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The Night They Saved Christmas

By Jim Moloney

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I would've bet the ranch
on that well.

That field is down there
somewhere, I'm sure of it.

I think so too.

We're running out of time.

We gotta start clearing Site B
right after New Year's.

How long will it take you to
sink two more rigs here...

and here?

With the way the ice is
jamming the drills, I'll have
to triple the dynamite to
clear 'em.

Four or five days.

Okay, go ahead.

When does Murdock arrive?

This evening.

He's not going to be very happy.

There's Claudia now.

That ice fog is forming fast.

We better take off right away.

Let's go.

Well, what did you decide?

What did you decide?

Come on, Claudia,
be reasonable.

Michael, I've been more
than reasonable.

For the last five years, I've
been trying to raise a family in
deserts, the Brazilian jungle,
and now this place.

Well, at least we're living
in a house this time.

I have my reservations as to
whether it qualifies as a house.

A home, no way.

All right then, be realistic.

I've got everything on the line
here.

You know I'm the one that talked

Murdock into this exploration.
I can't just walk away from it.
And I can't stay here
any longer.
Our children deserve a civilized
existence, and C.B. particularly
needs a stable life.
Don't start that again.
There's nothing wrong with C.B.
Well, you're not around him
enough to know.
He's having a lot of problems,
and he's constantly fighting
at school.
No, Michael, I've made up my
mind.
I'm moving the kids back to
Los Angeles after the New Year.
Why can't you take that head
office job that Murdock offered?
I told you!
I'm not an office type.
I'm a field man, this is what
I do.
I only need a couple more months
at the most.
Come on.
You've hung in this long.
I'm sorry.
Michael, I can't.
You haven't said anything to
the children yet, have you?
Of course not.
I wouldn't want to spoil their
Christmas.
Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad!
How you doing?
Mommy, Daddy, wait till you
hear what I have to tell you.
Marianne, will you please
shut up?
C.B.'s done it again.
He gave Curt Larson the biggest
black eye you ever saw.

He started it!
He called me a liar!
I don't care what he called
you, you shouldn't have hit him.
He made me so mad, I couldn't
help it.
Anyway, he's a liar!
He's been going all over school
telling everyone there's no
Santa Claus.
You and I are going to have
a very serious talk right now,
young man.
Hedda had to go to her
sister's.
Are you gonna make dinner
for us?
We can't send out for the
pizza man, can we?
Oh, Dad.
Mr. Murdock's here.
He's waiting for you in the den.
But Dad, you said you and me
were gonna have a serious talk
right now.
Your mother will have the
talk with you.
Aw, Dad!
I don't care, you have him
call me the minute you hear from
him, you understand?
Right.
Gee, that Fred Haley
needs a keeper.
How are you, Michael?
Hi, how was the plane trip?
Oh, the usual--
a little rough the last
couple hundred miles.
Will you join us for dinner,
Sumner?
Thanks, I ate at the hotel
just after I checked in.
So, how's everything shaking?

Well, uh, I hate to give you bad news, but, uh...
Rig 5 came in dry today.
Rig 5?
You said that was 90% probable.
Yeah, I was wrong.
I'm sorry.
I'm not interested in apologies, kid, just results.
All right, all right, we'll forget about the A Site.
We'll forge ahead with Site B.
I'm sure I'm right about the A Site, just give me another week or two.
I'll give you one week.
In the meantime, move as much of the crew as you can over to Site B.
Morning, Craig.
Michael.
Murdock just left for Site B.
He's in some rotten mood.
So, what else is new?
Good morning, Mike.
Good morning, Sam.
Looks like Arnie Hanson over at Burocoal is up to his old practical jokes again.
Ha, he's probably running out of things to do with all his money.
What is it this time?
Much better than the bigfoot paw prints he spent the night putting around your house last Christmas.
Tell me, tell me.
Oh, I wouldn't wanna spoil it for you.
I'll let Arnie's little man tell you himself.
He's in your office.
May I help you?

Oh! Oh...

Yes.

Yes, you may.

Michael Baldwin, I'm project manager here.

My name is Ed.

Ed...?

That's right, Ed.

Oh, I see.

Well, Ed...

can I get you a cup of coffee?

Would you have a nice cup of hot chocolate?

I'm afraid not.

Oh.

That's all right.

That's perfectly all right.

Won't you sit down?

Oh, thank you, yes!

Well, uh, Ed,

what brings you to this frozen hellhole, if you'll excuse the mixed metaphor?

Mixed metaphor?

Mixed metaphor...

Does that mean I can get right to the point?

Yes, that's what that means.

Good.

Mr. Baldwin, your company has been doing a great deal of dynamiting in the North Pole region recently.

That's right.

Uh, ice has been jamming our drilling rigs, and we've been forced to do some heavy dynamiting to free them.

You don't know what you're doing, Mr. Baldwin.

You must stop dynamiting, immediately.

Okay...

Why should I do that?

Because if you continue,
there's a very good chance
you're going to blow up
Santa Claus.

I beg your pardon?

Mr. Baldwin, I'm Santa's
chief elf at North Pole City,
and we realize you had no idea
you were creating such problems
for us--

You're the chief elf?

Mm-hmm.

May I?

We've already sustained serious
damage because of explosions
here at-- at Site A.

But dynamiting here at Site B
would most certainly destroy
North Pole City.

We're-- we're smack dab
next to it.

Blow up Santa Claus?

And destroy North Pole City?

Arnie gets crazier every year!

Arnie?

Oh, I gotta give you credit
though, I-- I couldn't have
pulled it off with a straight
face.

Go on, go on, tell us what
happened next.

Well, he looks me straight in
the eye, and he invited us all
to visit Santa Claus tomorrow!

But why us?

Well, he wants to convince us
to stop dynamiting at our sites
because he's afraid we're gonna
blow up Santa Claus.

Did Arnie finally
own up to it?

I haven't spoken to him yet.

I think he's still out of town.

There aren't any little

people around here.

Where in the world did he
find him?

Well, knowing Arnie, I'm sure
he had him flown in just for the
occasion.

