

Santa Con Carnage

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Snow falls steadily throughout the night sky. The camera slowly pans down to a city street, Christmas lights and decorations are strewn all about.

MONTAGE:

INT. COSTUME STORE(S) - NIGHT

Multiple close ups of various hands grabbing at Santa Claus costumes.

INT. BAR(S) - NIGHT

Various barkeeps sweeping and mopping their empty bars, general upkeep.

INT. COSTUME STORE(S) - NIGHT

Men and women of all sorts purchasing their Santa costumes at the cash register.

Close ups of cash being exchanged.

INT. BAR(S) - NIGHT

Various barkeeps opening and closing their cash registers.

Close ups of cash being counted.

INT. HOME(S) - NIGHT

Men and women of all sorts trying on Christmas-y costumes in front of the mirror.

EXT. BAR(S) - NIGHT

Barkeeps hanging handwritten signs on their front doors and windows. The signs read: NO SANTAS, NO ELVES, NO SEXY SANTAS, NO SEXY ELVES, etc.

TITLE: Santa Con Carnage

END MONTAGE.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

A school bell rings as three young women emerge from within:

ELSIE (20) - smart and pretty, but like small town pretty

COLLEEN (20) - nerdy and proud of it

TONYA (21) - the hot one with ulterior motives

The three women walk down the street as they talk.

TONYA

Man, I thought this Winter Break
would never come.

COLLEEN

I can't wait to see what Santa got
me this year. And by Santa I mean
Larry, my mom's new boyfriend.

TONYA

Oh, I've been there. Enjoy it while
it lasts, he won't be buying your
affection forever.

ELSIE

I'm pretty sure I've hit that age
where I stop getting real presents
and people just start giving me
money and socks.

COLLEEN

Yeah, but what's wrong with that?

ELSIE

Well, for starters, I don't even
wear socks.

TONYA

Elsie, what the fuck are you
talking about?

ELSIE

I don't wear socks. See?

Elsie shows the girls that she isn't wearing socks.

ELSIE

I don't believe in them.

(CONTINUED)

TONYA

That's not a thing. You have to wear socks, Elsie!

ELSIE

I'll wear socks when I'm dead.

COLLEEN

You can't not believe in something that actually exists. Socks aren't Santa Claus.

They pass a SALVATION ARMY SANTA on the corner.

SALVATION ARMY SANTA

Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas. Merry... whatever.

He takes a swig from a flask hidden in his hat. The girls continue past him without looking.

ELSIE

Speaking of, you ready for Santa Con?

COLLEEN

What? Already?

ELSIE

How have you not heard about that? It's been all over the news, Colleen.

COLLEEN

Oh, I only watch Fuse and the Disney Channel.

ELSIE

Yeah, well, we need to lock the door and barricade all the windows shut.

TONYA

You guys aren't going to that party?

ELSIE

What party?

TONYA

That party. The secret one. Were you not invited or... ?

(CONTINUED)

COLLEEN

No, I mean... no, I wasn't.

TONYA

Okay, you didn't hear it from me but Josh Mitchell is throwing this huge secret Santa Con party in his dad's warehouse this weekend.

ELSIE

(sarcastically)

Great, all of the biggest douchebags from our school under one roof. Sign me up!

TONYA

Oh, so I guess Blake Roberts is just another douche now?

ELSIE

What, no? I didn't say that. What? Wait, is Blake going?

TONYA

Elsie, every Santa who is any Santa will be there.

COLLEEN

I'm still indifferent about it.

ELSIE

Tonya, you HAVE to get us into this party!

TONYA

I don't know... what's in it for me?

ELSIE

Well... we're your friends...

TONYA

And?

ELSIE

And that should be enough of a reason...

TONYA

Oh, sweetie. It's not.

They come to a train station entrance, Tonya starts down the steps.

(CONTINUED)

TONYA

Have fun not going to the awesome
secret party I just told you about
by accident!

ELSIE

Wait!

Tonya stops, turns.

ELSIE

I'll give you my beanie baby
collection.

TONYA

(squeals with joy)
Even Princess Diana Bear?

ELSIE

No way! My nana bought her for me
in England!

Tonya turns to leave again.

ELSIE

Okay okay, fine. Princess Diana
Bear too.

TONYA

Great! I'll get you two put on the
list then.

Tonya exits.

COLLEEN

Tonya's kind of a bitch, huh?

INT. DORM LOBBY - NIGHT

Elsie and Colleen enter the dorm and approach the SECURITY
GUARD sitting at the front desk to show him their student
IDs.

ELSIE

Mark my words, Colleen. Blake and I
will be telling our children about
this party for years to come.

COLLEEN

I don't understand why you're so
hung up on this guy. He's not your
type at all.

(CONTINUED)

ELSIE

What do you mean "not my type"? Hot
is everyone's type! OH--

Elsie accidentally bumps into CALEB (20), lanky and awkward,
who stands next to his friend EDGAR (21), a stout nerd.

CALEB

Hey, Elsie!

ELSIE

Caleb, hi. I didn't see you there.

CALEB

Oh haha yeah, I've been standing
here this whole time.

ELSIE

Cool. Um, so, what's up?

CALEB

We were just heading to the game
store to play Magic the Gathering.

Edgar nudges him in the ribs.

CALEB

It's, uh, it's a trading card based
strategy game.

Edgar nudges him in the ribs again.

CALEB

Hey! I, uh, do you wanna come
with--

Edgar nudges him one more time.

CALEB

Ow! What the hell, man?

EDGAR

He means we're going to play
sports. Night sports. We play
sports all the time, at night.

COLLEEN

(feigns cough)

BULLSHIT.

ELSIE

Yeah, we're gonna go upstairs and
watch Ru-Paul's Drag Race now...

CALEB

Hey wait, um, what party were you guys talking about?

Elsie and Colleen glance at each other.

ELSIE

Well... it's a secret. Bye!

CALEB

Wait! I love secrets! Is it like a secret Christmas party?

COLLEEN

We're not at liberty to discuss.

EDGAR

Come on, what is this? The CIA? You can trust us.

CALEB

Yeah, Elsie. Remember that time you wiped a booger on Colleen's prom dress and you made me promise not to tell anyone? Well, I didn't!

Colleen looks betrayed.

CALEB

Oh shit.

Elsie pulls Caleb aside, speaks quietly.

ELSIE

Look, it's a secret Santa Con party okay?

CALEB

But Santa Con is--

ELSIE

Douche-y, yeah. I know. That's why the party is a secret I guess.

CALEB

So can we come? You know, I like to do douche-y stuff too sometimes.

ELSIE

Look, if it were up to me I'd say yes. But the reality is it's invite only and we just barely made it on the list ourselves. I'm sorry, Caleb. Maybe next year.

Elsie walks back over to Colleen, puts a hand on her shoulder as they approach the elevators.

COLLEEN

(angry)

Don't put your booger hands on me.

They exit.

EDGAR

That was painful to watch.

CALEB

It's just a matter of time till I win her heart. You'll see.

EDGAR

Whatever you say, booger hands.

Edgar and Caleb leave the dorms.

EXT. DORM/SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Edgar and Caleb exit the front entrance of the dormitory and walk down the street.

CALEB

I'm so close now I can taste it.

EDGAR

Are you sure that's not the taste of the room temperature pizza we had for dinner?

CALEB

I'm crazy about her, Edgar. I've been crazy about her since the moment I saw her back in middle school.

EDGAR

Sucks, man. You know she's totally going to hook up with Blake at that party right?

CALEB

Not if I have anything to say about it.

EDGAR

He's hot, Caleb. She's into him. Deal with it.

(CONTINUED)

CALEB

No no no. We're getting into that party. We're getting into that party no matter what.

EDGAR

Do you even realize how big of a cock block you're being right now?

CALEB

Yes, but I'm being a cock block for love. There's a difference.

EDGAR

Is there though?

CALEB

I don't know, probably.

They come to a store with several televisions piled up in the storefront window. The televisions are playing a breaking news report.

Caleb and Edgar stop to listen to the NEWS ANCHOR as a ticker tape scrolls across the bottom of the television: BREAKING NEWS - DANGEROUS ESCAPED CONVICT ON THE LOOSE.

A large HOODED MAN walks up next to Caleb and Edgar while they are transfixed by the news report.

NEWS ANCHOR

--is a convicted felon and should be considered possibly armed and extremely dangerous. Police are reporting 10 killed and at least 30 injured at Clinton Correctional Facility, the maximum security prison from which Benedetti escaped just hours ago. While police have yet to target Benedetti's exact whereabouts, officials have determined him to have fled the state and are now--

Caleb and Edgar continue on their way.

EDGAR

How do you just escape a maximum security prison?

CALEB

I don't know... the guy must be hell a strong.

(CONTINUED)

As they leave, the hooded man who walked up next to them turns to the camera. It's the CONVICT, very tall and very muscular. His face looks just like the mugshot on the news.

The convict smirks to himself then starts down the street after Caleb and Edgar, slowly.

Caleb and Edgar walk past a bar, continue out of frame. Outside the bar stumble two DRUNK SANTAS, one with a black beanie on instead of a Santa hat.

The convict continues towards the drunk santas.

DRUNK SANTA 1
... Teach you to kick us out of
your crappy bar.

DRUNK SANTA 2
Don't do it, bro. It's not worth
it.

DRUNK SANTA 1
That guy is a fucking pussy, bro!

Drunk Santa 1 starts peeing on the wall of the bar.

DRUNK SANTA 2
Aw sick!

Drunk Santa 2 pulls out his phone and starts recording a video.

DRUNK SANTA 1
Fuck the police! Dude, are you
taking a video right now?

Drunk Santa 1 turns to Drunk Santa 2 while still peeing and accidentally pees on the convict.

DRUNK SANTA 2
(laughing)
Oh shit, bro!

The convict looks down at his piss-soaked pants, then up at Drunk Santa 1 who has finally stopped peeing.

CONVICT
You just pissed on the wrong boots.

He snarls, grabbing Drunk Santa 1's head and snapping his neck with ease. Drunk Santa 1 falls to the ground, dead.

Drunk Santa 2 puts his phone down.

