

THE INTERVIEW  
by  
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First Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. O'LEARY HOME - LONG ISLAND - DAY

An establishing SHOT on this small home. A blanket of leaves cover the grass preparing it for a cold winter and frosty nights. Christmas decorations accent the front yard - *Santa, Frosty, Carolers, etc.*

INT. O'LEARY LIVING ROOM

The room is cluttered, lived in. Kids toys are scattered on an old, stained carpet.

JANE O'LEARY, in her mid thirties with brown hair, sits on the sofa talking into the cordless. NACHO, a small mutt of a dog, sits confidently at her side.

DIANA O'LEARY, in her terrible two's with strawberry, curly locks, comes running into the room with explosive energy.

SARAY O'LEARY, turning an odd eight years with straight, brown hair, GALLOPS in behind Diana on a stick horse making horse sounds. She SEES her mother on the phone and kicks her energy up a bit, screaming louder and running faster after Diana, chasing her in circles, faster and faster.

Jane glares over towards Saray and points to the phone at her ear.

Chastised, Saray looks down toward the floor, makes another horse sound and heads out the room, Diana trailing behind.

JANE

(on phone)

Jack has a great job now mom. He's working for one of the best papers in the city. I think we're stabilizing.

(listening)

I know it took him eight years to get a Bachelor's Degree. The way I look at it, it could have been worse. It could have been eight years for an Associate's.

(beat)

Anyway, he's an excellent journalist, his boss loves him and he says the job fits him like a nice pair a socks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

He has never said that about any  
of the other jobs he's had.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC OFFICE BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

A Christmas Wreath is prominent behind the glass doors.

Rush hour - the street is packed with cars, trucks and taxis as rush hour approaches. Crowds of people filter on the sidewalk as a work day comes to a close. Light posts are decorated for the holiday season.

INT. NYC OFFICE BUILDING

ON GLASS OFFICE

JACK O'LEARY, mid-thirties, spectacled, with brown hair, sits in Phil Drum's office. They are engaged in serious talk. Phil Drum accentuates each spoken word with a waive of his hands or a shrug of his shoulders.

INT. GLASS OFFICE

Jack nervously taps his fingers on the arm of the chair, his brow furrowing as he listens to the rambling of his boss.

PHIL

(loud voice)

You've been here two months and you've been promising to interview the mayor since you were hired -- I thought you were more aggressive than that, a go getter. The only person you interviewed in the time you've been here was a bum in central park on the housing conditions in the city or lack thereof... I need to get rid of dead weight. A job has to fit you like a nice pair of gloves. You don't fit the gloves...**YOU'RE FIRED!**

Jack's EYES widen with shock and dread.

JACK

(disbelief)

You're firing me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

You never outlined what my expectations were or given me any assignments. I never had any formal training...I was set up for failure from the minute you hired me.

Phil, sits back in his chair, throws his feet on his desk and glares at Jack with a cocky air of superiority.

PHIL

The powers that be have spoken.  
I'm sorry you're so bitter.

He leans forward.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You're lack of work, ambition and mediocre writing skills are no longer needed at this company.

JACK

It's about a week an a half before Christmas.

Phil shrugs his shoulders.

PHIL

Gee that sucks. You should have wrote something...Picked up a pen if you're computer illiterate.

Jack stands, moves closer to the desk and EYES a mug with a drink in it. The mug has a portrait of Santa riding his sleigh above rooftops on a snowy night.

JACK

French vanilla?

PHIL

(smiling)

No. Hot chocolate -- kind of get you in the spirit. I'm letting it cool. You drink it too hot, it burns the roof of your mouth.

JACK

That would hurt.

A psychotic mask grows over Jack's face as he lunges for the mug and pours the hot contents on Phil's midsection.

Phil, pushes himself away from the desk with a lightening reflex and falls to the floor in a fetal position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK (CONT'D)

Wow, Phil...you're melting. The only thing that's going to be left is your cheap, stinky suit.

Phil, moans in pain. He crawls over to his water cooler and lets the water fall all over him.

PHIL

You're finished...You hear me. You will never work in this city again.

JACK

(smiling)  
Better hope you can work again.  
(beat)  
Know what I mean cowboy.

Jack turns and EXITS, slamming the glass door behind him. He NOTES everyone staring.

JACK (CONT'D)

Stop staring and get back to work. You bunch of jerks...MERRY CHRISTMAS!

He turns, lumbers down the hallway, pulls out his cellphone and dials.

JACK (CONT'D)

(into phone)  
Lucy! Tell the mayor he is the biggest idiot there is and that he will not get elected again...I assure you. The day he gets elected again is the day he rolls out of his grave.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

Lucy, obese and proud, in her mid thirties, with oversize black rimmed glasses housing thick optics, and messy brown hair sits at her secretary's desk on the phone with Jack. A look of concern on her face.

LUCY

(into phone)  
You did not just say that on this line.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

You were kidding right...say you were kidding.

(listening)

You are dumber than you look Jack O'leary. These phones are monitored.

She slams the phone down.

CUT TO:

EXT. ONE FEDERAL PLAZA

Several **FBI** agents enter their unmarked vehicles and tear off.

A **SWAT TEAM**, cloaked in all black, weighted down with guns and grenades jump into a black van. The doors slam shut and the van screeches off.

CUT TO:

INT. NYC OFFICE BUILDING

ON JACK'S CUBICLE

As he places his few belongings in his carrying case. He stares at a **FAMILY PHOTO** for a brief moment before putting it away. He looks back on his desk and in the mess of papers sees Diana's and Saray's **WISH LIST FOR SANTA** - Diana's list mere scribble, odd baby hieroglyphics and Saray's more detailed, lengthy and more expensive.

JACK

(TO SELF)

Baby, I'm afraid Santa has a hole in his sack this year. Thanks to his damn insensitive boss.

ON HALLWAY

A security guard ambles over to Jack's cubicle. He is hunched over and as he walks his feet barely lift off the floor. He is easily in his eighties.

SECURITY GUARD

Get your things and get out of here you delinquent... you good for nothing journalist...Go write for the Pennysaver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack laughs, but behind that laugh is pure craziness. He reaches for the **WISH LIST** and goes to put them in his carrying case.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Don't touch anything else!

He pulls a wooden night stick from his belt and starts to slap his palm with it.

Jack points at the **WISH LIST** with a stern finger.

JACK

Those are my daughter's letters to Santa and I'm taking them...You old grouch!

SECURITY GUARD

You touch those and I'll break your fingers.

He slams the night stick down on the desk. Papers go flying.

JACK

You try it you wrinkled prune.

Jack, smiling like a caged lunatic, snatches the wish lists and puts them in his bag.

The night stick comes **SLAMMING** down on Jack's left hand. **EXTREME PAIN**. He retracts his hand and holds it between his knees quelling the pain.

JACK (CONT'D)

You old pineapple.

He rushes around the desk and looks the security guard up and down. He smells something in the air and sniffs, figuring out what it is.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're real macho.

The security guard smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)

Smells like you gave your diaper a good work out and I don't think it was just liquid. You better go wipe (smirks).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The security guard grows furious and starts hitting Jack with the night stick. Jack blocks each blow with his bag, retreating down the hallway, laughing crazily, as the security guard follows him to the elevator.

The elevator doors **OPEN** and people start filing out just as the security guard tries to land another blow to Jack. The guard misses and strikes a woman inadvertently. The woman grabs her head and runs.

Jack gets in and presses a button.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(sticking tongue out)  
Merry Christmas.

The elevator door closes.

EXT. NYC OFFICE BUILDING

Rush hour. Heavy sidewalk traffic, people hurrying to get home. Sidewalk Santa's on every corner ringing their bells and collecting donations.

Jack rushes through the revolving doors, carrying case gets caught up as he steps out onto sidewalk. He swiftly moves through the crowd unknowingly bumping a few shoulders and eliciting some angry looks.

The **BLACK VAN** sits parked up the street. It pulls out and slowly moves towards Jack. The side door flies open and a SWAT team jumps out. They spray Jack with pepper spray and haul inside. The door slides shut and the van heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A dark room with a light hanging over a metal table. Jack sits on a chair rolling his head back and forth mulling over his situation. A two way mirror behind him.

JACK  
(frustrated)  
I did not threaten the stupid  
mayor! I didn't threaten anyone. I  
just lost my stupid job...that's  
all!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BEHIND THE MIRROR

A team of FBI agents peer through the mirror studying Jack.

AGENT 1

Anyone think his threats had any substance?

AGENT 2

Doubt it. I think he was just reacting to a situation...Now if you ask me if he has any psychological issues -- I'll throw a few psychiatric journals down for review.

AGENT 3

He could be psychotic.

AGENT 4

Schizophrenic all the way.

AGENT 1

Can we hold him?

AGENT 4

We could order a psychiatric evaluation and hold for forty eight hours.

A door flies open and a scrawny, nerdy male agent comes flying in. He appears to be no more than twenty two years old. Annoyed, the agents glare at the scrawny agent.

SCRAWNY AGENT

We can't hold. Just got a call from the mayor. He's to be released and nothing leaked to the media.

AGENT 1

I don't care what the stupid mayor says. Our job is to keep threats off the street.

SCRAWNY AGENT

...Ah, my phone call with the mayor was a three way with the director.

Jaws drop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCRAWNY AGENT (CONT'D)

I have a doctorate in psychology.  
That man is not crazy. He was  
venting. The director suggests you  
find some real criminals to  
apprehend, release him  
unconditionally without further  
questions and keep your mouths  
shut...That's the message.

The scrawny agent turns and walks back out the door. The door closes.

AGENT 1

(mocking)

I have a doctorate...I hate that  
nerd!

AGENT 2

(to agent 1)

Are you going to let some intern  
dictate your course of action in a  
sensitive investigation?

Agent 1 takes a deep breath, gathers a thought.

AGENT 1

(determined)

No, I am not! Let's hold him for  
evaluation.

He walks over to the wall and presses a button on an intercom.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)

(into intercom)

Looks like me and you are going to  
be spending a few days together --  
get comfortable and relax.

He turns to the other agents and smiles.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)

Anyone need to work on their  
interrogation skills?

All agents crack their knuckles.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A door opens and the agents file in. One closes the door behind them. Another agent pulls out a stun gun and another pulls out a cattle prod.

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CONTINUED:

Jack orients on the agents.

JACK

How long do you plan on keeping me here. You don't even have a warrant...I'm a journalist you know...I am familiar with legalities and the injustices of the system. I'm a bad one to mess with man.

AGENT 1

To our knowledge you haven't written one article that has been published in any paper, magazine or grocery store trash to date.

JACK

You ever here of a pseudonym...HA! Didn't think so. Your brains are too structured, too analytical.

(beat)

Got news for you...you can't even analyze the analytical, it's like an oxymoron...it's impossible.

AGENT 1

We'll be able to analyze you with the right persuasion.

Agent 2 turns on the stun gun.

Jack's eyes orient to the shimmering blue line between the two poles. He falls back in the chair scared.

JACK

What are you going to do torture me with that?

AGENT 2

If that doesn't work...this will.

He holds up the cattle prod.

AGENT 2 (CONT'D)

It's a little stronger.

AGENT 1

We do not terrorize. It's called persuasive questioning.

He turns to another agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)

Make sure the video feed is turned off and set back the time -- we don't need any inconsistencies.

JACK

This is illegal...One you're kidnapping and two you're using illegal tactics and brutality...I want a lawyer...As a matter of fact bring it on...bring it all on. I'm gonna sue you, the agency and the city -- I'll be a rich man.

He stands, both hands waving them towards him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on!

He stands on the chair.

The agents move toward him.

The door flies open, hitting the wall. An astute man with a suit walks in with an unreadable expression that carries the air of high superiority. He is the director of the field office.

DIRECTOR

(to Agent 1)

Did you get my message?

AGENT 1

(playing dumb)

What message sir?

The Scrawny Agent slides in beside the director.

SCRAWNY AGENT

I delivered the message to every agent in the room sir...If you want to play back the video feed we can.

DIRECTOR

I've seen it.

(to Agent 1)

I'll ask a second time. Did you get my message?

AGENT 1

...Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIRECTOR

All of you in this room have now been reassigned. You will not need your badges or weapons any longer, or your suits...Allegedly we have counterfeit toys coming into the pier to be sold at flea markets around the state...Your jobs are to search every container that comes into the pier. There are two thousand of them sitting there right now. A shuttle will drive you there and bring you back when your work day is complete.

AGENT 1

How long are we being reassigned for?

DIRECTOR

Until the holidays are over...Now get going.

They all file out. The Director and the Scrawny Agent stay behind.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

On behalf of the agency my deepest apologies. We do not work this way.

JACK

Apology accepted. You just saved my behind...Can I go home?

DIRECTOR

Absolutely...Would you like an escort, it's getting late your wife might wonder where you were. Your cell phone was ringing off the hook.

