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Kristin's Christmas Past

By Rachel Stuhler

Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas to me
It's Christmastime
Sunny shine
Hey there, Santa
Buddy, wear your shades
Top the trees
Blowing in the breeze
Late December
And the weather's fine
And I guess I'll never know
While searching this
Heaven and snow
Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas to me
Come on, you have two
minutes or I'm leaving.
Look, I know. I know, Jamie.
Give me, like, five seconds,
and I will be right down.
Anthony, my man!
Seriously? 30 minutes.
Yes, I'm late. Because unlike
the bobblehead models you date,
it actually takes me a minute
to pull this together.
Kristin, you remember Sophia.
Hello.
Oh, you brought Sophia
to my company Christmas party.
She wanted to come.
Right.
Those boots, they are so...
interesting.
Thank you, they're part of my costume.
It's a themed party.
You're supposed to dress
up like a Christmas past.
You didn't even dress up.
Yes, I did. The Hole t-shirt
you gave me for Christmas.
Really? I gave that to you when?

Circa what? Circa high school.
I can't believe you remember that.
I don't remember what
you gave me last year.
I paid off your student loan.
What? It wasn't a big deal.
It's not to you, Richie
Rich, but it saved me from
another round of egg donations.
Right, hey, let's get
this party started.
What's... oh, um, no.
Sexy Santa helper in an
after-hours club in college.
We were in the same
college. How did I miss that?
It's my Christmas past, you get it?
Aah! Let's take a picture with Santa.
Seriously?
My costume is funny.
Why isn't anyone
getting that it's funny?
Because people are sad and humorless.
Oh, you get it, right?
Yeah, I totally get it.
Oh yeah, I get it, too.
I think you make the
perfect slutty Santa.
All right, let's boogie.
Doesn't look like anybody else
got the memo that this
is a costume party.
Hey! Sasha!
Yo, Sasha?
What happened to the
Christmas Past theme?
You didn't get my e-mail?
Um, obviously no.
Oh, sorry. My bad.
She did that on purpose.
She wants my job.
I officially hate Christmas.
Ladies, how about some drinks?
This better not be a

beer and wine party.
Ready to go?
Already?
We've only been here just over an hour.
Is that all?
Come on, I always do
this party with Kris.
I know, I know. You
always do this with Kris.
You always do that with Kris.
What do you want me to
do? She's my best friend.
Did you even tell her yet?
About Christmas Eve? No.
Not yet, but I will.
I'm just... she's...
she's in a really
vulnerable place right now
with the break-up and everything.
I'm just waiting for the right moment...
Unbelievable. Hey, hey. Sophia.
I will tell her. I promise you.
I'm just... I just
need a little more time.
You have a right to grow up too, Jamie.
No matter what Kristin thinks.
Yo.
I'm so sorry Sophia took the car.
No, you're not. Yes, I am.
Because she took the car.
My feet are killing me.
You want me to get you a cab?
No, I'm good. It's the most exercise
I've got all week.
I'm so fat.
I'd kill for a cheeseburger right now.
Aw, me too. Wouldn't you kill for
a cheeseburger right now?
Sophia's on this crazy
vegetarian diet.
I know, I know, I know.
I actually snuck out the
other night for some...
God! I did... you cannot tell her.

You cannot tell. I would be in
so much See, that's what you get
for dating the ultra-hip
and the ultra-thin.
You just got a secondary
eating disorder...
Hey! Ow! Suck it, Santa!
Ho-ho-ho! Ow!
Can we please not
harass any classic
American icons tonight?
Sorry, but you know that
Christmas makes me both
destructive and self-destructive.
You know that. Ow.
Not everybody goes home
for the holidays, Kris.
Really? Yeah.
Do you know anybody who
hasn't gone home for Christmas?
Like, besides me?
You could always call
your mother, and...
Oh, and say what? What
would I say? I would say,
"Um, hi, Mom. I'm so sorry I've never
called you back for 17 years. "
You know what? I just
don't think that would work.
You know, and, besides,
why do I need to?
I have you.
There's something I
need to tell you, Kris.
Snacks.
Wait.
It's like an elf threw up in here.
Merry Christmas.
Bah humbug.
Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas.
What do you think I should go with?
Jalapeno?
Ooh, nacho cheese.

Hah!
Ooh, what is that?
I'm sorry, I meant to
give this to you earlier.
It's your Christmas present.
I... I don't understand.
Why aren't we doing that
tomorrow on the rooftop?
That's the thing.
I don't know if...
Uh-uh. No.
No-no-no.
No-no-no, that
is our tradition.
17 years. You and I.
Rooftop. Christmas
Eve. The anti-Christmas.
I'm taking Sophia home for Christmas.
So...
I'm not gonna be here
for the rooftop this year.
I'm sorry. I didn't
know how to tell you.
Wait a second, like
home? Like home-home,
Pasadena, home-home?
That home.
I don't understand.
You don't even like her.
Yes, I do. No, you don't.
No, you don't. 'cause
she doesn't drink.
She doesn't eat meat.
The woman doesn't listen to music.
I'm sorry, but who
doesn't listen to music?
That's weird. That's weird.
That's a flag. This isn't about Sophia.
Then what is it about?
Is it about torturing me?
Kristin, come on.
My parents aren't getting any younger.
Who knows how many more Christmases
they have left?

What does that even mean?
I just think it's time to grow up.
To start going home for Christmas
like normal people.
Please don't leave me
alone for Christmas.
No, I'm sorry, I cannot live
in the past anymore.
I have to go.
Merry Christmas.
Can I please have a bottle of champagne?
What is that?
No charge. Special gift for Christmas.
Seriously?
It's delicious. Please take it.
Ooh, yeah. Yeah. I will take it.
Thank you.
Merry Christmas.
Hey. Bean.
Oh, did you miss me, young man?
Yeah, well.
We're gonna celebrate
Christmas alone this year, Bean.
because Jamie's decided
to go home for Christmas
with some bobblehead model.
Yeah.
That is amazing.
Oh, Bean.
I'm sorry, but you can't have any.
At least you'd never
leave me to drink alone.
Yeah?
Oh, Bean.
I do this to myself.
I'm alone on Christmas.
And it's been so long I don't even know
how to fix it.
hanging mistletoe...
See the laughing eyes
That's really good.
I just wish
I could go home.
And the voices singing...