DRUNK SANTA 2
Br-Bradley?

The convict laughs as he approaches Drunk Santa 2.

DRUNK SANTA 2
What the fuck, bro? Stay away from
me!

Drunk Santa 2 stumbles back, trips and falls against a nearby parked car.

The convict looms over him, ripping one of the windshield wipers off of the car and jamming it straight into Drunk Santa 2's eye.

Blood spurts out of Drunk Santa 2's eye socket. He coughs up some more blood then rolls over, dead.

The convict undresses Drunk Santa 2 and takes off his black beanie, which turns out to be a ski mask with an upside down cross on it. He puts it on, covering up his face.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Elsie and Colleen sit on the floor of their dorm room in their pajamas playing Jenga.

COLLEEN
Don't fuck up, Elsie... Don't fuck
up!

Elsie successfully removes a wood block from the tower.

ELSIE
Okay, I won't.

COLLEEN
Damn it! Why doesn't that ever
work?

ELSIE
Don't fuck up! Don't fuck uuuuuppp!

Colleen fucks up, loses Jenga.

COLLEEN
Alright, now that doesn't count.

ELSIE
Fine. Put it back the way it was
then.

(CONTINUED)

COLLEEN

Whatever, this game is terrible for my anxiety anyways.

Elsie laughs at Colleen as she scoops up the wooden Jenga blocks and puts them back in the box.

ELSIE

I can't believe we're actually doing Santa Con this year.

COLLEEN

I know, isn't it exciting?

ELSIE

Not really... Ugh I feel like such a tool.

COLLEEN

Come on, Elsie. Where's your Christmas spirit?

ELSIE

Santa Con has nothing to do with Christmas spirit! It's just another lame excuse for frat boys to get wasted all day.

COLLEEN

If you hate it so much then why do you even wanna go so bad?

ELSIE

You know why, Colleen.

COLLEEN

Blake?

ELSIE

I need him to get me pregnant.

COLLEEN

I can't tell if I think that's really gross or really hot.

ELSIE

Blake Roberts and I are hooking up tomorrow night. No matter what.

COLLEEN

Well, you better get to him before Tonya does.

(CONTINUED)

ELSIE

What's that supposed to mean?

COLLEEN

Come on, let's be real here. You know how big of a bitch Tonya can be.

ELSIE

But she knows I like him.

COLLEEN

Which is exactly why she'll try to get to him first! That's probably the only reason she invited us.

ELSIE

Man. Why are we friends with that girl?

COLLEEN

Because her parents are rich.

ELSIE

Oh yeah. Right.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Elsie and Colleen stand on a busy street corner in full Santa Con attire. Colleen is dressed like an elf and Elsie is wearing a traditional Santa costume with a beard.

A cab pulls up to the sidewalk, out steps Tonya in a very skimpy Santa dress. People stop and take notice of her as she approaches Elsie and Colleen.

TONYA

Sup, bitches?

ELSIE

THAT'S what you're wearing?

TONYA

I know, cute right?

COLLEEN

You don't look anything like Santa!

TONYA

Um, the sexy Santa is a Santa Con staple. Don't act like you're not jelly.

(CONTINUED)

ELSIE

So, um, when are we meeting Blake?

Colleen rolls her eyes.

TONYA

Oh, they should be here any minute.

ELSIE

What? Here?!

BLAKE (O.S.)

Oh hey.

BLAKE, wearing the male equivalent of a sexy Santa costume, approaches the girls followed closely by his jock friend LONNIE, who is dressed like a sexy reindeer.

Elsie struggles to remove her beard before Blake gets there.

TONYA

Blake, you made it! And you look so hot.

BLAKE

Thanks, I know.

Blake notices Elsie struggling with her beard.

BLAKE

... Elsie?

She freezes, turns to face him.

ELSIE

Blake! Hi! What are you doing here?

BLAKE

Just going to a secret party.

ELSIE

Hey, me too!

BLAKE

Sick beard.

ELSIE

(laughing nervously)

Oh, this is nothing. You should see the other guy.

Colleen face palms it.

There's a brief awkward silence followed by Blake laughing hysterically. Elsie sighs, relieved.

COLLEEN

Hi, I'm Colleen.

She extends her hand for a hand shake and Blake slaps it like a weird high five.

BLAKE

Cool, yeah. You guys know Lonnie, right?

LONNIE

Yo.

COLLEEN

I don't--

ELSIE

Psh, yeah. Yeah, of course we know Lonnie. Sup, Lonnie?

LONNIE

Chillin.

Tonya slides her way back into the conversation by grabbing Blake by the arm.

TONYA

(fake laughing)

Lonnie's the best. So Blake, where's this party?

BLAKE

Like fifteen minutes from here. Come on, let's go drink ourselves shitty.

Tonya and Blake lead the way. Elsie glares at Tonya, who seems unphased.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Tonya and Blake continue down the street leading the rest of the group.

TONYA

Oh my god, have you been working out?

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

I mean, yeah. Obviously. I-- SHIT!

Blake and Tonya come to a screeching halt. Before them looms the convict, smoking a cigarette. He leers at Tonya in her skimpy outfit.

TONYA

Ugh. Outta the way, perv.

They continue past the convict. Elsie eyes him suspiciously. The convict licks his lips.

BLAKE

So anyway, yeah I work out all the time.

TONYA

Ooh, like what's your routine though?

BLAKE

Bi's and tri's on Monday, delts and quads on Tuesday, cardio...

The sound of Blake listing muscles and exercises fades into the distance. The convict stands in place, staring at Tonya's exceptionally short skirt.

He flicks his cigarette to the curb and follows.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A huge warehouse rests in the middle of nowhere. The group studies the building from across the street.

BLAKE

Here we are.

COLLEEN

Are you sure this is it?

BLAKE

Positive.

Blake crosses the street followed closely by Tonya and Lonnie. Elsie and Colleen look to each other and shrug.

They cross the street after them.

Blake approaches the front door of the nondescript building. Carefully, he knocks 11 times to the tune of "Jingle Bells."

(CONTINUED)

A large BOUNCER, dressed as an elf, opens the warehouse door and pops his head out.

BOUNCER

Let me see some ID.

The group hands over their IDs and one by one are allowed into the building.

Elsie is last in line. Just as she hands her ID over to the bouncer, somebody grabs hold of her arm. She jumps, startled.

It's Caleb. He stands hunched over and out of breath, dressed as a Santa. Edgar stands next to him, also dressed as a Santa.

ELSIE

Caleb! How did you get invited?

CALEB

Oh, we just followed you from the door--

Edgar nudges Caleb in the ribs.

CALEB

Google. We... uh. Googled it.

ELSIE

Cool... well, see you inside I guess.

CALEB

Yeah, you will!

Elsie heads inside.

BOUNCER

ID.

CALEB

Right, yeah sure.

EDGAR

I only have my passport with me... that cool?

The bouncer takes their IDs and looks them over, then he checks his list.

BOUNCER

Sorry, you're not on the list.

EDGAR

List? There's a list?

CALEB

What do you mean? Check again.

As the bouncer goes to check again, Caleb tries to run past him. Bouncer body checks him, Caleb falls to the ground.

CALEB

Please! I have to go to this party.
My future wife is in there and
she's about to make the biggest
mistake of her life!

BOUNCER

Don't worry, kid. Plenty of other
Santas in the sea.

Bouncer closes the door and locks it. Caleb weeps in silence.

EDGAR

Get up, man. You look pathetic.

He helps Caleb to his feet.

EDGAR

Come on, screw that guy. We'll just
find another way in.

They head around the corner. The convict watches from across the street.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Elsie stands at the center of a massive warehouse party. There are drunk Santa bros and girl bros everywhere.

A huge banner that reads "Santa's Twerkshop" hangs from atop a balcony from which DJ KRINGLE is spinning a shitty techno remix of a beloved Christmas carol.

DJ KRINGLE

How're all you ho ho ho's doing
tonight?

The crowd cheers.

(CONTINUED)

DJ KRINGLE
You guys partying your jingle balls
off?

The crowd cheers again, louder.

DJ KRINGLE
Alright, that's what I like to
hear! Yo yo, shouts out to my man
Josh Mitchel!

The crowd cheers for a third time. JOSH MITCHELL "woos"
loudly, fist bumping. He's wearing a tacky Christmas
sweater.

DJ KRINGLE
This next one's for all of you on
the naughty list this year.

DJ Kringle starts playing another shitty techno remix.

ELSIE
Wow, this party is awful.

COLLEEN
I don't know, I kinda like this
song...

ELSIE
Gross, Colleen. Hey, where'd Blake
go?

Colleen motions across the room to Tonya who is leading
Blake over to the kegs.

ELSIE
That bitch!

Elsie makes her way after them. Colleen is left standing
alone with Lonnie.

COLLEEN
So um. Who's your favorite
reindeer?

LONNIE
Don't bother. I'm not nearly drunk
enough yet.

Lonnie walks away.

COLLEEN
(to no one in particular)
Mine's Prancer.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The convict approaches the front door, knocks loudly. No answer. He knocks louder, still nothing.

A stoner Santa couple, BOB and KAREN, approaches the entrance trying to hide a large bag of weed. The convict steps aside.

KAREN
Just crotch it.

BOB
What if this guy pats my junk?

KAREN
Tell him you had a surgery. He'll understand.

They do the secret Jingle Bells knock on the door. The door swings open and the bouncer comes out.

BOUNCER
IDs.

The stoner Santas flash their IDs and enter the warehouse. The convict is last in line. He ignores the bouncer and tries to enter the building.

BOUNCER
Hey hey, woah. Let me see some ID.

CONVICT
Don't have any.

BOUNCER
Well then, you're not getting in.

The bouncer steps into the doorway, blocking the convict's way. The convict rolls his eyes.

CONVICT
Fine, hold on. I've got it here somewhere.

He rummages around in his pocket for a beat then whips out a butterfly knife. He plunges the knife deep into the bouncer's stomach, twisting it until the bouncer coughs up blood.

(CONTINUED)

Quickly, the convict drags the lifeless body over to a nearby pile of garbage and buries it underneath.

