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# Santa's Slay

By David Steiman

Joy to the world  
The Lord has come  
Let Earth receive her King.  
I'd better get | a Kate Spade bag this year.  
And none of that shopping-mall, | chain-store shit.  
Settle for nothing | less than Prada, girls.  
Gwen! Don't be telling | my kids that.  
I'm trying to teach them | some values.  
You're getting Kate Spade.  
Hey.  
What does Gwenie want | from big ol' Santa?  
Just a faithful husband.  
What's the second thing | she wants?  
You know what | I'm thinking, angel?  
- What, darling? | - I was thinking,  
"Dear God,  
don't let this bird taste like a shoe | like it did last year.  
Let it be tender and moist | just for once."  
Yeah, moist. | That would be nice.  
It's called "foreplay."  
I don't wanna screw the bird. | I wanna eat it.  
I swear to you she dehydrated | this turkey from Thanksgiving.  
Come here, Scribbles.  
You try it.  
Scribbles.  
One potato.  
- Ooh, Virginia. | - Two potato.  
Oh, that's a good one.  
Three potato.  
Let's dig in.  
Listen, you half a fag!  
I'll stick this fork | in your eye!  
Why don't you beg Santa | for a pair of balls?  
Beth, say grace.  
Dear Lord,  
thank you for the bountiful food | that you've provided for us,  
and that our loving family | can be together this Christmas.  
Also, thank you | for not making us poor  
or Samoan.  
Thank you | for Maxim Pharmaceuticals,  
the latest M-Class,  
and let those that are | less fortunate work harder.  
Agh! Whoa!  
Oh my God! | My stocking!

Is that...

Santa?

Yes, Virginia, | there is a Santa Claus.

Whoa!

Daddy!

Who are you? | What are you doing?

You want some?

Help!

No, Santa! No!

I've been good!

- Christmas | - The snow's coming down

- Christmas | - I'm watching it fall

- Christmas | - Lots of people around

- Christmas | - Baby, please come home

- Christmas | - The church bells in town

- Christmas | - They're ringing a song

- Christmas | - What a happy sound

- Christmas | - Baby, please come home

They're singing | "Deck the Halls"

But it's not like | Christmas at all

'Cause I remember | when you were here

And all the fun | we had last year

- Christmas | - Many lights on the tree

- Christmas | - And I'm watching them shine

- Christmas | - You should be here with me

- Christmas | - Baby, please come home

They're singing | "Deck the Halls"

But it's not like | Christmas at all

'Cause I remember | when you were here

And all the fun | we had last year

- Christmas | - Pretty lights on the tree

- Christmas | - And I'm watching them shine

- Christmas | - You should be here with me

- Christmas | - Baby, please come home

- Christmas | - If there was a way

- Christmas | - I'd hold back these tears

- Christmas | - But it's Christmas Day

- Christmas | - Please please please

- Baby, please come home | - Christmas

- Oh, oh, oh, oh | - Christmas

Oh...

What the hell is | in the Holiday Hoagie?

- Turkey, cranberry, stuffing and mayo. | - What? Slow down!

And stop smacking | on that damn chewing gum!

Yeah, uh...

turkey, Raisinettes, | Cheerios, cranberries,  
gummy bears, Altoids...

Oh, you're being cute, | you little shit.

Just give me the roast beef plain, | none of that lean crap.

You're just as loony | as your crackpot grandfather.

I hope you haven't inherited that | old codger Yulesors Christmas spirit.

Tell that boob to put | some Christmas decorations up.

How're you doing there, | Mrs. Talbot? How are you?

That's a roast beef sandwich. | That's \$4.75.

- That's with a senior discount? | - Yes, it is.

What a hustle!

Would \$4.50 | make you any happier?

\$4.50.

All right.

Here you go.

And have a very | happy holiday there, Mrs. Talbot...

Don't use that political | language shit with me.

It's Christmas. | Wish me merry Christmas.

I'm sorry. | Merry Christmas, Mrs. Talbot.

Thank you, | and go fuck yourself.

What a fuckir whore!

What a pleasant lady.

Santa's comir to town

And bringir the joy | to every girl and every boy...

I love Christmas, | yes, I do...

Move, bitch!

Get outta the way!

Workir on Santa's sleigh...

Suck it!

Ho ho ho, | Merry Christmas!

I got you two a little something | to show my appreciation  
for how hard | you two work here.

- Thank you so very much, Mr. Green. | - This is for you, this is for you.

You're so very welcome. | Open it up.

Open it, open it, open it!

- Thank you so much for the snow globe. | - Ta da.

