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# Rare Exports: A Christmas Tale

By Jalmari Helander

DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

Someone's coming.

Someone's buried here.

They're going to blow it up.

Juuso!

Juuso, wait!

BORDERZONE. NO ACCESS

I think Santa is buried up there.

Juuso, is Santa Claus dead?

What a baby. You still believe in Santa?

Come on.

- They've been lying to us.

- To you.

Who was the Santa

who came to our house then?

Mr. Piiparinen.

Haven't you figured that out yet?

Do you think Dad knows?

Your dad pays him for it.

Don't you get it?

This whole Christmas thing is just a bluff.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

THE FIRST SANTA CLAUS

WHO'S BEEN NAUGHTY?

Santa walking barefoot in the snow.

Ancient Santa by his cauldron.

DAY TO CHRISTMAS

Pietari!

Wake up, Son!

Pietari! Are you awake?

Yeah, yeah!

Then go and get cleaned up!

Vuppe, bad boy.

You were supposed to keep watch.

Dad!

Come here, Dad!

Come inside if you have something to say.

I don't want to.

You shouldn't be out there alone.

Really, I've got something

important to tell you.

Really, the wolves will gobble you up.

And I'm not kidding.

Dad, I'm coming in now.

Close your eyes, Son. Daddy's working.  
You shouldn't have turned the lights off.  
Who'd ever look at them at night?  
- Have you been on the roof?  
- What?  
Outside my window?  
I'm too busy to answer stupid questions.  
- Have you or haven't you?  
- No, I haven't.  
Maybe the chimney sweep-  
Go and get dressed! We're leaving soon.  
Where to?  
Don't you remember what day it is?  
Yeah, the round- up.  
You're taking me along?  
I thought you'd be dressed by now.  
He's spying on us.  
This is yours now.  
Is it loaded?  
Of course or it'd be useless.  
And take those goggles off.  
Have you got a light?  
Where's your dad?  
They had to take the snowmobiles.  
Piiparinen couldn't get the chopper started.  
Keep away from the fence! Three, two, one!  
- You really think you can use that?  
- Of course I can.  
- You gonna shoot Santa Claus?  
- He was outside my window last night.  
I thought you said he was dead.  
- Electric fence.  
- How do you like it?  
Protection.  
The explosions in the mountain  
have sent the wolves on the prowl.  
Wonder what they're digging up there?  
Just samples, I guess.  
Look!  
They're coming!  
Dad, Dad!  
They're coming!  
Our freezers will soon  
be brimming with meat.

Open the gate.  
Out of the way!  
Come on!  
Get in here, now! What's keeping you?  
Two skinny runts.  
Something's wrong.  
Maybe the others got lost.  
No, they didn't.  
Merry Christmas.  
You stay here.  
- Me, too?  
- Keep an eye on Pietari.  
What kind of wolves would do this?  
Big and nasty ones. Come and take a look.  
Those morons and their blasting!  
Now we have to deal with  
Russian wolves as well!  
They found the hole.  
This was cut with pliers.  
This is our fault.  
If you go crying to your dad,  
I'll give you a flogging.  
We were never any where near the gate.  
We should shoot that lot of idiots.  
They've probably gone by now.  
It's been quiet for days.  
If it wasn't for that border,  
I'd make minced meat of them.  
- We have insurance, right?  
- No, we bloody well don't.  
433 carcasses.  
Aimo, how much is that worth?  
Around \$85,000.  
Plus 22%VAT.  
All that money's been rotted away.  
He sure was hungry.  
What do we do?  
We'll pay them a little visit.  
Nuts!  
The guards have been paid  
to shoot anyone who comes near.  
Crossing the border is not a small thing.  
Neither is bankruptcy.  
Pietari, come on!

This was one hell of an idea!  
These boys left in a hurry.  
Come and see!  
They found him, Vuppe.  
Seismic researchers, my ass!  
They've excavated something.  
What on earth did they dig up?  
So much for that.  
What are you doing?  
Aren't you going to open it?  
No.  
Tape these on your bum.  
Are you serious?  
How do I look?  
Like a kid in a diaper.  
You brought me here just for this?  
Look.  
The real Santa was totally different.  
The Coca- Cola Santa is just a hoax.  
These are from some fairytale.  
This isn't.  
- What is this?  
- Proof that some fairy tales are true.  
What am I looking at here?  
The real Santa Claus.  
He tears naughty kids to pieces.  
Not even their skeletons are left.  
How did he end up there?  
The Sami people got angry  
and lured him onto the ice.  
The ice broke under him.  
The lake froze solid and Santa was trapped.  
Come summer,  
they dug out the huge ice block...  
and buried it under a sky- high pile of rocks.  
- And it became Korvatunturi Mountain?  
- Yep.  
You're such an idiot.  
When did you last get smacked?  
When I was little, I guess.  
Do you think we should confess?  
Listen, you brat.  
You have any idea what your dad will do...  
when he hears that those reindeer died

