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Santas of all sizes. Ringing bells, collecting for charity with signs saying "Claus for a Cause." Stores have the jolly old man working the register, security Santas with night sticks and pepper spray, a blind Santa with a seeing eye Santa. All of them dressed in red with a beard of white.

Will sees why the crowd was forming. He passes the IMPERSONATOR CLAUS, snapping pictures and asking kids what they want for Christmas.

The camera flashes overwhelm Will. Each flash takes him to a different Santa until finally-

WILL PICKET

Oh no.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Aaron leads Will to his bedroom and closes the door.

AARON WALSH

Alright Will. What was so important you couldn't tell me on the phone?

WILL PICKET

What we're doing, our plan. It's all wrong.

AARON WALSH

Haha. You know Will if you're getting cold feet-

Aaron jumps into his bed and starts reading a comic book.

AARON WALSH (CONT'D)

I'd ask Santa for some slippers.

Will scurries over and taps on the cover of the book. Aaron glares over the edge. He gestures to continue.

WILL PICKET

We don't need new slippers, we need a new plan.

Aaron stands up over Will.

AARON WALSH

What did I tell you on the play ground?

WILL PICKET

I know I know, but a picture isn't gonna work!

(MORE)

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WILL PICKET (CONT'D)

There are a million Santa imposters walking the streets, every December. I saw a hundred kids take a picture with Santa at the mall, under an hour ago. Look, I already have a picture of him.

Will holds up his snow globe with a picture of him on Santa's lap.

WILL PICKET (CONT'D)

No one's going to believe me, or in him.

AARON WALSH

No. What I said was, you do what I say and you don't ask questions.

Aaron takes ten dollars out of his drawer and throws it on his table.

AARON WALSH (CONT'D)

You broke the rules. We take the picture, or you take the money and go home.

WILL PICKET

But you're wrong!

AARON WALSH

Then what? What should we do Will?

Will slams the Santa snow globe down on top of the money.

WILL PICKET

We capture Santa Claus!

Aaron lingers for a few moments, pondering.

AARON WALSH

You're dealing with a business you know nothing about. Even if he does exist, that means the fat man's been around for centuries. Don't you think people have tried this before?

WILL PICKET

Yeah but maybe they couldn't build the right trap -- And they didn't have you to help them.

Aaron takes a moment to himself. He paces across the room.

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AARON WALSH

Hmm, this is a large request Picket. There are a lot of obstacles, a lot of moving pieces. But more importantly, a lot of costs. -- They'll be materials, and of course an hourly rate, plus an additional ten up front. And then there's time and a half-

WILL PICKET

Fine fine, whatever it takes. I've been saving up for a new X-Box but, whatever it takes.

AARON WALSH

In that case, we're back in business. But we're using cameras too. If we don't catch him we'll at least have some pictures. Which is still the better idea. But know this Will. This idea, if it goes wrong, it's on you.

Will pauses for a moment.

WILL PICKET

Alright, it's on me.

Aaron grabs his note pad.

AARON WALSH

(writing)

Take this, go to the address, you'll meet a kid named Ubs. Mention my name and get what you need.

WILL PICKET

What do we need him for?

Aaron tears the paper out of the pad.

AARON WALSH

You're building traps right? You're gonna' need supplies. I use him all the time.

Will takes the paper and folds it up.

WILL PICKET

Why do they call him Ubs?

EXT. UBS'S PLACE - NEXT DAY

UBS is a grizzly 10 year old with a weight problem. Short and round, his shirt doesn't cover his stomach.

AARON WALSH (V.O.)
Unbelievably Big Stomach.

True to his name, Will is staring straight at Ubs's gut.

UBS
You lookin' at my stomach?

Will almost doesn't hear him, but snaps his head up.

WILL PICKET
What? No, of course not. Aaron sent me. I need everything on this list.

Ubs growls and takes the list.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "T-Minus 30 Hours to Christmas"

Will walks down the sidewalk carrying a large pile of supplies. He can't see much, but he does see Ginger and HER FRIENDS building a snow-man just a few houses down.

He's fixed on the group, so he doesn't see the black ice in his path. Will slides and crashes into a street lamp,

The girls giggle, but Ginger runs over. She stands over Will.

GINGER
Ooo, that looks really painful.

Will sits himself up.

GINGER (CONT'D)
The way you fell in front of everybody, especially girls too. I would be really embarrassed.

Will rubs his head and blushes.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Oh oh not that you should be! It was really just kind of funny. My friends were probably just laughing with you not at you.
(MORE)

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GINGER (CONT'D)

That's what my dad says to me all the time but I sometimes think he's just making fun of me.

Will stands up and quickly starts gathering his things.

WILL PICKET

(embarrassed)

Yep, that's probably it. Not that I was laughing but...

GINGER

I'll help you.

WILL PICKET

No I got it. I think your friends might though.

Ginger turns and sees that her friends are buckled over, still laughing. One impersonates Will falling.

