

Claus: Christmas Commando

By

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EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

It is a clear night. An American flag stands fluttering in the snow. At the base of it is a plaque reading ROBERT PEARY, DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH POLE, 1909. We then pull out and see that the flag is in fact standing on the snow-covered roof of a large but cozy factory. It is surrounded by a wooden picket fence with a sign at the gate that reads SANTA'S WORKSHOP - OPEN 24 HOURS. Lights are flickering from the windows.

THANKSGIVING DAY

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The inside of the factory is bustling with activity. Mechanical arms swing and dance around on various conveyor belts, putting all kinds of toys together.

We see a variety of assembly lines, including:

A group of elves testing out wind-up toy robots. When wound up, each figure does a dance while the built in speaker sings OPPI GUNDAM STYLE.

A machine packaging toy wagons and horses into boxes labeled HOT WHEELS - AMISH EDITION.

A line of cloning vats, each containing a puppy embryo in various stages of development.

Situated on the other side of a railing is a bank of computer controls, operated by a group of CHRISTMAS ELVES.

The elf supervisor, NUTTY THE ELF (late 30's), stands with a clipboard over the shoulders of the other elves seated at the controls, observing the work.

SANTA  
(off-screen)  
Ho ho ho!

SANTA CLAUS (early-to-mid 60's), walks up over to Nutty. He is in full Santa clothing.

NUTTY  
Mr. Kringle, sir! Toy production is up thirty-three percent! Making the move over to mechanized production has softened the labor load for all the elves and raised company  
(MORE)

NUTTY (cont'd)  
 morale! We're ready to put in  
 two-hundred percent!

SANTA  
 (jolly)  
 Why Mr. Nutty, I keep on telling  
 you that you can call me Santa. I  
 love all my workers, I don't want  
 to overwork them. I am running a  
 factory of joy and happiness here,  
 not a sweatshop in some third-world  
 developing nation filled with  
 seven-year old Asian children.  
 Here, let me show you my  
 appreciation for all these years of  
 hard work.

All the elves stop their work and look up.

SANTA (cont'd)  
 You're all getting a raise!

The elves start cheering.

SANTA  
 Oh! Ho ho ho!

FUTTY THE ELF is among the cheering elves. His ears prickle  
 and he suddenly stops clapping.

FUTTY  
 Quiet! Listen!

All the cheering stops. Everybody listens. A faint rumbling  
 can be heard, growing louder and louder.

EXT. NORTH POLE SKY - NIGHT

A fleet of attack helicopters descends upon Santa's  
 Workshop. The Command Chopper has loudspeakers blaring RIDE  
 OF THE VALKYRIES.

INT. COMMAND CHOPPER - NIGHT

The commander of the attack force, GENERAL FRANZ  
 SCHWARZSCHLONG (99) casually sips a mug of coffee while  
 intently watching a video screen in front of him. He is an  
 elderly old man who is losing his graying hair and is  
 covered in flaps of wrinkly old skin.

The screen is playing the equivalent scene from APOCALYPSE NOW.

APACHE PILOT

Orders, sir?

SCHWARZSCHLONG

(heavy German accent)

Okay, in zhe movie, zhey start by firing zheir missiles first, and zhen strafing vith machine gun fire. Ve should do zhat.

APACHE PILOT

Sir? You want to base our attack strategy after a movie?

SCHWARZSCHLONG

I'm zhe one funding zhis operation, dammit! Ve do it zhe Coppola vay! He directed zhe god-damn Godfather!

Schwarzschnlong's ASSISTANT looks up from his clipboard and turns towards him.

ASSISTANT

But Franz, he also directed Jack.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

Don't question my orders!

He takes out a gun and shoots his Assistant. He pulls his headphone mic to his mouth.

SCHWARZSCHLONG (cont'd)

Begin Operation Santa's Nutcracker!

EXT. NORTH POLE SKY - NIGHT

The Assistant's body goes flying out of the Command Chopper as it flies past.

EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

Chinooks start dropping off tanks on the ice surrounding the Workshop. The tanks immediately begin rolling towards the factory.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Santa and his elves stand still, listening intently to the now loud sound of helicopter rotors and Ride of the Valkyries. The head security elf, GUTTY THE ELF rushes into the room.

GUTTY

Mr. Kringle, we're under attack!

The dull thud of explosions can be heard from the outside.

EXT. NORTH POLE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Apache and Black Hawk helicopters fire missiles on the homes of the Christmas elves. Houses explode and burn as elf families desperately flee, carrying children and valuables. Tanks roll into the village, crashing through houses and running over elves. As the helicopters open fire with their miniguns, crowds of terrified elves are literally ripped apart by the hail of bullets. Elves run in terror, carrying their babies as tanks open fire. The exploding shells blow apart the elves into bloody chunks, sending the babies flying through the air.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Santa and a group of his elves stand at the window, watching the attack. Santa stares out at the destruction in horror. He collapses on his knees.

SANTA

No... no... the children...

He is shaking. A pair of elves wearing black suits and dark sunglasses walk up behind Santa and grab him.

GUTTY

Sir, we have to get you out of here. Come on.

They pull Santa away.

INT. SANTA'S HANGER - NIGHT

Santa and his bodyguards approach his sled. Another bodyguard escorts MRS. CLAUS (early 60's), to the sleigh. She runs up to him and embraces him.

MRS. CLAUS  
Nicholas, what's going on?

SANTA  
I don't know, Martha. We're under  
attack.

Suddenly, there is an explosion as the hanger is hit. Pieces of the ceiling collapse on top of Santa's bodyguards. A squad of commandos rappel down from the hole in the ceiling.

GUTTY  
Mr. Kringle! Go!

Gutty pulls an Uzi out of his jacket and engages the commandos in a furious gunfight. Mrs. Claus and her bodyguards take cover behind some rubble.

GUTTY (cont'd)  
Go! Get to the sleigh!

SANTA  
Not without my wife!

Gutty nods. He rises up behind his cover and starts shooting.

GUTTY  
Suppressing fire!

Mrs. Claus's bodyguards escort her to Santa, but the bodyguards are gunned down. Santa grabs Mrs. Claus's hand, then notices a laser dot lining up on his chest. Gutty sees this too.

GUTTY (cont'd)  
Mr. Kringle, get down!

Gutty dives in front of the bullet and is shot. He collapses and props himself up against some rubble. He presses his hand against his abdomen and sees blood on it.

GUTTY (cont'd)  
Go on. Get out of here. I'll hold  
them off.

SANTA  
No, Gutty, you've been my chief of  
security for fifteen years. I can't  
leave you here.

GUTTY

You have to. Save yourself.

Santa offers his hand to Guttu. Guttu shakes it.

GUTTY

And Nicholas, it's been an honor.

Santa grabs Mrs. Claus and climbs on to the sleigh with her. He sits down in the sleigh's cockpit and starts up the engine. The reindeer in front of it wake up and stand.

COMPUTER VOICE

Engine: online. Navigation: online.  
Reindeer: online. All systems  
nominal.

Guttu starts shooting his Uzi at the advancing commandos.

GUTTY

Come on, you motherfuckers! You  
haven't killed all the elves in  
this joint yet!

He is promptly pelted with retaliatory gunfire from the commandos.

The sleigh's repulsors activate, lifting the sleigh off of the ground. The reindeer pull it out of the hanger.

EXT. NORTH POLE SKY - NIGHT

Santa's sleigh escapes into the night.

INT. SANTA'S HANGER - NIGHT

The squad of commandos approach Guttu's limp body. One of them pokes him with the barrel of his rifle. A live grenade rolls out of Guttu's hand. The commando backs up.

COMMANDO

Clear the-

There is a large explosion.

INT. SANTA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Schwarzschl原因 enters the office, accompanied by a squad of soldiers. A CAPTAIN approaches him.

