

# Simpsons Roasting on an Open Fire script

It's Christmas time in the Simpsons household, and to hide the fact that he didn't get his Christmas bonus, Homer takes a second job as a store Santa.

**Episode** 7G08, Season 1

**First aired** Dec 17, 1989

**Written by** Mimi Pond

**Directed by** David Silverman

## ACT ONE

*"The Simpsons Christmas Special" appears on screen. The episode begins with Homer, Marge and Maggie arriving at Springfield Elementary School. They are late for the schools' Christmas show.*

MARGE

Oh, careful, Homer!

HOMER

There's no time to be careful, we're late.

*They enter the hall. A class is singing "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem".*

MARGE

Sorry, excuse me, pardon me, sorry.

HOMER

Hey Norman, how is it going? So you got dragged out here too, huh?

MARGE

Excuse me, excuse me.

HOMER

How are you doing, Fred? Yeah. Excuse me. *(he steps on someone's feet)* Oops, pardon my galoshes.

*The audience applaud. Principal Skinner comes on stage.*

SKINNER

Wasn't that wonderful? And now, the Santa's of many lands, as presented by the entire second grade class.

MARGE

Oh, Lisa's class.

GIRL

Frohlich Weihnachten. That's German for Merry Christmas. In Germany Santa servant Bruprecht gives presents to good children and whipping rods to the parents of bad ones.

*The audience applaud.*

BOY

Merry Kurisumasu I am Hotiashi a Japanese priest who acts like Santa Clause. I have eyes in the back of my head so children better behave when I'm nearby.

*He turns around to reveal glasses (with eyes attached) on the back of his head. One of the eyes pops out, and the crowd gasp, then applaud.*

MR. LARGO

Now presenting Lisa Simpson as Towanga, the Santa Clause of the South Seas.

HOMER

Oh it's Lisa! That's ours.

*Lisa, wearing a witch doctor mask and grass skirt, juggles flaming torches.*

SKINNER

Ah, the fourth grade will now favor us with a melody... er... medley of Holiday favorites.

*The class sing Jingle Bells...*

CLASS

Dancing through the snow,  
In a one-horse open sleigh,  
O'er the fields we go,  
Dancing all the way, ho ho ho...

MARGE

Isn't Bart sweet, Homer? He sings like an angel.

*...but Bart creates his own lyrics.*

BART

Jingle Bells, Batman smells, Robin laid an egg. The Batmobile broke its wheel, the Joker got awa-aah!

*He is pulled off stage by Skinner. The scene fades from Homer looking bored to Homer looking even more bored.*

SKINNER

The fifth grade will now favor us with a scene form Charles... uh... Dickens'... A Christmas Carol.

HOMER

Oh, How many grades does this school have?

*At the Simpsons' home, Marge is writing a letter. We hear her reading the letter in her head.*

MARGE

"Dear friends of the Simpson family. We had some sadness and some gladness this year. First, the sadness: our little cat Snowball was unexpectedly run over and went to kitty heaven. But we bought a new little cat Snowball II, so I guess life goes on. Speaking of live going on, Grandpa is still with us, feisty as ever. Maggie is walking

by herself, Lisa got straight A's, and Bart... well, we love Bart. The magic of the season has touched us all."

HOMER

Marge! Haven't you finished that stupid letter yet?

MARGE

"Homer sends his love. Happy Holidays..."

HOMER

Marge!

MARGE

"...the Simpsons."

HOMER

Marge! Where's the extension cord?

MARGE

For heaven sakes, Homer, its in the utility drawer.

HOMER

Sorry I'm just a big kid. I love Christmas so much.

*He opens the drawer and finds that the extension cord is tangled up.*

HOMER

D'oh!

MARGE

All right, children, let me have those letters. I'll send them to Santa's workshop at the North Pole.

BART

Oh please, there's only one fat guy that brings us presents and his name ain't Santa.

MARGE

*(looking at Lisa's list)* A Pony? Oh Lisa, you have asked for that for the past three years, and I keep telling you that Santa cant fit a pony in his sleigh. Cant you take a hint?

LISA

But I really want a pony and I have been really really good this year.