- That's okay. | - Wisconsin?

Yes, and Wisconsin's | beautiful rolling farmlands, see?

I know how much | of a kick you got

out of the Delaware globe | I got you last year, so...

And what did you get?

A clock. Thank you.

It's not just a clock. | This is a Games Illustrated Clock.

You can tell the time | in all the 25 time zones.  
Look, in Mexico City,  
you got Frankfurt, | you got New Delhi,  
Hartford... | a place called Rik-a-vikia.  
I don't know where that is, | but you can tell the time there.  
That's wonderful and great. | Thanks so much, Mr. Green.  
Go ahead, get outta here. | It's Christmas Eve. Stop working. Go.  
- Here, I got it. | - Thank you.  
- Bye-bye. | - Hey Mac, is this yours?  
Mark my words, Nicholas, | you will never get me.  
Thank you, Mr. Green.  
- Do you want a lift home? | - Sure.  
You've got it tuned | to the Great One!  
99 FM... so lock it in | and jerk your knob off!  
Hell's best hip-hop station.  
99 FM's Christmas Eve forecast | calls for cold, cold, cold temperatures,  
so throw another | Yule log on the fire.  
Near freezing in Hell and pretty much | the same can be expected  
for those of you planning | on rocking out with Hell's Bells...  
One for the kids | who like to get toys  
Two for the ones | who like to make noise  
Three for Santa | because he rolls with elves  
And if you're feeling my flavor, | just rock the bells!  
You don't care too much | for Christmas, do you?  
- I've never had much reason to. | - Why?  
I don't know. | It's always disappointing.  
Like I'd want an Optimus Prime | or Castle Grayskull,  
and I'd always end up with | a stupid mini-bake oven or something.  
Grandpa.  
Grandpa, are you home?  
Grandpa?  
Grandpa, is that you?  
- Agh! | - Whoa!  
Doggone it, Nick!  
That's the second box of bulbs | I've dropped tonight.  
What in the hell are you doing? | Why didn't you answer me?  
Don't be throwing the word "hell" | around all willy nilly like that.  
I live in Hell, for Christ's sake.  
True.  
That's way you dare not use | the Lord's name so indiscriminately.  
One of the lights | in the bunker went out.  
I flipped the switch. | You know, I couldn't remember  
whether it was | on or off position.  
And so I had to turn the power off | just to change the light bulb.

Bunker? What are you | talking about?

Aw, are you kidding me?

You're not on another one of your | wacko inventing binges, are you?

Is this why I haven't seen you | for the last couple of days?

Yeah, I've been busy.

Hey, what's this?

Uh, be careful there. | That's a nutcracker.

I can see that. It just seems | a little Christmassy for you.

Do you know that the chestnut can | explode if you don't puncture the skin  
- before it's heated? | - That's fascinating, Grandpa.

I told you to be careful!

You could have | put your eye out!

There appears to be a design flaw | that needs to be worked out.

File that next to brown-colored | toilet paper as a bad idea.

Now what about that bunker?

Watch your noodle there.

Um...

Grandpa, I-I...

Any desire to explain?

I mean, sometimes I think | I'm the only person in this town  
that doesn't believe | you're completely nuts and...

uh, frankly,

my belief is dwindling.

Let them think | whatever they want to.

This is about survival. | I know what they say.

I've been hearing it | most of my life,

but I'd rather be crazy and alive | than ignorant and dead.

No, Santa

A big surprise for you...

What up, Santa bitch?

How much Christmas cheer | you got in the pot?

Don't cry, baby, | Santa's back in town

Get the presents, | candy canes, too

Rudolph is here, | he's coming for you

Don't cry, baby, | don't cry

You were bad | all year long

Now there's nothin... | nothin you can do

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Grandpa, I used to think it was because | you were grumpy and a little  
senile,

but Mrs. Talbot said | you've always hated Christmas.

The heck with that old hag!

I don't see any reason | to commercialize Santa.

Besides, he hasn't always been | that loveable poster boy for Coca-Cola.

Oops.

Sorry.

Why? What for?

Oh God!

- You didn't. | - I said I was sorry.

Grandpa, I want the truth | about Christmas.

And no, I'm not asking you to tell me | that Santa Claus isn't real.

I'm a little too old | for that discussion.

I'd just be a little careful | of what I ask Santa for this year.

What, are we Jewish | or something?

Okay.

Come on, follow me.

You're full of surprises tonight.

Oh!

For a lifetime of service?

Grandpa, I had no idea | you were in the military.

I wasrt.

What the hell's that? | The Necronomicon?

