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A Merry Friggin' Christmas

By Phil Johnston

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Santa?

Holy crap, Boyd. What the hell
you doing back there, buddy?

Waiting on Santa Claus?

Aren't you getting a little
old for Santa Claus?

I'm five.

It's all a sham, Boyd.

The whole Goddamn deal.

I'm the only Santa
you're ever gonna know.

If you know the truth,
it's easy to get through it all.

In fact, let's see

what he brought you.

Meet my father, Mitch Mitchler.

All we need is a couple
of Chinese workers.

He was a little bit complicated.

Maybe I was destined to become

an overcompensator as a dad,

Christmas being the most

obvious manifestation of that.

Alright, here we go.

Okay, lean in, everyone.

I'm also a realist. I can't
control everything...

- the weather, for instance.

- Look Dad, it's snowing!

- Well, Bug, that's actually fake snow.

- Because of global warming.

The warmest winter on record in the
Midwest assured a non-white Christmas.

The bigger issue by far,
was the Santa conundrum.

Vera was very much on
the fence, Santa-wise.

But Douglas still believed.

Dad, why are there two Santas?

But for how much longer?

That guy's not Santa, Bug.

He probably smells like pee
and burnt hair because

he's a welfare person.

- Vera!

- Santa's not real anyway.

Santa's not real, Dad?

Of course Santa's real.

No one's not real.

Everyone's real, including Santa.

Vera, a word please.

Whatever you think you know,

Vera, you don't.

Most kids in my class don't

believe in Santa anymore.

But Madison and me...

I mean Madison and I,

we kinda still did,

except that Madison's sister,

the one who did the BJ to this kid...

Vera, you don't actually

know what the B...

- what that expression means, do you?

- It stands for butt jam,

and I think it has to do with jamming

stuff up your butt for money,

but anyway, Madison's sister,

she showed us this website, nosanta.org.

Well, Madison's sister is a

deceitful little strumpet.

What Dad means is that it's okay for you
to decide about Santa, but Douglas...

He absolutely believes.

And we won't want to do anything

to spoil Christmas for him, right?

Oh, right, I won't spoil

it for Bug, Dad. Sorry.

Thank you.

You are a very kind and

generous young man.

And you are going to have a very

merry and special Christmas.

Oh ho ho ho!

Hey, you wanna...

I wasn't gonna ask if you wanna

smoke meth or kill a drifter.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

I just... I'm exhausted.
I'm with you. I just
thought I should ask.
One day we're gonna have to, right?
Or, we could just enjoy the
slow descent into celibacy.
How many years do
you think Bug has left
where he walks into the living
room Christmas morning,
he sees the tree,
and presents, his stomach just drops,
because holy crap, Santa came?
Can you imagine still having
that kind of belief in magic?
Yeah, it's really cool.
Do you think you're overcompensating
- on the Christmas thing, just a tad?
- Overcompens... on the Christmas thing?
No! I don't think that at all.
He's six years old.
- Okay, this is your brother, again.
- Pass.
You can't keep pretending
your family doesn't exist.
I'm pretty sure I can.
Come on babe, take the call,
before it wakes the kids up.
Hi, Nelson.
- Whoa, that is spooky.
- How'd you know it was me?
We have caller ID,
so your number comes up.
Just right there on the phone?
Boy, that is something.
I gotta look into that.
- You know, that's a miracle of science.
- Yeah, you bet.
Hold on one sec, Boyd.
Sorry to call you so late by the way.
Is it night time where you are, too?
No, it's 10 here too,
because Chicago and Wisconsin-
What is in the same time zone!

Yeah, we're in the same time zone.
I don't know if you caught that,
I said it like Jeopardy.
So what do you need?
Oh, oh, right. So anyway,
I'm calling to tell you:
I scored myself a kid, a little boy.
- I'm a dad.
- Really?
- He seems to have procreated.
- Eeww.
I was calling to say,
- I want you to be the godfather.
- Really? We would be honoured.
That is just the best, Boyd.
Jeez, that is so...
I know it's short notice but
the baptism's on the 24th.
Oh, absolutely. We wouldn't
miss it for the world.
- Sweet.
- January or February?
No Boyd, December. December 24th.
Oh, you can't wait for it.
December? What?
Nelson, you can't have a
baptism on Christmas Eve.
It doesn't...
Wait that would mean
that I'd have to spend
Christmas with Dad.
I'll smoke in my Goddamn
house if I want to.
It's my house. Name's right
there on the mortgage.
Right there on the mailbox.
His name on the mortgage, Donna?
His name on the friggin' mailbox?
No sir, it is not, didn't think so.
Ipso facto ergo,
not his Goddamn house.
Jeezo! Man you exhaust me, Mitch.
You know it is a dream come true for me
to have my family home on Christmas.

There's no way they were
gonna get a motel room now
at this late date,
and with Boyd's asthma...
Asthma? Any other restrictions
Captain Wheezy wants to put on me?
Well, there is one more thing.
I was planning on doing venison
for Christmas Eve supper,
but apparently, Boyd's
family doesn't eat red meat
- and I was...
- Christ's sake!
Is that all of Douglas' stuff?
- Si. What about Vera's?
- I hid it in the car this morning.
- Oh, you're aces!
- Tu tambien!
- So, you ready to see your dad?
- Yeah, can't wait.
- I'm actually looking forward to it.
- Really?
No, I'd rather be sodomized
by an angry clown!
I just want the kids to
have a good Christmas.
Me, too.
- Dad?
- Hey, hi, what are you doing?
Hi, Dougie doodle.
Who's gonna feed Dale
while we're gone?
- Oh, that would be...
- Farhad.
- Who's Farhad?
- Mom's ESL student.
- What's ESL?
- Remember, English as a second language?
- Why don't you tell him, Dad?
- I'll race you upstairs.
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
jingle all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh.

