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# Christmas With The Kranks

By Chris Columbus

We should get moving. Got a big day.

Okay.

Sunday after Thanksgiving,  
the busiest travel day of the year.

Can you remind me again, Blair,  
why you're traveling today?

The year will fly by.

I'll be home next Christmas.

-I love you, Mommy.

-Sweetheart.

Enough of this. She's going to be fine.

Daddy.

I love you.

Bye, honey.

Love you.

I love you.

Think she'll be okay?

-She'll be better than okay.

-I meant in Peru. In the jungle.

Please stop worrying about this, okay?

The Peace Corps is not going to send her  
someplace that's dangerous.

Just won't be the same.

What won't?

Christmas.

Did I tell you I'm doing dessert

for the art lunch tomorrow...

and I need a couple things from Chip's.

Here's a spot. Right there.

I need white chocolate and pistachios.

-I didn't bring the umbrella.

-I need that stuff from Chip's.

I didn't bring the umbrella.

-Well, I still need it.

-It's gonna have to wait.

-Look, you stay in the car, and I'll get a--

-I'll go.

Look, it's just sprinkling.

Listen, don't forget:

Dixon's white chocolate, one-pound bar...

and March Brothers pistachios.

Okay.

You could use an umbrella!

I just need some white chocolate.

What's the matter?

I just talked to Blair.

She called from the plane.

She called from the airplane?

Do you have any idea

how much it costs to call from an airplane?

-How is she?

-She's fine. She misses us.

-I'm standing over there. I can't--

-What? You didn't get the white chocolate.

They didn't have any.

Did you talk to Rex?

-Who's Rex?

-The butcher.

As odd as it sounds, I didn't think of asking  
the butcher where the chocolate was.

-But I will.

-Thank you.

I'll go talk to Rex right now.

Maybe he'll wonder why I'm all wet.

You sure you don't need a--

-Buddy, can I get one of those?

-Sure. Thanks.

I really think you need an umbrella!

No! You know why I don't want one  
of your stupid umbrellas? Because l--

Because I couldn't get any wetter!

Morning, Luther.

Hi, Mr. Krank.

Morning, Mr. Krank.

It'll be so different this Christmas,  
won't it, Luther?

Yes, it will be so different.

Nothing will be the same.

For the first time in 23 years,

Blair won't be here.

Might even get depressing.

Lot of depression at Christmas, you know?

Yeah, well....

I would just love to forget about it.

What are you looking at?

Why are you looking at me like that?

Finish your pasta.

I'm finished with my pasta.

It's you I'm not finished with.  
I'll be right back.  
-You wait right there.  
-Okay.  
Luther?  
What are you doing?  
It's not even Saturday night.  
-I have an idea.  
-Yeah?  
A brilliant idea.  
Make sure you shut the curtains.  
All right.  
Come over here. Turn around.  
What are you doing? Sit down.  
Button up and sit down.  
Look at this.  
This is a little ledger  
of what we spent last year for Christmas.  
Look at some of this stuff.  
What is this, \$63 for ornament repair?  
You got to be kidding me. Look at the total.  
We spent \$6,100 on Christmas last year.  
\$6,100 on--  
I heard you the first time.  
-With precious little to show for it.  
-Where is this going?  
The Caribbean.  
A 10-day luxury cruise on The Jubilee.  
The most luxurious ship in their fleet.  
Cayman Islands.  
Snorkeling. We go to Jamaica.  
We windsurf, whatever the heck that is.  
Look at the picture here.  
The Bahamas. We sit in the sun.  
-I might have to lose a little weight.  
-Heck, I'll lose it for you.  
What's the catch?  
I wouldn't call it a catch.  
We skip Christmas.  
We skip Christmas?  
We skip Christmas, save the money,  
and spend it on us for a change.  
I don't know.  
Come on, please.

You and I go bask in the Caribbean sun.

-How much is this gonna cost?

-\$3,000.

-We save money?

-Absolutely.

We can still give our charitable donations...

to Children's Hospital

and, of course, the church.

No, this is a total boycott, honey. Total.

It's \$600.

It's a total boycott.

I'm afraid that's all I'm gonna say about that.

Well, then, no.

What a stupid idea.

You're gonna let a lousy \$600

stand between us and a Caribbean cruise.

No. You are.

All right, look.

I'll match last year's contribution

to the church and to the hospital...

but not a penny more.

-When do we leave?

-High noon, Christmas day.

It's not even Saturday night.

I will not be celebrating Christmas this year.

As many of you know, Blair has joined...

the Peace Corps.

So Nora and I have decided to avoid

the rituals of Christmas...

save our money, and take a cruise.

Therefore, I will not be participating

in the usual holiday rituals.

I will buy no gifts and accept none.

Thank you, anyway.

I will not attend

the firm's black-tie Christmas dinner...

nor will I be here for the office party.

I am not angry and I will not yell...

"humbug" at anyone who offers me

a holiday greeting.

I am simply skipping Christmas.

-Hello, Mrs. Krank.

-Hello, Aubie, how are you?

I'm just a little worried

about your Christmas cards.  
Why are you worried?  
You always select the most beautiful cards.  
You really should put your order in.  
We're not gonna be ordering  
Christmas cards this year.  
-Do what?  
-You heard me.  
May I ask why not?  
You know, I'm really quite late for lunch.  
Bye-bye. Say hi to your mom.  
But we always have  
a live band at the auction.  
Yeah, but last year, the band cost \$15,000.  
We hired a deejay for the Cancer Ball.  
Ladies.  
-Hi, Aubie.  
-Hello.  
Mrs. Krank, we forgot to talk about  
your Christmas invitations.  
We won't be needing those, either.  
-No party?  
-No Christmas Eve party?  
No party this year.  
She's not ordering Christmas cards either.  
What's up?  
We're...  
taking a break.  
We're not gonna do Christmas this year.  
-How do you simply not do Christmas?  
-You skip it.  
But then what do we do Christmas Eve?  
You'll think of something.  
There are plenty of other parties.  
But none like yours.  
That's sweet.  
-When do you leave?  
-Christmas day.  
That's an odd time to travel.  
Apparently, not that many people travel  
on December 25th...  
and so Luther got us a great deal.  
Then why don't you have the party anyway?  
Because we don't want to, Merry.

