

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Through the car windows, Detective Rivas watches the forensics team and the coroner at work.

She snatches the CB.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(into CB)
Shockley, come in. This Rivas. Over.

Rivas looks around at the cold, snowy night in the glare of her car's headlights and the flicking strobes of her red and blues.

Everything is quiet and still from her vantage point in the car.

SQUELCH

OFFICER SHOCKLEY
(on the radio)
This is Officer Shockley. Over.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(into CB)
How are things on your end? Over.

INT. OFFICER SHOCKLEY'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Shockley sits in his patrol car outside Shirley's house.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY
(into CB)
All good. Over.

INTERCUT DETECTIVE RIVAS - OFFICER SHOCKLEY

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Officer Giles, come in. Over.

INT. OFFICER GILES'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Officer Giles sits in her car outside Pace's house.

OFFICER GILES
(into CB)
Quiet as a church mouse, Detective.
Over.

INTERCUT DETECTIVE RIVAS - OFFICER SHOCKLEY - OFFICER GILES

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

How's things with you, Rivas? Over.

Rivas watches as coroner technicians haul Stinson's bagged body onto a gurney.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Deathly still.

(beat)

Watch for anything, is that understood? No matter what, pounce on it? Copy.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

Copy that.

OFFICER GILES

Copy.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Over and out.

OFFICER GILES

Over and out.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

See ya soon.

END INTERCUT

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rivas rolls her eyes and replaces the CB mic on the dash.

A gentle snow falls.

Technicians load the bagged bodies of Officer Stinson and Eugenia Lusty into a coroner's van.

INT. SHIRLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Santa Harlin stands at the foot of the stairs. He clasps his dirtied butcher knife, tightly, in his hand. His leers intently into the dark house above.

Darryl creeps from the shadows.

DARRYL

You're gonna kill her dead, right?

Santa Harlin turns his head slowly to Darryl.

DARRYL (cont'd)
I'm just making sure, big guy. You don't have to make it quick either, if you don't want to. You wanna make her suffer a little bit, you can, I'm okay with it. Really.

The psycho Santa doesn't blink. His fierce, dark eyes lock with Darryl's.

Darryl shivers, breaks from chilling trance those eyes hold him.

DARRYL (cont'd)
I'm...I'm not trying to tell you how to do this or anything. It's- uh, this is your...party.

The silence is awkward.

DARRYL (cont'd)
Okay, so, top of the stairs, down the hall, last door on the right. I'm going to run out the front and scream to get the cops' attention. It's just for show, though, a pure formality. I'm gonna give you a head start. What do you need? Like ten, thirty minutes?

More awkward silence. Creepy silence.

DARRYL (cont'd)
Well...Do you need to cut me or something? So the cops think there was a struggle?

Quick as lighting, Santa Harlin rams his butcher knife under Darryl's chin. It plunges through Darryl's mouth into his head.

Darryl gurgles. A waterfall of blood pours out his mouth.

Santa Harlin pulls Darryl along the rail and slides the knife out.

Darryl crumples to the floor.

INT. OFFICER SHOCKLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Shockley breathes into his hands, shivers all over. He wipes a hand across the fogging windows.

He STARTS the PATROL CAR and BLASTS the HEAT on high.

The fog disappears from the windshield.

Nothing and no one is out and about. Shirley Bruce's house is dark and silent.

INT. OFFICER GILES'S CAR - NIGHT

Giles's car is warm and toasty. The ENGINE HUMS SMOOTHLY.

EXT. PACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Giles's CAR IDLES as even as a cat's purr.

Pace's house is as dark and quiet as Shirley's.

The street, and every house on it, is serene at this late hour.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Detective Rivas's car speeds down the snow covered road at a steady clip.

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Detective Rivas grips the wheel firmly. Eyes on the road, jaw set, she is a woman on a mission.

INT. SHIRLEY'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Santa Harlin turns the corner from the stairs. He's a man on a mission, a hunter stalking his prey.