If it's the truth you want,

then it's the scary truth | you're gonna have. Sit down.

This is the Book of Claus.

Been in the possession of our family | for countless generations.

What does it say?

English, Gramp.

"In the history of man..."

I don't know why you're afraid | to use your Norse, Nicky.

If you don't practice it, you'll never | be able to speak it or read it.

"In the history of man, there have been | only two immaculate conceptions,  
the first being God and the Virgin Mary | and the birth of their son,  
Jesus.

The second was Satan | with the Virgin Ericka  
and the birth | of their son, Santa.

On the anniversary of his birth,  
there were always a great number | of unexplained deaths and murders.  
This day became known | as the Dag of Mord  
or the Day of Slayings.

Eventually, Christianity spread | and when the Dag of Mord arrived,  
the townspeople would have | a Mass of Christ or a Christ-Mass,  
where they would pray | to their Lord for protection.

In the beginning | of the 11th century,  
one of God's angels | took the form of a man."

Carolers... I don't want them | singing around here.

Mary. | Nicky, your friend, Mary.

Come in, come in, | come in, my dear.

Hi.  
I hope you like wolverine.  
My dad shot it this morning,  
you know, with his | Ammo for Animals club.  
It's so fresh, you can | almost smell its breath.  
Well, thank you.  
I didn't realize | I hadrt eaten a thing  
until just now.  
I don't believe I've ever had | wolverine before.  
Oh, well it looks delicious.  
I just hope it's not wicked cold.  
What are you doing here?  
Just trying to spread | some holiday cheer.  
- What's this? | - How about you just open it?  
You got me a gun?  
I don't mean to sound ungrateful, | but what, are you fucking retarded?  
No, you jack-off.  
It's more than meets the eye.  
You said you always wanted one.  
I'm as happy as a Make-a-Wish kid.  
There are some people | who don't believe  
in the spirit of Christmas, | oh, no they don't.  
There are some people who don't | believe Christmas should exist at all,  
that it's become too commercial, | yes, they do.  
There are some people | who don't believe  
in the spirit of Christmas giving, | no, no they don't.  
And there are even some people  
who think that charity  
is for the lazy.  
Oh, my friends, | charity is not for the lazy.  
Charity is for the needy.  
Dig deep into your hearts | and deep into your pockets.  
Give them your money | and don't give them coins.  
I see a lot of coins | in that plate.  
Give them bills. | Give the needy bills.  
Show them that you | have the true spirit of Christmas  
in your hearts, | and that you're ready to show it.  
Let us pray.  
It depends on how much | I get done.  
I'm still at work, okay? | Yeah, hold on, hold on.  
Yeah. Oh, no, no, of course | I know what day it is tomorrow.  
Yes. Well, choir ran | a little late.  
Okay, fine. | Love you, honey. Bye.  
So, how's it tonight, Tim.

You'll get plenty | of attention tonight. Really dead.  
Christmas Eve.

Well, a little something | for your stocking.

You werert even here, Pastor.

Oh yeah, baby, yeah!

- Hey. | - Nice tits.

Whoa.

I wanna see that man, | Santa Claus

I said it's Christmas time

I wanna see that man, | Santa Claus...

Whoa!

Where do you think | you're going, fat boy?

I thought I'd stuff | some stockings.

I don't think so.

To Pussy Town

Slide down slow

Beneath your belly | I go...

Look what just slid down the chimney. | Merry Christmas.

So anyway, I was talking | about the gift that keeps on giving.

That's what Christmas | is all about.

To Pussy Town...

Ho, ho, hos.

Santa Claus got | them loaded on his sleigh

When he's out for the night | don't get in his way

Don't even try | to shut him down

He's on his way | to Lovir Town

Checking out the ladies, | head and toes

Looking to find | every girl and boy

So where's he hanging out?

Time to go.

Santa Claus, Santa Claus

Santa Claus, | yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Santa Claus, Santa Claus

Santa Claus, | yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Santa Claus, Santa Claus

Santa Claus, | yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...

You guys, get back.

Naughty.

We're having quite a night here | at the 43rd annual Christmas Eve  
Smash 'Em and Crash 'Em Derby.

Now that was the number five car | going out there.

That's Jacoby. He's done | for the night, I think.

Well, if I don't get to bed | and get my beauty sleep,

I'll probably end up looking | like one of you.

