



Scripts.com

# Let 's Kill Grandpa This Christmas

By Brian Gianci

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Merry Christmas, sir.

- What can I do for you.

- The question is what we can do for you.

- We're here to introduce you  
to the power of Jesus Christ.

It's only going to take a  
few moments of your time.

But the benefits  
shall last you all of eternity.

- Well, I appreciate that,  
but I already know Jesus.

Oh, that's great!

- And Jesus and I have an understanding.

I don't fuck with Jesus and  
Jesus doesn't fuck with me.

- Hi, Sherry.

Oh good morning, you must  
be the new secretary.

- Administrative assistant.

- Oh.

- I identify as androgynous  
and gender fluid.

When you refer to me, I  
prefer you use the pronoun ze.

- Grab me another latte, huh, sweetheart?

Hey Carl.

- Where's Teddy?

- In Bermuda, yachting  
with one of my clients.

- Why are you in his office?

- Oh shit, they didn't tell you?

- Tell me what?

- Have a seat, Carl.

When I was a boy, my father said to me,  
if you win something  
with bad sportsmanship,  
you didn't win anything at all.

That poor bastard died a broke cuckold.

Now Carl,

you've been a valuable  
asset to the company  
and we really appreciate  
all the things you've done

for us throughout the years.

But the company's moving  
in a different direction.

- What does that mean?

- On behalf of Blumenthal,  
Sanchez, and Ryan,  
we're gonna have to let you go.

- You stole my clients, you  
stole everyone's clients.

This breaks my heart, Carl.

You're such a nice guy.

You keep your mouth shut  
about my clients, okay?

- Hello?

Hey Carl, it's Ted Levine.

Just calling you about  
the interview yesterday.

- Oh yeah, hey.

Unfortunately, we've  
decided we're going to move  
in a different direction.

- No look, I've been out  
of work for two months.

I could do anything, anything at all.

I could be someone's secretary.

I mean, administrative assistant.

Sorry Carl, I wish you the best.

- Please--

- You're such a nice guy.

- Who the hell is calling  
at this hour, Carl?

- It was just a telemarketer, honey.

- Merry Christmas, Carl.

Carl.

Carl.

Carl.

Carl.

Carl.

Carl!

Carl, wake up!

Hello, wake up, Carl, earth to Carl!

You need to get up right

now and go to the office

because the Christmas bonus

is not delivering itself.

The final

tiara goes to Bridget.

- Hee-hee.

- Goddammit.

- I like Bridget.

- If you could only see  
the dress she's wearing,  
you could see she's got no class.

- She has a kind soul.

- Only you, big bro, only you.

Oh, thanks babe.

Just gotta run a quick errand.

- Here you go.

- Thanks Jen.

Pancakes.

- Oh shit, I forgot my phone.

- Hey Carl, it's Brett, I'm  
in your neck of the woods,  
wanted to run something by you  
before we went to Grandpa's house.

See you in a bit.

- Hey, Ray, hey.

- Hey.

- Hey, Jerry.

- Right.

- Jerry Ryan I work with--

- With Carl, yeah, yeah.

- Happy Hanukkah.

- Yeah, no, happy holidays.

- Right, I was actually just stopping by  
to see the bastard now.

Is he up there?

- Oh shit, he didn't tell you?

They let him go a couple of months ago.

Yeah, they got some prick

from Harvard or Yale

doing his job at half the salary.

- Really?

- Yeah, I heard that poor

bastard ain't even found

a job, yet, man.

It's a tough market.

It's fucking dog-eat-dog.

Anyway, woof.

All right, happy holidays,  
pal, happy holidays.

- Right.

- Hey honey.

- I can't find my wedding ring.

- Oh no, geez.

Well, I noticed you haven't  
been wearing it lately.

Have you seen it?

- No, I, uh, no.

I mean, did you check in the jewelry box?

- Of course I checked the jewelry box.

You don't think I checked the jewelry box,  
the one place the ring belongs?

In the jewelry box.

- Yeah, yeah, sorry.

Well, I'm sure it'll turn up.

Are you packed and ready  
to go to Grandpa's?

- Well, did you get the bonus?

- Honey, you're gonna be mad.

What?

- I, well, they said, Jerry  
said there was supposed to be  
a guy in the office from payroll today,  
but he didn't show up.

- Okay, I wanna talk to your boss.

Because if you're not gonna  
be man enough to handle this,  
then I will handle it.

I wanna talk to Teddy.

- He's not here, Leigh,  
it's Christmas Eve.

No one's here.

- We are late on the mortgage, Carl.

You told me that they promised you  
the Christmas bonus today.

Seriously?

- Leigh! Leigh!

- You the guy from Craigslist?

- Why are you wearing a mask?

- Why are you wearing a mask?

- Just trying to be discreet

on the off chance that we know each other.

- All right, small world.

You got the ring?

Ah, yeah, look at that.

My mamacita's gonna melt my butter  
when she sees this sparkling baby.

- You never said why  
you're wearing a mask.

- Yeah, because I'm  
here to fucking rob you.

- No, no, no, no!

- Give me the money.

- Give me the money!

- It's Christmas!

- No, no, no!

- Merry Christmas.

- Oh my God, oh my God.

Fuck. Fuck.

On the fifth day of Christmas

My true love gave to me

Five gold rings

Four calling birds, three French hens

Two turtle doves

And a partridge in a pear tree

On the 11th day of Christmas

My true love gave to me

- Okay, enough.

- Enough, thank you.

What's that smell?

And a partridge in a pear tree.

Doesn't look

like Grandpa's home.

Are you sure he's here?

No, no, no, he said

he had a doctor's appointment.

She's gonna leave the door open.

- Look at these architectural details.

This woodwork is phenomenal.

- Well, there's water  
damage in both bathrooms.

It looks like he hasn't  
cleaned this place in 20 years.

