



Scripts.com

Arthur Christmas

By Peter Baynham

Dear Santa, are you real?
If you live at the North Pole...
...how come I can't see your house
when I look on Google Earth?
Are you Saint Nicholas?
Because you'd be incredibly old.
How do you have time
to read all the letters...
...from all the children in the world?
And how many cookies and mince pies
have you eaten in all of history?
How do you get all the presents
in the sack?
Does your sack have to
get bigger every year...
...because of exponential
population growth?
And how do you get down
the chimneys?
I put my head in ours
and it's really small.
Even if you could squeeze down it
in one minute...
...there's nine houses in my road
so that's nearly 10 minutes.
And there are millions of roads
in the world.
It must be so hard being Santa
these days.
I mean, what if after all of that,
I'm staying at Grandma's?
Santa, how can you get round
the whole world in just one night?
My friend said...
...that you'd have to go so fast...
...it would make you and the sleigh
and the reindeer all burn up.
I think you are real.
But how do you do it?
For Christmas I would love
a pink Twinkle Bike with stabilizers.
But please don't bring it
if it makes you and the reindeer burn.
Love, Gwen Hines. 23 Mimosa Avenue,

Trelew, Cornwall, England.

Dear Gwen,

thank you for your letter...

...and brilliant picture.

Your request for a pink Twinkle Bike

will be passed on to Santa.

And, yes, do believe in Santa.

He is real.

He's the greatest man ever.

And he can get around the world

to every child...

...without a single reindeer

being roasted ali--

Hurt.

By the time the sun comes up

on Christmas Day, he'll get to you too...

...using his...

...special magic.

First Field Elf Battalion, set.

-Straighten that teddy bear, soldier.

-Ma'am.

That's a:

"Ho, ho, ho" Aarhus.

Field elves, jingle! Drop time,

1 8.14 seconds per household.

Left foot, sir. Right foot, sir.

That's it, that's it.

Dog food incoming.

Meaty chunks in the hole.

Wow, a grand piano. This kid

must have been good his whole life.

Marvelous. Gets me every time.

Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas.

Merry--

Carrot chomped.

-Sir?

-Goodness me.

Sorry.

Drop complete. Stand by, S-1 .

-You're gonna make it, soldier.

-Aarhus is merry.

Santa has left the building.

North Pole to S-1 , you have weather...

...fluctuation. Update camouflage.
Roger that, Control.
Hull projection...
-...optimized.
-Roger, S-1 .
Denmark cleared.
Next drop, Flensburg,
minus 1 2.4 seconds.
Flensburg weather:
Deep, crisp, even.
-Making a list.
-Check it twice.
-Checking twice.
-A wrap for Denmark.
-Converting milk and cookies to biofuel.
-Hello?
-Santa on bridge.
-Sorry.
Forgot the PLN code.
Just crossed into Germany, sir.
Germany.
-So many countries these days.
-It's a big night, sir.
My 70th mission. Yes.
Oh, sorry.
One too many mince pies.
Looking forward to it? Retirement?
Ten seconds to Flensburg.
Maintain current....
-Carry on.
-Update national protocol.
Delete rice pudding and carrot.
German leave-out for Santa...
...is shoe on front step.
Repeat, shoe on step.
-600AM3.
-Gift secured.
Oi, soldier. Get off your baubles.
What happened to peace and goodwill
to all men, sarge?
It don't say nothing about elves, soldier.
Go, go, go!
Engage rooftops.
It's snow time!

S-1 , hold drop altitude.
This is Germany, Father.
Drive on the right.

National dish:

Okay, let's show them, people.
Operation Santa Claus is coming to town.

-Drop complete.

-Drop complete.

Operational efficiency:

-One hundred percent.

-Hold the handrail.

Dear, I'm sorry.

Thanks. Brendon Doherty.

Ruby Miller. That's Grace Smith.

She wants...

-...an elephant.

-What are you doing here?

Got to get this letter
from Maria Costa...

...to Steve.

Oh, no! Maria!

Bye-bye, Maria.

Is this yours, Arthur?

Oh, thanks, Kenneth.

-Merry Christmas.

-Want...

...a ride?

Doubt it.

No, thanks. I'm not...

...very good with heights, speed...

...and that thing!

-Buckle down, people.

-Buckle down.

-Peter.

-Ready, sir.

SlTREP on special forces.

-Where are they?

-America, sir.

White House.

Delivering to the president's children, sir.

Okay. Left out of the Oval Office,
right at the Cabinet Room...

...via the air vents.

You think of everything, sir.
Thank you, Peter. I'd love an espresso.
Coming right up.
Beg your pardon. Well done!
Merry Christmas.
-Wow, brilliant.
-Mind the glasses.
Keep up, everybody.
-Arthur.
-Sorry. Can I just--?
No, never mind.
Do you mind if I--?
Oh, dear.
I'm so sorry.
-6B--
-Merry Christmas.
-FRC--
-And a happy New Year.
What a night, sir.
Out with the old Santa,
in with the new, eh?
Let's focus on the now, eh, Peter?
Support teams...
-...prep Poland.
-Poland.
Poland. Do you know what they call...
...Dad here?
Anyway....
I guess he's harmless.
I'm terribly sorry.
Is that your leg?
I'm sorry!
I'm really sorry.
It's my Christmas slippers on the ice.
They're from China.
-Found it.
-What?
The letter. The one I said.
From Maria Costa.
She asked for a Pocket-Puppy,
but she wants the blue one.
It looks like her auntie's dog,
Biffo, that ran away.
I remember because she sent...

...a picture of Biffo. See?
-Child CG786K?
-Look, Arthur....
This was Greece, sir.
Five countries ago, sir.
I just want it to be perfect
for every kid.
Hey, there's Dad. Santa!
Maria Costa, Dad.
Did she get the blue one?!
Little bro, it's great to have you around.
You bring a genuine aura
of seasonal positivity.
Thanks, Steve.
But could you not be
in Mission Control...
...at all for the rest of the night?
Yeah.
-All right?
-I'll never walk...
Right.
Sorry if I....
Brilliant.
They should put him...
-...somewhere out of harm's way.
-What, like the South Pole?
Waker!
We have a waker!
And Santa's in there!
Code red.

