

FADE IN:

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Door open. Grey clouds and heavy rain outside.

Country music wails from an old clock radio on an oily, cluttered workbench.

An old faded FORD TRUCK with canopy parked up on two front tire ramps. The hood up. One rifle hangs from a gun rack inside the back window.

Two sets of feet dangle out from under the truck, twenty-seven year old CALVIN CHESTER clad in dirty blue jeans and seven year old RUSTY CHESTER.

A wrench slides from under the Ford along with Calvin. He sits up and wipes off his hands with a shop rag.

CALVIN

Hey boy, you thought about what you want for Christmas.

Rusty scoots out from under the Ford.

RUSTY

Oh yeah. All I want is my own gun so I can hunt Turkeys with you Dad.

CALVIN

Well now. What do you think Momma would say about that. You're still pretty young.

RUSTY

Timmy McDougall has a gun. He told me so.

CALVIN

Did he?... Shoot Rusty, I don't know. Owning a gun is a big responsibility. Don't you think you oughtta wait a few years?

RUSTY

Well, ain't nothing else I want for Christmas.

Rusty hops up and marches into the house. Calvin watches him.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Traveling. Heavy rain slams into the windshield. Wipers flip back and forth fighting off the rain.

Calvin, Rusty, and a pregnant mid-twenties SARA CHESTER fill the cab with cold breaths.

SARA

Dang it Calvin. I thought you was gonna fix that heater.

Calvin sips on coffee from a greasy travel mug. Offers it to Sara.

CALVIN

Heater cores shot. Ain't that so Rusty.

Rusty pouts. Sara glances at Rusty.

SARA

Well Jesus I'm freezing my britches off.

(to Rusty)

What's the matter with you?

RUSTY

Dad said I can't have a gun for Christmas.

SARA

A GUN! Heck no you can't have no guns for Christmas. You gotta be at least... well at least twelve Rusty. That's the Christmas law.

Calvin fiddles with the radio. Nothing but static.

CALVIN

The boy wants to go Turkey hunting with his Dad.

SARA

Christmas turkeys is big Rusty. Specially in these parts. There so big they could swallow little boys like you in one gulp.

Calvin swerves the steering wheel.

SARA

Shoot Calvin watch it. I don't wanna be given birth right here in the truck.

CALVIN

Sorry darlin'. Avoidin' one a them  
giant turkeys runnin' cross the road.

Rusty's eyes grow big. He searches outside the window,  
looking for evidence.

SARA

We gotta a ways to go Rusty. You  
ought not fret about guns for  
Christmas. Try to get some shut  
eye.

Rusty lays his head against his Dad's arm.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - DREAM

Rusty and Calvin hide behind an old fallen tree, searching  
the landscape. Calvin aims a gun. Rusty watches.

CALVIN

Be real still. Shhh.

RUSTY

How big are them Christmas Turkey's  
dad?

CALVIN

Well boy, last year I saw one that  
was bigger than our house, with razor  
sharp teeth.

(cocks the guns lever)

You only get one shot. If you miss  
you better be ready to high tail it  
outta here. Them beasts can run  
super fast. Maybe faster than the  
Ford.

Rusty swallows hard, frightened.

RUSTY

Dad... Maybe we...

Four Christmas turkeys dash past their position. These  
turkeys have dinosaur raptor bodies and big turkey heads.

Rusty hick ups. Covers his mouth.

One Christmas turkey stops, turns, snorts out a heavy breath  
and takes one step toward the Calvin and Rusty.

CALVIN

You done it now boy.

Calvin aims his gun. Rusty hick ups again.

CALVIN

Stop that.

The Christmas turkey sniffs, then sprints toward them.

Calvin drops his gun. Both sprint through the thick of the woods. Screaming. The Christmas turkey chases.

Looking back, Calvin trips on a fallen branch, lands head first into a pile of wet leaves.

Rusty stops, starts back.

CALVIN

Save yourself Rusty. Run! RUN FOR  
YOUR LIFE!

Rusty races away, tears. The Christmas turkey roars. Calvin screams.

Rusty dashes behind a tree and looks back for his father. Calvin scurries away on his knees. The Christmas turkey grabs his leg and drag him back, mouth open.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Day break.

Calvin pounds a fist into his chest, then releases a loud burp.

SARA

Calvin Abraham Thompson. Mind your  
manners.

Rusty wakes, panicked.

RUSTY

Run Dad! It's gonna swallow you!

CALVIN

What's gonna swallow me?

RUSTY

That giant Christmas turkey.

Sara giggles. Locks eyes with Calvin.

SARA

It's alright Rusty.

Wraps an arm around Rusty, pulls him close.

SARA

This Old truck oughtta out run any  
one a them giant Christmas turkeys  
that might wanna swallow up your  
Dad.

CALVIN

Momma's right. Last year I almost  
got eaten by one of them beasts so I  
supercharged the Ford for quick  
escapes if we need.

Calvin drops the gear shifter into neutral and revs the  
engine.

SARA

Hear them horses.

RUSTY

(nervous)  
I been thinking.

CALVIN

Bout what?

RUSTY

What I want for Christmas.

SARA

Thought you wanted a gun.

RUSTY

Nah, changed my mind. You're right  
Momma, I ain't old enough for one a  
them guns yet and them Christmas  
turkeys is mean. All I really want  
for Christmas is to eat one a them  
giant beasts for Christmas dinner.

Calvin and Sara laugh. Rusty grabs Calvin's arm and pulls  
himself tight to Calvin.

RUSTY

Can I have that for Christmas.

CALVIN

All you want.

Rusty looks out the side window.

FADE OUT:

THE END