MARGE

Oh, dear. Maybe Bart is a little more realistic. *(reading)* A tattoo?!

HOMER

A what?

BART

Yeah, they're cool, and they last for the rest of your life.

MARGE

You will not be getting a tattoo for Christmas.

HOMER

Yeah, if you want one, you'll have to pay for it out of your own allowance.

BART

All right!

MARGE

Homer!

*The phone rings. Homer answers it.*

HOMER

Hello?

PATTY

Marge please.

HOMER

Who is this?

PATTY

May I please speak to Marge?

HOMER

This is her sister isn't it?

PATTY

Is Marge there?

HOMER

Who shall I say is calling?

PATTY

Marge please.

HOMER

*(handing the phone to Marge)* It's your sister.

MARGE

Oh, hello.

PATTY

Hello Marge, its Patty. Selma and I couldn't be more excited about seeing our baby sister for Christmas Eve.

MARGE

Well, Homer and I are looking forward to your visit too.

*Homer makes a strangling sound.*

PATTY

Somehow I doubt that Homer is excited. Of all the men you could have married, I don't know why you picked one who is always so rude to...

*The scene fades to outside. Homer is putting lights up. After connecting the last one he falls off the roof.*

BART  
Good one, Dad.

HOMER  
Okay kids prepare to be dazzled. Marge, turn on the juice! What do you think kids?

*The lights are pretty pathetic.*

LISA  
Nice try, Dad.

BART  
Ugh.

FLANDERS  
*(to Todd)* Hold your horses, son. *(calling from next door)* Hey, Simpson!

HOMER  
What is it, Flanders?

FLANDERS  
Do you think this looks okay?

BART  
Whoa, neat-oh!

HOMER  
Its too bright. *(muttering)* Flanders, what a big show off.

## ACT TWO

*The family is at the breakfast table.*

MARGE  
Kids, do you want to go Christmas shopping?

LISA  
I do!

BART  
All right, the mall!

MARGE  
Go get your money.

HOMER  
Tell us, Marge, where have you been hiding the Christmas money?

MARGE

Oh, I have my secrets. Turn around. *(She pulls a jar of money out of her hair.)* You can look now.

HOMER

Oh, big jar this year!

*At the mall, Marge and Lisa are looking at the trains and Bart is looking at some tattoos. Bart imagines himself with a "Mother" tattoo.*

MARGE

Oh, Bart that's so sweet. Its the best present a mother could get, and it makes you look so dangerous.

*Bart decides to go into the store and get one.*

BART

One "Mother" please.

TATTOO GUY

Wait a minute. How old are you?

BART

Twenty one, sir.

TATTOO GUY

Get in the chair.

*At the power plant, Homer is checking the equipment. Everything is in order, even one with a red flashing light. An announcement comes over the tannoy.*

SMITHERS

Attention all personnel. Please keep working during the following announcement.

*The employees stop to eat donuts.*

SMITHERS

And now, our boss and friend, Mr. Burns.

MR. BURNS

Hello. I'm proud to announce that we've been able to increase safety here at the power plant without increasing the cost to the consumer or affecting management pay raises. However, for you semi-skilled workers, there will be no Christmas bonuses. Oh, and one more thing Merry Christmas.

HOMER

Oh, thank god for the big jar.

*Back at the mall.*

MARGE

Where's that Bart?

*Bart's screams can be heard. Marge walks into the Tattoo store, and is shocked to see Bart getting a tattoo with the word "Moth" on it. She yanks him out of the chair, and takes him next door to a doctor that can remove the tattoo.*

BART

But Mom, I thought you would like it!

DOCTOR

Yes, Mrs. Simpson, we can remove your sons tattoo. Its a simple routine involving lasers.

BART

Cool!

DOCTOR

However, it is expensive we must insist on a cash payment up front.

MARGE

Cash?

DOCTOR

Mm-hmm.

MARGE

Thank god for Homers Christmas bonus.

*The doctor turns the laser on.*

BART

Aye Carumba!

DOCTOR

Now, what ever you do boy, don't squirm. You don't want this sucker near your eye or your groin.

