DANGER MOUSE
The Snowman Cometh

DM-S1-E38and39

Shooting Script

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ACT 1

EXT. LONDON - DAY


NARRATOR (V.O.)
Christmas in London! It’s the most wonderful time of the year. Carol singers!

DICKENSIAN CAROL SINGERS sing next to BIG MIKE’S PIE STORE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Big Mike’s Holly and Ivy Pies!

A CAROL SINGER takes a bite of a pie, <YELPS> and painfully pulls a bit of spikey holly out of her mouth.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Snowmen!

The SNOWMAN, initially looking happy and still, next to a outdoor tree, like a real snowman.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But that’s no ordinary snowman!

His face twists into a sneer and he <LAUGHS> an evil laugh.

NARRATOR
Yes, it wouldn’t be a Danger Mouse Christmas special without a dastardly seasonal villain!

THE SNOWMAN smashes the Christmas tree away, then glides down the road, scattering the carol singers.

THE SNOWMAN
I AM THE SNOWMAN! Feel the awesome chill of winter’s breath!

The Snowman breathes on a Carol Singer’s neck. She simply wraps a scarf a little tighter. The Snowman glides away <CACKLING>. He bursts into a park where Tiny Tim is limping sadly along a path. The Snowman sprays the ground, turning it into ice. The Park now looks like a winter wonderland

THE SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
Behold a new, icy Dawn of Terror!

Tiny Tim <CHEERS> and start skating. He’s not terrified.

THE SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
That’s right, warm-skins, I shall freeze you in the icy blast of-
Record scratch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I’m so sorry everyone, the Snowman was the only villain available. All the proper ones are busy celebrating the season of peace and goodwill.

CUTAWAY - GREENBACK, LOOCIFER, QUARK, THE PRINCESS and COUNT DUCKULA are sitting around a Christmas tree. The Baron puts his arm around Loocifer.

DR LOOCIFER
Merry Christmas, Baron. And peace on Earth.

BARON GREENBACK
What!? NEVER!

The villains all immediately start fighting each other.

BACK TO THE ICY PARK where the Snowman is standing angrily with his twigs on his hips.

THE SNOWMAN
I AM a real villain! Check this out: Deploy SNOW BLASTERS!

He stomps his feet, sending up a shower of snow which he forms into two snowballs. He throws them at the Carol Singers but misses.

THE SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
Um... that was a warning shot.

A snowball hits him.

THE SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
Ow! Who threw that?

Pull back to reveal the snowball thrower: DANGER MOUSE, looking unconcerned.

DANGER MOUSE
Can we just get on with this? It is Christmas Eve and we’ve got a lot to do before tomorrow.

REVEAL: Penfold nearby in the Danger Car wrapping presents.

PENFOLD
Take your time. I’m still wrapping the Colonel’s present.
THE SNOWMAN
Silence non-carrot noses! Soon my blizzard of doom will- hey, give that back!

Tiny Tim has pulled out his twig arm and is using it as a crutch.

TINY TIM
Thanks for the crutch, dummy.

DM stifles a <GIGGLE> and soon Big Mike, the carol singers and Tiny Tim are all <LAUGH> along as well, pointing at The Snowman who looks around, angry.

THE SNOWMAN
How dare you diss my awesome powers! Deploy panic buttons!

Pop, pop, pop: the Snowman’s buttons fly off to no effect whatsoever. Everyone <LAUGHS EVEN HARDER>

DANGER MOUSE
(sighs) Better put him out of his misery... Danger Skates!

Rocket Ice Skates pop out from DM’s boots and he zooms across the ice, pirouettes, flies into a triple spin and lands perfectly next to the Snowman, spins him round and throws him straight into the back seat of the Danger Car, where the automatic seat belt grips him. <APPLAUSE>.

THE SNOWMAN
Release me, or I will destroy you!

PENFOLD
Can I borrow your twig?

Penfold grabs the snowman’s ‘finger’ and uses it to help him wrap the present. DM climbs into the driver’s seat.

DANGER MOUSE
Honestly, Snowman, I just don’t think you’ve got what it takes to be a super-villain.

THE SNOWMAN
Lies! One day the world will feel the power of my wintry terr- Are these seats heated?

The Snowman melts as they drive off.

SNOWMAN
I’m melting...
DANGER MOUSE
That reminds me we need ice cubes for the Christmas party.

PENFOLD
I’ll add it to the list.

The Snowman is now mainly water and leaking out the door.

SNOWMAN
I... will... have my revenge...
<gurgle>

All that’s left is the twig, some coal and a carrot. DM turns and grabs the carrot.