- It's a fixer-upper, I'll grant you that.  
But you can't ignore

the comfy, cozy quality  
of this bucolic beauty.  
I mean, just think of the  
dinner parties we'll have here.  
All our friends coming up here to visit us  
in this regal, A-frame chateau.  
Now would you please give me  
a little something-something  
under this yuletide mistletoe, hm?

- Hello!

- Hey, Merry Christmas, Leigh.

- Hello, Leigh.

- Merry Christmas, Jen.

Aren't you festive in your  
little holiday sweater,  
you Christmasy thing, you.

- Not nearly as festive as you, Leigh.

- Well, just trying to bring holiday cheer  
to the royals in their future castle.

- It's more of a dungeon.

- Hey, Merry Christmas, Carl.

- Merry Christmas.

- I'm glad you brought your horn.

- Yeah, I figured I'd  
set the mood for romance  
in front of the ladies later on.

- Nice, you gonna break  
us out with some Kenny G?

I'm breaking your balls.

You look good, pal.

Hey, any word from Grandpa?

How's he doing?

- So the doctors just wanted  
to run some last-minute tests  
on his arrhythmia, but turns  
out he's healthy as a lark,  
God bless his soul.

- It's healthy as a horse.

- Whatever.

- Happy as a lark.

- What's a lark?

- It's a festive little woodland bird.

They grace the forest with  
their graceful morning songs.

That's where the saying comes from.

I guess they're pretty  
happy-go-lucky little creatures.

- You are just a plethora  
of useless information,  
aren't you, Carl?

Now would you tote the bags, please?

- Nothing wrong with having  
an appreciation for nature  
that I'm aware of.

- What?

So, anyway, uh,

I was thinking we should just  
have the business conversation  
up front, so it's not looming  
over us all weekend long.

I know it's a little awkward  
that Grandpa's giving us  
the 2.2 million and you guys are getting  
this really cute house.

But I was thinking, you know,  
maybe we should just respect  
his judgment and move on.

- We've moved on, Leigh.

- Oh great, we need to  
get a Christmas tree up  
in this house.

So, what's it like taking care of Ray?

- Ugh, he eats and shits like a gorilla.

It's like taking care of a zoo animal.

There, I said it, terrible.

- You're a saint, Jen.

- Mm-mm.

- It drives me to drink.

And don't even get me started on Brett.

- Why, what's wrong?

- He goes off at night to write.

God knows where he really goes.

- You don't think Brett's...

No way, what, with who?

- I don't wanna to think  
about that, okay, Leigh?

- Okay.

If it makes you feel any better,



I thought Carl was cheating  
on me a few years back.

- Carl would never cheat, you  
have him on a choke chain.

- I'm telling you, I kept catching him  
in all these little white lies.

So one day, I trailed the  
bastard on the way to work.

I watch as he walks into  
this garden-level apartment.

Lights turn on.

He sits down, and some guy walks over  
and starts running his  
fingers through Carl's hair.

And then I look over and I see the sign.

Dr. Lipschitz, Cosmetic Surgeon.

Yeah, I caught the bastard, all right.

He was having hair implantation surgery.

- Carl has plugs?

- Yeah, don't you ever tell anyone.

- But he's got such great hair.

- Well, now you know why.

- This place is really nice.

You got lovely old school charm.

- Don't bullshit me, Carl,  
this place is a fucking dump.

Hey, did you get a haircut or something?

Looks different.

- Oh, I started combing it different.

Does it look okay, or?

- Yeah, it's good, it's  
a good look for you.

Let's get that fireplace cracking, Carl.

- How did you get away with it?

I mean, how did you tell

Jen you got laid off?

- Laid off, Carl, I volunteered.

I told my boss if it came down to mine  
or someone else in my department's head  
going on that chopping  
block, let it be mine.

I obviously never told Jen that,  
but that's how it all went down.

That's on the DL, by the way.

- Oh yeah, I'd never say anything.

- Carl, I'm gonna say something right now that's, it's a funny thing to say out loud. And I'm only admitting to it because I know that you'd never say anything to the wifey's.

- Of course not.

- I've been having all these crazy dreams lately about what it might be like to euthanize Grandpa. What?

- Don't bullshit me, Carl. I know you've been having them, too. You got that 2.2 mill coming down the pipe. Let's think, that longevity on that side of the family. Come on, new hip here, heart surgery there. Putting him in a fucking home? Carl, that leaves your inheritance like it's a blue plate special. And you're telling me you haven't had any dreams?

- What?

- Come on, Carl, we're fantasizing. In my fantasy, I usually get him with a little rat poison in his prune juice. It's the least detectable. I mean, not that they'd ever do an autopsy. They rarely do on the elderly. They just assume they go out on their own accord. So what about you? How have you been getting?

- I, uh, I can't believe I'm telling you this. I pushed him down the stairs.

- Nice.

No fingerprints, smart.

What else?

- I suffocate him with his pillow.

- You animal.

- Oh, and I bludgeon him with an anvil.

Is that cliché?

Carl, you're a scary guy,  
you're scaring me.

- You're a crazy guy.

- It's fun talking about  
stuff like this, isn't it?

It's fun to fantasize.

- It's sick is what it is.

We're a couple of sick puppies.

- It just seems like you're always getting  
the shit end of the stick, Carl.

And it breaks my heart.

I mean, you're my brother-in-law  
and I care about you,  
I really do.

- I care about you, too.

So what are you saying?

- I'm saying I drove  
over here a few weeks ago  
to take care of things.

- Take care of what?

- What have we been talking about, Carl?

I came here to stake our  
claim, to put him to sleep.

- Geez, Brett.

- Don't bullshit me, Carl.

I know you've been thinking it, too.

We just established this.

- Thinking it, maybe, but  
what you're saying is,

I mean, there's a big  
difference between thinking--

- And doing, exactly.

The difference is ultimately  
what defines a man's character.

So as I'm driving onto  
his street that night,  
I start thinking about you.

