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Marvel Super Hero Adventures: Frost Fight!

By Mark Banker

Midgard rejects
your frozen villainy, ymir,
ice giant of niffleheim.
The ice will silence you,
Thor odinson.
Yeah. Less talk,
more rock, goldilocks.
Speak not to me
of battle tactics, hulk.
I have fought more...
Here's my question:
Why is an ice giant
on monuriki island?
I mean, it's not really
an ice-friendly location,
like, say, someplace cold.
By the way,
ice is the perfect weapon
because it melts
and leaves no evidence.
Saw that in a movie,
i think.
What was that movie?
Cap, you know
what I'm talking about.
Stay on task,
iron man.
We need to find that casket
before it's opened.
Eternal winter in a box?
Nope, not seeing it.
Would long summer
on a stick work?
Ymir and the casket
of ancient winters
are as powerful
as they are old, iron man.
Trifle with them
at your peril.
I'm not trifling, hammer-time.
I'm judging.
Glacier-to-go may be big,
strong,
and handy

when the fridge breaks,
but even popsicles know
to stay in the shade.
So why is he here?
And how did he get here?
I don't know.
This doesn't add up.
Something's off.
And you're off to join it.
Whoa! Iron man
just became iron rocket!
Is he okay? Should I tag in?
'Cause I can tag in.
Negative, reptil.
You're here to observe
as a trainee.
That's what you do
on a ride-along.
Technically,
it's more of a fly-along.
And I can just
power dive into a--
do not engage, reptil.
Check on the boats out there.
That's an order.
Boats. Yes, sir.
Don't go too far, kid.
We're about to wrap this up.
Cap, I have a visual
on the casket.
It's in permafrosty's hand.
You make him drop it,
captain marvel.
I'll recover it.
Operation fumble is a go.
Time to make some ice scream.
Get it?
It's a play on words.
Not bad, hulk.
I mean, for you.
Snowball, corner pocket.
Who do you...
What did I do during
the best ice monster

beach brawl ever?
Boat check.
Wait. That looks like...
Loki.
Guys, it's reptil.
I think I just spotted--
a little busy right now, son.
I know, but you've
really gotta hear this.
About to lose ya.
Well, he did say,
"check on the boats,"
so...
Tagging in!
Drop the scepter, loki.
"Drop the scepter, loki,"
or what?
Or I'll-- I, uh...
Just drop it.
It's a fair question,
childasaurus.
Perhaps you should return
when you can answer it.
It's over, loki,
one way or the other.
Yes, even the best-laid plans
of immortals go awry,
thanks to your friends.
At least we can
agree on that!
Hole in the sky!
I'm trying to remember
all the positives
of a big hole in the sky.
Nope. There are none.
Okay, cap.
Got a plan for this nightmare?
Cap? Cap?
Aah!
Where are you,
pesky flea?
You can't hide.
Enough ice follies.
Need to secure the casket,

and the kid.
Well, I'm afraid this is where
you and I part ways, pre-hero.
I, to a new beginning,
and you, to oblivion.
Whoa! I'll tag out now.
Anybody want in? No?
Wait. I can fly.
I can out-flap this skynado,
no problem.
Is there any way to do this
without hugging?
This hug
is saving your life.
Then I'd rather perish.
As would I.
Stop complaining
and hug for your life!
There it is.
Okay, I've got the casket.
Now let's focus on...
A much bigger problem.
Whoa.
Incoming, me!
Gotcha!
Oh, hey, cap.
Mystical vortex troubles?
Funny, we were just
discussing that very topic.
Hulk has
an interesting theory.
No-o-o-o!
Had enough, skynado?
Reptil!
He's out cold.
Don't worry.
I got this. Kid!
Wake up! Yeah, no good.
Hey, hulk,
how about a little help?
Wake u-u-up!
Was that hulk?
Whoa-oa-oa-oa!
Hey, check it out.

I'm still alive.
Yeah!
We did it!
And I just invented
dino-boarding.
Uh-oh.
And dino-crashing.
And full-body dino-trauma.
Reptil, you alive?
For my encore, I will pass out.
The metal one spoke truth.
The island's warmth
made me weak.
It was a poor plan.
It was you that failed,
not my plan.
You were to open
the casket of ancient winters
in a remote location
so as to avoid detection.
Instead,
it was a wasted trip.
The meddlers were fortunate.
That may be, but Thor
delivers the casket
to asgard for safekeeping
as we speak.
Our new path to conquest
must crush all heroic obstacles.
I know a way.
You have an idea?
How refreshing.
Apologies, lord of ice.
Please continue.
I tell the tale of jolnir.
Oh, stop.
I've heard this tale.
Jolnir is a silly legend.
His kind and generous
winter antics
are a fairy tale
to amuse asgardian children
and gullible frost giants.
It's utter nonsense.