The FLOOR GROANS, once, under the killer's boots. This causes him to, momentarily, pause. With no attention drawn, he continues down the hall.

Blood drips off the point of Santa Harlin's knife. This leaves a trail of red blots which look black on the light colored carpet in the gloomy hallway.

The door of the master bedroom is partly open. Santa Harlin approaches it in his own time.

He pushes it open with the tip of the knife.

Shirley is a lump in the bed. She lies on her side with her back to the door, the blankets pulled over her to her hair.

IN THE BEDROOM

Santa Harlin steps, noiselessly, to the bed. He stares at her in the dim room, the way her hair flows across the pillow, over the linen, the slope of the blanket over her shoulder.

He raises the butcher knife. Full of rage, he stabs it in Shirley's head.

Santa Harlin raises the blade-- Shirley's head is stuck on the blade. He examines the severed head.

It's a styrofoam head and a wig.

From behind the bedroom door, Shirley, bald, in her nightgown and robe, rushes the intruder with a golf club.

She bashes Santa Harlin on the head, repeatedly: CRUNCH - THUNK - CRUNCH.

Santa Harlin falls across the bed onto the mound of pillows Shirley used as a decoy.

She continues to brain the killer with the golf club.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Santa Harlin rolls off the bed to the floor. He manages to hang onto the knife. The styrofoam head and wig are still stuck on the blade.

Shirley takes a breather, huffs and puffs.

Santa Harlin is motionless.

She attacks with another round of brutal hits. Mid-attack, the GOLF CLUB SNAPS in half.

Shirley tosses the broken golf club and runs.

INT. SHIRLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shirley holds the rail and descends the stairs. She loses her slippers and nearly falls, but she keeps going.

Her hand glides through blood. She peers over the rail and spies Darryl's body on the floor below.

SHIRLEY

Pathetic.

She moves on.

At the bottom, she grabs her purse from where it hangs on the coatrack. She gets her keys and drops the bag.

Shirley looks to the upstairs landing.

Only darkness there.

She unlocks the door.

EXT. SHIRLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shirley bursts from the front door. Barefoot, she runs to her car in the driveway.

Officer Shockley gets out of his idling patrol car.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

Mrs. Bruce! What are you doing?

(beat)

Where did your hair go?

Shirley presses the button to unlock her car doors.

SHIRLEY

Arlin's in there. He killed Darryl
and he tried to kill me.

Shockley pulls his gun from his holster. He scampers to her in a sideways jog, dividing his attention between Shirley and the house.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

He's in your house right now?

SHIRLEY

(getting in her car)

Yes.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

He the one who took your hair?

Shirley's car starts.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY (cont'd)
(to Shirley)
Where are you going?

Shockley runs toward her car.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY (cont'd)
Mrs. Bruce! Wait!

The car speeds in reverse.

Officer Shockley tries to jump clear, but he doesn't make it. The car hits him. He tumbles over the rear end of the sedan, does a cartwheel in the air.

THUD-- he lands, hard, on the driveway pavement.

Shockley groans. He rolls over, realizes his hands are empty-- he's lost his gun-- and moans in agony.

The young officer crawls. He gathers his strength and is able to stand. Beaten and bloody, he feels pain with every step.

But he walks, somewhat. He wobbles to the street, his legs buckle and threaten to topple him several times.

A DOOR SLAMS.

It's the patrol car.

Headlights shine in Officer Shockley's eyes.

The CRUISER ENGINE ROARS.

Shockley squints to see beyond the cruiser's low beams.

The battered face of Santa Harlin sits grim in the driver's seat.

In the absence of an actual gun, Shockley points a finger pistol at the criminal.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY (cont'd)
(through pain)
Freeze! You're under arrest.

TIRES SCREAM as Santa Harlin floors the accelerator.

The cruiser shoots forward.

Officer Shockley tries to hobble out of the way, but he doesn't even make it a full two steps.