DANGER MOUSE
Add dips to the list, this’ll never be enough to go round.

INT. DANGER HQ - NIGHT

Penfold is spotlit, making a heartfelt declaration to his friends.

PENFOLD
...and so, in summary, those are the 53 reasons why I firmly believe that I should be allowed to open my presents early on Christmas Eve.

Lights up on the Agency’s Christmas party. The HQ is decked out with an impressive tree, presents and tinsel.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
No chance. Anticipation is half the fun. Pass me a biscuit.

Penfold turns away and Squawkencluck quickly whips out a SCANNER and scans one of her presents. She sighs, resigned.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK (CONT’D)
Another new hair dryer. Brilliant. They know me so well.

Penfold offers Squawk a plate of Christmas-tree shaped biscuits, as DM strides over with a large pile of presents to put under the tree.

PENFOLD
Remember what we agreed, Chief. No dangerous presents like last year.

DANGER MOUSE
As if I’d forget.

He looks nervously at the pile of presents. He has forgotten.
FLASHBACK. LAST YEAR.

Penfold unwraps a present and a long tentacle shoots out and wraps itself round Penfold’s neck.

DANGER MOUSE
He likes you! Don’t make prolonged eye contact.

PENFOLD (V.O.)
And the year before that.

FLASHBACK. THE YEAR BEFORE THAT.

Penfold zooms through HQ out of control on a super-fast ROCKET CYCLE - <SCREAMING>.

DANGER MOUSE
You said you wanted a bike!

Penfold SMASHES through the window and DM dives after him.

PENFOLD (V.O.)
And the year before that.

FLASHBACK. THE YEAR BEFORE THAT.

Penfold looks nervously at a huge present - clearly a massive monster with horns and claws, wrapped up with a bow.

DANGER MOUSE
Can you guess what it is?

The Present swallows Penfold whole.

PRESENT DAY.

DM, fixed smile.

DANGER MOUSE
Absolutely no dangerous presents this year, Penfold. I promise.

Penfold turns and walks off. DM drops the smile and hurriedly hides the presents behind the sofa. They variously <glow>, <shake>, <growl> and <fizz>.

Penfold returns with more biscuits. DM quickly hides a final <ticking> gift under a sofa cushion, and sits on it. A muffled EXPLOSION. Smoke pours out beneath him as Penfold and Squawkencluck look over and DM whistles, nonchalantly.

Suddenly HQ is filled with blinding light and tinny, recorded Christmas Music.
COLONEL K (O.S.)
Sorry, it’s my new Christmas jumper. Hang on! I’ll turn it off.

COLONEL K appears, the LED flashing lights dimming on his oversized, tacky Christmas jumper.

COLONEL K (CONT’D)
Ah, there you are DM.

DM rubs his eyes, focuses.

DANGER MOUSE
Merry Christmas, Colonel.

COLONEL K
I wish it was DM! Someone has threatened to KIDNAP SANTA CLAUS! ON CHRISTMAS EVE!

DM recoils.

DANGER MOUSE
<GASP>

Penfold hides his face.

PENFOLD
<GASP>

Squawkencluck shrugs.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK

SANTA, in hologram form, pops up next to Colonel K.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK (CONT’D)
Pah! That could be anyone.

SANTA
Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas! Sorry I can’t be there in person, but it’s the busiest night of the year here in the North Pole. Ho, ho, ho!

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
I’m going to the lab. Let me know when The Loch Ness Monster and Bigfoot arrive.

Professor Squawkencluck exits.
If you’re in danger, Santa, you’ve come to the right people. We’re a highly skilled, professional team.

Penfold jumps up and down, sprints to embrace Santa, forgets it’s a hologram and SMACKS into a wall.

Why do you think someone wants to kidnap you, Mr Claus?

Santa holds up a nightmarish-looking, bug-eyed dolly and pulls its cord. The dolly speaks in a disconcertingly low, gruff voice. Her eye falls out on a spring.

This Christmas will be your last, Santa! I want what is yours!

Ho, ho, ho!

I hardly think this is a laughing matter, Santa.

Sorry, that was the nervous laugh. I only have one laugh.

Lock your doors and block the chimney Santa, we’re on our way... with jingle bells on!

A dreamy, peaceful winter wonderland vista of candy canes, giant presents, trees and the ginger-bread style Santa’s workshop. Idyllic Christmas music.

You must keep Santa safe until he’s delivered all his presents, DM. But try not to get in the way.

Don’t worry Colonel, he won’t even know we’re there.

The Danger Car crashes through the grotto as it lands.
ELF VOICE (O.S. OVER TANNOY)
Santa’s Sleigh departure in T-Minus ten minutes. Yay!

