

I had a donut for breakfast?
Marshmallows? That's the lamest girl
talk I ever heard. My brother, you
need work - bad.

INT. BOOK CITY - DAY

Wyatt and Dwighty are next in line to meet Santa.

DWIGHTY

I feel dumb being here.

They step up to Santa.

SANTA

Good morning. Would you like me to
sign my new picture book for you,
boys?

WYATT

Santa, it's me, Wyatt. Remember, you
got stuck in my chimney?

SANTA

Yeah, kid. That was your joint, huh?

WYATT

That was my house.

SANTA

Listen kid, store policy. I can only
sign books you buy here.

WYATT

Don't you remember, Santa? We were on
the spaceship together...the
aliens...they had you on a table...

SANTA

Kid, whatever it is you're drinking, I
want some of it.

WYATT

The aliens plan on using you to
destroy Earth. The fate of the world
depends on you.

SANTA

Nice meeting you. Next.

WYATT

I bet you're not even the real Santa.

Wyatt grabs his beard - it comes off his face.

SANTA

Give me that.

Wyatt and Santa have a tug of war with the beard.

WYATT

You're just a no good fake.

Wyatt snatches the beard out of Santa's hand. Santa falls back in his chair, knocks a cup of hot coffee on his pants and crashes into a tall bookshelf. Santa screams in agony as books fall all over him. CHILDREN cry.

Martha and Timmy stand in line, dumbfounded.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Martha fumes in front of Wyatt.

MARTHA

I have never been so embarrassed. Mrs. Miller was there. Mrs. Romano's daughter was there with her grandson. I don't even want to show my face in this neighborhood for a good long time. You are grounded until further notice, young man. That means, when school ends, you march right on home. There's going to need to be some big changes made around here. Do I make myself clear?

WYATT

(looking down; softly)

Yes, mom.

MARTHA

I need to take Timmy to the doctor. While I'm gone, YOU WILL finish your homework. No video games, no television, no Dwight. Understand?

WYATT

Yes, mom.

INT. SIRCOLIGIAN SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Sircoligian Commander and Sircoligians are present.

HOLOGRAPHIC SCREEN displays: Infra-red heat lasers aimed at an Arctic ice sheet, populated with POLAR BEARS. A huge chunk of ice breaks off into the sea, tossing the bears into the water.

Dog-Opus hovers in; it's mouth clenches a Ziploc baggy. Commander takes it and Sircoligians examine it. Commander gives order to Sircoligian at controls, who then places his "hand" on a control to cause:

HOLOGRAPHIC SCREEN to display: Footage of night Santa was abducted: Santa's sleigh as it dematerializes and is transported back to Earth. Freeze-frame is thermally enhanced, as if seen through night-vision goggles. Picture goes in tighter to reveal: HEAT OF A SMALL BODY HIDDEN ON BACK OF SLEIGH.

INT. DWIGHTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dwighty and Wyatt sit in front of a computer screen.

DWIGHTY

Why couldn't you do this at your house? Wait, let me guess. You don't want your mom having you put in the funny farm. My uncle, Joe - man, he was nuttier than a gallon of rocky road ice cream - he used to talk all this crazy talk about how voices were telling him he was Julius Caesar in a past life and he was supposed to be the king of Italy. He ended up in the funny farm, in one of them crazy people jackets.

WYATT

Just try putting in Santa.

Dwighty types.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Yeah, click on Santa's Den.

Dwighty clicks the mouse.

DWIGHTY

Holy Crap! Will ya look at that.

WYATT
 Why are all those girls wearing Santa hats...

DWIGHTY
 (smiling)
 And nothing else.

WYATT
 Try another site.

DISSOLVE TO:

TEN MINUTES LATER

WYATT
 None of these sites are the real Santa.

DWIGHTY
 I know, let me just Google...
 (begins typing)
 Santa's email address.

Dwighty clicks the mouse.

WYATT
 There it is. Give me the keyboard.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Benny and Santa, wearing his reading glasses, sit in front of a computer screen.

SANTA CLAUS
 What do I do now?

BENNY
 Take the mouse.

Santa grabs the mouse.

BENNY (CONT'D)
 Click it.

Santa lifts the mouse up to the computer screen.

BENNY (CONT'D)
 No, Boss. Like this.

Benny demonstrates the correct way. Santa clicks the mouse repeatedly.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Boss, you're deleting emails.

SANTA CLAUS
This is silly. What is wrong with children writing good old fashioned letters.

BENNY
The kids like the email. It's faster.

SANTA CLAUS
However, less personal. Excuse me, I have real work to do.

Santa stands up and exits.

INT. SANTA CLAUS' OFFICE - DAY

Mervyn sits in a chair in front of Santa's desk.

MERVYN
I've crunched the numbers three times. I would like to make the following recommendations. Your toy production cost is high. If we out-source it to China we could save thirty-two percent a year. We could then eliminate twenty-seven percent of the workforce, thereby reducing overhead by an additional eighteen percent. I've also determined that boarding and feeding the retired reindeer is an unnecessary expense. Let the reindeer be adopted by zoos or, possibly, put them down.

SANTA CLAUS
Put my beloved reindeer down? Mr. Rosenberg, do you have anybody in your life that you actually care about?

MERVYN
Sure, there's...there is...I need a minute on this one.

SANTA CLAUS
The reindeer stay.

MERVYN

I think we should also consider turning the North Pole into a tourist destination. Imagine... Graceland of the Arctic. Just think, tours, gift shops, Santa mugs, elf lunch boxes...

Santa escorts Mervyn to the door.

SANTA CLAUS

Good day, Mr. Rosenberg.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt is seated in front of television. Martha, dressed up, is getting ready to go out.

MARTHA

I'm leaving you in charge of Timmy. Is it against my better judgment. Can I trust you?

WYATT

Yeah.

MARTHA

Yes, what?

WYATT

Yes, mom. You can trust me.

Martha kisses Wyatt on the cheek.

MARTHA

Okay, sweetie. Keep an eye on your brother.

Martha exits. Wyatt ascends the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wyatt walks to adjoining bedroom door.

EXT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt cracks open the door to reveal: Timmy, iPod headphones on, coloring in a book. Wyatt closes the door.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt slides out a dresser drawer to reveal a portable video game.

DISSOLVE TO:

SHORT TIME LATER

Wyatt, laying on his bed, playing a violent shoot-the-space-creature game.

WYATT

Take that, you bastards.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA - NIGHT

Sircoligian materializes in the pool.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: VIDEO GAME SCREEN

Alien creature is vaped.

WYATT

That'll teach you to mess with Earth people.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sircoligian, through open window, enters.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A slow lumbering webbed-footed strut, Sircoligian moves through living room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sircoligian enters. Creature notices leaking sink. It touches the drip, examines faucet, then snaps it off, causing a strong spray of water.

INT. ADJOINING LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Sircoligian sees a hose attached to a spigot. It snaps off spigot control, causing water to gush out of the hose, most of it streaming into the kitchen.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt is totally focused on the video game.

WYATT

Eat it! Take your junk back to your own planet.

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER STALL - NIGHT

Sircoligian touches shower head; trickle of water appears. It pulls the head off and looks it over.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SMASHING SOUND from adjoining bathroom. Wyatt puts down game console.

WYATT

Timmy?

Wyatt gets up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt enters. From behind the closed shower curtain, water is spraying out in all directions.

WYATT

Timmy, you okay?

Wyatt pulls the shower curtain aside to reveal: Large hole in wall, broken water mane spraying Sircoligian.

WYATT (CONT'D)

OH, SHIT!

Wyatt runs out.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt runs in and locks door. He picks up cell phone and dials.

MARTHA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hi, this is Martha. Please leave a message at the beep.

Wyatt tosses phone onto bed. Frantically, he looks around and grabs pirate flag with its long, sharply pointed flagpole. He presses his face against window.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA - NIGHT

All is quiet.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt turns around, comes face-to-face with Sircoligian.

WYATT

AAHHHH...

Wyatt takes a step back and, with flagpole, stabs alien's chest - it "disappears" into it's body and is expelled out of its back, covered in slimy goo. The Creature moves towards him.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Don't touch me slime ball.

Wyatt tries to open stuck window. He snatches lamp and slams it against alien's head, causing it to fall. A puddle of slimy goo forms. Using the lamp, Wyatt smashes window, then jumps out.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA - NIGHT

Wyatt lands in the pool.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timmy lays in bed asleep, iPod headphones snug tight.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA - NIGHT

Wyatt climbs out of water. Creature plunges into pool. Wyatt slides open the patio door.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt runs in and locks the patio door.

SOUND OF GLASS SMASHING

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt runs behind the large entertainment center, housing the television. Sircoligian, dripping slimy goo, "walks" through couch, smashing it in half, then stops and looks at it's reflection in television screen. It breaks the glass. Wyatt runs into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alien enters; it eyes the kitchen faucet, snaps it off, causes a spray of water. Wyatt grabs a stack of dishes and begins to throw them one by one at the creature, breaking them as he does so.

WYATT

God help you if did anything to Timmy.

As dishes run out, Wyatt throws glasses. Creature grabs him.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Get off me, freak.

Wyatt manages to grab a steak knife and plunge it into the alien's chest - knife "disappears" and is sucked out through its rear, causes more slimy goo to gush out. They struggle. Wyatt is backed up against the pantry. Wyatt grabs whatever he can to slam over alien's head (bottles of jam, juice, tube of Pringles, etc.). Alien, with it's massive fang, is about to bite Wyatt on neck. Wyatt cracks a jar of Bar-B-Que sauce on creature, splattering it.

ANGLE ON:

Bar-B-Que sauce on alien's webbed "hand", causes the scaly skin to smolder, then burn. Wherever the sauce has touched its body, its skin begins to smolder/burn. Sircoligian melts away.

WYATT (CONT'D)

That'll teach you.

Martha enters.

MARTHA

What the...Wyatt, are you responsible for this?

WYATT

No.

MARTHA

Let me take a wild guess - aliens?

Wyatt nods his head up and down.

INT. SANTA CLAUS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sleeping next to Mrs. Claus, Santa tosses and turns. Abruptly awakens in a pool of sweat - Rose wakes up and looks at him.

MRS. CLAUS

Oh dear, not those bad dreams again?

SANTA CLAUS

I'll be fine. Try and go back to sleep.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Business meeting attended by Martha, her boss, MR. MONTGOMERY, who has the face of a bulldog, and a few other EMPLOYEES, including DAN CASTELLANO. Martha is dozing off.

MR. MONTGOMERY

...third quarter sales figures could be improved. I am not one to point figures...Ms. Gruber, I am not boring you, am I?

Martha comes to attention.

MARTHA

No, Mr. Montgomery.

MR. MONTGOMERY

Either you are not getting enough sleep or your slumbering is indicative of how you feel about our weekly meetings. I do hope it is the former.

EXT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Employees exit.

DAN

I thought for sure Montgomery was going to can you. He must really have taken a liking to you to let that slide. That's not like you, Martha.

MARTHA

It's just that my kid is driving me crazy. Last night he nearly wrecked the house. I am at my wit's end with him. Ever since his father left...

DAN

My sister had the same problem with her kid. She shipped him off to a military boarding school. End of problem.

EXT. WYATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyatt and Dwighty, carry mega Slurpees, approach.

WYATT

You got to see what the alien did to my house. You're not going to believe it.

DWIGHTY

You can say that again.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wyatt and Dwighty enter to see: TWO MILITARY POLICEMEN and Martha.

MARTHA

Wyatt, these nice men are going to be escorting you to Waldheim Academy. I've already packed your things.

WYATT

Why, mom? Are you crazy? I'll be good from now on. I promise. You can't kick me out...

MARTHA

Wyatt, sweetie, it's for the best. I hear it's a lovely place.