He wipes the bloody knife on his red outfit and enters the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The front door slams shut behind the convict. The stairway ahead is empty save for some Christmas decorations. A padlock with a key in it hangs off of some red and green lights.

Two large candy canes stand on either side of the doorway behind him, with more Christmas lights outlining the frame.

CONVICT

Tis the season...

The convict pulls the Christmas lights down and wraps them tightly around the door handles, shoving the two candy canes between the door handles and bending them around the door handles as well.

He takes the padlock and fastens it securely to the mass of tangled lights and candy canes, locking it shut and putting the key in his pocket.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Two sets of hands curl around the roof's ledge. Caleb and Edgar are barely able to pull themselves up.

They collapse on top of the roof, breathing heavily. Caleb gets to his feet and looks around.

CALEB

Wow. This neighborhood is so shitty.

EDGAR

I know, right? Smells bad too. Come on, I think I see an entrance.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three kegs sit in the corner of the room next to a table with a huge punch bowl resting on top. Elsie approaches the keg area of the warehouse party, walking right up to Tonya and Blake.

(CONTINUED)

TONYA
(giggling)
You're so interesting, Blake.

BLAKE
Yeah, I mean, I've had a six pack
since I was three years old so--

ELSIE
Oh hey, guys!

TONYA
Hi, do you need something? We're
sort of in the middle of a
conversation here.

ELSIE
Just a beer. You're kinda blocking
all of the kegs.

BLAKE
Here, let me get that for you.

ELSIE
Wow, uh, thanks Blake.

He hands her a red Solo cup filled with beer from one of the kegs.

BLAKE
Your beard.

ELSIE
(laughs awkwardly)
Yep, this is beer.

BLAKE
No, your beard. Where's your beard?

ELSIE
I... I'm sorry what?

BLAKE
Your beard. Your costume is like
totally incomplete without it.

ELSIE
Oh, uh, okay.

She takes out the beard and carefully places it back on her face.

(CONTINUED)

ELSIE
Better?

BLAKE
Much.

They stare into each others' eyes for a beat.

TONYA
Ugh, get a room. No wait, don't do that. Ignore that.

Suddenly, a familiar voice comes up on the loudspeaker.

DJ KRINGLE
Alright, all you Christmas carolers. We're gonna be playing a round of 12 Days of Christmas in just a couple of minutes. Anyone interested should head on over to the shots table pronto.

ELSIE
What's 12 Days of Christmas?

BLAKE
Only the best Christmas themed drinking game ever!

TONYA
OMG, Elsie. You've never heard of, uh, that game we were just talking about before? Come on, Blake. Let's go play it without her!

Tonya drags Blake across the room, Elsie follows persistently.

Suddenly, Caleb pops up out of nowhere getting in her way.

ELSIE
Jesus fuck!

CALEB
Fancy meeting you here.

ELSIE
Out of my way, Caleb. I have a drinking game to play.

CALEB
Oh, what drinking game? Can I play too?

ELSIE

No, bye.

CALEB

Wait. But. Please?

He hurries after Elsie.

INT. DIFFERENT WAREHOUSE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elsie and Caleb approach a massively long table lined with rows and rows of full shot glasses. Elsie spots Blake and Tonya and squeezes in right next to them.

Caleb manages to squeeze himself in nearby as well.

A Santa dressed as a referee, SANTA REF, stands at the head of the table.

SANTA REF

Okay, Santas. The rules are simple. You have 12 shots before you. We're gonna play "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." Take a shot every time the word "you" is said. Got it? Good. Hit it!

"Santa Claus is Coming to Town" begins to play. Everyone takes a shot with the first "you" of the song. Elsie and Caleb miss it and have to play catch up.

Blake is knocking them back like a pro. Tonya swallows shots with ease but makes a disgusted face right after.

Colleen and Edgar watch from the side lines, shaking their heads in disapproval and sipping from their Solo cups.

Elsie eventually catches up to Tonya. By the middle of the song, they are neck and neck.

Caleb pukes all over himself.

Tonya and Elsie glare at each other while they drink. On the last shot, Tonya spills all over herself. Elsie laughs at her.

ELSIE

Fuck yeah! You suck at this!

TONYA

Shut up, I hate you!

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Looks like you can't hold your liquor. Get it? Cause she spilled it all over herself.

Tonya shrieks and storms off.

INT. BATHROOM LINE - CONTINUOUS

MAX, cool Santa with sunglasses, smokes a cigarette against the wall outside of the bathroom. Tonya rushes over and desperately tries to open the locked bathroom door.

MAX

There's a line, sweetheart.

TONYA

Ugh, but I'm all sticky!

MAX

Consider me interested.

TONYA

Do you mind if I go before you?

MAX

Yeah, I do.

Tonya pouts.

MAX

Tell you what. How about we just go at the same time?

TONYA

No way! I don't even know you!

MAX

Max.

He extends his hand for her to shake it. She stares at it for a beat, then shakes it cautiously.

TONYA

Tonya...

MAX

So how'd you get all sticky?

TONYA

It's whiskey. I spilled it.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

You seem like a girl that likes to party.

TONYA

I mean, like, I am pretty and popular...

MAX

Indeed you are. Tell me, Tonya, have you ever tried bath salts?

TONYA

No... Doesn't that stuff turn you into a cannibal or something?

MAX

Don't be stupid, that's just a myth. It's more like... having sex with Hercules, on top of Pegasus, while flying over a rainbow.

TONYA

Oh. Well, that actually sounds pretty amazing.

MAX

It is. Trust me.

TONYA

So... do you have some bath salts or... ?

MAX

Tonya, I have all of the bath salts.

Max opens his Santa suit to reveal a huge jar labeled "Bath Salts."

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Blake and Elsie are standing by the kegs, yelling at each other over the roar of the crowd around them.

BLAKE

Man, I am fucking wasted.

ELSIE

Me too! I've never been this drunk before!

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

I can't believe you did all of those shots.

Caleb weasels his way into frame.

CALEB

Yeah, that was so much fun!

He tries to hug Elsie, she jumps out of the way.

ELSIE

Ew! Gross, Caleb. Go switch clothes with somebody or something, you reek.

CALEB

Oh. Okay. I shall return, m'lady.

Caleb exits.

BLAKE

(to Elsie)

Cute. Do you know him?

ELSIE

No, I've never seen him before. Who are we talking about?

Colleen and Lonnie make their way over.

COLLEEN

Elsie, how are you even standing right now?

ELSIE

With my legs, you bitch.

COLLEEN

You should probably slow down.

ELSIE

You should probably shut up, you bitch.

COLLEEN

You smell like my dad.

LONNIE

Did somebody say BEERS?

Elsie and Blake "woo" as loud as they can, taking the Solo cups from Lonnie and drinking from them.

(CONTINUED)

COLLEEN

Nobody said beers. Why are you doing this?

LONNIE

You guys wanna play flip cup?

COLLEEN

NO!

ELSIE & BLAKE

YEAH!

They all exit frame. Colleen rolls her eyes.

COLLEEN

I swear, you guys are all gonna drink yourselves to death.

INT. BATHROOM LINE - DAY

The convict steps into frame, studying various Santas. He comes to a stop.

Across from him stands Tonya and Max. He watches from across the room as the bathroom door opens and Tonya and Max rush inside.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Max shuts the door and locks it as Tonya starts to rinse herself off by the sink. He pulls out his bath salts jar.

Max sticks his pinky into the open jar and snorts the white powder off of it.

MAX

Oh yeah. Oh FUCK yeah.

He pours out a small pile and begins breaking it up into lines on the counter.

TONYA

Um, isn't that a lot?

MAX

Probably, yeah.

Max snorts one of the lines.

(CONTINUED)

MAX
 (bowing to Tonya)
 Ma'am.

Tonya snorts a line without much hesitation.

MAX
 Well? Do you feel anything?

TONYA
 Not really.

They both do another line each.

MAX
 Wanna make out?

TONYA
 (shrugs)
 Sure.

They start making out furiously.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Elsie, Colleen, Blake, Lonnie, Caleb, and Edgar stand at the end of a massive wooden table surrounded by lots of other Santas; boys on one side and girls on the other. In front of them rests red Solo cups filled with beer.

Santa Ref stands at the head of the table.

SANTA REF
 Aaaaaaaaaaaaand GO!

He fires a starting pistol up into the air. The last person on either end of the opposite side of the table begins to chug their beer, then attempts to flip the empty cup over as quickly as possible.

Caleb watches, gulps nervously. He stands at the very end of the table. Across from him stands Elsie.

ELSIE
 What's the matter, smelly vomit boy? You gonna vomit again?

CALEB
 No! I don't know! Stop!

Blake, who stands next to Caleb, talks to him in a soothing voice.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Hey, relax. Get your head in the game, you got this.

CALEB

I do?

BLAKE

It's easy, trust me. I've never lost a game of flip cup in my life.

CALEB

Yeah. Yeah okay! I do got this.

ELSIE

(laughing)

No, you don't.

BLAKE

(at Elsie)

SHUT UP I WILL DESTROY YOU.

INT. BATHROOM LINE - DAY

The convict casually makes his way towards the bathroom. He tries the handle, it's locked.

After making sure no one is watching, the convict slides his butterfly knife out of his jacket and quickly pries the door open. He slips inside, undetected.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max and Tonya are really going at it, Santa costumes open and private parts exposed.

The convict enters the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind him.

Max and Tonya jump.

MAX

Bro, what the hell? Occupied.

Max gets up in the convict's face and immediately gets stabbed in the neck.

Blood spurts all over Tonya's bare chest. She screams.

Max falls to the ground, dead. Tonya tries to run around the convict, but he catches her and casually slits her throat. She coughs up blood, goes limp.

(CONTINUED)

The convict has a massive orgasm as he watches the life fade from Tonya's eyes.

After a beat, the convict slumps against the counter and takes out a cigarette. He puts it to his mouth and lights it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Caleb sweats profusely as he watches Edgar drink his beer as fast as he can. The girl across from Edgar is already trying to flip her cup.

Lonnie, who stands next to Edgar, chants in his face.

LONNIE

Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

They continue to drink and flip their cups as quickly as possible. Blake and Lonnie are, of course, really good at this game.

