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Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer

By Jim Fisher

Its the Christmas season,
a time for telling colourful
holiday stories.
My favourite story of all time
is about my grandma.
She had this encounter with a reindeer.
Grandma got run over by a reindeer
walking home from our house Christmas Eve.
You can say theres no such thing
as Santa,
but as for me and grandpa, we believe.
Grandma got run over by a reindeer,
all right?
And as incredible as it was,
it almost put an end to Christmas.
But Im getting ahead of myself.
So lets go back to the beginning.
It was December and everyone in Cityville
was caught up in the chaos of the holidays.
And no place was busier
than my grandmas store.
My grandmas store!
There it is.
Check it out.
It was a one-of-a-kind place.
She carried all kinds of stuff
year around.
She sold decorations, handmade toys
at least one of anything you could
imagine for the holidays.
Theres grandma.
Did I mention she likes to dress up
to read Christmas stories to kids
while their parents shop?
And the little baby Christmas tree
looked up at papa tree Grandma!
And thats me, Jake Spankenheimer.
Cousin Mel is scaring away
another customer!
You can stop right there.
Thats shoplifting, missy.
Now, what seems to be the problem?
Problem? No problem.
No money, no merchandise.

No way!
Your credit is always good here, Martha.
Why, you just stop by
when you get your next paycheck.
Thanks, grandma.
Everyone have a merry Christmas!
You, too.
Things have to change.
This store cant get rich selling
holiday pastries on credit.
Youre not a businesswoman.
Youre an old fruitcake.
Everyone else is happy the way things are.
Right, Frank?
Beats punching a time clock
for someone else.
I like spending time with the family at work.
You see, look around you.
We are rich.
Lifes about being nice to people.
Money ah!
Id say we make enough.
Enough?
Enough is never enough!
A set of replacement wheels
for my rollerblades
Adding to your Christmas wish list?
Sisters!
Ah, yeah, I thought so.
A computer nerd who still
believes in Santa Claus.
Youre so reality challenged.
Daphne, stop teasing your brother!
He started it!
Come on downstairs.
Your dad has a surprise.
Tell her, mom.
Santa Claus is real.
Well,
theres no easy answer.
Historically, there was a saint Nick who
with a loving heart filled childrens
shoes with gifts of all sorts.
So, Santa today represents

the true meaning of Christmas
giving to others.
Dad, is Santa Claus real?
What your mother said.
Hey, who wants to put up a tree?
Oh, right, Christmas tree!
Thats not a Christmas tree.
Youre looking at the new inflatable
Christmas tree manufactured
by the Cityville Own-all Corporation.
But our family always goes out
and gets a real tree.
Dont you want to save the forest?
Nobody gets a tree anymore.
Its not cool.
Wish they had Christmas trees
like that when I was a boy.
Here we go again.
We had to chop our trees down by hand.
Never forget the time I had to use
a beaver for a chain saw.
Last time you told it,
it was a woodpecker.
Okay, everyone, gather round your dad.
I want a video of our first
inflatable tree.
This tree is going to save lots of time.
Whats the fun in that?
Wheres the jabbing yourself
with pine needles,
hanging ornaments, the old-fashioned
smell of a genuine douglas fir?
If you like old-fashioned smells
Ill get my fishing boots.
Oops
Sorry.
As crazy as things were at home,
they got crazier the day I met
the most powerful man in Cityville.
Excuse me. Im
Austin Bucks!
CEO of the Cityville Own-all Corporation.
Grandma says you own everything.
Well, not yet, but thats why

I want to speak to your grandma.
Im sure she wants to see you.
But right now, grandma Elfenheimer
is reading to the kids.
I heard about that.
Say, you wouldnt happen to have
an extra elf costume I could wear?
Nope, sorry. But theres a troll costume.
Well, grandma Elfenheimer.
Mr. Austin Troll Bucks.
I dont suppose youre dressed that way
to read Billy Goats Gruff to the kids.
No. I did it so youd listen
to my offer to buy your store.
Didnt help. Dont want to listen.
Ill pay a lot of money.
Ka-ching!
Youd be selling to the biggest
and the best.
Do you know why my company controls
every mall and sidewalk, Santa?
Because people are too busy
to think about Christmas.
With their cellular phones
and fax machines, e-mail
theyre never really away from work.
And you figure youre helping.
Yes. There wouldnt be a Cityville
Christmas without me.
Your store sits on the perfect place
to build the crown jewel of my empire.

