



Scripts.com

The Ultimate Christmas Present

By Hallie Einhorn

Deck The Halls With
Boughs Of Holly
Fa La La La La
La La La La
'Tis The Season To Be Jolly
Fa La La La La
La La La La
Don We Now Our Gay Apparel
Fa La La La La
La La La La La La La
Troll The Ancient
Yuletide Carol
Fa La La La La
La La La La
Fa La La La La
La La La La
Ho, Ho, Ho!
Everybody Say Yeah
See The Blazing
Yule Before Us
Fa La La La La
La La La La
Strike The Harp And
Join The Chorus
Fa La La La La
La La La La
Follow Me In Merry Measure
Fa La La La La
La La La La La La La
Heedless Of The Wind
And Weather
Fa La La La La
La La La La
Fa La La La La
La La La La

T.V.:

Weather, Here's Edwin Hadley.
Good Morning,
Los Angeles.
(Clears Throat)
There's Only 3 More Days
Until Christmas,
So Be Sure To Ask Santa

For Plenty Of Sunscreen,
Because We'll Be Having
Hot And Sunny Weather...
F-For The Next Several Days.
This Is Primarily Due
To A 3% Drop In
The Atmospheric Pressure
From The Jet Stream Winds In
The Northwestern Troposphere
Combined With A Steady 24 3/4%
Precipitation Factor, So...
If Some Of You
Young Meteorologists Have
An Isobar Chart At Home--
Boring.
(Beep Beep Beep)
Oh, No, It...That's Ok.
We Can Change The Menu Again,
Mrs. Dombrowski.
Mom! I Can't Find
My Smash Crash Load Game.
I Left It In The Computer.
Ok, Honey,
I'm Really Busy.
No, The Airport
Is Going To Be A Zoo,
So Get There Early.
Hey, Which Tie,
The Red Or Blue?
Uh, Red.
It's More Christmassy.
No, No, No, I Was
Talking To My Wife.
I Was Talking
To My Husband, Sorry.
(Telephone Rings)
Allie, Will You Get That?
Get The Phone.
Get The Phone!
Joey, Eat!
Enough With
The Syrup!
Thompsons.
Sam, Get Over Here

Right Away.

Walk!

Walk!

Blake Lynch Called Me,
And We're Invited To
His Christmas Party.

Sam:

Ok, Tell Me Everything.

Ok. Blake's Party's

At 4:

And I Told Him We'd Be There
A Couple Of Hours Early So
We Can Help Decorate.

That Way, We Can Spend
A Couple Of Hours With Him
Before Anyone Else
Gets There.

You're A Genius!

Thanks. I Know.

Samantha, Do You Realize
That We're About To
Leave Behind Our Lives
As Geeky Semioutsiders
And Evolve Into Cool,
Popular Insiders?

At Last!

Samantha, What Do You
Think Of When You Hear
BONESFORBOWSER.COM?

Um...A Website That
Sells Dog Bones?

Exactly!

See, I Told You

It Was Catchy.

Dad, Do You Really Think
People Will Want To Buy
Dog Bones Over The Internet?

Oh, They Will, When They
Learn We Have Over 100
Varieties To Choose From.

Our Investors In
San Francisco Will Love It.

How Long Are You Going
To Be Gone This Time?
Just A Day.
I'll Be Back
Tomorrow Morning.
So, Tomorrow Night We Should
Definitely Get Together
And Discuss Our Schedules
For Christmas Day.
I Was, Uh, I Was Thinking
We'd Open Presents

From 8:

And, Uh, Church At 11:00...
And Have Lunch At, Uh...

Oh, At 12:

Think Of That?
We'll Be Done By 2:00,
Right?
We've Gotta Be.
That's When My Basketball
Tournament Starts.
And Sam And I Have
A Party.
Don't Forget Uncle Don And
Aunt Gwen Are Coming Around 6:0
With The Grandparents.
Ok, Well, Just
Bring Your Schedules,
And I'll Make A Chart.
(Telephone Rings)
Mom Loves Making Charts.
(Telephone Rings)
I Heard That.
Creative Catering.
Well, Hello,
Mr. Fortuna.
Sure, We Can Add 4
People, No Problem.
See Ya, Mom.
Bye, Sweetie.
Uh, No, I Was
Talking To My

Daughter. Sorry.
Bye, Dad.
Have A Good Flight.
And If You Get Some Time
For Christmas Shopping,
I Really, Really Want
Pro-Line Deluxe
Rollerblades.
Well, Don't You Already
Have Rollerblades?
They're So Last-Year.
The New Ones Have
Carbon-Fiber Tips
With Wheels That
Are Road-Tested
Up To 80 Miles Per Hour.
Oh, Well, That's Reassuring.
I've Got To Get
The New Renegade
Starship Video Game.
Don't Forget.
Hey! Aren't You Kids
Forgetting What Christmas
Is All About?
No. It's About Presents.
Kidding!
Bye!
Walk!
(Telephone Rings)
Remember That A Paragraph
Concentrates On One Idea.
If You're Moving On
To Another Idea,
Conclude The Paragraph
And Start A New One.
Allie! Allie!
Oh, Um, Yes, Mrs. Lopez.
Allie, How's Your
Creative-Writing Paper
Coming Along?
Which One?
The One I Assigned
Last Week.
5 Pages,

Single-Spaced,
Due Tomorrow.
Oh...Yeah, That One.
It's, Uh, Genius.
Best Thing I've Ever Written.
Congratulations.
What's It About?
Oh, Uh...
It's About, Uh...
It's About...
It's About William Shakespeare.
Who...Wakes Up One Morning
And Finds Himself Living
Here, Today.
But The Problem Is No One
Believes Who He Really Is,
And He Has To Make Money,
So He Gets A Job Flipping
Burgers At A Fast-Food Place.
And During His Breaks,
He Writes Plays,
And Pretty Soon, He Comes
Up With A New One Called
A Tale Of 2 Pickles Which--
(Bell Rings)
You Want Me To Finish?
Let's Keep It A Surprise.
I Look Forward
To Reading It.
I Have To Admit, That
Was A Pretty Good Story,
For Just Making It Up
On The Spot.
Yeah, But Now I've Got
To Write It, And I Forgot
Almost Everything I Said.
It's Not Fair.
Tomorrow's The Very Last Day
Before Christmas Vacation.
I Hate To Bring This Up,
But We Did Have A Week
To Do It.
That's Not The Point, Sam.
Ok. So, What Is

The Point?
The Point Is I Have
Got To Come Up With A Plan,
Some Way To Get Out Of
Doing This Paper
At All Costs.
Hey, Allie, Sam.
Hi, Blake!
Hi, Blake!
Can You Guys
Still Come To My
Christmas Party?
Uh, Yeah.
Yeah.
And Like I Said,
We'll Come Over Early
So We Can Help Decorate.
Cool. By The Way,
Allie, Your Story In
Class Was Awesome.
Oh, Thanks.
Well, Bye.
Bye!
(Screaming)
Uh-Oh, What Time Is It?

4:
Ahh. We've Got 72 Hours
Until Blake's Party,
And We Have To Get
To The Library,
And We Still Haven't
Even Gotten Joey's
Christmas Present Yet.
Forget It, Al.
We'll Never Make It.
Sure We Will.
Joey And His Friends
Take A Shortcut
Through The Woods
All The Time.
It'll Be Perfect.
Allie, Are You Sure
About This?

