

1988
BRUCE WILLIS
AS JOHN "CANDY" MCCANE

1988
BILL MURRAY
AS CLAUS

1988
VIVICA A. FOX
AS HOLLY HALLS

This holiday season brings you the
Most Christmas-y and Die Hard-iest
Die Hard homage ever—

- More Explosions!
- New Characters!
- More Christmas!



**88
PAGES
OF
SHEER
NON-
SENSE!**

SLEIGH HARD

ASH LAZER AND JOE FAVALARO PRESENT "SLEIGH HARD" STARRING BRUCE WILLIS CO-STARRING BILL MURRAY AND VIVICA A. FOX
ALSO STARRING ALEXANDER GUDOV AND RICHARD AYVADE AS BUDDY BELLS AND SPECIAL APPEARANCE BY BETTY WHITE AS GRANDMA
LOCUINE BY IAN SUTHERLAND WRITTEN BY ASH LAZER AND JOE FAVALARO



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gracious reader,

We invite you, kindly, to join us

On a fascinating journey,

A Christmas experiment,

Of satire, violence, and pure white adrenaline

That will surely

Tie your holidays together.

Warm, toasty regards,

Buddy Bells

SLEIGH HARD

Story by

Ian Sutherland and Ash Lazer & Joe Favalaro

Written by

Ash Lazer
&
Joe Favalaro

OVER THE HUDSON RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODEN PIERS

of the West Side of New York City we go...

SUPER: DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS EVE, NYC.

It's a holy night. The stars are brightly shining -- *yeah, it's gonna be like snorting a fat line of Christmas spirit ;)* But, you're gonna f'n love it...

EXT. TOMANAKI PIER - NIGHT

The pier's empty and dark. *Not a creature is stirring...* except for the singular light of--

INT. PIER SHACK - DOCK OFFICE - SAME

A kerosene heater burning brightly, as we push in through the window, chestnuts roasting over its hot, dirty top.

JOHN "CANDY" McCANE, 38, played by the rugged charmer Bruce friggin' Willis, removes his Christmasy socks designed with Grinch faces, tacking them up on the bulletin board above the heater like stockings, warming his feet by the fire.

He jostles a soft pack of Marlboro Reds filled with candy canes instead of cigarettes, sticking one in his mouth, fake lighting it and taking a long drag...

Staring at a happy picture of a him and a WOMAN...

JOHN MCCANE

I wish all was merry and bright...

We will soon know this is his estranged wife, HOLLY HALLS.

EXT. NEARBY INTERSECTION - W. 14TH & GANSEVOORT - SAME

GRANDMA, 70, Betty freakin' White (RIP), carries a grocery bag, crossing the deserted intersection.

GRANDMA

John? Am I close, dear? I brought you more chestnuts...

WE ZOOM PAST GRANDMA, UP THE STREET 15 BLOCKS TO A:

RED MASERATI with vanity plates reading: "RUDOLF", roaring toward Grandma, dashing recklessly through red lights--

Complete with a decorative red nose on the front grill and antlers bending in the wind stuck to the roof.

INT. MASERATI - MOMENTS LATER

The driver: RUDOLF, 31, long blonde hair, played by Alexander Godunov, pulls his face out of his BUSTY PASSENGER'S cleavage, YARA, 24, snorting joyfully, RED-NOSED from chronic cocaine usage.

Yara, played by Elisha Cuthbert, rubs the powder from her breasts and sticks her fingers in his mouth, rubbing it around on his gums.

He sucks her fingers like a feign -- they laugh maniacally.

And, you're right, he hasn't glanced at the road once--

Racing 90 miles per hour through the vacant streets of the Meat Packing District--

Vacant -- except Grandma -- now only a few blocks ahead...

YARA

Come, on Rudy, let's skip this job and celebrate Christmas the old fashioned way for once...

RUDOLF

Babe, stop rockin' around my Christmas tree... you know I gotta help my dad.

EXT. PIER SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

John scans the docking logbook: the schedule is clear, except one shipment at midnight with the name: CLAUS -- as a VOICE calls from outside...

GRANDMA (V.O.)

John, dear? Where's my little candy cane cutie?

JOHN MCCANE

Grandma? Is that you? Hello?

McCane steps out of the shack BAREFOOT, scanning the nearby empty streets.

Her voice echos, but he can't see her...

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
 Damn it, Grandma. I told you I had
 to work tonight, you sweet, sweet
 little lady--

Grunting, he looks back into the shack -- he eyes a POLICE
 BADGE and PISTOL--

INT. MASERATI - MOMENTS LATER

Rudolf sprinkles more powder onto Yara's cleavage, trying
 for another snort--

But, she's not having it.

YARA
 I'm serious, Rudolf.
 (dreamy)
 I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
 with mistletoe, homemade dinner--

RUDOLF
 I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
 too, babe--

Rudolf tries to dive in again, but they--

YARA
 Rudy, LOOK OUT!!

SLAM INTO GRANDMA, RUNNING HER OVER.

He puts both hands on the wheel, finally paying attention to
 the road ahead.

Yup -- Grandma got run over by a reindeer!

(*Reader note: It's Betty White. She gets redemption.)

YARA
 Oh my god, I think that was an old
 lady!

RUDOLF
 It was probably just a rat. Have
 you seen the size of those things?
 The city is so disgusting--

YARA
 I think it's romantic.

RUDOLF
Come on, babe. You're higher than
the tree at Rockefeller Plaza.

They settle down a bit.

RUDOLF (cont'd)
And this year's tree is gonna be an
explosive display of lights....

Maniacally laughs to himself, but is interrupted--

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THIS MOVIE: Aline Brosh McKenna.

ALINE BROSH MCKENNA (V.O.)
I'm sorry guys, keep rolling --
Alexander, can you tone it down
just an eensy bit? Funny but
believable... thanks.

Alexander nods yes, focusing -- staying in character.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MEANWHILE...

John McCane turns the corner, running barefoot.

JOHN MCCANE
Grandma? Where the hell are you?

Screeching tires grabs his attention, as he sees--

Rudolf's Red Maserati whip around the block, disappearing
into the darkness...

John catches a glimpse of the vanity plate.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Rudolf? And, Claus...

JOHN TURNS, ADDRESSING THE CAMERA:

JOHN MCCANE
(to camera)
Don't do that to me, pal. Don't
make this one of those cheesy-ass
'Die Hard in a whatever' movies...
Oh, fuck me -- that's what you're
doing right?

Aline the director chimes in:

ALINE BROSH MCKENNA (V.O.)
Bruce, stay in character please,
the script's already written and
we're still rolling, thanks -- and
ACTION!

BACK TO THE MOVIE AS DYING MOANS groan out from behind John.

He rushes out of frame--

Then, leans BACK INTO FRAME:

JOHN MCCANE
(to camera)
Can you at least give me some
fucking shoes man? That shit's
already been done. Or, at least a
fucking cigarette instead of these
candy canes. What am I, five?
Alright, whatever, here we go...

He looks down the other end of the street and sees a BODY.

He quickly rushes over to the lifeless woman.

It's face down but blood covers the area.

A trail of roasted chestnuts leads to the body.

He reluctantly turns over the body and reveals it to be his
GRANDMOTHER. Her face cold, contorted.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Fuck!

He falls back, shocked.

His grandmother's body flops over, still and motionless.

John lets out a massive scream.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
And the Land's End cardigan I got
you for Christmas was on final
sale -- no returns.

He slams his fists on the pavement.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ambulance and police lights flash constantly as OFFICERS tape off the scene.

Half a dozen police vehicles surround the area as the coroner puts the body into a van.

CAPTAIN AL TRIVEL (60s), walks through the scene and approaches John, who's wrapped in a blanket, sitting on the ass end of an ambulance.

CAPTAIN

Fuckin' mess, John. It's a fuckin' mess.

JOHN MCCANE

I don't know what to say, Captain.

CAPTAIN

How'd you find her? Did you see anything? You're supposed to be undercover working the docks keeping an eye out for that graffiti gang. This is anything but undercover.

JOHN MCCANE

Yeah, New York's finest on graffiti patrol.

CAPTAIN

Finest... ha. Maybe before the divorce, but now, now you're just washed--

JOHN MCCANE

I saw a car. I think I saw a car.

CAPTAIN

You used to be sharp, you know that? Like those cheddar grilled cheeses we get at that deli out in Harlem.

JOHN MCCANE

You ever hear of second chances, chief? Maybe I'd stay sharp if someone believed in me.

CAPTAIN

It's cancel culture out there now, John. Nobody can control that.

JOHN MCCANE

Yeah, social media. More like socialism.

CAPTAIN

Yeah, well, electrocuting a suspect the way you did, we can't exactly have you pounding the pavement anymore. The people don't want your type anymore, John.

John snickers.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

John stands over a SUSPECT who screams and cries, handcuffed to a chair with a bloodied, ripped open shirt.

JOHN MCCANE

Tell me where you took 'em!

SUSPECT

I can't remember!

John chuckles.

JOHN MCCANE

Let's clear your head then!

John cranks a defibrillator, takes the paddles, charges them up and laughs hysterically THEN--

BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

John smiles ludicrously as the Captain paces in front of him.

John shakes his head, rubs it then looks to the stars. A light quickly shoots above him in the night sky.

He pays no mind. To him, it's probably just a satellite --

At this point, it could be a sleigh for all we know, right? Or, grandma exploring the galaxy...

CAPTAIN

So you saw nothing?

JOHN MCCANE
Honestly, sir, I just want to go home.

The captain puts his hand on his shoulder.

CAPTAIN
You know what, maybe it's time you took a proper leave.

JOHN MCCANE
I wouldn't go that far.

CAPTAIN
Nope, nope. I'm putting you on leave *with* pay until a proper review.

John goes to speak but--

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Nope, not a word. You go grieve and whatnot, dry yourself out and rethink what this job means to you, okay?

John drops his head, rips off the blanket and walks out of the crime scene.

INT. PRECINCT (LOCKER ROOM) - NIGHT

John marches through the halls, approaching the locker room door with a Christmas wreath hanging on it--

He rips it down, jerking it to the floor -- pushing hard through the door.

John flings open his locker, starting to gather his things.

Being suspended as a cop is like someone pissing in your cookies and milk...

Taped inside the door of the locker, a PHOTO of his grandmother hangs prominently -- pausing him briefly.

Next to it, another picture of a WOMAN IN A KARATE SUIT, (this is HOLLY HALLS, his estranged wife; we'll meet her later) practicing kicks with John -- and being trained by CHUCK NORRIS!

They're both smiling. Happy.

A handwritten note says: "WITH LOVE ALWAYS, HOLLY."

JOHN MCCANE
 (to himself)
 Always my ass--

Other OFFICERS walk through the locker room.

OFFICER #1
 Mister Electro lost his spark!

OFFICER #2
 Someone's EX-mas tree ain't
 lighting up tonight!

The officers exit and pass BUDDY BELLS (30s), Richard freakin' Ayoade -- nerdy and scrawny with the quirkiest afro on the block, four eyes and a sharp-tongue, but is always just a few Christmas cookies short of a full tin.

As he enters the locker room, they shove him against the lockers, like that scene in Napoleon Dynamite -- UGH, GOSH!

One of the officers flips Buddy's glasses off his face.

They fall to the ground.

John notices -- he steps over, picking them up.

Hands them to Buddy, who's carrying a personal laptop under his arm.

He smiles appreciatively as John returns to his locker.

There's 'meet-cute' and then there's 'meet-disgruntled-over-seasoned-lone-wolf-and-eager-nerdy-rookie...' and this is the latter.

Buddy notices him packing his things.

BUDDY
 You look like someone shit in your
 stocking...

John glares fiercely at him.

BUDDY (cont'd)
 Sorry, just trying to lighten the
 mood. They say humor is a defense
 mech--

John, ignores him, continues packing.

BUDDY (cont'd)
 You going on vacation?

Ah, to be young and naive again.

JOHN MCCANE
Vacation? In the middle of the
night?

BUDDY
Red eye?

JOHN MCCANE
More like *red-nose*... my
grandmother got run over by a--

Emotion pauses him--

BUDDY
I heard. She okay?

JOHN MCCANE
Let's just say she won't be
roasting anymore chestnuts,
alright, pal?

Buddy lunges at him and gives him a long, awkward hug.

BUDDY
Sucks when people die.

JOHN MCCANE
Yeah... almost as bad as hugging a
virtual stranger.

Buddy slowly releases him and steps back.

