

FADE IN:

EXT. GINA'S YARD - DUSK

A giant chunk of fresh-laid sod tears into the air, a worm dangling off the bottom.

GINA ADAMS, 10, muddy, red-haired and freckled, rolls the sod into a cylinder. Two 'friends,' TARA and LINDSEY look on.

TARA
You're so weird.

GINA
Yeah, well, my house will not be the
only one not decorated for Santa.

She lifts a smaller sphere of sod up onto the cylinder.

LINDSEY
Santa could care less about what a
loser like you wants for Christmas.

Gina places the final small sod ball on top, rips out two circular patches of grass creating two dirt eye sockets.

GINA
There. This twig for a mouth and -

A muddy, grassy, bizarre sod/snowman grins back at her.

TARA
Merry Freakmas.

Gina looks at her watch, then down the long block. One-by-one, houses illuminate with a dazzling flash of multi-colored radiance on every surface and every available tree limb.

Robotic reindeer, glowing Santas, flashing HO HO HO signs. A HUM of electricity engulfs them. Tara and Lindsey head off.

LINDSEY
Enjoy your sodman, Gina.

Here at the end of the block, an outdoor flood light flips on, illuminating Gina's creation. She mumbles under her breath.

GINA
'Enjoy your electricity bills.'
That's what I should have said.

Gina surveys the lawn, crisscrossed with missing sod pieces. A wooden GARDEN GNOME 'stares back' from under a shrub.

GINA

What? I should just forget about
Christmas presents if there's no snow?

The garden gnome stands silently holding his wheelbarrow.

An Audi pulls into the driveway; DONNA ADAMS, late thirties,
'serious' hair and 'serious' face, opens the car door.

DONNA ADAMS

Gina!?! Gina?!?

Gina looks longingly to the front door, as Donna shuffles her
briefcase between arms. She is on her cell phone.

DONNA ADAMS

No, you're not going to believe it -
(to Gina)
What happened to the front yard?

GINA

Don't be mad. These elves just
showed up and they started ripping -

DONNA ADAMS

Save it. Go to your room.
(into the phone)
No, it's just Gina again.

GINA

You said we could decorate -

DONNA ADAMS

Gina honey, I'm really busy, maybe
like in two weeks or so?
(back to the phone)
Tell them that's unreasonable.

GINA

But Christmas is in three days.
Santa won't bring any presents if -

DONNA ADAMS

Gina? Mommy's working. Hose
yourself off and go to bed.

Gina turns away, and sullenly heads to the faucet on the side
of the house. She twists the knob and looks up. The garden
gnome stands staring at her with his wooden eyes.

She looks back to the shrub where the gnome should be - gone.

GINA

Mom! Mom!

Gina runs into the house, peers through the screen door: the wooden garden gnome stands motionless on the first step.

Above the house, a glimmer of light falls from the sky, extinguishing just before it hits the roof.

INT. GINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Neglected toys lay strewn about the room painted for a three-year-old. Gina huddles over her desk composing her letter.

GINA

Whatever. Just another letter for
Santa to file under 'some kid.'

She crumples up the paper and tosses it in the garbage.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

TWO SMALL SHADOWS cross the wall. They hesitate at the half-open door to the office, where Gina's mother sits in the identical position as Gina, talking on her phone.

DONNA ADAMS

No way we can do that. I'm ready to
go to court, I don't care if they -

The shadows move on. The next door is Gina's room.

INT. GINA'S ROOM - SAME

Gina pulls a small box out from under her bed: a mini-plastic Christmas tree. PALE WHITE TINY HANDS reach into the garbage can and uncrinkle Gina's letter.

GINA (V.O.)

Attention: Santa. Re: Christmas
list. Revised Draft. CC: Director
of Gift Distribution.

Gina sets the small tree up in the corner of her room. She has enough boxes of lights and ornaments for four trees.

GINA (V.O.)

Please incorporate the following
changes to my Christmas list dated
November 21st. In ascending order.

Two pairs of eyes watch her from under her desk: SNOOBLE and TIPPY, North Pole Elves clad in traditional red and green elven garb. Snooble flicks on a lighter.

TIPPY
The Chosen One.