*Back at home. Lisa touches Bart's arm.*

BART

Ow! Quit it. *(she does it again)* Ow! Quit it. *(she does it again)* Ow! Quit it *(Maggie touches his arm)* Ow! Quit it.

Homer walks into the room.

HOMER

Hey, what's this? *(he touches Bart's arm)*

BART

Ow! Quit it. It used to be a real boss tattoo.

LISA

But Mom had to spend all the Christmas money to have it surgically removed.

*Marge shows him the empty jar.*

HOMER

Oh, its true! The jar is empty! Oh my god, we're ruined. Christmas is canceled, no presents for anyone.

MARGE

Don't worry Homer we'll just have to stretch your Christmas bonus even farther this year.

HOMER

Aah!

MARGE

Homer?

HOMER

Oh, yeah... my Christmas bonus. Hee hee... how silly of me. This will be best Christmas yet. The best any family ever had!

*He goes outside, and looks at his measly decorations, then Flanders' extravagant decorations. He hangs his head in shame.*

## ACT THREE

*Homer and Marge are in bed.*

MARGE

I get the feeling there's something you haven't told me Homer.

HOMER

Huh? Oh, I love you Marge.

MARGE

Oh, you tell me that all the time.

HOMER

Good, because I do love you. I don't deserve you as much as a guy with a fat wallet and a credit card that wont set off that horrible beeping.

MARGE

Well, I think it does have something to do with your Christmas bonus. I keep asking for it, but...

HOMER

Marge, let me be honest with you.

MARGE

Yes?

HOMER

Well... I... I want to do the Christmas shopping this year!

MARGE

Well, sure, okay.

*She hands him a piece of paper. Homer smiles in a big grin, and Marge switches the lights out. Homer's eyes and teeth can still be seen.*

*Homer is at the store, shopping.*

HOMER

Marge, Marge, mmm, lets see... oh, look! Pantyhose! Practical *and* alluring. A six pack, oh, only 4.99. Ooh, pads of paper. I bet Bart could think of a million things to do with these. That just leaves little Maggie... oh look, a little squeak toy! It says its for dogs, but she cant read.

*Outside, Homer runs into Flanders and they both drops their boxes.*

FLANDERS

Oh, ho ho Simpson, its you.

HOMER

Hello Flanders.

FLANDERS

Oh my, what a little mess we've got here. Well, which ones are yours and which ones are mine?

HOMER

Well, lets see.

FLANDERS

*(picking up boxes)* Well this one's mine, and this one's mine. This ones mine, and...

HOMER

They're all yours!

TODD

Hey, Mr. Simpson. You dropped your pork chop.

HOMER

*(snatching it)* Gimme that!

FLANDERS

Well, happy holidays Simpson!

TODD

*(walking off)* Gee Dad, this is going to be the best Christmas ever.

FLANDERS

You bet!

*Homer is at Moe's Tavern.*

MOE

What's the matter, Homer? Did someone leave a lump of coal in your stocking? You've been sitting there sucking on a beer all day long.

HOMER

So?

MOE

So, its Christmas. *(He hands Homer a candy cane)*

HOMER

Thanks Moe.

*Barney enters.*

BARNEY

Drinks all around!

HOMER

What's with the crazy get up, Barn?

BARNEY

I got me a part time job working as a Santa down at the mall.

HOMER

Wow, can I do that?

BARNEY

I dunno, they're pretty selective. *(he belches)*

*Homer is being interviewed for the Santa job.*

MANAGER

Do you like children?

HOMER

What do you mean, all the time? Even when they're nuts? *(the manager frowns at him)* Uh, I certainly do!

MANAGER

Welcome aboard, Simpson. Pending your completion of our training program that is.

*Homer is in a classroom, filled with Santa look-a-likes.*

SANTAS

Ho ho ho! Ho ho ho! Ho ho ho! Ho ho ho!

*Homer raises his hand.*

TEACHER

What is it now, Simpson?

HOMER

Uh, when do we get paid?

TEACHER

Not a dime till Christmas Eve. Now, from the top.

SANTAS

Ho ho ho! Ho ho ho!

*Later in class.*

HOMER

Um, Dasher... Dancer...

