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# Daddy 's Home 2

By Sean Anders

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(SOFT ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

(CHILDREN SQUEALING EXCITEDLY)

Brad.

- Bye, Daddy.

- Bye, sweetie.

Bye-bye, guys.

I'll pick you up on Monday.

- **CHILDREN:**

- What's up?

Hey, Brad.

Hey, Brad.

Looking good, buddy.

- Dylan, where's your retainer?

- I left it at Dad's.

Hey, where's your  
math workbook?

At Mom's house.

- Where are all your undies?

- **DYLAN:**

How do we got so many undies?

(ALL CHEERING)

**DUSTY:**

Brad already got me one.

- (CHILDREN CHEERING)

- It was my idea! It was my idea!

Hey, look at that.

Guys.

Daddy.

Oh!

Megan, hold up!

Whoa!

Ah!

- Are you all right?

- I'm okay.

- (GROANS)

- (ALL EXCLAIM)

Right here!

Don't leave without it.

(SCHOOL BELL RINGING)

Come on!

Keep it moving!  
Inside the cones!  
Inside the cones like an ice cream.  
Let's go!  
Braddie!  
Here you go, buddy.  
Oh. Thanks, Braddie.  
- Hot cocoa?  
- Yeah.  
Nice. Little marshmallows  
floating around there  
all in formation.  
You are the greatest.  
I put a little licorice root  
in there, too.  
- Oh!  
- Tell me what you think.

- **DUSTY:**

- Daddy!  
- Hey. Hi, how was your day?  
- Good.

**BRAD:**

guys, hop in.  
I'll get them ready and I'll  
meet you at Tae Kwon Do.  
- See you in 30.  
- Great. Looking forward to it.  
- Bye.

- **CHILDREN:**

- **BRAD:**

- (BRAKES SCREECH)  
- Dusty.  
- Yeah?

Sorry. You made treats for  
tonight, right?  
No, I got the gift card. I thought  
you were on treats tonight.  
No. I did gift card and the treats  
for the Halloween Spooktacular.  
Okay. Well,

I guess I'll hit the bakery  
- on the way to the pageant.

- Bakery?

Unless you don't want me  
to go to the bakery.

- No...

- Usually, when you repeat what I said  
and you shake your head  
up and down,

it really means

you don't want me to do it.

- I'm just thinking...

**- DUSTY:**

- Maybe homemade?

- (HORN HONKING)

Yeah. Hey! Honk at him again,  
you better count your teeth!

No problem, Braddie.

Homemade snickerdoodles  
coming right up.

One for you, too.

Should we fist bump again  
or would it be awkward?

I don't mind a second bump.

All right.

Thanks, buddy.

See you tonight.

Bye, mate. Thanks so  
much for the cocoa.

**CHILDREN:**

- (CRASHES)

- Sorry.

- Bye.

- Bye.

**BRAD:**

Thank you.

- Look at that.

- Oh...

- Daddy! Karen!

- Hey! Hey, guys.

Wow, look how sexy

Karen looks.

Leather pants and side boob.

That's perfect

for a school function.

- Honey, let's expect good things, okay?

- I know, you're right. Right.

- **SARA:**

- Hey.

- **BRAD:**

- **SARA:**

Wow, look at you guys.

You and Mommy are

so sassy all the time.

- **KAREN:**

- **SARA:**

Oh, hey. I got your novel.

- It's amazing.

- Oh, I'm glad you like it.

**SARA:**

such powerful dialogue.

- I mean, it must just come naturally, right?

- Aw.

- Like everything else.

- You're so sweet.

- Are you guys ready?

- Let's go.

I want my shirt

like Adrianna's.

Uh, no. No, no, no, honey.

We're not doing that, okay?

Put that back in.

Look like a nice kid.

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

**PRINCIPAL HAYES:**

the One Horse Open Sing!

Before we get started,

notice we have

several professional video  
and still photographers  
to cover all your kids  
for free.

So you can all put your phones  
in your pockets,  
relax, and just  
be in the moment.

(DEVICES BEEPING)

You don't care.

Dashing through the snow  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
O'er the fields we go  
Laughing all the way, hahaha  
Bells on bobtail ring  
Making spirits bright  
What fun it is  
to laugh and sing  
A sleighing song tonight  
...eat candy Santas  
and smashed potatoes  
and dressing up my dog  
like a reindeer.  
That's what  
Christmas means to me.

