

The
JEW
WHO SAVED CHRISTMAS



WRITTEN BY

S&M

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EPISODE ONE

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

The airport is bustling with holiday excitement. O'HARE HALL is decked out with boughs of holly. Red velvet bows hang festively. Light up turtle doves float below the skylight ceiling where snowflakes dance to CAROLS PLAYING over the loud speakers. It's Christmas Eve!

On the MOVING WALKWAY, we meet our "hero", BERNIE GOLD. [FIDDLE STING!] The neon lights turn blue and white, creating a halo of Jewish light around our lead.

Bernie is a mess. Her Spirit Airlines uniform is untucked and unwashed. With zero fucks to give, Bernie takes a massive hit off her vape. As she exhales, our title SLAPS ... THE JEW WHO SAVED CHRISTMAS.

AGENT GIMBLE (O.S.)

BERNIE!

Introducing the bane of Bernie's existence. AGENT GIMBLE, a TSA Agent who takes his job VERY seriously. His muscles bulge out of his uniform as he scolds Bernie.

AGENT GIMBLE

If I gave a rats ass about
Christmas, I'd say you just gave
me a present.

Agent Gimble writes up a formal complaint.

AGENT GIMBLE

(aggressive writing)
Vaping violation. Code 219.
(with glee)
No way you're getting out of this
one. Enjoy getting shit-canned -
COUGH *COUGH*

Bernie blows her vape smoke directly into his chiseled trap, before walking away.

AGENT GIMBLE

(shouting after her)
I *will* get you gone, Bernie!

INT. SPIRIT AIRLINES COUNTER - O'HARE - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie stands behind the check-in counter staring blankly at an ANGRY CUSTOMER, his overweight bag on the scale between them.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

- I'm already paying a fee for choosing my seat, a fee for my backpack, a fee to drink water! And now, you want me to pay an extra twenty-five dollars because my bag is ONE POUND overweight?

BERNIE

I don't make the rules sir, I just barely get paid to enforce them.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

You can't make an exception? It's one pound! Your airline is named *Spirit* and it's Christmas Eve.

BERNIE

OR the 7th night of CH-annukah.

The Customer wipes away the spit that landed in his eye. Bernie leans over the counter.

BERNIE

Tell you what. I'm gonna help you out.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Yes! Thank you.

BERNIE

Lose the wine, and no matter the weight, I'll waive the fee.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Unbelievable.

The Angry Customer digs through his bag and slams the bottle on the counter. As he walks away -

BERNIE

Enjoy Baltimore!

Bernie turns to EVE, her best friend and festive co-worker. Eve's joyous, direct, and is a firm believer of fate. As Eve lugs heavy bags onto the conveyor belt, Bernie gooses her with the bottle of wine.

EVE

Ah! Don't DO that!

BERNIE

Now I don't have to pick up a bottle for the party tonight. It's a Hanukkah miracle.

EVE

I didn't know your kind had those!

BERNIE

We invented em'. Cheers, bitch.

EVE

You just shoved that up my butt and now you're gonna serve it to your family?

BERNIE

Duh.

Eve reaches under the counter to grab something.

EVE

If your crude ass celebrated *my* reason for the season, you'd get nothing but coal - but since ya don't... I got you a little something for Hanukkah.

BERNIE

Awe, Eve. You got me a present!
(guilty beat)
Good. Cause... I also got you something.

Bernie reaches under her side of the counter and pulls out more contraband. This time, Absinthe.

EVE

I saw you confiscate that.

BERNIE

For you. You're welcome. Okay, my turn!

Bernie unwraps her gift and her face drops when she sees that inside lies a flight attendant application.

BERNIE

You filled out my application?

EVE

You're welcome.

BERNIE

That's mail fraud.

EVE

You've been putting it off. Look, B, I still really want to go through training together... but I can't wait any longer. I'm manifesting getting my wings in the New Year.

BERNIE

This was hate-mail, not a present.

EVE

I know you don't believe in signs but -

BERNIE

Urghhh -

EVE

Buttt, when printed out my application, TWO came out. See? Everything happens for a reason!

BERNIE

Stop quoting your psychic.

EVE

He's my pastor, but he is deeply intuitive...

BERNIE

Eve -

BERNIE

I'm just saying that clearly a higher power is guiding me to be your light. Follow me. Let me help you!

BERNIE

Jews don't get saved and besides I'm not taking advice from from a woman who believes that my choices are dictated by the universe.

Eve slap-sticks a checked luggage tag to Bernie's forehead.

BERNIE

Ow!

EVE

Someone had to check your ego.

BERNIE

Did it have to be to Missouri?

EVE

Everyone needs help sometimes,
Bernie! When are you going to
grasp that?

Bernie opens her mouth to argue but stops herself,
thinking.

BERNIE

Okay. Yeah... You're right.

EVE

I am?

BERNIE

Yes. I'm ready to admit that I
need help. From you, right now
actually...

EVE

Bernie, I'm not covering for you -

BERNIE

You can cover for me! I want to
hit up the dispensary before they
close. Thank you! You're such a
good friend. Merry Christmas Eve,
Eve!

Bernie hops over the counter, grabbing her wine.

EVE

You're so annoying.

BERNIE

Save you some sufganiyot!

EVE

I don't speak Jewish!

BERNIE

Not a language!

Bernie exits into the snowy night. Eve looks down at the left-behind application. She shakes her head in disappointment.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

Bernie walks down The Magnificent Mile - lit up with Christmas window displays as her AirPods BLAST the score to Home Alone. Interrupting her jovial jam are multiple texts from her family.

AIRPOD SIRI (V.O.)

Text alert from "**MOM**": Bernie, do you have enough wine? Dad likes dry whites.

Bernie rolls her eyes.

AIRPOD SIRI (V.O.)

Text alert from "**BITCH SISTER**": Make sure you lock your "bedroom". The garage isn't safe for baby Samuel.

BERNIE

(incredulously)

Five isn't a baby, you psychopath.

AIRPOD SIRI (V.O.)

Text alert from "**AUNTIE ORNA**": Friendly reminder! No peanut emoji. Peanut emoji. Peanut emoji.
Text alert from "**MOM**": I pulled out the dining room leaf so you wouldn't scratch it like you did last time -

Bernie takes out her AirPods and all is silent. She's suddenly calm, odd for a woman headed down -

An UNLIT ALLEY. Bernie puts her keys between her fingers, strolling until she lands under a neon sign reading: THE KOSH KUSH. Bernie kisses her fingers before touching a mezuzah, which buzzes her in.

INT. THE KOSH KUSH - CONTINUOUS

Bernie heads to the counter and picks up a displayed shofar (to the Goys out there, it's a ram's-horn used to ring in the Jewish New Year). A sign reads "BLOW ME". Bernie follows suit. A long low TOOT rings out. TEKIAHHHHHH!

Through a beaded curtain enters BINJAMIN. Binjamin sports payots and a man-bun. Think Jewish Dave Matthews.

BINJAMIN

Bernie! Chag Sameach, my dude!

Binjamin and Bernie secret handshake over the counter. He slides Bernie a new cartridge for her vape.

BINJAMIN

On the house for the holiday,
broski.

BERNIE

Thanks Binjamin, but I'll be
needing more than this for
tonight.

BINJAMIN

That's right. It's your big night-
seven fiesta.

BERNIE

First night hosting since 2011.

BINJAMIN

(reminiscent)

The infamous night four fire.
You're a local legend, yedidi!

Binjamin points to a framed Chicago Tribune clipping. The headline reads: *MIRACLE OF FRIGHTS: Hanukkah party gone wrong! Oil fire burns family home.*

BERNIE

I've asked you to take that down.

Binjamin shakes his head. Never.

BERNIE

Well that's old news because after
tonight my name and Hanukkah won't
be associated with fire. Actually?
It will be. But the Gen Z good
kind.

BINJAMIN

Hell yeah, friend. So, how can I
help get you redempt-i-fried? You
looking for a indica in-da-couch
situation, or a pre party pump up?

BERNIE

Binjamin, I'm not smoking *before* my party. My family's already taking cash bets on me beefing it. I just want something for after to help me unwind.

BINJAMIN

I got just the thing, my man.

Binjamin ducks below the counter and pops back up with gold wrapped gelt. Bernie inspects the tag.

BERNIE

(reading)
Miracle Gelt.

BINJAMIN

Just one bite, and in one night, eight crazy adventures you will ignite.

BERNIE

I do love a theme.
(reading)
8 miracles per serving.

BINJAMIN

My Savta in Israel got these eats from some ancient Rabbi who's a descendant of the Maccabees. This shit's got salt from the dead sea, dates from the west bank. It's blessed by like 4 holy beards.

BERNIE

Yeah okay, easy on the hard sell. I'm down for edibles. Thanks Bin.
(on her way out)
Alright, I'm out! Wish me luck!

BINJAMIN

Jews don't believe in luck! Only bucks... fifty, actually.

BERNIE

Still cheaper than therapy. Happy Hanukkah, schmuck.

As Bernie pays and heads out, a CUSTOMER BLOWS the shofar in Binjamin's face.

BINJAMIN

I'm right here.

INT. BERNIE'S (PARENTS) HOUSE - NIGHT

JEWISH INSTRUMENTAL drops as we see INSERTS of Bernie preparing for the party.

- * A blue tablecloth parachutes open. A gleaming menorah is set atop.
- * Oil bubbles as potato latke batter splatters.
- * Manischewitz flows down a tower of stacked coupes.
- * Dreidels and gelt are spread out on the kiddie table.
- * A *Best of Barbara* record spins.
- * Jelly is squeezed into doughnuts.
- * A Star of David necklace is secured over Bernie's throat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bernie beams with pride as her family enjoys her party. Looking spiffy in her blue dress, Bernie dances around gracefully, offering latkes from a tray. She lands at the family gossip.

BERNIE

Auntie Orna! Latke?

AUNTIE ORNA

Bernie! You look gorgeous!
Dressing up for a special someone
or are we still single?

BERNIE

(overcompensating)
STILL SINGLE!

Bernie laughs it off as she continues on.

BERNIE

Daddy, Zayde, latke?

ZAYDE

(playfully)
Bernadette! You find your own
place yet or you still freeloading
off your parents?

BERNIE

(overcompensating)
STILL FREELOADING!

Bernie continues on, the tray leading her to UNCLE GARY, a man who is mostly nose hairs.

UNCLE GARY

There she is! My Jew-ess steward-
ess! Can I finally get a free
ticket to Bermuda or you still
just a check-in girl?

Bernie opens her mouth to reply but her very pregnant and
uptight older sister, ROMI, answers for her.

ROMI

Still just a check in girl. She's
afraid of flying and wants to be a
FLIGHT attendant. I actually think
the poetic stupidity sums up
Bernie to a tee.

Uncle Gary stares blankly at Bernie. There's an awkward
beat.

BERNIE

(too loud)

GARY! Did you know Romi is a
lawyer? Isn't that *impressive*? She
helps end marriages. What a hero.
Romi? Tell Gary about your cases -
(under her breath)
- and placenta!

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR saves the day. Bernie answers,
REVEALING: Carol Singers! Bernie's NEIGHBORS, dressed in
yuletide, immediately burst into song.

CAROL SINGERS

(singing)

*Gaily they ring, while
people sing, songs of good
cheer, Christmas is here!*
Merry, Merry, Merry, Merry
Christmas. X2

BERNIE

Hi Phil. We're actually in
the middle of - can you
just stop singing for one -
how long is this song - you
know what? I don't have
time for - SHUT THE FUCK
UP!

Bernie's scream makes the Carol Singers abruptly stop.

PHIL, Bernie's Ned Flanders-y neighbor, rests his hands
on his Von Trapp lookin' son's shoulders.

BERNIE

I'm sorry. Phil! What can I do you
for? We're in the middle of a
Hanukkah party.

PHIL

Sorry to intrude, Bernie. We do know you're "jewish" -

BERNIE

Why quotations?

PHIL

- but we wanted to include you in the Christmas fun!

BERNIE

How neighborly. But it is *I* that should include *you*. Why don't *you* join in on our CH-

(spitting in Phil's eye)

-annukah fun.

Phil's toe-headed child grabs his dad in fear.

VON TRAPP BOY

Dad no! If we go in there, Santa will think I'm Jewish! He'll skip our house! I won't get my Nintendo Switch!

PHIL

Maybe next time, Bernie. It's not like Hanukkah has a shortage on nights! And yet ya still picked Christmas Eve to celebrate!

(chuckling at his own joke)

Okay! We're off to finish the rounds. Spread the cheer.

BERNIE

(under her breath)

Convert the masses.

PHIL

Pardon?

BERNIE

Merry Christmas! Phil. Aryan neighbors.

They start to sing *MARY DID YOU KNOW* as Bernie slams the door in their faces.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The family is gathered round as Bernie lights the menorah. Everyone sings the prayer.

GOLD FAMILY

(singing)

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech
ha-olam, asher kid'shanu b-
mitzvotav, v-tzivanu l'hadlik ner
shel Hanukkah.*

Everyone claps and celebrates. Bernie's mother, FRAN, pinches Bernie's arm.

FRAN

Hey kid. You did good. Real good.

BERNIE

Thanks Mom.

FRAN

I mean, I have to be honest, I was worried, I was not... confident that this would be such a success. I upped our insurance policy. The addition's barely a decade old.

BERNIE

That's nice Mom.

FRAN

But you're really growing up. I know a lot of millennials had to move back in with their parents, I mean, your sister didn't, but you did. You were always a little behind -

BERNIE

Mom? You were complimenting me, I think.

FRAN

Right, sorry. What I'm trying to say is tonight, after refusing my excellent party planning advice, and ignoring your sister's offer to cater... you still - what I mean is - everything you did, was absolutely beyond -

ROMI
(clearing throat)
Ahemmmmm.