Picture it:

Christmas Eve by our new sleighmobile.
Isnt that what Santa does?
How cute. He still believes in
Santa Claus.
Jake, do you think
I should sell the store?
Are you kidding?
I love this place.
You with no store would be like
Christmas without Santa.
Well, there you have it

from the mouths of babes.
Surely youre not going to let Jake
make such a big decision.
Hes just a kid.
In case you change your mind.
Thank you.
And you can keep the troll costume.
Bye-bye.
Ive always loved a man in tights.
Grandma, do you realize
what you just did?
You let my fortune walk out the door!
That was my future!
I mean Jakes future
Money for college, travel to Italy,
world cruises, sports cars, jewels
Id tell you to put a cork in it,
you greedy money-grubber!
But grandmas shouldnt talk that way.
Grandma,
if this store were mine,
Id sell it.
Cousin Mel,
this store will never be yours.
Oh, yeah!
Well see.
Cousin Mel was wrong.
You can keep a store going
on goodwill and baked goods.
By the looks of my house
at Christmas time
youd think grandma was single-handedly
supplying the entire free world
with Christmas goodies.
The way I see it, you can divide
the world into two groups:
People who like fruitcake,
and all the rest of us.
The holidays were upon us
and things were going fine
till the day I heard the doorbell
and a chill ran up my spine.
I grabbed the wife and children
as the postman wheeled it in.

My yearly Christmas nightmare
has just come back again:
It was harder than the head
of uncle Bucky,
heavy as a sermon of preacher Lucky,
ones enough to give the whole state
of Kentucky a great big bellyache.
It was denser than a drove of
barnyard turkeys,
tougher than a truckload of all-beef jerky
drier than a drought in Albuquerque
grandmas killer fruitcake.
Youre a great helper, Jake.
Now, just stir that bowl of ingredients
and its ready for the oven.
Grandma, Jake,
Im afraid Doofus got out again.
I cant find him anywhere.
Why, I wonder where that adorable dog
could have run off to this time.
Come on, Jake.
Hah! I dont know who buys your
cakes and cookies
but this will for darn sure
make everyone sick.
That ought to stop people
from shopping at the store
and with no customers youll
have to sell, grandma!
Doofus was right next to the fireplace.
Must have missed him.
What were you saying?
Id have to sell?
Oh, sell a lot, the way
these pastries taste.
Careful, grandma. Dont drink too much
eggnog without your medication.
Youd think at my age youd
outgrow an allergy to eggs.
Now, whered I put those pills?
Ive got some mistletoe and holly. Whos
going to help me with the decorating?
Cant. Have to call my boyfriend.
Sorry, grandma, got to dash to the gym.

Uh, Id love to, but Frank
The games just starting on TV.
Ill help you, grandma.
My little man.
Thanks.
Nobody understood me like grandma did.
Christmas time was as important to her
as it was to me.
Well, we did it.
Thats right on the nose, Jake.
We did it.
The sooner you go to sleep,
he sooner Santa will come.
Grandma, Daphne says
heres no such thing as Santa.
Well, thats because she
doesnt believe like I do.
Have you ever seen him?
No, but Ive seen him in the smiles of people
who share with others every Christmas.
If you ever run into him, say hi for me.
Good night, Jake.
Grandma got run over by a reindeer
walking home from our house
Christmas Eve.
You can say theres no such thing
as Santa,
but as for me and grandpa, we believe.
Well, Im fixing to take these
extra cookies and cakes
to the volunteers at the Cityville
community services building.
Its too late to go out now, grandma.
If Id had some help I would have been
finished hours ago.
I was busy.
Sorry, had to finish my homework.
Last-minute shopping.
Youve been drinking too much eggnog.
Please, dont go!
Were begging!
Besides, I left my medication
at the store.
On, Donner! On, Blitzen!

