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Unaccompanied Minors

By Jacob Meszaros

- Santa.
- The big man himself.
Now, Charlie, you're gonna be okay
this year, right?
Never been better, Dad.
Who do we have here?
You're up.
Santa. I can't believe it's really you.
It's all right, everybody.
Happens every year.
- Okay, go. Prove it.
- Okay.
- Santa, my friends and I have a bet.
- About what?
I was right, you're hot!
You guys owe me a soy half-caf
with a mocha shot!
Can you get me a discount?
Mom, I'm 11.
I'll look like a loser
getting my picture with Santa.
You'll look like someone
who's grounded if you don't.
Now go sit on Santa's lap. Go.
Hands off, fat boy!
I don't wanna see Santa!
Then let's just go, okay?
- I don't wanna go!
- Then get on Santa's lap.
I don't wanna!
Somebody's not being a very good girl.
I might have to put coal
in your stocking this year.
Nice work. Did they send you
to school for that?
Okay, look, Katherine.
Nothing's gonna happen. See?
- Everything's okay.
- Oh, my God.
That dorky kid from the AV squad
is getting his picture taken with Santa.
Why do we have to spend Christmas
with Dad, anyway?
He's gonna be working

the whole time.

Honey, I know that this is all hard on you,
but you are the man of the family now.

Your sister is counting on you
to make this a good Christmas.

Honey, please, just take care of her.

Oh, excuse me?

My children are traveling without me
and they told me that I should...

I got two unaccompanied minors!

Welcome to the friendly skies,
underage travelers.

Hey, look what we have here.

The wings. And wings for you.

All right, let's go experience
the wonders of flight.

While we're young. Yes. We have to walk.

There you go.

It's happening.

- I love you, Katie.

- I love you, Mom.

I love you, Spencer.

Please focus.

Ladies and gentlemen,
welcome to Hoover International Airport.

- How come we're not in Pennsylvania?

- We have to change planes.

But I liked our plane.

Hey. So you guys

are the Davenports, right?

All right. Well, my name is Zach and I'll
be taking care of you during your layover.

And give me five!

Follow me this way. Man.

Where are all the Christmas decorations?

Well, our boss doesn't really like Christmas
so he locked all the decorations away.

But he did let us put up a few things.

For example, you see that over there?

That green thing is a Christmas tree,
and those red thingies are holly.

It doesn't feel like Christmas.

Yeah, I kind of agree with you.

But that's the way Mr. Porter wanted it.

- Who's Mr. Porter?
- He's the head of Passenger Relations.
And between you and me,
I don't really think he likes passengers...
...or holidays, really.
He sounds mean.
Yeah. It really depends
on what mood he's in.
Smell the air, Hoffman.
Do you know what that is?
Cinnabons, Mr. Porter?
Freedom. It's my first Christmas off
in 15 years.
Just me, a Hawaiian resort...
...and no complaining passengers
to deal with.
You know who will be complaining now?
Me. I'll be complaining about everything.
And they'll just have to stand there
and listen to me...
...because it's their job, not mine.
- Sounds like fun, sir.
- Oh, it's more than fun.
It's my vacation.
Well, aloha, suckers.
Aloha. All flights to Hawaii
have been canceled due to heavy snow.
We apologize for any inconvenience.
And Merry Christmas to me.
- Twenty inches of snow have fallen...
- This is easily the storm of the...
- Worst blizzard we've...
- Ten foot drifts have been...
After Christmas, head
to Hoover International Airport...
...for the first-ever unclaimed
baggage warehouse sale.
You never know what you might find.
Clothes, toys, electronics.
If someone's lost it, you can buy it.
Also don't forget...
Oh, no. Did you bite your tongue again?
When I wrote Santa,
I forgot to tell him...

...that we were gonna be at Dad's house
all the way in Pennsylvania.
How is he gonna find us now?
Oh, you mean that Santa guy
that you're scared of?
Him? I mean, he's not even gonn...
He'll find you. The tooth fairy
gave him directions.
She works with NORAD.
Spencer, NORAD says that Santa's
gonna be at this airport at 4:29.
So that means if we lived here,
Santa would bring me my new doll at 4:30.
Guys. We have a problem.
Attention, passengers. All flights
out of Hoover International Airport...
...have been suspended
due to blizzard conditions.
The weather service is forecasting
extremely heavy snow and high winds...
...until tomorrow morning...
My wife's gonna kill me, man.
I gotta get out of here.
We apologize for any inconvenience.
Where are we going?
Somewhere really fun.
Are we going to prison?
No. We're going to have fun with all
the other kids who are flying by themselves.
Welcome to the
Unaccompanied Minors Room.
Oh, man.
It's like Lord of the Flies in here.
Help us!
Zach, we're flight attendants,
not riot police.
You've got to find someone else
to take over.
You guys, there is no one else.
The storm is huge.
Think of it like being in the air
with a normal passenger load...
...and secure all exits and discourage
anybody from going to the restroom.

