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AMAZING STORIES

SANTA '85

Story by
Steven Spielberg

Teleplay by
Joshua Brand
and
John Falsey

DO NOT XEROX!!!

SANTA '85ACT ONE

1 EXT. - NORTH POLE - DUSK 1

Through a howling wind and driving blizzard we discern a distant shape of a house and dim lights. The CAMERA moves through the blizzard, toward the lights, revealing a cozy little cottage surrounded by a white picket fence.

The CAMERA continues through the front yard, past a fir tree decorated with Christmas lights, and up to a frost covered window. Suddenly, KRIS KRINGLE (a.k.a. Santa Claus) appears in the window, smiling from ear to ear.

CUT TO

2 INT. - DEN 2

Santa peers out the window while MRS. CLAUS hems the waist of his bright red pants.

SANTA

Oh, what a great night this is going to be!

Mrs. Claus inadvertently sticks him with a pin.

SANTA (Cont'd)

Ouch!

MRS. CLAUS

Well, if you'd just hold still...

SANTA

This suit wasn't supposed to shrink.

MRS. CLAUS

It didn't, dear. If you don't stay away from the gingerbread cookies I'm going to have to put a stretch band on these trousers.

(X)

Santa picks up a hand written list and carefully scrutinizes it.

SANTA

(snapping his fingers)

Steve Heptinstall -- Roanoke, Virginia -- did I pack his catcher's mitt?

CONTINUED

2

CONTINUED

2

MRS. CLAUS

Yes, dear.

SANTA

Claire Rinfret -- Paris, France, did I -- ?

MRS. CLAUS

Yes, dear.

SANTA

My mittens!

MRS. CLAUS

They're on the mantle where they always are.

SANTA

Oh, by the way, the elves called while you were feeding the reindeer. They invited us to spend New Years with them.

MRS. CLAUS

In Hollywood? Just to watch those little fellows make another movie? No thanks, they're a bunch of sellouts if you ask me....

SANTA

Everyone has to earn a living, dear.

Santa picks his red coat off a chair and puts it on. He pats his pockets.

SANTA

(frantic)

My pipe!

MRS. CLAUS

I put it in the glove compartment.

SANTA

Oh, Helen, I'm so excited -- I can't wait to get out there and see all those smiling, happy eager faces waiting for Santa to pay them a visit.

MRS. CLAUS

Just remember, dear, the world has changed.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED - 2

2

SANTA

Not on Christmas, it hasn't.

MRS. CLAUS

You read the newspapers, dear. You see what's on the evening news -- It's a modern, sophisticated world.

SANTA

And I haven't kept up with it?

MRS. CLAUS

No, you have...in your own way. It's just that unfortunately people think they have more important things to believe in than Christmas or Santa.

SANTA

Horsefeathers! Even in the worst of times the children needed me, waited for me and did I let them down?

MRS. CLAUS

No, dear, you didn't.

SANTA

Some maybe didn't always get what they asked for, but I did the job -- I delivered, and with a personal touch, mind you. So, my philosophy is -

MRS. CLAUS/SANTA

'The more things change, the more they stay the same.'

Santa winks and Mrs. Claus finishes buttoning his jacket. He gives his stomach a satisfied pat and one of his bulging buttons POPS off.

CUT TO

3 EXT. - SANTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

3

Santa and Mrs. Claus step onto the porch and slowly move through the blizzard toward the front of the house.

SANTA

This is going to be the greatest Christmas since 1492.

CONTINUED

3

CONTINUED

3

MRS. CLAUS

Watch out for the 747's.

SANTA

Come to think of it, 1747 wasn't a
bad year either.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED - 2

3

MRS. CLAUS

Now don't go sneaking up on any
airport towers like you did last
year. You scared the those
controllers half to death.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Santa begins to laugh, his stomach jiggling like a bowl
full of jelly.

SANTA

That I did! They thought I was a
UFO -- unidentified fat object!
(Santa bursts
out laughing)

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

MRS. CLAUS

Have you got your list?
(Santa slaps his
back pocket)
Have you checked it twice?

SANTA

We're hunky-dorry, Sweetie.

Santa moves through a gate in the picket fence and lets out
a loud whistle. suddenly, like a pack of faithful hound
dogs, eight tiny reindeer burst out of a barn next to the
house. They pull a large sleigh right up to Santa and Mrs.
Claus.