BERNIE
Wow, you can't let me have ONE
compliment without -

ROMI
(clearing throat)
Ahemmmmm.

But Romi's not the only one clearing her throat. Bernie looks around as her family ERUPTS into hacking fits, hives, itchy palms, and swollen faces.

FRAN
(quiet intensity)
Bernie, nothing had peanuts,
right?

BERNIE
Mom, no! I know everyone's
allergic! I'm not an idiot.

Fran takes off into the -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She opens cabinets, drawers, and bags, as Bernie shadows her.

BERNIE
Mom, you're stressing out for no
reason. Sure, our family may be a
little -

GOLD FAMILY
Ahemm! Cough SFX! Cough SFX!

BERNIE
- congested, but it could be
anything!

Fran continues to search for the source. Bernie follows her, making her case.

BERNIE
I would not have done something so
careless. I OVER prepared for
tonight! That by the way... you
were *just* complimenting me on.
(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

So we could sit here and spend our night searching for a phantom peanut that does not exist, or you could let me finish throwing the best Hanukkah party this family has ever seen...

Fran turns around slowly, lips now straight outta Kylie's syringe. She is holding up a huge tub of arachis oil.

BERNIE

(confused)

What? That's not peanut oil! I splurged for the fancy stuff! It was like 7 extra dollars.

FRAN

(croaking)

Arachis oil IS peanut oil.

Fran and Bernie re-enter the -

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROMI

We gotta go to ER. DAVID! Start the car and get the EpiPen.

They see everyone shuffling out. Bernie grabs her coat and is almost out the door when her sister stops her.

ROMI

No. You've done enough.

Bernie is left behind, watching her family load into their car as they try not to die.

INT. BERNIE'S BEDROOM - CONVERTED GARAGE - HOURS LATER

Now in her PJ's - a giant Hanukkah hoodie and tightie whities - Bernie lies in bed, watching TV. A Christmas commercial, where a gooey chocolate chip cookie is pulled apart, makes Bernie perk up.

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)

Nestle: the only cookie suitable for Santa.

BERNIE

Fuck yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie is covered in flour as she mixes cookie dough searches the cupboard.

BERNIE

Chocolate chips. Chocolate chips.
Hmm.

Not finding the goods, Bernie thinks and then spots the kiddie gelt on the table. Lightbulb moment!

BERNIE

(to herself)
Oh yeah... Miracle Gelt...

SMASH TO:

Edgar Wright style INSERTS: An underwear drawer flies open! Miracle Gelt is snatched! A chocolate coin is smashed with a meat tenderizer! Cookie dough is spooned onto a sheet and shoved in an oven! A window flies open! Bernie fans out potent smoke! Ding! Cookies are ready!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bernie plops onto the couch, holding a plate of *edible* chocolate chip cookies. She grab ones and immediately burns her finger.

BERNIE

Ouch.
(channeling Stormi)
Patience. Practice patience...

She sets the cookies aside and clicks on the TV. Adam Sandler's *8 Crazy Nights* starts.

BERNIE

(to herself)
Urgh, is this all we get?

Bernie yawns and rubs her eyes. Seconds later, she's fully conked out, mouth open, drooling.

TIME LAPSE:

Breaking the sound of white noise and snores, is an eerie creaking, not coming from doors! SCUFFLING and SLEIGH BELLS are heard from the roof. The CLATTER continues til we see the proof. Soot wafts out from the fireplace! And we introduce SANTA, in all of his grace!

He is the perfect Coca Cola Claus: jolly red circular cheeks, tiny gold frames that sit on the tip of his button nose, and the kindest blue eyes you've ever seen. Santa puts down his big red bag and spots the cookies.

SANTA

Mmm.

He makes a beeline for the baked goods and takes a bite, but as he chomps he notices that something isn't kosher... or rather it is! His eyes snap to:

A menorah!

A dreidel!

Manischewitz!

Latkes!

Unwrapped socks!

A black Amex!

And finally... Bernie, who is now WIDE awake!

Santa stares back at her in confusion until his list magically flies up! It smacks him on the hand, unscrolls, and floats before him. As Santa inspects the list, he sees the check twice box is empty. He shakes his head and gives a belly laugh.

SANTA

Ho ho! Always check twice!

Bernie, frozen on the other side of the couch, tries to reason with herself.

BERNIE

I'm dreaming?

Santa inspects his list further.

SANTA

Kringle, you're at the wrong house!

BERNIE

I'm stoned?

SANTA

Better get this Nintendo next door toot-sweet.

BERNIE

(to herself)

But I didn't have a cookie.

She notices the half bitten cookie.

BERNIE

Did I?

She did not... but Santa did. He's about to go up the chimney, when that shit hits.

We SMASH ZOOM into Santa's eye and go on a galactic journey through candy cane fields and snowflakes galore! The snowflakes take the form of Stars of David. A menorah rushes to the forefront and a lone hand lights the first candle. Binjamin's floating head appears.

BINJAMIN

MIRACLE ONE! GO FULL LATKE AND GET FRIEDDD!

We are sucked out of Santa's eye. He's a frozen statue, unable to speak or move.

BERNIE

(to Santa)

Excuse me? Hello? Mister?

Santa's stoic. Bernie grabs a cheese knife from a nearby charcuterie and points it at Santa.

BERNIE

Listen man, I don't know if you're like a John Wayne Gacy 'cept instead of clowns you do a Santa thing, but my finger's on my LadyWalk App and if you don't leave, I'll release it, and cops will be here pronto!

Santa has no reaction. Bernie stares at him nervously until Santa's scroll begins to glow and vibrate.

BERNIE

What the -

The list magically presents itself to Bernie. She sees etch-a-sketched images of her neighbor Phil's Von Trapp Son unwrapping a Nintendo Switch. A flashing title reads: UNDELIVERED.

BERNIE

Nintendo Switch? How did you know -

An ERROR SIGN flashes reading: WRONG HOUSE! JEW! The list magically scrolls up and flies back to Santa, burrowing into his jacket.

BERNIE

Holy fuck. He's real! You're real!
 It's true - it's allllll true!!!
 IT'S BEAUTIFULLL! Oh my God...
 (beautiful wonder)
 You're... Santa.

Bernie notices the cookie crumbs in Santa's beard and remembers he ate the edible.

BERNIE

(whispered terror)
 I drugged Santa.
 (beat)
 Oh noooo. I already ruined
 Hanukkah, I can't ruin Christmas!
 I'm a Jewish Grinch.
 (calming herself)
 Okay. Okay! He's just a little
 stoned. What do I do when I'm too
 fried? Snacks!

Bernie picks up some brie and runs it over to him.

BERNIE

Cheese, Mr. Claus?

She tries to feed him but it falls to the floor.

BERNIE

Too stoned to eat? Been there...
 No problem!
 (thinking)
 Cold water!

Bernie rushes to the fridge and fills up a glass of ice water, but when she tries to make Santa drink, it slops down his mouth.

BERNIE

Come on, Santa. Work with me here.

She dips her fingers into the water and SPLASHES him repeatedly. Nothing. A gust of wind HOWLS.

BERNIE

Fresh air! Always sobers me up.
 So, how do you -

Bernie gestures to the chimney.

BERNIE

Front door. Front door is good.

TIME JUMP:

Santa's arms are now draped over Bernie's shoulders as she attempts to drag him to the door.

BERNIE

(heaving)

Almost there, I can do it... no I need a break. Let's just rest a minute.

Bernie props Santa upright. He balances for a moment until... he slowly falls backwards and breaks the coffee table. Glass shatters and food flies.

BERNIE

I killed Santa.

Santa's eyes squint open. He smiles, feeling fine.

BERNIE

Oh thank God. Good sign! Good sign!

Bernie tugs on Santa's hands, trying to get him up.

BERNIE

Come on! A little wind on your face and you'll be right as rain to deliver happiness to the youth of the world and I will in no way have hindered it.

Bernie grabs Santa's belt to hoist him up and notices the buckle is actually a button reading: PUSH.

BERNIE

Feels... unspecific.

Bernie pushes the button. Suddenly a magnetic force begins to SUCK Santa towards the chimney! Bernie, tangled up with Santa, becomes Christmas roadkill. She flies backwards! She hits her head on the ground! She's dragged, getting 3rd degree rug burns!

BERNIE

Ow ow ow!

Bernie claws at the rug, but it's no use, the rug goes with!

In a last ditch effort to save her skin, Bernie throws her arms out, stopping herself at the base of the chimney. After a brief moment of resignation, Bernie looks straight into the barrel for our first -

BERNIE

Oy.

SHOOP! Bernie gets sucked up the chimney! Bricks and soot explode out, destroying the living room.

EXT. ROOF - SECONDS LATER

Santa and Bernie are shot out of the chimney onto the snowy roof. Bernie lands... face down, ass up, looking like a Jewish schmuck.

Santa has landed perfectly in the sleigh. Bernie gets up and takes in the sleigh's majestic glory. She runs her fingers along the cranberry paint and velvet upholstery. She travels down the reigns to nine noble reindeer. Bernie's smile is ear to ear, this is real life magic.

BERNIE

Wow. This is... I can't believe it. It's a freaking fairytale. You truly fly around and make the world a better place by spreading pure Christmas cheer -

Bernie realizes Santa is passed out asleep, drool city.

BERNIE

Right. I weed roofied Santa.

Bernie attempts to wake him, but he's out cold. She takes a deep breath, climbs into the sleigh, and leans her head on his shoulder.

BERNIE

Father Christmas? Your majesty? I don't want to be that person who makes it all about themselves, but... I will not come back from this. Jews specialize in guilt and if my drug habit single handedly takes down Christmas... It will be bleak for me. It will be rough.

Bernie turns to Santa's cheek, desperately whispering SO CLOSE to his face.

BERNIE

Anti-semitism? All time high right now. Jews don't have hella fans in the best of times, so it cannot be my fault that Christmas doesn't happen!

(escalating)

Santa! WAKE UP! COME ON SANTA!
HANDLE YOUR SHIT!

Bernie has taken Santa's lifeless arms and is waving them in the air.

From the STREETS BELOW - Bernie's neighbor, Phil and his Von Trapp Son, are walking home from caroling. They spot Bernie from afar with Santa and assume he's a decoration.

PHIL

(to son)

Look at that. No more dark house on the block.

(shouting up at
Bernie)

So glad you're finally decorating and getting into the spirit!

BACK ON THE ROOF - the sleigh's RADIO turns on. An Elf's voice comes through.

PSOTNIK (V.O.)

Santa? You sure are taking your tinsel time getting to those orphans in Indiana. Everything plum pudding over there?

BERNIE

(horrified)

Orphans?

She grabs the radio.

BERNIE

Ah, hello? Hi? This is... My name is Bernie Gold and there's um, a slight situation here, with the Saint-the Saint, Nick. With Santa.

An eruption of elves comes through the radio.

BUNIAN (V.O.)

A situation?

ÄLFER (V.O.)

Did she say Gold?

ÄLVA (V.O.)
Put Santa on!!!

BERNIE
Santa is... asleep.

BUNIAN (V.O.)
Asleep?

ÄLFER (V.O.)
He never sleeps!

ÄLVA (V.O.)
He's a Christmas vampire!

BERNIE
(quickly)
Santa went to the wrong house, my
house, and some stuff went down
and now he basically is not good
to go -

BUNIAN (V.O.)
You ruined Christmas!

ÄLFER (V.O.)
What'd you do to Santa?

ÄLVA (V.O.)
You will be remembered for only
this!

BERNIE
No! No no! It's not ruined! I
didn't ruin - I can help! I can
fix it! *He's* not good to go but
I'm good to go! Just, um, tell me
how to -

PSOTNIK (V.O.)
No! You've done enough!

BERNIE
(to herself)
Okay. Having déjà vu.

The Head Elf, PSOTNIK, takes over.

PSOTNIK (V.O.)
Just turn the sleigh onto
Autopilot and we'll bring Santa
back to the North Pole -

BERNIE

I can do that! Where is Autopilot?

Bernie looks at the dashboard which is old-school: meters and dials galore with confusing symbols.

PSOTNIK (V.O.)

Quit scrooging around! Saint Nick's on a strict schedule! We've already lost Indiana, and who knows how long it will take to get Santa feeling pine once he's here! Christmas may be lost for some, but not all if you move your fat Christmas Ham!

BERNIE

Okay, feels like you spent a lot of time yelling at me when you could have just told me where to look -

PSOTNIK (V.O.)

FIND IT!

BERNIE

Okay! Okay! I'm sorry! This is not a normal situation! Wait! I think I found it.

Bernie spots a hidden lever under the dash with a symbol that looks like Santa on a rollercoaster. Bernie's hand hovers over the lever, thinking.

BERNIE

So, should I come with to make sure he's -

PSOTNIK (V.O.)

NO! That would make no frankin-sense! This is clearly your fault, because before you, *Bernie Gold*, Santa never went silent night on the job! You clearly bring bad tidings!

Bernie, a nerve struck, sits back from the lever.

PSOTNIK (V.O.)

You better turn the fudging Autopilot on right NOW -

Bernie flips off the radio and has an epiphany.

BERNIE

Holy shit. This is one of Eve's signs. "Everything happens for a reason." I'm not buying that on the night I ruined *my* holiday, you show up just so I can ruin yours. That's like, too on the nose.

Bernie turns to an asleep Santa, as she continues to hunt down her theory.

BERNIE

I don't think you came to my house by accident. You're Santa. Your whole thing is believing in people... I think.

(confused aside)

I don't actually know. I grew up on Jon Lovitz not Rudolph but...

(back to confident)

Maybe you're here because no in my life believes in me.

Bernie gets some moxie.

BERNIE

But they're wrong, aren't they Santa? Alright, I'm gonna try! I could pull this off. I mean, I can't let a bunch of Indiana orphans wake up disappointed because of me. I'm not going down in history as a worse Jew than Netanyahu!

