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# Surviving Christmas

By Deborah Kaplan

My firm's done a tremendous amount of market research. We've discovered two things: One, most Americans feel that Christmas is a time for family. Two, most Americans feel that in order to stand being around their family, for even one or two days, they need to swill as much alcohol as humanly possible. Now, I'd like you to meet the Noggertons. They're a classic American family. They're together on Christmas, they're fat-free, and 10 percent alcohol by volume. Enjoy our family, so you can enjoy your family. What do you think? So, you're suggesting we tell people the only way to get through the holidays is to drink spiked egg nog? I'm suggesting the only way to get through the holidays is to buy your farm-fresh, fat-free, pre-spiked egg nog in a bottle.

- Take care. All right.

- It's all good. How do you do it?

I'm very excited.

I look forward to it.

It went pretty well, huh?

I'm a genius.

I feel like I could sell whale steaks to Greenpeace.

Nice image.

- Here are your tickets to Fiji.

- Ah.

Missy, we've been dating a while.

Let's take our relationship to the next level.

I've hoped you would say that.

I got you a little

pre-Christmas Christmas gift.

Yeah?

I want you to open it now  
because it involves our future.  
The future of you and me together.  
It's kind of for both of us,  
in that way.

Okay.

Tickets to Fiji?

Yes. First class.

Drew, on Christmas?

Christmas is the family holiday.

I mean, what are we doing? What is this?

I mean, what is going on?

Where is this relationship headed?

Fiji. First class.

- Missy?

- Uh-uh. Okay.

Here's an example  
of one of our problems.  
You never introduced me to your family.  
You never mentioned your family.  
Do you even have a family?  
How can you be serious about me,  
if you're not serious about your family?  
You need to get some  
serious help, Drew.

I think you're missing the point.  
If I told you everything about me,  
there'd be no more sense of mystery.  
Nothing left to discover.

With nothing left to discover,  
a relationship dies.  
You don't want this to die, do you?  
It just did.

Come on. Don't be like that.

You're gonna be like that?

Go ahead. Go.

I'm going to spend Christmas  
with my family.

You can spend Christmas alone.

Missy.

Kathryn, I need you to get  
a Cartier bracelet to send to Missy.

Something expensive,  
a lot of diamonds, very flashy.  
- Include a personal note from me.  
- What exactly do you want it to say?  
Something personal that shows  
the depth of my feelings, my emotions.  
- You're good. That's why I hired you.  
- Okay, but it's not gonna work.  
My man.  
Oh, Dougie!  
Doogan. Doog-ray.  
Douglas.  
It's Drew.  
Drew Latham.  
Yeah. What's up, man?  
What are you up?  
Ah, nothin', nothin'.  
Hey, man,  
what're you doing for Christmas?  
Family? Nice. Nice call.  
Uh, you got room for one more?  
Well, I think we are that close.  
I love Jewish Christ...  
I'll light candles, spin the dreidel.  
It'll be great,  
a matzo ball soup and baklava.  
All right, well, that's Greek.  
Fine, whatever. I'm just...  
You still there?  
I know you have a baby.  
I'm just saying, like, you know,  
they just lie there  
and crap themselves, right?  
After a while,  
how interesting is that?  
No, I'm not saying anything bad.  
I'm just sayin'...  
Huh?  
Well, maybe, your wife  
doesn't have to come, man.  
Maybe it's me and you  
for Christmas.  
You ever think about that?  
Would you mind if I came by

to your house and spent Christmas?  
It's like one or two, three days, tops.  
All right.  
Merry Christmas.  
Okay, right over here.  
Everybody stay together.  
All real good.  
Okay, you've got Tu-Tu...  
Doctor Freeman!  
Thank God, I found you.  
Sir, sir...  
I gotta spend Christmas alone.  
I'm having a panic attack.  
- You gotta help me. Please!  
- Who are you? I don't know you.  
I'm the boyfriend  
of one of your patients.  
- You are?  
- Missy Vangilder.  
You're Drew.  
You're Drew. Oh, God.  
- What does that mean?  
- I'm not allowed to say.  
- How did you find me?  
- I bribed a woman at your service.  
She should raise her standards  
or you gotta fire her.  
She totally caved for 200 bucks.  
- Whatever.  
- I need a few minutes.  
Backpacks on the belt.  
Game Boy too.  
You gotta help me out.  
I don't wanna spend Christmas alone.  
If you would just please!  
She's gotta put  
the bear on the belt.  
Can't she walk it through?  
She's got to put it on the belt.  
- It's a puppy!  
- I know it's a puppy.  
Put Tu-Tu on  
and she'll go for a ride.  
- My Tu-Tu!

- I need one second.  
If you could just please!  
- Okay, gimme the puppy.  
- Sir, I need you to step here.  
- You're abusing your child.  
- Can you see I've got my own problems?  
- Whoa, whoa, now.  
- I'm sorry. I am so sorry.  
Okay. Okay.  
Hey, I know.  
- Heard it on the radio once.  
- All right.  
Write down your grievances  
about your family on paper.  
- All your grievances.  
- Right.  
Go someplace that reminds you  
of your childhood,  
at sunset and light  
that piece of paper on fire.  
As the last shred of paper  
is burning away, you whisper,  
"I forgive you. "  
- "I forgive you. "  
- Mm-hm.  
- And it burns up.  
- That's it.  
I like it.  
- Oh, thanks so much!  
- Whoa! All right.  
- Have a good vaca.  
- Where's my daughter?  
Sir?  
Huh? Oh, there she is.  
Whoa! Hey! Come on out!  
Come out for Daddy!  
My grievances.  
Okay, buddy, here we go.  
That'll be \$ 72.50.  
My God!  
That's it!  
That's the house I grew up in.  
How's the \$ 72.50 comin'?  
Good. It's comin' good.

Keep the meter running.

- Almost out of salami.

- No.

Well, thank you for telling me.

- I don't wanna run out, that's all.

- God forbid.

- Did Brian eat?

- I don't know.

Get down here

and eat your dinner.

- I'm not hungry!

- Yeah, you are!

Stop yelling at me.

I'm not yelling at you.

Brian!

Brian!

Get down here please, so your father  
can stop not yelling at me!

I'm busy!

We shouldn't have put  
the computer in his room.

He's gonna spend  
all his time there.

Oh, Tom.

Welcome to the future, dear.

He's advancing his skills.

One day that computer's  
gonna get our baby a good job.

Trust me. What he's doin',

nobody's gonna pay for,

'cause if they did,

I'd have retired at 17.