JACK

(shaking head yes)

An escort would be pretty nice.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

An entourage of New York City's finest and unmarked FBI vehicles cruise eastbound on the expressway. Jack traveling like a true head of state.

INT. UNMARKED VEHICLE

Jack sits next to a stolid and expressionless agent. He reaches into his bag. His movement catches the attention of the agent. Jack notices.

JACK

Just going for my cell phone --  
easy there tiger.

He grabs his cell phone and calls Jane.

JACK (CONT'D)

(into cellphone)

...Babe, you're not going to believe what happened to me. I took the wrong train. The place was so crowded I just moved with the crowd. I thought it was the Mineola one -- it turned out to be going to Jersey...Anyway I'm on my way.

(listening)

Love you too.

He turns off the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

She's gonna be disappointed when she finds out I lost my job and poured hot chocolate all over my boss...No one will ever hire me again, they'll think I'm a total nut.

The agent turns and looks at Jack.

FBI AGENT

The fiasco at your workplace has been taken care of. The IRS was in shortly after.

JACK

Man -- you guys really cover your tracks. Can I go back to work tomorrow?

FBI AGENT

You're still out of a job though -- better hit the want ads ASAP.

Jack throws his head back in the seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

My kids are going to be disappointed...Their father a big loser...My mother in law I could care less about. She hated me when I said hello and still hates me...My wife loves me like crazy. I can't do no wrong -- must be some kind of chemical imbalance.

He looks out the window.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need to find a job quick.

He looks at the agent seriously.

JACK (CONT'D)

You guys hiring?

FBI AGENT

Budget cuts.

JACK

You have to pass a psychological anyway. That wouldn't happen in this lifetime.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY

The entourage slowing at an exit.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

A uniformed officer opens the unmarked cars rear door and Jack gets out. He sticks his head back in.

JACK

I appreciate the ride man. That's what I call riding in style.

He turns and looks down the road, takes in a deep breath and starts walking.

The procession of vehicles take off.

EXT. JACK'S HOME TOWN

An occasional snowflake accentuates the outside decorations in front of people's homes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack ambles along the sidewalk, swinging his bag back and forth, rewinding in his head the days events. He tries catching a few snowflakes in his mouth. He stops in front of the **O'LEARY HOME**. The Christmas decorations are lit and lights are on inside. We can **HEAR** the happy screams of Saray and Diana from outside.

Jack heads up the steps and stops short of entering. He closes his eyes briefly thinking of what to say when he enters.

JACK

I need to tell the truth -- I can't. I've disappointed them enough...Gotta tell the truth and admit I'm a loser -- I can't. She'll tell her mother. Not that I really care, but I don't want that woman laughing at my misery...I'll get a job tying Christmas trees to peoples cars -- that's gotta pay good tips...Here we go.

He takes in a deep breath and enters. **ALL SCREAMS**. We SEE a Christmas tree standing tall in the corner, it's lights tantalizing and brilliant.

SARAY & DIANA

**Daddy!**

Both running toward him and hugging.

SARAY

Why so late?  
(switching subject)  
It's snowing -- Santa's coming soon.

She jumps up and down in joy at the sight of the snow.

JACK

(smiling)  
Daddy took a wrong train baby.

SARAY

(surprised)  
Again!

JACK

Yeah, daddy's brain -- not right.

Jack notes Jane laying on the couch with Nacho. She smiles, gets up and heads towards him and plants a kiss on his lips.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Hello stranger. What the heck did you get amnesia or something.

SARAY

Grandma said you probably got amnesia from happy hour...What's happy hour daddy?

JACK

Happy hour is being with two little brats like you.

He wrestles them to the floor and they all pile on.

JANE

What's the trains name -- Sheila?

JACK

Yeah right...Like I would need that problem.

He laughs.

JANE

How was work?

JACK

...Great...Might be getting a raise...real soon.

JANE

That's great honey and with such a short time on the job. You were right -- your boss loves you...Any new ideas yet?

JACK

(thinking)  
...Got one -- good one...This guy got fired from a major...bank -- just before the holidays. I'm titling it **SCROOGE**. The guy poured hot chocolate all over the boss' you know what.

JANE

What a nut case.

JACK

...Well...the boss had to be a scrooge. You don't fire anyone three weeks before Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Saray looks on at Jack, studying him and taking every word in.

JANE

Business is business. If he's not performing he should be let go.

(changing subject)

By the way your sister called. She sounded sort of weird.

Jack's jaw drops.

JACK

What did she say?

JANE

Nothing...She sounded really nervous and kind of mad at the same time.

JACK

...Yeah, I think she broke up with that jerk again...You know how she gets...Takes it real hard.

JANE

The poor thing...Why don't you set her up with someone at work -- your boss?

JACK

(forcing a laugh)

...Yeah right. He's an old fart.

JANE

Maybe she needs an older guy. Someone more refined, intelligent and hardworking.

Jack starts to brew with feelings of resentment and frustration. He develops a twitch in his cheek.

JACK

I just might consider that.

He changes subject real fast.

JACK (CONT'D)

Girls...What do you say we hit the sack?

SARAY

...But, dad...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JANE

It's close to Christmas. Santa or one of his elves could be watching.

SARAY

Okay mom...If I'm good that means I'll get everything on my list, right?

JACK

Maybe everything except the live horse.

SARAY

But I've always wanted a horse.

JANE

You ride a horse every weekend honey. How do you think Santa could carry a horse on his sleigh?

SARAY

Well, how does he carry all those toys then?

JACK

Magic.

SARAY

He can use magic on a horse for me then.

JACK

That's up to him baby...Now get ready for bed and go brush those choppers.

Saray heads out of the room and Diana follows.

JANE

How do you like that Mr. Money Bags...A horse...Wait and see when they get to be teenagers...You're in deep trouble.

JACK

I certainly am.

JANE

I told mom that you're doing so great at your job -- she's so proud...in her own way of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK

Oh, I know her way believe me...  
(motioning)  
I'm going to tuck them into bed,  
maybe read them a quick book.

JANE

Okay...Are you okay?

She feels his forehead.

JACK

(defensive)  
Me -- absolutely -- why wouldn't I  
be okay.

JANE

You're acting a little distant...  
You look flushed...Something on  
your mind?

JACK

The usual...Nothing.

JANE

When you get to be I'm going to  
give you a back massage.

JACK

That would be nice...I'm just a  
little stressed...holiday season  
sometimes stresses you out...You  
know watching everyone in the city  
starting to rush around and stuff.  
It's kind of crazy.

JANE

You are stressing a little bit.

She studies him like a psychiatrist studies a patient,  
looking at body language and subtle facial cues.

Jack's cheek twitches uncontrollably. He scratches at  
it, trying to hide it. He gets up and walks toward the  
hallway.

JACK

I'll be in bed in a bit.

He EXITS.

Jane calls after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JANE

Try to hurry Mr. Neurotic.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

Jack opens the door and sticks his head in.

A small light illuminates the darkness, casting shadows of the stuffed animals and toys along the opposite wall. Through the casement window we **SEE** snow falling by the street light.

Baby Diana is fast asleep in her youth bed, wrapped tight in her covers.

Jack looks over to Saray's bed. She is sound asleep wrapped up like a cocoon from her head to her feet. He smiles and just as he is closing the door she throws the covers down from her face with a big grin.

SARAY

...I'm awake.

JACK

Like usual.

SARAY

I want my story.

JACK

(playfully joking)

You think it's fair I tell you a story when your sister's sleeping?

SARAY

...No, but you can tell her tomorrow -- you have to work -- I forgot.

Jack ambles over to Saray's bed and sits. He places a hand on her forehead and brushed her hair back. He gazes out the window.

JACK

...Yeah, I have to work.

SARAY (O.S.)

Can't you work from home or get some really cool job...I don't like you getting home so late. We only have the weekend to play.

Jack looks down at Saray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Well...The rule has it that the father must go out and work for the family.

SARAY

That's a crumby rule.

JACK

(smiling)

It's not a crumby rule. We have a house. You guys have a swing set and all the toys and stuffed animals...We take vacations.

SARAY

(excited)

You know what vacation I want to go on -- it's not like a vacation.

JACK

What is it?

SARAY

I want...You might think this is crazy, but it's not.

JACK

What is it?

SARAY

I want on ride on Santa's sleigh.

JACK

Okay...We can probably arrange that.

SARAY

I'm talking the real Santa dad.

She sits up in bed.

SARAY (CONT'D)

I'm not talking the fake Santa's we get our picture taken with every Christmas. I want the real deal.

JACK

That is the real deal. You've met Santa before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAY

Dad! I'm eight years old. I can tell a real beard.

JACK

(laughs)

You are one smart brat. I suggest you right him a letter.

SARAY

What about an email? He might get it faster.

JACK

I think Santa prefers the old fashion way -- hand written with care.

SARAY

Okay I'll write him a letter tomorrow. That's solved...My story!

JACK

(thinking)

Let's see...You want me to make one up or tell you one that I know?

SARAY

Make one up.

JACK

Okay...Once upon a time there was a little girl named Saray. She had a sister named Diana. Diana would sometimes frustrate Saray and sometimes Saray would get upset with her. But this wasn't good, especially before Christmas when Santa was about to deliver all those presents for the good little boys and girls...

Saray's EYES start to close.

JACK (CONT'D)

So Saray started to be very nice to Diana and she wrote Santa a letter of how nice she was being.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK (CONT'D)

Santa wrote her a letter back, which is extremely weird as he does not usually write letters back, he's too busy making the toys and overseeing production of the biggest toy factory in the world. And in the letter he wrote how grateful he was that she was being nice to her little sister and that maybe if he had time he would take her for a ride in his sleigh...But she would have to dress warm and have a cup of hot chocolate at the ready.

Saray is fast asleep.

Jack smiles and kisses Saray on her forehead goodnight. He gets up and starts to head out of the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

I should be writing a letter to Santa, asking him for a job.

ON SARAY

Her EYES open.

Jack EXITS the room.

SARAY

Dad got fired.

INT. O'LEARY BEDROOM - MORNING

A dimly lit room.

An alarm clock blares out at **5:00 am**.

Jack is alone in bed. He turns searching for Jane. He grabs the pillows thinking it's her.

JACK

Time to get ready for work baby.

He opens his eyes and notices the pillows. He pushes himself up on his elbows looking around the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

What the heck am I doing.

Jane ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JANE

Good morning sunshine...Saray's not going to school. She was up all night. Said she couldn't sleep. Something about her stomach.

JACK

What did she eat yesterday?

JANE

Same thing I ate...the school sent a notice around saying that a virus was going around. I think she got it.

JACK

She seemed fine last night. Must have came on quick.

JANE

I hope you don't get it baby. Would hate to see you take off when your boss likes you so much.

JACK

(looking awkward)  
Me too.

Jane crawls back under the covers.

JANE

Hey you think she should leave a message with your boss telling him you might be late. There's like twelve inches on the ground.

JACK

...Yeah. I'll call him from the train.

Jane's head hits the pillow and she closes her eyes.

Jack places a kiss on her cheek and she responds with a smile. He gets up and heads to the shower.

EXT. O'LEARY HOME - LONG ISLAND

Jack dressed for work heads out the front door. His bag holding his laptop under one arm. He walks down the snow covered steps and plods through the walkway. He turns at the sidewalk and looks back toward the house, checking all windows, making sure nobody is watching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With the coast clear he runs to the side and opens the wooden gate. He heads toward the backyard blanketed in snow and comes to the **PLAYHOUSE**. His footprints leave a trail.

He pulls on the door, pushing the snow aside.

**ON UPSTAIRS WINDOW**

Saray looking out, watching her father go into the playhouse dressed for work.

INT. PLAYHOUSE

Jack opens his bag and takes out his laptop. He turns it on.

JACK

Okay Jack. You need to find a job like really quick dude. You have two angels counting on you for Christmas.

He navigates through a few sites searching for the ultimate position.

JACK (CONT'D)

Customer Service...Eight bucks an hour...I think I'm qualified for that. If I work ninety hours per week including the over time we should be okay.

He blows steam from his mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hot chocolate. I can't concentrate without my hot chocolate.

He gets up and quietly pushes the door back open and runs toward the front of the house.

INT. BAGEL SHOP

An Indian man greets Jack with a smile.

INDIAN MAN

The usual Mr. Jack?

JACK

The usual...and these.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He places four bottles of soda on the counter and three bags of chips.

INDIAN MAN

I always have it ready. You know that. Everything bagel, toasted with cream cheese and a large hot chocolate.

He places them both on the counter.

JACK

Can you spike the hot chocolate?

INDIAN MAN

Spike...What is spike?

JACK

Put some rum, maybe some vodka.

INDIAN MAN

If I knew you weren't going to work that could be arranged. You don't want to write all crooked at work...Your wife tells me your boss loves you. In these hard times it's a necessity to have a boss who likes you...Very hard to find a job.

JACK

Yeah, I guess so.