The patrol car hits Shockley. He rolls over the hood, hits the windshield, pops into the air, lands on the roof, rolls down the back windshield, over the trunk and then his body drops like a cartoon character to the ground.

The patrol car races off into the night.

Shockley lays helpless in the street.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY (cont'd)
(defeated, in
excruciating pain)
Fuck my life.

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Rivas cruises down the residential street.

A CAR BLARES by with a bald woman at the wheel.

Rivas sees Giles's patrol car and the officer exiting it to look down the street.

Rivas stops at Giles and lowers her window.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Was that Shirley Bruce's car?

OFFICER GILES
I think it was-

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Call for back-up and check the
Anson's house.

Rivas drives on as Giles heads to her cruiser.

A POLICE CAR ROARS past Rivas in the opposite direction.

She looks in the side and rear view mirrors.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
(puzzled)
Shockley?

She drives faster.

EXT. PACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Giles walks a course around Pace Anson's house. She shines her flashlight through the windows. At the back door, she halts.

The window of the back door is broken. The door is open.

Giles draws her gun and clicks the radio mic fastened at her shoulder.

OFFICER GILES
(into radio mic)
Nadine, come in. What's the ETA of
that back-up?

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Rivas cruises at a good speed down the street.

DISPATCHER
(on the radio)
Shockley ain't answering, Detective.
And Officer Giles reports an apparent
B and E at Pace Anson's house.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Dammit-

She looks up and in the headlights sees-

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
Shockley!

Officer Shockley, a bloody mess, stands in the middle of the street.

Rivas wrenches the steering wheel and slams her foot on the brakes.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rivas's car slides around on SCREAMING TIRES.

It doesn't stop in time.

The car hits Officer Shockley, broadside. He is thrown through the air and lands on the pavement.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY
Ow, sugar boogers.

He doesn't attempt to move.

Rivas runs from her vehicle.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Shockley! What the hell's happened?

OFFICER SHOCKLEY
Santa stole my car.
(beat)
I think my body's broke.

Rivas sprints for her car.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(running)
Get out of the road before you get
run over!

OFFICER SHOCKLEY
Copy that, ma'am.

He gives a thumbs up.

Rivas jumps in her car and drives off at top speed.

Shockley moves his thumb. IT SNAPS and BREAKS.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY (cont'd)
(in more pain)
Oh, shit-

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Shirley's car races down the road at top speed.

Once it's gone, peace settles on the snowy night.

A moment, then Santa Harlin barrels along the same stretch
of highway in the stolen police car.

It fades into the distance and is gone.

Seconds slip by.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(v.o.)
I need all available units-

Her CAR WHIZZES past, lights flashing, SIREN SCREECHING.

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Detective Rivas drives with one hand on the wheel while the other holds the CB mic.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(into the CB)

Nadine, I'm in pursuit of Harlin Kingsley, who is pursuing Shirley Bruce. Kingsley is driving a Butler Falls patrol car. We're on Highway 20. Copy.

DISPATCHER

(on the radio)

Near the Christmas village?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Yes.

(realizing, to herself)

Fuckin' A.

INT. PACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Giles creeps through the house. She investigates each room with her gun and flashlight.

The flashlight sprays a beam of clarity on the kitchen, dining room and den. They are clear.

Giles eases to the hallway.

EXT. BUTLER FALLS CHRISTMAS VILLAGE - GATE - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD sits in the ticket booth which doubles as a guard shack. He drinks from a tall thermos.

Behind the shack, beyond the gates, Christmas Village is still lit. The lights twinkle and are magnificently beautiful in the night.

From the highway, Shirley's car drifts on two wheels into the parking lot at high speed.

The Security Guard sets down his thermos at the sight and sound of the vehicle racing across the parking lot.

The Security Guard steps from the shack. He stands in front of the locked gates and holds up a halting hand.

SECURITY GUARD
(enunciates clearly,
loudly)
You need to stop! We are closed.

The car heads straight for the entrance.