Who are you? And why are you in my bed?
Oh my God. Where did you come from?
Oh my God, baby Bean.
Don't touch my cat. How do you know
my cat's name?
Put my cat down. Baby Bean.
Oh my God, you are like one of those
addicted people who
crawls in the wrong window.
I'm not. Trust me.
Hey, stay away from me.
I promise you I'm not
one of those people.
Do not touch me,
or I will
dial 9-1-1.
Please don't do that. Give me one reason
I shouldn't.
Because I'm not a stranger.
I'm you. What?
Yeah. Um... Okay.
I said a good reason, you crazy lady.
What is this? Is this, like, 1997?
It's '96.
How do you not know what year it is?
And, seriously, how could you be me?
You are, like, old.
And wearing a Santa stripper outfit.
I am 34, that is not old.
And, look, I don't know why I'm here.
other than this is, like,
the world's worst hangover.
And this is some kind
of crazy fever dream.
But I am telling you
that I am you.
From the future.
Prove it.
Prove it?
Okay, I'll prove it.
Um...
This scar. You got it
when you were ten years old.
Dad got me that giant sled,

and I ran it right into a parked car.
I kept asking if I was gonna die.
You have been best friends with Jamie
since you were in first grade.
Jamie? Um.
Hold on, um...
Oh.
No, there's nothing in there.
Uh, no... Yes.
Wait. Oh, no, that's private.
How did you know that was there?
Seriously?
Nobody cares that you have
a crush on Bill Clinton.
I mean, just don't get
an internship in D.C.,
and you'll be fine.
This does not make any sense
in any way whatsoever. Oh!
You love Jerry Maguire.
You were totally obsessed
with the O.J. trial.
Everyone was obsessed
with that trial, not just me.
How about in fifth grade?
You lied to your teacher,
and you told her that
your mother was deaf to keep her from
calling her when you hit Brian Cisneros
in the face with an umbrella.
Right?
Right.
Oh my God.
So...
You're me.
Grown-up Kris.
Kristin. You're gonna drop that
Kris-with-a-"y" stuff
ten minutes into college.
No, I won't. I love using the "y. "
I know you do. I remember it fondly.
So why do you think you're here?
I don't know.
Breakfast will be ready in five minutes.

I'll be right down. Shh!
Shut up! Can you hear me? Kristin Marie?
That means I want you dressed
and downstairs in five minutes.
I said okay.
You think I should hide?
I should hide, right?
No. No way. Babs is a hawk.
She will, like, smell you are something.
Uh, okay, I have to come
up with some kind of story.
Yes. For my mom.
Oh my God, I mean our mom.
Mom. Yeah.
Okay, first, we need to get
you out of those clothes.
And that makeup, or she will think
you're a prostitute.
Easy. Oh,
I am so sorry, sweetheart.
but the frozen yogurt machine in college
puts an end to the size two pants.
Okay, well, what size are you exactly?
This is a really hard
question to answer truthfully.
I'm an eight. That's the
exact same size as my mom.
Perfect. Just wait here.
Okay, wow.
Please, just pick something, quick.
I need to get downstairs.
No-no, wait for me.
No, you can't just
walk downstairs with me.
They will see you.
Okay, well, what am I supposed to do?
I mean, I can't just
jump out the window.
You have to jump out the window.
Ow!
You okay?
Ow! Oh, shoes.
I hate shoes.
Ow!

Ow!
Aah.
Okay, just go to the front door,
and ring the bell, and
I'll figure the rest out.
Okay.
Ow. I so should've
spent more time in pilates.
Ow. Ow.
Long time, no see.
9213 Evergreen.
Good morning.
I said five minutes. It's been ten.
Debby's not up yet.
That's not the point.
It's a family holiday.
We have a lot to do.
Kristin. Don't roll your eyes at me.
It's Krys, Mom, with a "y. "
It's too early for Jamie to be here.
Oh, let's see who it is.
Shall we?
Hello?
Hi.
Mrs. Cartwell, hi.
Mom, this is Kay. She...
is an NYU alum.
She is visiting a couple
of incoming students.
So she's sort of, like, my mentor.
And, uh...
Kay, this is my mother, Barbara.
Oh. You're recruiting on Christmas Eve?
Mom, come on.
I was supposed to go home tonight,
but there is a...
blizzard.
On the east coast.
Yeah, the airline said there might
not be any flights for... days,
so she was gonna visit a
student in Sherman Oaks,
but his family went to Big Bear,
so I wasn't gonna leave

her alone on Christmas
in her hotel room, right?
So you invited her here.
It would have been nice to ask, Kristin.
Sorry, Mom. Sorry, Mom.
I totally forgot.
Being so stressed, what with
being grounded my whole break.
We don't need to go into that right now.
Well, we can't leave you
stranded on Christmas, can we?
come in.
I don't think Kay would
mind if we talked about it.
Would you, Kay?
Talked about what?
About why I was grounded for coming home
30 minutes before my curfew.
You were only grounded because you lied.
You said you were out with Trudy,
and you were out with that boyfriend.
His name is Maverick.
Maverick? Maverick Odell?
You're so funny, Kay.
You know that Maverick is
my boyfriend who mom hates.
I don't hate him.
I just don't think you should
base your choice of college on him.
I'm sorry, Kay. We shouldn't be
talking about this in front of you.
Oh, no, it's fine. Really.
I hope you don't mind me saying,
but NYU is a great school,
and even if she goes there for a guy,
which I'm not saying she should,
it might all work out.
Or not.
We were just about to have breakfast.
Have you eaten?
I'm coming, I'm coming!
Aunt Debby!