- What?

- There's a guy out there.

Who the hell is that?

All right. Alone on Christmas.

I can do this.

I rid myself  
of all my grievances.

Be gone, grievances.

What the...

I forgive you.

Holy Moly. This joker.

What are the neighbors gonna think?

Unless they want to get hit, they  
shouldn't be burning crap in my yard.  
Is he still breathing?  
Dear God, Tom.  
You've killed the man.  
Oh, shit! He's still alive!  
Hello.  
My name is Drew Latham.  
I grew up in this house.  
That's why you came back and  
tried to burn it down, Pyroboy?  
- Brian, call the cops.  
- Oh, no, no, no!  
That won't be necessary. That's fine.  
I was just outside burning,  
someone told me to burn  
a list of my grievances  
outside of the home of my birth  
to help me with loneliness issues.  
- So, it's all fine.  
- Oh.  
Any-hoo, apologies  
and I'm gonna go.  
Would you mind terribly  
if I took a look-see around the house?  
- I'll give you a tour.  
- Oh, thank you.  
Hold on.  
- You got any more matches?  
- No. No, no, no.  
Are we done with all that?  
Yes. The burning. Yes.  
It's completely done.  
I'm actually better.  
I'm watching you.  
Wow. I can't believe it!  
This is amazing!  
It's exactly how I remember it.  
- You mean it was always a shithole?  
- No. No, it's great.  
Did you hear that?  
That stair squeaked.  
Do you know what we  
used to call that squeaky stair?



"The squeaky stair. "  
Wow. My old room.  
My God.  
Hey, look at that!  
I can touch the ceiling.  
It's much smaller than I remember it.  
Did you do something?  
Yeah. We had it reduced.  
Cost a lot, but yeah,  
I think it was...  
I think it was worth it.  
Man, this is great.  
Man, this is the best.  
You guys sittin' around  
eatin' dinner like a family.  
I always wanted that.  
This is really wonderful.  
Wonderful.  
So, what's for dessert?  
- Kitchen's closed.  
- Aw.  
- Yeah, I got things to do.  
- Ah, boy.  
Tom, why don't you  
see the man out?  
I didn't want to let him in.  
I'll call you a cab.  
Is that necessary?  
Yeah, it is. Yeah.  
But you know, man,  
I gotta tell ya,  
all these years I've been  
avoiding Christmas,  
and I just realized,  
this is what I've been longing for.  
A real family, you know?  
In a true home.  
That's why I'm thinking  
it might be a good idea  
if I lived with you.  
Tom! Tom!  
Tom, please!  
Please let me stay here!  
No.

- I'll pay you.  
- My family's not for sale, pal.  
Tom, I'll pay you \$250,000.  
Welcome home, son.  
Mom.  
Tom, that guy is still here.  
- Yeah, I know.  
- Why is he still here?  
He's givin' us \$250,000  
to be his family for Christmas.  
And you agreed to this?  
Without asking me?  
Of course I did.  
He's giving us \$250,000.  
How would you like it if I  
agreed to this without asking you?  
Well, that would depend.  
Would we be getting \$250,000?  
Okay. What exactly  
did you agree to?  
It's a big day for this family.  
- Very well.  
- All right.  
Mr. Latham agrees  
to pay the sum of \$250,000  
to the Valcos for services rendered

**until 11:**

And for said sum, the Valco family  
will aid Mr. Latham in recapturing  
those childhood Christmas memories,  
including, but not limited to,  
all due festiveness, celebrations,  
various and sundry merriments,  
and yuletide glee.  
Agreed!  
Agreed, right?  
Fakin' it anyway.  
Might as well get paid.  
Will there be anything else?  
Oh, yeah. I gotta sleep  
in Brian's room.  
What? No.  
Where is this going here?

Like it says in the contract.  
I get to sleep in my old room.  
Oh, come on. Creepy grievance guy  
wants to sleep in my room?  
If I wanted that, I'd use a bus ticket  
those guys send me on the Internet.  
I just wanna sleep in my room,  
like it says in the contract.  
Brian, you're in the guest room.  
My computer's not in the guest room.  
How am I supposed to... study?  
Use your imagination.  
Well, I'm gonna  
catch some shut-eye.  
Who wants to go Christmas tree  
shopping with me in the morning?  
Apparently, you all do.  
I'm home.  
Oh!  
Brian? Brian!  
I didn't do it.  
It's all right.  
I'll fix it.  
I'll fix it. Ow.  
Well, that should do it,  
assuming no other idiot...  
Is he eatin' my salami?  
That's what it looks like.

**- It's 9:**

- Oh, I know. It's not breakfast food,  
but it was lookin' good.  
I had to dog some.  
Yeah, it is good.  
- Is that the last of it?  
- Yep.  
Oh. You didn't want some, did ya?  
No. It's all right.  
It's fine, it's fine.  
Ah.  
Kathryn, I hope  
you're checking messages.  
Should anyone need to reach me,  
they can call my cell.

If you need to send anything,  
the address is 2 Edgewood Road  
in Lincoln Wood, Illinois.

Stayin' with my family.

Hey, Dad?

He's talkin' to you, genius.

Yeah, Drew?

Would you do me a kindness?

Put this hat on.

My dad used to wear a Santa hat  
when we went Christmas tree shopping.

- In public?

- Yeah.

That would be no.

And in private,  
that would be no, too.

Please wear the hat.

No. I'm not wearing the hat.

Tom, you gotta wear the hat.

- I'm not wearin' the hat.

- Wear the hat, Tom.

Now get it away from me  
before I shove it up your ass.

Tom, are you familiar  
with the phrase "breach of contract?"

- Give me the hat.

- All right.

\$250,000. \$250,000.

\$250,000.

You're lookin' good, Dad.

- Tom!

- Shut up!

Eyes on the road.

On the road. Dad.

Gimme your leg.

No.

Nope.

Oh, wait a minute.

This could be it.

This could be it.

Yep. This is it.

This is the one.

You're good.

Excuse me, folks.

