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How Murray Saved Christmas

By Mike Reiss

North of the North Pole
and south of the stars
lies a quaint little village
called Stinky Cigars.
The name is so awful
that folks pass right by it.
It's a trick that we use
to keep our town quiet.
You'll see that we've got
some celebrities here...
The groundhog, Columbus,
and Chinese New Year.
There's Jack Frost
and Washington,
Lincoln and Cupid,
and dear April Fool,
who's as sweet as he's stupid.
Yahtzee.

- Oh!

- Man!

St. Pat and St. Nicholas fill
our saint quota.
If you're looking
for St. Paul,
check Minnesota.

- Ho ho!

- Har har har.

You have to be
proud and a little bit nuts
to honor a banner
with two smelly butts.

Please join me
in our town anthem.

Ho ho ho ho

ho ho ho ho ho!

Stinky Cigars!

Stinky Cigars!

There's no place on earth,
and no place on Mars
that's as happy
as Stinky Cigars.

The cats never scratch.

The dogs never bite.

The sun shines

all day and night.
All day and night.
Uh! "S" to the T-I.
"N" to the K-Y.
Stinky, Stinky Cigars!
Uh! Life in the S-C is
kind of a dream.
There's a candy cane tree
by a butterscotch stream.
If your teeth all go rotten,
well, don't you scream.
'Cause the dentist gives
fillings of chocolate cream.
Sweet...
Stinky Cigars!
Stinky Cigars!
Yeah, the streets are all paved
with chocolate bars.
There's no smoking
in Stinky Cigars.
I put my head through
a priceless Renoir.
That's no problem
in Stinky Cigars.
No one's got problems
in Stinky Cigars.
Well, that killed half the day.
We've got to get
a shorter anthem.
- It's a nice place to work.
- It's a nice place to grow up.
It's such a nice place,
you just want to throw up.
Everyone's happy,
except Murray Weiner,
owner of Murray's
Holiday Diner.
Murray is grouchy and cranky
and crabby,
nasty and ghastly,
obnoxious and flabby,
ill-tempered, ill-natured,
malevolent and...
- All right!

- They get it.
Yet still everyone
in the holiday bunch
would come into Murray's
to have a great lunch.
You might see George Washington
eating and drinking
on President's Day
with Abraham Lincoln.
And how, you might wonder,
did Santa get that?
Just thank Murray's
chocolate-chip
cheesecake for that.
Ho ho ho!
You get the bagels.
You got the chili.
Thanksgiving Turkey,
stuff yourself silly.
Cupid, you're sweet.
I don't want to be pushy.
But get off my seat with
your bare-naked tushy.
Ooh.
Here's your roast beef,
Leprechaun.
This is rare.
I want well-done.
Much obliged.
And back in the corner,
all by himself,
sat an odd little fellow
named Edison Elf.
What are you doing
playing with food?
It's wasteful and dirty
and terribly rude.
I'm just sitting here
quietly making a racket.
I'm Edison Elf.
I'm a bit of a tinkerer.
Kid, as a tinkerer,
you are a stinkerer.
Hey!

I invented horse socks...
To go with horseshoes...
And a loud watch alarm
for people who snooze.
I'm up! I'm up!
And here is a toy that I know
kids will love.
It's a Jack-in-the-box
with a spring boxing glove.
I call it
a Jack-in-the-boxer.
Box, boxer, glove.
It's a pun.
This would at least get
an honorable mention
if there were a contest
for world's worst invention.
What?
- It's stupid.
- It's clever.
- It's nasty.
- It's nice.
Go show it to Santa
and get his advice.
I will. I will!
He forgot to pay his bill.
oh, we work, work, work,
work, work, work, work.
We work with great endurance.
We never miss a day of work
'cause we don't have health insurance.
We work all night,
we work all day.
We love our jobs,
but come on, hey.
We never get a dime of pay.
We just work, work, work, work,
work, work, work, work, work.
Ho ho!
- Nice work, Dave.
- My name is Chet.
- But I thought he was Chet.
- I'm Dolores.
- And you must be the new guy.

