

CHRISTMAS IS A MOTHER...

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHEYENNE HOUSE #1, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

'Twas the midnight before Christmas, actually it's 12:15, and here comes the strangest Santa you've ever seen.

A pair of boots touch down on the roof. Red pants. Red robe with white trim, cap to match. Rosy cheeks and a white beard. A pair of candy cane AirPods blaring Phil Collins "In the Air Tonight".

This is the white Santa we know and love. Well, one of them. Meet SANTA EARL.

Santa pops into the chimney...

INT. CHEYENNE HOUSE #1, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

And emerges with his big red bag into a cozy living room complete with a homely sofa, a La-Z-Boy and a fake Christmas tree for a centerpiece.

He places seven gifts under the tree, then presses a button on his watch. A colorful portal appears. He steps through...

EXT. CHEYENNE HOUSE #2, ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

And walks out onto the next roof. Santa can feel his long night coming to an end. His excitement causes him to dive head first down the next chimney.

INT. CHEYENNE HOUSE #2, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Santa lands with a clatter, but is quickly on his feet. This living room resembles the previous one with the exception of the three stockings above the fireplace: One for Xena, Edward, and Liz.

Santa drops off three gifts under the tree, then touches each stocking as he passes them. Once flat, they now overflow with candy. Santa is off again through the portal.

INT. CHEYENNE HOUSE #3, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Santa emerges from the fireplace into a living room similar to the previous ones. He drops off three gifts then something beautiful catches his eye near the kitchen--A liquor cabinet.

SANTA EARL
Why, hello there gorgeous.

He does a little jig over to the cabinet and pulls out a bottle of coconut rum. On the kitchen counter next to the cabinet, someone has left cookies and milk for Santa.

Santa takes the glass and pours half of the milk on the plate. He replaces that milk with rum. Milk oozes down his chin as he guzzles it. But he's not done.

He takes a long swig directly from the rum bottle before placing it back in the cabinet. Happy as a lark, he jumps into the portal.

EXT. CHEYENNE HOUSE #5, ROOFTOP - LATER

SUPER: "Two Houses Later". Tipsy Santa stumbles through the portal and trips, falling off the roof onto the front lawn. A small, pill-like container falls out of his robe.

Still on hands and knees, he picks it up. It reads "Gummy Elfibles" with a rainbow on the front. Zero hesitation, he pops three then trots to the house across the street.

EXT. WRONG HOUSE, LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

This home is nicer than the previous ones with a flat roof that gives off an office-like look. Running at a jog, Santa Earl throws a bounce pad (a thin, circular disc) down in front of him and jumps onto it, bouncing high into the air.

EXT. WRONG HOUSE, ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

He lands on the roof. He gets up and, with a running start, performs a maniacal cannonball down the chimney.

INT. WRONG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Santa lands with a splat, yet gets up laughing. He takes a gift out of his bag and punts it right into the tree, knocking ornaments down in the process. Santa is fucked up.

He doesn't even notice the hot milf PRESCILLA sitting in the armchair behind him until she speaks. Prescilla is wearing a robe that barely covers the good parts, a total smoke-show.

PRESCILLA
A little rough for a santa, no?

Santa drinks her in not upset by what he sees.

SANTA EARL
Rough can be good in the right
circumstances. Don't you think?

PRESCILLA
Indeed. Nice robe.

SANTA EARL
I like yours better.

Their gaze lingers. The attraction is undeniable.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - LATER

SUPER: "Santa Square, Headquarters of the Santas of North America". The Receiving Room is massive and looks like one big call center.

Dozens of SCITs, Santa Claus In Training, hover around their respective computer screens talking over each other as they guide their respective Santas through their deliveries. Tiny elves are dressed in colorful Christmas garb.

At the forefront of the room is a long runway where the Santas come and go through a big garage-style door. The door opens and the faint sound of jingle bells can be heard.

An announcer comes in over a loudspeaker.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Everyone, let's welcome in our next
Santa coming in after a successful
delivery night in the Pacific
Northwest: Santa Xin!

SANTA XIN comes in hot across the runway being led by his nine reindeer while his theme music plays across the Receiving Room: Bing Crosby's "White Christmas".

Cheers erupt as Xin hops off his sleigh waving to his fans, shaking hands, and even slapping an elf's ass. One elf, obviously a huge fan, holds up a sign that reads, "The Xin is mightier than the sword" while another wears a shirt that reads, "Merry Xin-Mas".

Santa Xin bears the same appearance as Santa Earl. Until...

SANTA XIN
Santa mode off.

The transformation is subtle but quick. A traditional Santa replaced by an attractive Chinese man with the charm and good looks of Simu Liu.

His robe is slightly open revealing a bare, muscular chest. He shivers as his SCIT Queenie (beautiful young Colombian with short, black hair and a neck tattoo) walks over to him. She speaks with a thick accent.

XIN

I was really hoping it would be a lot warmer when we left the North Pole.

QUEENIE

Warmer in Santa Claus, Indiana? Not likely. Maybe if you'd just wear the fucking long johns that every other santa wears...

XIN

Then I wouldn't feel that cool breeze on my nips.

QUEENIE

Come on, let's get you some cocoa.

XIN

The good shit?

QUEENIE

Yes, the good shit.

KARL (black, late 60's, bald, slim) is sitting at one of the SCIT stations. Multiple screens encompass his station, the largest one in the center with a Google Style map and a blinking red dot.

He's not paying attention to any of them. Instead, he's staring into the snow globe he is holding. Inside he sees an older black woman behind a counter in a diner interacting with customers. Her beautiful smile is infectious. CARLA.

Karl's helper elf HELGA is standing on top of Karl's desk watching the screens intently. Helga is a cutie pie with her hair dyed in Christmas colors and Christmas tree earrings. She tries to snap Karl out of his trance.

HELGA

Karl. Karl. Karl, do you see what the fuck is happening?

Karl is still staring at the snow globe, but he indeed sees what the fuck is happening.

KARL

Xin is the twelfth santa that's returned. Earl should have been done by now. Been at that house for twenty minutes. Twenty minutes, Helga! I could have beaten my meat, made a sandwich, and watched twelve TikToks in twenty minutes.

HELGA

Take me two minutes to do all that.

KARL

It would take me two minutes just to load Pornhub in this internet black hole of a place.

HELGA

I don't need Pornhub.

KARL

Good for you, Helga. Is this shit not freaking you out?

HELGA

The time? I'm more concerned that he's at the wrong house.

KARL

Wrong house? No way.

Karl leans into the screen, squints.

KARL (CONT'D)

Motherfucker's at the wrong house!

Other SCITs and elves at nearby stations catch Karl's outburst. UNIQUE, a spritely elf sitting two stations down, can't help but comment.

UNIQUE

(Murmuring)

Karl's never getting his cap.

KARL

I heard that shit, Unique. And fuck you! I hope you sleep with loose Wally tonight and get elfphilis.

UNIQUE

(To her SCIT)

Is that a real thing?

KARL
Fuck it. I'm calling him.

HELGA
You know he hates that.

KARL
I don't give a good goddamn what he
hates. Something's up. Earl this
better be good.

Karl puts on a headset as another Santa hits the runway.

INT. WRONG HOUSE, BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Santa Earl is being blown to high heaven by Prescilla.

SANTA EARL
Oh, that's so good! Fuck!

Earl reaches for the shower curtain to stabilize himself. He
rips the curtain off. His phone rings. He taps the side of
his red cap.

SANTA EARL (CONT'D)
Santa here.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Karl is ready to take Earl's head off.

KARL
You better have a bullet in you
bleeding out somewhere. Twenty
minutes, Earl? What the fuck?

SANTA EARL (O.C.)
I, uh, got hung up.

Karl can hear the slurps.

KARL
Earl what is that noise? Tell me
that's not what I think it is.

SANTA EARL (O.C.)
What do you think it is?

KARL

I don't know, Earl. It sounds to me like you're getting a fucking blowjob on Christmas morning while kids are waiting on their presents!

The Receiving Room quiets. All eyes are on Karl's station.

INT. WRONG HOUSE, BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Santa Earl rushes to pull up his pants. Prescilla's pissed.

PRESCILLA

Are you really stopping in the middle of my blowjob?

Earl pulls a giant candy cane out of his robe and shoves it in her mouth.

SANTA EARL

Here, suck on this.

Earl exits the bathroom into...

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway, buckling his pants as he goes.

SANTA EARL (CONT'D)

Karl, listen, I know you're upset, but I was just having a little fun because we're ahead of schedule, ya know? Your teleportation device is amazing! We're making record time. This is the last house!

KARL (O.C.)

You mean the wrong house.

SANTA EARL

What?

KARL (O.C.)

You're at the wrong house, Earl.

SANTA EARL

Seriously? This is bad. I knew I shouldn't have taken that elfible.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Karl glowers at Helga who makes a cringe face.

KARL

Wonder where the fuck he got those.

HELGA

I'm sorry, he was panicking about being Santa for the first time. I gave him something to take the edge off. I told him to just take one and he'd be fine.

SANTA EARL (O.C.)

One? I thought you said three!

HELGA

Oh, he's as good as dead.

Another Santa comes in hot down the runway to cheers.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Coming in hot, our very own Great Lakes Santa fresh off his final stop in Ann Arbor, Santa Luke!

KARL

Never gonna hear the end of this.

SANTA LUKE hops off his sleigh and transforms into a balding white man in his late 40's with a pair of wireframe glasses. He scans the work stations and finds just who he's looking for. He shoots a wave up at Karl.

LUKE

Karl! You still finding ways to screw up Christmas?

KARL

Luke! You still fucking bitches with UTI's?

HELGA

Good one, boss.

Luke points at his cap then makes a throat-slitting motion. Karl responds with a middle finger.

HELGA (CONT'D)

I really hate that guy.

KARL

Ok, Earl, listen. You need to get that gift back before the kid wakes up and opens it.

SANTA EARL (O.C.)
Too late.

KARL
What?

INT. WRONG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Santa Earl is peeking in from the hallway into the living room. He sees LIAM an eight-year-old wearing Slender man pajamas holding up a signed Mariano Rivera Yankees jersey.

SANTA EARL
(Whispering)
He's already opened it. Can't we just leave it with him and call it good? It's the last house of the night for Christmas sake.

LIAM
A jersey? I wanted Spider-Man 2!
This is bullshit!

KARL (O.C.)
No, and that's exactly why. Do you really want this little brat to rob a deserving kid of a great gift?

SANTA EARL
What am I supposed to do? Just take it from him?

KARL (O.C.)
Earl, we are at a 99.95 percent success rate. If we don't get to 100, I don't get my cap. If I need to, I will teleport in myself, rip your belt off and strangle you with it, then whoop this kid's ass like his parents should be doing until he begs me to take the jersey. Get...that fucking...jersey.

Earl approaches Liam slowly.

SANTA EARL
Merry Christmas, kiddo.

Fresh out of a Hallmark movie, Liam regards Santa with wonder. He walks over to Santa.

LIAM
Santa? Is it really you?

SANTA EARL
Ho, ho, h-

Liam kicks the shit out of Santa's shin.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

There's a crowd of Santas, elves, and Scits watching behind Helga and Karl now. They gasp in unison as Earl gets kicked.

INT. WRONG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

SANTA EARL
Ah, motherfucker!

LIAM
That's for giving me a stupid
jersey for Christmas!

Santa's on a knee in pain. Liam comes in for another strike.

SANTA EARL
Wait! Just wait. What if I could
give you something even better?

LIAM
Like what?

SANTA EARL
Flying lessons.

LIAM
In the sleigh?

SANTA EARL
Absolutely. All you have to do is
hand over the jersey. Deal?

Liam is hesitant, but finally gives up the goods.

SANTA EARL (CONT'D)
Thanks, kid.

LIAM
I wanna fly now.

Santa grabs Liam by the back of his pajamas and hurls him like a lumberjack right into the Christmas tree.

SANTA EARL
Fly, you little fucker!

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Another collective gasp from a crowd that has now doubled.
Karl's hand over his mouth keeps him from exploding.

INT. WRONG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Santa Earl is heading for the front door. A voice stops him.

HAROLD

The fuck are you doing in my house?

Santa turns to see a middle-aged white man across the room showing off his dad bod wearing nothing but white briefs. Prescilla hovers behind Harold harboring a nervous look.

Santa should take this situation seriously. He laughs.

Harold is about to speak but Santa stops him by pretending to answer a phone.

SANTA EARL

One second, I gotta take this.
Hello? I thought the same thing.
No, I'll tell him.

(To Harold)

That was the 90's. They want their underwear back. Tighty-whities, seriously? Definitely not packing any gifts in there.

HAROLD

Suck my dick, Santa.

Prescilla can sense what's coming. She waves her arms from behind Harold pleading with Santa. It's too late. Harold is wide open for the haymaker.

SANTA EARL

I'd love to, but mine is still drying from the slurp show your wife gave me.

(To Prescilla)

Looks like I left some of Santa's icing on your robe there. Oopsies.

Priscilla tries to cover the stain, but Harold sees it. He flashes her a look of death.

HAROLD

You bitch.

Harold turns and--BLAM--fires a gun at Santa. Santa stumbles backward in shock as he's hit dead in the chest. Harold lifts his arm to fire again, but Prescilla wraps him up. BLAM! The shot narrowly misses hitting the lamp beside Santa.

PRESCILLA
Harold, stop, it's Christmas!

HAROLD
Fuck Christmas!

EXT. CHEYENNE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Santa crashes out of the home. His blood drips onto the snow as he races into the street.

SANTA EARL
Karl, that motherfucker shot me.

KARL (O.C.)
Probably should have kept your
candy-cane out of his wife's mouth.
I'll give you shit about it later
when this is over and we're both
shitfaced. Did you get the jersey?

SANTA EARL
Did you hear what I said? I've been
shot! No, I didn't get the fucking
jersey.

KARL (O.C.)
It's ok. Just eat a Christmas
cookie and it'll heal you up real
nice.

SANTA EARL
I, uh...I'm out.

KARL (O.C.)
Come again? You're out?

Earl leans against a tree to stabilize himself.

SANTA EARL
I got really hungry in Boulder, ok?
Stupid vegan moms with their gluten-
free cookies and oat milk. Karl, I
gotta get back. I'm bleeding out.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Almost the entire room has gathered around Helga and Karl.
Not a peep can be heard.