Bernie grabs Santa's "lifeless" hand.

BERNIE

Okay. I'll follow the light. Let's do this. Let's go save Christmas!

END OF EPISODE ONE

EPISODE TWO

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - LATER THAT NIGHT

An asleep Santa, sporting a Wisconsin Dells bucket Hat and sunglasses, is haphazardly strung over a baggage cart, being pushed by Bernie.

BERNIE

Sorry I had to Weekend at Bernie's
your ass but there was NO WAY I
was getting in that sleigh.

Eve looks on in confusion as Bernie wheels Santa to the Spirit Airlines counter. Bernie hops over and goes nuts on the computer. Eve looks back and forth from Bernie to the Man in Red.

EVE

I have questions.

BERNIE

No time, Eve. Gotta be a hero.

EVE

Is your party over? How did it go?

Bernie types vigorously. Eve looks at Bernie's screen.

EVE

Indiana? What's in Indiana?

BERNIE

An orphanage, Eve.

EVE

*Two tickets? You're getting on a
plane?*

(side note)

Stand-by doesn't let you do first
class.

BERNIE

Damn it!

Bernie backspaces aggressively.

EVE

What is going on? Who is this man?
Your uncle or something?

BERNIE

Oo. That's good. Let's go with that.

EVE

What happened to your crippling fear of flying, heights, and the first Final Destination?

BERNIE

Eve? I've got a point to prove, an Ativan to take, and no time to explain.

Bernie grabs her tickets and wheels Santa towards security.

INT. BOARDING TUNNEL - LATER

Bernie, struggles to figure out the breaks on Santa's wheelchair. She kicks the chair multiple times, making out-cold Santa jerk back and forth. She bends down to nonchalantly whisper into his ear.

BERNIE

Okay, Papa Noel, we got through Security with minor hiccups -

(aside)

Thank you Dave -

(beat)

And now we just need to board, take off in a man made steel tube full of circulated farts, and defy gravity without understanding how.

(terrified)

Easy.

Bernie's cell RINGS. Not thinking, she picks it up -

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Romi paces in front of a vending machine, rubbing her preggo belly annoyingly.

BERNIE

Hello? Yes? What?

ROMI

Why are you yelling? I'm surprised you're even awake.

(MORE)

ROMI (CONT'D)

Thought you'd for sure have smoked yourself into a pot coma.

BERNIE

Funny you should say that.

ROMI

Why is that funny? You haven't even asked how anyone is.

BERNIE

Right! The peanut thing. How is... Everyone?

ROMI

Not great. Mom went into anaphylactic shock and is on an epinephrine drip.

BERNIE

Oh my God. Is she gonna be okay?

ROMI

Yes. Don't be dramatic.

(beat)

Anyway, I'm calling because I'm feeling much better, even pregnant my immune system is robust -

Bernie rolls her eyes.

ROMI

- I'm going to convince the doctor to release me so I can head back early and clean up the party. I assume you haven't, and mom doesn't need any more stress.

BERNIE

NO!

Everyone in the tunnel stares at Bernie who just screamed.

BERNIE

(higher pitched)

I mean, no! You need to rest. Take care of my little niece in there.

ROMI

Nephew.

BERNIE

You're Mom's favorite so she'll want you by her side. I promise the house will be clean by the time you guys get home...

(super high pitched)

When ya thinking that'll be?

ROMI

Hopefully by morning.

(real moment)

I hate that Samuel has to spend the night here.

BERNIE

So go be with him. And Mom. I got the house. Really Rom, I promise.

ROMI

Okay, but to be frank, everyone is at their wits end with you. Mom and Dad are getting older, they can't handle the drama. If they come home to a mess, I don't know how much longer you'll be welcome.

(beat)

Oh, that's the nurse. I gotta go.

BERNIE

(off dial-tone)

Bye.

Bernie startles when she notices a BUNDLED BOY staring at gold pixie dust swirling out of Santa's open mouth every time he snores.

BUNDLED BOY

Is... is that Santa?

BERNIE

... Yes.

The line starts to move as everyone boards the plane.

INT. SPIRIT AIRPLANE - LATER

Bernie finishes buckling a snoozed Santa into his seat. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches.

SPIRIT FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Awe. Your grandpa?

BERNIE

I wish. My life would have been way cooler. Can I have the alcohol?

SPIRIT FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Vodka? Gin?

BERNIE

Yes.

SPIRIT FLIGHT ATTENDANT

That'll be forty dollars.

BERNIE

Water will be fine.

SPIRIT FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Still forty.

BERNIE

Please go.

Bernie pops open her Ativan bottle. The doors shut LOUDLY.

BERNIE

AH!

Bernie coolly adjusts her position.

BERNIE

Okay. Here we go. It's happening.

As the plane starts to taxi Bernie grabs Santa's hand. She shuts her eyes tight.

BERNIE

Real talk, Nicholas? I wish I was the one high right now. I know you're going through "eight crazy nights in one" or whatever Benjamin said, but I could really use some catatonic right now -

As Bernie continues to mumble to herself, Santa's eyes BUST OPEN. SMASH ZOOM into Santa's peeper! We ENTER his eye and dive through a stocking to emerge... in a boiling pot of oil! A menorah's second candle gets lit and Benjamin's floating head appears.

BINJAMIN

MIRACLE TWO! BECOME A DREIDEL AND SPIN OUTTT!

We are sucked out of Santa's iris. His eyes are now vibrating. Bernie feels Santa shaking.

BERNIE

Uh oh.
(carefully)
Santa?

SANTA

Get. Me. OUTTA HERE!!!

BERNIE

(to herself, panic)
Miracle two! Miracle two!

Santa tries to get out of his seat. He flings around, not understanding he's restrained by a seatbelt. He uses his Santa strength to rip through. He stands up. A buckled Flight Attendant leans out.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir? We're still taxiing. The seat belt light is on.

SANTA

What is this?! Why am I here?! Who are you people?!

Santa bangs on the window. A PASSENGER doesn't like what's happening.

PASSENGER

Take it easy buddy. Sit down!

Bernie grabs Santa's leg.

BERNIE

Santa? Sit. Down. You are about to be tackled by patriots and then Christmas will be really wrecked.

SANTA

Christmas? Is Christmas TODAY? Is TODAY Christmas?!? I have SO MUCH TO DO!

Santa takes off down the aisle towards the emergency door.

BERNIE

Not. Good.

Bernie chases after him. HEROIC PASSENGERS try to restrain him, but Santa's shifty. A bald AIR MARSHALL enters the aisle. He whips out his badge.

AIR MARSHALL

Sir, I am an Air Marshall. You need to sit down.

Bernie struggles to get through looky-loo's to reach Santa.

BERNIE

Oh no! Please! He's got dementia!
He doesn't mean any harm -

AIR MARSHALL

Ma'am! Do not get involved or you'll be in violation too! I will take you both down!

Santa reaches into his coat. The passengers GASP. He pulls out... a toupee. The Air Marshall's eyes widen.

SANTA

Kevin Gerrity. Nice list since 1986. Monofilament toupee. Number one on your Christmas list. Let me out.

AIR MARSHALL

(yes he did)
I didn't ask for that.

SANTA

Take it! It's yours!

AIR MARSHALL

(quietly)
How did you...

SANTA

GET ME OFF THIS PLANE!!!

SMASH TO:

INT. TSA INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Bernie sits across from Agent Gimble. She's glancing towards a two way mirror.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEHIND THE MIRROR - SAME

- where Santa is being strip searched by the police. They pull endless "Christmas fun" from his person.

Back in interrogation room, Agent Gimble smacks the table to get Bernie's attention.

AGENT GIMBLE

I'd say I was surprised to see you here but I'm not a little girl and you're not a Jack-in-the-box. You're predictable. I knew you'd end up right here. In front of me. Cuffed.

BERNIE

Gimble? I need you to be... not yourself right now. Okay? This is an emergency.

AGENT GIMBLE

You bet your ass it's an emergency. You just committed a title 49 felony. You're toast, *Bernice*.

BERNIE

My name's short for Bernadette but that doesn't matter! What matters is that you help me get the man you're holding, to Indiana.

From HOLDING - the police have just pulled a candy cane from Santa's nethers. They are horrified.

Agent Gimble kicks his feet up on the table.

AGENT GIMBLE

Why is it that a woman who's never used her airline's benefits, suddenly, on Christmas Eve -

BERNIE

7th night of Hanukkah -

AGENT GIMBLE

- wants to travel to Fort Wayne Indiana with a man claiming... to be Santa Claus.

Agent Gimble tosses an ID towards Bernie. She looks down and takes in Santa's "drivers license". It reads: Nicolas Claus. North Pole. 03/15/270AD. Bernie takes a deep breath. She's exhausted.

AGENT GIMBLE

(gleeful)

False identification? Another charge to be leveled.

BERNIE

He's not claiming to be Santa Claus. He *is* Santa Claus.

AGENT GIMBLE

No he isn't.

BERNIE

The ID's real.

AGENT GIMBLE

That's impossible!

BERNIE

(incredulously)

He's real. All of it is real.

AGENT GIMBLE

SANTA IS NOT REAL!

Gimble slaps the table.

AGENT GIMBLE

Christmas is about Christ! Not some mythical pervert pulling B&E's once a year! No respectable adult lets their kid believe and believe and believe -

(getting lost)

And then they're in college and they *STILL* believe and it infantilizes and emasculates them til there's nothing left...

BERNIE

(to herself)

Really specific.

AGENT GIMBLE

Well I don't make nice sweaters cause I'm not a sheep and I won't be fooled twice. Now you're gonna tell me the truth or I'm gonna make you wish that yarn you're spinning is long enough to hang yourself with -

From HOLDING - Santa's hands are pressed against the two way mirror.

The strip search gets personal and makes Santa's eyes SPRING OPEN. We SMASH ZOOM into Santa's eyeball, busting through day 25 on an Advent calendar. Instead of chocolate is the golden hand of Hamsa! A menorah's third candle gets lit and Binjamin's floating head appears.

BINJAMIN
MIRACLE THREE! CHANNEL THE
MACCABEES AND FIGHT FOR YOUR
LIFE!!!

We are sucked out of Santa's iris and now his eyes are glowing **RED**. Santa slowly turns around. All energy of spinning out is now replaced... with pure rage. The POLICEMEN take a terrified step back. Santa beats the ever loving shit out of them.

Gimble, unaware of what's happening on the other side of the mirror, finishes his speech.

AGENT GIMBLE
- bite the bullshit Bernie, cause
I'm not saying this again. Santa.
Is. Not. Real -

On cue, Santa head-butts the window and smashes it to smithereens. Bernie screams and covers herself from the glass shower. The blow forces Gimble to the floor. Gimble grabs his radio.

AGENT GIMBLE
We've got a 32 PC. We're gonna
need backup. Officers down!

Agent Gimble grabs his taser and aims. He shoots at Santa's private parts. Bingo.

SANTA
(Batman voice)
You melted my snowballs.

Santa reaches into his pants and pulls out an icy snowball. It's huge. He launches the ball at Gimble. Upon impact, Gimble spits teeth and goes down.

Bernie's eyes widen in fear as Santa turns his attention to her. She scoots backwards in terror.

BERNIE
Look, Santa! I can explain! I was
just trying to help! I swear to
God, please - please don't -

Bernie flinches and then realizes Santa has reached his hand out to her, as if to help her up.

BERNIE

I'm gonna take your hand now...
please don't dislocate my
shoulder.

Santa yanks Bernie up like a rag-doll as he presses his belt buckle that is blinking red and green. SHOOP! The two are shot up through the ceiling.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

On the roof of the airport, far away SCREAMS are accompanied by the sound of drywall being busted through.

Bernie and Santa emerge through the roof: shingles, glass, and dust fly everywhere. Bernie is covered in the powder as Santa's eyes glow red through his dirt covered face.

BERNIE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

As Santa and Bernie fly through the air, they suddenly drop. They're about to crash into pavement when - THUD!

Santa and Bernie land perfectly inside of Santa's sleigh. The Reindeer trot in place. Bernie startles, as a giant commercial airplane passes them to take off. She opens her eyes and realizes they are on the -

RUNWAY.

Bernie looks at Santa, who is still in Maccabee Mode.

BERNIE

(breathless terror)
Benjamin, what the fuck did you
sell me?

Santa "smiles" with clenched teeth and prompts the reindeer.

SANTA

(batman voice)
On Dasher, on Dancer, on Prancer,
and Vixen. On Comet, on Cupid, on
Donner, AND BLITZEN!

The reindeer turn around to look at Santa, see his evil form, and -

REINDEER

(goat scream)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

They turn back around and use the tarmac to take flight. Bernie holds on for *deer* life.

Through the hole in the roof, we see Agent Gimble gain consciousness right in time to see the sleigh fly by. In shock, Gimble grabs his cell phone and dials.

AGENT GIMBLE

Mommy? About Santa? You were right. I'm so sorry.

EXT. ROOFTOP - ORPHANAGE - INDIANA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The sleigh lands atop the roof with a THUD! Bernie opens the gate door, falls to her knees, and vomits. Santa grabs the list and presents before marching to the chimney like a possessed zombie.

BERNIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa big guy. You can't go in there like that.

Santa tilts his head, like a confused dog.

BERNIE

You will scare the shit out of the children. They're orphans. They've been through enough.

Santa turns to the reindeer and growls. Donner growls back.

BERNIE

Yeah... case in point. I'll fill in. How do I...

Bernie gestures to the chimney. Santa takes off his hat and hands it to her.

BERNIE

You gonna be good up here?

SANTA

(batman voice)

I'll keep watch for Greeks.

BERNIE

Is that a Hanukkah thing? Ya know what? No time.

Bernie looks down the chimney. Santa, annoyed by her hemming and hawing, pushes his magical belt button and once again, Bernie is sucked down the chimney. SHOOP!