BUDDY
What are you doing here then,
shouldn't you be with family?

JOHN MCCANE
Family. Yeah, right -- Gonna take
some time off, y'know?

BUDDY
Oh yeah, I totally get it...

A wildly awkward pause between the two lingers.

JOHN MCCANE
So, uh...

BUDDY
When's the funeral? I could be
there for y-- you know -- support.

JOHN MCCANE

Uh...

They both stare at each other.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Tomorrow. St. Nick's. Eleven a.m.

Buddy nods.

BUDDY

Got it. And if there's anything I
can do, don't hesitate to, you
know -- ask.

Buddy leaves.

John looks at the photo of his grandmother endearingly. Then
laughs at the picture of Holly, Chuck Norris and himself.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

John enters the Captain's office. It's empty, silent like
the night. He places his badge on the desk and leaves.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Attendance is bare. John, suited up in a black Yankees
pullover jacket, stands holding a rose in the snow with
Buddy, who's freezing his scrawny ass off.

SUPER: CHRISTMAS EVE.

The open grave collects white powder like frat boys on a
weekend bender as they hang their heads.

John holds it together as he stares into the hole and looks
at the coffin holding his dear grandmother.

He drops the rose into the grave.

John turns to Buddy.

JOHN MCCANE

There is one thing you can do for
me...

Buddy listens up.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Run a plate for me.

Buddy over-eagerly inquires.

BUDDY
What's the plate number?

JOHN MCCANE
R-U-D-O-L-F.

BUDDY
Like the reindeer? Strange.
(overly excited)
This could be the workings of a
Christmas caper!

John mutes him with a side-glance.

JOHN MCCANE
I'd appreciate it if you kept this
between us, you know, no paper
trail for Santa to check twice.

Buddy nods, gestures to lock his lips with an imaginary key
then stuffs it in his pocket and leaves.

John stands over the grave then looks at the snowy sky.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest, neglected bachelor pad.

All through the house... a variety of crunched-up beer cans
litter the carpeted floor.

Various PHOTOS of McCane decorated in uniform line the
fireplace mantel.

A photo of him and his grandmother as he holds open a medal
box at a ceremony.

She leans against him with a proud smile across her face.

A picture of him and Holly which he turns face down.

A photo of him in full special forces uniform in some far
off country prominently displayed beside the other photo.

The TV plays a newscast loudly in the background as we come
upon on John passed out in pajamas and a white, stained tank
top on a massive recliner.

BROADCASTER (O.S.)
 Tomanaki Pier will again light up
 this year at midnight despite
 complaints by residents of the city
 about its overbearing cost. This
 year's tree, called a Serbian
 Special, is costing the city a half
 a million dollars and is being
 shipped from the Rudnik forest of
 Serbia...

John's foot twitches.

We see the newscast play on the TV now. The BROADCASTER
 (40s, female) in a sharp business suit stares through the TV
 as festive graphics slide below her on the screen.

BROADCASTER
 Some resident activists believe the
 expenditures of the light show are
 a cause for concern as the city
 faces its second year of economic
 downturn.

John snorts awake when his phone RINGS.

He looks around the room for it.

BROADCASTER (cont'd)
 (cont'd)
 Up next, Billionaire space explorer
 Jeff Bezos' popularity rating is at
 an all-time low, so he's inventing
 what he's calling a WHITE WEDNESDAY
 where he's planning on dropping one
 billion dollars worth of gifts from
 space over the Tri-State area
 tonight for Christmas Eve...

John shuts off the TV as his phone keeps ringing.

He gets up off the recliner, crawls around the floor through
 the beer cans and finds it snug, lit up, under a cushion.

He pulls it out and answers it.

JOHN MCCANE
 Hello?

BUDDY (V.O.)
 John, I got something for you!

John gets up off the ground and sits back in his recliner.

He grabs the pack of cigarettes and opens it.

He pulls out one of the candy canes.

JOHN MCCANE

If you woke me up for some
bullshit, I swear I'll stick ten
elves where the sun don't shine.

John twiddles the candy cane in his fingers.

BUDDY (V.O.)

Ha! Nice one! So that plate came
back to a Rudolf Redmir? He looks
like an interesting cat. Couple
priors for intent to sell, stolen
goods stuff, nothing violent,
though.

JOHN MCCANE

Alright, thanks Buddy--

BUDDY

Well, wait, one more thing.

JOHN MCCANE

Yeah?

There's a pause.

BUDDY

He's connected to some pretty
serious guys... Like Serbian mob
type guys.

JOHN MCCANE

Your point?

BUDDY

I just... I...

JOHN MCCANE

Spit it out fuck face!

BUDDY

Does this have anything to do with
your grandmother?

JOHN MCCANE

What do you think?

BUDDY

If it does, I... I don't think you
should go at this alone.

JOHN MCCANE

I've been alone a long time, pal.

Another pause.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

You have an address for me?

BUDDY

Wait til you hear this -- it's at the Hudson Yards...

JOHN MCCANE

Fuck outta here. That twenty-five billion dollar complex for rich yuppie pricks?

BUDDY

Yes. I hear it's actually pretty nif--

John hangs up coldly.

He puts his phone in his robe, picks up a beer can and tips it up to his mouth -- but its empty.

He throws it across the room and gets up.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

John steams in a shower, rubs his face with the water and holds himself up.

Various scars adorn his body.

Bullet wounds and stab wounds healed over from years of war and being a reckless officer of the law.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

John strolls down the stairs in slippers and a loose robe that flails open -- we see **GRINCH BOXER BRIEFS**.

Light from the door beams down the steps.

It's damp and dark. Water drips from a faucet into a plastic sink by a washing machine.

His footsteps echo as he walks into the darkness, disappears.

He turns on a light.

A single bookshelf sits against a concrete wall without a single book on it -- Suspicious, I know.

John approaches it, bends over and pulls something underneath one of the shelves.

A big mechanism UNLOCKS --- CLICK, CRANK.

John pulls the door open as a light ILLUMINATES a secret room FULL of various weapons, like--

Use your imagination to insert whatever types of weapons you think would be badass here -- this writer's Canadian and we don't have the firepower you Americans do, lol.

John examines the artillery. He picks a pistol off the wall.

JOHN MCCANE

Too loud.

He puts it back on the wall then pulls down an AR-15.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Too big.

He turns to a shelf of various knives, focusing on a SAMURAI SWORD--

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Mr. Hanzo... lovely, but been done.

He turns TO THE CAMERA:

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

(to camera)

We gotta keep budget in mind, you know. We'd have to pay off Tarantino, bring in a consultant...

He returns his focus to the shelves--

Settles on a Bowie knife. The light shines off it as he holds it up to his face.

JOHN MCCANE

This plus....

He pulls a taser off the wall.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Plus this...

He grabs a black duffle bag on the ground, opens it and tosses the knife and taser in, then returns to the cache.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
What the fuck else do I need?

He examines the wall and finds a leather collar with a sharp fork-like piece of metal attached to it.

JOHN MCCANE
You never know when you're gonna
run into the Zeds of the world...

John laughs and tosses it in the bag then grabs a few smoke grenades and flash bangs, puts them in the bag, too.

A small pistol that's seen as many rough days as he has catches his eye. He holds it with admiration like an old friend.

JOHN MCCANE
Sharp as the grinch himself.

He cocks the hammer back with a renewed focus.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

John sits idling in his old, black TRANS AM, down the street from GRUBER TOWER, a large skysrise with elegant windows.

Bellhops out front park incredibly expensive cars too nice to be driven in the winter.

He fiddles with a candy cane in his mouth and watches the entrance of the building.

Sinatra's "New York, New York" softly serenades through the speakers. John sings along with his own lyrics:

JOHN MCCANE
Start spreading the news...
Rudolf's dying today...

His phone rings.

He looks at the screen. It reads: "DECK HER HALLS"

He snorts, then reluctantly answers--

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
What do you--

HOLLY (V.O.)
John... I'm, uh, I'm sorry about
Grandma.

A pause.

JOHN MCCANE

Yep.

HOLLY (O.S.)

I know it's probably tough for you
right now--

JOHN MCCANE

Listen, I don't really have time to
talk.

Another pause.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Well, you know... I have the tree
lighting tonight...

JOHN MCCANE

Yep.

HOLLY

Maybe come out to the coast... the
pier I mean, for the event. We'll
get together, have a few egg nogs..

JOHN MCCANE

I've heard that before...

HOLLY

John...

JOHN MCCANE

Yeah, maybe, alright? I gotta go.

He hangs up.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

The penthouse is overly elaborate: accented with gold
trimmed furniture and crystal vases EVERYWHERE for
absolutely no reason other than pure opulence.

"White Christmas" plays, echoing off the fine marble walls.

Rudolf's shirtless, his modest junk tightly wrapped in a red
banana hammock, with a green elf half on his head.

He chops cocaine on a mirror, readying a **candy cane colored
straw** to his nose, SINGING along like a prick:

RUDOLF
I'm... dreaming... of a white...

He snorts the rail -- swings his head up with a Ric Flair-rush.

RUDOLF (cont'd)
Christmas.... woo!

Yara enters from a hallway in a white robe with **sexy red lingerie** peeking through.

She struts to the kitchen and opens the fridge.

YARA
We got any egg nog?!

RUDOLF (O.S.)
What?

Yara huffs, annoyed.

YARA
Egg nog!

Rudolf sets the mirror down, joining her in the kitchen.

RUDOLF
What? What? What? Why are you screaming?

Yara closes the refrigerator door and looks him up and down.

YARA
I wanna make a Christmas cocktail.

RUDOLF
Well, shit, call the butler to go get supplies then. All we have is booze.

He grabs her up, roughly pulling her close to him.

RUDOLF (cont'd)
In the meantime, I can help you with a little Christmas cock--

She slaps the shit outta him.

YARA
Little is right. Don't be rude.

RUDOLF

What the fuck, Yara. You're the one wearing that little *fuck me Santa* outfit--

YARA

There's a difference between fucking and making love, Rudy... I want you to say, 'I too know what it's like to want your soul desired, not just your body'-- instead of acting like a horny elf.

RUDOLF

That's Mister Big Antlers to you, sweetheart.

Rudolf walks away into the living area and plops back down on the elaborate couch.

He grabs a remote and clicks a button. A massive flatscreen TV rises from a case behind the huge fireplace.

He snorts another rail aggressively.

RUDOLF (cont'd)

(shouting back to her)

Fuck, Yara! That's not fair!

The tv turns on to a news station.

BROADCASTER

Last night's hit and run victim was identified by the police as Norma McCane, the 70-year-old grandmother of NYPD officer, John McCane.

A photo of Norma flashes on the screen and an official NYPD photo of McCane in uniform, too.

Rudolf eye's widen as Yara joins him in the living area.

She straddles him on the couch. Seductively requesting:

YARA

Can you go get me some egg nog?
Then maybe I'll give you a little--

Rudolf tosses her to the side.

RUDOLF

Shut up for a second.

Yara listens as Rudolf turns it up.

BROADCASTER

Police are asking for any
information regarding the
incident--

YARA

I told you! You never listen to me!
Fuck, what are we going to do?

RUDOLF

They don't have anything on us.
We're good. We're good. Don't
worry.

YARA

Can you call your dad or something?

Rudolf shuts the TV off and quickly turns to her.

He pulls her over the couch onto him.

RUDOLF

He's not gonna be happy if I call
him now... he's busy. Let's just
let it go and have a good
Christmas?

Yara looks shakes her head, tying up her robe.

YARA

I think we should get ahead of it
but that's just me.

She walks away into the kitchen as Rudolf huffs, turns and
grabs his cellphone. He dials then lays back down.

RUDOLF

Yeah, hi... Dad? We have a bit of
an issue--

He stops quickly and pulls the phone away from his ear as
screaming belts out of the speaker.

EXT. SUPER YACHT - DAY

On the open sea from a luxury SUPER YACHT painted a
glittery, opulent white, we see New York City in the
distance.

EIGHT armed soldiers in all black roam on the deck.

A RED HELICOPTER sits on a helipad at the rear of the
enormous yacht.

INT. SUPER YACHT (OFFICE) - DAY

An armed guard, ASHER (30s), muscular and brooding, stands before CLAUS (60s), BILL FUCKING MURRAY as our super villain -- with white hair and beard, abrasive and loudly dressed in a finely tailored RED SUIT.

The office, extravagant with crystal decanters, top-of-the-line electronics and a desk as opulent as the yacht's owner, makes for the ideal villain's war room.