Maybe it isn't a joke!

Maybe he really is Santa Claus'
chief elf.

That's impossible.

Santa Claus is just a
mythological figure.

What's a mytha-- myth--

It's nothing, C.B.

David's just being a smart
aleck.

No.

Hey... I was just kidding.

Well, it isn't funny.

May I be excused?

Me too?

Yes, go ahead.

What's wrong, honey?

Nothing.

Come on.

Now I know what David meant.

Meant about what?

You know-- Santa Claus.

What about Santa Claus?

I guess Curt Larson wasn't
lying.

There is no Santa Claus.

He isn't real.

Mom?

You always said you wouldn't
lie to me.

I want to know.

Tell me, please?

For all of us who believe in
Santa Claus, he is real,
in our hearts.

But he's not a real person?

Uh... well, no.

Not in the same way that

you and I are.
You just ruin everything!
I hate you, Mom,
I wish you were dead!
Don't you dare talk to your
mother that way.
Now, go to your room!
That's all you ever say to
me, "Go to your room!"
I hate you too, Dad.
I really hate you!
Was that necessary?
Why don't you try to understand
him instead of losing your
patience?
Very good, sport!
You're really getting the hang
of that thing!
Come on, C.B.!
Sit on my lap and you can steer!
No, thanks.
Oh, stop being indulgent.
Ride with Dad.
Will you please talk English?
Okay, it's my turn then!
Uh, hold it, honey.
You better put this snowmobile
away.
You don't wanna be late for
school, and I gotta get to work.
But we only got a half a day
today.
Do we have to go?
Mom said we were gonna decorate
the tree today.
Yes, you have to go.
We'll start on the tree
after lunch.
Now, put the snowmobile away,
change your clothes,
and get going.
Fred, you're an idiot.
You're an absolute idiot!
No.

No.

No!

That's what they want us to do!

Two words, Fred.

"Walk away!"

Gaylord and those corporate jackals of his over at Global Oil are up to their old tricks again.

Well, Fred didn't close, did he?

You heard me, I told him to walk away.

Just like I'm gonna walk away from this entire development, unless you bring something in soon.

It's here, Sumner, I know it's here, on one of the two sites. We've had a f-few problems.

Oh, no, baby.

You have problems!

You're the chief geological engineer on this project.

You recommended this exploration!

And if I don't see some results soon, I'm pulling out, and you're gonna be looking for a job.

Here they are.

Oh, that's good.

Well, that's it for me.

I gotta get going.

But Dad, we haven't finished decorating the tree.

I know, but I have another meeting with Mr. Murdock.

He acts like he owns you.

He doesn't own me, princess, but he does pay the bills around here.

All right, kids,

the dishes.

Okay, okay, come on.

Come on.

I'll see you later, darling.

Who could that be?

I'll get it.

Where did you get that?

The army abandoned it here
after the war.

It's the only one like it.

That's very interesting,
but I don't have any time for
Arnie Hanson's jokes today.

Jokes?

Michael, who is it?

Hanson's elf is back.

Come on in.

Claudia, I'd like you to meet
Santa Claus' chief elf, Ed.

Ed, this is Mrs. Baldwin.

Hello.

It's a pleasure to meet you.

Nice to meet you.

You'll have to discuss it
with her, I have an urgent
meeting to go to.

I'll probably be late.

Won't you sit down?

Oh, thank you.

Goodness.

My goodness, I--

I'm sure I said today.

Do you suppose you and the
children could come with me,
Mrs. Baldwin?

Come where?

Home...

to North Pole City.

To North Pole City?

Yes.

To meet him.

To meet who?

Santa Claus.

Hey, you guys.

After you're finished helping Hedda, how would you like to go and meet Santa Claus?
Meet Santa Claus-- sure!
Come on, Ma, don't put us on.
Well, Mr. Hanson's little friend is back, he's out in front.
He is?
He sure is.
And we've all been invited to go to the North Pole.
Where we'll all meet a big white rabbit and go to the Mad Hatter's tea party!
Will you please shut up?
Can we go?
Can we go?
Even if it is a joke?
Yeah.
Here we are.
These are my children, David, Marianne, and C.B.
Marvelous!
It's very nice meeting you.
Let me help you in.
Well, here we go!
Wow, I could even reach the controls on this one.
Yes, you certainly could!
Do you think you could teach me how to drive it?
Not now, C.B., there's not time.
Perhaps when we get where we're going.
I can tell you Santa Claus appreciates this, Mrs. Baldwin.
Once you've met him, I hope you can convince your husband to stop the dynamiting.
Oh, I'm sure of it.
Mr. Baldwin is a very reasonable man.

Oh, good.

That makes me feel a whole lot better.

Ed?

Just how fast is this thing going?

Oh, about 100 miles an hour, I suppose.

It-- it's pretty slow.

Not like the Reindeer Zephyr.

What's a Reindeer Zephyr?

You'll see in a little while.

100 miles an hour?

Wow!

You must have made a mistake.

It's an engineering impossibility a snowcat can go that fast.

Not with Dr. Fernando, it isn't.

Dr. Fernando?

Santa's chief of research and development.

He's the one who modified this, uh... thing.

I'm a little worried, David.

Do you think we're really going 100 miles an hour?

Of course not.

It's an illusion.

We're probably not going...

20 miles an hour.

We seem to be going pretty fast.

I know.

There's an increased perception of velocity in both the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

If you say so.

The storm seems to be getting worse, Ed.

I think we better be getting back.

Don't worry, Mrs. Baldwin,

we'll be out of the storm
in just a moment.
And then you're going to see the
most beautiful weather you've
ever seen.
Here we are.
I told you.
Wow, look at that!
There it is.
That's a Reindeer Zephyr?
It's one of our most
sophisticated long-distance
vehicles.
Vehicles?
I don't see any reindeer.
How does it go?
It's self-propelled.
You've gotta be kidding.
That's a mock-up.
You've gotta give that Arnie
Hanson credit.
This one's a real winner, Mom.
I know it.
Well, let's get going.
Let's go!
This is terrific.
No, hold on,
just wait a minute.
Aw, gee, can't we see it for
a few minutes?
No.
I think this joke has gone
far enough.
There's something wrong here.
What could be wrong?
I don't know, but...
I do know that no one would go
to this length to pull off the
joke.
What else could it be?
You don't think that thing's
going anywhere, do you?
Of course not.
Then what harm can come from

looking at it?
Please, Mom?
Aw, please, just for a few
minutes?
Okay, but just for
a few minutes.
Wow, look at that!
Pretty, isn't it?
Seriously, Ed, we've gotta
start back soon.
I promised we'd be back by 6:00.