How maybe this was the type

of thing that you needed  
to be doing.  
And instantly, the following  
thoughts start permeating  
into my mind.  
And I'm only saying this because  
you're my brother-in-law.  
I start hearing, "He's a  
loser, he'll only fuck it up.  
"He's anxious guy, those people  
push him around all day."  
And then I thought, no, no,  
no, no, that's not true.  
I thought my faithlessness  
in you is based completely  
on all the bullshit lies  
you've been telling yourself  
all these years.  
That you believe these  
lies so much about yourself  
that you've got me believing in them, too.  
And that's when I  
realized, he can do this.  
In fact, he needs to do this.  
And who am I to deprive  
him of that opportunity?  
So I pulled into his neighbor's driveway,  
turned around, and headed home.  
Because for me, this is nothing.  
I'm there already.  
I'm living the dream, Carl,  
and I don't give a fuck.  
But for you,  
for you,  
this could be life-changing.  
This could be the first step  
down the road less traveled.  
- I'm not murdering my wife's grandfather  
if that's what you're talking about.  
- Don't use that word, Carl.  
We're putting him to sleep.  
Be the hero, Carl.  
Be the one who makes all of  
our holiday wishes come true.

Freshen up his tea with  
a little bit of this.  
We'll celebrate in the morning.  
I'll cook you some flapjacks.  
It's  
Beckham, sprinting away!  
- Go, go, go, go, go, yes!  
- Haha, woo!  
That is what I am talking about!  
Cheers to the Giants bringing us home  
the shiny Lombardi trophy.  
- Mm-mm, do you think they'll bring that  
over to your house later  
or do you think they'll  
swing on over to my place  
for Brett to enjoy?  
- Looks like you're  
having a little too much  
holiday cheer, Jen.  
You're getting weird.  
- Yeah, let's start  
phasing out the egg nog  
and start introducing the water.  
- I think I'm entitled to a drink or two.  
I worked all week.  
- What the fuck is going on here?  
- Grandpa!  
- You walk around my living  
room with your shoes on?  
We take our shoes off  
when we walk around here.  
- Is everything okay, Grandpa?  
- Healthy as a 50-year-old,  
that's what he said.  
Of course, my first wife died at 50.  
I don't listen to any of  
those lying bastards anyway.  
- Well, you look wonderful, Kenny.  
You look like a 50-year-old.  
- Bullshit, pal, human  
beings don't look wonderful  
at my age.  
We look like overgrown prunes.  
And I'll tell you something,

some day you'll look just like this, okay?

So save all that bullshit for someone  
you're trying to stick your dick in.

- Hi Grandpa.

- Oh, will you look at this?

You're right, Leigh,  
she's becoming a lush.

- Here we go.

- What a shame to be given  
the wonderful gift of life,  
just to drink it all away.

- Do you remember Carl, Grandpa?

- I can't say he made  
much of an impression.

Does he talk?

Do you talk, you say something?

Well, what are you, a man or a mouse?

- I'm a man.

- Bullshit you are.

- Women are the new men.

Clits are the new cocks.

Cocks are clits.

It's all topsy-turvy now.

- Be nice, Grandpa.

- They're coming out of the woodwork.

- Happy 80th, Mr. Larkin.

- Ah see, the only one to say it.

What the hell happened to you?

- I was in an accident in Afghanistan.

- You're a soldier?

- I was.

Do you even know what we're fuck  
you were doing over there?

- We're fighting terrorists, Grandpa.

We're putting an end to terrorism.

- And we're damn proud of you, Ray.

- Terrorists, we're all terrorists.

What, I can't open my mouth up anymore?

- We love you, Grandpa.

- Are you gonna give her a baby?

Or is she gonna waste her  
life waiting for some drip  
to perform like man?

You know, she's not getting any younger.

Her oven is getting cold.

- In due time, Kenny.

Everything in due time.

- You mean like menopause?

Where are you going Grandpa?

- I'm going to feed some raccoons.

You know, you feed them  
lunch and then they come back  
and try to eat their way  
back into your fucking house.

- Okay.

- Oh hi, Kenny.

- What are you doing up?

- I was wondering, are  
there any extra blankets?

- Ah, did that heater go out again?

Geez.

Listen, I didn't mean anything  
about what I said before,  
you know, it's just that  
these wars just piss me off.

- That's okay, it didn't bother me.

- Have some tea, I've  
got some water boiling.

I'll give you some Sleepytime.

- Oh no, that's okay.

- You like honey, I got  
honey, too, upstairs.

All right, honey?

- Okay.

- Happy birthday.

- Eh, it's no big deal, you know.

But one thing I have learned,  
and that is you have to  
celebrate every day you're here,  
because it's over before you even know  
what the hell hit you.

- You're happy, though.

I mean, you had a good life.

- Hey, I'm not dead yet, all right.

Don't go burying me, for God's sake.

- No, no, no.

- Thank you for throwing  
dirt on me.

- No, I meant to say so far.  
- I'm teasing you, the old man's just teasing you.  
Don't get upset.  
- Do I smell weed?  
- Yeah, I've been smoking since the '60s.  
Yeah, they were good times then, you know?  
We almost made a difference, here.  
- Oh.  
- It's kind.  
- It's kind he says.  
- Yeah?  
Yeah, it is.  
- Hey.  
Hey Carl.  
- I can't sleep.  
- Something on your mind, pal?  
- Oh no, nothing,  
nothing worth mentioning.  
- Wrestle with the demons,  
they come out at night.  
- Yeah.  
- Hey, come in here, have a seat.  
- Yeah, have a seat, Carl.  
Hey, you want a pull?  
- Oh, no, no, it doesn't agree with me.  
I get paranoid.  
- Ah, not on this stuff you won't.  
You'll be asleep before you even know  
what the hell hit you.  
- She won't know.  
- Yeah, relax, huh.  
You know, you're on vacation here, pal.  
You've got a lot of tension  
in those shoulders, you know?  
- You have very strong hands.  
- Well, they have to be  
strong to work the soil.  
We have to have more reverence  
for the soil, you know?  
They're destroying, they  
destroy everything that's good.  
Like they killed that young Kennedy boy.  
He wasn't afraid to stand up