- Thank you.

- (ALL CHEERING)

**PRINCIPAL HAYES:**

And now we have Megan Mayron.

(BEEPING)

My name is Megan Mayron, and I  
like Christmas presents a lot.

(ALL LAUGHING)

But I don't really  
like Christmas.

My daddy was at my first  
Christmases,  
but I don't remember those ones.

Then we had some  
with no daddy at all.

Then Brad came,  
but he was always  
trying way too hard

and making everyone feel  
uncomfortable.

Then Daddy came back,  
and Brad did a pretend Christmas  
to show Daddy that Brad  
was better than him.

So now we have to go to different  
houses to have different Christmases.

Me and my brother wish  
we were like other families  
and we had normal Christmases.

But we still like  
our Christmas presents.

I want to be very clear  
about that.

Thank you very much.

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

(JERRY LAUGHING)

Enjoy paying for therapy, boys!

You better shut your mouth,  
Jerry!

Absolutely, Dusty.

(SIGHING)

We're messing up our kids,  
Brad, and it's on you.

On me? Why is it on me?

Because before you came around  
we only had one Christmas.

So it's on you.

Hold on, hold on. We don't  
have to circle the wagons  
every time one of the kids  
expresses a negative emotion.

They're fine.

Kids that get up in front of  
whole schools

and say they don't like

Christmas aren't fine, Sara.

Well, she said she didn't like  
having two Christmases.

Which is on you.

So what if we all spend  
a Christmas together?

A Together Christmas.

That's good.

Now you fixed it. See, that...

- Now it's off of you.

- (BRAD GASPS)

Let's invite Adrianna's dad,  
too.

- What?

- Yes.

- Are you being serious right now? No.

- Yeah.

Put that hand down.

I've been nothing but nice to that guy,  
and he treats me like I abducted his kid.

I'm not doing that.

Why are you messing up  
the mood now, all right?

We wanna go tell the kids my great  
idea about the Together Christmas.

Wait, how did it become  
your idea?

It was your idea, but I named  
it Together Christmas.

People of Bikini Bottom...

Hey, guys?

Guys. Listen up,  
I got a surprise.

Hello?

- Guys. We got a big surprise!

- A surprise?

- Another pony?

- A trampoline?

You leaving?

Not quite, okay?

But, no, we got something better  
than that, okay?

So much better.

It's gonna be great.

Guys, this year, no more back  
and forth at Christmas.

- We're not doing the back and forth.

- Nope. I just said that.

- No more back and forth at Christmas.

- No back and forth.

This year, we're gonna spend one

Christmas all together, all of us!

- **BOTH:**

- All of us. A Together Christmas!

- A Together Christmas!

- Can you be quiet?

A Together Christmas

like a normal family!

- Yay!

- (CELL PHONE RINGING)

I'll get it.

Hello?

Grandpa Kurt?

Daddy, Grandpa Kurt wants  
to talk to you.

**SARA:**

I'll just tell him...

No. It's okay, Sara.

Thank you.

Thanks, buddy.

What, Dad?

Yeah, long time.

No, I'm fine. Tomorrow?

- Tomorrow.

- No.

I could probably pick you up,

I guess, but...

- Hey! Psst! Guess what? My folks are coming tomorrow.

- I don't care.

- We can go together.

- You shut up.

Dad, do you want to just text...

Hello?

(SIGHS)

Dusty, listen to me,

I think you're approaching this  
with way too much negative energy.

Brad, you don't know what you're  
talking about, so shut your fat hole!

- Dusty.

- (SIGHS)

I'm sorry, Braddie.

I'm sorry.

You see what he does to me?  
I mean, he's not even here yet, and  
he's already ruining Christmas.  
- Okay, okay, relax. Relax.  
- I can't!  
Look, your father hasn't met  
the new evolved Dusty.  
You're a progressive,  
sensitive, child-first parent.  
That's exactly the stuff he's gonna  
make fun of us for. You'll see.  
He's gonna scoff at everything  
we do. He's a scoffer, Brad.  
Pepe, you have a grown son,  
right?  
Si.  
Why don't you tell Dusty here  
how much your son means to you  
in this season of good cheer?  
(SPEAKING SPANISH)  
- You see?  
- He didn't say nice things  
like you think he did, Brad.  
Dusty, you're being silly.  
I mean, who wouldn't be  
impressed with you?  
Come on. (GASPS)  
Dear God!  
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)  
He looks as if he's been  
chiseled from Gibraltar itself.  
This is gonna come off weird,  
Dusty, but he's beautiful.  
I want to be his friend so bad.  
- Dusty. (CHUCKLES)  
- Hey, Pop.  
- How was your flight?  
- Not bad.  
Took 20 minutes to get  
to the gate though.  
What's with that bottleneck  
you got out there?  
I'm sorry our local airport tarmac's  
not up to your standards, huh?