INT. SANTA’S GROTTO – NIGHT
Santa is giving a tour of the vast, busy workshop. Conveyor belts of presents of all shapes and sizes whizz past on a present wrapping machine while DM and Penfold, wearing dark glasses, act like a special agents guarding the President.

DM forward rolls ahead of Santa, checks a doorway, scans the corners and speaks into a wrist mic.

DANGER MOUSE
Big Red One is on the move, repeat, Big Red One is on the move.

Reveal Penfold, next to him also in dark glasses.

PENFOLD
I’m right here, Chief. Whooa-

Penfold is yanked out of shot, by an angry senior Elf holding an elf costume.

KIKI
What are you playing at? This isn’t a standard issue wrapping uniform! Honestly, call yourself an elf!?

She pulls the Elf costume onto Penfold.

PENFOLD
I’m not an Elf, I’m a secret agent.

KIKI
Yeah, yeah and I’m the world’s shortest giant. Move it!

Kiki jostles Penfold over to a conveyor belt where he starts wrapping presents. Then she marches over to Santa.

KIKI (CONT’D)
Santa! Presents are prepped and ready for delivery- ow!

Danger Mouse rugby tackles Kiki to the ground.

DANGER MOUSE
Incoming Target secure! (to Kiki)
Who are you? Who do you work for? Why are you wearing curly boots?

Santa watches aghast as Danger Mouse frisks her.
That’s Kiki! She’s in charge of gift wrapping.

DM, still suspicious, picks up an annoyed Kiki who kicks DM in the shins before walking off in a huff.

Ow! Sorry about that, but no one is above suspicion. Santa is there anyone who might be angry with you?

Just everyone on the Naughty List.

Santa pulls out a disconcertingly long list of names from his pocket - it unspools and tails off into the distance.

Penfold trips over it and lands on a conveyor belt where the machinery picks him up, upside-down and wraps him as a present (only his face is still showing), slams a bow on him and drops him back on the conveyor belt. DM yanks him off.

Phew! Thanks Chief!

Going undercover, ‘eh Penfold? Good thinking! Carry on.

He throws him back on the conveyor belt. It carries him off.

Whoa. The sleigh! I feel truly humbled to be in its presence.

Penfold takes a selfie with him and Santa on his phone.
DANGER MOUSE

I’ve always wondered, Santa, how do you manage to deliver presents to every boy and girl in the whole world in a single night?

SANTA

I’ll show you.

A choir of heavenly voices sing as a dais rises out of the floor, on top is SANTA’S BIG RED HAT. It fizzes with magical energy. Reveal the singing is coming from a choir of elves.

SANTA (CONT’D)

It’s my magic hat that makes Christmas possible. AND it keeps my ears warm too.

ELF VOICE (O.S.)

Departure in T-minus one minute.

Santa puts the Hat on and shakes it – magic dust rises off the bobble and lands on the sleigh, making it float.

PENFOLD

Crumbs!

Doors burst open and the REINDEER emerge like the astronauts in The Right Stuff, strutting by a line of applauding elves.

REVEAL: DM is in among them, frisking them, riding on them, patting them down, using his iPatch to scan them. He focuses on one LARGE REINDEER, noticeably fatter than the rest.

The iPATCH graphic superimposes speculative images of people hiding inside, pantomime horse-style.

DANGER MOUSE

It’s the oldest trick in the book! No Reindeer could be this large... this is an IMPOSTER!

Elves <GASP> as DM pulls its antlers. They don’t move.

DANGER MOUSE (CONT’D)

Oh. Awkward. Ow!

Kiki kicks DM in the shins as the Reindeer are harnessed to the front of the sleigh as Santa climbs onboard.

DANGER MOUSE (CONT’D)

Well Santa, looks like the threat was a false alarm. I declare the North Pole clear and safe.

ELF VOICE (O.S.)

T-minus thirty seconds.
PENFOLD
Can I give the reindeer a carrot before they go?

Penfold reaches into a container full of carrots and picks one but as he tugs at it, it won’t come.

PENFOLD (CONT’D)
Bit of a heavy one... hrghh.

Penfold pulls and REVEAL: he’s actually pulling the SNOWMAN’s curved carrot nose. The Snowman rises out of the bin.

THE SNOWMAN
Yes, it is I, the Snowman! I have re-formed and I am here to take what is yours Santa... just like my evil dolly said.

The elves and Santa <GASP>... but DM and Penfold <LAUGH>.

DANGER MOUSE
The Snowman? Ha, ha, the doll was scarier!

PENFOLD
Re-formed?! You even made a mess of that. Look how bent your carrot is?