Positive.
We'll Be Home
Before You Know It.
Didn't We Pass That Same
Tree, Like, An Hour Ago?
We'll Be There
In 5 Minutes.
Trust Me.
Every Time You Say,
"Trust Me," I Either
End Up In Detention
Or On A Missing-Persons
List.
Whoa. Check It Out.
What?
That.
What A Weird
Little House.
I Know.
Have You Ever Seen
It Before?
No.
But I've Never Been
Lost In These Woods
Before, Either.
What Are You Doing?
I'm Gonna Find Out
Who Lives There.
Come On.
Allie, Whoever It Is,
There's A Reason
They Built Their House
Way Out Here.
Like Privacy.
There's Some Old Guy Inside.
He's Building Something.
That's Nice. Let's Go.
What'll You Give Me
If I Ding-Dong-Ditch?
Nothing.
Oh, Come On.
If I Ring The Doorbell,
Then You Do My English Paper,
But If I Get Scared

And Chicken Out,
I Do Yours.
Mine's Almost Finished.
Besides He Could
Catch Us.
No, He Won't.
Anyway, We Can Outrun
An Old Man.
Grrr...
Durn It All!
I Am So Out Of Here.
Cranberries.
It's Just A Machine.
It's Just Wires And Gears.
Wait A Second.
W-W-Wait....
Oh.
What Do You Think
It Is?
I Don't Know.
Put It Back.
Why? He Threw It Out.
But It's Still
Not Yours.
It's Garbage.
It's Anybody's. Come On!
Contraption...
Never Works Right...
More Trouble Than It's Worth.
Oh, No!
(Telephone Rings)
(Ring)
Creative Catering.
Ruben Speaking.
Excuse Me, Did You
Just Say Christmas Eve?
Ok, No Offense,
But You're Crazy.
Christmas Eve Has
Been Booked Solid For,
Like, 8 Months Now. Hello!
Hello?
He Hung Up On Me.
Well, That's Because

You Insulted Him.
I Did Not Insult Him.
I Told Him The Truth.
He's Crazy.
Christmas Eve Bookings.
Plan Ahead, People.
Mom, When Are We
Going To Get
Our Christmas Tree?
We're Going To Get The Tree
As Soon As Dad Comes Back
From San Francisco.
But All The Good Ones
Will Be Gone By Then.
Well, Then We're Just
Gonna Have To Stand
Uncle Don And Aunt Gwen
Up In A Corner And
Decorate Them, I Guess.
Are They Really Coming?
Joey...
But Uncle Don Always
Smokes Those Smelly Cigars,
And Aunt Gwen Never
Gets My Name Right.
She Always Calls Me Josie.
That's The Name
Of Her Own Poodle.
Hey, Everybody!
Sure Smells Good
In Here.
Yeah, We Never Get
To Eat The Good Stuff.
We Get Frozen Dinners.
Hah, You Do Not.
You Get Takeout.
How Was School?
Uh...Fine. We're
Going To Go Upstairs
And Do Some Homework.
Walk!
You Know That Tv Show
Where People Take Their
Junk To Some Expert,

And He Tells Them It's
Worth A Million Dollars?
Well, Maybe This Is
Worth Something.
Or Maybe It's
Just Junk.
Nah, It's Too New
To Be Junk.
It's Kind Of
Cool-Looking.
I Wonder What It Does.
Oh, What Did You Do?
I Just Touched
That Button.
Well, Try Another One.
Maybe It'll Turn It Off.
(Whistle Blows)
Wow!
Awesome!
Oh, This Is So Cool.
Hey, I Think
You Figured Out
How It Works.
Yeah.
Now Help Me Stop It.
(Thunder Rumbles)
Aah!
You'll Flood
The Place!
I'm Trying Not To!
Let's Try This.
(Thunder Rumbles)
That Is So Cool!
Wow! Let Me Try!
No, No, No, No, No.
(Thunder)
Aah!
Aah!
Oh! Whoa,
How Fierce Is That!
What's Fierce?!
Hey, Joey, Stay Out!
Why?
'Cause I Said So.

You're Not
The Boss Of Me!
Mom! Allie's
Bossing Me!
No, I'm Not!

Joey:

My Christmas Present?
What Did You Get Me?
Don't Tell Me!
Let Me Guess.
You Got Me A Football.
No, No, No.
I Know.
You Got Me A Poster
Of The Laker Girls!
Joey! Stay Out, Or I'm
Not Getting You Anything!
I Mean It!
You'd Better Hide It Good,
Or Else I'll Find It.
I Always Do.
My Turn!
Check Out These Symbols.
This Must Be Some Sort
Of Weather-Making Machine.
I Wonder What
This Swirly Line Means.
Whoa!
Whoa, Whoa!
Turn It! Turn It!
Turn It!
Here, Let's Try
This One.
Aah! Earthquake!
Aah! Earthquake!
Do You Feel That?
Oh, Don't Panic!
Get Under A Table
Or An Open Doorway!
Get A Transistor Radio!
Get Some Bottled Water!
Get Some Canned Goods!
Just Try And Stay

Calm, Ok?
It's Ok. It's Ok.
It's Over. It Was Just
A Truck Passing By.
Yeah, Right. That's What
They Said Just Before
The Big One In '94, Remember?
Ooh, Sorry!
It's Ok.
At Least We Know What
That Jiggly Line Means.
We'll Just Leave That One
Alone From Now On.
Let's Try The Snow One.
Wow!
Oh, This Is So Rad!
Why Would That Man
Throw It Out?
Maybe He Didn't Mean
To Throw It Out.
Yes, He Did.
We Saw Him.
Well, We Should Bring It
Back. I Mean, This Thing
Could Flood A City
Or Cause A Blizzard
Or...
Do I Even Want To Know
What's Going Through
Your Mind?
Sam, How Would You Like
To Start Christmas Vacation
A Day Early?
How?
With A Snow Day.
A What?
A Snow Day. You Know,
My Cousin Stan Lives In Boston,
And He Said
Every Once In A While,
They Get So Much Snow
That They Have To Close
Down The Schools
'Cause They Can't Clear

The Roads Fast Enough.
We Do It With This.
We'll Just Put It Outside,
Crank Up The Volume,
And Make It Snow Real Hard.
Are You Nuts? Do You
Know How Much Trouble
We Could Get In?
Sam...How Happy Would
Everybody Be If We Actually
Had A White Christmas In L.A.
For Like The First Time Ever?
We'd Be Doing
This Incredible Service
For Our Community.
Well...
And Guess What Else?
If Tomorrow Is A Snow Day,
Then We Have
2 Extra Weeks To Do That Dumb
Creative-Writing Assignment.
And Even More Important,
We Have A Whole Extra Day
To Plan What We're Going
To Wear For Blake's Party.
Am I Brilliant Or What?
In A Mad Scientist
Sort Of Way.

Mrs Thompson:

Oh, Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!
I Need Your Help, Honey.
Yeah, Mom.
What Have You Guys
Been Doing In Here?
Uh...
The Floor's Soaked!
Oh, Sorry, Mom.
We'll Clean It Up.
Allie I Have 5
Parties In 2 Days.
I Need Some Help.
Ok.
Now! Get Some Towels,

Mop Up The Water So It
Doesn't Ruin The Floor.
And How Many Times Have
I Told You To Put Your
Dirty Clothes In The Hamper?
I'll Do It.
I'll Do It, Mom.
Don't. Don't. I Got It.
Ugh!
W-W-What Are You Doing?
Shh!
It Isn't Working.
Mmm, Maybe It Just
Takes Some Time.
Well, It Was
A Great Idea Anyway.
Better Get Started
On That Paper.

P.A.:

To Loading Dock B.
All Dollies
To Loading Dock B, Please.
Shirley, Has Santa Called In
From The Summer Cabin Yet?

Shirley:

All Right. Well, Then,
Send In The Elves.

Shirley:

Hey, Mrs. Claus!
Get Ready
To Be Impressed!
Say Good-Bye
To The Old North Pole
And Hello
To The New.
Santa's 21ST-Century
Toy Factory And Warehouse.
Every Square Inch
Of The 10-Mile Radius
Completely Automated.
Absolutely Nothing

Is Touched By Elfin Hands.
And Since Elves Are
Going To Be Obsolete,
We're Going To
Retrain Them To Be...
Telemarketers!
Taking Phone, Catalogue,
And Internet Orders
24 Hours A Day,
365 Days A Year.
I Know What You're
Thinking, Mrs. C.
"Crumpet,
What About Tradition?
"Won't The Public
Be Disappointed
With The Fact
That Santa Has Entered
The Digital Age?"
"No," We Say.
Phooey!
Because Half
The Stuff They Print
About Us Anyway,
Is Totally Wrong.
Heck, People Still
Think We're 3 Feet Tall
And Have Squeaky
Little Voices.
Ha Ha Ha.
So, What Do You Think,
Mrs. C?
Hey, Don't Beat
Around The Bush, Mrs. C.
All Right.
I Think It's The Worst
Idea I've Ever Heard.