TEACHER

Mm-hmm.

HOMER

Prancer...

TEACHER

Mm-hmm.

HOMER

Nixon... Comet... Cupid... Donna Dixon?

TEACHER

Sit down, Simpson.

*Later again. The teacher is sat on Homer's lap.*

HOMER

And what would you like, little boy?

TEACHER

You're not really Santa, tubby.

HOMER

Why you little...! *(he tries to strangle the manager)*

TEACHER

Hey! No Homer, if such an emergency arises just tell them Santa is very busy this time of year, and you're one of his helpers.

HOMER

D'oh, I knew that one too.

*Back at home. Homer has just arrived back.*

MARGE

Homer, why are you 7 hours late?

HOMER

Not a word Marge, I'm heading straight for the tub.

MARGE

But Homer, my sisters are here, don't you want to say hello?

*Homer shudders.*

BART & LISA  
Daddy, Daddy!

BART  
Welcome home!

LISA  
Where so glad to see you!

HOMER  
Why? Oh yeah. Hello Patty, hello Selma, how was your trip.

PATTY  
Fine.

HOMER  
You both look well.

SELMA  
Thank you.

HOMER  
Yeah, well, Merry Christmas.

PATTY  
It's Christmas? You wouldn't know it around here.

HOMER  
And why is that?

SELMA  
Well, for one thing there's no tree.

HOMER  
Well I was just on my way out to get one!

LISA  
Can we go too, Dad?

BART  
Yeah, can we?

HOMER  
No!!

*Homer drives around, looking for Christmas trees. He passes signs that read "All trees \$75'", "Trees \$60 and up'" and "Christmas trees, slightly irregular, \$45'". Finally, he goes to an area marked "No trespassing" and cuts down his own tree. A guard chases after him.*

GUARD  
Hey you! What do you think you're doing?

HOMER  
Uh-oh.

GUARD

Hey! Hey! Come back here!

*He shoots several shots off a gun as Homer drives off. Back at the house, the family admire the tree.*

HOMER

So, what do you think, kids? Beauty, isn't it?

BART

Wow!

LISA

Way to go, Dad!

SELMA

Why is there a birdhouse in it?

HOMER

Oh, that's an ornament.

PATTY

Do I smell gun powder?

*At the mall, a boy sits on Homer's lap.*

BOY

And then I want some Robotoids, and then I want a gook monster, and I want I great big...

HOMER

Ah son, you don't need all that junk. I'm sure you already got something much more important: a decent home, and a loving father that would do anything for you. Hey, I cant afford lunch, give me a bite of that donut.

*Bart, Milhouse and Lewis watch Homer from the gantry.*

MILHOUSE

Get a load at that quote-unquote Santa.

LEWIS

I cant believe those kids are falling for it.

BART

Hey Milhouse, I dare you to sit on his lap.

MILHOUSE

Oh yeah? Well I dare you to yank his beard off.

BART

Ah Touché!

*Back down below.*

GIRL

I hope you feel better, Santa.

HOMER

Oh, I will when Mrs. Clause's sisters get out of town. Thanks for listening kid.

*Bart is up next.*

BART

Hey Santa, what's shakin' man?

HOMER

What's your name Bart... ner... uh, little partner?

BART

I'm Bart Simpson, who the hell are you?

HOMER

*(angrily)* I'm jolly old Saint Nick.

BART

Oh yeah, we'll just see about that. *(Bart pulls his beard off)*

HOMER

D'oh!

BART

Homer!

HOMER

I want a word with you in Santa's Workshop little boy! *(aside)* Cover for me Alphy.

BART

Don't kill me Dad, I didn't know it was you!

HOMER

Nobody knows! Its a secret. I didn't get my bonus this year but to keep the family from missing out on Christmas I'd do anything.

BART

I'll say. You must really love us to sink so low.

HOMER

Well lets not get mushy son, I still have a job to do. *(leaves the workshop)* Hey hey! Santa's back! Ho ho *(he bangs his head)* D'oh! Dammit!

*Homer is getting paid.*

HOMER

Ah, son, one day you're going to learn the satisfaction of payday - receiving a big fat check for a job well done.