- Oh, come on, you guys.
- Have fun, Zach!
Where's your Christmas spirit?
I mean, look at them, they're so cute.
I don't think Santa's
gonna find us in here.
I think I bought defective M&M's.
You know, some of these are W's.
Oh, come on, Val, lighten up, you know?
It's Christm...
I know you're worried about the kids.
They're fine.
It's Christmas Eve.
We're gonna do more decorating...
No. No. Judy, you don't have
any more decorating to do.
I have to finish. I have six more boxes
of lights in the garage.
- This is creepy.
- You're just poisonous, aren't you?
Thanks for being such a great sister.
The Weather Service is calling it
the Storm of the Century.
It's the biggest blizzard to hit
the middle of the country in decades.
We're talking nasty.
It's already grounded all flights
in and out of the Midwest...
Oh, no! The kids!
Can we change planes now?
Okay, yeah, I can do this. All right.
- Kids love me. I'm all right. I'm good.
- Excuse me, sir?
Didn't I tell you this was fun?
Look how many kids are here.
Get us out of here.
Why would you wanna do that?
It's great down here.
Look, watch this. Hey, can I get
you guys' attention, please?
Okay.
All right, accidents happen.
All right, that one was full!
Straw in the eye. Straw in the eye.

Santa's watching!
He's not very happy about this!
- He's not going to come to your house!
- Amateurs.
- I bet he's psycho.
- I heard he tore a kid in half once.
- Go poke him.
- No, you go poke him.
We could call Mom.
Yeah, well, she wouldn't drive
Then let's call Dad.
Yeah, he wouldn't drive
four feet to get us.
Pardon me, do your parents
happen to be divorced?
- What?
- I'm Charlie Goldfinch.
I'm conducting a poll
about flying solo this time of year.
Being divorced is number one.
Being Jewish...
...and visiting your grandparents
is second.
And then there are the rich kids.
But they're not statistically significant.
- Oh, burn.
- Good times, you guys. All right.
Okay.
Her name's Grace Conrad.
I admire your taste.
She's way out of your league, but if
you talk to her, I'll admire your pluck.
So, what about you two?
Divorce or Judaism?
- It's really none of your business.
- Divorced? Me too.
Polls are a great way to learn about
your fellow man. Thank you for your time.
This place is weird.
Could be worse.
Okay, Simon says flush your cell phone.
Is this bathroom out of order?
No.
Must escape the sound of running water.

Read them and weep, boys.
Texas Hold 'Em. Excellent game.
- What, you play?
- Only all the time.
No, you don't.
Yeah, I do. She doesn't know
what she's talking about.
I play all the time and I win.
We think she's adopted.
You're adopted, underpants!
- Underpants.
- Nice jacket. Abercrombie?
Please. It's Dior.
Why? Is yours from A & F?
Our mom bought it for him at Kmart.
Yeah. I gotta take her to get some food.
Her blood sugar's low, right?
No! I wanna watch them play cards,
noodle-head!
Yeah. Let her watch, noodle-head.
See you, Kmart.
Deal me in.
You want your dolly back, you big baby?
You're gonna cry, huh?
Hey, guys, check this out.
It's borderline urgent now, sir.
I cannot let you leave the room. Why
don't you wait for maintenance to fix it?
No, no, no.
Juice box in my back. I am laying
on a juice box.
Sometimes I see my brother kissing
his hand in his bedroom like this.
Awkward.
Did the door just open? I know the door
just opened. I can feel fresh air.
- I know someone's walking out.
- Morons.
- Okay, who farted?
- You can't leave without an attendant.
- Where are you going?
- Out.
This goes against everything
I believe in, but I gotta pee!

Wait, who's going to pee?
Hey, keep the door closed!
Who's walking out?
You better keep that...
Oh, no.
Oh, you worry me, honey.
You worry me.
I gotta call Sam.
Val, please. Why don't you relax?
I know exactly what you need.
A nice steaming cup
of my wonderful hot chocolate.
I've had three already.
And it's 80 degrees outside!
Are you trying to kill me?
Well, no.
Judy, my children are trapped
in an airport on Christmas Eve.
Do you have any idea
how miserable they must be?
Finally.
Where's that kid who had to pee?
- Sam Davenport. Clean Earth Society.
- Hi, Sam, it's Val.
Hey, Val. I'm heading to the airport
now to pick up the kids.
- You're not gonna be able to.
- What?
- They're not gonna be able to fly in!
- Val, calm down.
- There's a blizzard...
- It's not snowing out.
Yes, it is.
- Sure their flight's canceled?
- Would Al Roker make that up?
No, no. I guess Al Roker wouldn't lie.
Val, I'm gonna drive all night to get them.
And don't make that face.
I would like a table for one
in the no-little-sisters section, please.
Aren't you a little young
to be flying by yourself?
Not at all.
No. No kids' menu.

No, no, no. No crayons either.
Welcome to the High Flyer's Club,
Miss Conrad.
Thank you.
Gadgets.
Bingo.
Yes.
Cheese. Condiments.
Caviar.
Nachos. My mom
never lets me eat those.
So an order of those.
She's banned all sodas from the house,
so extra-, extra-, extra-large root beer.
My mom never let me eat
mozzarella sticks.
Mine either. Two orders. On to dessert.
You don't have a tapeworm, do you?
Oh, yeah.
Travel is so exhausting,
don't you think, girls?
Left, left. Yes.
How you doing?
Take it, backup singers!
Sweet Jehoshaphat.
He did it.
Freeze!
Freeze! Hey!
Excuse me, are you unaccompanied?
I'm single. Who's asking?
They are.
Are you gonna let me get dressed,
or should I just walk out of here naked?
Okay, airport food's that much, huh?
- I am so gonna kill you.
- It was good service.
It seemed like he would...
Oh, you have got to be kidding me.
He didn't even eat the mozzarella sticks.
- Eat my dust!
- Stop it, kid.
Look out!
Get her!
Coming through!