to them, so they killed him.  
That's how you know  
you're a good president,  
when they kill you.  
- Wow, when they kill  
you, you know you're good.  
That's right, sure.  
We kill our heroes and  
we praise our villains  
and give them all kinds of awards.  
It's a very topsy-turvy land.  
- When we die, do you think we grow wings  
and go to a better place?  
- Yeah, yeah, we become plants.  
And then we become angels.  
- Just like plants.  
- Sure, we're all angels deep down inside.  
How about you, you have something to say?  
You wanna speak up here?  
- Well, my mouth is dry.  
- You want some tea?  
- Sleepytime is good.  
- Uh yeah, I, yeah, I'll  
have, that sounds good.  
- All right, let me get you some.  
- No, I'll get it.  
- I'll get it, relax.  
- No, no, I'll get it.  
- Sorry, Kenny, do you  
want some more hot water?  
- Yeah, yeah, I just need a  
little more water, thanks.  
I don't  
- Well, you know, nice  
to have a little service  
every now and then, you know, right?  
You're sweaty and you're a little pale.  
Yeah, what's on your mind, pal?  
- It's, uh, nothing.  
- Well, remember this, whatever it is,  
listen to what's deep down inside.  
Don't listen to what they want you to do.  
You have a choice.  
You always have a choice.

Unless they put you in  
one of those prisons.

- I don't wanna be,  
I'm tired of being locked up.  
Then get out.

- He's a very smart man, you  
should listen to him, Carl.  
You should get out, let yourself go.

- Yes, it's no good carrying  
around this tension.  
You'll give yourself a heart attack.  
You probably clogged up all your arteries  
with all that worry.

- Do you know, do you  
know what's going on?

- Hey, if you smoke the right  
plants, you know everything.

- What's so funny guys,  
is something funny?

- Who wants breakfast?  
Over the river and through the woods  
To Grandmother's house we go  
Da da da da da da da da

And through the shining snow  
Over the river and through the winds  
Some flapjacks for you Leigh

- Thank you Brett, those look amazing.

- Hopefully they taste amazing.

Hey babe, good morning.

- Good morning.

You're chipper this morning.

- Yeah, there's a lot to  
be chipper about, babe.

All of us gathering as a family  
makes me feel kind of  
warm and tingly inside.

Feels good.

Feels good to be alive.

Well, well, well,  
look who's finally decided to  
grace us with his presence.

Good morning, sunshine.

- Good morning.

- Looks like someone got a little visit

from the hair fairy, huh, honey?

Sorry.

- What are you sorry about?

- I don't know.

You all right, pal?

- I'm fine.

- He's always like this in the morning.

He's a total zombie

until he has his coffee.

Isn't that right, Carl?

- Yeah.

- Well, let's get you set up, then, pal.

How do you take it?

- Huh?

- He really is a zombie.

- How do you take your coffee, bro?

- Earth to Fog, come in Fog.

- Oh, regular, I take it regular.

- Snap out of it Carl,

you're embarrassing yourself.

- Hey, shouldn't Grandpa be up by now?

I thought he always

rose with the roosters.

- You know what, he went to

bed pretty early last night.

Maybe someone should check on him.

- I'd like to finish my drink

before having to deal with

him, thank you very much.

- Yeah, well, I'll check on him

because I'm starting to get worried.

- Oh don't.

- What?

- Let him sleep, he probably needs it.

They need their sleep at that age.

**- It's 10:**

I'm checking on him.

- Don't, don't go in there, Leigh.

Why shouldn't

she go in there, Carl?

- Because he's...

He's what?

He's what, Carl?

- He's, he's dead.

What?

- He passed away, he must've gone in his sleep or something.

I'm sorry.

How do you know?

What happened?

- I went in there early this morning looking for some matches.

And I asked him if he had some and he wasn't saying anything.

So I went over to him, and I shook him, and he wouldn't wake up.

I put my fingers under his nose and he wasn't breathing, so I, I didn't know what to do, so I just, I just kept checking and there was nothing.

He was gone.

He's gone.

- Well, what are we gonna do?

I mean, what are we gonna do with him?

- Well, I guess we call 911.

None of us should go up there and look at him.

He's probably all blue or whatever color they turn.

- Why didn't you do something or tell us something last night?

- Well, what was I gonna do?

He wasn't breathing, he was dead.

- If someone's not breathing, it doesn't necessarily mean they're dead.

- He wasn't breathing for a long time.

I checked several times.

I kept checking.

- Well, for how long?

How long wasn't he breathing?

Two or three minutes, I don't know.

- And you didn't try to revive him?

- Yeah, why didn't you try to revive him, Carl?

- I don't know, okay, I don't know, geez.

- You said you went in there for matches.  
Why did you need matches?

- To light a fire, I  
wanted to light a fire.  
It was freezing in that room.  
I feel like I'm on the freaking  
stand right now, okay, geez.

- It wasn't even cold last night.

- 'Cause you stole all  
the covers, you always do.  
It was freezing.

- There's no fireplace in that room.  
Where were you going to light it?

- In the den.  
I was gonna sleep on the couch in the den.  
This is ridiculous.

- You're a real idiot Carl, you know that?  
You're a real idiot, Carl.

- I didn't kill him, okay, honey?

- Who said anything about killing him?

- Yeah, it sounds like you're saying it.

- Why would you say that?  
Why would you say that, Carl?

- Because I was...

- What, you were what?

- You were what, Carl?  
Say something Carl, think Carl!

- Well, what happened?

- Sleep apnea.

- Huh?

- He has sleep apnea, Leigh just told me.  
You can stop breathing for  
several minutes in your sleep.