I'm sorry. I didn't realize  
you designed this airport,  
or I'd have been  
more sensitive.

Oh, I guess I'll move to a new  
town with a better airport  
that way you won't be inconvenienced  
when you show up every five years or so.

(CHUCKLES) Same old  
Mr. Touchy. I love it.

Here you go, Pancho.  
Why don't you bring the car around,  
we'll meet you at the curb.

Right away, sir.

I mean, no, I'm sorry,  
I'm not the driver.

No, I'm Brad.

The stepdad.

- This is Sara's husband.

- Why is he with you?

(GASPS) Dad!

(DISCO MUSIC PLAYING)

That sweater. He wears a red sweater,  
so I can see him in a crowd.

Dad!

That's him, that's Dad.

(GRUNTS)

Dad. Dad.

(LAUGHING)

- I made a sign.

- There's my big man.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

And this guy's raising  
your kids half the time?

He hasn't seen his dad  
in a really long time.

It's only been since Thanksgiving,  
but it feels like forever.

- It does!

- **BOTH:**

Four weeks? It's been  
a few years for us.

What should we do? You want

me to take my pants off?

**BRAD:**

You didn't get her text?  
Uncle Arny came down with  
a bad case of the shingles.  
- No.  
- So Mom's staying back  
- to take care of him.  
- Okay.  
But, hey, you still got me.  
I sure do. I sure do!

**BOTH:**

**BRAD:**

have the best time.  
(GASPS) Oh! Dusty!  
- Hey, Don.  
- Hey, Muscles, come here.  
(STAMMERS) I've got a cold.  
Stay away. Don, Don!  
Say, Dusty,  
Brad told me about this  
Together Christmas we're doing.  
You two are such wonderful,  
progressive co-dads.  
Co-dads?  
I'm so sorry. Mr. Mayron,  
this is my father, Don Whitaker.  
The pleasure is all mine,  
Captain!  
You piloted the Space Shuttle  
Atlantis in 1992  
and commanded the Endeavour  
on three missions in 1994!  
All right, come on,  
we're out this way.  
Thanks, Dusty.  
Say, Kurt, did you meet any  
interesting folks on your flight?  
- I met a Scotch and a pillow.  
- (LAUGHS)  
You know, actually,

I always pick the flights  
that have the most connections  
so that

I get to chat with as many  
new people as possible.

- Oh, so you're a lunatic. Good to know.

- That's me!

(CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYING)

(GRUNTS) Looks like one of your neighbors  
is getting an oversized parcel.

Hello!

Don Whitaker,

United States Postal Service!

Retired, but never too old to  
lend a hand to a fellow carrier.

Brad, I gotta tell you, this baby  
sure gives you a smooth ride.

Oh, thank you, Kurt.

Yeah, it is surprisingly  
responsive.

Brad, he's not...

So do they take your balls  
right there at the dealership,  
or do you send them in  
with the registration?

How does it work exactly?

No, no, they didn't take my balls.

Just \$2,000 down.

This your place, Dusty?

- I pictured it nicer.

- **BRAD:**

This is my house.

Just thought you'd like to  
step in and see the kids.

Only if it's okay. Look, we don't  
want to infringe on your days.

(SCOFFS) Of course, don't be silly.

Come on, guys.

You got to ask another man's  
permission to see your own kids?

(SCOFFS) Unbelievable.

We're back! With more daddies!

Hey! Look how big you two got!

Come on. Don't I get a hug?

Come on!

(KURT CHUCKLES)

And who's this barroom brawler?

**MEGAN:**

Griffy, silly.

Hey, come here, pardner.

Dusty, you never told me.

- Why, he looks just like you.

- Yeah, not my kid.

Oh, no, no, no.

I fathered that one.

Oh. Ah, then how does he relate to me then?

Well, he is the brother of your grandkids, Kurt.

- Oh. Here, here.

- Oh. Okay.

Hey, looking good, Buttercup.

