

Cut #2

Mom, Stacy, Grandma

Michael, Carl

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**STACY.** (*Going to GRANDMA.*) It's good to see you, Grandma.

*(Goes to hug her.)*

**GRANDMA.** (*Holds her hand up.*) Don't cross the bubble.

**STACY.** (*Stopping.*) Oh. Okay...

*(GRANDMA holds her hand out to shake. STACY shakes her hand.)*

I love you.

**GRANDMA.** Whoa, easy! We're not gettin' married.

**STACY.** Okay.

**GRANDMA.** Oh, look at you, Stacy, you have gotten so...

*(Can't think of anything to say.)*

Yes, you have.

**STACY.** Thanks?

**GRANDMA.** Never give up.

**STACY.** (*Uncertain how to take that.*) O-kay.

**MOM.** (*To STACY.*) Hi, hon.

**STACY.** Hi, Mom.

*(MOM gives STACY an awkward, arm's-length hug.)*

**MOM.** Where's the baby?!

**STACY.** Oh, she's with the sitter.

**GRANDMA.** Limit her exposure to her crazy family, right?

**STACY.** Exactly.

**GRANDMA.** When do I get to see her?

STACY. Tomorrow morning. She'll be over to open presents.

MOM. She's gotten so big.

GRANDMA. Don't we open presents tonight?

MOM. We're changing things this year.

GRANDMA. Seems like a lot of things are changing around here.

MOM. We might open one or two after dinner.

*(MOM starts placing five napkins with silverware rolled up in them by the plates on the dining table.)*

STACY. How are you, Grandma?

GRANDMA. I'm good. Your mom told me you got a divorce.

STACY. She did, did she?

GRANDMA. Did he cheat on ya? Your grandfather never cheated on me. I kept garden shears next to the bed.

*(After a beat, she continues.)*

That's 'cause if he cheated, I would...

*(Motions like she's snipping something with shears.)*

Snip off his hoo hah -

MICHAEL. We got it, we got it.

STACY. Yeah, actually, I *didn't* get a divorce.

GRANDMA. Oh, well, where's your husband?

STACY. *(To MOM.)* You didn't tell Grandma?

MOM. I didn't think we'd ever see her again.

STACY. So, she's hearing it for the first time?

MOM. It's all yours. Good luck.

STACY. There's no husband.

GRANDMA. Did he die?

STACY. *(After a beat.)* I'm gay.

GRANDMA. *(Reacts like a cat coughing up a hairball.)* Kah!  
...Kah! ...Kah!

*(Composing herself.)*

## A NICE FAMILY CHRISTMAS

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But you're so quiet.

STACY. I'm not sure what that has to do with it.

GRANDMA. Well...when did you decide to be gay?

STACY. It's not something you decide.

MICHAEL. It's hereditary, Grandma.

GRANDMA. Hereditary? ...Must be from your dad's side.

STACY. That's what *Mom* said.

GRANDMA. Okay, wait, so, how did you have your baby?

STACY. Oh, you know, the usual way.

GRANDMA. With a man?

STACY. No, with a turkey baster.

MICHAEL & CARL. (*Groaning.*) Ohhh.

STACY. Yes, with a man.

GRANDMA. So, you *were* married.

STACY. No, I had the baby before I realized I was gay.

GRANDMA. With some random guy?

STACY. Well, he wasn't *completely* random.

GRANDMA. What a delightful Christmas story.

STACY. We were friends. Still are.

GRANDMA. We didn't have gays when I was growin' up.

We had men that liked other men. And it was okay, because they were manly men. Manly men with manly desires for other manly men.

MOM. Okay.

GRANDMA. My how things have changed.