MRS. SANTA CLAUS VS. THE LIVING DEAD

Written by Josh Wellman

Excerpt: Cold Open

EXT. NORTH POLE - EVENING

Through a magical haze, North Pole City, circa 1100 AD, shimmers in the distance.

Pull back, and the fledgling city disappears into the magic.

An expanse of ice and snow rushes forward as we zoom backward and spin around to see:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC - EVENING

With a wet crunch, a Viking’s sword lands in an opponent’s neck, splattering blood into the snow.

The opponent keeps coming.

Old Norse war cries mingle with zombie grunts and snarls.

Steel meets flesh-SQUISH! SPLAT!

Vikings bash in heads with glee.

A zombie bites into the neck of VIKING VICTIM #1.

Viking Victim #1 falls into the snow, still defiant.

He is partially devoured and his sword falls.

All around, the brutal battle continues.

THE IMAGE BLURS, THE SOUND GETS MUFFLED: Time passes.

The boot of a LIVING VIKING gives way into a sloshy red puddle of blood-melted snow.

A smaller band of surviving Vikings are now in a strategic position, facing down an oncoming horde of the undead.

CLANG!—a sword bounces off the helmeted head of ZOMBIE VIKING #1.

The survivor barely escapes.

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He plunges his sword through Zombie Viking #1’s glazed-over eye.

Zombie Viking #1 instantly crumples, undead no more.

The survivors lure the zombie horde into a snekkja (that’s a Viking boat).

They set it sailing towards a glacial cave up ahead.

Brave (or foolhardy?) men trim the sails to guide the boat.

Below, the hungry undead reach up-ARGH! SNARL!-desperately trying to eat them.

The other survivors run along the icy shore towards the opening of the glacial cave.

Just as the snekkja enters the cave, the men steering it jump.

Some land in the water, swim towards (freezing) safety.

With an unfortunate THUD, one of them lands on the deck.

Instantly, there’s eager snarling, a scream, and a spray of blood.

Surviving Vikings clamber up the ice outside the mouth of the cave.

They hack at the ice with weapons and use torches to melt chunks of ice.

The snekkja drifts to a stop amidst small chunks of floating ice.

Zombies snarl and reach towards the survivors from the snekkja.

The entrance to the cave collapses.

The survivors celebrate raucously and… you know, Vikingly.

Pull up/above… far, far away, North Pole City is again partially visible again through a magical haze, a little oasis of light in the frozen nothingness.

SUPERIMPOSE: “MRS. SANTA CLAUS VS. THE LIVING DEAD”

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EXT. GLACIER AND ENVIRONS - TIME ELAPSE MONTAGE

BEGIN TITLES

The sun rises and sets over snow throughout.

Other Vikings pass by the glacier, oblivious.

(Insert: zombies are frozen solid inside.)

Woolly mammoths pass the glacier.

A Dutch sailing ship from the 1400s passes in the distance.

Polar bears play near the cave entrance.

An explorer approaches on foot, turns back.

We zoom faster through time.

Wars are visible far away.

Airships slowly pass overhead.

20th century explorers pass through on foot.

Insert a quick glance at still-frozen zombies in the cave.

A rocket roars overhead.

In the distance, Tzar Bomba is tested.

The glacier starts to melt.

A passenger jet sails serenely overhead.

During daylight, meaning summer, the entrance to the glacier collapses.

Icebergs float away…

The snekkja full of frozen zombies does too.

CONCLUDE OPENING TITLES

One glassy, dead eye flickers open.

The sun sets again, indicating winter.

Wind howls, ice crackles. Otherwise, desolate silence.

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SUPERIMPOSE: “DECEMBER 23, Present Day.”

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