Security Five, I have an unattended vehicle outside here.

Hi, officer.

I think you're doing a great job.

- Both of you.

- Hey, kid, hop in!

I don't normally do this, officers. Sorry!

Hey, bro. Hi, Mom, Dad.

You guys, this vacation was awesome.

I just wanna thank you.

- Grace?

- There they are!

- You. Wait for me!

- Stop!

Oh, man, Harvard's never gonna accept me with a police record.

- And I'm not going to community college.

- Charlie?

What are you guys doing?

That's an official...

- Get them!

- Let's go!

I've always wanted to do this. Go!

Charlie, you might

wanna get on the cart.

Oh, this is a bad idea!

Nicely done.

When did you get here?

I get the feeling we are going to be in huge trouble.

Not with me behind the wheel. Hang on!

Right turn!

Well, that was fun.

Welcome home.

Where are my friends?

Oh, man. Where's my sister?

They went where all the good little boys and girls go for Christmas.

They went somewhere nice.

Where, you ask?

Why, the comfortable and festive...

...Hoover International Lodge.

Which is just a few thousand yards

down from this delightful little room.

Which now smells like a horse died in it.
Oh, so we're going to the lodge?
I think I have an answer
to your question.
Are you out of
your juice-drinking little minds?
Have you looked outside lately?
The roads are blocked
because there is a little thing...
...called a blizzard going on.
That's when the sky opens up
and lots of snow falls...
...and makes it hard for people
to do things.
Like fly to Hawaii, for instance.
Who's going to Hawaii?
Not me.
Not anymore.
Sir, I gotta get down to my sister.
She's gonna be freaked without me.
Will she be freaked?
I'm betting she's gonna be stoked
that people are taking care of her...
...and she doesn't have to wait around
for her brother, who abandoned her.
So where are we staying?
What's wrong with right here?
It smells like a horse died in it.
That's exactly the kind of place...
...I thought a bunch of juvenile delinquents
would love to stay.
Watch it, Dr. Evil.
Oh, no, did I offend you?
Well, I don't know what else
to call someone...
...who commits grand theft auto,
reckless driving...
...and destruction of property
all in the course of 10 minutes.
Someone cooler than you'll ever be.
That's fantastic.
I didn't know we had
Ellen DeGeneres in the house.
And what about a young man...

...who orders the heart-attack special
and can't pay for it?
Or a girl who exfoliates herself
all over the airport lounge?
Then, the abominable snowman...
...who transforms
the Emergency Equipment Center...
...into his own private amusement park
and then blames it on Aquaman?
Aren't you a little too old
to be playing with dolls?
I mean, what are you, like 40?
Actually, Beef is 12, sir.
Good Lord.
And Charlie Goldfinch...
...my most frequent underage flyer.
And formerly model passenger.
Karaoke, son?
Was it worth it?
I had a song in my heart.
Oh, my gosh, I'm a juvie.
I think you can all see that I have
a very compelling case...
...to keep you here in the U.M.
On Christmas Eve.
But who's gonna take care of them?
You are, Van Bourke.
And unless you enjoy unemployment...
...you'll make sure they don't
get out of this room again.
The phone lines at the airport
are still down.
Just call Spencer's cell phone.
Why don't you do that?
Sam talked me out of getting him one.
He said millions of them
were polluting landfills already.
He's never gonna make it
from Pennsylvania.
There's just no way.
He doesn't even have a real car!
You married a guy with a vegetable car.
This is good. This is good!
Me and you on the roads. Two guys.

I don't imagine there are gonna be many biodiesel depots open on Christmas Eve...
...so I've packed you a little holiday meal.
I hope you like vegetarian.
I hope you like vegetarian.
Katherine can't have Christmas morning without Santa Claus.
Let's go.
Road trip!
I got the last rooms. We'll have to pack the sky brats in like sardines.
I wanna go home. I don't wanna get packed in like a sardine.
Santa's never gonna find me here.
I didn't understand a word of that.
So, little girl...
...how would you like to stay with Mary Lynn and me?
Who's Mary Lynn?
Only the world's sweetest sweetie pie, that's who.
Hi. I'm Mary Lynn. We're gonna have loads of fun together.
Okay. You listen, and you listen good.
I've never had a little sister, so you're gonna be my test run.
I am going to braid your hair, little girl.
And even if you try to say no, you'll face the consequences.
Get it? Got it? Good!
So there is some good news.
Your cots are ready.
Yeah, I'll be right back.
This is so not the Christmas I had in mind.
Oh, poor baby.
I bet you have nice Christmases, don't you, rich kid?
Where does your family go?
Paris? London? Fiji?
Please. Fiji's a zoo this time of year.
We go skiing in Utah.
Are your folks still together?
Yeah.