MRS. CLAUS

Have a grand old time.

Santa kisses Mrs. Claus and climbs into his sleigh.

SANTA

I'll be home by noon tomorrow!
(turning)
Now Dasher! now Dancer! now
Prancer! and Vixen!

The sleigh lurches forward, receding into the blizzard.
Mrs. Claus waves goodbye as the jingling of bells fades
further and further away.

SANTA (O.S.)

Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas....

CUT TO

4 EXT. BOBBY MYNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

4

It is a modern looking house nestled in the New York suburb
of Westchester County. A pristine layer of virgin snow

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

covers the house -- red, blue and green Christmas lights encircle the rooftop, their colors glowing off the snow.

The CAMERA slowly moves toward a side window of the house. A light from behind the window suddenly goes on, throwing golden light onto the snow outside the house.

CUT TO

5 INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

5

BOBBY MYNES, age eight, is being put to bed by his MOM and DAD.

MOM

...of course there's a Santa Claus, Bobby.

BOBBY

That's not what Jed and Jeff said.

MOM

Jed and Jeff Marshall are just teasing you because they're older than you are.

BOBBY

Really?

DAD

That's right.

BOBBY

I don't know...Nancy Benedict said it, too, and she's the same age as me.

Mom and Dad glance at each other -- now what?

MOM

Well, I guess the Marshall boys must have talked to her, too.

BOBBY

Yeah, I guess....

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

DAD

I'd keep your eyes peeled tonight,
Bobby. You never know who you might
see on Christmas Eve.

BOBBY

Okay, I will.

MOM AND DAD

Goodnight. Merry Christmas....

Bobby's parents creep out of the room. Bobby leans over
and picks up a toy dart gun off his bedstand, loads a
rubber tipped dart and points it at the bedroom ceiling.

Bobby fires the gun.

6 ANGLE ON THE CEILING

6

The rubber dart sticks onto the face of a DIRTY HARRY
poster. We hear another dart being loaded as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - LATER

7 ANGLE - ON BOBBY

7

Sound asleep. The CAMERA slowly TILTS UP to a huge window
behind his bed. On the snow covered ground beyond the
window we suddenly see the shadow of eight reindeer and a
sleigh as they glide toward the roof of Bobby's house.

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE UP toward the ceiling until it
reveals the DIRTY HARRY poster which is now covered with
darts. We hear the sound of the sleigh as it lands, then
the loud clip-clop of heavy boots as they trudge across the
roof.

CUT TO

8 INT. CHIMNEY

8

We are looking UP THROUGH THE INSIDE OF THE CHIMNEY. A
thick metal grating covers the opening to prevent hot
cinders from escaping. Santa's face appears behind the
screen.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

SANTA

(frowning)

Ho! Ho! Ho....

Santa tries to pry the metal screen from the chimney top, but it won't budge.

SANTA

Hmmmm....

Santa disappears from the chimney top as we

CUT TO

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

9 ANGLE - LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW

9

A huge sack of toys flies into view and lands in the snow. It is followed by the large fat figure of Santa as he slides down a drain pipe that is next to the window.

Santa hops to the ground and picks up the sack. He peers into the window at Bobby who is still asleep. Santa smiles and moves out of the window toward the front of the house.

CUT TO

10 INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

10

We can see Santa, still outside the house, as he moves up to a window. He tries the window -- it opens. Smiling, Santa crawls through the window and tugs his huge sack of toys in behind him.

11 ANGLE - FAR WALL

11

A small, blinking "electric eye" is tripped as Santa passes in front of it.

CUT TO

12 INT. - THE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

12

Bobby's parents are busy wrapping the last of the presents when (X)
(X)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

Suddenly, an electronic burglar alarm panel blinks on and off, emitting a tiny high pitched squeal. Bobby's mom and dad freeze. The phone rings -- dad picks it up.

DAD

Hello?

SECURITY DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Safetech Security. May I have your
abort code, please.

HUSBAND

(on phone)
5723. Call the police.

SECURITY DISPATCHER (O.S.)

They're on their way.

Dad hangs up the phone. There is a sudden noise downstairs. He reaches up to the alarm console and hits a red button.