Elsie, who is at the very end of the table, starts drinking. Caleb, who stands across from her, starts drinking too. He looks like he's really struggling to keep his beer down.

Elsie finishes her beer and starts trying to flip her cup. Caleb burps.

BLAKE

Come on, bro! Don't be a pussy!

LONNIE

Drink that shit, bro!

ELSIE

Don't puke, Caleb.

Caleb finally finishes his beer.

CALEB

I did it!

Elsie successfully flips her cup, winning the game. All of the girls cheer.

BLAKE

(to Caleb)

What the hell, bro?? You just cost me my flawless victory streak!

(CONTINUED)

CALEB

I know, I'm sorry I--

LONNIE

Not cool, man. Nobody makes Blake Roberts lose! Not even Blake Roberts.

EDGAR

Fellas, come on. There are worse things in life, right?

Beat.

Lonnie headbutts Edgar square in the face. Blake lifts Caleb up by the collar. Elsie and Colleen attempt to intervene.

ELSIE

Woah woah woah! Is this really necessary?

BLAKE

I'M NOT A LOSER. I'M NOT.

Blake lifts Caleb up and tosses him onto the table.

COLLEEN

Jeez. That's gotta smart.

ELSIE

What are you, fucking Velma from Scooby Doo?

Blake drags Caleb across the length of the table, knocking all of the empty flipped cups of beer onto the floor. Caleb slams into a wall, then barfs again.

BLAKE

YOU'RE THE LOSER. NOT ME.

CALEB

Please don't hurt me.

Blake is about to punch Caleb but Elsie stops him.

ELSIE

Blake, stop. Look at him. He's crying, and covered in puke.

BLAKE

Yeah, I guess I don't wanna get any on me anyway. Come on, Elsie. Let's go get a drink.

(CONTINUED)

He leads her away, Elsie looks back at Caleb then leaves. Edgar approaches Caleb.

EDGAR

Well, that was embarrassing.

CALEB

At least I didn't get headbutted by a sexy reindeer.

EDGAR

Yeah, true. But you are really gross right now.

CALEB

So I've heard.

EDGAR

Alright, man. What's the plan?

CALEB

What do you mean? You heard Blake, I'm a fucking loser.

EDGAR

Psh, don't listen to that caveman.

Edgar helps Caleb to his feet.

CALEB

What's the point? I'm not even drunk anymore, I smell disgusting, Elsie hates me.

EDGAR

She does not. Come on, man. You're still in this. She hasn't even hooked up with him yet!

CALEB

Well... I guess I could pull a Star Lord on him.

EDGAR

Yeah! That's the spirit! Not sure what that means but alright!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The convict puts his cigarette out on Tonya's bare bloody chest. He starts towards the door but then kicks something: the bath salts jar.

Carefully, the convict picks up the jar and studies it. He opens the lid and scoops out a small handful, inhaling it all in one powerful snort.

His pupils dilate. He smirks, placing the jar in his suit. He exits the bathroom.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Blake and Elsie are drinking beer near the kegs. It's pretty obvious that Blake is still mad.

ELSIE
I take it you don't lose often.

BLAKE
I don't lose EVER.

ELSIE
Okay. Good to know.

CALEB (O.S.)
Hey, asshole.

Caleb stands pointing towards Blake and Elsie.

ELSIE
... Me?

CALEB
No! No, Blake.

ELSIE
Right, yeah. That makes more sense.

BLAKE
Who you callin' asshole, butthead?

CALEB
You, ass butt. I'm challenging you to a dance off.

The crowd stirs with excitement. Blake finishes his beer and then crushes his cup in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Challenge accepted.

He tosses the crushed cup at Caleb's feet. The crowd stirs.

Santa Ref breaks through the mass of drunk Santas.

SANTA REF

Alright, fellas. I want a good clean dance off. No trash talk. No cheap shots. No Macarena, I won't stand for it! If I see you doing that damned Macarena, you're finished.

CALEB

(under his breath)

Oh fuck...

SANTA REF

This ain't no Bar Mitzvah. Any questions? Comments?

Blake glares at Caleb, who innocently shakes his head no.

SANTA REF

DJ! Play that shit.

DJ Kringle howls as a shitty remix of O Holy Night starts playing. Caleb nervously steps out on the dance floor.

He closes his eyes and starts swaying back and forth with the music. Timidly, he begins to do the Robot. The crowd snickers.

Elsie laughs, Caleb opens his eyes to see she is cheering him on. He smiles, and starts doing the Robot very passionately.

The crowd stops laughing at him and begins to laugh with him, cheering him on even.

Caleb stops dancing and points to Blake, it's now his turn.

Blake confidently steps up and immediately starts doing some crazy breakdance moves. Lonnie is cheering very loudly. Caleb gulps.

Blake balances the weight of his entire body on one hand then smoothly rolls over, spinning on the floor. He comes to a stop in a very relaxed pose.

(CONTINUED)

Caleb starts to pop/lock it, other cool hip hop dances. The crowd is very surprised, as is Blake who looks slightly intimidated but tries to play it cool.

The convict watches the dance off from the back of the room.

Blake steps up and starts doing more sweet break dance moves. He throws in a lot of showy cartwheels and spins.

Caleb starts to do the Worm. Blake starts to do the Worm also. They jump up from the floor at the same time, getting in each other's faces.

Suddenly, Blake pushes Caleb. He trips, but immediately gets back up and pushes Blake back.

Blake punches Caleb which sends him flying into the kegs of beer, knocking them over. People gather around the two of them while they hit and scratch each other on the floor.

The convict makes his way over to the open punch bowl, completely undetected. He watches as everyone rushes over to the fight, then takes the bath salts jar out of his suit and empties its contents into the punch bowl.

Blake punches Caleb repeatedly, without pause. Elsie pushes her way through the crowd.

ELSIE

Blake, stop! Stop it!

Blake stops for a second, breathing heavily. Caleb spits blood onto Blake's face, he starts punching him again.

ELSIE

Stop! Blake! Stop!

He doesn't stop.

EDGAR

The beer!

He stops.

BLAKE

What?

EDGAR

The beer! You knocked over all the beer!

Blake freezes, looking to the knocked over kegs and noticing that there's a pretty big leak.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

No...

Blake jumps to his feet, realizing that he's standing in a pool of spilled beer.

BLAKE

NOOOOOOOO!

He cradles one of the kegs like a wounded brother, desperately sucking the beer from the keg's open wound. Lonnie falls to the ground, lapping up what he can of the beer puddle.

Elsie turns to Caleb, helping him to his feet.

ELSIE

Come on, let's get you cleaned up.

CALEB

(weakly)

I can't believe you're touching me right now.

She puts one of Caleb's arms around her shoulder and carries him off. Everyone else is still freaking out about the ruined kegs.

LONNIE

(crying)

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME! It should have been me...

COLLEEN (O.S.)

Um, guys.

Everyone turns to face Colleen, who stands at the punch bowl with a red Solo cup in hand.

COLLEEN

There's still a lot of punch.

She takes a sip, gags, and then drinks some more.

Blake, Lonnie, and everyone else casually make their way over to the punch bowl and start filling up cups.

COLLEEN (O.S.)

Hm. Tastes like chalk.

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

DJ Kringle turns to Josh Mitchell, Bob and Karen who sit next to the DJ booth rolling a fat joint.

DJ KRINGLE
Yo, Josh. Some assholes knocked
over the kegs.

JOSH
Ugh, are you kidding me? Those
things were expensive!

DJ Kringle peers over the balcony ledge once more, watched the crowd gathering around the punch bowl.

DJ KRINGLE
Yeah, they all drinkin' that punch
now.

JOSH
Really? That stuff is gross.

BOB
Looks like we gotta switch to weed,
huh?

KAREN
What do you mean "switch" to weed?

Bob and Karen think their joke is hilarious. Josh and DJ Kringle look annoyed.

BOB
Seriously though, you guys wanna
hit this shit?

INT. BATHROOM LINE - DAY

Elsie drags Caleb over towards the bathroom, approaching a DISHEVELED SANTA who's peeing on the bathroom door.

She taps the Disheveled Santa on the shoulder.

ELSIE
You know there's a toilet in there,
right?

DISHEVELED SANTA
(wasted)
The fuck did you just call me?

(CONTINUED)

ELSIE

Ugh. Do you mind?

She pushes her way past the Disheveled Santa.

DISHEVELED SANTA

(wasted)

Hey. There's someone in there, man.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elsie and Caleb enter the bathroom, flicking the lights on.

They scream at the sight of the bloody, desecrated corpses of Tonya on the sink and Max laying on the bathroom floor.

ELSIE

Oh my god...

Caleb looks down, noticing they're standing in a puddle of blood.

CALEB

GAH! Fuck!

Elsie bursts into tears. Caleb goes to console her. Elsie accepts his hug at first, but then pushes him away when she realizes he's still covered in puke and beer and blood.

CALEB

Um, wait.

Caleb quickly takes his shirt off, tries to hug her again.

Elsie cries louder, shoving him and storming out of the bathroom. Caleb chases after her.

CALEB

Elsie!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Blake and Lonnie are chugging beer bongs filled with the spiked punch as the rest of the Santas cheer them on.

Colleen and Edgar stand next to the punch bowl, not participating.

Elsie runs up to Colleen, still crying.

(CONTINUED)

COLLEEN
Woah, Elsie. What's up? Are you
okay?

ELSIE
(hysterical)
She's dead...

EDGAR
What's going on?

CALEB (O.S.)
Elsie!

A shirtless Caleb limps over towards the group.

COLLEEN
Um. Ew.

EDGAR
Dude.

CALEB
It's not what it looks like.

EDGAR
Okay, but I don't know what it
looks like.

ELSIE
Tonya...

EDGAR
(confused)
Who?

COLLEEN
Tonya what?

ELSIE
She's dead!

COLLEEN
What?

ELSIE
She's dead, Colleen. Tonya's dead.

COLLEEN
No...

(CONTINUED)

CALEB

Yeah, somebody murdered her in the bathroom.

COLLEEN

That's not possible... that's--

ELSIE

We have to go.

EDGAR

I can't tell if we're joking or not.

