

GRANDMA'S NUTCRACKER

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FADE IN:

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A hearth strung with garland and red bows. The CREAKING of a rocking chair.

Sitting in the rocker is GRANDMA, 82, sweet, angelic face. In her lap is LARRY, 6, big eyes, listening intently.

GRANDMA

My mother gave this to me when I  
was just a little girl...

Grandma holds up a slender NUTCRACKER in the form of a wooden soldier -- Vigilant. Steadfast. Ready to crack nuts.

GRANDMA

This nutcracker saved my life. Not  
long after your grandfather and I  
got married, a twister blew through  
our farm and--

LARRY

A twister?

GRANDMA

Yeah. Big fuckin' twister. Anyways,  
Grandpa took cover in the barn, but  
I ran back to the house to get my  
special nutcracker. He begged me  
not to go, but when I got back, the  
barn was nowhere to be found.

LARRY

Wow. Was that how Grandpa died?

GRANDMA

Yes, it was, dear.

LARRY

Where'd they find him?

GRANDMA

Oh, some of him was on the highway.  
Some in the crick down yonder.  
Other parts would show up from time-  
to-time.

LARRY

That's crazy, grandma.

Grandma gazes wistfully at the Nutcracker.

GRANDMA

I truly believe it was my mother's spirit, your great grandmother, working through this nutcracker. And now, I give it to you.

Larry, filled with reverence, takes the Nutcracker.

LARRY

I love you, Grandma.

GRANDMA

Remember, Larry. Always keep this close. One day it might help you out of a tight spot.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A tasteful array of Christmas lights bedeck the house. Snow glistens on the front lawn.

SUPER: CHRISTMAS EVE, PRESENT DAY

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A MONTAGE of shots -- Twinkling lights on the tree -- A half-eaten plate of cookies, and milk.

BEDROOM

Dark. A sliver of light shines through the window. The rhythmic SLAPPING of sex is heard.

On the BED, Larry, now 44, and CHARLOTTE, 43, his wife, are going at it under the blankets. They pause.

CHARLOTTE

(laughing)

What was in those drinks?

LARRY

I don't know exactly. Vodka. Rum. More vodka.

CHARLOTTE

You forgot vodka... So, hey, you wanna try something?

LARRY

Oh, yeah, sure.

She flips on her back, turns seductively.

LARRY

No. Really? The back door?

CHARLOTTE

Don't get crazy. Try a dildo first.  
You know, in case I don't like it.  
Then, maybe...

LARRY

Okay. Where is it?

CHARLOTTE

Check in that drawer.

He knocks over an empty beer bottle and laughs. Opens the drawer, blindly grabs the dildo and some lube. He squeezes the tube, it makes a squishy *PPHHHTTT* sound.

He hocks a loogie and spits on the tip.

Charlotte arches her back.

CHARLOTTE

Go slow, okay?

BOY'S BEDROOM

A small, lit Christmas Tree stands in the corner, BUNK BEDS on the other side.

Top bunk is COOPER, 7. Lower bunk is MICHAEL, 13. Both boys are sound asleep when--

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

*AIIEEE-GGHHH!!*

Cooper's eyes snap open.

COOPER

Santa's here! Michael, wake up!  
Santa's here.

Michael, groggy, wakes. Listens.

A high-pitched HOWL is heard.

MICHAEL

Did someone let a coyote in?

DOWNSTAIRS

Michael and Cooper descend the stairs to find Larry leading Charlotte, hunched over, coat thrown on her back, to the front door.

MICHAEL  
Dad, what's going on?

LARRY  
I gotta take your mother to the  
emergency room.

COOPER  
Is Mommy having a baby?

Charlotte gnashes her teeth.

CHARLOTTE  
No...

LARRY  
Michael, you watch your brother for  
a little while. We won't be long.

They exit.

Michael and Cooper run to the window. Outside, Charlotte is bent so far forward she's almost on all fours. Larry tries to help and she swats him away.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Larry's slumped in a chair, chin resting in his hand. The TV on the wall showing It's A Wonderful Life.

DOCTOR SINGH, 44, approaches, holding a paper bag.

DOCTOR SINGH  
Mister Burns?

LARRY  
Is she all right?

DOCTOR SINGH  
Yes, yes. Very lucky. Couple rips  
and tears. I'd recommend a liquid  
diet for a few days.

Larry clears his throat.

LARRY  
Can I take her home?

DOCTOR SINGH  
Oh, sure. The nurse is bringing her  
out now.

The doctor and Larry turn to see Charlotte, head swaying back and forth, arm-in-arm with a NURSE.

DOCTOR SINGH  
We gave her Vicodin. A lot,  
actually. She may be incoherent for  
a few hours--

CHARLOTTE  
Hey, Wolverine, you wanna Dick  
Myazz..?

She bursts into hysterical laughter, makes the OK sign and jams her forefinger into it.

Larry covers her gesture.

DOCTOR SINGH  
(re: the paper bag)  
Do you want this?

LARRY  
It that the..?

DOCTOR SINGH  
What's left of it. Is that, uh, how  
you say... Nutcracker?

Larry takes the bag, looks in, grimaces.

LARRY  
Thank you, Doctor.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Michael and Cooper open gifts. Wrapping paper everywhere.

Larry sits on the couch, coffee in hand, eyes half-closed. Charlotte next to him, big pillow under her butt.

LARRY  
Santa was good this year, eh?

COOPER  
Yes, he was!

Michael rises, kisses both his parents.

MICHAEL  
Thanks, Mom. Thanks, Dad.

CHARLOTTE  
You're welcome, sweetheart.

LARRY  
Who's ready for breakfast?

COOPER  
(to Mom and Dad)  
Wait. I got you a special present.

CHARLOTTE  
How sweet.

Cooper fishes under the tree, grabs something wrapped in newspaper and hands it to his parents.

Larry unravels the paper. He YELPS, almost drops it when he sees it's the Nutcracker.

COOPER  
I found it in a paper bag in the kitchen this morning, so I glued it back together. Merry Christmas.

Michael waves his hand in front of his face.

MICHAEL  
What smells like shit?

Larry and Charlotte exchange disturbed glances, then --

Above the fireplace, atop the mantle...

A black and white photo of GRANDMA in her rocker.

FADE OUT.