Good to see you.

- Look who's here!

**- BOTH:**

(LAUGHS)

- Tell us a Pop-Pop joke!

**- DON:**

What's a good one?

Why does a duck have feathers?

Why?

- To cover up his butt quack.

- (ALL LAUGHING)

Hey, kids,

I got a good one for you.

- Two dead hookers wash up on the shore...

- Hey, hey!

- Whoa, whoa, shut up.

- No way. No way.

- Sara. How's my girl?

- Hi!

What, Ginny couldn't make it?

Oh, she feels terrible.

But she sent a batch of

her special cookies!

- Is there milk in that kitchen?

- **MEGAN:**

**DON:**

I get the first one!

So he gets to be Pop-Pop

and I'm just Grandpa Kurt?

What? I'm in charge of the

cutesy grandpa names now?

Look, if you want a better name, maybe

try showing up a little more often.

Tell the kids, from now on,

it's El Padre.

No more hooker jokes.

These don't taste like La-La's cookies.

They taste like Chips Ahoys.

**DON:**

in the kitchen

and watched Grandma

bake them just yesterday.

**DYLAN:**

So, this co-dads thing,

is that what you call it?

Yeah, that's what we call it.

So, on his watch,

he disciplines your kids,

gives them advice, tucks

them in, so forth

and that bothers

you not a bit?

Doesn't bother me at all.

And his total lack of

masculinity...

I mean, his weak chin and soft

underbelly influencing your son,

you're good there,

too? Yeah?

You know what? I'm just feeling like

maybe you guys want a little privacy.

Stay right there,

Brad, all right?

He's just trying  
to stir the turd.

- (SCOFFS)

- You can scoff all you want.

Everything is rock solid  
between me and Brad here.

- In fact, best friends.

- Really? (SNIFFLES)

- Thank you.

- Brad. Stop it. Now.

- I'm good.

- He gets really emotional.

- Brad. Hey. Brother.

- Did you call me "brother"?

B-Dawg.

Chill out, man. Relax.

All right? Cut it out.

- Brad, don't.

- I know.

Stop. All right, look. Hey.

Brad, stop!

Looks like you two guys  
have a real solid arrangement.

You're spending Christmas  
together and everything.

Speaking of which, whose place  
are we doing that at?

We're totally happy to host  
if it makes it easier.

Yeah, we could do it at my place.

I got more room.

We can do presents at our place,  
dinner at yours.

Nah, all that back and forth,  
who needs that?

This place, that place.

Why don't I book us  
a great vacation spot  
for all of us,  
and we can all spend  
the holiday week together?

- Yay! Cool!

- Thanks, El Padre.

- (SPEAKS SPANISH)

- **DON:**

It's something extra Christmasy,  
with lots of snow and family  
activities for all of us.  
Dad, I'm just worried about  
finding a place,  
you know, this close  
to the holiday.

- (BEEPS)

- Booked it! Airbnb. All done.

- Yay, El Padre!

- (KURT LAUGHS)

It's gonna be so fun, since we're  
all such great friends, huh?

**BRAD:**

Here we go, Griffy.

- Here we go.

- Big fun trip!

Let me get  
that for you, Sara.

- **SARA:**

- You're welcome.

You know, Dusty,  
I think you and Kurt  
spending some time  
around me and my dad  
might do you both some good.  
Hey, don't you see  
what he's up to here?  
He thinks you and me are harboring  
bad feelings for one another  
and sticking us together in some cabin is  
gonna bring out whatever we're harboring.  
But you're not,  
are you, Brad?

- I'm not what?

- Harboring!

No, I'm not harboring anything.

Good, 'cause I'm not  
harboring anything either.

**BRAD:**

this as an opportunity  
to show him  
that we're not harboring.  
'Cause we're not harboring.  
You're looking at  
one safe harbor right here.  
All right, good.  
You sure you want to pack it like that?  
Is that how you're gonna do it?  
Look, me and Brad got everything  
under control as a team, okay?  
- Right, Brad?  
- That's right.  
Yeah, what would I know  
about travel?  
I've only been  
to frickin' space.  
What, did you pack  
the space shuttle yourself?  
You pop the trunk, arrange all the bags  
for you and your little space friends?  
I did, as a matter of fact.  
Yes, I packed the shuttle.  
That's so cool!  
I love how you're always  
jotting down ideas  
for your book  
in your little notepad.  
People ever get crazy and think  
you might be writing  
something bad about them?  
Say, Brad, would you mind doing some  
"Yes, And" drills with me on the way?  
"Yes, And" thank you  
for asking me.  
I recently joined  
an improv comedy workshop.  
Brad's been pushing me to do it  
for years. (CHUCKLES)  
Because you're so funny.  
Yeah, I really enjoy it.  
You should look into it, too,

Kurt.