Dad, you wanna lift that up,  
have respect for the tree? No?  
It's gonna be in our house, so...  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Where are we going with this?  
All right. Let's get that baby up there,  
hoist that up.  
Get that on the roof.  
All righty.  
That's pretty good. All right!  
You got it. There you go.  
Get around it.  
Get around on it.  
Brian, get your skinny little ass  
out of the car!  
You got it, Dad.  
You got it.  
You got it.  
Nice one. All right, I think it's good.  
I think it's good like that.  
Whoo! Christmas time.  
- How's it look?  
- It could trigger a seizure.  
I know.  
Wait till you see it lit up.  
I thought it was lit up.  
Oh no, no, no.  
We gotta sing "Christmas Tree" first.  
Tom, you take the lead.  
- You want me to sing?  
- Yeah.  
Do I have to?  
Yeah.  
Would it make any difference  
if I didn't want to?  
Not really.  
Come on.  
Oh, Christmas tree  
Christine, you wanna  
help me out here a little?  
No, you're doin' great.  
You're doin' good, Dad.  
Come on. You can do it.  
"Oh, Christmas tree"

Oh, Christmas tree  
You stand in woodland beauty  
You are as green  
- "As winter snow"  
- "As summer snow"  
- Winter snow.  
- "Winter snow"  
As in summer's brightest glow  
Oh, Christmas tree  
Oh, Christmas tree  
You stand in woodland beauty  
Ahhh  
That was great.  
- That was good.  
- That was, yeah.  
All right.  
Without further ado, let's fire it up.  
Ready? One, two...  
All right, people.  
Take five. I'll deal with this.  
Thank Christ.  
Can I help you?  
Yeah. Who are you?  
Um, who are you?  
Alicia!  
Hey, Mom. Hi. Who's this?  
Mom, who is this?  
Okay, what's going on?  
Dad's rented us for the holidays  
to this eccentric millionaire.  
You have a daughter?  
Since when do you have a daughter?  
- It's her terrible secret.  
- This is gonna ruin everything.  
- The whole bit doesn't work.  
- Ruin? Know what?  
Shh. Will somebody say something  
that makes some sense right now?  
Well, around Christmas,  
I get anxiety...  
No, no. You stop talking. Mom?  
Drew wants a family Christmas,  
so we're gonna be his family.  
- That's insane.

- Tell me about it.  
I never had a sister,  
so this is bullshit right here.  
Okay. You are my  
illegitimate love child.  
- Mom!  
- And you had no idea about her.  
That could be good.  
You know what?  
- She could be the maid!  
- Okay. Enough.  
Hey, my baby's home.  
- Hi, Daddy.  
- How are you, Lissi?  
Hi. I'm good.  
You've obviously lost your mind.  
Can I talk to you  
in the dining room, please?  
You knew about this?  
- Stay away from my daughter.  
- Okay, Mom?  
- This guy is obviously crazy.  
- I know.  
So, I'm gonna go upstairs,  
and take a bath,  
and when I wake up in the morning,  
he's gonna be gone, right?  
Maybe.  
I'm not gonna be a good sport  
about this, Mom.  
Oh, darling, we'd never  
expect you to be.  
Thanks.  
Come on, Mom!  
It's tree time!  
Okey-dokey.  
All right.  
We're back on track.  
Yeah.  
Okay.  
Here we go.  
One, two, three!  
Now it feels like Christmas.  
I can smell

my eyeballs burning.  
Very important.  
Don't look directly at the tree.  
- Brian!  
- What?  
Wake up!  
It's your brother, kind of!  
It's snowing outside!  
It's a snow day!  
Why are you waking me up?  
I don't want you  
to miss the fun, man!  
What fun?  
Oh! Facial! Iceball!  
Whoo! Ha ha!  
Look out! Oh!  
Right in the nuts!  
In the nuts!  
- I can't feel my toes.  
- Here he comes.  
The look of vengeance.  
Eye of the tiger.  
Oh, oh.  
Now he's getting furious.  
Whoo! Whoo!  
Whoo!  
- What's up, Tom?  
- Brian, go inside.  
See you later, Bri.  
It was fun.  
You like throwing snowballs?  
I was just havin' a good time.  
You know.  
Yeah. Throw one at me.  
That's cool.  
Don't worry about it.  
We're kinda finished now.  
Come on.  
Like you said, it'll be fun.  
It's getting a little chilly.  
I don't wanna bother.  
- Don't worry about it.  
- Ah, come on. Throw it.  
All right, I'll throw one,



I'll throw one.

Good one.

Now it's my turn.

No!

That was great.

Any time you wanna do that,  
let me know.

We said no iceballs, man.

Oh, did we?

Morning, Mom.

Freak.

You know what?

We may have gotten off  
on the wrong track.

We should start over.

- Here you go, Drew.

- Thanks, Mom.

- Mmm.

- Problem?

My real mom puts marshmallows  
in the hot chocolate.

Know what I was thinking?

If you don't wanna play my sister,  
maybe you could be, like,  
a wonderful, mysterious  
Ecuadorean cleaning lady.

You know?

Or Swedish cleaning lady.

The ethnicity's not important.

But cleaning lady's good.

Oh. Mmm.

What?

My real mom used the  
mini-marshmallows. Sorry.

Speaking of your mom, why aren't you  
annoying your own family?

That's not really your business,  
is it, Consuela?

Ho, ho, ho!

All righty.

Welcome, everyone.

- Here you are.

- What is this?

These are what we

in the business call scripts, Tom.

- Excuse me?

- You don't have to worry about it.

Your role is what we call "small. "

Well, you're what we

in real life call "a jackass. "

I don't know about that,

but I do know that my being here

may have caused some awkwardness

within the family.

- You think?

- I do, Tom. Seriously.

And it's even possible

that some of it could potentially be

in some small way

partly my fault.

Which part wasn't your fault?

Bop, bop, bop, bop.

I'm talking. Okay?

So what I've done is I went

ahead and wrote a sequence,

so you guys can get a sense

of what I'm going for here.

And we're all gonna

read this aloud.

- I feel like I'm insane.

- That's why you have no lines.

- Mom, I believe you go first.

- Okay.

"Oh, look at us.

I sure hope you like the meal

I so lovingly prepared

for the people I love.

She smiles at Tom. "

Oh, she's...

Have you acted?

You've acted before.

- A little theater.

- I can tell.

- I see it. It comes out.

- You were in "Pippin" in high school.

You played Wind.

Tom, you have the next line.

Uh...

"Say thank you to your mother  
for all her hard work cooking for us. "

"Thank you. "

"Oh, I don't work nearly  
as hard as you, dear. "

Well, that's true.

Tom, let's stay on book, please.

Brian, go ahead.

"Gee, Mom, I love you  
like the dickens.

Should we pray?"

Gee, Beav, do you think Wally's  
gonna give you the business?

Oh, there you are, Consuela.

Five waters for everyone, please.

Gracias.

Brian,

you were about to say grace.

- "Dear God... "

- Brian. We hold hands at grace.

"Dear God,

thank you for this meal.