CLAUS

One fucking Christmas to go as planned. That's all I want.

ASHER

Sir, we can take care of this quietly and you won't have to--

CLAUS

My son always destroys my festive plans. The Louvre Heist in Paris, The King Tut mummy-doppelganger switcheroo in Cairo. Can't a mobster have one fucking master plan go... as planned!? I don't know where I went wrong.

ASHER

Sir, it's not your fault. He's kind of an idiot.

CLAUS

Don't call my son an idiot. Only I reserve the right to judge him naughty or nice...

Claus pauses in a meta-moment--

CLAUS (cont'd)

Was that too much? Is this whole Santa villain-vibe too much?

ASHER

No, no, sir. It really works for you. I just think maybe--

Claus throws the crystal glass he was drinking from at him. It waylays a passing seagull with a squawk and splashes into the water.

Claus stares at Asher impatiently...

ASHER (cont'd)
What...?

CLAUS
Get me another fucking drink, you
asshole!

ASHER
Right.

Asher quickly fills another glass.

Claus mulls it over for a minute as Asher sways impatiently.

CLAUS
Find out everything you can on this
McCane fellow and bring it to me.

ASHER
Yessir.

Asher bows then quickly leaves out of the office.

Claus sits down in his large, leather chair, downs his
drink, then mixes a stiff vodka cranberry.

CLAUS
Let's get a little more... festive!

He takes a sip.

CLAUS (cont'd)
Poor little seagull... probably
gonna get eaten by a shark now.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

John stands before a bodega counter.

He stares at packs of cigarettes behind the SHOP OWNER.

SHOP OWNER
Sir?

John stares blankly.

SHOP OWNER (cont'd)
Sir? Can I help you?

John shakes out of it.

JOHN MCCANE
Uh, yeah, can I get a pack of--

A loud engine roars outside the bodega.

John looks over, walks away from the counter to the window.

Rudolf's Maserati revs its engine in front of the elegant skyrise.

John watches.

SHOP OWNER
Sir? What do you need?

John ignores the shop owner and sees Rudolf exit the condo and hop directly into the sports car ALONE.

John quickly runs out of the store as Rudolf roars off.

EXT./INT. TRANS AM - DAY

John quickly hops into his Trans Am, speeds off.

He follows behind Rudolf's Maserati at a distance. Rudolf weaves in and out of traffic as John keeps an eye on him. John turns on the radio.

Michael Bublé's cover of "Jingle Bell Rock" plays.

JOHN MCCANE
I fucking hate Michael "Bubble!"

He quickly turns the radio over to a different channel.

Another Christmas cover by Bublé plays.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
FUCK OFF!

He scans through bunch of garbage Christmas covers.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Kris Kringle on a fucking
cracker -- it's fucking New York
City for God's sake, where's the
Sinatra?

He turns off the radio.

Pulls yet another candy cane out of his pack.

Lobs it into his mouth.

Sucks on it feverishly.

Rudolf quickly dashes around a corner.

John reaches the corner and pulls around.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Trans Am pulls over onto the curb as Rudolf steps out of his Maserati and runs into a closed NIGHTCLUB--

One of those unmarked doors where you gotta know some trust-fund-fuck-face who pretends to be cool with some other hipsters just to know where the fucking place is... Meanwhile, mobsters are using it to do their laundry, lol.

John waits for the door to close then gets out of the car.

EXT. PRIVATE DOCKS - DAY

Claus' immaculate super yacht, parked at a private dock, sits idly with the waves as snow flurries from the sky.

A long plank with guard rails extends down to the dock.

Claus, in a festively high-end red winter jacket and his NINE HENCHMEN trot behind him down the plank to the dock where black SUVs wait for them.

The doors open, they get in and drive away.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

A lavish night club with all the lights dimmed. Clearly closed. Rudolf enters confidently past the bar.

A gaggle of FIVE HENCHMEN crowd around a table playing a loose round of Texas hold 'em.

Pistols strapped to their waists and some laid on the table.

RUDOLF

You guys need one more?

A HENCHMAN (30s) large, tattooed with a shaved head turns.

HENCHMAN

We'll gladly take your money.

HENCHMAN #2

You mean his daddy's money?

This puts Rudolf off.

RUDOLF

Make another joke like that, we'll
see if you don't end up in a barrel
at the bottom of the Hudson.

Everyone gets quiet as Rudolf pulls out a chair, sits down.

He quickly pulls out a wad of cash and slams it on the
table.

One of the smaller, less intimidating henchmen gets up from
the table and walks away.

HENCHMAN #3

Gonna have a smoke.

RUDOLF

Pussy! Don't wanna lose?

Rudolf laughs hysterically as he grabs the cards and
shuffles them terribly. They fly everywhere.

RUDOLF (cont'd)

Let's go!

They all look at him weirdly.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY

John, covertly with the duffle bag strapped to his back,
makes his way down an alleyway beside the club.

A door OPENS and one henchman exits into the alley way.

John hides behind a dumpster.

The henchmen lights his cigarette and turns away from him.

John quickly sneaks up behind him and WHAM--

Grabs him in a choke-hold.

JOHN MCCANE

Sleep little snow angel, sleep.

The henchman drifts away.

John puts him on the ground.

John's phone rings.

Frustrated, he answers it.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Kinda in the middle of some--

BUDDY (V.O.)
John, it's Buddy.

JOHN MCCANE
What do you want?

BUDDY (O.S.)
So, you know the perp you're
looking for?

JOHN MCCANE
What about him?

BUDDY (O.S.)
His dad... Uh, his dad's kind of a
big deal.

JOHN MCCANE
Do I sound like I give a fuck?

BUDDY (O.S.)
It's Claus Redmir.

John pauses.

He knows this name.

JOHN MCCANE
Are you sure?

BUDDY (O.S.)
Does Santa french kiss your mom
underneath the mistle--

John yells 'fuck' under his breath.

JOHN MCCANE
(to himself)
His name was on the logbook for a
shipment tonight.

BUDDY (O.S.)
Wait, you can't--

John hangs up on him and enters the night club.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Rudolf's laughter spreads through the empty club like a
hyena's bark. It reverberates off the walls.

John slyly, low to the ground, hides behind a side bar and watches the crew at the center of the club at the table.

RUDOLF

What did you get the tramps in your lives for Christmas, huh?

A henchmen puts in a bet. Holds his tongue.

HENCHMAN #2

Diamonds. Earrings.

RUDOLF

Stolen, no doubt -- on your salary.

An affected laugh taunts from Rudolf.

Henchman #1 tries to calm his bro down.

HENCHMAN #1

That's it? No big spending?

HENCHMAN #2

They were expensive!

Rudolf throws in a big bet.

The henchmen look down.

One by one they fold.

RUDOLF

None of you are gonna even be able to afford to ride the subway after this game.

Rudolf cackles. Dips a pinky nail into a cocaine container from his inside jacket pocket, taking a bump, just as--

John throws two SMOKE GRENADES into the club and puts a GRINCH BANDANNA over his face.

RUDOLF (cont'd)

What the fuck is that?

The smoke plumes out of the grenades as the henchmen get up from their seats and draw their guns.

Silence.

No footsteps.

The smoke fills the room.

RUDOLF (cont'd)
Somebody do something!? What the
fuck do I pay you for?!

Rudolf backs away from the table. They can't see anything.

The henchmen move into the smoke.

Rudolf sees them slowly disappear -- He pulls out a pistol.

INT. SMOKE - DAY

John ominously sings **Jingle Bell Rock** while discreetly maneuvering and attacking the henchmen one by one--

JOHN MCCANE
Jingle Bell...

A henchmen holds his pistol up when John kicks his legs from under him, he falls to the ground.

John sticks the knife in his chest then moves.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Jingle bell...

Another henchman lurks WHEN--

John rushes behind him from out of nowhere and snaps his neck.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Jingle bell rock!

The henchman crumbles to the ground.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Rudolf points the gun in the smoke.

RUDOLF
Do you have any idea who you're
fucking with!?

HENCHMAN #2
AHHHH!

Rudolf quickly turns and FIRES--

Silence again.

RUDOLF
Come on Mr. Grinch! Hiding in the
fog. Like a pus--

John rushes Rudolf and tackles him to the ground.

They wrestle in the smoke.

RUDOLF (cont'd)
Who -- who are you?! You're gonna
regret this you sonuva--

John punches him in the face.

JOHN MCCANE
It ain't Kris Kringle, fuck face!

Rudolf locks eyes with him in fear.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Didn't Rudolph have a red nose?

John rears back, then slams his fist into Rudy's nose --
breaking it as blood splatters.

He's out cold.

The smoke clears.

Bodies lay motionless on the floor.

John grabs Rudolf by the ankles and pulls him to the door.

Rudolf's phone slides out of his pocket then falls to the
ground as he's dragged out of the building.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

John hops in the Trans Am and pulls out a candy cane.

He sucks on it ferociously then SPEEDS off.

INT. SUV - DAY

Claus stares out the window at the city as it passes by.

Asher turns from the front seat as he hangs up his phone.

ASHER
Sir?

Claus turns and nods.

ASHER (cont'd)
We got that info you requested.

CLAUS
And?

ASHER
McCane is ex-special forces.
Divorced, Holly Halls -- well,
actually, it looks complicated.
Anyway, three tours in Iraq.
Decorated platoon leader. Came home
in twenty-fourteen after a
psychotic break during his last
month overseas. Joined the force
shortly--

CLAUS
How do you end up a cop after a
breakdown?

Asher shrugs.

ASHER
Don't think it's that hard to
become a cop, sir.

Claus shakes his head, frustrated.

CLAUS
Take me to my son.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The SUV turns a corner and the others follow quickly behind.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Claus' black SUV's arrive at Rudolf's penthouse.

They stop. The driver runs out and opens the door.

Claus elegantly steps out and enters the skysrise's lobby.

Claus smirks at ANGEL, the front desk woman. She frowns
back. Claus makes an immature face back at her.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Cocaine is everywhere. Claus walks through slowly and looks
at the state it's in.

CLAUS
 You give 'em everything they want,
 and you see what happens.

Asher enters from another room.

ASHER
 Doesn't seem to be here, sir.

Claus picks up a crystal vase and smashes it on the ground.

CLAUS
 FUCK!

Yara enters the apartment, confused as fuck.

YARA
 Uhhhh... hello?

Claus turns to her and approaches.

CLAUS
 Who are you?

Yara looks at Asher, checks him out then back at Claus.

YARA
 I'd like to know the same thing.

CLAUS
 Are you one of his hookers?

Offended, Yara slaps Claus, unaware of who he is.

Claus' lip slightly bleeds. He wipes the blood off then sucks on his finger like a small Christmas mint.

YARA
 I'm his girlfriend, I'll have you
 know.

CLAUS
 Big difference, dear.

Claus approaches her closely.

CLAUS (cont'd)
 I'd like to know where my son is.
 He's been quite the naughty boy, I
 hear and we've got some things to
 straighten out.

Yara realizes the power standing before her and inches back.

YARA

He left this afternoon. He said he was going to the club...

Claus looks to Asher who pulls out his cellphone and leaves.

Claus examines Yara closely. Her expensive outfit, white fur and over-the-top high heels.

CLAUS

You're definitely his type.

Claus walks past her to the door.

YARA

If you see him, could you tell him to bring home some egg nog?

Claus rolls his eyes, shakes his head and leaves.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

John speeds around construction vehicles through an industrial section of Bushwick, way out in Brooklyn, when a KNOCK behind him starts to bump the backseat.

JOHN MCCANE

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

John pulls over into an abandoned lot.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

No one around. The snow whisks through the air as John makes his way to the trunk of his car.

He opens it -- Rudolf KICKS him back.

John falls -- Rudolf attempts to run, hands tied, but John pulls out his pistol and shoots him directly in the ass.

He falls over.

Across the street, THREE HISPANIC CONSTRUCTION WORKERS eat their food out of aluminum foil containers. They watch silently, unflinching.

Rudolf cries like a two-year-old and rolls in the dirt and snow.

John gets up and walks over to him.

JOHN MCCANE
Whaddya tryin' to make a snow man?
Here, let me help you--

John gathers a snowball, pelting him in the face.

RUDOLF
Fuck you, man!

John drags his ass back to the car, throws him in the trunk but before he can close it, Rudolf looks at him.

RUDOLF (cont'd)
What the hell did I do to you,
man!?

John chuckles.

JOHN MCCANE
You fucked with the wrong scrooge,
pal.

John pistol whips him.