because of you?  
Are you making gingerbreads?  
Are you hungry?  
Yeah.  
Were you playing hockey?  
No, it's just this game we play.  
Pretty rough game?  
Yeah.  
These are good.  
Just like Mum used to make them.  
I'm glad to hear it.  
Dad, what if I didn't exist?  
What do you mean?  
If I disappeared.  
You should disappear...  
to your bed. It's late.  
Dad, do you think I've been good?  
All good boys are in bed by now.  
Merry Christmas, Dad.  
Merry Christmas, Pietari.  
DAYS TO CHRISTMAS  
Stay there. I have to check it.  
Do you think this is funny?  
I almost got killed.  
You are not going skating now!  
You're grounded this Christmas.  
I have to wee.  
Come on, Vuppe. Let's go out.  
Dad! Dad!  
- What is it?  
- The bait's gone!  
Careful now.  
Stay there.  
Did you hear me?  
Stay!  
Some kind of bird.  
What is it?  
Nothing.  
- Can I look?  
- No.  
Some bird took the meat.  
- I want to see it!  
- There's nothing down there.  
Why can't I look then?

Because we haven't even had breakfast yet.

Is this really all we're having?

These are good.

If I eat these, can I go  
and look down in the pit then?

Then you'll have some more.

Are you angry with me?

No.

Wait here.

Did you hear me?

You're grounded.

-Just preparing for my Santa gig.

- Shut up and follow me.

Come on, Vuppe.

He shouldn't have come  
snooping around in people's yards.

Greene, Brian Jonathan.

Born 1952.

Must be one of those nutters  
from the mountain.

Not even 60 years old.

What are you going to say?

To who?

Everyone.

Nothing.

You know those wolf pits are illegal.

Darn it, Piiparinen!

Like it or not, you're in this too.

- I should...

- Shut up...

and think, if you know how.

I have an hour to my first Santa stop.

Vuppe, stay.

Did you see that?

He's breathing. Tough old codger.

What is he doing?

He smells something.

Pietari.

Pietari!

You were supposed to stay inside!

Pietari, come back here now!

- Did Pietari see him?

- What do you think?

I have to go. What do I do with him?

Have a little chat.

The cops!

Pietari, Pietari!

Blast it all.

What's he up to?

- Hiya.

- Hi.

- Why the fancy dress?

- What?

- Is everything in order?

- What do you mean?

What a morning!

I've been all around the village.

Strange stuff going on.

Well, everything's fine here. Right, Pietari?

Then you're an exception.

You brought the whole murder squad?

- What's the problem here?

- My other business.

A couple of hundred sacks of potatoes,  
my whole harvest.

I'm here because of some potatoes?

Yes and no.

They only took the sacks.

Holy mackerel.

Almost every house

got their radiators stolen last night.

Torn off the walls.

It's going to be one cold Christmas.

My wife's hairdryer was stolen  
from the bathroom.

Who'd want an old

piece of rubbish like that?

It's cutting-edge technology in Russia.

- Pietari, we should be getting home.

- No!

- Where's Juuso?

- Still sleeping, I guess.

Not so fast. Let's take a look at your car.

Juuso.

Juuso, wake up! He's at our place now.

Juuso!

Juuso's been taken!

- What the devil is that?



- It was in Juuso's bed.  
Maybe he's out chasing girls.  
When we were your age...  
we'd stack up some pillows and pretend...  
He'll be back by nightfall.

- Don't you get it?  
- Pietari, that's enough!  
- Can I go now?  
- Okay, go.

Aimo, you speak English, right?  
How come?  
We need an interpreter.  
Disgusting!  
You old devil.  
Gingerbread?  
What do you want me to translate?  
I've got stuff to do.  
We've got visitors  
from Korvatunturi Mountain.

- Visitors?  
- American visitors.

Now, in you go.

- Daddy! We have to help Juuso.  
- Nonsense. Juuso is a big boy.

So?  
We can't go back in there. It's not human.

- Not human?  
- Not human!  
- The old swine bit me!  
- Look at that.  
- I have to see this.  
- I'm not kidding.

See for your selves.  
There's something really weird about him.

- Don't you think?  
- He's a foreigner.

Go talk to him.  
Be careful.  
I'm not going there alone.  
Right.  
Cover me.  
He's harmless.  
Sorry to disturb you on Christmas Eve,  
but is Hemppa in?

