

THE BLOODY TANNENBAUMS

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRISTMAS EVE

Milk and cookies laid out for Santa. All is quiet. Somewhere a music box plays. The lights on the Christmas Tree sparkle. Not a creature is stirring.

A bratty but cute LITTLE GIRL pads in.

With a smile she takes a big fat cookie from the pile and takes a bite. Mid-chew--

THUMP

She stops and looks around. No one's there.

GIRL

Santa?

She shrugs and goes back to the cookie but there's another harder THUMP.

She turns again. It came from the Christmas tree. Underneath, we see Santa's boots and red legs.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Hmmmm! Where could big fat Santa be hiding! Hey? Big fat Santa want a big fat cookie?

There's a SNIGGER and a JINGLE of bells. The girl leers and holds out her cookie.

Quick as a whistle, something snatches it up and eats it.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Ha! There's a nice fatty! Want another?

(beat)

Too bad. Cause you don't get one more bite until I get all my presents and there better be a pony and a doll house and a BB gun and some new clothes and a manicure kit... Are you listening to me?

No response. She edges closer to "Santa."

GIRL (CONT'D)

Yo! I know you're in there.

No response. She STOMPS her foot.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Come on! I want my presents! Give  
me my presents!

(still no response)

Now!

She kicks "Santa" in the shins. But instead of a reaction,  
his SEVERED LEG tips over in a torrent of blood and gore.

The girl SCREAMS.

All the sudden, the Christmas Tree comes to life with big red  
ornament eyes and a large gaping black mouth.

It lunges at her and swallows her whole. BURP.

The tree looks at us and speaks in a Deep Woodsy Voice.

CHRISTMAS TREE

Ho ho ho. And a Merry Christmas to  
you too dear.

Then it THUMPS forward but falls flat on it's "face." It's  
lights are still plugged in.

It reaches out a handlike branch and yanks the cord out of  
the wall. Everything goes black.

We hear POP MUSIC playing. It's coming from up stairs.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The little girl's hot sister, LISA, is getting ready for bed.  
She parades around in her underwear, smoking pot and snacking  
on gluten free girl scout cookies.

What she doesn't know is that she's being watched...

OUTSIDE LISA'S WINDOW

A peeping TOM perches on branch heavy with icicles. He's a  
super geek with glasses. They steam up while he takes snap  
shots on his IPHONE.

He watches Lisa decide between sexy lingerie or fluffy red  
jumpsuit PJs. She chooses the PJs.

Tom frowns.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa wriggles into her PJ's.

Suddenly, there's a THUMP at her door.

LISA  
Like who is it?

DEEP WOODSY VOICE (O.S.)  
Santa Claus. Ho. Ho. Ho.

LISA  
Ha ha. Very funny. But, I don't believe in "Santa Claus."

DEEP WOODSY VOICE (O.S.)  
Oh. Well what if I said I was...  
(scary voice)  
SATAN'S CLAWS!!!

Another beat.

LISA  
I'd say that's like creepy.

DEEP WOODSY VOICE (O.S.)  
Oh. Very well then. You caught me. It's... You're Daddy?

LISA  
Really?

DEEP WOODSY VOICE (O.S.)  
Uhm. Yep.

LISA  
Oh. Whatever, Dad.

She puts out her joint and opens the door.

The Christmas Tree bursts in and spits out her sister's severed head.

Lisa SCREAMS.

CHRISTMAS TREE  
Ho ho ho!

OUTSIDE LISA'S WINDOW

Tom SCREAMS.

He falls out of the tree and hits the ground.

The icicles fly off the branches and plunge into the earth like daggers right beside him.

Undaunted, he gets to his feet and grabs a giant icicle.

TOM  
Don't worry, Lisa. I'll save you!

He dashes to the front door but it's locked.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Darn it!