We're taking a break.

One year off, no Christmas whatsoever.

-What do we do?

-I don't know.

Mr. Krank, I'm Randy Scanlon.

We're selling Christmas trees again  
this year.

Got yours right here.

You got a Canadian blue spruce last year.

This one's a real beauty. Almost 10 feet tall.

Mrs. Krank likes the big ones.

Aren't they cute?

-How much is the big one?

-\$90. We had to go up a little.

We're not buying a Christmas tree this year.

-Luther.

-We talked about this.

Sorry we had to go up on the price.

We're making less per tree than last year.

It's not about the money.

We're not doing Christmas this year.

We're gonna go away on a cruise.

We don't need a tree.

All right. Well, out of the frying pan...  
and into the fire.

Luther.

-What?

-Come here.

-Why?

-Come here.

-What are they doing?

-Who?

-Spilling their guts to Frohmeyer.

-Not Frohmeyer.

Are you intimidated by Vic Frohmeyer?

Honey, he's like the unelected ward boss  
of the street.

So Frohmeyer has a problem  
with our skipping Christmas?

Who's he gonna call?

The Three Wise Men? Santa Claus?

Don't underestimate him, honey.

Vic Frohmeyer lives and breathes  
for this neighborhood.

-You should've just bought the tree.  
-No.  
-You didn't have to put it up.  
-No.  
-You could've left it in the backyard.  
-Quiet.  
Why are you whispering? This is our house.  
I'm whispering for the same reason  
you're hiding behind that curtain.  
Hey, Walt.  
Luther Krank just stiffed the Scouts  
on a Christmas tree.  
Can you believe that, Mr. Frohmeyer?  
Do not put it up there.  
I want them on the back of the house.  
Move it to the right. The other right.  
-Becker's at it again.  
-Evening, Vic.  
Everybody's going to really miss Blair  
this year.  
The whole block's talking about it.  
How is she doing?  
She's doing just fine. Thanks for asking.  
How's your family?  
In great spirits.  
We're putting up decorations tonight.  
Wind it tight, Spike!  
-Hi, Dad!  
-Looks good, Mama!  
It's the greatest time of year,  
don't you think?  
I couldn't be happier.  
It's not gonna be the same  
without Blair here.  
Of course not.  
Honey, are you okay?  
-Come here. Honey!  
-Give me a hand.  
There are certain things around here  
that I'm gonna miss at Christmas.  
So you're...  
really skipping out?  
You got it.  
Somehow, it just doesn't seem right.



That's really not up to you to decide, is it?

But I got to tell you,  
the neighbors are pretty upset.

Really?

Christmas has always been a neighborhood  
thing around here. You know that.

Everybody decorates.

Everybody bakes cookies, and swaps gifts.

I guess we do it for the kids.

If you're trying to make me feel guilty,  
get off of it.

And you know what else?

I'd appreciate it if you...

and everyone else around here  
would just respect my wishes.

Whatever you say, Luther.

Weather should be clear tomorrow.

Perfect time to put up Frosty.

Frosty?

Tell you what, truth is, if I'm gone, I'm....

Vic?

Frosty is a Christmas tradition.

Frosty is a Christmas decoration.

I will not be told by Vic Frohmeyer that  
I have to decorate my house for Christmas.

Why won't you put up Frosty?

It's the principle thing. Do you understand?

We can forget about Christmas  
if we damn well choose.

And nobody,

not even Vic Frohmeyer, can stop us.

I will not be forced into doing this.

Have a good day.

Hi, Nora.

-Morning, Bev. Hi, Walt.

-Hey, Nora!

It was an accident.

Walt, why don't you put  
that cat of yours on a leash?

Only dogs wear leashes, old man.

Think you can run away from Christmas?

-I'm trying to.

-Guess it's a good way to save money.

-It's not about the money.

-Yeah, sure.  
Muffles, be polite.  
Will you two ever be friends?  
You know, I'd like to say yes, but....  
How you feeling today, Bev?  
Have my good days and bad days.  
Today's a good day.  
I'm glad to hear that.  
Come have your breakfast, dear.  
I got to get to work.  
Still working for the Man, huh?  
As a matter of fact, it is a man I work for.  
Thought they would've made you partner  
by now.  
I got to get to work.  
Have a good one, old man.  
One snowball with a little yellow spot on it.  
Just skim the top of that little head of his.  
Just like that.  
"Old man."  
Bah, humbug.  
Good morning, Mr. Scrooge.  
-Morning, Dox. Do I have any messages?  
-Wal-Mart called.  
Said I had to buy my own cheap perfume  
since Santa Claus isn't coming this year.  
Funny.  
Nora Krank!  
We're here for Frosty!  
-Hello.  
-Luther.  
-Hey, babe.  
-They're here.  
Who?  
Vic Frohmeyer, Wes Trogdon, Ned Becker,  
and a gang of their kids.  
We're here for Frosty!  
-They want Frosty.  
-They can't have him.  
Nora!  
Please give us Frosty.  
Honey, where is Frosty?  
-He's down behind the furnace. Why?  
-They won't go away.