- Good night, Grandpa. | - Merry Christmas.  
Now, there's a big hit right there. | Jody Boyd has backed right into...  
I'm sorry. I forgot.  
It's fine.  
You think he's bananas, | don't you?  
No no, not bananas.  
A little odd, but...  
not bananas.  
A little odd?  
You wanna talk | about a little odd?  
Odd is being a member | of the Rifle of the Month Club.  
Odd is when all the available | wall space in your house is covered  
with the head of an endangered | or extinct animal.  
Odd is someone's father I know.  
I'm sorry, Nicholas.  
I'm sorry I even | came over here tonight.  
...just backed | right into him, oh!  
Yeah, you got my number.  
Call me when you're ready | for a more mature relationship.  
Merry Christmas.  
"The townspeople | would have a Mass of Christ,  
or a Christ Mass,  
where they would pray | to their Lord..."  
God, Grandpa.  
Lord save us...  
"Hearing their call,  
God sent down one of his | angel generals from the heavens.  
The angel took the form | of an old man.  
He encountered the young, ill-tempered | Santa not far from his home.  
Santa was ice fishing | with the ornery little people,  
the elves, on a frozen lake.  
Help, please Santa, help. | Help, I don't wanna...  
Knowing the son of Satan | was a gambling sort,  
the angel challenged him | to a contest.  
The contest was a simple one:  
Who could slide a rock | across the lake  
and land it closest | to the ice fishing hole  
without the rock falling in.  
If Santa won the contest, he would | deliver the confident old man  
to his father for an eternity | of pain and suffering.  
If the old man | won the contest,  
Santa would not only | have to cease  
the Day of Slayings | for the next 1,000 years,  
but would also have to turn | the Dag of Mord, Day of Slayings,

into a Dag of Glee, | Day of Joy.  
Santa thought this was as close | to a sure wager as could be.  
There was no way a mere mortal | was gonna be able  
to defeat him at anything.  
Santa was so sure of himself | that he went first.  
Woo hoo! | Yay, Santa. Go!  
His rock landed as close | as it could possibly be  
to the hole | without going in it.  
Next was the old mars turn.  
- The old mars rock... | - No, no, no!  
Skidded slowly along.  
Oh no!  
And it came to rest | touching Santa's rock  
with just enough momentum to push | Santa's stone over into the hole.  
The old man had won."  
Shit. That was exactly | 1,000 years ago.  
The bet's over.  
Hooyaa!  
Ho, ho, ho.  
He's nuts.  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, hallelujah  
Hallelujah, | hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, hallelujah  
Hallelujah.  
Angels, I think Santa | has left you some surprises.  
I can't wait to see | the shit we got.  
Can we open our motherfucking | presents now?  
- Of course. | - Go ahead, kids.  
Let's see what Santa got you.  
Fuck.  
And finally, | a moment of silence  
for the victims of that tragic fire | that took place last night  
at the community eye sore, | Gold Diggers.  
The house of heathens.  
While these people | are undeniably moral sinners,  
they are nonetheless members | of this community...  
and therefore deserve | our condolences.  
So pray with me, | if you will, for the salvation  
of Crystal Candy...  
Sierra Rains...  
Dixie Wrecked,  
Tess Tickler...

We're closed.  
Sorry, Santa. | We're closed.  
It's Christmas. You should know that | better than anybody.  
What's the matter with you?  
You wanna eat? | Thai Chung across the street.  
A very nice brunch buffet.  
Schmuck.  
You've come | to the wrong deli, fatso.  
Here's some stocking stuffers,  
you just wrecked the store.  
Piece of shit!  
Oy.  
Hi, Nicholas.  
Hey.  
What's up?  
Do you have any gum?  
We're all out. The driver that was | supposed to make the delivery  
got his butt fried on a stripper pole | over at Gold Diggers.  
Heard it on the police scanner.  
Yikes, that's below average.  
This is all we got left.  
Hmm, I've never heard | of Smokir Gum.  
What the hell, | sounds hot.  
Cool. It's \$2.39.  
Out of a five?  
You know, | for such a small town,  
I've never seen you before.  
Just moved here, homeboy.  
Too much damn violence | in the 'hood.  
Car two, when you have a chance, | can you go to 313 Main?  
There's been a report | of some vandalism.  
- Oh, you betcha. | - That's Heaven Scent.  
Hey.  
Merry Christmas.  
Nicholas.  
There is a Santa Claus.  
I thought you people | didn't even believe in him.  
You...  
No, no.  
No.  
All right, hold it right there.  
- All right, what are your names? | - Rabinowitz.  
Rabinowitz? Rabin...  
- All right, what about you? | - Shlomo Lipschitz.

Shlomo? | Like the replay or what?  
What in the hell | do we have here?  
Oh.

Looks like someone punched out | Mr. Greers festival of lights.