No. Jolnir is nearly
as ancient as I am,
and just as real.
Part frost giant, part elf,
jolnir was born
with immense power.
But instead of using
that power to rule,
he squandered it
on helping those
too young and weak
to help themselves--
children.
Today, jolnir
is better known
as Santa claus.
And each winter,
he brings gifts
to all the children
of the nine worlds
ho ho ho ho ho ho!
In one night.
Such a monumental feat
is impossible
to all but him.
Such power.
And if we
could harness that power,
none on earth could resist.
Yes, I am well aware
of Santa claus.
Santa claus is beloved,
celebrated.
Songs are sung in his name.
Hmm? Using him to dominate
the very beings
that adore him...
Well, that is just
too devious to resist.
I guess there's more to you
than snow and ice,
after all, ymir.
But where will we find him?
If the stories are true,

he makes his home in alfheim,
home of the light elves.
Ugh, elves. Of course.
I should've known.
But if he's as powerful
as you say,
how could we
usurp that power?
We lost one casket.
But there is another--
the casket of ancient powers.
It can transfer
even the greatest abilities
from one being to another.
And, like jolnir,
it too resides in alfheim.
A new path.
Misinformation and a reward
should flush jolnir
into the open
while we seek the casket
of ancient powers.
If no one else finds him,
we will.
And then we will
claim his power.
Yes. The hunt is on
for Santa claus.
But first, a distraction
for our heroic friends.
Huh?
Hm. You'll do.
Remember your footwork.
Again.
Again.
Am I still in trouble
for going after loki on my own?
You're not in trouble.
You're in training
to join this team someday.
And that won't happen
if you don't learn teamwork.
I tried to tell you.
I just...

I wanted you
to believe in me.
I figured if I catch loki--
boom, I'm in the game.
But you don't act alone
when you're part of a team.
So you're on the bench.
Going a little hard on him,
aren't you?
He showed guts.
Guts count too.
Only when they're paired
with brains.
Aw, lighten up, cap.
He stepped up to loki,
and he's still here.
Gold star for that.
Did young cap
take no for an answer?
Did young any of us?
No.
And we all made mistakes.
Mistakes I'm trying
to help him avoid.
He'll learn
from the mistakes.
We did.
- Uh, guys? I'm right here.
- He'll be fine.
He's a one-man dino-band.
You know who else
had skills like that?
Dinosaurs.
And look how things
turned out for them.
Wait. Bad example.
I rest my case.
Guys, still in the room.
You wouldn't worry so much
if you had
my new-car shine, cap.
Now pipe down
before the kid hears us.
Whoa!

Thor's back already?
That was quick.
No. He said
it would take time
to secure
the casket of ancient winters
in asgard.
That was something else.
Tell me you didn't use
my private bathroom again.
I like your shampoo.
Smells like candy canes.
Candy? Hulk,
that's not shampoo.
That's foot cream. Ugh.
I still like it.
Should I come?
Guys?
Tourist?
He doesn't look local.
No, but he's making
himself at home.
Not in my house.
Nobody makes a mess
in my house.
Except you.
Easy, hulk. First priority
is clearing the street.
Get everyone
out of the lizard zone.
I'm on it.
Don't worry about the Fender.
I got that covered.
You're welcome.
Really? Rampages
make us all look bad,
extra-large dino-noob.
Heads up!
You do need to work
on your reflexes.
Thanks!
You wanna walk away
or fly away.
The flying option

involves punching.
Have a nice flight!
Back already?
Huh?
Okay.
So much for that plan.
Captain marvel,
you're air support.
Iron man--
hold up. I've got
a way to end this,
no rubble required.
Reptil, come here.
What are you doing?
Shh. It's a surprise.
Don't ruin it.
Kid, bust out
your best dino-head.
Uh, okay.
Does this work?
For a job interview
or a date, no.
But for this, it's perfect.
Huh?
All right.
Look alive, people.
No. Give the kid
some room.
What?
But that thing is--
ah-ah-ah.
There's no "but" in "team."
Or something like that.
Just trust me.
Uh, so what am i
doing now?
You're doing it already.
Keep it up.
But I'm not doing anything.
Exactly. Don't move.
"Don't move"? But...
Hey, it thinks I'm its--
ugh-- baby.
Ugh! Ugh!

Okay.
You can stop licking now.
How'd you know
that would work?
I didn't.
I just wanted to see
what would happen.
Kidding.
It's obvious
that that's a she,
and motherly instincts
are hard to deny.
That was a risky play.
High risk, high reward.
It's the only
game worth playing.
- Worth it for you, maybe.
- Not for him.
That's what I love about you,
stars and gripes.
Your glass
is always half full.
Of sour milk.
Is there a plan to--
ugh-- stop the licking?
'Cause...
I think I'm gonna be sick.
Eighth time's a charm, pal.
Honestly,
i feel good about this.
I am groot.
So when I say, "punch it,"
you punch it.
Got it?
And... punch it!
- Power down!
- I am groot.
Power down! Power down.
Power down!
Power down!
Why'd you punch it?
Oh, now the electrical's fried!
I gotta rewire
the whole thing!