The Security Guard holds up both hands.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
Stop!

The car does not comply.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
Nope.

He runs out of the way.

Shirley's car smashes into the gates. The gates fly open and the CAR ROARS into Christmas village.

The Security Guard shakes his head. He stands back from the entrance and to the side. He examines the damage.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
Well, fudge.

He pulls a walkie-talkie from his belt.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
(into the walkie-
talkie)
Steve, this is Chuck at the village.
You there?

Another car approaches at high speed across the parking lot. The Security Guard does not notice.

It is the stolen patrol car.

VOICE
(on the walkie-talkie)
Yeah. What up, Dumb Fuck Chuck?

The police car has closed a lot of distance.

The Security Guard huffs, outraged.

SECURITY GUARD
(into the walkie-
talkie)
I've told you not to call me-

The police cruiser swerves and hits him.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)

AAH!

The Security Guard is thrown aside.

The stolen cruiser flies through the broken gates into Christmas Village.

INT. PACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Giles steps down the hallway.

Multicolored lights twinkle across the threshold of the open door of the master bedroom.

Giles's flashlight finds globs of blood on the hall floor. She is careful not to step in the evidence.

She steels herself with a deep breath. She steps into doorway.

REVERSE ANGLE - BEDROOM

Pace and Geoff are back to back to each other, arms at their sides, knees to their chests, in the middle of the bed. They are tied with strands of multicolored Christmas tree lights. They are decapitated, the stubs of their necks are ragged tears. Their heads are wedged between their knees.

EXT. BUTLER FALLS CHRISTMAS VILLAGE - NIGHT

Shirley's car runs onto a sidewalk, plows down plastic reindeer and children.

Shirley flings the door open and gets out of the car. She runs into the twinkling heart of the village.

A moment, then the police car cruises to a stop at Shirley's car.

Santa Harlin glowers through the window at the car and the vibrant holiday lights.

The car eases on.

EXT. BUTLER FALLS CHRISTMAS VILLAGE - DOCK - NIGHT

A ferry and smaller paddle boats are docked at the pier along this side of the embankment.

This is a manmade lake, and in the middle of it is a manmade island occupied by a massive carousel. The carousel waits in darkness.

Shirley runs down the dock to a one-person paddle boat. She climbs into it and unties the rope tethering it to the dock. She begins to paddle toward Christmas Island with all the strength she has in her.

She takes quick glances behind her.

Nothing. So far.

She huffs, puffs and groans with exertion. Her legs pump to match her lungs.

Shirley looks back. She is a good distance from the dock, but she knows she is still in danger.

She paddles more.

CAR ENGINE ROARS OFFSCREEN

Shirley looks behind her to the shore.

The police cruiser races from a tight, shadowy lane of Christmas Village. It heads straight for the dock.

Shirley paddles harder.

The cop car streaks along the dock. At the end, IT sails into the air and SPLASHES into the water.

Shirley forces her legs to work harder.

With one last glance, she sees the police car sinking into the lake.

She works her legs. Her little boat makes steady for the island.

EXT. BUTLER FALLS CHRISTMAS VILLAGE - GATE - NIGHT

Rivas's car stops at the destroyed gate.

The detective gets out with her gun ready for action. She sees the Security Guard face up on the ground. He is unconscious, ragged, possibly dead.

She keeps her eyes keen on her surroundings as she ambles to the fallen guard.

Rivas nudges him with her foot.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Hey.

No response or signs of life.

She checks her surroundings. She peers down at the Security Guard.

Definitely dead.

The Security Guard sits up with a gasp.

Rivas jumps. She levels her gun on him.

SECURITY GUARD
Holy hell!

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Shit!

He cries in pain, rubs at his ribs, hips and legs.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
Are you okay?

SECURITY GUARD
No!

He shudders with a wave of pain.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
I was hit by a cop car. A cop ran me down!

DETECTIVE RIVAS
No.
(small pause)
It was Santa.

