

INT. HAPPYVILLE MALL - NIGHT

The mall is destroyed; clothes, pretzels, and Christmas decor scattered across the floors and walls. The usual capitalist delight of a shopping center is gone, ripped to shreds by an unknown being. A large man in a red suit and boots walks down the powered-down escalator, carrying a large gun. SANDY is the mall's sole and only protector and ghost hunter...oh, and he's also Santa Claus.

SANDY C. (V.O.)
It wasn't a silent night in
Happyville. This Christmas wasn't
white, it was dark...

A chilling bark echoes through the mall. Sandy freezes: the demon dogs have seen him.

SANDY C. (V.O.)
...and no nice kids were in sight.

Sandy leans into a walkie-talkie, slowly going back up the escalator.

SANDY C.
Angel? Angel! Come in, Angel!

CUT TO:

EXT: 55 WISHLAND LANE - NIGHT

On the porch of a cozy home sits 4 year old ANGEL, sipping cider from his sippy cup. He picks up the comically large walkie talkie at the sound of Sandy.

ANGEL
Hear ya loud n' clear, S.C, how's
the Krampus Krew?

SANDY C.
Not so good, they've spotted me.
People are just too naughty!

ANGEL
Don't worry, Santa! I'm on the way!

Angel quickly hops into pimped-out Ford Pathfinder, at the dismay at his panicking mother. He somehow manages to step on the gas, speeding to the mall.

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPYVILLE MALL, NIGHT

Sandy is violently fighting demon dogs with his rifle, shooting at them and punching at ones that jump at him. He manages to quickly get his walkie talkie again.

SANDY C.
ANGEL! IT'S OVER! YOU GOTTA START
OPERATION NEW YEARS!

ANGEL
NO! Sandy, you can't! What about my
toys?!

SANDY C.
JUST DO IT!

CUT TO:

INT - PATHFINDER - CONTINUOUS

Angel whips the car around and gets a fair distance from the mall. He lights a Hannukkah candle and tosses it into the explosive-filled back seat. He rabs a comically large copy of A Christmas Carol and drops it on the gas pedal. As he speeds toward the mall, he whispers one last thing into the walkie talkie.

ANGEL
Bye buddy.

Sandy C. closed his eyes.

SANDY C.
Hope you find your dad.

Angel punches a button in front of him, ejecting him from the sunroof of the vehicle. The car crashes into the mall, the building becoming engulfed in flames. He lands into a soft pile of snow, taking a rock hard piece of fruitcake and cutting his leg with it: foolproof.

ANGEL
Better give me my fucking money,
Allstate.

As police cars arrive, Angel breaks into the classic fake-toddler sob, soon developing into a real one.

The only Santa he loved was gone.

END