The man places the bagel and hot chocolate in a bag.

Jack hands the man a ten.

JACK (CONT'D)

Keep the change. I need some good karma in the next couple of weeks.

INDIAN MAN

Thank you Mr. Jack...I will pray to Shiva for you. Everything that goes around, comes around. That is the eternal law.

JACK

Let me ask you something?

INDIAN MAN

Shoot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Why do you think good guys finish last?

INDIAN MAN

Finish last how? One can finish last in money - one can finish last in family - one can finish last as a good person.

JACK

That was stupid question.

INDIAN MAN

But Mr. Jack. I do not think you finished last as a family man or a good person.

JACK

Thanks.

INDIAN MAN

Those are the two that count. Money only pays the bills. You can always find money if you believe.

JACK

Yeah, you do have to believe. Even in Santa.

INDIAN MAN

(laughing)  
Especially in Santa. He makes all the wishes of children's hearts come true. Nothing like a happy kid on Christmas.

JACK

Nothing like that at all.

Jack and the Indian man exchange smiles. Jack heads out.

INT. PLAYHOUSE

Jack eating his bagel and sipping hot chocolate, scrolling through an employment website.

JACK

I'll never find a job before Christmas.

The sun starts to rise and TIME PASSES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We SEE Jack gulping down his soda and eating chips as he serfs the net for work. The day rolls on.

INT. PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

The snow offers some light into the playhouse and we SEE Jack fast asleep. He wakes up with a start and looks at his watch.

JACK

Just in time.

He closes his laptop, puts it in his case and stands. He looks out the playhouse window and stares at the house. The coast is clear and he runs to the front.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Jack takes a few deep breaths.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have to be out of my mind. I  
can't lie to my wife...

He turns around in thought and quickly turns back to the door.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have to. She will freak out if I  
told her I got fired...I'll get  
something else, anything -- and  
then tell her, soften the blow.

He opens the door and enters.

**LIVING ROOM**

Jane is at the tree fixing some decorations that have fallen off. Nacho is at her side.

JANE

(to Jack)  
Your home early.

Jack awkwardly glances at his watch.

JACK

Not that early.

Jane looks over at the clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

It's six thirty. You usually don't get here till around seven.

Jack closes the door behind him.

JACK

You are right about that...one good thing is that I don't have a scrooge for a boss.

JANE

That's a good thing Mr. Reporter.

She walks over to him, garland in hand, and gives him a big hug and kiss.

JANE (CONT'D)

Any good stories today?

JACK

(hesitating)  
...Today...Kind of working on an economic story.

JANE

Economic?

JACK

Yeah...on employment...Kind of a bleak outlook for people who are unemployed...It's around six million right now.

JANE

That's why you have to be grateful you have a great job and a boss you get along with...You can't get any better than that.

JACK

Well, there's always lotto.

She jumps back toward the tree.

JANE

That would be a nice Christmas present.

JACK

Hey, what happened to the tree?

Jane looks down at Nacho.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

This little guy right here decided to help himself to a few ornaments.

She holds up a chewed up reindeer with the legs bitten off.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm still gonna keep it. It has sentimental value.

JACK

He's a chewer...Where are the kids?

JANE

Sleeping...Saray still not feeling well and Diana just followed her in...You hungry?

JACK

Not really. I think I'm going to follow their lead and hit the sack early. My stomach started bothering me today. Maybe catching what Saray's got.

JANE

That stinks.

JACK

Yeah, literally.

He smirks.

JANE

Why don't you get changed and go lie down then...I'm gonna watch some news and be in later.

(changing subject)

It looks like someone may have been prowling around in the backyard. There are footprints all over. I noticed them when I looked out this afternoon. They went right to the playhouse.

Jack thinks of what to say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

...Maybe some homeless guy needed a place to sleep with all the snow...I'm gonna check on the kids.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

Jack (in pajamas) bends over and places a kiss on Diana's forehead. He turns around and sits on Saray's bed. She appears to be asleep.

JACK

You really sleeping this time knuckle head?

Her **EYES** fly open.

SARAY

No!

JACK

You're such a faker.

SARAY

And so are you.

JACK

Me...how am I a faker?

SARAY

I don't know...How was work?

JACK

Fine.

SARAY

Faker.

JACK

What do you mean?

SARAY

Mom said to me today it looked like someone was in our backyard last night...It was you. I saw you go back there. You stayed there all day drinking soda and eating chips, until finally you fell asleep.

Jack tries to figure out what to say - extremely disappointed with himself.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACK

I don't know how to tell you this  
or even tell mom.

SARAY

You got fired?

JACK

Yes, I got fired.

Saray sits up in excitement and beams a smile.

SARAY

That's great! Now you can get a  
job from home.

JACK

It's not that simple baby. I need  
to find another job fast.

SARAY

Does mom know?

JACK

No...I didn't know how to tell  
her. She thought I was doing great  
at the job and so did I... until I  
got fired.

SARAY

Are you going to tell her?

JACK

After I find another job.

SARAY

I think you should tell her dad.

JACK

She will be extremely  
disappointed...I promise I will  
have a job by tomorrow.

SARAY

Don't worry, I'm not going to tell  
mom...Do you need a blanket for  
the playhouse?

JACK

(smiling)

No baby...I'm fine. I don't want  
you to be worried about anything.  
Everything will be okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAY  
Pinky promise?

JACK  
Pinky promise.

He extends his pinky and she wraps hers around his.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna go to bed early baby.  
Need to think.

SARAY  
Dad...why did they fire you?

JACK  
I didn't have a story.

SARAY  
Why don't you interview Santa?

JACK  
That would be truly amazing,  
wouldn't it?

SARAY  
That would be the best story of  
all time.

JACK  
We'll see...Now get some sleep.

He kisses her on the forehead and with a pat on her back he leaves with a smile. He stops at the door and looks back toward Saray.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Sweet dreams baby.

SARAY  
You too dad.

JACK  
(sullen)  
Yeah.

He closes the door.

Saray springs from her bed and turns on the light. She ruffles through her night table and takes out a notebook and pen. She starts to write.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARAY

Santa, if you got my list already  
please forget it.

**ON NOTEBOOK**

As Saray writes and talks out loud as she scribes her  
note.

SARAY (CONT'D)

Dear Santa. My father is a great  
reporter. He was fired from his  
job because he didn't have a  
story... You would be the best  
story of all. The whole world  
would change if you would tell him  
your story. I think it would be  
good for you and him at the same  
time. Please tell my father your  
story...And p.s. forget what I  
wanted for Christmas. My Christmas  
wish is for you to tell him your  
story...Love Saray.

She folds the letter in three and writes **TO SANTA** on it.

She opens her window slightly and sticks the letter half  
out and closes the window shut.

SARAY (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't miss the deadline.

She turns the light off and crawls back under the covers  
and gazes at the letter. Her **EYES** get tired and she  
blinks with heavy lids and finally falls asleep.

The **LETTER** magically gets pulled outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY

A trailer serves as a makeshift office. Few Christmas  
trees are left and wreaths are scarce.

Jack walks through the entrance dressed for the chill. He  
wears a black ski mask over his head concealing his face.

He walks up to the door and knocks. A heavysset, bearded  
man, dressed in flanel, opens the door. He notes Jack  
with the ski mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEARDED MAN

Are you gonna rob me?

JACK

...Me, no. I was kind of looking for some work.

BEARDED MAN

Why the mask?

JACK

It's kind of cold and I get all these blisters that just ooze puss when the cold hits them...It's gross...I could show you.

BEARDED MAN

You can keep your puss to yourself...You sound familiar. Do I know you?

JACK

No...not at all.

BEARDED MAN

Okay I get it...You lost your job and you need work, but don't want anyone to know your working for tips only...You only make tips here. Whatever they give you is what you get...and no complaints.

JACK

That's fine...just fine. I'm a good salesman.

He looks around and SEES a skimpy looking tree, one that would make Emmitt Otter's look like the Rockefeller Center tree. He points to it.

JACK (CONT'D)

You see that dead tree over there. I can even sell that.

BEARDED MAN

Well, you're hired.

TIME PASSES

A Lexus pulls up with a family and they get out. All dressed in designer clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOY  
(to Father)  
I want the biggest tree dad.

MAN  
(ignoring kid)  
My Rolex is going to get wet.

WIFE  
(to husband)  
It can get wet dear. That's why  
you paid so much money for it.

Jack walks over and greets them.

JACK  
Can I help you?

The man looks at Jack with disdain.

MAN  
Looks like we'll be helping you  
today when we buy a tree.

JACK  
Yes, absolutely...Keep in mind  
that all profits go to charity.

MAN  
We donate to enough charities  
already.

The boy **SCREAMS** from an isle, in front of a huge tree.

BOY  
Dad! I want this one.

JACK  
Your purchase is also a tax write  
off.

MAN  
Interesting...A write off on a  
Christmas tree.

JACK  
(confidently)  
Ask your accountant...As a matter  
of fact I have just the tree for  
you. Follow me.

Jack leads them to the skimpy tree. He quickly pulls the  
ten dollar tag off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The family looks on in horror.

BOY

That's not a Christmas tree.  
That's firewood.

JACK

Ah, but you are so wrong my  
friend. Would you think Santa  
would say that about a tree...Do  
you think Santa would like to hear  
you say that about a tree.

He bends closer to the boy.

JACK (CONT'D)

He hears everything.

The boy gets scared.

BOY

Dad...I want that tree.

MAN

Anything for you son.  
(to Jack)  
How much?

JACK

One eighty.

The man's **EYES** go wide.

MAN

For this tree.

JACK

It's charity...The better looking  
trees actually start at around  
thirty...that means less money for  
charity.

MAN

And less money to write off. We'll  
take it.

WOMAN

(to husband)  
Are you sure? It has like no  
needles on it.

MAN

For the write off, you bet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK  
I'll tie it up for you then.

**ON JACK**

As he finishes tying the tree to the roof.

JACK (CONT'D)  
That should hold.

The woman opens her window and hands Jack a twenty.

WOMAN  
Here, Merry Christmas.

JACK  
Gee, thanks. You guys have a Merry  
Christmas too. Hope Santa's good  
to all of you.

MAN  
(arrogantly)  
He's always good to us. I asked  
for a new watch.

JACK  
Well, you should have a nice  
Christmas then.

The Lexus pulls off and as it does the tree falls to the side.

Jack runs after the car.

The car stops and the boy's back window rolls down.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(to boy)  
Just hold it from the top and drag  
it. You'll make it home. Don't  
worry.

He waves them onward and the Lexus continues driving as the boy grips the tree tight and drags it along.

INT. TRAILER

The bearded man sits behind a desk counting his money.

Jack hand the man a ten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Told you I was a great salesman. I sold the dead tree for you.

BEARDED MAN

(surprised)

I'll be damned...You belong on Wallstreet...We should have jacked up the prices on all the nice trees and made double the profits. Only if you came a little sooner...

(smiles)

We could have had some extra pocket money too.

He winks.

**TIME PASSES**

Jack leans up against a fence eating a hero and sipping hot chocolate. His mask half way up his face. Suddenly he **SEES** Jane pull up and stop at the tree lot. He throws his sandwich to the sidewalk and fumbles with his hot chocolate pulling down his mask.

Jane gets out of the car and spots Jack.

JANE

(to Jack  
Do you work here?

JACK

(disguised voice)  
...Yes.

He hesitantly walks towards her and stops a few feet away.

JANE

We bought our tree here and I was wondering if there was anything I can do to keep my dog away from the tree...He keeps attacking it.

JACK

(disguised voice)  
...You can keep him away from the tree.

JANE

(smiling)  
Can't do that. He's part of the family.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JACK  
(disguised voice)  
You can rub his nose in it.

Jane laughs and it sparks a chuckle from Jack, one that sounds like his true self.

Jane looks at Jack puzzlingly.

JANE  
You just sounded like my husband there. That is so weird.

JACK  
(disguised voice)  
Not married.

He coughs and brings up the hot chocolate to his mouth forgetting the mask. He drinks it through the mask and most of it dribbles down.

JANE  
You might want to try drinking that without the mask.

JACK  
(disguised voice)  
You might want to try the pet store down the block. I think they sell some kind of spray that gives them a bad taste.

JANE  
I was gonna get that, but my husband didn't believe it worked.

JACK  
(disguised voice)  
I'm not your husband...I would give it a try.

Jane hangs around for a few awkward moments. They both stare at each other.

JANE  
I think I'm going to try it...Thank you...What's your name?

JACK  
(disguised voice)  
Jack...Zack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

That's so weird. My husband's name  
is Jack.

JACK

(disguised voice)  
No, Zack.

JANE

Well, thank you Zack.

She digs into her purse and grabs a few dollars. She  
walks over to him. Jack stiffens and squints his **EYES**  
just about closed.

JANE (CONT'D)

You poor thing. It looks like  
you're legally blind.

Jack shakes his head yes.

Jane pushes the money into his hand.