ELSIE

We have to go **now**.

Elsie takes Colleen by the hand and drags her away. Caleb and Edgar look to each other, then follow close behind.

INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The gang rushes down the stairs towards the front door, with Elsie in the lead. All of a sudden, she stops.

ELSIE

No.

We see that the doors are sealed shut with the tangled mass of Christmas lights and a padlock.

ELSIE

No no no no no!

She frantically shakes the doors, trying desperately to escape the warehouse.

COLLEEN

Elsie, what's going on?

ELSIE

We're trapped in here.

She turns to face them.

ELSIE

With the killer.

EDGAR

Did anyone else just pee themselves?

(CONTINUED)

COLLEEN

Oh my god. Oh my god, I think I'm going to have a heart attack.

EDGAR

I really don't want to die dressed like this.

CALEB

Speak for yourself.

COLLEEN

Oh man... My heart feels like it's going to explode.

ELSIE

Colleen?

EDGAR

I just... need to sit down for a second.

CALEB

Are you guys okay?

Suddenly, a wall of loud screaming is heard in the distance. Caleb and Elsie look to each other, scared.

ELSIE

Come on, we gotta keep moving.

They drag Edgar and Colleen up the stairs with them.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

All of the Santas seem more frantic and on edge. A handful of them are pacing and talking to themselves, some are catatonic or writhing around on the floor.

Lonnie and Santa Ref are fighting over the starting pistol, yelling at each other at the top of their lungs.

LONNIE

GIVE IT TO ME, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO. I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU.

SANTA REF

YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, I KNOW IT. YOU CAN'T CONTROL ME. NOT AGAIN.

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE
I GOTTA STOP THEM, BRO. I HAVE NO
CHOICE, I GOTTA.

SANTA REF
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT YOU
TO SAY, BRO.

Lonnie elbows Santa Ref in the face and finally manages to grab the starting pistol. Santa Ref pushes him over. They continue to wrestle on the ground.

Elsie, Caleb, Colleen, and Edgar stand in awe of the chaos filling the room.

CALEB
Did we miss something?

Edgar starts screaming at the top of his lungs.

CALEB
Woah, fuck.

COLLEEN
I can't breathe. Elsie, I really
really can't breathe.

ELSIE
What's wrong?

COLLEEN
You have to hide me.

ELSIE
We're gonna get out of here. We're
gonna be okay.

COLLEEN
No! Get away from me!

Colleen makes a run for it.

ELSIE
Colleen!

Elsie chases after her.

CALEB
Elsie!

Caleb turns to Edgar, who is still screaming for no apparent reason. He slaps Edgar across the face.

CALEB

Come on, man. Snap out of it.

Edgar is silent for a moment. Suddenly, he starts screaming louder than before and lunges at Caleb, clawing at his face.

INT. BATHROOM LINE - DAY

Elsie chases Colleen down a long hallway towards the bathroom. There are drunk Santas passed out all over the place.

ELSIE

Colleen! Where are you going?
Colleen!

COLLEEN

Don't come any closer!

ELSIE

What are you talking about? It's
me, Elsie!

COLLEEN

I'm warning you! I-I-

Colleen bumps into a large, naked figure. She turns to face it, scared

Elsie gasps.

ELSIE

... Blake?

Blake stands in front of Colleen, completely nude and breathing heavily.

ELSIE

Wow. Um. What's, uh, what's up?

Colleen starts screaming, Blake knocks her to the ground.

ELSIE

Woah, what the **fuck?**

Elsie rushes over and starts hitting Blake.

ELSIE

You asshole! You can't do that!
What are you--

Blake throws Elsie aside with ease. He takes a handful of Colleen's face and rips a big chunk of it off.

(CONTINUED)

Colleen shrieks.

Elsie picks herself up to see Blake eating the huge chunk of Colleen's face meat.

ELSIE
What. The. Fuck.

Blake rips more of Colleen's face off and eats it. Colleen is choking on her own blood, which pours out of her open face wounds.

Elsie looks around, quickly grabbing a near empty beer bottle from the floor. She approaches Blake, cautiously, and smashes the bottle against his head.

It shatters on impact. Blake stops, turning to look at Elsie. She backs away slowly.

Blake stands up, naked and covered in blood. He breathes heavily. Elsie cries.

ELSIE
Please, don't do this.

BLAKE
BLUE. 42.

ELSIE
Please, Blake....

BLAKE
HUT. HUT.

Elsie makes a run for it.

BLAKE
HIKE.

Blake runs after her.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Caleb struggles to break free of Edgar, who has him pinned against the wall.

CALEB
Let go! You're hurting me.

EDGAR
Kneel before me, false prophet!

(CONTINUED)

CALEB
What's your deal?

EDGAR
I am MASTER of this domain.

Caleb looks past Edgar's shoulder and sees the convict, casually walking up to wasted Santas and stabbing them in the head.

CALEB
Oh god.

EDGAR
I AM GOD.

Santa Ref stumbles over to the convict and blows his whistle.

SANTA REF
You're outta here!

The convict slits Santa Ref's throat and continues around the room, making his way towards Caleb and Edgar.

CALEB
It's him! It's the killer!

Caleb tries to get Edgar to look, but to no avail. Edgar holds on tight to Caleb, shaking him as he speaks.

CALEB
We gotta get out of here!

EDGAR
DO NOT PANDER TO ME, MORTAL. FOR I
AM THE SECOND COMING OF THE A--

Suddenly, the convict's knife comes shooting out of Edgar's open mouth. Blood sprays all over Caleb's face.

CALEB
(spitting blood out)
Ugh...

The convict slides Edgar's lifeless body off of his knife and onto the floor. He picks the blade up to his mouth, licking the blood off of it.

CALEB
Wh-what are you gonna do?

CONVICT
Take a wild guess, kid.

He slowly lifts the knife up to Caleb's head. Caleb closes his eyes in horror.

ELSIE (O.S.)
Help!

Caleb and the convict look towards Elsie, who runs into the room.

ELSIE
Somebody help me!

Caleb takes this opportunity to duck down and sneak out from under the convict. He runs towards Elsie.

CALEB
Elsie!

Blake runs in after Elsie, still naked and covered in blood.

CALEB
Oh. Uh...

ELSIE
He's trying to kill me!

CALEB
He's trying to kill me too!

ELSIE
Who is?

CALEB
Wait what?

Suddenly, the convict swings at Caleb's head. He ducks just in time. Elsie jumps out of the way and Blake tackles the convict instead.

Blake and the convict fight each other. Several times the convict gets close to stabbing Blake, who dodges or blocks the blade at the last second.

Caleb helps Elsie up.

CALEB
(to Elsie)
Come on, let's get out of here.

Caleb and Elsie exit as Blake manages to knock the knife from the convict's hand and across the room. Blake punches the convict square in the face.

The convict staggers back, surprised. A drop of blood leaks from his nose. He wipes it away and smirks.

Blake charges at the convict, swinging wildly. The convict dodges every attempt.

When Blake runs out of breath, the convict clenches both of his hands together and swings up hard. He hits Blake in the chin with so much force that he falls to the floor.

The convict gets on top of Blake and punches him in the face over and over until his hands are covered in Blake's blood.

BLAKE

That all you got, bro?

The convict chuckles. He gets up and goes to pick up his knife.

Blake tries to get up but the convict comes back over and steps on his throat, pinning him down. He holds the knife up, watching it glisten in the light.

CONVICT

I'm gonna deck the halls with your insides.

Suddenly, Lonnie jumps into frame and tackles the convict off of Blake.

INT. DIFFERENT WAREHOUSE ROOM - DAY

Elsie and Caleb run down a hallway, past several screaming Santas and a handful of what appears to be corpses.

ELSIE

Wait.

She stops.

CALEB

What are you doing? Come on!

ELSIE

I'm not leaving her.

(CONTINUED)

CALEB

Are you crazy? We can't go back
that way!

ELSIE

She's still alive!

CALEB

Who is?

ELSIE

Colleen! We have to go back.

CALEB

Okay okay, fine. Where is she?

ELSIE

This way.

They run down a different hall.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lonnie struggles for control of the convict's knife.

LONNIE

Yo! Give it to me! You don't want
no part of this.

Blake slowly picks himself up, spitting blood on the ground
and looking to Lonnie.

The convict manages to cut Lonnie's hand. Lonnie releases
his hold, clutching his bleeding wound.

Swiftly, the convict pushes Lonnie off of him. He gets up,
kicking Lonnie in the ribs several times.

Blake punches the convict, averting his attention for a
moment. Lonnie kicks him in the balls, causing him to drop
the knife.

The three of them fist fight. At first, the convict is
winning but then Blake and Lonnie gain the upper hand. The
convict is knocked to the floor.

INT. BATHROOM LINE - CONTINUOUS

A massive pool of blood rests where Colleen once sat. Elsie and Caleb run over, coming to a stop.

ELSIE

Oh no...

CALEB

She melted.

Elsie hits Caleb hard in the arm.

CALEB

What? I don't know!

ELSIE

We have to find her.

CALEB

But why?

Elsie hits Caleb again.

CALEB

Ow!

ELSIE

Because she's my friend, Caleb.
Come on, she couldn't have gone
far.

They exit, following the trail of blood.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie limps across the room as Blake picks up the convict's knife.

BLAKE

Go long!

Lonnie stops on the other side of the room.

LONNIE

I'm open, bro!

Blake throws the knife to Lonnie. The knife goes through Lonnie's hand.

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE

FUCK.

The convict grabs Blake by the dick.

BLAKE

No... No, please!

The sound of a gun being cocked is heard offscreen.

The convict turns to see Lonnie holding the starter pistol towards him. His other hand still has a knife stuck in it.

LONNIE

(to convict)

Let go of the dick, bro.

BLAKE

(to Lonnie)

Oh my god, thank you.

Lonnie inches closer to them.

LONNIE

I mean it. Let go of the dick.

CONVICT

Do it.

LONNIE

Huh?

CONVICT

Shoot me.

BLAKE

Shoot him, bro!

LONNIE

Word.

The trigger on the starter pistol is pulled, a loud BANG is heard. The convict is still alive.