This gives the Security Guard pause.

SECURITY GUARD
(confused)
What?

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Nothing. When the other officers arrive, direct them inside.

Rivas heads for her car.

SECURITY GUARD
(calling to her)
They won't try to kill me, will they?

Rivas shrugs.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

They shouldn't.

EXT. BUTLER FALLS CHRISTMAS VILLAGE - LAKE - NIGHT

The last of the police car sinks into the water.

Shirley's paddle boat runs ashore. It jostles her and she nearly falls over, but catches herself.

The headlights of the submerged police car still shine underwater. The glowing lights of Christmas Village are reflected on the dark waters of the placid lake.

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Rivas stops her car at Shirley's crashed automobile.

The detective taps the butt of her gun on the central console as she thinks.

She drives on.

EXT. CHRISTMAS ISLAND - NIGHT

Shirley leaves the paddle boat and wades to shore.

She stops for breath with an ache in her sides. She is cold from her the top of her bald head to the bottom of her bare feet.

Santa Harlin surfaces (in a dramatic fashion) from the dank water. Hat still on his head, his hands squeak along the stern as he pushes the paddle boat out of his way.

Shirley runs for the carousel.

Santa Harlin pulls the butcher knife from his coat and trudges for shore.

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Rivas drives at low speed through Christmas Village. The headlights fall across the assorted decoration dummies, lots of snow, festive trees, wreaths and sculptures, empty buildings.

The detective peers left and right, checks the rear view mirror. Not a soul is stirring, except her.

Rivas stops the car at a fork in the street. She contemplates which way to go.

To her right, between two buildings, lights ignite in the dark.

She snaps her head in that direction.

The carousel.

The surrounding waters of the lake glitter alive with its luminance.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Oh, boy.

EXT. CAROUSEL - NIGHT

The carousel begins to move, slowly. Its horses, reindeer and sleighs (a traditional mix of standing figures, prancers and jumpers) gallop and slide up and down.

SOOTHING HOLIDAY MELODIES fill the night along with the carousel's many lights.

Shirley runs from the control panel and jumps onto the carousel platform.

The ride turns round and round, gaining momentum. It settles into a brisk spin.

Shirley hangs on to whatever her hands can find. She moves from horse to sleigh to reindeer like Tarzan swinging on jungle vines.

She doesn't see Santa Harlin anywhere on the ride.

She watches as the world whisks past. The shimmery reflection of the lights on the lake become a blur.

The carousel comes around, and Santa Harlin stands apart from the dark.

He and Shirley see each other.

Not surprised to find him, Shirley moves against the spin of the carousel. She nearly runs to keep her eyes on the murderer.

Santa Harlin smiles at her. He tightens his hold on his butcher knife.

EXT. BUTLER FALLS CHRISTMAS VILLAGE - DOCK - NIGHT

Detective Rivas's car is parked at the lake edge. She runs down the dock.

On Christmas Island, in the center of the lake, the bright, shining carousel spins, casting its lights like the Christmas star.

Rivas scans the paddle boats tied along the dock and peer. She squints into the night at something down the shore.

EXT. CAROUSEL - NIGHT

Shirley races against the carousel to keep Santa Harlin in her sights. She stumbles a couple of times, but she manages to keep on her feet. More importantly, she keeps the killer in view.

At the edge of the ride, Santa Harlin grabs hold of a passing reindeer to haul himself onto the ride.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

The boathouse is dark. It appears devoid of activity with its total silence.

The MELODY from the CAROUSEL is GENTLE and FAINT here.

An ENGINE SHRIEKS from the boathouse.

Detective Rivas zooms like lightning out of the boathouse on a jet ski. She cuts a trail across the lake.

EXT. CAROUSEL - NIGHT

Santa Harlin pulls himself up with the aid of a reindeer prancer.

Shirley waits. She holds to a drop rod and delivers both her feet to Santa Harlin's chest.

As Santa Harlin falls back, he slashes with the knife. IT barely misses Shirley's legs and DINGS a jumper horse.