CUT TO

13 INT. - LIVINGROOM

13

Santa, on his hands and knees, is pulling gifts out of his sack and putting them down under the tree. Suddenly, super-bright anti-burglar lights FLARE ON. Santa freezes -- stunned.

14 ANGLE - STEREO SYSTEM

14

A cassette is automatically activated.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

"Call the police! Help! Help!
Help! Illegal entry! Illegal entry!"

Santa leaps to his feet in a state of shock. He hurriedly hefts his bag over his shoulder and runs, panicked, down the hallway toward Bobby's bedroom

15 INT. BEDROOM

15

Just as Santa bursts into the room, Bobby pops out of a large wooden toy chest at the front of the bed clutching his dart gun. Bobby fires -- the dart sticks to Santa's forehead.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED 15

For a brief moment Bobby and Santa stare eye-to-eye. Bobby's mouth drops open as Santa, disoriented and shocked, backs out of the room --

16 INT. HALLWAY 16

Right into the waiting arms of Bobby's dad. They grapple -- Santa tries to break free. Bobby's dad grabs Santa around the waist, but it's too round to hold onto.

SANTA

Be patient dear fellow, there's enough for everybody. (X)
(X)

Santa breaks free and rumbles towards the front door. Bobby's dad leaps to tackle Santa but instead, trips over a lampwire and crashes to the floor. Santa opens the front door and dashes outside where he is greeted by ---

17 EXT. - HOUSE 17

A sudden explosion of blinding spotlights.

SHERIFF (v.o.)

Freeze!

Santa, blinded by the glare, freezes.

Three patrol cars have pulled up on the lawn at the front of which stands SHERRIFF HORACE SMIVEY barking into his bullhorn.

SHERIFF

Drop your bag and raise those mittens!

Santa slowly drops his bag, and raises his hands above his head.

18 ON THE FRONT PORCH 18

Bobby races out of the house, followed by his Mom and Dad. Santa turns and gives Bobby a cheerful wink and Bobby's eyes suddenly opened wide as saucers -- it's just as he thought, this is the real thing. A MAGICAL MUSIC CUE indicates that for eight year old Bobby Mynes, seeing is believing.

CONTINUED

18

CONTINUED

18

SHERIFF MEN, guns drawn, approach Santa and force him up against a car.

SANTA

Excuse me, Constable, but I think there's been a slight error in judgement.

POLICEMAN #1

Spread 'em!

CUT TO

19

EXT. FRONT YARD - LATER

19

Bobby, dart gun in hand, watches as Santa is taken away.

BOBBY

(softly, with awe and wonderment)

Wow...it's him.

20

ANGLE - SHERIFF SMIVEY

20

SMIVEY

(indicating Santa)

Take him away!

Cuffs are placed on Santa and he's hustled toward a large van-like PADDY WAGON.

Bobby's mom steps up to Bobby, taking his hand.

BOBBY

(softly)

Mom, I think you better let him go.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MOM

C'mon, Bobby. It's cold. Let's go inside.

Mom ushers Bobby into the warmth of the house. Bobby looks back toward Santa who now stands behind the paddy wagon with several patrolmen.

21

OMITTED

21

CONTINUED

22 AT THE PADDY WAGON

22

Smivey turns to a PATROLMAN.

SMIVEY

Load him up.

The patrolman opens the rear doors of the wagon revealing THREE DRUNKS clad in ill fitting Santa outfits.

DRUNK SANTAS

Hey...c'mon in! Join the party!
Great costume!

Santa looks crushed as he slowly climbs into the wagon. The patrolman slams the doors shut as the paddy wagon guns to a start.

23 OUTSIDE BOBBY'S HOUSE

23

We can see Bobby watching from behind a frosted window. Palms pressed against the glass, Bobby's face held as if in a cameo by a lighted Christmas wreath.

As the paddy wagon, red lights flashing, pulls away from the house with thier illustrious prisoner, we see Bobby calling out, "No you don't understand...he's Santa Claus!"

No one is listening.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

24 INT. PADDY WAGON - NIGHT

24

PATROLMAN WETHERBY, a young, green-looking deputy drives while Smivey rides shotgun. Santa sits in the back of the wagon with the three other bogus Santas who are now sleeping.

Santa rises and grips a wire screen that separates him from Smivey and Wetherby, trying his best to stand in the rear of the bouncing wagon.