Don't give them Frosty.  
You and Luther do not have to do anything!  
Just leave Frosty on the front porch.  
We'll put him up for you.  
-They said they'll put him up for us.  
-Absolutely not.  
-Please, Luther.  
-No!  
We'll come back later.  
And Frosty better be here.  
They're gonna come back!  
Listen to you.  
You're panicking on the phone  
in a locked house...  
because the neighbors  
are going door to door...  
to set up a ridiculous  
Sure, easy for you to say.  
Miles away in the safety of your office.  
Yeah, well--  
I am the one trapped here.  
I am the one dealing with this!  
All right, I agree. So maybe it's time  
that you left the neighborhood.  
Sure, honey.  
How do you think I'm gonna do that?  
The street is blocked  
with all of our neighbors.  
Walk to the garage, get in the car,  
start it, drive to the mall...  
I'll meet you at O'Leary's.  
Do it now! You can do this! Do it before--  
Bit more to the left.  
That looks good.  
-Hi, Mrs. Krank.  
-Nora?  
Vic, she's leaving!  
What's she doing?  
I'm so sorry.  
Sorry!  
Nora, stop the car.  
Stop the car. Please, listen.  
Don't do anything you'll regret.  
Now, please, indulge me for a second.

Stop the car. Listen to me. Give us Frosty.  
Stop the car.  
We just want Frosty.  
Talk to me. Please. Indulge me for a second.  
It's us women who handle Christmas,  
not men.  
I am the one taking the brunt  
for your harebrained scheme.  
I am the one on the frontlines.  
-I have a surprise for you.  
-What?  
Shut your eyes.  
All right, open them.  
-Honey, is this some kind of joke?  
-No, I got one, too. What do you think?  
A woman's bathing suit?  
Probably belongs with that.  
Nope, got my own.  
Look at that. Little cliff-diver thing.  
Honey, there is no way  
we are wearing these on this cruise.  
These aren't for the cruise.  
You know what's odd?  
Is when an Irish pub serves fish tacos.  
I don't get that.  
I got a little heartburn. I don't think I'm  
gonna do that again. Here it is, right here.  
Come on.  
Follow me, and don't mention her eyes.  
Hello, Mr. Krank.  
-Hi, Daisy. This is my wife, Nora.  
-Hello.  
I really don't want to do this.  
No, come on. I got a great deal.  
\$60, 12 visits.  
Why would we get a tan before the cruise?  
I thought the whole point was to get a tan  
during the cruise.  
Look at our skin.  
We kind of look like uncooked chicken.  
You look like a corpse.  
And you could use a little help yourself.  
Thank you.  
Dear God, this should be outlawed.

Okay, calm down.  
Excuse me.  
Excuse me. Hello!  
I need a BAND-AID.  
Nora Krank?  
Father Zabriskie. Hello.  
What are you doing here?  
It's a mall. I'm Christmas shopping.  
Of course you are.  
Are you okay?  
Yes. Sort of.  
You're bleeding.  
Yes, it's just a scratch.  
Could I get another towel, please?  
I'm looking for a BAND-AID.  
Jeez, lady, make up your mind.  
Nora, I hear it from a good source  
that you and Luther...  
have decided not to observe Christmas  
this year.  
Yeah, sort of.  
Father Zabriskie, Luther and I are fine.  
Everything is fine,  
and everything is completely normal.  
Attendant said you were bleeding.  
Are you all right?  
-Luther.  
-Hey, there.  
Father Zabriskie.  
Hey.  
We've made the front page.  
-Check it out.  
-Hold on.  
-"Skipping Christmas."  
-Yep.  
"The home of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Krank  
is rather dark this Christmas.  
"While their neighbors on Hemlock Street  
are decorating and preparing for Santa...  
"the Kranks are skipping Christmas.  
"They're preparing for a cruise,  
according to unnamed sources.  
"No tree, no lights,  
and no Frosty up on the roof..."

"and the only house on Hemlock  
to keep Frosty in the basement."  
-How do they know where Frosty is?  
-They have spies everywhere.  
"Hemlock, a frequent winner  
in The Gazette Street Decoration Contest...  
"finished a disappointing sixth this year.  
"'I hope they're satisfied now,'  
complained one unidentified neighbor.  
"'A rotten display of selfishness,'  
said another."  
-Who said that?  
-Could've been anybody.  
How dare they!  
What a bunch of losers.  
You know what?  
You know, I don't think I'm coming back  
from this cruise.  
Attagirl. Two more days  
and we're out of here.  
Two more, baby.  
Jerks.  
-Chocolate milk?  
-Sure.  
That's mine.  
-Regular.  
-Sorry I'm late.  
Hey. What's wrong?  
It's Bev Scheel.  
-Could you cover for me?  
-Sure.  
-What happened?  
-She went for a checkup yesterday.  
The cancer's back for the third time.  
-Has it spread?  
-They think so.  
That's awful.  
This could be her last Christmas.  
Sweetheart.  
Well, if it isn't old Scrooge himself.  
How do you think this photographer  
got this shot?  
-What photographer?  
-The one that took this photograph.

-That one.  
-Yeah, that one.  
He climbed up.  
-On your roof?  
-Yeah.  
-Why did you do that?  
-I don't know.  
He said he wanted to get a shot  
of the whole street.  
At least you're consistent.  
I try to be, old man.  
-Stop that.  
-Stop what?  
Stop calling me "old man."  
You're, like, 10 years older than me.  
-Am I?  
-Yeah.  
-Prove it.  
-Walt.  
I just heard about Bev. I am so sorry.  
How's she doing?  
Remarkably well. In good spirits.  
Decorating the house, baking cookies.  
Sure. If there's anything we can do,  
let me know.  
Thanks. I really appreciate that.  
They're here for Frosty.  
No.  
-I'll get it.  
-Thank you.  
-Good evening, Mr. Krank.  
-Good evening, officers.  
It's that time of year again.  
Your Police Benevolent Association's  
out there raising money for the community.  
That's great.  
You know, Toys for Tots, and we deliver  
gift baskets for the underprivileged.  
And ice skating for handicapped kids.  
Every year, we deliver presents  
for the elderly at the nursing homes...  
and, of course, our war veterans.  
Our big moneymaker is our calendar...  
and you buy one every year, so here we are.