INT. INDIANA ORPHANAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie lands on her tuchus.

BERNIE
OWWWW -
(quietly)
Shhhhhhh!

Bernie sees children asleep in their beds. There's a Christmas tree in the corner and Bernie tiptoes towards it. She suddenly stops in her tracks when she sees Santa's face staring back at her.

BERNIE
(hushed anger)
What are you doing here?!?

Santa is mimicking her every move. Bernie realizes that she is looking at *her own* reflection in a mirror. She moves around to play with her Santa twin. She takes off the hat and becomes Bernie again. She puts it on? Santa.

BERNIE
Cool.

Bernie continues her journey to the tree. She puts the sack down and reaches in. Presents fly up, automatically knowing which one is right for the location.

As Bernie checks names on gift tags, the List's "check twice" box gets magically filled.

BERNIE
Easy peasy.

Bernie turns around to head up the chimney and is shocked to find all of the children, awake and starring at her.

BERNIE
Hello... orphans.

BEAT until...

DEMETRIUS
Santa!

CASSANDRA
We knew you'd come!

GINGER BOY
Did you bring chocolates?

BERNIE

Right. The hat.
 (clearing throat)
 Ho ho! It's me! Santa Claus! Merry
 Christmas parentless children!

A child, DEMETRIUS, grins ear to ear as he looks up at
 "Santa".

DEMETRIUS

I KNEW he was black!

We see Santa from Demetrius's POV. He's right. Santa's
 Black. Bernie is confused. So is CASSANDRA, a little girl
 wearing glasses and a long dressing gown.

CASSANDRA

What are you talking about?
 Santa's clearly a woman.

Bernie looks down at herself, nervous they are seeing the
 real her. From Cassandra's POV, we see a FEMALE SANTA,
 who looks like Betty White.

GINGER BOY

Uh uh! Santa's a centaur! Look at
 his hooves!

PIGTAIL KID

Santa's my mom! Can't you see?

The kids argue over what Santa looks like. Bernie thinks
 for a moment and smiles. She bends down to give a speech.

BERNIE

I think... Santa might appear
 different to everyone. What Santa
 looks like depends on how you see
him -

From a one CHILD'S POV, Santa becomes a Cuban woman.

BERNIE

O como la ves -
 (or how you see her)
 Or how you see *them*...
 (beat)
 That's the magic of Hanukkah--
 (correcting herself)
 Christmas! That's the magic of
 Christmas.

PIGTAIL KID

It's beautiful.

BERNIE

Yes it is little one. Now I gotta jet. I've got more presents to deliver and a sleigh to DD. Cool?

ORPHANS

Cool.

Bernie stands and starts backing up towards the chimney.

BERNIE

Merry Christmas to all! And to all
(unsure)
... sleep good!

Bernie notices her reflection of the perfect Coca-Cola Claus in the mirror.

BERNIE

Of course you see Coca-Cola Claus.
Ya basic, Bernie.

SHOOP! She is sucked up through the chimney.

EXT. ROOFTOP - ORPHANAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie SHOOPS out of the chimney, and this time lands in a squat, her butt touching the snow.

BERNIE

Better.

Santa jumps around to face Bernie, dukes up. He wields a sharpened candy cane like a shiv.

BERNIE

Santa! Stop! It's just me. Put the cane down... That wasn't the one up your butt, right?

Donner leans over and chomps on the butt cane. Bernie throws the sack into the sleigh.

BERNIE

Well that was surprisingly chill. Like I friggen' nailed that on the first go. I don't know what your elves were quacking about, cause I got this shit down.

Bernie hops into the sleigh.

BERNIE

Whattaya say Mel-Gibson-Santa? You
ready to crush Christmas?

SANTA

(batman voice)
Mel is on the naughty list.

BERNIE

For good reason. Get in, sugar
tits.

Santa gets in the sleigh and they take flight. Bernie's
SCREAMS fill the night.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - MIDWEST - MONTAGE!

An upbeat Christmas SONG SLAPS as we see, in record
speed, the sleigh soaring from house to house.

INSERT SHOTS of the list. Multiple names get checked off
in between flights.

WEATHER SHOTS of flurries and drizzles - clear night
skies and shooting stars - as they fly over the map of
the Midwest.

ROOF SHOTS of Bernie repeatedly pulling Santa back from
ledges as he tries to fight anyone passing by.

BELT SHOTS of Santa pushing his belt buckle over and
over.

SHOOP SHOTS of Bernie entering and exiting multiple
chimney's. The last SHOOP lands Bernie inside of a -

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - TEXAS - LATER THAT NIGHT

The song FADES as Bernie enters a dark living room. She
heads to the tree.

Suddenly, a string is pulled and a light illuminates a
little girl, JEANIE, sitting on the couch. Bernie
startles, falling backwards into the tree. She catches
her breath.

BERNIE

Don't. Do. That!

SANTA (O.S.)

(batman voice)
Assistance needed?

BERNIE
 (calling up)
 No! Everything's fine! Don't come
 down.

The little girl stares blankly at "Santa". From her POV,
 Santa looks like our traditional Coca-Cola Claus.

BERNIE
 You know... you're not supposed to
 be awake. One of the songs says
 so, so... go to bed. Goodnight.

The little girl doesn't move. Bernie tries to finish
 delivering presents but can't.

BERNIE
 What, are you just gonna watch me?
 (checking the list)
 Jeanie Smith?

JEANIE
 I've been waiting for you all
 night.

BERNIE
 That's not creepy, Jeanie... K,
 well, here I am. Go to bed. So I
 can do the thing.

JEANIE
 Remember when we talked at the
 mall?

Bernie uncomfortably nods yes.

JEANIE
 I asked for an LOL doll.

Bernie puts her hand in the sack and a present shoots up.
 She checks the list.

BERNIE
 Yup! Got it. Act surprised for
 your parents. Good night!

Bernie heads back towards the chimney.

JEANIE
 Wait! I want to exchange it.

BERNIE
 I don't think it works that way
 kid.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I mean it could, but I don't know how... I don't know if we do receipts but your parents probably could exchange it. They'll figure it out.

JEANIE

My parents are getting a divorce and instead of the LOL Doll, I want them to stay together.

BERNIE

Oo... um... that is... sad info.

The little girl blinks up at Bernie with innocence.

BERNIE

I don't know how I'm supposed to handle this.

Bernie thinks and decides to take a seat on the couch. Without prompt, Jeanie immediately jumps on her lap.

BERNIE

Oh, not what I - whatever, it's fine. Um, Jeanie let me ask you something. Do your parents get along?

JEANIE

No. They've been fighting. A lot.

BERNIE

Hmm. Do they seem like they're happy together?

Jeanie thinks and then sadly shakes her head no.

BERNIE

Then why do you want them to stay together?

JEANIE

I don't want things to change.

BERNIE

Why? Things sound like they suck here right now. Besides, divorce can be dope.

JEANIE

It can?

BERNIE

Yeah. Two houses. Two Christmases. Sometimes they'll fight over you and try to buy your love, which can be hella fun. Maybe they'll remarry and you'll get step-siblings or half-siblings. You an only child?

JEANIE

Yeah, I hate it.

BERNIE

So the opportunities sound fruitful! Look, I know this sucks. Like, even though it has nothing to do with you, it affects you and that's really unfair, but there's another really good thing about divorce that I didn't mention. The best part.

Jeanie looks up, hopeful.

BERNIE

Your parents get a shot at being happy. You want that, right?

JEANIE

Yeah.

BERNIE

If they're happy, you'll be happy... probably. I can't see the future but I do know, just judging from what's under that tree and the weird mall photos -

Bernie gestures to photos of Jeanie and her parents, lying atop each other in denim.

BERNIE

- it's clear that your parents love you big time. A divorce won't change that. So, what do you say?

Bernie holds up the LOL Doll. Jeanie smiles and grabs the doll, holding it to her chest lovingly. Bernie stands up, and Jeanie falls off her lap, hard.

BERNIE

Merry Christmas, Jeanie. It's gonna be okay.

JEANIE

Santa? I love you.

Bernie holds in a big cry. She heads up the chimney.

On the mantle, we focus in on an ELF ON THE SHELF. The eyes glow **GREEN** and the head turns to follow Bernie's ascent.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKY - "LATER" THAT NIGHT

Bernie and Santa are sailing through smog and when it clears, Bernie gets a closer look at the temperature. It's 85 degrees.

BERNIE

Good Lord, I'm shvitzing.

Bernie takes off the Santa hat and glances at still angry red-eyed Santa.

BERNIE

How do you not sweat your silver-balls off south of the equator?

Angry Santa turns a dial and they are BLASTED with AC. They slowly land atop of -

EXT. LIT LOFT TIKTOK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is a McMansion. Bernie hops out of the sleigh. In the front seat, Bernie's phone, filled with missed texts from Eve, glows with a FaceTime call. Bernie tries to hit ignore but accidentally picks up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Eve is in Christmas jammies on her bed. She erupts with worry.

EVE

Bernie? I've been blowing you up ALL NIGHT! You got ARRESTED? WHERE ARE YOU?

BERNIE

Eve? I can't talk right now -

EVE

Why?! Is that George-RR-Martin
motherfucker listening? ARE YOU
OKAY?

BERNIE

Long story. I'll explain later.
Eve? I gotta go!

Bernie hangs up on Eve, ending the intercut.

BERNIE

That'll be fun to deal with later.
(to Santa)
Okay! Roid-Santa! According to the
list we only have west-coast-best-
coast left, so since you're stuck
in the rage miracle, I'll continue
being a hero and go deliver
Christmas to...

Bernie checks the list.

BERNIE

(reading)
The Lit Loft TikTok House's
holiday party.
(beat)
Kewl...

INT. LIT LOFT - LATER

Bernie creeps around a dimly lit living room. Every
square inch is Instagramable. There are neon signs, retro
arcade machines, and cotton candy dispensers.

Bernie hears the party happening outside but for now,
she's alone. She spots a Christmas tree in the corner.

BERNIE

Bingo.

Bernie drags the sack over. She opens the list and reads.

BERNIE

Michaela Bell.

Bernie sticks her hand in the sack and a gift flies up.

BERNIE

"At home lip filler."
(beat)
Welcome to Los Angeles.

Another gift flies to Bernie.

BERNIE

David Grimm... you got... "Insta-Bot, gain 10X your followers in minutes."

(beat)

Jesus.

Bernie unpacks more and more gifts until -

PARTY GOER (O.S.)

SANTA!!!

Bernie looks up, startled. Is she caught? There's no one around. If they're not talking about her then they must be talking about...

BERNIE

Fuck.

Bernie sets down the sack and heads towards -

EXT. LIT LOFT - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie takes in a laser lit, trendy, Gen Z Christmas Party. Handfuls of adult-looking-teens TikTok dance to the BEATS. A DJ mans the stage and sexy elf-dressed cater-waiters hand out festive cocktails.

Bernie spots Angry-Santa holding the hat Bernie left behind. Bernie realizes she is not protected by her Santa identity and is standing in the middle of a party in her Jew-y PJ's. She looks like a cheugy narc.

Bernie passes through overheard-in-LA convos on her way to Santa.

JAKE PAUL

- I just invested in this new crypto. I'm gonna drip in guap.

COLOGNE BRO

That's candy bro!

A STRESSED ASSISTANT approaches Angry Santa.

STRESSED ASSISTANT

You're late! I told your agency 10PM! I could get fired! Look you glorified extra, you need to deliver, so that my boss -

The Assistant points to a literal 11-year-old with rainbow hair.

STRESSED ASSISTANT

- doesn't can me on Christmas!
Gift bags are behind the booth!

The Assistant shoves Santa onto the stage. The DJ STOPS THE MUSIC. All eyes turn to Santa.

BERNIE

Not. Good.

The Maccabee miracle has given Santa Terminator vision! We cut into his POV as he scans the crowd for Bernie. He spots her right as an EBOY DOUCHE slithers up, shooting his shot. He immediately gives Bernie the ick.

EBOY DOUCHE

Sup girl. You here solo?

BERNIE

No thank you.

EBOY DOUCHE

Okayyy hard to get. I see you. But you'll find my rizz is persuasive.

The eBoy Douche puts his arm around an uninterested Bernie.

BERNIE

Dude, I said no -

The douche isn't listening to Bernie and continues to invade her space. Santa's Terminator Vision flashes with "THREAT DETECTED" and his hands ball into fists. Santa LEAPS off of the stage. Everyone gasps in fear as Santa slow-mo flies towards eBoy Douche. As he sails through the air, Santa's eyes suddenly SHOOT OPEN.

SMASH ZOOM into Santa's eyeball! We ENTER and see a blonde head slowly rotating wearing a Christmas-cracker-crown. As the head spins, the hair turns... brunette! A bald patch forms in the center of the head! A yamaka slaps down over the bald spot. A menorah's fourth candle gets lit and Benjamin's floating head appears.

BINJAMIN

MIRACLE FOUR! YOU'RE A MENORAH
BITCH! GET LIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

We ZOOM out of Santa's eye and find him behind the DJ booth. He grabs the mic.

SANTA

Let's. Get. FA-LA-LA-LA-LIT!!!

AIRHORN! Santa drops a phat BEAT! The crowd ERUPTS with uniform party vibes. Santa grabs a champagne bottle from a nearby server and showers the crowd. These underage kids love it!

BERNIE

And there's miracle four.

Bernie fights through the bumping and grinding to meet Santa... just in time for him to jump off of the stage and crowd surf away.

BERNIE

Santa! Over here!

Bernie tries to follow Santa but gets "danced" in the opposite direction. She gets booty popped by a juicy caboose-y and falls to the ground, where she spots -

BERNIE

(gotcha)

Boots with the fur.

As Bernie army crawls towards the boots, a lacy thong lands atop her head. Bernie peels the undies off.

BERNIE

(to herself)

And there's pink eye.