KARL

Helga, what are our options?

Helga is looking at a cartoon-like image of Santa Earl on one of her screens. It resembles Cavity Sam from the Operation game. Earl's chest area is blinking red.

HELGA

He's got fifteen minutes tops.
Let's get him back here, get some
cookies in him, and we gameplan
while they take effect. We can
still do this.

KARL

Bring him in.

HELGA

You got it, boss.

Helga pushes a button on a console in front of her.

EXT. CHEYENNE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME TIME

A colorful portal appears in front of a dying Santa Earl.

KARL (O.C.)

Earl, we're bringing you home.

Earl disappears through the portal.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Xin is disrobed, bare torso exposed as he stumbles about tipsy. He hasn't removed his cap at least. He puts an arms around Karl, his other hand holding a mug of something strong. Karl is not excited about being touched.

XIN

Cheer up, Karl. You know, everyone
says you're a fuck up. Not me, I
don't say that.

HELGA

Kinda sounds like you're saying it.

XIN

Helga! You might be small, but I'd still tap that.

Xin starts to back up as he speaks.

XIN (CONT'D)

Well, I'm off to celebrate another successful Christmas in the books. Karl, there's always next ye--

Xin trips over a power cord and sends his mug flying. The liquid contents hit Helga's console. Circuits fry. Helga starts to frantically press buttons.

HELGA

No no no no!

KARL

Queenie, get his drunk ass out of here!

(To Helga)

How bad is it?

HELGA

Nothing's working. Portal's toast.

KARL

It's fine. We can always send Earl back out the traditional way. We have plenty of reindeer to choose from at this point.

HELGA

Listen! The portal is closing!

INT. TELEPORTATION PORTAL - SAME TIME

Earl is stumbling along using the portal wall for support.

SANTA EARL

Hey Karl, these elfibles might be fucking with me, but I think this tunnel is getting smaller.

KARL (O.C.)

Earl, listen, you got about 38 seconds before the portal closes.

SANTA EARL

That's very specific.

KARL

Just get your ass back here now!

Earl picks up the pace, but he's still slow.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Helga holds up a bag of Christmas cookies.

HELGA

I've got the cookies. Let's go down
and meet him.

Helga and Karl rush down to the runway stopping a few feet away from the portal's exit. The hole is getting smaller by the second. Helga hops onto a table for better visibility.

HELGA (CONT'D)

I see him. He's coming!

KARL

Earl, double time, goddamnit!

Earl has picked up his pace now. He almost looks sober. The hole is shrinking.

KARL (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to jump!

Earl tries to comply, but stumbles forward instead. His body hits the floor and he slides.

His heads peeks out of the portal entrance for just a moment before the portal closes, removing Earl's head from his body.

The heads hits the ground and rolls landing right at the feet of Karl. Somehow the cap is still on. Karl is stunned.

An explosion of projectile vomit escapes from Helga's mouth submerging Karl in colored puke. He casually sweeps a hand across his face like a windshield wiper.

Karl stands in shock. Another failed Christmas.

INT. ICOS BUILDING, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Karl is sitting on a bench outside of a massive door in a court-style hallway. He's staring into the snow globe watching as Carla sweeps up the diner alone.

Yet again, Helga is trying to snap him out of his trance.

HELGA
Just fuck the damn thing already!

Karl snaps out of it. Back in reality, he looks at Helga.

KARL
You threw up on me.

HELGA
That was three days ago and I've apologized 96 times. I'm sorry.

KARL
97.

HELGA
They're calling for us. Showtime.

Karl pushes the door to open it. It barely budes.

KARL
Fucking door is heavy.

HELGA
You're being a bitch.

With one hand, Helga pushes at the door. It swings wide.

KARL
I loosened it for you.

COUNCIL OF CHRISTMAS AFFAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

SUPER: "INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF SANTAS, HELSINKI, FINLAND, DECEMBER 28TH, 2023". The room is silent as Helga and Karl approach the front.

Benches lined to either side of them are filled with people glaring at them, men and women alike. Helga looks up at the balcony going fully around the room filled with more glares.

She huddles a little closer to Karl.

KARL
No need to be scared. We got this.

HELGA
I'm not scared.

KARL
I guess I'm talking to myself then.
Hey, is it me or does it feel very
white Christmas in here?

HELGA

You mean, are there a lot of white people? Yes. Tons.

KARL

I'm like a raisin in a rice bowl.

Helga chuckles.

HELGA

Please behave. I need you around.

They stop at a three-tiered dais behind which three people in Christmas robes sit. YELA (mid 30's, white, short-blond hair, villain's glare) sits on the left while NILES (fifteen, white, blond hair, blue eyes) sits on the right.

Elevated above the other two in the center is RANDALF who looks like he could be Santa's twin. They all speak with Finnish accents.

YELA

Helga and Karl, you stand trial for the murder of beloved Santa Earl.

HELGA

(Muttering)

Beloved my elf ass.

YELA

We have reviewed the case taking into account past grievances.

KARL

Excuse me, past grievances?

NILES

Oh yes. It is a wonder you have not been here before now. Shall we review just a handful?

EXT. FLASHBACK HOME #1, ROOFTOP - FLASHBACK

SANTA RON shoots out of the chimney and onto the roof. He hops on his sleigh led by a pack of...polar bears.

NILES (V.O.)

Christmas 2003. You had the bright idea to replace reindeer with polar bears.

Santa Ron cracks the reins.

SANTA RON

Yah!

KARL (V.O.)

To be fair, I told Ron to go easy
on U-God. Ron didn't listen.

U-GOD looks back at Ron with a look of death. Ron has just
enough time to gulp before the massive bear pounces on him.

NILES (V.O.)

And Ron was eaten. RIP.

KARL (V.O.)

Niles, were you even alive in 2003?

EXT. FLASHBACK HOME #2, FRONT LAWN - FLASHBACK

Reindeer parked, Santa hops off his sleigh in front of a home
that would make the McCallisters jealous. He reaches into his
bag and pulls out...a handheld cannon. He loads a couple
gifts into the barrel and takes aim at the home's chimney.

NILES (V.O.)

Christmas 2012. The monstrosity
that shoots gifts into homes. What
did you call it again?

KARL (V.O.)

The Gift Gun.

Santa fires the gift gun which resounds with a BLAM that
could wake the neighborhood. The kickback on the gun shoots
Santa backwards knocking over the sleigh.

The gift blasts through one of the front windows...

INT. FLASHBACK HOME #2, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

...And beans the face of a poor defenseless kid who instantly
crashes to the ground. Hidden behind the couch now, only
pathetic whimpers can be heard from the kid.

INT. FLASHBACK HOME #3, LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

11-year-old WALTER is asleep on the couch. He wakes up and
comes face to ass with a FEMALE SANTA in a short skirt bent
over as she puts gifts underneath the tree.

NILES (V.O.)
Christmas 2021 You had the bright
idea to introduce a female santa.

Female Santa turns to Walter with the smile of a supermodel.
Her robe looks more like a vest as it squeezes her breasts
together. Walter sits up.

FEMALE SANTA
Merry Christmas, Walter.

WALTER
I dreamed this.

FEMALE SANTA
Oh yeah? What happens next?

WALTER
Your top comes off and your titties
pop out like a roll of biscuits.

INT. ICOS BUILDING, COUNCIL OF CHRISTMAS AFFAIRS - PRESENT

The judges resume their grievances.

KARL
I thought a woman's touch would be
a great add to our Christmas
tradition. What's wrong with that?

YELA
Nothing, except the santa skin you
designed was built like a Brazilian
pornstar! Poor Zach almost got
raped by a lonely single dad
because of you.

KARL
Fine. I'm a fuck up. But my heart
is in the right place. I care about
Christmas and what it means to wear
the red cap. Most of the other
santas don't. Hell, most of 'em
don't even like kids. They're here
for ego and fame. I do this for the
love. For Christmas joy.

NILES
Beautiful speech, Karl. One that
would mean a lot more if you
weren't the one always fucking up.
Call it ego, fame, they are getting
the job done.

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)

You, on the other hand, are like
LeBron James if he never left
Cleveland.

KARL

He still gets a chip. That's facts.

RANDALF

Jokic is better.

KARL

You're out of your fucking mind!

YELA

The good news is Helga is being
absolved of any wrong doing.
Unfortunately, Karl, the same can
not be said of you. You are guilty
and will be serving indefinite time
in the Triple C.

HELGA

Not Coal Christmas Corrections.
He'll die there!

Two large nutcrackers grab Karl from either side and start to
drag him away.

KARL

Wait, I need to say just one thing!

NILES

Hold, let him speak.

The nutcrackers stop.

KARL

Nikola Jokic...is a bitch.

RANDALF

Get his ass out of here!

The nutcrackers resume escorting Karl. Helga reaches for a
knife at her waist. Karl shakes his head for her to keep the
peace. As he passes her, he hands her his snow globe.

KARL

Hold on to this for me.

Karl is taken out of the room without a fight.

INT. COAL CHRISTMAS CORRECTIONS, KARL'S CELL - DAYS LATER

SUPER: "Coal Christmas Corrections, December 30, 2023". Karl is laying in his small cell, the bars decorated like candy cane stripes. A NUTCRACKER GUARD approaches. Karl sits up.

NUTCRACKER GUARD #1
You have a visitor, Karl.

HALLWAY - LATER

Karl and the guard pass a few rooms, one of which finds a number of sweaty prisoners shoveling coal and packaging it.

VISITATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The visitation room is small and lifeless, decorated with nothing more than a poor, sagging Christmas tree. BIG MAN waits for Karl at the lone table in the room.

Not quite a little person but not quite Kevin Hart, BIG MAN sports a Sherman Hemsley hairline that places him well past middle-age. The top of his head is about all one can see of him as he eyes are baseline with the desk.

He stands on top of the table and gives Karl a big hug. He's sporting a sparkling red blazer with a green handkerchief.

BIG MAN
Good to see you, Karl.

KARL
You too, Big Man.

Big Man sits cross-legged on the table. He pulls out a massive cheese wheel from inside his blazer, holds it like a sandwich, and takes a huge bite.

KARL (CONT'D)
That's a big ass hunk of cheese.

BIG MAN
Big Man likes big cheese. We missed you in Santorini.

KARL
Good time I assume?

EXT. YACHT DECK - YESTERDAY AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Santorini, Greece, Yesterday." A fleet of yachts full of partying santas, bikini-clad women, and mountains of cocaine decorate the ocean. The amount of debauchery happening would ruin your search history.

Luke and Xin are sitting on the main deck. Behind them, a game of shuffleboard is happening where elves are being used in place of pucks.

Simultaneously they do a long line of coke off the same pair of breasts, meeting in the middle of her cleavage like Lady and the Tramp.

LUKE

You catching any heat?

XIN

No. They know it was an accident.

LUKE

An accident. Sure.

XIN

Is it bad that I don't feel bad?

LUKE

He should have known better than to partner with Karl. Guess he didn't have a good head on his shoulders.

Luke and Xin look at each other and erupt into laughter.

XIN

How was our Christmas haul?

LUKE

Fan-fucking-tastic.

XIN

Sounds like we need more shots!

INT. COAL CHRISTMAS CORRECTIONS, VISITATION ROOM - PRESENT

Big Man and Karl resume their convo.

BIG MAN

You didn't miss much. I'm sorry I couldn't come sooner.

KARL

Didn't miss much here, either.

BIG MAN

You know, I've seen some shit
santas in my 28 years as VP of
North American Santas. But Earl?
Train-wreck from the beginning.

KARL

Funny how he ended up as my santa.

BIG MAN

I was hoping for a better outcome.
I figured if anybody could make him
better...I'm sorry, Karl.

KARL

Outside of me killing Earl, here's
something else interesting that
happened on Christmas. Helga showed
me the numbers. Not great.

BIG MAN

What do you mean? Outside of you,
everyone hit 100%.

KARL

And somehow Christmas spirit is
down further than it's ever been.
52% across the board, but 89%
specifically in low-income areas.

BIG MAN

Probably all the other shit they're
dealing with in life. Poor kids.

KARL

I was one of those poor kids. They
have stronger spirits than the
spoiled fucks we deliver to. No,
something else is going on and I
need to get to the bottom of it.

BIG MAN

Sometimes it takes a bit for all
the numbers to trickle in. I
wouldn't worry about it. Got
something for you.

KARL

Is it another porno?

BIG MAN

Hey, Milf and Cookies is not a
porno. It is a film. It is art.

ICE ROOM - LATER

A metal door creaks open putting Big Man and Karl inside a massive cold room where the two of them can see their breath. Snow covers the floor.

An igloo rests in the center of the room. A stream runs from one corner of the room diagonally to the back corner.

KARL

I didn't know about this room. What is this place?

BIG MAN

Your new home. Figured a change of scenery might be nice for you.

KARL

Not that I don't appreciate the gesture, Big Man, but an igloo?

A polar bear emerges from behind the igloo.

KARL (CONT'D)

It can't be.

The polar bear suddenly charges Karl with a loud roar. He stops in front of him and stands up on his hind legs. He comes back down on all four and proceeds to sniff Karl.

The bear licks Karl's face from chin to forehead. Karl greets him nose to snout.

KARL (CONT'D)

U-God. Good to see you buddy.

More polar bears amble out of the shadows. Karl is elated as he hugs his bears. Big Man tries to pet U-God. U-God snarls.

KARL (CONT'D)

Hey! Not nice, U-God!

BIG MAN

It's ok. They've been pretty isolated for a long time. I get it.

KARL

I thought they were all euthanized after what happened.

BIG MAN

They were going to be, but I pleaded with the council and they agreed to let them live on the stipulation that I couldn't tell you. I'm sorry.

KARL

At least one good thing came out of this sentence. Thank you.

BIG MAN

Keep your head up until I get you out of here. By the way, that igloo? It's pretty warm.

Big Man leaves Karl to continue the reunion with his bears.

IGLOO - LATER

The igloo is magically more spacious on the inside than it looks from the outside. Karl walks in to a full-sized bed and a nightstand. He's surprised to find his snow globe on the nightstand with a note.

The note reads, "Stay strong you punk bitch." Karl grins.

KARL

Helga.