Gina turns. Tippy, a female elf, blows out the lighter. Gina turns back, shaking a snow globe to set before the tree.

GINA (V.O.)
Three: The Polly Perfect Deluxe
Hummer and Oil Refinery Playset,
that stays the same as in the
original letter.

Gina wraps a string of lights around the tree. Tippy smooths out the letter on the floor in front of them.

GINA (V.O.)
Two: Stop my stupid mom from always
being a stupid lawyer so she'll
have time to buy me my presents.

Gina places ornaments on the tree: a reindeer, a snowman.

GINA (V.O.)
One: and I absolutely have to have
this or Christmas will just suck, a
portable phone game video player
with unlimited music downloads.
And I mean the one that came out in
November. Not last year's model.

Gina looks at the tree, half-decorated and lopsided. She tries to adjust it, it lops to the other side.

GINA (V.O.)
P.S. Maybe if I was special, my Mom
would love me more. So, yeah, make
me more special. Gina Adams.

Snooble tackles her. Gina easily pushes him off into a box of decorations. Snooble flails wildly in garlands.

SNOOBLE
It's got me, it's got me.

Gina backs away. Tippy lassos Gina's feet with a string of colored lights, bringing Gina to the ground.

TIPPY
What did I tell you? Legs first.

GINA
MOM! MOM!

Snooble leaps up on Gina and shoves an ornament in her mouth.

SNOOBLE

Ah ha! What do you have to say for yourself now? Woo hoo!

The elves give each other a high-five.

DONNA ADAMS (O.S.)

Pumpkin, you should be sleeping.

Gina kicks wildly, knocking Snooble to the ground. Tippy grabs another string of lights and whips them over Gina.

SNOOBLE

This is the saddest Christmas tree I've ever seen. Real amateur work.

He touches the tree - it rights itself perfectly.

TIPPY

There we are, all snug and secure.

Tippy finishes tying Gina up with lights. Gina rolls over, knocking her down. Snooble is still looking at the tree.

SNOOBLE

Tippy? Can I burn the tree down?

TIPPY

Stop messing around and help me!

SNOOBLE

Were you always this bossy?

He tries to lift Gina, but buckles under the weight.

TIPPY

Easy, she's going to save us all.

Snooble accidentally drops her.

SNOOBLE

Whoops. Sorry.

EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Snooble and Tippy drag Gina out from the chimney. BLITZEN, a cantankerous, retired reindeer, chews on some shingles.

BLITZEN

It's about time.

TIPPY

Secure the Chosen One to Blitzen.

They smash Gina's struggling body head-first into his side.

BLITZEN

Hey! HEY! I'll go home right now.

SNOOBLE

Yeah, yeah, we know, there's this documentary on the History Channel -

SCHWAK! Gina socks him in the face. She has worked her fist free of the binds. Snooble topples off Blitzen. Tippy straps one of Gina's legs to the reindeer.

TIPPY

None of that now. A main feature of human social nature is adaptability.

Gina spins her body, whipping Tippy with the loose strand of lights, and sending her flying. Gina twirls the lights in her hand like a weapon at Snooble, spits out the ornament.

GINA

You want a piece of this, munchkin?

She lashes, but instead nails Blitzen in the rear haunches.

BLITZEN

Okay, I'm going. Hold your horses.

Blitzen runs toward the edge of the roof... and falls off. Snooble grabs on to Gina's light strand for dear life.

About to hit the ground, Blitzen pulls up. Tippy dives off the roof, grabbing hold of Snooble. Into the night they go.

The wooden garden gnome, MONOX, watches. He clicks on his bluetooth ear piece and hops on a small floating scooter.

MONOX

The elves got to her first.

EXT. SKYSCAPE - SAME

Blitzen flies like an elderly motorist, his eyes straining. He bounces off a power line and into a semi-trailer.

BLITZEN

Watch where you're going! In my day, we didn't have semi-trucks.

Gina SCREAMS and straps herself in tighter. Snooble sways in the wind current, as he clutches Blitzen's tail. Tippy climbs over him back on to the reindeer.

TIPPY

Never get tired of this view.

Snooble stares into Blitzen's behind.

SNOOBLE

Mine's not so good. Duck!

Everyone dips their heads as they fly right under a large flock of migrating ducks.