Dashing through the snow.
In a one-horse open sleigh.
O'er the fields we go.
Laughing all the way.
Bells on Bobtail ring.
Making spirits bright.
- Son of a bitch.
- Mom, Dad said "bitch."
Bitch isn't a bad word, Bug.
Neither is bastard or ass.
Hey, you guys, come on.
Hey, we're twins!
Ha ha ha, merry Christmas!
Licence and proof of
insurance, please.
Awesome.
So, I did clock you doing
67 in a 45, Mr. Mitchler.
Yeah, the bum deal about that is,
it's a 450-dollar infraction,
but there is some good news. You can pay
online now, in the state of Wisconsin.
Yeah, it's a real sweet website,
takes Discover,
so you get the cash back which,
you know, helps out.
Alright, kids,
hope Santa treats you good!
Take care! Merry Christmas!
- Merry Christmas.
- You bet.
- Oh, where the heck can they be?
- Oh, don't get your knickers in a knot.
- You having a good time, Dad?
- Oh yeah, I'm delirious.
I want some milk.
You have to wait 'til supper
like the rest of us, Cale.
- Where is the sex offender?
- He's not a sex offender!
What should I call
him then, Willy Wanker?
With the help of our
marriage counsellor,

me and Dave have worked
through his transgressions.
So my husband, Dad,
is outside smoking a heater.
Dad, Rance is being a gomer!
Hey you guys, cut it out! Where the
hell did you get that thing from?
I took it.
Well, put it the hell back
from where you took it from!
Thank you.
Aw, crud, I can't find my camera.
Mitch, go look for it, will you?
For cripe's sake,
we're not National Geographic.
They're not some bunch of bonobos.
Mitch, they have never
been here for Christmas.
Well, whose fault is that? Not mine. Boyd's
the one who thinks he's too good for us.
Having my family here
means everything to me.
So quit being such an a-hole,
and go look for my G-D camera!
They're here!
Shut up, tramp stamp!
Mitch, hurry up, Boyd's here.
- Boyd!
- Hey! Oh, honey!
- Mom!
- I love you.
I love you. It's great to be home.
You are looking fine as wine.
Can you believe it, Boyd,
all of us together at Christmas!
I know, it's great.
Well, where's the Nel?
Nelson and the baby are
meeting us at church.
- Gotcha.
- Isn't this perfect, Boyd?
This is perfect.
Stop! Don't hurt me!
Don't... don't...

- Dad, you okay?

- I'm fine.

You're welcome, anytime.

You're family.

You okay?

Puba!

Dougie Doodle!

How are you, little bugger?

Everybody get together for a quick photo,
and then we gotta get ready for church.

That glorious song of old.

From angels bending near the earth.

To touch their harps of gold

goodwill to men from

heavens all gracious king.

I really don't know the words to say.

So now I don't have to sing.

Well, of course most of you

remember my wife, Cindy,

and might have known

that when I was in basic,

over by Fort Digs, she ran

off with this Mexican guy,

who played a little minor

league ball for the Wombats.

Pretty halfway decent shortstop.

Anyhow, he got her pregnant,

this Mexican guy did,

so Cindy comes by the

house one day, and goes,

"Hey Nelson, would you mind looking
after the baby for a while?"

And I said, "Yeah,

yeah sure, no sweat."

And anyhow, that was six months ago

and I still got this kid of hers, so.

He don't have a name that I know of,

so I've just been calling him Baby.

But you know, he is

a real, real good boy.

And that's why I want

to name him Boyd,

after my own big brother, who is

just a heck of a good guy himself.

So, I am presenting Boyd Jr.
As a candidate for holy baptism.
Except I figure I'm
gonna call him BJ.
Welcome to the family, BJ.
Dear God, I look around this
table, and I see a family.
I know we're not perfect, Lord God,
even though some people think they are.
We've all got foibles,
peccadilloes if you will.
I'm not gonna name names, Dave;
It's not the time or the place.
Anyhow I just want to say,
thank you, Lord Jesus,
Lamb of God, for bringing
us together here.
And now each one of us is gonna say
something they're thankful for.
- Donna, do it.
- Oh,
I'm thankful little BJ's
christening went okay.
But mostly I'm thankful
we're all here together.
That's a dream for me.
- Skol.
- Skol!
It's a prayer Donna,
not a toast, come on.
- Shauna, you're up.
- Oh. I'm grateful
that through the grace
of our Lord Jesus Christ,
I'm able to forgive all of you for
all the pain you've caused me,
and, thanks to me and
Dave's marriage counsellor,
we are back on the marriage train,
and we are gonna ride it all
the way into the station.
Right?
Well, I got one. I thank God that he
gave me the ability to give 110 percent,

and take first for the WISEA
under-fourteen regionals.
WISEA stands for Wisconsin
Competitive Eating Association.
Rancer ate 27 Johnsonville
brats in five minutes.
- That's a lot of brats.
- Way to go, Rancer.
That is... that is really neat.
Let's give it the devil, Rancer.
Come on, pound these back.
Go, Rancer!
Go, go, go, Rancer!
Get it. Go-o-o, Rancer.
Go, go, go, Rancer.
Time!
That's what I'm talking about!
Come on!
Wow, that is really, really neat.
How many hot dogs can
you eat, Dougie doodle?
- We're not allowed to eat hot dogs.
- We're a macrobiotic household.
For crying out loud,
Boyd, what's this crap?
You're gonna turn your kids
into a couple of beatniks.
- Our kids are fine!
- I know they're fine. I'm just saying,
you don't want your boy to
turn into a Sally, do ya?
- Don't tell me how to raise my kids.
- Don't tell me what to do in my house!
Is your name on the mailbox?!
I didn't think so!
Oh really, the mailbox
line again, Dad?
Great, you sparked Nelson's PTSD.
Post-traumatic stress disorder.
When things get tense,
Nelly gets a little squirrely.
He has to go into
a dark, quiet space.
It's from the war.