6:

Oh, that's impossible.
Can't you call and tell him
you'll be late?
Call?
From where?
Our communications post,
right there.
Get on board, children,
get on board, your-- your
mother's going to make a
telephone call.
Uh, what's your credit card
number?
All the rigs are iced in?
That's right, Mr. Murdock,
we're gonna start blasting
some time today.
I think one time will do it.
We're using enough dynamite to
blow up New York City.
We'll set the rig tomorrow and
start drilling the day after.
Good work, Harold-- listen,
tell Craig Marin to meet me
at Site B in the morning.
10-4.
Hello?
This has gotta be the most
expensive stunt Arnie's ever
pulled.
Well, I'm at a phone booth.

Well, it's, uh...
You're talking into a candy
cane, and you're going to go to
the North Pole in a reindeer?
I mean, it's like a--
a carousel reindeer with seats
inside!
Michael?
Michael, can you hear me?
The static's awful.
It's the storm.
I'm afraid that's the best we're
going to do.
Claudia!
Operator!
Operator?
I mean it, Ed.
A few more minutes, and we have
to get back.
Uh, please trust me,
Mrs. Baldwin, you're going to
love the ride.
All right, all right.
You certainly can't carry this
on much longer.
Everybody ready?
Are you really sure about
this thing, David?
Trust me, Mom.
Pigs will grow wings before this
thing will move an inch.
Here we go.
Impossible or not,
this thing is moving!
This isn't funny anymore, Ed.
I'm telling you to turn this
thing around right now!
I can't, it's remote control,
and all the controls are in
North Pole City.
You mean, you're not driving
it?
No, I'm a passenger,
just like you are.

Wow, this is really great!
Mom, I'm scared!
I'm telling you for the last
time, Ed, this joke has gone
far enough!
Yeah!
Yeah!
This is absolutely crazy!
And it's the only way we can
get to North Pole City.
It's a dead end.
Even this thing couldn't make it
over that ice wall.
What are you doing, Ed?
You'll see.
Did you see that?
Those doors!
This is more than a practical
joke, David.
Welcome...
to North Pole City.
If this isn't a practical
joke, we're in big trouble.
I know, Mom, I know.
We're here, and we're really
gonna meet Santa Claus!
Our elf population here
numbers in the thousands.
Enough to operate the largest
toy factory in the world.
Santa's factory?
Will we get to see that too?
Oh, yes,
you're going to see it, C.B.
In fact, Santa is going to take
all of you on a complete tour.
I don't know why, but I think
someone's doing a mind trip
on us, Mom.
I know, and it's gonna be up
to you and me to keep our heads.
There's Santa's house.
It's the oldest building up
here.

Looks pretty much the same as it did when he first built it.
They have some presents for you.
That's a very comfortable jumpsuit which Santa designed himself.
It keeps you warm when you're outdoors, and cool when you're inside.
We have them for the children too.
Thank you.
This is for you!
Thank you.
Thank you.
When do we get to meet Santa?
Pretty soon now.
You heard him, Mom!
We're gonna get to meet him soon!
In the meantime, we'll--
we'll go to the dining room.
We got here just in time for a hot chocolate break.
I know you don't believe me, Mrs. Baldwin, but you're going to feel a lot better after you meet Santa.
You have to believe him.
Yeah, I understand.
Thanks, Arnie.
Bye.
Arnie Hanson doesn't know anything about it.
I feel so helpless.
What am I gonna do?
Nothing.
Absolutely nothing.
Are you crazy?
What are you talking about?
Pull yourself together.
I have to do something!
Now, listen to me.
I guarantee you that Gaylord has

got Claudia and the children.

Gaylord!

What possible reason would he have to kidnap my family?

I don't know yet, but I'll tell you this.

He's the most dangerous man that I've ever known.

And until we know for sure, you better not rock the boat.

Wow, this is the best hot chocolate I've ever tasted!

Good!

Thank you.

The, uh-- the chocolate is a secret formula of Santa's.

He developed it in 1886.

Or was it '87?

Ed?

Yes, Marianne?

Some of my friends and I were talking at school, about how Santa can get up and down all those chimneys.

Well... first of all, Santa's suit and boots are fireproof.

Of course, there are a number of homes where the chimneys are too small for Santa.

What about those places, and the places with no chimneys at all?

That's a good question.

I'd say Santa uses chimneys, oh, less than 5% of the time now.

For all the places he can get in conveniently, he uses his molecular redistribution invention.

Molecular redistribution?

Yeah, he calls it a-- a people transporter.

It-- it works with goodies too.

It's a platform on the side of

his sleigh.

Oh, sure.

We're wasting too much time
and money on Site A, Michael.
Tell Faulkner to abandon it and
move everything over to Site B
right now.

But you gave me a week.

That was before this Gaylord
thing.

Look, I don't care how you do
it, I want to start blasting by
the 24th--

that's Christmas Eve day.

Have you got me?

Well, we weren't scheduled
to start dynamiting there till
after New Year's.

I just changed the schedule.

Apple A to base.

Base to Apple A, Harold?

Any news about Claudia and
the kids?

Nothing yet.

I'm sorry, Mike.

Um, we're gonna dynamite in
about a quarter of an hour.

Good.

Uh... and tomorrow, you're gonna
have to start moving everything
over to Site B.

Everything?

Uh, well, not everything.

Why don't you set up a skeleton
crew there on Site A,
and set up a new rig.

There's oil there, I know it,
Harold, and we're gonna find it.

We take very short breaks
this time of year.