Santa Harlin catches himself on the leg of a reindeer; he half hangs off the carousel.

Shirley misses her landing, she falls onto the floor of the carousel. She tries to crawl, but her legs become entangled in her nightgown and robe.

With a massive effort of strength, Santa Harlin pulls himself upright.

Shirley tugs at her gown and robe. She stands, but she loses her balance and stumbles into Santa Harlin's arms. Crashing into him is like running into a tree.

Santa Harlin wraps one arm around her chest. He raises the butcher to strike.

Shirley kicks and elbows him, but the effort is futile.

SANTA HARLIN
Merry Christmas.

SHIRLEY
I never liked you. I wish I screwed
you worse on the business deal.

Shirley wallops Santa Harlin with a reverse headbutt.

Santa Harlin's nose mashes flat. He drops the knife and IT
CLACKS across the platform.

Injured, he releases her to hold his injured face. He grunts like a mad boar, staggers into the carousel.

Shirley holds to a horse for support on the spinning ride. She sneers at Santa Harlin.

SHIRLEY (cont'd)
(contemptible)
Greasy loser.

She lunges at him and swings with a haymaker.

Santa Harlin catches her fist with one hand. Shirley tries to pull free, but she can't escape the steel vise her fist is caught in.

Santa Harlin smiles a bloody smile. He squeezes Shirley's fist.

Shirley refuses to let the pain show on her face.

The killer's hand squeezes harder and harder.

BONES CRACK

Shirley sweats to keep it together and not yell. Pain and anger mix within her.

EXT. CHRISTMAS ISLAND - NIGHT

Detective Rivas flies from the lake and runs the JET SKI aground with a GRINDING SCREECH. She jumps off and pulls her firearm.

The carousel goes round and round and plays its innocent, festive tunes.

Rivas, with some mild disbelief, sees Shirley and Santa Harlin fighting. The killer Santa has Shirley's fist in his hand and Shirley is halfway to her knees.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(accepting it)
This is too fucking much.

She charges forward.

EXT. CAROUSEL - NIGHT

Santa Harlin's crushing of Shirley's fist has brought the woman nearly to her knees.

The demented Santa grins, almost giggles with joy.

Shirley sets her jaw. She shakes her bald head.

SHIRLEY
No...

She trembles with fury, reaches her free fist to the heavens for strength (à la classic Hulk Hogan).

Shirley grins just as evil as Santa Harlin.

SHIRLEY (cont'd)
Oh, no. Not yet brother-

With wobbly legs, Shirley forces herself up.

Santa Harlin doesn't appear too disturbed by this, but he watches his prey with keen interest.

SHIRLEY (cont'd)
Not yet! Not today, motherfucker!
(stronger)
Nyuk!

Shirley pokes Santa Harlin in the eyes, à la The Three Stooges.

Santa Harlin yells. Blinded, he lets go of her.

Shirley careens into a horse and falls. As she crawls, the yuletide maniac leaps after her. He falls short with his sore, bleeding eyes; he scrabbles and manages to grab her by an ankle.

Shirley kicks at his face. She lands a couple of good blows with her bare, cold, free foot.

Santa Harlin catches her kicking foot. He clamps his teeth around her big toe.

He bites hard.

SHIRLEY (cont'd)
(angry)
You shit sniffing fart whore!

She pulls her foot free. She's missing her big toe.

Santa Harlin spits the toe out of his mouth. The toe rolls off under a sleigh. He smiles at Shirley.

Shirley grinds her bleeding toe stub in his eye.

SHIRLEY (cont'd)
Die, fucker!

Santa Harlin slams the offending foot against a rod.

EXT. CAROUSEL - OPPOSITE SIDE - NIGHT

Detective Rivas climbs onto the carousel. She loses her footing, goes down to a knee then pitches forward and catches herself on her hand.

She stands. Something is in her hand, something she's picked up from the platform floor. She opens her hand and it's Shirley's toe.