SMIVEY

(looking through
the windshield)

How many houses you hit tonight
fella?

SANTA

(carefully
calculating)

Let me think. Hmmm. Forty million
so far I'd say!

Wetherby and Smivey look at each other and think they've hit the jackpot with this crackpot.

SANTA

So as you can well imagine, I've a big night ahead... hardly scratched the earth's surface. Have we much further to go?

SMIVEY

(staring through
windshield)

In a hurry to be locked up, eh?

SANTA

Actually, I'm on a practically impossible schedule this time. Practically impossible! The population is growing so. Mrs. Claus can let this coat out an inch or two every year but she can't put a stretch band on the trousers of the world.

(Santa chuckles
at this)

CONTINUED

24

CONTINUED

24

SMIVEY

Hey! No laughing in the police car.

24-A

SANTA - POINT OF VIEW

24-A

The back of Smivey's head as he glares out the window.

SANTA

Why is that?

SMIVEY

Because nothing funny ever happens
in my patrol car unless I say so.
Right Wetherby?

WETHERBY

Yes, sir, Sheriff Smivey.

SANTA

Smivey? You wouldn't happen to be
Horace Smivey -- Leonard's boy --
would you?

Smivey turns around in his seat, angry and astonished.

SMIVEY

How'd you figure that, pops? Hit my
house earlier this evening?

SANTA

(checking his list)

Actually...your house was going to
be next.

WETHERBY

C'mon, Sheriff. This is Santa we're
talking about! (X)

(trying to lift
the mood, Wetherby

"pings" a little (X)

Christmas bell hanging
on the rearview (X)

mirror and sings) (X)

'Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle
all the way... (X)

SANTA AND WETHERBY

'Oh what fun it is to ride in a one
horse open sleigh! Jingle bells, (X)
jingle bells... (X)

CONTINUED

24-A CONTINUED

24-A

SMIVEY

(ripping the
bell off)

Knock it off and make a left. I'm
sick of the Christmas decorations on
Main Street.

(X)
(X)

SANTA

(fascinated)

You know, Horace, you don't seem
very enthusiastic about the holidays.

SMIVEY

Why should I be?

SANTA

Well, as occasions go, you gotta
admit, it's right up there with
Thanksgiving and Super Bowl Sunday.

SMIVEY

Just one out of 365. One out of 365.

SANTA

But where's your holiday spirit?

SMIVEY

Oh, it's right up there with armed
robbery, vagrancy and drunk driving
which all seem to gather in a group
and celebrate right around December
and January each and every year.

SANTA

(saddened)

Sounds fairly awful, Horace.

SMIVEY

You got that right.

SANTA

How long have you felt this way?

SMIVEY

Know what you're reminding me of?

SANTA

(hopeful)

What's that, Horace?

CONTINUED

24-A CONTINUED - 2

24-A

SMIVEY

How much I hate talkin' to prisoners.

On Santa leaning back, studying Smivey.

CUT TO

24-B
and
24-C

OMITTED

(X)
(X)

24-B
and
24-C

As a GI Joe toy bounces off of it.

25

PULL BACK - TO SHOW BOBBY AND HIS MOTHER

25

As she turns him by the shoulders toward her.

MOTHER

Robert Mynes, you listen to me,
right now!

BOBBY

You're wrong.

MOTHER

Every holiday season, a few very sad
people ---

BOBBY

(pulling away)
It was Santa!

MOTHER

-- a few very sad people rob those
who are more fortunate than they are.

BOBBY

But he wasn't robbing, Mom! He was
giving.

MOTHER

Bobby.

BOBBY

He was! And you arrested him. You
and Dad arrested Santa Claus! Like
some kind of terrorist.

Bobby's mother suddenly turns, cocking her head, as though
hearing something.

CONTINUED

MOTHER

Listen.

BOBBY

You guys are in big trouble. Free him now.

MOTHER

(louder)

Aren't those sleighbells I hear?

BOBBY

I don't hear anything. Mom --

MOTHER

Quick, get into bed. Santa's coming.

Bobby's mother hustles him toward the bed.

BOBBY

He's already been here!

MOTHER

But this time he's here just for you.

(tucking him in)

Now be very quiet, and if you're lucky you might see him.