THE SNOWMAN
Fire Orange Boomerang!

The Snowman fires his bendy nose at Santa and it hooks the Hat off his head and returns it to the Snowman’s twig hands.

THE SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
All I want for Christmas... is a magically super-powered hat!

SANTA
NOOO!

But it’s too late – the Snowman puts the hat on. He fizzles and shakes as magical power courses through his body.

DM dives for him, but the Snowman moves with blinding magical speed. He jumps up in the sleigh and takes the reins.

THE SNOWMAN
AAAAND LAUNCH!

The Sleigh powers up and into the air, the Snowman pulls Santa in as he passes him.

SANTA
HEEEEEELP!
PENFOLD
He’s kidnapping Santa!

Kiki the elf strides over to DM and kicks him in the shins.

DANGER MOUSE
Ow! That’s really not helping.

Penfold and Danger Mouse race off-screen.

EXT. SKIES OVER NORTH POLE - NIGHT

Santa hangs on for dear life as The Snowman pilots the Sleigh, narrowly avoiding pine trees and glaciers.

THE SNOWMAN
Ha, ha! It’s like I’m an actual real villain!

SANTA
Ho, ho, ho! Terrified laugh!

THE SNOWMAN
Hang on to your hat Santa... oh, I forgot, you don’t have one!
(to camera)

Bad guy quips. Boom!

SANTA
Give my hat back!

Santa makes a lunge for it but the Snowman shoots tinsel out of his eyes, tying Santa up.

THE SNOWMAN
Whoa! Tinsel Vision! This hat is the Best Christmas present ever!

The Danger Car in flight mode pulls alongside the sleigh.

DANGER MOUSE
All right Snowman, you’ve had your fun. Hand over the reins.

The Snowman, delighted, turns to the tied up Santa in the passenger side of the sleigh.

THE SNOWMAN
Sorry Santa! Time for you to Ho Ho GO! Hm, that one needs work.

He pushes Santa off the sleigh and he plummets to earth, spinning end over end, heading for a boulder field.

But at the last second, with a roar of engines, the Danger Car races towards the falling frozen Santa.
DANGER MOUSE

Deploy Santa-Catcher!

DM presses a button and a mechanical arm shoots out the Danger Car, holding a BRICK CHIMNEY. <THONK!> Santa lands neatly inside the chimney and slides out of a fireplace at the bottom, into the car in a cloud of soot. Penfold <COUGHS>

DANGER MOUSE (CONT’D)
(Grinning to camera)
And the Professor said I’d never use it!

The Snowman is disappearing over the horizon in the sleigh.

THE SNOWMAN
(distant)
So long, dry bodies!

DANGER MOUSE
Don’t worry, Penfold. Knowing the Snowman, his plans will melt away any moment now.

EXT. WORLD - VARIOUS - NIGHT

At Christmassy Times Square, Piccadilly Circus etc and TV sets world-wide, the Snowman’s face appears.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But what Danger Mouse has forgotten is that this is a double length Christmas special! So the Snowman is only just getting started...

THE SNOWMAN (ON TV)
People of the world! This is the A-list villain, THE SNOWMAN! You laughed at me once, but this Christmas Eve I’ll be the one who is laughing at me! I mean you. I mean... Tsch, I knew I should have written this down... Oh yeah - because I am about to commit the ultimate crime!

Smash zoom in on The Snowman’s face.

SNOWMAN
I’M TEMPORARILY DELAYING CHRISTMAS!

At Times Square, Piccadilly Circus, etc there’s a murmur from the crowd.
Phew/Could have been worse/Oh, well, that’s not so bad I guess/gives us more time for shopping...

No, wait, I’m still getting the hang of this. I’m... CANCELLING CHRISTMAS!

(GASP/SCREAMS!)

Yes it’s true! Before you can say “Christmas chaos” the Snowman is rampaging across the globe like some sort of super-powered Scrooge!

The Snowman in the stolen sleigh whisks over the snow-covered roofs of the world. The CAROL SINGERS suffer a blast of ice rays and are frozen mid-song.

That’s what I call a Silent Night!

In Living Rooms, Gingerbread Men come to life and attack the people who are making them.

At DANGER HQ - Colonel K opens an oven, only to be chased as a trussed and headless ready to be cooked TURKEY bursts out and shoots sprouts out of its neck-hole at him.

ARGH! I HATE SPROUTS!

The Snowman rides through the night sky, cackling.

Arise my snow brothers and sisters, ARISE!

ZAP! More magic rays bring Snowmen outside of houses to life. They take off into the sky forming a bomber squadron of snowmen. People in the streets below are running in a panic. Close in on TINY TIM in a dressing gown, being carried by a flying snowman in a yellow hat. He’s singing happily.