Will quickly gathers his things and heads toward his house. Ginger turns and tries to catch up.

WALKING

GINGER

(shouting)

Hey hold up. What's with all the stuff?

WILL PICKET

(trying to avoid)

Nothing -- Class project.

GINGER

Nooo, we're in the same class.

WILL PICKET

Umm, no I don't think so.

GINGER

Come on just tell me!

Will stops as he kicks open his fence door and spins around.

WILL PICKET

Ginger please-

Ginger is right up in his face.

GINGER

Ah ha! So you do know me!

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Will reluctantly gestures in agreement.

WILL PICKET

Yes of course I know you. But I really can't talk right now. And I'm very busy with gifts and chest nuts and all of that so it was really nice seeing you but I really got to go so bye!

Will runs off into the backyard and slams the fence door.

She picks up one of Will's supplies, a small gyroscope that he'd forgot, out of the snow. She bites her lip, and walks away with it.

TRAP MONTAGE - VARIOUS

-- SECRET WORKSHOP - Will gathers up his tools and some old inventions from his workshop hidden underneath the staircase.

-- GARAGE - Will tries to get something off of an old shelf and the entire thing collapses. His parents hear the crash as dust floods into the house. Will walks out and says he's OK.

-- SECRET WORKSHOP - Aaron was just reading a comic book while Will works his butt off assembling. Aaron finally decides to put it down and help.

-- WILL'S HOUSE - Aaron is pointing out all of the means of entry and hands Will cameras.

-- MALL - Will secretly takes measurements of the Santa while children are on his lap.

-- UPSTAIRS - They carefully map out which spots on the floor to avoid creaking, and paint illuminate paint on them.

-- LIBRARY - The librarian is excited to see two young boys reading, but she is mortified to see their books about ancient war devices, myths, and weaponry.

-- WILL'S HOUSE - Will and Aaron test out some trip wires on Will's dad as he walks, drinking coffee.

-- LIVING ROOM - They put a little Santa doll in the chimney and press a button. The entire chimney ignites, sending a fireball out into the air. As the ash clears the boys see the fizzled remains of the doll still locked in place. They look at each other and shake their heads 'No'

-- KITCHEN - The boys rub butter on the floor and set up a snare trap and the cookie table.

EXT. HO-HO-KUS NEIGHBORHOOD - CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT

Everyone is tucked away in their beds. The telephone poles are adorned with wreathes and every house is decorated for the season.

SUPERIMPOSE: "T-Minus 2 hours to Christmas"

I/E. WILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will is laying in bed. His parents turn off the light.

MRS. PICKET
Merry Christmas Will, good night.

Will's parent's close the door. Will's eyes spring open.

He watches the light from the hallway go out, and rushes to the window and flings it open. Aaron is shivering down below.

AARON WALSH
(teeth chattering)
Thanks for showing up! All warm in
your pajamas and I'm down here
making snot-cicles.

Will throws down a rope ladder.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Will and Aaron sit in the dark, only illuminated by the Christmas lights hung above. Aaron is wrapped in a blanket.

WILL PICKET
Did you have trouble getting out of
your house?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - EARLIER

Aaron's mom walks into Aaron's bedroom and shuts off the light. Aaron, already fully dressed, hops out of bed and out his window.

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With his bookbag in hand, Aaron hops onto a get away sled stationed on a ramp of snow outside of his window. He rides through the bushes into the next yard.

BACK TO SCENE

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AARON WALSH
It wasn't a problem.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Will reads over his failed biography, and he stares at the big "F" marked on his paper. He looks up at Aaron sitting across the room with his feet up on the desk.

Aaron notices.

AARON WALSH
What?

WILL PICKET
Nothing. Just, I just want to say thanks.

Aaron looks at him quizzically.

WILL PICKET (CONT'D)
For doing this, helping me.

AARON WALSH
That's what you're paying me for.

EXT. WILL'S ROOF - NIGHT

Resting on top of the white blanketed roof is a rustic red sleigh. It's trimmed with gold and drawn by eight reindeer.

A man's ashy boot crunches the snow. SANTA CLAUS walks toward Will's chimney, with his burlap sack slung over his shoulder.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE ROOF AND WILL'S ROOM.

WILL PICKET
Yeah, but you didn't have to come help me tonight. You didn't even have to show up at all, you could have just taken the money. But you didn't.

Aaron shrugs it off.

CLOSE ON Santa's wool mitten, and the elaborate gold pocket watch in his grasp.

Santa pushes the button at the top. The gears in the watch move and the hands tick. A blue light runs around the gears.

The falling snow around the house slows and stops in mid-air. A few remaining flakes fall to the roof.

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Will continues with Aaron.

WILL PICKET (CONT'D)
I'm just saying, I didn't no what
to expect. But I'm glad you're
here.

Aaron looks at Will for a moment, but their conversation is interrupted by the gentle ringing of the brass Christmas bell hung in the corner by the door.