CAPTAIN

Sir! We have secured the Workshop.  
Mr. Claus has escaped, however.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

Zhat zoes not concern me. Operation  
Santa's Nutcracker is a success. Ve  
vill deal with Saint Nicolas in due  
time. And captain?

Schwarzschl原因 takes out a gun and shoots him.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

Don't fail me again.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Schwarzschl原因 looks over the captive elves from a balcony. Soldiers guard the elves.

NUTTY

You won't get away with this! Mr.  
Santa will get the police, and-

SCHWARZSCHLONG

(chuckling)

Quit your complaining, you little  
fidget midget. Santa's Workshop is  
now zhe legal property of zhe  
United Nations Copyright Office.  
Zhis facility has violated multiple  
sections of zhe Berne Convention  
for zhe Protection of Copyrighted  
Works by manufacturing, and zhen  
freely distributing products owned  
by various companies all over zhe  
world. Ve are commandeering zhis  
factory, and you all vork for me  
now.

FUTTY

We'll never work for you! Ever!

There are shouts of agreement from the crowd. Schwarzschl原因 takes out his gun and shoots Futty.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

If you will not serve on zhe  
assembly line, zhen you will serve  
on vhe firing line!

Schwarzschnlong smiles.

EXT. SUPPLY CACHE - NIGHT

There is a large bunker with the words EMERGENCY BUNKER printed across the door. A large, hidden hanger door opens and Santa's sleigh lands in it.

INT. EMERGENCY BUNKER - NIGHT

Santa's Reindeer Sleigh parks in the bunker's hanger. Santa helps Mrs. Claus out of the sleigh. As she is climbing out, she collapses.

SANTA

Martha, what's wrong?

He feels Mrs. Claus's stomach. When he pulls his hand away, it is covered in blood.

SANTA (cont'd)

Martha... no... Martha...

MRS. CLAUS

I'm sorry, Nicolas. They got me.

Santa starts crying. He holds her face. She touches his face back.

MRS. CLAUS (cont'd)

It's okay... I may be gone in body,  
but I will always be here.

She puts her hand on Santa's chest.

SANTA

You will always be in my heart,  
Martha. My heart. Protected by four  
hundred and fifty pounds of pure  
insulating blubber. I promise on  
your grave that I will avenge you.

Tears roll down Santa's cheeks. She hands him her bloodied headscarf.

MRS. CLAUS

Nicolas... don't forget... think  
of... the children... they need...  
their Amish Hot Wheels... remember  
me...

Mrs. Claus breathes her last breath. Santa clenches her headscarf in his hand. Anguish overcomes his face as he turns it upwards towards the ceiling.

SANTA

NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

INT. BUNKER TRAINING ROOM

Santa lies on his back, benching weights. He is shirtless, and covered in white body hair. There is a look of pained determination on his face.

EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

Santa's workshop is now surrounded by a barbed wire chain link fence. There is a sign on the fence that reads NORTH POLE FACTORY - NO SOLICITATION. The Workshop is now dirty and grimy. There are also now several large smokestacks protruding from the factory, bellowing noxious fumes.

INT. SANTA'S OLD OFFICE

Schwarzschl原因 sits in the office, talking to several managers.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

Zhe automated machines are too costly to maintain. Get vid of zhem. Ve'll use the elves for manual labor from now on, vith minimum wages. I understand zhat in zhe North Pole, zhat vould be a dollar twenty-five per hour. In Japanese yen.

ADVISER

But Schwarzschl原因, the elves will be worked to death! And then, they'll die!

Schwarzschl原因 takes out his gun and shoots the adviser.

SCHWARZSCHLONG  
Zhen ve vill employ zheir families!

INT. BUNKER WORKSHOP

Santa has a welding mask on, and is taking a blowtorch to his sleigh. He finishes up the welding and takes off his mask to inspect his work. The sleigh now has anti-air cannons and Sidewinder missiles mounted on it.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP

The Workshop is now dark and musty. The sweaty elves are laboring gruelingly at building toys. An officer is whipping any elves that slow down. One elf collapses from exhaustion. The officer whips him repeatedly, so hard that the whip slices open his back and his spine falls out.