- Then I hate you.
- I'm not wild about you either.
Well, I love Christmas.
And I'm Jewish.
My mom's boyfriend says...
...that Christmas is when
Frosty the Snowman fights with the devil.
It talks.
- I'm getting out of here.
- What are you talking about?
I need to get to my sister
down at the hotel.
She's expecting Santa's sleigh
to get there at 4:30 a. M...
...and if I don't get down there,
she's gonna think Santa forgot her.
And I can't let that happen.
So who's with me?
How would you get us out of here?
I got an idea.
- This is not gonna work.
- This is so junior high.
I know. It's cool, isn't it?
Attention, Zach Van Bourke.
Please report to the Information Desk.
You're wanted at the Information Desk.
All right, guys. Well, I'll be right back.
You guys stay. Please.
Great plan, Kmart.
Really thought that one out.
That was only part of the plan.
Hey.
Hey.
I'm here.
Yeah.
You know what?
It's been really cool hanging out.
But I'm gonna go back to the book.
I'm Zach Van Bourke. You paged me?
Yeah. You got a phone message
from some kids.
- I do?
- Yeah. They said:
"Goodbye. "

Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no!
You're right.
That was so junior high.
Operation Save Christmas is a go.
Looking good, baby, looking good!
Who needs four-wheel drive
when you've got the power of clean?
Hey! Get out of the way, grandma!
Fossil-fuel junkie.
Gasoholic.
Enjoy the hangover!
I wonder where the fire is.
Doesn't she look just darling?
Excuse me, lady.
I need to be at... I need to get it...
I need to be at a chimney at 4:30
because I need to meet Santa.
Girls? The pilots are down in the
restaurant, and they wanna buy us dinner.
Captain Cohen's down there.
Never too late for a fifth husband.
Let's go, girls!
The kids.
Don't worry, ma'am, I'm a certified
babysitter. I get paid 50 cents an hour.
Mary Lynn, there's a 20 in this for you.
Captain Cohen, here I come.
Oh, no, you don't.
You are not going anywhere...
...because I am going to give you
a makeover.
An extreme makeover.
They're children.
Don't tell me you can't find them.
They're little tiny people.
Get back.
Do you know what the word
"security" means?
From the Latin, securitas?
As in "secure the building
from children running amuck. "
Mr. Porter...
...as long as the kids are in the airport,
they're safe.

If you chase them,
it's just gonna make things worse.
Oh, yeah. That's right, Van Bourke.
That would be much more tragic
than me getting fired.
Now, you help me find those kids...
...or I'm gonna lock you
in the U.M. Room all night.
How do you like them apples?
Oh, my gosh, we're fugitives.
Shut up.
What, they call the National Guard?
If you get me sent back to that room,
you're dead.
What are you gonna do, rich girl?
Have your daddy hire a hit man?
Maybe I'll just have him
break your dad out of jail.
Girl fight. Girl fight.
Oh, my gosh, it's a girl fight.
No, no, no. Don't, don't, don't.
Please, no, no, no.
I saw this on cable once
but then my dad blocked the channel.
'Tis the season to be j...
That's gonna hurt when I pee.
Oh, my gosh. Kid, are you okay?
I'm fine.
Look, I'm really sorry.
I just don't like being touched, okay?
Got it. Won't happen again.
You know what, guys?
If we are ever gonna get down
to that hotel, we have to be a team.
You know, we have to think like a team.
We have to act like a team,
talk like a team.
We have to walk like a team,
fight like a team and be like a team...
...because we are the U.M. Team.
Yeah. What do we do first?
I'll get your sister a Christmas tree.
We're never gonna see him again,
are we?

- Probably not.
- Okay, if I may interject.
If we wanna get out of this airport...
...our best bet would be the lower level,
northeast corner...
...behind the baggage claim.
Security's thin at this time of night.
And how do you know that?
I fly out of Hoover International
every week.
There.
Now it's time to brush your teeth.
- I'm not a doll, Mary Lynn.
- No.
You're way better. You can talk.
And I don't even
have to pull a stupid string.
Now open up.
But, Mary Lynn,
I already brushed my teeth.
Did you tell the kids
I was coming to get them?
- No.
- Why not?
Because Spencer doesn't
have a cell phone, remember?
I didn't want the kids
getting their hopes up...
...in case your car
doesn't make it there.
Hey, the biomobile rocks, okay?
I have enough fuel in the back seat...
...to get me to Florida and back
if I wanted to.
Well, I hope you're not talking
on one of those roadside pay phones.
I read that all kinds of freak accidents
happen there by the shoulder.
Wait, wait. Honey.
You have to stop reading
those dumb tabloids, okay?
You know they make those stories up.
Oh, boy.
Zoey, you gotta toughen this kid up.