Suddenly a white gloved hand reaches down and hoists Bernie to her feet.

SANTA

Bernie! You lit? You having you fun? You charged? Let's go!

Santa fist pumps.

BERNIE

What the hell, dude? You were supposed to keep look-out on the roof.

SANTA

You forgot the hat!

BERNIE

Who's watching the caribou?

SANTA

Vibe check! You seem stressed! I know what you need. Shots. Shots. Shots shots shots shots!!

BERNIE

(to herself)

Never thought I'd miss Hulk-Santa.

Bernie grabs Santa's hand and drags him towards the exit but he doesn't budge.

BERNIE

We have to go! We still have like three states and a smidge of west Canada to deliver Christmas to. Come on! We're running out of time!

SANTA

Time? Bern-a-doodle! I'm FATHER time. Check your watch.

Bernie looks at her phone. 1:00 AM.

BERNIE

That's weird. It's been 1AM for like 20 minutes.

SANTA

When the sleigh's not in flight, time slows down the night.

Santa FOG HORNS. Bernie grabs it out of his hands.

BERNIE

Stop that! So, it's 1AM as long as we're here?

SANTA

Give or take.

Bernie pauses, thinking...

BERNIE

In that case... let's party.

As Bernie and Santa slap fives CUE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Or whatever this podcast can afford!). Epic PARTY MONTAGE!

Bernie takes a shot.

DANCE BREAK!

Bernie and Santa throw gift bags into the crowd.

DANCE BREAK!

Santa whispers into the Jake Paul's ear and his life is forever changed by the magical secret Santa bestowed.

DANCE BREAK!

The debauchery is cut short when Bernie notices a MAN IN A JANKY SANTA SUIT enter angrily and spot the REAL Santa.

BERNIE

Times up, Euphoria-Santa. Party's over.

SANTA

Ho-no! They haven't even played my request yet!

When Bernie sees Hired Santa and the Stressed Assistant approaching, she has to think fast.

BERNIE

We're going to ANOTHER party. This one's tired.

SANTA

But -

Bernie ignores Santa's protesting and lifts his belt buckle. The eBoy Douche misreads what's happening.

EBOY DOUCHE

Hell yeah, I'm next!

The eBoy Douche eagerly unbuckles *his* belt. As Bernie pushes Santa's button, she junk punches eBoy before - SHOOP! Bernie and Santa fly towards the roof. Everyone stares in shock at the magic that just happened, before ERUPTING into cheers.

JAKE PAUL

Best party trick ever!

Hired Santa throws his hat on the ground in frustration.

HIRED SANTA

How am I supposed to follow that?

EXT. NIGHT SKY - WEST COAST - LATER

Santa and Bernie soar through translucent clouds and past the yellow moon. The sleigh bumps with a little turbulence.

BERNIE

AHHH!

SANTA

WOOOO! I love when it does that!

Santa sees Bernie white knuckling the side of the sleigh.

SANTA

Oh come on, don't tell me you're still not used to it.

BERNIE

I don't think that us mere mortals could ever get used to flying in a sleigh led by fancy moose... but at least I stopped barfing.

SANTA

Puke and rally!

BERNIE

I actually think I'm doing pretty well considering my crippling fear of flying.

SANTA

(singing)

CELEBRATE GOOD TIMES COME ON!

Santa claps over his head repeatedly as he sings.

SANTA

Look what I learned at the party!

Santa does the Sleigh Ride Tik Tok Dance. Bernie can't help but laugh.

BERNIE

You know, not that I pictured what it would be like to hang out with Santa, but if I did... it wouldn't have been this.

SANTA

What would it have been like? 24/7 rave-a-thon?

BERNIE

Uh... Less glow-sticks, more judgement, maybe?

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Usually old people are kinda critical, but you're like the oldest dude in history, and not once have you tried to teach me a lesson. And this time? I kinda deserved it. I full on drugged and semi-kidnapped you.

SANTA

You did?! Party foul!

BERNIE

Hey Frat-Santa, can you cool it? I'm trying to say thank you. It's been, a minute since anyone's believed in me, and... it feels really good. You trusting me to take the lead - I um, it just means a lot. So. Thanks.

SANTA

You're a sick DD Bernie, and I'm having a great time!

BERNIE

Good! I'm glad. The "eight crazy miracles" or whatever Benjamin has you going through, really haven't been that "crazy". Okay, agro Santa was hard core but so far -

ZING! Santa's eyes spring open! We ENTER and land on the The Night Before Christmas. The book morphs into a Torah that aggressively rolls up! A menorah's fifth candle gets lit and Benjamin's floating head appears.

BINJAMIN

MIRACLE FIVE! YES YOU CAN-TORRRRRRR!

(fiddler-ing)

YA HA DEEDLE DEEDLE BUBBA BUBBA DEEDLE DEEDLE DUM!!!!

We ZOOM out of Santa's eye. Bernie continues her speech, not realizing anything's happened.

BERNIE

- and yes, fried Santa was hard to maneuver but honestly, he was a good listener, you know?

Bernie notices Santa's quiet... too quiet. In the silence, sleigh bells begin to JINGLE JANGLE in rhythm. Bernie knows something's up.

BERNIE
What'sss happening?-

CUE ORIGINAL SONG!

SANTA
(SINGING)
CHRISTMAS FEELS DIFFERENT!
SOMETHING FEELS NEW!
(SPOKEN)
THE SNOW'S SOMEHOW WHITER! IT'S
BRIGHTER!!!
(SINGING)
AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU...

BERNIE
Me?

Magically, MUSIC swells, accompanying Santa's song.
Bernie looks around for the source. The radio's off.

SANTA
(SINGING)
I'VE ROASTED ALL THE CHESTNUTS!
KILLED ALL THE CHRISTMAS GEESE!
BUT IT'S BEEN SO MONOTONOUS
DELIVERING WORLD PEACE.
THROUGH YOUR EYES I HAVE A NEW
VIEW! WHO NEW CHRISTMAS NEEDED A
JEW.

BERNIE
We prefer Jew-ISH but I think I
get what's going on here. Your
next miracle is to be all Barbara
and sing -

SANTA
(SINGING)
I'VE WHISTLED ALL THE CAROLS THAT
COULD EVER HAVE BEEN SONG
THE CHIMNEY'S I'VE BEEN SLIDING
DOWN HAVE GIVEN ME BLACK LUNG -

BERNIE
(worried)
Wait, what? I've been sliding down
chimney's ALL NIGHT -

Santa rips open his suit to show his chest. There's a
magical X-ray with a perfectly clear lung.

SANTA

(SINGING)

LOOK! I NO LONGER HAVE THE SOOT
FLU! WHO KNEW CHRISTMAS NEEDED A
JEW.

BERNIE

If you think I'm gonna join you in
some dorky little diddy you are
absolutely... correct!

(singing)

I'VE SPENT EVERY SINGLE CHRISTMAS
EATING CHINESE FOOD ALONE
THE DARK HOUSE ON THE BLOCK IS
WHAT THEY USED TO CALL MY HOME
BUT I'VE FINALLY GOTTEN MY SHOT!

Bernie swings her arms out in musical theatre majesty,
and unaware, knocks the sleigh's lever to Autopilot.

BERNIE

(SINGING)

WHO KNEW A JEW NEEDED CHRISTMASSS -

(SPEAKING)

Sorry, I don't have like a magical
weed given song gift. I can't like
improvise rhymes on the fly.

The reindeer harmonize OO's.

SANTA

MY OLE YULETIDE LOG HAS BEEN LIT.

BERNIE

IT BURNS BRIGHT!

SANTA

YOU'RE MY CHOSEN ONE AND
WE'RE THE - PERFECT FIT!

BERNIE

PERFECT FIT!

SANTA

I'LL BRING THE JOY!

BERNIE

AND I'LL BRING THE OY!

SANTA

THIS CHRISTMAS IS JOLLY!

BERNIE

NO MORE MELANCHOLY!

BERNIE/SANTA

IT'S TRUE!!! WHO. KNEW -

BERNIE
CHRISTMAS -

SANTA
CHRISTMAS

REINDEER
CHRISTMAS!!!

BERNIE AND SANTA STOP AND STARE AT THE REINDEER IN SHOCK.
THEY GET OVER IT.

SANTA/BERNIE
NEEDED A... YOU!!!

The song ends with Bernie and Santa in a hug! Best friends... who are now touched down in the middle nowhere.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAYLIGHT

Nothing but ice and glaciers as far as the eye can see. Bernie looks around, confused by her surroundings and the sunlight.

BERNIE
This doesn't look like Oregon. Do they not have night during winter?

Bernie gets out of the sleigh and wanders. As she inspects her surroundings, she doesn't notice the sleigh, with Santa in it, moving through a portal before it slowly disappears.

BERNIE
Santa, where exactly are we?

Bernie turns around and realizes she's completely alone.

BERNIE
Song Santa? Where are you? Hello?

Bernie walks in one direction.

BERNIE
Barbara Stri-Santa? This isn't funny.

She turns around and walks in another direction.

BERNIE
Is this a hide-and-seek miracle because I hate it!

She picks up speed. She runs in every direction, unsure of where to turn. She trips and falls to her knees, the severity of the situation taking over.

BERNIE

This is how I perish.

Defeated, Bernie drops her head into her hands. The tip of her forehead grazes the portal.

BERNIE

Ahh!

Bernie falls backwards.

BERNIE

What was that?

She peels herself up. Curiously, Bernie stretches her hand out and slowly reaches a weird ripple in the air. When she pushes her hand through the ripple, it disappears.

BERNIE

This is some Alex Mac shit...

Bernie lets her body follow through the ripple and enters the "looking glass". She emerges inside of -

INT/EXT. THE REAL NORTH POLE - CONTINUOUS

Bernie looks behind her, and the icy field she came from? Gone! Panicked, Bernie checks to make sure her whole bod made it through in one piece. Her bod's there but it's decked out in dutch Christmas attire. Bernie Gold has gotten a merry makeover.

BERNIE

Oo, Bubi be rolling in her grave.

Bernie takes in the stupendous North Pole. It has cobble stone roads made of gingerbread and snowcapped crooked roofs.

Bernie, in clogs, awkwardly shuffles down the street. She passes by a TAVERN serving hot chocolate on tap. There's a FARMERS MARKET with candy cane tastings. A FRUITCAKE BAKERY'S automatic machines spits out everyone's least favorite sticky cake.

Bernie lands in the TOWN SQUARE and runs directly into... PSOTNIK, the head elf. He is surrounded by his brethren - whose names also all mean elf in different languages.

PSOTNIK

Bernie. Gold.

Bernie looks down to the CGI elves. Think Elf on the Shelf but run through AI that has given them extra fingers and teeth.

BERNIE

(to herself)

Jesus, *this* is how I envision
elves?

Another elf, ÄLFER, leans out from Psootnik.

ÄLFER

No... This is... this is just what
we look like.

BERNIE

(covering)

Ohhhh! You guys are cute.

(under breath)

And not at all creepy.

ELVES

Thankkkk youuuuuu...

Bernie gasps. Terrifying. Psootnik gets down to business.

PSOTNIK

What in the FIERY NOEL did you do
to Santa?

Psootnik points at Santa, who is humming and swinging around a licorice lamp post.

BERNIE

Okay, so, don't freak out. I've
had it totally under control. It's
actually kind of a funny story if
you think about it -

PSOTNIK

Eggnog it off and get to the
goodie-goodie gum drops!

BERNIE

Okay! Okay! Santa came to my house

-

Another elf, ÄLVA, jumps atop Älfer's shoulders.

ÄLVA

WHY?! You're a Jew-

BERNIE

- ISH! I'm Jewish. And it was mistake. Something about not checking his list twice?

The Elves GASP and mutter in horror.

BERNIE

I had made some cookies and he thought they were for him and he ate one...

The Elves blink back at Bernie in confusion. HÄROTO slides under Psonik's legs.

HÄROTO

So? What's the big deal? Santa LOVES fresh baked ooey gooey choco chip cookies.

The Elves all agree, nodding at each other and murmuring.

BERNIE

Um, this was less ooey-gooey and more sticky-icky.

The Elves are confused.

BERNIE

(mumbling low)
It-was-an-edible.

PSOTNIK

WHAT?

BERNIE

(still muffled)
An-edible.

ELVES

A WHAT?!?

BERNIE

An edible!!! You know, the chronic? Cannabis? Pot? Weed? A... marijuana. He ate marijuana.

The Elves take a large beat and then... FREAK OUT!!!

PSOTNIK

Drugs? Santa can't do drugs! Any mind altering elixir is heightened by the magic that flows through his velvety veins!

(MORE)

PSOTNIK (CONT'D)

(to the elves)

Remember the buttered rum
incident?

The Elves lose their shit once again.

BERNIE

You guys are stressing for no
reason! Santa may be a little...

She looks over at Santa, who is doing the "Tevye" dance.

BERNIE

- out of it, but luckily I am an
expert in babysitting stoners. Not
to toot my own horn, but I've been
delivering Christmas without a
hitch. I stepped up, took the
literal reins, and haven't missed
one kid along the way. So, we
could sit here freaking out over a
little hiccup, and point fingers
at whose fault this is -

ÄLVA

Yours!

BERNIE

- OR you could let me finish
saving Christmas. What do you say?

PSOTNIK

SAVING Christmas? What are you?
Some sort of little DUMBER boy?
Christmas is ruined BECAUSE of
you! And now, thanks to your
missing the point-settia speech,
we're running out of time to fix
it!

BERNIE

What are you talking about? We
have plenty of time. "When the
sleigh's not in flight, time slows
down the night." We're not in
flight! Time's stopped...

Bernie trails off when she looks at her phone and sees
time passing normally.

BERNIE

Why hasn't time stopped?