What war, Mom?

He fell out of the back of a Humvee during basic training and was discharged.

A head injury!

He got a head injury serving his country!

Okay.

What...

Why are there shotgun pellets in my chicken?

Dad.

Because it's squirrel.

Honey, no, we're not leaving.

He fed me a rodent for Christmas dinner.

Well, you're the only one who ate squirrel. Ours was really chicken.

You did say that you could handle anything as long as the kids were having a good Christmas, and the kids are having a great Christmas.

Think you can just flex those emotional muscles, just a little bit, and think of Douglas?

I want some more dessert!

And that's how you make 50 dollars an hour.

- Puba?

- Yeah, Dougie?

I want us to leave Santa a snack, but Rance ate all the cookies in like, 10 seconds, and then he drank a whole gallon of milk.

Whoa.

So, I was wondering if you had anything else that I could give to Santa?

Of course I do, Bug.

I know something that Santa loves a lot more than milk and cookies.

Dear Santa, Puba said you would enjoy this bourbon and asparagus.

I hope you like it a lot. Love,

your very good friend, Douglas Mitchler.

Shake that ass, bitch,

and let me see what you got.

Shake that ass, bitch,

and let me see what you got.

Shake that ass, bitch,

and let me see what you got.

Whoa, that's pretty neat, Pam.

I know, I've got over 75 hits so far.

Your average is zero stars

'cause you suck, turdbait.

Shut up, jackwipe!

Hey, that's not very Christmassy

behaviour. Gather up.

So, we have a tradition in our family

where we read The Night

Before Christmas

the night before Christmas. Get it?

This is mentally challenged.

Do you think this is a joke, Rance?

This isn't a joke. This is Christmas.

We're not two, Uncle Boyd! I mean,

all this Santa crap is for babies!

Every dumb-ass knows

there's no such thing!

Shut up! Shut your mouth! Shut your
big, eating mouth! Right now, shut it!

- Santa will find me here, right Dad?

- Of course he will, Bug.

In fact, Santa just texted me to say
that he made you an amazing present!

But you're gonna have to
wait until morning to see it.

Okay.

Look at this pile of crap. This country's
so damn excessive it makes me wanna puke.

Oh put a sock in it, Mitchler.

Well, they're all down.

- Oh that's super, honey.

- Good job.

- Where's Douglas' stuff?

- Oh gosh, buried in there somewhere.

- Everything's out of the car?

- I got the last of it out of there.

Well, none of it's here.

None of Douglas' presents are here.

No, that's impossible. You put them in the car this morning.

- I didn't, you did.

- No, you gave me the thumbs up!

- Meaning you do it, and you nodded!

- Wait, what are you two saying?

- Boyd...

- Not Boyd, Luann!

Boyd and I left all of Douglas' stuff in Chicago.

- Oh, jeez.

- It's gonna be fine!

We'll think of something! Right?

Oh I have an idea.

What's it called, Toys "R"...

Us.

Babe, the mall closes at six, all right?

Just sit there and look pretty.

Okay, listen, Randy Sickle over there in Commercial, they're open 24 hours, we'll go over there, pick him up maybe one of those singing bass plaques and a mesh hat.

Hey, come on, he's seven.

Throw in a pack of grape hike shoes

boom, it's done. What do you say?

The kid's never gonna know

the difference. "Christmas, hey!"

That's exactly what you would do!

Nice parenting, really nice!

Last time I checked, it ain't exactly great parenting ruining your kid's Christmas,

- Prime Time!

- I should knock you on your ass.

Oh really? Bring it Sally!

I'd love to see you try! Come on!

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

Now if we're gonna do this, we're gonna need some ground rules.

I'm going. I'm driving back.

It's not even 11.

That gives me eight hours

until he's up. I'm going.
- Boyd, don't go!
- You can't do it, it's too far!
He's not going anywhere,
Donna, he's all show and no go.
Boyd. Boyd, stop.
You've had four hours of sleep.
You're gonna kill yourself!
Any day now, Douglas is gonna wake up and
realize the world is a mean, nasty place
where your hopes and dreams
eventually get smashed to bits.
- Until then, he needs this.
- I'm sorry, who needs this?
If I can just make him believe
for one more Christmas.
Having Christmas is
not about stuff, Boyd.
Look, just wait. Okay, go tomorrow,
when you've had some sleep.
We'll say that we delayed Christmas
a day. We'll make it fun.
I understand.
Mitch ruined Christmas for you,
but you have proven a million
times over, you're not him.
You're such a great dad.
This is just crazy!
Hey, hey. Look, you're running
away from your father again!
You can't keep doing this!
Boyd, wait, I'm coming with you!
Let me just put up some coffee!
It's about an eight-hour round trip,
which gets me back here
at what, sevenish,
so just make sure the kids
stay downstairs until 7:30.
- This is doable, but I gotta go now.
- Be careful, honey!
Merry Christmas.
I made this ornament
when I was a kid once,
out of a pine cone.

It had the googly eyes on it
and the white cotton deals,
- you know what I'm talking about?
- Shut the hell up, you degenerate.
- Pervert.
- He's not a pervert!

A guy who exposes himself to a busload
of old folks on their way to Oneida bingo,
what the hell should I call him if not
pervert? Friggin' pillar of the community?
I have explained this situation
to you a hundred times.

- In Dave's defence, he was drunk!
- Very!

And in his second defence, someone
double-dog dared him to do it, so that...

Okay. Who wants to
look at some slides?
Or, I know, how about
a game of cribbage?
Oh, I've got that.

- Hello?
- Is it him? Is he okay? What happened?
He's fine, but... Aw crud.
Dammit.

Looky here. BMW. Short for
Bavarian Money Waster.
Looks like the sheisse
hit the fan here.