- But you gave him the tea, right?  
He drank it, you saw him drink it?  
What?

- I didn't do it.

- What?

- I didn't put any rat poison in his tea.  
I couldn't do it.  
Why not?

- Because he was saying  
all this crazy stuff  
that was freaking me out.

I finally went back in there this morning to smother him with his pillow, and I was standing there for a long time just looking at him, and I noticed that he wasn't breathing.

So I put my fingers under his nose and he wasn't.

So I thought my job was done for me, you know, by God or whatever.

- Okay, okay, so we'll try again tonight.

No problem.

You can do it tonight.

- Uh uh, no way.

- Why not?

- I can't.

- What do you mean you can't?

- It'll freak me out way too much, Brett.

You saw the girls.

Did you notice how upset Leigh was?

- Leigh is gonna be fine.

With all your financial burdens put to rest, she'll get over this very quickly, trust me.

- But Kenny, he's, he's a human being, Brett.

- Bullshit, he's a fucking dinosaur who should've been extinct a long time ago.

Do you have any idea what it's like getting Ray in on his appointments nowadays with all these prehistoric animals roaming the earth and sucking up all the doctors' time? He'd die waiting.

And resources, to have them around for all these unnecessary years.

The carbon footprint, Carl.

We're overpopulated.

And you call yourself a nature enthusiast?

Not exactly eco-friendly.

I've digressed.

Look, to make an omelette,  
you have to break an egg.

- I'm not breaking any eggs, I'm sorry.

There's just,  
there's just something  
inside of me telling me no.

- So you're a pussy, Carl.

- I'm sorry, Brett.

- Okay.

Okay.

I want you to see that  
inheritance now, Carl.

Really see it.

2.2 million dollars.

And now, I want you to see  
how you're deliberately  
flushing it deep down into  
the shit-covered waters  
of shit's fucking creek,  
where it's devoured by all  
of the little shit-eaters.  
Really see yourself now, Carl,  
just waving goodbye to it,  
with that sorry little look on your face,  
and a paddle stuck up your  
ass that was jammed in there  
by an unfair world that  
you weren't man enough  
to stake your claim in.

Nothing.

Nothing to say, Carl?

- We were drinking yesterday  
and we were caught up in  
too much holiday cheer  
and goofing around when we--

- Oh, I see, so you think the one holding  
the shit end of the  
stick should be the one  
that carries this out, huh?

Is that what you think, Carl?

You think I should be the  
one that has to do this?

- I've stated my position, and,

I'm not gonna waver.  
I'm standing my ground.  
- I think you'll do it.  
- Huh?  
- I think you'd rather kill Grampy  
than deal with the  
ramifications of your wife  
finding out the truth.  
- About what?  
- I ran into Jerry Ryan yesterday.  
Yeah.  
Does Leigh know that  
you're unemployed, Carl?  
Don't make me be the bad guy here.  
- You'd never--  
I wouldn't?  
- Brett, you're my friend.  
- And I'm trying to help  
you salvage your life, Carl.  
I think some gratitude  
might be more appropriate.  
- Sociopath.  
That's a  
compliment these days, Carl.  
And for that I thank you.  
- Don't do this, please,  
please don't make me do this.  
- You almost did it on your own accord.  
I'm just giving you a little push.  
You can do it, Carl.  
Never quit on a dream.  
You know, I used to play the sax, too.  
You gotta have a lot of  
soul to play the sax.  
Hey buddy.  
- Something really crazy's  
going on around here.  
This is gonna blow your frigging mind.  
- What are you talking about?  
- I was in Kenny's room last night.  
- Kenny?  
- Yeah, Grandpa Kenny.  
It was in the wee hours.  
He asked me to come in.



- Ray, you weren't supposed to be in there last night.

- Why wasn't I supposed to be in there?

- So let's get you dressed, we're going for a walk. You were drinking yesterday, smoking weed. Not to mention you just got back from the war where they put that damn steel plate in your head.

- Okay, are you done?

- I'm just saying, sometimes the mind can play tricks on us and make us perceive things in funny ways.

- Will you listen to me? My perception is fine. And what happened in that room last night was as real as anything I've experienced in my entire life. You are not gonna believe this one, Brett.

- All right, what, what happened already?

- We made love like animals last night.

- What, who?

- Me and Kenny.

- Huh?

- It was raw. It was wild. It was animalistic. It was everything. This is the best Christmas ever.

- You banged Jen's grandfather last night? You hit that?

- Oh, it wasn't like that. If anything, he was the one in control.

- He's gay or bi?

- He doesn't feel the need to put labels on things. Oh man he did things to me no man's ever done before. It was a religious experience.

- I like it. I like this. You're back.

- I'm back.  
- You are back.  
- I'm back.  
- This shit is back.  
- I'm back, I'm back!  
- This just in, the kid is back.  
- I'm back, I'm gay, I'm getting sick.  
- You are a sick puppy is what you are.  
Ray, this is legendary.  
You are an instant hero with the story.  
Now this is the greatest  
story ever told, oh man.  
I can't wait to tell Dino and Jimmy,  
they're gonna shit their pants.  
- No, don't tell anyone, Brett.  
- Whoa, whoa, easy.  
Ray, this nothing to be ashamed of, okay?  
So you've been hit by a pitch.  
Dust yourself off, get back in the game.  
- I didn't get hit by a pitch.  
- It's a metaphor, Ray.  
- I understand the metaphor.  
And it doesn't apply here.  
He's an amazing man.  
- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.  
You're getting ahead  
of yourself here, Ray.  
- We were communicating without speaking.  
- You were fucking high.  
- I understand that.  
And I've thought about it all morning,  
and it doesn't change.  
- Settle, Ray, okay, settle.  
- That's exactly what I'm doing.  
I'm settling with him.  
We're getting married.  
- You're what?  
- I love him, Brett.  
Get that through your head.  
He loves me.  
And we want to explore  
these feelings further.  
Now, we're going to have  
a celebration wedding here tomorrow.