Hey, Shlomo there says | he saw someone in a Santa suit

- outside the store. | - A Santa suit?

- Is that what he said? Are you sure? | - Okay.

Something just isn't kosher here.

We're taking you down | to the station for a little questioning.

Potts, grab that Amish group | outside, too.

Come on, kid.

All right, watch your head there, | Yitzkak.

- Hello, is Mary there? | - Yeah, hold on.

- Hello? | - Mac.

- Hey, did you hear about Heaven Scent? | - I know, I was there.

- What? Where are you now? | - I'm at the police station.

I've gotta talk to you. | Can you come pick me up?

- Yeah, I'll be right there. | - Okay, thanks.

Yuleson. Nicholas Yuleson?

Captain Caulk will see you now.

Don you now your gay apparel.

We got an eye-witness account | that a man dressed as Santa Claus  
was seen leaving the store about | the same time you said you arrived.

Captain, this might be something | that predates all of us.

Santa Claus is not a myth | or a legend.

He's real, only he's not | bearing gifts and presents anymore.

Son, are you saying Santa

is offing everyone | who's naughty and nice?

That's exactly what I'm saying, | Captain. Look...

- Here. | - Gee, Nicholas, that's a swell clock,

but why should I give a damn | what time is is in "Green-witch?"

I figure that we have until about 7 p.m. | That'd be midnight at the Pole.

The North Pole's time zone is the same | as the Greenwich Mean Time.

**7:**

Christmas would be | officially over for Santa.

Maybe.

Well, thanks | for the lesson there, sport,

but I already know | how to tell time.

Now, I don't wanna hear | any more about Santa.

Captain, my grandfather thinks...

Oh, the grandfather! | That's all I needed to hear.

- Please, just listen! | - You're as big a nut as he is.

Thank you for completely | wasting my fucking time!

I know it sounds crazy, | but you have to believe me.  
Leave now, | and I won't have you committed  
- to the farm at Northville. | - Just wait, all right?  
Fine! | You've been warned.  
Looks like the killings form...  
form the shape | of a Christmas tree.  
Maybe his next killing  
will be right here.  
You know, | like the star on the tree.  
Yeah, the Christmas tree killer.  
I don't know. | No, no, looks like more  
like an irregular polygon, | you know.  
It's a geometrical | enclosed shape.  
You see, it's a closed figure  
made up of adjoining | line segments.  
Mac, there's some | crazy shit going on,  
and Mr. Greers death | is just the beginning.  
- What do you mean? | - We have to get to my house  
and find my grandpa.  
Come in!  
This better be good.  
- Ho ho ho! | - Oh no!  
Don we now our gay apparel  
Na-na-na na-na-na | na-na-na  
Troll the ancient | Yuletide carol  
Na na na-na-na-na  
Because of everything that's happening | and the Book of Claus, I no longer  
think  
that my grandpa's crazy. He might be | the only sane person in this town.  
According to this, | everything should be over  
in a little more than... | four hours.  
What is it with you and Caulk?  
How ridiculous! He sucks.  
Caulk?  
That's not Captain Caulk.  
Oh shit!  
We gotta get out of here now! | Floor it!  
Okay, under the seat! | Get my father's gun!  
He's gone!  
Oh my God!  
- Bullets! There's no bullets! | - Where is he? Where is he?  
- What the hell are you doing?! | - Trying to make it harder.  
Yeah? For him or me?  
- Now what? | - Here.

- Unlock the barrel. | - Huh?  
Just break it open!  
Put the shell | into the breech.  
Put the bullet in the hole!  
- "Top Gun"! | - What?  
Slam on the breaks | and let him fly right by.  
Now step on it!  
Damn it!  
Here, hold this.  
Let's go!  
Come on, hurry up.  
Grandpa! Grandpa!  
Mr. Yuleson! Mr. Yuleson!  
Grandpa! | Basement, he's in the basement.  
The Day of Slayings. | You were right, Grandpa.  
- I'm so sorry I doubted you. | - Were the two of you followed here?  
Kids, did Santa Claus | follow you here?  
He tried to pull us over  
and-and Nicholas shot him!  
You shot Santa?!  
- What is this place? | - How much time to we have, Grandpa?  
Uh, it'll be midnight at the Pole  
in three hours and eight minutes.  
If Santa followed you here, | we're all in great danger.  
I've built this as a shelter, | not a fortress.  
What are those people | doing here?  
- Who carols? | - Especially during the day.  
- I'm gonna go warn them. | - Mary, wait. Nicky...  
I'll go get her.  
Silent night  
- All is calm... | - Go home! Get out of here!  
- All is... | - Run away! Santa's on the loose!  
Excuse me.  
Downstairs!  
Come on, we have | to get out of here now!  
We're trapped in a closet | on Christmas  
with Santa trying to murder us. | How fucked up is that?  
- What are we gonna do? | - Mary, be a dear  
and fetch me that can | of Tinactin there.  
Oh, genius, we'll use some | Tough Actir Tinactin on Santa.  
What are the chances of calming | Claus down when we  
- cure him of his athlete's foot? | - Mary, please.  
Okay, you're crazy again.  
- Here. | - What do these do?