- I'm gonna hitchhike.
- Really?

Christmas Eve, no one's gonna
pick you up. Come on, let's go.
I'm not giving up. You go ahead
and go home. I don't need you.
Yeah, but Douglas does.
So come on. Get in the truck, Gladys.
We got Christmas to save.

Silent night.

Holy night.

All is calm.

All is bright.

Round yon virgin.

Mother and child.

Holy infant.
So tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace.
- It don't add up, boy.
- You got a guy tootin' around
the whole Goddamn
planet in one night.
That sleigh'd have to be going 25,
30,000 miles per hour, minimum.
Now, if we had that
type of technology, shit,
we'd be blowing the tits
off the friggin' Viet Kong.
It's all a sham. Eastern bunny, Sham.
Valentine's Day, Sham.
Tooth fairy? What the heck's
up with that son of a B?
You know what he is, right?
- Sham.
- Damn right.
What kind of creep goes
sneaking into a kid's room
and putting chump
change under a pillow?
What the hell's he need all
those teeth for? Pervert.
The whole world is
full of lies, Boyd.
The only road to happiness is realizing
there's no road to happiness.
Alright, I'm going to bed.
You finish it up on your own.
Oh yeah, eat me! Prick.
First off...
And second, I have asthma,
Dad, asthma.
And it is not all in my head, as you have
so astutely hypothesized in the past.
It is an actual medical condition
that could actually kill me.
So please, put out the damn cigar.
What the hell's that all about?
You on the friggin' rag? Come on.
Come on, lighten up, Boyd.

We got all night ahead of us.
Let's have a little fun here.
- I bet they're having a ball.
- Yeah, yippee!
It does make me feel better
that Mitch went with him.
Them two hate each
other's guts, I thought.
Okay, cut it out, you guys,
we're a family. And it's Christmas, jeez.
You know, Mom, I, don't want to make you
feel bad with what I'm about to say,
being that it's Christmas and
all but, a lot of this is your fault.
Dave and I's marriage counsellor says
that a lot of my self-esteem problems
come from the fact that you never
confronted Dad about his drinking.
So it's why I seek approval from
people who treat me like wet dog crap.
Who needs anything? We've got
leftovers, we've got hot dish. Beer?
Reeb me! That's beer
spelled backwards, honey.
Vera.
Yeah, Bug?
Was Rance about to say that
there's no such thing as Santa?
Rance is a certified moron, Douglas.
So whatever he was about to say
would have been certified moronic.
Of course there's a Santa.
- Promise?
- I promise.
When you see your presents
under the tree in the morning,
you'll believe again, you will.
Now lie down.
Okay.
Wow, 53 degrees.
So much for a white Christmas.
Who needs one? Yesterday I was golfing. You
would have caught me in my shirtsleeves.
Kicked Bill Gorsky's ass,

the fat pollack.

I said "if this is global warming, I'll take it."

- Pollack. Nice, Dad.

- Technically he's a bohunk.

I got more if you need 'em.

- Hi, where's the...

- Just past the cheese.

I can guess your nationality without even seeing you. European.

You get it? You're a-peein'.

- Ha, yeah, got it.

- Ho ho ho.

Hey, you got any bourbon? Just a...

- I wish I did, sorry.

- That's okay, that's okay.

So, you having yourself a merry little Christmas?

I wouldn't say that exactly.

Well, nobody said it was easy now, did they?

I mean, take my journey here tonight.

I mean, logic-wise, that whole deal doesn't really add up, does it?

I mean my sleigh'd have to be doing what, 25, 30,000 miles an hour? Minimum?

But I always make it.

Somehow I always do, you know.

I mean, it's not always easy, like I say, but miracles never are.

They're tricky little things, miracles.

Sometimes they look at you right in the face.

They're right in front of you, staring at you in the mirror, and you didn't even see them. It's crazy.

- Have a merry Christmas, Santa.

- I always do, buddy.

I always do.

- Have fun in there.

- I'll name it after you.

Hi, can I get a couple of coffees?

That's your old man?

Virgil Mitch. Ole Mitch?

- Yeah, I'm Boyd.

- You're Boyd!

Yeah, you're the smart one.

You got a full ride at the UW.

And now you're a stockbroker,
is it? Down in Chi-town?

- I manage a hedge fund.

- Oh yeah, that's right.

But your dad tells me you
make a truckload of money.

I don't know about that.

I work too much.

Well, anyhow, nice to have
a face with the name.

Your pop, that crazy old son of a...

he's in here pretty near once a week,

and I get an earful

about your family.

No! Mitch talks a blue streak
about how good you're doing.

Must be nice for y'all to have
Christmas together, ain't it?

It is.

- What do I owe you?

- No, come on.

Merry Christmas now, Boyd.

Merry Christmas.

- Merry Christmas!

- Merry Christmas!

You know how to drive

a manual, tranny?

You don't remember the day you

taught me how to drive a stick?

Should I?

October 26, 1983, you may recall,
was my 12th birthday.

You may also recall that you were too
hammered to drive home from my party,
so I drove home.

Is that right?

Well, I must have been doing something

right, 'cause you still remember how.

Yes, it is one of life's

greatest indignities

that you never won the

Father of the Year award.

- Hey, careful!

- Can't you take a joke, Sally?

- Now you're pissing me off.

- Oh, am I pissing you...

Maybe you need to piss on the radiator.

Whoa, what was that?

Tit.

- Want me to go peek in on BJ?

- No, I'll do it, Shauna.

Wait a second, where's Nelson?

Last time I saw him he was going ape-crap
because Mitch and Boyd were scrapping.

- Well, that was two hours ago.

- Oh, shoot, Nelson!

Nelson!

Nelson.

Nelson, baby, come on.

Nelson.

Nelson.

Where are you?

He's not where he usually goes.

Whenever he gets panicked he just
falls asleep in the craziest places.