JANE (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas Zack...And thank  
you again.

She walks back to the car and takes off.

Jack walks backwards to the fence and collapses against  
it. His **CELLPHONE RINGS**. He answers - it is Lucy.

JACK

You're not going to believe what  
happened...

(listening)

(excitement)

You got me an interview with Laura  
Parks...The Tribeca is going to be  
one of the hottest papers in  
town...How did you do that?

(listening)

Well, it doesn't matter. When is  
it?

(listening)

That's great.

He looks around at the tree lot and sees the bearded man.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to bearded man)

Hey, I quit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BEARDED MAN

Okay.

He waves Jack off.

Jack starts walking off.

JACK

(back into phone)

No, I just quit another job.

(listening)

Tying up trees to cars...Listen, I can;t thank you enough. I promise I will not blow it.

(listening)

Love you too.

He closes the phone with a big smile.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Saray walks into her room and heads for the window. She **SEES** the letter to Santa still sticking out half way. A solemn expression passes on her face.

She slides it out and notices it is different, a return address from the North Pole stamped in ink and the letters **S.C** in the center. She smiles and opens it. She reads out loud.

SARAY

(reading)

Dear Saray...Received your letter. As you know this time of year is very busy. We are still making all the toys that need to be made and making sure the reindeer are fit and ready to fly...However, I will write you back with a date and time and you can tell your father...He was such a naughty kid, but he managed to make it to the good list anyhow...Love Santa.

INT. O'LEARY BEDROOM

Jack is getting his clothes ready for the interview. He sets them on a chair.

Saray comes running in screaming, out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAY

Dad!...I've got it.

JACK

Quiet, quiet. I still didn't tell your mother. I have an interview tomorrow and I'm sure it's going to go great.

SARAY

I got a letter back.

JACK

From who?

SARAY

(smiling)  
Who do you think?

JACK

(disbelief)  
Santa.

Saray hands him the note and he reads it with curiosity.

JACK (CONT'D)

How did you right this?

SARAY

I didn't, I swear it. It's from him. It's true.

Jack looks at the letter again with more scrutiny.

JACK

...Okay...when he writes you back let me know and I'll interview him.

SARAY

Awesome dad...can you ask him for a ride?

JACK

Without a doubt.

Saray throws her arms around Jack and gives him a big hug.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRIBECA OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

The facade appears ancient and weathered.

A taxi pulls up to the door and stops. Jack gets out wearing a London Fog winter coat. He is dressed to impress. He carries his case over his left shoulder. He reaches into the cab and pays the fee.

JACK  
(to driver)  
Keep the change.

He turns around and faces the building. He smiles in anticipation.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I got this one wrapped around my  
finger.

He jumps over a pile of snow at the curb and pushed through the circular doors.

INT. TRIBECA OFFICE BUILDING

Jack stands studying a directory. He finds what he is looking for and heads to the elevators. He presses the button and the door opens immediately. He walks in.

INT. POSH OFFICE

Contemporary carpets and contemporary furniture complement the **TRIBECA** sign hanging over the secretary's desk. The secretary, pale white with jet black hair cloaking one eye and thick rimmed glasses, answers phone call after phone call on her headset.

We **SEE** a hallway leading to some offices and a room filled with cubicles and each cubicle occupied by an employee.

We **HEAR** a ding and Jack slips out of the elevator and quickly glances around. He spots the secretary and walks up to her. She is on the phone.

SECRETARY  
(into phone)  
I think all writing positions are  
closed...send a resume.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She disconnects, pushing the button down with frustration.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(to Jack)  
I love my job.

JACK

That's good...Gotta love your job.

SECRETARY

Can I help you.

JACK

I have a nine o'clock appointment  
with Laura Parks.

SECRETARY

Your name?

JACK

Jack O'Leary.

SECRETARY

One moment.

She presses a button and speaks into the headset.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Jack O'Leary is here to see you.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(to Jack)  
She wants to know if your a type A  
personality.

JACK

That's a trick question, isn't it?

The secretary shakes her head no.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm regular.

SECRETARY

(into headset)  
He says he's regular...  
(to Jack)  
You can go straight back.

She indicates Laura Parks office straight down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jack heads off down the hall. As he walks he notices all the cubicles and sets of **EYES** watching him as he walks by. He comes to a half open door with a name plate that reads - **LAURA PARKS**. He knocks.

LAURA PARKS (O.S.)

Come in.

Jack enters into what seems like a Christmas wonderland. Punctuating the contemporary design of this posh office Christmas decorations occupy even the oddest of places.

Jack admires the room and smiles.

LAURA PARKS (CONT'D)

(smiling )

I love the holidays, especially Christmas. It brings me back to a childhood that I never had.

JACK

Jewish?

LAURA PARKS

Through and through.

She extends a hand over her desk and jack moves forward to greet.

LAURA PARKS (CONT'D)

I'm Laura Parks.

JACK

Jack O'Leary...It's a pleasure.

LAURA PARKS

Sit Jack...sit.

She retreats back into her opulent office chair.

Jack follows her lead and sits across from her. He places his briefcase on his lap.

LAURA PARKS (CONT'D)

So tell me...How was working for Phil Drum?

JACK

...Nice guy.

Laura sits further back in her chair gazing at jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA PARKS

I used to work for the guy and I couldn't wait to leave or get fired.

JACK

He's an absolute jerk...a jerk boss and a jerk person...I wish I could have punched his lights out.

He imitates a right hook.

LAURA PARKS

Now, now Jack. We do not tolerate workplace violence.

JACK

I'm sorry...I just had to let that out.

LAURA PARKS

I heard he no longer drinks hot chocolate. It used to be his favorite drink...what a shame.

Jack smiles.

LAURA PARKS (CONT'D)

Portfolio.

JACK

Oh, sure.

Jack reaches into his bag and takes out his portfolio. He hands it over to Laura.

Laura starts thumbing through quickly.

LAURA PARKS

What is your fortay?

JACK

What do you mean?

LAURA PARKS

What does Jack O'Leary like to write about?

JACK

...Well, anything...politics, the world.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA PARKS

Have you ever interviewed a political figure?

JACK

Almost.

LAURA PARKS

Almost doesn't cut it...This is a new magazine...and new magazines need great content and energetic writers with flare for a story. I need someone who can bring a great story to the stands so it sells.

JACK

(desperate)

I can bring great stories to the table...I know how to write.

LAURA PARKS

Writing is one thing, but going out and getting an original story is another.

She closes the portfolio.

LAURA PARKS (CONT'D)

I have about five other people I still need to interview.

Jack's face sours.

LAURA PARKS (CONT'D)

I will be making my decision in about a week...I will let you know either way...I appreciate you coming in.

She hands the portfolio back to Jack.

JACK

(let down)

...Thank you.

He fumbles while standing up. He places the portfolio back into his bag and **SEES** the letter from Saray. He smirks. He starts to head towards the door and notices a large **SANTA DOLL**.

Jack does a three sixty and pulls the letter out form his case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK (CONT'D)

What if I told you I could interview the biggest celebrity of them all...One who has never been interviewed before.

He hands the letter over to Laura and she opens it. She reads.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can interview Santa.

Laura looks at Jack with disbelief, but with a hint of childhood hope.

LAURA PARKS

You have guts. To say that in an interview, I don't know if I should call the cops or an ambulance...Are you going to go nuts in my office right this minute?

JACK

No...That's true.

LAURA PARKS

Okay...  
(deep breath)  
You have creativity to pull a stunt like that...Your hired.

Jack smiles.

LAURA PARKS (CONT'D)

Welcome aboard....Kimmy will show you your new office. Feel free to decorate it any way you like...

JACK

(smiling)  
You're giving me an office...I mean not a cubicle.

LAURA PARKS

An office...Tell me when you get that interview...I'll wear my red knit stockings...

JACK

You bet.

CUT TO:

INT. O'LEARY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Jane are tucked into bed. Jane is surfing the channels and Jack lays with his arms behind his head deep in thought.

JANE

We have how many channels and you can never find anything good. They hardly have any Christmas shows on...Mostly crap news...We need some good news for a change.

Jack looks over to his wife.

JACK

(hesitating)  
...I think I have some good news...Well at first don't be mad...You promise?

JANE

Why would I be mad?

JACK

I need to tell you the truth...The good news is that I took a job with Tribeca as a writer.

JANE

That's great honey...How come you didn't tell me you were going on the interview?

JACK

Here's the little lie...It's a tiny, I wouldn't say lie, but a withholding.

JANE

Okay...just spit it out.

JACK

Remember I told you about a guy that spilt hot chocolate over his boss?

JANE

Yeah.

JACK

And you said he was crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Yeah.

JACK

That was me.

Jane becomes shocked.

JANE

You did not do that?

JACK

He turned into a jerk and fired me. Said I didn't have a good story...I Lost my temper after he told me he didn't celebrate the holidays and then he said he was drinking hot chocolate to get him in the holiday mood.

Jane starts to laugh.

JANE

You really poured it over his you know what?

JACK

All over.

Jane rolls her head back in uncontrollable laughter.

JANE

You are crazy...but I love you.

She places a kiss on his cheek.

JANE (CONT'D)

More money?

JACK

Twenty grand more.

JANE

Is that a little tiny lie?

JACK

No...Tribeca's a brand new paper with seems like unlimited funds...Everyone wants to work there...It's just that the woman who runs it is kind of picky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Does she like you or something...how did you get the job if she's so picky.

JACK

Thank's for the confidence...I showed her a letter that Saray gave me. She said it was from Santa. It said that he wants me to interview him.

JANE

That's what got you the job?

JACK

Yeah...weird right.

JANE

That kid's got such an imagination.

JACK

She's incredible, isn't she?

JANE

Without a doubt.

JACK

I got my own office and she said I could decorate it any way I'd like. I think I'll take that cookoo clock that you love so much.

JANE

You mean that broken box that you never wanted to get rid of.

JACK

It's not broken. It just doesn't tell time or cookoo anymore.

JANE

Hence a cookoo clock.

INT. O'LEARY HALLWAY

Saray, dressed in pajamas, crouches by her parents door. She beams a smile and heads back to her room on tip toes.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Office is decorated with Jack's personal touch. A basketball net set up on a wall, a dart board on the door, and the **Cookoo Clock** hanging on the wall right behind Jack.

Jack sits at his desk typing on his laptop. A stack of competitor's magazines nearby.

**PHONE RINGS**

Jack answers it.

JACK

Jack O'leary...  
 (listening)  
 He's agreed to be interviewed  
 since I started working for  
 Tribeca...The mayor has  
 taste...When?  
 (listening)  
 Let me check my schedule.

He looks around the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm free.  
 (listening)  
 Great...Tell him I'll see him  
 then...  
 (listening)  
 Take care.

He hangs up the phone.

**CELLPHONE RINGS**

He opens it. It is Jane.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey babe, how you doing?  
 (listening)  
 A little writer's block...I think  
 it's that medication the shrink's  
 got me on...  
 (listening)  
 Chinese sounds great...See ya'  
 soon - love you too.

He closes the cellphone and sits back in his chair smiling. He notices the secretary standing there in utter silence. She is uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

(nervous)

Don't worry...I see a shrink too.  
I'm bipolar...Does that frighten  
you?

JACK

Why would it. It's the people that  
need to see one that don't. Those  
you have to be worried about.

SECRETARY

I've been seeing him for three  
years.

JACK

Is it helping?

SECRETARY

A lot...My life has totally  
changed...

JACK

Great.

SECRETARY

I made some coffee, if you'd like  
some.

JACK

Sounds great. Be out in a minute.

SECRETARY

I'm gonna close this over.  
(she indicates the  
door)

JACK

That's fine.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits at his desk sipping a cup of coffee and writing  
on his laptop. He puts his head in his hands.

JACK

I can't get one ounce of creative  
juices out of the stupid neurons  
in my brain...

He slaps himself in the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We **HEAR** a loud roar from outside the building. It is the undeniable sound of a Harley Davidson cruising the street. The sound appears to have stopped right outside Jack's office window.

Jack looks up from his laptop with an odd curiosity. He springs from his chair and races to the window. He throws up the window and a sprinkle of snow blows in.

**POV - JACK**

A rotund man straddles what is undeniably a fully customized Harley Davidson. The design is unique as it appears to have a set of small wings on each side. The man riding it is dressed in all black from head to foot. The most striking aspect of this mans attire is his shiny black boots. They seem to be made with the greatest of care; almost magical workmanship - this is **SANTA CLAUS**.

Santa parks his bike in a no stopping zone and immediately new York City's finest pulls up beside him.

The officer gets out of his squad car and walks over to the bike, admiring the unusual design as he approaches.

Santa does not even raise his tinted visor. They exchange a few inaudible words; the officer smiles and walks back to his squad car, gets in and waves with a smile.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(shaking head)  
Weird.

He closes the window and heads back to his desk and sits at his laptop. His head in his hands, in deep thought.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack still sitting with head in hands, trying to drum up a story.