LATER

Karl is laying on the bed awake, a floating heat orb hovering over him. He peers into the snow globe. Carla is just getting out of bed.

U-God walks in. He puts his snout on the snow globe then lays his chin on Karl's stomach. Karl scratches U-God's head.

KARL (CONT'D)

Yeah, nothing's changed. I still miss her. Everyday.

Like a dog, U-God does a full spin before settling down beside the bed. Karl returns to watching the snow globe. Carla is in her living room swaying along to music.

Karl smiles.

KARL (CONT'D)

What are you doing, silly?

He watches until...

INT. CARLA'S LIVING ROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

Karl finds himself standing in front of Carla in her living room. He's wearing civilian clothes. Their bodies meet.

They dance to "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas".

INT. COAL CHRISTMAS CORRECTIONS, IGLOO - MORNING

Karl is being shaken awake by SANTA MILLER. Santa Miller never takes his santa skin off so he looks exactly like Santa Claus with gruff beard, rosy cheeks and all.

Santa Miller's voice is a faint echo then gets stronger.

SANTA MILLER

Karl? Karl! Wake up, man.

Karl awakens and sits up. He's grown a sizable beard. A polar bear is sleeping on the side of the bed. Karl wipes his wet eyes. SUPER: "Almost One Year Later".

SANTA MILLER (CONT'D)

You ok, man?

KARL

Yeah. I think this place is finally getting to me.

SANTA MILLER

You almost slept through your shift. I can just hear Reese now.

(Impersonating Reese)

My back is killing me, chile. This shit is for the birds.

KARL

Not bad.

The polar bear lets out a Chewbacca-esque growl. Santa Miller responds with a scratch behind the ears.

SANTA MILLER

Top of the morning to you too, U-God. Got something for you. You can't tell the others. Raekwon would kill me if he knew.

Santa Miller pulls a Coke out of the back of his pants and hands it to U-God who graciously accepts.

KARL
Tell me you didn't smuggle that
between your ass cheeks.

SANTA MILLER
You think the bear gives a fuck?

U-God shakes his head and double paws his Coke as he guzzles.

KARL
Let's head.

COAL ROOM - LATER

Karl is shoveling coal from a mountainous pile into a wheel-barrel. Dozens of piles the same size are scattered about the room.

He works beside Santa Miller and REESE (gay, black, 30's) with a few other prisoners scattered about. All of them are drenched in sweat.

NUTCRACKER GUARD #2 walks among them, monitoring progress.

REESE
Feels like everyday I come in this
bitch, there's more coal than there
was the day before.

KARL
More kids finding their way onto
the naughty list, I guess.

REESE
You're telling me there's this many
bad ass kids out there? Chile, what
about these bad ass parents? Where
is their coal?

MILLER
Coal for the parents. Reese, you
might be on to something.

NUTCRACKER GUARD #2
Break for lunch.

The other prisoners stop what they're doing and head for the door chatting amongst themselves.

MILLER
(To guard)
Mind if me, Karl, and Reese finish
up this next batch?
(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Getting real close to Christmas and we want to make sure every shithead gets their coal. Fuck them kids, am I right?

The guard eyes them for a moment, grunts, and leaves. Reese peeks out of the doorway.

REESE

Coast is clear.

Karl heads over to a stack of coal pressed against the far wall. He moves the coal aside revealing a door. The three head inside.

TOY-MAKING ROOM - LATER

The Toy-Making Room is about the size of a cafeteria. It's stacked with piles of toys ranging from pinball machines to Playstation 5's.

Piles of modernized toys litter the floor while gifts like Barbies and boardgames rest on wall shelves running all the way around the room.

Old conveyor belts and contraptions that no longer work sit in the center of the room.

Karl, Santa Miller, and Reese are sitting at a table beside one of the conveyor belts. They are working on toys while snacking on Coke and cookies.

Santa Miller is using a screwdriver to put the finishing touches on an Alexa.

KARL

Why do you think they shut this part of the prison down?

REESE

Probably gave the prisoners too much joy. Ok, I see you, Miller! Go off queen, wit' ya bad self.

KARL

But does it work?

SANTA MILLER

Only one way to find out. Alexa, how many days until Christmas?

ALEXA

16 days left until Christmas.

Santa Miller raises his arms triumphantly while Karl and Reese golf clap for him. Then the realization hits them at the same time and the celebrating comes to a halt.

SANTA MILLER

This was around the time I started losing sleep. I would get so excited my adrenaline wouldn't let me relax. Just thinking about all those kids I was gonna make happy. I miss that shit.

KARL

This was usually around the time I'd start thinking my new hair-brained scheme would work.

REESE

Ever see one putting you in jail?

KARL

Christmas 2010. The year I had the bright idea to try santa for adults. We handed out so many dildos that year, I just knew we were gonna be up on charges.

SANTA MILLER

Santa James! I remember that. Freaky bastard. That was you?

KARL

Afraid so.

REESE

Santa James. The super freak that had a three-way with the mom and stepson! They called it--

KARL

Backshots heard around the world.

SANTA MILLER

Oh right! I remember the headline: Claus Claps Cheeks On Christmas.

KARL

Not my finest moment. The intent was there. It was always there.

REESE

I admire you, Karl. Most people become santa after 1-2 years and you've been fucking up for over 20.

KARL

Despite the delivery, I'm going to take that as a compliment.

SANTA MILLER

I catch you staring at that snow globe sometimes. Must be somebody special. Ever have regrets about what you left behind?

KARL

I'd be lying if I said I don't think about what could have been. But I think about all the kids I've helped to this point and that's gotta mean something, right?

REESE

We found this place weeks ago. It's crazy they haven't caught us yet.

BOOM BOOM BOOM. A knock at the door. The three look up.

MILLER

Had to say it.

KARL

Let me do all the talking.

Karl creeps to the door and opens it a crack. He looks around and sees nothing but heaps of coal in the same spots they left it. He looks down. Helga.

KARL (CONT'D)

Helga?

Helga is focused on Karl's beard.

HELGA

No barbers in this joint?

KARL

It's growing on me.

HELGA

Glad to see you're still corny after all this time.

Helga sniffs the air. Karl can tell she suspects something.

KARL

Haven't seen you in a year. You come all this way to call me corny?

HELGA

I found out why Christmas spirit is
down in the poor neighborhoods.
Gifts are being stolen.

KARL

What? But the registry data is
saying delivered.

HELGA

I don't know how they're fooling
the system, but I found someone who
knows where the stolen gifts are.

Helga sniffs the air again.

HELGA (CONT'D)

There's something in the air.

KARL

Something like what?

HELGA

It smells like joy. And work. What
are you doing in there, Karl?

KARL

Hot yoga?

Helga looks up suddenly.

HELGA

The fuck is that?

Karl looks up. Helga walks right under his legs.

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

Oh my God! Toys!

KARL

(To himself)

Shit.

Karl rushes back into the room. Helga is looking around the
room with wide eyes. She's vibrating like an old, motel bed.

KARL (CONT'D)

Somebody get me a blanket.

SANTA MILLER

A blanket?

KARL

Yes, a fucking blanket! Quick.

HELGA
So...many...toys!

Helga explodes into the air like a rocket. She starts bouncing from ceiling to wall to floor like a dodgeball.

A box of instruments clatters to the floor including an accordion which Karl trips on as he chases Helga.

He stumbles, tossing the blanket at Helga who falls into it. Karl lays on top of the blanket containing Helga.

KARL
Helga, I'm gonna let you go, but
you need to control yourself.
(To Miller and Reese)
Elves get overstimulated when they
are in a toy factory. That's why
they are able to produce at such a
high rate.

The bouncing slows down underneath the blanket then stops. From his knees, Karl looks up at Santa Miller and Reese.

Santa Miller is holding a golf club while Reese is at the ready with a tennis racket.

KARL (CONT'D)
She's excited. She won't hurt you.

Karl lifts the blanket. Helga gets up, seemingly calmer, now face-to-face with Karl. She slaps the shit out of Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)
Thanks for making me a liar.

HELGA
You've been making toys this whole
time? Can I help? Wait, why am I
even asking you?

Like The Flash, Helga breezes swiftly from one side of the room to the next gathering tools. She empties it all on the table, sits down, and gets to work.

Karl, Santa Miller, and Reese look on as she works with manic precision. She finishes a MacBook in five seconds.

HELGA (CONT'D)
That's one.

SANTA MILLER
Took weeks to finish my first Mac.

HELGA

This is what we do. That's two.

Helga sits an E-bike to the side and keeps working. Karl takes a seat in front of her.

KARL

Guys, Helga. Helga, Miller and Reese. Helga, you found someone that knows about the stolen gifts?

HELGA

Yes. Three.

KARL

And?

HELGA

Figured you could ask her yourself.

KARL

Where--

HELGA

She's tied up in your ice room.

KARL

Helga! You left her with the boys?

REESE

What stolen gifts?

KARL

Have Helga fill you in.

Karl runs out of the room. Santa Miller and Reese remain transfixed watching Helga work.

SANTA MILLER

I've never seen an elf work before.
Are they all this efficient?

HELGA

About as efficient as that santa skin you won't take off. You plan on wearing that thing until the birthday candles blow out?

SANTA MILLER

I don't even know what that means.

ICE ROOM - LATER

Karl rushes into the Ice Room. RONA the elf is hanging upside down by a rope just above the igloo.

With a head of vertical orange hair and cheeks full of freckles, Rona is terrified as the bears launch at her. Every scream she lets out reveals her missing front tooth. A thick pair of swimming goggles covers her eyes.

The bears halt their attempts to get to Rona when Karl gets closer. The room grows eerily quiet without their roars. Karl climbs the igloo to get eye-to-eye with the elf.

KARL

Rona. Figured you might be the one with information. Hell, there's not a person or elf in Santa Claus, Indiana that could fart without you knowing about it.

RONA

Like I told Helga, I don't know anything, Karl. Promise.

KARL

I see you want to do this the hard way. Ever seen a polar bear tear into a seal?

RONA

I can't say that I have.

KARL

It's not pretty. I'm about to ask you a very important question. If you decide you don't have an answer, I'm gonna cut that rope and let Method Man here get first dibs on your flesh. Where are the gifts?

RONA

The what?

KARL

The gifts, motherfucker!

Method Man roars. Rona squeals.

RONA

Please don't make me tell you that, Karl. This thing is bigger than both of us. There are some powerful people involved. They'd kill me if they knew I gave anything away.

KARL

And I'm going to kill you now if
you don't start talking. Last
chance and I'm cutting the rope.
Where are the gifts?

Rona's lips remain sealed. Karl pulls a boxcutter out of his
pocket and reaches for the rope.

KARL (CONT'D)

Bear food it is.

Karl gets a strand loose. The rope drops a foot. The bears
start jumping again.

RONA

I'll show you where the gifts are!
I'll show you. Please!

KARL

Was that so hard?

TOY-MAKING ROOM - LATER

Karl enters the Toy-Making Room with a blindfolded, tied-up
Rona shuffling in beside him.

KARL (CONT'D)

She says they're...holy
mistletoe.

Karl takes in the room. The amount of toys have doubled.
They're everywhere stacked on top of each other. Helga is
still hard at work at the table.

REESE

Where are the gifts?

KARL

Right here, apparently. Jesus!

HELGA

Light work. 815. You were saying?

KARL

The gifts are in the old North Pole
facility. Rona has promised to take
you to verify and she's aware of
what happens if she's lying or if
she tries anything.

HELGA

I'll strangle her with her own
hair. But you're coming too, right?

KARL

Not sure if you realized this but I'm kind of serving a sentence.

HELGA

Not anymore. I'm breaking you out.

REESE

I want in. Helga filled us in just now. Sounds like you're gonna need all the help you can get.

MILLER

I'm in too. You got fuckers out here stealing Christmas from poor kids? That's fucked up. I want to help take these asshats down.

HELGA

Say less. You're in.

REESE

Helga, bitch, I knew I liked you!

KARL

Time out. What's the plan now?

HELGA

This! This is the plan. Well, the start of it.

KARL

I'm lost.

HELGA

To save Christmas, dummy! You can't do that from inside a prison. That's why I waited so long to see you even though I missed you. I knew I only had one shot at this.

KARL

I missed you too, dummy.

HELGA

And you're coming with me if I have to drag you out.

MILLER

Great. So how do we get out?

HELGA

The same way I keep getting in. Did you idiots think they would let a visitor past the visitation rooms? Wow, you really do belong in here.

ICE ROOM - LATER

Helga, Karl, Santa Miller, Reese, and Rona are staring at the stream running through the Ice Room.

KARL

In there.

HELGA

It's a lot deeper than you think.

SANTA MILLER

There isn't a front door option by chance? Not really a swimmer.

Helga hands them each a face mask that covers the nose-down.

HELGA

You don't need to be. Just let the current carry you.

(Giggling)

Kinda makes you look like Bane.

SANTA MILLER

(In Bane Voice)

Ah, you think Christmas is your ally? You merely adopted Christmas. I was born in it. Jingled by it.

RONA

The polar bears...they coming too?

Rona can see one growling at her from the corner of her eye.

KARL

No way I'm separating from the Clan again. I go, they go.

Helga stands in front of one of the bears and reaches her hand up. The bear brings his forehead to her hand.

HELGA

Masta Killa, you've always been the best guide. Lead them out. We'll see you on the other side.

MASTA KILLA
You got it, shorty.
(To the other bears)
Let's roll, crew. Protect ya necks!

Masta Killa dives into the stream and disappears in the water. The other nine polar bears follow on his heels.

REESE
They don't need masks?

SANTA MILLER
That bear just talked and you're
worried about a fucking mask?

HELGA
Just let the current do the work.

Helga dives into the stream holding a screaming Rona.

REESE
Rock-paper-scissors who goes first?

SANTA MILLER
No need. I just watched that elf
make almost a thousand Christmas
presents in fifteen minutes. I'd
follow her into hell.

Santa Miller jumps into the water. Just Karl and Reese left.

KARL
Man, listen, I got a feeling we're
about to get into some crazy shit
and we're gonna need some Christmas
joy. We need you, Reese.

Karl jumps in. Reese is alone.

REESE
Maybe the gay guy doesn't wanna be
joyful for a change, Karl. You
think about that?

Reese takes the plunge.