We don't need a calendar this year.  
What a jerk.  
He said he didn't need one.  
Thank you for your contribution.  
Merry Christmas.  
Yeah, Merry Christmas. Good luck with it.  
-Merry Christmas.  
-Merry Christmas.  
We're from St. Maria's Lutheran Church  
out caroling. Are those folks home?  
Yes, they are.  
-Are they Jewish?  
-No.  
-Buddhist or anything?  
-No, none of that.  
They're just trying  
to avoid Christmas this year.  
-Do what?  
-You heard me. He's kind of weird.  
Skipping Christmas so he can  
save his money for a cruise.  
No.  
I think some Christmas cheer  
would do them good.  
-Really?  
-Why don't you go ahead?  
All righty then.  
Drop.  
Down!  
Go!  
This is fun.  
Christmas carolers  
right out next to our junipers.  
How lovely.  
It's not lovely. They're trespassing.  
Somebody set us up.  
-They're not trespassing.  
-Yes, they are.  
They're on our property.  
They weren't invited.  
Somebody told them to come.  
Scheel or Frohmeyer.  
-Christmas carolers are not trespassers.  
-I know what I'm talking about here.



-Why don't you have them arrested, then?

-I just may do that.

Call your friends

down at the police department.

-That's funny.

-Not too late to buy a calendar.

This isn't a joke. This is military.

This is SEAL stuff.

I saw it on Discovery Channel.

Come on.

Just sit right here. Here you go. Right here.

There. That's perfect.

Quietest room in the house.

No one can find us down here.

Free Frosty! Free Frosty!

Merry Christmas, Mrs. Krank.

Luther!

"Every Who down in Who-ville

liked Christmas a lot.

"But the Grinch who lived

just north of Who-ville did not.

"The Grinch hated Christmas,

the whole Christmas season.

"Now, please don't ask why,

no one quite knows the reason.

"It could be his head

wasn't screwed on just right.

"It could be, perhaps,

that his shoes were too tight.

"But I think

that the most likely reason of all...

"may have been that his heart

was two sizes too small."

Luther, your face.

-What about it?

-It's like it's frozen or something.

This?

I got a BOTOX injection today.

BOTOX treatment.

They take a big needle

and they inject it into your forehead.

It freezes your face like this.

I read it in a health magazine.

-How long are you gonna be like this?

-This is temporary.  
And then you got all your wrinkles are gone.  
-You should try this.  
-You ought to get your money back.  
-I can't live like this anymore.  
-What?  
We can't go out.  
Everywhere we go,  
people are whispering behind our backs.  
I can't go home. It's too depressing.  
I mean, there's no tree and no lights  
and no music.  
I can't talk to you.  
-You're just consumed with yourself.  
-That's not true.  
-Look how far you've gone.  
-Amazing.  
-Turning our lawn into an ice rink.  
-I can't feel anything.  
Somebody could've broken  
their leg or their neck.  
-You could've put a caroler in the hospital.  
-And that would be a bad thing?  
I'm kidding.  
I know this has been tough on you.  
But in just one day, 24 hours,  
we'll be on that trip.  
And it's all gonna be better. I promise.  
I don't know.  
Do you think that Blair  
will even think about Christmas?  
Probably not.  
I mean, she's in the rainforest...  
and around people who worship trees...  
and eat bark and frogs and that sort of stuff.  
-You gonna wear that?  
-Absolutely.  
Nice.  
Free Frosty!  
I know this is you, Spike. Goodbye.  
-Again? How many times is that?  
-About five or six times.  
Wish I had a snappy comeback  
for that smart guy.

-Who cares?  
-You're right.  
The islands are calling.  
-Free Frosty! Free--  
-Goodbye, Spike.  
-You're a genius.  
-Thank you.  
-All right, Frosty's dead.  
-What? Dad, is that you?  
-Wait a minute. Blair?  
-Yeah.  
Hi. No, that was a joke.  
I thought that was somebody from work.  
Your mom's getting on the other line,  
then we have something fun to tell you.  
-Blair.  
-Hi, Mommy.  
Hi, honey. It's Mommy.  
How are you? Where are you?  
I'm in Miami,  
and I'm coming home for Christmas.  
-What?  
-Are you guys surprised?  
-I'm stunned.  
-Surprised.  
-We landed about an hour ago.  
-That's great!  
-What do you mean "we"?  
-I have another wonderful surprise.  
-Yeah? What is it?  
-I'm with Enrique.  
-What's a rique?  
-Enrique.  
He's a doctor. We went to Brown together.  
You guys met him a couple of times.  
At my dorms and at my graduation.  
-Of course.  
-I don't remember.  
He's Peruvian.  
-Great. A Communist.  
-Honey!  
-Sometimes we called him Rick.  
-Rick?  
The guy that you went down there

to shack up with.  
He lived in a separate hut, Dad.  
Hut schmut. I want to see pictures  
to prove that.  
We've been friends for years.  
And he's just so wonderful.  
We fell in love while working together...  
and he's asked me to marry him.  
What?  
And I really want to.  
Honey!  
Enrique has always gone home  
for the holidays, so he's...  
never celebrated Christmas  
in America. And he's so excited.  
I told him all about Christmas there.  
The tree, the decorations...  
Frosty up on the roof. Everything.  
Is it snowing, Daddy?  
You know,  
Enrique has never seen a white Christmas.  
No, but I sense a storm coming.  
Okay, when do you land?  
When do you get in?