(Bobby exhales deeply)

BOBBY

(exasperated)

No one listens to an eight year old.

MOTHER

(clicking off lights)

Goodnight.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Bobby's mother exits. Bobby waits a moment,

BOBBY

(to himself)

Except maybe a seven year old.

As the bedroom light goes off the curtains behind Bobby's window are suddenly filled with the silhouette of eight reindeer antlers.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Bobby, jaw dropping, turns and slowly pulls back the curtain revealing a reindeer with a very red nose.

(X)
(X)

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

BOBBY

Rudolph!

On Bobby's amazed expression

CUT TO

26
and
27

OMITTED

26
and
27

INT. POLICE STATION

28 TIGHT SHOT - SANTA SMILING FROM EAR TO EAR

28

FLASH goes off. Santa turns to his profile, beaming.
Another FLASH. One more profile as he winks mischievously
-- FLASH.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

COP (V.O.)

Next.

As a smiling Santa disappears out of frame, we -

CUT TO

29 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

29

Wetherby finishes fingerprinting the last bogus Santa. Smivey approaches.

SMIVEY

For crying out loud, Wetherby. What's taking so long? I haven't got all night.

WETHERBY

Are you serious, sir, about arresting these poor guys?

SMIVEY

You bet your boots I am.

WETHERBY

But, sir, they're just a couple of harmless department store Santas who, because they were lonely on Christmas eve, got a little drunk.

SMIVEY

Book 'em! Next!

30 ANGLE - SANTA

30

Sitting with other LAWBREAKERS.

SANTA

Excuse me....

Santa rises and approaches Wetherby, who prepares to fingerprint Santa.

WETHERBY

Forefinger, right hand, please....

Santa puts out his hand. Wetherby takes it.

SANTA

I'd like to have a word with you about your Christmas spirit, Horace.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

SMIVEY
Save it for the judge.

WETHERBY
Right thumb, please....

SANTA
Will you be spending Christmas Eve
with your family, Horace?

WETHERBY
Sheriff's not married.

Wetherby smears Santa's thumb on the ink sponge, planting
it squarely on the fingerprint paper.

SANTA
What about with some friends?

WETHERBY
Hasn't got any, 'cept me.

SANTA
Didn't your family ever celebrate
Christmas?

WETHERBY
Sheriff never had a family. Grew up
in an orphanage.

SMIVEY (X)
Writing my biography, Wetherby? (X)

WETHERBY (X)
No, sir. (X)

SMIVEY
(snarling)
You got something else you wanna
say, Wetherby?

WETHERBY
No, sir.

SMIVEY
Good. Keep it that way.

WETHERBY
Yes, sir -- sorry, sir.

SMIVEY
(to Santa)
Let's go.

Smivey leads Santa out of the room as Wetherby takes the
fingerprint paper. Wetherby picks up the paper and glances
at it.

30 CONTINUED (X) 30

The little squares designating each finger are blank. He raises the card to the light -- nothing.

WETHERBY

What's going on around here?

A stunned Wetherby turns to face Santa and Smivey.

31 and 32 OMITTED (X) 31 and 32

CUT TO

33 INT. - BOBBY'S PARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT 33

Bobby's mom and dad sound asleep. The CAMERA pulls back to reveal Bobby standing in their doorway clad in a commando's outfit. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Bobby as he turns back into his bedroom.

34 INT. - BOBBY'S ROOM 34

The room is dark; the only light filters in from the window. Grabbing four large candycanes and his dart gun, Bobby climbs out of the window and disappears into the frigid cold night. We HOLD on the darkened room, blasts of cold air billowing the window curtains.

BOBBY (o.c.)

C'mon, you guys. This way.... That's right....

We hear the tinkling of bells and the delicate clippity-clop of the reindeer and sleigh over the snow. We hear Bobby climb onto the sleigh.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Okay, you guys. Let's go!

Suddenly, the silhouette of eight pairs of antlers followed by a little boy atop a giant sleigh whips across the curtains as we

CUT TO

35 INT. JAIL

Sheriff Smivey and Santa stand before a jail cell.

35-A INT. CELL - SANTA - POINT OF VIEW

35-A

Three men dressed in Santa Claus suits are drunk and sprawled out on cots and mattresses. A sorry sight, indeed.