I found him all balled up in the
middle of the road a coup...

Oh my God.

Nelson! Where are you, baby? Wake up!

- Nelson!

- Nelson!

Nelson! Where are you,

Nelson? Wake up!

Donna, be careful!

Nelson! Nelson!

Oh... oh, dear Lord Jesus.

Jingle all the way.

- No, you can't sing low.

- I know, high.

Way.

Oh no, stop, stop, stop!

Oh what fun it is to ride.

- Dude, you just hit something.

- ...open sleigh.

Good night.

Put your hands down

and let's do this.

Ahem, I love you ve...

I love you very much.

- Let's go, come on.

- See?

- Mom, has Santa come yet?

- No honey, not yet, it's still early.

Santa's got a long
night ahead of him.

- Can Dad tuck me in?

- Who? Dad?

No, because, Dad and Puba...

are getting massages.

- Oh, okay. Good night, Mom.

- Okay, good night.

So who else isn't tired?

Oh, I forgot to ask you. Did Santa

Claus accost you in the bathroom?

Excuse me?

You know, the grubby old guy in the
Santa suit in the truck stop bathroom.

I didn't see anybody in the bathroom.

Santa's coming home soon.

Gonna bring you lots of gifts.

Oh, son of a bitch! Oh!

I forgot to tell you, the speedometer's
off by about 10 miles an hour.

Oh it's good to know that.

Well, I'll be!

Merry Christmas, Mr. Mitchler! Again.

What brings you gents out so late?

Well, numbnuts here forgot
his kid's presents in Chi-town.

Numbnuts, that's funny. Haven't
heard that one in quite some time!

My foster mom, she...

Oh, I see you guys are in
the portable john business?

Indeed we are, sir. Mitch Mitchler, North

Central Wisconsin king of the crappers.
For 25 years, Mitchler's Handi-crappers
have been supplying luxury johns
for all your business needs. I always
say, if you gotta go, go in style!
I like that a lot. Riddle me this,
do you guys do family reunions?
My cousin actu...
We're actually in a really
big hurry, Trooper Zblocki, so.
I could tell, Mr. Mitchler.
Caught old numbnuts here doing 91.
I'll be back with
your citation, STAT.
Numbnuts.
Funny little elf.
It's a good one.
Well, Mr. Mitchler,
I caught you doing 91, yikes!
It's like, "Arriba,
arriba, andele, andele!"
Bart Simpson.
But, it's Christmas,
so you know what?
- I got candy canes for you three guys.
- Three?
Nelson?
Jeez, I must've fell asleep in here.
Who's that guy?
A child is the most important
thing a mother has, Nelson.
Jeez, I'm sorry I had
you worried, Mom.
If anything had happened to you...
Aw, jeez.
Mom, could you put little BJ on
the phone? I want to tell him I'm okay.
He's sleeping in his crib, hon.
Plus he's not even a year.
Well, maybe just go in there
and tell him I love him?
And, could you sing him that
pretty little song he likes?
Hot tortillas, crisp tostadas.

Best in Me-hi-co.
Enchiladas, empanadas.
How I love them so.
It is a miracle that
you got pulled over,
because I could have froze
to death in there, or worse.
Not cold enough to freeze to death.
Okay, real quick,
what could possibly be worse
than freezing to death in a
portable toilet, Nelson?
HIV, AIDS, Lou Gehrig disease,
cancer, spina bifida...
Okay, all good ones.
I could think of one worse. A guy getting
his gonads lobbed off by his wife
because he forgot his
kid's Christmas presents.
Get 'im!
I'm not supposed to play video games, but
you're really awesome at them, Rance.
Yeah, I know.
We should totally put your
picture on Craigslist, Vera.
Your judgment is really
questionable, Pam.
- You gonna stay up with us, Dave?
- Oh no, I... I get hungry at night
so I like to make myself a meal so I
have something to eat between sleep
- and breakfast. I call it breep.
- Okay.
It's an anagram I came up with,
much like brunch or NASA.
It's a way for me to
remember what I like.
Hon, let's go hit the sack.
- Good night.
- Night.
Oh, Daver.
You are too good for me.
You know, maybe I will try one of
those beer-tomato-juice thingies.

Well now you're talking.
One red beer coming right up.
Holy cripes, it's a castle.
You really are doing alright, Boyd.
- You've never seen this house before?
- No, your mom has.
Last time I was here, you had
that apartment by the lake.
It's going on seven years.
What's this you got on the
walls here? Is that brick?
Yeah, it's... it's a brick house.
- Boy, that is something.
- Yeah.
Son of a bitch!
I left my damn keys in my damn car!
Hey Hamburglar, will this help?
The presents are in
the mudroom, so...
Hey Boyd, I gotta take a squirt.
You guys have a bathroom, or...
Yeah, it's upstairs.
- Make yourself at home, Dad.
- Yeah.
Dad?
Nelson?
What's going on?
What are you doing in my house?
I am Farhad.
Who are these people?
Ms. Mitchler is say,
my family to sit in the house,
to feed dog...
there, the dog.
To sit in the house.
House-sitting is different
than sitting in my house!
It's Boyd. Hi, is everything okay?
Fine, okay. Farhad is here.
Yeah, I gave him the key so he
could feed Dale. You knew that.
No, but his whole family is here.
It's like Goldilocks and the 30 Iranians.
Boyd, they're from Afghanistan.

