

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS MY...

Sister Susie sitting on a thistle

Copyright(c) 2020.

This work may not be used for any purpose without the expressed written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - PRESENT DAY - AFTERNOON

A family-sized SUV parks in front of a large Victorian-era home.

INSIDE THE CAR

Three rambunctious boys (8,9,10) roughhouse in the back while MOM (45) and DAD (48) argue. Holiday music jingles on.

DAD

-because that's not how briskets work! You can't just take it out and put it in. There's a process!

MOM

Well I told you what time I wanted to see my Mom! I hate having to fight tooth and-

Mom is distracted by the boys throwing a foam football.

MOM

Bryson, Lawson, Hunter, what did I say about ball play in the car!

BOYS

Sorry Mom...

DAD

Can we get in already?

Dad reaches down between his legs and reveals a half-cooked brisket with tin foil on top.

DAD

This thing needs to cook for another four hours.

Mom takes a deep breath and turns the music down.

MOM

Okay. I want to *actually* spend time with my Mom this year. We don't know how much longer she has left.

(turns to boys)

Did you hear that boys? I want you all to give Grandma a hug and kiss when we get there. *AND*, I want us all spending time with her.

BOYS
(various sighs)
Yes, Mom...

DAD
(whispering)
She has Dementia... and she's not
really that nice either...

MOM
Well she was an amazing parent.
Maybe you, too, could learn a thing
her.

Dad also sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grandma stares at the TV as the family files in. The hospice nurse, Vanessa (45), helps them with their belongings.

MOM
(whispering)
One, two, three...

FAMILY
MERRY CHRISTMAS, GRANDMA!

MOM
Kids, go say hi!

Grandma (85) is startled and finally notices the family.
Grandma grumbles to herself in her wheelchair.

GRANDMA
Christmas?... Asshole 'n
cocksucker...

The family freezes in shock and horror.

DAD
Well, that's new!

The boys each touch Grandma's shoulder and say hi.

VANESSA
(to Mom)
I should have told you... We think
she is developing Tourette's. It's
getting worse everyday.

MOM
Her Dementia or the-

GRANDMA
Bitch-ass mother fucker.

MOM
Never-mind.
(to Boys)
Alright boys I guess you can go
play then... No running!

The Boys run off. Dad waddles with the heavy brisket to the kitchen.

VANESSA
Okay, I have to go now, Merry
Christmas!

Mom can barely say it back before Vanessa closes the front door behind her. Mom kisses Grandma on the head and rolls her into the-

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dining room has a huge Christmas tree set-up next to the table. A waist-high island separates the two rooms. Dad wrestles with tin foil as Mom wheels Grandma next to the tree.

DAD
Well, there goes quality time with
Grandma.

MOM
(admiring decorations)
Yeah, it's too bad.
(points to tree)
Do you think Vanessa set this up
herself?

DAD
Probably.

MOM
She must have gone through the
boxes in the attic. Some of these
ornaments are from my childhood!
(scans tree)
There it is!

Mom pulls off an ornament from the top part of the tree.

DAD
 (head in the oven)
 What is it?

MOM
 This ornament that I had when I was
 a little girl. My Mom always told
 me that it was my Dad's last gift.

Mom shows Dad the solid red plastic ornament.

DAD
 (squints eyes)
 Ah, very sweet.

MOM
 I remember playing with it all the
 time!

DAD
 You played with an ornament?

The boys run into the dining room.

HUNTER
 Mom, is Grandma's name Shirley or
 Ethel?

GRANDMA
 BITCH!

MOM
 Shirley, now go play.

HUNTER
 See, I told you.

The boys run off again.

MOM
 Stop running!
 (to Dad)
 Why is it so weird that I played
 with an ornament? We were poor and
 my Dad was literally murdered.

DAD
 Sorry honey, I didn't mean anything-

MOM
 You don't know what it's like to
 have such a saint of a Mother raise
 you without help.

DAD

You met my parents, they're horrible people.

MOM

Exactly. I can't imagine her struggle. My Dad was out laying pipe for a client when he died. Laying pipe for me!

DAD

Honey, please just say plumbing.

MOM

Plus! The guy who did it was never fingered!

DAD

Please just say identified... And I know, I know! He was so beaten that they literally couldn't find his teeth. It's horrible!

MOM

Like somebody who beats their meat.

DAD

Okay, you know that's not right... I'm sorry! I'm just surprised, that's all. I don't even know how I would go about playing with an ornament.

MOM

Mostly just shaking it.

Mom shakes the ornament producing a maraca-like sound.

MOM

It used to be louder.

DAD

Huh? Most ornaments are empty.

MOM

Maybe mine is enchanted.

The boys enter looking like guilty puppies.

LAWSON

Mom, don't be mad-

MOM

What did you break?

LAWSON

Tell you later, but also we found
this in the attic.

Bryson hands Mom a handwritten love letter. She sets the
ornament on the table.

MOM

Awww. It's a love letter from my
Dad.

(reading out-loud)

*My love, words cannot describe the
passion I feel for you. Your smell
makes my body ache and flutter with
ecstasy-*

Did you boys read this!?

Dad shuts the oven and enters the dining room. He takes the
ornament, shaking and tinkering with it.

HUNTER

(guilty)

Yes... but that's not the bad part.

MOM

Your thighs-
Your breasts-

DAD

Oh boy...

MOM

Wait a minute.
My dearest minx, Ethel-
Who the hell is Ethel?

GRANDMA

Cocksucker!

MOM

This letter is dated the day my Dad
died...

Just then Dad untwists the top of the ornament.

DAD

Are you sure it's the same year?

He pours the contents of the ornament onto the dining table.

Unmistakable. Human teeth. Yellow and worn down. Grandma
finally cracks a smile.

GRANDMA
(laughs)
Merry Christmas, Asshole!

FADE OUT.