Its him! Santa Claus!
He is real!
Grandma, watch out!
Come on, everyone!
Hurry! Grandma got run over
by Santas reindeer!
Jake, close the door and get in here.
Santa hit grandma! Grandma needs help!
The only person who needs
help in this family is you.
Now, Jake, calm down. Take a breath.
Okay, Santa Claus was
flying low like this.
And grandma was walking like this
and is here, and
Now, honey, you must have had
a bad dream.
In case you havent noticed, Frank, your
son suffers from a dreaded affliction.
What affliction?
The Santa Claus is real syndrome.
Hes got all the symptoms:
Writing lists to Santa, checking them
twice, good behavior,
falling asleep before midnight.
I figure he gets it from his grandma.
You saw what happened, didnt you,
grandpa?
Im sorry. Were you talking to me?
I was too busy watching grandma get
run over by a reindeer-drawn sleigh.
Yes!
What a sight!
Sleigh come out of nowhere.
Grandma takes a header into the
snowbank. Sleigh vanishes
like the ghost of Christmas past!
And thats whats called an advanced
case of Santa Claus is real syndrome.
Oh, honestly, grandpa.
Weve got to go help grandma!
Nothing is out there.
Frank, do something.
Look, Jake, if I call the local shelter

and have grandma speak to you
will you go to bed?
But she wont!
I saw her!
I told you Santa hit her with his sleigh!
Call the police!
Thats right, officer.
Missing.
Hit by Santas sleigh.
Yes, weve been drinking eggnog.
Theyll be out first thing in the morning.
And what did you see, young man?
I saw grandma get run over by a reindeer.
Here we go again.
Sorry, son, impossible.
Right here in the manual.
Theres no such thing as Santa Claus.
Is, too.
We got a code 12-25:
Santa Claus is real syndrome
family dispute.
Come on!
Ill show you where she got run over.
When we found her Christmas morning
at the scene of the attack
See?
she had hoofprints on her forehead
and incriminating Claus marks
on her back.
Okay, weve got some reindeer hoofprints
and sleigh tread marks leading to a
Oh, yeah!
What appears to be an impression of a
person in the snow, look there. But, uh
How do we know its grandma?
Doofus knows!
Thats one of grandmas shoes.
Thats her special Christmas mug.
Her medicine.
And her cookies and
her fruitcake!
Officer Lyon, check this out.
Ooh, what do you make of this?
Offhand, Id say thats animal hair.

Reindeer, 15-hands high, 12-point buck.
By the markings, a sleigh-puller. Powerful,
capable of flight, age unknown, one of a
But its just a guess.
Okay, then. Ill just put it down
as sleighicular hit-and-run.
Whats the code for that?
You should remember that one.
Its a 12-24.
Oh, right, 12-24.
I get it.
Just a minute, Sherlock.
Before you put out an APB for a sleigh
driven by Santa Claus
who, may I remind you, does not exist
Id like to know where grandma is.
Good point. We can work
the Santa angle later.
Better get looking for the old broad.
Well need a photo of the missing person.
That started the biggest grandma hunt
in Cityville history.
The police searched every
nook and cranny for granny.
Time passed, and police kept
looking and looking.
Months went by.
We looked and looked.
I even got permission to put
grandmas picture on milk cartons.
Nothing helped, not even stories
on the local news channel.
Grandma was nowhere to be found.
Grandmas Christmas gifts remained
unopened and people dressed in black.
Grandpa tried to cope by playing cards
with cousin Mel.
It wasnt any better at the store,
either. Mom and dad tried their best.
But without grandma,
customers stopped coming in.
My office said you called
and wanted to see me.
I wanted to apologize for the way

grandma treated you last year.
Did anyone ever tell youre very good
looking for a man with
deep pockets?
I was dusting.
Well, go dust somewhere else!
You cant tell me what to do.
Its grandmas store.
That reminds me, are you still interested
in buying this establishment?
Well, its the ideal location for our
sleighmobile division.
Good, because I know grandma
would want me to sell it.
I have the deed right here.
Unfortunately, your names not on the
deed, just grandma and grandpas.
But if grandpa agrees,
then I could buy the store.
Im sure I can trick I mean,
get grandpa to agree.
Youve been so depressed
since grandma disappeared.
Thats why I had you bring me to my
favorite restaurant to cheer you up.
Ill cure your sorrow.
Well spruce up the store, order
new merchandise, hire a baker.
Its right here in these papers.
All you have to do is sign.
Sing?
No, sign.
Sure.
So, sign.
Id rather sing.
Grandmas spending Christmas
with the superstars
since that reindeer ran her down
that fateful night .
Grandmas hanging out
with all those late, great stars
for the heavenliest Christmas of her life.
Shes standing under the mistletoe
with Elvis.

