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Tiny Christmas

By Jamie Nash

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[train whistle toots]
Oops.
Dad!
I'm outside, Emma!
I thought we agreed
to unpack
the important stuff first?
You know, the stuff we need
to survive the harsh winter?
Microwave, TV, toilet paper?
[groans]
Stop eye-balling me, elf.
[toy squeaks and giggles]
Yay, Christmas!
[muttering]
Uh, maybe we should just
hang a wreath on the door?
Ah, my sweet child.
Potkins do not simply
hang a wreath.
It's go big or go home.
I like the "go home" part.
[sighs]
Come on, Em.
This is a fresh start
to our fresh start.
New job.
New 'hood.
We gotta do this right.
You should help.
Get your Christmas on.
You can untangle me!
As amazing as that sounds,
I'm missing a box.
A crazy important one.
It's labeled "crazy important"?
Check my office.
I left a bunch of
unopened stuff in there.
And I was serious,
please untangle me?
You'd better watch out

You'd better not cry
You'd better not pout
I'm tellin' you why
Santa Claus
is comin' to town...
Whoa, her house
is phenomenal.
He sees you
when you're sleepin'
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you've been
bad or good
So be good
for goodness sake
You'd better watch out
You'd better not cry...
We're gonna need
more lights.
...Tonight!
Any luck?
Uh, yup, all here.
Christmas is officially saved.
Well, good.
Aw...
the Potkins pajama photo.
[chuckling] You know,
your mother always picked
those pajamas herself.
Yeah, she had
a real gift for hideous.
[laughs]
She sure did.
Look at that one.
Adorbs.
What was that,
five years ago?
Four.
And no one says "adorbs".
It's the last one we took.
We should take
this photo again.
The two of us?
Sorry, Dad, it's just
not the same.

Ah, come on,
I can photoshop in
Uncle Charlie and Grandma.
Or the latest
teen pop sensation
whose name
I'm not hip enough to know?
Hey...
It'll get easier,
I promise.
Eventually, this will
start to feel like home.
Not by tomorrow.
Not by Christmas.
[]
[laser zaps]
We have shrinkage!
This Christmas,
I've incorporated
the shrinkage/de-shrinkage
technology
that allows us to fit
a world worth of toys
onto a single sled!
All we need
are these slick shades.
Just because
you're stuffing stockings
doesn't mean you can't
look snowman cool.
Isn't that right,
Commander Chill?
Just give me
the goggles, Elfonso.
It's Christmas Eve.
My squad's on the clock.
Of course, the clock!
Like all Elf-Tech,
these babies are powered
by Christmas Magic.
Which means they only work
on Christmas Eve.
Once the sun comes up
on Christmas morning,

everything shuts down.
No shrinking,
no unshrinking.
Nada.
[snaps fingers]
Got it. Let's go.
Wait!
You need to know
how to unshrink the toys.
All right, talk fast,
and no model poses.
It's simple.
This button,
right here.
[laser zaps]
Freeze ray!
My bad.
Uh, wrong button.
Just need to reverse
the process.
[laser zaps]
Wowza!
The dreaded
orange mohawk!
Oh, uh...
[clearing throat]
I must have programmed
the buttons wrong.
Why do you always find
the bugs during the demo?
Elfonso!
You're gonna have
to come with us.
Fix it in flight.
Let's go--
In flight?
Have you flipped
your pointy-hat?
I-I'm not field trained,
I'm a tech-elf.
You're the Chief Tech-Elf!
Nobody knows this stuff
better than you.
You can swap out with

one of my elf commandos, okay?

Come on.

But I've never left

the North Pole,

or even seen

a normal-sized kid,

or their hideous rounded ears.

[shuddering]

Get it together, elf!

We need you on that sled.

Christmas is depending on you.

[slaps shoulder]

[snaps fingers]

It's go time!

[exhaling nervously]

Okay...

[novelty car horn honks outside]

They came!

They actually came!

Emma! Emma?

What?

Did the neighbor's lights

start a fire?

I know you miss

the old house.

And this Christmas seems

a little lonely

without the extended family.

Father...

what shady thing

are you up to?

No shade.

Santa's work.

A little

Christmas surprise.

Since we can't be there

for the annual

Potkins' shin-dig,

I decided to bring

some family to us.

[gasps]

Is it Grandma?

Or Aunt Cicely?

Oh, the Prizapelly twins!

Please say the Prizapelly twins!

No, uh...

They're all

too far away,

so... I found our closest

living relatives.

There's a Monster Truck

in our driveway.

And it's bouncing.