And I'm out of wire!
I'm sick of this
flying scrap heap.
We need a new ship.
I am groot.
I know new ships
cost units.
I am groot.
I know we don't have
any units.
But maybe that's
about to change.
"Jolnir, a.K.A. Santa claus.
Mass burglary, animal cruelty.
Stealing cookies from kids"?
Well, this guy's
a real piece of work.
And the reward is...
Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho!
Oh, we bag this guy,
and we can buy any ship we want.
Set a course
for this alfheim place.
Ah, alfheim,
the most joyous
of the nine realms.
How can anyone stand
a place this happy?
Even elves?
Agreed.
It's too warm.
Fortunately,
our visit will be short.
Now, where in this cursed realm
is the casket of ancient powers?
Mmm.
I suppose we will just
have to ask
for directions then.
Captain, is this
a hero's welcome,
or is treachery afoot?
Hard to say.
How'd things go in asgard?

All's well.

The casket of ancient winters
is once again in safe hands.

Nothing out of the ordinary?

Well, there was
one odd development.

What's the emergency?

Please tell me loki
didn't steal back that icebox.

No. We believe loki
has moved on

to a far more
sinister plan.

"We" is an overstatement.

Let's look at the facts.

Tony, the lizard attack.

Is there some footage
you can--

boom. Jarvis.

We know a creature
attacked the city today,
and we know that despite
its size and strength,
we defeated it easily.

Too easily.

Thor and I believe--

uh, he believes.

I, less so.

...that loki sent the creature
to distract us
from his true scheme,
which Thor discovered
while in asgard.

Thor?

I thought it less a scheme
and more a jest.

Loki accuses someone
of false crimes
and offers a great reward
for his capture.

Loki's target has many names.

In asgard, he is jolnir.

Here, he is known
as Santa claus.

Santa claus.
Santa!
Red suit, white beard?
Belly like a bowl full of jelly?
Drives a flying sleigh?
Reindeer with
a glow-in-the-dark nose?
Whoo! A Santa bounty.
Too funny.
Really? Just Thor and me?
Come on. You can't be serious.
Don't I look serious?
Sure. But you always
look like that.
For good reason.
It may sound funny,
but Santa claus is no joke.
No? Jarvis,
can you walk us through
the physics of Santa?
The simple version.
It would be my pleasure.
For simplicity, we'll assume
there are two billion children
on earth.
Using a census average
of 3.5 children per home,
that's 571 million homes
for Santa to visit
in only one day,
or 31 hours,
accounting for time zones
and the earth's rotation.
This would require Santa
to visit 5,116.5 houses
per second
while traveling
at 4,043 miles per second
between stops.
Now, the sheer volume
of pres--
that's enough, Jarvis.
Point is, it's impossible.
But I knew that as a kid.

Off.
Wait!
Not that it takes a genius
to figure out
this scam is impossible.
Nothing is impossible
if you believe.
Uh, sorry.
Regardless, it may be that Santa
has incredible power.
Enough to bend space-time.
Loki could use
the casket of ancient powers
to claim jolnir's power.
Both are said to be in alfheim.
But this has gone too far.
Jolnir is just a legend,
a myth.
Kind of like you,
Thor from asgard?
Fine. Maybe this guy's
Thor's cousin.
But he's not Santa,
because there is no Santa.
I'll take a trip
to prove I'm right.
Let's go to alfheim.
Heimdall won't open the Bifrost
to mortals for such folly,
- nor should he.
- No problem.
We don't need
your rainbow bridge
when we've got
my dimensional gateway
transporter bridge thingamajig.
I'm still working
on the name.
This is a fool's errand.
So stay here.
Someone has to work on plan b--
doing Santa's job
if something goes wrong.
You can do that

with hulk.
Ho ho ho!
We'll have
a Holly jolly time.
Your device is real?
We're going on a Santa quest,
and you're asking
if my tech is real?
Fine.
Has it been tested?
Sure. Phase one of testing
started... now.
Joy to another world,
huh, kid?
Yes!
We're gonna
meet Santa claus!
Are you well, sir?
Do you require aid?
Oh. Who takes pity
on these old, cold bones?
Commander athidel,
of the emerald guard,
at your service.
Loki!
Good eye, commander athidel.
So kind of you to offer help.
But I fear you are in
far greater need of it than I.
Hmm?
Oh!
Now, would you mind
directing us
to the nearest
casket of ancient powers?
And I'm afraid we're in
a bit of a rush.
Look, I'm just saying
i know Santa claus.
The stories, the songs,
all the reindeer names.
I'm a Santa freak.
I could be a big help
on this mission.

This isn't
a training mission.
I know.
No one gets what's at stake here
more than me.
Santa has to be saved.
That's why I want to go.
Need to go.
And, hey, if I meet Santa
and become his best friend,
I'm fine with that.
I'm sold.
Too bad it's not my call.
No, it's mine.
And I'm afraid I've made it.
We'll resume your training
when this is resolved, humberto.
I'm surprised, cap.
Kid believes in this stuff.
I believe it's a sham.
At the very least,
his attitude offsets mine.
If there was ever a mission
for him to join, this is it.
Fine, fine.
He can go.
Really?
Yeah, really?
Really. As your shadow.
Ooh. Walked into that one.
Yes! I promise
you won't regret this.
Unless I screw up.
Which I won't.
If you do,
you'll never see earth again.
- Just kidding.
- Iron high five.
What I don't get is,
if you think
this trip's a loser,
why make it happen?
Because I'm always right,
and it's my duty to prove that.