I’m flying through the air! I’m flying across the starry sky. The people down below are-

The snowman makes an evil smile and lets go of Tiny Tim who drops out of shot. There is a horrible crashing noise.
TINY TIM (CONT’D)
(Off screen)
I’m all right!

On the streets, people are being chased by ready to cook turkeys and plucked, kicking and screaming into the air by cackling, flying Snowmen. Nutcrackers are chomping on everything in sight.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Is Christmas doomed? Will nobody get their presents? It’s just typical! I’ve been SO good this year too. I really deserved that jet-ski. Come on DM, DO SOMETHING!

EXT./INT. NORTH POLE / SANTA’S GROTTO - NIGHT
DM paces, as the gathered elves watch in horror at the world wide Christmas terror unfolding on a TV.

DANGER MOUSE
This might be a long shot, Santa, but do you have a spare magic hat?

DM anticipates Kiki’s shin-kicking and blocks her kicks.

DANGER MOUSE (CONT’D)
Alright, alright. Touchy.

SANTA
I can’t do anything without my hat! Can’t fly my sleigh, can’t deliver presents. Ho! ho! ho! Bitter, hopeless laugh in case you’re wondering. Christmas is RUINED-

PENFOLD
But you’re Santa, you can do anything!

SANTA
No. It’s pretty much all the hat.

Professor Squawkencluck arrives holding a present.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
FYI, I know none of this is real and I’m hallucinating the North Pole... but I thought you’d better open your Christmas present early, Danger Mouse. It might help.

DM rattles it, excited
DANGER MOUSE
Oo! Is it a prototype nuclear fusion heat cannon?!
He rips the present open to reveal...

DANGER MOUSE (CONT’D)
...Oh. It’s the exact same hair dryer we got you. Thanks?

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
I made a few minor modifications.
It’s now a prototype nuclear-fusion heat cannon.

DM fires the weapon and with a hair dryer roar, it sends out a fierce ray of heat that narrowly misses the elves, bounces off the wall and melts the ceiling... sending a huge dump of snow into the workshop, burying Kiki.

DANGER MOUSE
It works! But still, the Snowman’s surrounded by snowmen bodyguards. I’d need an army to even get close... and where am I going to find that?

Penfold <coughs> and points at the gathered Elves, as Kiki digs her way out of the snow.

DANGER MOUSE (CONT’D)
Good idea, Penfold. Elves! Do any of you know where we can find a formidable army?

Kiki kicks DM in the shin.

EXT. NEW YORK - TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT
The Snowman lands and skids to a halt in Santa’s sleigh, scattering <SCREAMING> people. He hops out and prances around, blasting all the Christmas lights, decorations, bunting, stuffed shopping bags etc with his ice rays.

THE SNOWMAN
(singing)
Tis the season to be evil. Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-BOOM!

He freezes the huge Christmas tree which falls, crushing Santa’s sleigh and sending the Reindeer fleeing in panic. Except for fat Blitzen, who slowly waddles away.

THE SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
Uh-oh, how will Santa deliver all the little kiddies pressies now? He won’t. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
A net lands over him, as the Danger Car drops out of the sky and lands.

DANGER MOUSE

I’m afraid your time in the big league is over, Snowman. I’m here to take back Christmas.

The Snowman freezes the net which cracks and crumbles away.

THE SNOWMAN

“Snow” you aren’t! Get it? Because I’m snow?

DANGER MOUSE

It’s jokes like that, that have kept you in the 2nd division!

THE SNOWMAN

I don’t need jokes to defeat you, I have my magic hat!

PENFOLD

Yeah? Well Danger Mouse has got an army!

Reveal Penfold in front of an army of elves armed with rolls of wrapping paper and tinsel whips.

PENFOLD (CONT’D)

Come on my brothers and sisters! He may take our lives, but he’ll never take our Christmas pressies!

Kiki holds up an Elf War Horn and with great musical build up, blows into it... and makes a disappointing kazoo sound.

DANGER MOUSE

FOR CHRISTMAS!

Snowballs fly through the air, orange carrots fire like missiles and rolls of wrapping paper unspool in a riot of Christmas-y colours as the two armies meet.

Penfold yelps his way through the melee dodging and ducking as missiles whizz past. He suddenly finds himself face to face with a snowman minion. The snowman minion is about to strike when, he is reduced to a puddle... DM has shot him.

DM is brandishing the hair dryer/nuclear heat gun like a gunslinger, firing off blasts of heat that instantly melt The Snowmen Minions as they appear in front of him.