TIPPY

You're probably wondering who we are.

Gina looks over the shrinking countryside, hyperventilating.

TIPPY

I'll take that as a yes. I'm Tippy
and back there is Snooble.

Snooble waves nonchalantly from Blitzen's tail.

SNOOBLE

Little help here.

TIPPY

Don't be afraid. We're elves.
From the North Pole.

GINA

You work for Santa?

TIPPY

More like independent contractors.

Snooble flips up unto Blitzen's back.

SNOOBLE

We've gone rogue.

TIPPY

You see, the North Pole is melting,
soon there will be no more Christmas.

GINA

Will there be Christmas presents?

TIPPY

No. But you can save us.
Because... you're special.

Gina beams as they soar over suburbia, magical sparkling light trailing behind them. The gnome scooter tails them.

EXT. NORTH POLE - DAWN - DECEMBER 23RD

An epic landscape of snowdrifts, glaciers, and elf houses.

GINA

Wow! We're here! ... Blitzen?

Blitzen, flying sound asleep, heads straight into a giant snow-covered cliff. They CRASH, everyone tumbling wildly off.

They slide across the ice until they come to rest against some huge candy canes. Gina dusts the slush off herself.

GINA

So this is the North Pole, huh? I always figured it'd be... colder.

SNOOBLE

Yeah... that's the problem. Global warming. You see toots -

He leans on a nearby candy cane, but the ice below cracks and it WOOSHES down, pinning Snooble to the ground by the hook.

SNOOBLE

Little help here.

EXT. ICE CANAL - LATER

Snow melts off a mountain into a quick flowing canal. Gina and her guides ride a Venetian Style gondolier.

TIPPY

I first noticed it when the annual elf hockey match was rescheduled. And it got later and later until -

They float past the Hockey Stadium. Two TEAMS OF ELVES play water polo in an icy pool.

GINA

So why doesn't Santa just fix it? I mean, what can I do about it?

SNOOBLE

The Chosen One has magic.

GINA

I don't think so.

BLITZEN

Well that was a waste of time then.

EXT. ICE PORT - MOMENTS LATER

Blitzen flings the life preserver, a holly wreath, around a gigantic lump of snow, which turns to face them - BOB, a spectacled, scarf-wearing polar bear.

BOB
Sorry, no dock. It melted.

TIPPY
Here she is, Bob. Crisis averted.

SNOOBLE
We saved the world!

The elves high-five each other. Bob lowers his spectacles and lazily sips a can of cola through a straw.

BOB
Are you sure this is the right one?

SNOOBLE
What, all humans look the same to us?
(mumbles to Tippy)
He wanted a girl, we got a girl.

GINA
Look, I'll make you a deal, let me see Santa about my presents, and then I'm all yours.

BOB
Easy Gina. Let's walk.

He's about to take a step when a large section of the ice breaks free and floats off into the ocean.

BOB
Let's go the other direction.

EXT. GLACIER TOP CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Blitzen, Tippy, Snooble and Bob stand behind Gina as she surveys the Elven Village below.

SNOOBLE
And ... go! And ... pow!

GINA
What am I doing again?

SNOOBLE
Zap! Magic!

GINA

I'm pretty sure I don't have magic.

Bob saunters over and places a paw on Gina's shoulder.

BOB

Gina, the earth is heating up. And unless you ...unleash your powers ... Santa's Workshop, his elves and me ... sink beneath the icy waters.

GINA

I hope you know how to swim. Or you're all going to die.

SNOOBLE

I'm pretty sure he said girl.

TIPPY

I'm pretty sure you broke her.

GINA

You people are idiots.

BOB

Look, if the gnomes were after her like you say, she has to be the one. So take her up to the workshop.

GINA

And let me see Santa.

The elves look at each other and back to Bob.

BOB

And let her 'see' Santa. Maybe then she'll rediscover her magic.

The Elves nod and head off with Gina.

Out of sight behind them, Monox buries his scooter in the snow to hide it.

EXT. GLACIER CLIFFSIDE - SAME

THROUGH BINOCULARS, someone watches Gina and the elves approach a crossroads. The elves continue an argument.

SNOOBLE

So, I guess we were supposed to look for a scar in the shape of a snowflake on her forehead?