I don't care where they're from,
I care why they're here, in my house!
Maybe there was confusion over
the translation of house-sit.
You know, they're an amazing family.
They've only been in the
country two months,
so, whatever, let them
have a nice Christmas.
You're not saving the world!
What do you think, you're...
you think you're Bono?
I have a law degree! I'm a teacher!
You're supposed to be
teaching refugees English,
and based upon my conversation with this
guy, it's not exactly working out, is it?
If anyone's to blame, it's you!
- You for being an ass sponge!
- I'm the ass sponge?
- Yes, you are the ass sponge, ass sponge.
- I'm not having this conversation.
- I am not having this conversation.
- Fine.
Oh my God! He acts like the sweetest,
nothing-bothers-me guy,
but the slightest little pressure
- turns him into a total...
- Ass sponge?
He sounds just like his father.
You know, in case those guys don't
make it back in time somehow,
maybe we oughta have
something else for Douglas.
Like what?
Maybe we oughta go up to the attic and
wrap some old toys and that, just in case.
Yeah, okay fine.
Donna, do you have something else
that maybe doesn't taste like... this?
Vodka?
Hey Doug-lass, you wanna
do something really cool?
Yes!

Sweet.

You know, I wasn't a competitive eater 'til I was like, nine.

If I would have started at seven, who knows how much more friggin' awesome I'd be?

Let's see how fast you can take these bad boys down.

- A whole jar of pickles?

- Do it.

Please don't, Douglas, it's stupid.

You'll be sick for Santa!

You want to be cool or retarded?

Man or mouse, Douglas?

Yes! Oh my God! Look at him go!

Chug, chug, chug,

chug, chug, chug, chug!

Douglas, stop! These pickles were canned during the Nixon Administration!

You're gonna die!

I can't feel my legs.

What the hell?

He erased me.

Ain't that a kick in the pants?

Presents. Gifts. Ho ho ho?

Gift? Gift, yes, yes.

Thank you.

No, Farhad. Those are Douglas' gifts!

My son! Douglas.

No Farhad son! No! My son's gifts!

Girls, those are my power tools!

That's Boyd's power drill

and that is very...

Jesus!

Hey, Boyd. These your roommates?

Hey Boyd, you got a nail sticking out of your hand there.

Oh, we've been learning Nari, which is kind of like Farsi,

over at basic because my reserve unit was going to be going over by Afghanistan...

Oh!

And I fell off of that Humvee, and I got just a touch of brain damage.

But the part that remembers

Nari is just fine.

So, can you tell him that
his family can stay?

- I just need Douglas' gifts.

- Well, I can sure as shoot try.

Let's see...

Please, no, no. No, no, no, please!

Hey, hey. Hey, hey, it's okay.

You can keep everything.

The only thing I want
is that.

Hey, it's, 3:

have less than four hours
if we're gonna get back before the
kids get up. So I need you to motivate.

You don't need me, you never did.

It's all gonna be okay, Bug.

Boing!

It's okay, Bug.

Boing, hello Rance!

They told me there'd
always be people like you.

I don't know, I've never seen
anybody this way from pickles!

Rotten food can cause hallucination,
Rance. Everybody knows that, you dummy.

It's gonna be okay,

Bug, just lie down.

Cheese.

How about this for Douglas?

Bridge, like the card game? For kids?

I don't know, it seems
like a horrible idea.

Boyd loved bridge for juniors,
it was his favourite game!

He did? Okay, bag it
and tag it, I guess.

That was Mitch's drink of choice.

Vodka and cranberry juice.

- It must have been so hard.

- I don't know.

I left a couple times when it got
too hard. Took the kids to my folks,

then when his bender was
finished, he'd call bellyaching,
"Come back, come back.
I'll change, I'll change,"
blah, blah, you know.
He was always...
a very attentive lover, though.
If you know what I mean?
I do. Yes, wow.
Boyd and I haven't had
sex for six months.
Oh, wow.
That is bad for you.
It's so bad. It's just, you know,
he works all the time,
and... or we're tired,
or the kids are around
and you know, it just...
But then he has this whole thing about
how everything has to be so perfect,
and it can't be. It's not.
It's not perfect.
- Do you want me to talk to him for you?
- No, that's okay, thank you.
That would feel a
little inappropriate.
Yep.
What?
Two days later, Papa passed away.
And I became a man that day.
So I told Mama I'm gonna quit school
I packed my grandmother's trunk,
- and in it I put an apple.
- Nice.
God, we used to play that when we'd drive
to Nana's cottage up north, you remember?
Okay, I packed my grandmother's trunk
and in it I put an apple and a bagpipe.
Nice one. Okay Dad, you're up.
Dad, it's your turn.
Come on Dad, it's been a crap day.
Everything that possibly
could go wrong already has.
What, you on the rag, Sally?

I packed my grandma's trunk,
and in it I put an apple, bagpipe,
and a kid who's so ashamed of his old
man, he cut him out of a family photo.
Okay, so you're spelling kid
with a C then. Fair enough.
I don't know what to say, Dad.
Fine, as long as we're being
honest with each other,
yes, I was embarrassed
of you in that photograph.
You were wearing that filthy
Handi-crapper T-shirt
for a family portrait.
I mean come on!
What, you're suddenly sensitive?
Besides, it's not like you
were ever proud of me.
I always supported you, whatever
it was you wanted to do, always!
Are you high?
What is that?
Oh my gosh! Hoho!
Is that...
- Bea Arthur? It sure is.
- Why?
Boyd went through a phase where
he really got into Bea Arthur.
Like is... like sexually? Or...
No! It started with Golden Girls.
Wait, he liked bridge and Golden Girls?
What did you raise, a 75-year-old woman?
Look, there's a whole series.
You know how what's-his-futz
just painted blue stuff?
Well, Boyd only painted Bea Arthur.
This is so silly.
My Boyd who played
football and basketball,
who's a type-A hedge
fund manager? No, no!
He was real arty-farty
when he was a little shaver.
Well Mitch must have loved that.

Mitch, he used to tease Boyd all the time. I felt terrible about it. He drilled legs into the frame of this one. He turned it into a card table. He used to play euchre on it with his drinking buddies. Look, there's the rings from the glasses on the canvas, there. And I think Bill Gorsky puked on it here.

