A THANKSGIVING TO REMEMBER

By

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INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eight-seat rectangular table holds a THANKSGIVING FEAST. Someone went through a ton of trouble to prepare this meal.

SEVEN PEOPLE seated, all wearing SERIOUSLY UGLY SWEATERS. Glasses of wine for the gals, beer bottles for the guys.

At one head, KEN -- late-50s; stocky and overbearing with a permanent chip on his shoulder.

At the other head, JOHN -- late-30s; Ken’s eldest son, a chip off the old block.

On John’s right, ELAINE -- late-50s; Ken’s wife of 36 years. Total wallflower, her bottom lip is split and we see a black eye trying to hide behind concealer.

   ELAINE
   I love it when we’re all together.
   We should do this more often.

Ken raises his glass.

   KEN
   (half-hearted)
   To family.

Everyone raises their glass EXCEPT...

KAREN, sitting to John’s left and opposite Elaine. Mid-30s; the middle child, she’d rather be getting waterboarded.

   KAREN
   (sotto)
   Unfuckingbelievable.

Ken’s the kind of guy whose anger doesn’t build slowly, just goes straight to furious.

   KEN
   There a problem with my toast?

   KAREN
   Only that you’re the one making it.
   Takes irony to a new dimension.

   JOHN
   Karen...

   KAREN
   Don’t Karen me. Mom’s lip is split, and concealer isn’t hiding her black eye worth a shit.
Elaine is mortified.

ELAINE
I fell. You know how clumsy I am.

KAREN
Then you’re the clumsiest person on the planet because you’ve been falling for years.  
(smarry smile at Ken)  
Right, daddy?

Ken glares. He’d love to throw the carving knife at Karen. Instead, he looks at the man seated to Karen’s left...

STEVE -- mid-30s; trying too hard to look like a tough guy.

KEN
Steve, you wanna join this family, better learn how to reign in your women.

STEVE
I’m workin’ on it.

Karen whiplash turns to Steve with dagger eyes. One of those ‘Did you really just say that?’ looks.

Steve shrugs.

STEVE
You do overstep.

Karen’s about to lose it. John puts his hand on hers.

JOHN
(sotto but stern)  
Not here. Not now.

Karen recoils from John like his hand is covered with slime.

KAREN
And why isn’t Donna here?

JOHN
She’s at her sister’s.

KAREN
Hopefully with better makeup than mom’s.

JOHN
You’re a real bitch, you know that?
Sitting opposite Steve, on Elaine’s right...

ALEX -- early-30s; youngest of Ken and Elaine’s three children; a dentist with perfectly coiffed hair:

ALEX
Let’s everyone just take it down a notch.
   (firmly to Karen)
Okay, Karen?

KAREN
Me?

ALEX
You opened this door.

KAREN
So what are you buying your assistant for Christmas this year? Victoria’s Secret again?

This shuts Alex up, prompting...

BONNIE, on Alex’s right -- late-20s; overly trampy:

BONNIE
(takes Alex’s hand)
We got through that. Things are good now.

KAREN
Even with his Vegas trip two weeks ago?

BONNIE
That was for the dental convention.

KAREN
Bonnie, I’m a hygienist. The dental convention’s in April.

Tears well up in Bonnie’s eyes. She stares at Alex.

BONNIE
You’re seeing that slut again?!

Alex can’t bring himself to look at his girlfriend. Instead, he death-stares his sister.

ALEX
Karen, you’re not a bitch. You’re a cunt.
John raises his glass.

    JOHN
    Now that’s a toast I’ll drink to.

Just as John’s about to drink his beer...

BANG! A deafening GUNSHOT reverberates through the room. After a beat...

John stands up clutching his stomach, BLOOD SPILLING OUT around his hands.

Elaine chokes back a scream as...

Karen brings up a SNUB-NOSED .44 MAGNUM REVOLVER from under the table, wisps of smoke still curling from the barrel.

John pitches forward, FALLS FACE FIRST on the table. Blood pools around him as he death moans and dies.

Alex jumps to his feet, beer bottle in hand, arm cocked...

    ALEX
    You fucking psycho!

About to throw the bottle at Karen when...

THUNK!

Bonnie impales his throat with a FORK, tines embedded as far as they can go.

Alex drops back into his chair, gurgling and choking on his own blood.

His two sons murdered before his eyes, Ken is seeing red. Grabs Bonnie around the throat with both hands, BEGINS CHOKING HER... THROTTLING HER when suddenly...

HE GASPS... EYES BULGE... PITCHES FORWARD...

TURKEY CARVING KNIFE embedded in his back to the hilt.

Elaine stands there, shaking.

Steve can’t believe what’s happened. Puts his head in his hands. When he looks up...

Finds himself staring down the barrel of the .44 revolver.

Karen thumbs back the hammer.
KAREN
How’s this for overstepping?

Steve’s about to respond when...

BANG! 240-grain slug cores Steve’s head like a rotten apple, splattering his brains against the wall.

The heavy round’s impact throws his chair over backward, leaving his legs up in the air.

Karen tosses the gun on the table and takes a long pull of wine, finishing the glass.

A long silence. Finally...

ELAINE
It’d be a real shame to let all this great food go to waste.

After a beat, Karen and Bonnie nod in agreement and take the seats on either side of where Ken was sitting.

As Karen freshens their wine glasses...

Elaine PULLS THE CARVING KNIFE from Ken’s back, then pushes his corpse off the table and takes his seat.

After wiping the bloody knife clean with the tablecloth, Elaine begins carving the turkey. As she slices...

ELAINE
(to Karen)
White meat or dark?

THE END