ÄLFER

We're in a different time zone!
Here it's already Christmas and
the magic only works on -

PSOTNIK

That's top-secret-Santa and we
don't have time to explain
everything TO YOU!

(to the elves)

Älfer! Häroto! Grab Santa and get
him UN King Wencesl-sauced!

The two Elves take off, hopping on their hands and
cartwheeling, to grab Santa.

BERNIE

I already tried to sober him up.
You're just wasting more time!

PSOTNIK

You're the one wasting our Tiny-
Tim-Time, Bernie Gollllld!

BERNIE

Stop saying my full name.

PSOTNIK

If you would have just gotten
Santa here in the frost place,
then he would have been right as
reindeer already! When the Pacific
Northwest doesn't get their
presents, they can thank you!

As Psootnik and Bernie argue, we see Santa evade the elves
via breakdance.

PSOTNIK

You couldn't even save your OWN
holiday, why would you ever think
you could save ours?

BERNIE

Ohhh. Okay. Now I get it.

PSOTNIK

What do you get?

BERNIE

There it is.

PSOTNIK

There's what is?

BERNIE

You're not letting me save
Christmas because I'm Jewish and
you're a prejudiced little shit.

PSOTNIK

No I'm not! You're putting words
in my mistle mouth! I don't care
that you're a *chosen one* because
WEEEE didn't choose you! YOU'RE ON
THE NAUGHTY LIST!

BERNIE

(accusatory)
Cause I'm a Jew????

PSOTNIK

Cause you drugged SANTA!!!

Bernie and Psotnik are nose to nose. Through their
profile we see Santa suddenly freeze, mid Hava-Nagila.

Santa's eyes spring open! We ENTER as a sea of red holly
berries turn beige and soften into soggy matzah balls. A
menorah's sixth candle gets light and Benjamin's floating
head appears.

BINJAMIN

MIRACLE SIX! PUT SOME JELLY IN
YOUR BELLY CAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO
HAVE SOME SUFGAN-YUMS!
MUNCHIESSSS!!!

We ZOOM out of Santa's eye as he falls to the ground. The
elves look at him with concern.

ÄLFER

Santa? Are you Saint sick?

Santa sniffs the gingerbread cobblestone before taking a
giant bite.

HÄROTO

Good wreath, Santa. The ground?
That's dirty.

A huge pile of reindeer poop proves his point. Suddenly,
Santa makes a mad dash towards the shops.

HÄROTO

Santa? Where are you going in such
a flurry?

Santa runs into -

INT. COCOA'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

He slide-dives across the counter and hits each tap's lever. He streams steaming hot chocolate into his mouth.

SANTA

Ahhhh!

He recovers from the burn and immediately goes for more.

SANTA

Ahhhh!

The Elves are in shock. They talk into a walkie.

HÄROTO

We need reinfrostments!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Häroto's call rings over the loudspeakers. All Elves rush after Santa. Bernie is left alone. She "calls out" after them.

BERNIE

(sarcastic)

Hey. Wait. Wanna know what's happening to Santa? Oh just another Hanukkah themed weed miracle. What are those? That's not important. You don't need *my help*, right? You've got everythingggg under control -

Bernie's phone vibrates with a text from Romi.

BERNIE

I have service here?

TEXT FROM ROMI

We're being released in a couple hours. Final warning to clean. I'm really hoping for once you finished something you started.

Bernie sees the sleigh in a nearby BARN and looks from the sleigh, to the text.

BERNIE

Couldn't agree more.

(determined)

This ain't over.

Bernie takes off towards the sleigh.

EXT. NORTH POLE - TIME JUMPS

SNEAKY MUSIC plays, as Santa and Bernie, in vignettes, creep about, both trying to dodge the Elves.

ON A ROOF - Santa eats gum-drop shingles. The Elves spot him.

PSOTNIK

Up on the rooftop! Get him!

ON THE GROUND - The Elves run passed a "Letters to Santa" mailbox. With the coast clear, Bernie peeps out from the slot. Her feet shoot out of the bottom, as she tiptoes towards the barn, bringing the mailbox with her.

IN A TOY SHOP - TWO ELVES on their work break, snack on M&MS, not noticing a white gloved hand sneakily partaking in their snack. When they grab Santa's hand instead of their treat -

BUNIAN

He's in here!

IN THE TOWN SQUARE - The Elves chase Santa towards the clocktower, not seeing Bernie dive rolling into the - **BARN**. Ending the vignettes, Bernie is beckoned by the shiny red sleigh. She approaches and pats the reindeer.

BERNIE

Go easy on me, guys.

Bernie climbs into the sleigh, flips off auto-pilot, and takes a deep breath.

BERNIE

You can do this. Same thing as before, except no magical being to protect you if you die.

Bernie doesn't notice Santa's approach. He's eyeing the "Reindeer Feed" and chomps a dangling carrot, one bite at a time, until it lands him in the sleigh bed. Dasher glares at Santa for eating his carrot. The Elves continue their hunt from a distance.

PSOTNIK (O.S.)

I think he went in the barn!

BERNIE

Here goes nothing.

Bernie whips the reins and the reindeer lunge forward, charging. The sleigh glides out of the barn.

ON THE NORTH POLE RUNWAY - The Elves spot Bernie about to take off.

PSOTNIK

Don't let them get away!

Bernie turns around to find her Santa-stowaway.

BERNIE

Santa?

He smiles up at her, teeth covered in chocolate.

The Elves are gaining on them, flipping, tumbling, and using each other as springboards to catch up. The sleigh tips back. Psnotik jumps into the air reaching for the rail. In slow-motion, Psnotik's fingertips graze the sleigh as it takes off. The sleigh EXITS the magical force field of the North Pole and leaves the Elves in it's dust.

END OF EPISODE TWO

EPISODE THREE

EXT. NIGHT SKY - OREGON - PST

The wind whips through Santa and Bernie's hair, as Santa chomps at clouds.

SANTA

Cotton Candy!

BERNIE

Careful. You don't want to gain
the 420 twenty...

(darkly)

Or in my case, 50.

(beat)

God! What a rush! Did you see me
own that take-off? I didn't know
you were gonna be there and I
still just went for it! I could
see how you get hooked on this
every year. Whatta we got left?

Santa hands Bernie the magical scroll, which now is covered in chocolate goo. Bernie "Jewish mothers" the list by licking her finger and wiping goo away.

BERNIE

Am I reading this wrong? It seems
like there's hardly any deliveries
in this area.

Santa looks over at the list and, with a mouth full of cheese, swipes. The Naughty List appears and is massive.

BERNIE

Whoa. ALL these kids are on the
naughty list?

Santa nods again, hyper focused on finishing the cheese crumbs in his beard.

BERNIE

So... they just don't get
presents?

SANTA

Coal!

Santa holds up a honking piece of black coal.

BERNIE

That's literally worse than not getting anything.

(thinking)

Who even decides who's bad or good?

SANTA

(mouth full)

An algorithm.

BERNIE

Do you even consider what these kids have gone through? How this is gonna effect them? That's some self fulfilling prophecy bullshit. You know maybe I wouldn't constantly fuck up if my family didn't anticipate me constantly fucking up! What even is considered "naughty"? Like what did -

(reading the list)

"Chase Byron" do that was SO bad?

She clicks the name and a description pops up.

BERNIE

(reading)

Told fifteen hundred people to kill themselves online...

(beat)

Okay. Yeah. That one's pretty bad. But maybe he's from a broken home, or having a hard time, or just needs someone to believe in him!

Bernie goes off on a tirade of justice.

BERNIE

This is exactly what is wrong with the world. Cancel culture. It's as old as time itself -

As Bernie stands on her soap box, Santa, mid lollipop lick, freezes. His eyes spring open! We ENTER and an ugly Christmas sweater unravels, turning into the dangling tzitzyot of a talit. A menorah's seventh candle gets lit and Benjamin's floating head appears.

BINJAMIN

MIRACLE SEVEN! FEEL ALL THE FEELS
AND GET VERKLEMPTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

We ZOOM out of Santa's eye as Bernie finishes her rant.

BERNIE

- I mean ever heard of catch more bees with honey? Hurt people hurt people. When they go low, we go high.

Bernie notices Santa's bottom lip quivering.

SANTA

WAHHHHH!

Santa erupts into a fit of tears.

BERNIE

WHY are you crying?

SANTA

You're right! You're SO right! Who am I to judge? I'm not perfect. I'm a monster!

BERNIE

Oh no. PMS miracle. Great. Look -

Bernie moves all of the kids on the Naughty List to the Nice List.

BERNIE

- we can make this right. Time will slow down just enough so that we can deliver Christmas to everyone but in order to make that happen I need you to keep your shit together? Can you do that?

Santa emotionally nods.

BERNIE

Great. Then let's give these little delinquents a Christmas they won't forget.

SMASH TO:

INT. PORTLAND FAMILY HOME - LATER

Bernie has the Santa hat on, delivering presents. Santa sees a framed family Christmas photo. It's so wholesome! He erupts into tears.

SANTA

Wahhhhh!

The upstairs lights flash on. Bernie grabs Santa and ushers him to the chimney before they get caught.

INT. SEATTLE BOAT HOUSE - LATER

Bernie sets presents down under the tree. She sees a little kid's drawing left for Santa. Bernie hands it to him. It's just too damn wholesome.

SANTA

Wahhhhh!

He erupts into tears. Bernie heavy sighs.

INT. BRITISH COLUMBIA FARM HOUSE - LATER

When Bernie finishes checking the list twice, she discovers Santa isn't there.

BERNIE

(whisper)

Santa!

She creeps up the stairs and finds Santa in a child's BEDROOM. The KID is asleep, cuddled up with their golden retriever. Santa looks from the Hallmark card moment over to Bernie..

BERNIE

(whisper)

Don't...

SANTA

... Wahhhhhhhh!

Santa erupts into tears.

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. NIGHT SKY - LATER

BERNIE

You just *couldn't* keep it together, could you?

SANTA

(sadly)

No.

BERNIE

Well, luckily we only have Alaska left, and they'll probably mistake your wailing for a wolf.

Bernie's stomach growls.

BERNIE

Good thing Alaska's small. I'm starving. Did munchie Santa clean house or are there any snacks left?

SANTA

Great. So you're body shaming me too? EVERYONE TALKS ABOUT MY BIG ROUND BELLY LIKE IT DOESN'T HURT! Well it hurts!

BERNIE

I am being 100% right now, when I tell you that I genuinely cannot WAIT for the next miracle-

Santa's eyes spring open! We ENTER and emerge in the desert. The Star of Bethlehem shines bright above a manger until it becomes a flame, that lights a menorah's eighth and final candle. Binjamin's floating head appears.

BINJAMIN

MIRACLE EIGHT! YOU'RE A STAR... OF DAVID!!!!

We ZOOM out of Santa's eye.

BERNIE

Maybe there's a nibble in the sack? A Christmas orange perhaps?

Bernie stretches to feel around the sack. She realizes it's completely empty.

BERNIE

Uhhh, I know not a ton of people live Alaska but there's legit nothing in here.

Bernie gets up, hands Santa the reigns, and puts her entire body inside the bag.

BERNIE

Like actually nothing! No presents! What do we do?

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Do we call the elves? Do they like, magically refill it or something?

Bernie rejoins Santa.

BERNIE

Hello? Emo-Santa, what's the plan here?

Santa smiles a weird smug grin. He leans against the sleigh like Don Juan.

SANTA

Me.

BERNIE

You what?

SANTA

I'm the plan. I'm Santa.

BERNIE

I'm not following. You have a way to get more presents?

SANTA

I AM the present.

Santa kicks his feet on the dash.

SANTA

These kids don't need toys they need ME. I am Chris Christmas and my presence will be their present. You dig?

BERNIE

No... you're saying you're not gonna give them gifts? You're just going to... I actually do not understand the second part of the plan.

Santa plucks the hat from Bernie's head and wears it way too far back, like a hipster beanie.

SANTA

Bernie, Bernie, Bernie. You are NOT Santa and therefore cannot use your human jello brain to comprehend the greatness that is... me.

BERNIE

Ohhh I get it. You've gone through another miracle. You're douche Santa. Awesome.

SANTA

What's "awesome" IS THIS!

Santa pulls a full Christmas ham from behind Bernie's ear.

BERNIE

Oh my God. Is that HAM? Was that really in my ear? You put ham in a Jewish person's canal?

SANTA

Now imagine *that* in a kiddo's bedroom. I've woken them up from a deep slumber, I allow them to post it on Instagram, they're the flyest kid in class, thanks... to ME!

BERNIE

So... just to get this straight... you want to sneak into a minor's private bedroom, startle them awake... with meat magic, and then have them post it, without parental consent, documenting the evidence of everything I just stated?

Santa nods enthusiastically.

BERNIE

(to herself)

We're gonna get arrested. Again.

Santa gets distracted by his reflection in the side mirrors. He likes what he sees. Bernie grabs the list.

BERNIE

What did these kids ask for?

Bernie swipes, the list looks like a maze mess with DELIVERY ERROR messages flashing over multiple names.

BERNIE

(realizing in horror)

Oh my God. I gave the nice kids gifts to the naughty kids.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

(to Santa)

How do we get more gifts?

SANTA

Wrap this.

Santa blows her a kiss.

BERNIE

Oh my God, oh my God. I just ruined Christmas for the entire state of Alaska, the suicide capital of America.

(beat)

There's gotta be something we can do. Um, um, we could... break into a mall!

Santa brushes his long hair and puts it into a man bun.

BERNIE

Steal some gifts! The Elves can replace them later! Alaska's small, it shouldn't be a big thing.

SANTA

Wanna see a big thing?

BERNIE

No!

(thinking)

What about... cute IOU notes with very specific promises so they know Christmas is real, just a little late?!

SANTA

Santa Claus doesn't owe the children. They owe Santa! For being an icon!

BERNIE

Yeah, dude? Not helpful. Can Gaston-Santa be quiet for a minute so I can think of how to fix this giant mess I've made?