Repeat:

Santa? Are you here?
Steve?
Hold on, Father.
Intel! Get me Intel!
Santa's head seems to be resting...
...on some sort of "try me" button, sir.
It's the Quack Quack Moo
Activity Farm, sir.
It features 12 separate animal sounds.
-Sings "Old MacDonald Had A Farm."
-The moment...
...your father lifts his head, there'll be

1 0 seconds of constant mooing.

Risk of mooing:

Captain Marino...

...you'll have to take the batteries out.

He'd have to get past...

...the wrapping, the box and 14 twist ties anchoring it to the cardboard.

It's too noisy!

It'll wake the boy! He'll see Santa!

Remember 1 816...

...when Santa was seen.

They tracked him home.

He had to go into hiding.

No Christmas for six years.

The elves all alone!

The elves alone!

Calm, people!

It's not 1 81 6 now.

Marino, your HOHO

is equipped with state-of-the-art...

...EMF sensor technology hacked directly from the military's missile program.

I want you to locate the batteries...

...and perform a Level 3

giftwrap incision.

Go in through the robin.

Incising robin.

Big girl's blouse.

Lot of fuss.

I did my 70 missions...

...without any of this malarkey.

Didn't we, lad?

-Twist ties clear.

-Can I watch with you, Grandsanta?

Shut the door!

Hell's berries...

-...it's the North Pole!

-Kid still asleep? He mustn't see Santa.

-Dad would rather die than spoil it.

-What if you...

...wake the odd nipper? A whack...

...with a sock of sand,

dab of whiskey on the lips...

...they don't remember.
-Screwdriver elf.
-Yes!
What happened...
...to going down the "chimbley"?
Never did me any har--
Get off me!
You smell like a wet elf.
Goodness! Down, boy! Basket.
Here you are, Grandsanta.
I've made you a nice mince pie.
I can't eat that. It gets in me teeth.
Oh, dear.
Now I've got to visit...
...the elf hospital...
...look over a treaty with Greenland
and make the gravy.
Then we'll finally have
the whole family home for Christmas.
They're nearly done!
-Battery clear.
-Oh, no.
It's the detachable milk maid!
-She's got her own power source!
-Five seconds...
...till she starts singing!
Four!
Three!
Two!
One!
Use your HOHO. Exit...
...code 1 2. Code 12!
Okay, go, go, go!
Revise drop time to 14.1 3 seconds.
Let's pick this up, people!
Drop time...
...revised. Picking this up...
...people.
Everybody, mission...
...re-engage.
Three...
...two...
...one!
Mission accomplished.

Hey!
Oh, what a night that was.
That detachable milk maid thing.
This is just the beginning,
right, sir?
I got you a present, sir.
Not S for Steve, sir.
S for Santa.
Oh, I don't know about that, Peter.
Okay...
...let's bring them home.
CCTV...
...in every room!
Had to go under the floor!
-Sarah.
-Back! Holly injury coming through!
Hey, fancy...
...a trip on the S-1, Arthur?
It only goes 1 50,000...
-...miles an hour.
-No, no. Thanks.
I see a bit of the world in my office,
you know.
Some of the stamps I get
are amazing.
Excuse me.
Santa!
Dad!
Dad! Dad!
I'm sorry. So sorry. Dad!
Dad!
-Santa's waving!
-He's waving at me!
-He's waving at me!
-At me!
Dad!
Arthur.
Happy Christmas.
You too.
You were fantastic!
Look! Christmas slippers.
Well done. Yes.
Father?
There he is. Steve!

Mission accomplished!
Tonight we delivered...
...2 billion presents.
On this...
...my 70th mission!
We'll miss you, Santa!
Stand by.
Oh, thank you.
You know, I sometimes think
I couldn't do it without you.
And my splendid...
...Margaret, who's stood by me
all these years...
...very ably doing all that...
...stuff...
...that women do when
their husbands work. Marvelous.
And Arthur, yes, doing...
...vital work in Maintenance,
really vital.
I.... I work...
...in Letters.
-Letters, of course. I'm so sorry.
-You moved me...
...after I tripped over that plug
and melted down the elf barracks.
I lost everything in that flood!
Yes. Now...
...many years ago, my father told me...
...that being Santa
is the best job in the world.
He was right.
I've loved it.
I can't wait for year 71 !
Merry Christmas, everyone.
He's red, he's white!
He's worked all through the night!
Santa!
"What do you get
if you eat Christmas decorations?
Tinselitis!"
Isn't this the best bit of Christmas?
It certainly is, Arthur.
The whole family together.

How about a toast, Malcolm?
Well, here's to me doing
an even better job next year.
-Next year.
-But you're...
-...already perfect, Dad.
-That turkey did more than him.
You wouldn't understand, Father.
I've rather moved things on
since your day. Eh, Steve?
Forget Techno Tommy. He's texting
on his calculator after another job.
It's a Handheld...
...Operational and Homing Organizer.
The HOHO 3000.
I'm enacting mission closure.
Aren't you the fancy nancy?
Don't matter what you come up with.
You may be next in line, but you'll never
get to be Santa unless you knock him off.
I've got you all a present.
After all the hard work, I wanted everyone
to have some Christmas fun.
-I'm Santa!
-No, no, I'm Santa. It's ridiculous.
-You just took the piece out of my hand.
-Well, I am actually Santa...
...so I think I should have it.
-Yes. You're the nonexecutive figurehead.
-Exactly.
-Figurehead.
-It means...
...a fatty with a beard who fits the suit.
The other pieces are good too.
Or I can make extra Santas
for everyone.
Why don't you be the candle, Steve?
All those bright ideas, eh?
Fine. I'm the candle,
Arthur's the turkey...
...and you, Father,
are, of course, Santa.
Grandsanta, you can be
this charming relic.

"Relic"? "Relic"?