Debby, it's 10:

You're not even dressed.
How you doing, baby?
Who let you out of your cell?
And who's this?
Oh, sorry. Um, Kay,
this is my sister, Debby.
Hey, Kay. Debby!
Merry frickin' Christmas. Hi, Debby!
Kay. You all right there, Kay?
I'm starting to lose
circulation in my face.
Oh.
Oh, no. I am...
I'm so sorry.
Did we know each other
in college or something,
'cause that was a
very experimental time,
and I don't remember a lot.
No, no, no.
Uh, you just look like somebody
that I used to know.
It's nice to meet you.
Debbie.
You too.
Okay. Should we have breakfast?
Do we have a choice, Herr Barbara?
Kay.
We don't have a choice.
Kay, you coming?
Yeah, sorry.
That's a lovely outfit.
I have one just like it.
Merry Christmas, Aunt Debby.
Mm. Merry Christmas, knucklehead.
Kristin, please get your father.
Dad! Breakfast!
Krys and I are doing a little
last-minute shopping later, Deb.
Would you like to join us?
No. I am going to stay in my pajamas
and read magazines all day long.
I'll go.
Really?

That would be nice, Kay.
Dad, this is Kay, my advisor.
Oh, it's so nice to meet you.
Likewise.
Mornin'.
So, uh, can Maverick come with us?
Shopping?
Are you kidding?
How is Milton?
Dad, you know his name is Maverick.
Is it?
Why can't he come?
Oh, don't be ridiculous.
If he isn't coming shopping,
I want him to come to midnight mass.
Absolutely not.
1996. This is that Christmas Eve.
This... this...
Oh, wow. Oh.
You guys know that I have Tourette's.
It's so awkward for me, blurting stuff.
Krys, can I please see you for a second?
Thank you.
She's an advisor?
You are being really weird.
1996. I know why I'm here.
This was my last Christmas at home.
What? What do you mean?
Why would you... we not
come home for Christmas?
I mean, things get complicated.
Let's just say that this is
a very important Christmas.
A turning point. Things happen tonight.
That change everything.
So now, by being here with you,
this is my chance.
Your chance?
Your chance to do what?
To change my Christmas past.
Deck the halls
with boughs of holly
So do you have any money?
Yeah, I mean, not much.

You know, Manhattan is a very expensive place to live, and I'm trying to pay off my credit card debt. I meant today. For shopping. Oh, right. I guess not. Are we poor in the future? Can you define poor, exactly? Why didn't you stand up for me with Babs at breakfast? Well, because Maverick really is a loser. No, he's not. He's amazing. No, he's a lying idiot. Okay, I don't want to hear it. He will leave you, he will lie to you, dump you, and break your heart. La, la, la. You done? I guess I really didn't wanna hear it back then either. I bet New York is the best... cool clubs, amazing parties. Yeah. New York, it really is a great city. You know, you can order takeout

at 3:

and there's all of these amazing shows and museums and art galleries. It really is the greatest city on Earth. Oh, you know what? I can show you. Is that a phone? Yeah. It's also a music player, and kind of a computer too, I guess. Is that Jamie? Uh-huh. Wow. What are you saying "wow" for? Why wouldn't we still be hanging out? No, it's just he's kinda cute. In the future. You think so? Hey, my life is awesome, right? When I'm you?

Sure.
Awesome. Absolutely.
You two ready?
What are you wearing?
Is that underwear?
It's a dress.
Change it.
As long as I don't ever have
to talk to that woman again,
I will be stoked.
So, Kay, what is it
that you do for a living
besides handhold future NYU grads.
I'm assuming they
don't pay you for that.
No, I'm a music producer
for a small record label in Brooklyn.
Really? And what does
a music producer do?
Do you actually play an instrument?
Uh, no, I work with the artists.
You know, to develop their album,
make sure they're taken care of.
That sort of thing.
Oh. So you're an assistant.
No, um, I'm a producer.
Do you need a degree for that?
Well, I don't think you need one, but...
'Cause it seems to me that Kristin
could get a law degree,
and then she could be a
music producer on the side,
as a hobby.
Where are you going?
To try this on.
Where she got her love
of vintage is beyond me.
It's cool.
It's disgusting.
It's used clothing by the
recently living. Blech.
Tell her how you really feel, Barbara?
That wasn't very polite.
It's the holidays, and

I'm trying to quit smoking.
Wait, you smoke?
You don't have to be
so judgmental about it.
No, no, no, I'm not. I'm not. I'm not.
I'm sorry.
Is that why you don't
like vintage clothes?
You think it's dead-people clothing?
Well, it is.
When I was a teenager, my mother died,
and she left these...
these racks of gowns and furs.
My father couldn't bear to be around it,
and my sister, Debby,
who is useless, of course,
so I had to deal with it.
He made me sell everything
at a second-hand store,
including the pearls that
I gave her for Mother's Day.
The pearls?
Yeah.
They weren't expensive. They
probably weren't even real.
I just...
Didn't wanna let them go.
Yeah.
I'm gonna go outside and smoke.
Secret is safe with me.
You find something?
What is that?
Shut the front door.
You can't be serious?
What? I need something to wear
to midnight mass tonight, don't I?
It's so '50s.
It's amazing. It's fabulous.
I gotta try it on.
Kristin. It's Krys.
We have been through this.
You are not going to
run off with Maverick
after Christmas Eve dinner.