We've never actually met them,

but we know them,

by their reputation.

No...

You can't mean...

the Farkleys?

I'm sure they're not as bad

as the urban legend suggests.

So they didn't blow up

Uncle Ted's station wagon

on the Fourth of July?

Or toilet paper

the White House on Halloween?

Or sink that cruise ship

on Talk Like a Pirate Day?

[laughs]

Those crazy Farkleys.

Look, it'll be fun.

Just don't

turn your back on them,

and hide the forks.

[bag thuds heavily]

Seasons greetings, Potkins!

Barkley Farkley.

Here's a fruitcake!

Might want

to re-gift that.

[cake thunks solidly]

[Barkley's mom calls]:

Merry Christmas, baby!

Be good!

Daddy and I love ya!

[tires squealing]

Your parents,

they're not staying?

Nope.
They're off to Peoria.
There's
a Monster Truck Rally on
[imitating hype ad]:
Sunday! Sunday! Sunday!
But today is Friday!
Friday! Friday!
Which gives us
plenty of family bonding time.
[sniffing]
Uh... I'm not sure
what's happening.
She's your cousin.
Fourth Cousin,
thrice removed.
[sniffing]
[whispering] I can
smell the resemblance.
We should hang
some stockings.
On what?
We don't even have a fireplace.
Oh, don't we?
It's not even moving.
And...
I got some fancy
Christmas duct tape
to put them up.
Oh, no, you don't!
Mom hand-made
this stocking for me.
You don't just duct-tape it
to some television.
We could superglue it.
Well, since stockings are out,
let's at least
get ready for the annual
Christmas PJ
picture extravaganza!
[laughs in triumph]
Ha ha!
Whoa, freaky.
I'm in!

I'm out.
So...
you got any chestnuts?
[sighs]
[sighs]
[spooky music cue plays]
Uh...
what is happening right now?
I'm new to the whole
Christmas Eve sleep-over thing.
Should we be
doing something?
Oh, a burping contest.
No, no, no,
that's not neces--
[expels an extended burp]
[finishes burp]
Not Christmassy enough?
I mean, I can do
"Jingle Bells."
Oh, no, no, no!
Just sleep.
You know sleep, right?
Do that.
[turns on tape
of loud yodeling]
[whispering]
Helps me sleep.
[yodeling blasts]
[descending scream from outside]
[body thuds]
[groaning in pain]
[groaning]
Sorry, sir.
[incoming call chimes,
"Jingle Bells" tune]
Elfonso!
Are you okay?
Can you even talk?
No permanent damage.
Santa broke the fall.
You're supposed to use
the parachute.
Kinda hard to pull the cord

with my eyes closed
and all the screaming.
Just deliver your toys
and meet back
at the rendezvous point!
It's go time!
Commander Chill out!
Who builds a house
without a chimney?
Gonna have to do this
the hard way.
[roaring]
[wincing]
Christmas is hard...
Did you hear that?
Barkley?
[screams]
My stocking!
What are you doing?
You know,
just binge-watching
some fireplace TV.
No spoilers.
My stocking will not be hung
from a Plasma Screen.
I have standards!
Oof!
[whispering] It's a--
Lawn gnome.
I knew they'd rise up
and attack.
The signs were there.
--Elf!
Aren't they supposed
to be shorter, though?
That's an awful stereotype.
[sighing with satisfaction]
Piece of cake.
[chuckles]
[laser zaps]
[yelps] Ah! Missed!
Sweet Gingerbread!
[wood splintering]
Not again!

Okay, I'll just
shrink you back to normal.
You got this, Elfonso,
you got this.
Please work, please!
Too small!
Oh, it's stuck!
What is happening!
This is a disaster!
Run!
I can fix this.
[laser zapping]
[screaming]

[together]:

We're alive!

[together]:

Wait, what just happened?
And why are there
two giant Viking ships
in your living room?
Those aren't ships.
They're shoes!
[Elfonso gasping in panic]
Elf-zilla!
Kids!
I saw kids!
Curvy-eared freaks.
You're seeing things, Elfonso.
It must be the hologram feature.
Yeah.
You saved my life.
You did like my burping!
No...
No, this is not happening.
Okay, not a hugger.
I get it.
I'll send you a thank you note.
Or a pet snake.
[clicks tongue]
Please, no snake!
It's all good.
What is this place?

[gasping in awe]:

Gift heaven.

[Mr. Potkins calls]: Emma!

[gasping in fright]

Emma?

Barkley Farkley?

I thought I heard a noise.

[wind gusting through window]

Hmm.