Hes been consoling her
because shes missing gramps.
Then Elvis offers her the keys
to a new Cadillac,
well, well, and a couple of sheets
of Elvis postage stamps.
Grandmas spending Christmas
with the superstars
since that reindeer ran her down
that fateful night.
Grandmas hanging out
with all those late, great stars
for the heavenliest Christmas
of her life.
Okay, Ill sign.
Oh, this is easier than I thought.
Sign here and here. Initial this.
Oh, and this one gives me power
of attorney over your affairs.
Ill be your dedicated money manager
forever.
I do feel better.
Perfect!
This is it. The last of grandmas
fruitcakes from last Christmas.
Oh, do you think its still good?
Did she use preservatives?
Preservatives? Its a fruitcake.
What do we do when its sold?
Nothing!
Because were going to be rich!
We won the lottery!
Were going to be rich?
Were going to be rich!
We could retire?
Whats going on?
Our boats come in.
Cousin Mel says we won the lottery!
Won the lottery? All right!
Sort of.
Actually, Im going over to see Austin
Bucks and sell this dump for millions.
Thank grandpa.
He gave me power of attorney.

Do what?

Grandpa!

How could you do that?

I thought I was helping.

Talk about having your cake
and eating it, too.

Ive got to stop her.

Mr. Bucks office which way?

Jake! Nice stop.

Please, please dont buy grandmas store.

Too late, kid. With this last piece of
property Mr. Bucks will own all of Cityville.

Who are you?

Cousin Mels attorney, I. M. Slime.

You said it, not me.

Sorry, Jake.

The only person who can stop this sale
is your grandma but

no one knows what happened to her.

She got run over by Santas reindeer.

I just need more time to find grandma.

Now, Austin, darling, why dont we go
somewhere romantic

and consummate this deal?

You got it, kid. This deal doesnt
close till the end of the week.

No!

Youre an attorney. Do something!

Sue somebody!

A bit of advice.

If you really believe grandma was run over
by Santas reindeer then find him.

He should know where grandma is.

Okay, I will!

I have till the end of the week to stop
cousin Mel from selling grandmas store.

Look, Sherlock. Youve tried your best
to find grandma.

Your room is search central.

You got no results from your
do-it-yourself police sketch.

Your dry erase board is full of
dead-end clues.

Give it up.

You're right, Doofus, we can't give up.
What's this?
Printout of my old Christmas list?
Look, Doofus, it's not as simple as adding
find grandma to my Christmas list
and e-mailing it to Santa Claus.
Wait.
Doofus, you're a genius!
To Santa Claus @SantaClausIsReal.com.
Quincy, you better see this.
None.
Not a single letter from Cityville.
It's as if they're too busy
with their prefabricated,
mass-produced lives to need me anymore.
Excuse me.
I might as well shave my beard
and cancel the holidays in Cityville.
If I could meet just one stinking person
who understands the holidays are about
human kindness
with only a touch of conspicuous
consumption.
Yes, Quincy? What's this?
Careful, Royce.
Donna wanted a doll with braids with
a red ribbon.
She's on the good list.
The mystery of grandma X is solved.
Grandma Spankenheimer?
Grandma Spankenheimer?
Spankenheimer?
No, never met her. But you might ask
one of those short fellers.
Classic case of amnesia.
Can't remember a thing.
The Christmas lights are on but
nobody's home.
E-mail a reply immediately!
I have a better idea.
Call off the hound!
Hi, I'm Quincy,
Santa's elf.
Top elf, to be exact.