Santa stands up, chest puffed out.

SANTA

How dare you talk to the King of Peace that way.

BERNIE

That's Jesus.

(thinking)

Okay... um, we could rob a candy place or a closed toy store! Does this thing have GPS?

Bernie looks at the dials on the sleigh.

SANTA

Bernadette?

Santa puts his hands on her shoulders. The weight of him calms her slightly.

SANTA

I have a plan.

BERNIE

(hopeful)

You do?

SANTA

I do.

Bernie sighs with relief.

SANTA

Christmas gets delivered the way it's supposed to. By Santa... and Santa ALONE.

Santa shoves Bernie out of the sleigh. Bernie is shocked and barely has time to gasp as she tumbles through the night sky. She screams as she gains speed. She looks up to see Santa giving the ole' chin flick "Fuck You" gesture. But he doesn't realize that gold magic escaped his fingertips and is flying towards Bernie. Bernie loses consciousness but just in time, the magic from Santa's flick, slows Bernie down. She softly lands atop a roof, flat on her back.

EXT. ROOFTOP - ALASKA - CONTINUOUS

Bernie's safe... for a moment, until she starts to slide down the icy slope. She hits the ledge and tumbles off. Luckily, her legs get tangled in the string lights, and her body dangles upside down. She smacks into someone's living room window. Her shirt gets pulled over her head and her exposed bra flashes A COUPLE sipping coffee. Bernie knocks on the window.

BERNIE

A little help?

EXT. ANC AIRPORT - ALASKA - EARLY MORNING

Bernie waves goodbye at the jarred couple as they drive away from departures.

BERNIE

Thank you and... sorry.

Bernie enters the automatic doors and walks up to -

INT. SPIRIT AIRLINES CHECK IN COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Bernie hands the SPIRIT LIAISON her ID.

BERNIE

First ticket to Chicago please.

The Liaison scans Bernie's ID. She pauses and looks up to Bernie. She tries not to give anything away but it's clear something's up.

SPIRIT LIAISON

Excuse me just one second.

The Liaison disappears with Bernie's ID. Bernie checks her phone. Five new messages from Romi flash before her. Distracted, Bernie doesn't see TSA SECURITY and POLICE approaching. They grab her wrists and cuff her.

BERNIE

What are you - what's happening?

TSA AGENT

Ma'am, you're on the no fly list.
Merry Christmas.

Bernie is dragged out of sight.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Bernie sits alone, a cup of stale coffee her only company. She tries to get TSA's attention.

BERNIE

Hello? I have to pee! You can't just - It's been an hour! I have rights! Alaska is still America... right?

A TSA AGENT enters with a phone. He offers it to Bernie.

BERNIE

Is this a lawyer? Don't I get to
pick my own? WHY WON'T YOU TELL ME
THE RULES?

The TSA Agent leaves and Bernie slowly puts the phone to
her ear.

BERNIE

Hello?

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

(scream whisper)
Bernie! It's me! It's Gimble!

BERNIE

Gimble?

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

From the airport -

BERNIE

No, I know who you are. You're the
reason I'm in here. What, are you
calling to gloat? Well there's no
need. Congratulations. I'm finally
getting mine. I'm at rock bottom.
Enjoy what's left.

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

Don't hang up! I'm not calling to
salt your gash. I'm calling to get
you out of there!

BERNIE

...why?

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

Santa.

BERNIE

Santa?

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

Santa! I don't know what you were
doing with him, or why he chose a
jag-off jabroni like you to do it
with, but I know this. When I saw
what I saw... It erased 20 years
of torment. I had been right all
along, *he's real*.

(MORE)

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I let everyone convince me I was crazy, but thanks to you? I know I'm not.

BERNIE

Wow. A lot to unpack there, but uh, crazy or not, I don't think you're gonna be able to get me out of airport prison. Pretty sure leaving a hole in the roof of O'Hare made me a terrorist.

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

There is no hole.

BERNIE

What?

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

The hole repaired itself -
(whispered)
- *magically!*

BERNIE

I don't understand.

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

And! And! The brutally attacked officers? Don't remember a thing! Concussed!

BERNIE

So you're telling me, all of the evidence of us being arrested is just, what? Magically erased?

AGENT GIMBLE (V.O.)

No. I had to burn some security footage and blackmail an Air Marshal.

BERNIE

That's the nicest most illegal thing anyone's ever done for me.

AGENT GIMBLE

I didn't do it for you. I did it for him.

Bernie doesn't know what to say. She doesn't know what to believe. The phone goes dead. The door to the room swings open.

TSA AGENT

You've been cleared. Free to go.

Bernie shakes her head in disbelief. She pauses as she passes the agent.

BERNIE

This experience made me realize
how unsafe our country really is.
Thank you for your service.

Bernie salutes the TSA Agent and exits.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Bernie is in flight as the CAPTAIN comes on over the loudspeakers.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

We are officially out of our
ascent and the seatbelt sign is
off, so you're free to walk about
the cabin. It's Christmas Morning
so I want to wish everyone a very
Merry Christmas to you and yours.

The Christmas wishes devastate Bernie. The plane hits some turbulence. The WOMAN next to Bernie jumps, grabbing the armrest.

WOMAN

Sorry. I'm a terrible flyer.

BERNIE

(trailing off)
Me too...

Bernie realizes she's actually at ease in the air, not at all afraid. She looks out the window at the dark sky and is surprised to see... SANTA! No one else notices him.

Santa stands on the bed of the sleigh shouting -

SANTA

I'm the king of the worldddd!!!

We travel through the airplane window into Santa's eye. We ENTER and all goes dark. A menorah with eight candles, dwindling down, finally BURNS OUT. We ZOOM out of Santa's eye and back to Bernie.

Bernie watches Santa's eyes roll into the back of his head.

With no one steering the sleigh, it hits the side of the plane. The plane's engine explodes upon impact. The sleigh falls, disappearing beneath the clouds.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Folks, we've lost an engine. We need to make an emergency landing back at ANC. Please buckle your seat belts and remain seated for our descent.

WOMAN

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!!!

Bernie gives one last look out the window.

BERNIE

(nervous)

Santa.

EXT. ANC - ARRIVALS - LATER THAT MORNING

Bernie takes a deep breath and dials Romi. It goes to voicemail.

BERNIE

Hey Rom, it's me. I, um, I'm in Alaska? It's a long story but the point is, I'm not gonna make it home in time to clean up. I know what you're gonna say... I should have let you help: with the clean up, and the party, and... my entire life. I just... really wanted do it on my own. And big surprise to no one, I couldn't, can't. Anyway, you were right. I'm a disaster. I'll look for a new place when I get back. Mom and dad have dealt with me long enough. So have you. Honestly, so have I.

Bernie cuts herself off when she sees Vixen standing in the loading zone like a taxi. Bernie hangs up and approaches.

BERNIE

Vixen?

VIXEN

(horse nicker)

NEIGHHH.

BERNIE

What are you doing here? Where's Santa?

Vixen gestures her head, to her back.

BERNIE

You want me to ride you like a common mule?

Vixen BLOWS and nods. A LITTLE GIRL tugs on her busy MOTHER'S shirt and points at Vixen having a horse convo with Bernie.

MOTHER

It's Alaska, honey. It happens.

BERNIE

I can't go with you, Vix. You're in this mess because of me and if I get more involved, I'll just make it worse.

Vixen bites Bernie.

BERNIE

Ow! I'm serious! I am a walking plague. I try to take initiative, I try to take charge, and everyone just ends up wishing I didn't. Well, I'm going to save them the trouble. I'm going home.

Bernie tries to leave but Vixen bites her shirt. Vixen yanks Bernie backwards, lifting Bernie onto Vixen's back in one fell swoop. When Bernie lands, Vixen makes a "she's so heavy" horse sound.

BERNIE

Okay. That's rude.

(beat)

Vixen, let me down. I'm not like a horse girl and I've already tested my limits enough todayyyyyyy -

Vixen takes off and Bernie holds on for deer life.

EXT. RANDOM GLACIER - LATER

Vixen gently lands, as Bernie's frozen bod falls to the ice. Blitzen grabs a blanket with his horse teeth and drapes it over Bernie.

Bernie pats him on the head and makes her way to the sleigh. Santa is passed out cold. Bernie nervously takes his pulse -

BERNIE

Please be okay.

Santa's pulse beats to the rhythm of Jingle Bells.

BERNIE

I *think* that's a good sign.

Bernie leans into Santa.

BERNIE

I know you're done with the eight miracles, but I really need one more, okay? Please wake up.

Santa stays comatose.

BERNIE

Santa, I'm so sorry I did this to you. You didn't come to my house for a reason. Why would Christmas be about me? I hijacked your holiday because J.K. Rowling was right, I'm a Jewish goblin, but I swear to you, I will get you home so the *right* people for the job can help you... should have just done that in the first place.

Bernie picks up the damaged radio.

BERNIE

Hello? Elves? Psnotik? Do you copy? Do you read?

Static.

BERNIE

Hello? It's Bernie. Mayday! We need help! Please!

More static. Bernie throws down the radio. She thinks for a moment and looks to the reindeer.

BERNIE

Guys? I need you to take us back to the pole!

The magic-yak's stare blankly at her.

BERNIE

Come on. You know the way. You've been doing this for billions of years -

Vixen snorts. That's wrong.

BERNIE

Please! Just get him home! Do it for him. I know you can do it. You're actual magic, please save Santa, okay? Just get him home, okay Dasher? Come on! Dancer? Prancer?

The Reindeer start to trot. Bernie sits up a little straighter. She realizes she's triggering them by saying their names.

BERNIE

On Dasher. On Dancer. On Prancer. And Vixen! On... Carl, on Michael, on something! John, jingleheimer - I don't know! Please just go! Cupid, Marcus, and Blitzen! You guys are being annoying! You know what I mean - just - come on! Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, and Mike, Ralph, Johnny - MOVE YOUR ASS!

The Reindeer, who have paused to stare at Bernie with disdain, roll their eyes, and wiggle their butts.

BERNIE

You're gonna do it, aren't cha?

The Reindeer gallop and take off into the dark morning sky.

BERNIE

To the pole!

INT/EXT. THE REAL NORTH POLE - LATER

IN COCOA'S TAVERN - The Elves sit in silence, slamming down egg nog.

PSOTNIK

Hit me.

The Bartender pours another nog. Breaking the melancholy, Bernie runs through the doors. Once again, she's dressed like a Christmas idiot.

BERNIE

(fast/outta breath)

Hi, I'm back, I was on a plane,
and Santa crashed it, and then he
ran out of miracles, and I think
it blew his system, cause now he's
catatonic, and the sleighs all
messed up, but the flying fawns
got me here okay, and now WE NEED
YOUR HELP!

Bernie squats as she catches her breath. The Elves don't react.

BERNIE

Hello? Elves? Did you hear me?
Santa needs you!

PSOTNIK

(kind of tipsy)

Needs us? Why? Your tartan tush
can do it alllllllll alone, right?

The rest of the Elves "here, here".

BERNIE

Are you drunk?

PSOTNIK

So I had a little Pa-rum... pum
pum pum pum. It was a rough night,
Bernie Gold.

BERNIE

Psotnik, please. I know tonight
was rough because of me, but there
are bigger issues at hand here:
Santa's a wreck, the sleigh's
damaged, and we ran out of
presents -

PSOTNIK

Don't you think we already snow
that?

BERNIE

How?

HÄROTO

We have eyes everywhere! Ever
heard of Elf on a Shelf?

HÄROTO pulls out a magical device that shows security footage from hidden cameras, placed in the eyes of Elves on the Shelves from around the world. We focus in on footage of a person using the toilet.

ÄLFER

I wish parents wouldn't put them
in the bathroom...

BERNIE

If you know about this, then why
aren't you doing something?

PSOTNIK

If I recall you didn't seem to
chim-need us when you turned off
auto-pilot and stole the sleigh!

Bernie's about to argue but stops.

BERNIE

You're right.

The Elves weren't expecting this. They don't know how to react.

BERNIE

I didn't listen, I didn't accept
your help because... that's what I
do. I've been doing it my whole
life.

Bernie reflects, taking a moment to herself.

BERNIE

My best friend filled out a job
application so I'd stop stalling,
and do you think I thanked her?

The Elves don't know if it's rhetorical.

BERNIE

No. I pushed her away cause I
wanted her to think I was capable
of doing it on my own.

(obviously)

I'm not.

(beat)

Or how bout my parents and shitty
sister offering to help throw a
family party. Did I use it as an
opportunity to bond and spend
quality time together?

The Elves still don't know if she wants them to respond.

BERNIE

Of course not. I shut them out because I'd rather prove that they should have had faith in me in the first place. And why wouldn't they? I've only botched every other social event I've been in charge of. And those examples are just from the past 24 hours. So -

Bernie sits down. Defeated.

BERNIE

- Yeah. I really wanted to believe that when the *real-life Santa Claus* showed up at my house, on a night when I really needed it... he was there to prove that I could finally be trusted, depended on... believed in.

(beat)

And then you guys came on the radio, and echoed all the things I've been running from, and I wanted so badly to show you, and everyone else, that you were all wrong about me... but the thing is... I knew you weren't. And I took Christmas hostage anyway. And for what? It doesn't matter if Eve, or my parents, or even Santa believes in me, because the truth is, I don't believe in myself.

This was hard to say. Bernie looks up at the Elves who have tears streaming down their faces.

BERNIE

So, I'm here to give you the reins because he needs you. The world needs you. There's still time!

(aside)

Or there isn't. I have zero grasp on how the time stuff works.

(back to inspiration)

But I know this. If anyone can get the job done, it's you puppet-lookin' laborers. I think it's time for the elf to get off of the God damn shelf and get to work TO SAVE CHRISTMAS!