These are gonna do us | a lot of good in here.  
Besides, how are we even | gonna get to the garage?  
Have faith, Nicky, | and follow me.  
Nicholas, I'm scared.  
I know. You're doing | a good job of faking it.  
We only have to make it | in another 2.5 more hours.  
- Then we should be okay. | - I'm still scared.  
Voil.  
We'll head towards the Hell's Bells | and alert everybody we can find.  
Now, fire up these bad babies  
and let's get out of here.  
You've really let yourself go, | haven't ya?  
What are you packing around there? | An extra two bills I bet.  
Mrs. Claus, | she's one hell of a cook.  
Not much of a hairdresser, though.  
Oh, I've waited a long time | for this day.  
Not half as long as I have.  
Unfortunately, | your time is about to expire.  
So you're done spreading joy  
and warming the hearts | of children everywhere?  
I hate children! | For centuries,  
I've received | millions of their letters,  
and now I'm free to hunt down  
every last one of those brats.  
Such a long time | and nothing learned.  
Enough! | There's only one thing  
that can make this | Dag of Mort complete.  
- Nicky, go! | - I won't leave you. Get on!  
Grandpa!  
No!  
Aww, grandpa got run over | by a reindeer.  
Get on!  
Christmas time, | Christmas time  
- Up there, up there! | - Christmas time, Christmas time  
Ho ho ho!  
When I was a young boy  
Santa was nice to me  
The streets of the town were paved | with presents on me  
- You got to get out of the open. | - Really?  
The woods! | Head for the woods.  
Chopping down | all our trees  
I wonder whatever happened  
To Christmas time for me  
Aaah!

Yeah, we got to get | out of the woods.

You think?

Aah!

Hold on!

Christmas time, | Christmas time

Christmas time, | Christmas time

Christmas time, | Christmas time

Next time, | I'm driving!

Next time?

Pull!

Oh my God!

- Look out! | - Look out!

**Both:**

- Run away! Santa's on his way! | - What the...

- Santa's coming. Get out of here! | - Run for your life!

- Look out! | - Run for your life!

- Save yourself! | - Damn kids!

Minister!

Sorry, okay, | here we go.

Ready and one | and two and three and...

What the hell?

- No! | - Look out, Harry!

Move, you skanks!

Holy shit!

Nicholas, | get off the sidewalk!

Okay!

Sweet Jesus!

I see you've met | my hell deer.

What in God's name | are you doing?

Why, I'm just trying to spread | a little Yuletide fear.

What do we do now?

We make ourselves scarce | and we hope and we pray  
that the "12 Days | of Christmas" song is bullshit.

We got to go now!

Oh.

Think you better find | something else there, Superman.

Great, he'll never find us now.

Okay, shut your hole | and help me through this window.

All right... you're going to need | to suck it in.

You're going to need | to push from the top.

I swear to God, Nicholas! | Am I going to have to make  
every first move | in this relationship?

- How much time do we have? | - The clock's in my backpack.

- What's this? | - It's a nutcracker.  
- You think? | - Don't pull that!  
My grandpa must have | slipped it in there.  
It was the last thing | he was working on.  
Look, there's | a tag on it.  
A Christmas present?  
He loved you a lot.  
58 minutes, | that's it.  
So what's the plan? | Just hide out and wait  
for Christmas to pass? | He'll be here soon.  
He's just going to keep killing. | We have to try and stop him.  
I don't think | he's unstoppable.  
You saw what happened | on the truck, when I shot him?  
We have two choices... | defense or offense.  
We can be defensive | and try to distract him  
until midnight | when he's powerless,  
or we can go on the offense | and lead him back  
towards those skeet shooters | and finally put an end to Christmas.  
Let's take a swing.  
Let's get out of here. | This time we use the door.  
- Shit, it's out again. | - Well keep hitting it.  
It's cashed.  
You call this a practical gift?  
A practical gift would be batteries.  
Yeah, that's really helpful | right now, Mac.  
- That was you, right? | - Mm-mmm.  
Who's your daddy?  
Father Christmas.  
Come on let's go!  
- Where to?! | - Anywhere!  
Forget about earlier. Let's go with | the defensive chicken plan.  
- Maybe we should split up! | - How cliché of you!  
Oh hell no!  
Let's just hide.  
Sssh.  
Not a creature is stirring?  
Christmas can sure scare | the Dickens out of people.  
Oh. Oh.  
Goddamn it, | that really hurt!  
Quit using the Lord's name | in vain, A-hole.  
You sound | just like my grandpa,  
except for | the A-hole part.  
- Whoa! | - Aaaaah!  
You okay, Nicholas?