Why not? It's not like
anyone will miss me.
It's Christmas Eve and you're grounded.
And... And you have a guest.
It would be rude to run off and
leave Kay with perfect strangers.
Right, Kay?
I think Christmas Eve dinner
together sounds really lovely.
You can always see Maverick
in a couple of days.
A couple days? Are you serious?
A couple of days won't kill you.
I think Kay is right.
You know what?
Maverick thinks you're
trying to keep us apart,
that you're jealous of our connection.
I'm not jealous.
I am just concerned.
As I would be about anyone
who takes money from
his teenage girlfriend.
Besides, we need to get to church early.
You have bell choir practice.
Oh, bell choir. Who cares about bell choir?
I do. And you made a commitment.
You know what?
I will just be gone for, like, an hour.
You won't even notice.
The answer is no.
You can see him after the holidays.
Ooh, that man-slut has gotta go.
I said I wish it would snow.
I'm gonna get the bags from the car.
I really gotta stop talking.
What are you doing?
Jamie?
Oh, my... Look at you.
Look at you.
I'm sorry. Do I know you?
Oh, not yet. I'm Kay.
Krys' college advisor from NYU.
What?

Nothing. You just look...
a lot more adorable than I thought.
College counselor?
That's funny, because
I'm applying to NYU,
and no one really came out to see me.
Yeah, well, that's because, unlike Krys,
you actually have good grades.
Right. That's a good point.
You know, you just...
You look really familiar.
You know, people say
that to me all the time.
I think I just have one of those faces.
What is that?
This is a camera thingy
that I got in New York.
It hasn't hit stores yet.
Yeah, you just... I really
feel like I know you.
You look really, really familiar.
Hey, did you come talk at
the computer science club?
I did. Yep, I did.
That was totally it.
Come on. Let's go inside.
Debby. Coming.
Come on. We're in the living room.
Hi, Jamie.
Oh, my god. You must be
freaking out that you met Jamie.
Why would I be freaking
out that I met Jamie, Krys?
Right, why would you? You're
just my college advisor.
On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Eggnog.
Is it spiked? No.
So, um, Jamie, are your parents here?
No, they're atheists
who think that Christmas is
some sort of commercial construct
cooked up by the greeting card companies

to increase their bottom line.

Right. Right. Which is why

it makes even less sense

that you would wanna

go home for Christmas.

Wait, what?

Maverick.

Who let him in?

Babe, where you been?

We went shopping.

Guilty as charged.

What are you doing here?

Were you in my room?

Yeah, I was just chillin'

out in a chat room,

waiting for you to give me the 411.

Jamie, check the silver. Mm-hmm.

Maverick, this is Kay.

She's dying to meet you.

'Sup?

You, like, an aunt or

grandmother or something?

Oh, no, she's my mentor from NYU.

Oh. Cool.

I'm 34, dude.

Cool. If you say so.

Wow, Maverick, I just met you,

and it feels like

I've known you forever.

Hope that's a good thing.

Probably not.

Oh, I'm so happy you're here.

Can you stay for dinner?

Uh, yeah. Yeah, I could do that.

Unfortunately, we only

have seating for six.

Mom, come on. We can pull up a chair.

Krys, listen to your mother.

Honey, why don't you guys just

hang out in your room until dinner?

Debby.

She's grounded.

It's Christmas Eve.

Where's your holiday spirit?

Besides, how much trouble can
they get into under your roof?
All right. Uh, one hour, then say goodbye.
And leave the door open... the door open.
In the future, stay out of it, Debby.
Dude, I am helping you,
because if you don't chill out,
she's gonna leave for
college and not come home.
Just saying.
Who wants to help with dinner?
All right, J.B.,
let's rock some china and some flatware.
Partridge in a...
No.
Partridge in a pear tree
So what do you think of
mad dog Maverick in there?
Wait, how did you know
that's what I call him?
Lucky guess.
Well, I've been telling Krys
for months what a loser he is,
But she won't listen to me.
Well, of course not.
She's a teenage girl.
You can never tell them
what they shouldn't have.
It only makes the forbidden
that much more attractive.
He lies to her face
and she believes him.
I tell her that he's dating other girls.
She doesn't believe
me. Me, her best friend.
Do you know for a fact that
he's dating other girls?
Everybody knows.
Do you have any names
or specifics? Proof?
I heard that he was dating someone else,
but we don't exactly
run in the same crowd.
Right, right.

Well, we have got to
do something about this.
We do?
Wait. He was upstairs in a chat room
in Kry's room when they were up there.
So... So you could just, like,
figure out his password or something.
Like on his AOL account.
Sure. Yes. Something like that.
I mean, you are a hacker, right?
Kind of. How did you know that?
I mean, you're in the
computer science club.
Why else would you be doing that?
Okay, if he was just online
and he hadn't logged off of the computer
I... I guess I could go back
and figure out his password
and maybe see if he was
chatting with another girl, eh?
Perfect. Okay.
Well, then all we have to do
is figure out a way to get
you upstairs alone in her room.
But what if I can't figure it out?
Jamie, of course you
can figure this out.
This is a piece of cake for you.
No, trust me. You are a capable guy.
You're, like, one of the smartest
people in the entire world.
How would you know? I
mean, you only just met me.
I just know, you know?
The point is, I really
believe in you, okay?
Why are you doing this?
Because Kry's deserves better
than that pretentious douchebag.
Ew.
What? Do people not say "douchebag"?
Oh!
Door open, you two.
What are you doing?

I need your help.
It is a Christmas emergency.
Now? With what?
Luminaria. In the front yard.
Let's surprise Babs and do it ourselves.
Why? I do not understand.
It is very important for
your future happiness.
Come on, Mav.
It's so nice in here, I
don't want to go outside.
Aah. What was that for?
So sorry. I just, like, lost control.
Felt really, really good.
Okay, front yard. Please. Thank you.
Yeah.
You're being really weird.
Yes, of course I'm being weird.
It's, like, an objectively
weird situation.
Okay, you do your thing.
I will keep them busy downstairs.
Good?
Okay.
Here we go.
Really?
All right.
As soon as Krys gets
here in the candles...
Wow, Maverick.
Personal-space issue here.
When you hit me upstairs,
it really got me thinking.
There is something very,
very attractive about you.
You have got to be kidding me.
I thought you said that I was old.
That can be hot.
Really? What about Krys?
What about me?
You are amazing.
That's what's about you.
All right, guys, let's start
putting those candles in the bag...