Thank you for blessing us  
with a family.

Not everyone has a nice family.

And also we, O Lord,

are so lucky to have Drew  
in our lives. "

Amen.

"An emotional moment. "

Sorry, I keep doing that.

"Brian, if you eat it all up,  
I will let you sleep with me  
like I never did  
when you were little. "

An awkward moment.

Skip ahead.

That doesn't work.

- That's not supposed to be there.

- What does this mean?

"Doo-Dah enters  
in his bathrobe. "

Sweet Jim Jiminy!

Cold corn in the mornin'!

- This weather is killin' my joints.  
- Brian, go get the shovel.  
Listen to me. When Alicia came,  
she totally ruined everything.  
Everything was so normal  
up until that point.  
Silencio, por favor.  
So I realized what I had to do  
was expand the family.  
I had to find my grandpa.  
So I went and found my Doo-Dah.  
Here he is. My Doo-Dah.  
Your Doo-Dah looks exactly like the guy  
in "Christmas Carol. " Scrooge.  
That's right.  
I do community theater.  
And this Christmas night,  
I'm reprising my role as Scrooge  
in the Lincoln Wood  
Theater Group's production  
of "A Christmas Carol. "  
I hope you all can make it.  
Please stay in character, Saul, okay?  
"I'm so glad that you came here.  
You're gonna stay for  
the whole Christmas holiday. "  
Whoa, no, he's not.  
I agreed to let you in the house,  
- not Doo-Doo over here.  
- Doo-Dah.  
- Nobody's talkin' to you.  
- Look.  
I'll give you \$25,000.  
How you doin', Doo-Dah?  
You can stay in the living room.  
No, Dad, I'm sleeping  
in the living room.  
Not anymore.  
Where am I gonna sleep?  
Ow.  
I hate these people.  
Everybody get some presents,  
get your shoppin' done,  
and then we'll meet at 4:00

at Santa's Village to take pictures.  
Kids, don't lose track of time.  
Mom, you wanna stick  
with Doo-Dah?  
- Why me?  
- He's your father.  
- How come you never call?  
- Tom! Tom! Tom!  
Yes, Drew?  
Aren't you forgettin' something, T-Bone?  
Here you go, Lenny.  
Happy holidays to you.  
- You too.  
- Hey, Tommy!  
Nice hat.  
- How's the holidays?  
- Considering I got a pain in my ass  
about six feet tall  
in my house, all right.  
Oh, relatives, huh?  
- Kinda.  
- Oh, your wife's family.  
They hang around your house  
all day and drink your beer.  
They eat your salami.  
Hey, guys! Wait up!  
Asshole!  
All right, there we go.  
Excuse me.  
All of you?  
Mom, this sucks.  
Tell your father.  
He made the deal.  
Everybody say "Merry Christmas. "  
- Merry Christmas!  
- Ho, ho, ho!  
Doo-Dah, interest you  
in a Christmas cookie?  
I can't. I'm diabetic.  
That dog won't hunt, my friend.  
Doo-Dah wasn't diabetic.  
Go ahead and take one.  
Look, kid, I get that.  
But if I eat this thing,

I can't act not dead.  
Hey!  
Slow down.  
The roads are icy.  
- I don't want you to kill your family!  
- Perfect, Christine.  
That's what my mom  
would've said. Good improv.  
Before your father  
threw her out of the car.  
Ah, the old carriage house.  
Brings back memories.  
- What's going on?  
- Brian, go inside.  
What? Come on! Dad.  
I'm in my pajamas.  
You want me to sleep outside?  
Go.  
Fine.  
I can't go in my room, I get...  
You know, when I become a serial killer  
don't act surprised.  
Think positive, Bris-eye.  
Use your positive mindset.  
That's not what we talked about.  
It's hard to get through to him.  
So what's goin' on?  
What's up?  
You gotta go.  
- What?  
- We can't do this no more.  
What do you mean?  
What can't we do?  
Christine and I,  
we're thinkin' about breakin' up.  
What? Why?  
Is it my fault? Something I did?  
Is it the hat? Forget it.  
Wear whatever you want, Tom.  
It's not you.  
It's nothin' to do with you.  
It's been goin' on for a long time.  
We're just... It's not workin' out.  
We were gonna wait till after

the holidays to tell the kids,  
and you know, with you here,  
and with your Christmas cheer crap,  
it's making it worse.

Tom, first of all,

I wanna reward you for opening up  
with a big "thank you,"  
that deserves some credit.

Second, let me tell you  
what you need to do.

If I was you  
and comin' into some money,  
I'd do somethin' big, somethin'  
you always wanted your whole life.  
Somethin' that makes you happy.

I want the money. I really do.

It's Christine, she keeps...

All right. Let me worry  
about Christine, okay?

I'll worry about Christine.

You worry about Tom,  
'cause it's Tom time.

- Christine?

- Yes, dear?

- Can I talk to you?

- Of course, dear. I'm your mother.

You can talk to me  
about anything.

Great.

- Are you all right?

- Uh-huh.

You sure? 'Cause you just put  
a bra in Brian's sock drawer.

Oh, well, that's your brother.

15. Likes to experiment.

We still love him.

Look, Christine, I know what's going on  
with you and Tom,  
and first of all,

I just wanna say that

I'm feeling a little ripped off here,  
you know?

I thought I was getting a real family.

This is bullshit.

Well, it's time you grew up  
and faced facts, isn't it?  
Mommies and daddies  
fall in love, make babies,  
pay bills, get mad,  
and stop touching each other!  
Second of all,  
I was thinkin' I could do something  
to help you, make you feel better.  
How about just me and you  
go shopping?  
- For what?  
- I don't know. Just go shopping.  
You know what I mean?  
It's fun just to buy shit.  
Listen, I know all the best  
makeup and hair people.  
The best fashion photographer  
in Chicago owes me huge!  
So?  
You don't see it, do you?  
You don't see what  
a beautiful woman you are.  
You have grace and kindness  
and sensuality,  
and this incredibly striking,  
kind of offbeat beauty that's...  
You look in the mirror, and don't  
see it. We're gonna show you.  
How would you like me  
to arrange your very own,  
very hip, very sexy, yet tasteful,  
very elegant, very modern,  
very expensive  
photo shoot, just for you?  
Or not.  
I mean, whatever...  
Oh, Drew, you've made  
your mama so happy.  
Great.  
Oh, Mom.  
Hey, Alicia.  
Want to go tobogganing?  
Oh, I'm sorry, Drew.



Have I been sending you mixed signals?