He drops into the trunk like a lump of coal. John slams the lid shut.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Claus and his sleigh of bodyguards walk around the nightclub.

They examine the bodies left behind.

DASH (30s), heavily armed -- and by armed I mean, his biceps make every shirt look like he bought it in the kids section at GAP -- approaches Claus and Asher.

DASH
Sir?

He holds two empty smoke grenades in his meaty hands.

Asher looks down at them, grabs one.

ASHER
You can't get these at Walmart.
These are military grade.

Claus clenches his teeth.

CLAUS

Does every fucking Christmas have
to be so god damn stressful?

PRENCER (30s) another heavily armed bodyguard, who looks
about as intelligent as a box of shortbread, pipes up.

PRENCER

Nothing worse than the lines at
Walmart.

They all look at him confused.

ASHER

What the fuck are you talking
about?

He shrugs.

CLAUS

You said McCane was ex-special
forces. It must be him. Who else
could it be?

DASH

Italians? Russians?

ASHER

Who do we have battles with right
now?

CLAUS

You're the one I pay to know these
things. It's not my fuckin' job to
be in the middle of a war.

Asher steps back.

ASHER

You're right, sir. Sorry, sir.

Claus steps toward the card table and sees Rudolf's wallet
placed in the center. Cash is everywhere. Chips, too.

Claus picks it up and opens it.

Inside, a small Polaroid photo of Claus and Rudolf but many
years ago when Rudolf was about ten-years-old, sitting on
his lap. The memory spreads a smile across Claus' face,
buried beneath his beard.

VICKINSON (30s), a slightly more slender bodyguard,
approaches with a PHONE in his hand.

VICKINSON

Boss?

He shows it to them. Claus grabs it and clicks the screen.

A photo of Rudolf and Yara pop up.

VICKINSON (cont'd)

He must've dropped it in the struggle.

ASHER

Well, that means we can't track him.

Claus drops the phone and breaks it under his black boots.

CLAUS

Find McCane, we find my son.

The bodyguards nod and leave Claus alone in the center of the nightclub. He paces slowly.

EXT. TOMANAKI PIER - DAY

A hectic scene as DOCK WORKERS scramble with Christmas decorations dangling from their arms.

A massive CROWD of families and citizens visit various food trucks, Christmas booths, etc.

It's a jerk off of an Xmas fest.

A large sign reads:

TOMANAKI CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA with MICHAEL BUBLÉ.

A nearly 100-foot Serbian Fraser Fur CHRISTMAS TREE floats in on the back of an massive freight barge to an open space in the dockyard.

We close in on HOLLY HALLS (30s), VIVICA A. FREAKIN' FOX, a native-New Yorker, cool and charismatic, boasting a tough exterior that'll only melt like an M&M for one man -- her estranged husband John.

She's surrounded by a group of COORDINATORS and LAURA THE ASSISTANT decked out in red and green. Everyone has name tags pinned on their uniforms, including Holly.

Holly eyes the tree arrival, noticing that it's already decorated with lights.

HOLLY

Okay, lights are on the tree. Thank God.

LAURA THE ASSISTANT

Isn't that unusual for a tree of that size to come pre-decorated--

Holly doesn't answer -- she's lost in an odd sight--

LAURA THE ASSISTANT (cont'd)

Miss Halls... Holly?

HOLLY

What? Yes, sorry it is... unusual. Something about a Serbian-special. But hey, it saves us some time.

Laura the assistant, played by the legendary AWKWAFINA! Nods like "Okay, crazy, sure -- puuuurfectly normal."

HOLLY (cont'd)

Okay, tree's here -- let's go people. It lights up at midnight whether we're ready or not. We've only got one chance to make a lifetime of memories for these fine folks.

Everyone around her nods when a HENCHMAN approaches.

HENCHMAN #4

Miss Halls?

She turns.

HOLLY

Yes?

HENCHMAN #4

Can I get a minute? It's about the tree.

She turns back to her helpers.

HOLLY

Alright, everyone back to work. Let's make this year's fest the biggest it's ever been!

She claps her hands then turns to the henchman.

HOLLY (cont'd)
Is there something wrong with the
tree?

HENCHMAN #4
No, ma'am. We're just going to need
more power for the ridiculous
amount of lights being set up.

Holly looks over his shoulder -- so does Laura.

She sees the tree and various henchmen unloading MYSTERIOUS
CASES from another, smaller transport truck.

A CRANE rolls in as more henchmen take straps and lock the
tree in place. They start pulling the tree off the truck.

It dangles in the air like a giant green hallmark
advertisement.

LAURA THE ASSISTANT
Pretty sure that's a group of
henchmen acting suspiciously. You
see that, right?

HOLLY
I think we'll be fine? The city
allowed us a connection to the main
power line here.

The henchman's eyes light up.

HENCHMAN #4
Oh... Then we're all good.

He sinisterly smiles.

HOLLY
Okay, well, chop-chop. Let's get
this thing up like a senior on
Cialis!

The henchman walks away toward the crew unloading the
mysterious cases. Holly looks at the successful festival
taking place before her.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John paces in his living room with a pistol in hand. He
kicks beer cans furiously with his feet.

Various muted yells come from the basement.

JOHN MCCANE
Shut the hell up down there!

He screams at the door but the muted yells continue, just as-- the front door bell rings.

John pauses -- remaining silent. Sliding back against the wall, staying out of window view...

As he inches closer, he hears VOICES SINGING--

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Oh, you gotta be fuckin' kidding
me?

He swings the door open aggressively, pistol in hand--

It's a group of **CHRISTMAS CAROLERS** -- he twirls the pistol around his finger with a maniacal smile...

The singing stops abruptly -- their mouths hanging open in shock--

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Do you know "Remain Silent Night!?"

They scam quickly.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
C'mon, no requests!?

He slams the door--

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Fuckin' assholes.

Heading toward--

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

--the basement, as he quickly runs down the stairs.

Rudolf, tied to a chair in the center of the basement, has the metal fork device strapped around his throat.

His head level backward, the metal fork placed under his chin with the other end resting near his throat just above his chest muscles.

He squirms carefully in place.

JOHN MCCANE

You do realize if you make any sudden moves that thing will go right through your mouth and stick you like a Christmas roast right?

Rudolf's eyes widen as he carefully speaks.

RUDOLF

I'm sorry.

John approaches.

JOHN MCCANE

What was that?

RUDOLF

Let me go.

JOHN MCCANE

I'm not letting you go.

RUDOLF

I didn't mean to kill her.

John huffs.

JOHN MCCANE

No one ever means to kill anybody.

RUDOLF

Please let me go.

JOHN MCCANE

You don't know what you've--

The door bell rings upstairs -- John huffs, rubbing his temples....

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

I swear to God if...

Takes a deep breath, then taps Rudolf on the nose with his pistol--

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Remember, don't move.

John turns and leaves the basement.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John slowly exits the basement and covertly inches toward the door as it rings AGAIN.

JOHN MCCANE
All I want for Christmas is some
(shouts)
PEACE AND QUIET...

Listens intently, sliding toward the door. He hears a soft humming... there's definitely a melody to it...

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
I swear if there's another jolly
group of jerkoffs out there, I'll
shoot 'em.

He bends down, crawls to the window and looks out.

It's Buddy -- humming **Here Comes Santa Claus**.

John relaxes, then gets up. He walks over to the door and opens it.

Buddy stands there with a stupidly eager smile, humming.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Your Christmas spirit almost got
you one in the ass, kid.

Confused, Buddy ignores him -- he's holding a rum cake. He offers it to John.

BUDDY
Thought you could use a pick-me-up.
It's rum cake. I think they use
real rum, so no driving after--

John slides his pistol in his belt.

JOHN MCCANE
Only thing I have rum with is
ice -- not flour.

BUDDY
It's also chocolate! Just try it,
it's tasty and gets you tipsy!

JOHN MCCANE
I'm kinda busy right now, pal.

Buddy pushes past him into the house. John reluctantly lets him in.

BUDDY

What are your plans tonight? Going
to the extravaganza? Hoping to...
deck the Halls with bodacious
Holly--

Buddy takes his coat off when a muted yell comes from the
basement. He pauses, drops his coat on the couch.

He looks around.

BUDDY (cont'd)

You didn't?

John averts eye contact and without speaking.

BUDDY (cont'd)

Oh come on, John.

Buddy paces.

BUDDY (cont'd)

If I knew that's what you were
going to do, I wouldn't have given
you the address!

John approaches him.

JOHN MCCANE

Kid, it's fine. I'm just gonna talk
to him.

Buddy looks down and notices blood on John's sleeve. He
points at it.

BUDDY

What is that then? Huh? Blood?

John rolls his sleeve up.

JOHN MCCANE

Cranberry sauce, jeez. You think
I'm an animal?

BUDDY

Yeah, and the only time I've ever
seen you and cranberry together --
is with vodka.

He stares at him.

BUDDY (cont'd)
 Don't play me like a fool, John.
 This isn't a Rebel SoulJahz music
 video... Do you understand me,
 John?

John stares blankly -- Buddy shakes his head, turns and goes
 to the basement.

JOHN MCCANE
 You don't wanna go down there!

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

John and Buddy stand before Rudolf who struggles to keep
 still as the fork device slightly pierces his skin.

BUDDY
 You really put us in a tough
 position here, John.

JOHN MCCANE
 Us?

BUDDY
 Well, we're partners right? Guess I
 have to cover you now. Partner code
 of--

JOHN MCCANE
 We're not partners.

Buddy looks at him, soured.

RUDOLF
 You're both going to die.

They look back at Rudolf. John approaches.

JOHN MCCANE
 I don't think you're in a position
 to talk right now, pal.

BUDDY
 We should let him go.

JOHN MCCANE
 Let him go? He killed my grandma!

BUDDY
 I know, I know. She was like
 seventy, though, right?
 (MORE)

BUDDY (cont'd)
It was probably going to happen
sooner or later.

JOHN MCCANE
That's not how partners speak to
each other.

Buddy gets excited hearing the word *partners*.

RUDOLF
My dad's not gonna let you get away
with this.

JOHN MCCANE
Oh, ya, big scary Serbian fellow,
Claus? What's he gonna do?

RUDOLF
Let me go and I'll tell you.

JOHN MCCANE
Tell me now, or I'll roast your
chestnuts over a fire.

John grabs the fork device and holds it steady. Rudolf
winces.

RUDOLF
He'll kill me if I tell you.

JOHN MCCANE
I'll kill you right now if you
don't.

John pulls out the pistol and points it at his balls.

BUDDY
Maybe we should take a minute to
breathe, John.

JOHN MCCANE
Fuck that.

John takes the safety off.

RUDOLF
Fine, fine! I'll tell you.

John puts the safety back on.

RUDOLF (cont'd)
Take this thing off and I'll tell
you.

Buddy quickly rushes in, looks at the device to figure out how to take it off, then looks at John.

BUDDY
Be reasonable, John.

John huffs, puts his hand at the back of Rudolf's neck and CLIPS the device off.

It falls into Rudolf's lap. He exhales with relief.

RUDOLF
Where did you even get that thing?

John steps away.

JOHN MCCANE
Medieval flea market... those medieval maidens get freaky at the flea market, let me tell ya--

RUDOLF
Really? That actually sounds pretty wild. Next time you're planning on going, let me kn--

Buddy chimes in--

BUDDY
Enough! We're trying to give the audience a serious moment here!

They all three turn TOWARD THE CAMERA:

BUDDY, JOHN & RUDY
Sorry!

Back to scene:

JOHN MCCANE
Now tell us!

Rudolf takes a breath as Buddy paces.

RUDOLF
Gonna be a big extravaganza at the dock, right? Michael Bubl , Christmas cheer... could be an *explosive* celebration....

BUDDY

I love Michael Bubl . A nice, warm bath, candles -- I call it a "Bubl  bath..." get it? Because of Michael Bubl  and bubble bath...

JOHN MCCANE

(to Buddy)

And, you were so close to being my partner...

Buddy shrugs.

BUDDY

What? He's got a great voi--

JOHN MCCANE

(to Buddy)

Don't you dare say it--

Buddy sees a giant poster of Frank Sinatra hanging on the wall--

BUDDY

Ohhhh.... I see now...

JOHN MCCANE

(to Rudolf)

What does this have to do with Claus?

RUDOLF

Well--

JOHN MCCANE

That's it! Claus' name was on the dock logbooks for a shipment tonight -- it's got something to do with that tree--

John pauses with terror.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

(to himself)

Shit, Holly's there...