INT. BUNKER TRAINING ROOM

Santa is practicing his kung fu with a bunch of wooden dummies. He roundhouse kicks them all into splinters.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP

New toys come rolling off the assembly lines. They include cocaine chemistry kits, PULP FICTION coloring books, and Pee-Wee Herman action figures (with real masturbating action).

INT. BUNKER GUN RANGE

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer stands at a stall. Santa fits a muzzle with a sharp red lens over him, then stands back. Rudolph charges up the lens over his nose, then shoots a bright red laser out of it. It hits a mannequin of Osama Bin Laden at the end of the range and blows it up. Santa pats Rudolph on the head.

INT. SANTA'S OFFICE

Schwarzschl原因 is playing MINECRAFT on his computer. A GAME OVER appears on the screen. He pulls out his gun and shoots the computer monitor.

INT. SANTA'S BUNKER

Santa straps on a gun holster, sheaths a large combat knife on his leg, puts on a pair of ammo bandoliers, and loads and cocks a large belt-fed machine gun. Finally, he wraps Mrs. Claus's bloodied headscarf around his forehead like a headband and ties it.

Santa Claus is now fully armed and dangerous.

SANTA

This Christmas, the stockings will  
be filled with coal.

EXT. PERIMETER AROUND SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

CHRISTMAS EVE

The area around the factory is lined with trenches, tanks, bunkers, barbed wire and anti-aircraft guns.

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - NIGHT

A COMMANDER approaches a TECH sitting in front of a radar display.

COMMANDER

What is it, corporal?

TECH

We've got a bogey. Closing  
distance.

COMMANDER

Blow it out of the air.

TECH

Negative, commander. We can't get a  
lock. There's too much pollution in  
the air.

EXT. PERIMETER AROUND SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A loud JINGLING signals the arrival of Santa's Reindeer Sleigh. It descends from the clouds, towards the battlements.

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - NIGHT

The Tech puts his hand to his headphones as the reports come in.

TECH  
We've got visual.

COMMANDER  
Fire at will, dammit!

EXT. PERIMETER AROUND SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Missiles and flak guns start shooting at the sleigh. He easily dodges them. The targeting screen on the sleigh forms a reticule around a line of tanks.

COMPUTER VOICE  
Missile lock achieved.

SANTA  
Have a merry Christmas and a happy  
New Year. In hell.

He clicks the trigger on the control stick. A barrage of missiles fly out of the sleigh. The battlements are engulfed in flames. Tanks fly out of the fireball, and then explode in midair.

The sleigh makes a beeline towards the hanger.

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - NIGHT

Radio chatter floods the command bunker.

TECH  
He's going for the hanger.

COMMANDER  
Close the hanger doors!

EXT. PERIMETER AROUND SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The hanger doors slide closed. In the cockpit of the sleigh, Santa brings the radio to his mouth.

SANTA  
Rudolph, let's break the ice.

Rudolph's nose laser charges up, then shoots with a blinding flash of light at the hanger doors.

## INT. SANTA'S HANGER - NIGHT

The hanger doors explode, raining shrapnel on the soldiers waiting inside. Santa's sleigh charges through the hole in the hanger doors, running over several soldiers. It skids to a stop. Soldiers surround the sleigh, guns at the ready.

Slowly, and badassfully, Santa rises out of the sleigh, machine gun in hand and bare chested. He cocks his gun.

SANTA

Time to see who's been naughty and who's been nice.

## INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Soldiers line up behind the doors to the hanger, aiming their rifles at it, waiting. The dull sound of gunfire and explosions can be heard coming from the other side.

Suddenly, the door explodes, throwing soldiers all over the room. Santa steps out of the smoke, holding an RPG in hand.

SANTA

Ho ho ho, motherfuckers.