I just thought

maybe instead of sitting around  
bickering and hating me,  
you might like to have some fun.

No, thanks.

Ah, I see.

I get it.

You're afraid of fun.

You don't like having fun.

What the hell does that even mean,  
"I don't like fun"?

Of course I like fun.

Everybody likes fun. It's fun.

All right, so then why  
won't you go with me?

Because it would be with you.

You know what I think?

I think you're afraid.

I think you're afraid  
that you will go, and have fun,  
and you might enjoy yourself,  
and you'd be with me.

What would that say about you?

That's what I think.

- Really?

- Mm-hm.

Let's go.

- All right.

- Ready, Freddie.

- Well, hello there, youngsters.

- Hi.

- Tobogganing?

- Breakneck Hill.

- Fun.

- Yeah.

Oh, what do you know?

Back in my day, we couldn't  
afford fancy toboggans.

Are you smoking pot?

What do you think?

Nice.

Yeah. This'll keep you  
from dying, Dad.

Had one of these  
when I was single.

I bet.

Know what happened to me  
on the way over here?

- What?
- Got propositioned by a hooker.
- Did you?
- The blonde with the big cans?

Hey, watch your language  
around my daughter.

Brian, take a look at your father's  
new automobile here!

Yeah, what do you think?

It's old.

All right.

Hey, Bri, come on.

- We're gonna go tobogganing.
- That's great.

She's ready.

Hi. I'm Christine.

I feel so pretty.

- What are you doing?
- Modeling.

Here.

Chad, have you ever  
seen me so elated?

It must be this woman. Yes.

Isn't she sexy? Erotic.

- Speak!
- Absolutely, Heinrich.
- She's got that special quality...
- Get out now.
- But I'm agreeing with you.
- You hesitated.

Yeah, you heard him.

Get out! Beat it!

Get out! Beat it!

Uh-oh.

He thinks we're serious.

We were serious.

Very serious.

Yeah!

"Ausgeseichnet!" Yeah!

Yeah! Yeah!  
Ah! Erotic! Yeah! Yeah!  
Oh, yeah! Great!  
Oh, more!  
Lick the lollipop! Yeah!  
I do not want to do this.  
Ah, you say that now.  
Once you get going, you'll run and jump  
and squeal with joy.  
- Okay?  
- Let's do this.  
Here we go.  
Hunker down.  
Center your weight.  
Breakneck Hill!  
Whoo! Whoo!  
That was crazy!  
Did you see him fly down the hill?  
I made a mistake.  
It was scarier when I was younger.  
- Can we go home now?  
- No, we can't go home!  
We are gonna risk permanent paralysis  
or die trying!  
That one! Land!  
Yes, sir! Whoo!  
Gonna be some serious fun!  
Sure, in a Sonny Bono  
kind of way.  
What's that I hear?  
A little chicken?  
- Chicken.  
- Yeah. And very much so.  
I'm gonna go home now.  
- Seriously? You're leaving?  
- See ya at the chopper.  
Wow. Never thought I'd see the day  
that taunt would lose its power.  
What about you?  
Chicken with broccoli?  
Actually, part of me thinks  
that it's incredibly stupid,  
and the other part is in agreement.  
- There you go.

- You're chicken.  
- Know what I think?  
- What?  
I think that you had no intention  
of going down this hill.  
I think that you dragged us up here  
because you knew we wouldn't go down it.  
I think you were showing off.  
That's what I think.  
Wait. You think I'm chicken?  
I'm chicken?  
Let me give a little clue here, okay?  
You think I'm chicken?  
I'll show you.  
You see me?  
I'm ready to go.  
Where are you?  
Nowhere to be seen. Chicken.  
All right.  
Come on. Let's go.  
- You're getting on?  
- Yeah.  
- No!  
- Come on, push off.  
- Oh, my God.  
- Oh, God.  
I told you you'd have fun with me.  
- Sorry.  
- That's cool. It's okay.  
- Here you go.  
- Thank you.  
- It's my fault you got sick.  
- It's not your fault.  
We even might have gotten sick  
without tobogganing.  
It didn't help walking home  
in wet clothes.  
- You wanna watch TV?  
- Uh-huh.  
- Hey.  
- Hi.  
You look different.  
Did you do something?  
Are you serious?

No, I just mean that...

...you look good.

Thanks.

Where'd you go?

Nice wheels.

- Yeah. You like it?

- Yeah.

Does it seem at all familiar?

Didn't somebody we know

have one of these?

Yeah. Us.

Maybe this'll help.

Yeah. I remember.

- So what's your deal anyway?

- My deal.

I mean, sometimes you have

these moments of lucidity,

but then other times

it's just not so much normal.

I don't understand, I mean,

I don't wanna be alone on Christmas.

You've never been alone.

On Christmas, it's not like

being alone. It's alone alone.

This wouldn't be

one of those lucid moments.

- I wasn't going for that.

- Okay, I see.

All right, little Miss Grinch.

I know you're a sophisticated,

modern woman

that's very jaded and nothing

gets to you, and you have no emotions.

But I'd be willing to bet

that even you,

before you got old...

...- er than you are now,

but still as young, attractive,

smart and beautiful...

That's better.

I don't know, like,

some moment in your childhood

before everything got complicated,

when you were happy.

You must have some moment in your life  
that you'd like to go back and relive.  
Yeah.

Once,

I was, like, nine years old  
and we had just had  
this ice storm.

I was walking home from school  
through Bishop Park.

You know that one big oak tree  
in the middle?

It was completely frozen.

All the branches were icicles.

It was just...

It was incredible.

It completely stopped me  
in my tracks.

I remember standing underneath it  
pretending that I was a princess  
in a magical crystal palace.

It was really...

It was beautiful.

Hey, would you come outside  
with me for one second?

- I wanna show you something.

- Okay.

- Where are you taking me?

- Hold on, one second.

- You trust me?

- Uh, no. Not necessarily.

Okay. Try to trust me,

I wanna blindfold you.

- It's a surprise.

- Okay.

- All right?

- All right.

- Oh, God.

- All right. Follow me.

I feel that this is gonna end with  
"and she was never heard from again. "

- Step, step, step.

- Okay.

- Right there. Stop.

- Okay.