- I've been here 87 years.
Ok, break's over.
Back to work.
Oh, we work, work, work,
work, work, work, work.
We really bust our heinies.
They hire elves for this work, work, work
'cause we're cheaper than the Chinese.
But it's still one of life's great joys
to earn a living making toys.
I'm going crazy
from this noise!
He's berserk, serk, serk,
serk, serk, serk, serk, berserk.
Who wants cocoa?
- Yes, please!
- Me! Me! I do!
It's \$8 for the large,
5 bucks for the small.
- For a lousy coffee?
- Wow. That hurts.
All right. Double time.
What a jerk, jerk, jerk, jerk, jerk,
jerk, jerk Santa Claus can be.
Still, it's nice to have some work,
work, work in this economy.
I go to work beside my dad.
I have the job
my father had.
This place
isn't all that bad.
Get to work, work, work, work,
work, work, work, work, work.
He's a great guy
outside the office.
At Santa's Workshop
on Christmas Eve day,
zillions of toys were
stuffed into the sleigh.
There were Jacks and wax lips
and all kinds of loose stuff...
Crumpunglers, tumpuzzlers.
You know, Dr. Seuss stuff.
There were dolls that said "mama"

and dolls that said "goo,"
dolls that made music...
And dolls that made pooh.
There were dolls that grew
tall at a push of a button
and a doll, best of all,
that didn't do nothing.
Santa was ready,
about to take off,
when from behind him,
he heard a small cough.
Santa... Ahem.
Could I have your attention?
I'd just like to show
you my latest invention.
Yes?
My Jack-in-the-boxer
belongs on your list.
It's a Jack-in-the-box
with a fabulous twist.
Aaaarggh!
You're, uh, supposed to point it
away from your face.
Ho ho! Don't worry, son.
I'm perfectly schnibble
and ready to glibble.
- You're starting to dribble.
- Really?
All of the toys
fell out of the sled.
And they bounced one by one
off of poor Santa's head.
Mama!
Gah!
Oh, nutmeg.
Anyone else hear that?
Hmm, it needs work.
Globble, glibble, ish,
kibibble. Hee hee!
Mmm!
Appetite... Good.
When someone is having
a less than a jolly day,
they call on this man.

His name is Doc Holiday.
Diaper rash.
- Ooh! Ooh!
- Seasickness.
I'm under such pressure
to see my shadow
and get winter over already.
What if I don't see it?
I mean, should I lie?
Diaper rash.
- Aah! No...
- Claus-trophobia.
One year I was certain
I saw my shadow,
but it turned out to be
an oil stain on the pavement.
I cannot tell a lie.
Ha ha. You're fat.
I'm a rodent,
not a meteorologist.
Uh, diaper rash.
Uh, how's it look, Doc?
Would you like to hear
the bad news first?
I'd rather hear the good news.
Oh, I didn't say
there's good news.
Heh heh. In layman's terms,
Santa Claus is suffering from...
Superficial fractures of
his little baby toeses.
His ears moved south
and now his mouth is pushed up
where his nose is.
I'm prescribing aspirin
in super megadoses
for superficial fractures of his wittle,
bitty toeses.
Where exactly did
you go to med school?
Colombia.
Bogota, Colombia.
He's got inflammation and abrasions,
bruises and contusions,

spinal fusion, great confusion
marked by weird delusions.
I'm a pretty little girl.
My mommy calls me Susan.
Inflammation and abrasions,
bruises and contusions.
Doc Holiday
never cured anything.
But you had to admit,
the guy sure loved to sing.
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Oy!
Stop. Stop!
This is terrible!
I didn't mean
to frighten you.
It's just a slight
concussion.
I know that you
feel terrible.
The bad news must
be crushin'.
Make sure he gets lots of rest
so there's no repercussions.
I will.
But Christmas
must be canceled.
That's the end of
the discussion.
Christmas must be canceled.
That's the end of
the discussion.
All right.
I ruined Christmas.
I mean, that's not the worst
thing in the world.
Actually, it is.
I've done the worst thing
in the world.
People will forgive me in time.
They'll be able to look back
at this and laugh...
Ha ha...
In say 6 billion, 8 billion years.