BUDDY

Oooooooh, like what? Oh. Oh! Oh! I hope it's a MacGuffin! I love a tasty MacGuffin!

Buddy turns to Rudolf.

BUDDY (cont'd)
 Oh. Oh. Please, can it be a bio-
 MacGuffin. That would just be rad.

Rudolf looks at John. John shrugs indifferently.

RUDOLF
 Fine. It's a bio-MacGuffin.

BUDDY
 Yes!

Buddy does a "Kip from Napoleon Dynamite deep Yes-gesture"
 with his arm and fist.

A LOUD KNOCK at the door upstairs.

JOHN MCCANE
 Who the fuck is that now?

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE/BASEMENT - DAY

John slowly creeps out of the door and looks to the windows.

BIG HENCHMEN IN BLACK pass covertly.

John quickly closes the door as another LOUD KNOCK bangs.

He pokes his head down the stairwell.

BUDDY
 What is it?

JOHN MCCANE
 It's gonna get a little loud in
 here.

Rudolf smiles MASSIVELY, takes a big breath and--

RUDOLF
 HEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPP!!

Buddy quickly covers Rudolf's mouth but he bites his hand.

Buddy screeches.

BUDDY
 Mother fucker!

Buddy punches him, but it's a weak punch.

John closes the basement door WHEN--

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Three grenades fly through the windows, smashing them.

They roll onto the beer-stained carpet AND

BANG --- BANG --- BANG

All in succession, FLASHES of light go off.

John fall-runs down the staircase.

He looks to Buddy.

 JOHN MCCANE
Lever in the bookshelf. Second
shelf.

Buddy rushes over and pulls it.

 BUDDY
What now?

 JOHN MCCANE
Open it!

Buddy tries as hard as he can to pull open the bookshelf.

It swings open wide, a golden light pours out like a
treasure chest and he looks inside.

All the weapons REVEAL.

John gets up and runs into the cache.

He comes back out with a 12 gauge shotgun and motions for
Buddy to be quiet.

 RUDOLF
Heeeellllllpppppp!

John turns and KNOCKS Rudolf out.

Footsteps above

Tap

Tap

Tap

On the floor as it creeks.

John points the gun at the thin, exposed wooden ceiling AND
FIRES--

A body drops.

John winks at Buddy then makes his way up the stairs.

He hugs the wall, whispering to Buddy.

JOHN MCCANE
Grab the M16.

Buddy shakes his head "no."

John nods aggressively "YES!"

Buddy runs in and grabs the M16 as John moves down the steps
into the main area of the basement.

BULLETS FLY THROUGH THE DOOR.

John ducks as Buddy falls and hands him the gun.

The splatter of the bullets follows from the door, through
the floor and nearly to them.

John gets up and pushes Buddy into the cache.

He closes the door slightly then tackles Rudolf as the
bullet spray follows to them.

He hides them behind a dishwasher until--

IT STOPS.

Silence in the basement.

HENCHMAN #5 (O.S.)
I think we got them.

The door kicks in and falls down the stairs.

John looks over the dishwasher and aims his gun.

Boots step down--

John FIRES.

The henchman falls back down the stairs.

His gun goes off up the stairs.

Another body falls.

They roll down the stairs onto each other.

John pops out from behind the dishwasher and SNIPES the two dead to make sure.

He hides under the stairs.

Silence.

Buddy pokes his head out of the cache and sees the bodies.

He's horrified.

John motions for him to be silent and makes a stabbing motion to Buddy who quickly disappears in the cache.

Then reappears with a HATTORI HANZO samurai sword and a big smile--

John nods "NO!"

Buddy dives back in, reappearing with a WEED-EATER, and an even BIGGER smile--

John nods "NO -- WHAT ARE YOU AN IDIOT!?"

INT. WEAPONS CACHE - DAY

Buddy feverishly looks around and grabs two Bowie knives -- his smile drops to a neutral grimace.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Buddy looks out at John as men step down into the basement.

Buddy puts the knives on the ground and slides them to him.

John grabs them as Buddy hides in the cache.

The men step down the stairs and stop at the bodies

HENCHMAN #6
Not Dancer and Blitzer!

HENCHMAN #7
Where the hell is this--

John quickly grabs the railing and jumps in between the two men like a ninja.

He slices the men multiple times swiftly.

They scream in pain.

One points his gun at John.

John slices his hand.

He lets go of the gun.

John grabs the barrel and points it at the other man as he falls down the stairs onto the other bodies.

The sliced man pulls the trigger.

Three bodies pile up at the bottom

John pulls the barrel toward him.

He sticks out the knife as the man falls down.

He stabs him right up the stomach.

Blood spurts out of his mouth as Buddy pokes his head out again and sees John holding the body up with the knife in the man's gut. Blood streams out.

Buddy gags.

BUDDY

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. We're
getting alllll the coal this
year -- there'll be loads of it --
coal for breakfast -- brushing your
teeth with coal -- coal pillows...

John drops the body.

It slides down the steps.

Blood covers John's face.

He looks to Buddy who's distraught.

JOHN MCCANE

Don't you puke in my house.

Buddy holds it back.

BUDDY

Sorry.

John wipes his knife off on the body and walks over to Buddy who stands over Rudolf.

BUDDY (cont'd)
What are we gonna do with him?

Rudolf, sound asleep, snores like an medicated reindeer.

JOHN MCCANE
Leave him for their backup to find.

John enters the weapons cache as Buddy stands over Rudolf.

BUDDY
Wouldn't it be smart to bring him
along in case we need collateral?

John pauses, impressed.

JOHN MCCANE
Yes. Yes, it would...

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

John quickly runs across the yard with a bag full of weapons -- Buddy follows, laboriously dragging a black bag which is obviously Rudolf jammed inside.

Buddy mumbles to himself.

BUDDY
Collateral-schmattered.

Outside, a BLACK SUV sits empty.

BUDDY (cont'd)
Shouldn't we like slash the tires
or something in case they try to
follow us?

JOHN MCCANE
Hard to drive when you're dead...

Buddy offers an "whatever you say" shrug.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Where's your car?

Buddy points to a rusty, Honda Civic. John stops.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
That shit box?

BUDDY
I'm an I.T. guy. What do you think
my salary is?

John looks down the block -- he spots a WHITE PORSCHE and smiles mischievously--

He tosses the bag-o-Rudolf into the trunk of his Trans Am, tossing his keys to Buddy.

JOHN MCCANE

You take my ride -- meet me at Tomanaki Pier. Tell Holly to everything.

BUDDY

Everything? Even that time we went to Hooters for lunch and we--

JOHN MCCANE

Everything about the evil plan to blow up the city, asshole!

Buddy experiences an "Ohhhhhhh" moment -- then back to his overly-responsible self.

BUDDY

And just what in the Hellman's mayonnaise do you think you're gonna do, mister?

John spawns a devilish smirk that could melt snow.

JOHN MCCANE

A little Christmas shopping...

Buddy deep sighs with an "I know shit's about to get fucked up" eye-roll--

BUDDY

Okie dokie, let's hokey pokey.

He cocks his pistol like a badass, but then struggles to sheath it into his belt...

INT. WHITE PORSCHE - DAY

The vanity plates read: "FROSTY"

I know, I know, you're like, 'hey pal, what's the deal with all these cheesy-ass vanity plate jokes' -- it's called subtext and they make me happy, okay? BACK OFF, lol!

John takes a quick recon of the neighborhood, then smashes in the the driver-side window with his gun--

Slings himself in quickly--

JOHN MCCANE
Of course it's leather. Nice.

Hot-wires the car like everyone in movies are magically able to do -- and vroom-vroom we're off!

Just as John disappears fish-tailing around the corner...

A bloody henchman staggers from John's house...

Limping up to the Black SUV.

INT. FROSTY WHITE PORSCHE - MOMENTS LATER

John roars down the West Side Highway of New York City.

He fucks around with the gadgets inside the car--

A compartment pops open, revealing--

A PACK OF AMERICAN SPIRIT CIGARETTES.

John's eyes light up, eyeing the pack.

JOHN MCCANE
Organic, huh?

He packs the case against his palm like an old pro, steering the wheel with his knee.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Sounds like a cheat day to me.

He spears a cig in his mouth, pulling out his personal Zippo lighter from his pocket--

Looking at the engraving etched on it's surface:

"Congrats - 1 Year"

Extremely annoyed, he--

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Ah, sonuva bitch.

He tosses the cig and the pack out the window.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
It's a fucking good gift, Holly.
Too good--

Just as GUNSHOTS blow out the back glass!

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Holy shit, what the fuck!?

John ducks down, but doesn't slow down--

Checks the rearview mirror--

It's the bloody henchman in the black SUV.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
I fucking hate action movies, man.
They're never dead. Meanwhile, in
real life, you catch a cold and
wind up six feet under.

THROUGH THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR he looks directly at the
camera:

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
You got that, guy. Write better!

John zooms in and out of traffic--

The white Porsche looks rad--

Whipping in and around, narrowly missing other cars--

John fires back at the henchmen in pursuit--

It's a real shoot 'em up car chase!

Yet somehow, they keep missing each other.

The henchman, through bloody vision and grave injuries,
manages to expertly drive through traffic and continue
firing out his shattered front window--

Tossing guns aside as they run out of bullets--

But each time grabbing a new gun or a new clip!

It's MADNESS!!

John's pistol, however, never runs out of bullets!

THIS SCENE IS DEFINITELY MAKING IT TO THE MOVIE TRAILER--

Eventually, obstacles force them side-by-side--

They continue to dodge and fire at each other, until--

John shouts:

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
 Hey! Hey, wait just a sec, man!
 Hold up!

A couple more shots are exchanged until the henchman ceases fire also--

They race through the streets still side by side--

John continues to shout:

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
 Hey, listen pal. I'm all for this, really I am. But we're about to approach the mall exit, and if I survive all this, I gotta get my wife -- well, ex-- you know, that's not important -- it's complicated -- but, either way, I gotta get her a present or I'm a dead man either way, capeesh?

The henchman looks beyond confused:

HENCHMAN
 Are you serious, man?

JOHN MCCANE
 Did you not fucking hear me man? I said my wife's gonna kill me if I don't get her a present. She said we're not exchanging this year, but you know that's a trap as well as I do--

The henchman relaxes.

HENCHMAN
 I thought when they said no presents, that means we're off the hook?

JOHN MCCANE
 C'mon, man. You're not that stupid.

HENCHMAN
 Okay, okay. Maybe you're right.

JOHN MCCANE
 Of course I'm fucking right, man. I've been divorced twice. You eventually learn these things.

HENCHMAN

Okay, so a truce until after we buy gifts? Then, you know--

Holds up his gun, gesturing--

HENCHMAN (cont'd)

More bang-bang.

JOHN MCCANE

Yeah, something like that.

HENCHMAN

Okay, so what exit is it? I'm not familiar with the area -- you know what, I'll just follow you--

The henchman slows down, and veers behind John in the white Porsche.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL - LATER

John carries a small jewelry box toward the checkout line, but veers through the "isle of perfumes..."

Immediately, he's surrounded by the coquettish haberdashers of fragrance...

Like a hypnotized sailor, lured by the Greek Sirens of yore--

CUE THE FLASHY AND FRENZIED MONTAGE:

--He's swallowed into an array of SPRITZING and ALLURING GAZES...

--Provocative eyes

--Sensual smirks

--Sensual sales people of all ages, colors, shapes, genders and non-binaries float in with one thing in common...

A fierce awareness that their paychecks work by commission.

The last puff of eau de toilette flushes his sanity:

CUE THE HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE:

GRANDMA'S FACE appears on a youthful saleswoman's body...

It's very strange and unnerving, but her sweet voice soothes:

GRANDMA

My sweet little candy cane. I sure do miss you. I wish I could just squeeze you right now. Maybe some day, but not too soon, okay. You're a fine young man, and Holly needs you. Her heart needs you. More than you realize. I know you have the courage to release your pride. Ask her for forgiveness and show her patience and kindness. And be sure to tell her you're sorry! But, the hardest part will be forgiving yourself. I know my little Johnny Candy Cane can do that, though. I miss you and love you so much.

John begins to regain reality, snaps out of the daze.

Is he crying, or are his eyes just watery from the onslaught of perfume gassed directly into his sight-holes -- You be the judge ;)

GRANDMA (cont'd)

I have to go now. Remember I'll always love you no matter what. Goodbye, my sweet little grandson...