Lonnie tries shooting him several more times. The starter pistol is firing blanks.

LONNIE

Yo...

CONVICT

Heh.

(CONTINUED)

The convict rips Blake's dick clean off. Blake falls to the ground, screaming and holding his bloody crotch.

Lonnie starts to back away as the convict gets to his feet and approaches him.

LONNIE

Stay back! Don't come any closer!

In the blink of an eye, the convict grabs the knife handle stuck in Lonnie's hand and thrusts the knife right into his heart. He dies instantly, coughing up blood with his final breath.

The convict pulls the bloody blade from Lonnie's chest/hand. He walks back to Blake who is still writhing in pain on the floor.

Blake whimpers, trying to crawl away but barely able to move.

BLAKE

(crying)

Come on, bro. Don't do this.

Where's your Christmas spirit, bro?

The convict stuffs Blake's severed penis into Blake's mouth, muffling his petty pleading.

CONVICT

How's that for a stocking stuffer?

Blake tries to scream but cannot. The convict lifts his knife high into the air and then submerges it deep into Blake's stomach.

He cuts Blake open, straight down the middle, thrusting his hands inside of him and pulling out his small intestine.

The convict gets to his feet, wrapping Blake's intestine around his own neck like a scarf.

INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Elsie and Caleb follow the trail of blood down a hallway, coming to a stop in front of a closed door. The blood continues underneath.

Caleb nods to Elsie, she tries the door. It's locked.

(CONTINUED)

CALEB

Well shit.

Elsie starts ramming against the door with her shoulder as hard as she can.

CALEB

Woah woah woah! What are you doing?

ELSIE

She's in there, Caleb! I know she is!

CALEB

It's locked! Let's just go!

ELSIE

Back away from the door.

CALEB

What? Why?

ELSIE

I'm gonna kick it in.

CALEB

Like hell you are.

ELSIE

Seriously, back up.

CALEB

Alright...

Caleb moves. Elsie backs up, as if to get a running start. She closes her eyes, preparing herself mentally.

Just as she's about to run, the door is opened from the inside. Josh Mitchell stands on the other side, confused.

JOSH

What are you doing?

ELSIE

Me? Oh. I-I was just--

JOSH

Were you going to kick the door in?

ELSIE

Well. Yeah. I--

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
Don't do that! Why would you do
that?

ELSIE
It's just... my friend is--

JOSH
(hurried)
Look, just, come inside, come
inside.

He motions for Elsie to enter the room, turning his head and
noticing Caleb for the first time.

JOSH
Sup?

CALEB
... Hi.

They enter the room. Josh closes the door behind them.

INT. TOOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josh re-locks the door.

JOSH
Did they follow you?

CALEB
Uh, no.

Elsie spots Colleen laying in the corner, bloodied and
missing half of her face.

ELSIE
Colleen!

She runs over to her friend, crying and consoling her.

Caleb looks around the room and spots three other people: DJ
Kringle and the stoner Santa couple, Bob and Karen.

Elsie puts her hand on Colleen's chest. Surprisingly,
Colleen is still breathing.

DJ KRINGLE
This party's gone to shit.

(CONTINUED)

CALEB
That's probably an understatement.

JOSH
Ugh, my dad is going to kill me.

KAREN
Not if those maniacs kill us first.

CALEB
I'm sorry, who are you?

JOSH
Josh Mitchell. This is my party.

CALEB
Oh. Thanks for the invite.

JOSH
I definitely did not invite you.
Nerdface.

BOB
Uh, I'm Bob. This is Karen.

DJ KRINGLE
Steve.

KAREN
You two know that other girl?

CALEB
Yeah, we do.

ELSIE
Where did you find her?

KAREN
Crawling around in a pool of her
own blood. She's lucky to be alive.

ELSIE
She won't be for long. We need to
get out of here.

DJ KRINGLE
No way, lady. I'm not stepping one
foot outside of this room.

BOB
It's like the Purge is happening
out there! I imagine. I've only
seen the commercials for those
movies.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Our best bet is to wait in this room until the police get here.

DJ KRINGLE

Sounds pretty chill to me.

ELSIE

I can't just wait around while my best friend is bleeding to death.

CALEB

Has anyone even called the police? I can't seem to get reception in here.

KAREN

Me neither. I've been trying to tweet all night.

JOSH

This warehouse is a dead zone. Always has been. Probably more so now on account of all the dead people.

CALEB

Wait. What about the roof?

JOSH

What about it?

CALEB

If we get up to the roof, we can climb down from the next building over.

ELSIE

How do you know that?

CALEB

That's how Edgar and I got in. You guys, there's another way out!

KAREN

So how do we get up there?

JOSH

There's a separate staircase on the third floor.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

No, I mean, how do we get past all the lunatics and killer Santas?

ELSIE

We fight.

DJ KRINGLE

Psh. With what?

Elsie picks up a nearby boxcutter from off of a table covered with various tools. She opens the blade.

ELSIE

Take your pick.

The rest of the group takes a look around the room and fan out, moving towards various tools. Another Christmas song begins to play in the background.

MONTAGE:

Hands picking up tools: a hammer, a broom, scissors, etc.

Someone takes a handful of screws.

A joint is being rolled.

Elsie snaps a broom in half, compares the two halves.

DJ Kringle tests out a drill, messes with the speeds.

Bob and Karen put safety goggles on each other, and light up that joint.

Elsie tapes the boxcutter to one of the broom handles.

Caleb struggles to pick up a circular saw. He turns and notices Elsie watching. She shakes her head "no."

Josh puts a screw between each of his fingers, starts taping them together.

Bob and Karen play rock, paper, scissors to see who gets to use the scissors. Karen wins, Bob gets stuck with a hammer.

Caleb tries to pick up a jackhammer, but cannot. Elsie shakes her head "no" again.

DJ Kringle drills into the table by accident, gets stuck. Goes to pick up a completely different drill.

(CONTINUED)

Josh tries to tape nails between the fingers on his other hand, has trouble. He tries using his teeth and gets tape stuck to his face.

Caleb goes to pick up a shovel, expecting it to be very heavy. He successfully picks it up.

Elsie gives Caleb a thumbs up. He reciprocates.

END MONTAGE.

Violent coughing interrupts the Christmas song playing in the background. Elsie and Caleb turn to see Colleen hacking up some blood.

CALEB

She's okay!

The rest of the group gathers around as Elsie and Caleb get closer to a very bloody Colleen.

COLLEEN

(weakly)

El... sie...

ELSIE

Don't worry, Colleen. We're gonna get you out of here.

COLLEEN

(weakly)

Promise... me...

ELSIE

I promise you. We're going to get you home.

Colleen musters up what little strength she has left.

COLLEEN

Tell... my mom... to... log out of my Facebook.

Colleen goes limp in Elsie's arms, uttering her final breath.

ELSIE

Colleen? Colleen??

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

DJ KRINGLE
Yo, that girl dead.

Elsie turns to glare at him. She turns back to face Colleen, slowly shutting her eyelids with her fingertips. She tears up.

Caleb carefully places his hand on Elsie's shoulder, comforting her.

CALEB
She's in a better place now. Yep.
Probably not any crazy murderers
where she's going.

ELSIE
Thanks, Caleb.

BOB
She died a noble death. Almost as
noble as Mufasa.

KAREN
Honey, now is not the time to start
talking about the "Lion King."

BOB
Come on, we were all thinking it!

Everyone glares at Bob.

BOB
What? It's a **good** movie!

JOSH
(to Elsie)
You alright?

ELSIE
Yeah.

She clears her throat and stands up, grabbing her weapon.

ELSIE
Let's get out of this popsicle
stand.

INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Elsie kicks the door open triumphantly wielding her box cutter on a broom handle. The rest of the group follows.

JOSH

Hey! Come on, man! I told you not to kick the door.

ELSIE

Oh shit, right. Sorry.

JOSH

It's just, it's my dad's factory you know?

ELSIE

Yeah, I mean, I'm sorry. I totally just forgot. Heat of the moment kind of thing.

BOB

Alright, you guys. Let's not get ahead of ourselves--

Suddenly, a very large, crazed Santa bro pops out of nowhere and tries to rip Bob's head off. Everyone shrieks in terror, especially Karen.

Bob's neck pops open and blood starts spurting out of the open wound.

Karen takes her scissors and jams them deep into the Santa bro's skull. He stops in his tracks, takes one last lunge towards the group then falls to the ground.

A horde of drunk, crazed Santas rushes down the hall towards the group.

CALEB

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Caleb panics and closes his eyes, swinging his shovel blindly. He knocks two different Santas unconscious.

A SHIRTLESS SANTA comes charging at DJ Kringle and Josh.

SHIRTLESS SANTA

DIE, YUPPIE SCUM!

DJ KRINGLE

Screw you, bro!

(CONTINUED)

DJ Kringle drills into the bottom of the shirtless Santa's chin, pushing up into his brain.

JOSH

Dude, I was gonna use that one-liner!

Josh punches the bro in the head with his makeshift claws. The shirtless Santa falls to the ground.

DJ KRINGLE

It's so much cooler with a screw gun though.

JOSH

That's a power drill, you turd.

A fat Reindeer bro tackles the two of them.

Elsie swings her boxcutter staff around with ease, slitting a bunch of Santa throats like a trained expert.

ELSIE

(to herself)

This probably won't scar me for life.

Caleb has managed to open one eye, and is getting the hang of hitting people with a shovel.

CALEB

Elsie! Elsie, are you seeing how cool I am?? Are you--

He slips and gets punched in the face.

Blood continues to spurt from Bob's open neck. Karen attempts to hold her hand against the wound, but the blood keeps spraying past it.

KAREN

Bob, you're bleeding a whole bunch!

BOB

Yeah, I do that sometimes.

KAREN

Hold on. I'll go get the tape.

BOB

Karen, wait.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Wait what?

Bob is holding a joint, somehow dry and not covered in much blood. He put it to his mouth and lights it.

BOB

You wanna hit this?

KAREN

Oh hell yes.

DJ Kringle yells as he drills into the fat Reindeer bro's skull. Josh punches him repeatedly in the face until blood starts pouring down onto them.