**-We land at 8:**

-Tonight?  
Yes, tonight. Just in time  
for our big Christmas Eve party.  
You are having the party, aren't you, Mom?  
Of course we are.  
Great! Mom, you are going to love Enrique.  
He wants to have a houseful of kids.  
Honey!  
Oh, Mom, I can't wait to be home.  
Pretty neat surprise?  
I am speechless!  
And your father is probably overwhelmed.  
Great. I love you, Mommy.  
I love you too, honey. Safe flight.  
Okay, I'll see you here.  
-She should've called sooner.  
-But she didn't.  
Why did you tell her

we're having that party?  
Because we are.  
I need my vest.  
I don't know who's coming to the party  
or what they're gonna eat...  
but we're having a party.  
What about our trip?  
Don't even start with me.  
This was all your stupid idea.  
Stupid idea?  
Five minutes ago, I was a genius.  
-Now you're an idiot.  
-How does one call change so much?  
Don't dwell on the past, Island Boy,  
we're having a party.  
Cheese, wine and Blairey's favorite:  
hickory honey ham.  
-Who's coming to this party?  
-I haven't gotten that far yet.  
-You're in charge of the tree.  
-We don't have one.  
Get one and put it up.  
Then you will get your little brown butt  
down to the basement and put up Frosty.  
-No!  
-Yes!  
We are going to perform  
a little Christmas miracle.  
If we pull it off,  
Blairey is never gonna know...  
about your stupid, ridiculous,  
childish scheme...  
of skipping Christmas.  
I'm sorry about this little ugly bush.  
-Merry Christmas.  
-It is, isn't it?  
-Duke Scanlon.  
-Hi, Duke.  
The same guy who brought you...  
that beautiful Canadian blue spruce  
a few weeks back.  
Okay, great! Merry Christmas to you.  
I need another blue spruce just like that.  
I really need a tree right now.

What do you got left?

Just one.

You know what? I like it. I'll take that one.

-Really?

-Yeah. How much is it?

-\$75.

-It says \$15 right there.

-Yeah. Supply and demand.

-That's kind of a rip-off, isn't it?

The Scouts could sure use  
your \$75 donation for their camporee.

What do you guys say I give you \$25?

\$75. Take it or leave it.

Yours?

-Hey, Wes.

-Hey, Luther. Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas to you, too, man.

I'm in a little bit of a bind.

I got to be at my in-laws' by 5:00.

I should've left two hours ago.

Let me give you a hand.

This won't take long.

Listen to me. My plans have changed.

I got a call from Blair.

She's coming home tonight.

-What about the cruise?

-I don't know.

-I can't find a Christmas tree, though.

-So?

Can I borrow yours?

-Wes, we got to go.

-Be right there, T.

-You want my tree?

-Yeah.

I can get it back in your house  
before you return.

-That's ridiculous.

-But I don't have a choice.

Everyone else needs their tree  
tonight and tomorrow.

-You're serious, aren't you?

-Dead serious.

-Trish wouldn't like it.

-Trish doesn't have to know.

-Hey, Trish!  
-Hi, Luther.  
-Honey, we got to go.  
-He's just saying Merry Christmas.  
Please.  
You break one ornament, we're both dead.  
I will leave it just like I found it.  
I appreciate this, I really do.  
-This is funny, you know?  
-Why am I not laughing?  
Free Frosty! Free Frosty!  
-Got to go.  
-Thanks.  
Guys! Fellas.  
Guys, I'm sitting right over here.  
-Scatter!  
-Go!  
-Wait.  
-Run!  
Wait, come here.  
I just want to talk to you, Spike.  
-Let me go!  
-Bad little elf.  
-Stop squirming around.  
-Get off!  
-Come on.  
-Don't hit me.  
It was a joke.  
The Frosty sign, the phone calls.  
I know. I'm not gonna hurt you,  
I'm not gonna hit you.  
But you do owe me.  
-All I got is \$20.  
-I don't want your money.  
I need a little help.  
That is one huge tree.  
It reminds me of this tree my dad got once--  
That's interesting. Here's the plan.  
Put the real delicate ones on the sofa.  
-Is this against the law?  
-Of course not. Just don't break anything.  
Spike!  
-Nothing valuable.  
-What's it say on there?

"Baby's first Christmas."

Perfect!

-Hello?

-Hey, Walt. Ned here.

-Merry Christmas, Ned.

-Merry Christmas, Walt.

Say, I'm watching the Trogdons' house.

It appears as if Krank has lost his mind.

-How's that?

-He's stealing their Christmas tree.

Hello. Excuse me, I am looking for a ham.

A hickory honey ham.

If there are any left, they'll be back there.

Thank you very much. Merry Christmas.

Excuse me.

Happy holidays.

-Are you sure this isn't illegal?

-Are you a cop? Come on.

-Can I buy your ham?

-Pardon?

Your ham, it's the last one.

And my daughter, Blair, is coming home

all the way from Peru...

and hickory honey hams

are her absolute favorite.

-And I'd like to buy it from you.

-No, it's not for sale.

But she's in the Peace Corps.

And I'd be willing to pay anything

above sticker price.

No, we're not interested.

You know, it's never too early

to start thinking about putting away...

a little something

for your child's college education.

You got it?

Come around here.

I want you to steer, I'll hold the back.

Ready? Come around the back.

Spike!

-Hello, Mr. Krank.

-Hey, fellas.

Where you going with that tree?

Spike and I are just taking it to my house.



Spike?

Yeah, the kid. Spike.

Did he just run that way? No? That's weird.

-Is this an imaginary friend?

-No.

Merry Christmas!

Stop!

Should've bought a calendar.

Gonna need it where you're going.

What do you want?

It's me, Spike Frohmeyer.

You know, Vic's kid.

Yeah.

If he says Trogon loaned him the tree,  
then he's telling the truth.

Here's the key. It's not a burglary.

Key.

Scram, Krank.

Thanks, Spike. I was kind of scared in there.

You'll be all right.

Try to relax, will you, Luther?

Get the tree.

-What happened?

-Unload the car.

-What's wrong?

-Nobody's coming.

I've called everybody we know,  
they're all busy.

-We'll have to invite the neighbors.