CASHIER

Simpson, Homer. Here you go.

HOMER

Come on son lets go cash this baby and get presents for... aah! Thirteen bucks? Hey wait a minute!

CASHIER

That's right. \$120 gross, less Social Security...

HOMER

Yeah...

CASHIER

Less unemployment insurance...

HOMER

But...

CASHIER

Less Santa training...

HOMER

Santa training?

CASHIER

Less costume purchase...

HOMER

Wait a minute...

CASHIER

Less beard rental...

HOMER

But...

CASHIER

Less Christmas club.

HOMER

But...

CASHIER

See you next year.

HOMER

Ohh...

BART

Come on dad lets go home.

HOMER

Thirteen bucks? You can't get anything for thirteen bucks.

BARNEY

All right, thirteen big ones! Springfield Downs, here I come!

HOMER  
What?

BARNEY  
You heard me, I'm going to the dog track. I got a hot little puppy in the fourth race.  
Want to come?

HOMER  
Sorry Barney, I may be a total wash out of a father but I'm not going to take my kid  
to a sleazy dog track on Christmas Eve.

BARNEY  
Come on Simpson, the dogs name is Whirlwind. Ten to one shot. Money in the bank.

HOMER  
Uh-uh.

BART  
Aw, come on Dad. This could be the miracle that saves the Simpsons' Christmas. If TV  
has taught me anything, its that miracles always happen to poor kids at Christmas. It  
happened to Tiny Tim, it happened to Charlie Brown, it happened to the Smurfs, and it  
going to happen to us.

HOMER  
Well, okay lets go. *(walking off)* Who's Tiny Tim?

*At the Simpsons home. Everyone is watching the Happy Little Elves.*

ELF #1  
Hey, Moley, do you think Santa will be able to find Elf County under all this snow?

ELF #2  
I doubt it, Bubbles. We'll be sad little elves this Christmas.

LISA  
Oh no!

GRAMPA  
Oh Brother.

SELMA  
Where's your husband?

PATTY  
Yeah, its getting late.

MARGE  
Well, he said he went caroling with Bart.

*At the dog track. Bart is on Barney's shoulders.*

BART & BARNEY  
We're in the money! We're in the money!

HOMER

I can't believe I'm doing this.

*They walk past a child with his father.*

KID

Can we open our presents now, Dad?

FATHER

You know the tradition, son, not till the eighth race.

HOMER

Hey Barney, which one is Whirlwind?

BARNEY

Number six. That's our lucky dog right over there. He won he last five races.

HOMER

What, that scrawny little bag of bones?

BART

Come on Dad, they're all scrawny little bags of bones.

HOMER

Yeah, you're right. I guess Whirlwind is our only hope for a Merry Christmas.

ANNOUNCER

Attention racing fans, we have a late scratch in the fourth race. Number eight Sir Galahad will be replaced by Santa's Little Helper once again Sir Galahad has been replaced by Santa's Little Helper.

HOMER

Bart did you here that? What a name - Santa's Little Helper. It's a sign. It's an omen.

BART

It's a coincidence, Dad.

HOMER

*(at the betting desk)* What are the odds on Santa's Little Helper?

MAN

Ninety nine to to one.

HOMER

Wow! Ninety nine times thirteen equals... Merry Christmas!

BART

I got a bad feeling about this.

HOMER

Don't you believe in me son?

BART

Uh...

HOMER

Come on boy, sometimes your face is all that keep me going.

BART

Oh... go for it, Dad.

HOMER

That's my boy! *(to the clerk)* Everything on Santa's little Helper.

*Back at home. The Happy Little Elves reaches a happy end.*

ELVES

Hip-hip-hooray! Hip-hip-hooray! Hip-hip-hooray!

LISA

Yay!

GRAMPA

Unadulterated pap.

PATTY

It's almost nine o'clock.

SELMA

Where is Homer anyway?

PATTY

It's typical of the big doofus to spoil it all.

LISA

What Aunt Patty?

PATTY

Oh nothing, dear. I'm just trashing your father.