- Turn this way. Okay?  
- All right.  
All right.  
Oh, my God.  
I can't believe you did this.  
Wait till you see this.  
Hit it, guys.  
Hut, hut, hut...  
You see that?  
That's you right there.  
I know this props guy.  
He owns a prop house with figurines,  
and he painted your hair like that,  
your mouth.  
- Those guys aren't pros.  
- I'm sure.  
- I showed them the thing.  
- Oh, wow.  
I got this dance teacher.  
It's not easy to get a camel.  
It's not easy taking a very  
personal and private moment  
that I have never told anybody  
and turning it into a theme park.  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
Shut up!  
Ah...  
But I'm not disappointed.  
Okay? I'm not mad.  
I'm just mad at myself for thinking that  
there was more to you than I thought.  
- That's you.  
- It's a wrap.  
Hut, hut, hut.  
Alicia? Wait a second!  
I care about you.  
I did that because I care about you.  
Look, Drew,  
let me just give you some advice.  
Save your big, expensive gestures  
for some girl  
who's impressed by them,  
And when you find her,  
hold on to her.

Otherwise, you are looking at  
a lifetime of lonely Christmases.  
I'm telling you, he is wonderful.  
It's Cartier.

At least he's got manners.

Well, I mean,  
he's in the neighborhood.

- He is?

- Darling.

- What?

- It's a day bracelet.

- Do you like it, darling?

- I love it.

You're the expert on jewelry.

- Are you disagreeing?

- Absolutely not.

She just got a present.

Why pick at her now?

I'm not.

Brian, tell Drew  
that I had to take off.

There was a...

Holy cow.

What are you looking at?

This is just, it's research.

When I was young,  
we didn't sit in our rooms  
drooling over nude ladies  
on computers.

No, sir.

We had to go behind the barn  
with the dirty girl  
and pay her a quarter so she  
could show us her goodies.

How does this work?

Oh, well. Here, let me...

What are you into?

Hot Cheerleaders,

- Three-Way Fun.

- Uh-uh.

- Middle-Aged Hotties.

- You're talkin' my language.

Old enough to know how it's done,  
young enough to still want to do it.



- That's gross.  
- Ooh.  
Come to papa.  
That's not bad, right?  
Dude, it's your mom!  
Oh, my God.  
Hey, can you print that for me?  
Mom, Dad, listen.  
Please, Drew has to go tonight.  
I cannot spend one more second  
in this house with him.  
- Well, yeah?  
- Yeah? So what?  
So he's making fools of us!  
- Of all of us!  
- Alicia?  
All right, look,  
I'm gonna take the car,  
and when I get home,  
I really hope he's gone.  
- Alicia.  
- Be careful with the car.  
Can't we talk about this?  
No.  
- What the hell happened?  
- Nothing.  
I think she's right. It's stupid.  
This is a mistake.  
I've imposed on you folks  
and I'm sorry.  
I'll write you a check.  
I'll spend Christmas...  
I'll spend Christmas somewhere.  
No. We don't want your money.  
In cash.  
Check'll be just fine.  
I'll get you a pen.  
- What's wrong with you?  
- Hello?  
- "Merry Christmas to you too. "  
- Missy!  
The bracelet is amazing, Drew.  
Thank you.  
I'm kind of in the middle

of something right now.

- How'd you know my favorite is Cartier?

- Lucky guess. How did you find me?

I talked to your secretary and she said you were with your family.

Oh, Drew!

I am so happy for you.

And for us.

- For us?

- "I know what this means," reaching out to your family.

You want to be more serious about yourself, and more serious about me.

I wanna meet your family, Drew.

I'm sure you will, and they wanna meet you one day.

Oh, great.

Then we can go to Fiji.

How about tomorrow?

Fiji? Tomorrow?

You're kidding.

That's fabulous, actually.

That's perfect.

Then tonight we can spend Christmas Eve together with our families.

Ah...

That's gonna be hard to pull off, you know?

It's very short notice, and we...

One of the family members is challenged, and...

...requires a lot of time to put on - the proper headgear...

- Oh. No problem.

We're here.

- You're here?

- Look outside!

Oh, my God!

You're here?!

I mean, oh, my gosh!

You're totally here!

My girlfriend's family is here!

You have to help me!  
Pretend for a couple hours!  
We'll leave by midnight.  
I'm begging you!  
Read paragraph three.  
You bailed, it's done.  
- You write the check and get out!  
- What? No! Wait a minute!  
Okay, look, I wanna go!  
I'm dying to go!  
I gotta have a life to go back to!  
This girl is it!  
I can't tell her I rented a family.  
I'm sure she already knows  
you're crazy.  
- It kinda shows.  
- A deal's a deal. That's it.  
- Unless you sweeten the pot.  
- That's extortion, Tom!  
- I think I hear the doorbell.  
- No! No, no! Wait!  
No, no! I'll give you  
another 75 grand. Okay?  
But you gotta do it good,  
you gotta try.  
Or else I'll be so mad  
at you guys!  
Come on.  
- I'm not wearin' the hat.  
- Fine! Sure!  
- Missy!  
- Hey, Drew.  
Mrs. Vangilder. Captain.  
Come on in.  
Merry Christmas.  
Honey. Merry Christmas.  
Welcome to my childhood home.  
Come on in.  
- Hi.  
- Hello.  
I'm Drew's father,  
and this is his mother.  
- Christine.  
- Mom.

Letitia. Horace.  
And he's our son.  
There's no doubt about that.  
That's for sure.  
Oh!  
I would love to see pictures of Drew  
when he was small.  
Oh, we're not gonna bore everyone,  
that's embarrassing.  
Good idea.  
Bath time for baby.  
Oh.  
- Thanks, Mom.  
- Look at him.  
Drew, are you sure that's you?  
Oh, that's me all right.  
I remember it well.  
That was in autumn  
and the photographer...  
No, I don't think so.  
There's no little dingle.  
- Nope.  
- No.  
Yes. It's there, but it's not...  
You can't see it, because it was  
so long that Mom had to tuck it back  
when she gave me a bath.  
It got tangled.  
- You remember, Mom.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
From the moment he was born, it was...  
- ... freakishly long.  
- Right. Yes.  
I'll get it.  
No, no, no!  
I'll get it, son.  
You stay right there.  
Thanks, Dad.  
- So, here we are.  
- Yeah.  
So are we keeping you folks  
from dinner plans, or...  
No, we don't have any plans.  
We couldn't possibly impose.

We just got here.

Oh, okay.

Who was that, Dad?

Doo-Dah.

Doo-Dah.

Doo-Dah's my grandpa.

- He'll tell us stories...

- I wanna meet him.

...about the 1800s.

I know you do.

We don't usually  
leave him outside.

We usually let him in, Dad.

- Let's talk, son.

- Okay.

- Don't go anywhere.

- Okay.