Nearby, Kiki uses a length of red ribbon like a lasso and wraps up a Snowman Minion. But she is suddenly pounced on by a ready-to-cook turkey which she struggles with.
ZAP - DM fires and roasts the turkey.

I hope you like your turkey well done.

Kiki smiles... then kicks him in the shin.

Get Santa’s hat!

Ow! Fine.

DM ducks a hail of snowballs and flips across to The Snowman himself - but a line of Snowmen Minions block the way.

Impressive, Danger Mouse. But a waste of time. If you even get close to defeating me, I’ll eat my hat!

Challenge accepted.

Using a big, wrapped present like a trampoline, DM jumps over the line of Snowman Minions, blasting them with the heat ray gun as he flies. He lands perfectly in front of The Snowman and points the hair dryer/heat ray at him.

The Christmas party is over, Snowman. Hand over Santa’s hat- oh.

REVEAL: The Snowman shoves Santa’s Hat in his mouth and swallows.

<Burp> And I thought fruit cake tastes bad. <deep breath>. Whoo-ee.

The Snowman fizzes and glows from the inside, shaking with magical energy as he starts to grow and grow... DM takes aim with the heat ray gun.

Everyone take cover! I’ve set this thing to salon quality dry. FIRE!

He fires, but it has little effect. The Snowman has grown enormous... he now looks like a Snowzilla. His giant snow-hand plucks the heat ray gun from DM and crushes it between his fingertips.
The Snowman’s other hand sweeps down and scoops up DM, Penfold and Kiki.

DANGER MOUSE/PENFOLD/KIKI

ARRRGH!

153

He picks a crate off the back of a lorry, empties it and tosses DM, Penfold and Kiki inside.

THE SNOWMAN

(Deep voice)

I told you I would be the biggest villain the world has ever seen!

154

DANGER MOUSE

It’s Christmas eve, so I’ll give you one last chance to surrender, Snowman.

155

THE SNOWMAN

Bah humbug!

156

DANGER MOUSE

(to Kiki)

Worth a try.

157

Kiki rolls her eyes. The Snowman seals the crate, gift-wraps it like a Christmas present and balances it precariously on the top spike of the Empire State Building. Then he clomps off down the canyons of Manhattan, throwing huge snowballs at Skyscrapers.

THE SNOWMAN

Oh the villain outside is frightful! And he’s acting awful spiteful! And since Danger Mouse is in a bin! The Snowman Wins! Snowman Wins! Snowman Wins!

158

EXT./INT. NEW YORK / CRATE – NIGHT

The gift-wrapped crate balances precariously on top of the Empire State Building.

Cut inside the crate: Eyes blink in the darkness.

PENFOLD

Crumbs, Chief, we’ve had it now.

159

DANGER MOUSE

Deploy Belt light.

160

A cool LED light beams out from DM’s belt and illuminates the inside of the crate. They each stand at one corner.

KIKI

What are we going to do?!
In her panic she moves and unbalances the crate which starts to tip.

DANGER MOUSE
DON'T MOVE! This crate could fall at any moment.

Colonel K’s hologram appears in one corner of the crate, momentarily unbalancing it again.

COLONEL K
Status report, DM!

DANGER MOUSE/PENFOLD/KIKI
WAH!

PENFOLD
(to camera)
Is this a bad time to point out holograms don’t weigh anything?

DANGER MOUSE
The Snowman has us boxed in Colonel!

PENFOLD
Ask Santa - he’ll know what to do!

QUICK CUTAWAY TO NORTH POLE
Santa is sitting depressed on the sofa in his boxer shorts watching TV and eating peanuts.

BACK IN THE CRATE

COLONEL K
I wouldn’t get your hopes up, if I were you. Ah, I know what’ll cheer everyone up. Look, my Christmas jumper lights up.

Blinding light and DEAFENING CHRISTMAS MUSIC from the jumper. DM, Penfold and Kiki recoil... over-balancing the crate. It tumbles - everyone SCREAMS!

From outside we see the crate fall, leaving the Colonel’s hologram balanced on the needle in his glowing jumper. He looks around.

COLONEL K (CONT’D)
Where did everyone go?

The others are SCREAMING and falling in the crate.

DANGER MOUSE
Remote access Mark IV! Emergency intercept!
The Danger Car roars to life in the street below. The box tumbles towards the ground - suddenly DM punches a hole in the side and he and Penfold and Kiki leap out...

And land in the passing Danger Car (in plane mode)! The crate smashes into the street.

PENFOLD
(sad)
I can't believe Santa's given up on Christmas.