Both:

Well, Is That
A "No" Or A "Maybe"?
(Telephone Rings)
Excuse Me.
Hello?

(Ring)

Hello?

(Ring)

Hello!

Mama, The Weather
Machine Is Missing!

Oh! The Weather
Machine Is Missing?

Huh?

Santa:

Santa:

It's Disappeared!
Oh, I Never Should've
Tossed It Out.

Mrs. Claus:

You Tossed It Out?
It Wasn't Working Properly,
And So I Was Frustrated,
And I...
I Threw It In The Trash.
And When I Went
To Get It Back,
It Wasn't There Anymore.
All Right, Darling.
It Must've Been
Just Misplaced.
Did You Search
The Cabin?
Yes.

Mrs. Claus:

Retraced Your Steps?
Yes!
Tell Him
To Check His Pockets.
Did You Check
Your Pockets, Dear?
It Can't Fit In My Pockets!
Oh.

Santa:

Into The Wrong Hands?
There's No Telling
What Could Happen.
The Consequences
Could Be Disastrous!

Mrs. Claus:

All Right, Darling.
Calm Down.
There's No Time To Calm Down.
I Have To Find That Machine!
You Will.
I'll Send Help.
Fiona And Twinkle
Will Be There
Before You Can
Name The Reindeer.

Santa:

Is 3 Days Away.
You Can't Spare
My Best Elves Now.

Mrs. Claus:

We'll Manage.
Give Me A Kiss.
Mama.
Papa.
Ho Ho Ho!
Mmm.
Bye, Dear.

Santa:

Uh, We'll Go.
Yeah, We'll Go!
We Can Help Santa
Better Than Anyone.
Yeah, 'Cause, Uh,
When You Need To Find
A Lost Weather Machine,
We're The Only Elves
For The Job.
Please!
Please, Mrs. C.

All Right, Then.
Come On.
Oh Ho Ho!
It's A Light Load,
So You Shouldn't Need
More Than 2 Reindeer.
Let Me See.
Why Don't You Take
Prancer And Vixen.
They Don't Get Out Much.
Ok.
Except...
Except...
Except There's
One Small Problem.
What?
Tell Her.
Well, See,
I'm Kind Of Afraid
Of Reindeer.
I Got Bit Once
By Dasher.
Well, You Shouldn't
Have Poked Him.
I Didn't Poke Him.
I Petted Him.
No, You Poked Him
Like This.
Hey!
Hey, Back!
I'm Getting Always--
Boys.
I'll Fight You.
I'll Fight You--
Boys!
I'm Sorry.
But I'm Going To
Have To Send For
Fiona And Twinkle.
No!
No!
This Is
The Perfect Opportunity
To Show Off

Our Newest Invention.
Let's Show Her.
Let's Show Her.
Ok, Mrs. C.,
You're About To Witness
The Greatest Invention
In History.
Introducing...
North Pole S.U.V.
S.U.V.?

Both:

The World's Very
First Rocket-Powered
Toy-Delivery System!
(Telephone Rings)
Hey, Joey.
Have You Studied
Much Shakespeare?
What's Shakespeare?
Forget It.
Allie!
What?
Your Father Would
Like To Talk To You.
You're Gonna Get It

Mr. Thompson:

Hi, Dad.
What Is This I Hear
About You And Samantha
Practically Destroying
Your Room?
Um, Well, Things
Kind Of Got A Little
Out Of Hand.
It's...Kind Of
A Long Story.
But We Cleaned
Everything Up.
Allie, You're 13 Years Old.
That's Too Old To Be
Acting Up Like That.
Yeah, I Know.

Sorry, Dad.
And Don't Forget
What Time Of Year It Is.
Santa Might Find Out.
And, Uh...
We Don't Want That
To Happen, Do We?
No.
What?
Oh, My Gosh, Kids!
It's Snowing!
Mom Says It's--
No Way!
What?!
Oh, My Gosh,
Come Here!
No Waaay!
Oh, It's Snow!
Look At That!
Yes!
Hello?

Mrs. Thompson:

Give Me The Phone!
Steve! You Are Not
Going To Believe This!
It Is Snowing Here!
It's What?

All:

Try And Catch One
With Your Tongue!
So Cool!
This Is So Great!
Hey,
Did You Ever Think
You'd See
A White Christmas
In L.A.?
No!
Maybe A Brown One
Due To A Mud Slide,
But Definitely
Not This.

Hang On.
I'm Getting
My Camera!
Ok.
Pretty Wild, Huh?
Yeah! Who'd
Have Thought?
Deck The Halls
With Boughs Of Holly

All:

La La La La
'Tis The Season
To Be Jolly
Fa La La La La
La La La La
Don We Now Our Gay Apparel
Fa La La
La La La La--
Ohhh!
Are We Almost There?
Yeah, In About 3 Hours.
Ugh. Can We
Make A Pit Stop?
Why?
You Know Why.
Hmm. Didn't I
Tell You To Go
To The Bathroom
Before We Left?
Well, I Did,
But I Got To Go Again!
Well, We're
Not Stopping.
Cross Your Legs
Or Something.
Whew!
Ugh!
Are We Supposed
To Be Heading East?
What?
The Compass.
It's Pointing East.
You Nitwit!

That's Not A Compass.

That's A Fuel Gauge.

Oh!

(Engine Dies)

Sparky, Didn't I

Tell You To Put Gas

In The Gas Tank?

Yeah!

Did You?

Oh.

I Think I Forgot.

Well, We're Taking

A Pit Stop Now.

Ok, Everybody,

Here We Go!

In 5, 4, 3, 2...

You're On!

Good Evening.

This Is Edwin Hadley,

Here With Your Channel 3

Evening Action Weather.

The Weather Continues

As Predicted. Sunny Days,

Continuing...Into Only

Slightly Cooler Evenings.

We Interrupt This Program

For A Special Weather

Bulletin. Ah...

Ah...

I'm--I'm Sorry.

There Seems To Be

Some Kind Of Mistake.

You See, I've Just Been

Handed A Report That Says

There's...

Well, There's Snow Outside.

As We All Know,

That's Impossible,

So I'll Simply

Disregard This.

And Now, Back To

Our Real Report.

As I Said,

Sunny Days Ahead.

For The Next 5 Days,
We--
What Is It Now?
I Told You That This
Is Impossible!
Can You Not See
That I'm Up Here?
(Crumples Paper)
Ladies And Gentlemen,
I Can Assure You
That There Is Not Now,
Nor Has There Ever Been,
At This Elevation And
Temperature, Even The Most
Remote Possibility Of--
Ohh.
Snow.
Ahem.
It Does Seem That
The Los Angeles Area
Is Experiencing
An Unexpected Cold Front...
Combined With Increased
Levels Of Precipitation,
Which In Turn,
Has Resulted...
In Snow.
Oh, My.
Come On.
Come On,
Keep Going.
Keep Going.
Snow, Indeed.
The Storm
Started Somewhere.
Before This Night
Is Through,
I'm Gonna Figure Out Where.
Edwin!
Don't Bother Me Now.
I'm In The Middle
Of An Important,
Groundbreaking
Research Project.