We have an enormous amount of
toys and presents to get ready
by Christmas Eve.

Jingle bells

Jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh
Jingle bells
Jingle bells...
Ed! Ed! Where are you?
Hey, Ed!
Oh, no.
Oh, no!
Uh, boys?
Boys? No.
No, no, no.
Boys?
Boys!
...laughing all the way
Bells on bobtails ring
Making spirits bright
What fun it is to ride
And sing a sleighing song...
Boys, no.
Jingle bells
Jingle bells
Jingle all the way...
All right!
I'm gonna tell you one more
time.
Sing anything you want--
"White Christmas,"
"Frosty the Snowman,"
"Rudolph the Red-Nosed
Reindeer."
But no more "Jingle Bells!"
I knew it, I knew it!
It's Santa Claus!
He's a real man, Mom.
Yeah.
Welcome, Mrs. Baldwin,
thanks for coming.
And a special welcome to the
children.
I apologize for sounding a
little grumpy, but over 100
years of "Jingle Bells,"

well, that's enough.
And frankly, it's been driving
Mrs. Claus and I
right up the wall!
Yes, I understand.
I'm sorry I'm late.
But the recent explosions have
damaged our communication
system, you see.
And I've been spending all my
time trying to repair it.
How are you, C.B.?
You really know me?
Of course, I know you!
I know all the children of the
whole world.
As a matter of fact, I think
you're just about the same age
as your grandfather was when I
gave him a red wooden sleigh in
Was a great model, big success.
Wow, 1922!
How old are you, Santa?
Let's just say I'm not a
spring chicken anymore.
I really appreciate your visit
here, Mrs. Baldwin.
I'm sorry Mr. Baldwin
isn't here too.
Oh, not any sorrier
than I am.
I see, I see.
You think this whole thing is
some kind of hoax, don't you?
I don't know what to think.
I must apologize to you,
Mrs. Baldwin.
I should have anticipated there
might be some problem with my
credibility.
It's been diminishing more and
more every year.
But as soon as we get our
communication system working,

we can radio Mr. Baldwin,
advise him that you're safe.
I'd appreciate that.
We're obviously gonna have to
have a little talk, aren't we?
But before we do that, I'd like
to know your children better.
How 'bout that, C.B?
Marianne? David?
Yeah!
Yeah!
I was wondering...
there seems to be a lot of
different Santa Clauses in the
store around Christmas time.
There certainly are--
they all couldn't be me,
now, could they?
But I try to visit some of the
stores before Christmas.
Was that really you?
Yeah, my belly full of jelly
and all.
And as I recall, you were
visiting with your grandmother,
and you pulled my beard.
Yes, David?
It seems it's a logistical
impossibility you can deliver
all those presents in just one
night.
Ha, I was wondering when that
would come up.
Well, first of all, the
different time zones make it a
little easier for me.
Time zones?
Oh, yeah!
You see, when it's midnight in
New York, it's only 5:00 in the
morning in London.

9:

I think it would take the

whole night just to cover a small area of one city.

You're absolutely right, David, it would take the whole night... if it weren't for the TDD.

That's the Time Deceleration Device.

Here, let me show you.

This is really something.

Now, look over there at the North Pole Constant Time Clock. See, the spinning little candy cane measures time in microseconds, exactly like they do in the Olympics.

Now, as I switch on the TDD, you watch the clock.

There, you see?

The TDD has slowed time. It decelerates time as I go from area to area, and it slows things down more than enough to give me time to make my deliveries.

There... is that amazing?

Dr. Fernando of our Research and Development Department developed it, based on Einstein's theory of relativity.

It's incredibly complicated. Matter of fact, it's Greek to me.

All I know is, it works.

Now then, may I suggest that, uh, Mrs. Claus entertain the children while we have our little talk?

Thank you.

Good.

They're dynamiting again.

They're dynamiting again!

This is our newest building.

It's the safest place to be.

Ed, you stay with 'em.
Yes.
I've gotta get to Master
Control Headquarters.
It's been hours,
where are they?!
What if it isn't Gaylord?
Got a better answer?
Driven to the North Pole by a
diminutive chauffeur?
In a reindeer?
Well, I saw him!
Oh yeah, of course.
Just like the Saudis saw things
when Gaylord ripped them off
last year.
You think Claudia and the
children have been drugged?
He had the guts to drug
the Saudis.
Well, here we are.
Ah, welcome!
Oh!
Please, come in.
Good evening, Ed.
Good evening, Mrs. Claus.
May I present Mrs. Claudia
Baldwin, and these are her
children, David,
Marianne, and C.B.
This is Mrs. Santa Claus.
Hello.
My my, children, what a
pleasure it is to have you here.
Thank you.
It was pretty scary for
a while there, wasn't it?
Yes, it was.
And Papa's so pleased that
you could come.
And it looks as though it was
just in time, doesn't it?
Yes.
Well, enjoy yourselves.

Uh, I'll be waiting to escort
you back when you're finished.

Excuse me.

Oh, yes, yes.

Now, um...

why don't you all follow me
into the study?

Papa should be here very soon.

May we have a look around,

Mrs. Claus?

Oh, yes, please do.

And please, call me Martha.

Thank you, Martha.

Claudia.

Ah.

It's okay.

Oh, oh, that's all right.

You can pick it up.

It won't break, it's iron.

It was Papa's most popular toy
from 1838 to 1843.

Hi, Mommy!

I'm a good girl!

I love you, Mommy.

And that was

Papa's big hit in 1950.

There's a record player in the
tummy.

You know, many of the toy
companies get some very good
ideas from Papa.

I bet they do.

Boy, I remember this little
tank I got one Christmas.

It used caps and shot BBs.

Well, you didn't get that
from Papa.

Parents often give their
children gifts and say they're
from Santa Claus.

Toy guns, for example.

Papa has never given a child
a gun.

He doesn't like guns, he doesn't

believe in violence.

I thought I told Bruce in
maintenance to have this
doorknob fixed a week ago.

Oh, please, don't blame him.

He's so overworked, he hasn't
even repaired the kitchen sink.