Soldiers start getting to their feet. Santa drops the RPG and unslings his machine gun. He lets loose with it, spraying enormous volumes of gunfire at the soldiers, massacring them by the dozens.

The SQUAD LEADER walks up with a grenade launcher. He shoots it at Santa. Santa leaps through the air and ducks behind cover as the grenade explodes, blasting a hole through the ceiling. Snow pours through and fills the room. More soldiers rush into the factory floor..

They sweep the floor, searching for Santa. Eyes open in a mound of snow behind one of the soldiers, and Santa's hands rush out of the snow, grab the soldier from behind, and pull him into the mound. He screams and fires his gun wildly as he goes. The other soldiers rush over and pour gunshots into the mound.

When they finally stop, they slowly approach the mound. Suddenly, Santa bursts out of the snow behind them, and sprays gunfire across the room, taking down several of the soldiers. The Squad Leader ducks behind cover, then peeks his head out for a look.

Santa is nowhere to be seen. The squad leader pulls out a set of incendiary grenades from his belt, primes them, and throws them all over the snow filled room. They all explode and melt the snow.

The Squad Leader looks around, still not seeing Santa anywhere. But little does he know that Santa has taken his pants off and is now using them to hang naked from a light. Santa suddenly drops down with combat knife in hand. The Squad Leader screams, and then, silence.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is foggy from the shower. Inside, Schwarzschl原因 is washing himself.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

(singing)

Tell me vhy, ain't nozhing but a  
heartache. Tell me vhy, ain't  
nozhing but a mistake. Tell me vhy,  
I never vanna hear you say I vant  
it zhat vay.

The intercom rings. Schwarzschl原因 pushes a button on the shower wall.

SOLDIER

General! We've got a perimeter  
breach! We need immediate backup!

Sounds of screaming and gunshots can be heard from the intercom.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

Vhat? Say again! I can't vead you!

SOLDIER

He's here! It's Santa Claus! He's  
attacking the-

There is static. Schwarzschl原因 pushes the button repeatedly again and again.

SANTA

(on intercom)

I'm making my list, I'm checking it  
twice, so you'd better be nice,  
because here comes my fist!

Suddenly, Santa smashes through the shower wall, slamming into Schwarzschl原因 and pushing him out of the shower, through the bathroom wall, through the office and into the factory floor.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Schwarzschl原因 and Santa both rise, Santa is fully naked, and all Schwarzschl原因 is wearing is his gun holster. None of Santa's naughty bits can be seen because of a combination of all that fat and the prestigious amounts of hair covering his crotch. Schwarzschl原因's privates are not visible, either, because of the flaps of wrinkly old skin covering them. They are surrounded by elves, who gasp at the confrontation.

Schwarzschl原因 draws his gun and shoots Santa. A thin trickle of blood flows from his chest, but Santa does not fall. Instead, he charges and throws Schwarzschl原因 back.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

I... I don't understand...

SANTA

Four hundred and fifty pounds of pure insulating blubber makes for great body armor. Something you don't have.

Schwarzschl原因 growls at Santa. They strike up kung fu poses and circle each other, both waiting for the other to let his guard down.

Schwarzschl原因 jabs at Santa, who blocks it and spins around, karate kicking him in the chest. Schwarzschl原因 launches a flurry of rapid martial arts attacks at Santa, who blocks them all with equal speed.

Finally, Schwarzschl原因 manages to get past Santa's defenses and buries his foot deep into his abdomen. The fat visibly ripples as the foot sinks in, but it fails to penetrate the sheer amount of fat, and Schwarzschl原因 bounces out. He and Santa both leap into the air and roundhouse kick each other at the same time. Santa has more power behind his foot, though, so he hits Schwarzschl原因 and sends him crashing into a wall. Santa walks over to him.

SANTA (cont'd)

You killed my wife, enslaved my elves, and invaded my home. Prepare to experience the Black Friday of justice!

Schwarzschlong starts laughing evilly as he gets up.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

You zhink you have zhe upper hand,  
Claus, but I've studied you before  
commencing Operation Santa's  
Nutcracker. I know your veakness!