Ok. Sure. No Problem.
But Mr. Martino
Wants To See You.
Right Away.
Though I Suppose
It's Never Too Late
To Take A Break.
What Do You Want
For Christmas,
Edwin?
Well, Sir, I Hadn't
Really Given It Much Thought.
But, Uh, As Long As
You Brought It Up,
I Was Hoping To Be Able
To Talk To You
About The Possibility
Of A Pay Raise--
A Small One, Of Course.
Hmm. You Know What I Want?
I Want To Wake Up
One Morning,
Turn On The Tv,
And See You With A Nice,
Bright Smile On Your Face
Instead Of That
Lemon-Sucking Grin
You Got On Right Now.
Well, Uh,
Sir, I Wasn't Aware--
I Want To See You
Wearing Something Else
Instead Of That Idiotic
Scrap Of Cloth You Call
A Bow Tie.
This Is From
The Signature Collection--
And You Want To
Know What I Want
Most Of All?
I Want You To Once,
Just Once
In My Lifetime,
To Keep Me Awake

When I Watch You.
What Are You Insinuating?
Oh!
Do I Have To Spell It
Out For You? Ok.
You Are Dull,
Boring,
Tedious,
Tiresome,
A Yawnfest,
A Snooze-A-Thon.
I'd Rather Watch Paint
Dry Than To Watch You.
And Then
To Top It All Off...
Hello! There's
A Snowstorm Outside!
In Los Angeles!
And You Didn't
Even See It Coming!
Well, No One Did, Sir.
It Was Quite Unexpected.
Oh. Did
The Weather Fairy Just
Wave Her Magic Wand,
And Poof! It Snowed?
Yes, Sir.
Well, It's...
I Mean...
I Mean, No, Sir.
But The Pattern
Of This Storm
Is Unlike
Any Other In History.
Instead Of Moving
Across Its Target,
It Seems To Have
Just Appeared And
Spread Out In All Directions.
So, In Measuring
The Amount Of Snowfall,
I'm Going To Be Able
To Determine From Where
It's Been The Longest,

Thus Where It Began.
Ok, Wait, Wait.
Imagine
I'm The Audience.
And, Hey,
Guess What?
I'm Asleep!
Well, Mr. Martino,
As To--
Oh, Come On, Hadley!
Let's Face It.
You Are A Joke,
An Embarrassment,
The Worst Weatherman
In The World!
You Know, The Only
Reason I Kept You
Around This Long
Is Because I'm Married
To Your Sister.
But Even She Says
I Should Let You Go.
Belinda Said That?
Uh-Huh.
But Since It's
The Holidays
And I'm Feeling
Very Charitable,
I'm Going To Give
You One More Chance.
Now You Are Gonna
Go Out There,
And Dig Up
Some Real News
About This Storm.
Like Are
The Backstreet Boys
Going To Cancel
Their Concert
In The Park?
Or How's Brad Pitt
Getting To The Set
Of His New Movie?
That's What I Want

To Know!
Yes, Sir!
Good. Oh, Oh, Oh!
And Be Sure To Get A Lot
Of Hard-Luck Stories
About Cars Not Starting
And People
Slipping On Ice--
You Know, Christmas
Being Ruined.
It'll Help Boost
Our Ratings.
Yes, Sir!
Good.
Oh, And, Hadley.
About
That Pay Raise?
Yes, Sir.
Forget It!
Yes, Sir.
Please Understand
That This Snowfall
Was Completely Unexpected,
A Meteorological Fluke,
If You Will.
It--It--It Did Not Show Up
On, Uh, On Our Radar.
Ok, Ok! What About
The Schools?
Rest Assured That As Of
This Moment, I'm Doing
Everything In My Power
To Trace Its Origin.
Now, If I Were To Hasten
A Hypothetical Guess,
I Would Be Looking
For A Mass Of Polar Air
From The North,
Quite Possibly, Alaska.
Now Imagine As The Air Wends
Its Way Down From Alaska
And Through Canada,
The Smell Of Sockeye Salmon
Wending Through Bakersfield

And Coming Down
Through Arizona Into
The San Fernando Valley,
Where It Would Meet Up
With A Subtropical Air Front,
Carrying With It
The Smells Of Mexico
And The Sounds
Of The Mariachi Band.
We Would Get
A Sort Of Mixture
And An Interplay Between
These 2 Different Isobar,
Isothermic Fronts,
Creating A Sort Of
Meteorological Lambada.
If You Will--
Ok.
That's Right, Folks.
All This Glorious Snow
Isn't A Special Effect
Dreamed Up By Tinseltown,
But The Real Thing.
And Good News
For All You Kids.
Put Down Your Books
And Grab Your Snowboards,
Because The Following
Schools Are Closed.
Adams High School,
Cutler Elementary...
Yeahhh!
Evergreen High School,
Fairfax Elementary,
Fairview Junior High,
Century Middle School,
Grant Junior High.
Grant Junior High.
Come On.
Carine Elementary,
Harrison Elementary,
Oh, What About Grant?
Did She Say Grant?
No!

Jackson Elementary,
Jackson High School,
Harrisburg High School,
Inglewood Middle School.
I'm Sorry.
I Skipped One.
Grant Junior High--

Both:

(Rock Version Of Jingle Bells)

Yaaaay!
It's Snow!
I'll Be Right Back.
Whooo!
You're So Mean!
I'm Gonna Get You!
Ahhh!
Ha Ha Ha!
Wow!
Yeaaaah!
Ha Ha Ha!
Jingle Bells,
Jingle Bells
Jingle All The Way
Hey, Mr. C!
Sorry We're Late.
I Bet You're Glad
To See Us.
Where's Twinkle And Fiona?
Oh, They Were Gonna Come,
But A Crisis Like This
Required The Best.
So We Volunteered!
Lucky Me.
What In The World Is That?
Oh, This Old Thing?
Nothing But
The Greatest
Revolution
In Christmas
Industry.
That Is, Since
Your Patented
Chimney Expander.

Christmas Is Not
An Industry, Crumpet.
It's A Holiday.
We've Been Meaning To
Talk To You About That.
Ok, Mr. C,
Connect With Me. Ok,
Stay Right There.
Think About This.
4-Wheel-Drive
All The Time,
On The Fly,
And Unlimited
Cargo Space
And, Wait,
You Ready For This?
This Is The Kicker.
No More Nasty Reindeer
To Contend With.
I--I Can't Think
About This Right Now.
We've Got To Find
That Machine Before
The Snow Gets Any Worse.
You Got It, Chief.
Although, Uh, You Know,
Sparky And I Have
A Few New Gift Ideas
We Want To Run By You.
Like, We Got--
Crumpet!
Ok, Ok, Ok!
Uh, Where Would I Be
If I Was A Weather Machine?
Did You Check
The Cabin?
Yes.
Did You
Retrace Your Steps?
Yes!
Did You Check Your Pockets?
I've Been
Through This Before!
I've Checked

Every Square Inch Of--
What's This?
I Know This One!
Uh, It's
A Trash Can Lid.
Underneath!

Both:

Santa:

It's My Worst Fear Come True.
The Weather Machine
Has Been Stolen.
The 14 Inches...
Of Snow...
That Has Fallen
Since Last Night
Easily Eclipses
The Previous Record
For Los Angeles County
Of 0.3 Inches
On January 19, 1949.
Nothing Suspicious
About That Snowfall,
On That Day.
Yes. Mrs. Dombrowski,
I Promise Even
With The Snow,
We Will Have
Everything
For Your Party.
In Fact,
It's Almost Ready
As We Speak.
Yes.
Ok, You Know What?
I Have To Go,
Though. My Other
Line Is Ringing.
Ok, I'll See You
Soon. Bye-Bye.
Creative Catering.

Mr. Thompson:

How's It Going?
Oh, Hi, Honey.
I Am So Crazed.
Are You On
Your Way Home?
Not Quite.
You Know That
Snowstorm Of Yours...
Well, It Started Here
About An Hour Ago.
That's Why I Called.
My Flight's Delayed.
How Long?
Oh, They Don't Know Yet,
But At Least
A Couple Of Hours.
Oh, Honey,
I Am So Sorry.
Yeah. Me, Too.
Oh, Well.
Give Me A Chance To Eat
Some Delicious Airport Food.
How Are The Kids?
Well,
They're Great
'Cause The Schools
Are Closed.
Oh. Lucky Them.
Lucky You.
Well, You Know What?
Actually, It's Been Fun.
I Mean,
You Should See Allie.
She Is Out Of Her Mind.
It's Almost Like
She Personally
Ordered Up This
From The Weather
Service Herself.
Well, What Do
You Think?
(Squawking)
Definitely Needs
More Sugar.

You're Right!
Bawk!
Too Much!
Shh, Quiet.
She's On The Phone.
Don't Forget
To Tell Steve About
The Rollerblades.
Oh, Honey,
Before I Forget.
I Am Having
The Hardest Time
Finding
Those Rollerblades
For Allie.
Nobody Has Her Size.
What Size Is She?