No more eggnog before bed.

[Elfonso panting in fright]

[yelping and jostling]

[yelping]

Stupid elf!

You never get caught!

That's the first rule
of elf club!

Barkley?

Barkley?

I think I swallowed
a doll head.

[incoming call chimes,
"Jingle Bells" tune]

Chill!

Thank Gumdrops you called!

I'm way out of my league here.

This is worse than
the Frosty Meltdown of '66.

Elfonso, why aren't you
wearing your goggles?

Goggles...

Oh, no!

You need to find
those goggles!

Without them, you can't
unshrink anything!

[Elfonso]:

in here somewhere.

You're the one who warned us,
once the sun comes up,
Christmas magic goes away,
and they won't even
work anymore!

Stop stressing me out!
Oh no...
Oh, no,
oh, no, oh, no!
I'll call you back.
Where are
those stupid goggles?
[screaming]
Incoming!
Stupid goggles!
[shrunk gifts clattering]
Okay, I went into
my first house,
I zapped the snowglobe,
then that scary guy showed up,
and...
They must still be there!
All right, Elfonso,
time to put on
your big-boy stockings,
and find those goggles.
I just need a little
elf-confidence.
[exhales bravely]
Oh, no...
Oh, no!
I've lost my fourth cousin.
Dad's going to kill me.
My-my stocking!
Where's my stocking?
Down here...
Look down,
beneath the toys.
Getting warmer.
Jackpot.
You can talk?
Is this like a Ghost
of Christmas Past situation?
Look inside!
"To my favorite cuz,
Love, Barkley."
[Barkley in menacing voice]:
What's in the box?
[laughing]

That was good!
So good.
Merry Christmas, cuz.
We're walkie-buds!
Look down,
by the bench!
[Emma groans in frustration]
Aw, so cute.
You look like
a cricket.
A cute, little, angry cricket.
There's nothing cute
about this!
Or crickets.
We're trapped!
[musical fish ornament
activates]
Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh
O'er the fields we go--
Stop! How are you even
a decoration?
--Giddy-up now!
Dashing through the sn--
Stupid fake fish.
We need Dad.
We have to get back
to the house.
Ooh, that's a negative.
Your house is all the way
on the other side of the street.
And at our current
shrunken size,
we're a gazillion miles away.
It would take a week
to walk there.
We don't have a week.
We need the elf's goggles
to unshrink us, tonight.
Maybe we can find a stamp,
mail ourselves.
Barkley, this is serious!
We're gonna be stuck
like this!

We'll be freaks!
We'll have to check into
a roach motel, and...
and buy doll clothes!
Have you seen doll clothes?
They don't make
cool doll clothes?
It'll be all flower dresses
and overalls!
Okay, chill out, cuz.
Which is in exactly
three hours and 15 minutes.
How do you know that?
Doesn't everybody?
Here, I'll set my stop-watch.
Let's see...
[throwing star lands,
rattling]
Bingo!
Nice.
And...
[countdown clock beeps]
Do you have anything
in that fanny pack
that might actually help us?
Like a plan, maybe?
I have a plan.
We hire ourselves out
to salvage loose change
from sofas.
Or those keys that fall
between the seats of cars.
Anyway,
we save up enough cash,
then hire a mad scientist
to build a machine
that stretches our bones
to full-size.
Boo-yah!
[groans in exasperation]
I knew you'd dig it, cuz.
[Emma groaning]
I[grunting with effort]z.
Locked.

[doorbell rings]
[doorbell ringing]
Uh... who are you?
Elf-A-Gram!
Man, talk about
Christmas overload.
Okay, Emma,
it's up to you to find a way
out of this mess.
There!
Barkley, are you seeing this?
Barkley?
Tell me
you're not eating
floor food.
Of course not,
that would be gross,
and violate the 10-second rule
which I firmly abide by.
We're in my neighbor's house,
and we need to get
her attention.
Copy that.
I could burrow
under her toenail--
No!
Not what I'm saying.
What's wrong with you?
I meant, something
a little less... blech.
Okay.
Copy that.
Negative on the toenail.
Going with plan B.
I climb up,
crawl inside her head,
and kung fu an S.O.S.
into her eardrum.
[sighing]
Who exactly
should I thank
for sending me
an "Elf-A-Gram"

at 2:

in the morning?

Uh... secret admirer.

Uh... need-to-know basis.

Huh... I could've sworn

we moved the couch

into this room.

Couch?

[chuckles]

I don't think so.

What are you doing?

Looking for rat infestations.

It's part of your Elf-A-Gram
signature service.