Oh, Ernie. Beef's only 12.
Twelve. Exactly.
He still plays with a doll.
Have you seen the kids that pick on him?
He should be eating them for breakfast.
It's your ex-husband's fault.
Ninny. If it was up to me, I'd drop this kid
in the middle of the woods...
...give him a knife
and a book of matches.
Let him find his way home,
the way my old man did it to me.
Men are made, not born.
Merry Christmas.
Take me with you, Santa.
Aquaman, men are made, not born.
- My deal.
- Mr. Yakamora.
Hey, it's a dog. Are you hungry?
Okay. So the exit we're looking for
is right behind that door.
We need a distraction
to get them away from there.
No Christmas dinner for you, Cujo.
- Yeah, keep barking, right.
- I think we just found it.
Okay, kids.
Let's follow your crumbs.
- It's almost gone.
- Forget the dog. Come on, keep dealing.
We only got a half-hour for lunch.
So this guy gives me his bag.
It was so heavy...
Hey, man. Why don't you share
your lunch with him?
Okay, doggie.
You can have the last piece.
Not.
Not gonna get it.
Oh, man.
- Van Bourke, get after that dog.
- What?
- The dog.
- Okay.

That's him, guys. Hide.

- What the hell is going on here?

- The dog got out.

- How?

- We don't know.

Trapped like rats.

No. Zip.

Hello?

Anybody in here?

Oh, candy.

Anybody under 6 feet tall?

Anybody who isn't

traveling with an adult?

Olly olly oxen free?

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

Hello?

Sir? Hi.

Yeah, that dog just took a dump
in the promenade...

...and its owner wants to talk to you.

- The nightmare has begun.

Search this room from top to bottom...

...and let me know the minute you find
anybody. Van Bourke, come with me.

Mr. Porter.

- What is this doing here?

- Unclaimed.

Well, get it back to the warehouse.

Do I have to do everything around here?

My candy.

Oh, gosh.

- Let's go get some coffee.

- Let's go.

- What's the matter?

- Charlie is in there.

- What?

- Turn it off.

There's no key. Charlie!

Why, hello.

- Donna, what are you doing?

- Come back!

I gotta save him!

It's not so bad in here. Oh, no!

Charli...

- Help!
- Donna!
I hope this is going someplace nice.
Charlie!
You follow her, okay? I'll take him.
- Got it.
- Good.
I should have gone to the bathroom.
Help me!
You've gotta be kidding me.
Well, that doesn't sound good.
Oh, that's gotta hurt.
That hurt.
- Charlie.
- Donna, is that you?
Charlie, are you...?
- Go.
- Okay.
I got you, Charlie.
Charlie, are you okay?
I'd be better if you'd
get your knee off my spleen.
- Oh, no.
- Hang on, Charlie!
Donna, Charlie.
Are you guys okay?
Please tell me you're okay.
Donna? Your knee's
in an even worse place this time.
Oh, thanks.
You guys, look.
Where are we?
This would be
the unclaimed-baggage warehouse.
I saw this place on TV.
Oh, my gosh. There's at least 50 years'
worth of unclaimed luggage in this place.
Please, someone, tell me it's beautiful.
Hey, Spencer. Looks like your sister's...
...not the only one who's gonna
get a good Christmas this year.
- Somebody wanna unzip me?
- Sure. Sorry.
Cool.

Oh, boy.
No! Please don't kill me.
That was a friendly honk, meant
only to respectfully attract attention.
Oh, hey. Sorry to scare you.
I was just about to carve a beaver.
Carve a beaver. Got it. Got it.
Hey, do you guys sell biodiesel here?
We got regular diesel and unleaded gas.
That's about it.
Unless you want a statue of Lincoln
carved out of a telephone pole.
What harm could one tank of diesel do?
What have I done?
Oh, thank God.
That doesn't look good.
So, what's the cool things you found?
Say hello to my surfboard.
I found a walkie-talkie family pack.
It has cameras and video screens
inside of them.
Oh, I just took a video of the inside
of my ear using a penlight and a macro lens.
Now, who wants to see my ear canal?
Come on.
No, thank you.
I'll watch it, then.
Spencer? Anything you wanna tell us?
Oh, this. It's for my sister.
She loves princesses.
Then why don't you give her
the rich girl over there?
Kidding.
What'd you find?
You know, I have no idea,
but how cool does it look?
Hey, that's an 8-track tape player.
According to the Massachusetts
...I have the largest collection
of cassettes in the state.
But I don't mean to brag.
This is one of my favorites.
Could this night get any better?
What is he doing?

What are you doing?

- Hoffman.

- Shut up.

Hoffman.

Not now.

Hoffman, I think you should

take a look at this.

This better be good.

What in the sam hill?

Oh, Charles.

Hey.

Yeah, Charles.

Hey, hey, hey.

Look, I saved him, I'll dance with him.

Okay.

Hey, you let me touch you.

I'm touching you, kid. Don't get any ideas.

I can still take you down.

All right, Kmart, let's see what you got.

Okay.

You realize if you tell anyone

about that photo you saw...

...I'll have to kill you.

- Right. Lips sealed.

Not telling anyone, I swear.

Good.

- It was a nice picture, though. I liked it.

- Nice try.

No, I mean, I think girls

look really good in glasses.

Not that you don't

look good without them, of course.

I mean, that's not what I meant at all,

you know?

- I was a dork.

- Hey, join the club.

You're not a dork. You just...

You just need someone doing

better PR for you than your sister.

Are you gonna pass out or something?

Oh, man. I mean, we gotta go.

You know what, guys? We gotta go.

My sister's expecting Santa's sleigh soon.