-Over my dead body.

-How's the tree?

-Well....

It's a disaster.

Take it or leave it.

Blue icicles and a Chicago Bear ornament?

Popcorn. Those aren't mine.

-Smoked trout.

-Better than frozen pizza.

What happened to the hickory honey ham?

Never say "hickory honey ham" again.

Hello. Blair! Hi, honey!

I'd like to talk to her  
to send her back to Peru.

You're in Atlanta? Wow.

We're just busy cooking away here,  
getting ready for the party.  
Of course I'm making caramel cream pie,  
your favorite.  
We'll be there at 8:00 to pick you up.  
I can't wait to see you, too. I love you. Bye.

**It's 4:**

and a jar of marshmallow cream.  
The liquor store closes at 5:00  
and they're holding a case of Pinot Noir.  
A case of wine for the four of us?  
Shut up. How long will it take you  
to put up Frosty?  
-Three days.  
-Great!  
When you finish, call all the neighbors  
and invite them to the party.  
What party?  
Merry Christmas, Nora.  
Merry Christmas to you, too.  
Why are you out running around?  
Just picking up last-minute stuff. You?  
Picking up some stuff. Few things.  
Big party tomorrow?  
Actually, it's tonight. My daughter's  
coming back from South America.  
We're just throwing a little party.  
She's bringing her new boyfriend.  
Blair.  
Yes.  
Would you like to come?  
You mean that?  
Absolutely. I mean, it's just drop-in.  
What time?  
-You're on Hemlock?  
-Yes, 1482.  
Thank you. Yes, thank you.  
Who are you?  
Not a clue.  
You get heavier every year.  
Up here!  
Come on.  
There we go.

I see Frosty.  
Kids! Guys!  
Mr. Krank is putting up his Frosty.  
Let's go.  
Come on. Straighten up there. Near perfect.  
-Good evening, Luther!  
-Hey!  
You need some help, buddy?  
No.  
Luther, hold on.  
Watch your balance!  
Easy! Careful!  
Careful, Luther!  
Back. We got to go back that way.  
Look out!  
You okay?  
Swell, Vic. Thanks. How about you?  
I called 911. They're on the way.  
-Thanks, Walt.  
-Bev made me.  
-It was up on the roof just a minute ago.  
-Is he all right?  
Poor Frosty.  
Yeah, "poor Frosty" my eye.  
He's okay!  
You should just let me drop. Let me fall.  
He's all right.  
What on earth are you doing? Are you okay?  
Actually, it was a suicide attempt.  
Apparently, I misread the instructions.  
Put my leg to sleep, though.  
He was up there by himself,  
trying to put up your Frosty.  
-Sweetie, here they come.  
-Here come the pros. Guys.  
Just hold on. I guess you can't, can you?  
Hurry up!  
Back off, I'll be all right.  
Move away. Let these guys handle it.  
Thanks. Just a little problem with the rope.  
If you could just untie it.  
Get a ladder, that would be helpful.  
But I don't know....  
What are you gonna do

with those clippers, guys?  
Got him?  
You okay?  
Dudes, over here.  
Slow down. That's good. Over here, man.  
Folks, move back.  
What's going on here?  
Luther here was up on the roof putting up  
Frosty and then they both fell off.  
Coming through.  
I thought you were skipping Christmas  
this year, Mr. Krank.  
What about that? What's going on there?  
Blair's coming home for Christmas.  
And she's bringing her boyfriend.  
-And she expects to see a Christmas tree?  
-Yeah.  
-And a Frosty?  
-Of course.  
And what about  
the annual Kranks' Christmas Eve party?  
That, too.  
-When does she get in?  
-Plane arrives about 8:00.  
All right, people, listen up. Gather around.  
We're about to have a party here  
at the Kranks'.  
A Christmas homecoming for Blair.  
Great idea, Vic.  
Drop what you're doing and pitch in.  
Nora, do you have a turkey?  
Smoked trout.  
Smoked trout?  
Anybody got a turkey?  
-We have two, both in the oven.  
-Beautiful. Get them.  
Ned, go to Brixley's. Get his Frosty.  
Get some lights, too.  
We'll put them along Luther's boxwoods.  
-Hold on. Why should we do this for him?  
-Yeah. He's a jerk.  
Regardless of how you feel about him--  
A lot of you have mixed feelings about him.  
But we're a community.

The people in a community stick together.  
Even if one of them has been behaving,  
for most of the holiday season...  
like a spoiled, selfish little baby.  
We're not doing this for him.  
We're doing this for Blair.  
Blair, who used to baby-sit all your kids.  
Blair, who comes home every summer  
and makes us all feel like family.  
That's right.  
Why should the daughter pay  
for the sins of the father?  
Now, if we even have a hope of pulling  
this off, you got to scatter.  
Grab a change of clothes and all the food  
you can, and get over here in half an hour.  
-Let's go.  
-Randy, Mike, let's go.  
-Thank you!  
-You're welcome, Nora.  
Guys, better go to the airport.  
-Why's that?  
-Blair needs a ride home.  
I don't know if we could do that.  
Shall I call the chief?  
We could do that.  
Got a hold of Frosty there?  
Easy. Up he goes.  
There you go.  
Finally.  
There's nothing like a white Christmas.  
Merry Christmas!  
Hi, everybody!  
-Hey, boss!  
-Hey, guys. Come on in.  
Aubie. Thank you.  
What are these?  
Honey.  
These illegal?  
Here. I have that one piece you need.  
I think that should go over there.  
Honey, look. Look. Mistletoe.  
Hello?  
-Hey, Blair.