Ah.

Ah.

How bad is it this time?

Well, fortunately, the damage
is minimal.

But for a moment there, it
reminded me of the Christmas
I was making my deliveries in
London during the Blitz.

Oh!

Well, it certainly scared the
wits out of me.

Well, hello again!

Hi!

Well, Claudia, if you'll
excuse me, I'm just going to
start preparing a little supper.

You kids wanna help her?

Good, well, come along then!

Well, now then.

We can talk alone.

Claudia, I'm sure you realize
by now how serious this
dynamiting is.

And we certainly don't want to
alarm the children more.

I agree.

Good.

Well...

first of all, I wanna show you
something.

Now, this is a precise miniature
of Nor...

Very interesting.

Oh, I-- I'm gonna

have to make a confession.

That's just for Christmas Eve.

I mean, if my beard were really that long, I'd never be able to make up my mind to go to bed with it over or under the blanket.

I get precious little sleep as it is.

All right, back to business.

Now, as I was saying, this is a precise miniature of North Pole City.

Now, I chose this location because of these ice formations. Technically called seracs. Totally conceal our little city from the sky.

Now, the Reindeer Zephyr ended here.

All an unwelcome visitor would find is-- is an impenetrable ice wall.

Our little city is also protected by very sophisticated anti-radar and electronic detection devices.

Map of the Arctic Circle.

North Pole City is right here.

Now, your husband's company has been dynamiting here.

And Ed has advised me

Mr. Baldwin also intends to dynamite here.

It's referred to as Site B.

That'll be right after the New Year.

As you can see, if he dynamites there... it'll be the end of all of us.

Yes, yes, I-- I can see that.

I knew you would.

Now, the main oil field isn't there.

It isn't?

No.

It's over here, on Site A.
They'll just have to keep
drilling there.
So, if you'll merely explain
that to your husband, I'm sure
he'll change his plans.
Explain it to him?
Be honest with me.
You haven't believed a word
I said.
No, I don't believe you.
I don't know what you really
want-- you seem like a very
nice man, and-- and this is
certainly an incredible place.
But, I mean, let's face it.
Santa Claus is a mythological
figure.
I mean, you know there's no such
person as Santa Claus.
There never has been, and there
never will be.
Martha's gonna be very shocked
to learn that.
Well, I guess I'll just have to
prove it to you then.
I really wish you could.
Why don't we sit down?
There you go.
Thank you.
Now there, let's see.
It was Christmas Eve,
you were five--
no, no, you were six,
living in Houston, Texas.
Houston, that-- that's right.
Mm-hmm.
You sneaked in and caught me
under the tree.
How would you know that?
I mean, I thought that was my
grandfather.
Your father was very ill at
the time.

Yeah, he-- he died
three months later.

I know that.

You remember that Christmas Eve
very clearly then, don't you,
Claudia?

Yes.

You asked me to trade your
gifts for a fishing rod you had
seen at Abercrombie and Fitch,
I believe.

It was there Christmas morning,
Claudia, wasn't it?

With a big green ribbon around
it...

and a little reindeer card that

said, "To Dad:

For the best dad a kid could
ever have."

I... I remember.

Santa...

I...

I didn't...

I didn't believe.

I... oh, Santa.

Now, now, now.

Thank goodness we were able to
straighten this thing out.

Excuse me, Papa.

Yeah?

Oscar just brought this
message from the weather
station.

Ah, I see the weather's
cleared.

You know, I was planning on
giving you a tour tomorrow.

But with the explosions today,
I think Ed should get you back
immediately.

I agree.

I know they don't plan on
dynamiting until after the

First, but I should talk to them
right away.

I hate to say this, but they
may not believe you.

Oh, of course they will.

Michael will.

We've never lied to each other.

Well, if you should have any
problems...

I'm gonna give you this
prototype of a children's
communicator that we've been
developing.

Oh, it's absolutely
wonderful.

Children all over the world will
be able to talk to each other.

And it automatically translates
for them.

Ed dropped the other
prototype and broke it.

The factory's making--
making a new one right away.

It should ready as soon as
possible, then you'll be able to
contact me any time you wish.

And I have something for you
too, dear.

Please, take it.

How nice of you.

Thank you.

Thank you, Claudia.

I know I'm leaving this whole
matter in very good hands.

Daddy? Daddy?

Where's Daddy?

Daddy, we got something to
tell you!

Hey, Dad!

Dad?

Wake up, Dad!

Where are you?

Oh, thank heavens.

Thank heavens, are you

all right?

We're great-- wait till you
hear about Santa Claus!

Santa Claus?

We've been worried to death,
we thought something terrible
had happened.

Actually, something wonderful
happened-- come here, boy!

Where's Mr. Baldwin?

Oh, well, he's at the office
waiting for word on the short
wave.

You weren't kidnapped?

Oh, no!

If you get these guys off to bed
for me, I'll tell you all about
everything.

All right, let's go.

Come on, come on, let's go!

Night, Mom!

I love you!

Night, love you!

Sweet dreams.

So, when the weather cleared,
I thought we had to get back
right away.

The kids were furious, I can
tell you.

They didn't even get to see the
toy factory.

The toy factory.

Yes!

Look, let's go to the office
right now, and I'll show you the
precise place on Site A where
the field is located.

Site A?

Wait a minute, there's your
answer!

Gaylord!

Gaylord planned this whole thing
to keep us drilling on the wrong
site.

What's that have to do with
Santa Claus?
Claudia, look, you've gotta
understand this.
You and the children, you didn't
go anywhere.
You were obviously given some
kind of a hallucinogenic drug,
and you were held right here
in town.
I don't believe this.
You think I dreamt the whole
thing?
It does seem the best
rational explanation.
I mean, darling, a remote
controlled reindeer sleigh?
A candy cane phone?
Well, then, what about this?
Santa will tell you himself.
Fine, let-- let's call him
right now.
Don't treat me like a child.
I told you, his communicator
is broken!
I see.
And I bought the candy and the
Christmas ornament at the store?
Darling, nobody can slow
time, it's a scientific
impossibility.
And-- and the city you described
can't possibly exist in the
Arctic Circle.
Don't you understand?
Claudia, you were drugged.
Well...
Santa said you might not
believe me, but...
it never occurred to me that
you wouldn't believe me.
I don't know how I feel right
now, but I don't wanna discuss
it any further tonight.