EXT. EURA RIVER SHORE, FINLAND - MORNING

Reese emerges from the water and swims to shore to meet the others. The sun has yet to rise, but the moon gives them a clear view of the surrounding pine trees.

Santa Miller wraps Reese up in a big wet embrace.

SANTA MILLER
Reese, you made it!

KARL
He's been in a hugging mood.

REESE
It's beautiful out here.

SANTA MILLER
Yeah. Too bad we can't stay.

Helga tosses a log twice her size to the ground with a boom. She becomes a blur as she gets to work. In no time flat, she has created a red carriage straight from the days of the wild wild West. The carriage is hooked to a set of harnesses.

Karl is grinning from ear to ear. Santa Miller and Reese are in pure awe.

RONA
45 seconds. Impressive.

HELGA
I wish that was the hard part.
Karl, you're up.

KARL
Me? But they love you.

HELGA
Hey, I made the fucking carriage.
Man up, tick tock.

Helga throws a bag to Karl. Karl flips Helga off then walks over to the bears. They eye him warily.

KARL
Guys, made you a little something.

Karl reaches into the bag and pulls out a fancy collar. Instead of a tag, the name "RZA" is spelled out in diamonds.

KARL (CONT'D)
For you, RZA. It's a chain.

RZA
Looks like a collar to me, homeboy.

KARL
Ok, sure, it's a collar. But a cool collar, right? Guys, look, we need you to guide the carriage.

RZA

You already know how we feel about slavery. Serving the white man.

KARL

Ok, first of all, you're white. Let's establish that.

RZA

Semantics. Proceed.

KARL

And second of all, me and Reese are black, Helga and Rona are elves, and we don't even know what Miller is. Miller, what are you?

SANTA MILLER

Does it matter if I'm black or white?

KARL

Right now? Yes, Michael Jackson, it does. Nevermind. RZA, we need your help. All of you. We can't save Christmas without you.

The bears huddle with muffled whispers and a few low growls. They finally separate.

RZA

We have come to a decision. Our answer is no. Hell no. Peace out.

The bears start to walk away into the forest.

KARL

It's like that? After all we've been through together, really?

A soda can pops open. The bears stop in their tracks and turn around slowly. Helga is standing beside Karl now holding a Coke. She takes a long swallow.

HELGA

I have more. Get us to The North Pole and it's all yours.

RZA

Why didn't you say so?

KARL

Yeah, Helga, why didn't you say so?

HELGA
I also have music for the ride.

RZA
Not that Christmas shit.

HELGA
Better.

EXT. FINLAND SKIES - LATER

The sun rises as the polar bears are racing through the sky, carriage and tethers attached. The Wu-Tang Clan blares through speakers perched atop the carriage.

The bears are shouting in unison:

ALL BEARS
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin' to fuck
wit'! Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin' to
fuck wit'!

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - SAME TIME

Helga, Karl, Santa Miller, Reese and Rona are sitting inside the spacious carriage, Helga and Karl on one side and Santa Miller and Reese on the other with Rona between them.

A coffee table serves as the carriage's centerpiece. Despite how the carriage looks from the outside, the interior equates to the size of a small bedroom.

Windows on the sides and front wall provide the perfect view of the morning sky, including a view of the bears galloping along on air.

RONA
I was impressed before. Now I'm
just in awe.

HELGA
Relax, suck-up. We've already
untied you.
(To Karl)
Boys seem to be having a good time.
Good thing I made this thing
soundproof.

A loud DING sounds from behind Helga.

HELGA (CONT'D)
Espresso's ready! Who wants a cup?

Helga doesn't wait for responses but, in a blur, snags five cups, lays them across the coffee table, and starts pouring.

SANTA MILLER
You have an espresso machine?

HELGA
The cinema took me a bit longer.

SANTA MILLER
Did you say cinema?

Helga smiles fiendishly.

LATER

The interior is now dark as "The Christmas Chronicles" plays from a double-sided projected screen. Rona can barely be seen over the big bowl of popcorn in her lap.

REESE
Christmas Chronicles. Not my fave.

SANTA MILLER
Are you kidding? Christmas Chronicles has one of the closest depictions of Santa of any film. Outside of the traditional there's-only-one trope.

REESE
It's just a little cheesy to me. Doesn't hit me in the feels like other Christmas movies do.

LATER

"The Christmas Chronicles" is coming to an end. Reese is bawling his eyes out. Everyone is crying.

REESE (CONT'D)
This wasn't just a movie. Chile, this was art.

RZA's face peeks through the front window wall.

RZA
Hey, crybabies, we're landing.

The bears begin their descent.

EXT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY - LATER

The bears land on the roof of a sprawling factory style building. SUPER: "North Pole Factory". It's still dark out.

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - SAME TIME

Karl glowers at Rona.

KARL
Showtime. Lead the way.

HELGA
And remember, if you so much as think about doing some dumb shit, you better hope the bears get to you before I do.

EXT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

The five step out of the carriage onto the roof. The Northern Lights illuminate the sky. They enter the building through the rooftop door.

RZA
You're welcome, motherfuckers.

INT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

The five move slowly down a dark stairwell lit by exit signs.

KARL
Exit signs still work. Shouldn't be any power here.

SANTA MILLER
What's the story behind this place?

KARL
It's a short one. Global warming. This used to be the gift distribution center for every country in the world, but The North Pole became way too unstable so they divided them into regions.

MAIN FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The stairwell opens into a hallway. As they creep down single-file with Karl leading the way, a light flickers above them.

He stops and motions for the others to do the same as the hallway wall turns into a window wall. He peeks in. His eyes widen. Helga's head slowly pops into view and she stands tiptoed to get a look.

They are staring into a room the size of a basketball arena. Toys on toys on toys. Toys everywhere. Heaps of them separated by type.

Bikes in one area, a pyramid stack of PS5's in another. A mountain of Funko Pop! characters. There's even a row of cars against the back wall, mostly jalopies fit for a 16-year-old but cars nonetheless.

Life-sized nutcrackers move about the piles shifting the toys, wrapping them. Most of them shoulder a bayonet gun.

HELGA

The Room of Creation. This used to be the hub for every single toy around the world. No toy came from santa that didn't leave this room first. I can't imagine the Christmas magic that used to emanate from this room.

KARL

Doesn't look very magical now.

ROOM OF CREATION - MOMENTS LATER

The crew sneak in through double doors and follow Karl as he navigates to the far side of the room and hides behind a stack of Hot Wheels. Rona is cowering against Miller's leg.

KARL (CONT'D)

It looks like only some of the gifts are being wrapped.

(To Rona)

What about the other ones?

RONA

What do you think? Selling them and making a profit.

REESE

And they put us in prison. Ain't that a bitch?

RONA

We have to get out of here. Those things...you don't want to know.

One of the Hot Wheels boxes drops off the pile. In unison, the nutcrackers turn and look in their direction. The five wait in hiding. The nutcrackers resume their work in unison.

KARL

The snitch is right. Let's regroup.

Karl starts to move from his position, but stops when he sees Xin walk into view. Xin is speaking with someone on the phone. The nutcrackers don't seem to pay him any mind.

XIN

Of course. Sure sure. Luke, listen, stop panicking for a second. We're on schedule, ahead of schedule in fact. Nothing's changed because that loser is on the loose. For all we know, we'll never see him again.

Reese bursts out of hiding.

REESE

Xin? I know you fuckin' lying!

Xin looks at Reese like he's seen a ghost.

XIN

Reese? You got out? Good to see--

Reese hits Xin with a right hook and drops him. Karl and Santa Miller hold Reese back before he can do more damage. Xin stumbles to his feet and takes in the crew before him.

REESE

You son of a bitch! This the shit you into now? I don't even know why I'm surprised.

XIN

(To Rona)

Secret's out, huh? You're fucking dead, you little bitch!

RONA

I was one of your biggest fans. But you're just a big mean...meanie!

REESE

Replace meanie with dildo.

(To Xin)

What you did to me was unforgivable, but what you're doing to these kids? Ain't enough levels in hell to throw you under.

SANTA MILLER
We're shutting this shit down.

XIN
Somebody gonna tell him he's still wearing his santa skin? Wait a minute...Miller? That you? You of all people should understand what we're doing here. After all, we're stealing from kids. At least we're not killing them.

Karl and Reese look at Santa Miller with questioning stares. Santa Miller doesn't have a response.

XIN (CONT'D)
Oh, you didn't tell them? Doesn't matter. None of you are going to live to hate him. Crackers! We have some defective gifts that need to be taken care of.

HELGA
(To Karl)
Crackers?

KARL
Well, do you see any black ones?

The 'crackers start in on the intruders repeating in unison:

CRACKERS
Destroy. Destroy. Destroy.

Helga charges a 'cracker grabbing a giant candy-cane on the way. She uses the candy-cane to hook onto the 'cracker's arm and uses it to propel herself onto his shoulder.

She grabs its head and twists it clean off. The 'cracker crashes to the ground. She pulls the bayonet gun off its shoulders and shoots at another 'cracker. The impact knocks her backwards through the room's double doors.

Her heroics give the team enough room to escape.

MAIN FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The team emerge into the hallway headed back the way they came. Helga tosses Reese the gun.

HELGA
Seems like you might have some aggression you want to exorcise.

Reese fires off rounds opening a path to the stairwell.

STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

A 'cracker jumps out the moment the stairwell doors open. Reese runs it through with a bayonet and grabs his gun as a replacement. More 'crackers are coming down the stairs.

RONA

We have to go out the front!
There's too many!

MAIN FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Back in the hallway. The team is running full sprint towards the exit with Reese firing off rounds behind them.

REESE

How we gonna get to the bears?

HELGA

One thing at a time. Let's get the
fuck out of here!

EXT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

The team bursts through the doors, 'crackers hot on their heels. The snowy front lawn seems to light up the dark sky as they race across towards nothing but more empty space.

All seems hopeless until the carriage with bears attached crashes down ten yards in front of them. The door swings open. Queenie leans out of the opening waving them in.

The 'crackers drop to their knees and fire off a round of shots, POP POP POP! The team hops into the carriage and the bears take flight.

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - MOMENTS LATER

The crew are safe inside: Santa Miller, Reese, and Rona on one seat while Helga, Karl, and Queenie sit in the seat across from them.

QUEENIE

Everyone alright?

Reese springs across the table and starts choking the shit out of Queenie.

REESE

You fucking whore! How dare you
show your face to me!

It takes Santa Miller and the two elves to restrain Reese.

QUEENIE

I just saved your ass!

REESE

If you think that makes us even you
got another thing coming, bitch!

SANTA MILLER

Reese, do you hate everybody?

REESE

Just them.

KARL

Guys? I think we got a problem.

Everyone turns to Karl and looks where he is staring: Down at his shirt where blood is spreading from his abdomen area. Karl slumps over. Helga runs to him.

HELGA

Karl. Karl!

She pulls out a bag from underneath the table. She searches it frantically. Empty. She runs to the front window and slides it open. The bears are trekking through the night.

HELGA (CONT'D)

Who the fuck ate all the Christmas
cookies? Masta Killa, I know it was
you.

MASTA KILLA

I was hungry and I didn't know how
long you were gonna be.

HELGA

You ass. I fed you before we left!

MASTA KILLA

I wasn't full, goddamnit! I woulda
been if you had let me eat Rona.

HELGA

I thought the name Masta Killa was
supposed to be a metaphor!

Helga slams the window shut.

HELGA (CONT'D)
I don't suppose anyone has any
Christmas cookies? Fuck!

RONA
I used my scarf on the wound but
he's bleeding bad. What do we do?

HELGA
(To Karl)
Don't die, fucker. We need you.

She opens the window again.

HELGA (CONT'D)
Get us to New Orleans. I'll guide
you from there. And Masta Killa, if
he dies, best believe I'm learning
how to cook bear.

Masta Killa whimpers.

EXT. SIDE STREET ALLEYWAY, NEW ORLEANS - LATE MORNING

SUPER: "New Orleans". The team piles out of the carriage into
an alley save for Karl who is unconscious.

SANTA MILLER
Who's going to help me get him out?

REESE
The police see my black ass
dragging a body down an alley and
I'll need a Christmas cookie too.

SANTA MILLER
I can't drag him myself. I'll look
like some sick santa serial killer.

Santa Miller looks around. No one seems to have any ideas.

SANTA MILLER (CONT'D)
Looks like it's your lucky day.
Santa Mode off.

Santa Miller shrinks down, slowly morphing into a thin white
man in his late 20's with glasses and thinning brown hair.

He's sitting in a wheelchair. The crew doesn't have words.

MILLER
You guys gonna stare at me like I'm
a ghost or save Karl's life?

Queen and Reese spring into action forced to work together. Reese glowers at her as they lift Karl's body and lay him across Miller's lap in the chair.

QUEENIE

I'll drive.

Queenie starts to wheel Miller off. Helga turns to Rona.

HELGA

Watch the bears. If they're spotted, come let me know.

RONA

Happy to. Thing is, I'm pretty sure they still want to eat me, though?

HELGA

So don't try any dumb shit.

Helga and Reese start walking behind Queenie and Miller.

HELGA (CONT'D)

(To Reese, low)

I don't say this often, but I kinda feel like an asshole.

MILLER

I'll take that as an apology, Helga. I love you too.

INT. UNDER THE BAYOU DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The crew walk into a small, empty diner with enough tables and counter space to seat over fifty people comfortably. The diner is festive, decorated in Christmas cheer including a Christmas tree in front of the large window beside the front door. Carla is sweeping the floor with her back turned.

CARLA

Sorry, that door shouldn't be open. We're actually not open yet.

HELGA

Before 11am?

CARLA

Listen we're--

Carla turns and sees the crew, including an unconscious Karl.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Short-staffed.

HELGA

Hey CARLA.

CARLA

Hey Helga. Is he...

HELGA

No, but I don't imagine we have a lot of time.

CARLA

Right. Get him on the counter. Lock the door. I'll start the oven.

Helga crawls up onto the counter as Queenie and Reese lay Karl's body on the countertop. Now, eye-level with Carla, Helga gives her a big hug.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Good to see you again.

HELGA

I'm sorry it had to be under these circumstances.

CARLA

You know me. I'll take him anyway I can get him. Let's move so we can get these things in the oven.

HELGA

Clock's ticking.

As they get to work, Queenie puts a hand on Reese's shoulder.