Right, or that.
All right, mad dog.
Let see what you've been up to.
Hello, Haddie.
I know, it's a weird tradition,
but it makes Barbara happy,
and it's really not that hard to do.
So I say when asked to luminaria,
say yes to luminaria.
Okay.
Krys?
Krys!
Whoa. Where's the fire?
I'm just looking for Krys.
She's upstairs with Miguel.
Maverick. Dad, his name is Maverick.
Totally.
Yeah. New York is amazing.
You're gonna love it.
And I can stay with you
while I look for a place?
Um, sure.
You know, I might be rooming with
these guys from Hunter College,
so we'll see, huh?
Yeah. We'll see, all right.
Please tell me you found something.
I did. Okay, so I went
through the history,
and I ran this keystroke program
to recreate her password.
Okay, so we've got, like, five seconds
while she's in the bathroom
sucking face with Maverick,
so let's just do this.
Do what?
Let's send a message to the girl,
telling her to meet Maverick
here for Christmas dinner?
Why?
Oh, so Krys'll have to face the truth.
Oh, yeah, nice. No, that's smart.
But I'll have to sign back on.
Okay, so, uh, sign back on.

Oh, you've got to be kidding me.
What? It'll just take a few minutes.
Hey, you in there?
Hey. What's up?
Wanted to get in my room.
Why? 'Cause it's my room,
and Maverick needs to check his e-mail.
Right. Yeah. No, that
can't happen right now.
Sorry. Why not?
Because that can't happen right now.
Baby? Yeah?
Would you mind waiting
downstairs for me?
I need to talk to Kay.
Why?
It'll be quick. Just girl talk.
Okay.
Hi.
Make it quick.
Okay, what's up?
Nothing. I am just, you know,
trying to change your past.
So that I can be with
Maverick in New York?
Yes. Sure. That is exactly
what I am trying to do.
Does that mean he stays
for dinner tonight?
No, no, no, no. No, no, no.
That would have dire
consequences. No can do.
You need to send him home right
now, like this minute. Really?
Chris, is
someone using the phone?
Whoa, ladies. Hi.
Barbara, hey.
Did you need to make a call? I did.
Maverick must not have
logged off upstairs.
Oh, no, I'm sure that's not it.
Let me check. Yeah. Sounds good.
So, Barbara, who did you need to call?

I don't need it now. I needed
to call Krys on her mobile phone.
Oh! Perfect!
Problem solved. Why?
I needed to tell you that it's
time for Maverick to go home.
Why? I don't... It's time
for Maverick to go home.
Okay. Can I walk him out?
Of course. Merry Christmas, Maverick.
Yeah. I'm Jewish.
Happy holidays then.
Yeah. See you around.
Kay, are you all right?
Couldn't be better. Yeah.
I was just gonna make some calls to a
friend to wish them a merry Christmas.
Hey, it's me. It's Kristin Kay.
I'm Kay, and I'm saying merry Christmas.
Yeah. How's everything going?
Job, work, health, happiness? Good.
Ooh.
Okay. Oh. Let's do this.
Yeah, great. I just got on.
What? Send it.
It's just...
Krys is my best friend.
It feels weird doing this to her.
Okay. No. Trust me.
It's for the best, okay?
We need to save her from Maverick.
Merry fricking Christmas.
Cannot believe I thought
Beck was a white prince.
Are you good in there?
The 'rents really don't care
if I get dressed for dinner.
Yes, they do.
What about this? Huh.
For dinner in midnight
Mass? Are you kidding me?
No. Here. Give it to me.
You're sure this is going to help?
Yes. Totally.

Babs cares about this sort of thing.
What about this?
Seriously? Yes.
Totally.
It's perfect.
Because it's Christmas
What?
Can I give you a little bit more advice?
Well, you're going to
whether I want you to or not.
A little bit less of this.
No. Trust me.
I like the raccoon eyes. I know you do.
But less.
Anything else?
I don't suppose you'd let
me pluck your eyebrows?
What's wrong with them?
No...
You know, there are a few style issues
I'd like to address while we're at it.
Okay. First of all,
you're 34, so maybe
lay off the miniskirts.
I have nice legs.
And it's not like I work
in investment banking.
Yeah, but it looks desperate.
Point taken.
Ow.
You know what? I gotta
say I love the bangs.
I've had them ever
since... You saw Beetlejuice
and became totally
obsessed with Winona Ryder.
Yes, I know. I was there.
Krys, promise me
that no matter what happens,
you're gonna listen to me tonight.
Listen to you? Mm-hmm.
About what?
About everything.
Just think of me as your spirit guide

to everything in your
fun and fabulous future.
I know this is kind of weird,
but I'm really, really
happy that you're here.
Merry Christmas, kid.
Merry Christmas.
Oh, here she comes.
The dress looks really
beautiful. Gorgeous.
Really beautiful. Wow.
What happened to Holly Hobbie over here?
I think she looks very sweet.
She does. It's just
a little conservative.
Well, I think she looks great.
You look beautiful.
How did you get her to wear it?
It wasn't easy.
Well, thank you.
Oh, could we do the family
picture real quick before we...
Yes. Jamie, please.
No, no, no, no. Kay, you get
your fabulous little butt over here.
Oh, no. But, you know, I'm not family.
Today you are family.
Sit here.
All right. On the count of three.
Ready?
One, two, three.
Thank you.
Here you go.
All righty.
Christmas 1996.
Put it on the tree
with the rest of them.
So, uh, Kay, you know
all about our family.
Tell us about yours.
Oh, uh, well...
I don't, uh, really
see them all that often.
Where do they live?

Who?

Your family.

California.

You... You came all the way out here,
and you're not going home for Christmas?

Uh, well, they don't really
know that I'm out here exactly.

How strange.

Yeah.

Why is that, if you
don't mind my asking?

I'm sure she does mind, Barb. I'm sorry.

I just don't understand why you don't
wanna spend Christmas with your family.