So let's review.
I hurt Santa, broke his toys,
ruined Christmas,
and now I'm stuck in a trench.
Help! Help!

Hmm...

Oof!

Where are you going?
What's all the rumpus?
So long, Easter Bunny.
Good-bye, Columbus.
There in the snow
stood the holiday stars,
every last person
in Stinky Cigars.

There were even a few
who weren't so famous,
like Arbor Day Aardvark
and Labor Day Amos.

You all saved my life.

Thanks goodness you came!

But something bad happened,
and I am to blame.

For those who don't know me,
I'm Edison Elf.

And I'm afraid Santa is
not quite himself.

- Hello!

- I'm Queen Hanna of Bananaland.

Bananas for you and you
and especially you.

Yes, your majesty.

Let's get back to the castle.

- Gently, sir.

- Bananas bruise easily.

I'm afraid it's my fault
that he's under the weather.

And there won't be a Christmas
unless we pull together.

It's gonna be tough,
and it's gonna be tricky.

So let us unite and win
one for St. Nicky!

Got lots and lots of problems

and the time is tight.
Got to hand out all those presents
by the end of the night.
We got a whole lot that we
got to achieve.
But you got to believe
on Christmas Eve.
- Oh, you got to believe.
- When?
- On Christmas Eve.
- Exactly.
- Oh, you got to believe.
- What day was that again?
On Christmas Eve.
Well, aren't you guys smart.
Oh, come on.
It's impossible.
When they told the Easter Bunny
that he had to bring those eggs,
he said, "I cannot do it
with my tiny, little legs."
They said, "if you don't do this
then the kids are gonna grieve."
and he said...
"Oh, oh!
I got to believe."
- Oh, you got to believe.
- When?
- On Christmas Eve.
That's right.
- Oh, you got to believe.
- I can't hear you!
- On Christmas Eve.
- I'm still not convinced.
No one believed Columbus
when he said the world was round,
but he went on his great voyage
and America was found.
Whoo!
Now everyone in Texas,
Taiwan, and Tel Aviv, they say
"oh, oh! We got
to believe."
- Tel Aviv?

- It rhymes.
Got to wrap those presents,
got to fix those toys.
Got to make a merry Christmas
for the world's good girls and boys.
It's better to give now
than to receive.

- Oh, you got to believe on Christmas Eve.
- Yeah!
Oh, you got to believe.
You got to believe.
On Christmas Eve,
got to believe.
Yeah, you got to believe.
you gotta, gotta, gotta, ah, gotta,
gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta
on Christmas Eve.
Oh, yeah!
Oh, you got
to believe.
When?
- On Christmas Eve.
- Exactly.
- Oh, you got to believe.
What day was that again?
On Christmas Eve.
Everyone pitched in,
except Murray Weiner,
who stood all alone in
the Holiday Diner.
Why was he grouchy?
What was his history?
What was his problem?
The man was a mystery.
Murray's got antisocial,
claustrophobic paranoid neurosis.
Narcissistic, germophobic,
borderline psychosis.
He is in The Guinness Book
for longest diagnosis.
Antisocial, claustrophobic
paranoid neurosis.
What are you doing here?
They... heh heh...

sent me to order dinner.
I am the man
to deliver the toys
to the good pretty girls
and the pretty good boys.
I'll sail east to go west
and west to go east.
The voyage should take me
3 months at the least.
Senor Columbus,
you have one night at best!
Have it your way.
I'll go west to go west.
He asked Easter Bunny
to gift-wrap a truck.
His paws were too small.
He was having no luck.
So he painted and dyed it
in purples and pinks.
On an egg, this looks good.
On a truck? Well, it stinks.
To Byron Bineski,
Fort Crowder, New Jersey,
we send you our love
and this powder blue Jersey.
Wishing you good luck
and gumdrops galore.
Then it goes on
for 5 pages more.
How many gift cards
would you say you've done?
When this card is finished,
I'll be up to one.
- Hey!
- Aah!
Lincoln and
Washington had a big fight.
Honest Abe,
can't you do anything right?
- I'm on the penny.
- I'm on the quarter.
- I'm also much older.
- You're almost much shorter.
Stop it, you guys!

