FADE IN:

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Door open. Grey clouds and heavy rain outside.

Country music wails from an old clock radio on an oily, cluttered workbench.

An old faded FORD TRUCK with canopy parked up on two front tire ramps. The hood up. One rifle hangs from a gun rack inside the back window.

Two sets of feet dangle out from under the truck, twenty-seven year old CALVIN CHESTER clad in dirty blue jeans and seven year old RUSTY CHESTER.

A wrench slides from under the Ford along with Calvin. He sits up and wipes off his hands with a shop rag.

    CALVIN
    Hey boy, you thought about what you want for Christmas.

Rusty scoots out from under the Ford.

    RUSTY
    Oh yeah. All I want is my own gun so I can hunt Turkeys with you Dad.

    CALVIN
    Well now. What do you think Momma would say about that. You're still pretty young.

    RUSTY
    Timmy McDougall has a gun. He told me so.

    CALVIN
    Did he?... Shoot Rusty, I don't know. Owning a gun is a big responsibility. Don't you think you oughtta wait a few years?

    RUSTY
    Well, ain't nothing else I want for Christmas.

Rusty hops up and marches into the house. Calvin watches him.
INT. TRUCK - DAY

Traveling. Heavy rain slams into the windshield. Wipers flip back and forth fighting off the rain.

Calvin, Rusty, and a pregnant mid-twenties SARA CHESTER fill the cab with cold breaths.

SARA
Dang it Calvin. I thought you was gonna fix that heater.

Calvin sips on coffee from a greasy travel mug. Offers it to Sara.

CALVIN
Heater cores shot. Ain't that so Rusty.

Rusty pouts. Sara glances at Rusty.

SARA
Well Jesus I'm freezing my britches off.
(to Rusty)
What's the matter with you?

RUSTY
Dad said I can't have a gun for Christmas.

SARA
A GUN! Heck no you can't have no guns for Christmas. You gotta be at least well at least twelve Rusty. That's the Christmas law.

Calvin fiddles with the radio. Nothing but static.

CALVIN
The boy wants to go Turkey hunting with his Dad.

SARA
Christmas turkeys is big Rusty. Specially in these parts. There so big they could swallow little boys like you in one gulp.

Calvin swerves the steering wheel.

SARA
Shoot Calvin watch it. I don't wanna be given birth right here in the truck.
CALVIN
Sorry darlin’. Avoidin' one a them giant turkeys runnin' cross the road.

Rusty's eyes grow big. He searches outside the window, looking for evidence.

SARA
We gotta a ways to go Rusty. You ought not fret about guns for Christmas. Try to get some shut eye.

Rusty lays his head against his Dad's arm.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - DREAM

Rusty and Calvin hide behind an old fallen tree, searching the landscape. Calvin aims a gun. Rusty watches.

CALVIN
Be real still. Shhh.

RUSTY
How big are them Christmas Turkey's dad?

CALVIN
Well boy, last year I saw one that was bigger than our house, with razor sharp teeth.
 (cocks the guns lever)
You only get one shot. If you miss you better be ready to high tail it outta here. Them beasts can run super fast. Maybe faster than the Ford.

Rusty swallows hard, frightened.

RUSTY
Dad... Maybe we...

Four Christmas turkeys dash past their position. These turkeys have dinosaur raptor bodies and big turkey heads.

Rusty hick ups. Covers his mouth.

One Christmas turkey stops, turns, snorts out a heavy breath and takes one step toward the Calvin and Rusty.

CALVIN
You done it now boy.
Calvin aims his gun. Rusty hick ups again.

CALVIN
Stop that.

The Christmas turkey sniffs, then sprints toward them.

Calvin drops his gun. Both sprint through the thick of the woods. Screaming. The Christmas turkey chases.

Looking back, Calvin trips on a fallen branch, lands head first into a pile of wet leaves.

Rusty stops, starts back.

CALVIN
Save yourself Rusty. Run! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

Rusty races away, tears. The Christmas turkey roars. Calvin screams.

Rusty dashes behind a tree and looks back for his father. Calvin scurries away on his knees. The Christmas turkey grabs his leg and drag him back, mouth open.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Day break.

Calvin pounds a fist into his chest, then releases a loud burp.

SARA
Calvin Abraham Thompson. Mind your manners.

Rusty wakes, panicked.

RUSTY
Run Dad! It's gonna swallow you!

CALVIN
What's gonna swallow me?

RUSTY
That giant Christmas turkey.

Sara giggles. Locks eyes with Calvin.

SARA
It's alright Rusty.

Wraps an arm around Rusty, pulls him close.
SARA
This Old truck oughtta out run any one a them giant Christmas turkeys that might wanna swallow up your Dad.

CALVIN
Momma's right. Last year I almost got eaten by one of them beasts so I supercharged the Ford for quick escapes if we need.

Calvin drops the gear shifter into neutral and revs the engine.

SARA
Hear them horses.

RUSTY
(nervous)
I been thinking.

CALVIN
Bout what?

RUSTY
What I want for Christmas.

SARA
Thought you wanted a gun.

RUSTY
Nah, changed my mind. You're right Momma, I ain't old enough for one a them guns yet and them Christmas turkeys is mean. All I really want for Christmas is to eat one a them giant beasts for Christmas dinner.

Calvin and Sara laugh. Rusty grabs Calvin's arm and pulls himself tight to Calvin.

RUSTY
Can I have that for Christmas.

CALVIN
All you want.

Rusty looks out the side window.

FADE OUT:

THE END