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tom crashes through the window commando style, icicle in hand. Shards of glass bristle from his winter coat as he runs up the stairs.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom bursts in. The tree has cornered Lisa in the closet. He lunges at the tree with his icicle.

The icicle snaps.

TOM  
Darn it!

The tree whirls around and advances on Tom as Tom backs away.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Look. I know you're angry and I sympathize. But that's no reason to take it out on Lisa. Why not a lumberjack or--

The tree opens it's black mouth and ROARS.

From behind, Lisa picks up a floor lamp - still lit - and bludgeons the tree.

The bulb bursts in a shower of sparks. For a second, we're plunged into darkness until...

The tree bursts into flames. It waves its branches around the room. Soon, everything is on fire, included the doorway.

Tom turns to Lisa.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Do you trust me?

LISA  
I don't even know you.

TOM  
Then you'll have to take a leap of  
faith... Or more like just a leap.

He opens the bedroom window.

LISA  
But that's two stories! You're  
crazier than the tree.

TOM  
It's either this or the fire.

Lisa nods.

LISA  
Wait a sec.

She runs over to the night stand and grabs her purse. Then they clasp hands and jump into the night.

For a brief moment they're suspended in space before they hit the ground hard.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom lies on top of Lisa. Both are out of breath but seem OK. They look into each other's eyes.

LISA  
Who are you?

TOM  
Tom.

LISA  
I'm Lisa.

TOM  
I know.

LISA  
You, like, saved my life.

TOM  
I know.

He leans forward and tries to kiss her. She pulls back.

LISA  
Woah! I don't think so.

TOM  
But I saved your life.

LISA  
So?

TOM  
So aren't intense experiences the  
forerunner to unbridled passion?

LISA  
Dude, like no. Not now. Not ever.  
I'm totally out of your league.

As she struggles out from under him--

BOOM!

The flaming Christmas Tree shoots out of the bedroom window  
and lands with a THUMP.

Lisa scrambles up the driveway towards the garage. She types  
in a code and the automatic door rises.

But before she can enter, the tree snatches her foot and  
drags her across the yard.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Ahhhhh!

Tom runs to the garage and finds an ax. He comes out  
swinging.

TOM  
Let her go!

CHRISTMAS TREE  
Ho ho ho.

With each "ho," flames blast from it's mouth. They lick up  
Lisa's legs. Her PJs ignite.

Then it bites off her big toe.

LISA  
Ahhhhh! My beautiful toe! Kill it  
Tom!

Tom lunges with the ax. The tree drops Lisa and turns to Tom with glowing ornament eyes.

Lisa falls in the snow. Her legs sizzle. She starts to crawl towards her car.

As she does so, Tom battles the flaming tree.

He swings the ax but it bounces off the tree. He accidentally hits himself in the face.

TOM  
Ouch! What the hell?

CHRISTMAS TREE  
Hell is right! We're impervious to axes.

TOM  
Impervious?

CHRISTMAS TREE  
Impervious.

TOM  
And what do you mean, we? And who says impervious anyway?

As if to answer, OTHER CHRISTMAS TREES burst from windows all down the street.

Bodies are dragged from houses and swallowed whole.

Some PINK TREES play ice hockey with someone's head while others toss a FLUFFY CAT around. An OLD LADY bats them with her cane.

OLD LADY  
Fluffy butt! Oh! Fluffy butt!

Tom cringes.

TOM  
Oh.

He backs away as the flaming tree closes in. He swings the ax again. It bounces off again. He hits himself again.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Darn it!

He slips on the ice and falls. The tree looms over him.

CHRISTMAS TREE  
 I told ya. Impervious.  
 (evil voice)  
 Time to eat your soul--

It opens it's big black mouth but suddenly--

CRASH!

Lisa backs over him with her OLD BUICK. She rolls down the window.

LISA  
 No tree eats my toe and gets away  
 with it.

TOM  
 Totally...

Tom gets in the car.