Lucky you.

I should go wake the kids.

Kids?

You mean with

the high voices,

and the diapers,

and the messy rooms,

and the creepy little ears

and stuff?

Sort of.

They're real?

Off the ground! Now!

Come on!

Let's go,

off the ground.

Move, move, move!

[crunching underfoot]

[gasps in horror]

Oh, no!

What have I done?

Oh, no.

I can't look.

Is it...?

I'm afraid so.

A little person.

[gasping in despair]

It's okay.

We can glue its head back.

Glue its head?

What kind of

sick monster are you?
I've got others.
I can spare one.
[relieved] Oh!
It's just
a Christmas Village figurine.
Now, what are you doing
still awake?
Santa's coming,
and I would hate for you
to end up
on the naughty list!
Now, for the love
of reindeer,
don't step on the ground!
You're gonna crush somebody!
I'll just
see myself out.
I'll catch a cab
back to the North Pole.
Here I go, leaving now.
Bye!
[stumbling and yelping]
[muttering]
Stupid gingerbread man...
[novelty decoration giggles]
Yay, Christmas!
[whispering] Kids?
Are you there?
Kids!
Are you sure we shouldn't
just sleep here?
I mean, these slippers
look really comfortable.
Just wake her up.
But be gentle.
Don't want her
squashing you like a bug.
Got it.
I got just the thing
in here somewhere.
What's up with the whole
fanny-pack anyway?
You must be talking

about my utility belt.

Why? You jelly?

Uh, that's a definite "no".

Oh, I get it.

I'd be jealous of the best
Christmas gift ever, too.

Look...

my parentals have to get
a little creative
with their gifts.

Truth is,

I'm usually flying solo
on Christmas.

I've had these walkies
for five years now.

Never had a friend
to try them out with.

Till now.

Ba-dang!

Here it is.

Uh...

why do you have
a tickling feather
in your fanny-pack?

Where else would you keep
your tickling feather?

[sighs bravely]

Gitchy-gitchy-goo!

Ah-gitchy-gitchy-goo!

Definitely

a Christmas to forget...

Gitchy-gitchy-goo!

Gitchy-gitchy--

Wait,

Why do you get the cute,
sparkly walkie-talkie,
and mine is all, "Ten-hut!"

Oh...

I just thought that the camo one
was more your vibe.

You know, less girly-girl.

Since you're clearly going
for the whole

"I'm super serious" thing.

Wait, what?

Me?

Uh... that is so

not what I'm going for!

Oh, well, either way,

the bedazzles match my eyes.

I think I need

some radio-silence.

I should go off-radio, too.

These old lady dogs

are pretty calloused.

It's time to double-feather.

Goochy-goochy-goo!

Come on, wake up.

Ah-gitchy-gitchy-goo!

Ah-gitchy-gitchy-goo!

[snoring]

[purring]

Uh... Barkley?

We have a problem.

A big, furry,

whiskered problem.

Did you hear me?

Turn your walkie back on!

What up, cuz!

Behind you!

You need to run!

Go, girlfriend!

I mean, the moves

are kinda whack,

but I like the funk.

Go shorty, go shorty

Go, go, go, shorty

Run!

It's behind you!

Go, shorty

Go, go--

Look behind you!

Go, shorty, go, shorty

Go, shorty

go, shorty...

Move!

Behind you!

[cat purring]

[cat grumbles]
[screams]
[scream echoing]
[snoring]
[meows grumpily]
There's a giant
cat-monster down here!
Why didn't you warn me?
I was trying to!
He saw me dive under here.
You know what,
I'm gonna make a break for it.
[screaming]
[Barkley meowing hopefully]
Meow! Meow!
What are you doing?
I speak cat!
I'm trying to reason
with this thing.
[cat meows]
Nobody speaks cat!
[screams]
You're just making
stupid sounds!
Keep running!
Yup!
Couldn't agree more.
[screaming]
[cat meowing]
[screams echoing]
Barkley, talk to me!
Come out to the coast,
have a few laughs.
It's okay!
Just stay where you are,
you'll be safe.
[cat meowing]
Safe?
It's cardboard!
[screaming]
Come on, kitty,
stop it!
This is only fun
for one of us.

[screaming]
I think I'm gonna barf.
Barkley, stay in the tube.
It's not safe.
Wowzers!
That is totally going
in the new
Christmas Tradition file.
Barkley!