**ON TELEPHONE**

Over the intercom the secretary's voice.

SECRETARY (VOICE)  
(hesitantly)  
...Jack...There's a guy  
here...He's kind of weird, dressed  
in all black.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SECRETARY (VOICE) (CONT'D)

I can't even see the dude's eyes...Says he's got an interview with you.

Jack's **EYES** squint in thought.

JACK

(into intercom)  
...I don't remember having anything scheduled for today.

SECRETARY

Want me to tell him you're in a meeting?

JACK

(into intercom)  
...No, send him in anyway.

SECRETARY (VOICE)

(laughing)  
He's all yours.

Jack walks to the door and just as he is about to lay a hand on the knob there is a strong **KNOCK**.

Another **KNOCK**.

A **VOICE** from the other side breaks the tension.

SANTA (VOICE)

...Jack...are you going to let me in...I'm kind of on a tight schedule.

Jack opens the door and that chill from the window hits him again.

Santa stands in the doorway just as he was on his Harley; dresses from head to toe in black motorcycle garb. His visor heavily tinted allowing nothing to be seen behind it. They both stand there for a few odd beats just staring at each other.

Santa then takes off his gloves and we can **NOTICE** large, aged hands - the hands of a craftsman.

They both extend a hand and shake.

Santa pulls off his helmet and a fluffy white beard pops out.

Jack is awestruck at the sight of this man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK  
I'm Jack...Jack O'leary.

SANTA  
I know.  
(smiles)

Jack offers an odd smile back.

SANTA (CONT'D)  
Ho, ho, ho...I'm Santa.

JACK  
Is this some kind of prank.

He sticks his head out the doorway and yells out.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Nice joke, whoever it was.

He turns back inside.

SANTA  
I'm here for an interview.

JACK  
Okay...I don't know who put you up  
to this chubs, but I am not in the  
mood.

SANTA  
Okay, I'll be leaving.

Just as he starts to exit he notes the cocoo clock  
behind Jack's desk.

SANTA (CONT'D)  
You've kept that clock in pretty  
good shape...I gave it to you when  
you were seven.

With a smile he starts to walk out of the room.

JACK  
Wait! Wait! I'm sorry.

He grabs Santa's black jacket holding him in.

Santa looks at him oddly.

JACK (CONT'D)  
The note my daughter wrote you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANTA

I got the note.

JACK

You are really him?

SANTA

What did you think I was some  
crazy guy?

JACK

...Well...It doesn't matter...We  
have an interview to do.

Jack gestures Santa over to a seat right by his desk.

Santa looks around the room admiring the decorations.

Jack scurries past Santa and sits behind his desk and  
brings his laptop closer. Jack stares at Santa, not  
knowing what to say as Santa keeps gazing about the room.

SANTA

I think you have done pretty good  
for yourself here.

JACK

(nervously)  
Was a long road...believe me.

SANTA

I know...nothing is easy.

Jack turns around and gives a quick glance toward the  
clock, validating it is there.

JACK

You really did give me that clock.

SANTA

You know the truth...You buried  
it, but you know it. That was the  
year you stopped beleiving.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a piece of old  
mail. He hands it over to Jack.

JACK

What's this?

SANTA

Open it...You might recognize the  
writing...It's your's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jack opens the letter and reads out loud.

JACK

(reading)

Dear Santa...I don't know what I want really, but I saw a clock that had a chicken come out when it struck twelve...Plus my mom says she likes them too...If You can that is what I would like...Love Jack.

He looks up at Santa.

SANTA

That letter is truly a keepsake. Most kids write what they want for themselves...and that's fine...But your's...you included your mother in that letter...That letter was something special, so I keep it with me.

JACK

You mean you actually saved my letter. Why would you save mine?

SANTA

We keep all the letters from children...but I have some that I keep a special place for...and this was one of them.

They stare at each other for a few odd **BEATS**.

JACK

we have an interview right?

SANTA

Yes, we do.

JACK

(smiling)

I have to be honest; I've really only interviewed three people before, not including college...You'll be the fourth.

Santa leans forward, almost over the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SANTA

That's fine with me...how many  
journalists do you think can say  
they've interviewed Santa Claus?

JACK

None.

Santa winks.

SANTA

Just start the interview...Nothing  
to personal though...You know what  
I mean.

Jack catches the hint.

JACK

I will not even go there.

Jack brings his laptop closer.

Santa props his feet up on jack's desk.

Jack notices the boots.

JACK (CONT'D)

Nice boots.

SANTA

Thanks...You can't get them  
anywhere.

He pulls from his pocket a decorative pipe carved in a  
sleigh. He lites it and puffs away.

Jack types at his laptop as he throws out each question  
to Santa.

JACK

Here's one for you...Do reindeer  
really fly?

SANTA

What do you think genius?

JACK

How do they fly?

SANTA

That would be a secret I could not  
reveal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JACK

Is your name Kris Kringle?

SANTA

Is your name Jack O'leary.

JACK

How long does it take you to deliver all those presents?

SANTA

Twenty five hours.

JACK

Twenty five?

SANTA

Yeah, you guys have the time zones all messed up in the states.

Santa wipes sweat off his forehead.

SANTA (CONT'D)

You have the heat cranking or something...You could boil an egg in this temperature.

Jack jumps up and runs to the window.

JACK

No problem...We open the window.

He opens the window and snow flies in in front of a cool wind.

SANTA

That's more like it. Once you've lived in the cold for so long, thirty degrees seems like a sauna.

Jack sits back down in front of his computer.

JACK

How long have you been delivering presents?

SANTA

About three hundred years.

JACK

Will you ever die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SANTA

(laughing)

I keep my cholesterol below one  
sixty and eat light...This fat you  
see, slow thyroid.

He offers a wink.

JACK

Do you take anything for your  
thyroid?

SANTA

Hot chocolate...By the way do you  
have any?

JACK

I will certainly get you some.

He calls the secretary on the intercom.

JACK (CONT'D)

(into intercom)

Hey, it's me. Can you bring in  
some hot chocolate...

(to Santa)

Do you mind if all of us get a  
picture with you. I mean it's not  
everyday you meet the real deal.

SANTA

I never take pictures and children  
never sit on my lap and tell me  
what they want. But if you are  
offering hot chocolate, I think we  
can do a photo op.

JACK

(into intercom)

And send everybody in, we have a  
special guest.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The entire office is crammed inside. Christmas music  
blasts as each take turn sitting on Santa's lap and a  
photographer snaps photos.

A **MONTAGE** of shots:

Laura Parks sprawled on Santa's lap with her red knit  
stockings seductively drooping her arms over Santa's  
shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The secretary sits prudely on Santa with a crazy eyed grin.

A group of employees flank Santa with a sign that reads, **Three Days Till Christmas.**

Another group of employees flank Santa with champagne bottles popping their corks.

Jack sits on Santa's lap holding the note from Saray.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack sits at his desk on his laptop writing up the days events.

We **HEAR** emergency sirens.

Jack jumps from his desk and races to the window. He opens it and **SEES** an accident. Santa has rear ended a truck and a crowd of people gather around. Police and EMT's are on scene. He **NOTES** Santa laying there spread eagle on the slushy street.

Jack races from the window and we follow him through the hallway as he pushes through coworkers to the elevator.

**AT ELEVATOR**

Jack furiously presses the buttons.

JACK

Come on!

The elevator door opens and he rushes in. He feverishly hits the down button. The elevator door closes.

INT. HALLWAY

People are congregating the hallway trying to get a glimpse at the commotion outside.

SECURITY GUARD

(to all)

It's just a minor accident...Some old guy on a bike smashed into a truck.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WOMAN

They have to put an age limit on these people. It's ridiculous.

The elevator door opens and Jack runs out pushing through the crowd of people and out the door. We **FOLLOW** Jack as he runs outside.

EXT. TRIBECA OFFICE BUILDING

People are crowding the corners and sidewalks to get a glimpse of the accident. Police cars and an ambulance block the road. A group of EMT'S are placing Santa on a stretcher starting an I.V. and hooking him up to a heart monitor. Police blocking onlookers from getting to close to the scene.

Jack pushed through another set of viewers. He comes to a Police Officer.

JACK

(out of breath)

Officer...That's my father what happened?

OFFICER

He rear ended a truck and hit his head...Come on through.

The officer waves Jack in and Jack heads over to Santa. Santa is talking to the paramedics.

SANTA

(to paramedics)

I am Santa Claus I tell you. i cannot go to the hospital.

A look of concern passes on Jack's face. He talks to one of the paramedics.

JACK

(to paramedic)

He's my father...What's going on?

PARAMEDIC

Looks like he suffered a severe head injury...he's going to NYU for evaluation.

JACK

It's only three days till Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC

Well, you going to have to tell Santa to deliver his presents there. The way he looks, they might even keep him for a psychiatric evaluation.

SANTA

(getting mad)

I'm Kris Kringle...the Santa Claus...has nobody heard of Santa Claus...Has the world become that damn liberal.

The paramedics lift Santa into the ambulance and shut the doors.

PARAMEDIC

(to Jack)

Do you want to ride with us?

JACK

...No, I better go home and get my wife...We'll come up later.

PARAMEDIC

Okay.

The paramedic heads to the front of the ambulance and it takes off.

Jack stands there momentarily looking around, dazed thinking his next move. Now he realizes at this point if Santa is not released from the hospital there will be no Christmas. He turns around and **NOTES** the bike, standing in perfect condition.

Jack heads over to the officer he spoke with before.

JACK

Excuse me officer...They just took my father, can I take his bike home with me?

OFFICER

Sorry...no license plate. Has to go to the impound.

JACK

Impound...

Jack heads quickly to the avenue pushing though the onlookers. He waves down a taxi and a taxi immediately pulls up driven by a middle eastern man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK (CONT'D)  
(into taxi window)  
Mineola, Long island.

TAXI DRIVER  
Expensive, very expensive.

JACK  
I'm good for it.

TAXI DRIVER  
Get in.

Jack hops in the taxi.

INT. TAXI

Jack digs through his pants pocket and pulls out his wallet. He counts a few twenties.

JACK  
We have to save Christmas my  
friend -- you need to step on  
it...Her's one sixty.

Jack hands the money over to the driver.

TAXI DRIVER  
One sixty...We be there in twenty  
five minutes.

The taxi speeds off.

JACK  
(psyched)  
That's what I like to hear...A man  
with a Christmas spirit...Like  
reindeer baby...late's fly.

TAXI DRIVER  
You got it.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'LEARY HOME - NIGHT

The taxi skids on the snow and stops in front of Jack's house. The Christmas lights are on as usual and snow has covered the sidewalks and steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack gets out and closes the taxi door. With adrenaline pumping he runs up to the front steps and slips on the snow just as he is about to reach the door. He stands and rushes in.

INT. O'LEARY LIVING ROOM

Jack enters the living room out of breath. Everyone is sitting there eating Chinese. They all look up at him as if he had been running for his life.

JACK  
Don't think I'm crazy, but I have  
a problem.

JANE  
You got fired?

JACK  
No, nothing like that.

JANE  
...Well

With chopsticks halfway to her mouth and chicken holding on.

JACK  
Saray...I need to talk to you  
honey.

Saray looks at her father motionless.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(motioning)  
In private.

SARAY  
...Okay dad.

They head off to the hallway.

**HALLWAY**

JACK  
Remember the note you wrote Santa?

SARAY  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(excited)

He showed up today at the office.  
I did his interview.

A smile from ear to ear beams on saray's face.

SARAY

I knew he wouldn't let me down.

JACK

There's one problem.

SARAY

What?

JACK

You would think he would show up  
on his sleigh right?

SARAY

Yeah.

JACK

Well, he didn't...He showed up on  
a Harley and I guess he didn't  
know how to drive it because he  
got into an accident.

A look of concern passes on Saray's face.

SARAY

Is he okay?

JACK

Kind of...But they're going to  
keep him in the hospital...

SARAY

And?

JACK

It's only three days till  
Christmas...kids will not get  
toys.

SARAY

Are you sure that was the right  
Santa dad?

JACK

You can't doubt it now...you wrote  
the letter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAY

Since when does Santa ride a motorcycle?

JACK

Since today...okay...I need to figure this out.

SARAY

Figure what out?

JACK

I need to get the dude out of that hospital. I am responsible for this.

Jane walks into the hallway with a look of concern.

JANE

Everything okay?

JACK

Yes...We're okay.

JANE

Is she in trouble?

JACK

No..no.

JANE

You seem agitated honey. Did you get your refill from Dr. Bloomberg?

Jack's **EYES** lite up.

JACK

No, I need to call him...Honey I need to go an assignment.

JANE

Why didn't you just tell me...Where?

JACK

New York University Hospital...Be back tomorrow...Love ya'.

