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Winter Wonderland

By Peter Goldbaum

It's a time for hot chocolate
and gingerbread cookies
by the roaring fire.
The blanket of snow
covering the countryside
truly makes everything
look like a winter wonderland.
You can feel
the cold chill in the air,
but we can dress warmly
and go outside
to sled and skate
and play all day.
Lights sparkle in the windows
and on the trees.
Together, let's explore
this magical celebration
of family, friends, traditions,
imagination and fantasy.
We'll share songs and laughter,
stories and fun,
with old familiar friends
and new ones, too.
...and sing a sleighing song tonight
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh
Deck the halls with boughs of holly
'Tis the season to be jolly
Don we now our gay apparel
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
and a happy New Year
Good tidings we bring
to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas
and a happy New Year

We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
and a happy New...
Deck the halls with boughs of holly
Jingle, jingle bells
The shops along Main Street
certainly look beautiful.
But it's a perfect day
for a sleigh ride in the country
where we'll see
that romance can blossom
even on a cold and snowy day.
Don't you kind of love December
When the merry snowbells chime?
We're together
Once upon a wintertime
Every single snowflake falling
Plays a jingle down your spine
Lovely weather
Once upon a wintertime
On the frozen pond,
folks are swaying
Sweetheart, who cares?
We'll have more fun sleighing
Behind two chestnut mares
When we say,
"Goodbye, December"
Merry bells no longer chime
We'll remember
Once upon a wintertime
Don't you kind of love December
When the merry snowbells chime?
We're together
Once upon a wintertime
Every single snowflake falling
Plays a jingle down your spine
Here we are together,
Lovely, lovely weather
Once upon a wintertime
Jingle bells, jingle all the way
On the frozen pond,
folks are swaying
Sweetheart, who cares?

We'll have more fun sleighing
Behind two chestnut mares
When we say,
"Goodbye, December"
Merry bells no longer chime
We'll remember
once upon a wintertime
Remember December
Once upon a wintertime
On the frozen pond,
folks are swaying
Sweetheart, who cares?
We'll have more fun sleighing
Behind two chestnut mares
When we say,
"Goodbye, December"
Merry bells no longer chime
We'll remember
Once upon a wintertime
Do you remember
the first time you ever saw snow?
Let's go and visit our friend Bambi
to relive the magic
of his first winter
and the thrill of seeing snow
and ice for the very first time.
Hiya, Bambi!
Watch what I can do.
Come on, it's alright.
Look!
The water's stiff.
Some fun, Bambi?
Come on, get up, like this.
No.
Kinda wobbly, aren't you?
You gotta watch both ends
at the same time.
I guess you better unwind it.
Not everyone lives
where the seasons bring
the winter surprises of ice and snow.
Pablo the Penguin
lives in a land of eternal snow.
But he dreams of finding a place

where the weather better
suits his personality.
This story takes us
way down to the South Pole.
Rather than have you stand on your
heads, let's turn the theatre over.
There, that's better.
Two things you will find most of
down here are ice and penguins.
It's amazing that anybody
would want to live here.
But most penguins
wouldn't live anywhere else.
You couldn't find
better weather for fishing...
...skiing, tobogganing or swimming.
There is nothing
the average penguin likes better
than a day at the beach.
But come on, let's meet Pablo.
He lives down at the end
of Main Street.
Let's go in and see what's cooking.
Pablo could never remember
having been warm enough.
And so his closest companion
was Smoky Joe, his little stove.
Between chills,
Pablo had one burning desire.
To spend the rest of his life
on some tropical shore.
So we see him bravely set forth
to the isle of his dreams.
The other penguins turned out
to give him a big sendoff.
But when he gets
just so far away from his stove...
...see what happens?
Too bad.
Perhaps he'll give up this wild idea.
But, no, he's off to another start.
This time, he's bringing a friend.
Anyway, it was a hot idea.
Well, maybe he'll be content