Furball, 12:

[gasps]
Hey there, kitty kitty.
Look, I know you're angry.
I'd be angry, too,
if I had to wear that.
[cat snarling]
Run, Emma!
Get home!
Hang stockings
and eat candy-canes in my honor.
[activates novelty singing fish]
Dashing through the snow--
[Emma calling] Hey!
Hey!
Yeah, that's right,
over here!
Some real fine fish caroling
goin' on up here!
Makin' spirits bright
[snarls]
[]
Wait, no, no, no, no.
I just meant for you
to look this way,
not actually come this way.
You... You see
the difference, right?
[binoculars clatter]
Good kitty...
She even decorates
her kitty litter?
Oh, come on!
You're too high up!

Don't do it!
You're why cats
have a bad name.
[growling]
Cannonball!
[walkie static]
Well, that ribbon
did absolutely nothing.
[object falling]
I stand corrected.
Hello?
Little dudes?
Anyone in there?
If you can hear me,
go to the light.
Go to the light!
Cuz?
[static crackling]
Cuz?
Barkley?
Can you hear me? Cuz!
Barkley!
Answer me!
[static crackling] Answer me!
Oh, come on, dead battery.
Stupid bedazzled walkie!
[rousing, groggily]
Tinselpaws...
[sighs]
You know you're not supposed
to be on the table.
[cat meowing]
Help!
Look down here!
Play with your own toys.
[sighs]
Oh, my word,
it's the middle of the night.
Timothy and the kids
should have been here by now.
[screams]
Where's my phone?
My phone...
Grandma again.

Must have fallen asleep.
Um, you were supposed
to be here hours ago.
Everything is ready.
I even have
something extra special
for little Timmy Jr.
Please call me
when you get this.
[sighing]
[humming]
What..?
Yes!
Tinselpaws...
you understand.
After all these years.
I knew!
We have to record this,
for science!
I'll get the camera.
Cat people.
[alert pings]
Oh, no.
The sleigh is on the move.
It's my only chance
for elf backup!
Children, I'll be back.
Remember, the microwave
and the garbage disposal
are not your friends.
Just touch the letters
that spell your name.
Come on, you'll be famous.
They'll put you
on the interwebs.
[cooing]
You can do it,
yes, you can...
[kissing
and beckoning]
Come on!
Please, cuz, say something!
Anything!
Grunt!

Scream! Yodel!
You know what,
I'm coming in there after you.
You saved my fanny-pack
back there,
the least I can do is--
[inhaling bravely]
[groaning] Oh...
for the love of humanity,
what is she feeding this cat?
Oh... Oh, I'm sorry, cuz,
I thought I was strong enough,
but the smell...
The smell.
I didn't deserve you.
You were the best
fourth cousin I ever had.
We didn't know
each other for long,
but the times we had?
Good times.
[clears throat]
You're alive!
And you smell
like a cat toilet.
Well, hold your nose.
We've got
a table to climb.
[gasping with effort]
See?
The cat-lady's phone
is on the desk.
We can call for help.
Okay, well,
we better hurry,
because we have less than
two hours left--
Whoa...
Candy!
Sweet monster-sized candy!
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Barkley...
stop acting
like Barkley@

We're on a mission.
Oh...
Mayday!
Mayday!
Elf emergency alert!
I can't find the sled.
Does any elf copy?
[incoming call chimes]
Elfonso!
You missed the rendezvous point!
We had to take off!
Don't go!
I have a situation.
And we've got
stockings to stuff!
You're gonna have to fix it
on your own, kiddo.
On my own?
I'm not trained for this!
Whoa!
Watch out for that plane!
[forlornly] I'm not trained
for anything...
Huh, the grandkids.
They do the whole
pajama thing, too.
I should've
taken that picture.
We will.
I promise.
Uh... what are you doing?
Gotta stretch out
the old
number-dialing legs.
Barkley!
Please stop making me
roll my eyes.
I'm getting a migraine.
Okay, uh...
[beeps]
[beeping]
Okay, you hit the "6" and "8",
and I'll hit "Call".
Okay.