DANGER MOUSE
Don't be sad, Penfold. We're still going to fight the Snowman, even if we're doomed to certain failure.

KIKI
Well that's cheered me up, thanks.

DM takes the controls and flies them low over the streets, where the Reindeer are now hobos, a couple breaking up the sleigh for firewood and tossing it into a brazier.

INT. SANTA'S GROTTO - NIGHT

Squawk folds her arms, unimpressed by the sight of Santa slumped on the sofa watching TV.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
So, you're just going to sit there and do nothing?

SANTA
What can I do? It's nearly Christmas Day and not one present has been delivered. It's OVER. Anyway, you don't even believe I'm real.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
No I don't, but if I DID I'd tell you to pull yourself together. You don't need a silly magic hat! You're SANTA! Even though you can't possibly be.

Santa flicks the TV off and stands up.

SANTA
Time to put that snowman on ice!

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
Really? Were you inspired by my speech?
SANTA
Nah. I’ve seen this movie before.
It’s all re-runs this time of year?

EXT. TOKYO - NIGHT

The giant Snowman hoovers up the spectacular Christmas lights into his huge mouth, as people scatter in panic below.

THE SNOWMAN
Jingle Bells! Danger Mouse Smells!
Penfold is a pain!

DANGER MOUSE (O.S.)
You’re a bad villain, but you’re a worse singer!

The flying Danger Car streaks in over the Snowman’s head. He swats at it, firing tinsel and baubles from his eyes. The Danger Car dodges and weaves around them.

PENFOLD
Look out! Tinsel! Baubles.
(to camera)
This is crackers!
(then in panic)
Aaargh! Crackers!

A series of crackers zoom past, exploding as they go. DM pilots around the explosions.

The Snowman uses one of his “twig arms” (now more like bare trees) and grabs the Danger Plane.

PENFOLD (CONT’D)
He’s got us, Chief!

THE SNOWMAN
Ha ha! It wouldn’t be Christmas without a few tasty treats!

The Snowman picks up the car and tries to shake its contents into his mouth, like a kid eating M&Ms. Penfold falls out of the car and looks to be going straight into The Snowman’s mouth. Kiki grabs on to Penfold’s hand and stops him from falling but she slips and she slides out of the car too. Danger Mouse grabs her arm and they make a human chain. The Snowman snaps at them, trying to eat them.

PENFOLD
Somehow I always knew I would go out like this.

DANGER MOUSE
Being eaten by a giant snowman?
Seriously? What were the chances?
<Sleigh Bells>

189
KIKI

Listen! Do you hear that?

190
PENFOLD

Aaaaaaargh- nope, can’t hear anything over the sound of my own screaming - aaaaaargh!

191
SANTA (O.S.)

HO, HO, HO!

REVEAL - out of the sky comes the Danger Rocket, but with its top down and with added runners, Santa and Squawk at the controls.

192
SANTA (CONT’D)

That’s my TRIUMPHANT, HERE COMES THE CAVALRY LAUGH!

193
PENFOLD

SANTA!

194
PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK

I’d like to stress that just because I made Santa a Danger Sleigh, doesn’t mean I believe in him.

The Snowman <ROARS> and lets go of the Danger Car. It and our heroes drop from the sky. DM pulls the other two back into the car and pulls the car out of it’s dive, just before it hits the ground.

The Snowman is swatting at the Danger Sleigh. But Santa pilots it around and through the Snowman’s legs.

195
SANTA

Deploy Grappling Tinsel!

Ropes of steel tinsel shoot out from the back of the sleigh and wrap themselves around the Snowman’s legs, tying him, like a Snowspeeder downing an AT-AT.

196
SNOWMAN

NO!

197
PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK

We need more power! Danger Mouse!

198
DANGER MOUSE

Right you are, Professor.

DM deploys the utility arm to attach part of the grappling tinsel to the back of the Danger Car and together they tow the Snowman legs-first into the sky.
199 SANTA
Let’s ride!

200 PENFOLD
Santa is BACK!

17 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT / THE SUN

The Danger Plane and Danger Sleigh tow the giant Snowman out into space at high speed, slalom around the moon and head for the sun.

201 SNOWMAN
No, stop it! Oh, oh- hot, hot, hot!

202 DANGER MOUSE
(sniffing)
What’s that smell?

Reveal: the Danger Car’s utility arms are spit roasting several of the ready-to-cook turkeys.

203 PENFOLD
I figured while we’re here...

The Danger Plane and Sleigh bank along the surface of the sun, dragging the snowman behind them.