Then Tuesday morning, we're going down  
to the Town Hall to make it official.

I want you to be my best man.

- No.

- What do you mean no?

- I mean, snap the fuck out of it, Ray.

You're not marrying him.

Look, you've been deprived  
of sex for a long time, okay?

A man does crazy things  
when deprived of sex.

Just ask a priest.

Look, you'll get past this, okay?

In a few months, when you find yourself  
a normal piece of ass,  
whose birth date was sometime  
after fucking Prohibition.

- You're not listening to  
a single word I'm saying.

I love him.

- No, no, you lust him.

I can't believe I'm saying  
this with a straight face.

You lust Grandpa.

You could do better than  
this, Ray, much better.

Give it some time, Jesus.

- I don't want you at my wedding.

I'll ask Carl to be my best man.

- Empathize with me, Ray.

42-year-old men do not  
normally fall in love  
with the elderly.

- Real love knows no boundaries, Brett.

Now do you support me on this or not?

Yes or no.

Do you?

You are as shallow as a puddle of piss.

Get out of my way, Brett.

- Ray. Ray.

Ray!

- Carl. Carl.

Carl.

He's a loser,

he'll only fuck it up.  
He's an anxious guy who's  
been pushed around all day.  
He's a loser, loser, loser, loser, loser.  
- Christmas bonus is  
not delivering itself.  
Be the hero, Carl.  
Be the one who makes all of  
her holiday wishes come true.  
The hero.  
- Hey, sounds like the little  
morning birdies are chirping,  
huh, the larks?  
Yeah, hey.  
- You look like hell.  
- Yeah, my head feels  
like a demolition site.  
I feel like hell.  
- Well, maybe I can cheer you up.  
- Not now, Leigh.  
Stop.  
I said stop geez, do you wanna get caught?  
- You got bad breath.  
- Yeah, so do you.  
- What is your problem?  
- I think we need to put  
the brakes on this, okay?  
- On what, us?  
- No, not us, I'm talking  
about this project,  
Project Grampy.  
- Why?  
- Because I spoke with Ray just now  
and he just told me some very  
bizarre and perverse things.  
- Yeah, I know all about it.  
I just had a conversation  
with his soulmate.  
He professed the whole disgusting thing.  
- Yeah, it's grotesque.  
- Yeah, it is, and potentially  
a very big hindrance  
as he's not trying to get his  
paws into my piece of the pie.

So I'm confused why  
exactly is there a problem?  
- Because he loves him, Leigh.  
- Jesus Christ, he  
wants his fucking money.  
- No, I've never seen  
him so sure of anything  
in his life, he's telling the truth.  
- Well, then he's a filthy creeper  
with a fetish for  
geriatrics is what he is.  
- Hey, did he make a mistake, yes.  
But he's my brother, okay?  
Respect that.  
- No, I don't respect that.  
I have zero respect for perverts.  
So is this thing on or not,  
because my muscles are  
getting fucking cold.  
What, you're gonna call it off?  
We had a deal.  
"Let's kill Grandpa this  
Christmas," you said.  
"I will convince your drip  
husband to snuff him out  
"so that we don't have to  
do it ourselves," you said.  
Remember?  
Hello, remember?  
I see how it is.  
I see.  
You care more about  
that perverted gimp boy  
that you do about us, fine.  
Just know that you'll never  
get your hands on this  
again.  
'Cause here's now it's gonna go down now.  
Here's the new plan.  
If by tomorrow morning that old hag  
hasn't drifted down to  
the fiery halls of hell  
where he belongs, we're through.  
And not only are we through,

but your marriage is through.

- You'd never.

- Oh, I will.

I will tell my sister all  
about her filthy husband  
and now he forced himself on me.  
And I will even turn on the tears.  
She will kick you out like  
the unemployed vagabond  
that you are.

- You psychopath.

- That's the highest compliment  
a person can receive, Brett.

And for that,

I thank you.

- How are you doing?

I'm so glad you came, you know?

- Thank you.

- What are you doing over there, Carl?

- Oh nothing, just, uh...

- What, Carl?

- Leigh, I, uh...

- Oh, Carl.

- Do you remember how we  
were when we first met, just  
two broke college kids  
without a care in the world,  
just laughing, making love, smoking grass.

- Yeah, of course I remember, honey.

- We didn't have a nickel to spare, but,  
somehow we were king and queen  
of the entire world, hon.

- Is there something else  
you wanna tell me, Carl?

- No, its just,  
if we were, if we were to lose everything,  
and we had to start all over again,  
could you still love me?

- Why are you asking me that, Carl?

- I just,

I just wanted to make sure  
our foundation is still solid.

- Well, we're not kids anymore.  
We're adults in the real world.

And in the real world,  
there are winners and there are losers.  
I have no intention of being a loser.  
So if you were to lose everything,  
I would probably have to file for divorce.  
Okay.

Let's get ready for Grandpa's party.

I got your outfit all  
picked out and ready to go.

- I don't have an  
appetite for some reason.
- It's rude to leave the table  
when people are still eating.
- Everyone's done.
- I'm not done.
- Honey, I think that's enough  
with the drinking this weekend.
- That's enough.

Now I've got something to tell you  
and I might as well do it now.

I'm changing the will.

Ray and I are going off to Europe  
and we're not coming back.

I might even buy a castle.

- That's a wonderful idea, Grandpa.

Isn't it wonderful, Leigh?

- It's amazing.
- And whatever's left of the 2.2 million,  
after I'm gone, that's  
what you get, Leigh.

- Well, I don't care about that, Grandpa.

I just want you to be happy.

- Good, I'm going to see  
the lawyer tomorrow morning,  
first thing, to make it official.

- I think there's one  
more gift under the tree.

- Get the gift, Carl.

Wake up, Carl.