Military Policemen each take an arm of Wyatt and "escort" him out to a waiting car, followed by Dwighty.

EXT. WYATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyatt struggles with the Military Police.

WYATT

Get your damn hands off of me. You
can't do this...

Wyatt drops his cell phone as he is stuffed into a vehicle. It quickly drives off. Dwight picks up his cell phone.

EXT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY ENTRANCE - DAY

Car drives through gate of what appears to be more of a prison than a military boarding school. A sign above the gate reads:
"HARD WORK EARNS FREEDOM"

MONTAGE:

WYATT'S HEAD GETS SHAVED

WYATT SHOWN SLEEPING QUARTERS - TIGHTLY PACKED DOUBLE BUNK BEDS

WYATT DOES PUSH-UPS AS DRILL SERGEANT STANDS OVER HIM

SANTA ASLEEP AT HIS DESK

IN CLASSROOM, WYATT ASLEEP AT DESK

WYATT ATTEMPTS TO JUMP OVER A WALL; DRILL SERGEANT STOPS HIM

WYATT CLEANS TOILETS

FOOTBALL GAME - WYATT REPEATEDLY GETS TACKLED

WYATT IN THERAPY

SANTA IN THERAPY

WYATT ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE, STUCK IN A BATHROOM WINDOW

WYATT DOES PUSH-UPS

WYATT USES LEMON JUICE TO WRITE PART OF A LETTER

ON TRACK GROUP RUN, WYATT FINISHES LAST

ON TREADMILL, SANTA CAN'T KEEP UP AND FALLS DOWN

ON TRACK, WYATT DOES PUSH-UPS AS DRILL SERGEANT STANDS OVER HIM

DWIGHTY OPENS LETTER FROM WYATT, THEN PLACES LETTER OVER HEAT,
CAUSING THE WORDS TO APPEAR: "THIS PLACE SUCKS, GET ME OUT OF
HERE!"

EASTER: MARTHA & TIMMY VISIT WYATT

SANTA'S OFFICE - MERVYN DROPS OFF A BIG STACK OF PAPERWORK

CLASSROOM DESK, WYATT BESIDE A BIG STACK OF TEXTBOOKS

EXT. FRANKLIN MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Draped across front is a banner proclaiming: SCIENCE FAIR TODAY

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SCIENCE FAIR - DAY

Neat rows of tables support various science fair projects, as STUDENTS, PARENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and TEACHERS check them out. Behind a table is ARTHUR DINGLE, hawking his static electricity experiment that involves cereal attached to a hanging thread and a comb. In a corner sits a cereal box. CROWD, including TEACHER, observe.

ARTHUR DINGLE

First, I will take this comb and run
it through my clean hair, like this.

Arthur combs his hair.

ARTHUR DINGLE (CONT'D)

Now that the comb has a negative
static charge, the magic can begin.
Arthur brings the comb near the cereal
- it swings to touch the comb.

APPLAUSE

ANGLE ON: A HAND SNEAKILY SNATCHES THE CEREAL BOX.

TEACHER

Arthur was always one of my brightest
students.

INT. REAR OF AUDITORIUM - DAY

Moose and his buddies munch on cereal.

MOOSE

Science projects are so gay.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA walks by.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA
Eugene, YOU are a science project.

MOOSE
Ha ha.
(under his breath)
One day he'll get his.

Brooke stands behind a table, displays bird cages occupied with sparrows, bags of bird feed and a computer, which displays a graph. Dwight approaches.

DWIGHTY
Yo Brooke, 'sup?

BROOKE
Hey, Dwighty.

DWIGHTY
What's with the bird brains?

Dwighty sticks his finger in a cage; bird angrily pecks at it.

DWIGHTY (CONT'D)
Ouch!
(to bird)
That ain't cool, yo'.
(to Brooke)
Birds don't like black people.

BROOKE
I'm testing the hypothesis: do birds respond to different colored bird seed. I dyed bird feed green, blue, yellow and red, and kept one batch neutral. I fed the birds for three days and each day I measured how much bird seed...

DWIGHTY
Nice seeing ya. I got to go.

BROOKE
How's Wyatt?

DWIGHTY
Hating life.

BROOKE
When will he be back to Franklin?

DWIGHTY
If I knew that, I'd be physic.

BROOKE
You mean psychic. Physics is the study
of matter and energy. Psychic means
you can see the future.

DWIGHTY
Ever since he started going on about
all that crazy alien shit...

Dwighty holds up Wyatt's cell phone, which displays a fuzzy
picture.

DWIGHTY (CONT'D)
He showed me this thing he said was
one of them.

BROOKE
Wait, let me see that?

Brooke takes the phone, links it up via cable to her computer,
with the fuzzy image appearing on screen.

DWIGHTY
That could be anything.
(laughing)
Space aliens? Home boy's lost it.

Brooke inputs commands on the keyboard. On screen: the image
becomes sharper, until it is clearly the Dog-opus.

DWIGHTY (CONT'D)
That is jammin'.

Principal Garcia strolls by.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA
Keep up the good work, Miss Higgins.

BROOKE
Thank you, Mr. Garcia.
(to Dwighty)
Meet me at four at the oak tree.

DWIGHTY
Which one's the oak tree?

BROOKE
The huge one, next to Mrs. Feller's
art room.

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

Dwighty waits, plays a game on Wyatt's cell phone. Brooke arrives.

BROOKE
Sorry I'm late. It took longer to
clean up than I thought. Is that the
phone?

DWIGHTY
Yeah.

Brooke grabs it out of his hand.

DWIGHTY (CONT'D)
What you doing, woman?

BROOKE
That phone's important.

DWIGHTY
I've been playing games on this for
months.

BROOKE
Still, be careful.

DWIGHTY
The kid's been straight up with me the
whole time. He put his trust in me and
I tossed it aside like day old
pancakes.

BROOKE
What else did Wyatt tell you?

DWIGHTY
He told me to keep it on the down-low
how fine you be.

BROOKE
Wyatt really said that?

DWIGHTY
Uh oh, that slipped. Whoops.

BROOKE
The aliens, what else did he say about
the aliens?

DWIGHTY
It was, like, almost a year ago.

BROOKE

A year is not that long ago.

DWIGHTY

You never had to sit through Mrs. Hughes health class. Woman can make an hour seem like ninety minutes.

BROOKE

Think, Dwighty, think.

DWIGHTY

Wait, I almost got it...it's coming back...okay, okay, he said that the aliens were going to use Santa to help them keep people as slaves and their world was being messed up, so they were going to turn our world into one big ocean. Oh yeah, and them aliens are real ugly.

BROOKE

We have to get Wyatt.

Moose and his buddies approach.

MOOSE

And, what do we have here?

BROOKE

Eugene, you know what your problem is? You suffer from an inferiority complex, resulting from a conflict between your desire to seek self recognition and the desire to avoid the feelings of humiliation and helplessness frequently experienced in situations in the past, resulting in compensatory behavior such as aggressiveness and anti-social behavior.

MOOSE

You're lucky you're a girl.

INT. JACKSON HOUSEHOLD DINING AREA - NIGHT

FRED JACKSON, 38, & LORRAINE JACKSON, 36, casually but tastefully dressed, DARLENE, 9, and Dwighty eat dinner.

MR. JACKSON

Lorraine, these might be the best potato pancakes you ever made.

MRS. JACKSON
Then you'll really enjoy my special
candied yams I'll be fixing for
Thanksgiving.

MR. JACKSON
The ones with those tiny marshmallows?

MRS. JACKSON
Thee very ones.

MR. JACKSON
I don't think I can hold out.

DARLENE
I hate orange potatoes.

MRS. JACKSON
No lip. Eat your supper.

DWIGHTY
Mom, pop, about Thanksgiving. Since
we're just going to the neighbors, not
really doing the whole family thing, I
was thinking it'd be pretty cool to
visit Wyatt. He's my main bud. He can
have visitors on Thanksgiving and
he'll be all alone. And, Wyatt said
the bus stops right by there.

MRS. JACKSON
That is out of the question.

DWIGHTY
But mama...

MRS. JACKSON
Fred, talk to your son.

MR. JACKSON
Wyatt - the trouble maker who was
shipped off to boarding school? The
boy who tried to strangle Santa? And,
you want to go spend Thanksgiving with
him instead of your beloved family?

DWIGHTY
Yes, pop.

MR. JACKSON
I think it's a good idea.

MRS. JACKSON
Fred!

MR. JACKSON
It is his friend, Lorraine.
(whispering to her)
His only friend. Let the boy see where
he's headed if he doesn't straighten
up and fly right. I never did like
Santa Claus anyway. Too commercial.

DWIGHTY
Thanks pop.

MR. JACKSON
Besides, that means more yams for me.

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Girlie room, lots of stuffed animals, computer and electronic
equipment.

BROOKE
I reprogrammed Wyatt's phone. If
anyone tries to do a signal trace, it
will trace back to Russia. Any calls
to me will go through a secure line as
well. When I'm in class, my phone will
be set on vibrate.

DWIGHTY
How come you know so much about this
stuff?

BROOKE
I could tell you, but then I'd have to
kill you. What is your plan to get
Wyatt out?

DWIGHTY
I thought you had a plan.

BROOKE
Dwighty?

DWIGHTY
I'm sure Wyatt's thought of something.

BROOKE
Good luck on your mission.

EXT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY - NIGHT

Bus stops; Dwight exits and approaches a black, beefy DRILL SERGEANT, who stands at attention and holds a clipboard.

DWIGHTY
Yo, my brother, why so serious? The day we celebrate a bunch of white dudes pigging out with some Indians. Bet there were no brothers there. If there were, they be washing the plates.

DRILL SERGEANT
State reason for your presence.

DWIGHTY
I'm here to visit my man.

DRILL SERGEANT
Name.

DWIGHTY
Wyatt Gruber.

DRILL SERGEANT
State your name.

DWIGHTY
Reginald Jackson. My friends called me Dwighty. As in Dwighty is mighty.

Drill Sergeant checks a list of names on clipboard.

DRILL SERGEANT
Proceed.

Dwighty walks towards the main door.

DWIGHTY
When they were handing out personalities, that guy must've been taking a shit.

INT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY DINING AREA - NIGHT

Crowded and noisy as STUDENTS and FAMILY MEMBERS enjoy a holiday meal. Wyatt eats alone. Dwight sneaks up behind him.

DWIGHTY

When all is hopeless and lost, and an eternity of despair is our only soul mate, the only hero who can save us will be...

WYATT

Death Hunter.

Wyatt turns around and grins.

WYATT

You made it. I knew you wouldn't let me down.

DWIGHTY

(points to Wyatt's food)
You going to eat that?

WYATT pushes his plate towards him. Dwight digs in.

DWIGHTY

Ain't bad. How come your family didn't come?

WYATT

I told them not to bother. I'd rather be alone. I'm still pissed at my mom for sending me to hell. She didn't believe me when I tried to warn her. You believe me about the aliens, don't you, Dwighty?

DWIGHTY

Yeah, I believe you, man. Now we have to do something. What's your plan?

WYATT

(whispering)
Get out of here tonight. Go to the North Pole.

DWIGHTY

I'm listening.

WYATT

That's it. That's the plan.

DWIGHTY

You make it sound as easy as shooting squirrels with BB's.

Dwighty wolfs down food.

WYATT

Hey, go easy on that stuff. It's not going to taste so good coming up.

DWIGHTY

Hey man, don't be telling me how to eat. I already got one mother.

INT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wyatt and Dwighty have a view of the entrance and the beefy Drill Sergeant.

WYATT

You see that guy there?

DWIGHTY

Yeah, mister personality. We met.

WYATT

Go distract him.

DWIGHTY

How? With what?

WYATT

I don't know. Think of something. Then, I'll sneak out when he's not looking.