The Elves are pumped up by Bernie's speech. They flip where they stand, hopping on each others heads and shoulders. Knowing that Christmas is finally in the right hands, Bernie creeps out the door.

PSOTNIK

HEY!

Bernie turns around confused.

PSOTNIK

Where in the pear tree do you think you're going?

BERNIE

Uh, somewhere I can be out of your hair and not ruin things further? Did you not hear my big speech?

Psotnik crosses to Bernie and climbs on a stool so he's level with her.

PSOTNIK

You got us into this christMESS and you're not gonna stick around and do your part-ridge?

BERNIE

Look, I know what you're doing and it's really nice, but I don't need a pity invite -

PSOTNIK

It's not pity. We're gonna need a miracle to pull this off in time and I hear *your* holiday has a few of those. Don't they?

BERNIE

Yeah. Eight. But -

PSOTNIK

Eight's a lot! I know your kind's frugal, but you think you could share? Because we need all the help we can get.

Psotnik puts out his elf hand. Bernie pauses, thinking, before she smiles and grabs his four fingers to shake.

BERNIE

Count this stingy bitch in!

MONTAGE!

CUE A ROCK AND ROLL CHRISTMAS SONG while Bernie and the Elves get to work.

IN THE TOWN SQUARE - The Elves forklift passed-out Santa out of the sleigh, put him on a stretcher, and march him into a SPA called THE MANGER.

IN THE BARN - The Elves are at work fixing the sleigh and grooming the reindeer as Bernie oversees.

BERNIE

You might want to add a safety feature so it's harder to turn off autopilot.

(off their look)

Just a suggestion!

AT THE MANGER SPA - Santa is observed by Elves. They watch from behind glass, as maple syrup is administered through a long IV tube into Santa's veins. They hold their breath, but Santa remains unconscious.

AT THE TOY WAREHOUSE - The Elves work over a conveyer belt. They are assembling LOL Dolls one by one. Bernie grabs one of the dolls and submerges it into water. The once nude doll now appears to be wearing lingerie. Bernie looks over at an Elf with judgement and he gives her a pervy smile.

AT THE MANGER SPA - Bernie checks on Santa who is now in a room covered in mistletoe. One by one, each Elf, kisses Santa on the lips and waits for him to awaken. Bernie leans over to one of the Elves.

BERNIE

How is this sobering him up?

ÄLVA

True loves kiss!

(gossiping)

Mrs. Claus didn't do the trick.

Bernie sighs at the madness.

AT THE TOY WAREHOUSE - Bernie takes inventory. They're short gifts. An Elf leads Bernie to a vault stocked with wall-to-wall electronics. They have all the big boy toys. Bernie looks to the elf, impressed.

ÄLFER

We used to make them ourselves but... Now we outsource!

BERNIE

Apple's really everywhere.

Bernie checks the missing presents off the list.

AT THE MANGER SPA - Santa is in a sauna where instead of steam, powdered sugar fills the room.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - END OF MONTAGE

All of the Elves have formed an assembly line, and are passing each other wrapped gifts to put into the fresh sleigh. Psotnik is checking the gifts off.

PSOTNIK

Two hundred thousand and one, two
hundred thousand and TWO! Alaska
is ready to be delivered!

The Elves jump in glee, celebrating as they do by hopping and bopping all over the town! They hug Bernie.

BERNIE

We did it! We really -

SANTA (O.S.)

Ho ho ho!

ELVES

SANTA!

The Elves run towards Santa, who is back to the Santa we all know and love. He a sober Santa! Bernie is forgotten and awkwardly stands alone as the Elves surround the man in red.

ÄLVA

We thought you'd never wake up!

PSOTNIK

You were stiffer than a chilly
chestnut!

HÄROTO

Thank God you're alive! Now you
can deliver Christmas!

BUNIAN

Yayyyyyyyy!!!

ÄLFER

Christmas is saved! We love you
Santy Claus!

Santa gets in the sleigh, puts on his hat, tightens his gloves, and gets ready to take off but he stops suddenly, looking around.

SANTA
Bernie? Bernie Gold?

The Elves part and expose Bernie, who was trying to hide in the back.

BERNIE
(embarrassed)
Oh... hey! So glad you're feeling better. Good luck! And... sorry.

SANTA
Are you ready?

BERNIE
Huh?

SANTA
You are joining me, aren't you?

BERNIE
Me? You want me to come? Wait, like you're gonna drop me off on the way or -

SANTA
If it's all right by you, I could use a hand finishing the job.

BERNIE
But I... I don't understand. Aren't you furious with me?

SANTA
I guess I should be furious. But not with you.

BERNIE
I don't follow.

SANTA
You see Bernie, I've been doing Christmas the same way for over one thousand six hundred and eighty six years. Turns out, wasn't just the sleigh that was on autopilot.

(ho-ing)
(MORE)

SANTA (CONT'D)

Then you came along and drugged me. You made my eyes bloodshot and wide open. You did that.

BERNIE

I did?

SANTA

Ho ho! Yes, Bernie. It was you who told that little girl about the jolly side of divorce. I would have just given her a toy and erased her memory of me ever being there, but you connected with her and helped more than any gift ever could.

BERNIE

I didn't think it was that big a deal...

SANTA

And how about that party! I NEVER stop to partake in the jubilation. I'm usually watching the fun from outside a frosted window. I forgot how it felt to be included in a Christmas celebration. I clearly have enough time to indulge every now and then -

BERNIE

Do you? I still don't understand how the time thing works. It has to be daytime in Alaska by now.

PSOTNIK

Winter Solstice!

SANTA

And as for the naughty list, the very reason we ran out of gifts for the children...

Bernie bows her head in shame.

SANTA

You made me realize that I've been too harsh a judge. You believed in the naughty kids in a way I didn't... and now, because of you, they'll have a real shot at being nice, because someone showed them some Christmas kindness.

Bernie smiles.

SANTA

I've delivered Christmas alone
since it's dawn and I never
realized how lonely it could be.
I'd really like to finish this
year's delivery with you. I guess,
even Santa needs a little help.

ÄLFER

Or a lot!

Älfer holds up his hands and they are blistered and
bleeding. Santa holds out his hand to Bernie.

SANTA

What do you say? One last ride?

BERNIE

I'd be honored.

Santa helps Bernie up into the sleigh.

PSOTNIK

Wait! Bernie! We have one last
gift.

The Elves march over a long blue box with a silver bow.

PSOTNIK

Happy Cha-cha-kah.

BERNIE

With your track record, I'm so
nervous about what this is gonna
be.

Bernie opens the gift. Inside is a fitted, blue crushed
velvet suit with a Star of David embroidered on the back.
Bernie is surprised and touched.

PSOTNIK

Now go make Christmas look
gooooodd.

EXT. DARK "WINTER SOLSTICE" MORNING SKY - ALASKA

A CHRISTMAS SONG plays as Santa and Bernie, in her new
fit, fly passed a WELCOME TO ALASKA sign.

The sleigh flies over a mining town built into a mountain
side, with carts and copper decorating the scene.

The echoes of children waking up to Christmas miracles follow the sleigh.

MINING TOWN KID (V.O.)

Mom! Santa came while we were sleeping! Look at all the toys!

The sleigh passes over a frozen lake where an ICE FISHERMAN sees them and is stunned.

The sleigh continues over a quaint railroad town.

RAILROAD KID (V.O.)

Wow! I didn't think I was gonna get anything this year! Thanks Mom!

RAILROAD MOM (V.O.)

(confused)

That wasn't me.

The sleigh flies through the magical Northern Lights and grazes by national parks. Finally the sleigh passes over a reservation with fur hanging and dog sleds rigged and ready.

NATIVE CHILD (V.O.)

This is the best Christmas ever! I love you Neino!

ALASKAN VOICES of gratitude and love start to overlap and fill the air. Santa's sleigh makes a U-turn and heads into the rising sun. Alaska's Christmas has been delivered.

EXT. BERNIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CHRISTMAS DAY

Santa and Bernie stand awkwardly at her front door. Bernie tucks some curls behind her ear.

BERNIE

I had a really nice time... Santa.

SANTA

Me too. I'm really glad I went to the wrong house and that I didn't check the list twice.

BERNIE

I'm really glad you didn't turn out to be a Christmas themed murderer.

They laugh.

BERNIE

(fishing)

So... you really liked having me tag along?

SANTA

You bet your boots.

BERNIE

Does that mean I can come again next year?

BERNIE

(laughing)

Ho ho ho!

(beat)

No.

BERNIE

Okay. I better go face the music. My family went to lunch but I doubt there's enough bagels and lox in the world to buy me the time to clean up before they get home... and then disown me.

SANTA

Bernie, what you did last night would make every family in the world proud to have you as a member.

Bernie smiles and turns her back to Santa as she futzes with her keys.

BERNIE

Yeah well, my parents aren't gonna believe the whole "I went on a Christmas adventure with Santa" excuse so -

Bernie turns around and Santa is gone.

BERNIE

That's rude.

Bernie looks up at the sky and waves to a blip of red whizzing by. She takes a deep breath and enters her home.

INT. BERNIE'S (PARENTS) HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's worse than she remembered. The fireplace is in shambles, there's broken glass, soot, and food splattered everywhere. Santa's boot imprints are etched into the carpet. It's bad.

Bernie ENTERS THE CLOSET to grab a broom, when she hears her family unlock the front door. Bernie braces herself.

FRAN (O.S.)

Oh my God!

ROMI (O.S.)

Bernie! Get out here!

Bernie re-enters the living room and is SHOCKED to see the place immaculate. Fresh latkes are plated on the table. Gelt bags and gifts line the mantle that is completely in tact. Hanukkah decorations out of a Kardashian themed party take over the home. It's warm, inviting, and lovely.

Bernie's whole family is in disbelief. Fran has tears in her eyes.

FRAN

Did you do all of this by yourself?

BERNIE

I had a little help.

(beat)

Happy Hanukkah. I'm so happy you're home. And I'm so sorry for everything.

IRA

It was an accident honey. Could have happened to anyone.

Romi rolls her eyes.

ROMI

What are you wearing -

Bernie, in her velvet suit, shuts Romi up by throwing her arms around her and embracing her in a hug.

BERNIE

I should have let you help with the party. You're really good at this stuff and I want to do more things together. I love you.

Romi is uncomfortable but lets a tiny bit of affection in.

IRA

I'll call Gary and tell them to bring the rest of the kids over.

FRAN

Tell them it's a Hanukkah miracle!

BERNIE

You don't know how correct that statement actually is.

Bernie takes a bite out of a latke when she sees Romi about to eat a chocolate chip cookie. Bernie runs over to knock it out of her sister's hands. Everyone looks at her in shock.

BERNIE

Those have... peanuts.

Bernie dumps the cookies in the trash.

A LITTLE LATER...

Bernie's extended family plays dreidel. They spin spin spin, laugh, eat, and be merry. Fran lands on gimmel.

FRAN

Gimmel all your money!

SAMUEL

You cheated, Bubi!

BERNIE

It's okay, Sam. I've got more gelt. BRB.

Bernie heads to the garage. Suddenly the front door busts open. It's Eve! She's still in her pajamas and looks like she had a rough night. Eve frantically runs into the living room, still catching her breath.

EVE

BERNIE IS MISSING!

Eve paces, frenetically spilling her guts.

EVE

Last time I spoke to her was 9 hours ago, she's not answering her phone, she's off with some bearded Zeus who I KNOW is not her uncle! Mark in TSA told me she got arrested and I logged into her account and it said she was on a flight that made an emergency landing in ALASKA!

The family stares at Eve in confusion.

ROMI

I think I get what's going on here. Bernie tried to do that weird Alaska prank on me too, but I didn't fall for it, cause I'm not an idiot.

EVE

Why aren't any of you doing anything? Didn't you hear what I said? Bernie's in trouble -

BERNIE

Eve?

Eve looks up in shock at Bernie who has re-entered the living room. Eve runs to Bernie and wraps her arms around her.

EVE

Bernie! You're alive! Thank God!

The family watches them with judgement...

IRA

Well now that that's settled...
Eve? Care to spin?

The girls break their hug and Eve takes her place with the family. She spins the dreidel.

GOLD FAMILY

Nun! Gimel! Hey! Shin! Watch that dreidel spin spin spin!

We PAN OFF of the family delight to the mantle. A Mensch on a Bench's eyes suddenly spring to life, **GLOWING** like the Elf on the Shelf's did. Bernie feels the gaze and stares at the doll. It winks at her. She jumps.

Laughter and ignorant bliss drown out the scene.

CHYRON: ONE YEAR LATER

INT. O'HARE - CHRISTMAS EVE

The airport is once again decked with holly. Bernie and Eve, both sporting the Spirit Airlines flight attendant uniform, are on the moving walkway. Eve has been timing Bernie's speech.

BERNIE

(speed talking)

- We ask that you make sure that all carry-on luggage is stowed away safely during the flight. While we wait for take off, please take a moment to review the safety data card in the seat pocket in front of you.

EVE

3 minutes! A new record!

BERNIE

Yes!

EVE

You're gonna nail your first flight.

BERNIE

Couldn't have done it without you.

EVE

I know.

(then)

We did it together.

Bernie and Eve arrive at a checkpoint and show their badges to Agent Gimble, who winks at Bernie as she passes. Eve notices the exchange.

EVE

You two smashing?

BERNIE

(rolls her eyes)

Pft -

(beat)

Yeah.

Bernie and Eve reach a fork. They pause to say good-bye.

BERNIE

Wish me luck!

EVE

"Luck is just destiny in
disguise."

BERNIE

Stop quoting your psychic!
Sorry... pastor.

EVE

Merry Christmas, Bernie!

Eve walks away and Bernie looks up through the glass roof
of O'Hare airport and into the sky. We see a plane take
off and moments later, if you squint hard enough... a
sleigh.

BERNIE

Merry Christmas.

THE END