I fly right seat on the sleigh.
The man in the red suit doesnt make
a move without consulting me first.
Youre an elf.
The genuine article.
What are you doing here in September?
I came to ask a question.
Would you like to find your grandma?
More than all the presents in the world.
Then follow me.
Grandpa, Im going to the North Pole
to find grandma.
Fine, thanks for telling me.
Old St. Nick and Mrs. Claus
decided just this year:
there wont be any Christmas
the feelings just not here.
Some kids get more than they need
and some are spoiled rotten.
And when it comes to Christmas time
too many are forgotten.
It will feel like Christmas
to people everywhere,
it will feel like Christmas
when we all learn to share.
Santa said to Mrs. Claus
Somethings way off track
I cant get into Christmas
until the spirits back.
It will feel like Christmas
to people everywhere,
it will feel like Christmas
when we all learn to share.
You better have a good reason
why you broke elf code
and brought a human here.
Thought youd like to meet
Jake Spankenheimer.
The Jake Spankenheimer who loves
rollerblades,
video games, pillow fights
with his sister,
procrastinates once in a while with his
homework not that I condone it ,

writes to me every Christmas
and helps his grandma in the kitchen?
Its nice to finally meet someone from
Cityville who still believes in me.
Pretty cool.
Which is why youre not sweeping up
reindeer chips.
Grandma, theres someone here
who wants to see you.
Grandma!
Okay, Ill bite. Who is he?
Its me, Jake. Dont you remember?
No, nothin.
Wait
No. Thought I had somethin.
Youve got to remember.
Cousin Mels taking over.
Whos cousin Mel?
You know, big red hair, greedy,
moneygrubbing,
too much jewelry, beats grandpa at cards.
She doesnt sound very nice.
She isnt.
If you dont come back right away shes
going to sell your store to Mr. Bucks.
Without it, our family and Christmas
will never be the same.
Thats terrible.
Who are you again?
Will you come back with me
and stop the sale?
Better than laying around here all day
getting fat.
Oh, yeah!
Quincy, hook up the reindeer to the sleigh.
Were headed to the city.
Turn here.
Were here!
Better park in back.
Cousin Mel wasnt about
to give up easily.
I remember what happened next.
It was a warm, September day.
That was a landin.

I better sit here till my stomach catches up to the rest of me.
Theres no time, grandma.
Quincy, keep an eye on things.
Right, boss.
Its grandma!
Shes supposed to be missing.
Ah, this ruins everything.
Mr. Bucks will call off the deal.
There goes your fortune and my 50 percent.
Ten percent.
Thirty percent! Plus expenses.
Done.
Ive got an idea.
You just make sure grandma stays missing.
Hey! Hey! Come back!
Grandma Spankenheimer?
Yes, they sent me down to get you.
Now, if youll just follow me?
Sure, sweetie.
Say, you wouldnt happen to have any antacid?
Wait!
Mr. Bucks, you cant buy the store from cousin Mel.
Its not hers to sell.
I found grandma.
Shes waiting downstairs.
Santa will explain everything.
Sorry.
Used to chimneys, not stairs.
Fill them in while I get grandma.
And, uh, you would be?
Santa Claus.
You know ho-ho-ho!
Not to embarrass you, but Im afraid anybody can put on a big red suit, false beard and call themselves Santa Claus. They all work for me.
Youre Austin Bucks!
When you were six years old, you wanted a Lieutenant Neutron action figure.
Lieutenant Neutron?
He was the best!
Hey, how did you know that?

Im Santa. Its what I do.
Amazing!
Unbelievable.
So what did happen to grandma?
I was makin my usual rounds
On, Donner! On, Dasher!
Something made my reindeer
go wha-ha!
Wha-ha!
Follow me, guys!
I tried to stop them.
But nothing worked.
Then everything went black.
Im terribly sorry. I dont know
what got into those reindeer.
Who are you?
Oh, I better get you medical attention.
Quincy!
Leave a note explaining what happened.
So, of course, she was welcome to stay
at the North Pole until she felt better.
Weve got great medical care
every therapy and treatment imaginable
at no ho-ho-ho! cost.
Thanks for straightening out this
whole mess, Santa.
Im eager to see grandma and tell her
the sale is off.
Sure glad everything worked out okay.
I Im sorry.
I had to chase the reindeer.
I was gone for a minute.
She wandered off.
Who?
Grandma!
We couldnt find her anywhere.
Shes missing again.
Since grandma is nowhere to be found
and the man in the red suit here
admitted he ran over her
I demand that you have Santa arrested
for the disappearance of grandma.
No!
The news that Santa had been arrested for

the disappearance of grandma was a shock,
especially to Mrs. Claus.