Rivas tosses the toe. She wipes her hand on her uniform, queasy.

She uses the carousel animals for stability to make her way to the scuffle.

EXT. CAROUSEL - NIGHT

Santa Harlin slams Shirley's leg into the pole one more time. As she cradles her leg, he stands and does an elbow drop on her.

Santa Harlin stands, hanging onto a carousel horse. As he brings his boot up to stomp her, Shirley kicks. She plants a fierce foot right in his balls that lifts him off the ground and crosses his eyes.

SANTA HARLIN
My jingle bells!

He drops, with a bang, on the carousel floor, holding his crotch. He leans on a prancing reindeer whose up and down motion pushes him over.

Shirley staggers to her feet. Hobbled, bleeding, swaying, she removes her robe and throws it down. She raises her fists.

Detective Rivas comes around to their side of the carousel. She points her gun at them.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Back away, Mrs. Bruce. I've got him.

SHIRLEY
(to Rivas)
No. I've had it. I'm sick and tired of this shit.
(to Santa Harlin)
That's the last damn time somebody bites off one of my toes.

INSERT - SHIRLEY'S OTHER FOOT

Her pinkie and middle toes are missing.

BACK TO SCENE

SHIRLEY (cont'd)
This ends now, Jolly Old St.
Dickhead.

She raises her foot and brings it down on Santa Harlin's head. Her foot drives his head into the prancing reindeer's foreleg. The REINDEER LEG SPLINTERS at the knee.

Rivas sways on her feet with the ride's revolutions.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
Quit with the pissing contest,
Shirley. Back off!

Shirley delivers a hit with her good hand balled into a fist. She loses her balance for a brief second.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
I said step away!

Santa Harlin breaks off the reindeer leg. He hits Shirley up side her head with it.

Shirley twists and splays over a bobbing horse.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
(to Santa Harlin)
Freeze! Or I will shoot!

Santa Harlin gets to a knee. He jabs the reindeer leg into Shirley's side. She pushes off the horse, swings a fist at Harlin, but misses her mark. Her momentum carries her into Santa Harlin's arms.

Shirley digs her manicured fingernails into Santa Harlin's throat.

Rivas trains her weapon on them.

Santa Harlin slams Shirley into a sleigh, then a horse.

The detective follows the combatants with her gun. The way they struggle, she could very easily hit Shirley along with Santa Harlin.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
(to herself)
I should just shoot them both.

Santa Harlin opens his arms. He whacks Shirley on the ear with the reindeer leg. She slides across a bobbing horse and goes flat on the platform.

Santa Harlin is ready to stab Shirley with the reindeer leg.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
I'll shoot you in the back if I have to.

Santa Harlin pauses.

He lowers the reindeer leg. He half turns to Rivas. Then, blindingly fast, he turns back to the fallen Shirley, reindeer leg poised and goes down to finish her.

Detective Rivas FIRES HER GUN.

With Santa Harlin half bent, the bullet enters his back at the base of his neck and exits his head. The bullet blows off his Santa hat along with the top of his skull.

Santa Harlin's body drops to the platform like a limp rag. He lands half on top of Shirley.

Shirley pushes the dead man off her and sits up.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
Are you okay?

SHIRLEY
He bit my toe off. What the fuck do you think, Detective? Do I look okay?

Shirley rubs her hand over her bald head, smearing blood. She takes the reindeer leg from Santa Harlin's lifeless hand and stabs him in the neck with it.

EXT. CHRISTMAS ISLAND - NIGHT

Detective Rivas pushes the stop button on the control panel. The carousel winds down.

She looks at the controls and back to the carousel, which slows to a stop.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
I shoulda done that first, probably.

Shirley hobbles to the edge of the carousel and Rivas helps her down.

They walk toward the lake. By the lights of the carousel they can see Butler Falls police officers in paddle boats crossing the lake to the island. Some of the paddle boats turn circles, some do not travel straight and still others bump and collide with one another.