FROM OFF CAMERA, ALINE BROSH MCKENNA THE DIRECTOR YELLS:

ALINE BROSH MCKENNA (V.O.)

Cut!

The Assistant Director jumps on set, shows Betty White a modified script. They discuss briefly, we hear her say:

BETTY WHITE

And we got clearance for that?

The A.D. nods yes, rushing off camera. Betty rehearses under her breath for a beat, then:

ALINE BROSH MCKENNA

Back to ones. Ready, Betty?

BETTY WHITE

Betty ready!

ALINE BROSH MCKENNA

And... action!

GRANDMA

I have to go now. I'll always love you no matter what. Goodbye, my sweet little grandson... and remember... "With you always, the Yippie Ki Yay will be -- now go KICK SOME ASS!

ALINE BROSH MCKENNA

Cut! That was incredible, Betty.

OFF CAMERA, Bruce Willis chugs a cigarette, drops it into his assistants coffee, shakes his jaws whimsically like Boss Nass of the Gungans, then steps onset IN CHARACTER as John--

Into the middle of a long checkout line. Deep sighs with annoyance.

He notices in the line next to him, is the henchman from the car chase--

They nod casually at each other.

John checks the time on his phone anxiously, just as--

CRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSSSHHH!!!

The henchman TACKLES him through the front glass window display! They splatter onto the sidewalk along with decorative elves and reindeer.

JOHN MCCANE

What the hell, bro. We had a deal!?

John NOTICES something behind the henchman.

HENCHMAN

I hate waiting in those lines, so I figured why the hell not. Plus, we didn't have to pay for our purchases... times are tough, my frien--

A HORSE-DRAWN HANSOM CAB decorated as a **ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH** gallops by--

John hooks an arm onto the carriage rail and jumps into the carriage--

Pretty convenient, huh?

It's empty, aside from a giant **Santa bag** of Christmas gifts.

JOHN MCCANE
Tomanaki Pier and step on it!

The PUERTO-RICAN-FROM-THE-BRONX DRIVER freaks out--

RICH THE DRIVER
What the hell man, today's my first
day!

JOHN MCCANE
NYPD -- just keep driving!

The henchman gives chase on foot, gaining on him pretty
easily.

John feels for his gun, but he's unarmed.

He looks around -- sees the gifts.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
C'mon, John. Don't be that asshole.

Suddenly a bullet flies by his head -- it's the henchman,
running and shooting at him.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Fuck it.

John starts throwing out the Christmas gifts one by one,
aiming at the henchmen.

Hitting him a couple times. Tripping him up a couple times.

But the bullets still fly.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Can't this thing go any faster,
pal?

DRIVER
We've only got one-horse power!

JOHN MCCANE
Well, think of something or we're
both fucked!

INSIDE AN SUV PASSING BY THE SCENE:

A MOTHER drives, with her little BOY in the passenger seat.
The little boy watches John in the sleigh "deliver presents"
to the henchman's face.

LITTLE BOY

Look mom, it's Santa delivering presents!

The mom is checked out and obviously depressed with tired bags under her eyes.

MOM

I'm sorry to say son, but Santa isn't real -- but you know what is real? Daddy kissing Maria under the mistletoe at the office -- that's real. And that's why daddy won't be coming home for Christmas this year, okay honey?

The boy frowns, staring at John tossing presents wildly...

BACK TO JOHN IN THE ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH:

The driver jumps onto the horse, unhitching it from the sleigh-carriage, and rides off!

The carriage slows quickly -- John looks up -- as the driver disappears around a corner on horseback.

JOHN MCCANE

Fuck me.

The carriage stops, John turns to leap out--

But the henchman is waiting, gun pointed at his face.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Wanna tell me what you want for Christmas--

The henchman pistol whips John out cold. Quickly hailing a TAXI CAB while holding John--

They duck in--

HENCHMAN (V.O.)

Tomanaki Pier.

INT. TOMANAKI PIER - LATER

Buddy rushes through the crowd, searching for Holly.

He spots her, approaching intently.

BUDDY

Holly. Holly! Hey, Holly!! My name's, Buddy, I work with your husban-- ex-husb -- baby daddy?

Holly is beyond busy:

--Commanding a league of departments over her ear-buds.

--Orchestrating a hundred tasks with assertive charisma and experience.

HOLLY

Fifteen minutes 'til midnight, people, when we light up the Hudson! Or, all our hard work is for nothing. Let's go, let's go, let's go.

Buddy rushes to Holly, nearly falling into her.

HOLLY (cont'd)

Whoa, buddy. Take it easy. How about you watch where you're going, huh pal?

Buddy is wrongly flattered.

BUDDY

You know my name? John must have been talking about me. You know, he pretends to be this asshole but deep down inside he's really--

HOLLY

Listen, pal. I'm very busy. Not to be rude, but I have no idea who you are and I don't have time for this.

BUDDY

Please, just listen. It's very important. My name is Buddy. I work with your -- I work with John. We don't have much time -- he says I gotta get you outta here right now. Everybody's gotta leave right away -- well, except Michael Publ . He really hates him, I'm not sure why.

Holly answers questions and gives orders to several bustling workers coming and going. They have to shout over the crowd noise.

HOLLY

What? I don't understand? John says he wants me to leave? I can't leave. We're ten minutes from the biggest Christmas event in the world. Why would he want me to leave?

BUDDY

It's a long story, we don't have time for that right now. But, he says he wanted me to stare at your ass--

She cocks her head with "excuse me?"

BUDDY (cont'd)

No, I'm sorry, I mean, I don't want to stare at your ass...

She frowns with "need a shovel" Buddy?

BUDDY (cont'd)

Look, I'm sure you have a perfectly lovely bum, it's just that he thinks there's something--

HOLLY

(under her breath)

Jesus, John. Some things will never change... you know how important this night is for my job...

Buddy takes a deep breath.

BUDDY

(to himself)

C'mon, Buddy, you can do this.

You're NYPD...

(insecure beat)

...IT department...

Chins up, acts tough.

BUDDY (cont'd)

(to himself)

No. I AM NYPD.

Confidently, to Holly:

BUDDY (cont'd)

Listen -- John says you gotta get everyone outta here--

She respects his tone.

HOLLY

Why?

BUDDY

We don't exactly know yet, but we've been chasing these Serbian mafiosos, I think mafioso is the correct terminology, well, it's fun to say at least, mafioso... nevertheless, they're lead by this guy named Claus Redmir--

HOLLY

Claus Redmir? He's one of the most wanted men in the world--

BUDDY

Exactly! And we believe there's something terrible gonna happen on Tomanaki Pier regarding the Christmas Tree--

The words "CHRISTMAS TREE" strike her with epiphany...

WE COULD ONLY AFFORD SPIELBERG FOR ONE SHOT -- HE DOLLY ZOOMS TO HOLLY'S FACE -- AKA THE "JAWS SHOT."

**CINEMA HISTORY NOTE: We also know that Alfred Hitchcock's 2nd unit cinematographer is believed to be the inventor.*

But, he's not really around to accept work, but c'mon -- WE GOT SPIELBERG!!

So, we DOLLY ZOOM toward Holly's face stricken with fear -- She makes Martin Brody proud.

Her eyes tell us everything. She knows everyone is in incredible danger.

CUT TO A QUICK FLASHBACK:

--Upon the tree's arrival earlier, Holly remembers noticing the henchmen removing MYSTERIOUS CASES.

--Several of the men make jokes with EXPLOSION HAND GESTURES.

--She watches as they deliver them across the street into the GRUBER TOWER.

BACK TO REALITY:

Holly's hero shot as she stare off in the distance:

HOLLY
(epic)
Not in my neighborhood.

Hold a beat for her action pose--

Then Holly pulls her assistant in close and whispers firmly:

HOLLY (cont'd)
Get everyone off the pier -- NOW!

LAURA THE ASSISTANT
What? That's insa--

HOLLY
Trust me. I know it sounds insane.
You won't be to blame, but I need
you to get everyone outta here
now-- and try to do it calmly but
swiftly...

LAURA THE ASSISTANT
Okay, but everyone is gonna hate
me.

Holly turns to Buddy.

HOLLY
Where the hell is John?

Buddy plays coy.

BUDDY
I don't know, he's definitely not
last minute Christmas shopping for
a certain special someone. Wink,
wink. Nudge, nudge. I really hope
you two get back--

Holly glares at him.

HOLLY
Um, hello. The fate of all these
people and I'm assuming the entire
city rests in our hands... mind
taking this a bit more serious?

BUDDY
Oh, right. Yes, sir. I mean ma'am.
Um, yes, right-oh.

HOLLY

I'm going across the street to check something out, okay. Whenever you figure out where John is, have him call me.

BUDDY

Okay, what's your celly?

HOLLY

Obviously he has it.

BUDDY

I meant for me. I send great gifs.

HOLLY

No.

BUDDY

But, what if I can't find John and you're in danger? Then what, huh. You'll wish you had a nice gif to cheer you up.

HOLLY

Fine. But only for emergencies --
Nine-one-seven eight-six-seven
five-three-oh-nine...

Buddy types her number into his phone.

BUDDY

I got it. I got it. Eight-six-seven
five-three-oh-nine...

Holly rolls her eyes and begins to leave, as Buddy hums:

BUDDY (cont'd)

Eight-six-seven five-three-oh--

Buddy shouts to Holly.

BUDDY (cont'd)

Oh, snickerdoodles, I almost forgot! Wait, Holly!

Holly turns.

HOLLY

What!?

BUDDY

Can I use your tech-command center?
I wanna check my email.

(MORE)

BUDDY (cont'd)
I'm waiting on call-back for an
audition I really want.

HOLLY
Tech center? This is a tree
lighting event -- we just flip a
switch--

BUDDY
What about one of those Apple Urban
portals?

HOLLY
Why don't you just use your phone?

BUDDY
Work phone. They track all your
search history and activity.
Believe me, that's why they pay me
the big bucks as the IT guy. You
should really be sure to separate
your personal and work lif--

She's not interested.

BUDDY (cont'd)
It's just that I'm a part-time
actor and if I landed a lead role
I'd totally quit the force, but I
don't want them thinking it affects
my work.

Holly gestures across the block to an illuminated TABLET
BOOTH with an Apple Logo.

BUDDY (cont'd)
Nice.

Holly sprints toward the Gruber skyrise just across the
street as Buddy jogs awkwardly toward the Apple Urban
Portal.

EXT./INT. GRUBER SKYRISE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Holly enters just as BLACK SUV pulls up to the valet.

Claus and several henchmen empty out, talking amongst
themselves.

INT. GRUBER SKYRISE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Holly approaches the front desk, but no one is working...

Where's Angel I wonder...

She looks around, stepping behind the counter--

Rummages some papers on the desk...

Peeks into an ajar door just behind the counter, where she sees:

A DEAD WOMAN IN A FRONT DESK UNIFORM.

Holly gasps.

She kneels, looking the woman over--

Noticing a NAME TAG nearly ripped off her chest pocket that reads:

ANGEL - GRUBER TOWERS

Just as -- VOICES echo behind her in the lobby.

Holly pockets the name tag and swiftly steps out of the office, ducking into a nearby hallway--

There's two sets of elevators. She quickly presses the down buttons on both, just as--

Claus appears, with his henchmen.

Holly swallows a big lump in her throat, but remains the ice cold New Yorker she is...

Claus and crew stand behind her, all waiting for the elevator.

Claus eyes her casually.

She feels him looking from the corner of her eye.

A henchman stares at her ass--

I mean it IS Vivica...

She can sense that too -- call it intuition.

HOLLY

Get anything nice for your wife?

We see he has a wedding ring on, as he pockets that hand.

HENCHMAN

Yeah. Diamonds.

She fidgets with something on her front pocket we don't see while breaking the ice.

HOLLY
A girl's best friend.

Silence again, until--

PING.

The elevator arrives.

She steps in, toward the back -- doesn't press a floor button...

Forcing them to stand in front of her as they--

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

File into the elevator.

CLAUS
So, how long have you worked for
the building, Angel...

We see that she's SWITCHED her name tag for the dead front desk woman's.

HOLLY
I'm new.

Holly watches the elevator doors close.

CLAUS
What floor?

HOLLY
Fifty-two.

CLAUS
Oh, we're gonna be elevator
buddies...

Claus presses the button.

HOLLY
Just making my rounds.

CLAUS
Up, up and away we go...

Holly notices a couple of the henchmen have concealed weapons half-way hidden in straps and holsters.

CLAUS (cont'd)
Like the star at the top of the
tree...