Or you have no holiday plans.
Because I'm selfless too.
We're clear for takeoff.
By the way,
there's a small chance
we'll get separated.
And by "we,"
i mean our molecules.
What's the likelihood
of this gizmo
actually getting us
to alfheim?
Hmm. 100%.
The likelihood of reaching
alfheim safely is 78%.
Which, if you round up,
is basically a hundred percent.
Not cool, Jarvis.
We agreed to use fuzzy math.
I said "math."
You added "fuzzy."
Wait. Are those cookie trees?
Yeah. They look good.
But I just lost
my appetite.
See? Safe and sound.
Sure, there's an army
of angry Archer elves
targeting us,
but we get
souvenir glow arrows.
That's a win in my book.
I am malitri,
captain of the emerald guard.
You will release
commander athidel
by the count of three.
One--
wait a second.
We don't have this commander.
Cap, let me handle this.
Forsooth, good malitrio,
light elf of the light elves.
We know not of whence

hence you speak.
We instead seek to query you
on a quandary most dire.
Your mockery is a path
that leads only to woe,
armored interloper,
for you.
No, no, my spritely comrade.
Your pointy-eth ears
have-- hath mistrewn-eth
the words coming from my--
mine yon lips, and...
Look, ear-kabobs,
fancy talk isn't my thing.
But you'd love my pal Thor.
Why didn't we bring Thor again?
This is right
in his wheelhouse.
I grow weary
of this one's prattle.
Dispatch him.
You don't want
to fancy-talk it out?
Fine. Dispatch this.
Wait. Where'd he go?
Emerald guards,
capture them,
by any means necessary.
Time to separate the boys
from the other boys.
Whoa. Let's start over.
We're here
to protect Santa claus.
You call him jolnir.
The emerald guard
protects jolnir.
We do not require
the help of outlanders.
The point is, same team.
The other team, loki and ymir--
they have a head start.
Loki and ymir are
a most treacherous threat.
A threat we are more than able

to counter on our own.
I believe you.
It's not like your commander
is missing or anything.
Loki and ymir may be
using your commander
to find
the casket of ancient powers.
If so, we need to work together
and get there first.
Sing it, cap.
Why would we
trust outlanders?
Because Santa's safety
is at risk.
Nothing else matters.
Follow us.
Um, how'd you do that?
No idea.
Pretty cool,
though, right?
They must think you're an elf.
Easy mistake.
I remain perplexed.
By what?
Why a sleigh?
Why reindeer?
And why must the gifts
all be delivered in one night?
Well, it's the holidays.
And you like this?
Like it? I love it.
Wanna know why?
Yes. That's what I've been
asking you to explain
for hours.
Okay. This is why
Christmas rocks.
You've heard of Santa,
right?
Yes, of course, hulk.
Okay. Just making sure
for your sake.
So, there's Santa and presents,

which kids love, of course.
Anyway, now, Santa--
he can fly.
And presents can be anything.
A toy pony, a real pony,
or anything.
Not just ponies.
Maybe I should start over.
Nah, I'll keep going.
So, there's Santa,
and then there's pre--
did I say that already?
I can't remember.
Also, there's songs,
cookies, sleigh bells,
sweaters, pine trees,
big socks, snowmen,
pie, and then--
boom!
It's the next morning,
and you're sitting
on a brand-new pony.
That was of no help
whatsoever, hulk.
Looks like you picked the right
wormhole for alfheim, groot.
I owe you a burrito.
I am groot.
What kind of twisted
fever dream is this place?
What, do they grow
gingerbread men here?
I am groot.
Yeah, you would like it.
File says this jolnir/santa guy
drives a sleigh.
So, find the sleigh,
find Santa.
Hey, don't eat that.
It's probably stale.
I am groot!
Great. See what you did?
You made the gingerbread rise.
Well, one thing to do

when you're stuck
in a cookie jar-- chew 'em up!
There.
Nothing but crumbs.
What the sprinkles...
Perfect. Zombie cookies.
Come on.
Let's run,
run fast as we can!
Cursed cave!
Athidel, if the casket
is much further,
ymir may share
his discomfort with you.
Our destination is near.
Aah! Wretched rocks!
I hope so.
For your sake.
Think we'll find the casket
before loki?
What happens
if they find it first?
And how far
do these tunnels go?
No one knows.
Those who venture too far
or lose their way
never return.
Glad I asked.
I'm not.
Me neither.
Should we be leaving
a trail of bread crumbs?
Or flares, maybe?
Less talk, more walk, people.
There.
There is what you seek.
That's it? The casket
of ancient powers?
You leave it unguarded?
No. The casket's ward
is the jorokraken.
And where
is the jorokraken now?