We don't know

how we're getting to the hotel.
Why do you need a hotel when you've got
a nice concrete room to go back to?
- Run!
- They're on the move, boys.
Don't lose them in here.
Van Bourke, guard the door.
But it's Christmas Eve, sir.
Can you just...
...leave them alone?
Split up, split up!
We might wanna
get off the main road here.
- Grace, come on.
- Dirty. Okay.
Okay, nobody panic.
Nobody panic. Nobody panic!
Donna, I have a confession.
I was never a good runner.
I can't even do the running man.
You smart guys are all the same:
Good on test day, bad on fight day.
Follow me, men.
Watch out for your footing, guys.
I don't want anyone falling behind.
There's the door.
You guys, look, it's the hotel.
Oh, boy.
Move it, moron.
They're escaping out the back.
- It's the Hoover International Lodge.
- We need to get down there.
How? You got four snowmobiles?
Watch the Winter Olympics?
Wait, wait, wait.
Wait.
What are you doing?
We're going to the hotel
to find Spencer's sister.
Way to go. Anything else
you wanna tell him?
Van Dork, I'm afraid you know
too much now.
- Wait, wait, wait.

- Okay, now go!
Wait, I promise I won't talk.
Please let me out!
Hey! Hey!
Last one down the hill is a fired apple.
We seem to be moving a tad rapidly.
Tree! Watch out!
- Pine needles!
- Nice steering, Tex.
I usually like to try to avoid clichés,
but we've got some company.
More trees!
Take evasive action, boys!
Steer around the trees.
How do we steer?
You know, if I wasn't so utterly terrified,
I might be having fun.
Drift!
My butt!
Cowabunga!
Sweet Jehoshaphat!
Look out, he's gonna hit us!
Lean left!
I'm coming, Mr. Porter!
This is all wonderful fun...
...but you do realize the enormous
amount of trouble...
...you're gonna be in
when I catch you, right?
Not if I can help it. Paddle!
Oh, you wanna speed up, huh?
Okay!
Wait for me!
Not to be a stick in the mud...
...but we're moving
at a very dangerous rate of speed.
- I'd like to second that interjection!
- Keep paddling until I say when!
Please tell me you're gonna stop
at the hotel!
Yeah, we are, but you're not!
Hit the brakes!
Hit the brakes!
Hit the brakes!

Unbelievable.

I don't get paid enough for this!

Holy cow!

Well, this should be interesting.

Darn.

Van Dork, aren't you coming with us?

No, you guys do what you gotta do.

I'm just gonna sit here and you know...

...throw up for a little bit.

- Go.

- Spencer.

- Yeah?

- Be careful, okay?

You guys are acting like

you had too much sugar.

Don't worry, Van Bourke. We're okay.

Wait up, you guys.

Guard cat.

You were a worthy opponent.

Ain't it a little past your bedtime, sonny?

I want a Christmas tree.

What about that little one?

What do I look like,

freaking Charlie Brown?

This big one's expensive.

You got any money?

- Sunday potluck, don't forget!

- All right, partner, see you there!

You wanna come in for some eggnog?

Oh, man.

How am I gonna get to my kids now?

Your kids?

No, sir. No kid should be alone

on Christmas Eve. Not in an airport.

I really appreciate it.

However I can repay you, just name it.

Oh, no.

The mayor dropped it off for an oil change,

but he's out of town.

You use it to pick up your kids

and head back here.

I'll get you a rental car

in the morning.

I can't drive that thing.

It gets terrible mileage.
I'd loan you my Caddy, but squirrels
ate through the brake lines.
I'm afraid this is your only choice.
Depends how much you wanna
see your kids.
Forgive me, brother squirrel.
Oh, man.
I hope the boys in the Sierra Club
don't see me in this.
Thanks.
Okay, so my sister is in room 424.
We've got like 14 minutes and... Thirteen.
Okay. Now I'm mad.
Elevator.
- What are you doing? Get in.
- We'll take care of him. Get your sister.
Here, take these walkies.
You'll need them.
Don't you kids know that you're supposed
to be good on Christmas Eve?
Physician, heal thyself!
It's Shakespeare.
Man, you're no end of help
in a fight, are you?
Oh, well. Maybe next Christmas
will be better than this one.
Sir, I advise you not to do that.
Punk, watch this.
Thanks for the tip.
Oh, perfect. Now everything hurts.
My contacts are going crazy.
Once a dork...
...always a dork.
You are so not a dork.
Kid!
- Hey, kid!
- Santa's sleigh arrives in nine minutes.
- We gotta find her.
- It's time to pluck your eyebrows.
- Is my sister Katherine in there?
- Who wants to know?
Her brother wants to know.
Well, I'm not allowed

to talk to strangers.

Let me handle this.

Move!

Oh, no.

Room service! Room service!

Hey! No! Stop that!

Stop. Stop that.

You're gonna get me in trouble!

There were some kids running wild
in the hall...

...and I was just trying to stop them.

It wasn't me.

It sounded like you.

They're very talented children.

I'm just gonna go find the children.

Right now!

- Charlie, where are you guys?
- Engaged with the enemy at the moment.
- Taking evasive action.
- We think Spencer's sister is downstairs.
- We need you guys to keep the coast clear.
- Roger that.