QUEENIE

Think we could talk? Clear the air.

Reese shrugs her off.

REESE

I've got nothing for you, bitch.

(To Miller)

I'm gonna go make sure the bears don't eat Rona.

LATER

While Helga and Carla work behind the counter, true Miller and Queenie sit in one of the booths drinking coffee.

QUEENIE

Before I came into the picture Reese used to Scit for Xin.

(MORE)

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Reese fell for him. Hard. They had their thing. Then Xin and I met and we had our thing.

MILLER

And that's why Reese wants to take your head off.

QUEENIE

I wish. When Reese found out about me and Xin, of course he was pissed. He started making threats about exposing Xin to all his friends. So Xin had me set him up. We made it look like Reese intentionally sent Xin to a bad neighborhood to get his bag stolen.

MILLER

And what really happened?

QUEENIE

I didn't know it at the time, but Xin stole the bag. Thousands of kids missed Christmas that year and come to find out that's only the tip of the iceberg. Pun intended.

MILLER

You expect me to believe you weren't there helping him today?

QUEENIE

Believe what you want. I was following him. I knew he was up to some shit. Not this. I know I fucked Reese over and I gotta live with that, but I can't stand by and watch Xin ruin kids.

MILLER

So you and Xin...

QUEENIE

Fuck no! When I found out what he was up to, I stopped being his bitch and his Scit. Sounds like he's moved on. Plenty of times. What about you?

MILLER

Oh, I'm not fucking Xin either. Uses too much teeth.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Not great for Heavy D and the Boys,
know what I'm saying? Sorry, I
ramble in front of pretty girls.
And it's been awhile since I've
seen one. Not since Xin.

Queen is all smiles. She's feeling Miller's vibes.

QUEENIE

No, I mean like prison, wheelchair.
What's your story?

MILLER

Same story, actually.

KARL

I'd like to hear this one myself.

Helga and Carla look up from their conversation as well as
Miller and Queenie. They start over to him at the same time.
Karl's eyes are still closed.

KARL (CONT'D)

I smell gumbo, Christmas cookies,
and Bath and Bodyworks Butterfly
lotion. Smells like a place I never
should have left.

Karl opens his eyes and see Carla, her hand now on his chest.
She hugs him around his neck and whispers in his ear.

CARLA

Hold on for me. We're almost done.

KARL

I'm holding.

LATER

Karl is munching on a Christmas cookie, seemingly loads
better. He sits on a stool at the counter along with Reese
while Helga is sitting on top of the counter.

Miller and Queenie are at nearby table. Helga is serving up
bowls of gumbo.

MILLER

Routine drop. I'm in one of those
weird neighborhoods with the houses
with the unnaturally sloped roofs.

EXT. HOUSE WITH UNNATURALLY SLOPED ROOF, ROOF - FLASHBACK

Christmas Eve. Santa Miller hops off his sleigh of reindeer onto the roof and down the chimney in a jiff.

INT. HOUSE WITH UNNATURALLY SLOPED ROOF, LIVING ROOM -
MOMENTS LATER

Santa Miller exits the fireplace into the living room and is greeted by UMBERTO, a young Mexican kid in his late teens.

MILLER (V.O.)
I go inside the house and the kid
is there waiting for me. So
excited, so full of joy. Autistic
kid. No more than 18.

Santa Miller puts a gift in Umberto's hands.

MILLER (V.O.)
I give him his gift and he was so
excited. It was almost like he knew
what it was. He wanted to open it
so bad and I should've told him to
wait in hindsight, but he was just
so stoked so I told him to open it.

Umberto opens the gift. His eyes light up.

MILLER (V.O.)
It was a motherboard for his PC.
You should have seen this kid's
face. He was so happy.

EXT. HOUSE WITH UNNATURALLY SLOPED ROOF, ROOF - FLASHBACK

Santa Miller makes it back onto the roof. Umberto runs to thank Santa. Santa Miller waves for him to go back inside, but stumbles, slips, and falls off the roof.

MILLER (V.O.)
I get on the roof and I'm about to
take off and he runs outside to
wave and tell me thank you. I'm
waving to him telling him to get
back in the house. And I lost my
balance and slipped and
fell...right on top of the kid.

INT. UNDER THE BAYOU DINER - PRESENT

Helga starts to snicker. Karl taps her.

MILLER

He died. I was paralyzed. And the only time I can actually walk is when I'm wearing the Santa skin.

REESE

So they fucked you over on the sentence, sure. That was clearly an accident. What I don't understand is how you're still paralyzed. I heard of a santa falling out of his sleigh in mid-flight and getting impaled on a tree. He choked down a Christmas cookie and was back delivering gifts within the hour.

MILLER

They stripped my title when they sentenced me. As soon as they did that, I lost my ability to heal. Only santas can heal with cookies.

HELGA

So, if we get hurt like you get hurt, we die?

KARL

If that's true, why was I healed?

CARLA

Isn't it obvious? You're a santa.

KARL

Carla, embarrassed to say this, I never got my cap.

CARLA

I know. You're not the only one that's been keeping tabs over the years. And who gives a shit about a cap anyway? As long as I've known you, you've cared about making every single kid you could happy. You're more Christmas than anyone I've ever met. If that don't make you a santa, what does?

Queenie walks over to Karl and pulls a red cap out of her jacket pocket. She places it on top of Karl's head. Reese rolls his eyes.

QUEENIE

I stole this from Xin when I found out the bullshit he was up to. He didn't deserve it. It looks a lot better on you, anyway.

KARL

Thank you, Queenie.

Karl gets to his feet. He looks almost regal with his long beard and red cap. He's wearing all black like a badass. All eyes are on him.

REESE

That's motherfucking Santa, alright. We need to accessorize the rest of the fit, but you look good otherwise, boo.

KARL

I don't know, Reese, I'm kinda diggin' the all-black look.

Helga hops off the counter and does a little speed work on Karl's shoes. They are now the black and red Jordan I's.

HELGA

Now it's perfect.

KARL

Thank you, Helga.

HELGA

What's the next move, Santa?

KARL

This Christmas, every hood in America is getting their Christmas back. We are going to save Christmas! But first...

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - LATER

Karl and Carla are going at it hot and heavy in the carriage while Donny Hathaway's "This Christmas" plays in the background. The pent-up love of two people that haven't seen each other in years.

CARLA

Karl, I've missed you so much.

KARL

Everyday I thought about you.

Karl slips his hat off as they continue to make out. Carla pulls away and gives him a funny look.

CARLA

What are you doing? Leave it on.

KARL

Yes ma'am!

Carla puts his hat back on, and resumes kissing him.

EXT. SIDE STREET ALLEYWAY, NEW ORLEANS - SAME TIME

The carriage is rocking violently. One of the bears looks back at the carriage and groans in annoyance.

INT. UNDER THE BAYOU DINER - SAME TIME

Helga, Miller, Queenie, Reese, and Rona are sitting in the diner chatting. Helga makes a baseball with a napkin and two sugar packets. She tosses it to Miller. He tosses it back.

MILLER

What happened with them, anyway?
It's obvious they're in love.
They've damn near got the same name
for crying out loud.

HELGA

Life. They were in love for years
when Karl got the Scit job and had
to move to Santa Claus. He wanted
to become Santa. Carla had dreams
of running a diner. They did the
long distance thing for awhile, but
Karl said it just got to be too
much for both of them.

MILLER

What do you think really happened?

HELGA

I think I know, but that's his
truth to tell.

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - LATER

The lovebirds are snuggled up in the carriage post-coitus.
Carla takes a hit of a joint and passes it to Karl who hits.

They are holding two snow globes side-by-side both showing the same live image: The two of them hugging in the carriage.

CARLA

Would you look at that.

KARL

Helga's a tricky one. I didn't realize she gave you one too. So all this time--

CARLA

I was watching you while you were watching me. I take this thing with me everywhere. Watch you all the time. Well, almost all the time. I know when you sit in your special chair in your living room and pull out the snow globe you aren't gonna be doing things I need to see.

KARL

It gets lonely in Santa Claus, Indiana.

CARLA

Got mighty lonely in New Orleans too. Karl, why'd you stop coming? I kept watching that video you sent me for some kinda sign and I'm just as lost today as I was then.

KARL

Every year, Christmas would roll around and I would say, "This is the year I'm gonna get my cap." Then I'd do something to fuck it up and every year I would come back to you a failure. Ashamed. I finally decided I was either gonna give this up forever and help you run the diner or end us until I could become Santa and make you proud. There's not a day that goes by where I don't wish I had just made the first choice.

CARLA

Karl, you never had to choose. I always supported you, win or lose. And, in my eyes, you never lost. I was so proud of all the ideas you came up with.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

And, yeah, some didn't work, but some weren't your fault either. You walked Luke through exactly how to use that thermal suit. Wasn't your fault he almost burnt his balls off.

KARL

Thank you! You know, that guy still hates me to this day?

CARLA

Can you blame him?

KARL

No, guess I can't. Carla, I'm so sorry. Forgive me?

CARLA

You know what I never saw in that snow globe? Another woman. Not once. That made it a little easier to forgive you. That and Helga giving me updates about how pitiful you were without me.

KARL

Listen, I don't know what's gonna happen to me when Christmas gets here, but I'm so glad for this time right now. I say something funny?

CARLA

(Laughing)

You are high off your ass if you think I'm letting you out of my sight now that you're here.

KARL

I am a little high.

CARLA

Where you go, I go.

KARL

What about the diner?

CARLA

You let me figure that out. I'm coming with you.

KARL

Goddamn!

(Singing)

(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

I got my baby-back-baby-back-baby-
back-baby-back!

Carla laughs at Karl's foolishness. More making out ensues.

INT. UNDER THE BAYOU DINER - SAME TIME

Miller, Queenie, and Reese are standing over Helga and Rona who are sitting at a table staring at each other. They have random utensils placed in front of them.

HELGA

Ready?

RONA

Let's do this.

MILLER

3...2...1...Build!

Helga and Rona go to work jumbling the items in front of them into a feverish blur. Miller, Queenie, and Reese watch the two elves work.

RONA

Done!

HELGA

Fuck!

A finished curling wand sits in front of Rona while Helga's gaming monitor has a crack running down the middle of the screen.

REESE

Incredible, girl!

RONA

Fastest hands in Santa Claus.

Helga's phone rings. She sees it's Big Man. She gets up to take it.

HELGA

When I get back, I want a rematch.
Hello?

INT. BIG MANSION, BATHROOM - SAME TIME

The bathroom in Big Man's home is just as gaudy as the rest of the mansion.

His favorite movie being Scarface, it's no surprise that he has a massive jacuzzi tub in the center of the room.

Big Man is soaking in the tub, cigar in one hand phone in the other. Two women are caressing him in the tub while two other women are caressing each other on Big Man's big screen resting on the far wall.

BIG MAN
Helga. Where are you?

INT. UNDER THE BAYOU DINER - SAME TIME

Helga has made her way over to a corner away from other ears.

HELGA
Getting some Christmas shopping done. It's that time of year.

BIG MAN (O.C.)
I'm assuming you heard Karl broke out of jail.

HELGA
Word gets around.

BIG MAN (O.C.)
Any idea where he might be? I'm concerned for the guy and just want to make sure he's ok.

HELGA
No clue, but I'll definitely let you know if I hear anything.

BIG MAN (O.C.)
Helga, let's cut the shit, ok? I know you're with him right now.

HELGA
How would you know that, Big Man?

BIG MAN (O.C.)
Word gets around.

HELGA
From what I hear, he sure does.

BIG MAN (O.C.)
You realize that helping a Christmas criminal will get you some serious time?

(MORE)

BIG MAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Not to mention all the progress
you've made to become a Lead Elf?
Gone. Out the window. Is it worth
it?

HELGA

Big Man, do you remember the time I
got sick because I stayed out too
late drinking and you volunteered
to work my shift in the toy
factory? Or the time you brought
over milk and cookies to cheer me
up because my dog died and I was
miserable? Or the time you made me
new elf slippers because I had worn
through the soles in my old ones?
No? Because it wasn't you. It was
Karl. So, to answer your question,
yes it's very fucking worth it.

BIG MAN (O.C.)

Look, you and I want the same
thing: To make sure Karl is safe.
There's a manhunt going on for him
right now. If they feel like he's a
threat, especially to kids, they'll
take him down.

HELGA

The only threat they should be
worried about are the sick bastards
stealing presents from the poor.

BIG MAN (O.C.)

What? Who's stealing gifts?

HELGA

You almost made that sound
believable.

Helga hangs up.

INT. BIG MANSION, BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Big Man throws his phone. One of the ladies shrieks when it
slams against the wall. His eyes start to turn red as an
inhumane growl escapes him.

He regains himself when he notices the women are terrified.

BIG MAN

Fuck! Ladies, I'm sorry. Big Man's
having a bad day. Console me.

Before you know it, Big Man's face is buried between a pair of massive breasts.

INT. UNDER THE BAYOU DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Karl and Carla walk back in the diner holding hands as Helga wraps up her phone call.

HELGA

Two weeks until Christmas. Where do we hole up until then? Santa Claus is out of the question. They'd be on us before we even touched down.

CARLA

I would say my place, but it's a little on the smaller side. It would be a nightmare for the bears.

RONA

I know where we could go.

EXT. SANTIENNE'S HOME, FRONT PORCH - LATER

SUPER: "Henderson, Louisiana". Santienne's home has an old-timey cabin look with a tin roof and a long porch that stretches across the front of the house.

SANTIENNE sits on that porch in a rocking chair smoking a pipe. An alligator rests at his feet and a cat is nestled on his broad shoulder. His home overlooks a slice of the bayou.

This guy is the epitome of Santa, no need for a skin: Wild gray hair and beard. Rosy cheeks. Big, hearty belly.

BOOM! The carriage slams down in front of the house. The cat scurries off. Santienne almost chokes on his pipe. He grabs a shotgun and cocks it. He cautiously approaches the carriage.

The carriage door opens. Rona hops out. She runs to Santienne and jumps up to wrap herself around his torso.

RONA

Santienne!

SANTIENNE

Sacre! Rona! Haven't worked with you in ages. What you doin' here 'round the bayou?

RONA

I brought some friends.

Karl steps out of the carriage and approaches Santienne.