The fat Reindeer bro falls silent. DJ Kringle and Josh struggle to heave the fat bro off of them.

DJ KRINGLE

Looks like this guy's got a screw loose.

JOSH

DUDE. STOP!

Elsie takes down more of the Santa horde with her fancy boxcutter staff. A huge Elf bro looms menacingly behind her, about to put his hands around her throat.

At the last second, Caleb smashes the huge Elf bro in the back of the head. The Elf pauses for a moment, then turns to face Caleb.

CALEB

Heh. Uh. You had a fly on your head?

The Elf bro roars and charges at Caleb, who instinctively shovels the Elf in the testicles. He crouches over in pain, allowing just enough time for Caleb to smack him hard across the face. The Elf bro collapses.

ELSIE

Wow. That was actually kinda cool.

CALEB

Why only kinda?

ELSIE

Well, you peed yourself.

Caleb looks down to see that he has indeed peed himself.

(CONTINUED)

CALEB

Sonofa--

Caleb is interrupted by the sound of another wave of crazy, murderous Santas quickly approaching from down the hall.

JOSH

Come on! We gotta keep moving!

The group starts running in the opposite direction, except for Bob and Karen who are still smoking that joint. Smoke plumes out of Bob's open neck wound.

Karen looks up and notices the wave of Santas. She turns and starts to shake Bob, desperately trying to drag him to his feet.

KAREN

Clip it! Clip it!

BOB

I can't move.

KAREN

Come on, you're not that stoned!

BOB

I know, but I have lost a lot of blood.

KAREN

Bob, what are you saying?

BOB

Go on without me, Karen.

The Santa stampede approaches.

KAREN

I can't!

BOB

Just go.

Karen wipes the tears from her eyes and starts running as fast as she can the other way.

The Santa stampede is nearing Bob's location. He takes a deep breath, standing as best he can on his feet. Then, he lets go, falling backwards with his arms outstretched.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
LONG LIVE THE KING.

Bob is instantly enveloped by the Santa stampede, just like that scene in "The Lion King."

Karen looks back, crying.

KAREN
NOOOOOOO!

Bob is trampled to death. Karen forces herself to keep moving.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The convict enters the room with the spilled kegs and punch bowl. Piles of dead or drunk Santas lay scattered about.

He approaches the punch bowl, still about a quarter full, and picks it up with both hands.

The convict chugs the rest of the spiked punch. A good bit of it spilling onto his costume, but he doesn't care.

He finishes the punch, tossing the bowl onto the floor. It shatters. The convict wipes his mouth off with the sleeve of his jacket, and burps.

INT. TOP FLOOR - DAY

Elsie comes to a stop, urging the others to follow suit.

JOSH
What are you doing? We're almost there!

She shushes him.

ELSIE
(quietly)
Listen.

In the distance, the sound of a large, unruly group violently shouting can be heard.

CALEB
Oh man. I don't like the sound of that.

Karen finally catches up to the rest of the group, tears still streaming from her face.

(CONTINUED)

DJ KRINGLE
Where's that other guy?

She starts sobbing louder. Josh consoles her.

JOSH
(quietly)
You're gonna have to cry quieter.

CALEB
Is there another way out?

Josh shakes his head "no."

ELSIE
We just have to push through.

DJ KRINGLE
Say whaaaat?

Elsie slowly starts towards the loud, unruly shouting. The rest of the group looks to each other. Caleb follows after Elsie causing the rest of the group to continue onwards.

INT. TOP FLOOR LARGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Elsie cautiously peers around a corner. She sees a massive crowd of drunk Santas all chanting "Ho! Ho! Ho!" surrounding two LARGE SHIRTLESS REINDEER BROS.

The shirtless bros dressed as reindeer are circling each other as if they're about to rip each other apart.

INT. TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Elsie turns to face the rest of the group.

JOSH
(quietly)
What's going on?

Dramatic pause.

ELSIE
Reindeer games.

INT. TOP FLOOR LARGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The two reindeer bros finally charge at each other, antlers first. Their heads slam together, causing the crowd of drunk Santa onlookers to go wild.

They start punching and biting each other, no holds barred.

INT. TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

DJ Kringle pushes his way forward.

DJ KRINGLE

Oh hold up, I actually wanna see that shit.

Caleb pulls DJ Kringle back.

CALEB

Are you crazy? They'll kill us all!

DJ KRINGLE

Nah, son. They ain't even paying attention over here.

ELSIE

He's got a good point.

DJ KRINGLE

If you payin' for on demand, you gotta watch that shit before it expires. You know what I'm sayin'?

ELSIE

Uh. No.

JOSH

We should move now, before it's too late.

The group nods in agreement. Josh leads them out into the larger area filled with violently drunk bros.

INT. TOP FLOOR LARGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Large Reindeer Bro 1 has Large Reindeer Bro 2 trapped in a headlock, continuously punches him in the face.

The crowd is going wild, paying no attention to Elsie, Caleb, Josh, DJ Kringle, and Karen as they quietly slip by in the background.

(CONTINUED)

Reindeer Bro 2 bites Reindeer Bro 1, forcing him to release his headlock. They exchange a few more powerful blows.

DJ Kringle pauses to watch the fight.

The rest of the group continues on, trying to squeeze through the crowd as calmly as possible.

Reindeer Bro 1 tackles Reindeer Bro 2, finally knocking him to the ground. He stands over him, kicking him in the face over and over again.

Elsie turns around, noticing that DJ Kringle has been left behind. She rolls her eyes, making her way back to get him.

Reindeer Bro 1 takes one final stomp, crushing through Reindeer Bro 2's face.

DJ KRINGLE
DAMN! That's fucked up!

Some of the crowd starts to turn in his direction. They look angry, and start approaching him.

DJ threatens the crowd with his power drill.

DJ KRINGLE
D-don't make me use this!

ELSIE
Steve! Come on!

DJ KRINGLE
I'm trapped, yo!

Reindeer Bro 1 stands up and roars, pointing at DJ Kringle. DJ gulps.

ELSIE
Just run past them!

DJ Kringle starts to make a run for it but the crowd becomes unruly and pushes him back towards the large Reindeer Bro.

Caleb turns and sees Elsie stuck in the middle of all of the commotion. He doubles back as fast as he can.

CALEB
No! Shit shit shit.

Creepy Santa bros are swarming around Elsie. She keeps them at bay with her box cutter staff.

Reindeer Bro 1 punches DJ Kringle hard in the face, knocking him to the floor instantly. He goes to start kicking him, but DJ shoves his power drill into the Reindeer Bro's leg. He loses balance, and hobbles away.

Josh Mitchell and Karen are fending for themselves, gradually making their way out of the room.

One creepy Santa bro grabs Elsie, causing her to drop her box cutter staff. She screams.

Suddenly, the creepy Santa bro is hit in the face with a shovel. Caleb's shovel. Elsie breaks free from his grasp.

ELSIE
(surprised)
You saved me!

CALEB
Get out of here, Elsie.

ELSIE
What?

DJ Kringle is wrestling with the Reindeer Bro, trying to drill a hole in his chest. Three other Santa bros gang up on DJ Kringle.

DJ KRINGLE
Oh shit. I'm screwed!

The bros tear all of DJ Kringle's limbs off.

CALEB
(to Elsie)
I love you. I always have.

ELSIE
I know.

He leans in for a kiss. The music swells, all other noises are tuned out for this moment.

Then, as soon as their lips connect, Elsie retracts her head, spitting and trying to clear the bad taste from her mouth.

ELSIE
Oh god! Ugh, why haven't you washed off yet?

CALEB
It's just blood! And vomit... And--

ELSIE
Bye, Caleb.

Elsie swiftly navigates her way through the violent sea of Santas.

CALEB
This isn't goodbye! This is see you
late-- oh fuck!

Caleb jumps out of the way just in time as the charging Reindeer Bro tackles into the crowd behind him.

More bros start leaping out at Caleb and one by one he bashes them all in the head with his shovel.

Elsie catches up to Josh and Karen and the three of them make a run for it.

CALEB
(to the Santa mob)
Love conquers all!

The Santa mob turns its attention to Caleb. He picks up Elsie's box cutter staff.

CALEB
(to the Santa mob)
Come on, you fucking douchebags!

They charge ahead, Caleb deftly swings the box cutter staff around. He's doing surprisingly well. It's just as well choreographed and surprising as his dance off moves.

Then, the tides turn. Caleb is enveloped by the Santa swarm.

INT. TOP FLOOR ROOF EXIT - DAY

A pile of dead or drunk bodies blocks the door to the roof exit. Josh, Elsie, and Karen fight their way towards the door. They're all out of breath and covered in blood.

ELSIE
Is this it?

JOSH
Yes. Thank God.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

God has nothing to do with this.

ELSIE

Come on, help me move the bodies.

They start pulling the dead/drunk bodies away from the door. One of them begins to stir. Karen shrieks and drops SLEEPY DRUNK SANTA.

SLEEPY DRUNK SANTA

Fuck... turn the lights back off.

Suddenly, a butterfly knife lands right between the sleepy drunk's eyes. Karen shrieks again. They look up.

The convict slowly approaches from down the hall.

ELSIE

It's him!

JOSH

Hurry! He's coming!

They scramble to move the bodies away faster.

CONVICT

That's right. Run.

Elsie manages to pry the door open a little bit. Just enough for Karen and herself to slip through, but not Josh.

CONVICT

I like it when they run.

Josh struggles with the door, trying desperately to pry it open just a little bit more so he can slide through. It won't budge.

JOSH

Fuck. Fuck! Fuck you fucking door.

Josh is kicking the door as hard as he can.

The convict is taking his sweet time, taking his butterfly knife out of sleepy Santa's head and wiping it off.

He comes to a pause right in front of Josh, and starts to chuckle softly. Josh is crying.

JOSH

(crying)

Just... make it quick, would ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONVICT

Yeah, I'll think about it.

The convict puts his hand on Josh's head, thumbs on his eyes, and starts to press in as hard as he can.

Josh screams in pain as blood leaks out from his eyes.

INT. ROOF STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Josh's scream echoes throughout the stairwell. Elsie and Karen run as fast as they can up to the door to the roof.