He places a kiss on Jane's cheek and then one on Saray's. We follow him into the living room and places a kiss on Diana's also. He even bends over to Nacho and offers him a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (yelling back)  
 Trust me baby...You'll know what  
 I'm talking about.

He runs out the door and into the snow.

EXT. BAR

Jack stands outside a bar talking on the cellphone.

JACK  
 Dr. Bloomberg, it's me  
 Jack...Remember how you said at  
 one of our sessions you wanted to  
 come along with me on one of my  
 fantasies...Well, we need to  
 save...Santa Claus.  
 (listening)  
 Except this is not a fantasy it's  
 true...he's at New York  
 University, you can check it out.  
 (listening)  
 I'm at O'Molley's on Jericho...  
 (listening)  
 No, I have not been drinking...  
 (listening)  
 I'll wait here...Bye.

Jack looks around desperately. His cell phone rings. It's  
 Lucy. Jack answers.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hey...  
 (listening)  
 That's where it is...Can you get  
 it out for me?  
 (listening)  
 No, I understand...That's fine, I  
 appreciate it...Hey, I owe you a  
 big one. I'll get you something  
 nice for christmas.

He closes the cellphone and a Mercedes pulls up and the  
 passenger door opens.

Jack runs over to the car and gets in.

INT. MERCEDES

Dr. Bloomberg, a Freudian look-a-like sits behind the wheel.

DR. BLOOMBERG

Jack, how is everything going?

JACK

(hyper)

You don't believe me?

DR. BLOOMBERG

I didn't say I didn't believe you -  
I asked how everything was going?

JACK

...Well, it's going great until  
you know you're going to be the  
one that ruins Christmas for the  
whole world.

DR. BLOOMBERG

Should we go to the office...Do  
you need some medication to calm  
you down, I have some?

JACK

(eyes bugging)

Do I look like I need medication?

DR. BLOOMBERG

Yes.

JACK

Listen...if you think this is a  
fantasy just play it out with me,  
okay. And then you can commit me  
or shock my brain or give me a  
frontal lobotomy...

DR. BLOOMBERG

Okay, we can consider  
those...Where do you want to go?

JACK

Manhattan...Let's try NYU first.

DR. BLOOMBERG

In this weather?

JACK

Yes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DR. BLOOMBERG

Okay, we will go to  
manhattan...You're not going to  
become violent are you?

JACK

Me violent...when?

DR. BLOOMBERG

You're right.

He reaches over by Jack and opens the glove compartment  
and takes out a syringe and puts it in his jacket.

JACK

What's that for -- you're going to  
give me an injection?

DR. BLOOMBERG

If this fantasy gets too out of  
control, I might have to...in the  
meantime let's see where it takes  
us.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

The mercedes pulls into a small parking lot designated  
for emergency vehicles.

Jack and Dr. Bloomberg step out of the vehicle.

A security guard rushes over.

SECURITY GUARD

This is for emergency's only.

DR. BLOOMBERG

I'm Doctor Bloomberg...I'm  
affiliated with the hospital. I  
have a patient in crisis and need  
to check on him.

SECURITY GUARD

Everyone's in crisis here...Try  
not to be too long.

DR. BLOOMBERG

Thank you officer.

Jack and Dr. Bloomberg head through the emergency doors.

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

Jack and Dr. Bloomberg stand at a reception desk. Dr. Bloomberg is showing his credentials to a tired and overweight receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Bloomberg. It doesn't seem like we have anyone named Kris Kringle on any of the units.

Jack leans over and talks quietly.

JACK

(to receptionist)  
Can you try Santa Claus?

RECEPTIONIST

Is that a joke.

JACK

Kris Kringle...Santa Claus.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay...we'll try Santa Claus.

She presses heavy on her keyboard.

JACK

Anything?

RECEPTIONIST

There's about twenty...All in the psyche unit.

JACK

Twenty...Any of them come in around four?

RECEPTIONIST

One came in as an MVA, then was cleared and got a psyche stay.

JACK

That's great...where is he?

RECEPTIONIST

Floor eight, room H 151.

Jack turns to Dr. Bloomberg.

JACK

I told you not a fantasy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BLOOMBERG

That remains to be seen...Let's go.

(to receptionist)

Thank you dear.

RECEPTIONIST

You're welcome. Please takes these visitor passes...And you get the special one doc.

They head into a hallway.

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

**EIGHTH FLOOR**

Jack and Dr. Bloomberg walk down the hallway looking for Santa's room. They come to it and enter.

Santa is in a drug induced sleep and has a continuous flow of intravenous psychotropic drugs going into his veins. His wrists and ankles are tied to the bed.

Jack walks over to him and notices the drool from his mouth.

JACK

If he didn't look crazy before, he looks crazy now.

DR. BLOOMBERG

No doubt about that...He's heavily sedated...Probably some sort of psychosis with an underlying Peter Pan syndrome.

JACK

It's hard to believe, but he's not psychotic.

Jack shakes Santa.

No response.

Jack shakes again and Santa stirs. He opens his eyes and tries to get up, but realizes he is shackled. He becomes frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTA

Jack! Do you see what they've done to me...They're trying to wipe out my memory with all these drugs...They have me tied like a wild animal.

Jack puts a hand on his shoulder to try and calm him down.

SANTA (CONT'D)

Cut me loose...I only have three days. I have a lot of work to do still.

He tries to break free, but is unable.

JACK

I brought someone along. This is ...

SANTA

(interjecting)

I know.

DR. BLOOMBERG

(to Santa)

Forgive me Santa...But being that you are magic, can't you break yourself loose or tele-port or something?

SANTA

One, I'm too far away from my sleigh and two, the drugs that they are giving me could turn me into a true psychiatric patient...My motorcycle needs to get back to the North Pole.

A nurse suddenly walks in.

NURSE

(surprised)

Who are you gentlemen?

JACK

(hesitating)

...I'm his son.

DR. BLOOMBERG

And I'm Doctor Bloomberg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The nurse ignores their salutations and heads over to the IV drip.

NURSE

It seems like he's running low...Just going to give you a little more honey, okay.

SANTA

(to nurse)  
How many times do I have to tell you...I'm Santa.

NURSE

I know...Maybe I can get a picture when you're all better.

She administers a dosage into the IV.

SANTA

(to Jack)  
My...motorcycle...

He trails off to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES

Dr. Bloomberg starts up the mercedes and looks over at Jack with a thousand yard stare. Jack stares back.

JACK

What?

DR. BLOOMBERG

(shrugging shoulders)  
Well?

JACK

Police impound lot...west thirty eighth and twelfth avenue...

He brings his watch up to view and starts tapping it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Kids are going to be waiting...your kids too.

DR. BLOOMBERG

How long have you been seeing me...and what's my last name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Bloomberg.

DR. BLOOMBERG

My family celebrates Haunakah...We don't wait for a fat man to slide down our six inch diameter chimney flue...I'm saying we...I recently got divorced.

Jack places a hand on Dr. Bloomberg's shoulder in comfort.

JACK

I'm glad you're opening up...All these years and you had to listen to me complain...What happened?

DR. BLOOMBERG

She wanted a Christmas tree and I didn't.

JACK

It's ironic, isn't it.

Hitting his watch.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's go...we have to get that bike.

The mercedes lunges in reverse, spins a one eighty and tears off.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES - ROLLING

Down thirty first street. The snow keeps falling and alters the city scape into an almost quiet ghost town. Dr. Bloomberg has his foot heavy on the gas. He **NOTES** the speed, 55mph.

DR. BLOOMBERG

I hope I don't get a ticket trying to help you live out one of your fantasies...Worse I hope I don't loose my license to practice.

JACK

Relax...I'll take the blame. Besides we are doing a community service.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BLOOMBERG  
You still think that guy is Santa  
Claus?

JACK  
I have no doubt.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
The woman said there were like  
thirty of those nut cases in  
there.

JACK  
This guy is special, I'm telling  
you.

They come to a red light and stop.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
(adrenaline pumped)  
Which way?

JACK  
Right, right.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
It's a red...forget it.

He makes the right on red.

A **POLICE CAR** pulls behind them with lights flashing.

DR. BLOOMBERG (CONT'D)  
Damn it!

He steps on the gas.

JACK  
(surprised)  
You're not going to pull over?

DR. BLOOMBERG  
I've always wanted to do  
this...They should be fighting  
crime not giving out silly  
tickets.

EXT. TENTH AVE

As the police car chases the mercedes it loses traction  
and slides to the side of the road and spins on the white  
surface.

INT. MERCEDES

Dr. Bloomberg slams his hand on the wheel in elation.

JACK

I think you have some issues doc.

DR. BLOOMBERG

Everyone's got issues...When I was a kid mine was speed...seventy six firebird baby...wrecked it, but I loved it.

He looks back into the mirror and sees the disabled police car.

DR. BLOOMBERG (CONT'D)

He certainly ate our snow.

He regresses into a juvenile state of mind and lets out a rolling laugh that won't stop.

Jack peers at Dr. Bloomberg enigmatically.

JACK

Seems like you haven't laughed in years man.

DR. BLOOMBERG

(still laughing)

I haven't...I've been silently crying...Let's get this bike!

The mercedes turns down another street.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT

The mercedes slowly drives by the fenced in lot. Barbed wire tops the high chain link fence.

JACK (O.S.)

I see it! Pull over.

The mercedes pulls over to the side. A street sign reads, **NO PARKING TOW AWAY ZONE.**

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

Got a bright side to this.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DR. BLOOMBERG (O.S.)  
What could that be...After this  
I'm going to need some serious  
psychotherapy.

JACK (O.S.)  
If they tow your car, won't be too  
expensive. It's already here.

Jack and Dr. Bloomberg get out of the car and cautiously  
look around.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
Looks like where clear.

They walk over close to the fence and look in at the  
bike. It stands out from the other lines of bikes in that  
it is much larger and appears to have many  
indistinguishable gadgets.

DR. BLOOMBERG (CONT'D)  
Looks like some top secret  
military bike.

Jack starts to climb the fence.

JACK  
It's got the sound of a Harley  
though.

He reaches the top and hops over catching his jacket on  
the barbed wire and falling to the pavement.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
(concerned)  
Jack are you okay?

Jack getting up and hunching over to the bike.

JACK  
Yeah..pulled my back out a little.

A dog **BARKS**.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
(more concerned)  
I think you might have a bigger  
problem...Get on the bike fast.

Jack hops on the bike and places his hands on the bars.  
He looks at the controls resembling the controls on the  
deck of the **STARSHIP ENTERPRISE**.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He touches a button and the lights come on the intricate dash - LCD screens displaying heiroglyphics, GPS navigation equipment and a panel for a fingerprint.

JACK  
(yelling to Dr.  
Bloomberg)  
There's no key!

DR. BLOOMBERG  
There's got to be another way to  
start it...You better hurry.

**DOWN THE STREET**

Patrols cars with flood lights slowly move along the snow, shining their light in all different directions.

**FROM A ROOFTOP**

A flood light shines right on Jack and an alarm sounds.

A dogs **BARK** gets closer.

JACK  
What the heck do I do?

DR. BLOOMBERG  
Can you push it?

JACK  
We'll be in jail.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
This is pure adrenaline...Just  
what the doctor ordered.

Jack places his finger in the imprint. The bike hisses and rises slightly. The engine turns over - definately a highly sophisticated Harley. Metal straps clamp against Jacks thighs. He throttles the clutch and the bike jerks forward.

JACK  
(yelling)  
Get out of the way!

Just as a German Shepard jumps at Jack's arm, with teeth prominently displayed, he throttles hard and the bike goes **CRASHING** through the fence.

Dr. Bloomberg jumps on.

DR. BLOOMBERG  
Any helmets?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

No helmets, but put your finger here.

He indicates the imprint and Dr. Bloomerg places his index finger on the spot. Straps clamp around Dr. Bloomberg's thighs.

DR. BLOOMBERG

Where we going?

JACK

He said it's gotta go back to the North Pole.

DR. BLOOMBERG

That's north then...Lincoln tunnel and I95 north all the way.

He rubs the bike - admiring the workmanship.

JACK

Dr. Bloomberg...hang on.

DR. BLOOMBERG

I believe the course of events have permitted you to call me by my first name...Obviously I can no longer see you in therapy.

JACK

What is it?

DR. BLOOMBERG

Burt.

JACK

Okay Burt...hang on.

Police cars start racing down the block.

Jack hits the throttle and the bike races off, keeping excellent traction in the snow.

Jack makes a left turn and races for the Lincoln tunnel.

INT. LINCOLN TUNNEL - ROLLING

The bike speeds through the tunnel, weaving in and out of vehicles.

BURT

This is what I call riding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slaps Jack on the shoulder.

The bike moves through the tunnel passing all other cars.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH

The bike pulls up to the toll booth and stops. The officer at the booth offers an odd look.

OFFICER

It's against the law to be riding  
without helmets.

JACK

(to Burt)  
You have any money.