[call ringing]
[cell phone rings]
[low voice booming]
It's the middle of the night!
Uh... Dad!
It's Emma!
We need help!
[high-pitched squeaking]
Whoever this is...
[low voice booming]
...don't call here again.
Whoa!
Okay then.
Uh... we'll
send a text.
An S-O-S.
You jump on "S",
and I'll jump on "O".
But I want to do "O".
What?
[beeping]
Watch it, Tiny Tim!
This is fun!
I like this game.
Barkley!
Watch your feet!
It should not be
this difficult!
Total butt dial!
[text alert pings]
[groans]
This just got weird.
[groaning]
Auto-correct!
You are the bane
of my existence!
[incoming call ringing]
Dad?
Coming!
Hey! Look down!
-Timothy?
-Can you see me?
Are you on your way?
You're still

at the airport?
I-I didn't realize
the storm was that bad.
Well, it has to clear up soon.
Everything's ready
when you get here.
Okay.
Bye-bye.
[sighs sadly]
It's okay, Tinselpaws.
They know how much
this visit means to us.
We just have to wait
a little while longer.
[sighs]
I need some candy.
And we need a new plan.
Right, Barkley?
Barkley, where are you?
Mm...
It's so good!
Stop eating the calendar!
I can't stop myself.
It's so much yum.
I've eaten my weight in sugar.
My cavities have cavities.
My blood runs thick
with chocolate.
Uh...Barkley, this is bad.
Old lady's eating her feelings.
You've gotta get out of there.
No!
I won't leave my sweet babies!
We could stay in the calendar,
and live the sweet life,
the milk chocolatey life.
I need some chocolate.
She's coming.
You have to
get out of there.
Barkley!
She's gonna eat them all!
You've got to get out of there!
Don't worry!

I mean, how much chocolate
can she eat?
Chocolate-eating freak!
This one's mine!
[Barkley screaming] Whoa!
Not the dentures,
not the dentures!
Hey!
Don't eat my cousin!
Merry Christmas?
[screams in horror]
[screams]
[screams reverberate]
[sighs wearily]
I guess a good night's sleep
is something I'm not getting
for Christmas.
The snow's really coming down.
I bet it looks good
against all the lights I put up.
The girls should see this.
Crazy cat lady!
Come back!
You're our only hope!
Emma, look.
Wow.
It's snowing.
On Christmas Eve.
[sighs]
It's...
...beautiful.
I mean, you can
almost see
the individual flakes.
My dad did a good job
with those lights.
[cuckoo clock chimes 3:00 a.m.]
Clock's ticking.
What are we gonna do?
I've got the most epic idea.
Kids!
You gotta see this!
It's like
a winter wonderland.

Kids?

Yes, yes, an exterminator.

Two of them!

They were like tiny girls,
only scary.

Elves?

[gasps]

They were around the presents.

And one of them

had a magic bag

tied around its waist.

My cat saw them, too.

He might be able

to describe them better.

Hello?

Hello?

[gasping]

No, no, no, no, no...

Kids?

Kids!

Kids!

"Help"?

You are here.

Freeze!

Easy...

Is that tree loaded?

Maybe.

Who are you?

Elfonso,

the Elf... exterminator.

I heard you had

a little problem.

A very, very little problem.

Where did you see

the elf infestation?

The advent calendar.

They were on my chocolate.

Oh, no!

Great Caesar's Snowballs!

Are you in there, kids?

Hang tight!

I'll get some oatmeal

and prune juice,

and have you out

in a few hours!
[spluttering]
I did not eat them.
I don't think.
My stomach has felt
a little funny.
Probably just nerves.
Tonight has not turned out
exactly as planned.
Fear not!
Elfonso, the great Elf,
Gnome, and Leprechaun chaser
is on the hunt.
If they're here,
I'll find them.
[drone activating]
They can't escape
my expert eye.
Look out!
[quad-copter whirring]
[girls screaming]
It's them!
They're... flying?
That copter was
for my grandson!
Thieves!
Stop them!
The remote.
No!
No, no, no, no,
no, no, no!
No!
If you don't mind?
Give it to me!
[arguing]
No!
Give it to me!
Give it to me!
[screaming]
[arguing]
Give me that!
You can't!
They'll crash!
[screaming]

[gasping]
Elf ears...
You're one of them!
[screaming]
[groaning]
Christmas... still hard.
Emma?
Em?
Emma?
Where are you, Em?
[]
My snot has turned
to snow boogers.
Well, that plan
went bust.
You think?
We're done.
We'll never
make it now.
Don't worry, cuz.
I got a plan.
Two words,
snowball...
cannon.
Please stop.
Wait,
is "snowball cannon"
three words?
Who cares?
It's crazy!
Like riding quad-copters,
or wearing fanny-packs,
or tickle-feathers.
The only reason we're here
is 'cause you wanted
to hang my stocking
from a DVR'd Fireplace!
I just wanted to help.
Well, stop,
'cause your help
isn't helpful.
It's a disaster.
It's no wonder you never had
a walkie-talkie buddy.