Where he always is.
Beneath our feet.
Aah!
And he's never been fond
of uninvited guests.
Elfworld
is on a fault line?
Whoa. No one said anything
about tunnel quakes.
That disturbance was caused
by the movement
of the jorokraken.
Jorokraken?
Sounds delightful.
What is it?
The jorokraken
is a great ancient beast
that skulks in the rocky depths.
It is a friend
to the light elves
and jealously defends
the casket of ancient powers
from all who dare seek it.
That means
loki's found the casket.
Let's move.
Back, vile tentacles!
This creature is relentless!
Aah!
And rude. Very rude.
No! No! Stop it! Bad!
Alfheim protects jolnir
against all trespassers.
Your fates were sealed
the moment you dared
plot against him.
I bid you farewell
on your journey
to oblivion.
Even the most savage beast
can learn manners
when given
the proper motivation.
You were saying?

Use care.
If you open the casket
without a target,
it will siphon your powers.
As I assumed.
I haven't made it this far
on charm alone, cold friend.
You will never reach jolnir.
And even if you do,
he is far too powerful for you.
That, my stalwart Santa sentry,
is why we needed the box.
Fool!
You'll trap us all!
Wrong again.
This just isn't your day.
No-o-o-o!
Get clear!
Biggest tremor yet.
We're almost there.
Or it's already here.
Loki sent us a present.
Why can't I ever be wrong?
Keep pushing.
There has to be a weakness.
Apparently
it's called a whistle.
You trained the jorokraken?
This relic held sway
over the jorokraken
when we found it.
We know not how,
but we remain grateful
for its existence.
You and us both.
What happened to loki
and ymir?
They escaped with the casket
and left me sealed in.
Fortunately, my knowledge
of the hidden passages
allowed me to escape.
These tunnels
have secret tunnels?

- That's just too much tunnel.
- They're on the move.
Where is jolnir?
Jolnir calls the top
of mount jolly home.
Of course.
I was gonna guess that.
We need to get there, now.
The emerald guard does not
allow outlanders on mount jolly.
Yeah? Tell that
to freezy and sleazy.
We will, vigorously.
Look, this isn't a turf war.
We want to help.
And since you coughed up
that power box,
seems like you guys
could use it.
Think it over,
long-bow short-fuse.
Thank you.
We decline your offer.
It's not an offer.
There's too much at stake.
We're going.
You don't have to help us.
But we won't let you
stop us.
Yay. Happy ending.
Sorry. Excuse me.
Pardon me.
How could you
let them pass?
What we began,
our brothers will finish.
Season's greetings!
I'm Nicholas,
store manager.
But, please,
call me Nick.
What can I help you find today?
We seek playthings
and trinkets of amusement

for the children
of this world.
Ho ho ho!
You're in the right place.
Toy to the world
has the widest selection
of toys in the world.
Toy cars, toy planes...
Why does this man
seem familiar?
'Cause he looks
like Santa claus?
No.
...toy saws, toy clocks--
Nick, have we met
in the past?
Um, no.
I'd remember you.
Ho ho ho ho ho ho!
The laugh?
The beard?
Come on.
Santa claus.
Nick, have you ever
journeyed to asgard?
Um, is that overseas?
Yes. Over seas, lands,
space, and time.
Santa. Claus.
Of course!
The resemblance is uncanny!
So, are you looking
for a specific toy?
Yeah. All of them.
Indeed. We require
every toy you possess.
Charge it all
to Tony stark.
And you, Nick.
I believe we require
you as well.
That's him.
Rotten, low-life crook.
Let's grab him,

quick and quiet,
and get out
of this snow globe.
Place gives me the creeps.
And stop eating
those gumdrops!
End of the trail,
Santa claus!
Nothing personal,
just business.
You're worth a whole lot
of loot to somebody.
Actually,
it is a bit personal!
Taking cookies from kids?
How do you sleep at night?
What?
Groot, lose the scarf.
I said,
"I'm afraid you've got
the wrong claus."
I'm Mrs. claus,
Santa's wife.
Oh, you gotta be kidding me.
Oh, I wish.
Oh, but I'm not much
of a jokester.
Not like you two.
I mean, this prank--
what a hoot!
I'm so sorry I spoiled it.
"Prank"??
Sure.
Pretending to be bandits,
leaping out to catch Santa.
Delightful!
Hop in. I'll give you
a ride to our place.
Santa loves it
when old friends drop by.
Eh...
Yeah. Yeah, we're old friends
here to play a prank on Santa.
You saw right through us.