You're behaving like Scrooges.
Then they all started fighting
just like the Three Stooges.

Here. Hold this.

- Woo!

- Woo! Woo! Woo!

Yah, yah, yah!

- Ha ha!

- Uh!

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all was in crisis.

The groundhog had eaten
the "naughty and nice" list.

The April Fool built
a preposterous bike,
and Labor Day Amos

had gone out on strike.

Silent night, holy night!

We will not give up the fight...

Liberte!

Stop all your shouting.

Stop all the noise.

There's no one I trust
to deliver these toys.

Delivery. Lincoln,

here's your hot pastrami.

Washington gets cold salami.

Columbus asked for rigatoni.

St. Pat ordered

fried bologna.

Piece of fish, sirloin steak,
meat knish, carrot cake.

And April Fool...

I don't know why...

Ordered compact discs on rye.

Yum!

- What?

- You're the one!

I'm the what one?

You are the one

to deliver the toys

to 200 countries,

to good girls and boys.

Just put on this red suit

and get in the sleigh.

What are you, cuckoo?

Forget it. No way.

Please.

- No.

- Please?

- No!

- Please?

- No...

- Please...

And so for an hour,
these two kept on going,
with one of them please-ing
and one of them no-ing.

- Please?

- No.

Please?

No! Why in the world should
I schlep through the snow,
bringing millions of presents
to kids I don't know?

Will anyone pay me?

Will anyone tip?

What if I slip
and fracture my hip?

Look at the weather.

It's cold and it's shivery.

There's no way on earth
I will make this delivery.

Bummer.

Murray spent each
Christmas Eve on his own,
remembering days when he
wasn't alone.

You dated her?

Get out of my deli.

Get off of my land.

What part of "no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no"
don't you understand?

I'll tell you the reason
you shouldn't say no.

I just need one minute,
and then I will go.

- One minute?

- 60 seconds.

So what's the reason?

Because it's Christmas.

Lights, please.

Christmas, you know,
is that one special season
when people do good things
without a good reason.

The grouchiest men
will wear musical ties
and buy Christmas presents
for folks they despise.
The cheapest of cheapskates
will spend all his money,
and people make fruitcakes
from concrete...

And honey.

Tonight think of others
instead of yourself.

Your minute is up,

Mr. Edison Elf.

Libby, mistletoe!

- Ooh!

- Murray!

Ha ha. It's ok.

Merry Christmas, Murray.

- I'll do it.

- Oh, Murray!

No hugs, no hugs,

no hugs, no hugs.

Murray put on the suit.

The belly was baggy.

The shoulders were saggy.

The bottom was draggy.

I'm pretty fat,

but I think Santa's fatter.

The caboose is quite loose,

but I guess it won't matter.

Bravissimo, Murray!

I wish you good luck.

I love what you're doing.

My zipper is stuck.

They hopped in the sleigh

and sped off like a comet.
- What are you doing?
- I'm going to vomit.
I've got one rule,
but, surely, it's basic.
If you go too fast,
I'm gonna get sleigh-sick.
Why don't you drive?
On, Dumbo and Jumbo.
On, Mason and Dixon.
On, Cosmo and Kramer
and Richard M. Nixon.
That wasn't even close.
They made their first stop,
Eddie fearing the worst.
Murray fell down the chimney
and landed head-first.
Ow! Oof.
Not terrible. A little dry.
Eggnog, huh?
I never had it.
Blecch! So that's why
they only drink it once a year.
He didn't come back
till a quarter to 2:00.
Murray! I worried.
What happened to you?
Down by the fireplace,
kids hung up socks.
So I loaded the socks up
with bagels and lox.
Presents.
You're supposed
to bring presents.
Kids don't love lox?
They went to the next house.
It didn't go better.
Murray got bit by
a big Irish setter.
Aah!
He stepped on
a turtle at house number 3.
In house number 4,
he knocked over the tree.