You're right.
I pushed too hard.
I had to go
full Barkley.
It's just that my parents
are always on the move,
and I've never had
a real Christmas,
so I wanted this
to be special.
You know, with stockings
hung by the chimney,
and presents
under the tree,
and family and friends.
I've never even had
a real friend.
But when I met you,
I thought that maybe...
It's stupid.
No, it's not stupid.
I'm just being a Grinch.
I needed a friend, too.
I never expected...
this, exactly, but...
it's growing on me.
And not totally
in a fungal way.
[laughing]
I should've just
hung my stocking
from the stupid TV.
It really is a great stocking.
Mom made it.
She rocked Christmas.
Every year,
she got my dad these
insanely hideous sweaters.
Itchy, disgusting ones.
[chuckles]
I got my dad one
this year,
for old times sake.
It's so gross.

It's under the tree
right now.
She loved Christmas
so much.
It hasn't the same
without her.
Maybe not the same.
But it doesn't mean
it can't be good.
You're right.
It's Christmas,
anything's possible!
Especially with a friend
who's got your back.
I feel a heartfelt
hug coming on.
And right back
to full Barkley.
Oh, you know
you love it.
Hey!
[screaming]
[wincing]
You can hear us?
[quietly] Elf ears.
Upside,
super-sensitive.
Downside,
impossible to find earmuffs,
and headphones.
The elf,
he's talking to us.
I'm really sorry
about the whole
shrink-ray-snafu.
Totally my bad.
I'm a tech guy.
I usually work
behind the scenes.
I've never even been
up this late on Christmas Eve.
We are so doomed.
But I am gonna Christmas-up,
and save the day.

We are going to your house
to find my unshrinking goggles.
Ah! Easy with the grip
there, fella!
Blech!
Sweaty-hat-head!
Dude needs some
serious conditioner.
Yeah, but have you
felt this elf skin?
So smooth.
Like a baby.
What, are you
Irish dancing in there?
You're making me itch.
Again, conditioner.
What are you doing?
[yelps in fright]
How could you possibly
have gotten here so fast?
You're like a granny ninja!
See, Tinselpaws?
I'm not crazy!
I caught the elf!
Now, where is
my grandson's toy?
Toy?
Um...
Look!
A flying reindeer!
-Huh?
-See ya!
Stop!
Kids!
Run for the house!
I'll distract her!
[yelps]
[growling and fuming]
[gasping for air]
We should
do something.
He's a big boy.
Big enough to not be
eaten by owls.

[owl hoots overhead]
Unlike us!
[screaming]
There you are, toy thieves!
She really is
a granny ninja.
[moaning in terror]
Okay, uh...
I thought you elves
were supposed
to give presents,
not steal them.
That copter
was a special surprise
for my grandson.
I need it!
Well, hopefully
you got a gift receipt?
[cell phone rings]
Timmy!
Are you near the house?
I had to take care
of a few tiny things.
Closing the airport?
For a little snow?
But what about
the food,
the presents?
A blizzard.
I see.
Well...
maybe we'll see each other
in the New Year.
Or in the summer,
when the kids are off school.
Love you.
Hug my grandbabies for me.
Well,
I guess I won't be needing
that copter after all.
She's gonna be
all alone.
On Christmas.
Come on, cuz.

We got a mountain
to climb.
[]
Let's Christmas!
Like a boss.
[]
So cold.
I can't feel my eyeballs.
We're so close.
Nothing is gonna stand
between us and that window.
[toy elf laughs menacingly]
[spooky, low frequency playback]
Yay Christmas!
[screams]
Sweet! Body-sledding!
Whee!
[crashing below]
Let's do that again!
[Emma groans]
We cannot be related.
Tell me again
why we had to use
the back window?
I don't like the way
that elf
eyeballs me, okay?
Point is, we're home.
But not home free.
Ten and a half minutes left!
We need to find those goggles.
They had flashing
lights on them..
look for those.
This should help.
[grunts with effort]
How'd you do that?
Atomic elbow-dropped
the power strip.
Look.
Yes.
From down here,
this village looks
really creepy.

This place is gonna
give me nightmares.
And I love nightmares.
You're such a goof.
You're her favorite aunt,
I thought maybe
she might be trying to head
back home for Christmas.
Yes, I've searched everywhere.
I'll call you back.
All right,
all we've gotta do
is climb up
the base of the tree
and crawl out onto
one of the branches.
[power surges on]
[train horn tooting]
Not me.
For once.
Emma?
Barkley?
Dad!
Come on,
we can't go back.
It's now or never!
It's just like
a videogame.
An extremely
dangerous videogame,
where your only get one
precious, fragile life,
and no savesies.
That's your pep-talk?
Yeah, it could really use
a little bit more pep.
I'll work on it.
For next time.
As if there'll be
a next time--
Still not helping.
[grunting with effort]
You call it.
Now!