My head hurts.

Oh, come over here, | you baby man.

I still can't believe that we're being | hunted by Santa of all f-ing people.

We're going to get through this.

We'll be home safe soon.

I just realized | that I have no one.

I'm so sorry, Nicholas.

You have me.

Besides, I know your grandfather | will always be looking after you.

But whatever happens, | I'm glad that I'm with you.

I just love how the holidays  
always seem to bring people | closer together.

I'm Santa Claus! | Not fucking Dracula!

Again, | the foolish archangel,

Hellsgate Yuleson.

The only angel to give up | his immortality for an earthly woman.

I'm beginning to feel | a little more like my old self again.

Wicked, your grandfather's | an angel.

I told you | he'd look after you.

I swear I'll never take | the Lord's name in vain again.

You're forgiven, Nicholas.

Sorry I couldn't have made | you death a more painful one.

How did you know | I'd find you?

You said you'd | go to Hell and back to find me  
once the bet was over.

So I moved to Hell Township.

Is your grandfather | always so literal?

I had to make sure  
you would honor | our wager.

It was easy to find you.

"Dear Santa,

I've been a good boy | nearly every day this year.

I wanted to see you | at the mall,

but my grandfather | finished curling practice too late.

I don't think | he really wanted to go,

so I'm writing you this letter | to tell you  
what I would like | for Christmas.

Can I please have | a mini-bake oven?

Sincerely, | Nicholas Yuleson"

29 Meadowlark Lane.

Hell Township.

Let the boy go. | It's me you really want.

On the contrary, I knew the boy | would lead me to you and he did.

Now that he's | the last remaining Yuleson...  
Why don't we settle this, | Claus?  
Care to redeem yourself?  
This time,  
I set the stakes.  
If I win, | there's no more Day of Slayings.  
It's back to being good | once and for all.  
- How 'bout it? | - When you lose,  
you will enter | that hell hole  
and your soul will be enslaved | for all of eternity.  
- How about that? | - Grandpa!  
Nicky, just remember,  
the only won'th-while gifts  
are practical ones.  
Go!  
Damn!  
I hope you enjoyed | your little furlough.  
Now, let's finish this.  
- Grandpa! | - Aaaaah!  
- Grandpa! | - Yes!  
Not to worry. | You'll be joining him  
soon enough.  
The clock just struck midnight | at the Pole.  
Christmas is officially over | for you, Santa.  
You know,  
most people | make the same mistake.  
The correct time at the Pole | is completely discretionary  
because the Poles | are where all the time zones  
actually converge.  
He's scary, | yet educational.  
So, what I'm saying,  
nitwits,  
is that Christmas is over  
when I say it's over.  
Chest-nut.  
Hello?  
Let's turn up the heat!  
I'm roasting!  
Here, give me your hand. | I got you!  
Pull!  
Remember me?!  
Come on! | Pull, Mac!  
Get back in line!  
Ha!

Honey, I had | the most terrible nightmare.  
Visions of sugarplums?  
So, is everyone okay?  
I'm fine, but I think | you have some explaining to do.  
Okay.  
My boy,  
I loved your grandmother | very, very much.  
What powers I had, | I lost all for her.  
I'm telling you, kids, | Santa's bluffing.  
He's powerless now.  
Let's go after him and put an end | to this once and for all.  
What do you say?  
- Okay, we'll go. | - Yeah.  
- Grandpa? | - I don't believe I can cross.  
I can't leave you, | Grandpa. Not again.  
I don't recall | raising a sally!  
Now go! | I promise  
I'll be around.  
Time to go on the offense.  
The bears eat salmon.  
They stand there all damn day | and wait for those fish to jump up.  
I wouldn't touch 'em though.  
That time of year, | they look like monsters.  
Their muzzles are all disgusting | and everything.  
Hey. Hey, there's that asshole | who blew by here earlier.  
And my baby sister.  
- Come on, we need your help. | - What?  
Come on, hurry up.  
How would you like to tell | everyone in your park...  
your block, that you have | a bird deer mounted on your wall?  
What do you mean?  
I'm sure half of you guys | have been dreaming about this  
your entire lives. | Hunting a flying buck?  
And you know | where one is?  
Just get ready. I'm going to give | the special bird deer call.  
The little prick was right.  
It's a reindeer.  
- Come on, man. | - Load up, load up.  
You're going down  
in history.  
Here. | You can do it.  
- Oh! | - Yeah!  
- Ah! | - Oh!  
Whooo-hoooo!