Santas been arrested!

I shouldnt say everyone was shocked
because cousin Mel and her partner in crime
Ms. Slime, sure werent.

Here.

Lucky a thing she still has a case of
amnesia and doesnt know who you are.

Lucky is right but we cant keep her
locked up in here forever.

Wont need to.

We just need to keep her out of sight
long enough

for the jury to find Santa Claus
guilty of her disappearance.

And then we sue him for all that money.

Think of it:

we win the worlds most famous
case of hit-and-run.

Santa Claus must be worth a fortune,
considering he supplies gifts
to everyone in the world.

Thats 2.5 billion times.

What do you think he spends on average
per person? \$10, \$15?

Even if its just five
your share, as grandpas financial
advisor, is

Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa,
thats what grandpas gonna do
thats what grandpas gonna do.

Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa
cause grandma wouldve wanted him to.

Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa,
he knows the law is on his side.

Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa,
Santas going for a ride.

Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa,
thats what grandpas gonna do.

Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa
cause grandma wouldve wanted him to.

No pantalones.

Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa,
he knows the law is on his side.
Grandpas gonna sue the pants off of Santa,
Santas going for a ride.
Santas going for a ride.
Santas going for a ride.
Im at the courthouse where the sensational
Santa Claus trial is reaching its climax.
Its already December and after weeks
of testimony by several witnesses
three questions remain:
Did Santas reindeer run over grandma?
Where is she now?
And without Santa Claus,
will there be a Christmas?
District attorney Hartung is making
his impassioned summation.
And so, in closing do I want to see
Santa Claus go to jail?
Personally, no,
but I represent the state and must do my job.
The evidence proves Santa Claus is
responsible for grandmas disappearance.
So if the beard fits, you must convict.
If he goes to jail,
it will be the end of Christmas.
What can I do, grandpa?
Find grandma again.
Maybe she didnt wander off.
But everyone loves grandma.
Who would do such a thing?
Cousin Mel!
Hey, boy, whatcha smell?
Grandma?
Jake, get that mutt away from my backpack.
Sure, cousin Mel.
Okay, Doofus,
do your smell thing.
Keep it up, Doofus.
So thats where she was going.
Wont be too much longer, grandma.
The jury is about to find your friend
in the red suit guilty.
And who would that be?

You still dont remember a thing, do you?
My plan is going to work.
Im going to be wealthy
and theres no one who can stop me.
Hello, inside!
Who can that be way out here?
How should I know?
I dont even know who I am.
If thats your car parked down by the road
you better check it out.
Some bears are hanging around it.
Thank you! I was leaving anyway!
Okay, but dont take too long.
Have a safe, fire-free day.
Good job!
I came as soon as I received your e-mail,
Master Jake.
Now what do you have up your sleeve
to get me inside?
Nice entrance!
Whats your name again?
Jake Spankenheimer.
Your grandson.
Doesnt ring a bell but thanks, anyway.
Dont thank me, thank Doofus.
And I suppose this overexcited
pooch is Doofus.
Grandma, I dont have a lot of time
to explain but were going to the store.
Whats at the store?
Your memory.
This is Spankenheimers, remember?
Your elf costume?
Youd wear it to read to the kids
while their parents were shopping.
I cant believe it.
You remember!
No, that I would wear that shade of green
with my coloring.
Easy for you to say.
Tell me again why Im baking two cakes?
Ones with your recipe,
the other uses the stuff in the vial
I found at cousin Mels cabin.