Come on, groot.
This sweet old lady's
gonna help us bag her husband.
So, how far are we-e-e-e...
We know jolnir is up there.
Why do we cower here
like rodents?
Ugh! I'm unable to open
a portal on that mountain.
It's shrouded in magic--
jolnir's magic.
And there are
certainly more defenses
than the light elves we see.
So why confront them ourselves
when we can let
our willing decoys
do it for us?
What decoys?
Those decoys.
Heroes.
They're more reliable
than clocks.
Halt.
Come no closer.
We have no choice.
We need to reach jolnir
before it's too late.
Stand down.
You give no orders here,
outlander.
Maybe we should
let humberto talk.
That worked last time.
Just an idea.
It's okay, guys.
If I was identical
to everyone around me,
I'd be tense too.
Now take a hike so,
you know,
we can take a hike.
So, Santa's elves
make toys and weapons.

Want to let humberto
talk now?
Uh, might be too late.
Agreed.
We're past talking.
Reptil, stay close
to iron man.
Try to keep up, kid.
Last one to the top
cleans up the mess.
Go easy.
We're on the same side.
Not sure they got that memo.
Get clear!
Yeah. They're not
blowing kisses at us.

Incoming at 1:

3:

7:

Got it, kid.
Around-the-clock arrow-rama.
Propulsion's off-line.
Going down.
I'm okay.
Good. Stay put.
No problem,
since I can't move.
Air support headed your way.
Snow down, fellas!
Captain marvel, boost.
Got it!
Reptil, tail!
What? Did you say
"tail" or "whale"?
"Tail." Got it.
Something's happening.
Santa's gone.
I can't believe it.
Looks like dirt squid
called it a day too.
I guess they're

a holiday package deal.
Too bad the elves
weren't part of that package.
So we're not
gonna meet Santa?
I'm, uh, not so sure
this is a good idea, guys.
Nonsense, Nick.
You were born
for this endeavor.
In this sleigh,
you will bring hope and joy
to children everywhere.
Oh.
Well, that sounds
pretty good. Ugh!
Are we ready
for a test flight?
Sky looks clear.
And your helmet wings
look like antlers if you squint.
Wait. Flight?
That was a joke, right?
Flying terrifies me-e-e!
You will wait
for commander athidel.
No, thank you.
No more waiting.
It's time to say good night.
Follow my lead.
Wait. Please,
just hear me out.
You elves are sworn
to protect Santa.
But Santa's gone,
so... we're all good, right?
Whew.
Seriously, what is that?
Dino-hypnotism?
You think I know?
No one listens to me.
You don't listen to me.
It's not personal.
- Who listens to kids?

- We do.
And the young one
speaks true.
Jolnir has departed,
eliminating the cause
for conflict between us.
You're free to go.
Yeah, yeah.
I get that part.
But why do you guys
only listen to the kid?
The greater the youth,
the greater the truth.
Indeed.
Youth is an asset.
The young are dear to jolnir.
But more importantly,
we light elves can sense
who believes in jolnir
and who does not.
Humberto believes.
And we trust the words
of a believer.
How'd he know my name?
You think I know?
So where is jolnir?
Where did he go?
The time of giving--
when jolnir distributes gifts
to the children
of the nine realms--
is at hand.
It begins on the world
closest to ours, midgard,
in a remote location
of jolnir's choosing.
I believe you call it
the north pole.
Ha! I knew it!
That's loki's next target.
We need to get there now.
Regretfully,
we cannot join you.
Per jolnir's wishes,

our duties end when
the time of giving begins.
So even Santa's elves
get the holidays off.
But not us. Nice.
Evil doesn't observe holidays.
Let's roll.
Isn't this a hoot?
I am groot, I am groot,
i am groot!
What's that?
It's a ramp! Why?
Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
Aaaahhhh!
Here we are.
Oh, snickerdoodles!
We must've just missed him.
Don't worry.
I know where he is.
I'll have us there
in no time.
No!
I mean, no,
you've been so kind.
We've imposed enough
on you.
We have a ship.
If you could just tell us
where we can find him.
A ship?
How wonderful!
I've always wanted
to fly a ship.
Let's go!
I am groo-oo-oot!
It was thoughtful of jolnir
to depart.
This mountain now yields
before my magic.
Loki and ymir,
stand down or perish!
Hear me out.
I have a proposition.
Come with me to midgard,

help me claim jolnir's powers,
and I will reward you in ways
your former master never did.
You'll find no evil minions
here, fiend.

The emerald guard
will never conspire with you.

Oh, very well.

If you insist,
we can just do it the easy way.

See? Now we're all friends.

No sign of Santa's cottage
on my end.

No activity
on the thermal sensors.

N-n-nothing here either.

You still cold, kid?

Of course.

He's cold-blooded.

N-n-no.

I'm fine.

Okay. Let's land,
get more layers on humberto,
and search the forested areas
on foot.

We're gonna need more bodies.

I'll signal Thor and hulk.

I suspect Santa claus
would smile more
and shriek less, Nick.

Ah. Better.

Now, aim true, hulk.

Let's deliver some gifts.

Toys away!

Ho ho ho! Whoo!

Perhaps with less force.

Sorry. I'll turn down
the heat for ya.

So I'm the only one
who finds it convenient
that Santa's house vanished
right when we found it?