DWIGHTY

Alright, just make sure you get out fast, man.

EXT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Dwighty exits, walks past Drill Sergeant into a non-lighted area.

DWIGHTY

Owww...my ankle....HELP...SOS. Hey, anyone out there...any body work at this place?

ELDERLY MAN and ELDERLY WOMAN come to Dwighty's "aid".

ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh dear, what have you done?

DWIGHTY
It's my ankle, but I'll be ok.

ELDERLY MAN
I'll hear none of that. Henry, go get help.

DWIGHTY
But, really, I'm feeling better already...

ELDERLY WOMAN
It's a good thing we were departing when we were. Maybe you know my grandson, James Kitzen?

ANGLE ON: DRILL SERGEANT talks into walkie talkie.

DRILL SERGEANT
Code forty-seven.

INT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY INFIRMARY - NIGHT

DOCTOR examines Dwighty's ankle.

DOCTOR
Move it this way...in the opposite direction...now in a circular motion.

Dwighty does as told.

INT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY - NIGHT

Dwighty has an Ace bandage wrapped around his ankle.

DWIGHTY
Any other bright ideas?

WYATT
We need to get out of here tonight.

DWIGHTY
We? I could walk right out that door, no problemo. But no way I would do that to my friend.

WYATT

Think, we need to think.

DWIGHTY

I got it. We get bees and throw them at clipboard guy. He's stung and all freaking out. There's our chance.

WYATT

Just one problem with that.

DWIGHTY

What?

WYATT

Where are we going to get bees? It's winter. They hibernate.

DWIGHTY

Ok, I got it. I saw this movie, right, and this prisoner - man, he was a real bad guy - escaped by hiding in the laundry van that come and take away all them dirty clothes and stuff. It was gross, he be sitting with all that nasty underwear. That would make me sick to my stomach.

WYATT

That won't work. They have laundry machines here.

DWIGHTY

Man, you're shooting down my best ideas. And, you know what? I'm still kinda hungry. Can we get any more food?

WYATT

That gives me an idea. Come on.

INT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kitchen is quiet as Dwighty and Wyatt enter.

DWIGHTY

What kind of snacks they got 'round here?

WYATT

Never mind that. You see that vent
above the stove?

DWIGHTY

What about it?

WYATT

It goes out to the side of the
building. When we're out on the track,
I can see the smoke coming from it. We
can climb though it.

DWIGHTY

With all them rats and bugs? Not just
any bugs, probably monster bugs. Pop
worked hard to move us to the burbs to
get away from the rats - and I ain't
'bout to go into that thing.

WYATT

Fine. I'll meet you out back. Help me
up.

Wyatt removes the grating.

DWIGHTY

Hurry up.

Wyatt climbs into the vent.

DWIGHTY

I ain't messing with no super bugs.

Dwighty opens the industrial size refrigerator's door and helps
himself to a salami, sticking it down his pants.

Kitchen worker, ETHEL, heavysset, enters.

ETHEL

Just what do you think you're doing?

DWIGHTY

Nothing.

ETHEL

If I've told you kids once, I've told
you a thousand times, my kitchen is
off limits after supper.

(pause)
I don't know you, and I know all the residents here.

DWIGHTY
I'm...I'm a new kid here.

ETHEL
Show me your ID?

Dwighty fake goes through his pockets.

DWIGHTY
Must've left it in my wallet.

Ethel walks to an intercom. Dwighty runs out.

EXT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Wyatt, dirtied, crouches in the darkness. Dwighty approaches.

WYATT
What took so long?

DWIGHTY
I had to walk all the way 'round the building. Damn, this place is huge.

WYATT
(noticing salami)
What's that?

DWIGHTY
Some eats for the road. Ain't they going to come looking for you, like real soon?

WYATT
They do a head count before lights out at ten. I got that covered.

INT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY - NIGHT

Residents are lined up for roll call. Seated at a desk, is the beefy Drill Sergeant, his eyes glued to his clipboard, as he checks off each name.

DRILL SERGEANT
Snider?

SNIDER
Present.

DRILL SERGEANT
French?

FRENCH
Present.

DRILL SERGEANT
Ojeda?

OJEDA
Present.

DRILL SERGEANT
Gruber?

ANGLE ON: Ojeda, with an iPod in his coat hooked up to a mini-speaker.

WYATT'S VOICE
(through speaker)
Present.

EXT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

WYATT
It cost me big time. But, it was worth it.

INT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Ojeda lays in bed, listens to an iPod and reads a Death Hunter graphic novel.

EXT. WALDHEIM ACADEMY SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

WYATT
Nobody should notice me gone till reveille at six a.m.

DWIGHTY
Six a.m.? Man, that's way too early. What time you get up on weekends?

WYATT
Six a.m.

DWIGHTY

I'm staying away from this place. Do you really think we can find Santa?

WYATT

We have to. The fate of the world depends on it.

They begin to walk.

WYATT

You were right about the rats.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Santa sits at his desk as Mervyn waves papers in front of him.

MERVYN

Mr. Kringle, unless we settle the strike, there will be no toys. No toys, no Christmas run this season.

SANTA CLAUS

No what?

MERVYN

If the elves don't get back to work this week, toys won't be completed in time.

SANTA CLAUS

(voice deepens, eyes glaze over)
Settle. Give them what they want.

MERVYN

Sir? You realize the expenses that will be incurred by North Pole Enterprises, Inc.?

SANTA CLAUS

Do it.

INT. ELF TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

ELF ANCHORMAN

Breaking news just in. This hasn't been confirmed, but we are now learning that North Pole Enterprises, Inc. has reached a labor agreement with the Elves. Good news indeed for children.

CUT TO:

ELF with microphone in front of him.

ELF

We knew the fat man would cave. He needs us more than we need him.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Wyatt and Dwighty walk along edge of road.

DWIGHTY

If you think I'm walking all the way to the North Pole, it ain't happening.

Dwighty sits down and takes a bite out of the salami. Wyatt motions to passing cars by sticking his thumb out.

DWIGHTY

It's no use. No one's going to pick up a black kid.

WYATT

That's not true.

DWIGHTY

Oh yeah? My pop told me about all taxis that would drive right by him and they ain't never stopped.

WYATT

That's not true.

DWIGHTY

How come no one's stopped?

WYATT

I'm glad you're here.

EXT. REGIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Dwighty and Wyatt watch as a plane takes off.

WYATT

How much money you got?

DWIGHTY

My life savings. Three hundred
thirty-seven big ones.

INT. AIRLINE TICKET COUNTER - NIGHT

Dwighty and Wyatt approach an attractive female TICKET AGENT.

TICKET AGENT

May I help you?

WYATT

I would like two tickets to the North
Pole.

TICKET AGENT

Let me guess, you're going to visit
Santa.

WYATT

Yes. When does the next plane leave?

TICKET AGENT

The airline cut its North Pole
service. It wasn't very popular.

WYATT

Where else can we go that's near it?

TICKET AGENT

Sorry, but I can't help you.

Dwighty motions to Wyatt; they step aside.

DWIGHTY

Let a pro handle this. Watch and
learn.

Dwighty, alone, approaches the ticket counter.

DWIGHTY

'Cuse me, ma'am, I'd like to compliment you on your taste in that exquisitely beautiful sweater you're wearing. And, I must say how well it highlights the color of your eyes.

TICKET AGENT

Ain't you a little charmer?

DWIGHTY

May I ask you, an intelligent woman with a serious sense of fashion, a serious question?

TICKET AGENT

I'm already taken.

DWIGHTY

Good.

TICKET AGENT

Good?

DWIGHTY

No, no, I didn't mean good about that. I meant, do, do you like Earth?

TICKET AGENT

Sure, it's home.

DWIGHTY

The situation is this, if me and...

(points to Wyatt)

...him don't get to the North pole right away, something bad will happen to our beloved Earth. You wouldn't want anything like that to happen, would you?

TICKET AGENT

Isn't it late for you to be wandering around an airport all by yourself?

DWIGHTY

Just give me the tickets. Capice?

TICKET AGENT

Hold on a sec, dear.

Ticket agent walks away. Wyatt approaches counter.

WYATT

Well?

DWIGHTY

It's being taken care of. What did I tell you? Leave it to a suave pro who knows how to butter up the fairer sex. As you can see, I got ace skills with the ladies...

ANGLE ON: Ticket Agent speaking with SECURITY GUARD, mean looking and packing a gun.

Dwighty and Wyatt's eyes pop open as they move towards the exit.

SECURITY GUARD

(into walkie talkie)

We have a code fourteen in progress.

Security Guard walks faster.

DWIGHTY

Better yet, run for it!

Dwighty and Wyatt run for the exit.

SECURITY GUARD #2 joins Security Guard.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Automatic sliding door opens. As the boys run out, they are blocked by a HEAVYSET WOMAN and her high-end luggage set, leather and standing upright on wheels. Dwighty trips over a suitcase.

DWIGHTY

My ankle, my ankle!

HEAVYSET WOMAN

Young man, please be careful.

DWIGHTY

Lady, I think your luggage just broke my ankle.

With the Security Guards getting closer, Dwighty pushes the luggage in front of the door and him and Wyatt run off.

Security Guards exit and kick the luggage aside.

HEAVYSET WOMAN
Doesn't anyone around here respect
Louis Vuitton luggage?

SECURITY GUARD #1
(to Heavyset Woman)
Did you see two boys come this way?

HEAVYSET WOMAN
Yes, I did. And one of the them can
certainly use a lesson in
manners.

INT. AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Dwighty and Wyatt hide behind a column.

ANGLE ON: JIM BOB and HOMER, 20's, hillbillies, approach old
pickup truck, which has a pirates skull & crossbones flag
displayed in its rear window.

JIM BOB
Check it out. Ain't she a beaut?

HOMER
Yup, jus' like I remember her.

JIM BOB
If it were, like, all legalized and
stuff, I'd marry this here baby.

HOMER
One thing for sure, little brother,
she'd give ya' a heck of a lot more
affection than Mary Sue.

JIM BOB
That's my old lady you're talking
'bout - and you're dang right.

LAUGHS, as Jim Bob and Homer board the pickup. Loud ROCK MUSIC
begins to play from the cab.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

DWIGHTY AND WYATT'S POV: SECURITY GUARDS APPROACHING

WYATT
We should get out of here.

DWIGHTY
Thanks for the news flash.

The pick-up pulls out of parking spot.

DWIGHTY
Let's hitch a ride.

WYATT
You mean, ask them for a ride? They
look dangerous.

DWIGHTY
No Einstein. We hop in.

WYATT
We don't even know where their going.

DWIGHTY
At least it will get us out of this
place.

Pickup stops at the pay gate.

DWIGHTY
Now's our chance.

WYATT
I'm not so sure about this.

Security Guards close in.

DWIGHTY
Wyatt, do you want to save the world
or what?

The gate rises.

WYATT
Ok.

Dwighty and Wyatt jump in back of the pickup.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Pickup truck pulls out of garage past Security Guards. Dwighty
moons the Security Guards.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Wyatt and Dwighty notice that next to them is a dead moose.

DWIGHTY

Oh man, that's nasty. I don't need to hanging out with no moose...

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Lots of decorations, balloons and treats in celebration of Santa's birthday. Santa, dressed conspicuously in black, sits at his regular table eating dinner, surrounded by numerous glasses of water, and Mrs. Claus, Benny and Mervyn.

SANTA CLAUS

This year, we should give each child a bottle of fresh water

BENNY

Boss?

SANTA CLAUS

We need to make sure kids stay hydrated and get their daily allowance of our friend, H2O.

MERVYN

The expense of that would surely make North Pole Enter...

SANTA CLAUS

Make it happen, Benny. As if your continued employment depended on it.

BENNY

Yes, Boss.