SANTIENNE

Do my eyes deceive me or am I
lookin' at an escaped felon?

KARL

Good to see you too, Santienne.

SANTIENNE

Reckoned I might be seeing you on
account of me bein' the only Santa
off the grid.

KARL

Then you probably don't have to
guess why I'm here. Got room for
five adults and two elves?

The crew has gotten out of the carriage. Santienne takes them
in. Miller is still in his normal form.

SANTIENNE

Fresh jambalaya on the stove. Y'all
go'n in and get ya'selves settled.

CARLA

There's uh...an alligator at the
top of the stairs.

SANTIENNE

Ninette ain't gon' bother you none.
Guarantee ya dat. Go on, now.

RONA

(To Helga)

We can work in the back.

HELGA

(To the bears)

Come on, guys.

MILLER

(To Queenie)

You don't have to roll me. I can
change back into Santa Mode.

QUEENIE

I don't mind.

Miller seems pleasantly surprised by her response.

MILLER

Thanks.

KARL
 (To Santienne)
 I'll fill you in. Lots to discuss.

SANTIENNE
 Sounds like we gonna need a little
 somethin' to wet our whistle.
 Professa X, toss me dat dere jar on
 the bannister dere.

MILLER
 I'm sorry, was that French?

Queenie grabs the jar of clear liquid and tosses it to
 Santienne.

KARL
 Moonshine.

SANTIENNE
 Best in L'isiana.

Reese squeals as Ninette hisses at him when he tries to go up
 the stairs. She snaps at him as he jumps over her.

REESE (O.S.)
 (Screaming)
 Oh my God, there's more in here!

Hissing can be heard from the house. Reese squeals again.

BACKYARD - LATER

Santienne's backyard is extremely spacious walled in by a
 forest of trees. Karl and Santienne trade sips of the shine
 as they watch Reese and Rona construct a building out of
 almost thin air.

SANTIENNE
 Whole thing is corrupt. I knew it.
 That's why I got outta dat Santa
 town long time ago. Now I do all my
 business from right here.

KARL
 Had a feeling too. Just never
 thought it was this bad.

SANTIENNE
 Dos poor poor chirren. Ain't done
 nothin' to nobody. Tall task ahead
 a you, Karl. You sho you up fo' it?

KARL

Not at all, but here we are. Tell you what, it will be nice to be Santa for a night. My only night.

SANTIENNE

Karl, you're more of a santa than most of these santas are santa. I don't open up my home to anybody.

KARL

Appreciate you, Santienne.

SANTIENNE

Now walk me through da plan again.

KARL

You got it.

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - LATER

Helga brings Karl inside the cube they have constructed for the bears. The room resembles his prison room filled with snow and ice, but twice as large.

A control station setup replaces the igloo, complete with a few monitors and a workspace. Miller is wheeling about working on some things.

KARL (V.O.)

Helga and Miller are going to be set up at the control room watching both our backs.

INT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, ROOM OF CREATION - LATER

Queenie and Reese are thumbing through gifts in the Room of Creation getting things organized. Things are tense, but they are working together.

KARL (V.O.)

Queenie and Reese, if they don't kill each other, will be at the North Pole facility intercepting gifts for me to take back to the houses they got stolen from.

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - PRESENT

The control station monitors are all up and running showing geographical maps and a live feed of Santienne's location. Helga, Karl, and Miller are checking all the screens at once.

KARL

And you? All you need to do is drop the gifts off like you normally do on Christmas and move on to the next neighborhood. Do not engage. I repeat, do not engage. Santienne, I've run this plan by you at least eighty times over the last two weeks. How do you keep forgetting?

EXT. NEW ORLEANS SKYLINE - NIGHT

Santienne is flying on a skiff led by eight alligators. A high-rise housing project building comes into view. SUPER: "Zydeco Housing Projects, New Orleans, Christmas Eve 9:19pm".

SANTIENNE

I'm old and I drink. Das fo' a fact. Where is Rona again?

KARL (V.O.)

She's our Plan B. Just in case.

Santienne looks on as multiple shadows form on the roof of the building. They disappear through the rooftop door. Santienne takes a swig of moonshine.

SANTIENNE

What do we have here? Looks like da 'crackers have arrived.

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - SAME TIME

Karl is watching Santienne fly with anticipation.

KARL

Almost showtime. Alright Santienne, looks like they're right on schedule. You can head to the next neighborhood. We'll take it from here.

(To himself)

Looks like it's showtime.

HELGA

You nervous?

KARL

First time being santa and stopping
a nationwide heist at the same
time? Piece of cake.

HELGA

That's the spirit.

SANTIENNE (V.O.)

Karl, there's just one part a your
plan didn't quite sit with me.

KARL

What's that?

SANTIENNE (V.O.)

The don't engage part. No way I'm
lettin' these bastards run ma city.

KARL

Santienne, we talked about this.
Those 'crackers are dangerous.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS SKYLINE - SAME TIME

Santienne is still watching the Zydeco building.

SANTIENNE

Oh yeah? Well, me an ma gator 'bout
to find out. Ha, Gaston! Ha, Tiboy!
Ha, Pierre an' Alcee!

The alligator take a sharp bank in the sky and beeline for
the Zydeco building. They land on the roof with a clatter.

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - SAME TIME

Helga, Karl, and Miller are watching the monitors in awe.

MILLER

The old man's lost his mind.

HELGA

If he ever had it to begin with.

KARL

Looks like it's happening. We're in
this now.

Karl puts on his red cap and walks over to Helga. He holds
his fist out for a fist bump. She throws her body around his
neck. He hugs her back.

HELGA
If you die, I'll kill you.

EXT. SANTIENNE'S HOME, BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Karl races outside to the carriage. Carla is prepping the bears by giving each of them guzzles from a 2-liter Coke.

CARLA
Is it time already?

KARL
Santienne botched the plan. He's gonna try to take on the 'crackers.

CARLA
So you're going? Like now?

KARL
Carla, I have to. If something happens to him, it could blow up the whole thing.

CARLA
I don't like this.

KARL
I'm coming back for you. Promise.

Carla wraps her arms around Karl's neck and plants a passionate kiss on his lips.

CARLA
You better. Go save Christmas.

Karl scratches U-God behind the ears.

KARL
Boys, we ready to hit it? Zydeco projects, New Orleans, let's roll!

U-God
Give us a beat, boss.

KARL
You got it, U-God.

Karl pulls out his phone and pulls up his special Spotify playlist: "Karl's Badass Motherfucking Christmas Mix".

Wu-Tang's "Ice Cream" starts blaring on the speaker on top of the carriage. The bears start bobbing their heads in unison.

Karl hops in the carriage. The bears take a few quick bounds then take off into the sky at super speed. Carla can't help but smile as she watches them take off.

EXT. ZYDECO HOUSING PROJECTS BUILDING, ROOFTOP - LATER

The carriage lands with a BOOM on the Zydeco Building. "Ice Cream" is still in full blare.

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - SAME TIME

Karl pressed a button on the front wall labeled, "Harness Release". He hops out of the carriage...

EXT. ZYDECO HOUSING PROJECTS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

And onto the rooftop right into a scene of carnage. Bears and gators are facing off against crazed nutcrackers with Santienne in the middle of it all.

He fires off a round with his shotgun that puts a hole in a nutcracker's chest. The nutcracker stumbles right into the jaws of a polar bear who shakes the nutcracker between his teeth. A gator latches on to the nutcracker's leg and, together bear and gator rip the nutcracker in half.

EXT. ZYDECO STREET - SAME TIME

Four DUDES are walking by the Zydeco Building drinking Hurricanes out of styrofoam cups. One of them stops and stares up at the scene unfolding on the roof.

DUDE 1

Yo, are y'all seeing this shit or
am I faded?

His three friends take notice.

DUDE 2

Ay cuh, record that shit! We 'bout
to go viral!

Dude 1 pulls out his phone and starts recording.

DUDE 1

Yo, I think there's a black santa
up there. And it looks like he's
catchin' a fade.

EXT. ZYDECO HOUSING PROJECTS BUILDING, ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

A 'cracker pins Karl against the carriage, choking Karl with its bayonet rifle. It strikes Karl in the nose with the rifle and moves to run him through with the bayonet. Karl is stuck.

A gator jumps from the top of the carriage. Wood chips fly as the gator dismantles the final living 'cracker.

Karl looks around at the mess. His nose is bleeding but he looks a lot worse than Santienne who's standing but hurt.

KARL

You good?

SANTIENNE

Been better, that's fo' sho.
Nothin' a cookie can't fix.

LATER

Karl and Santienne stand among the carnage eating cookies.

SANTIENNE (CONT'D)

Nine minutes. Das how long it take
me to gift all a L'isiana. Imagine
it'll take a li'l longer tonight.
Gonna take you a whole lot longer
doe. Betta get goin'.

KARL

Shit, you're right. But what about--

SANTIENNE

L'isiana's ma home. I'll take care
a home. You take care a da rest.

HELGA (O.C.)

It might buy us more time. I say we
let him handle it and get moving.
Got a lot of ground to cover.

KARL

(To Santienne)

If you need us, you know how to get
ahold of us. Be safe and make sure
you kill all those sons of bitches.

SANTIENNE

Guarantee you dat.

Santienne hops on his skiff. Karl leans out of his carriage.

KARL
 Alright fellas, ten minutes to
 Dayton. Let's ride!

SANTIENNE
 Right. Catcha den. Ha Tiboy, Renee,
 rest a y'all, let's head!

The carriage and skiff launch into the sky and go their
 separate ways in a bright flash of light and a sonic boom.

EXT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

The snow has picked up at the North Pole Factory. Dozens of
 nutcrackers are returning to the facility flying via jetpacks
 on their boots.

Queenie and Reese are trying to stay out of sight as
 nutcrackers come and go. Queenie has a packed red sack hung
 over her shoulder.

MILLER (O.C.)
 Opening up the portal to Dayton.

Queenie is visibly shaken. Reese delights in her anxiety.

REESE
 (Talking low)
 Chile, you look more nervous than
 R. Kelly taking a lie detector
 test! I don't blame you. Last
 person that went through that thing
 got his head cut clean off. I'm
 sure you'll be fine, though, girl.

QUEENIE
 Thanks.

MILLER (O.C.)
 Queenie, you're gonna be fine.
 Reese, we kinda need this all to
 work so you mind cutting the shit?

REESE
 You right. I'm sorry.

The portal opens up. Queenie takes three quick breaths then
 runs through. The portal closes.

MILLER (O.C.)
 You do realize she got played too,
 right? She never knew about you or
 the crazy shit Xin was up to.
 (MORE)

MILLER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Xin had her thinking you had some
 crazy plan to upend Christmas.
 That's the only reason she set you
 up.

REESE
 Why hasn't she tried to tell me?

MILLER (O.C.)
 I think she might've a time or
 fifty.

REESE
 Sounds to me like you're defending
 her because she has a phat ass.

MILLER (O.C.)
 No, I'm defending her because she's
 a good person and I like her. Give
 her a chance. Also, yes, she does
 indeed have a phat ass.

REESE
 Boy, you stupid!

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - SAME TIME

Helga, Carla, and Miller are monitoring the screens.

MILLER
 She sat in my lap the other day and
 I swear I got feeling in my legs.

REESE (O.C.)
 The third one, I'm sure.

HELGA
 You do realize that, if you don't
 press the comms buttons there,
 everyone can hear you.

MILLER
 Everyone?

QUEENIE (O.C.)
 We done talking about my ass?

HELGA
 (Snickering)
 Real smooth.

EXT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Queenie is back on the roof with Reese.

REESE
How's Karl?

QUEENIE
Ran into a bit of trouble, but--

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - SAME TIME

Carla's ears perk up.

CARLA
Trouble? What kind of trouble?

QUEENIE (O.C.)
We got shot at.

Helga gets up ready for action. She opens up a portal.

HELGA
I'm gonna kill a motherfucker.

Carla puts a hand on Helga's shoulder.

CARLA
Helga, chill. Queenie, is Karl ok?

KARL (O.C.)
I'm fine. I've already dropped off
the...Those motherfuckers!

REESE (O.C.)
Chile, what is it?

EXT. DAYTON HOME, ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Karl is on a roof looking at his carriage...which is now
jacked up on bricks without its wheels. He is in the middle
of a decrepit, rundown neighborhood.

KARL
Somebody stole the goddamn wheels
off the carriage! Masta Killa, this
woulda been a perfect time to live
up to your name!

MASTA KILLA
It's a metaphor, remember?

KARL

You know, I'm this close to unleashing you and letting the streets of Dayton have you.

HELGA (O.C.)

Karl, relax. Headed your way now with replacement wheels.

Karl sees KEVIN, a black sixteen-year-old kid, trotting down the street with a set of wheels under his arm. Karl takes a bite of a Christmas cookie.

KARL

No need. I see that motherfucker now. I'm getting my wheels back.

Karl reaches into his bag and pulls out an electric scooter. He turns to the bears.

KARL (CONT'D)

Listen, if we can't work together, a lot of kids are gonna wake up sad tomorrow morning. I need you guys.

Karl jumps off the roof, scooter under his arm.

EXT. DAYTON NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Karl takes off down the street on the electric scooter, his cap flying. Kevin turns and sees him and starts running, but the weight of the wheels are too much.

Karl pulls a bowling ball-sized lump of coal out of his jacket and chucks it at Kevin's head. Kevin goes down with a shriek and drops the wheels. Karl retrieves the wheels and stands over Kevin.

Karl tosses a pair of neon football gloves at Kevin's chest.

KARL

Kevin Freeman. If you spent as much time practicing your route-running as you do stealing, you would have some D-1 offers by now. Give that scooter to your little sister, Andrea. Merry Christmas.

Karl starts walking back to his carriage. Kevin stands up.

KEVIN

What about the iPad you stole from her last year? You been stealing from us for years!

Karl tosses an iPad to Kevin.

KARL

There's a new santa in town, kid.

EXT. DAYTON HOME, ROOFTOP - LATER

Helga has just finished fixing the wheels while Karl watches. She notices a rip in Karl's pant leg.

HELGA

That should do it. What happened?

KARL

Cane corso. Was not in the mood for visitors. Got every house, though.

HELGA

You ok?

KARL

Pretty sure I twisted my ankle.

Helga shoves a cookie in his mouth.