I did the whole of Christmas
in one of these, Arthur.
Oh, yes. I didn't need
a trillion elves in bleepy hats.
We don't fly about...
...throwing lead-painted toys
down chimneys anymore.
That space sends you back...
-...to Lapland.
-Malcolm, where did you get those?
Just moving things along. Do I win?
Cheats, the pair of you!
Mum, are you okay?
Polar bear, dear. Attacked me on the ice.
Good I did that online survival course...
-...or there'd be one less for turkey.
-Christmas has...
...gone right down the Rodney hole.
You're a postman with a spaceship.
My S-1 festivized the world
at 1 860 times the speed of sound.
Christmas 1 941 , World War II...
...did the whole thing with
six reindeer and a drunken elf!
I was shot at, Arthur.
Took 1 2 direct hits.
Lost three reindeer.
What happened...
-...to the elf?
-Fell out of the sleigh over Lake Geneva.
Never saw him again.
Goodness. Now....
"Christmas crackers.
Sing 'Silent Night' backwards."
Who'd know that?
I went on alone.
I could still do it now, Arthur.
Just give me a go!
-In a heap of sticks.
-"Heap of--"?

Let me up and at him!
I'll show you, Robby the Robot!
Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

I'll have that back.
-Would have won anyway.
-What?
Oh, yeah. Run away...
...now you're losing!
Steve!
Steve.
Don't be upset. Look.
You keep this.
Then you can be Santa next time.
That'll be you there, Steve.
Next year...
...I bet.
You'll be great.
How many times, Arthur?
It's the North Pole. Shut the doors.
I secured the gift.
-Gift secured!
-Just can't be.
The system is foolproof.
It has to be an error, sir.
"Error"?
I spotted the ribbon
glinting in the shadows.
I am actually...
...trained in wrapping.
And I said to myself, "Bryony, the
wrapping looks okay. Thank goodness.
But that present should not
be lying in the--"
-Thank you, soldier.
-Has someone...
...got the wrong present? That's awful.
-Whose is it?
-No one...
...gets the wrong...
...present. 47785...
...BXK....
"Gift undelivered"?
They got nothing?
A child's...
...been missed!
Not necessarily.
A child's been missed!

Wanna wake up the North Pole?
Good idea. A child's...
-...been missed!
-Arthur!
Everything all right?
There's been a glitch.
"A glitch"? We've missed a child!
Really? Dear, oh, dear.
That's awful.
How did you let it happen, Steven?
How did I--?
I thought it was your mission.
-No. This is your department.
-What'll we do?
We must-- We must--
-What must we do, Steven?
-There's nothing to do.
The mission was a success.
We can't leave a child
out of Christmas.
Sunrise at destination...

...is 7:

to get there in time.
Except, of course, for the S-1 .
-The S-1 . Right-o.
-No! The S-1 ...
...has just traveled 7 million miles.
We could damage it.
Oh, dear.
-And risk the lives of the elves.
-Oh, my. No.
I'll go, sir!
Bryony Shelfley...
...Wrapping Division. Grade 3, sir.
-Who asked you?
-I wasn't called up for field duty.
I served out my mission
in Gift Wrap Support.
I wrapped 264,000 presents
in three days, sir.
If you want that bike delivered...
...in a perfect state...
...of enwrapment, then I'm your elf.

No one is going.
It's impossible.
-But this child--
-It's a...
...margin of error
of 0.00000001 514834 percent...
I mean, hello?
Where's the champagne?
My department has delivered
the most outstanding Christmas ever.
Well done, us.
But there's a child without a present.
Arthur, Christmas is not a time
for emotion.
We will get 47785BXK a present...
...within the window of Christmas.
We'll messenger the item.
It'll be there in five days.
But that'll ruin the magic.
If there was any way at all
to make the drop tonight....
But it can't be done.
Your brother...
...knows about these things.
I won't sleep easy after this, Arthur,
but there it is.
Can't be done.
Merry Christmas.
Arthur! You're compromising...
...the wrapping! That is not...
...a toy! Well, it is...
...but, I mean, that's not--
Arthur!
Oh, come on, come on...
...come on. Child 47785BXK...
...where are you?
"Dear Santa, my friend
doesn't believe in you.
For Christmas I'd like
a pink Twinkle Bike.
Gwen Hines.
23 Mimosa Avenue,
Trelew, Cornwall, England."
Lights out.

This figurehead thingy:
I'm not just a fatty with a suit, am I?
Of course not, dear.
No. I'm Santa.
Children...
...rely on me.
Here.
Thank you. It's just checks
for the boys and cash for Father.
Oh, Malcolm.
It's the 2 billion other gifts, dear.
Christmas has become...
...such a mad rush.
Until you retire.
Retire?
Sit next to Father,
watching Steve on TV?
You are sitting on
a level one access HOHO.
Please state your identity.
State your identity.
Who would I be?
You'd be my Malcolm, dear.
And there's Arthur.
Dear Arthur.
-What a puzzle.
-This one's for me, dear.
Happy Christmas, Margaret.
Oh, thank you.
I'm still very much up to the job,
you know.
Good night, dear.
Good night, Malcolm.
It just can't be. It can't.
-It just can't be. It can't. It just can't be!
-What's all this...
...kadoodle, young man?
Grandsanta.
This little girl.
She's been missed!
So much for your brother's
fancy-pants technology.
Steve and Dad racked their brains
but said it's impossible.