INT./EXT. OLD BUICK - NIGHT

They barrel down the street. Lisa's foot smokes on the accelerator. She's in pain but she grins and bares it.

Severed heads and bodies break the windshield into spidery cracks.

Undaunted, Lisa continues blindly forward until...

UP AHEAD

A GIANT SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE thumps in front of them. Lit candles dangle from it's branches. It opens it's giant mouth to eat the car.

Lisa slams on the breaks. The car skids and spins but stops inches away.

SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE  
 Ho ho ho.

Then all the sudden, LONG PRICKLY LIMBS, sprout from the tree like ropes of tinsel. It warps, distorts, growing in size.

The limbs crash through windows, invade houses, skewer corpses, and seal off the street - like the rose bush in Sleeping Beauty - only with pinecones and fairy lights.

They're surrounded.

LISA

Shit.

Then the limbs start to close in. Squeezing. The houses cave in on themselves.

Tom turns to Lisa and takes her hand.

TOM

This could be our last chance to be alone.

LISA

So?

TOM

So... Let's do it!

LISA

Do what?

TOM

You know.

He makes a hand gesture. She slaps him.

The Christmas vines continue to close in.

LISA

This is totally not happening to me.

She goes through her purse and pulls out a joint and a lighter. She lights it and takes a hard suck.

TOM

What are you doing?

LISA

Trying to relax? Hello?

(to herself)

This is just a bad dream. This is just a bad dream. It will all be over--

TOM

Shut up! This is not a dream!

He snatches the joint and throws it out the window.

LISA

Hey!

The joint hits the silver tree and sets it on fire.

They are now wreathed in fire.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Woah! You're right. This is a  
nightmare.

TOM  
"Hello????"

She panics and slams the gas. The old Buick shoots forward into the wall of fire. Charred branches splinter as the car muscles through the blaze.

OTHER SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The car bursts out. Smoking and spinning. It crashes into a street light.

INT. OLD BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Smoke fills the car. Tom and Lisa COUGH their head's off.

TOM  
You did it! We busted through  
there like Mad Max or something!  
You were amazing. I thought the  
fire would get us for sure!

LISA  
Like I said. My toe...

Tom turns to Lisa about to take her hand but--

TOM  
Ahhhhhh!

As the smoke clears we see what he sees. The fire got to Lisa. The hair's burned off her head and her face is a black ball of sweltering flesh.

LISA  
What?

EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Tom helps Lisa out of the car. She tries to walk but stumbles.

LISA  
I can do it.

TOM  
No you can't. Trust me.

She rolls her eyes and lets him. Suddenly, MUSIC swells from off in the distance. It's the LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Do you hear what I hear?  
(beat)  
Christmas carollers! To think.  
In all this chaos, there's  
something pure, something magical!  
The spirit of Christmas lives on  
even now.

Lisa looks at him.

LISA  
Sounds like a pack of morons to me.

But these aren't carollers or morons, these are SINGING CHRISTMAS TREES.

There are Pink Trees, Blue Trees, Orange Trees... Covered in tinsel and fairy lights. They march through the town singing and THUMPING. THUMP. THUMP. To the tune.

A Church bell TOLLS. Tom and Lisa's eyes meet. Then, as fast as they can, they make their way towards the

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

The trees close in. Tom and Lisa beat against the door.

TOM AND LISA  
(adlibbing)  
Help! Help! Open up!

The door creaks open. It wasn't locked.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Tom bolts the door behind them. Up ahead, there's movement.

FRONT OF THE CHURCH

A DRUNKEN PRIEST sits at the altar drinking sacrificial wine. He's sobbing. He looks up as Tom and Lisa approach.

PRIEST  
Ahhhhh! Get her away from me.

LISA  
What?

TOM  
It's OK. She's just burnt.

LISA  
Yeah. My toe.

PRIEST  
She's like a zombie!

LISA  
What?

But the Priest ignores her. Instead, he downs his chalice of wine and collapses in a chair, head in hands.