Come on. There are plenty of
years that I didn't come home.

When Dad and I weren't talking
and you and I hated each other. Really?

Yes, but that was different.

You had a lot of problems
that you had to work through,
and besides, I don't think that
Kay's anywhere near as crazy as you.

Thanks, Barbara. That was awesome.

So no husbands?

Do people not get married in Manhattan?

Nope. Mm-mm.

Still single and ready to mingle. Yeah.

Mom, seriously. Not everyone
has to be married to be happy.

I didn't say that. Did I say that?

I... I didn't mean that.

Maybe Kay just hasn't
found the right person yet.

Well, I for one am very happy
to have another single
sister at the table.

Cheers to us.

Cheers. Cheers.

Mm, mm, mm.

Oh...

Hey, sweetie. Not at the table, okay?

Shh... Is

that the darnedest thing?

I have never seen that cat
lick anyone other than Kristin.
Uh, well, animals
always seem to like me.
I don't know what Baby Bean's gonna
do when you go off to New York.
Come with me? No.
If you go to New York,
you're going alone.
Oh, I'm sorry. I was...
I thought it was already settled
that Krys was gonna go to NYU.
It was.
I don't understand why you wanna go
all the way across the country to a city
where you don't know a single soul.
Maverick will be there.
That's
ridiculous. You don't...
You don't build your life
around a person like Maverick.
I'm going to NYU.
Not if we don't pay for it.
What...
You're not serious, are you?
Stay out of it, Debby, for once.
Daddy?
Your mother and I discussed this.
If you go to USC, you'll stay
here, we'll pay the tuition.
But if you go to NYU,
you're on your own.
I don't understand. Why would you
pay for one school and not the other?
Krys, calm down.
I'm sorry, Kay.
I'm sure you understand.
Out-of-state tuition...
What does that have to do with anything?
For a degree that means
nothing. Oh, nothing.
Like your M.R.S. degree
meant something. Ladies, easy.
We're not paying for

NYU, and that's final.
I'll get it.
Hello.
Hi. Is Maverick here?
Maverick?
Excuse me for one second.
He said he was gonna be here.
Really? Oh, hey.
We go to school together, don't we?
We had gym together
last year. Krissy, is it?
It's Krys with a Y. Oh.
Maverick told you to meet him here?
Yeah.
Why?
Because he's my boyfriend,
and he wanted to spend
Christmas Eve together.
Well, Maverick's not here,
so it's probably better if you leave.
Okay. Sorry.
Merry Christmas.
Well, that was illuminating.
Oh, honey.
I'm so sorry.
Men are such jerk wads.
This is your fault.
You and your gossipy friends at church.
You were probably talking about
how much you hate Maverick.
Wait. Krys, I had
nothing to do with this.
And you probably called Haddie and told
her to come here just so I would see...
Kristin, I promise
you, I wouldn't do that.
Although I cannot say
that I'm surprised.
Oh, of course you aren't,
because you will do anything
to make my life miserable.
I did it. It was not
Barbara. It was me. I did it.
You did? Yes, I did.

I... I went upstairs into your room,
and I got onto one of
those chat thingies,
and I had Haddie come here.
That is not exactly what happened.
That is exactly what happened.
And I am so sorry, but I just thought
that if you could see
who Maverick really was,
that you would understand
that he is not the guy for you.
He is not.
Well, that I understand.
Apology accepted.
Apology not accepted.
Not by me.
Krys... Krys, I...
Uh...
Krys, wait. I'm old, remember?
You lied to me.
You told me you were trying to
keep Maverick and me together.
I am sorry, Krys, but
Maverick is a loser.
He is not worth throwing
your life away for.
Why are you doing this?
I thought you were trying
to make things better, not worse.
I am. I mean, don't you see that?
I don't want you to make
the same mistakes I made.
What mistakes? You live in New York,
you have a cool job,
you got away from Babs.
Look, I know my life seems
cool to you, a 17-year-old,
but I am 34 years old,
and it's not that cool
to me, okay? Whatever.
No. Look. Look.
I didn't wanna tell you this,
but my life has not
turned out that great.

I live in a small studio apartment.
I have thousands of
dollars of credit card debt.
I just got dumped by yet
another investment banker,
because he wanted someone
a little more athletic.
The music industry is dying. The what?
Okay, so that last part's
a little hard to explain.
But the point is...
this is your chance,
you know, to do it differently,
to have a whole different life.
You could not have student loans,
not have Maverick break your heart.
Stop, okay? Would you stop? No, but...
I don't wanna hear this anymore.
You have to listen to this,
because if you don't, you are
gonna wake up 17 years from now,
alone on Christmas, wondering
what happened to your life.
You know, and just wishing...
wishing that you could go
back and do it all over again.
Why should I even listen to you?
Excuse me?
You screwed everything up.
What do you know about
what will make me happy?
Are you really gonna see him
after you just found
out that he's a cheater?
You've had a lot of
years to make mistakes.
It's my turn now.
Can I ask you something?
Sure.
NYU is a great school.
So I hear.
Then why not pay for Krys to go there
if that's what she really want?
Now, wait. You went to NYU.

Now, did you pay for it,
or did your parents pick up the tab?
I... I made it work...
by myself.
Well, if Kristin really
wants to go to NYU,
then she'll make it
work, just like you did.
Yeah, but with student
loans and crappy apartments
and three jobs...
Well, she'll be that much more proud
when she finishes,
knowing that she did it all herself.
But what if she's really struggling,
and she tries her hardest, and
she does everything she can,
and she's still just...
can't figure it out?
What if she just really
needs a little bit of help?
All she has to do is ask.
Really?
Really.
No matter what happens,
Kristin will always be my little girl,
and I'll always help her.
Are you sure that she knows that?
Of course.
Why wouldn't she?
Maybe she doesn't know because
you never really told her.
You called me Dad earlier.
I did?
When you were running up the stairs.
I guess all dads sound the same.
I'm sorry. I couldn't, um...
She left. I'm sorry.
Probably went to find Maverick. Yeah.
Yeah.
Where's Jamie?
He went to handbell choir.
Wait. Really? I just...
I don't understand why he goes.