to stay at home this time.
But, no, there he goes,
hotfooting it to the land of the sun.
By now, the farewell committee
has been reduced to two.
Discouraging, isn't it?
Suddenly, Pablo got one of those
ideas that change a person's life.
A boat.
But where would he get a boat?
Just watch.
"Where there's a will,
there's a way, " they say.
And now, the official launching.
Day after day,
the south wind carried him north.
One day, a blanket of fog rolled in.
And it was so thick...
Must be near Cape Horn.
As the fog lifted,
he found himself headed
straight for the Straits of Magellan
And northward
along Chile's rocky coast.
One day, a storm cloud came up.
Just a little bitty old storm cloud.
It just tried awful hard
to have its first storm.
Didn't amount to much, though.
One day, on lookout,
Pablo had a bit of a shock.
A waterspout off the port bow.
But it proved to be
the Juan Fernandez Islands
where Robinson Crusoe once lived.
And still does, apparently.
Four bells and all's well.
According to Pablo's chart,
he should be nearing Via del Mar.
And strangely enough,
that's just where he is.
He sailed past Lima,
the capital of Peru,
hugging the coastline

with a tenacity of purpose
seldom found in a penguin.
One day, his telescope picked out
a city high up on top of a mountain.
The map said it was Quito.
And it was right smack
on the equator.
It wasn't as easy to cross,
but with a little help from Neptune,
he made it.
Making a left turn,
he followed the equator,
headed for the Galapagos Islands.
Ah, that good old sun!
Pablo felt
he'd never get enough of it.
He hadn't counted on this.
Things looked pretty bad.
Help! Man the pumps!
She's sprung a leak.
Pipe all hands on deck! Do things!
Get going! Take to the lifeboats!
Abandon ship!
Unruffle the mizzenmast
and man the poops.
Don't just stand there. Get going!
Swab the decks and... Heavens!
Look. What's that?
Just what he's been looking for.
Pablo has finally reached
the isle of his dreams.
And, so as the warm tropical sun
sinks slowly in the west,
we leave little Pablo,
a bird in paradise,
a picture of health
in his new coat of tan.
He should be
the happiest penguin in the world.
Only, sometimes,
he gets to thinking...
Christmas is a special time when
miraculous things can happen.
It was that way

for a little boy named Arthur
whom everybody called Wart.
Legend tells us that
it was during the Christmas season
that something happened to him
that would change his life forever.
Let's go far back in time
to merry old England
when knighthood was in flower
and miraculous things did happen.
Here's to victory in London
for my son, Kay.

Sir Kay.

I've been knighted, don't forget.

Of course, son, of course.

Here's to Sir Kay. And, who knows,
the future king of all England.

Watch it, will you?

Kay, the king?

What a dreadful thought.

Sir Ector!

Hobbs has come down
with the mumps.

He's all puffed up like a toad.

Then Kay will need another squire,
hang it all.

- Wart, you're it.

- I'm what, sir?

- Kay's squire. You're off to London.

- Sir Ector.

For the crown of all England,
let the tournament begin.

Kay! Now it's up to the swords.

Swords? Oh, no!

- Kay?

- What?

I forgot your sword.

Forgot my sword?

I left it back at the inn.

Why, you bumbling little fool. I...

You'd better get it

or don't you dare come back.

Let me in. Let me in.

Somebody, please. Please, let me in.

It's no use, boy.
They've all gone to the tournament.
What'll I do?
Kay's got to have a sword.
Well, boy, look.
There, in the churchyard.
A sword. Archimedes, a sword.
You're going to have a time
pulling it out.
Watch it, boy.
Leave it alone.
But Kay's got to have a sword.
Now, come on, quick.
Let's get out of here.
I believe you're up next, son.
Better get ready.
Kay. Here's a sword.
This is not my sword.
Hold on, Kay. Wait a minute.
"Who so pulleth out this sword..."
It's the sword in the stone.
The sword in the stone. It can't be.
- But, look. It is.
- It's the marvellous sword.
Hold everything. Someone's pulled
the sword from the stone.
Where did you get it, Wart?
I pulled it out of an anvil
that was on a stone
in a churchyard.
- Funny.
- The lad's a young Samson.
You're making a fool of us, boy.
Now, tell the truth.
But I did, sir.
Then, come on. Prove it.
To the stone with you.
- Yes. Prove it.
- Come on. Prove it.
Alright, boy. Let's have the miracle.
Now, wait a minute.
Anyone can pull it
once it's been pulled.
Go to it, Kay.