SANTA

Who are these poor fellows, Sheriff Smivey?

SMIVEY

(lightly)

Now let me think...

(indicating Santa #1)

That one's from the Old Folks Home...

(X)

(indicates Santa #2)

That other Santa got drunk and passed out in the Shelter before he could pass out the presents. And that miserable geezer...

(indicates Santa #3)

was caught stealing Christmas tree decorations from the department store where he's worked for the past week.

35-B ANGLE - SANTA

35-B

Shaking his head, taking it all in.

SANTA

Usually, the first time a child believes in something other than his own Mother and Father is when he first gives his trust and wishes and dreams to these bearded over-stuffed strangers. Funny thing is, these men who dress up as Santa usually have no children of their own...And the sadness of Christmas ending has delivered each of them to this unfortunate place. People believed in them, Horace.

CONTINUED

35-B CONTINUED

35-B

SMIVEY

You got that right, oldtimer.

SANTA

Did I ever let you down, Horace?

SMIVEY

You were just the first of many disappointments.

SANTA

Do you care to tell me about it?

SMIVEY

I was just a kid when I wrote Santa a letter -- nine pages single space -- telling him I'd been good as I could -- brushed every tooth, did all my chores and all I asked him for was one Buck Rogers green toy ray gun circa 1933.

Smivey opens the cell door.

SANTA

And you didn't get it?

35-C TWO SHOT

35-C

Smivey and Santa, as Smivey is about to respond. Suddenly Smivey's eyes open wide as he realizes Santa IS Santa. The same MAGICAL MUSIC CUE accompanies Smivey's epiphany as it did BOBBY'S.

SANTA

Sometimes even Santa makes mistakes.

Smivey starts to nod, then catches himself.

SMIVEY

(catching
himself)

Nah...Nah, this is crazy. It can't be. Y'hear me, you can't be! Get in there, old man.

35-D ANOTHER ANGLE

35-D

As Santa enters the jail cell and sadly watches Sheriff Smivey shaking his head, walking down the hallway and out of the jail.

Rev. 6/24/85

36 IN THE CELL

36

The sound of the clanging cell door has apparently semiroused one of the drunken bogus Santas. He scratches his face under his fake beard, leaving it askew on his face.

BOGUS SANTA

(extending a
cigarette butt)

Hey, bud, got a light?

SANTA

Sorry.

The Bogus Santa falls back asleep. Santa Sadly surveys his jail cell then walks to the barred window, looks out and sighs.

SANTA

Just what this sorry old world
needs...Christmas without Santa.

CUT TO

37 INT. - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

37

Smivey sits at his desk, doing some paperwork. Wetherby approaches and stands silently next to Smivey, who doesn't bother to look up.

SMIVEY

Speak, Wetherby.

WETHERBY

Well, Sir, it's about Santa Clau -- I mean, the burgler we arrested.

SMIVEY

(without
looking up)
What about him?

WETHERBY

Just this, sir.

Wetherby hands Smivey Santa's blank fingerprint card. Smivey flips it over again and again.

SMIVEY

What's going on here?

CUT TO:

38 INT. - JAIL CELL

38

Santa sits on a cell bench with two of the Bogus Santas leaning against him, snoring loudly. Suddenly, two little hands appear on the other side of the barred window.

BOBBY

Psst...Hey, Santa!

The hands are holding a thick rope and proceed to tie the rope to the bars. Bobby pulls his face up to the bars. Santa hops up -- the Bogus Santas groggily come to life.

BOBBY (Cont'd)

It's me, Bobby Mynes. I'm going to get you out.

(to drunken Santas)

Stand back you guys.

The Bogus Santas, now totally confused, take a few tentative steps back as Bobby lets go of the bars, disappearing from sight.

CUT TO

39 SMIVEY AND WETHERBY

39

SMIVEY

You're sure you took the prints?

WETHERBY

Positive, sir.

SMIVEY

I've just about had enough from this old geezer. C'mon.

Smivey heads for the cell. Wetherby follows.

CUT TO

40 EXT. - JAIL - NIGHT

40

We TRACK Bobby, rope in hand, to Santa's sleigh. He ties the rope to the back of the sleigh, puts two fingers in his mouth, and lets out a very loud WHISTLE.