And this is your famous homemade fruitcake
that, uh, a lot of people liked.
Jake, what am I doing here?
Grandma, you remember!
Oh, yeah.
You lost your memory, but now its back.
It felt like I was in a dream.
And you were in it, and Santa Claus,
and Mrs. Claus.
I thought I was in a , only it was cold.
But if everything you told me is true,
why arent we at the courthouse
to prove that Im okay?
Were on our way.
Has the jury reached a verdict?
Yes, we have, Your Honor.
In the matter of the State v. Santa Claus
we, the Jury, find
Stop!
Santa is innocent.
Im grandma, and Im not missing.
Im right here.
That woman is a fraud.
Grandma doesnt know who she is.
Honeybunches! Grandma!
Order in the court!
Since grandma isnt missing
I hereby rule that Santa Claus is innocent
of causing her disappearance.
Your honor,
there are still the charges of
sleighicular hit-and-run
and leaving the scene of an accident.
I can answer that, Your Honor. If you
and the Jury would taste this fruitcake.
No, dont!
She objects.
Overruled. Continue.
This one was made by grandma
using her special ingredients.
Taste it and then compare it
to the pieces of cake
found at the scene of the alleged crime
states evidence #12.

Do we have to, Your Honor?

Good question.

Do we have to?

Yes, I think you'll find a difference between the two.

All right, in the name of justice, we eat fruitcake.

Now taste states evidence #12 found where grandma disappeared.

So, what's your point?

These pieces had an extra ingredient in them from this vial of bad stuff found at cousin Mels cabin.

You see, Your Honor, it had the effect of reindeer nip. That's why the reindeer knocked over grandma.

It wasn't Santa's reckless driving.

I, uh, couldn't control myself.

The boy has done it again.

I rule that Santa is also innocent of the hit-and-run charge.

And I suppose Jake has an answer to the charge of leaving the scene of an accident sleighicular negligence?

Doofus does.

He's my dog.

What? I object.

Let's have it.

This is a note Santa left at the accident scene explaining everything.

Dust it for fingerprints.

All right, I admit it.

Yes, yes, I did it.

I hid the note.

And?

And I made grandpa sign over his rights to the store.

And?

I'm behind this evil trial.

And?

And I hate the goody, goody feelings of Christmas all this caring and sharing.

So I kidnapped grandma and made
Santa Claus the fall guy
so I could get all his money.
Hey,
I deserve to be rich.
Arrest this woman for obstructing justice
and almost ruining Christmas.
Thats what you get for being selfish and stupid.
Babe, youll look great in stripes.
Santa Claus, you are hereby found
innocent of all charges.
You are free to go.
Oh, yeah!
May I say one thing, Your Honor?
Of course.
Jake, you saved Christmas.
Grandma, I want to talk to you
about your store.
Young man, after everything
Jake has gone through
do you really think Im gonna sell?
I dont want to buy it.
I want to franchise it
open Spankenheimer general stores
all over the country.
And I want you to be in charge.
You did it.
Youre a pretty cool little bro.
Were so proud of you, Jake.
You never gave up
even when the rest of us did.
So, Jake,
what do you want for Christmas?
Nothin.
I already got the best Christmas gift ever.
I feel the same way.
Im glad youre back, grandma.
On, Donner, on, Blitzen
The rest of you!
Just the way it happened.
Oh, wait.
I left out one more thing.
Not that one!
Its cousin Mels!

Wha-ha!

Oh, no!

Reindeer nip.

Not again!

Grandma got run over by a reindeer
walking home from our house
Christmas Eve.

You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
but as for me and Grandpa, we believe.

She'd been drinkin' too much eggnog,
and we'd begged her not to go.

But she forgot her medication,
and she staggered out the door
into the snow.

When we found her Christmas morning
at the scene of the attack
she had hoof prints on her forehead
and incriminating Claus marks on her back.

Grandma got run over by a reindeer
walking home from our house
Christmas Eve.

You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
but as for me and Grandpa, we believe.

Now we're all so proud of grandpa
he's been taking this so well ,
see him in there watching football,
drinking beer and playing cards
with cousin Mel.

It's not Christmas without grandma,
all the family's dressed in black.
And we just can't help but wonder
should we open up her gifts
or send them back?

Send them back!

Grandma got run over by a reindeer
walking home from our house
Christmas Eve.

You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
but as for me and grandpa, we believe.

Now the goose is on the table,
and the pudding made of fig,
and the blue and silver candles
that would just have matched
the hair in grandma's wig.

I've warned all my friends and neighbors
better watch out for yourselves.
They should never give a license
to a man who drives a sleigh
and plays with elves.
Grandma got run over by a reindeer
walking home from our house
Christmas Eve.
You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
but as for me and Grandpa, we believe.
Sing it, grandpa