ANGLE ON: MARSTAD, OGNIAN AND OTHER ELVES AT A NEARBY TABLE

MARSTAD

Anyone else notice that the fat man's been acting strange lately?

ELF #1

Get a load of what he's wearing.

OGNIAN

He asked me what I thought of global warming.

MARSTAD

What's so strange about that?

OGNIAN

He laughed when he asked. Then he starting singing his own version of Jingle Bells. Only the words were something like, "melting ice, melting ice, melting all the day, oh how my home is turning into one big waterway." It was weird.

Santa sips his pea soup and spits it out.

SANTA CLAUS

Too damn salty.

MRS. CLAUS

Pumpkin, I had the soup made just the way you like it.

Santa tosses the bowl of pea soup against the wall. It splatters on Elves sitting at a nearby table.

SANTA CLAUS

I hate salt.

Santa stands and storms out.

MRS. CLAUS

(to others at table)

Kris is under a lot of stress with the holidays and all.

EXT. ADA'S PLEASURE PALACE - NIGHT

Pick-up pulls into a dirt parking lot.

JIM BOB

Did I not tell ya' I'd show ya' a good time?

Jim Bob and Homer touch fists together and let out a "HOWL". They exit pick-up and head towards the building.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Dwighty and Wyatt climb out.

DWIGHTY

Pleasure palace - this place must be an arcade.

WYATT

Yeah, with lots of cool video games.

DWIGHTY

Let's go check it out, since we're here anyway.

WYATT

We should stay focused on getting to Santa.

DWIGHTY

I guess you're right.

EXT. ADA'S PLEASURE PALACE - NIGHT

TIFFANY, 24, blond, buxom, argues with HANK, middle-aged and balding.

TIFFANY

Hank, this isn't about money, as hard as that is for you to believe. The issue is the customers who repeatedly harass me and treat me like a piece of meat.

HANK

Respect? Look around, sweetheart. You're dancing in a two bit juke joint in the sticks for a bunch of rednecks.

TIFFANY

So that's it? That's all you have to say?

HANK

Let me add this. If you're not back on that stage in...

(glances at watch)

...four minutes, you're fired.

Hank walks away.

Nearby, Dwighty and Wyatt hear a woman sobbing.

WYATT

You hear something?

DWIGHTY

Just crickets.

WYATT

I mean, someone crying.

DWIGHTY

Now that you mention it, I think so.

ANGLE ON: TIFFANY SITTING DOWN, CRYING. The boys approach.

WYATT

Everything alright.

DWIGHTY

Would she be crying if everything was alright? If everything chilling, I wouldn't be doing no crying. Not that I cry or anything.

Tiffany cries louder.

WYATT

You're making it worse. Boy, miss, you must sure be upset to be crying.

TIFFANY

I guess you could say that.

DWIGHTY

My mama says I'm a real good listener.

WYATT

My mom, too.

DWIGHTY

Really, you're mama said I'm a good listener?

WYATT

No dummy, she said it about me.

Tiffany is amused by the boys and stops crying.

TIFFANY

Sorry boys, I have to get home. There's a little girl who needs me.

DWIGHTY

Do you happen to be going north?

EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A car pulls over to the side of the road. Dwighty and Wyatt exit the car in front of a bus station, across the street from a small market. The car drives off.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Dwighty and Wyatt enter and go to the one window, where the clerk, PHINEAS, stands.

PHINEAS
How can I help you?

DWIGHTY
We want to go to the North Pole.

PHINEAS
Furthest north we go is Prince Rupert,
Canada. Right by the Alaskan border.

DWIGHTY
We'll take it.

PHINEAS
One way or round trip?

WYATT
Probably one way.

PHINEAS
Be fifty-even dollars per.

Dwighty begins to count the money.

WYATT
When can we leave?

PHINEAS
Ten in the a.m. Day after next.

WYATT
We can't wait that long.

PHINEAS
Got one leaving at seven in the a.m.
for Cleveland, if you'd like. They've
got the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame
there. You're sure to like that.

DWIGHTY
 (begins to put money away)
 Cleveland? Don't think so.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN STREET

Wyatt and Dwight exit the bus station.

WYATT
 Now what?

DWIGHTY
 It would be cool to check out the Rock
 and Roll Hall of Fame.

Wyatt shoots him a stern look.

DWIGHTY
 I mean, after we get to Santa, of
 course.
 (pointing to market)
 Let's go check that out. We need some
 stuff anyway.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Wyatt and Dwight enter, approach the CLERK.

DWIGHTY
 My good man, where might we find your
 bar-b-que sauce?

CLERK
 Ain't it late to be bar-b-queing?

DWIGHTY
 Last time I checked the bar-b-que rule
 book, there was no law against eating
 bar-b-que late at night.

CLERK
 Aisle four.

Dwighty and Wyatt walk to aisle four. Wyatt grabs the only three
 bottles of bar-b-que sauce.

WYATT
 Probably a good idea to pick up some
 snacks. And we better get gloves and
 hats.

DWIGHTY
 Good thinking.

On the counter, two pairs of gloves, and a mound of junk food is deposited, plus one salami.

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING - NIGHT

Lengthy boxcar freight train, off in distance, approaches.

DWIGHTY

That train's going toward the North Pole.

WYATT

It's moving kinda fast.

DWIGHTY

Man, haven't you ever hopped a train before?

WYATT

Have you?

DWIGHTY

Well, no, but how hard can it be?

Train rolls by.

DWIGHTY

See those handles on the side? Just watch how I do it.

Dwighty runs up to the train's moving side, jumps and attempts to latch onto the service handles. He falls face down in the dirt.

WYATT

Now you're as dirty as me. Forget it, we'll find another way.

DWIGHTY

Screw that.

Dwighty makes another attempt, this time grabs hold of the train, then maneuvers himself into a boxcar.

DWIGHTY

Come on, Wyatt.

WYATT

I can't do it.

DWIGHTY

Yes, you can. Get some speed behind
you. Hurry up.

Wyatt takes a few steps back and runs to it, and grabs a hold of
the service handle.

DWIGHTY

Yes!

Wyatt pulls himself up to see: SIRCOLIGIAN STARING BACK AT HIM.

WYATT

AAHHH...

ANGLE ON: DWIGHTY IN ADJACENT BOXCAR

DWIGHTY

That don't sound good. Hold on Wyatt
buddy.

ANGLE ON: WYATT'S BOXCAR

Alien lunges at him; Wyatt jumps into the boxcar, filled with
crates. Wyatt jumps onto a crate, kicks the alien in the face,
pulls himself up through a hatch in the roof and slams down the
hatch.

EXT. TRAIN ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Wyatt carefully holds on.

DWIGHTY (O.S.)

Wyatt, hear me?

WYATT

The alien is trying get me.

DWIGHTY (O.S.)

That's messed up. Get over this way
and I'll shoot it with my supplies.

Wyatt crawls toward Dwighty's boxcar. Wyatt, about to enter
through the roof hatch, feels a pull on his leg.

WYATT

It's got my leg.

DWIGHTY (O.S.)

Give me an arm.

Wyatt tries to kick off the creature, to no avail.

INT. DWIGHTY'S BOXCAR - NIGHT

Wyatt is able to stick an arm through the hatch. Dwighty is propped up on a crate.

DWIGHTY

I got you.

Dwighty pulls on Wyatt's arm.

EXT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

WYATT

It won't let go. Pull harder.

The Sircoligian slits open Wyatt's pants leg.

INT. DWIGHTY'S BOXCAR - NIGHT

Dwighty pulls with all his strength.

EXT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

As the Sircoligian bares a fang, it notices a low bridge fast approaching. It leaps into the air.

Wyatt is pulled through the hatch.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Wyatt, head first, crashes down to the floor.

WYATT

Close the damn roof.

Dwighty slams the hatch shut.

DWIGHTY

This place stinks. You fart?

WYATT

Not me.

From a corner, GROANS, from: Leaning against a crate, half hidden, HOBO, 70, filthy, scraggly long beard and half conscious.

DWIGHTY

Man, that guy stinks. When's the last time he took a bath?

WYATT

In prehistoric times, like before the internet.

DWIGHTY

(holds up BB gun)

I'm ready for that alien.

WYATT

A BB gun's not going to hurt an alien.

DWIGHTY

It's got to hurt more than some old sauce.

HOBO

(mumbling)

I'm trying to sleep, mom.

WYATT

I think we're ok now.

Dwighty, mouth agape, frozen with fear, sees: ALIEN IN BOXCAR.
IT JUMPS ON WYATT.

WYATT

Get it off, get it off!

Dwighty shoots it in its eye. The Creature flies off. Wyatt and Dwighty get behind a large crate; Wyatt grabs his bottle of bar-b-que sauce.

Alien leaps onto crate; Wyatt sprays him with sauce.

DWIGHTY

Take that, loser!

The sauce has no effect.

HOBO

Can't a guy get some sleep 'round here? Get out of my room!

The Hobo snatches Sircoligian by its leg and tosses it out of the boxcar.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

As the train enters a tunnel, Sircoligian is slammed with great force into the side of a rocky hill, splattering it's gooey "blood".

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

HOBO

This place ain't big enough for all of us.

The Hobo puts his head down and snores.

DWIGHTY

So much for your deadly bar-b-que sauce.

WYATT

The aliens are on to us. Somehow they know we're going to warn Santa. I think they want to kill us.

DWIGHTY

Us? You be the one they're after. I mean, I'm just along for the ride. Right? Tell me I'm right.

WYATT

I think they want us both dead.

DWIGHTY

Oh man. All of a sudden, Mrs. Gleason's math class ain't looking so bad.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL TRAIN STATION - DAWN

WHISTLE BLOWS as train comes to a stop.

INT. BOXCAR - MORNING

Wyatt, Dwighty and Hobo are asleep.

EXT. TRAIN STATION LOADING DOCK - MORNING

As WORKERS unload cargo off of boxcars, RAILROAD FOREMAN notices the boys and BANGS his hard hat against train side.

RAILROAD FOREMAN

Hey, you kids aren't supposed to be here. Beat it.

Dwighty and Wyatt slowly awake.

RAILROAD FOREMAN

I said, beat it.

Dwighty and Wyatt run off.

RAILROAD FOREMAN
(shaking his head)
Kids.

ANGLE ON: HOBO, half conscious.

HOBO
Can't a guy get some sleep 'round
here?

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

Dwighty and Wyatt stand by the side, parallel to a stop sign, in a snow covered rural area.

DWIGHTY
It sure is cold.

WYATT
That's good. It means we're getting
closer to the North Pole.

DWIGHTY
Maybe for you. But my ancestors came
from Africa. I don't got none of those
cold genes in me.

WYATT
I wonder where we are.

DWIGHTY
Only one way to find out.

Dwighty approaches snowmobile, driven by FARMER, stopped at stop sign.

DWIGHTY
Mister, what city is this?

FARMER
(eyeing him carefully)
This ain't hardly a city. You happen
to be the young 'un who gone and
painted my cows in zebra stripes? I
ain't never seen you in these parts
before.

DWIGHTY
No sir, I wouldn't even know how to
paint a cow.

FARMER
Get yourself a map.

Farmer drives off.

WYATT
Goose Bay.

DWIGHTY
Goose what?

WYATT
Goose Bay is the name of this place.

DWIGHTY
How do you know that?

WYATT
Calculating how long we've been
traveling, and taking into account the
estimated speed at which the train
moved, as well as the position of the
sun in the sky, leads me to that
conclusion.

Dwighty takes out cell phone and dials.

DWIGHTY
Yo, it's me...I'm chilling. And, I
mean, I AM chilling for real. It's
freezing here...oh yeah, hold on.
(to Wyatt)
Brooke wants to say hey.

WYATT
Now? Oh boy.

Wyatt takes out a comb and begins to use it. Dwighty grabs Wyatt
by the shoulder.