I'm very tired, and I want to go to bed.

Excuse me.

Honey, what matters is that you and the children are back and safe.

The fact that I never lied to you isn't enough, is it, Michael?

Sumner and I are flying up to Site B at dawn.

I'll be back in time to have lunch with you.

Fine.

But I wanna go with you.

I told you, you can't.

Do you wanna worry Dad all over again?

No, but you should tell Mom.

If we do, then Dad won't let any of us go.

So, you see, someone has to stay here.

Yeah, but why does it always have to be the youngest?

Anyway, I don't know why they won't believe us.

You heard Mr. Murdock talking to Dad.

They think we've been given some kind of hallucinogenic drug.

What's a hallu...?

It's a drug that makes you imagine things.

That's dumb.

Santa wouldn't give us anything like that.

I know!

But right now, there's no way to make Dad and Mr. Murdock believe any differently.

We can when Mom talks to Santa on the children's communicator.

By that time, with all the dynamiting, there might not be any North Pole City.

Why do we have to go over to IRC and take the company's snowmobile?

Why can't we just take ours?

Ours doesn't have a large enough fuel capacity, that's why.

Okay, Dad and Mr. Murdock have taken off.

Let's go.

Okay... North Pole City should be right here.

All we have to do is locate the entrance.

Yeah, but what if we can't find it?

Well, we'll still have more than enough fuel to get back to Site B, which is right here.

Are you sure we have everything?

The sextant?

Yes.

Extra batteries?

Yeah, and the sandwiches.

Okay.

Let's get going.

Okay, everybody!

Breakfast is on the table!

Hey!

Marianne?

David?

Where is everyone?

They went to warn

Santa Claus.

They left two hours ago.

What? What do you mean?

They left right after Dad and Mr. Murdock.

They took one of Dad's snowmobiles.

They had to, Mom, they just

had to.

No one believes us.

No.

Base to Apple Charlie Three?

Base to Apple Charlie Three.

This is an emergency.

Base to Apple Charlie Three,
come in, please.

We're jamming again.

But we should be operational
soon.

When? When?

When can you start dynamiting?

Tomorrow.

Right on schedule--

December 24th.

Base to Apple Charlie Three.

I'm afraid they're out on the
site someplace.

I'll get the plane.

I'll go with you.

No, you keep trying to reach
Michael-- tell him what
happened, and to get my flight
plan from the center.

Base to Apple Charlie Three.

Base to Apple Charlie Three.

I estimate we have about
another hour.

Then we can start searching for
the entrance.

I've sighted snowmobile
tracks, it must be them.

Good, give me your position.

Eight-two miles north of
V.O.R. heading three-five-seven
degrees.

As soon as I can reach
Mr. Baldwin, I'll tell him.
The ice fog is almost on us
and we're lost!

They're in an ice fog.

I'm gonna land and go in
on foot.

I'm now one-five-zero miles
from the V.O.R., still heading
three-five-seven degrees.
Help! Help!
Whoever just landed!
Over here!
We can't see anything!
David! Marianne!
Just stay where you are!
It's Mommy, I'm coming!
We're almost over her last
reported position now,
Mr. Baldwin.
But, uh, there's no way
we're gonna find her in this.
How long can she last
out here?
Well, atmosphere conditions
remain the way they are now,
maybe a week.
Well, let's get back to
Site B.
Okay.
I wanna get as many surface
vehicles in here as possible.
I was so scared!
How did you find us?
We were lucky we fixed the
children's communicator so
quickly.
When we heard your calls on it,
I just followed the signal into
the ice fog.
Santa's coming!
Santa's coming!
Santa's coming!
Santa Claus is coming!
Wow, that ice fog seems to be
getting worse and worse.
Reminds me of the one we had in
That one socked us up so badly,
I wasn't able to make my
deliveries until December 27th.
Really botched up Christmas that

year, I can tell you.
Oh... the dynamiting has been
cancelled, hasn't it?
I'm afraid not.
As far as I know...
they plan on clearing Site B
right after the New Year.
I told you, no one believed us.
I see.
Well then... I'm just gonna have
to do what I should have done
in the first place...
prove it to Michael myself.
Where's Ed?
Ed?
We should be ready to blast
those jams about 4:00
tomorrow afternoon.
Good.
I'm going back into town.
Listen, if you talk to Michael,
tell him I asked about his
family, huh?
Yeah, yeah.
I sure hope he finds 'em.
Let's face it, Craig, he
doesn't have much of a chance.
Are you coming back tomorrow?
No.
Well, you're gonna miss a
terrific explosion.
We're setting off so much
dynamite, it's gonna look like
an atomic bomb.
Okay, Jack.
Get up on the people
transporter, Ed.
I'm gonna beam you over to the
weather station.
I want hourly reports on that
ice fog.
Ready, Santa.
Incredible!
What?

Absolutely incredible!
Ed told me you wanted to know
how I delivered presents to
inaccessible locations.
Well, that's how it's done.
Set my controls, jump on the
platform with the presents,
and quick as a wink, I'm whisked
inside right next to the tree.
Come on, Donner, come on.
Donner? Blitzen?
Dasher and Dancer?
I still don't believe it!
Just like the poem!
"The Night Before Christmas,"
one of my favorites.
Named all of my reindeer after
that poem.
Can they really fly when
they have to?
Oh, every Christmas Eve.
That is, with the help of their
anti-gravitational harnesses.
Well, actually, my sleigh has
been completely self-propelled
for many years.
Of course, the reindeer don't
know that.
Well, it'd break their little
hearts if they didn't pull it
on Christmas Eve.
The people transporter--
maybe you could just beam us
back home.
I'm afraid not, Claudia.
Doesn't have anywhere near that
kind of range.
Well, let's get over to the
chalet and have Martha set you
up for the night.
Okay.
You kids must be hungry.
You didn't find them,
did you?