His parents don't go to church...
Jamie does bell choir
to be with Kristin.
You'd think after all these
years she would catch on
that he's so crazy about her.
Seriously?
Seriously.
Have you seen the
robes they have to wear?
If that doesn't say true love, I
don't know what does.
Wow. I had no idea.
He told me last night that he
got into Stanford and Columbia.
He did?
He's just waiting to find out
where Kristin's gonna go.
Why doesn't he tell her?
Why would he?
She's still in her bad-boy phase.
It would be a waste of breath.
What a mess this turned into.
Does that mean we have
to wait on presents?
Well, yeah. Mm.
Most of them are for her.
When I was little,
I used to think Christmas
was so super magical.
Mm.
Decorating the tree.
Making the cranberry bread.
You getting out the luminarias.
It just all seemed like
proof that the world
was a bright
and awesome sparkly place.
And that good things would happen,
and that there would
always be tasty snacks
and beautiful music
and grown-ups drinking champagne.
And that I'd grow old and wear purple

and have an awesome cane.
Are you okay, Debby?
I feel fine.
But apparently, the rapidly multiplying
malignant cells in my breasts do not.
I'm gonna need another glass of wine
if I'm gonna sit through bell choir.
You? Yes.
She'll fight it.
She'll be just fine.
Is that why you don't
want Krys to go away?
Because Debby's sick?
What is this?
Well, I wanted to get you a present,
you know, as a "thank
you" for having me. Oh.
You know, I have a receipt. If you don't
like them, we can always return them.
You didn't need to do anything.
Do you like them?
Well, I love them.
Um, could you put them on for me?
Sure.
We should stay in touch.
I just have this feeling
we'd get along famously.
You think so?
Absolutely.
Fortification.
Ooh.
Thank you.
As a visitor to this family,
I'd like to propose a toast.
There's no one like
family to drive you crazy.
Mm. Out of your mind, in fact.
Um...
But spending time with people
that know you better
than you know yourself,
that is priceless.
I haven't had the opportunity
to spend this kind of time

with family in awhile,
and I can't even tell you
how grateful I am to be
here with you tonight.
To family.
To family.
So Glenn's gonna take Debby to church?
I like to get there
early, get better seats.
Krys.
You guys were right. Maverick is a jerk.
None of that matters now. It just
matters that you're here, sweetheart.
Mission
accomplished. What?
No "I told you so"?
Not tonight.
Oh, I have bell choir.
I missed practice.
We'll talk about it later.
All right. Let's get going.
I look ridiculous. This
is my last year doing this.
No, no. You look great. Yeah.
Why are you even here?
I mean, I'm only here
because Babs forces me to.
Do you even believe in this stuff?
Well, to be honest, I don't
really know what I do believe in,
but I do believe in a
beautiful church on Christmas...
and I believe in you.
You're the best friend ever.
Do you know what song we're
playing? "Silent Night. "
No, no. It's "Angels We Have
Heard on High. " Yeah, I got it.
O holy night
The stars are brightly shining
It is the night
Of our dear Savior's birth
Long lay the world
In sin and error pining

Till He appeared
And the soul felt its worth
Dude, you've gotta be kidding me.
Okay, Kristin, let's go home.
Should I talk to him?
No, no, no. You're okay.
Should I give him a chance to explain?
Uh, I think that explaining
is a little bit overrated
in this particular situation.
What's to explain? He is a
cheater. He will cheat again.
This is my decision,
Mom. It's not yours.
I forbid you to see that boy.
For your own good.
Why can't you just leave me alone?
I'm sorry. That's not gonna happen.
You're a teenager. You're all alike.
You think that nobody understands you.
We all understand you.
We're just tired of listening to it.
You won't have to listen
to it for very long,
because the day after graduation,
I am moving to New York.
If you do that, you will do
that with absolutely no support
from us... your father or me.
You know, I don't want your money.
I don't need your money. Really?
You can't make it to the
grocery store and back.
How are you going to
survive in Manhattan?
You think I can't handle it?
I think that you will be back in a year,
after Maverick dumps you
for some dirty SoHo artist.
And I think that you will be begging
us to get you back into school.
No, I will not. Yes, you will.
Because that is what you do.
You make a mess and then you come home,

and you ask me to clean it up.
You know why I chose NYU, right?
It wasn't for Maverick.
It wasn't for the music.
It was because I will do
anything, anything at all...
I will move across the
country to make sure
I end up nothing like you.
And once I leave, I am
never, ever coming back.
Kristin... Kristin Marie Cartwell...
Krys...
Barbara, she's young. She
doesn't know what she's saying.
How can my own daughter hate me so much?
She'll be back.
I promise you she'll be back.
Where's Krys?
She's with Maverick.
But we always come up here
and meet on Christmas Eve.
I know. She told me.
But tonight you're stuck here with me.
Jamie, how come you've
never told Krys how you feel?
About what?
About her.
Uh, I mean,
it's just never really felt
like the right time. Mm.
Wait. You think she knows? No. She's 17.
She thinks the whole
world revolves around her.
I mean, she wouldn't notice a
meteor barreling towards her face.
Yeah, well, she noticed Maverick.
Yeah, but that's never gonna last.
Are you really an NYU mentor?
I feel like I've...
like I've met you before.
I could tell you the truth, but
you would think that I was crazy.
Try me.