What was that noise?

- Mice.

- Oh.

Wait. Who said that?

Cat.

Oh. Betty Fred,
get my gun.

I've been bit by a dog
and shot by a gun.

I must tell you, shorty,
I'm not having fun.

I'm old and I'm cold,
and this suit doesn't fit.

If the next stop goes badly,
I'll just have to quit.

Edison Elf couldn't blame him.
He tried.

I have faith in you, Murray.
The little elf lied.

Murray jumped down the chimney
and landed so hard...

The thud knocked the snow
off the trees in the yard.

- He got to his feet with a...

- Oof.

- And an...

- Oy.

And he found himself facing
a 6-year-old boy.

Santa Claus!

Santa Claus! Santa Claus!

Where? Oh, right.

You mean me.

Yes, I'm Santa, I swear.

Do your Santa Claus laugh.

Please, please, please, please?

Huh? Sure. Heh heh.

Tee hee.

Hoo. Ha. Oh, boy.

Murray snorted and snickered
and chortled and chuckled.

And as he chuckled,
his belt came unbuckled.

His pants, which were loose,

fell down straight to his knees.
"Murray Weiner" was stitched
on his silk BVDs.
Well, I'm going to jail.
Santa Claus, please.
Would you kindly explain
why you and your underpants
have different names?
Betrayed by his boxers,
let down by his pants,
he knew a good story
would be his best chance.
Don't you know Murray Weiner is
a famous designer?
Calvin Klein may be fine,
but Weiner is finer.
Are you sure you're Santa?
You don't have a beard.
Your suit is all baggy.
You smell kind of weird.
I shaved off the beard.
Mrs. Claus said it tickles.
And I went on a diet...
Club soda and pickles.
That should explain why
I'm beardless and bellyless.
The pickles would also
account for my smelliness.
So there, I've explained.
I've made everything clear.
Now, I should be going.
Wait. Name your reindeer.
- Murray hemmed and he hawed.
- He did not know this stuff.
So he huffed and he puffed
and proceeded to bluff.
There's Bambi and Rambo
and Dopey and Doc,
Scotty and Sulu,
Uhura and Spock.
Murray looked at him hopefully.
How did I do?
You're a big phony fake!
I guess Santa is, too.

Santa's not phony.
I've got the proof.
Come out on the lawn,
look up on the roof.
That's Santa's sleigh
sitting there in the snow.
There are the reindeer
whose names I don't know.
Oh, Santa is real, kid.
It's wrestling that's fake.
And that's when the boy knew
he'd made a mistake.
This wasn't just some smelly
guy in a suit
but an honest to goodness
Saint Nick substitute.
And then the boy smiled.
Murray felt a strange tingle.
He knew for one night that
he could be Kris Kringle.
Ho ho ho!
Whoo-hoo-hoo!
Aah! Oh!
Murray brought the boy in,
and he patted his head.
And he fixed him a lean
pastrami sandwich with coleslaw
and a triple-thick
chocolate milkshake.
And he sent him to bed.
So tell me, Murray,
do you feel like quitting?
Quitting, quitting?
You got to be kidding.
I love Christmas lights...
the purple and orange,
the yellow and...
Something that rhymes
with orange.
Enough of this talk.
We've got toys to deliver.
We can't sit around
like 2 lumps of chopped liver.
Glibble, globble,