What are you doing?
I thought there was
gonna to be a countdown.
Why?
There's always a countdown!
I can do this.
Just going
on instinct.
No!
[train bells clanging]
I'm alive.
I'm alive,
and I don't know how!
You're also going
the wrong way!
Open your eyes!
Whoops! My bad.
[train horn blaring]
[wincing]
Ah, I can't watch.
I'm stuck!
Take your shoe off!
Darn you, discount pleather.
[horn blaring]
This is gonna leave a mark.
[horn blaring]
Did I do that...
with my mind?
No, I did it.
With my hand.
I just realized this thing
was a train switch
Oh.
Tiny-peeps?
Are you in there?
Let me guess,
another Elf-o-gram.
Let's Christmas.
Like a boss.
The kids are in here.
The kids?
My kids?
Where?
What are we gonna do

when we reach the goggles?
I mean, our tiny fingers
can't work the buttons.
You're right.
We need to signal my dad.
But... how?
[ornament clattering]
[shatters]
It's them.
They're in the tree!
The goggles!
[groans, yelping]
[screams]
[groaning]
I'm slipping.
I think I can reach you.
All you gotta do
is grab my hand.
But your stocking!
It could be lost forever.
Barkley...
it's okay.
Is there going to be
a countdown--
Now!
Wow.
I can't believe that worked.
I've got a really crazy idea.
The ugly Christmas sweater?
I mean, this is crazy,
even for me.
I knew you'd dig it.
It's been an honor
Christmassing with you.
[screaming]
Saved by
the sweater.
Aw, it itches so bad!
Oh, scratch my face,
scratch my face!
[screaming]
Girls?
How is this possible?
Are you all right?

Dad!
40 seconds!
We need to hurry!
Back up!
Dawn is coming!
I can't watch!
Neither can I!
The sun!
It's Christmas morning,
we're out of time!
[laser zapping]
[]
I feel taller.
Hey, could you give me
another zap?
You know, give the old
basketball career
a little boost?
No problem!
Whoa!
Stop while you're ahead.
[sighing in relief]
If anything had happened
to the two of you--
It's my fault.
I'm sorry, Dad.
I've been a total
Emma-neezer Scrooge.
I shouldn't have
made you move here.
Dad, it's just...
different.
But different can be good.
Different can be awesome.
You know, there are
actually gifts
under here, too.
You might need
a magnifying glass
and tweezers
to open them.
I could zap them.

[together]:

Whoa.
Okay then.
I guess it's
yell-at-the-elf-day.
Wait.
The sun is up.
Why do the goggles
still have power?
[clatter of hooves on the roof]
[incoming call chimes,
"Jingle Bells" tune]
Chill!
I let you down.
Christmas Eve is over.
Not everywhere.
Hawaii, for example.
We still have a few hours
on the clock.
You invented this stuff.
How do you not know that?
I've never field-tested,
We're on the roof.
Get up here!
We've got a ton of toys
to deliver to Maui.
And you are piloting the sled.
Me?
For reals?
Sled pilot?
It was gonna be a surprise.
For all the work you've done
over the years.
We all bought crash helmets.
[laughs in delight]
I'll be right there!
Ah, we did it, boys.
[voice breaking]
I love the holidays.
Oh, hey,
let's just, uh...
keep this
on the down-low,
okay?
What happens on Christmas

stays on Christmas.
Aloha.
[thuds, groaning]
[groans]
Christmas remains hard!
He really needs to learn
how to use the door.
Mm-hmm.
Should we open
some presents?
[doorbell rings]
[gasps] Giant elves!
Tinselpaws, attack!
Wait!
We come in peace!
I'm your new neighbor,
from across
the street?
We were wondering
if you might want to come over
and be part of
our Christmas tradition?
You can bring
your psychic cat.
[]
Ah, a microscope.
Maybe now I can
find our couch.
[laughing]
Oh.
Hey, this one's for us.
"From Elfonso.
"It was stuck to my shoe
when I left,
figured it was worth
unshrinking."
I think there's
something underneath.
Oh.
[gasping]
Our walkies!
And something for you.
What?
Maybe I'll open it.

[chuckles]

Oh, my...

[chuckles]

[gasping in awe]

They're...

...glorious!

[sighing in delight] Oh..!

Tinselpaws...

[cooing fondly]

It's your color...

Yes, indeed.

We should take a picture.

[shutter clicking]

[all together]:

Merry Christmas!