No, but we will.

I have search parties working
around the clock.

Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Murdock
asked me to tell you to meet him
at the hotel as soon as you
got in.

Dad?

Yes, son?

I really hate Mr. Murdock.
If he believed Mom and us,
none of this would've happened.

Now, don't start that again.

But it did happen.

Why won't you believe me?

For once and for all,
there is no Santa Claus.

There's no elves, there's no
Mrs. Claus, there's no...
time machine.

Then, what did happen?

You were all drugged.

A bad man by the name of Gaylord
drugged all of you, and then
you had some funny dreams.

Now, get to sleep.

We have to get up very early
in the morning.

Are you still working for me?

Yeah.

Didn't you get my message?

I did, I thought it could
wait till morning.

Anyway, I didn't wanna leave
my son alone.

Look, I know what you're
going through, but back off,
kid, will you, please?

I got problems of my own.

I'm flying out of here tomorrow
to meet Mr. Idiot Fred Haley on
that Kenya mess.

I'll be back late tomorrow
night.

I want to know right now, just
how long do you plan on going on
with this search?

Until I know one way or
the other!

50 men on my payroll, till
you know one way or the other.

You got till tomorrow,
and that's it.

Sumner...

You don't take any
responsibility for all this,
do you?

C.B. is right.

You were too tough on Claudia.

What are you talking about?

You know what I'm talking
about, you were too tough
on her!

Realistic, not tough!

Just as realistic as you were.

Now, I mean it, kid.

You've got till the end of the
day tomorrow, period.

...jingle bells

Jingle all the way

Oh, what fun it is to ride

In a one-horse open sleigh

Jingle bells, jingle bells

Jingle all the way

Oh, what fun

It is to ride...

Well, good morning,

good morning, good morning!

Hello!

How did all of you sleep?

Well, I would've slept a lot

better if everyone knew

we were safe.

I know how you feel, Claudia.

Well, I sure hope we have our

communication system working

this morning.

That ice fog better lift

by this afternoon.

Boy, am I hungry.

Now, we're going to have to
rush our breakfast this morning.

That's right, we've got a lot
to do before I start making my
deliveries tonight.

Mmm!

If

I can make them.

Here he is, Harold.

It's Faulkner about Site A.

He just missed you at
the office.

Yeah, Harold?

The rigs are still jammed.

We're gonna have to dynamite
again, Mike.

If Murdock finds out I'm
dynamiting at Site A again,
he'll know I'm not following
his orders.

That's for sure.

I think we better follow his
orders and abandon the site.

No, go ahead and dynamite.

Okay.

And Harold?

Yep?

I didn't tell you about
Murdock's orders.

Over and out.

Thanks.

But we're gonna find them
this time, Dad, I know we are!

Yeah, I think so too, son.

I'm praying we do.

They've gotta be there.

That's where Mom landed.

We're doing everything
we can.

No, you're not.

You're gonna blow up North Pole
City today for no reason,

and maybe that's where they are.
You're gonna ruin Christmas
forever!
What is that?!
I've never seen anything
so huge!
That's one of my storage
satellites, David.
I'm usually responsible for all
those UFO sightings
on Christmas Eve.
Storage satellites?
That's right, Marianne.
Each satellite contains all the
presents for one area.
Now then, with the amount of
children in the world today,
I couldn't possibly fly back and
forth like I used to,
now, could I?
No!
Of course not!
This way, I can reload
on the spot.
There you go.
Good.
Hello, hello, hello, hello!
This is Dr. Fernando, head of
our research and development,
and manager of our toy factory.
I'm delighted! I'm delighted!
How's the loading of the
satellites coming, Dr. Fernando?
Excellent!
Ten of them are already loaded,
ten of them!
Good, good.
What's really good is PAL!
The first production model came
off the line this morning.
Wait here, wait here!
I'll show you!
Wait here!
PAL is our favorite new toy

for Christmas future.

Hello, PAL!

Hello.

I'm Marianne.

Hello, Marianne, do you know
any jokes?

I know a riddle.

Riddles-- oh, I love riddles.

Ask me one.

Okay, let me see.

What's black and white and has
16 wheels?

A zebra on roller skates.

Right!

How did you know that?

Because I have over 100
riddles stored in my memory.

Among other things, the PAL
has been designed to help you
with your homework.

Oh, yes!

But it won't give you
the answers.

No, no. Oh, no.

It won't!

Positively not!

It helps, but it will not cheat!

Well, Dr. Fernando, I'll join
these folks for a quick look at
the factory, and then I've gotta
get over to the stables and do a
final preflight on my sleigh.

Yes, yes.

Of course, absolutely.

Gotta be ready by

Christmas Eve

Gotta be ready by

Christmas Eve

And it's gotta be made

With love

Gotta be ready by

Christmas Eve

Gotta be ready by

Christmas Eve

And it's gotta be made
With love
Put a pedal on the bike
Put a smile on the doggy
Gotta be ready by
Christmas Eve
Put your heart in your work
Keep the old man tidy
Gotta be ready by
Christmas Eve
We build dreams to fly
On Christmas morning
And it's gotta be made
With love
Gotta be ready by
Christmas Eve
Gotta be ready by
Christmas Eve
Gotta be ready by
Christmas Eve
Gotta be ready by
Christmas Eve
And it's gotta be made
With love
The 11th satellite is almost
loaded.
Wonderful! Wonderful!
The 11th satellite is almost
loaded!
Almost loaded!
You'll be able to take off
right on schedule, Santa!
Good, good!
Santa?
Santa!
The ice fog's lifting.
Wonderful!
Just in time too.
Wowiee!
Oh, no, they're starting to
dynamite again.
Then it must be on Site A.
I hate to tell you this,
Santa, but Jim in the radar room

is picking up a lot of activity
on Site B too.

What kind of activity?

He thinks they're large
vehicles-- a whole bunch of
large vehicles moving in there.

What are they?

Explosive carriers.

Oh, no, they're not gonna
dynamite there on Christmas Eve,
are they?