Julian Schnabel.
My suit. My sleigh.
My toys.
My word!
Hello? Sarah,
get me the police!
Officer Bender,
the bender of laws.
- To whom am I speaking?
- My name's Santa Claus.
Weirdo.
You say you're Santa.
I say I doubt it.
If you're really Santa,
then tell me about it.
When you were 2,
I brought you a crib.
When you were 3,
you got a nice bib.
At 4, I gave you
a big Teddy bear.
You were naughty at 5,
so you got underwear.
All right. All right.
What's been stolen?
Eight flying reindeer,
sleigh in the back,
6 billion toys,
and a 50-foot sack.
Any distinguishing
characteristics?
Oy. I'm dealing
with an idiot.
I give you my word
as the public's defender,
I'll track down this rat
and return him to sender.
I'll find this little coward
and put him in jail.
I'm Officer Bender,
and I never fail.
Huh. Where did I put
my keys?
From Nome down to Rome,

from Minsk to Atlanta,
Murray brought presents
as quickly as Santa.
Bah!
Oh, boy.
I'm raring to go.
It's a quarter past 3:00.
Where are you, shorty?
You're sitting on me!
Santa, of course,
didn't know about Murray.
He thought Christmas was stolen,
so he had to hurry.
It's a quarter past 3:00.
I still got a chance.
I just need a sleigh and
some toys and some pants.
He put on red
long johns in place of the suit.
Instead of a cap,
he wore a red boot.
Perfect!
- Sleigh, sleigh?
- Do I have a spare sleigh?
Maybe there's one buried
under this hay.
Ooh. All that I see is
a shovel and rake
and this old garden hose.
No, wait. That's a snake.
Snake! Ah! Ah!
This could work.
I just need to find a giant
toy store
that's open on Christmas
at a quarter to 4:00.
Then Santa Claus
saw a miraculous sight.
In the sky far above was
a star shining bright.
Give me everything
you got in the store!
Don't shoot me.
What are you?

I'm vishin' you...
You're Vishnu?
I'm vishin' you
wouldn't shoot me.
I'm not going to shoot you.
Put down your arms...
All of them.
Two more.
So how can I help you?
- Wrapping paper?
- Aisle one.
- Children's books?
- We have none.
- Any toys?
- Just some knickknacks.
- Christmas candy?
- Only tic tacs.
Ho ho ho.
Comic books, candy bar,
bobbing head dolls for your car,
playing cards, ballpoint pen, paper clips.
Yeah! Kids love them.
DVD of Mighty Ducks.
That'll be 8,000 bucks.
Dough! Dough! Dough!
Got to bring this garbage
to the little brats.
And nothing's gonna stop me.
Hey!
Glibble...
What's next?
You've been to Albania,
finished Romania, done Transylvania.
That was no fun.
Delivered to China,
North Carolina.
Hey, Murray Weiner, you're finished!
You're done.
Well, that was easy.
Ha ha!
Easy? How did you do it?
You move like a pro.
What is your secret?
We all want to know.

Did you ever Google me?

- What?

- You'd find out...

Everything in, like, 5 seconds.

Use Bing. Use Google.

Use Bingle.

Well, well, well.

What are you looking for?

Murray Weiner.

Bup bup ba boo,

thinkin', thinkin'.

Oh, here you go, pally.

News You Can Use, bringing you

fast-breaking news

from around the globe

just weeks after it happens.

Aah!

August 12th is here,

which can only mean

one thing... Milkman's day.

That's when we pay tribute

to the derring-do

of the dairy man,

who goes door to door each morning,

bringing fresh moo juice.

And it wouldn't be

Milkman's Day

without the annual parade

down Fifth Avenue.

Here come the milkmen.

Bringing milk, bringing cheese,

bringing anything you please.

Cheer for the milkmen.

Hear the drum, here they come

with your daily calcium.

Yum, yum, yum.

And here's the guy

the kids have been waiting for...

Murray the Milkman.

He's the Easter Bunny of butter,

the Kris Kringle of cream.

Murray the Milkman,

he is smooth as silk, man.

Ooh, he gives me shivers.