Donna, time for Han Solo
and the Death Star.

Trust me. It's a nerd thing.

You've gotta be kidding me.

Not a Star Wars move.

Oh, no, no, no.

- No!
- Room service! Room Service.
- No!
- Room service! Get your free food here!

Now, I know this looks bad, but...

And now so do you.

Oh, no.

Merry Christmas, Katherine.

Don't you just wanna take a picture?

Oh, you're all in so much trouble.

Just don't wake up my sister, okay?

Any more requests?

Milk and cookies?

A jail cell with a view?

Mr. Porter, now, I know you probably
don't want to hear this...

...but I think that maybe you should just let these kids stay at the hotel.

- It's Christmas.

- Is that your sage advice, Van Bourke?

I will take your opinion into consideration one day...

...when I actually care what you think.

Oliver...

...as soon as I get these kids back on their planes, I quit.

March.

Sir, are you taking us to the U.M. Room?

I would never do that to you on Christmas morning.

- Really?

- No.

You'll all be much happier here in your own private rooms.

- Private rooms?

- You don't expect me to let you...

...stay together and plan your next assault on me and my airport?

It's "my airport and I."

Hey, get this, Strunk and White, "me and my airport" is correct.

- Dang.

- Oh, and by the way...

...all those stranded passengers you saw sleeping in the gate area?

There are too many of them and not enough planes leaving.

So I thought since they followed all the rules...

...and since you have such nice, comfortable rooms to stay in...

...that you wouldn't mind if I bumped you from your flights...

...and let them go instead.

- Sir.

- Don't worry.

You'll be able to leave this afternoon or by this evening.

- Tomorrow for sure.

- You can't do that.

As a matter of fact,
it's one of the few things I can do.
Lock them up.
I'll be in my office watching
your every move on camera.
There'll be guards posted
outside your doors.
If you find your way out of here...
...I'll be the first to congratulate you
and admit defeat...
...because you will have accomplished
the impossible.
Good luck.
Hey, guys.
Thanks for all the help with my sister.
You know, I'm sorry that
all your Christmases have to be ruined...
...because of me.
We probably won't see each other again
after our flights leave, so I just...
...wanted to say
that I had a really good time...
...and that I think we make
a pretty awesome family.
Maybe the thing is it's just none of
our families are meant to stay together...
...you know?
Maybe that's it.
Except for you, Grace.
Actually, that's not totally true.
I thought your parents weren't divorced.
Well, not from each other,
but they sort of divorced me.
What do you mean?
They just don't seem
to like it when I'm around.
That's why they travel all the time.
They're in Paris right now.
- So is that where you're going?
- No. I'm already home.
I live 20 minutes from here.
I flew in today from boarding school.
I figured it'd be more fun hanging out at the
airport than sitting at home with my nanny.

She wanted Christmas off anyway.

Now I'm really depressed.

You guys have vents in your ceiling?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Then I'm getting us out of here.

- Spencer.

That guy's watching us on the cameras.

He'll see everything we do.

Not if he doesn't see what we're doing.

Just go to sleep, you little monsters.

- Okay, phase one finished?

- Check.

- Check.

- Check.

Okay. On to phase two.

What was the worst Christmas gift
you ever got?

That's easy. My brother Frank gave me
the same Christmas present for 14 years.
Hated it.

- What was it?

- A punch in the head.

Ready? Go.

What the?

Stupid cheap cameras.

Doesn't get any better than this.

Oh, we're supposed
to take away chairs.

- I win!

- Can I say something to you?

What?

Who needs Hawaii?

What?

Donna? Are you okay?

It's really small in here.

I know. It's great, isn't it?

Charlie, just because you compensate for
your abandonment issues by squeezing...

...yourself into small, womb-like spaces
doesn't mean everybody else does.

What?

My mom's a psychologist.

Donna, I won't let anything

happen to you.
I promise.
Thanks.
Oh, Charlie, you didn't.
Sorry, I get nervous.
I had a hot dog when I got off the plane.
Oh, Charlie.
Yeah, can we hold all of those until
we're out of the confined space, please?
Will do.
- Where are you going?
- The food court's this way.
Trust me.
A few hundred yards and I'll be...
Charlie!
Charlie, please tell me you're okay.
Hey, Donna.
I told you I'd get you out of there.
This is where Mr. Porter
put all the Christmas decorations.
Hey, hey!
Wake up!
Wake up! Check the rooms, you idiots!
Does this mean we can go on break?
All clear.
I don't think any planes...
...are gonna be flying today.
- Nope.
Looks like we'll be spending
another day together.
Sounds good to me.
Is that?
Oh, my gosh.
Man, wasn't easy getting this
through security.
It's Christmas.
You know what, guys?
I've got an idea.
Let's do this.
And then I said, "That is my food. "
Donna, how did you get here?
Van Bourke...
...we need your help.
I need a list of all the kids