-Blair?  
-You're 55 minutes early.  
-What?  
That's a heck of a tail wind. Yeah.  
That's great.  
We're waiting right here.  
Can't wait to see you.  
Love you, honey.  
That was your mom. We both love you.  
Bye-bye.  
-What are we gonna do? We'll never make it.  
-No, I got an idea. Hold it.  
Go!  
Go, Spike!  
Anything else that's in a box,  
just put it down in the cellar.  
You know what? It looks good.  
-See them?  
-I don't see my parents anywhere.  
Honey.  
Is that us?  
Hi, I'm Blair. This is Enrique.  
A police escort? I'm impressed.  
I guess my dad was really generous  
with his donation this year.  
Yeah. You have no idea.  
Thirty-seven minutes, my friends.  
Welcome to the United States.  
Hand me those bags.  
Officer Frohmeyer here. Do you read me?  
How many times I got to tell you, stay off--  
This is serious. Can you talk?  
-Yeah, go.  
-We need to stall.  
-Stall?  
-We're ready.  
We're not ready.  
Okay. Stall.  
I'll get it, thanks.  
-Merry Christmas, Luther. Here's a ham.  
-Can I help you?  
I'm sorry. I'm a little bit early.  
It's cold out there.  
-Why don't you go in? Enjoy yourself.

-I'm so happy to be here.  
Father Zabriskie,  
it's so nice to see you again.  
Thank you.  
-I don't know who he is.  
-He brings ham.  
Why are you driving so slow?  
Icy roads.  
Want to celebrate Christmas  
under a mistletoe or in a body bag?  
-Can I help you with that?  
-Thank you.  
-Good.  
-Here we go.  
Honey, I talked to everyone.  
No one knows that guy.  
He knows them.  
What is.... How do.... What?  
Thanks, Father.  
-Robbie, check that bottom string.  
-Yes, sir.  
That's good enough.  
We don't have much time.  
Randy, plug it in.  
Sweet.  
It's just the lights.  
-I'll go check the breaker.  
-I'd better go help Luther.  
Do you know anybody at ComEd?  
Officer Frohmeyer here. Do you read me?  
Hurry, I'm running on batteries.  
-What's up, Spike, sir?  
-We need more time.  
-Roger.  
-What was that? Talking about time.  
He said crime.  
Possible domestic disturbance.  
We'd better check it out.  
What are you talking about?  
We'll put those down here on the table,  
I think, just as the entre.  
Aubie, put the cookies over there  
on the edge of the table.  
-There was a box with some balls in it--

-You took the big box downstairs.  
Finally!  
Wonderful!  
-It looks wonderful, everybody.  
-Place looks great.  
She's gonna be here any minute!  
Honey, I need to do something  
about your tan, and we need to change.  
Will you please tell me  
what the hell is going on here?  
We got to stall.  
Just for a few minutes  
until they get the party started.  
Okay.  
See, it's fine. Just checkup.  
Let's walk over to this door  
like we're investigating something.  
I'll put my hand on my gun,  
make it look official.  
Yeah, you do that, Mr. Terminator.  
I look like my mother.  
And she's been dead, what, 15 years?  
That's enough time. Let's go back to the car.  
Okay.  
What was that? Looks like a break-in.  
-No way.  
-Yes way.  
I don't need this. Not now.  
Break-in rate is very high on Christmas Eve.  
I know that, but we got a party to go to.  
So, what do you want to do, ignore it?  
We can't do that.  
-There he is.  
-Police!  
Eat this!  
Go get him. Go on, get going.  
Get up! Come on, he's getting away.  
Hurry up!  
What are you doing lying there?  
He's getting away.  
All right, don't move.  
Stay right where you are.  
Police.  
-Get him!



-Police.  
All right! We got him.  
Honey, this is gonna be  
Enrique's first Christmas in America.  
I hope we make a good impression.  
Nora, are you sure about this?  
-I look like a Mafia lieutenant.  
-The black makes your skin look lighter.  
And Blair is never to know about the cruise.  
Do you understand?  
I heard you the first 60 times.  
Frohmeier One to Frohmeier Two.  
-The Eagle has landed.  
-Roger.  
Ned! They're here!  
-I'm not finished.  
-Hide!  
Guys, Blair's here!  
I see her!  
-They're here!  
-What if we don't like him?  
We raised a smart girl.  
Welcome home!  
They're getting out of the car!  
She's home! Everybody, she's here!  
Good to see you.  
-Who's this?  
-Enrique, my boyfriend.  
-Vic Frohmeier. Pleased to meet you.  
-Pleased to meet you, sir.  
This is so exciting. Hi, guys.  
Your parents are dying to see you.  
Didn't Luther do a great job on the house?  
Honey, they're here!  
-I can't believe I'm home.  
-We can't believe you're home, either.  
Dad.  
-Luther Krank. This is Nora, my wife.  
-Hi, I'm Enrique DeCardenal.  
Come here, you!  
-Merry Christmas.  
-Merry Christmas to you.  
-You guys look great.  
-We've been watching what we eat.

-And you've been in the sun.  
-No, we have not.  
No. I wear black to make me look lighter.  
The party! Look, there's the party!  
Come on, it's the party!  
Everybody, look! Party!  
Nice to see you.  
I'll take the light one, you take the rest.  
Hey, Aubie, how are you?  
Kid.  
Come here.  
I'm freezing to death.  
I'm starving out here.  
I haven't eaten in seven days.  
-Seven days?  
-Yeah.  
Any scraps I get, I give to the kids.  
-What kids?  
-My kids.

**I got four:**

And all I wanted to do was give them  
a real Christmas this year.  
They deserve it.  
Okay, you got 20 minutes inside.  
Enough time to get warm, grab some food.  
Then it's back to the police car.  
No funny business, right?  
Swear?  
On my kids' lives.  
Have to try hickory honey ham.  
It's Blairey's absolute favorite. It's a classic.  
-The food's that way.  
-Thanks, son. I appreciate it.  
-We've had ham since she was a little girl.  
-Welcome home, Blair.  
-Merry Christmas.  
-Merry Christmas.  
I suppose this is your boyfriend.  
-Yes. Honey.  
-Hi, I'm Enrique DeCardenal.  
-Call me Marty.  
-Houston, we have a name.  
-Is that a Peruvian accent?