Crumpet:

Length, 7 Inches.

Sparky:

Width, 3 1/2 Inches.

Check.

Elliptical

Shoe Tread.

Check.

You Know, This Program

We Put Together,

For Lack Of

A Better Word, Santa,

Fantastic!

In Just A Couple

Of Seconds,

It's Gonna Tell Us

We're Looking For--

An Eagle's Flight

Running Shoe, Size 7.

Ok.

How Did You

Know That?

I Delivered 40,000

Of Them Last Year,

And There Are 1,937 Girls

In Los Angeles
With Size-7 Feet.
Hmm.
That's A Lot.
Yeah. That's A Lot.
Yeah.
I Suggest We Dispense
With The Nice Girls.
We'll Take
The Naughty-Girl List,
And We'll Work
Our Way Through Them.
See, That's Why
We're Connected, Santa,
Because Sparky And I
Put Together This
Awesome Naughty And Nice
Software Program.
Give It To Me.
Thanks.
Uh, Uh, It's--
It's Ok. Shh...
Was This
In Your Candy Pocket?
Well, It's, Uh,--
You Know,
That's Nasty.
Boys!
I've Got The List.
Let's Go.
There's No Time To Lose.
Now You Got Him
All Mad.
There's A Man Who Leads
A Life Of Danger
To Everyone He Meets,
He Stays A Stranger
With Every Move
He Makes
The Other Chance
He Takes
Odds Are He Won't
Live To See Tomorrow
Secret Agent Man

Secret Agent Man
They're Giving You
A Number
And Taking Away
Your Name
Hey, Tina.
Got A Minute?
Where Those Pretty Faces
That You've Found
A Pretty Face
Can Hide An Evil Mind
Ah, Be Careful
What You Say
Or You'll
Give Yourself Away
Yo, Jennifer,
What's Up?
Odds Are You Won't
Live To See Tomorrow
Secret Agent Man
Secret Agent Man
Hello, Mary Jo.
I Didn't
Take It.
It Wasn't Me.
I Was At Gymnastics.
You Can Even
Ask My Mother.
And, Hey, I Thought
Elves Were Supposed
To Be Tiny And Little,
With High, Squeaky Voices.
Don't Believe
Everything
You Hear, Ok?
I Believe You.
Have A Merry Christmas.
And Remember...
Be Good.

Woman:

Who Were You
Talking To?
Santa--

Santa Claus.
What Did I Tell You
About Fibbing?
But, Mom,
He Was Just Here!
Go To Your Room.
Mom!
Ahh. Now.
Argh!
Agent Maaaaaan
Check It Out.
I've Got
The Perfect Outfit
For Blake's Party.
My New Black Skirt
And My New
Red Blouse.
How Do You Like 'Em?
Great. Especially
Since I Loaned Them
To You Last Week.
Oh, Yeah.
Well, Maybe You Can
Give Them To Me
As An Early Christmas Present.
I Might As Well.
Every Time I Give
You Something,
I Never
Get It Back Anyway.
Hey, I Gave You Back
Your Lion King Video.
Yeah, And You
Borrowed It When
I Was 6 Years Old.
Oh, Yeah.
(Knocking At Door)
Samantha,
Your Mom's Here.
Thanks, Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson:

Here They Are.
Oh, Great.

Hi, Mom.

Hi, Sweetie.

Hold On A Second.

(Telephone Rings)

Tell Your Mom

Thanks For--

Hello.

Hey, Honey.

I, Uh, I Got Some Bad News.

The Roads Are A Mess.

Here's The One Day

I Can Finally Use

My 4-Wheel Drive,

And I Don't Know

How It Works.

Mrs. Thompson:

(Telephone Bleeps Off)

Uh, Allie,

Honey, Joey.

That Was Your Dad,

And He Is Stuck

In San Francisco.

What?

Mrs. Thompson:

All The Flights

Are Cancelled.

Joey:

What If He Can't Get Out?

He Won't Be Here

For Christmas.

He Will.

Trust Me.

How Do You Know?

I Just Know.

I, Uh, Think

I Left My Hat

Up In Your Room.

Oh, Yeah.

We'll Be Right Back.

Allie:

Then Why Is It
Still Snowing?
Because It Takes
A While, Remember?
That Machine's Powerful.
Ya Think?!
Hey, I Didn't Know
The Signal Would Reach
All The Way
To San Francisco.
Well Guess What.
It Does.
That's Why
I Turned It Off, Ok?
Think I Don't
Want My Father
Home For Christmas?
I Mean, How Awful
Would That Be?
Can You Imagine
How Much We'd
All Miss Him?
Yeah,
I Think I Can.
Oh, Sam, I'm Sorry.
It's Ok.
Do You Want
To Talk About It?
It's Ok If You Don't,
But--
Look, My Dad Died
When I Was Only 3,
And I Barely
Remember Him.
So, How Can
You Miss Someone
You Don't Even
Remember? Right?
But Still,
I Shouldn't--
It's Just Weird
Around Christmas.
Mom Says This Was
His Favorite Time

Of The Year.
He'd Start Playing
Christmas Music
The Day After
Thanksgiving.
She Says
He Would Have
Kept Our Christmas
Decorations
Up All Year
If She Would
Have Let Him.
Parents Are So Corny.
My Mom Has
This Charm Bracelet,
That My Dad Gave Her
Their Very First
Christmas Together.
And Every Year,
He Gives Her
A New Charm For It.
And She Always Knows
She's Gonna Get It,
But She Still Acts
All Surprised And Gets
All Weepy And Emotional.
(Sighs)
I Have Got
To Fix This, Sam.
I Have To Do Something.
If My Family Misses
Christmas Because Of Me--

Sam's Mother:

Samantha, Have You
Found Your Hat?
Yeah, Mom.
Coming.
Look.
It Stopped.
Thank Goodness.

Hadley:

In The Los Angeles Area,

A Mysterious Snowstorm
Finally Stopped
At Approximately
6 P.M. This Evening.
But That's
Small Consolation
To Jennifer Love Hewitt,
Who Slipped On A Patch Of Ice
In Burbank.
Aw...
Oh, Too Bad.
Ahem. Well, You Ever
Slip On A Patch Of Ice?
Ok. That's Everybody's
Schedule For Christmas Eve.
Now, If I Can Just
Shuffle Them Around
A Little Bit,
And We Can Spend
A Few More Hours
Together.

Allie:

Can You Come Here?

Joey:

It's Our Substitute
Christmas Tree.
Just In Case Dad
Gets Home
Late Tomorrow Night
And We Don't Have Time
To Get A Real One.
Do You Like It?
I Love It.
You Guys.
Oh, And I Got
Something That's Gonna
Make It Even Better.
So, That's What
This Thing's For.
That's Why
They Call It
A Fireplace, Joey.

We Should Do This
More Often.
Are You Sure You've
Got Time For This?
You Make It Sound Like
I'm Always Working.
You Are.
You Are.
Especially
This Time
Of The Year.
Well,
It's My Busy Season.
You Know That.
But It'll Quiet Down
After New Year's.

Joey:

Oh, I Do, Too,
But You Know
What?
He's Gonna
Be Home
Really Soon.
'Cause
The Storm's Over.
It's Over.
(Whirring And Buzzing)
(Yawns)
Ok, Bye.
Samantha?
Be Good Today.
And Be Sure
To Help Out
Mrs. Thompson
I Will.
Ok.
What's Going On?
I Don't Know.
It Turned Itself
Back On.
So, Turn It Off.
I Tried.
It Won't Do It.

Why Wouldn't It?
I Don't Know.
None Of The Buttons
Work Anymore.

Mrs. Thompson:

But, Linda, Listen.
Is There Any Way
You Can Stay Home Today?
No, We're Already
Understaffed,
And With The Storm,
The Whole Hospital's
On Emergency Alert.
The Road's Are Just
Gonna Be Awful.
I Know.
I'll Be Ok.
Thanks A Lot,
Michelle.
You Be Careful.
Ok. Good-Bye.
Ok.
Bye.