Schwarzschlong's fist shoots out and right between Santa's legs. Santa buckles and staggers back in pain. The elves try to rush forward to Santa's aid, but Nutty holds them back.

NUTTY

No. This is something he must do on  
his own.

Santa regains his balance and tries to roundhouse kick Schwarzschlong again. Schwarzschlong dodges under the foot and uppercuts Santa in the crotch while his leg is stretched out.

Santa stumbles back, as Schwarzschlong leaps up his face and flips over his back. Schwarzschlong grabs the hair on Santa's back, and using it as an anchor, swings underneath and kicks Santa's private parts again.

Santa goes flying through the air, towards one poor unfortunate elf. The elf stands there, petrified, as Santa lands ass-first on him, with the elf stuck between his buttocks.

Santa gets up and pulls the elf out, when Schwarzschlong kicks him again from behind. He stumbles forward and crashes through the skylight and into the hanger.

INT. SANTA'S HANGER - NIGHT

Santa lands in the cockpit of the sleigh. Schwarzschlong jumps through and lands next to him.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

And now, Claus, it is time to  
finish you!

He pulls a large pair of garden shears out of the sleigh's seat, snipping them menacingly in the air. Santa slams down on a big red button on the sleigh's control panel. The sleigh's repulsors activate and it lifts off of the ground. The reindeer begin running, pulling the sleigh out of the hanger doors and throwing Schwarzschlong off balance.

EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

The Reindeer Sleigh takes off and flies into the air. Schwarzschlong slashes the shears at Santa, and Santa ducks, losing his balance and falling on one of the reigns, steering the reindeer sharply to the right. The sleigh tilts, and Schwarzschlong almost falls out, grabbing on to Santa's leg and holding on by the leg hair. He reaches towards Santa's crotch with the shears in his free hand, and Santa starts kicking him back. Santa reaches up and pushes the AUTOPILOT button on the sleigh. It rights itself.

COMPUTER VOICE

Autopilot: Engaged.

Schwarzschlong climbs back on to the sleigh and stabs at Santa's crotch with the shears. Santa spreads his legs just in time for the shears to miss and strike in between, but they end up piercing a control panel underneath. The computer screen reads REPULSOR CONTROLS DAMAGED. The sleigh falters and starts losing altitude, dragging the reindeer down with it.

Schwarzschlong grabs Santa by the throat. He lifts up Father Christmas and throws him on to Dasher the reindeer. Santa holds on to Dasher for dear life, riding it backwards with Dasher's head stuck between his legs.

Schwarzschlong raises his shears above his head, ready to stab downwards with them.

SCHWARZSCHLONG

I always preferred Kwanzaa,  
anyways. I've been looking forward  
to zhis for a long time, Claus.

Santa grabs Dasher's reign.

SANTA

Happy holidays, bitch.

He undoes the reign, detaching the sleigh. It plummets to the ground with Schwarzschlong on it. He screams as the sleigh hits the ground and explodes.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAWN

The crowd of elves wait expectantly on the factory floor. Santa rides his line of reindeer down through the hole in the ceiling. He steps triumphantly down from Dasher. The elves are in awe as the rising sun illuminates him angelically.

Nutty kneels down in front of naked Santa and presents him with an oversized candy cane.

NUTTY

You are the Claus!

Santa takes the cane and addresses the crowd of elves.

SANTA

My dearest elves. We have experienced hardship. We have endured oppression. We have withered an attack on our way of life. But we have persevered. But the struggle is not over. Tonight is Christmas Eve. Tomorrow, children from all around the privileged, high GDP nations of the world will be expecting to wake up to presents. This is our duty, our oath. Even through fire and death, we will not falter. We have experienced a setback, but we will deliver all these toys on time. We are the Holiday Spirit's finest! Now come on! We have Christmas to save!

Santa is now standing in front of a big waving American flag. He is still naked. The elves cheer.

CUT TO BLACK

END CREDITS