-How could you tell?

I lived there for five years. I miss it so much.

-I'm going to talk to Marty for a second.

-Okay. Go ahead.

He's charming.

-Who is that?

-You know Marty. Everybody knows Marty.

Merry Christmas.

Aren't you sweet?

Bless you.

I would like to propose a toast, if I may.

Here's to my new family and friends.

Thank you for making me feel so welcome.

And I just wanted to say...

thank you to all of you.

To our friends and our neighbors...

for helping us make this...

really, the most wonderful

Christmas Eve ever.

You really have shown us

the true meaning of community.

And thank you all so much.

Merry Christmas.

Same goes for me, double.

Cheers.

Fellas, how about a party tune?

G.

That was it?

That was the best you could come up with?

I'm not really good at toasts.

After all they've done...

you couldn't just come up

with a simple "thank you"?

I did. It was just short and sweet.

You're still moping...

because you don't get to go

on your precious little cruise.

There's still time.

-What?

-We could still go.

Listen to me.

Enrique and Blair can stay here,

have the house to themselves.

We go, and we all have a romantic getaway.

Your daughter just flew  
thousands of miles home...  
with her very sweet future husband...  
to spend Christmas with us.  
You know...  
I've spent six weeks planning  
for this vacation.  
That's longer than they've been dating.  
Everyone out there sacrificed  
their Christmas Eve to help us.  
I thought maybe that might affect you.  
Maybe have you start thinking about  
putting others first instead of yourself.  
But I really don't think that's possible.  
It's a shame.  
Why don't we move in a little?  
Hi, how are you? Merry Christmas to you.  
It's cold out there.  
Bravo!  
Luther!  
Frosty?  
Merry Christmas, Luther.  
Merry Christmas to you, too, Walt.  
-You're missing your party.  
-Well, there's....  
How's Bev?  
She's having a good day. Yeah, thanks.  
We started over to see Blair,  
but, you know, the snow started and....  
So how's the boyfriend?  
You know, actually,  
he's a very nice young man.  
-Merry Christmas, Luther.  
-Merry Christmas to you, too, Bev.  
-You feeling okay?  
-That was a pretty nasty fall.  
It could've been worse.  
I mean, that cord could've snapped and....  
You know, Nora wanted me to drop this by.  
I'm allergic to pork,  
and Bev's not much of a meat-eater.  
Not to worry, because Mel's hams  
are generally just filled...  
with a gelatin and a fat-like substance.

Please.

It's very thoughtful, Luther.

You know, have a good one.

Could I come in for a minute?

Thanks.

Blair's gonna be staying with us  
for 10 days...

so we're not taking the cruise.

And Nora and I would like you guys  
to have it.

Flight leaves at 12:00 noon tomorrow.

You got to be there

two hours ahead of time.

It's 10 days in the Caribbean.

Islands and beaches. The works.

It's a dream vacation.

We can't take it, Luther. It's not right.

I didn't purchase the travel insurance.

So if you don't take it,

the whole package is wasted.

I'm not sure my doctor would allow it.

I've got that Lexon deal on the front burner.

Benny said he might stop by tomorrow.

And we couldn't leave the cat.

This is from us to you.

This is a sincere, heartfelt...

no-strings-attached Christmas offering...

to two very selfless people

who are, at this moment...

having a very difficult time

looking for an excuse.

Benny did say he might stop by.

Face it, Bev,

Benny hasn't been home in years.

Look, I've got everything right here.

I got airline tickets.

I got cruise passes. I've got a brochure.

What's it cost? If we decide to go,

we'd want to reimburse you.

This is a simple gift, Walt.

No costs, no payback.

Don't make it complicated.

-Our names aren't on the tickets.

-I know. I'll take care of that.

What about the cat?  
Yeah, that's a problem, huh?  
Too late to call the kennel.  
We can't just leave him.  
We could ask Jude Becker.  
She's allergic.  
I'll take the cat.  
-What?  
-Are you sure?  
Yeah.  
Look at that.  
See? Maybe if you don't step on him  
so often....  
Yeah. It'll be fine.  
-Thank you so much.  
-Merry Christmas.  
Well, I should get back to my party.  
This means so much.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
Does this mean we have to start  
being nice to each other?  
-Of course not.  
-Good.  
Because I still don't like you  
that much, old man.  
That's good.  
I'm not that fond of you, either.  
Bev, we gotta pack!  
Luther! Help me!  
Ned!  
What in God's name are you doing up there?  
Blair came home.  
Frohmyer took down the ladder.  
He went inside, forgot about me.  
Have you been up there all this time?  
I'm frozen, stuck to Frosty!  
I'll get you down!  
What are you doing?  
You swore on your kids' lives!  
-What kids?  
-Help! Police!  
Easy, come on.  
Go on inside. Drink something hot.

Get down from there. Get down off the roof!

My car.

You all right?

What's in that bag?

Not bad.

Good job, Santa. All right, come on.

Get up here. Let's go.

-You swore to me.

-I'm growing tired of catching you.

-What's this all about? What's going on?

-I told you you could use an umbrella.

What?

-Marty.

-Yes.

Wait. You're the guy that was selling the umbrellas in the rain, aren't you?

It's a living.

I meet a lot of nice people this way.

I got to run because I can't pass up this kind of weather.

It's always good for business.

Thank you for the party.

You're welcome.

I'm sorry you got to work on Christmas Eve.

Santa always has to work on Christmas Eve.

Yeah, I suppose he does.

Merry Christmas!

Bev Scheel just called.

Maybe I was wrong about you.

This night is full of surprises.

Skipping Christmas. What a stupid idea.

Maybe next year.

Merry Christmas!