This guy says he's Doo-Dah's understudy.

- He's not white.

- That's fine, just let him in.

They don't know he's not right.

- They don't know him!

- Want me to let him in?

- Fine!

- Please, Tom.

This is my grandfather, Doo-Dah.

Here he is.

Sweet Jim Jiminy,  
cold corn in the mornin'!

Ooh. Who are you?

I'm Saul's understudy.

I just came to help out.

"Feliz navidad. "

- Is he black?

- Yep.

I can't do it.

I cannot do it.

My family's this close to 350.

You're not gonna weasel out now!

Put some maple syrup  
on the ham.

- Drew?

- Huh?

Ah! Ah!

I'm sorry!

Oh, Jesus!

I'm sorry.

I know I'm not supposed to be here.

I'm gonna leave right away.

I don't want to cause problems.

- Drew, listen.

- I'm in a bit of a jam now.

- Drew, Drew, wait.

- What? Yes?

I came back here because

I wanted to apologize to you.

Yes, the thing in the park  
was a bit garish and obnoxious,  
but that's you.

Not that you're garish and obnoxious,  
it's just that you  
do things in a big way.

Yes, I do, I do.

And I'm touched.

- Thank you. That means...

- And thank you.

You smell like fear.

- There have been some developments...

- I have a gift for you.

- I'll be right back.

- Okay.

No! Hi!

Hi, honey.

Your mom sent me in here  
to get a cheeseball.

- What's that?

- This is a cheeseball.

Let's play a game where you don't  
come back till they eat the whole thing.

This is great.

Your family isn't what I expected.

I'm glad you wanted to introduce me.

- It's all I ever wanted.

- Me too.

- Thank you so much.

- Okay. All right.

Yes. I know.

I love you. Okay.

- Fiji's gonna be great.  
- It will be great. Fiji time!  
That's what this was about?  
You put us through this for a girl?  
No, no, no.  
Just...  
- Can I open my present now?  
- Sure.  
I thought this was because  
you had a painful childhood.  
I'm sorry. You said you  
never wanted to see me,  
so I accepted that.  
I was broken up with her, but she  
showed up and wanted to meet my family.  
I couldn't tell them  
it was a rented family.  
I know you hate me. I hate me.  
I hate my own guts.  
I know this is horrible,  
but would you just please,  
could you help me,  
so I can get through this?  
You'll never see me again.  
Just take a ride for an hour.  
Your parents will call you  
when it's clear.  
Drew,  
your dad wants more salami!  
They're playing along?  
Your parents, they're crazy.  
They think it's fun.  
I'm sorry.  
Okay? I gotta go.  
I'll see you.  
I miss you. Thank you.  
You're welcome. See ya.  
They think it's fun, huh?  
Maybe they're right.  
Your tree, Christine, it's so colorful.  
You know, it reminds me of Mexico.  
Not the better hotels, but the colors  
of the simple people.  
It's so bright and vulgar.

Mom! Dad! I'm home!  
Alicia, you're back.  
You're back, Alicia.  
Oh, you're back.  
This is our daughter, Alicia.  
This is Mrs. Vangilder.  
Please. Letitia.  
I'm so pleased to meet you. Really.  
And this is our little Missy.  
Oh, Missy, Missy.  
Oh, gosh. I've just heard  
so much about you from Drew.  
God, you're gorgeous.  
And you are so not fat.  
Drew! What's the matter with you?  
I'm sorry?  
- Drew, I'm not fat.  
- No.  
- I was just thinking that.  
- You must be Mr. Vangilder.  
- I would never say that.  
- Don't mind us.  
We're a bunch of kidders.  
I like the family.  
Oh, well, you obviously  
haven't met Brian.  
By the way, where is Brian?  
Here.  
Your mom's startin' to like  
your grandfather hittin' on her.  
There's one you don't often hear  
on Christmas Eve.  
It's unbelievable.  
Poor thing. Poor thing.  
- Excuse me.  
- It's true.  
What's happening over here?  
What's going on?  
- I'm learning so much from your sister.  
- Oh, you are. Great.  
I didn't know you were  
a baton twirler.  
Yeah. Gave away the big secret,  
I guess, didn't you?



Oh, not the big one,  
so don't push me.  
Let's go talk to Doo-Dah.  
He's telling stor...  
I want you to see  
the bracelet Drew got me.  
Ooh, Cartier, huh?  
Wow. Look at that.  
That's just beautiful.  
Well, that's my brother.  
Just never afraid to put  
a price tag on his feelings.  
Yeah. That's my sister.  
Never understanding there's love,  
you can care and  
want to show it in a big way,  
and you shouldn't be put down  
and mocked, and made hurt feelings.  
When you love somebody,  
you don't have to show it in a big way.  
So you were slumming when you  
were making out with me in the kitchen?  
It's a very, very affectionate family.  
- We show our love.  
- Italians.  
We're just very warm.  
Red hot, even.  
All right, that's it.  
Give me this. Get up.  
- Sit down!  
- Okay!  
Who wants a tour of the house?  
What you're using are stairs.  
We like these for going up.  
This is the bathroom.  
- What are you doing to me?  
- What?  
- You're killing me.  
- No, I'm just playing along, brother.  
I think Missy likes me.  
She thinks I'm funny.  
This was little Drew's room.  
Now, it's Brian's.  
Aw.

Brian, don't be rude.  
We have guests.  
He'd live in front of the screen  
if we'd let him right, Tom?  
It's that insatiable appetite  
for knowledge.  
Oh, shit!  
Brian, what have you done?!  
- Tom, I don't know what that is.  
- I do.  
It's my wife shooting a "V"  
for victory with her legs.  
It's been a while,  
but that's what it looks like.  
- Honestly.  
- That's my little girl.  
- Horace, get our coats.  
- What's going on?  
You have no idea.  
Missy, get your coat!  
- There's ham!  
- We're not going.  
- We'll stay.  
- Lighten up.  
It's just a picture.  
I had pictures taken for fun.  
Where would you get  
that stupid idea?!  
Coats! Someone say coats?  
Get the coats. Gotta get coats.  
Oh.  
Some things cannot be unseen.  
Brian? Brian?  
Great.  
Just great, Christine.  
I'll be at the Travel Lodge.  
- Merry Christmas.  
- Mom? Mom?  
- Oh, dear God.  
- Wait a minute!  
There's more of Mom's buffet.  
If you think we're staying  
after that display, think again.  
Trollops who

pose for dirty pictures,  
various incestuous overtones  
and old, unexplained men.