DWIGHTY
Get a grip, man. She can't see you.

WYATT
Oh, right.

Wyatt takes the phone, and clears his throat.

WYATT
Umm...Hello?

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brooke sits in front of her computer.

BROOKE
Where are you?...Goose Bay?...hold on.

Brooke types on the computer keyboard.

BROOKE
That's not far from Alaska.

Brooke again types on the keyboard.

EXT. STREET - DAY

WYATT
(into phone)
Ok...ok...we can try that...how
far?...Hmmm, I'm not sure...

DWIGHTY
What's she saying?

Dwighty goes to grab the phone; Wyatt turns away.

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

BROOKE
(into phone)
...I think it's really brave of what
you're doing...Yes, I'll let them know
you're ok...and, Wyatt, I miss you.

Brooke hangs up the phone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wyatt closes the phone.

DWIGHTY
Well, what did she say?

WYATT
She said she misses me. Can you
believe it?

DWIGHTY
Whoop-di-do.

WYATT

We need to go this way.

As they begin to walk, Dwight notices a sign behind him: GOOSE BAY FEED LOT.

DWIGHTY

Position of the sun, my black ass.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

DWIGHTY

If you're whipped this much now, wait till you get to high school.

WYATT

You know, you could be happy for me.

DWIGHTY

What's the big deal? So, she said she misses you. Girls always saying stuff like that.

WYATT

Not to me.

DWIGHTY

How far did she say? I can't even feel my toes anymore.

WYATT

Five kilometers.

DWIGHTY

In English.

WYATT

About three miles.

DWIGHTY

No way I'm walking three miles.

WYATT

What choice do we have?

DWIGHTY

I'm craving salami and I'm out.

EXT. GENERAL STORE/POST OFFICE/BAIT SHOP - DAY

Dwighty and Wyatt enter.

INT. SHOP - DAY

CLERK

Howdy.

DWIGHTY

You got any salami?

CLERK

Aisle three.

CUT TO:

On a shelf, beside a small refrigerator, sits a small selection of salamis. Dwighty grabs a salami, then opens the refrigerator door to reveal: JARS OF WRIGGLING WORMS.

CUT TO: COUNTER

Dwighty simultaneously snacks on the salami and pays.

CLERK

Worms are real fresh.

DWIGHTY

The only worms I eat I get at the candy store.

Wyatt walks up to the counter and holds a soda pop.

WYATT

And this.

CLERK

That'll be one dollar.

WYATT

Dwighty, pay the man.

Dwighty fishes through his pockets.

DWIGHTY

I'm empty, man.

CLERK

You bite, you buy.

WYATT

(to Dwighty)

Oh, that's just great. That's so like you. Here I am, you know I have no money, and you just think of yourself.

DWIGHTY
I can't help it if salami is
expensive.

WYATT
This isn't about salami, which, by the
way, you stole the first one.

Dwighty takes a squashed Twinkie from his pocket.

DWIGHTY
You can have this.

WYATT
Gee, thanks. You saved me a crushed
Twinkie. That's appetizing. You never
think of other people.

DWIGHTY
Man, more and more, hanging out with
you is like hanging out with my mom.

CLERK
Please take your feuding outside.

EXT. SHOP - DAY

As Dwighty and Wyatt exit, the Farmer pulls up on his
snowmobile, dismounts, leaves the keys in ignition, and enters
store.

DWIGHTY
(holds out salami)
Want a bite?

Wyatt shrugs.

WYATT
(looking at snowmobile)
If we had one of those...

DWIGHTY
Looks like we got one of those with
our name on it.

WYATT
Wouldn't that be, like, stealing?

DWIGHTY

When the world's run by ugly fish
monsters, I'm sure you'll have plenty
of time to think about what's right
and wrong.

They both hop on the snowmobile, as each tries to take the
driver's seat.

DWIGHTY

I should drive.

WYATT

I should.

DWIGHTY

No, I should. I've driven before.

WYATT

A snowmobile?

DWIGHTY

Bumper cars.

Farmer, who carries a jar of worms, exits shop.

FARMER

What in tarnation?

Wyatt hops on back, with Dwighty in driver's seat.

WYATT

GO! GO!

Snowmobile zooms off.

FARMER

Lousy delinquents.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Snowmobile travels fast.

WYATT

Slow down. We're gonna get killed.

EXT. SMALL AIRFIELD - DAY

HENRY KING, 57, black, of average size and with a deep, rumbling
voice, who wears a leather Flying Ace jacket, shovels snow to
clear a runway. Nearby sits a Cessna prop plane.

Snowmobile, after doing a few 360's, skids to a stop.

WYATT
Bumper cars, huh?

Dwighty and Wyatt dismount and run up to Henry.

DWIGHTY/WYATT
Hey hey...glad you're here...we need
your help...we need to fly to...

HENRY
One at a time, please.

DWIGHTY
The situation is this, my man...

WYATT
We need you to fly us to the North
Pole.

HENRY
Hate to have to tell you this, little
fellows, but I don't go to the North
Pole. Who do I look like, Santa Claus?

WYATT
That's exactly who we want to see.

HENRY
Look, I run supplies up to Sadawaska
this time of year. In the summer, I go
south and help with the crop dusting.
Sadawaska's the closest permanent
settlement to the Pole. But no one's
crazy enough to fly all the way to the
Pole. Weather's too unpredictable.

DWIGHTY
What's a brother doing all the way out
here in the middle of nowhere?

HENRY
Son, everywhere is somewhere.

WYATT
Please mister. We need your help.

Henry notices Dwighty's BB gun.

HENRY

My grandson's birthday is tomorrow. I think he'd take a liking to that.

DWIGHTY

See, that's my BB gun. My favorite one. What if we're attacked by a polar bear. Then what?

Henry continues to shovel snow. Wyatt gives Dwighty a disappointed look and puts his head down.

DWIGHTY

Tell your grandson it's really great for shooting at squirrel.

Dwighty hands him the BB gun.

HENRY

(handing shovel to Dwighty)
Don't just stand there. Make yourself useful.

WYATT

That's right, make yourself useful.

HENRY

Oh, I ain't forgot about you.

Henry grabs another shovel and hands it to Wyatt.

HENRY

One thing though, I only have one open seat.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

Dwighty is seated on Wyatt's lap as they share the passenger seat. The rear is loaded with supplies.

WYATT

My foot's asleep. Why couldn't I be sitting on you? You're crushing me.

DWIGHTY

We're on our way to the North Pole, ain't we?

WYATT

Take a picture. I'll add it to my scrapbook.

DWIGHTY

Man, I don't want no pictures of us like this floating around. People might get the wrong idea. You can't even admit you like Brooke.

WYATT

(raising his voice)

I couldn't hear you over the engine.

DWIGHTY

That's funny, you heard everything else I said.

EXT. SADAWASKA - DAY

Ramshackle outpost of a few shabbily built buildings, igloos and a town hall. Seeing plane arrive, TOWNSFOLK, including CHILDREN, a boy, KIRIMA, 12, and HAVASUPAI, tribal chief, run toward dirt runway on edge of town.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

DWIGHTY

I hope they have Death Hunter.

WYATT

It doesn't even look like they have toilet paper.

EXT. SADAWASKA AIRSTRIP - DAY

The Cessna lands. TOWNSFOLK, including CHILDREN, and a pudgy boy, KIRIMA, 12, encircle it. Henry disembarks, treated like a rock star.

HENRY

(to children)

Now, y'all know you're supposed to wait until the plane comes to a complete stop.

KIRIMA

We're excited to see you.

HENRY

You're excited to see those candy corns, that's what y'all excited about.

Dwighty and Wyatt disembark. Crowd becomes silent.

DWIGHTY

What up?

HENRY

They're not used to getting visitors.
Except for me, that is.

KIRIMA walks up to the boys.

KIRIMA

Kirima. That's means hill in Eskimo.

WYATT

Wyatt.

DWIGHTY

Dwighty. That's means I'm freezing my
ass off in English.

KIRIMA

Are you helping Henry, the great one,
on his journey?

WYATT

Not quite.

DWIGHTY

Man, I sure you hope you have heaters
around here.

HAVASUPAI

(laughing)

The white man is cold.

Townsfolk LAUGH.

DWIGHTY

Why you laughing at me?

KIRIMA

We are having great heat, more so than
usual. The Great Spirit has blessed
us.

HAVASUPAI

Come everybody. It is time to feast
and celebrate.

Townsfolk begin to follow HAVASUPAI.

DWIGHTY

Who's he calling white?

HENRY
To them, all non-natives are white.

DWIGHTY
They must be color blind.

EXT. SADAWASKA -= EVENING

Festivities, celebratory mood, campfires, traditional Eskimo music, food and drink passed around, etc. Dwight sits beside Henry. A slab of raw meat is passed to them; Henry takes some.

DWIGHTY
They forgot to cook this.

HENRY
The Inuit conserve fuel by eating their meat raw.

DWIGHTY
I'll stick with my salami.

HENRY
If you refuse, they will consider it a great insult.

DWIGHTY
Alright, but I'm just going to pretend to eat it.

Dwighty takes some of the meat.

HENRY
It's really not bad, once you get used to it. You might even say it's tasty.

DWIGHTY
Nasty. They sure must think a lot of you to have this party.

HENRY
Oh, this big soiree isn't on my account. It's in honor of the Northern Lights. The Inuit believe it's departed family members dancing in the next life.

DWIGHTY
That's the dumbest thing I ever heard.

ANGEL ON: WYATT AND KIRIMA

WYATT

...and it's the best video game in the world. I've made it to level eight already. What do you do for fun?

KIRIMA

Many activities. We hunt caribou, fish, make hunting weapons, like this.

Kirima holds up a hand carved knife, made of bone.

WYATT

Neat. Where'd you learn to do that?

KIRIMA

My father.

WYATT

Which one is he?

KIRIMA

Four winters back, there was much hunger in Sadawaska. The hunts were not providing. Father bravely went to capture food for the village. He never returned. Chief Havasupai said the Great Spirit called him home as a gift for the bravery he showed.

WYATT

I'm sorry. I haven't seen my dad in a long time either.

KIRIMA

Why do you travel with Mr. King?

WYATT

Because I need to get to the North Pole. If I don't, something bad will happen to Earth.

KIRIMA

Explain.

WYATT

It's like this. Last Christmas...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Flashes of light - Aurora Borealis - brighten up the sky.

EXT. SADAWASKA - NIGHT

A SHAMAN leads the celebration with chants, dances and Amna-aya, the song of the Eskimo.

ANGLE ON: HENRY AND DWIGHTY

HENRY

Son, you remind me of when I was around your age. You asked why I'm here. I flew in Vietnam. Sixty seven missions, shot down twice. Saw things a man shouldn't ever be fixing his eyes on. Second time I was shot down, I was on my way to rescue a company of men behind enemy lines. Most of those men ended up in a POW camp, and only a few of them made it back to the States. If I was more careful, all of them soldiers would have made it back. Right then and there, I made a promise to the Almighty that, if I made it through, I would somehow do some good in the world. Without the medicine and food I bring in, these people would be hurting. We should all try to serve a higher purpose.

INT. IGLOO - NIGHT

Dwighty, Wyatt and Henry, under caribou skins, sleep.

INT. SIRCOLIGIAN SPACESHIP

Two Sircoligians stand before the Commander.

SPACESHIP POV: On a holographic screen, Dwighty and Wyatt appear.

Two Sircoligians call up another screen, which shows them encased in ice. Commander angrily responds.

EXT. SADAWASKA - MORNING

As Henry's plane takes off, the TOWNSFOLK wave good-bye.

INT. DOG SLED BARN - MORNING

Dog sleds, with mush dogs attached, are lined up, watched over by Kirima, who wears wooden snowshoes. Dwighty and Wyatt, fresh from having awakened, approach.