This is a prank,
and those elf-alikes

are in on it.
Maybe. But we can't
take that chance.
If Santa is out here,
we need to find him
before loki does.
Wait up! Moving is tricky
in all these clothes.
But I got it.
I got it. Whoa!
Lost it!
Got it again.
Hello?
Is anybody out there?
Unless he doesn't
wanna be found.
If Santa's the powerhouse
they say he is,
he could be walking in this
winter wonderland with us,
and we'd never know.
Another reason why
this is pointless,
not that we needed
another reason.
Do you have some place
you'd rather be tonight?
Yes! Don't you?
Hey, simmer down, fellas.
Landing on the naughty list
won't fix this.
There is no naughty list,
because there is no Santa.
Uh, guys, maybe it's just
that my eyeballs are frozen,
but look.
Is that Santa's house?
Santa's nice, cozy, warm house?
Santa? Santa claus?
You in here?
Empty.
But he's gotta be close.
Let's fan out.
Two-mile perimeter.

Maintain constant contact
with--
oh, heat.
Heat, heat, heat, heat.
Ohh, heat.
Oh, yeah.
That's the stuff.
On second thought,
i could use a moment
to warm up.
Reptil, make room.
Really?
Getting awfully close
to those asteroids.
Thank you so much
for letting me fly
your ship.
It's always been
a little dream of mine.
Oh...
It's my pleasure.
But we need to steer
away from those asteroids.
Aw, looks like fun.
Let's live a little.
I'd actually rather live a lot,
which is why I don't want
to squeeze through that gap!
So Santa was expecting
your visit?
Uh, no.
It was last minute.
A business opportunity--
look out!
Popped up.
Lots of money--
pull up!
To be made.
And you want to make
a lot of money?
Absolutely.
Watch it!
That's our ticket to
a new ship.

What's wrong
with this ship?
Seems like it runs
just fine.
Thanks to me.
And I'd like
to keep it that way.
No! We're not gonna make it!
You worry too much.
Santa was the same way
until he made giving gifts
to children his life's work.
Uh... come again?
He spends all year
preparing for tonight.
Every child-- who they are,
where they are, what they want.
All those gifts.
And then-- boom,
he delivers
every single present himself
in one night.
Santa does this.
Santa claus.
Of course. Who else?
Now, I tell him,
spread it out
over a few weeks or months,
and he refuses.
You know why?
Because he doesn't want to make
even one child wait.
And he gets nothing in return.
That's not how he sees it.
He says the joy of giving
is the greatest gift of all.
And that's why I love him.
I am groot.
You're right, pal.
It looks like we do have
this one all wrong.
Unbelievable!
Mm. Best hot chocolate ever.
This is exactly how

Santa's hot chocolate
should taste.
All part of the charade.
What are you looking for
over there?
Cameras.
We're probably being filmed
for some prank show.
Holly jolly follies,
or something like that.
Ugh! Why are you so down
on Santa claus?
A better question is,
why aren't you more
down on him, kid?
Memories.
Some of the best I have.
My parents
were paleontologists.
Spent a lot of time on digs,
living in tents.
Space was tight,
so toys were a luxury.
One year, I lost my favorite.
I was scared
to tell my parents,
so I wrote to Santa,
asking for a new one.
That morning, I wake up,
our tent's a jungle,
and there's
toy dinos everywhere.
We spent all day in there,
just playing.
I still have every one
of those dinosaurs.
Little me
was obsessed with planes.
I'd never been in one,
but I loved them.
One year I asked Santa
for a top-of-the-line
f-15 model kit.
But I didn't get it.

Instead, I got tickets
to an air show,
where I got to sit
in the cockpit
of a real f-15.
That's when I knew
I'd be a pilot.
I was a big fan
of baseball as a kid.
But I wasn't athletic,
so I was never picked
for a team by the other kids.
When I wrote to Santa,
I didn't ask for toys.
I asked for a chance to play.
I got a brand-new bat
and ball that year--
items my family
couldn't afford.
And they were my ticket
into the game.
I was awful.
I couldn't throw,
catch, or hit.
And I loved
every second of it.
Okay. I'll play
your little reindeer game.
I was six when I told my dad
i didn't believe in Santa claus.
My dad suggested
I take it up with Santa.
So I did.
I wrote to Santa and told him
to keep his presents.
All I wanted was proof
that he was real.
After the holidays,
the letter came back unopened.
It was marked "undeliverable."
So, I tore it up
and threw it away.
Because I had my proof.
There's no Santa.

You don't need proof
to believe.
Maybe you don't, kid.
But I'm a scientist at heart.
Always have been.
And that means
i won't believe it
until I see it.
Get down!
Hm.
I grow weary of waiting.
Where is jolnir?
Where is your Santa claus?
Do you really think
we'll tell you, loki?
That really would be ideal.
Double down on blizzard king.
Aah!
Need a hand, cap?
Or maybe a tail?
You're catching on, humberto.
I've always learned fast.
In third grade, I...
Ymir, freeze them slowly.
Perhaps they'll talk
before the cold
steals their breath.
Indeed.
Ice is the bringer
of truth.
What treachery is this?
Aah!
Presents?
Aaahh!
Your aim is much
improved, hulk.
Call me Santa hulk.
Now, this is a worthy
holiday tradition--
glorious battle.
Glad you could join us.
Wait.
Is that-- did you find--
Santa claus? Nay.