She takes another deep breath.

CLAUS (cont'd)
There was another woman who used to
work here, I forget her name,
whatever happened to her.

HOLLY
She took some time off, you know,
needed to get off her feet.

Claus chuckles....

The henchmen try to keep their eyes straight forward.

Holly's tense, but poised. She's VERY AWARE of the numbers
rising... 46... 47...

CLAUS
You know, you look very familiar...

HOLLY
Yeah, I get that a lot from guys
who aren't that creative...

Clause laughs sinisterly, almost savoring the moment.

The buttons rise... 48... 49...

CLAUS
No, it was more like a mugshot...

A bead of sweat curls down her temple...

50... 51...

CLAUS (cont'd)
In the file of a piece of shit New
York cop--

PING! 52ND FLOOR!

CLAUS (cont'd)
That killed my son!

The elevator doors open!

Claus turns toward her, commanding the henchmen--

CLAUS (cont'd)

Kill her!

As he steps out of the elevator.

The henchmen pull guns, but--

Holly smiles seductively... they hesitate--

Whew... I mean it IS Vivica!

HOLLY

Gentlemen, I think we can think of something to change your min--

Suddenly, Holly spins into a badass round-house kick that knocks one of them out cold--

Remember that picture hanging in John's locker at the precinct? Her in karate suit taking lessons from Chuck Norris -- yeah, that Chuck Norris!

He falls, shooting the second henchman--

The third guy takes cover as the bullets fly...

Allowing Holly to flee the elevator onto the rooftop.

EXT. GRUBER TOWER ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Claus commands an additional set of henchmen (*isn't there always*) to set up the bio-weapon.

They begin unpacking the mysterious cases.

CLAUS

This MacGuffin better be worthwile... I lost the receipt so I can't take it back. They'll only give me store credit, and that really jingles my bells.

Holly hides nearby and listens to his MASTER PLAN, while noticing Claus' **SHINY RED HELICOPTER** nearby.

HOLLY

(to herself)

Not a bad whip for a white boy.

CLAUS

After we blow up the Christmas tree we will then release the toxic bio-MacGuffin!

Well, whaddya know -- the villain is sharing his plan with us!

Holly's phone BEEPS with a text notification from Buddy.

HOLLY

Shit! You're gonna get my halls
decked, Buddy.

She scrambles to silence it.

The villainous group snaps their heads toward the sound.

Prencer, mister shortbread himself, displays his trigger happy tendencies, spraying bullets in that vicinity.

CLAUS

(loudly, to Prencer)

Enough!

(shouts toward Holly)

Everyone knows to always keep your
phone on do not disturb during a
movie. Rookie mistake... Miss Holly
Halls...

Beat.

CLAUS (cont'd)

(to henchmen)

I want... her... alive. It seems
John McCane and I are now secret
Santas, since he gave me the the
gift of killing my son, I must
present him... with... my...
present -- killing his wife in
front of his very eyes.

The henchmen trot off to toward the direction of the sound.

They turn the corner where Holly is, aiming their guns,
but--

She's gone.

Holly runs through the rooftop sections, bent down, ducking
low while speaking softly on her phone:

HOLLY

Listen to me, Buddy. I'm on the
roof of Gruber Tower. They're gonna
blow up the tree as a distraction.
Get everybody outta there. They got
some bio-weapon up here they're
gonna set off.

BUDDY

Oh, wow! The MacGuffin. How exciting!

HOLLY

What? Buddy, listen to me, this is serious stuff -- Did you get a hold of John?

BUDDY

No, dang it. He still hasn't answered.

HOLLY

I don't care, Buddy. Call my assistant. Make sure to get everyone off of the pier. Tell anyone who'll listen.

Bullets whiz by her head.

HOLLY (cont'd)

I gotta go. Keep your phone on you.

BUDDY

Holly...

HOLLY

Yeah, what? I'm sorta busy here trying not to be dead, and you know, save the city--

BUDDY

Let's be serious. Everyone always has their phones on them... no matter what they say.

Click. Holly hangs up on him.

The henchmen unleash an assault of hellfire toward Holly who narrowly dodges, tucks and rolls behind a corner.

SHE TURNS TO THE CAMERA, a pissed smirk on her face:

HOLLY

(to camera)

Wait a second... I see what you're doing here, guy. A little role reversal? Okay, okay, I see you. Respect -- but do you know how long I spent in hair and makeup this morning? And my edges are looking nice!

(MORE)

HOLLY (cont'd)
 Now you're tossing me around like a
 mangled wreath, chasing these fools
 up fifty stories to the rooftop
 just like in Die Har -- wait --
 you're not gonna have me -- don't
 you even think about it, guy. It's
 just ink to you, but I'm--

--bullets riddle the wall next to her, knocking loose
 several LARGE METAL CANDY CANE decorations...

HOLLY (cont'd)
 (to camera)
 Come on, guy. Don't do it! Can you
 hear me, bro!?

Bullets continue to fly her way.

She notices something behind the fallen candy cane decor:

IT'S A SHITLOAD OF C-4.

HOLLY (cont'd)
 (to herself)
 Shit. Shit. Shit! Of course they're
 gonna blow up the roof. Every
 fucking bad guy's gotta blow up the
 fucking roof.

Holly peeks around the corner, toward the oncoming henchmen.
 Bullets crack the wall near her face.

VICKINSON
 Claus said alive, Prencer!

PRENCER
 But we're approaching the third
 act. We gotta make it look good for
 the audience.

VICKINSON
 What the fuck are you talking
 about? Did you eat a lot of fruit
 cake as a kid?

PRENCER
 Yeah, why. It's really tasty.

Vickinson just laughs to himself, shaking his head.

EXT. TABLET BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy tries to call Holly's assistant -- the line rings and rings with no answer...

BUDDY
C'mon, c'mon. Pick up!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMANAKI PIER - SAME

Laura the assistant struggles to get her earbuds and phone synced up as the new person in charge -- totally missing Buddy's call...

EXT. GRUBER TOWER ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Holly crouches in a shadow on the rooftop.

HOLLY
(to herself)
Okay... think, Holly. This writer's just a hack. A ripoff.

Beat.

HOLLY (cont'd)
I didn't see any fire-hoses. And there ain't no taxis in the sky--

Just then -- a FLYING SECURITY DRONE rises into view, zooms toward Holly, then stops and hovers just over the skyscraper's edge.

HOLLY (cont'd)
Would you look at that. They even got robot pigeons on this castle.

The drone scans her, and warns:

DRONE
Attention trespasser. I am aerial security for Gruber Tower. State your name and remain in position until a security officer arrives.

HOLLY
Yeah, great. Call security! Why are you talking to me you dumb toaster?
(MORE)

HOLLY (cont'd)
 What about these wish-they-were-
 macho-men decorating your precious
 building with lead instead of
 tinsel, huh?

An onslaught of bullets slam into the drone, nearly blowing it to pieces--

It falls fast, short-circuiting with fits of power, control and balance, zig-zagging down toward the pier across the avenue--

Holly glances over the ledge, watching its descent curiously -- as another SECURITY DRONE FLIES UP.

SECOND DRONE
 I am an aerial security drone.
 State your na--

Holly slides down the wall, exhausted... but brewing a plan.
 Takes out her cell phone, dials...

BACK TO THE HENCHMEN:

We hear Claus on their walkies:

CLAUS
 (over walkie)
 Never mind Miss Halls -- Get back here now and finish the set-up. We haven't much time 'til the wonderful Christmas celebration...

The henchmen stop just around the corner from Holly -- and turn back.

We see Holly talking quietly on the phone to SOMEONE...

...while grabbing some of the C-4.

The henchmen trot back to Claus.

CLAUS (cont'd)
 Well, we're running out of time it seems. What a pity. But, since John McCane loves this disgusting city so much, he won't mind a little romantic scavenger hunt to pick up the pieces of his wife after we blown her to bits.

EXT. TABLET BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Essentially, it looks like a six-foot-high iPhone.

Touch screens on both sides with internet access--

But, there's an OLDER COUPLE, dressed in **SEXY ELF COSTUMES** swiping through SWINGR, a dating app for swingers, and several TEEN GIRLS doing dance choreography live on Tik Tok.

Buddy thinks. Leans in, watching the screen with them.

BUDDY

So, how about that orgy, huh.

OLD MAN IN ELF COSTUME

Get lost, buddy--

A sexy Santa ON SCREEN starts undressing....

OLD WOMAN IN ELF COSTUME

Take it off. TAKE IT OFF!

Buddy covers his eyes... then peaks through them...

BUDDY

That is *NOT* a candy cane...

Buddy blushes, then swivels around to the Tik Tok teens.

They look at him weirdly.

TEEN GIRL

Get lost, perv.

Buddy smirks maliciously, then SHOUTS:

BUDDY

RRRAAAAAATTTTTTT!!!!!!

The girls squeal and flee.

Some things never change, lol.

Buddy quickly does some serious MATRIX SHIT on the touchscreen and hacks into the GRUBER TOWER security mainframe.

EXT. GRUBER TOWER ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Gunfire has ceased. It's quiet -- TO THE CAMERA:

HOLLY

(to camera)

A little too quiet if you ask me.
 What the hell are you gonna do now,
 huh guy? I swear to Kris Kringle if
 you make me bust my Spanx--

Little green lights ping to life on all the wireless
 antennas connected to the C-4 explosive strung around the
 rooftop like Christmas lights at a trailer park.

HOLLY (cont'd)

Oh, no... C'mon, Buddy, I'm
 counting on you. Lord knows I'm not
 gonna wait for this writer to come
 up with some pea-brain bullshit for
 me to do...

Beat.

HOLLY (cont'd)

No offense to you fine folks out in
 the theater's audience, I know this
 type of blockbuster goes great with
 popcorn, but I'm getting too old
 for this shit -- shout-out to the
 king Danny Glover.

Holly checks her phone waiting for a text. Nothing shows up.
 But we see the time: 11:57

She looks around the rooftop edges.

HOLLY (cont'd)

C'mon, c'mon. Where the hell are
 ya, you little flying turtle dove.

BACK WITH LAURA THE ASSISTANT AT THE PIER:

The scene is madness.

Laura the assistant is desperately trying to usher the crowd
 away from the tree--

While still trying to manage the earbud and phone
 situation -- catching moments of what Buddy is saying over
 her headset.

BUDDY (V.O.)

Hello? Can you hear me? Get
 everyone outta there! The tree is
 gonna--

She drops an earbud. Juggles and struggles to catch it.

LAURA THE ASSISTANT
I know, I know! I'm trying!

There's a giant COUNTDOWN CLOCK. The crowd chants:

CROWD
Four... three...

INTERCUT TWO SHOTS:

--Holly leaning over the Gruber Tower's rooftop ledge looking down at the tree and Tomanaki Pier:

HOLLY
Oh... no...

--Buddy hacking into the matrix at the Apple Portal, turning gravely toward the tree across the street:

BUDDY
Well stuff my stockings...

THEN BACK TO LAURA THE ASSISTANT'S FACE:

LAURA THE ASSISTANT
I have no idea what's going on...

CROWD
Two... one...

Boom.

The tree lights up... WITHOUT AN EXPLOSION, but--

Some of the lights on the tree are malfunctioning.

The crowd ERUPTS IN CHEER, and then instantly dwindles into concern and disappointment.

Laura the assistant is finally gaining control of the situation, and inquires via her earbuds:

LAURA THE ASSISTANT
Bill Clay, do you copy? What the hell is happening over there.

We INTERCUT between Laura the assistant's and Bill's location:

Bill -- high up on crane, diagnosing the broken lights wrapped around the massive tree:

BILL CLAY
Who the hell is this? Where's Miss
Halls.

ASSISTANT
This is Laura the assis-- No, this
is just Laura... I'm in charge now.

Laura's HERO MOMENT.

BILL CLAY
Whatever. The light bulbs seem to
have something wrong with 'em. The
tops are falling off.

A NYPD COP observing the situation picks up one of the
fallen lights from the tree off the ground. He looks at a
mysterious substance inside the bulb around the fuse.

He smells it. Tastes it.

*Of course, that's what anyone would do to a mysterious
goo...taste it right?*

COP
That tastes like... C-4...

Bill Clay shouts down.

BILL CLAY
(softly)
Well, what is it? Is it better than
a jelly donut?

Chuckles to himself.

COP
I think it's C-4... or some
similar...