Is it, now?
Missed a child. Dear, oh dear,
sends shivers down me shins.
In two hours, she's gonna wake up...
...tear downstairs,
search under the tree...
...and the look on her face....
But there's nothing there.
She won't understand. She'll think
she's the one kid in the world...
...that Santa doesn't care about.
She'll feel so...
...left out.
On Christmas night, he comes.
Gwen can't not have a present
from Santa.
Do you know, Arthur, there is a way.
It's impossible.
They used to say it was impossible
to teach women to read.
Follow me.
It's the actual sleigh.
Hello, Evie.
I thought it was scrapped years ago.
So did everyone else.
Can I--?
Icelandic birch. Arctic balsa.
Built in 1845.
Able to reach 50,000 miles per hour
at a height of 40,000 feet.
Over here, you string of tinsel.
Got it.
"Potash of carboniloroxy...
...amilocitrate."
Magic dust.
Mined from the aurora borealis.
But she doesn't still go?
Not just a hobby, Arthur.
Great-great-grandchildren
of the original eight.
Dasher.
Dancer.
Prancer.
What are the others called? I could

never ruddy remember. Bambi? John.
You there, with the...
...white ear. And you.
And-- Not you, you bag of fleas.
Arthur?
I'm not really good with big animals.
Piffle!
Don't get bit, mind.
They can smell fear.
-Let's hitch them up.
-Oh, Grandsanta.
Excuse me.
You can go to Gwen!
On the old sleigh, with the reindeer
and the magic dust and everything!
It's a miracle.
You're coming too, lad.
Me?
On that? Up there? Pulled by them?
No. No way.
I'm 136. I can't do it on me own,
I need an elf.
I can't fly a sleigh. I can't even
ride a bike without stabilizers.
I know, let's wake Steve. He'll--
No.
He's a worrier, Arthur. What if
he stops us? Gwen's forgotten.
-You really care.
-Well, of course...
...I do. I was Santa too.
Think of your dad...
...lying awake, chewing his...
...beard off with worry over this girl.
Don't you want to help for once?
Make him proud?
I can't.
I just-- I can't.
No, I can't.
Ready?!
No! You promise...
...not to go too fast?
Or high.
Or bumpy. I get travel sick.

I'm allergic to snow.
Ye baubles. And you a son of Santa?
Wait! My slippers!
They're not for outdoor use!
Dash! Dash!
Dash!
See?
Who's Santa now?
Put me down!
-What's the matter, boy?
-I'm having...
...a heart attack.
They've never flown before.
Just gotta break them in.
Now....
Come away!
Dash away!
Look, Arthur.
All those stars.
We're one of them now.
A shooting star!
Stuck that there for your dad
when he was a boy.
Dad? What, he sat here?
So did I.
Every young heir to the Pole
gets took out by his father.
Right back to Saint Nick.
We Clauses used to be the only men...
...in the world who could fly, Arthur...
...and see all this.
It was a gift, a great big ball
wrapped in oceans and mountains.
I remember the look on your father's face
when he saw it.
Fish!
With horns!
Want to help me make a snowman?
No! Not ye--!
Oh, where's the seat belt?
Could Dad do that?
Did he make a snowman for Steve?
Robot Roy?
I should cocoa.

The next Santa, and he's
never even sat in a sleigh.
Oi!
-Is that...?
-The map of the Clauses.
Used every Christmas night in history.
Whatever your brother says, Arthur...
...it's the same old world.
What is it?!
No idea. I've never...
...seen it before.
-It's a city!
-A new one?
Ruddy cheek.
They're always putting...
...these things up.
I remember the first time...
...I ran into Chicago.
Chicago wasn't on the map?
Now, where are we?
Here we are, see?
Oh, no, that's Peking.
Ahead, there's a--!
They can see us.
Well, pull the camouflage lever.
Now, then, we'd better...
...draw in a few...
...skyscrapers. Just....
Not that one.
That's a steam train, you ninny.
Do this one.
So, what do they call this place?
"Toronto."
Toronto's in Canada.
The Santas always
come through Canada.
Nobody lives here.
It's nice and quiet.
Till your brother came with...
...his "You can't cut through Saigon,
there's a war" rubbish.
Don't need him to tell me
what's ahead.
-I got eyes.

-Grandsanta!
Ye baubles, an elf.
Bryony Shelfley. There's...
...a small trauma to your giftwrap...
...but I can fix it.
-A stowaway!
-I can wrap anything...
...sir, with three bits of sticky tape.
Three!
Good. Wrap yourself a parachute.
Grandsanta!
Toronto. Present and correct.
Not quite, sir. You've lost
one of the reindeer.
Hello?
-What elf?
-Bryony Shelfley, sir.
The crazy wrapping elf, you know?
Security tracked her to Sector 1 9.
And we think Arthur was here.
Arthur?
Who else leaves the door open,
huh, sir?
The old sleigh barn?
That was sealed up...
...decades ago...
...after that terrible night
Grandsanta sneaked out and....
Thank goodness he's too old these days
to get into trouble.
Bash it with a brick, Arthur. Go on.
It just won't--
Grab its antlers and tug.
I may just be a wrapping operative,
sir, but this contravenes....
-Seventeen.
-Specific mission regulations.
I'm in charge here,
not Billy the Bureaucrat.
It's stuck.
Eighteen.
-Elf, wrap your head.
-Sir!
Come on, lad. You're as much use...

...as a cheese chopstick.
Got it!
Oh, no.
Oh, my big Aunt Betty.
It'll have to do. Pass it down.
What?
Permission to breathe, sir. I have about
nine seconds left before I black out.
One breath.
Sir?
I said one. Hurry up, Arthur.
But don't we need a whole one?
You know...
...to balance the sleigh?
Oh, it won't balance the sleigh. No, no.
If anything, it'll slow us down.
So why are we taking it?
It's for Gwen. Eight beautiful reindeer.
That's what she's dreaming of.
The jingly bells, the sleigh on the roof.
-Yeah, but--
-That's what the kids want...
...not some spaceship.
We're giving her the star treatment.
What now?
We have a waker, sir.
With a gun!
That's it, lad.
You distract him!
-Grandsanta!
-Who's there?
We come in peace.
Our craft has to...
...travel around the world
in less than an hour!
We need a sign for our slei--
Craft.
Sorry I can't pay you. Where I...
...come from, we don't have...
...money!
Christmas 1923...
...had a heart attack at the reins.
Left ventricle popped out me mouth.
Pushed it back down and carried on!