Ooh, the man delivers.
He's idolized because
he's pasteurized.
He's the man for me,
gives me vitamin "D."
Murray, Murray, Murray, Murray,
Murray, Murray, Murray, Murray.
Sling that cow juice
right to my door.
But pretty soon,
kids could get milk from a store.
They didn't need
milkmen like me anymore.
Milk's just as good
when it comes from a carton.
So my whole holiday
was completely forgotten.
Forgotten.
The parades got much smaller.
And one day, they stopped.
The floats were dismantled.
The balloons were all popped.
My whole happy life
had become a bad dream.
And I became sour
as 3-month old cream.
I gave up my job.
And I gave up my friends.
And I told my true love
not to see me again.
Why did you do that?
Because I was nothing.
I was nothing,
and she was a national treasure.
I put that woman on a pedestal.
I mean,
she was already on a pedestal,
but I put her on a figurative pedestal
on top of the literal pedestal.
Ah! You know
what I mean.
You're not nothing, Murray.
You proved that you're not.
Well, thank you for giving this grump

one last shot.

- Murray smiled. Eddie smiled.

- And the reindeer all smiled.

Tonight you brought presents
to every good child.

- What about the bad kids?

- Who?

Why should we stop?

We have time. We have toys.

Why can't we bring them
to bad girls and boys?

No.

- Please.

- No.

- Please?

- No!

So a kid might be lazy.

He might be a slob.

He drives his folks crazy.

That's kind of his job.

Ed heard what he said,
and he couldn't resist.

They brought toys to the naughty,
a very long list.

Some ice skates for Kate,
who poured glue on mom's chair,
put tacks in dad's slacks,
and then belched the lord's prayer.

A toboggan for Ogden,
who played sick from school
and drove his dad's Pontiac
into the pool.

A Dolly for Molly,
who just for a joke
popped a bag behind grandpa
and gave him a stroke.

Murray brought presents
to all bad and good kids...

The weird and the feared
and the misunderstood kids
and not just to Christians,
he brought gifts to Hindus,
to Buddhists and Muslims,
to fat and to thin Jews.

And people said Christmas
was never so pleasant
as that one special year
when the world got a present.
I'm afraid there's
no presents for us in the sack.
I could give you a hug,
and you could give me one back.
Oh, man!
Freeze!
Dudes can't hug in this town?
You're under arrest
for stealing Christmas.
Officer Bender,
Stinky P.D.
I'm sorry, sir.
I don't have my I.D.
- Driver's license?
- I forgot it.
- Pilot's license?
- Never got it.
- Poetic license?
- I, uh... What?
If you don't have a poetic license,
stop rhyming.
All the poetry in this town
drives me crazy.
It takes me 4 hours
to do paperwork
because I can't find a rhyme
for aggravated assault.
Ugh. So...
You have no I.D.
on you at all.
Wait. I do have this.
See? See?
Dropping trou in front
of a police officer, son.
You just got yourself
in a lot more trouble.
Stolen sleigh.
Driving without a license.
- No car seat for your baby.
- I'm not a baby!

And what happened to the toys?

There were supposed to be
billions of toys in here.

We gave them to good
girls and boys.

And a few really rotten ones.

Wait. Now, hold it.

What's this?

Trying to hide one from me?

- I really wouldn't do that.

- Don't tell me how to do my job.

- I beg you to stop!

- I beg you to shut up.

Yeah. Let the man
do his job.

Aah!

I was wrong.

That's a pretty good invention.

Thank you, Murray.

Glibble?

So how did it go?

I'm glad you asked.

Oy. Not another
musical number.

Don't worry.

It's the finale.

We brought those presents.

We brought those toys.

We brought a merry Christmas
to all the girls and boys.

And some real little stinkers.

Let's hear it
for Murray!

Hip, hip, hooray!

Now it's time to play,
it's Christmas day.

- Oh, it's time to play.

- Why?

It's Christmas day.

That's right.

Oh, it's time to play.

Already?

It's Christmas day...

Wait! Wait! Wait!

What about Santa Claus?

Oh. I just checked on Santa.

And he's on the mend.