BACK TO LAURA THE ASSISTAN-- I MEAN JUST LAURA:

Through her earbuds, she OVER HEARS the cop say:

COP
...explosive substance. Where'd you
say these lights came from?

Laura's face drops...

LAURA
THERE'S A BOMB IN THE TREE!!!!

EXT. GRUBER TOWER ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Claus and the henchmen get in the helicopter and begin to lift off.

As they rise up, Claus looks down at Holly...

Holly looks up at him, they lock eyes.

Claus removes a detonator from inside his red jacket.

Holly blows him a goodbye kiss... as Claus shouts down:

CLAUS
Merry Christmas to all...

Holly picks up one of the large, metal Candy Cane decorations and starts sprinting as fast as she can--

Directly toward the edge of the rooftop.

CLAUS (cont'd)
...and to all a good night.

Claus clicks the detonator--

The sound of the C-4 wireless antennas receiving the transmission contorts Claus' face like a badly wrapped Christmas gift--

Beneath the helicopter, the C-4 is crudely attached...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM-SHAKALAKA!!!!

The helicopter EXPLODES--

Just as Holly--

LEAPS OFF THE ROOFTOP!

CUT TO:

BUDDY AT THE TABLET BOOTH - SAME TIME

Buddy has hacked the Gruber Tower security system and is manually controlling the AERIAL DRONE. On the giant screen, we see the live video of Holly leaping off the roof, falling down towards the drone--

HOLLY
(on screen, shouting)
Buddy, you better catch me!!!

BACK WITH HOLLY FALLING THROUGH THE AIR--

Holly hooks the candy cane around the drone with a swinging grab-catch.

HOLLY
YESSS!!!

It's an EPIC HERO MOMENT! As she flies she TURNS TO CAMERA:

HOLLY (cont'd)
So much for the tinsel in distress.

Winks.

INTERCUT WITH BUDDY AT THE TABLET BOOTH:

Buddy flies Holly swiftly toward the pier. On the screen we see thousands of people fleeing--

In the midst of the crowd, we see the henchman escorting John at gun point--

And for some reason, Michael Bubl  is STILL singing...

BACK WITH HOLLY, FLYING TOWARD JOHN:

HOLLY
There's John! Take me lower!

BUDDY (V.O.)
I see him!

Buddy navigates the drone and Holly down toward John whom she grabs with one arm, scooping him up, just as--

THE TREE EXXXXPLOOOOOOOODDDESSSS!!!

Michael Bubl  bursts into flames as he sings his final song, Silent Night:

MICHAEL BUBL 
Alllllll issssss brrrrriiii--ahhhhhh!

BACK WITH BUDDY AT THE TABLET BOOTH:

A GIANT BALL OF FIRE consumes the screen -- which turns to static -- and loses signal --

BUDDY

No!!!

He sprints toward the pier.

EXT. TOMANAKI PIER - MOMENTS LATER

Ornaments and tinsel shreds fall from the sky like snow.

The pier looks like, well, it looks like what you'd expect if a Serbian terrorist group decorated a hundred foot tree with C-4 and blew the mother fucker up!

Shards of Christmas decorations are scattered everywhere.

Sirens wail. Cop cars slide into formation.

Ambulances and fire trucks break through the wreckage, beginning to address the wounded and dead.

There's an eerie silence without our heroes...

Buddy runs up.

BUDDY

John!? Holly!? Mr. Bublé!?

He rushes a police officer. They try and stop him from entering the scene.

Buddy flashes his badge with a bit more confidence than we've seen from him thus far.

BUDDY (cont'd)

It's okay, I'm NYPD...

--Fake coughs--

BUDDY (cont'd)

IT Department...

--Ahem. Cough--

BUDDY (cont'd)

So, basically, we're like partners, if you will... or brothers...

The cop isn't glistening with glee.

BUDDY (cont'd)
 Have you seen my pal, John? Chews
 on a candy cane, got like a, 'I'm
 always pissed off for no reason'
 type of charm...

The cop shrugs him off.

Buddy sifts through the wreckage. Flaming garbage and tree
 limbs floating in the water...

BUDDY (cont'd)
 John! John!? C'mon man, this is
 gonna be such a cool story at the
 precinct. Those guys won't be able
 to call us names anymore! We'll be
 just like -- well, they don't
 really make these kinds of movies
 anymore, so the reference here
 would be sorta dated, but that
 doesn't matter! John! Hope you're
 not dead!! Holly -- you're such a
 badass! Come on! There's a good
 chance we could go viral! I've been
 trying to get my followers up, but
 I'm a little shy to show skin.

OUT IN THE WATER:

Holding on to a giant, wrapped Christmas gift, John treads
 water, smiling up at Holly, who's safely sitting on top,
 beaming a big, loving smile back at him.

It's a TITANIC MOMENT.

JOHN MCCANE
 Hey...

HOLLY
 Hey...

JOHN MCCANE
 Thanks...

They both smile.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
 What do you say we stay in for New
 Year's?

She chuckles.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)
Binge The Office, order some Uber
Eats, have a few laughs...

HOLLY
That sounds sublime...

SHE leans in and kisses HIM. It's a beautiful moment. Two
spirits rekindled.

JOHN MCCANE
Let's get you outta this cold river
and into a hot shower...

She smirks.

HOLLY
Never miss a chance, will ya?

Together, they crawl out of the Hudson, with the help of
paramedics and firemen, who wrap them in wool blankets.

Buddy staggers up... limping, holding his shoulder covered
in BLOOD.

HOLLY (cont'd)
Oh my god, Buddy are are you okay?

BUDDY
What? Oh, yes, of course. This is
just ketchup. Some not-so-nice New
Yorker hurled a hotdog at me.

JOHN MCCANE
Then why the hell are you acting
like you got shot?

BUDDY
Hey, it's the third act here. It's
not all about you. I need to leave
a lasting impression with the
casting department -- after every
gig in this business you gotta
break back-in -- well, most of us
do, Mr. Caucasian...

JOHN
Thanks, partner--

Buddy awkwardly raises his eyebrows...

BUDDY
Yeah, sure John -- Holly! You're
such a badass! Let's get a vid!

Buddy force-gives his phone to John.

BUDDY (cont'd)
Tik Tok, John -- not the camer--

Buddy reaches over and taps open the app.

JOHN MCCANE
Sure, pal.

John records them -- they do a trendy lil dance number.

They laugh. It's a fun moment, until it's not--

Nearby, the trunk of John's Trans Am pops open -- crawling out, is a bloody, gravely wounded Rudolf...

AIMING A GUN AT JOHN, HOLLY AND BUDDY--

John and Holly try to duck, but it's too late--

BAAAAAANNNGGGG!!!

As the smoke clears... there's one less silhouette standing--

Rudolf's dead -- with a direct shot to the head.

Buddy stands firm, holding a pistol with a smoking barrel aimed at Rudolf's limp body, who's now over-dead, lol.

BUDDY
You're still filming right?

John still has the phone aimed toward Buddy.

BUDDY (cont'd)
The name's Bells, Buddy Bells...

Buddy holds his stance heroically.

BUDDY (cont'd)
Hold for the poster shot... cut!

Buddy grabs his phone from John.

BUDDY (cont'd)
I've always wanted to do that...

JOHN MCCANE
Not this Die Hard bullshit again?

Buddy posts his epic hero vid to Tik Tok.

BUDDY

It's only one of the greatest movies of all time, John.

JOHN MCCANE

There's a reason they don't make that kind of garbage anymore.

BUDDY

Name one...

JOHN MCCANE

Well, for starters, let's just say it ain't the *MARVEL* you think it is, pal.

BUDDY

Yeah, but with streamers, the mid-budget movie is coming--

JOHN MCCANE

And, most folks nowadays prefer their damsels in *distressed jeans*... and with a mean karate kick.

Holly kisses John on the temple as they all walk away.

JOHN MCCANE (cont'd)

Believe me. You can't really do that shit anymore. She made quick work of these assholes -- but people don't buy popcorn for a short film. So they used to let idiots like us run around for two hours--

Holly pulls the candy cane from John's mouth and puts it in her mouth...

HOLLY

I missed you Mr. Candy McCane...

JOHN MCCANE

Oh, shit -- wait, we forgot about the bio-thingy--

BUDDY

What thingy, John?

JOHN MCCANE

...the master plan -- you know, the I'm-gonna-destory-the-city device--

BUDDY

Ohhhh, you mean the MacGuffin? I disabled that from the Apple Tablet Booth -- only took me like two minutes, really. It was quite easy.

Buddy checks his Tik Tok post while talking.

BUDDY (cont'd)

I'm getting loads of views!! Maybe they'll book me on NCIS!

They all laugh.

Suddenly, small, wrapped Christmas gifts attached to little parachutes fall lightly through the sky.

Little speakers on each box plays Michael Bublé Christmas music...

Kids and families still lingering from the tree lighting event being checked out by medical workers scamper away, running and dashing through the snow collecting these gifts from the sky.

JOHN MCCANE

I fucking hate Michael Bublé.

FLYERS attached to the gifts read:

Free gifts brought to you by: JEFF BEZOS

Fuck Earth! Vote for me as the first intergalactic president, and get free internet and shipping for life!

THE END!

POST CREDITS:

Die Hard premiered in 1988 -- thusly so, we end our story on page 88...

Mic drop.

* Take a little stroll through our wonderland over these next few pages for some **FUN FACTOIDS** and **STOCKING STUFFERS!** Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays! Thank you for reading!

STOCKING STUFFERS!

If you enjoyed this wild experiment, we humbly ask that you toss us a share or shout-out on your favorite social media :) It truly means the world to us and really helps in this crazy career path we've chosen of being artists.

FACTOID #724

The script was written in 6 days by two insane dudes who've never met in real life named Ash Lazer & Joe Favalaro, amidst school, work and just your general sense of existential dread on this pale blue pixel :)

FACTOID #317

As a die hard Sinatra fan (see what I did there?), I knew we had to kill Michael Bubl . . . so yeah, he had to go boom-boom into a million little pieces, lol.

FACTOID #199

Initially we had John "Candy" McCane as the traditional hero, but the moment Vivica A. Fox popped into my head as Holly Halls, I immediately knew we needed a rewrite – this way she could go all *Kill Bill* on everyone, especially with her intense training with Chuck Norris!

FACTOID #87

Die Hard premiered in 1988, thusly so, we chose to end our story on page 88! Less pages for you to read, less pages for us to write!

FACTOID #1111

Buddy Bells, based on Richard Ayoade's character Moss from *The IT Crowd* (go watch that now) was Lazer's favorite character to explore.

Check out the amazing character posters next!

All artwork you see next, plus the website's splash page was designed by the infinitely talented Justin Olson!

HOLLY HALLS
STRONG FEMALE LEAD



"Not in my neighborhood!"

SLEIGH HARD

A META DIE-HARD HOMAGE

Script Premiere

DECEMBER 18TH

#SLEIGHHARD

Ash Lazer x Joe Favalaro
GuerrillaCoastPictures.com

JOHN "CANDY" McCANE
RUGGED ANTI-HERO



"You picked the wrong Scrooge, pal!"

SLEIGH HARD

A META DIE-HARD HOMAGE

Script Premiere

DECEMBER 18TH

#SLEIGHHARD

Ash Lazer x Joe Favalaro
GuerrillaCoastPictures.com

GRANDMA McCANE
GHOST MENTOR



"Always with you, the Yippee Ki Yay will be."

SLEIGH HARD

A META DIE-HARD HOMAGE

Script Premiere

DECEMBER 18TH

#SLEIGHHARD

Ash Lazer x Joe Favalaro
GuerrillaCoastPictures.com

BUDDY BELLS
QUIRKY SIDEKICK



"It looks like someone sh*t in your stocking."

SLEIGH HARD

A META DIE-HARD HOMAGE

Script Premiere

DECEMBER 18TH

#SLEIGHHARD

Ash Lazer x Joe Favalaro
GuerrillaCoastPictures.com

CLAUS REDMIR
ECCENTRIC VILLAIN



"Does this whole evil Santa vibe still look good on me?"

SLEIGH HARD

A META DIE-HARD HOMAGE

Script Premiere

DECEMBER 18TH

#SLEIGHHARD

Ash Lazer x Joe Favalaro
GuerrillaCoastPictures.com

RUDOLF REDMIR
UNHINGED HENCHMAN



"I want blood! Presents too, but mostly blood!"

SLEIGH HARD

A META DIE HARD HOMAGE

ASH LAZER x JOE FAVALARO

GuerrillaCoastPictures@gmail.com

#SLEIGHHARD