41 ANGLE - REINDEER

41

They buck and charge forward -- the rope starts to pull taut.

CUT TO

42 INT. - JAIL CELL

42

Smivey and Wetherby arrive at the cell.

SMIVEY

(to Santa)

Alright, you, come on out of there.

Just as Smivey says this -- the entire wall on the far side of the cell is yanked out with a loud CRASH! Smivey's jaw drops.

BOGUS SANTA #2

Run for it!

They all race out of the cell -- Smivey and Wetherby are now left imprisoned behind the bars. Smivey fumbles with the keys, finally opens the door and chases after the Santas.

CUT TO

43 EXT. - JAIL - NIGHT 43

The three Santa Clauses are running in three different directions! Smivey and Wetherby don't know which to chase when Smivey sees --

44 THE BACK END OF A SLEIGH 44

As it turns a corner, with Santa and Bobby in it.

SMIVEY

Wetherby, you get the others. I'll take the sleigh!

Smivey hops into his squad car and peels out, siren blaring, lights flashing.

45 EXT. - A SNOWY STREET - NIGHT 45

The team of reindeer, charge down the street leaving a wake of snow behind them.

46 ANGLE ON PATROL CAR 46

As it barrels down Main Street in hot pursuit of the sleigh.

CUT TO

47 EXT. - THE STRAIGHTAWAY 47

As the sleigh gallops, a nervous Bobby looks over his shoulder and sees the patrol car gaining on them.

BOBBY

He's gaining on us, Santa!

Santa cracks his whip and steers the sleigh into a snow covered park.

48 IN THE PATROL CAR 48

Smivey spins the wheel and swerves the car into the OPPOSITE ENTRANCE of the park.

49 EXT. PARK 49

The sleigh hurtles through a meadow when suddenly, the patrol car appears, speeding directly at Santa and Bobby.

CONTINUED

Rev. 6/24/85

- 49 CONTINUED 49
- BOBBY
- Look out!
- SANTA
- Hold onto your longjohns, Bobby! (X)
- Just as it seems like the patrol car will cut them off, the sleigh and all eight reindeer lift off the ground and beocme airborne, gracefully gliding over the patrol car.
- 50 IN THE CAR 50
- Smivey spins the wheel and skids to a stop. He slowly pulls himself from his car and stares into the starry sky, his face looking like a little boy who has witnessed his first miracle.
- 51 ANGLE ON THE SLEIGH 51
- as it zooms overhead. We HEAR Santa, "Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas!" as a tiny object is seen falling from the back of his ascending sleigh. It hits softly in the snow.
- 52 ANGLE - SMIVEY 52
- Approaching the object with caution and reverence.
- 53 SMIVEY - POINT OF VIEW 53
- Gift wrapped in antique wrapping paper, it's tied with a great red bow. Smivey picks it up. The card says, "to Horace, with love from Santa." Smivey opens the box -- inside is a green BUCK ROGERS TOY RAY GUN, circa 1938.
- Smivey lifts it up to his glistening eyes as if it was the most valuable object in the universe. Smivey looks up into the sky -- the sleigh is nowhere to be seen.
- 54 ANOTHER ANGLE - POLICE CAR 54
- As it pulls up, lights flashing. Wetherby gets out and runs up to Smivey.
- WETHERBY
- I'm sorry, Sheriff, but two of the Santas seem to have gotten away.
- I'm really sorry. I ---

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

Wetherby stares at Smivey's face -- it looks as if fifty years of tension have been lifted off of it. Smivey is still gazing up into the sky in a soft, almost reverent trance.

WETHERBY (Cont'd)

Sheriff?

Suddenly, from around the corner, a group of christmas carolers appears, carrying candles, singing "The First Noel".

55 ANGLE ON SMIVEY

55

As he turns, still clutching his ray gun, and begins to walk toward the group of singers. The CAMERA follows him as he steps up to the carolers.

A LITTLE GIRL holding two large candles looks up at Smivey and gives him a huge smile -- Smivey shyly smiles back. The girl reaches up and hands Smivey a candle. Smivey takes the candle and bursts out singing right along with the rest of the carolers.

The little girl turns and grabs Smivey's large, grizzled hand. The CAMERA begins to PULL BACK as Smivey's voice rises above the others, just a little off key, his face beaming with joy.

FADE OUT

THE END