Tv Announcer:

The Surprise Blizzard
Continues To Wreak Havoc
Throughout The West Coast.
The National Guard
Has Been Called Out
To Ensure
That No Motorists Attempt
To Use The Closed Freeways.
A Record Number Of Airports,
Bus Lines, And Rail Services
Have Been Completely--
Hadley! Hadley!
This Story Just Came In.
The Cast Of Friends
Are Trapped Inside
Their Studio.
I Want You On It
Right Away!

Yes, Sir. I'll
Get Right On
That Riveting
Bit Of News.
You Better,
Or You'll Get Right On
The Unemployment Line.
Here It Comes.
Storm Originated
At...
318 Central
Avenue.
Yes.

Allie:

We Shoveled The Driveway.
It Just Keeps
Coming Down.
What's Wrong?
Well, I've Had
A Lot Of Calls,
And Your Uncle Don
And Aunt Gwen
Are Snowed In
And Won't Be Here Tomorrow.
And Neither Will
Your Grandparents.
Well,
What About Dad?
Have You Heard
From Him?
Dad Is Stuck
In San Francisco,
And Everything
Is Shut Down.
Can't He
Rent A Car?
Oh, Sweetie,
The Roads Are Closed.
So, He Won't Be
Coming Home For
Christmas, Will He?
No, Honey.
No Fair!

I Hate The Snow.
I Wish
It Never Happened.
I Know. Me, Too.
(Sniffling)

Man:

Can't Move It,
Push It Off To The Side.

Woman:

The Best I Can Here.
(Horn Honking)

Man:

Then Forward!

Hadley:

Oh, For The Love Of--
Hasn't Anyone In This Town
Ever Seen A Blizzard Before?
What Is The Matter
With You People?

Man:

Get Back In Your Car.
Stop!
Stop! Stop!
Whoa! Something Wrong?
I'm Edwin Hadley.
Who?
I'm Edwin Hadley!
Channel 3
Action Now News.
Oh, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.
You're That Real Boring
News Guy.
Yes, Exactly.
I Need To Commandeer
Your Vehicle.
It's For Official
Meteorological
Business.
Now Give Me

The Helmet.
I'll Be Sure
To Mention You
In My Emmy Speech.
Hey, Hey!
Man!
You Are Done Like Dinner,
Literally.
No. No, Mrs. Dombrowski,
Don't Cancel.
No, You Know What?
Your Party Is Gonna
Go Off Without A Hitch.
Despite The Storm.
I Give You My Word
As A Caterer.
I Give You My Word
As A Mother.
Absolutely.
Uh-Huh, No Problem.

Allie:

I Understand.
Mm-Hmm. Ok.
Thanks. Bye.
That Was Blake.
He Cancelled
The Party Because
Of The Storm.
This Is So
Out Of Control,
Allie.
This Thing Is
Single-Handedly
Destroying
Our Lives.
Thanks, 'Cause
I Didn't Feel
Bad Enough Already.
(Huffs)
Sam, Where You Going?
Sam!
Sam, I Tried Everything.
Well, We'll Just

Have To Try Again.
I'm Telling You,
It Won't Work.
(Gasps)
(Gasps)
Hey, Joey?
What Are You Doing?
I Saw It.
Saw What?
My Present.
Don't Pretend
It's Not Out There.
Joey, That's Not
Your Present.
Yeah, It Is.
I Told You
I'd Find It.
I Can't Believe
You Hid It In
The Flower Box Again.
Uh, Duh.
That's Where You Hid
My Birthday Present.
Joey,
I'm Telling You
That's Not
Your Present.
Then What Is It?
None Of Your Business.
I Saw An Antenna.
Is It A Boom Box?
No. Joey, Look,
It Maybe Yours,
Or It May Not Be,
But You've Got
To Leave It Alone.
I Don't Want You
Near That Window
Again,
Do You Hear Me?
Mom!
Uh, Mrs. Dombrowski,
Can You Hold On Just
A Second? Thank You.

What?!

Joey's Bothering Us!

No, I'm Not!

Joey, Come Down Here

Right This Instant.

But, Mom!

I Said, Come Here!

Mrs. Dombrowski:

Come There?!

I Can't Even--

Not You.

Mrs. Dombrowski,

I'm--You--You Can

Stay Where You Are.

I Knew I'd Find It.

Heh Heh Heh.

Look, Why Don't We

Just Go And Give That Man

Back His Machine?

No.

Why Not?

Because Mom Doesn't Want Us

Going Outside.

Besides, I'm Kind Of Scared

To Go Back There,

Not That We Did

Anything Wrong Or Anything.

You Mean, Besides Burying

The City Of Los Angeles

Under 10 Feet Of Snow?

Anyways, I Don't Think

We Can Find That Place

Again, Even If We Tried.

Well, We've Got To Do Somethin.

Let's Smash It

With The Hammer.

No Way! That Can

Make Things Worse.

How Do You Know?

I Don't,

But What If It Does?

Ok, Then What Do We Do?

'Cause We Can't Just Sit Here--

I've Got An Idea.
The Machine's Antennas
Are Pretty Small,
And They're Sending Snow
To San Francisco, Right?
Yeah.
Well, If We Make
The Antennas Longer With
Coat Hangers Or Something,
Then We Can Send The Signal
All The Way To Outer Space.
And Cause A Blizzard
All Over The World?
Great Idea.
We'll Be Responsible
For The Next Ice Age.
Stop Being Such A Pessimist.
I'm Not.
I'm Being Realistic.
If You Hadn't
Stolen The Machine,
None Of This
Would've Happened.
I Didn't Steal It.
I Took It Out Of The Garbage.
If You Were So Worried About I,
Then Why Didn't You Stop Me?
I Tried To.
No, You Didn't.
You Were Too Chicken,
Like Always.
Chicken?
Yeah, Chicken.
(Loud Pop)
Great,
The Electricity.
What Are You Gonna
Do Now, Einstein?
I'd Help You Out,
But I'm Too Chicken.
Uh, Yeah, That Was
The Electricity.
(Woman Complaining And Sobbing
On The Other Line)

Are--Mrs. Dombrowski?
Are You Crying?
Look, I'm Really Sorry, Ok?
I Didn't Mean It.
It's Just...I'm Getting
Really Scared Right Now,
And I Don't Know
What To Do Anymore.
D-Do You Have
A Lead Box?
What?
I Don't Know.
It Worked For Superman.
If You Put That Thing
In A Lead Box,
Maybe It'll
Stop The Rays
From Getting Out.
Well, My Dad's Got
A Big Toolbox In The Garage.
We Can Put The Machine In It
And Then Bury It
In The Backyard.
Let's Go Get It.
Ok, But We've Gotta
Be Quiet.
Mom Doesn't Want Us
Going Outside.
Yeah. No. I Understand,
Mrs. Dombrowski.
No--Yeah. Ok. Bye Bye.
Ugh!
Let Me Guess...
She Canceled.
Yeah.
Good! I'm Glad.
They Don't Call Her
"Cheapo Dombrowski"
For Nothing, You Know.
We Would Have Been
There Till

3:

And Not Even

Have Gotten A Tip.
Well, I Better
Get Home.
I Don't Want
To Miss The Excitement
When The Pipes Burst!
Ruben, You Really
Ought To Think About
Staying Around
Until At Least
The Storm Calms Down.
What? At This Rate,
That Will Be, Like,
The Fourth Of July.
Well...
Shh!
Mom! The Girls
Are Sneaking Out!
What Are You Doing?
We're Just
Going Outside.
No! I Told You
To Stay Inside,
And I Meant It!
Um, But We're Just
Going To The Garage.
It's Going To
Get Dark Soon,
And Dad's Got
A Big Flashlight
Out There,
The One
For Emergencies.
Ok, Go.
Can I Go Outside, Too?
No!
Why Not?
Joey! Please!
Come On!
There's Some Boxes
Over There,
And I Think
There's Some Shovels
On The Workbench.

Uh, Samantha,
Can You Open That?
Open It? I Can't
Even See It.
Ouch!

