

cut # 5  
Grandma, Mom  
& Carl

bye.

GRANDMA. Who's that out there, is it Michael?  
CARL. No, it's Carl.  
GRANDMA. Well, we can't all be Michael.  
CARL. Good to see you, too, Grandma. I didn't know you were gonna be here.  
MOM. I didn't either.  
*(CARL goes to hug GRANDMA.)*  
GRANDMA. Not a hugger.  
*(Holds her hand up. CARL stops, steps back.)*  
CARL. Okay... So, when did you get in?  
MOM. She's been here for three weeks.  
GRANDMA. I have not. I got in two days ago.  
MOM. Seems like three weeks.  
CARL. How's Florida?

GRANDMA. (*Not impressed.*) Florida, huh... God's waiting room.

MOM. Can't beat the weather.

GRANDMA. Too many old people.

MOM. Old age isn't so bad when you consider the alternative.

GRANDMA. Two things happen when ya get old. The first thing is your memory goes.

*(They wait for her to say one more. She doesn't.)*

CARL. (*After a few beats.*) Is there another one?

GRANDMA. Another what?

CARL. (*To MOM.*) Is she joking?

MOM. I have no idea.

CARL. (*Moving on.*) So, how long are ya stayin'?

GRANDMA. Oh, a month or two.

MOM. Say what, now?

GRANDMA. There's nothin' left for me in Sun City right now. I've been through all the men.

CARL. "Been through all the men"?

MOM. Do not engage.

GRANDMA. I've gotta wait for the new crop to come in. It's pretty high turnover there, ya know. Like Hotel California, you can check in, but ya can't check out... Unless it's on a gurney.

MOM. Lovely.

GRANDMA. If ya know any available men, let me know. I'll go younger.

CARL. I didn't know you were so prolific.

GRANDMA. During the war, I used to swim out to meet the troop ships during Fleet Week.

MOM. No, ya didn't, Grandma.

GRANDMA. I visualized it.

CARL. And you're still active.

MOM. Let's talk about anything else.

GRANDMA. (*Gesturing to her "milk cartons."*) These milk cartons have *not* expired.

MOM. (*Changing the subject. To CARL.*) Can I get you something? We have krum kaka.

(*Pronounced "kroom kahkah."*)

CARL. Ya know, I think I've had enough "kaka" for today.

GRANDMA. Crumb cake. You need to get back to your roots.

MOM. Would you like some?

CARL. I think I'll just start drinkin'.

(*He heads to the bar.*)

GRANDMA. Oh, say, would ya take a look at my mole.

(*Lowers her blouse to CARL.*)

CARL. (*Looking away.*) Oh, no, see, I'm not the doctor.

That's Michael. *He's* the doctor.

GRANDMA. Would ya look at it anyway?

CARL. Can I have a few beers, first?

GRANDMA. Your *dad* was a doctor, ya know.

CARL. Yeah, I know.

GRANDMA. That Michael sure is a chip off the old block.

CARL. He's a chip off of *somehin'*.

MOM. Carl is a...

(*Thinks.*)

What do you do again, dear?

CARL. I'm a writer.

GRANDMA. A waiter?

(*Laughs.*)

See what I did, there?

CARL. Haven't heard that one before.

(*CARL gets himself a beer.*)

GRANDMA. Oh, I got a lot of 'em.

CARL. Great. Actually I'm a journalist.

GRANDMA. Ya couldn't get a job as a waiter?

A NICE FAMILY CHRISTMAS

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*(Laughs, does a verbal "rimshot.")*

Ba dump bump. A two-fer. You're welcome.

MOM. Are you still writing for that newspaper?

CARL. *The Star Tribune.*

MOM. How's that goin' for ya?

CARL. Well, newspapers are taking a hit because of the internet, and they've been layin' off people, and I'm afraid I might be next. Which reminds me, I gotta call the office. Sorry about this. It'll just be a minute.

MOM. C'mon, Grandma.

*(Gestures to her to go in the kitchen.)*

*(CARL takes out his cell phone and hits speed dial.*

*MOM and GRANDMA head to the kitchen.)*

GRANDMA. It's Christmas and he's workin'. Just like Scrooge.

CARL. I'm not Scrooge, Grandma.

GRANDMA. *(As she disappears into the kitchen, skeptical.)*  
Uh-huh.