He's spending Christmas

at home with a friend.

I am Queen Hanna of Bananaland.

No! I am Queen

Hanna of Bananaland.

- No, I am!

- No, I am.

Take it, elves!

oh, we play, play, play, play, play,

play, play, play, play, play, play, play.

Oh, we play, play, play, play, play,

play, play, play, play on Christmas day.

- Whoo-hoo!

- Yeah! Yeah!

Whee!

It's too bad Santa

hurt his head.

And we're pretty happy

he's not dead.

But as long as he

is stuck in bed...

Let's play, play, play, play,

play, play, play, play, play.

Easter Bunny is in the house!

Ah-huh-huh.

Christmas with my

honey bunny.

Got to spend some

money-money.

Baby,

won't you buy me bling?

Baby,

here's an 18-karat ring.

Ha ha!

Hip hop!

Your turn, Groundhog.

Oh, no. No, I...

I can't really enjoy Christmas.

I mean,

the whole time I'm thinking,

tomorrow,

Christmas will be over
and then for a minute,
suddenly,
Christmas is 364 days away,
365 during a leap year.
And what?
What's everybody looking at?
My shadow!
I saw my shadow.
You know what that means.
All this snow is gonna go
and things are turning green.
Winter is ending
and spring's on the way.
But till then,
enjoy this Christmas day.
Ok! Murray,
bring it home!
No. I don't like to sing.
Come on. You can do it.
- No, I can't.
- Please?
- No.
- Please? Please?
- No.
- Please?
- No!
- Please?
I can't sing,
I can't sing. I can't...
Sing!
Well, maybe I can sing
a little.
My life was empty
and at an end.
I could make a sandwich
but I couldn't make a friend.
But thanks to this guy
I'm filled with glee.
His best invention
was a whole new me.
Now I'm happy and gay.
- When?
- On Christmas day.

Yes, I'm ever so gay.
- When?
- On Christmas day.
I'm incredibly gay.
Gay as the month of May.
Gay, gay, gay, gay,
I'm so gay.
I don't mean in that way.
That way is ok.
What I'm trying to say...
Oh, forget it,
oy, vey!
You want to get out of here?
Sure. When?
About 10 minutes ago.
You.
You look great.
I had a big restoration
back in the eighties.
What are you doing here?
I heard you saved Christmas.
That's the Murray
I used to know.
Libby, how could you
come back to me
after the way I treated you,
after all these years?
Murray, no one can
carry a torch like me.
Mm!
I missed you.
Sure. Her he'll hug.
I haven't forgotten you.
Ahh.
All right. That's enough.
Enough!
All right.
Maybe a little more.
Stop!
Statue of Liberty, Edison Elf.
The two of you saved
myself from myself.
Oh, pleased to meet you.
Big fan.

Now, who wants to go
on a sleigh ride?

- Me!

- Me! Me! Me!

- On, Lipstick and Dipstick.

- On, Pixie and Dixie.

On, Kramden and Norton
and Alice and Trixie.

And I heard him exclaim
as he rode out of sight...

Murray Christmas to all
and to all a good night!

And as Murray Weiner
sailed off in the sky,
the people of Stinky Cigars
waved good-bye.

- Au revoir, mon cheri.

- Don't be a stranger!

- Grazie, Murray.

- Thank you, Lone Ranger.

Edison Elf would
go on to get work,
selling his stuff on
the Elf Shopping Network.

My latest
invention gives diapers a voice.

It tells you it's wet
with the song of your choice.

Should auld
acquaintance be forgot...

That is amazing!

And Murray would
start every day with a smile.

He became a new man.

Well, at least for a while.

We'd like to split
a pastrami sandwich.

- With mayonnaise.

- On white bread.

And could you
cut the crusts off?

And we get
the senior citizen discount.

I have a coupon.

Get out!

Murray.

And so ends our story.

That's all that you get.

Should auld

acquaintance be forgot...

I'd love to say more,

but my diaper's wet.

Happy New Year, y'all.