

You Sleigh Me

EXT. NORTH POLE - NIGHT

There's a stillness in the air. Snow gently falls on the pine trees.

SFX: CRASHING SOUND

A SLEIGH CRASHES through the trees. TWO ELVES, BENNY AND STAN, are dazed. Presents fly everywhere.

BENNY

Oh, boy. What a ride.

BENNY

This isn't good.

STAN

Didn't I tell you to grab the reins?

BENNY

Stan, neither one of us had any Business flying this sleigh. We're both whacked out on eggnog.

STAN holds up 4-Fingers.

STAN

Three nogs don't even give me a buzz.
It was those damn Northern lights,
Benny. Flashin' me. Blindin' me.

BENNY

We never should've lifted the jolly man's wheels. And right before the big day.

STAN

You kidding, Benny? All summer long, you was sayin', "I can't wait 'til Kringle lets down his guard. Cuz we're taking that sleigh on a joy ride." All summer long.

BENNY

I never thought we'd pull it off.
STAN: All this elf needs is the will to do it.

BENNY

And a snifter full of rum cider.

STAN

The liquor just helps me loosen up.

BENNY

Well, Mr. Loosy Goosy,
what are we gonna do now?

STAN

Hmmm. The sleigh's not too bad, but Rudolph's
busted up pretty good, and Prancer's totaled.

BENNY

We killed a reindeer.

STAN

I call it "suicide".

BENNY

Great. Who's gonna tell Santa?

STAN

You are.

BENNY

Me?

STAN

I can't go taking the blame. I've been working for
the Fat Man damn near twenty years. I can't take a
chance with my career. My pension's coming due.

BENNY

So, it's all your fault, but you want me to take the fall?

STAN

Hell, yes!

BENNY

No way, Stan. No freakin' way!

STAN

Look, Benny. St. Nick, he likes you. And since this is your first offense, he's gonna go easy. You make Pogs a couple seasons, maybe a little doll repair; then he forgets the whole thing. With me, I got a reputation.

BENNY

And a pension! Do you know how long it took me to get this job? I needed three letters of recommendation, two years at Mattel and a masters degree in elfing. And let's not forget the work visa. I'm not a naturalized North Polian, you know.

STAN

Fine, let's just bust into the old man's cabin, and say, "Hey, Santa! We got soused, pinched your carriage, and leveled it to rumble. Oh, and by the way, Christmas is off this year."

BENNY

Get serious. Something like this could push Santa over the edge. With his weight problem, his ticker could pop.

STAN

You got any ideas?

BENNY

Why don't we tip-toe back to elf housing like nothing ever happened? Reindeer can't talk.

STAN

We buzzed the other elves on the third fly-by. It's safe to say we were noticed.

BENNY

No positive I.D. All us elves look alike.

STAN

You were blabbing about this all season!

BENNY

Well, I'm ain't taking the fall. Find yourself another patsy.

STAN

Hmmm. Tell you what. Rolf has the "Time-Life" series on "Reindeer and Sleighs", and he owes me big time. I covered his ass when he put that pot into Mrs. Claus' brownies.

BENNY

That was Rolf?

STAN

Don't tell nobody. Or we're both dead midgets.

STAN starts to leave. Benny reluctantly follows.

BENNY

You really think it'll work?

STAN

Who the Hell knows. If not, I know this headhunter who can hook us up with the Tooth Fairy.

BENNY

Think you can stay away from the fairy dust?

STAN shoots BENNY a look.