I'd rather look into  
a loaded gun.

- Did you hear that?
  - Did you just make that up?
  - Zinger!
  - That's provocative, too.
- You ready to let me do that,  
Mr. Stubborn?
- I got it.

**- KURT:**

Hey, kids, no, no, no, no,  
why don't you jump into my car  
with Adrianna, all right?  
So Grandpa Kurt here can enjoy Pop-Pop's  
company on the way up. (CHUCKLES)  
Already warmed up a spot  
in the capsule for you, Captain!  
Still never gonna fit. Ever.  
No, I got it. It's fitting fine.  
I just had to put it wheels-in.  
Perfect fit!  
All right, let's go.  
Hey, Adrianna, you know,  
when we're up there,  
I can teach you  
how to snowboard.  
You're not my dad.  
All right.  
It's gonna be a fun trip.

**BRAD:**

One-Word Story.  
Anyone can join in, doesn't have  
to be just Dad and I.  
You always give us  
the best start.  
- Uncle...  
- ...Thomas...  
- ...went...  
- ...tiptoeing...  
...into the...  
...Empire State Building.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

Where were you going  
with that one?

This all took place  
at the pancake breakfast!  
Fifty-six bottles of beer  
on the wall

Fifty-six bottles of beer  
"G." Georgia,  
Georgia license plate!

Ready, and... Quiet Game.

- I'm terrible at this game!

- I can't do it!

- I just can't do it.

- I hate the Quiet Game!

(DON AND BRAD  
CHATTERING EXCITEDLY)

**DON:**

liked the Shimpahs.

**BRAD:**

was our house and almost moved us in there!

**DON:**

been living with the Shimpahs!

**BRAD:**

have minded,  
'cause I had a huge crush  
on Vicky Shimpah.

(BRAD AND DON LAUGHING)

Dad, thank you.

You make a five-hour trip  
go by like that!

**DON:**

to have a good time.  
Nothing like a nice,  
relaxing road trip, huh, Dad?

**KURT:**

I've been in a confined  
space with a chimp.

(ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYING)

(LAUGHS MOCKINGLY)

Dylan's got a girlfriend!

No, I don't! Be quiet!

**MEGAN:**

You want to buy her flowers

and kiss her on the lips.

Stop it! It's not funny!

Megan! What did I say about

teasing your brother about girls?

She's still doing it.

And she drilled him in the head

with a snowball too.

(SOFTLY)

Well, I'm not her mother.

Now, go take your brother

inside, please. Go on, sweetie.

**MEGAN:**

So Dylan's started

noticing the girls?

You know, I think it's gonna

be time to give him the talk.

The talk? You mean the talk

about the nitty-gritty?

- The "nitty-gritty"?

- I'm on it, Sar-Bear.

I've been looking forward to

this for a long time.

I got a whole speech prepared,

all right?

It's all heartwarming stuff.

I'm sure you and Brad will do

a bang-up job with that.

Unless this isn't

a co-dadding moment?

- No.

- No.

- I mean, no, of course it is.

- It is.

- Yeah, it is. It's gonna be.

- Okay, yeah.

Yeah, we're gonna

talk to him together.  
Oh, Dusty! I read about some  
gender-neutral flashcards.  
Flashcards.  
He's got flashcards  
to teach your son how to score.

**BRAD:**

They cover human reproduction,  
puberty, and hygiene.

Okay, great. You tee it  
up with the flashcards,  
and I'll knock it home  
with the heartwarming speech.

- All right? We got this.

- You're all set.

I'll never forget when Brad first  
started asking questions about girls.

I took him out for "the talk."

He was so inquisitive and  
attentive.

Then I dropped him back off  
at his dorm.

Yeah...

Well, come on in.

(ALL EXCLAIM)

Hey, look, there's a game room!

**- KAREN:**

**- DYLAN:**

This is what I'm talking about.

Look at that view!

Look at all the mortise and  
tenon joinery!

Sittin' fat.

Your old man sure pulled the  
right rein getting this place.