Will you wipe the dopey look off your face  
and get the gift?

That's my gift to Jen.

- Wow, what is that?
- That is a Native

American fertility phallus.

I made that in ceramics.

It's to bring you good luck and strength  
to your sexual organs.

- Think it'll do the trick for you, Brett?

- I hope it does, Carl.

- There's one more gift  
in the kitchen, Carl.

Get it.

- Well, you better pray  
with all your might,  
because saying no to her as a woman  
is like saying no to  
Mother Nature herself.

Taking all the fruit and  
not fertilizing the land.

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday dear Grandpa

Happy birthday to you

And many more

- Happy birthday to my Christmas angel.

Make a wish, Grandpa.

- I already had my wish.

- Well, that was  
yesterday, make a new wish.

- Uh, well, it'd be nice  
if this fucking hair  
would stop falling out of my head.

- Well, Carl has plugs.

Maybe he can point you  
in the right direction.

- Whoa, she is bombed.

She is gonna be okay.

Oh, got your wish, Jen.

You're drunk, it's time to go to bed.

- Get your fucking hands off me  
unless you wanna lose an arm.

Of course I'm drunk.

Any sane person would have to annihilated  
to hang out with this family.

- Wow, your father would  
be so disappointed,  
God rest his soul.



- Blah, blah, blah.

- I wish you could see yourself  
and what your life has turned into  
when you don't think things through.

- You're just a perfect  
example of human capability,  
aren't you Grandpa?

- All right, party's over, Jen.

- Shut up, Leigh.

All you know how to do is criticize.

Just criticizing everything  
and everyone around you  
all day every fucking day.

Well, I'm sick of it!

'Cause all I need from  
a grandfather is someone  
to be nice and who  
leaves me the fuck alone.

But look what I got, I  
got a washed-up old critic  
with no one around in his life  
but people waiting for  
him to croak already  
so they can get all his stuff.

Well, I don't give a  
shit about your stuff.

And living in this dump  
would only be a reminder  
of all the shit I've  
had to endure from you  
throughout the years.

Your miserable ghost haunting me,  
following me around from the great beyond.

So I'm asking you, take  
me off of your will.

I'm begging you to do it.

This way I never have  
to see your diabolical,  
heartless, wrinkly face  
ever the fuck again!

- That's it!

That's your voice!

I've been waiting 20  
years to hear that come

out of your mouth.

Finally, an expression of the truth.

If you could only do  
that without the liquor.

- Well, don't be rude, Carl.

Pull your sister-in-law out of the cake.

- I don't know why she brought up my hair.

- It's bedtime, Carl, time to go to bed.

- Well, she showed her true  
colors, that sister of mine.

She has nothing but hate in  
her heart for this family.

Sorry you had to see that, Ray.

- That's okay.

And I'm gonna hit the hay now.

I've got a really big day tomorrow.

- You sure do.

- Carl?

- You scared me, asshole, what?

- Are you going up there now?

- Where do you think I'm going, huh?

Outside to make a snowman?

- Carl, this is bad.

This is really bad.

- Oh, you think so?

- I just wanted to be a writer.

Living out here would have been,  
but Ray, Ray.

I just wanted him to be happy.

That's all I ever wanted.

It's all I ever wanted.

- We should end it now.

Pretend like none of this ever happened.

Get the Christmas spirit back.

- Carl, Carl, Carl.

This breaks my heart, Carl,  
you're such a nice guy.

It breaks my heart, Carl,

you're such a nice guy.

- Okay.

- Carl?

Where are you going?

- I'm going in there.

What?

- What, are you fucking deaf?

I said I'm going in there.

I'm going in there, get this fucking shit over with already.

- Morning, Ray.

- Good morning, Leigh.

- You look great.

Have you seen your groom yet this morning?

- Of course not.

It's bad luck to see the groom before the ceremony.

Everybody knows that.

- Of course.

Have you seen him yet this morning, Brett?

You know, he really should be up by now.

Grandpa?

- Oh, I'm sure he's up.

I bet your groom looks amazing, Ray.

- Look who's suddenly on Team Grandpa.

Isn't that interesting?

Grandpa, you're gonna be late for your own wedding!

- He's up, I'm sure.

He's probably just playing with his hair or something.

- You're sure in a better mood today than yesterday, Jen.

- Today, I see with new eyes, Ray.

Bloodshot, but new.

- Grandpa?

- You know, after all you've been through, nobody deserves to be blessed with a soulmate any more than you do.

- I just wish we could've gotten Grandpa a new tux.

- You know, I think we've all had it with the loving granddaughter routine, Leigh.

It's getting to be a bit nauseating now, don't you think?

- You know, you may have managed to ruin Christmas, but I'm not going to stand here

and let you destroy Grandpa's wedding.  
- I bumped into Carl last night  
on my way to pouring myself a drink.  
Had to sting out of the  
nightmare called my life.  
When I noticed Carl over there clutching  
onto a big white fluffy pillow,  
quivering like a frightened little puppy.  
"What you doing over  
there, Carl," I asked.  
Poor thing, he was too scared to speak.  
So I thought, Carl looks  
like he can use himself  
a drink, too.  
So I went and I poured  
us a couple of brandies  
and we got to talking.  
And do you know what he told me, Leigh?  
He told me he'd just  
gotten through storming  
into Grandpa's room with  
that big white fluffy pillow.  
- You son of a bitch, you son of a bitch.  
You live, you son of a bitch.  
- Carl!  
Get your ass out here now!  
How dare you attempt to  
do such a wicked thing.  
- That's exactly what I asked, Leigh.  
And do you know what he told me?  
He told me, "Brett made me do it."  
- Is that true, Brett?  
- Of course not, Ray.  
That's ridiculous, honey.  
- Shut up, Brett.  
Why would Brett make Carl  
do such a wicked thing?  
I wanted to know.  
And that's when Carl mentioned  
the hair plug comment  
I'd made earlier in the evening.  
A comment which he said  
was completely untrue.  
Funny, I thought.