DWIGHTY

I can go for chocolate chip pancakes right now.

WYATT

I want a big cheese omelette.

DWIGHTY

(to Kirima)

What's the big commotion?

KIRIMA

To honor our family that visits us from the after world, we are having dog sled race.

DWIGHTY

Maybe they'd rather have chocolate chip pancakes?

KIRIMA

Please explain.

WYATT

Where do you race to?

KIRIMA

The race goes, I don't know how you say it in your travel, but for us it is one full day.

WYATT

Everybody goes?

KIRIMA

Only father and son teams are allowed. I will stay behind.

WYATT

Kirima, we must get to the North Pole. Can you help us?

KIRIMA

I thought about what you shared with me and, I believe, that the Great Spirit has placed you here for a reason. I will help.

WYATT

Great. How?

KIRIMA

It's best if we speak shortly.

CUT TO: SHORT TIME LATER

On each sled is a FATHER/SON team. Havasupai waves his hand; Townsfolk become silent.

HAVASUPAI

(in Inuit)

May the Great Spirit bless you and may the best team win this great competition.

Shaman blows a walrus tusk. Sleds begin race.

INT. IGLOO - DAY

Dwighty, Wyatt and Kirima sit in an igloo and eat breakfast.

DWIGHTY

So, how you going to help us?

KIRIMA

I will give you a sled and Miortok. In Inuit, that means howling dog. I would like you to have this as a symbol of our friendship.

Kirima hands his hand-carved knife to Wyatt.

WYATT

Thank you, Kirima. It's beautiful.

DWIGHTY

Hey, I'm your friend too. You got one of those for me?

WYATT

Dwighty...we can share it.

DWIGHTY

By the way, whatever this grubb is, it's mighty tasty. What you call this?

KIRIMA

Seal heart.

EXT. ARCTIC - DAY

On a dog sled, Dwighty and Wyatt are pulled by Miortok.

On a hover-slide, two Sircoligians appear.

DWIGHTY

Oh shit! We got trouble.

WYATT

Just keep going.

DWIGHTY

(yelling to dog)

Mush! Miortok, mush.

(to himself)

Damn, I should of kept my BB gun.

Sled moves faster.

DWIGHTY

I got an idea.

Dwighty bends down and scoops up a handful of snow. Wyatt does the same.

ANGLE ON: SIRCOLIGIANS get hit hard in the face by snowballs, which slows them down.

WYATT

Bulls-eye.

Dwighty makes another snowball.

DWIGHTY

Taste some Earth snow, ugly.

Snowball is lobbed at alien; alien points finger at it and it evaporates before it makes contact. Creatures close in. Wyatt sneezes, which reverberates. Sled is fast approaching a cliff.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

A mass of snow is dislodged.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Miortok abruptly stops at the edge. Sleigh spins around him, which causes it, with the boys, to dangle over the edge, as they grasp onto the sled, still attached via harness to Miortok. Miortok HOWLS and holds his ground as the harness tightens around his neck.

EXT. SNOWY PLAIN - DAY

AVALANCHE crashes down, engulfs Sircoligians.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

DWIGHTY

Come on, Miortok. Mush boy mush!

WYATT

I don't think he has the strength to.

DWIGHTY

(looking down)

It's a long way down.

WYATT

If we don't cut the sled free, the dog will choke.

Miortok HOWLS louder.

WYATT

We can't do that to Kirima. My hands are tangled up in the reins. I have a knife in my pocket.

DWIGHTY

Man, I don't want to let go.

WYATT

Dwighty! We going to fall any minute, whether you cut the dog free to not.

Dwighty, with one hand, removes the hand-carved knife from Wyatt's pocket and begins to cut the harness.

DWIGHTY

(under his breath)

Kirima didn't give me no damn gift.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN - DAY

Wyatt, Dwighty and the sled slide down the mountainside.

EXT. SNOW CAVE - DAY

Dwighty and Wyatt glide to a stop in a shallow snow cave. Pieces of the sled land beside them.

INT. SNOW CAVE - DAY

DWIGHTY

Oh shit, oh shit...Am I dead?

WYATT

Dwighty, you okay?

DWIGHTY

I don't know. You know how your foot feels when it's asleep? That's how my whole body feels.

WYATT

Give me the phone.

DWIGHTY

It's in my left pocket.

Wyatt reaches into Dwighty's pocket and retrieves the phone.

WYATT

No service. We have to get out of here.

Wyatt slowly musters the strength to stand up. Dwighty begins to, but can't.

DWIGHTY

Ahhh...my ankle's messed up. My mama would say that's Karma for pretending it hurt before.

WYATT

I'm not leaving you.

DWIGHTY

Don't be dumb. Save yourself.

WYATT

Dwighty...

DWIGHTY

Wyatt, go. No sense in both of us dying here.

WYATT

That's brave. I'll find help.

DWIGHTY

Just don't be bringing back any of them ugly-ass aliens with you.

EXT. AVALANCHE - DAY

Two POLAR BEARS rip apart and eat the Sircoligians.

INT. SNOW CAVE - DAY

Wyatt barely is able to climb out of snow cave.

EXT. SNOW CAVE - DAY

Wind howls as snowstorm kicks up.

INT. SNOW CAVE - DAY

Wyatt climbs back down.

WYATT

Uh, the weather's pretty bad. Better wait till it stops snowing. I'm sure Miortok went for help.

DWIGHTY

I figured...
(clears his throat)
...the weather would be too bad.

WYATT

What's that suppose to mean?

DWIGHTY

Nothing. It's just, well...nothing.

WYATT

If you have something to say, spit it out.

DWIGHTY

Like always, you're wimping out. Man, you never take chances, never rise to the occasion.

WYATT

What I am supposed to do? I'll freeze to death out.

DWIGHTY

Who'd a thunk, Reginald Martin Jackson, the third, would die like this? Nothing left to do but eat my salami.

Dwighty takes out his salami and a bottle of bar-b-que sauce, and pours sauce on it. Then he takes a bite.

DWIGHTY

This is the most tasteless sauce. Like my pop uses, on account of his high blood pressure.

WYATT

What do you mean?

DWIGHTY

It's got no salt, I think. My mom's always on pop's case about eating salt. Hell, she makes him even eat saltless pretzels. You wouldn't catch me eating none of those.

WYATT

That's it! That is it. That's why the sauce killed the alien at my place and not on the train. That sauce had salt and this stuff doesn't.

DWIGHTY

A lot of good it's going to do us now.

WYATT

I...I'm real sorry I got you into this mess.

(beat)

Dwighty, what's your biggest regret?

DWIGHTY

Take a guess.

WYATT

Besides being here.

DWIGHTY

I'm twelve. It's not like I'm some burned out old geezer.

WYATT

I would have liked to spent more time with my dad. My mom says not to take it personal, he just wasn't cut out to be a dad. But still. And, I guess I can admit it now, but yeah, I do have a crush on Brooke. I should have told her when I had the chance.

Wyatt turns his head to look at Dwighty, who has fallen asleep. Wyatt closes his eyes too and goes to sleep.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt slowly wakes up and looks around to see an active fireplace and the two warm beds that he and Dwighty occupy.

WYATT

Dwighty, Dwighty, wake up.

Dwighty slowly wakes up.

DWIGHTY

If this is heaven, this ain't too bad.

Mrs. Claus enters, and carries a tray with two mugs of hot cocoa, two glasses of juice, bowls of cereal and toast.

MRS. CLAUS

You boys need to stay warm. If the reindeer weren't out on a practice run, you two might have turned into people popsicles, for Heaven's sake. Lucky for you, with their sharp eyesight and their basset hound sense of smell, they found you.

DWIGHTY

Are you really?

MRS. CLAUS

Yes, lad. I am really Mrs. Kringle, better known to the world as Mrs. Claus.

DWIGHTY

I was going to say, as old as you look, but ok.

WYATT

Dwighty!

MRS. CLAUS

I want you to stay here and rest up.
Until we can get you back home.

WYATT

But, Mrs. Clause, we need to...

MRS. CLAUS

(cheerfully)

Drink your hot cocoa and rest up.

She exits. Wyatt stands up.

WYATT

We have to get to Santa.

Dwighty attempts to stand, but quickly lays back down.

DWIGHTY

I can't.

WYATT

I'll go get Santa.

Wyatt exits.

DWIGHTY

(taking sip of hot cocoa)

Damn, that's some mighty fine cocoa.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Amid the hustle and bustle, Wyatt cautiously walks along. He comes to a door, and opens it.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

ELF throws up, notices Wyatt.

ELF

So, I had too much to drink. It's the holidays. We should be merry. Don't go and make a federal case out of it.

Elf storms out, past Wyatt.

WYATT

Weird.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wyatt continues to walk, and arrives at a large door with a sign: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Wyatt peeks in.

INT. TOY MANUFACTURING AREA - NIGHT

A wondrous sight of toy making machines and toys stacked up high, as Elves wrap them.

WYATT

This must be what Heaven's like.

Wyatt enters. In a corner, dozing off, is Marstad. Wyatt accidentally knocks over pile of toys. Marstad jumps to attention.

MARSTAD

Hey kid, you lost? There's no self-serve here. We bring the toys to you.

WYATT

I'm looking for Santa.

MARSTAD

Santa's busy now.

WYATT

It's urgent.

MARSTAD

Santa's really good at knowing what kids want. I'm sure he's not going to forget about you.

WYATT

I wonder what Santa would think of his elves sleeping on the job? Guess we'll find out.

MARSTAD

You know, it just come to me. I suddenly remember where Santa is.

EXT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Elves surround Santa, dressed in black, and the reindeer as he makes final preparations to leave. As Marstad and Wyatt approach, Wyatt runs to Santa.

WYATT

Santa, Santa, stop. You must not go. It's too dangerous. Aliens are going to use you to take over the world by having you use magic dust to turn us into slaves.

ELF holds him back.

ELF

This kid must've had too much of the spiked eggnog.

Elves LAUGH. As Santa boards the sleigh, Wyatt grabs his shoulder.

SANTA CLAUS

Back off, kid.

Santa shoves Wyatt. Elves GASP.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho, ho...oh, the hell with it.

Santa's sleigh ascends.

MARSTAD

Looks like the fat man just bought himself a lawsuit.

Wyatt SOBS. Benny goes to him.

BENNY

He's not usually like that.

WYATT

You don't understand. Aliens are using him to destroy Earth. He's under their control. And nobody believes me.

BENNY

The name's Benny. I believe you.

WYATT

You, you do?

BENNY

Mr. Kringle, I mean, Santa, hasn't been acting much like Santa lately. Many of us have noticed it. How can I be of help?

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Dwighty, arms wrapped around Benny and Wyatt, as they help support him, move quickly.

BENNY

We can take the retired reindeer. They haven't flown in a long time, but it's our only chance.

DWIGHTY

Man, you telling me you got deer that can fly? This I got to see.

EXT. REINDEER STABLES - NIGHT

Benny harnesses the reindeer.

WYATT

How will we find Santa?

BENNY

Oh, these fellas are familiar with the fat man's...uh, I mean, Santa's, run. They've done it enough times themselves.

DWIGHTY

What do they eat?

BENNY

What any other reindeer eat.

DWIGHTY

I never met no reindeer before.

BENNY

Hop in.

Benny and the boys board the sleigh. Benny grabs a hold of the harness. Reindeer stand still.

DWIGHTY

(smugly)

I didn't think so.

BENNY

I forgot the magic words. UP UP AND AWAY.

Reindeer begin to gallop and SLEIGH ASCENDS.

DWIGHTY
 (grabbing hold of sleigh)
 Whoa.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Santa's sleigh nears the distant lights of a small town.