It's big, isn't it, the Atlantic?
Think we should stop and ask someone?
Pishywibble, we're nearly there!
See, I take the North Star there...
...as a fixed point.
Then I plot my bearings from....
That's a plane, sir.
Insubordination.
I'll have you harpooned, elf.
I thought it would be chillier
near England.
Globular warming.
Land ahoy! There it is. Told you!
-There you are. Down.
-Watch that rock!
There you go.
England.
Maybe we pulled to the right a bit.
We're a reindeer short.
France.
They have elephants in France?
The odd stray. They breed in the drains.
This way.
Paris Zoo.
Then this is...
...where they keep the lions!
They won't eat me.
I'm Santa!
Lie down!
Oh, right.
Call the keeper!
How old is this?
"Atlantis"?
"Here be cannibals"?
Watch out for cannibals.
This isn't France, is it?
Technically, it's known as Africa.
Serengeti National Park, Tanzania.
How can you possibly be sure?
The GPS on my HOHO.
Take her!
Take the elf!
GPS? Why didn't you say?
I'm a wrapping elf. I don't navigate,

l wrap. l use it to store pictures of bows.
She's right. You brought us to Africa!
l've seen it on a stamp.
l'm too young to die, Arthur.
Do something. Arthur!
The old sleigh.
What is happening here?
Was supposed to be chopped up
for firewood decades ago.
-How did that devious--?
-Old people, sir.
Shall l get you your stress ball?
We have finer...
...comms than the Pentagon,
and you say...
...we can't contact him
except by some ancient--
Here comes the cavalry!
Ernie Clicker, sir.
Head of Polar Communications
for 46 missions!
Oh, crikey blikey...
...me and your granddad
saw some times!
-l remember once--
-Wow, must catch up soon. Now....
Oh, you're in a hurry. l can tell.
Oh, this is ridiculous.
Could we hurry this?
You can't rush the Signalator.
Got to play her gentle.
So, what do you wish to say?
l wouldn't worry. It's not like
they're facing man-eating lions.
Silent night
Holy night
All is calm
All is
Bright
l realize
This is mental
But it's all
That l know
It's Christmas

Nice kitty
So please let us go
Sleep in
Heavenly peace
Sleep in
Heavenly peace
Dash!
Something's coming through.
What does it say?
Get off! No!
That's me Evie, you mangy moron!
No!
That's Gwen's gift!
Only children get to tear the wrapping.
Bryony?
-Automatic tape guns!
-Down, doggy!
Bad doggy!
Laser-guided scissors!
Oh, no, no!
Standard-issue giftwrap!
No time for a bow!
There's always time for a bow!
I can't look.
Not that knob!
Good night!
Oh, no!
Something else!
No, leave it! Don't--
My camera!
Wait! Look!
Oi!
What's so funny?
Look what they've done to my Evie.
-And the map.
-But it's okay.
We've got this. Look!
Mimosa Avenue, Trelew.
Proceed to the highlighted route.
What's the point? Look at us.
And my camera, totally banjaxed.
How do I get my picture now?
What picture?
The sleigh on the roof,

the eight beautiful reindeer...
...and Santa-- Me!
--going down the "chimbley."
That's what I wanted them to see.
They missed the kid, but I got there.
My way.
That's why you came. Not for Gwen.
I 368 miles, then slight left.
For the love of Lulu...
...bossed about by Tinpot Tom.
Dash!
Try them again. Keep trying.
All this for one child. In 600 million.
We should turn her off a mo.
Don't worry, sir. Children are...
...stupid. Either it won't know
it got missed...
...or it'll think it's been bad.
It's a win-win.
You missed one?
A nipper? Cor!
What's all this here for
if you miss one?
Could you please type faster?
All right.
Systems critical.
Lead in Christmas.
Oops-a-daisy.
Peter...
...let go of my hand, please.
Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.
And get me IT.
Descend 1 000 feet.
-You are at your destination.
-Yes!
-We did it, we did it!
-We did it!
In 1 00 yards...
...turn left.
Straight ahead, left, right.
You are at your client's dwelling.
Hey, steady!
We made it. I survived!
I'll walk home, I'll get a boat,

but I am never getting back...
...in that crazy flying death trap
ever again!
Go on.
Get it over.
I want my bed.
What, you're not coming?
You have to deliver the present.
You've got your special coat on.
You're our Santa.
I said me and Evie could get here,
and we did.
The rest is just elf work.
Go on, Festive Freddie...
...sling your hook.
It doesn't matter how we got here.
The sleigh on the roof, the jingle bells,
the eight reindeer.
Gwen would never have seen that.
I wish Dad could see this.
It would take such a load off his mind.
So, what are your orders?
You're a Claus.
You give the orders.
Do I?
I'm just happy being an elf, really.
You know, just part of it all.
You want to order me
to go through the cat flap?
Yes, that's a great idea.
Do you want to tell me to let you in?
Brilliant. Thank you, Bryony.
And do you want to--?
-Quick!
-The alarm? Definitely, yes.
Is this...
...your first time?
But--
Bryony?
Sorry.
He likes these slippers
even more than you do!
Happy Christmas.
When you put the address into...

...the HOHO, what did you see?
A list of Trelews.
I just clicked on the first one!
Which was not Trelew, England.
We're in the wrong Trelew!
What's going on?!
They've been watching us.
They've seen Evie.
-It's just like last time.
-Governments tonight...
...are waking to news of a UFO
traveling the globe at incredible speed.
-That's us!
-The clearest...
...sighting was at
this tractor dealership...
-...in Idaho.
-Had eyeballs on its feet...
...and a pointy little head.
It asked me for a sign.
-We're on the news.
-From the trail in Toronto...
-...these beings do not appear friendly.
-Rebooting.
-We are online, sir.
-This is...
...Charlotte. Mexican...
...police found a furry thing...
-...trying to mate with a dog.
-I have calls...
-...reporting a steam train flying around.
-Steam train? Been on the eggnog?
It's gone black over Mexico.
This thing's going faster...
...than anything we know of.
-No.
-The herd is now in...
...Mozambique's airspace,
threatening the fragile peace...
...between the two nations.
Two billion items delivered, and we
didn't leave a footprint in the snow.
-And now--
-Sir?