Burt digs into his jacket, pulls out his wallet and grabs a twenty. He hands it over to the officer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Keep the change...And Merry  
Christmas.

OFFICER

We're are you guys headed.

JACK

The North Pole.

OFFICER

Pull you bike over.

He gestures to the side and starts to step out.

Jack throttles the bike hard and tears off.

We **HEAR** the sound of police sirens approaching from inside the tunnel.

Through the falling snow Burt **SEES** the sign for the I95 north.

BURT

(pointing)  
I 95 north...hit it.

The bike races in the direction of the I 95.

EXT. I95 NORTH - ROLLING

The bike moves at a casual speed on the I 95.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I think we lost them.

BURT

They probably forgot about  
us...What's one more stolen bike  
in New York City.

The bike launches forward.

ABOVE SHOT

The bike moves along like a super train, easily  
manipulating traffic and ice.

Burt grabs Jack's waist tight, digging his head into his  
back trying to protect his face from the snow and cold.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT

Snow still pounding the pavement.

A news crew is set up outside. Marked and unmarked cars  
block the streets. Officers are running back and forth  
from the impound office to their squad cars.

Saray O'leary stands off to the side near the news crew.

**ON NEWS CREW**

A female news reporter stands holding a mic in front of  
the camera.

CREW MEMBER

(to reporter)

In three...two...one.

REPORTER

(into camera)

We stand outside in front of the  
police impound lot where police  
say a bizarre event has taken  
place that involves a stolen  
motorcycle belonging to a man that  
was admitted to NYU Medical Center  
for a possible head injury...We  
have Captain Smith standng by for  
a comment.

A police officer walks **INTO SHOT.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Captain Smith, can you shed any light on this incident?

CAPTAIN SMITH

Yes I certainly can...It appears that at least one individual decided to take advantage of an elderly man who was admitted to the hospital for observation and subsequently transferred to the psychiatric wing of the hospital...This individual apparently was at the scene of an accident in which the elderly gentleman was involved in. He identified himself as the father of this man. He then visited the man in the hospital and that is where we believe he may have gotten the keys for motorcycle.

REPORTER

How did he get the bike out of the impound?

CAPTAIN SMITH

He crashed it through the fence, picked up another individual and at that point they were pursued by New York City's finest.

REPORTER

Did New York City's finest apprehend them?

CAPTAIN SMITH

No. They did not.

REPORTER

What are your feelings about these individuals?

CAPTAIN SMITH

Obviously low lives...I mean to steal a man's motorcycle when he is in the hospital...It's pathetic.

Saray O'leary jumps **INTO SHOT.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAY

My dad is not a low life...That is Santa's motorcycle and Santa is locked up in the hospital because they think he's crazy...My dad would not steal anything.

INT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT

**OFFICE**

On the television Saray is seen talking with the reporter. The volume is turned down.

Jane O'leary sits on a chair surrounded by detectives asking her questions.

DETECTIVE

What kind of relationship did Jack have with Dr. Bloomberg?

JANE

They had a normal patient, doctor relationship...Once or twice a week, at the most.

DETECTIVE

Your husband had to see a shrink twice a week?

JANE

He has anxiety issues...Now he sees him once a month, just to get his medication.

DETECTIVE

Do you believe your husband is planning something dangerous?

JANE

(disbelief)  
Jack!...No way...I know my husband like I know the back of my hand.

DETECTIVE

With all do respect Mrs. O'leary. We really don't know anyone.

JANE

Maybe you don't...I'm sure there is a sane reason why my husband took that bike...if it really was him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE

It was him all right.

**ON TELEVISION**

A still shot of Jack on the bike with the German Sheperd almost at his arm.

Another still shot from the toll booth as Dr. Bloomberg is handing the officer the twenty dollar bill.

The detective turns up the volume and we **SEE** the video from the tollbooth as Jack wishes the officer a Merry Christmas and takes off.

JANE

(dumbfounded)

...That's my Jack...He's in big trouble, isn't he.

DETECTIVE

Right now it's only grand theft...Can you try calling him on his cell phone?

JANE

I've tried about a hundred times he must have it turned off.

The detective hands her a phone.

DETECTIVE

Let's try again.

Jane dials.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT

Near the crash site.

The **SOUND** of a cell phone ringing buried under the snow.

Saray runs **INTO SHOT** and digs for the cell phone. She flips it open.

SARAY

Hello...

(listening)

It's me mom...Dad must have dropped his phone...figures.

She closes it.



INT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT

**OFFICE**

Jane places the phone on the desk.

JANE

...Well, he doesn't have his cell phone.

(beat)

Can we see this guy...this old man, that you claim my husband targeted?

DETECTIVE

The man is schizophrenic...I doubt whether it will do any good.

JANE

Well...who knows...I mean maybe we do know him...maybe the guy is like some long, lost uncle...or cousin...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

**SANTA'S ROOM**

Santa is sound asleep, snoring.

Jane peeks her head in and walks in, followed by Saray and the detective.

JANE

He certainly looks like a Santa Claus.

She motions to Saray to move closer to Santa.

JANE (CONT'D)

Pull his beard...see if it's real.

Saray walks over to Santa and tugs on his beard.

SARAY

It's real mom.

She pulls on it again and Santa's **EYES** open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAY (CONT'D)

Mom! He's awake.

Jane and the detective walk over to the bed.

JANE

Hello...My name is...

SANTA

(interjecting)

Jane...Jane O'leary...thirty four years young and used to like toy cars when she was a kid.

JANE

(freaked out)

...How do you know that?

SANTA

Because I'm Santa.

SARAY

See mom...he's the real deal...Poor Santa. He needs to get out of here.

Santa shakes his head yes.

JANE

(to detective.)

Well...If you don't need us any longer, we'll be heading back to the island.

DETECTIVE

You don't want to wait at the station until this is resolved?

JANE

It's already resolved...Since you don't have a warrant for me and my daughter, we are leaving...

(to Saray)

Let's go honey.

Jane and Saray head out.

SARAY

(to Santa)

See you Christmas Santa.

She waves.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - HOURS LATER

Snow is still falling, blanketing the roadways and illuminating the night. The motorcycle speeds along at a good pace - traffic is light.

Burt taps Jack on the shoulder and yells up to him.

BURT

How long have we been on the road?

JACK

(looking back)

A couple of hours I think.

He looks at the dash and spots a digital display of the time - it reads, **11:00 p.m..**

JACK (CONT'D)

(yelling back)

To be precise it's eleven o'clock.

BURT

Wherever the North Pole is, you know we'll never get there by tomorrow night...There will be no Christmas this year.

JACK

I'm thinking positive.

BURT

Me too...I'm also thinking realistic.

Suddenly up ahead. **Emergency lights.** State troopers have blocked the road with about a dozen cars.

A **HELICOPTER** appears overhead. It's floodlight pinned on the motorcycle.

Burt is nervous and scared. He hits Jack's shoulder.

BURT (CONT'D)

There's no way we're gonna bust through that...We're caught...Pull it over before we get killed.

Jack spots the blockade up ahead. He resigns himself to pulling over. He starts to slow the motorcycle down as he pulls to the side of the road.

**ON DASH**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A display blinks with the words - **AUTO EVADE**.

The engine on the Harley kicks up the RPM's. Jack looks back at Burt with surprise.

JACK

This time you really better hang on...I'm not driving anymore.

An ignition of blue flames shoot out the exhaust and the motorcycle shoots off like a rocket, hurtling over the police vehicles. Jack and Burt wave with a smile to the pilot of the helicopter as they comes close to the cockpit's window. The motorcycle then hits the ground and continues rocketing along the highway at unimaginable speeds. We **SEE** the G force effects on Jack's and Burt's cheeks, spread out like chipmunks and shimmering in the wind.

The motorcycle rockets at tops speeds - breaking the sound barrier with a loud **boom**.

BURT

(yelling up at Jack)

I think we must be going pretty fast.

JACK

Gee...you think so. We only broke the sound barrier.

BURT

I'm loving it.

CUT TO:

EXT. US/CANADIAN BORDER

Traffic is backed up waiting to cross over into Canada. Suddenly the motorcycle, squeezing between traffic, rockets past the lines, knocks a border patrol agent off his feet and blows a tarp off of an eighteen wheeler. It continues through - into Canada.

EXT. CANADIAN HIGHWAY

Still dark. The snow is falling heavier. A moose is standing in the middle of this dark road. We **HEAR** the motorcycle approaching. We **HEAR** a pop and a parachute blows out the back of the motorcycle and inflates. The motorcycle stops an inch from the moose. The moose looks at Jack and Burt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT

That would have been absolutely foul if we hit him...His head would have went one way and his body the other.

JACK

I don't want to think about it...  
(to moose)  
Move...get out of the way.

The moose doesn't move.

JACK (CONT'D)

(getting mad)  
Move, you dumb animal.

Jack inches the motorcycle forward and taps the moose. It lets out a grunt, but stays. Jack presses a button on the CD player and Christmas music blasts out. The moose hauls off at the sound of the music.

JACK (CONT'D)

Guess he's not in the Christmas spirit.

Jack throttles the motorcycle again and it rockets off, the blue flame melting the snow behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. O'LEARY LIVING ROOM

All are gathered around the television glued to cable news. Diana is running around with her stick horse in circles while Jane and Saray watch the television.

**ON TELEVISION**

*BREAKING NEWS*

Outside the police impound lot. The reporter is speaking into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER

Just a few hours ago a bizarre event took place at the police impound lot where a motorcycle was stolen...The events got more bizarre when the motorcycle, allegedly heading to the North Pole, broke through a police barricade...We have the video clip from a chopper that was tracking the suspects on the motorcycle...

(beat)

What you will see here is absolutely surreal.

**VIDEO PLAYS ON TELEVISION**

WE **SEE** from the helicopter's POV the motorcycle rocketing on the highway, the trail of blue flame spewing out the back and it jumping over the police barricade. Jack and Burt are seen again waving to the helicopter in midair.

SARAY

(excited)

That's dad mom! I can't believe it!

She gleams a huge smile.

JANE

Where did your father learn how to ride like that?

SARAY

That bike belongs to Santa mom. There's no motorcycle that can do that.

**BACK TO REPORTER**

REPORTER

Talk about defying the laws of physics...Police also say that they believe the motorcycle broke the sound barrier as it raced past them...Truly weird events just two days before Christmas...Some experts are saying that this was some kind of secret military motorcycle and there are others who are saying that this bike may belong...

(smiling)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

...to Santa...Wouldn't that be  
truly a Christmas wish come true.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN HEMISPHERE - DAWN

The sun is sneaking up from the horizon on the snowy, mountainous terrain. The motorcycle rockets along leaving melting snow behind. The motorcycle comes up to a body of water.

BURT

(yelling)

Look! We're gonna crash...

JACK

I know! I know!...I'm trying to  
stop it.

Jack tries desperately squeezing the breaks. The motorcycle keeps rocketing toward the body of freezing water with floating ice caps. Suddenly on the dash the words, **AUTO SKIS** appear. A hydraulic **SOUND** from beneath the motorcycle causes Jack to look down. A set of skis fold out and touch the snow. The motorcycle hits the freezing waters and skis along the top with ease, almost separating the waters.

JACK (CONT'D)

(yelling)

This is really one mean, bad  
machine.

BURT

Maybe I'll trade my mercedes in  
for one.

JACK

Fat chance...Consider this ride  
once in a lifetime.

Up ahead a huge block of ice. Polar bears on one end and seals penguins on the other. The polar bears trying to get the next meal. The motorcycle glides right through the block of ice, separating the polar bear and penguins. The penguins wave to the polar bears as their ice pad floats off in a different direction.

The motorcycle glides up onto a snowy island and continues up hills and valleys.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - MIDDAY

The motorcycle pulls up to the outskirts of a small town. Swiss architecture dominates the feel of this small, snow enclosed town. The motorcycle pulls up onto a street and stops. The town is decorated for Christmas to the max. The structures appear smaller and the doorway and windows shorter.

Jack and Burt looks around and notice the different shops and stores - **DIANA'S CANDY CANE SHOP, ZIGWIG SLEDS, REINDEER FEED, CHLOE'S HOT CHOCOLATE, etc.**

The townspeople walks around slowly - their heads down. They are without question smaller in stature and dressed oddly. They all orient on the motorcycle.

Jack pulls the bike up to one of the townspeople who is brushing the snow from his walkway.

JACK

(to man)

Excuse me.

The man stops what he was doing and looks at Jack solemnly. He then notices the bike and his eyes widen.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you know where we are?

MAN

You are far from home.

Burt whispers in Jack's ear.

BURT

I think he's an elf. Check out his ears.

Jack notices the man's pointy ears.

JACK

Do you know where we have to go?

MAN

(pointing)

Go straight and make a quick right...Not going to do us any good this year...We might even be out for next year also.

JACK

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Jack throttles the motorcycle and heads down the road - the townspeople staring as they go by.