3:

We'll blast in 35 minutes.
Tell all the men to clear the
site, it'll be a go

at 4:

Yes, sir.

Son.

We're gonna go right back up and
search again tomorrow.

We've got to find them,

Daddy.

We've just got to.

I'm gonna go over and drop
these papers off at
Mr. Murdock's hotel.

I'll be right back.

Dad?

Yeah?

Oh, never mind.

Hello?

Thank you, operator.

Hello?

Hello, C.B.?

Where's your father?

He's on his way to the hotel.

Well, try and catch him.

One of the rigs just came in on
Site A, and it looks like we hit
the biggest damn oil field
you ever saw.

Daddy!

Daddy!
Daddy! Daddy!
Mr. Faulkner's on the phone.
There's oil on Site A--
"the biggest damn oil field
you ever saw!"
I knew it!
I knew we'd hit oil there!
But don't you see?
That proves Mom's right about
Santa Claus!
The oil's exactly where he said
it was.
Not near North Pole City.
It proves there's oil on
Site A, that's all.
But you don't see?
You believed it was there,
and you were right!
Six minutes.
Counting down, five minutes,
54 seconds.
Dad, please listen to me!
I promise to never ask you for
anything again!
I promise! I promise!
Please, listen to me!
I guess I haven't listened to
you much lately, have I?
No, Dad!
All right, I'm listening.
If you had believed us about
Santa Claus, you'd be right too.
And Santa might have rescued
Mom, David and Marianne.
What if they're in North Pole
City when you dynamite Site B?
Okay.
I'll cancel the dynamiting until
we take another look up there.
Now, you wait for me in the
house.
Hello? C.B.?
Mike?

Anybody!
Two minutes.
Still counting down.
One minute, 55 seconds.
Base to Site B, do you read
me?
Do you believe this?
Base to Site B, this is an
emergency.
One minute, 30 seconds.
Terminate the countdown,
do you read me?
Terminate the countdown!
I read you, Mike.
Terminate the countdown.
55, 54, 53, 52, 51...
42, 41, 40, 39, 38...
34, 33, 32, 31, 30,
29, 28, 27, 26, 25...
20, 19, 18,
17, 16...
This is it.
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six...
Terminate! Terminate!
Terminate that countdown!
Stop!
Michael just radioed.
We struck the big one on Site A!
Dad?
Yes?
You still don't believe we
were with Santa Claus, do you?
I stopped the dynamiting,
didn't I?
Yes-- that still doesn't mean
you believe.
I wish I could, I really do.
But it was real,
I know it was real!
And if it wasn't, then there's
no chance that Santa rescued
them!
Excuse me?
Can I get you two something

before I leave?
Maybe some ice cream?
No, thanks.
Well, I'm off to church
services.
I'll see you tomorrow.
Night, Hedda.
You wanna open one of your
presents?
I understand.
Dad?
Can I sleep with you tonight?
Of course you can.
Daddy! Dad!
Dad!
What is it?
Wake up, Dad!
What's the matter?
Listen.
What?
The reindeer's bells!
The reindeer's bells, I know
I heard them!
I told you! I told you!
Oh, God! Claudia, darling!
Oh, what happened?
Oh!
Here, hold this.
We got to ride in the sleigh,
C.B.!
Santa just dropped us off.
But I wanted to see him.
He didn't have time.
Think of all the deliveries
he has to make.
What-- what happ--
how did-- who--
What, what, what?
What happened?
I had Santa Claus'
communicator with me, and it
does work.
So now, maybe you'll believe me.
I'll never doubt you again.

I knew it, I knew Santa would
rescue you.

Hey!

You should've seen
Santa Claus!

And the reindeer!

Santa was right about the oil
too.

They discovered it exactly where
he said it was.

Oh, I knew you would.

That's wonderful!

Wow, this is the greatest
Christmas ever!

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas!

Merry Christmas.

Wow, what is that?

He's a robot, and his name
is PAL.

And... he's your Christmas
present from Santa.

Hi, Mr. Baldwin.

You know any riddles?

Watch it!

All right, we're gonna have
this out right now.

Why did you stop clearing
Site B?

Excuse me.

Wait a second.

Claudia.

Yeah.

Kids!

So, the search party
did find you!

Hi, Mr. Murdock.

You know any riddles?

What is that?

That's a Christmas present
from Santa Claus.

What?

Mommy, come and look at
these presents.

Who told you about Site B?

Uh, Harold Faulkner.

I radioed him from the office
as soon as I got in.

Did he tell you anything
else?

No, he didn't have a chance.

I, uh, came right on over here.

We struck a gigantic field
on Site A.

Just where Santa said.

You came in on Site A?

Through no fault of yours,
Mr. Murdock.

What is that?!

That's Santa Claus.

There he is, Sumner.

There he really is.

I can't believe it.

Santa Claus!

I can't believe it!

Goodbye, Santa!

Thanks for everything!

See you next year!

Thank you, Ed.

Thank you, Ed.

You're welcome!

You're welcome!

Congratulations, Michael.

You're in for a big promotion.

You're gonna get a bigger house,
you're gonna get a big bonus--

Thanks, but you can keep the
promotion.

Oh, no, no, listen.

Michael, you deserve it, kid,
you deserve it!

I know I do.

But you can consider this my
resignation.

Aw, no.

You're gonna think differently
about it in the morning.
I'll talk to you then, huh?
We're all going back to
Los Angeles permanently
next week.
If you believe enough
In someone
Your love will send
The spirit flying
They might change the future
In their newfound wings
Be good, children!
If you believe enough
Goodbye, Claudia!
Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!
The love you give will grow
Until the whole world sings
If you believe enough
If you believe enough
If you believe
If you believe enough
In someone
Believe the magic
They are trying
The love you give will grow
Until the whole world sings
If you believe enough
Love has shown us
Time can fly, the nights
Are seldom long enough
Or so it seems
But love can also show
The world and make the night
An endless home for
All your dreams
If you believe enough
In someone
Your love will send
Their spirit flying
They might change the future
With their newfound wings
If you believe