

Mom, Jill, Grandma,  
Stacy, Carl, Michael,  
Uncle Bob

## Y CHRISTMAS

MOM. Okay, here's the deal. You would all make me very happy if ya didn't make a big deal outta this, okay. You are *not* gonna feel sorry for me. That's an order. We are gonna have a nice Christmas with our little contest, and we're gonna have prizes. And it's gonna be fun, dammit!

*(She smiles.)*

JILL. Christmas songs are fun.

GRANDMA. *(Reminiscing.)* When I was your age we sat in front of the fire while Grandpa sang "Jingle Bells" out of the hole in his wind pipe.

JILL.

SO, BRING US SOME FIGGY PUDDING.

GRANDMA. I had figgy pudding once. Cleaned me right out. Now *that* was a "two Depends" day...

*(Looks down at her "underwear region" and moves her hips.)*

And so is today.

*(She exits to the bathroom.)*

*(CARL types into the computer.)*

STACY. Mom, there's gotta be something you haven't done in life that you wanna do. Don't you have a bucket list?

MOM. I'd like to see Carl make up with Rita and get married.

CARL. Oooh. Wow. Yeah, about that, Mom.

MOM. I think Rita would make a great wife. And she's got those wide birthing hips.

JILL. *(Whimpers.)* Ohh.

CARL. Okay, so...if I get back with Rita, you'll get treatment?

MOM. Yes.

CARL. It's extortion. "Make a wish" extortion.

MOM. Well, you're not workin' that hard on my contest. I figure you need more incentive.

CARL. I thought you didn't wanna make a big deal outta this?

MOM. I make the rules. I can change 'em at any time.

MICHAEL. Carl, you just need to pick up the phone and call Rita. Be direct. Women like that. Be confident, but have a little humility in your voice.

CARL. Ya think?

MICHAEL. I know women.

JILL. Not really.

MICHAEL. Just do it.

MOM. Carl, honey, do you love her?

CARL. Well...

MOM. That's a "yes." Does she make you happy?

CARL. Yeah.

MOM. Then what are you waiting for?

GRANDMA. (*Offstage, from the other room.*) He's waitin' to grow a pair!

UNCLE BOB. Ya might wanna practice first. Try it on me. Go ahead, let's role-play. I'll be Rita. Wait, I gotta get into character.

(*With a heavy female southern accent.*)

Why, Carl, I do declare.

CARL. She's not southern.

(*Takes out his cell, speed dials.*)

I'm just gonna call her.

(*He heads to the den.*)

MICHAEL. Oh, no, you have to do it out here. We have to witness it or it doesn't count.

UNCLE BOB. No pressure.

(*GRANDMA enters.*)

CARL. (*Into phone.*) Hey, Rita, it's me. Merry Christmas... Thanks... Okay, so, first of all, I'm sorry I said our

relationship was goin' to the Olive Garden, and then to a movie.

*(He laughs.)*

I mean, it *was* kinda funny. Hello? ...She hung up!

STACY. *(Sarcastic.)* Noooo.

CARL. *(Flustered.)* Crap!

*(To STACY.)*

This is all your fault.

STACY. How's that?

CARL. *(Flustered.)* You and your female species. You make us wanna be with you and have fun, and that's not good enough, is it? You can't just have fun, you wanna get married. I hate you!

*(Changes tone, remorseful.)*

No, I don't. I'm sorry, I didn't mean that.

*(Back to flustered.)*

Yes, I did. Because of you and your lady gender, my life is miserable. All I can do is think of Rita. What's Rita doin' now? Is she with another guy? A curse on you! A lady curse!

*(Changes tone, remorseful.)*

I'm sorry, that was wrong. I take the lady curse back.

*(Back to flustered.)*

No, I don't! A double lady curse, for ruining my Christmas! I was doin' just fine, then Rita comes into my life, sticks a knife into my heart and twists it with her sneaky lady hands. I hate you!

*(Changes tone, remorseful.)*

No, I don't, that was harsh, I'm just angry, I'm sorry.

*(Back to flustered.)*

No, I'm not. You twisted the knife, too. Oh, yeah, your lady hand was on it, too, along with the hands of all lady phylum... I don't know if I'm using that word right, but

you know what I mean! All of you twisting that knife,  
and twisting it...

*(Emotional, he goes to his knees, ending up lying  
on the floor in a fetal position.)*

And ripping and twisting and ripping my heart to pieces  
until I'm a soggy bag of mashed potatoes.

**GRANDMA.** Will somebody help Carl find his backbone.

**UNCLE BOB.** *(To CARL.)* It's tough to be alone during the  
holidays. Ya do things you don't normally do. This one  
Christmas, I took myself hostage and called 911 just to  
have someone to talk to... That did not end well. Don't  
ask.