KAREN

Wait!

Elsie freezes, confused.

ELSIE

... What?

Karen points to the sign on the door, which reads "Fire Door - Alarm Will Sound If Door Is Opened - Do Not Block."

Elsie scoffs.

ELSIE

I think I'll take my chances.

She pushes hard on the door. It's really heavy. Karen helps her push it open. The fire alarm goes off.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

The sun begins to set as Elsie emerges onto the roof, frantically searching for a way out.

Karen follows, tripping through the doorway.

As the door closes, a bloody hand juts out and grabs a hold of it at the very last moment before it closes shut. The convict pushes the door open.

Karen gasps.

CONVICT

Here, catch.

The convict tosses her Josh's crushed eyeballs. She shrieks, then starts to cough and gag.

(CONTINUED)

Elsie turns to see the convict grabbing hold of Karen by her hair. She struggles, writhing around on the floor.

The convict drags her over to the roof's ledge. He forces her to stand up, whipping out his butterfly knife and putting it to her neck.

ELSIE
Stop! Let her go!

The convict smirks.

CONVICT
Was hoping you'd say that.

He slits Karen's throat and releases his grip on her. Blood spurts out of Karen's neck as she goes limp and falls off the roof.

ELSIE
No...

CONVICT
What's the matter?

Elsie runs for it.

CONVICT
You want a turn?

The convict starts running after her. He's scary fast.

She comes to a small gap between buildings and leaps across to the adjacent roof, just barely making it over.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Elsie picks herself off of the floor, fighting hard to keep moving on.

She reaches the end of the roof, with no apparent way down. She panics.

ELSIE
(screaming)
Help!

Elsie screams at the top of her lungs.

ELSIE
(screaming)
Somebody help me!

(CONTINUED)

The convict easily leaps across the gap landing gracefully onto the roof of the adjacent building.

Elsie runs to the nearest door, trying desperately to open it. No luck. She starts banging on it as hard as she can.

The convict is closing in on her. Elsie scrambles towards the opposite side of the roof, peering over the ledge.

CONVICT

Don't you want to sit on Santa's
lap?

ELSIE

(screaming)
Stay away from me!

Elsie is trapped. She collapses to the floor, crying. The convict slowly approaches, casually pulling out a cigarette and lighting it.

CONVICT

Where's your Christmas spirit?

He whips the butterfly knife around, bringing it up to her forehead. Elsie shuts her eyes as the point of the blade starts to penetrate her flesh.

CALEB (O.S.)

Hey.

Elsie opens her eyes.

She and the convict turn to see Caleb standing right behind them. He is battle ravaged, covered in blood, and brandishing the box cutter staff.

CALEB

(to convict)
That's my girlfriend you're messing
with!

ELSIE

Um. No. Ew.

CALEB

What? But I thought that you--

The convict roars, charging towards Caleb at full force. Caleb picks his staff up a little too late and gets tackled to the floor.

Elsie wipes the blood from her forehead and gets up.

(CONTINUED)

Caleb struggles to hold the convict's knife at bay. Elsie kicks the convict in the head, disorienting him and causing him to drop his knife. Caleb slides out from underneath him.

Elsie picks up the convict's knife, Caleb picks up the box cutter staff.

ELSIE

Huh. This is going surprisingly well.

The convict uses the intestine scarf draped around his neck to lasso Elsie's hand. He yanks her towards him and she drops his knife.

Elsie's face smashes hard against the ground.

Caleb slashes the convict several times in the chest with his box cutter staff, but the convict barely flinches.

CALEB

Come on! Just die already!

Caleb swings his staff once more. The convict catches it.

CONVICT

Funny...

He hurls the box cutter staff off of the roof.

CONVICT

I was gonna say the same thing.

Caleb tries to run for it, but the convict is too quick. He grabs Caleb by the arm and snaps it in two.

Wide-eyed and panicked, Caleb looks down at the bone jutting out of his forearm. He whimpers in silence for a beat and then screams loudly.

Elsie lifts herself up off the ground as Caleb drops to his knees, still screaming. She picks up the convict's knife.

The convict slowly approaches Caleb. He gets closer and closer, laughing menacingly.

Elsie stabs the convict in the leg with his own knife.

The convict growls, knocking Elsie hard to the ground. He turns to face her, putting his hands around her neck.

Elsie struggles to breathe. Her vision gets blurry, and starts fading in and out.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, the door that Elsie tried to open before is kicked off its hinges. SANTA CLAUS waddles onto the roof carrying a huge green sack.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho ho ho! This isn't where I parked
my sleigh.

ELSIE

(groggy)
S-Santa... ?

She passes out.

The convict stands up, confused. He approaches as Santa Claus digs through his bag and pulls out a wrapped present for him.

SANTA CLAUS

Who wants presents?

CONVICT

Go fuck yourself.

Santa Claus frowns.

SANTA CLAUS

I'll save you the trouble, it's
coal.

CONVICT

(outraged)
WHAT.

The convict musters all of his strength and pulls the knife out of his leg. He angrily charges at Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS

Let's go, mother fucker.

Santa Claus grabs hold of the charging convict and body slams him. They start fist fighting.

Surprisingly, they are pretty evenly matched. Santa fights like a heavyweight professional wrestler. The convict actually seems scared.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The camera slowly pans back from the front doors, sealed shut with Christmas lights and decorative candy canes, as a really hokey cover of "Away in the Manger" starts to play.

In slow motion, several FIREFIGHTERS break down the front doors with axes. FIREFIGHTER CHIEF leads the charge as they run up the stairs to the warehouse, stepping on and breaking all of the Christmas decorations that have flung to the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The firefighters stop short when they find piles of dead bodies and raving, drunk Santas.

They look to each other, confused and scared.

A GIRL SANTA, covered in blood, runs over to the firefighters crying. She gets a blanket put over her and is escorted outside.

One NERVOUS FIREFIGHTER shines a flashlight on the dead, naked body of Blake, penis still stuffed in his mouth. The Nervous Firefighter pukes all over himself.

Other firefighters are chasing down the raving mad Santa bros and subduing them.

Firefighter Chief motions for them to fan out. A handful of them head upstairs.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOF - NIGHT

Santa Claus knocks the convict to the ground, then takes off his shirt. He's surprisingly buff.

SANTA CLAUS

You better not cry.

The convict roars and charges once more at Santa Claus. They continue to fight.

Santa Claus grabs the convict, lifts him up in the air, and drops him back down snapping his spine against his knee.

The convict falls to the ground, groaning in pain.

Santa Claus comes over to Caleb and Elsie, casually putting his shirt back on.

(CONTINUED)

Elsie starts to open her eyes. Her vision is still very blurry.

SANTA CLAUS
(to himself)
Now, where is the milk and cookies?

ELSIE
Wha-- huh?

SANTA CLAUS
Shhhhhh! Go back to sleep.

He waddles over to the other side of the roof and picks up his green sack, reaching a hand inside.

INT. ROOF STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Firefighter Chief runs to the top of the staircase, checking the fire door that leads to the roof.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Poking his head outside, Firefighter Chief looks off into the distance. He doesn't see anything at first, but then does a double take.

Firefighter Chief takes out his walkie talkie.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Yeah, I'm gonna need some help up here on the roof.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Elsie and Caleb lay passed out against the ledge of the rooftop.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF (O.S.)
Hello!

Elsie slowly opens her eyes and turns her head to see the Firefighter Chief yelling from the other rooftop.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
You alive over there?

ELSIE
Barely.

(CONTINUED)

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Alright, hang on. I'm coming over.

The Firefighter Chief backs up to get a running start, then leaps over the small gap between the two roofs.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Is that him?

Elsie turns her head back and sees that Santa Claus has vanished. The convict still lays passed out on the ground, his spine a mangled mess.

Elsie looks to the Firefighter Chief.

ELSIE
Yeah. That's him.

Two more firefighters run onto the roof. The Firefighter Chief points towards the convict.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Got a present for you, boys. Sorry
I didn't have time to wrap it.

The firefighters struggle to pick the massive convict up. They drag him away.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
You're lucky to be alive. Is he
okay?

The Firefighter Chief points to the bone sticking out of Caleb's arm.

ELSIE
Not sure.

Elsie nudges Caleb hard in the ribs. He opens his eyes, starts coughing and groaning.

ELSIE
(to Firefighter Chief)
He's fine.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Are there any others?

ELSIE
I don't think so. Nobody we know
anyway.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF

Alright, let me take a quick look around.

The Firefighter Chief walks to the other side of the roof. Elsie turns to look at Caleb.

CALEB

Are they gonna have to cut my arm off?

ELSIE

You saved me... Again.

CALEB

Oh. Yeah, I mean...

Caleb leans in to kiss Elsie, closing his eyes and puckering up. The music swells.

Elsie pushes him away, scoffing.

ELSIE

Gross! Stop trying to kiss me, Caleb!

CALEB

What? Oh, sorry. I guess I misread that.

ELSIE

Yeah, you did.

CALEB

Sorry.

ELSIE

Hey... did you see that guy dressed as Santa before?

CALEB

You mean like everybody at the party?

ELSIE

No! Well, yeah, but no I mean the one that was fighting the killer.

CALEB

I don't know what you're talking about, Elsie.

(CONTINUED)

ELSIE
He was standing right there! I
don't know, maybe I was just
dreaming.

CALEB
Sounds like a dream.

The Firefighter Chief comes back over to them.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Are you Elsie?

ELSIE
Uh. Yeah. I'm Elsie, why?

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Found this over there.

He hands her a small box, elegantly gift wrapped with "Merry
Christmas, Elsie!" handwritten on the top.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Any idea what it is?

CALEB
It's... a present.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
I mean, obviously.

ELSIE
Can I open it?

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Technically, it's evidence. But
hell, I'm not the police. Do what
you want.

Elsie takes the present from the Firefighter Chief and
cautiously unwraps it. She lifts the top off of the box and
looks inside.

It's socks.

The jingling of sleigh bells and a faint "ho ho ho" can be
heard way off in the distance.

Elsie looks up to the sky in disbelief.

FIREFIGHTER CHIEF
Man, what a shitty gift.

FADE TO BLACK.