This is our friend Nick.
He is a most convincing
doppelgnger.
And he's as close
as we're gonna get.
Oh, I hope not,
for the sake of the boy.
Deliver Santa to me,
or I deliver your young friend
to his doom.
You won't do it, loki.
Wrong! I will do whatever
it takes to prevail.
That is what gives me
the advantage
over you... heroes.
End this madness, brother.
I'm about to, brother.
Reptil, down!
Hm.
Last chance.
Find Santa claus.
Ho ho ho!
No need to look
for that which is found.
It's him.
It's really him!
It's him!
It's Santa claus!
Deck... the... halls.
Santa, look out!
Ho ho ho!
You can control space-time.
And you can be nice, loki,
but you choose to be naughty.
Will you change your ways?
Oh, I will change,
with your help.
Oh! Oh!
No!
Got your back, Santa!
No, reptil!
A touching display,
dino-child,

but the casket was too quick,
and you too late.
Come on, Santa.
Say it with me.
"Ho ho ho."
The power of Santa claus!
All mine!
You mortal insects,
time is about to pass you by.
Oh, so much power.
The perfect present.
Hope you kept the receipt,
'cause you're returning
that gift.
Or exchanging it,
depending on store policy.
Your might can overcome
many things, my friends,
but I fear a rift in
the very fabric of existence
is not one of them.
Santa, you gotta wake up.
We need you.
I always believed in you.
I'm not gonna stop now.
Farewell, heroes.
Take comfort in knowing
loki's earth
would not be to your liking.
Earth isn't yours
just yet, loki.
I'll admit
you have spirit, Santa.
But spirit is no more useful
than your hat.
What? How?
If there's belief,
there's Santa claus.
Thanks for filling in, Nick.
Whew. Did my best.
I'm no you, Santa.
You could've fooled me, Nick.
It's like looking in a mirror.
I have your immense power,

and you can barely stand.
You're no match for me.
He is with our help.
And, like me,
you owe Santa an apology.
I should be at home right now!
Don't let up.
He's too dangerous.
Put the bow on him, kid.
Here's a couple presents
just for you, loki.
Your minds are once again free
from loki's tyranny,
elves of alfheim.
And that is what
the holidays are all about.
I got a confession
to make.
I pushed for you
to come along
to mess with cap.
I know.
But I still wanted to prove
i deserve to be
on this team someday.
And you did.
I was wrong.
You were right.
You weren't a trainee today.
You were one of us-- a hero.
You did good, humberto.
Ow.
The emerald guard
now controls you, loki.
Anyway, it's a true honor
to finally meet you,
Santa-- sir!
Did I say that already?
The honor is mine,
humberto.
Are you okay,
Mr. claus?
It's "Santa," Steve.
Feeling stronger

by the second.
I'm a bit behind schedule,
but I'll make do.
I always have.
And you will tonight,
because we're gonna help.
It's the least we can do.
It's the least I can do
for doubting you.
Oh, don't be too hard
on yourself, Tony.
Even your brain
can't be right all the time.
So we can help?
'Cause I've been practicing.
Why not?
The more, the merrier.
Ho ho ho ho ho ho!
Warm-blooded wretches!
Ice conquers all!
Whoa!
Ha...
Aahh!
Hi, honey!
And there's the missus.
Hello, dear!
See, rocket?
You saved everyone
from that awful ice giant.
Isn't giving wonderful?
Yeah. Feels pretty good.
It would feel a lot better
in a new ship, though.
Shall we? Wait.
How do I look?
Not bad, Nick.
Ow!
Not bad at all.
Ho ho ho ho
ho ho ho ho!
Is this sleigh new, Santa?
Yes. My gift to me.
You okay, Nick?
Mm...

I'm giving him a new car.
Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho!
One last delivery.
Heroes get presents
tonight too.
Reptil, thank you
for saving me,
for believing in me,
for being my friend.
Ooh. Ooh.
It's so...
It's-- it's--
it's really right here--
new ship...
It's so beautiful!
I am groot.
You're both welcome.
Now, let's take it
for a spin.
Rebuild Santa's cottage!
He has his power back.
Why can't he do it?
Finish it,
or we finish you,
villain.
So, what did Santa give you?
I don't believe it.
It's the letter.
My letter.
The one I wrote to Santa
as a kid.
But I tore it up.
It's impossible.
Nothing's impossible
if you believe.
You have all given me
something to believe in.
I am groot.
That's kind, groot,
but we don't need
any more presents.
Wow!
Yeah.
Groot knows how

to finish on a high note.

It's just missing one thing.

A day off?

- Burritos?

- Don't say "hug."

Singing!

Ra-ah-ah-ah-ah!