That is so mean. Isn't that so mean? Lookit, that is so mean! He was just a little artist, creating his art, and that's... I mean, it just makes me very sad, isn't that so sad? Boyd never really painted much after that.

Mitch is a bastard! And I have been trying to get those guys to reconcile, but do you understand how much Boyd hates his job? He hates it so much, and all he wanted to do was be a sweet little Bea Arthur painter! Or something. I just feel like I could puke. It blows my mind. You have the capacity to feel sorry for yourself!

- Oh, what a jackass.

- If I loused up so bad, how come you have such a nice life? Nice house, nice wife, nice job.

I hate my job! And I haven't had sex with my wife in six months! Can you blame that on me?

Jiminy crickets!

Jeez, come on, guys!

I'm sorry I didn't snuggle or cuddle you enough! I'm sorry I'm not perfect!

Perfect? My entire approach to parenting is based on what I call the WWMD principle.

What Would Mitch Do?

I ask myself that question, and then I do the exact opposite.

Come on Boyd, you know I
get jittery 'cause of the war!
- You didn't go to war!
- He's still a hero! He's still a hero!
Son of a bitch! No, no, no, no, no!
No, Boyd, slow down!
What are you doing?
Not sure if you can see me
back here, Mr. Mitchler...
See that? See it!
Come on, Boyd,
you're gonna get us killed!
Pull over, Boyd!
My whole life I've never been your
kind of man, a man's man, a real man.
Well, let's see who the
real man is now! Hold on!
Shut up, Sally.
You sound like a little bitch.
Yeah, suck on that, Zblocki!
Suck on that! Eat it, bitch!
Yes, yes!
Yeah, go ahead.
Yeah. I'm out at...
Mr. Mitchler, he...
everything okay?
Eff this.
Just wanted to wish you
a merry Christmas, Don!
I'm calling her a night.
Gonna head home to the fam.
Roger that.
Oh God, that felt good!
You're not this guy, Boyd. You're not some
idiot who'd run away from a cop like that.
Hell, that's the kind of
asshole stunt that I'd pull.
You got the asshole part right.
I suppose maybe you're
right about that.
This has been a weird night.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry to both of you.
Mainly you, Boyd. I'm sorry.

Suppose I might have said it sooner
if I hadn't been so hammered
for most of the last 30 years but
you know? There it is, I said it.
You're a good man
and,
I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry, oh!
- What the hell was that?!
- Did we hit somebody?
I'm telling you, Boyd,
that was a person!
Nelson, it wasn't a person.
It can't have been a person.
What would a person be doing
in the middle of the road...
- Maybe it was a deer.
- Yeah, it was a deer!
- It wasn't a deer.
- Yes, of course it was a d...
Oh, no.
Oh, God, oh, my God, oh, my God!
What are we gonna do?
What are we gonna do?
- Okay, Boyd, just calm down.
- Calm?! Calm?
I just killed a man!
This is not the time to be calm!
We just gotta...
we just gotta call the cops.
No, we're not gonna call the cops!
I just outran the cops!
- The last thing we need are the cops!
- Boyd's right, no cops.
- My life is over!
- No it isn't!
I'm gonna go to prison.
I'm going to prison.
Boyd, just glass-half-full
it for a sec here, okay?
- Prison these days is not half bad.
- I'll take the heat!
I mean, come on now,
it's the least I can do,

you know, being shitfaced and emotionally abusive most of your childhood.

No, Dad, no. No, no, no, no, no, no!

Boyd, Boyd, Boyd!

- There's other ways out of this.

- How?

This guy...

We're not exactly talking doctor, lawyer, Indian chief here, right?

He's off the grid.

So if he, disappeared.

I got this friend, Mike Marcort.

You know, we play cribbage, and he owes me and...

he's got a warehouse down

by Campbell Sport full of HCl.

- HC what, Dad?

- Hydrochloric acid. And so?

Well, you know, I'm saying... not that

he doesn't have value in God's eyes;

I'm just saying that we soak this guy

in a vat of HCl for a couple of hours?

This son of a bitch

will just fizzle away.

Wait a minute.

We're not really thinking about this?

He's right, Dad. Nelson's right.

We don't have time to

go to Campbell Sport.

You're right, it's too far.

What was I thinking?

Dad, do you have a shovel?

Does Flipper pee in

the sea? I got that!

- No, no, guys...

- Well, do you have a better idea?

Do you? Because I'd love to hear it.

No, but have you ever dug a foxhole

before, Boyd? Because I have

- and it takes a super long time!

- Oh, he's right! Nelson's right.

We could... we can burn him.

You know, like a fire.

Burning could work, burning's good!

That's good, Nel...

What's going on, Dad?

If we're gonna burn him, it's a hell
of a lot easier if you parcel him out.

You got any bourbon?

Hey, Doug!

- Dougie doodle.

- Who said that?

- Bingo.

- You can talk?

You're seeing my lips move, ain't ya?

Well then, that would constitute
talking, wouldn't it?

- Is this a dream?

- "Is this a dream?"

Maybe, maybe it's a dream,
or maybe I'm your subconscious,
secretly trying to unearth truth for you
in the form of a waking hallucination.

Listen Doug, let me get to the
gristle of why I woke you up here.

It breaks my heart to tell you this,
but Santa ain't gonna find you,
not here, not anywhere.

- Why not?

- Because he doesn't exist.

Yeah, don't take it so hard, buddy.

As you get older, you'll learn there are
much worse things you could be told
than some fat guy in a
red suit doesn't exist.

Alright then, sleep tight, kid.

And oh Merry Christmas.

Radiator's shot.

- Who ya calling there, Boyd?

- Luann.

Let her know we're not gonna make it.

Not gonna make it?

Hold on a sec, Boyd.