Oh, he isn't.  
Okay. Thanks anyway.  
No, I haven't seen him.  
Merry Christmas. Bye.  
Give me the broom.  
Ask him what they were digging up.  
He's acting deaf. An old trick.  
Tell him we'll keep him here  
until someone pays up.  
- You mean as a hostage?  
- Yes.  
Tell him!  
You're making him angry.  
He doesn't understand you.  
This was just phase one.  
- What was that?  
- Dad!  
What does he want now?  
Dad, I have to talk to you!  
I'm just doing a little job with Piiparinen.  
What is it?  
You need to smack me.  
- What?  
- I deserve to be smacked.  
Fifteen good lashes should do.  
What's the matter with you?  
I've been naughty.  
What have you done?  
Juuso and I went up to the mountain...  
and we made that hole in the fence.  
You did what?  
I'm the only one left, Dad.  
All the others have been taken. Juuso, too.  
What are you talking about?  
All the kids.  
Rauno, you have to see this.  
Wait here.  
He's up to something. And, look.  
He bit it in half.  
Look at his eyes.  
What is he looking at?  
Pietari!  
Don't!  
Do you know this bloke from somewhere?

He seems to know you.  
He knows all the kids.  
Who is he? Come on, speak up!  
He's been spying on us.  
What do you mean? Tell me!  
He's Santa Claus.  
He's come to get me.  
They dug him up from the mountain.  
A character from a fairytale.  
I knew there was something fishy going on.  
- He's going to attack!  
- Daddy, don't let him take me!  
On the ground! Tell him in English!  
He has his own language.  
- He's not afraid of you.  
- He sure is.  
Tie him up.  
- No way.  
- Now!  
What was that?  
It's coming from that jacket.  
Careful!  
- What did he say?  
- They want him back.  
- Don't they?  
- What are you doing?  
This is Rauno.  
Tell him we have Santa for sale.  
How much are you going to ask for him?  
- Enough to cover the debt.  
- At least.  
- Maybe we should think it over.  
- Are you scared?  
We're giving him up too easily.  
Just think what he could be worth.  
The original, real Santa Claus.  
Someone is going to get rich with him.  
That's the plan.  
- Dad!  
- Stay here, we won't be long.  
- My wife's hairdryer!  
- What the hell...  
Put that hairdryer away. Keep cool.  
What a midget.

Say something.

- How much do we want?

- \$85,000.

- At least a million.

- Shut up.

The last door.

- What did he say?

- We need to keep quiet.

- What do you mean, a helper?

- He says it's an elf!.

Enough of this rubbish! Give us the money!

What's up with him?

Is someone there?

What's that running there?

What on earth is happening here?

Pietari! Pietari!

Pietari!

The elves have built a nest for Santa.

For what?

- Is that...

- Yes.

They're trying to defrost him.

- Dad!

- What was that?

Daddy, help.

Juuso. They're all here.

And soon they will get smacked.

- Dad!

-Juuso, where are you?

Turn off the heat!

Juuso, say something.

Piiparinen, the doorwon't hold!

What should I do?

Barricade the door.

Move these there!

Aimo, leave the kid and come and help us.

Daddy's little boy.

- Let's go home, Daddy.

- Don't worry, we'll get home soon.

We are all going to die!

Dad!

Aimo!

Piiparinen!

Listen to me!

As long as the kids are here...  
the elves won't leave the hangar.  
It's either me or Santa.  
I suggest Santa.  
It's Piiparinen. Pietari, do you read?  
I do.  
Copy that.  
Why do I have to go in the sack?  
Because it's my plan. Let's go!  
- Here's one more.  
- Not Juuso!  
All the kids have to go, or this won't work.  
- Daddy, I'm scared.  
- Piiparinen, the package is ready.  
- Won't they get cold out there?  
- Stay out of this.  
Don't worry, Dad. I'll be fine.  
Ready to go!  
You do your job, I'll deal with this!  
Slow down, we'll wait here.  
Piiparinen, look down!  
- They're following us!  
- What did I tell you?  
Let's turn around, Piiparinen!  
What?  
Towards the pens!  
What for?  
Pretend they are reindeer!  
Reindeer! Stars alive!  
That's what we'll do.  
Looks like we've been naughty.  
If you ever wondered how Santa can be...  
in a zillion places all at once, now you know.  
That's the magic of Christmas.  
Piiparinen, the gate's closed!  
Fiddlesticks! We need a new plan.  
There isn't time! I'll go and open it!  
You're not going anywhere!  
I can't l and there to bring you back up.  
I'm not coming back.  
Pietari, can you hear me?  
Pietari!  
Piiparinen!  
Tell Dad what I did.

Daddy.

Have a merry Christmas.

And a happy bloody New Year.

How do you like that, elves?

What happened?

The miracle of Christmas.

Congratulations, Pietari! Congratulations!

You just put the elves out of a job.

Take the kids home. It's their bedtime.

Roger. Over and out.

One hundred and ninety eight

Santa Clauses.

Juuso, what's that worth?

How much for one?

\$85,000.

Around \$16,800,000.

Plus 22%VAT.

- You're quite a man.

- So are you.

DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

Nothing in there for you, fuzz face!

DAYS TO CHRISTMAS