We have lost 80 percent of our data.
No, no. We have 1 8 pulse...
-...data reservoirs of a trillion terabytes!
-Sorry, autosave was off.
Shall I slap him, sir? Quite hard?
Sir...
...there's a polar bear on Level 6.
Sir? Why is Arthur out there?
He missed one.
A nipper.
I mean...
...47785BXX.
Sir, we've got something.
Bryony Shelfley, it's her HOHO.
We can still get there.
-We just have to go faster, higher!
-You've changed your tune.
I'm not going anywhere.
I'm not here!
I've taped myself in! Grandsanta!
Leave me. It's that...
...terrible night all over again.
What night?
Last time I took Evie for a spin.
I didn't know...
...it was the Cuban missile crisis!
I nearly started World War III.
Hold still. Someone has to drive.
Oh, no!
Fencer!
Mincer! Come back!
Bryony!
Grandsanta...
...get here!
Oi! That's me new hip.
Please, I'll read you Gwen's letter.
Stone-deaf. I'm 1 36.
-What's that?
-It's Steve.
-Steve!
-Tell him...
...I'm not here!
Grandsanta says he's not here.
Hi. I'm looking for a missing relic.

Steve, three words.
-Is the first one "help"?
-Yes.
-You can help us, Steve!
-It was him!
Frosty the Madman.
He forced me to come.
Elf, back me up if you want a career.
-I forced you?
-You see? Look.
What did you want, Grandsanta?
Let me guess.
A picture of you in the sleigh
delivering the gift...
...to show me how it's really done?
No.
You know the picture
they'll have tomorrow?
You, led away in handcuffs!
The Santa who was seen.
By everybody on Earth.
The Santa who ruined Christmas.
Ruined it!
We'll fix this, Steve. We'll be back home
in the wobble of a reindeer's buttocks.
And Evie can go back in mothballs.
You can forget she ever existed.
You can't just go home.
What about Gwen?
Gwen. For that, you'd threaten
my whole operation?
Steve, you said if there was any way
to get there, you would.
Well, this is it. Look.
The old sleigh is perfect!
Right. Well, anyway, it goes really fast,
even with bits missing.
And we've got quite a few
reindeer left.
And, if I'm sick again,
I could be sick in a bag.
I'll wrap him one.
We can help them.
No one missed, sir!

All correct presents,
present and correct.
If you help us, Steve...
...we can do it!
Grandsanta and Arthur would be...
...the heroes of the night, sir!
Come home now!
If we all just gave in...
...to Christmas spirit, there'd be chaos.
-We're on our way, Steve.
-No!
Santa will want us to get to Gwen.
Ask him. Please.
Arthur...
...this is Dad we're talking about.
There was a time when he cared about
every last gift tag, but now...
...he just wants to be loved
and get some rest.
No. He's lying awake,
worrying his beard off about Gwen.
Off to the land of nod.
Please do not disturb
until December 26th.
-Is that it, dear?
-Yes.
Press the red--
No.
Santa's the most caring man
in the world.
So why are you here, not him?
Don't leave me, Arthur!
Poor old man and his reindeer,
on our own at Christmas?
At least have the decency
to finish us off with a rock!
Poor Evie.
Sun'll be up soon.
It's Christmas!
Christmas is for kids.
You grow out of it.
What, in the last six minutes?
I know what you all say about me,
you know.

"He belongs in the South Pole."
"Dear Arthur, what a puzzle."
Well, you were right.
All that fuss over one kid.
I was being ridiculous.
This is nice.
It's good to get away from it all,
you know.
All the Christmas fuss.
I'm sorry I messed things up, lad.
You see...
...the night I last took Evie out...
...when there was all that fuss...
...your father came to me.
I'll never forget it.
Couldn't look me in the eye.
"Dad," he says.
"Steve thinks it best
you don't fly again.
We're scrapping the sleigh."
My own son...
...who used to sit where you sat,
looking up at me.
I just wanted them to remember...
...who I used to be.
I was a bit like you, lad.
Keen as cranberry.
So was your dad.
You get old, that's all.
Everything changes.
Does it?
How can I ever write another letter
saying that Santa cares?
Good night, Dad.
Sleep well.
Sir, we know you shouldn't believe
rumors, but we do.
Is it true you missed a child?
Me? No, no, no.
Well, in a way, yes.
It was just one.
In fact, not even that.
Naught point lots more naughts...
...then a number

and some sort of percent at the end.
Not really an error, just a one.
One child doesn't matter? Which one?
Well, 1.... It's not that--
I did nine ones in Greece.
-Did those matter?
-What about my ones...
...in Germany? One of them was twins!
They don't matter half each.
Why don't you ask Steve?
He can explain. Fiendishly clever.
But aren't you in charge, sir?
Of course. I'm Santa.
Sir...
...if the one that got missed
doesn't matter...
...why have Arthur and Grandsanta
gone to take it?
-What?
-Malcolm, what's this about Arthur?
He's crazy.
Is there a list of children
who don't matter?
Santa said they don't matter
1 00 percent.
Is it true children aren't real,
they're just antimatter?
Do not-- Look. Look!
I festimized every single country
in the world. You see?
This one, this one, this one.
All of them.
I mean, who cares about
one single tiny child?
I do.
Arthur.
My poor boy.
Why on earth would he--?
You're his brother, Steve.
How could you let him?
And about this child you missed...
...I'm really not sure
you made the right decision.
Is that bird doo on your shoulder?

Right.

Over there is Satellite...

...Tracking, Navigation, Data Analysis.

Coffee machine's by the door.

Good night, Santa.

I'll be right back.

Dear Xiao-Ling,

thanks for your letter...

...and drawing of Santa

tripping over your dog.

It was hilarious.

Dear Alessandro...

...I'm sorry your family's

had a hard year, but Santa is real.

Dear Lars, I promise Santa will come.

He's the greatest man ever.

-Can I burn this?

-Sure.

There's millions like it.

This picture.

This drawing!

It isn't of Dad...

...or you...

...or Steve.

This is Santa!

And as long we get the bike to Gwen

before she wakes up, then Santa came!