The two boys look at each other in amazement... the alarm has been tripped.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

The boys creep into the hallway. Will shines a black-light on the floor, revealing the paint for the correct steps. They carefully make their way to the balcony.

Will and Aaron lay down and look out through the bannister rungs. Their eyes meet with the top of Will's Christmas tree swaying back and forth.

Will looks over at Aaron. Aaron's stare is locked down below.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Santa leans in toward the tree and lets out a delighted chuckle as he gently taps one of the shiny ornaments.

Santa starts to head for the fire place.

INTERCUT BETWEEN UPSTAIRS AND LIVING ROOM

WILL PICKET
(whispering)
No, where is he going?

As Santa leans down to hoist up his bag, his face lights up. In the kitchen, he sees the plate of cookies. Santa drops his bag and heads off towards the baked goodies.

Chimney ash from his suit kicks into the air. The wisp of ash gets caught in an updraft, and ends up in Will's nose.

Will's face starts to contort, he needs to sneeze. Aaron tries to cover his nose with his hands.

KITCHEN

Santa looks at the plate of cookies and milk and smiles with delight. He reaches out for the treat.

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Will rolls, trying to keep from sneezing. Aaron can't hold on any longer. Will bursts out with a thunderous sneeze!

Santa spins and sees the two boys looking over the banister.

Santa makes for his retreat, but accidentally backs into the wire of a nearby camera. The flash sends him off running back into the kitchen where he hits into the saran wrap.

Tangled up, Santa slides on the buttered floor, smashing into appliances and pots and pans hanging from the ceiling.

Santa trips the snare trap by the cookies. The snare misses Santa's leg but the weight attached falls and smashes him on the head. The force knocks him through the glass table.

The pocket watch flies out and breaks. A blue light flashes from the mangled parts. Santa lies still on the floor.

EXT. WILL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The snow, previously frozen in time, begins to fall again.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

The boys look down at the disaster zone below.

THE BOYS

OH SHIT!

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The boys creep their way down to the lifeless Santa Claus.

WILL PICKET

Did we kill him!?

Aaron pokes at him. He lifts Santa's head and drops it down.

AARON WALSH

We have to move him. Get his feet.

They start dragging his body. As they reach the basement door, they see a light turn on from upstairs.

They panic. The boys press themselves up against the wall.

WILL PICKET

God god god they're going to kill me! What do we do?

Will tries to sneak a peak around the corner and sees his parents' shadows growing larger in the hallway.

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Aaron's eyes dart back and forth.

AARON WALSH
Pretend you're asleep.

Will pretends to pass out against the wall.

AARON WALSH (CONT'D)
No no!

Aaron holds out his hands and rolls out his tongue like a zombie. He catches Santa's lifeless body before it falls.

AARON WALSH (CONT'D)
Sleepwalk.

Will and Aaron stare at each other with uncertainty.

MRS. PICKET (O.S.)
(anxious)
Will's not in his room.

MR. PICKET (O.S.)
Whose down there!?

AARON WALSH
Distract them! I'll grab his stuff
and hide him downstairs.

Will gives an unsure look at Aaron, takes a deep breath, and spins into action. Will shambles out into view.

MR. PICKET
Will? What the heck are you doing!?

Will stumbles around the mess, unresponsive to his parents.

MRS. PICKET
I think he's sleepwalking, shhhhh.

MR. PICKET
You're shhhing me?

Meanwhile, Aaron opens the door and pushes Santa inside. Santa tumbles down the stairs. The noise attracts attention.

MR. PICKET (CONT'D)
What was that?

Will's dad starts down the stairs.

Will has to think fast. Playing his only card, Will urinates himself, soaking his pajamas.

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MRS. PICKET

Oh my-, he must think he's in the bathroom.

Will's mom comes running down the steps and shakes him. Will coughs and snorts, startled from his "deep sleep".

WILL PICKET

(sleepy)

Mom? What are you doing in the bathroom?

MRS. PICKET

Oh Will. Come up stairs and clean yourself up.

The two head back up the staircase. Will takes a peek over to the basement door and sees that Aaron isn't there.

MRS. PICKET (CONT'D)

Honey, will you clean up? I think Will broke something downstairs.

Will's dad nods his head, still half asleep. He walks and picks up a couple pieces of broken ornament off the floor.

He looks towards the kitchen and sees the complete and utter destruction. The last hanging pot falls to the floor.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Aaron props Santa into a chair and quickly weaves a string of Christmas lights around the arms, legs, and body.

Aaron tucks the broken watch and bag into Santa's coat. Snow blows into the room as he pulls his way out the door.

From the window Aaron can be seen running off into the white, until the blowing snow covers up the glass.

The only light in the room is the dim illumination from the old Christmas lights that now encase jolly old Saint Nick.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

In an anonymous ill-lit office building, a man, resting his head on his hand, watches a large computer screen.

A blip is heard from the computer. AGENT O'LEARY picks his head up and slides in for a closer look. His eyes widen.

AGENT O'LEARY

Sir, it's stopped!

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