PRIEST  
Ta think... I could save them. I could save them all I could.

TOM  
You can?

PRIEST  
Yes! Don't you see! This is a Holy vendetta, Santa--er--Stan-- Satan hates Christmas so he sent the trees! The bloody trees! Oh God the trees!

TOM  
OK! The trees! Right. How can you save us?

PRIEST  
I can save you!

TOM  
We've established that.

LISA  
I doubt it. He's obviously drunk.

PRIEST  
Zombie woman!

LISA  
Who are you calling, like, a zombie woman?

TOM

Look, if you can save us, why don't you save us?

PRIEST

Because... Because... I'm not worthy! I might have had one too many... I'm stupid stupid stupid!

LISA

Like, hello?

TOM

Shut up, Lisa. Look. OK. You're humble. But it's the humble that inherit the earth. It's the weak... The poor... The sick...

LISA

The drunk?

PRIEST

I'm drunk!

TOM

Good, because only a Priest that's drunk can truly save us!

PRIEST

Really?

TOM

Yes!

The Priest nods.

PRIEST

OK.

He draws an OLD AX out from a door in the side of the altar.

TOM

But that's an ax.

PRIEST

God's weapon. The ax that cut the wood to make the cart to haul the cross for Christ to carry.

TOM

But they're impervious to axes.

PRIEST  
 Shut up, boy! I'm going to single  
 handedly save Christmas!

With that, he races head long down the aisle and out the door.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

The drunken Priest swings his ax wildly at CHRISTMAS TREES.  
 He hits one! But it bounces off and smacks him in the face.

PRIEST  
 Ouch!

He beats himself to a bloody pulp while the trees LAUGH.  
 Behind him, Tom closes the Church door.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

The Priest SHRIEKS O.S. as Tom bolts the door.  
 Suddenly, blood splatters the stained glass.

Tom flinches and turns away. He walks up the aisle towards the altar.

FRONT OF THE CHURCH BY THE ALTAR

Lisa is in the Priest's chair drinking wine and snacking on communion wafers. She's found Tom's IPHONE and is clicking through his "Peeping Tom Pictures."

The black flesh on her face still smokes a little but she doesn't seem to notice.

Tom approaches.

LISA  
 I'm hot aren't I?

TOM  
 You were--are... I mean. I can explain.

LISA  
 You don't have to. I understand.  
 You're a geek and I'm totally out of your league.

TOM

Yes...

LISA

And I wouldn't even let you like  
get to first base.

TOM

That's OK.

LISA

No. You saved my life.

TOM

But then you saved mine. So we're  
even.

Lisa gets up and limps towards him. Tom backs away.

LISA

No. You deserve a reward.

She licks her charred lips. Tom gags.

TOM

But it's OK.

LISA

No it's not. I'm going to kiss  
you, Tom. I'm going to make your  
dreams come true.

TOM

But you really really don't have  
to... I have a long life ahead of  
me with plenty of other women. It  
will all blow over.

LISA

But what if it doesn't? You  
deserve this before you die!

Tom cringes at her bloody burnt face, takes a breath then...  
Bolts down the aisle.

Lisa limps after him. She drops the iPhone.

PUSH IN ON IPHONE SCREEN

A News Feed pops up...

In New York City, the GIANT CHRISTMAS TREE from Rockefeller  
Center stomps through the streets like Godzilla. It ROARS.

A Reporter stands close by in the snow.

REPORTER

What we thought was just a  
Christmas fluke doesn't look like  
it will blow over any time soon.  
Repeat. This will not blow over--  
ahhhhhhhh!

The Godzilla Tree takes a handlike branch and twists off the Reporter's head.

It hangs the head like an ornament from one of it's bows.

Then, we realize there are many severed head ornaments  
dangling from the tree.

All at once, they come to life and start singing JINGLE  
BELLS.

Amid the screams and music FADE OUT.

THE END