What if I told you
that this is our Christmas Eve ritual
17 years from now?
Like you and me?
Because I... I don't really know you.
Yeah, you do.
My name isn't Kay.
It's Kristin Cartwell,
except I'm from the future.
And somehow... Don't ask me how.
I woke up here tonight on Christmas Eve,
and it's 1996 all over again.
Come on. That's crazy.
I know, but it's true.
I mean, okay, you do
look like you could be
maybe her sister.
Okay, tell me something that
only Krys would know about me.
You've spent Christmas with
my family since freshman year
because you didn't want to
spend it with your family.
Krys could've told you that.
What's my mother's name? Shelly.
Where was I born? Oxnard.
What's my dog's name?
You don't have a dog.
You're allergic. Asthma.
We spent your 15th birthday in the E.R.
because of Benjamin Cisneros'
two German shepherds.
You really are Krys. Okay. Okay.
I told you so.
So,
in the future, are we...
together?
No, we never dated.
But when I told you that this was still
our Christmas Eve
tradition, I wasn't lying.
Me and you, 3,000 miles away,
rooftop Christmas Eve.
We're still best friends.

But just best friends.
You see, she'll...
you'll never feel that way about me,
even after a million years
of being friends.
You never said anything.
After all this time, you
have never said a word.
Would it have mattered if I did?
I don't know.
But with Krys, I mean,
she's still running after the bad guys.
I'm still running after the bad guys.
But when I woke up here tonight,
all I could think about was that
I don't wanna end up alone.
You'll never be alone, even if you never
love me the way that I love you.
I'll always be there.
You say that now.
But on this exact
night, 17 years from now,
you're with Sophia, and I am alone.
On Christmas Eve.
I can't imagine
choosing anyone over you.
Ever.
Jamie, it takes me a long
time to figure things out.
I'm stubborn. I'm selfish.
I'm a hot mess. You know,
I couldn't even ask you to.
I wouldn't want you to...
I'll wait.
Even if I have to wait forever,
I will.
Wow.
Barbara really knows how to rock
some Christmas decorations, huh?
Yeah, she is pretty hardcore.
Mm-hmm.
Kris, um, in the future,
do I turn out okay?
I mean, do I, like, get my own car?

Jamie, by the time you're 30,
you are gonna have
created the most popular
gaming app in China.
You own five cars, and you have this
crazy-pants awesome
apartment in the Village.
Wait, what village?
Like, in France, or...
Dude, you have no idea.
You are gonna blow your own mind.
Oh.
The Christmas mix tape.
I do one every year, so I just...
I know you do.
Oh, Kristin got you something.
I mean, I did, we did.
I'm gonna go get it.
It's okay, it can wait till tomorrow.
Debby.
You good?
Totally.
Wanna join me?
I'll be right back.
One second.
Okay, well...
I hope it's something cool.
It's perfect. No, I love it.
It's great. I cannot believe
I forgot about that.
How did I forget it?
Well, I should probably go.
Oh. Hmm?
Merry Christmas.
Debby, are you still in there?
It's beautiful, isn't it?
It is. It is.
Yeah.
Are you scared?
Of what?
Babs finding us under here?
No, although that is very scary.
True that.
No, of...

Of not being here next Christmas?

That?

A little.

But truthfully, after spending
so many Christmases in my apartment
alone with my cat,
I'm just glad not to
be alone for this one.

True that.

Can you do me a favor?

Okay?

You know, in case I'm
not here next year?

Oh, absolutely.

Cool. Can you
check in on Krys for me?

I just think that, without me here,
she might be in need
of an actual mentor.

You got it.

Thanks.

Merry Christmas, Kay.

Merry Christmas, Debby.

So I wasn't able to change my past.

Not really.

But if I wake up in 2013,
I promise you, I'll change it.

I'll come home.

Can you please just give me a chance?

I remember

Christmas

with the candles
and the hanging mistletoe

See the...

Maverick loves me.

He said he loves me. Can you believe it?

Yeah, of course he does.

You're really disappointed
in me, aren't you?

No, I'm not.

You know, when I woke
up here this morning,
I thought I could go
back and change my past.

and fix all of my mistakes.
But those mistakes made me who I am.
And you really think
it's a terrible decision
to stay with him?
Maybe, maybe not, but
you know, that's life.
And you are a teenager.
It was wrong of me
to impose all of my adult choices
and regrets on you.
I wanna change things,
I can just go back
and change them myself.
I am not that old.
Despite
what you may think.
I don't think you're old.
I just think you're grown-up.
Maybe I am.
Look what I found.
Kristin Marie Cartwell.
You did not sneak booze into your room.
What? It was under the tree.
It just said "Merry Christmas. "
What is that?
No charge. Special gift for Christmas.
Hi. Hi.
You think you'll still
be here in the morning?
I don't know.
I'll miss you, you know.
I'm gonna miss you, too.
But you have so many
great adventures ahead of you.
And some heartbreak, but...
You and Jamie are just gonna have
the best time in New York.
Good night, Krys.
I love you.
Special gift for Christmas.
Your chance to do what?
To change my Christmas Past.
Bean?

Wait.
Old smelly Bean?
Hi! Wait.
What the...
Didn't happen.
It was a dream.
Hey, it's Jamie. Leave me a message.
Jamie, um...
Something's happened.
It's totally crazy,
but I need to talk to you.
I need to see you.
I'm coming home.
I'm coming home today.
I'm coming home for Christmas.
Anthony, we're going home.
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas, everyone!
Okay, Kris, you can do this.
What are you doing?
Well, you can't stand
down here all night.
You got my message?
I did.
Well, where is Sophia?
Who?
You really think that
I'd wait all this time
just to leave you for a girl
who doesn't even like music?
I'm scared.
I know.
I'm coming with you.
They're gonna be so mad at me.
They have every right to be.
What if they don't wanna see me?
Hi, Mom.
Merry Christmas.
Kris.
It's Kristin.
And I'm home.
Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas to me

It's Christmastime
Sunny shine
Hey there, Santa
Buddy, wear your shades
Top the trees
Blowin' in the breeze
Late December
And the weather's fine
And I guess I'll never know
While searching this
heaven and snow
Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas
Looks like Christmas to me
Looks like Christmas to me
Hey, Saint Nick
You'd better get here quick
I saw Rudolph on the...