Give it all you've got.
Put your back into it.
Push him, I say.
- Hold on. That's not fair.
- I say we let the boy try it.
That's what I say.
Give the boy a chance.
Go ahead, son.
It's a miracle. Ordained by heaven.
This boy is our king.
Well, by Jove.
What's the lad's name?
Wart. I mean, Arthur.
Hail, King Arthur.
Hail, King Arthur.
Long live the king.
Now, let's travel
high over the mountains
to the castle nestled in its peaks
to visit our dear friend, Belle.
No matter what time of year it is,
she's always filled with joy
and the Christmas spirit.
There is more
to this time of year
Than sleigh bells and holly,
mistletoe and snow
Those things come and go
much deeper than snow
Stronger than the strongest love
we'll know
We'll ever know
As long as there's Christmas
I truly believe
That hope is the greatest
of the gifts we'll receive
As long as there's Christmas,
we'll all be just fine
A star shines above us,
lighting your way and mine
Just as long as there's Christmas,
there will be Christmas pud
Tons of turkey
And cranberry sauce,

and mince pies, if we're good
Lots of logs on the fire
Lots of gifts on the tree,
all wrapped up in red ribbons
Wonder if there's one for me
We're due for a party,
where on earth do we start?
I may wear my tiara
you bought me in Montmartre
- All the silver will sparkle
- And the china will gleam
And we'll all be as shiny
as a brand-new centime
After dinner, we'll play games
Till the morning breaks through
Then we'll meet in the garden,
this is what we shall do
We will build a snowman
that will reach to the sky
It will stay up until July
What are you doing? Stop!
Put me down. Put me down.
This is ridiculous.
Everyone knows
that the lights go on first.
I don't want to go
all the way up there on the top.
As long as there's Christmas,
I truly believe
That hope is the greatest
of the gifts we'll receive
As long as there's Christmas,
we'll all be just fine
There'll always be Christmas
So there always will be a time
When the world is filled with peace
And love
We're going to have
the greatest Christmas ever.
I hope so, Chip.
Come here, son.
Listen.
The good book says the Lord provides.
There's food on every tree.

I see no reason to worry and work.
No, sir. Not me.
The world owes us a living
You shouldn't soil your Sunday pants,
like those other foolish ants.
Come on,
let's play and sing and dance.
Hi, Queenie.
You'll change that tune
when winter comes
and the ground
is covered with snow.
Wintertime's a long way off.
You dance? Let's go.
The world owes us a living
You shouldn't soil your Sunday pants,
like those other foolish ants.
Come on, let's play
and sing and dance.
Food. Food.
O Madam Queen, wisest of ants,
don't throw me out.
Please give me a chance.
With ants,
just those who work may stay.
So take your fiddle...
...and play.
I owe the world a living
I owe the world a living
I've been a fool the whole year long
And now I'm singing a different song
You were right, I was wrong
Well, well, Pluto. Who's your friend?
Nice little kitty-kitty.
Hungry?
Don't let that bug bustle in.
Who's it going to be? You or him?
Don't take that devil's bad advice.
Be a good dog. Treat him nice.
Ah, that guy talks in riddles.
Look, he's stealing your grub.
Now he's stealing your bed.
Ain't I told you that three is a mob?
You gotta get him out of here, see?

OK, stupid. Get a load of this.
Lay off the sentiment. Lay off.
Now, give him the works.
Nice going, sap. He'll take the rap.
Stupid, scram!
Bianca, who did it?
Pluto.
Get out and stay out.
You can't blame me.
How did I know that sardine
was going to turn stool pigeon?
Save him, Pluto.
Save the poor little kitty.
Be kind. Be merciful. Be...
Let it drown.
He got you kicked out, didn't he?
- You must save him.
- Nah, don't be a sap.
- Yes.
- No.
- Yes!
- No!
Yes!
Pipe down. You make me sick.
He's a pushover.
Now save that kitty.
How did you get out here?
Pluto, old boy.
Kindness to animals, my friend,
will be rewarded in the end.