HELGA

From Carla. There's more inside.

KARL

Gonna be a long night, isn't it?

HELGA

We knew this was gonna be stupid hard. But if anyone can do something this crazy, it's you.

(To the bears)

Get him to Omaha in one piece and you'll have more Coke than you can ever dream of.

Helga disappears through a portal. The carriage shoots off into the night sky blaring Wu-Tang's "C.R.E.A.M."

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - LATER

Elves and Scits alike hover around their monitors waiting as their santas make their journeys home. It's a raucous crowd as the Announcer blares over the loudspeaker another return.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Alright, folks, here he is with
another record trip, Santa Xin!

Santa Xin's reindeer bring his sleigh down as he waves to the cheering masses. He turns his santa mode off and hops out of the sleigh waving still.

His new Scit Terry (late fifties, weathered face) approaches him. Xin doesn't look happy in the slightest to see her. She hands him an earpiece.

TERRY
Call for you.

XIN
Louisiana?

TERRY
All deliveries remain untouched.

XIN
Great. Fucking great.

Xin walks away from prying ears to take the call.

INT. SANTA LUKE'S SLEIGH - SAME TIME

Santa Luke whips his reindeer with the reins as they plow through the night sky.

SANTA LUKE
What's the word?

INT. SANTA SQUARE, RECEIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Xin is off by himself already loosening his robe.

XIN
No action in Louisiana. Something
is going on. I got a bad feeling.

SANTA LUKE (O.C.)
You think it's Karl?

XIN
It's not Paul Simon.

SANTA LUKE (O.C.)
Glad you think this is funny. You
realize if this fails, they'll find
a way to pin it on us.

XIN
No guts, no glory. I got a plan.

EXT. 3 HO'S STRIPCLUB - LATER

The 3 Ho's sign in front of the stripclub features three silhouettes of nude women with santa caps with bells on their nipples. The exterior boasts a modest size...

INT. 3 HO'S STRIPCLUB, MAIN FLOOR - SAME TIME

But is massive on the inside. The music is blaring. Three semi-nude women with santa caps and boots (with the fur of course) dance on three stages in the center of the room while drunkenness and debauchery ensues all around.

An elf standing on a table gets a shot poured into his mouth before burying himself upside down between a woman's breasts.

SCITs are taking shots. Santas still in their work garb are getting lap dances. Elves are doing coke. It's the Nightmare After Christmas.

HALLWAY - LATER

Xin lets one of the dancers lead him down a red-lit hallway.

XIN (V.O.)
I'll sneak out during the
afterparty at 3 Ho's.

VIP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The dancer leads him into a room. When she turns around, the door is closed.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Back in the hallway, there is a chair jamming the door. Xin races down the hallway and out the back of the club.

INT. SANTA SQUARE, STABLE - LATER

Xin is hitching reindeer to a sleigh. With the crack of the reins, the reindeer take off.

XIN (V.O.)
 Whatever is going on in Louisiana,
 I know the cajun has some answers.

INT. COLUMBUS HOUSING PROJECT, TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER

SUPER: "Intersect Housing Projects, Columbus, Ohio 9:27pm".
 Santa Karl is standing on the top floor hallway of a dingy-lit building. A maze of apartments line either side of him.

KARL
 Helga, I'm not so sure about this.

HELGA (V.O.)
 This is gonna be a long night if we
 can't speed things up. Karl, it
 works. Trust me.

REESE (V.O.)
 I believe in you, boo.

KARL
 Fuck it, let's do this.

Karl presses a button on his jacket. One Karl multiplies into ten. They split up with their own respective red bags and start heading to separate apartments on the top floor.

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - SAME TIME

Helga, Carla, and Miller are watching intensely as the Santa Karls enter separate apartments.

MILLER
 Wish I had this shit when I was
 doing the job.

HELGA
 Why, so you could fall on ten kids
 at once? I'm sorry, that was mean.

MILLER
 That was mean.

HELGA
 I said sorry. No need to be a bitch
 about it. Sorry, sorry.
 (MORE)

HELGA (CONT'D)

Just nervous. I'd never forgive myself if...Karl, remember, you're controlling them. Once they're done, send them to the next spot. Nine minutes, get in get out.

INT. APARTMENT 1450, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Santa Karl is in a tiny living room handing out gifts to Claretta, a single mom wearing a Sexy Redd bonnet.

He is perplexed as he continues to reach into the bag and pull out gift after gift.

KARL

This is for Wanda. That's Liondra's. This is Irina's, but listen, tell her she almost didn't get a gift. She needs to get them grades up and stop badmouthing the teachers. And this bike is for Cordae.

CLARETTA

What about Henrietta and Yolanda?

KARL

Those ain't your kids, Claretta. I know they're just here for a sleepover. I already dropped their gifts off at their houses.

CLARETTA

You really gon' have these kids wake up with no presents? You wrong for that, Santa.

Karl stares at Claretta who crosses her arm. He finally gives up and pulls two more gifts out.

KARL

These gifts better make it to those kids and not Facebook Marketplace. Oh, got something for you too.

Karl tosses her a box. Claretta stares at the box in shock. In bold letters, the box reads, "Condoms".

CLARETTA

I know you a fuckin' lie.

KARL

I'm fuckin' with you. But on the real, Claretta, you do a great job with these kids. Don't be so hard on yourself all the time.

CLARETTA

(Sobbing)

Thank you, Santa.

She throws her arms around Karl.

KARL

Ok, not too tight now. That's how you had all them kids.

INT. APARTMENT 814, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Santa Karl is sitting at a table with three black uncles playing Spades. The Christmas tree lights up their game. His partner UNCLE #4 is sitting across from him.

UNCLE #3

Best believe we on yo' ass!

Karl slams a card down.

KARL

Looks like another book! That's four. Hell, that's game! Damn, I gotta go fellas. Merry Christmas!

He daps the uncles up. Speaking to his partner...

KARL (CONT'D)

Tell Monty I would've gotten him two PS5 games instead of one, but he's gotta start acting better in school.

UNCLE #4

I don't know why you gave the li'l nigga a gift in the first place. Bad ass got coal last year.

KARL

Every kid deserves a Christmas. We still do dumb shit today and expect good things to happen to us. He's fifteen, man. When you were that age, you pushed your sister into the creek and almost drowned her. Remember that? Give Monty a break.

INT. APARTMENT 1233, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Santa Karl is holding crying baby WILLOW. Young black mom FIONA is hovering as he walks her back and forth.

KARL

It's ok, Willow. How long has she been like this?

FIONA

Few days now off and on. I've tried everything. I can't remember the last time we...

Karl puts a thumb to Willow's forehead. A little sprinkle of magic pours out of his finger. Willow falls asleep instantly.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Slept. How did you--

KARL

I have three gifts for you tonight. Here's number two.

Karl hands her an envelope. Fiona reads it as Karl puts Willow in her crib.

FIONA

Student loans cancelled. This real?

KARL

It's hard doing this shit on your own. Hope this helps.

FIONA

Wow. Thank you. Well, damn, what's the third present? A new c--

Karl puts his thumb to her forehead. She collapses in his arms. He scoops her up and lays her down on her couch. He puts a blanket over her and heads out.

INT. APARTMENT 227, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

A young kid sleeps in his father's lap on the couch in the living room. The father is still in his work clothes, also asleep.

Santa Karl drops off a couple gifts, looks at the kid, then drops off a couple more.

He then walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge. He reaches into his red bag and pulls out groceries and starts filling the fridge.

INT. APARTMENT 549, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Santa Karl is on the floor with a pit-bull and a Rottweiler. They are licking his face profusely while he laughs.

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - LATER

Karl is back in the carriage, his eyes full of happy tears.

HELGA (V.O.)
Nine minutes on the nose. Nice.

KARL
I know eventually this night's
gonna end and I'll probably never
see this cap again, but I'll
remember this forever.

INT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, ROOM OF CREATION - SAME TIME

Queenie and Reese are loading presents. Listening to Karl's message, they stop and give each other a fist bump.

KARL (O.C.)
I'm already so proud of what we've
been able to do tonight.

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - SAME TIME

Helga, Karl, and Miller are listening to Karl's message.

KARL (O.C.)
I couldn't have done it without all
of you.

Helga wipes her eyes.

HELGA
Are you going to be this
sentimental all night? Let's get to
the end then we can all cry in
jail. Less wah-wah, more Wu-Tang.

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - SAME TIME

Karl grins and kicks his feet up with an espresso. He fumbles through a playlist on his phone.

KARL
Helga, you couldn't be more right.
Next stop, boys!

Wu-Tang's "Triumph" blares.

EXT. COLUMBUS HOUSING PROJECT, ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

The bears launch into the sky and take off.

EXT. MERIDIAN, IDAHO TRAILER PARK - LATER

SUPER: "Meridian, Idaho". Karl steps out of the carriage and Reese is waiting for him with a bag. As Reese disappears back into the portal, Santa Karl bounces from trailer to trailer with lightning speed like a boss.

He reappears at the carriage in less than ten seconds.

KARL
Too easy, Idaho. Next.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA HOME, ROOFTOP - LATER

SUPER: "ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA". A neighborhood of homes just slightly bigger than tiny homes. Clotheslines run between the houses.

Karl lifts out of a chimney and is racing for his carriage. A man in a tank top races out the front door holding a shotgun. He aims for the roof. BLAM! Puts a hole in the carriage.

Karl dives in. The bears don't need to be told to take flight this time.

KARL
Helga!

HELGA (O.C.)
I'll fix it in Tampa. Just get out
of there before you get capped!

KARL
(Yelling out of the hole)
Merry fucking Christmas!

BLAM! Another shot fired. Karl screams.

KARL (CONT'D)
Thank God for Christmas cookies.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA - LATER

SUPER: "Cedar Rapids, Iowa 10:05pm". Helga is replacing one of the rein sets in a Walmart parking lot while Karl watches.

HELGA
Moana, seriously?

KARL
That movie has everything! The music, the animation. The Rock! Come on. Ok, what's yours?

HELGA
Who Framed Roger Rabbit? Duh.

KARL
You're cheating. You can't pick an animated film that's also live action! Not fair.

HELGA
Bullshit, you never set the rules.

KARL
Let's break the tie. Miller, Moana or Who Framed Roger Rabbit?

Miller doesn't answer.

KARL (CONT'D)
Miller, you there? Miller. Carla? Queenie, Reese, you there?

QUEENIE (O.C.)
Here, Santa.

KARL
You heard from Carla or Miller?

REESE (O.C.)
Miller's still got his foot in his mouth from earlier.

A beeping red light emits from Helga's watch. Helga and Karl share a look.

KARL

The alarm. We gotta get back.

HELGA

Portal should get me back fast.

The portal appears as Helga is talking. She jumps through. The carriage takes off into the sky.

A Walmart Associate on his break is sitting on a bench outside and sees the whole thing. He takes a sip of his Mountain Dew.

WALMART ASSOCIATE

I gotta get the fuck out of Iowa.

EXT. SANTIENNE'S HOME, BACKYARD - LATER

The carriage crashes down in Santienne's backyard. Karl hops out. He sees the door to the Control Station smashed in. He rushes forward.

INT. CONTROL STATION/TEMP BEAR HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Karl walks in with a Louisville Slugger from his bag. Sparks emit from a destroyed control station. Miller's wheelchair is turned over but Miller is gone.

He sees her across the room in the fading light. Helga pinned to a wall with a harpoon. He races across the room. The harpoon has her by the shoulder. He leans in.

KARL

Helga?

Helga snaps to life, swinging wildly with a blade.

KARL (CONT'D)

Helga! Helga, it's me, stop!

She stops swinging and looks around wildly. Karl takes a closer look at the harpoon.

KARL (CONT'D)

Doesn't look like it's got your skin. Hold on, I'll pull it out.

Karl yanks the harpoon free. Helga lands on the ground. She's a little wobbly.

KARL (CONT'D)

You ok?

HELGA
Be worse if he was a better shot.

KARL
Who?

HELGA
Xin. Motherfucker got the jump on me. Shot me with the damn harpoon and I hit my head on the wall.

KARL
Xin.

HELGA
The one and only.

KARL
Where did he take Carla and Miller?

SANTIENNE (O.S.)
North--

A badly beaten Santienne is standing in the doorway.

SANTIENNE (CONT'D)
Pole.

Santienne collapses.

KARL
I'll get the cookies.

EXT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, SNOWY FRONT LAWN - LATER
Helga and Karl hop out of the carriage.

KARL
(To the bears)
If anything goes down, take off.

RZA
We were gonna do that anyway.

INT. ABANDONED NORTH POLE FACTORY, MAIN FLOOR HALLWAY -
MOMENTS LATER

Helga and Karl enter the facility. Nutcrackers are lined up on either side standing at attention. They aren't budging. The walk to the Room of Creation is eerily silent.

ROOM OF CREATION - MOMENTS LATER

The Room of Creation is much emptier now than before. Helga and Karl walk in to Xin smiling maniacally, still in his santa wardrobe. He's waving a harpoon gun around.

Carla, Miller, Queenie, and Reese are tied to monkey bars.

XIN

There he is, the black Robin Hood.

KARL

Why are you doing this, Xin?

XIN

To be a part of the kingdom.

HELGA

Every time you open your mouth it makes me regret ever wanting to fuck you. What kingdom?

Big Man steps into view wearing his red blazer.

XIN

His.

HELGA

Big Man?

BIG MAN

Every year we've watched from the shadows as billions of gifts are delivered to a bunch of ungrateful shits that don't deserve it. No more. We're taking Christmas back.

MILLER

So you're taking from poor kids? Come on, man!

KARL

Hold on, who is "we"?

Big Man's smile is the stuff of nightmares.

BIG MAN

Ever heard the story of The Nutcracker? Doesn't end the way you think it does. Big Man Mode off.

The crew watches in horror as Big Man becomes Big Mouse: A human-sized mouse creature with a ripped torso, muscles, claws and sharp teeth. He stands upright wearing a jewel-adorned crown and satin cape. The MOUSE KING.

REESE

I'm gonna throw up. I hate rats!

MOUSE KING

Rat? This cape is Versace. Think a rat would look good in Versace? You stand before The Mouse King.