Man:

Second Man:

Third Man:

Samantha?
Is That You?
Just The First One.
(Gasps)
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Not So Fast!
You've Got Some
Explaining To Do, Allie.
You, Too, Samantha.
Who...
Allie...
You Are Number 263
On My Los Angeles
Naughty Girl List.
Um...
You Mean You're...
You're...
But You Couldn't Be.
Oh, No, No, No.
Of Course Not.
It's Utterly Impossible,
Isn't It, Allie?
Oof!
Or Should I Use
Your Full Name, Hmm?
Allison Rachel
Thompson.
Your Favorite Food

Is Thick-Crust Pizza
With Sausage
And Extra Cheese.
You Have A Big Crush
On Blake Lynch,
Who Sits Near You
In English Class,
And Your Best
Friend Is Samantha
Elizabeth Kwan.
I Love It
When He Does This.
Yeah. He's Good.
You Are President
Of Grant Junior High's
Spanish Club.
You Brush Your Teeth
3 Times A Day,
Which Is Very Good,
But You Seldom Floss.
Now Do You Believe
I'm Santa?
No. Anyone Could Have
Figured That Out.
If You're Really Him,
Then Tell Me
What I'm Thinking
Right Now.
He's Santa, Kid,
Not The Amazing Kreskin.
You Want Something
A Little More
Personal, Is That It?
All Right.
Samantha,
When You're Alone,
You Like To Dance
To Ricky Martin Music
And Pretend You're
Married To Him.
You Do?
No!
Heh Heh Heh Heh.
Shall I Go On?

No!
Allie...
Even Though...
Your Friends
May Think You Have
The Perfect Family,
We Both Know That
Things Aren't Always
The Way You'd
Like Them To Be.
The Fact Is
That You, Your
Mother And Father
And Even Little Joey
Are So Busy Going
In A Million
Different Directions
That No One
Ever Has Time
For One Another.
And Even Though You
Put On A Brave Face
And Act Like It
Doesn't Bother You,
It Does.
Sometimes
It Makes You
Very, Very Sad.
Allie, You Never
Told Me That.
Ok, So...
If You're
Santa, Then...
Who Are They?
Oh, Pardon Me.
This Is Crumpet
And Sparky,
2 Of My Elves.
Elves?
Yes.
But They're
So...
Don't Say It!
Tall!

She Said It.
Do You Have
A Problem With That?
(Doorbell)
Good Afternoon.
Hi.
I'm Edwin Hadley.
Channel 3
Action Now News.
Oh, Hello!
I Didn't Recognize You.
M-May I Come In?
Yeah, Um...
Excuse Me.
I'm So Sorry.
Is There Something
I Can Help You With?
Congratulations!
You've...
Won Our Special
Contest,
An Afternoon
With Edwin.
Really?
Oh! Well...
Well, That's Great.
I--I Don't Remember
Entering Any Contest.
What A Lovely Place!
So Bright.
So Festive!
So...
What's That?
The Kids Did That.
It's Our Substitute
Christmas Tree.
We Couldn't Get A Real One
Because The Storm--
Yes! The Storm.
What Do You Make
Of Our Little Storm?
Um...
It's A Bad Storm...
Uh...When Do You Think

It's Going To End?
I Was Hoping You
Could Tell Me That.
Me? Excuse Me?
Who's This?
That's My Husband.
Is He In Some Kind
Of Government Work?
Some Sort Of,
"Can't Tell Ya, Gotta
Kill Ya" Operation?
No! He's In Software.
Hmm.
Uh...Would You
Like Some Coffee?
Everything
All Right?
Yes, Fine.
Just Admiring
Your Handiwork.
What Did You Say?
I Asked You If
You Would Like
Some Coffee.
No. Never
Touch The Stuff.
Wait. Yes.
Ok, Uh...
How Do You Take It?
Cream? Sugar?
Both.
But I'll
Mix Them Myself
Out Here.
Ok.
Both!
And If It Isn't
Too Much Trouble,
I'd Like
Some Cookies,
And Candy,
Maybe Some Nuts,
A Bowl Of Fruit,
Popcorn,

Toast With Butter,
Maybe A Pot Roast.
I'll See
What I Can Do.
Yams, If You
Have Them.
A Snow Day, Huh?
We Kinda Had
A Paper Due.
And I Tried To
Shut Off The Machine
A Bunch Of Times.
Honest.
It's Very
Temperamental.
It Took Me
Over 2 Months
To Build It.
But, Santa,
I Thought You Worked
At The North Pole.
Well, Normally I Do,
But There Are
So Many Distractions
At The North Pole,
Especially At This Time
Of The Year.
I Thought I Finally
Had The Machine
Finished On Thursday,
And I Was Going
To Go Back, But Then
When It Started
To Do All Sorts
Of Odd Things,
Like Raining When
It Should Be Snowing
And Snowing
When It Should Be
Sunny And--
And That's Why
You Got Frustrated
And Threw It Away.
Exactly.

But It's Such
An Important
Machine.
Very Important.
Extremely
Important.
Why?
"Why?"
"Why?"
This Kid
Is Funny.
Yeah, Why?
We Never
Understood That, Either.
It's Important Because
I Wanted To Give People
The Ultimate
Christmas Present.
A Gentle,
White Snowfall
So Simple
And So Pure
That We Would All Just
Stop Rushing Around
And Take A Few Moments
To Be Reminded
Of The Magic
Of The Season.
Ah.
Mmm.
It's All
My Fault, Santa.
If I Hadn't Been
Such A Total Lame-O
And Just Written
My Paper Like
I Was Supposed To,
None Of This
Would Have Happened.
I'm So Sorry, Santa.
(Sniffs)
There'll Be Plenty
Of Time To Talk
About That Later.

The Important Thing
Right Now Is To Stop
This Storm!
Now, Where
Is The Machine?
Mom! Mom!
Oh! Oh! Mom!
Whoa!
Where'd You Get
That, Little Boy?
I Found It!
Found It?
You Mean Stole It,
Don't You?
You Know What
Happens To Little
Boys Who Steal!
I Didn't Steal It!
I Found It!
They Go To Jail!
For A Long Time!
Sometimes Forever!
I Don't Want
To Go To Jail!
Why Don't You Hand
It Over To Me,
And I'll See
What I Can Do.
There You Go.
Go On Now!
Aaahh!
A Weather-Making
Machine!
From Now On,I Will Be
The Greatest Weatherman
In The World,
Because I...Will
Control...The Weather!
Ha Ha Ha Ha!
(Coughs)
Hi, Honey. It's Me.
Um, I Hope You Check
Your Voice Mail.
Um, Did You Enter

A Contest?
Mom, I Didn't
Steal It!
I Found It,
And It's Making Snow,
And The Man Says
I Could Go To Jail,
Maybe Forever!
Ok, Wait.
Slow Down.
What Did You Say?
I'm Sorry. I'm Not
Understanding You.
You're Going
Too Fast.
We Have To Find
A Way To Distract Her.
Have You Ever Played
Ding-Dong-Ditch?
Uh-Uh.
Uh-Uh.
Wh-What Did You Steal?
What's Making Snow?
Upstairs!
(Doorbell Rings)
Just A Second.
But, Mom!
Hello?!
Hello?!
Ah! Hello?!
(Giggling)
It's Snowing
In Allie's Room!
Joey, Please.
I've Got Enough Problems
Right Now, Ok?
Alrighty!
Where'd The Tv Guy Go?
Mom!
Hey! Who Are You?
It's That Boring
Weatherman From Tv.
Edwin, Give Me
The Machine.

Give Me The Weather
Machine, Edwin.
Never!
Edwin...
Edwin...
Whoa...Ahh!
(Gasps)
Let's Take The Stairs.
Whoa! Ah!
Arr!
No One Ever
Believes Me!
Hey Joey!
This Is Santa
And His Elf.
Pleased To Meet
You, Joey.
Don't Tell Mom, Ok?
Coochie-Coochie!
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!
Stop!
Stop!
Stop!
I Know A Shortcut!
Please, Not
Another Shortcut!
(Panting)
Sparky, Come On!
Ok!
Nothing Can
Stop Me Now!
Stop!
Aah!
Aah!
Waah!
Come On!
He Passed Through
This Candy Factory!
My...My Snowmobile!
It's Ok, Horace.
Perhaps Santa
Will Bring You
A New One
For Christmas, Hmm?