LISA

Well, I wish that you wouldn't. Because aside from the fact that he has the same frailties as all human beings, he's the only father I have. Therefore, he is my model of manhood, and my estimation of him will govern the prospects of my adult relationships. So I hope you bear in mind that any knock at him is a knock at me, and I am far too young to cartoon myself against such onslaughts.

PATTY

Mmm-hmm. Go watch your cartoon show, dear.

*Back at the dog track.*

HOMER

Come on Bart, kiss the ticket for good luck. Not that we need it!

ANNOUNCER

Here comes Shirley the mechanical rabbit. And they're off. Around the first turn, it's Whirlwind in the lead, and coming up on the left is Quadruped followed by Dog of War and Fido.

*Bart and Homer cheer for Santa's Little Helper.*

ANNOUNCER

Dog of War coming up fast on the outside. And in last place... is Santa's Little Helper.

HOMER

D'oh! Oh...

BART

Don't worry Dad. Maybe this is just for suspense before the miracle happens.

HOMER

Come on you stupid dog.

BART

Come on boy.

ANNOUNCER

Whirlwind wins by a country mile followed by Dog of War.

HOMER

D'oh!

BART

It doesn't seem possible, but I guess TV has betrayed me.

HOMER

I don't want leave till I dog finishes. (long pause) Ah forget it, lets go.

*Outside the dog track, Bart and Homer looks for a winning ticket.*

HOMER

Find any winners son?

BART

Sorry, Dad.

*Barney drives up, with a woman in the passenger seat.*

BARNEY

Hey Simpson, what did I tell you - Whirlwind. Lets go Daria.

*They drive off. A man starts shouting.*

MAN

Beat it! Scram, get lost! You came in last for the last time!

BART

Look Dad, its Santa's Little Helper.

MAN

And don't come back!

*The dog runs towards Homer & Bart.*

HOMER

Oh no you don't! No, no, get away from me! Uh-uh.

BART

Oh, can we keep him dad please.

HOMER

But he's a loser! He's pathetic! He's... *(the dog licks Homer)* ... a Simpson.

*Back at the Simpson home.*

MARGE

Mmm... maybe we should call the police.

PATTY

He'll sober up.

SELMA

Yeah, come staggering home.

PATTY

Uh-huh. Smelling like cheap perfume.

*Homer & Bart enter.*

MARGE

Homer!

GRAMPA

*(waking up)* What? Wha?

HOMER

Look everybody, I have a confession to make.

PATTY

This should be good.

HOMER

I didn't get my Christmas bonus. I tried to not let it ruin Christmas for everybody, but no matter what I did...

BART

Hey everybody, look what we got!

LISA

A dog! All right dad!

MARGE

God bless him.

LISA

So love at first sight is possible.

BART

And if he runs away he'll be easy to catch.

MARGE

This is the best gift of all, Homer.

HOMER

It is?

MARGE

Yes, something to share our love. And frighten prowlers.

LISA

What's he's name?

HOMER

Number 8. I mean, Santa's Little Helper.

*The family all pet the dog. The moment is captured in a snapshot, with "Happy Holidays from The Simpsons" written on it.*

*The Simpsons family then sing "Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer" (a la Simpson) over the closing credits. Grampa is sat at the piano. Bart and Lisa interrupt the song.*

ALL

Rudolph the Red nosed reindeer,  
Had a very shiny nose,  
And if you ever saw it,  
You would even say it glows.

BART

Like a light bulb!

HOMER

Bart!

ALL

All of the other reindeer,  
Used to laugh and call him names.

LISA

Like Schnozzola!

HOMER

Lisa!

ALL

They never let poor Rudolph,  
Join in any reindeer games.

BART

Like strip poker!

HOMER

I'm warning you two!

ALL

Then one foggy Christmas Eve,  
Santa came to say,

MARGE

Take it Homer.

HOMER

Er... Rudolph, get your nose over here,  
So you can drive my sleigh... today...

GRAMPA

Oh, Homer...

ALL

Then all the reindeer loved him,  
And they shouted out with glee,  
Rudolph the red nose reindeer,  
You'll go down in history!

BART

Like Attila the Hu- ught urk!

HOMER

You little... grrrr!!