INT. SANTA'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

SANTA CLAUS
 (with possessed gleam in his eye)
 Must be efficient. Must complete
 mission on time.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Benny's sleigh comes up on Santa.

INT. BENNY'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

WYATT
 Why don't these reindeer fly anymore?

BENNY
 They were retired to make room for
 younger reindeer.

DWIGHTY
 That's cold.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Sleighs are side by side.

BENNY
 Boss, pull over.

Santa ignores him; instead tugs on the reins to make his
 reindeer move faster.

SANTA CLAUS
 Move it. Faster damn it.

Santa EVIL LAUGHS.

CHASE includes:

Sleighs fly over a town

Race over the arches of a fast food restaurant and between buildings.

As Benny's sleigh flies under a bridge, Wyatt and Dwight are sprayed with water.

Santa's sleigh knocks over windmill.

Sleigh races past telephone line, caused resting flock of birds to scatter.

INT. SANTA'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

SANTA CLAUS
 (to Reindeer)
 What kind of pathetic reindeer are
 you? FASTER!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Santa's sleigh crashes through a billboard that has a picture of "Santa" who grins and holds up a jumbo shrimp and a caption that reads: CRAZY STAN'S ALL-U-CAN-EAT SHRIMP EMPORIUM.

INT. BENNY'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

WYATT
 He's getting away.

BENNY
 There's a reason these reindeer are
 retired. They're at that age they
 should be in Boca Raton playing
 shuffleboard and hitting the early
 bird dinners.

INT. SANTA'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

SANTA CLAUS
 Mush! I said mush. Before I have you
 all turned into glue.

ANGLE ON: REINDEER FACE with a look of hurt/anger.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Santa's reindeer pass between two thick oak trees, but the sleigh gets wedged in. Benny's sleigh glides up beside it.

BENNY
 Boss, we need to talk.

SANTA CLAUS
I'm not your boss.

Santa leaps to the ground.

EXT. BENNY'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

Benny's sleigh glides to ground level.

BENNY
Take the reins.

DWIGHTY
(taking reins)
Okay, but I ain't driven no reindeer
before.

EXT. GROUND - NIGHT

Benny jumps Santa.

INT. BENNY'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

WYATT
We should land.

DWIGHTY
How?

WYATT
Probably just let up on the reins.

EXT. GROUND - NIGHT

Wyatt and Dwighty exit the parked sleigh.

BENNY
Where's the implant?

WYATT
(pointing to Santa's neck)
There.

BENNY
If only I had a knife.

Wyatt takes out the Eskimo knife.

BENNY
That's a beaut. Boss, this is going to
hurt me more then it will you.

SANTA CLAUS
You are hereby officially terminated.

BENNY
Help me hold him down.

As Santa fidgets, boys grab a hold of his arms. Santa struggles mightily. Benny punches him in the face.

DWIGHTY
You punched Santa. You bad.

Benny cuts into Santa's neck. Benny pulls out the implant.

WYATT
See, I wasn't crazy like everyone said. Santa, we need your help.

DWIGHTY
Yeah, Santa, some mean-ass aliens want to do nasty stuff.

SANTA CLAUS
What in the world? Benny, what are you doing here? Why am I dressed in this manner? What is the meaning of this? I demand answers.

BENNY
Santa is back to himself.
(to Santa)
Boss, this is what happened...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. SANTA'S SLEIGH - NIGHT

Santa, Wyatt, Benny and Dwighty are present.

WYATT
Where are we going, Santa?

SANTA CLAUS
To the North Pole, my boy. I figure we're going to need some back up.
(to Benny)
You think your men are up to the task?

BENNY
I believe so, boss. I can still call you boss, boss?

SANTA CLAUS
(patting Benny on knee)
I wouldn't have it any other way,
Benjamin.

EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

Santa's sleigh lands. Curious Elves gather around.

BENNY
(to Elves)
Listen up. I'm going to need your help
for an important mission.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Santa, Dwighty and Wyatt are present. Santa opens a medicine
bottle.

SANTA CLAUS
Oh dear, this situation isn't helping
my blood pressure.

Santa swallows a pill. Benny enters.

BENNY
Boss, we're all ready.

SANTA CLAUS
Very well. Boys?

DWIGHTY
Wyatt, what now?

WYATT
Well...um...you know, I do know
someone who is really smart who I
think can help.

DWIGHTY
Let me take a wild guess.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

In Santa's sleigh, Benny, who grasps the reins, and Wyatt, are
seated.

INT. SLEIGH - NIGHT

BENNY
Are we going to be able to find this
Brooke?

WYATT

At this hour, she has to be home.

BENNY

When I was a boy, I had a bad case of the cutes for this gal. Oh, I can picture Titania now. Gleaming purple eyes, blue hair, a face brighter than the sun, she towered over me. She had to be at four feet tall, without heels.

WYATT

Purple eyes?

BENNY

The brightest purple. So bright, they sparkled. Spent a year in Archery studies together, and every day for a year, I admired her beauty and vowed I would ask her to my patch of forest to sip bark root tea. And every day, I chickened out. Then, when I finally did muster up the courage, it was too late. She was already sipping bark root tea with another fellow. Though, since then, my brother and I have patched things up.

EXT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sleigh quietly lands.

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke awakens to the sound of pebbles that hit her window. She goes to the window and slides it open.

BROOKE

Wyatt!

WYATT

Hey Brooke. Sorry about waking you up.

Benny mock COUGHS.

WYATT

Oh yeah, this is my friend Benny. He works for Santa. We need your help.

BROOKE
Hold on, I'll come down.

EXT. BROOKE'S HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Brooke, dressed in a warm jacket, exits back patio door. She hugs Wyatt. Wyatt stands there speechless; Benny nudges him.

WYATT
We need your help at the North Pole.

BROOKE
You want me to go to the North Pole?
What about my parents?

WYATT
If we don't defeat the aliens, you may
not even have parents tomorrow.

BROOKE
Let's go.

EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

Sleigh lands and comes to a halt.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Brooke, Wyatt, Dwighty, Benny and Santa are present.

BENNY
Boss, the elves are ready.

SANTA CLAUS
Well, I'm not a general. And they're
not an army. I'm not sure what to do.

BROOKE
Mr. Kringle, may I?

SANTA CLAUS
Certainly, young lady.

BROOKE

Okie-dokie. What do we know about the aliens? That for some reason, possibly because their own world is drying up, they need to populate Earth. And, to do that, they need to make Earth a water world. But, like slugs, salt is deadly to them. However, they need Mr. Kringle to use his magic dust to help them turn people into mind-controlled slaves to help them re-build this world for themselves.

WYATT

And for food.

DWIGHTY

Man, I ain't no alien happy meal.

BROOKE

My guess is that they still think Mr. Kringle is on his journey, but not for long. When they see he's not, their going to want to investigate.

WYATT

(proudly, to Benny)

I told you she was smart.

BROOKE

I have an few ideas. Mr. Kringle, do you have water balloons, super soakers and water blasters?

SANTA CLAUS

I believe so. They are popular toys.

BROOKE

How about spray tanks that you might use to paint toys?

SANTA CLAUS

The elves hand paint the toys. I wouldn't have it any other way.

BROOKE

We could use high pressure sprayers. Like car washes have.

Dwighty FLASHBACKS to: Henry at the airfield, saying, "in the summer I go south and help with the crop dusting."

DWIGHTY

I know where we can get some of those.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Benny and Dwighty are seated in the sleigh as it sails through the night.

DWIGHTY

Man, it's cold.

Benny picks up a Russian-style wool hat and places it on Dwighty's head.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Henry, seated, enjoys some Dixieland jazz, and welcomes Dwighty and Benny.

HENRY

I know what you said on the phone, but I can't just fly up to the North Pole. It's dangerous.

DWIGHTY

Henry, remember what you said about serving a higher purpose? Well, I'm ready to do that. You're an inspiration and I need your help.

HENRY

My plane simply can't make it that far, that fast. It's not the Space Shuttle, for crying out loud.

BENNY

I have a solution for that.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Reindeer fly, attached to the sleigh with Benny and Dwighty in it, with Henry's plane being towed behind it.

INT. HENRY'S PLANE - NIGHT

HENRY

I haven't seen anything like this before, not even in 'Nam.

INT. SIRCOLIGIAN SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A holographic panel is surrounded by a sharp blue light. Lieutenant Sircoligian looks at screen, then slithers over to Commander, who floats in a water pod and has a mouth full of a giant fresh-water eel.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marstad and another elf, MARTY, enter and lift a large ten gallon drum. They begin to haul it out, but Marty stops and points to a label that reads: SUGAR. They drop it and lift another drum with a label that reads: SALT. Marstad gives a "thumbs up".

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Group of elves are busy filling up a large batch of water balloons, water blasters and super soakers with salt water flowing with intensity from hoses.

EXT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Hoses are attached to spray tanks on Henry's plane.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Brooke holds a notepad and marker.

BROOKE

Wyatt, I need to know everything you remember about the layout of the spaceship. Every nook, every cranny. How these creatures move, what their strengths are, how they think.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Santa and Mrs. Claus are alone in a quiet room.

MRS. CLAUS

Pumpkin, I'm scared.

SANTA CLAUS

Rose, good always triumphs over evil.
You must believe. We all must believe.

Mrs. Claus embraces him.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Benny looks through a toy telescope and GULPS.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Spaceship appears.

EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

All is quiet as Santa sits on his sleigh, which is loaded up with bulging toy sacks.

INT. SIRCOLIGIAN SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sircoligians POV: Santa on the sleigh.

Commander issues a command to his Lieutenant.

EXT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Santa and the sleigh dematerialize.

INT. SIRCOLIGIAN SPACESHIP - NIGHT

A team of three Sircoligians enter the dimly lit stainless steel arrival chamber. Sircoligian loudly "speaks" to Santa, who doesn't respond. Sircoligian jostles Santa, causes its head to fall off, and reveals it to be a paper mache figure as the implant falls to the ground.

From the toy sacks, a swarm of elves, which include Marstad and Ognian, gush forth, who brandish their toy weapons and shoot the lethal water. The Sicroligians hit, they smolder/burn, leaving a pile of gooey fluid.

Dog-opus floats in, sees the sight of dead Sircoligians and "runs" off, with WHIMPERS.

Marstad motions the elves to quietly hide behind the sleigh.

INT. SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Dog-opus whimpers in. Commander issues order to his Lieutenant. A holographic screen displays: ARRIVAL CHAMBER lights up to reveal, from different angles, the dead aliens, headless Santa and elves hidden behind the sleigh. Commander angrily issues orders to his Lieutenant.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A group of six Sircoligians, carrying laser-guns, proceed towards the arrival chamber.

Suddenly, from the ceiling, Elves drop onto the aliens, taking them down. Some of the aliens drop their weapons. Elves bombard them with salt water sprays. Struggle ensues. Elves manage to kill four aliens, which leaves puddles of alien goo-blood. Elf is shot, but alive. Marstad runs under Sircoligian, Super Soaks its back, causing it to smolder. Elf kicks surviving alien in groin, causing it to drop and moan in agony.

OGNIAN

Maybe their not so different from us
after all.

Thrown by Marstad, a water balloon smashes into the alien's face. It smolders.

MARSTAD

Trust me. They are.

INT. SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Holographic screen shows carnage in corridor. Dog-opus hides behind a console. Commander barks out an order.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

On opposite ends, two partitions slide down, trapping in the Elves. Water begins to flood the area.

ELF #1

This can't be good, mates.

MARSTAD

Quick, see if you can get those doors
open.

Elves begin to try and pry open the partitions, kick it open, bang on it, etc. to no avail.

From his jacket, Marstad takes out a walkie talkie.

MARSTAD

(into walkie talkie)
Brooke, M here. Respond.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Brooke.