(Santa Chuckles)
Let's Go.
(Footsteps Echoing)

Crumpet:

Could He Have Gone?
It's Like
He Vanished.

Santa:

He Disappeared.
Over Here!
Chocolate
Footprints.
Come On!
They Stop!
Huh!
Sparky, What
Are You Doing?
It's Raining
Chocolate!
Stay Back.
Edwin...
Give Us The Machine.
Please!
No, You Can't
Have It!
I Want It.
I Found It,
And It's Mine!
Sparky...
Grr!
Rrr, Grr!
Stay Back,
I Tell You. Back!
Stay Down,
Sparky, Don't!
No! Stay Back!
Aah!
Get Him!
Aah!

Santa:

Aah!

Whew!
Oh!
Well Done,
Allie!
Good Job, Al. Whoo!
(Gasps)
I Hate Cotton Candy!
(Gasps)
Can't I Have It?
I'm Sorry,
Edwin. No!
Guess I'll Be
On My Way.
Or Not.
Mmm. Mmm.
(Hammering)
Screwdriver!
Wrench!
You Realize You Just
Can't Keep Me Here
Against My Will.
I Have A Report
To File, After All!
Not Now.
(Clears Throat)
Chewing Gum!
Sure, Boss!
Ew!
Thank You.
(Grunts)
I'm Stumped.
The "Q" Wire Is Attached.
The Rhombus Wheel Is Turning.
I've Triple-Checked Everything
From The Alpha Coil
To The Zip Volume.
In Theory, This Machine
Should Be Working Perfectly.
Did You Check
The Batteries?
Batteries.
(Chuckling)
Oh, I Always Use My Own
Special Brand Of Batteries.

Evermerry.
Each Battery
Lasts 100 Years,
So It Couldn't Possibly...
Oh, Dear.
What's Wrong?
I Just Remembered That
When I Put The Batteries In,
I Was Out Of Evermerrys,
So I Used Generic Ones.
Quick. Open These Up.
(Click, Whirring)
I Think It's Working.
All Right!
Let's Raise
The Temperature
To 58 Degrees
And Bring Up
The Sun!
(Cheering)
Oh, Dear.

It's 4:

Do We Still
Have Time?
Can We Make
Christmas?
It'll Be Awfully,
Awfully Tight,
But Yes,
I Think We Can.
Boys, Let's Pack Up
Everything We Need
From Here
And Quickly!
Oh.
Santa, I'm...
Really On The "Naughty"
List, Aren't I?
Yes,
But It Isn't
A Permanent Situation.
It Will Change If You've
Learned Something Today.

I Have High Hopes For You,
Allie Thompson.
You're A Trailblazer With
A Great Sense Of Adventure.
That Sounds
Pretty Good.
It Is.
But It Also Comes
With A Great Deal
Of Responsibility.
It Does?
Yes.
You Can't Waste All That
Energy And Brainpower
On Just Skipping
Homework Assignments
And Taking
What Doesn't Belong To You.
You Have To Use Them For Things
That Are Responsible
And Unselfish.
Imagine If I Just Decided
To Skip Christmas.
Think Of All The Billions
Of Children Who Would
Wake Up On Christmas Morning
To Find
Their Stockings Empty
And Nothing Under The Tree.
You Did A Wonderful Job
Helping Me Today, Allie,
And I'll Never Forget That.
Oh, Please.
I May Lose My Lunch.
Can We Just
Get On With This?
I Have A Pulitzer Prize
To Win.
(Sighs)
Edwin.
Edwin, Edwin, Edwin.
I Couldn't Be
More Ashamed.
I Remember You

As A Child, Edwin.
You Were Bright, Inquisitive.
You Weren't A Crook.
What Happened, Edwin?
Hmm?
What Made You
Such A Selfish Snob?
What Made You So Mean?
It's--It's Not Fair.
Hmm.
What's Not Fair?
Everything!
Ever Since
I Was A Little Boy,
All I Wanted To Be
Was A Meteorologist.
While Other Kids
Were Playing With Toys,
I...I Was Busy Playing
With Thermometers.
They'd Look
At The Clouds
And See Ponies
And Ice-Cream Cones.
All I Could See
Were Condensed Forms
Of Atmospheric Moisture!
(Sobbing)
Oh, Mr. Martino
Was Right.
I'm A Failure.
Oh, Edwin.
Edwin,
You're Not A Failure.
What You Need
Is A New Challenge,
A Place Where The Weather
Is Exciting,
A Place Where You Can
Share Your Knowledge
With People Who Have
The Same Passions
That You Do, Hmm?
But Where?

If I Could Go
To Such A Place--
I'll See
What I Can Do.
Really?
Yes.
But If And Only If
You Promise To Be Good
From Now On.
No More Lying, Cheating,
Or Stealing.
Oh, And, Um...
Nothing About
Our Little Adventure.
Do I Have Your Word?
As A Gentleman.
And More Importantly,
As A Meteorologist.
But How?
You'll See, Edwin.
You'll See.

Sparky:

Good! Good!
Well, Let's Get Moving, Hmm?
Christmas Is Upon Us!
(Laughs)
But First Things First.
We Have To Get You Two Home.
Um...
Santa, I Kind Of
Have A Little
Favor To Ask.
(Whispers)
Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas,
Mom.
Merry Christmas.
Thanks, Joey.
Now, Allie, I Want
To Tell You Straight Up.
I'm So Sorry.
I Know It's Been
A Yucky Christmas,

But There Is No Big Present
For You Under That Tree,
And I Know You
Wanted The Rollerblades,
And I Tried.
I Really Did.
But With The Storm,
There Was Just No Way.
It's Ok, Mom.
I'm Really Sorry, Honey.
To Tell You The Truth,
I Forgot All About Them.
Well, There
Is Good News.
With All My
Cancelled Parties,
We Are Gonna
Be Having
Turkey Sandwiches
For The Next
5 Years.
(Laughs)
Mom?
Let's Not Open Anything
Until Dad Gets Home.
Yeah. We Should Wait.
Are You Sure?
'Cause It Might
Be A While.
I Mean, The Airport's
Just Reopened.
The Roads, Some Of Them
Are Still Closed,
So, I Mean,
There's A Good Chance
That He Might Not Even
Make It Back Today.
Well, We'll Just Wait
Until He Does.

Joey:

Ok.

Santa:

Arrive Right About...
(Car Horn Honking)
Hey, Everybody!
Allie! Joey!
It's Dad!
Hey! Kids, I'm Home!
Dad!
Dad, You're Home!
Hey! Whoa!
Merry Christmas,
Buddy!
How Did You Manage
To Get A Ride In That?
Oh, Well, The Flights
Were All Booked Up,
And I Was In
This Never-Ending Line
For A Rental Car,
When I Met
These Two Guys Who Said
They Were Going My Way.
Hey, Thanks, Guys.
Merry Christmas!
They Have
The Strangest Names.
Sparket And Crumpy.
Sparky And Crumpet.
How Did You Know That?
It's Kind Of A Long Story.
Oh!
This Has Your Name
On It.
Oh, Honey!
Oh, I Don't Believe It!
How Did You--
I Thought It Was
Pretty Appropriate,
Considering.
You Know, Even
With The Blizzard
I Would Have Found
A Way To Get Here,
One Way Or Another.
I Love You So Much.

I Love You, Too.
In Fact, I Love
All Of You So Much,
And Being Here Is...
I Don't Know,
It's...
The Ultimate
Christmas Present?
That's Exactly Right,
Allie.
It's The Ultimate
Christmas Present.
Thank You, Santa.
(Santa Chuckles)
You're Welcome, Allie.

Samantha:

Mrs. Kwan:

Merry Christmas!
(Shrieks)
Good Morning, Class,
And Welcome
To The South Pole!
Campus To
The Edwin Hadley
Meteorological
Institute.
In The Next 6 Months,
You'll Be Learning
Everything
From Tracking
Storm Clouds
To Measuring
Levels Of Precipitation
To Assessing
Ozone Layers.
This Class
Will Be Technical.
This Class
Will Be Difficult.
He's So Cool!
And Most Important,
It'll Be Fun!

What Do You Say?

Are You Ready?

(Cheering)