And he cares!

Excuse!

Jingle bells, jingle bells

Jingle all the way

Oh, what fun it is to reach

Gwen Hines on Christmas Day

Jingle Bells

This boat smells

Three thousand miles to go

Oh, dear.

I've seen this before.

Sleigh fever, they call it.

Pressure of Christmas

sends a man doolally-tap.

Santa Claus XVI got it, I 802.

Every child that year got a sausage

nailed to a piece of bark.

Arthur, do you really think you can
row the Atlantic Ocean in the next...
-...37 minutes?
-It's not...
...too late yet.
I just have to keep going.
We need a blunt instrument.
Knock him out and regroup.
Make a legal U-turn,
then slight right in 4228 miles.
You do know
we're going round in circles?
You know, we're not the only ones.
Maybe I will see Evie again.
-What do you mean?
-Reindeer are...
...brave, powerful beasts...
...but they're also dappled cretins
with twigs on their heads.
They'll just keep going in a straight line
right round the world.
They'll be way up in the sky, flying...
...at unimaginable speed,
but they'll pass...
-...right over our heads.
-Great!
We can get the sleigh back!
Chief De Silva.
-Where is this UFO?
-It's circling the Earth, ma'am.
Nineteen minutes ago,
it went into orbit.
You? Up there? Catch that with this?
Magic dust.
You crack it over your head.
You'll have to focus. The sleigh'll be
coming at you at 45,000 miles an hour.
-45,000--?
-You'll be torn...
...in half!
Depends on the angle the sleigh hits.
You might just get beheaded.
I've got a phobia of being beheaded,
and heights and speed and reindeer...

...and buttons.
Buttons?
Yeah, I'm pretty much scared
of everything.
Gwen thinks you're coming.
You can't do this. Yes, you can!
No, you can't. Yes, you can!
Come on, Arthur!
Don't worry. Only a raving lunatic--
I have to worry!
It's the only thing I'm good at!
Worry me.
The sleigh'll be back any minute.
Come on. Worry me, quickly!
Imagine Gwen, all alone...
-...nothing under the tree.
-Here we go.
No! Don't like this! Stop! Stop!
Get me down!
The tears as she finds
she's been left out.
Screaming, "Santa didn't come!"
Oh, Gwen.
No! It's just...
-...too high!
-Gwen in the street...
...surrounded by kids
on new bikes, pointing:
"That's the girl that Santa hates!"
She runs away, alcoholic by the age
of 9. Dead before she's even--!
She may never build
a snowman again!
What if there are buttons on the sleigh
I don't know about?!
Here it is!
How do you think he's...?
Fine, fine. Probably just....
So how come they didn't
scrap the sleigh, sir?
I threatened the elves.
Said I'd feed them to the polar bears.
Elf, how do you fancy being the one
to tell his parents about all this?

Arthur!
-You did it!
-I did it with worry!
Oh, I was sure you'd die. It was great!
Proceed to the highlighted route.
Proceed to the highlighted....
Just keep worrying about Gwen.
I'll find a way there, boy.
Whatever it takes.
To Trelew!
Margaret.
Hand me my Me suit.
All sorted. Steve's...
...holding the fort...
...while I deliver the present, yes...
...and find Arthur and Father.
Well done, dear.
Trelew's on a course of 1 87.7 degrees
from the geographic pole...
...but as it's the old sleigh...
...allow a drift margin
of 1 000 miles either side...
...of the meridian.
Got a sweater for Arthur...
...your father's pills...
...and some nice sweet tea.
Curtains.
-S-1 dented.
-Sir. Sir!
Big scratch...
...down side.
"Popped out to take present.
Turkey sandwich in fridge.
Mum and Dad."
Espresso machine broken.
That idiot, Arthur. He's sent...
...everyone crazy.
He'll destroy Christmas.
And you'll never get to be Santa.
Steven!
23 Mimosa Avenue, Trelew.
Malcolm...
...there's no harm in using a manual.
-Men.

-Margaret, I order you to disembark.
It's not safe.
Piffle. I did a microlight flying course
on the Internet.
It can't be that different.
Steve.
You've dented it!
You take it out without asking?
Malcolm, you told me he knew.
You know how Steve feels
about his S-1 .
It's my S-1 . S for "Santa."
I'm flying to this child.
Of course she's all that matters.
Not me, your son.
Not the 2 billion things
I did right tonight. No!
This is about that pool table, isn't it?
I told you, you should've written to me.
I was 8. You're my dad!
For goodness sake!
Arthur and Grandsanta are out there...
...probably not wearing
nearly enough layers...
...and you two are bickering over
a big red toy?!
I'm not bickering.
If Steven could just...
...stand back--
Air bag.
You drive, Steven.
Thank you.
So since gift delivery
to child 47785BXK...
...is all that seems...
...to matter...
...I'll do it myself.
Then we'll pick up Arthur and Grandsanta
from whatever ditch they ended up in.
Maximum thrust.
When Santa said he'd be right back...
...what do you think he--?
He's not coming back!
The Santas are leaving!

Children don't matter?
Christmas doesn't matter!
Nothing matters!
It's like 1 81 6!
Abandon the North Pole!
-Everybody, panic!
-Are you sure you want...
...to delete Christmas?

Meltdown:

-Head south!
-It's all south from here, you fool!
I know where we can find...
...a map, lad!
A bit...
...risky, this.
Breaking the rules,
even in the old days.
There!
Biggest map in the world!
Dash!
Friends, on this night of peace,
we stand confronted...
...by an unknown danger.
Aliens. Aliens from space.
-Blast them from the skies!
-Let us do an autopsy.
But maybe the aliens come in peace?
They burst an inflatable...
...Santa Claus in Toronto.
On Christmas night!
-What a terrible thing.
-Let us attempt contact...
...but be ready to save our planet.
Hold tight, lad. This is where it gets...
...really rough.
Not now...
...you sack of antlers.
Alert level six.
It's coming down through
the atmosphere.
We'll see it.
Forty-six, 45...
...44, 43....