Hey look, I know that we
have been through a lot,
well, me getting stuck in the john and you
getting pegged with a nail gun by some kid,
and running from that cop,

and trying to figure out different ways
to dismember a transient,
but it's Christmas,
and if we quit now, it's like the baby
Jesus died up on that cross for nothing.
I think that's Easter, actually.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're right,
you're right. My point is, you know,
I suppose I don't know much
about being a father yet,
since BJ's only been around a couple
of months and he's technically
some Mexican's, on top of that but, you
know, what I seen you do today, Boyd...
go to the ends of the earth
for your son like that...
jeez, that's what being
a father's all about.
And I just don't think you should
quit now. There's still time.
Hey, I'm really sorry we
almost killed you back there.
I don't suppose you have
a vehicle we could borrow?
'Cause we're about 10 miles from where
we're supposed to be here, and...
I don't know how else
to put this, except...
we're hoping for a friggin'
Christmas miracle.
Fall on your knees.
Oh, hear the radiant voices calling.
Oh God, oh God Boom, boom, boom.
Oh, shoot! Luann, are you okay?
I'm okay, I'm okay.
Yeah!
Come on you guys, wake up!
Let's go up and see if Santa came.
They're breathing. Come on!
Come on, whoa, whoa!
See, I told you Santa's real!
Now we can find our stuff.
Pull up there, there!
What do you think you got, Bug?

I don't think I got anything.
- We can't thank you enough.
- Merry Christmas, it's been a flight!
- Where you goin', they're up?
- Yeah. He's up.
- All the kids have their presents.
- So what,
- go on in there and give him the thing!
- He'll know there's no Santa, Dad!
Maybe Santa took your presents
to the wrong house, or...
No. There is no Santa.
Look. Puba said he loved bourbon.
Merry Christmas.
Good luck.
No Douglas, don't!
- You must be Douglas.
- Are you Santa?
Oh, yes indeed. Yes, I am.
Why'd you drink all that bourbon,
Santa? Won't it make you drunk?
Well, Douglas,
bourbon gives Santa the energy
that he needs to keep
his appointed rounds.
And asparagus. Puba told me that.
Yep, asparagus, too. Smart fella.
Oh my goodness, I almost
forgot your present.
- Merry Christmas, Douglas.
- Thank you, Santa.
I believe.
And I hope you always do.
Santa, don't you want your asparagus?
That's okay, Douglas, you keep it.
Asparagus makes my urine smell funny.
Merry Christmas.
I think it was a big success.
On second thought this may
have not been such a hot idea.
No matter how this pans out,
you tried your best.
Bottom line, you're one
hell of a good dad, Boyd.

Thanks, Dad.
Merry Christmas, Bug.
Dad, why did your
massage take so long?
Let me help you.
Nice wrap job there. What is it?
- What is it?
- I built it, the whole thing.
I even sanded the runners myself.
It's really something.
Really something.
It's pretty cool?
Neat, but no snow.
Let's see what else there is.
Hey Bug! Look, I found this outside
for you. Santa must have dropped it.
Bridge for children! I've always
wanted to learn how to play bridge!
Woo-hoo, alright!
Neato, look at what I got!
- I'm sorry.
- I'm drunk.
I remain sorry.
But I accept your apology.
Oh for cripe's sake, Boyd, get a Goddamn
room if you're gonna be doing that.
Dave's the designated
pervert in this family.
He's not a pervert!
- Hey, hey!
- Rancer!
- You think I would have known better.
- Oh, I suppose.
But if we always learned
from our mistakes,
nobody'd ever spend
Christmas with their family.
What the hell good is getting a sled
in this day and age of global warming?
- You should have got the kid a boat.
- Shut up, Dad.
Dad, can we go inside and
play some bridge now?
Look Dad, it's snowing!

- You're right, Bug.
- It's probably ash.
More, more, more, more.
Can't you hear it?
More, more, more, more.
Love comes through.
Give me happiness.
You're like the sun.
You're my holiday, my favourite one.
More than I wished for.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
More than I wished for.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Ring, ring Ring, ring.
I hear the birds.
Sing, sing Sing, sing.
Sweet Noel.
Peace for everyone,
be all good cheer.
A merry, wonderful time of year.
More than I wished for.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
More than I wished for.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
You're my angel and the sun
You are my mistletoe.
You're my star that's shining bright
You are my Silent Night.
You're the sweetest little thing
You are out of a dream.
You're my sugar and my spice.
You're the naughty to my nice.
You are the one
You're more than I wish for.

Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
More than I wished for.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
Bum, bum, bum-bum-bum-bum.
More than I wished for.
Bu-doo-bum, boom boom.
Joy to the world, the Lord has come.
And he's drivin' a
big green bass boat.
Circling around your castle's moat.
He's the new favourite
late night talk-show host.
That's why we try to love.
Now that you're here,
come gather round.
Check out these
treasures that I found.
One makes a flash,
the other makes a sound.
But none will catch you
from crashing down.
That's why we try.
To love.
Life just kicks you, 1-2-3.
Keeps us guessing him or me.
There's always more to see,
always more want.
That's why we try to love.
That's why we try to love.
The weather outside is frightful.
And the fire is so inviting.
The sound of sleigh bells ringing.
Is all the more delightful.
The sight of snow falling
lightly on her cheek.
The things around this
little town aren't so bleak.
And the lights are up on the door.
They say it's Christmas time.
And I felt this once before.
And I can't get it out of my mind.

We can go out walking till
the snow starts to gleam.
Do you remember the stories
I told you? Or was it all a dream?
I still can't believe that
you are with me once again.
My dear.
Deck the halls with boughs of holly.
Fa la la, la la la, la la la.
Tis the season to be jolly.
Fa la la, la la la, la la la.
Don we now our gay apparel.
Fa la la, la la la, la la la.
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol.
Fa la la la la.
La la la...
La... La!
Ah...
That's what you gotta commit to a song.
That's why we don't get first place.