204 DANGER MOUSE
Ah, dragging a giant Snowzilla across the surface of the Sun. I love a traditional Christmas.

205 SNOWMAN
I’m melting!
(to cam)

206 Argh! This really roasts my carrots!

The Snowman evaporates into water droplets, leaving behind a floating seasonal debris field of all the Christmas gifts, trees, decorations etc including:

SANTA’S HAT - Kiki reaches out and grabs it.

207 KIKI
Santa, your hat!

208 SANTA
Thanks Kiki... but I don’t need it anymore. I’m Santa with or without my hat.

The Danger Sleigh sputters to a halt.

209 PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
We’re out of fuel.
SANTA

Give me that hat!

He puts the hat on and fizzes with magical energy - the engines reignite and the Danger Plane pulls alongside as they follow the curvature of the earth, descending.

Kiki looks back at the sun as it rises over the earth.

KIKI

T-minus one hour until dawn, Santa.

SANTA

Danger Mouse, how about giving me a hand delivering all these gifts?

Penfold bounces up and down, excited.

PENFOLD

Oh can we, Chief? Can we can?!!

EXT. WORLD - VARIOUS - MONTAGE

Santa’s old sleigh, rebuilt and souped up - along with the real reindeer and the Danger Plane skirt low over roof tops and chimneys.

-Santa jumps down chimney after chimney, putting presents under trees and with a magical shake of his hat and clap of his hands, redecorating houses.

-On the sleigh, Kiki gives an enchanted, overwhelmed Penfold a go on the reins. Over-eager he snaps the reins and the whole sleigh lurches before Kiki regains control.

-DM meanwhile abseils down a zip-line into houses, smashing through walls and windows, leaving presents in stockings.

-Blitzen is sweating and struggling at the front of the sleigh. Penfold gives him a biscuit.

- Squawk shoots off a giant bazooka-like device that rains presents down with little parachutes on them over London.

- DM takes another sack full of toys from Kiki, who then kicks him in the shin. They both laugh about it (DM, Painfully)

- Danger Mouse drops coal on Count Duckula and the Baron. And IN to Dr. Loocifer, who is furious.

-Tiny Tim wakes up on Christmas Morning to find his front room is a paradise of presents and Christmas cheer.

Above him, unseen, DM is braced against the ceiling, Mission Impossible style.
He’s about to fall when Santa whips down the chimney and as Tim’s back is turned yanks DM away and back up the chimney.

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOPS - DAY

Bells ring out for Christmas Day across the snowy roofs.

INT. DANGER HQ - DAY

The agency Christmas Party is in full swing around a table laden with turkey and all the trimmings... with DM, Penfold, Colonel K, the Professor, Santa, Kiki and some extra elves. Santa raises a toast.

SANTA
Merry Christmas, everyone! Ho, ho, ho! Standard Christmas laugh.

EVERYONE
Merry Christmas, Santa!

The Professor pokes him one last time. He’s definitely real.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK
Alright, so you are real. I’ve got a list of presents I want...

She gets out a thick A4 style report.

PROFESSOR SQUAWKENCLUCK (CONT'D)
I’ve divided it into subsections and created an index...

Across the table, DM puts his arm round Penfold.

DANGER MOUSE
This is my kind of Christmas, Penfold. Friends, Santa, some easily provoked elves and the afterglow of a mission accomplished.

PENFOLD
And...?

DANGER MOUSE
And presents too. Merry Christmas, Penfold.

He hands Penfold a present. Penfold unwraps it cautiously, then holds up a pair of argyle Christmas socks.

PENFOLD
He he! Wow, Chief. A completely normal, non-exploding present! Just what I wanted!
DANGER MOUSE
Oh. Um, if you’ve got that, then what did I just give Tiny Tim?

EXT. TINY TIM’S HOUSE - DAY

<SFX WRAPPING PAPER RUSTLE>

TINY TIM (O.S.)
Look, it’s a - argh!!!
A series of muffled explosions/screams/roars. PAUSE then a massive cheer from Tiny Tim.

TINY TIM (CONT’D)
Just what I always wanted!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And a Merry Christmas to each and every one. Apart from the Snowman. A Merry Good Riddance to him! Still I don’t suppose we’ll see him again any time soon.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

The whistle of a falling meteorite, which turns out to actually be a rather singed carrot. It lands on the mountain top and starts to roll downhill, gathering snow, forming into a familiar shape...

SNOWMAN
Aaaaand I’m back! (laughs)
But he keeps rolling, out of control, down the mountain.

SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
Whooooaaa!!!
He turns into a giant snowball, with a snowman face. It hurtles towards camera.

SNOWMAN (CONT’D)
This is gonna hurt...

SMASH. Whiteout.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And a happy new year!

SNOWMAN
Ow.

(END).