The motorcycle turns right and we **SEE** built into the side of an enormous snowdrift - two huge wooden doors. Candy canes flank both sides of a runway that lead to the doors.

JACK (CONT'D)

(smiling)

We are at the North Pole.

BURT

(admiring)

It's beautiful...i can;t believ I missed out on this all these years.

JACK

Well, enjoy it now.

The motorcycle heads down the runway and just as it gets close to the two wooden doors they swing open. The motorcycle heads into a cavernous winter wonderland. The sight in from of Jack and Burt is amazing. Balconies and stairs are numerous. There appears to be hundreds of conveyor belts with thousand of wrapped packages. There is not a soul in sight.

The straps on Jack and Burt slide off and they dismount the motorcycle. They walk around, looking up at the high rock ceiling.

BURT

This place is dead.

JACK

(yelling)

Hello...Anybody here?

BURT

(yelling)

Hello.

JACK

(yelling)

Any elves here...Come one it's Christmas Eve and nobody's around working.

We **HEAR** a door open and an elf walks onto the balcony. He starts heading for the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (yelling to elf)  
 Do you run this place?

ELF (FRED)  
 My name is Fred...I'm one of  
 Santa's assistants and head of  
 security.

He descends the stairs and walks over to Jack and Burt.

JACK  
 Well, what's going on?

FRED  
 I was hoping I could ask you that.  
 We had to cancel Christmas since  
 we lost track of Santa.

JACK  
 Cancel Christmas! What are you  
 crazy?

FRED  
 Santa is missing.

JACK  
 Well, it just so happens that I  
 know where he is and kids will get  
 presents tonight...So get  
 everybody together and load up his  
 sleigh.

FRED  
 It's not that simple.

JACK  
 It is simple...we load up the  
 sleigh and leave...Now let's get  
 going.

Jack **SPOTS** a lever on the wall. He walks over to it and pulls it up. Lights suddenly go on illuminating this massive toy factory. The conveyor belts start running moving the presents to chutes looking like slides.

An **ALARM** sounds.

More doors open and elves throngs of elves file out onto the balcony.

FRED  
 There is no way we can make it on  
 time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Santa doesn't strike me as a type  
A personality...he can be a little  
late once.

Jack walks into the middle of the room and yells up to  
the elves on the balcony.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey...elves...You don't know what  
we had to do to get here...we  
still might get thrown in jail for  
stealing a motorcycle, crashing  
through a police fence, evading  
authorities and crossing the  
border illegally...Not to mention  
we risked our lives on a  
motorcycle that goes a crazy  
thousand miles an hour.

(beat)

What are you waiting around  
for...get the sleigh ready.

FRED

(to elves)

Let's go! We will proceed with  
Christmas.

A murmur amongst the elves. They start moving, sliding  
down poles.

**JINGLE BELLS** blasts out on the speakers.

JACK

(to Fred)

That's the kind of attitude I like  
to see.

FRED

Let's get you guys ready for the  
sleigh.

INT. SANTA'S WARDROBE ROOM

Elves are busy fitting Jack and Burt with proper attire  
to drive the sleigh. They show Jack and Burt two color  
suits - one red and the other green.

JACK

I'm Irish, I'll take the green.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT  
I've always wanted to wear one of  
these.

JACK  
(to Burt)  
Sounds like you got some Peter Pan  
issues there Burt.

BURT  
(smiling)  
I guess I do.

They both put on their suits.

FRED  
The suits would not be complete  
without the hats...temperature  
controlled.

He hands the green one to Jack and the red one to Burt.

BURT  
All's I need is the beard.

JACK  
You already have the beard...You  
might want to whiten it  
though...take out some of the  
grey.

Another elf walks into the room.

ELF  
The sleigh is ready.

JACK  
(to Burt)  
Let's do this.

BURT  
It's weird...I kind of feel like  
an astronaut.

FRED  
Gentleman, it's time.

INT. SLEIGH HOUSING

The sleigh, a brilliant red with gold trimming, the size  
of an eighteen wheeler. We can **SEE** large wheels in  
between the sleds shining rungs. Doors and windows run  
along the sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sled is packed with an enormous red bag tied with a golden rope. Elves are finishing up the last touches and readying the sleigh for takeoff. They pull the wooden blocks out from underneath.

FRED

(to Jack)

A crew of eight will be with you for security.

He motions to eight security elves dressed for the part and carrying what appears to be odd looking toy guns.

JACK

Do they need weapons?

FRED

Just as a precaution.

JACK

We're are the reindeer?

FRED

In front.

He walks them toward the front of the sleigh and we **SEE** about twenty four reindeer haltered up to the sleigh.

JACK

I thought there where only like nine reindeer.

FRED

Basic economics...demand has grown with an increase in population...you need more horse power...

BURT

(to Jack)

Who's driving?

JACK

I think I'll take the reins at first...

FRED

Well, you can hold onto the reins if you like, but with technology the way it is today we have GPS guidance...This way Santa can nap in between deliveries.

JACK

GPS, I like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fred motions them up onto a golden ladder. Jack and Burt climb up and sit in the seats. The security elves jump on and head into one of the doors.

FRED

It's ready...To get started you do need the reins though...only to get started.

Jack grabs the reins.

Two large doors open up ahead and a large pile of snow falls blocking the exit.

JACK

(to Fred)  
What do I just pull?

FRED

Just like riding a horse.

JACK

See ya' Fred...  
(to Burt)  
You ready.

BURT

(smiling)  
I was born ready.

Jack slaps the reins and the reindeer run down the path. They lift off, the sled following and crash through the mound of snow.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - EVENING

The sleigh circles around the small town. The elves outside looking on and cheering. The sleigh races off into the nights sky.

**ON SLED**

Jack and Burt admire the dash of the sleigh. Technology far advanced almost alien. Nearby is a computer keyboard underneath a LCD screen, it reads, **ENTER DIRECTIONS.**

JACK

(laughing)  
Can it get any easier.

BURT

This is first class man, first class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack punches a few keys on the keypad and the sleigh takes off leaving a trail of golden dust behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'LEARY HOME - NIGHT

Snow is falling, traffic is light on this Christmas Eve night.

**SLEIGH BELLS SOUND**

And then what sounds like an explosion. The sleigh lands directly in front of the O'leary home. Cars start to stop at the sight of the sleigh. Neighbors slip out the doors to get a look at the commotion.

BURT

Jack what are we doing...we gotta get him out.

JACK

I promised one thing to my daughter.

The O'leary door opens - Jane, Saray and Diana peek their heads out.

SARAY

(yelling)  
Santa!

JACK

It's yuor father, hurry up and get in.

SARAY

Dad! What are you doing in Santa's sleigh?

JACK

Long story...just hurry up.

JANE

Jack! What the heck is going on?

JACK

Can't explain...Do you want a ride or what?

JANE

No crap I want a ride...Let's go kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They run down the steps and jumps into the sleigh.

Jane gives her husband a big kiss.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 You are one crazy guy, Jack  
 O'leary...I knew when I married  
 you it would be an  
 adventure...Nothing compared to  
 this though.

SARAY  
 (smiling)  
 Dad, you really changed my  
 thoughts of you.

JACK  
 Gee...thanks.

JANE  
 (noticing Burt)  
 Hello Dr. Bloomberg.

BURT  
 ...Please call me Burt...After  
 tonight I will no longer be  
 practicing psychiatry...I think  
 children's books are more my  
 alley.

JACK  
 He's got Peter Pan syndrome.

JANE  
 Oh.

JACK  
 Now everyone hold on. This isn't  
 like riding in a car.

Jack slaps the reins and the reindeer pulls the sled up.  
 The fly low over the main road, cars start to honk. We  
**SEE** people sticking their head out the car windows.

**ON SLEIGH**

SARAY  
 What's with the clothes dad?

JACK  
 Got to fit the part...Also wanted  
 to keep the Irish in me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Jack goes back to the keyboard and punches in a new address.

SARAY

Dad...can I drive.

JACK

You can hold the reins...it's got auto pilot.

SARAY

This is so cool.

Saray jumps over the seat and Jack hops in the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

A small amount of traffic on this Christmas Eve night in front of the hospital. A few taxis are idling outside.

The sled comes **INTO VIEW**, descending like a plane toward its destination. It gets lower, lands and the rear portion clips a mirror off a parked police vehicle. The sled stops directly in front of the hospital. Immediately a commotion ensues. Cars stop dead in their tracks and people race outside to see this immense sled parked on a city street guided by reindeer.

Jack, Burt, Saray, hop down. Jane climbs down carrying Diana. They head to the doors of the hospital as people stare.

The Elfin security force emerge from the door on the sled and each one jumps, tumbles and lands in front of the hospital doors. They are greeted by members of hospital security.

SECURITY OFFICER

The police are on their way. You better move that heap of metal.

SARAY

That's not a heap of metal. That's Santa's sleigh.

JACK

We came to get someone out that you're keeping against his will.

Police sirens in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY OFFICER

I have my orders.

ELF #1

And we have our  
directives...Secure and rescue.

SECURITY OFFICER

Well...you're not getting in.

The security officer reaches for a gun strapped to his waist.

ELF #1

You leave us no choice.

He aims his odd looking gun and shoots at the security officer. The other elves follow his direction and shoot off their weapons. A blue stick substance wraps around the security guards hands and feet, glueing them to the ground.

SECURITY OFFICER

(looking at his feet  
and hand)

What the...

ELF #1

Relax...wears off in half an hour.

They all enter the hospital running.

INT. ROOM H 151

Santa is sound asleep - heavily sedated with psychotropic medication.

The door busts open and an elf ninja rolls in. He aims his weapon in all directions, clearing the room.

ELF #2

Clear!

All enter the room. Another elf runs up to Santa. He pulls the sack off his back and takes out an extremely large needle.

JACK

(to elf)

Where the heck are you going to  
stick that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELF #3

Where he's got the most fat.

He thrusts the needle into Santa's backside and administers an injection. Santa immediately comes around. He sits up.

ELF #3 (CONT'D)

Welcome back sir.

Santa notices Jack and family.

SANTA

Jack...I can't thank you enough.

JACK

That's the least I could do...Your motorcycle...fantastic...can we get one of those.

SANTA

(smiling)

Custom from Harley...I Also made some modifications myself...I'm a speed junky...and speaking of speed I better get going...I don;t have much time.

They help Santa out of bed and walk him out of the room in his hospital gown.

EXT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

Heavy police activity in front of the hospital, with massive fire power and personal.

The news crew in front of the doors.

Santa walks out followed by the others.

Captain Smith, flanked by his subordinates, walks up to Santa.

SANTA

(to Captain Smith)

Bob Smith...If you have anything to say to these boys...you better say it to me.

CAPTAIN SMITH

How do you know my name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTA

Gee...well...There's a huge sleigh parked on the street driven by twenty four reindeer...It just flew down from the sky and you're asking me how I know your name...

Captain Smith swallows hard.

SANTA (CONT'D)

I know everything about you.

CAPTAIN SMITH

That's fine Santa...I apologize, but I have warrants for those two gentlemen.

SANTA

You better have those warrants rescinded...Do you want Christopher to see presents tomorrow...Since he was three he was always on the naughty list...and this year...I can't even tell you what he started doing.

CAPTAIN SMITH

...Okay...those warrants are rescinded...Let him go.

SANTA

Thank you.

A camera crew walks up to Santa. A reporter sticks a microphone in his face.

REPORTER

Where do you go from here Santa?

SARAY

Around the world.

They all hop into the sleigh.

JACK

(to Santa)

Do you want your suit Santa?

SANTA

You guys keep them...consider them an early Christmas Present.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT

(smiling)

My first Christmas present at  
forty five...I feel like such a  
kid.

With a slap of the reins the sleigh takes off.

INT. O'LEARY HOME - LATER

All walk in through the front door. Jack still in Santa  
suit.

JANE

Okay kids...better run up to bed.  
He won't come when you're awake.

Saray and Diana run for their bedroom.

Jane throws her arms around Jack.

JANE (CONT'D)

Was that a dream?

JACK

If it was, life must be a dream.

He kisses her.

JACK (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas honey.

JANE

Merry Christmas Mr. Reporter...I'm  
going to tuck them in, put them to  
sleep.

She heads for the kids room.

Jack notices under the tree a bunch of presents already  
delivered. He heads over to them with a smile.

JACK

You are one fast dude.

He quickly looks through the presents, searching for his  
name. He finds a large box, dressed in red with a gold  
bow and a letter. Jack opens the letter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

(reading)

Dear Jack...I can not thank you enough for what you did...You and Burt truly saved Christmas this year. I guess I'll start delivering to him too even though he doesn't put up a tree...I hope you like what's in the box, it works...Also, before this all happed we were getting ready to start a quarterly magazine on the life at the North Pole. Thought you might like to interview for the position...Santa

Jack beams a huge smile and tears open his gift - a cookoo clock.

THE END

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

(CONT'D)

CUT TO:

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

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