MARSTAD

We have a situation here. We've taken out a few of them, but now we're here in some kind of hallway and water is coming in. Fast, I might add.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Brooke stands beside Santa, Wyatt, Dwighty, Benny and Henry.

BROOKE

Are there any doors, wall panels - anything that you can break loose?

MARSTAD (O.S.)

We're checking now. Not having any luck.

BROOKE

What else do you see?

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MARSTAD

Only a bunch of dead aliens. And a bunch of sticky gooey stuff that came from them.

WYATT

That's their blood.

BROOKE (O.S.)

How gooey is it?

MARSTAD

Taffy-ish.

Water is up to the Elves waist level.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Try and use that goo to plug the vents where the water's coming from.

MARSTAD

Will do. Over.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Brooke has spread out, on a table, a large piece of paper with a crude drawing of the spaceship and calculations scribbled on it.

BROOKE
(to Benny)
Go check on our salt supplies.

Benny runs out.

BROOKE
Based on my calculations and
observations, I figure that the ship's
power source is located right about
here.

Brooke points to the left underside of the ship.

BROOKE
We need to find a way to take that
out.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Water level is up to Elves mouths.

ANGLE ON: UNDER WATER, ELVES WORK FEVERISHLY TO GRAB ALIEN GOO
AND PLUG WATER SPROUTS.

EXT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

HENRY
I think I can do it.

DWIGHTY
Come again.

HENRY
I think I can do the damage. I keep a
supply of dynamite on board. Just in
case I'm stuck in bad ice or a snow
bank.

SANTA CLAUS
Son, that'd be taking too big a risk.

Henry runs out of the room.

DWIGHTY
(turns to Santa)
We should all try and serve a higher
purpose.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Water has stopped rising, to just below Elves lips.

MARSTAD

All okay?

ELF #1

It's times like this I wish I was taller.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Henry's airplane is headed straight towards the underside of the spaceship.

EXPLOSION. Tilting, the spaceship falls towards Earth.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elves, along with the ship, crash to the ground, causing one of the partitions to twist and bend slightly upward, enough for a small body to squeeze through.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Brooke, Wyatt, Dwighty and Santa are startled by an explosion.

DWIGHTY

Henry!

They run to the outside, except for Santa. Santa reaches into his pocket and takes out a bottle of pills.

SANTA CLAUS

Maybe doctors aren't quacks after all.

INT. SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

On a holographic screen, Santa appears, as he swallows his medicine. Furiously, Commander issues order to Lieutenant.

EXT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Wyatt, Brooke and Dwighty arrive at the burning wreckage of the plane.

DWIGHTY

Oh man, this is all my fault. I didn't mean for Henry to die.

BROOKE
He was a brave man.

Henry sits on the ground nearby, with a parachute behind him.

HENRY
If you're all done writing my
obituary, I could use some help.

They run over to Henry.

DWIGHTY
Henry, you're alive!?

HENRY
I wasn't about to blow myself up. I
dedicate that mission to my friends I
left behind in Asia in '68.

BROOKE
We better get him inside.

HENRY
Don't worry, I disconnected my tanks
first.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Wyatt, Dwighty and Brooke help Henry inside. Benny enters.

BENNY
Bad news, miss Brooke. No more salt.

BROOKE
None at all?

BENNY
Every last drop is gone.

DWIGHTY
Go get more.

BENNY
You see any salt stores around? Lots
of white stuff, but it ain't salt.

BROOKE
Utah.

WYATT

Utah?

DWIGHTY

There's a lake there with the saltiest water on Earth.

Everyone stares at Dwighty.

DWIGHTY

You all think I don't know anything? Got an A last semester in geography.

BROOKE

Henry, how much can your tanks hold?

HENRY

Roughly three hundred gallons.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

What appears to be a shooting star turns out to be a sleigh, pulled by reindeer, and with two very large tanks secured to the sides, and Benny and Henry its passengers.

INT. SLEIGH - NIGHT

HENRY

I've never been to Utah before.

BENNY

Welcome to the club.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

WYATT

Hey, I don't see Santa.

DWIGHTY

Maybe he needed to make time with the wife, if you catch my drift.

BROOKE

Dwighty, you can be so crude sometimes. Wyatt, go see if you can find Mr. Kringle. But, don't go too far.

WYATT

Right.

Wyatt runs out.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Elves are engaged in full battle with the a troop of Sircoligians.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Wyatt, out of breath, runs back in.

WYATT

No sign of him anywhere. You don't think...

BROOKE

I regret to say this, but it's a good possibility that he was abducted.

WYATT

Then I have to go get him.

BROOKE

Wyatt, be logical. That would be too dangerous. And, we don't know for certain that's what happened.

WYATT

I gave up believing in Santa. Thought I was too old to still believe in that kind of stuff. Now I realize that my believing, and your believing and the whole world believing is what gives Santa his power. I can't let Santa down. Dwighty, stay here and look after Brooke.

Wyatt rushes out.

DWIGHTY

My bro has a higher purpose to serve.

BROOKE

You really like saying that, don't you?

INT. SPACESHIP UNDERSIDE - NIGHT

Wyatt climbs into an opening caused by explosion.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Wyatt enters a quiet section, and undetected, looks around.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

BROOKE
(into walkie talkie)
Brooke calling M. Over.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

As Elves battle the aliens, having taken out a number of them, with a few elf casualties, Marstad answers the walkie talkie.

MARSTAD
(into walkie talkie)
M here.

BROOKE (O.S.)
What is your status?

MARSTAD
Hard to say. There seems to be no end
to how many of these buggers are here.
Our supply of salt water is getting
low. Gotta go.

Marstad runs to help an elf that's taken a nasty fang bite from a Sircoligian.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wyatt slowly walks along, through the wet area and stepping over dead Sircoligians. He arrives at the Command Center and peeks in.

INT. SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Santa is laying on a gurney.

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dog-opus floats in, yelps, and excitedly licks Wyatt's face.

WYATT
(whispering)
Not now, boy.

Wyatt looks up to notice: armed Sircoligian GUARD.

INT. SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Wyatt is dragged in, followed by Dog-opus. Commander and his Lieutenant flank him, and begin to poke him with their "fingers".

WYATT

Don't touch me with those grimy things. Santa...Santa...no, not again.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Benny and Henry have returned.

BENNY

What now, Miss Brooke?

BROOKE

Wyatt and Santa are in the ship.

HENRY

What? How did that happen?

Henry glances at Dwighty.

DWIGHTY

Don't look at me. Wasn't my doing.
(to Henry, admiring his jacket)
I really like the threads. I'm going to have to get me one of those.

BROOKE

If there is a way we can take the filled tanks and flood out their ship, we may have a chance.

Brooke points to her drawing of the ship.

BROOKE

Here are exhaust vents, but their high up, even with the ship on the ground. We would need to do this as quietly as possible. And, we don't have hovercraft, unfortunately.

BENNY

Miss Brooke. The retired reindeer are able to float in the air, like a helicopter, only without the sound of blades. That's one of the things Boss could never get the new 'uns to do. Maybe it's takes lots of practice.

INT. SIRCOLIGIAN SPACESHIP COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Guard is constraining Wyatt.

WYATT

Santa, don't let these slime balls push you around. Millions of kids believe in you and need you.

Santa lays there, staring straight ahead. Lieutenant talks to Commander, who then gleefully nods his head. Lieutenant signals to Guard, who sits Santa right side up. He hands Santa his laser gun and issues an order to him. Santa slowly takes the gun and points it at Wyatt. Sircoligians "LAUGH".

WYATT

(nearly in tears)

Santa...Santa...

Santa abruptly points the gun at the Guard and fires, killing it and causing goo to shoot all over. Santa immediately fires on the Commander and Lieutenant.

WYATT

Santa! I knew you couldn't shoot me. But, how...

SANTA CLAUS

When I was brought back on board, I quickly began meditating. Putting my mind in such a state blocked their mind control.

Santa reaches into his collar and removes the implant, which he tosses aside.

SANTA CLAUS

My boy, what do you say we skedaddle.

EXT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

The retired Reindeer hover, as Henry and Benny stand on the sleigh, and rig up hoses from the high pressure spray tanks to the Spaceship's vents.

INT. SPACESHIP UNDERSIDE - NIGHT

Dog-opus jumps on Wyatt's shoulder and licks his face. Santa and Wyatt exit through the explosion opening.

INT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

BROOKE
 (into walkie talkie)
 Marstad, we've got three hundred
 gallons of hurt coming your way.
 Vacate as soon as possible.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Clouds of water vapor and water fill the air; Sircoligians begin to smolder and die, some let out "MOANS" as they do so. A few still try to fight, but it's no use.

EXT. SPACESHIP UNDERSIDE - NIGHT

Elves, mostly bloody and bruised, scramble out to meet Wyatt and Santa, as Henry, Dwighty, Benny and Brooke come out to hug them.

WYATT
 You think we got them all?

BROOKE
 I believe so. Three hundred gallons
 will reach every inch of that craft.
 Just to be on the safe side, Mr.
 Kringle, I have one more mission for
 the reindeer.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Reindeer are towing the Spaceship towards a smoldering volcano.

EXT. VOLCANO - NIGHT

Spaceship crashes through the rim, plunges into the volcano.

EXT. SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTER - NIGHT

SANTA CLAUS

I know of plenty of boys and girls waiting for toys. I could use some help, if you happen to know of two fine young men who'd be willing to join me.

WYATT/DWIGHTY

Yeah!

Santa walks away.

WYATT

Santa, where you going?

SANTA CLAUS

I'd like to change into more appropriate dress. And, I have friends I left behind.

EXT. REINDEER STABLES - NIGHT

Santa, now dressed in his red suit, attaches the harness to the retired reindeer.

SANTA CLAUS

What you guys did made me proud.
(to reindeer)
Can you ever forgive me?

Reindeer lick Santa's face.

SANTA CLAUS

I love you too.

MONTAGE:

Santa on his Christmas run delivers gifts, with Wyatt and Dwighty helping out.

Dwighty helps himself to Santa's cookies.

Formerly retired reindeer lick Wyatt's face.

Kirima opening a gift: a beautiful new hunting knife.

Time Magazine cover: Santa under the heading "MAN OF THE YEAR"

Wyatt enters his house to be hugged tightly by Martha.

Wyatt unwraps a gift: Death Hunter 2.

Santa and Mrs. Claus enjoy a walk together, holding hands, on a beach.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wyatt walks Brooke home from school. They walk by Moose.

MOOSE

(to Wyatt)

Even though everyone thinks you're cool now and you know Santa, I still think you're a freak.

BROOKE

Eugene, you know what you are? You're a...

WYATT

Brooke, please, allow me.

(to Moose)

Get counseling, my good man. Then we'll talk.

Wyatt lightly taps his hand on Moose's left cheek. Brooke and Wyatt continue on their way.

WYATT

I know a great little out of the way ice cream shop. They make the best three scoop sundaes, with extra hot fudge.

BROOKE

Hmmm...delicious.

Dwighty, who wears a leather Flying Ace jacket, arrives on a colorful skateboard.

DWIGHTY

Yo, yo, yo. Check out the new wheels. Watch this.

Dwighty tries to do a kickflip, but wipes out.

DWIGHTY

I'm getting the hang of it.

Wyatt and Brooke continue on their way. Dwighty skateboards after them.

DWIGHTY

Where you cats kickin' it? Hey, let's go hit the arcade.

BROOKE

We're going to get ice cream.

DWIGHTY

Ice cream? Sure, I can go for ice cream. Or, maybe yogurt. You know, ice cream is loaded with cholesterol.

WYATT

Dwighty, no offense, but we'd like to be alone.

DWIGHTY

High cholesterol runs in my family. More on my mom's side than my...

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt is asleep. Martha enters to tuck him in and kiss him on the cheek. As she exits, we see: Cuddled up next to him is the Dog-opus.