This is without a doubt  
the worst Christmas I've...

Oh, shut up, Letitia!

What?

I'll tell you what. I've put up with  
your high and mighty act for 25 years,  
but they don't have to.

I don't remember you being superior  
when you got knocked up  
by Skippy Altsheller  
and then tricked me into marrying you.

- Oh, my God!

- I'm sorry, Missy.

Missy, darling, it's not true.

You were premature.

Oh, come on, Letitia!

Tell your mother thanks, Drew.

And Merry Christmas.

Missy, we'll wait for you in the car.

You know, really.

Yuletide's a bitch, ain't it?

Oh, shut up!

Just shut up!

Okay! Fiji.

Let's go to Fiji right now.

You're right, Drew.

Just screw family.

All we need is each other.

Just take me away.

I'm sorry, Missy. I can't.

Just go home, okay?

I'm sorry about all this.

I'll spend Christmas alone.

Oh, fine.

Okay.

Well, then...

...the only thing

I have left to say to you  
is I am keeping this bracelet.

I feel bad drinking liquor  
you're gonna need.

I better go.  
- Merry Christmas.  
- All right.  
Missy, get in the car!  
My God!  
Have you lost your mind?  
Did you just lose it in there?  
You know, I have to ask,  
just how bad is your real family  
that you would rather  
spend your Christmas like this?  
There was no real family.  
What do you mean,  
"there is no family"?  
You must've had a family.  
I mean, you must've had  
a Doo-Dah, right?  
I had a friend whose grandfather,  
was called Doo-Dah.  
I always liked that.  
My dad walked out on us on Christmas  
when I was four.  
It was basically  
just me and my mom.  
She was a waitress  
at the 24-hour coffee shop.  
She didn't have a lot of money,  
so when Christmas came around,  
it was an opportunity for her  
to take a double shift. She did.  
And, you know,  
my Christmases were,  
basically, I just kind of  
sat around the house, you know?  
Then at night,  
I'd walk down there,  
and Mom would always buy me  
a grown-up stack of pancakes,  
and I would sit by myself  
at the end of the counter  
and eat 'em.  
I did that for Christmas every year  
until I turned 18.  
I haven't been able to walk

in a coffee shop since, though.  
Where's your mom now?  
Mom died when I was in college.  
I'm sorry.  
You know what?  
There's nothing that you can do  
about those Christmases.  
But the one that you  
can do something about,  
the one that's here and now, you just  
spent that destroying my family.  
Alicia, just for the record,  
I didn't destroy your family.  
What are you talking about?  
Your parents are splitting up.  
It's obvious.  
Brian knows it.  
That's why he spends all his time  
in his room on his computer.  
You just didn't wanna see it.  
I can understand that.  
I'm gonna go get my dad.  
Lock up when you leave.  
Well, all right.  
I forgive you.  
No! No, Spirit! No!  
I will honor Christmas in my heart  
and try to keep it all the year.  
No one's home!  
What?  
I hear you.  
- Are you gonna hit me?  
- No.  
Are you gonna do something else  
that still hurts?  
No. You gonna invite me in?  
You just stopped by  
to hang out and catch up?  
- Reminisce?  
- You owe me money.  
Right. The money.  
Okay, come on in.  
I'll get my checkbook.  
You rented my place

when you could've been staying here?  
Well, I gotta admit, this is nice.  
Thanks.  
You still splitting up with Christine?  
Yeah. I guess.  
That would be a shame.  
What are you laughing at?  
Nothing. It's just ironic.  
I paid all that money  
to be part of your family.  
You're giving it away for nothing.  
Look at this.  
That's the ticket to Doo-Dah's play.  
Yeah. I got mine too.  
I'm not very good at apologizing.  
I don't know if they're in there.  
Come on.  
What do you have to lose?  
What do you want with me?  
Much.  
Who are you?  
In life, I was your partner...  
See anybody?  
That's Doo-Dah right there.  
What is the reason  
for this visit?  
It is getting late  
and I've been hard at work.  
He's not that bad.  
To warn you, Ebenezer.  
He's not that good either.  
I'm gonna find Christine.  
Learn from me.  
My spirit never walked  
beyond our counting house.  
It never roved beyond  
our money-changing hole.  
So I am condemned  
to wander through the world  
to see what I might have  
shared on Earth,  
then turned to happiness.  
What are you doing here?  
You were always

a good businessman.  
Doo-Dah's family, right?  
Brian. It's me, move over.  
No, man. Go find one  
of the other empty seats.  
Move over, Bri. Come on.  
- Where's your sister?  
- Shh.  
- Dear Brother!  
- Fanny!

Christine...  
If I were to leave,  
I wouldn't even know where to go.  
Then why leave?  
That's what I'm sayin'.  
I don't wanna leave.  
Then don't.  
- All right, I won't.  
- Okay.  
- Is that all right?  
- Yeah.

It's good.  
Bri, that girl...  
She's kinda cute for you.  
- Talk to her.  
- Stop it.  
- She's gonna hear.  
- I saw you looking at her.  
- Stop.  
- I can tell you like...

I can hear you.  
That's embarrassing.  
That's our grandfather.  
This is Brian.  
There, Brian.  
You're all set.  
I'm sorry.

Is that your brother?  
Yeah.  
How do we travel exactly?  
Through the air. We fly!  
Not so hard!  
Wedgie! Wedgie!  
Alicia?

- Hey.

- Hey.

Were you in there  
the whole time?

No. I was just here  
to pick up my mom.

She's in there with your dad.

They're kinda making out  
in the third row.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- That's good.

- Look.

I don't expect you to want  
to talk to me or anything,  
so I'm not gonna bother you  
and give you a hard time,  
camp outside your place  
and stalk you and you know.

But I do want to say that I'm sorry  
for what I put you through  
and say thank you.

So who are you renting  
for New Year's

'cause you know, us Valcos,  
we book up kind of fast.

I see that.

And I'd get on it if I were you.

I'm lookin' for a family  
with maybe a bearded,  
irascible dad

with a heart of gold.

A brother who stays in his room  
all the time by himself,  
and a sister who is...

...wonderful and smart,  
and really beautiful.

Because I think that's  
the kind of person that...

...I could fall in love with.

You know anybody like that?

I know it's tough.

Let me think.

Not offhand,



but I'll get back to you.

Let me know.

- I hear you, dear.

- Daddy, stop the car!

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

He's kissing his sister.

- That is open-mouth.

- 'Tis the season to be jolly.

- Get us out of here!

- They're tryin' to keep warm.

Come on!