traveling with families...
...and the passengers
traveling by themselves.
Okay, this one's mine
and that one's yours. Okay?
Can you also please get the unaccompanied
minors back here at 7 a. M?
Oh, one more thing.
I guess I owe you a congratulations.
As promised.
Who trained you kids, the Navy SEALs?
Look, sir, just... Divorce kids are
more resourceful than others, that's all.
Any chance you can tell me
what you're up to now?
Something nice. You know, nothing bad.
I promise.
Any chance of you trusting me
and not locking us up again?
I was just doing my job.
You do know that, right?
Just like I've just been doing my job
every Christmas for the past 15 years.
Bet your family hates it
that you work on Christmas.
Not much of a problem,
since my wife left five Christmases ago.
That why you don't put up
the decorations?
Well, let's just say
they don't remind me of happy times.
We were just, you know,
trying to have a Christmas.
- We thought you'd care.
- Why would I care?
This is an airport.
You're passengers.
- So?
- So passengers leave.
There's one thing I don't get.
I bump you off your planes...
...and I keep you
from your families at Christmas.
Why do you guys seem

almost happy?

Because you didn't keep us from our family.

At least, not our new family.

Right.

I got it.

Mr. Porter.

We got you something.

Sorry we wrecked your vacation.

Almost there.

Highway mileage, not city mileage.

Highway mileage, not city... Oh, come on!

Why?! I've already filled you up
five times!

How can you drink so much?!

You yellow monster!

Good morning.

Merry Christmas! Everybody up!

Happy holidays, everyone.

Merry Christmas, Katherine.

Spencer.

- Spencer, Spencer.

- Oh, whoa, hi.

Spencer, look what Santa brought me.

He even brought back Sir Poops-A-Lot.

Santa's a nice guy, huh?

Santa came back.

It's Santa.

- Who is that?

- I thought you knew.

I hope you've all been
good little boys and girls.

Okay. Okay. Stay with me.

- Yes.

- Santa.

Get me a chair, you idiot.

- Here you go, Santa, sir.

- Yes. Thank you.

I'm looking for Owen Marks.

I'm Owen Marks.

- Well, merry Christmas, Owen Marks.

- Thanks, Santa.

Oh, you're welcome, Owen.

Merry Christmas.

You're not, like, gonna be scared

of him now, are you?
Not after the night I just had.
Wait! Wait, wait, wait for me! Wait for me.
I wanna help. I wanna help.
- Merry Christmas.
- All right. Merry Christmas.
Man, I'm glad you guys
already have a Santa Claus.
There was a dead mouse in my costume.
- Dad?
- Daddy! Daddy!
Merry Christmas, pumpkin!
You drove from Pennsylvania for us?
Of course I did, Spence. I'm your dad.
Through a blizzard? In your car?
Yeah. Actually, I...
I drove a Humvee.
A Hummer! You drove a Hummer
from Pennsylvania...
...in a blizzard just to see us.
Yeah, yeah. But, hey, let's just
talk about happy things, shall we?
I take back everything
I ever said about you.
Wait, what...?
What kind of things did you say about me?
Alan Davies!
I'm...
Actually, it's...
Sorry, I'm 36.
You're at an airport alone
on Christmas morning, aren't you?
Yes, Santa, I am.
Well, Alan, come on over
and get your present from Santa.
Awesome. I'd love a present.
- A basketball.
- Oh, I love basketball!
Check this out. I used to be an all-star.
Hey, can you throw that back?
I have a lot of presents to give away,
but before I do...
...I just wanna thank my friends over there
for setting all this up.

If they actually worked for Santa...
...they'd be fired so fast
their heads would spin.
But they did a wonderful job
here this morning.
And since they did,
I want them to know...
...that they'll be flying out of here
first thing this morning!
Merry Christmas!
- You're friends with Santa?
- Yeah.
I guess I am.
Hi.
Do you like dolls?
I don't know.
Not as much as I used to, I guess.
I am 12, you know.
Did you know that I found
that Christmas tree?
You did? How?
Let me tell you a little story
about a man called Beef.
Okay.
It all started on a cold, stormy night.
Me and Aquaman started trudging
through the snow.
Yeah. Yeah, Mom. We're fine.
You know, it turned out that it wasn't
such a bad night after all, you know?
In fact it was...
It was actually pretty great.
So...
Yeah, I'll call again
when I get to Dad's house.
Mom?
I...
I love you.
Her name is Lady Sleeps-A-Lot.
Oh, Val, what's wrong?
Oh, my gosh. Are the kids okay?
- Honey?
- It's Spencer.
Well, is he all right?

He said that he loved me.
Oh, criminy, Val.
You need to start dating more.
Do you know how ridiculous you look?
Really.
So it's all right if I call you sometime?
Why do you think I gave you
my phone number, goofball?
It was nice meeting you, Donna.
You're a very special young lady.
Man, you're so hot!
Yeah, I know.
Other side. The middle.
Down low. Too slow.
I should have noticed because "too slow"
rhymes with "down low. "
Why didn't I see that coming?
Well, hope you have a nice Christmas.
How could I not?
Got the whole place to myself.
More fruitcake and eggnog for me.
Yeah, you know, I was sort of thinking.
Maybe if you don't wanna go home
quite yet...
...you know, maybe you could...
...I don't know, spend Christmas with...
...my dad and my sister and me.
Took you long enough, noodle-head.
Come on.
Oh, hey.
You guys have any money for gas?
I kind of maxed out my cards
on the way here.