HELGA

Ok, you want us to bow or--

MOUSE KING

You couldn't just let Christmas be Christmas could you, Karl? Every year you find some new way to fuck it up. New Year, new dumb shit. Do you realize how hard it was every year to find a way to ruin your shit? I mean, you came up with some pretty good shit!

KARL

You sabotaged my inventions?

MOUSE KING

Every single fucking one. Couldn't have you coming up with new shit. Showing the council. Next thing you know, you're the new VP and everything I built is gone.

KARL

The whole time I thought you were different from the rest of them and you're stealing from people that can barely feed themselves. If that ain't some elitist tyrannical shit!

MOUSE KING

And where is our pity, Karl? Your people despise us. We can't even show our faces. You kill us at every chance you get.

Karl notices a large shadow move past the door windows.

MOUSE KING (CONT'D)

No matter. I'm blowing this place to high hell. Get rid of the evidence, no witnesses, blah blah blah. Nutcrackers self-destruct.

A NUTCRACKER IN THE ROOM says...

NUTCRACKER IN THE ROOM
Self destructing in two minutes.

XIN
(To Mouse King)
My King, we should go.

MOUSE KING
Lead the way. Almost forgot.

Big Man shoots Karl in the leg. Karl goes down.

KARL
Motherfucker!

MOUSE KING
Sorry, can't let you make a break
for it. Look on the bright side,
the pain will all be over soon.
Merry Christmas to all, and to all,
suck my dick.

Xin starts for the door with Mouse King in tow.

XIN
So were you serious about me having
to jack you off to get initiated?
Because I'll do it, it's just--

KARL
We're not done, motherfucker!

Mouse King turns around and gets a Jordan sneaker thrown
right at his snout. He's only slightly amused.

MOUSE KING
A shoe, Karl? Pathetic.

KARL
It worked in the ballet.

Mouse King turns for the door and ends up in the jaws of
Masta Killa. Masta Killa rips the mouse's head off leaving
the body to collapse with blood gushing from the open neck.

Masta Killa spits the head out. Xin screams. Helga throws up
all over Karl. Karl chuckles.

KARLA
Masta Killa. It's not a metaphor.

Masta Killas growls, walking slowly towards Xin with murder
in his eyes. Xin tries to take aim but Masta Killa is faster
snatching the gun and throwing it towards the monkey bars.

MILLER
Santa Mode On.

Miller transforms back into Santa Miller. The ropes snap when his wrists get larger. He pulls the harpoon out of Xin's gun and uses it to free Carla, Queenie, and Reese. He turns the gun on Xin.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Let's go, beastie boy. Trust me,
there's plenty of mice you can jack
off at Coal Corrections.

Xin throws his hands up in surrender.

MASTA KILLA
(To Karl)
Hop on, boss.

Karl straddles Masta Killa. They take off, the others in tow.

MAIN FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The nutcrackers are all still standing on either side of the hallway. Their eyes are blinking red as the timer on their chest runs down. 50 seconds. 49...

SNOWY FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

The crew make it out and back to the carriage. Helga is the last one to get in after she harnesses Masta Killa. The carriage takes flight.

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - MOMENTS LATER

Once inside the carriage, Carla practically shoves a cookie into Karl's mouth.

CARLA
You're not dying on me, not after
all this time.

Karl chokes down the cookie.

KARL
Wouldn't dream of it.

KABOOM! The explosion shakes the carriage. From the window, they can see the factory below in flames.

XIN
Thanks for not killing me.

REESE

Don't get it twisted, bitch! You might be going to jail but nobody said you was gettin' there in one piece. How far is Finland?

HELGA

Good three, four hours.

KARL

Sounds like plenty of time for a beat down. Who's first?

XIN

Mercy?

KARL

This ain't that kind of carriage.
(To Carla)
You might want to cover your eyes.

Carla sips her espresso.

CARLA

Wouldn't miss this for the world.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - MOMENTS LATER

The bears fly into the night as Xin's screams can be heard from outside the carriage.

EXT. ICOS BUILDING, COUNCIL OF CHRISTMAS AFFAIRS - LATER

Helga, Karl, Miller, and Reese are standing before the council: Niles, Randalf, and Yela. The audience is empty save for Carla and Queenie who are sitting on the first row.

RANDALF

First order of business, the council would like to thank you for exposing a ring of crime that took Christmas away from so many.

INT. COAL CHRISTMAS CORRECTIONS, PRISON CELLS - SAME TIME

Xin is sitting in a cell now in prison attire. He looks miserable, like absolute shit. Luke is in the cell next door.

RANDALF (V.O.)

The evidence against Big Man and his syndicate is damning.

(MORE)

RANDALF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Luke and Xin are in for an
extensive sentence when tried.

INT. ICOS BUILDING, COUNCIL OF CHRISTMAS AFFAIRS - SAME TIME

Back in the council chambers...

RANDALF
To you, Miller and Reese, while
your escape from Coal Christmas
Corrections was abhorrent, it
appears this rogue operation would
never have succeeded without your
help. Millions of kids got their
Christmases back because of you. I
grew up in poverty. I don't know
what I would have done if Santa
hadn't come every year for me and
my ten brothers and sisters.

HELGA
(muttering to Karl)
Wonder what the Finnish translation
for birth control is.

Karl shushes Helga.

RANDALF
Ehkaisy, Ms. Helga. In any event,
Miller, Reese, we would like to
exonerate you of your sentences
effective immediately. This of
course means Miller, you will be
able to resume your post as Santa
should you so choose.

Miller is in tears. Reese puts a hand on his shoulder.

MILLER
Thank you so much.

RANDALF
Karl, forward please. Despite your
lack of talent in recognizing
basketball greatness, it is clear
that being a santa is your calling.
We now bestow upon you your hat and
anoint you Santa Karl.

Beautiful music starts to reverberate throughout the room as
if an orchestra is present. A shiny red cap slowly descends
from the ceiling...then falls directly to the ground in front
of Karl. The music putters to a stop.

RANDALF (CONT'D)
That's never happened before.

KARL
I'll just...yeah.

Karl bends over and picks up the hat. As he puts the hat on his head, the music resumes its crescendo and conclusion.

RANDALF
While you weren't able to completely cover the country, 61% is extremely impressive. We look forward to...Yes, ma'am, you have thoughts? The floor is yours.

Carla stands up and steps out into the aisle.

CARLA
I'm Carla. I was wondering if there was a deadline on gift delivery.

YELA
6am is our deadline unless extreme circumstances arise.

CARLA
Wouldn't this count as an extreme circumstance?

RANDALF
Sure, sure, but with the US timezones, you would be delivering well into Christmas evening.

CARLA
But, if every kid could get a gift, wouldn't it be worth it?

NILES
Absolutely, but there are no gifts to give. As you said, the North Pole facility was destroyed.

HELGA
We have a Plan B.

RANDALF
Plan B?

HELGA
Yes, as in what your mom should have used after the second kid.
(MORE)

HELGA (CONT'D)
Let's get to work, guys! Christmas
is back on!

The crew makes their way out.

NILES
Wait, we didn't say yes!
(To fellow council
members)
Did we say yes?

INT. COAL CHRISTMAS CORRECTIONS, TOY-MAKING ROOM - LATER

The crew are in the Toy-Making Room. They are shocked beyond belief as there is barely standing room. Rona greets them from atop a table.

RONA
Hi guys! As you can see, been busy.

HELGA
(To Karl)
Think we got enough?

KARL
This will do.

OVER BLACK

SUPER: "94,000,000 Homes Later..."

EXT. JERSEY CITY HOUSING PROJECTS, COURTYARD - LATER

SUPER: "Jersey City, 9:13 pm". Carla is waiting for Karl in a project courtyard with his red bag. The building is a high-rise. Streetlights give the courtyard an eerie glow, highlighting a basketball court, a few picnic tables, and an area for hopscotch.

CARLA
Last bag. Have fun.

He gives her a big kiss then watches her disappear through the portal. Some of the residents see it too and are amazed. They start over to Karl. Karl is smiling.

LATER

Karl is doing TikTok dances with a group of teens. He can't get the steps right but they love him anyway.

LATER

Karl and some teens are crowded around an iPhone watching a Youtube clip of his scrape with the 'crackers in New Orleans.

KARL

So, when you say "catch a fade",
that means I got my ass whooped.

LATER

Karl is putting up shots with a group of kids, one of which is a 13-year-old with thick glasses named BRENT.

BRENT

Like those J's, Santa. Still can't
ball like me, though.

KARL

You still a ten and a half?

BRENT

Yes, sir.

Karl pulls a box seemingly out of thin air and hands it to Brent. Brent opens the box to find the same pair of Jordans that Karl is wearing.

BRENT (CONT'D)

You are Santa. Thank you! Ayo, this
man got me Jordans!

Brent starts to run off.

KARL

Work on that paint game!

BRENT

Yes sir!

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - LATER

Karl releases a massive sigh.

KARL

Helga. I think that's it.

INT. COAL CHRISTMAS CORRECTIONS, TOY-MAKING ROOM - SAME TIME

The room is near empty now. The team waits in anticipation for Helga to give the word.

HELGA

Santa Karl, we are 100% donezo!

The crew erupts with insane cheering. Helga signals for them to calm down.

HELGA (CONT'D)

(To Karl)

Great job. Now, get your ass back here so we can plan for Santorini.

KARL (O.C.)

I got one more stop to make first.
I don't need any presents.
Shouldn't take long.

The crew looks confused.

CARLA

Where is he going?

HELGA

I have an idea.

EXT. WRONG HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - LATER

The door opens. Liam, a year older, answers. He's in pajamas.

LIAM

You're going viral.

KARL

You don't say. Still want that flying lesson?

INT. DOPE CARRIAGE THAT HELGA MADE - LATER

Liam is so excited he can barely keep still as the carriage flies through the night. He's staring and pointing with glee.

Karl is worn all the way out, but like an exhausted parent, he entertains the kid anyway.

The carriage touches down back in the neighborhood.

KARL

Did you enjoy that?

LIAM

That was so cool!

KARL

A deal's a deal right?

LIAM
I didn't bring the--

Karl holds up the Mariano Rivera jersey.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Jersey. How--

KARL
Magic.

Karl waves his hand over the jersey and it turns into a present. Liam is beyond amazed.

KARL (CONT'D)
Come on.

EXT. RIGHT HOUSE, FRONT STOOP - MOMENTS LATER

WILLETTE (white, mid-30's, short blonde hair) answers the door for Santa Karl and Liam.

WILLETTE
Hi. Can I help you?

Willette's son URIAH comes to the door. URIAH is 9 years old with mousy brown hair and a smile that could light up a room.

URIAH
Hi Liam.

LIAM
We have a gift for you!

Liam runs in the house leaving Karl and Willette at the door.

KARL
Sorry, he's really excited and hocked up on hot chocolate. Mind if we come in? Just wanted to drop this off for Uriah. We'll be out of your hair in no time.

WILLETTE
I am one of the most guarded people in the world and yet somehow, I feel the urge to say yes.

KARL
So say yes!

WILLETTE
Ok. Yes!

KARL

Great!

Karl walks inside.

INT. RIGHT HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The home is a bit more modest than Liam's but still nice. Wrapping paper is strewn across the living room floor.

Uriah has a modest haul of toys in the corner near the tree. An almost-empty glass of red wine rests on the coffee table in front of the couch.

Karl hands Willette the gift.

KARL

Why don't the two of you open it?

Uriah and Willette take a seat on the couch while Karl and Liam wait by the door. Uriah rips open the gift and lifts up the Rivera jersey. He starts to cry. Willette cries too.

Uriah wraps his arms around his mom's neck while still holding tight to the jersey.

KARL (CONT'D)

(Low tones to Liam)

Uriah's dad died of cancer last year. His favorite player was Mariano Rivera. He used to show highlight videos of Mariano Rivera all the time. Uriah loves baseball.

Willette looks at Karl and mouths "thank you". Karl gives her a nod and he heads out with Liam.

EXT. WRONG HOUSE, LAWN

Karl and Liam are walking across Liam's lawn.

LIAM

I feel really bad now.

KARL

It's good to feel bad when you do bad things. Shows you care. But also that feeling means don't do those things anymore. Everybody does bad things sometimes. But that doesn't make you a bad kid.

LIAM
My mom says I'm a bad kid.

KARL
Well, your mother's a whore.

Liam starts for his door, but runs back and gives Karl a hug.

LIAM
Thank you for taking me flying.

KARL
Be a good kid next year and maybe
you'll see me again.

LIAM
Really?

KARL
It's a promise.

Karl looks on with a smile as Liam runs off.

KARL (CONT'D)
Now I'm done.

EXT. OPEN FIELD, OMAHA NEBRASKA - ONE YEAR LATER

SUPER: "Omaha, Nebraska One Year Later". Karl is sitting on top of his carriage smoking a cigar. The sun is rising.

A portal opens and Carla walks through, foil plate in her left hand and bottled cokes in her right.

CARLA
(To the bears)
Got something for you guys!

They all roar in excitement as she hands out Cokes to the Wu-Tang Bears. She climbs a ladder to join Karl on top of the carriage. They share a smooch.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Brought you a plate.

Karl takes a peek under the foil.

KARL
Red beans, yes ma'am! You know me
all too well.

CARLA

The other santas are getting jealous of your lax hours. They say you're on daylight santa's time.

KARL

Lax? I'm the only santa that covers the entire country end to end. They can kiss my ass.

CARLA

Yeah, and that country is only 78% done. It's 8am, Karl. At this rate we won't get to Santorini until New Years. Miller and Queenie are already sending me pics.

KARL

Black Santa can be fashionably late. Wait, is this your way of telling me to get back to work?

CARLA

As your Scit, it's my job to keep you on task.

KARL

I was a Scit for twenty damn years. I know what a Scit does! White boys, ready to roll?

CARLA

You know underneath all that white fur their skin is black, right?

KARL

Serious?

METHOD MAN

Jet black, fool. Pick up a book. Put down the porn. We know every grunt of Milf and Cookies by now.

CARLA

You watching porn in the carriage? Is that what we're doing now?

KARL

Milf and Cookies is not porn...

WU-TANG BEARS

(In unison)

It's art.

Carla kisses him on the cheek.

CARLA

Those Vegas kids are waiting.

Karl takes a long drag of his cigar and blows it out.

KARL

Christmas is a motherfucker.

FADE OUT.

The End