Why would my sister make  
up such a crazy story  
about her husband's hair,  
while I was lamenting to her  
about my husband's infidelity?

- Get your fingers out  
of my husband's hair.

- Tell me something, Thomas,  
when you're screwing my husband,  
and his teeny-weeny little peeny pops out,  
as it tends to, can you even feel it?  
Oh hey, Grandpa, still alive, huh?

- Yeah, thanks to Carl I am.

- Hi Grandpa, what are  
you doing with the gun?

- Oh, I like to carry it.  
You know, they said I can still carry it.  
Not that I listen to their rules.  
I have my own rules.

- Uh, I think you should  
put that down for now.  
It's starting to frighten us a little bit.

- But I really like holding it.  
You know, it's sort of  
like a comfort blanket.  
You remember those little comfort blankets  
you girls had when you were young?  
Yeah, made you feel nice and safe?

- Yeah, I remember.

- What did yours look like, Leigh?

- Well, it was blue, with  
little pink bunnies on it.

- Right, see I like to think of this  
as my little blue blanket  
with little pink bunnies on it,  
just in case the big bad wolf  
comes knocking on that door  
in the middle of the night.

- Grandpa.

- I want you two to move  
over to that wall over there.  
Come on, move it!  
Move!  
Now get down on your knees,

get down on your knees.

Do it!

- Well, what about Carl?

- Are you sorry, sonny,  
for trying to kill me?

- Words could never express it Kenny.

I was weak.

- Uh, relax, everybody makes a mistake.

But at the end, you were strong.

- Thank you.

Thank you, Kenny.

- I'm calling the police.

No, no, no, that's not  
gonna do us any good.

You can't get any justice  
here, just ask OJ.

What do you think, Leigh,  
should I put you out of your misery  
like you were thinking about  
putting me out of mine?

- It was his idea.

The whole thing, it was all his idea.

- Is that true, Brett?

Were you thinking of putting  
me down like an old horse  
so you could get my house?

- Come on, you've known her long enough  
to know how she is.

She lies, she's a liar.

She's a pathological liar.

- And what are you?

- Aw honey, come on, I can  
make it up to you, please.

- Oh honey, honey.

You better hope he kills you,  
because you no longer have a sponsor.

- Or a brother.

- Ray, come on, she made me do it, Ray.

- I feel sorry for you, Brett.

I really do.

- You have any last words, either of you?

- Please, please, please,  
please, please, please,  
please, please.

- Have you been doing that  
all of your life?  
Please, please, please,  
don't hurt me, please.  
Say it.  
All right, let's get on with this.  
Who's with me.  
Don't you move an inch or  
I'll blast that stupid look  
off your face.  
Do you have the vows, honey?  
- Yeah, I hope they're not too long.  
I don't like drawing out ceremonies.  
- No honey, they're just  
like you, short and sweet.  
- Here Carl, you're the priest.  
- Okay.  
- Any objections, Leigh?  
Huh, anything you wanna say?  
Any objections to us getting married?  
- Congratulations!  
- Thank you, Brett,  
that means a lot to me.  
And I'm gonna keep that in mind  
when I decide where to fucking bury you.  
- What are you gonna do?  
- What?  
- Whatever you're gonna do, just do it.  
- Now isn't that just like  
you, always about to you.  
You wanna talk about you all the time.  
I'm trying to get married here.  
And you want to talk about you.  
Okay, okay, let's make it about you, huh?  
Tell them how the story's gonna end.  
- How grave.  
What about you, Leigh,  
what are you gonna do?  
- Just shoot me.  
Just shoot me and get it over with.  
- Aw, get the fuck out of  
here before I change my mind.  
- Carl?  
- What?

- I need the keys.

- Walk.

All right,

let's get on with this.

Go ahead, Carl.

Okay, just read it?

- You can read, right?

- Yeah, I can read.

Do you Ray take this ancient relic  
till the day he croaks to be your husband?

To enjoy him deeply and not  
take things too seriously?

To live your truth despite  
what he or the government  
or the Illuminati or the aliens are doing?

Do you promise to be happy for yourself  
so you can inspire happiness in him  
or anyone else who cares to be,  
though not make it your responsibility?

I do.

- And do you, Kenny, take  
this paralyzed immobile lump  
to be your husband?

To wheel him around and let  
him be just one more excuse  
for your happiness on this  
perfectly fucked up planet,  
till the forces within or without  
pull the two of you irrevokably apart,  
despite the fact that  
on a subatomic level,  
you never were and never will be separate?

- I do.

- You may now kiss the groom.

Christmas

Christmas

Christmas

Christmas

There is Santa Claus I know

Coming through the snow

On his way to you and me

I know that I can see

The reindeer in the sky

Red-nosed reindeer so bright



Are you a criminal or a virgin  
Getting silver or a lump of coal  
We'll give you nothing  
if you knew the truth  
Merry Christmas  
Happy New Year  
I wanna kill you  
And I've chosen a direction  
Saying life is for me  
I'll check myself  
A little  
No boring bombs  
You get what you want  
Have a you criminal or virgin  
Getting silver or a lump of coal  
You're giving nothing  
if you knew the truth  
Merry Christmas  
Happy New Year  
I wanna kill you  
When I see you Santa,  
we'll have a drink  
I always knew that you think  
Maybe Jesus knows  
What you've done  
Hide your tracks 'cause it's  
Christmas  
There's a Santa Claus I know  
Coming through the snow  
Always waiting here  
And me, I know what I can see  
A reindeer in the sky  
Red-nosed reindeer so bright  
Are you a criminal or virgin  
Getting silver or a lump of coal  
You may get nothing  
if you knew the truth  
Merry Christmas  
Happy New Year  
I wanna kill you  
Merry Christmas  
Happy New Year  
I wanna kill you  
I wanna kill you