They'll be waiting for us, sir.
We were on the news.
All their technology against my Evie.
Oh, come on. Let's do it with worry!
Santa mustn't be seen, eh, lad?
Let's give them...
...something to shoot at.
We have visual.
Here it comes.
Take us to your leader.
England!
No sign of anyone.
-The sun's coming up!
-Come on, lad! You can...
...do it! Move your hooves!
Mankind greets you. Do you copy?
Season's greetings from mankind.
Good morning, do you copy?
The hull is some kind of
woody substance, ma'am.
Like wood.
Coated in lead paint.
The engine seems to be alive.
And furry.
Come on, lad!
Put your back...
...into it!
I have something. It's very faint but--
Scramble drone.
That's it, there!
We made it!
Not quite.
Dash!
It's right up me steam pipe!
-It's tracking something electronic!
-We haven't got...
...any "electrickery." Just wood...
...and brass and--
Oh, dear.
-Your slipper!
-Your slipper!
We have lock.
We got to get you down there, lad.
-They'll see us! We'll be stopped!

-Give me that.
-What are you doing?
-It's Evie they're after.
She doesn't fit this world, Arthur.
She's a relic.
Evie?
I always knew she'd be needed
one more time.
You go on. We'll let them have her.
You're coming too.
You were right, Arthur. It doesn't matter
how Santa's gift gets there.
Doesn't even matter if it's...
-...Mr. Postman in his spaceship.
-As long as it gets there.
You made it happen, lad.
No one got left out.
Get off.
Now, do as I say.
They're firing on us!
-A death ray!
-Made of chocolate...
...and oranges.
-Unidentified...
...varnished object...
...turn back or we shoot.
Go!
Turn back.
Happy Christmas!
In Santa we believe!
Go on, elf.
You too.
Fire missiles.
This is it, old fella.
Maybe the next...
...Santa never sat in my Evie...
...but Arthur did.
And he's as good a man
as any Santa there's ever been.
Goodbye, Evie.
Thank you, everyone.
You just saved Christmas.
Trelew.
Out with the old, in with the new.

Well done, dear.
Poor Arthur. He tried so hard.
-He's flunked again.
-Of course...
...he hasn't, dear.
We're here. The little girl
will get her present.
I think he's done rather splendidly.
My Margaret.
Good morning, Gwen. Ho, ho, et cetera.
Apologies for the minor delay.
I'm sure that even a child
can understand...
...that in an operation
as complex as Christmas...
...there's always an insignificant
margin of error...
...which is you. As a gesture...
...I've upgraded you
to the Glamorfast Ultra X-3...
...which retails at 9.99 more
than your requested gift.
Bigger ergo better.
If you wouldn't mind
just signing a legal waiver?
Pedro? A boy?
A Spanish boy?
This is an error.
Now get off the bike.
Will you get--?
No, no, no. Please don't cry.
No cry-o.
No "sob-idad."
It's over a mile.
We've got no sleigh, no reindeer,
and you can't even walk.
What are you doing?
I can cycle!
Oi! Come back!
What about the wrapping?!
The church. She lives by the church!
Happy Christmas, cows!
Meltdown. Ten seconds
to figgy Flensburg. Snowman.

German, leave out the carrot.
Is Santa on shoe?
What the--?!
Look, everyone! It's Arthur!
He's delivering the present.
-It's Arthur.
-Hooray for Arthur!
Meltdown paused.
Come back!
Oh, my head.
Ye baubles,
a beautiful young reindeer.
So who am I, then?
Okay, so I'm not great with children.
Does that make me a bad Santa?
You're hardly perfect.
Let me guess. You put in the address,
you saw a list of Trelews...
...and just clicked on the first one?
You're just like Arthur.
-Am I?
-North Pole...
But, sir...
...it's Arthur. He's still going.
Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!
Arthur?
No one gets an unwrapped present
on my watch.
Three bits of sticky tape.
Three.
Stand up!
Finger!
The church!
Right foot.
Left foot.
There it is!
One!
Hands up!
Arthur!
Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!
Nearly there!
Front wheel!
-Two!
-Yes!

That's it, there!
Back wheel!
-Ready?
-Do it!
Here we go!
Three!
Elf down.
Bryony?
Go on, Arthur. Quick!
There's always time for a bow.
No, we can't be too late.
It's so unfair.
Merry Christmas!
All the Santas
taking the missing present.
It's beautiful!
Hug me. Hug me.
Dad!
You came! I knew you would.
You wouldn't just go to bed
and forget Gwen.
You're Santa!
Give me that.
I'm Santa! I'm delivering it!
Don't be silly, I'm Santa.
Can't you see from me suit?
I am actually Santa,
and I think it would be best--
I'm Santa! You handed over!
-I didn't, in fact, technically--
-You said I could drive!
I'm Santa, you naughty boys.
Here, have a bonbon.
You--
It's Christmas!
Please.
Gwen just has to have a present
from Santa.
You do it, Arthur.
Mummy! Daddy! Wake up!
There's a ribbon! To downstairs!
-Father, please keep it down.
-Merry Christmas, everyone.
Dad, wait.

Please, let's....
In all my years, I've never actually....
Always so busy.
Too busy.
I'm not good at....
In my day, a pat on the back
and a walnut went a long way.
Mummy, Daddy, come on!
Look, a ribbon to downstairs!
-Come on, then.
-I think it's under the tree!
Oh, look!
What is it?
I can see pink!
It's a bike!
Santa brought me the bike I wanted!
Did he?
Can I have a go?
Please, please, please?
Steve...
...you deserve to be Santa.
But, Steve...
...I wonder if Gwen is right.
Watch out. Careful...
...I'm gonna bump into you.
Oh, no.
I'll be the candle, eh?
You're better men than....
Both of you.
A bike and...
...a squirrel!
Drop complete.
And we have a new Santa!
Christmas accomplished.
Arthur!
-Oh, Arthur.
-Commence...
...decking halls.
You know, I've always liked Arthur.
Do you think he likes espresso?
And may I 00 percent
of your Christmases be white.