SHIRLEY
Pathetic.

EXT. BUTLER FALLS CHRISTMAS VILLAGE - NIGHT

Cop cars and ambulances have invaded Christmas Village. They are parked haphazardly in the Victorian-styled surroundings. Lampposts, signs and animatronic people and animals have been run down and crushed.

Shirley is strapped to a stretcher. Paramedics attempt to treat her.

PARAMEDIC

Please, Mrs. Bruce, I need you to calm down and remain still.

SHIRLEY

And I need someone here to make a list of everything you bastards have destroyed.

The paramedics look at Detective Rivas for help.

SHIRLEY (cont'd)

Do you realize the damage you people are doing?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Mrs. Bruce-

SHIRLEY

I see a cop car parked right on top of Tiny Tim. Do you know how much it cost to build that limp-legged little bastard?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Shirley-

SHIRLEY

Not to mention there's a police car at the bottom of our lake-

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(at the top of her lungs)

Shirley!

Shirley arches an eyebrow.

SHIRLEY

What, *Detective*?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Shut your dick sucker.

(to the paramedics)

Load her up and get her out of here.

(to Shirley)

I'll speak with you at the hospital.

The paramedics load the stretcher into the ambulance.

SHIRLEY

(to Rivas)

Why do you need to talk to me? Surely
to God you know what happened-

A paramedic closes the door on Shirley. She continues to
talk but can't be heard by Rivas.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

And don't call me Shirley.

Rivas smiles and waves at Shirley.

Shirley flips her off.

Rivas continues to wave as the ambulance drives away.

Officer Giles crunches across the snow.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)

How's Shockley?

OFFICER GILES

A few scratches, but he'll survive.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Good. If you don't mind, I need a
lift to the Anson house. I...I just
really don't feel like driving right
now.

OFFICER GILES

Whatever you need, Detective.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Thank you.

OFFICER GILES

I'll bring the car around.

Giles walks off.

The snow has begun to fall harder.

Rivas raises her face to the swirling flakes. She sticks her
tongue out to collect snow.

VIBRATION OFFSCREEN

Rivas pulls her cell phone from her coat.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(into her phone)

Hello.

COUGH FROM THE PHONE

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)
(into her phone)
Hello?

DR. RAYBURN
(on the phone)
Sorry about that, Detective Rivas.
This is Dr. Rayburn-

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(into her phone)
Yes, Doctor. How are you, sir?

DR. RAYBURN
(on the phone)
I'm good, thank you.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(into her phone)
It's odd you called. I was going to
phone you in the morning-

DR. RAYBURN
(on the phone)
Fortuitous. I'm calling about Arlin
and Harlin-

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(into her phone)
What a coincidence.

DR. RAYBURN
(on the phone)
Yes. It just this minute occurred to
me, and I thought I'd inform you.

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(into her phone)
About what, Doctor?

DR. RAYBURN
(on the phone)
Well, I'm slightly embarrassed about
it, but my memory ain't what it used
to be-

DETECTIVE RIVAS
(into her phone)
Yeah-

DR. RAYBURN

(on the phone)

They were triplets, see. Arlin, Harlin and *Marlin*. And now it's Marlin, the third one-- he's the real psychotic one. Very violent.

Detective Rivas spins on her heels. She stares in the direction the ambulance drove off.

DR. RAYBURN (cont'd)

(on the phone)

Oh yes. It's Marlin you should really watch out for.

EXT. SNOWY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The ambulance, Shirley Bruce in back, strapped to the stretcher, glides down the road with its lights flashing.

It disappears into the night.

Its lights become a pinprick, they fade, fade, fade to nothing.

Snow dances silently.

SANTA MARLIN walks down the highway. In full Santa dress, he carries with him a blood-soaked machete.

He walks after the ambulance, at a leisurely pace, as if he had all the time in the world.

CUE MUSIC: "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN" BY THE CRYSTALS

FADE TO BLACK

THE END