Daddy?

Hi, sweetheart!

Daddy, | where did you get that bazooka?

Vinnie gave it to me | for Christmas.

He'd been saving up | his llama loot.

Isn't it great?

It only cost me a lung.

And your vocal chords.

That sure looks like | Santa to me.

I guess Christmas is over. | Santa's stuck on the North Pole.

Mac!

It's Pastor Timmons.

Pastor Timmons | is the psycho Santa guy?

What a scandal. | I was one of his alter boys.

What?

All right, | everyone stand back.

Things are about | to get a little messy.

And make sure you include | in your report

that the light anti-tank weapon | is registered.

- Thank you. | - Let's go bag the stag.

Hey, Mary! | You want to come help?

No, you have fun, | Daddy.

Why didn't you | say anything?

Christmas is over,

Santa's gone. | Why should they live in fear?

But he's still out there.

I think my saga's | just beginning.

Hey, I think | your dad left this.

He'll probably need it.

I got you.

Hey, | I got you.

Yeah, but you hit | like a girl.

Yeah, well you kiss | like a guy.

So... | Mr. Satan.

Actually, | that's "Shatan."

Oh, | like the hockey player.

Well, we have you

connecting in Winnipeg and...

continuing on too...

Borneo Airport, | North Pole.

That's correct.

How many bags | do you have to check, sir?

Just one.

Has your... sack

been out of your sight | at all?  
Well, just have a seat.  
We'll board in 10 minutes.  
Can I help | the next person, please?  
One two three...  
Bye bye, Santa  
Santa, bye bye  
Bye bye, Santa  
I ain't going to cry  
You killed my gramps | and you're trying to kill me  
I hope your sleigh | goes down in the sea  
Bye bye, Santa  
Santa, bye bye  
Bye bye, Santa  
I know it's too bad  
I thought you were sweet and nice, | but I think we've been had  
If you were to go | on a terror run  
Yeah, I'm glad | we shot you down with a gun  
Bye bye, Santa  
Santa, bye bye  
I bet you ate Rudolph, | I bet you killed him  
I bet you tore Dasher up | limb by limb  
I just have a question, | I just can't see  
Why you got to be | so mean to me?  
Bye bye, Santa  
Santa, bye bye  
Bye bye, Santa  
I ain't going to cry  
You killed my gramps | and you're trying to kill me  
I hope your sleigh | goes down in the sea  
Bye bye, Santa  
Santa, bye bye  
Bye bye, Santa  
Santa, bye bye  
Bye bye, Santa  
Santa, bye bye.  
Deck the halls | with boughs of holly  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
'Tis the season | to be jolly  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
Don we now | our gay apparel  
Na na na, na na na, | na na na  
Troll the ancient | Yuletide carol  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na

See the blazing Yule | before us  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
Strike the lamp | and join the chorus  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
Follow me | in merry measure  
Na na na, na na na, | na na na  
While I tell | of Yuletide treasure  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
Deck the halls | with boughs of holly  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
'Tis the season | to be jolly  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
Don we now | our gay apparel  
Na na na, na na na, | na na na  
Troll the ancient | Yuletide carol  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na  
Na na na na naaa, na na na na  
Na na na na naaa, | na na na na.  
Christmas in Detroit, | down river style  
From the Straits of Gibraltar | to the tip of Belle Isle  
Christmas in Detroit, | check it and see  
It's a family reunion | just aspects of me  
Christmas in Detroit  
It's going to blow your mind  
Santa don't have | nowhere to park his sleigh  
With the crumbling rooftops | and the urban decay  
Ain't got no chimney | to crawl down  
And if he don't bring Rudolph, | just shoot him down  
Christmas in Detroit  
It's going to blow your mind  
Christmas in Detroit | has a down river style  
From the Straits of Gibraltar | to the tip of Belle Isle  
Christmas in Detroit, | check it and see  
It's a family reunion | just aspects of me  
Christmas in Detroit  
It's going to blow your mind.  
Who's next?