Oh, wow. I know. Better throw  
you a parade, huh?

(LAUGHING) Oh, I am really  
looking forward to that.

Well, you want the thank yous  
printed on the bass drums

or the sousaphone covers?  
Hey, did anyone bring my bag in?  
My supervisor Clyde Unix...  
He took over after  
Kirby Keller retired in '86.  
Horse farm,  
upper peninsula of Michigan.  
Gorgeous country,  
if you ever get the chance.  
Wow.  
Nice shower. (CHUCKLES)  
That's weird.  
No controls.  
Hey, honey,  
how do you turn the shower on?

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

Off! Shower off!

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

Gosh! Ooh!  
Voice-activated water. Cool.  
- AUTOMATED VOICE: Water cool.  
- (YELLS)  
- Off! Shower off!  
- AUTOMATED VOICE: Shower off.  
- Water... Cool...  
- Water. Shower cool.  
- Cool the water.  
- Water cool.  
Water off! Turn off!  
Off.  
Oh, my God.  
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

**SARA:**

You scored on yourself.  
Friendly fire.

**KAREN:**

corner pocket.

**- KURT:**

- Yeah.

- Good job, babe.
- Thank you, babe.

**SARA:**

No, that is holding.

(CHRISTMAS SONG PLAYS LOUDLY)

It's too loud, Dylan!

Turn it down!

I don't know how!

Hey, hey, hey, turn that down!

Griffy's asleep.

(LOWERS VOLUME)

Why are you dressed like

a woman, Brad?

I can't find my stuff.

Are you sure you got my bag

to fit in the car?

Yeah, of course. It fit perfect.

Look, can we skip this one?

I can't stand this song.

- Skip it. Skip it, guys.

- Oh, no, no, no! No, Sara.

This is a great song.

This is my real dad's

favorite Christmas song.

Yeah, well, I'm glad it makes

him happy.

You think I don't want to like

this song?

Of course I want to,

it's a super uplifting song.

- Yeah.

- But he ruined it for me.

What are you talking about?

All right, so I'm 12 years old,

and I join the Glee Club.

(CHUCKLES) Glee Club.

All my buddies in the neighborhood,

they gave me crap over it,

but I don't care,

because for the holiday pageant

we're doing

Do They Know It's Christmas?,

and I was determined

to land that Bono part.  
There's a world outside  
your window  
And it's a world of dread  
and fear  
Where the only water  
flowing is...

**DUSTY:**

is laying into the Sting part,  
when out in the audience,  
what do I see?  
My dad giving Scotty  
Kimball's mom a foot rub,  
not even paying attention!  
I totally missed the Bono part,  
and everybody made fun of me.

(GIGGLING)

And there won't be  
snow in Africa  
this Christmastime...

I got no recollection of that.

Yeah, well, I do, all right?

And I got a lot of other  
stories just like it.

- Science Fair, you left with Brian Higby's mom.

- (SCOFFS)

Little League regionals, you left with  
Mark Fitzgerald's mom and his aunt!

(STAMMERS) Oh, yeah,  
now that I remember.

Yeah, yeah.

That went into extra innings.

Know what I mean, kid?

(CHUCKLES)

- No.

- Ah.

Nice.

Dusty! Dusty! Come on.

He's gonna ruin Christmas, Brad,  
I'm telling you.

(SIGHS) Look, I hate to hit you  
with the tough love,  
but the only person

who can ruin your Christmas  
is looking back at you  
from that mirror.

- All I see is you, Brad.

- Oh.

Okay. Well, sorry. Here. Here.

There. There we go.

- Still you, Brad.

- Is it?

Yeah, it's still you.

Okay, well, look, I'm looking  
at you, so I meant you.

Well, I'm looking at you,  
so I see you.

Forget the mirror.

You're the only one  
who can ruin your Christmas.

Don't look at the mirror!

I'm still looking at you  
if I look in the mirror.

Don't worry about the mirror.

That was bad.

- Forget the mirror exists.

- Okay.

Let's just focus on those kids  
and giving them  
a better childhood than you had.

- You're right.

- Yeah?

It's about them.

It's about giving them  
a better Christmas.

There you go.

Yeah, and then we jam that amazing  
Christmas right in his butthole!

Yes, we do.

Wait! Whoa, whoa! No.

**DUSTY:**

You know, Dusty, I'm just gonna  
take the mirror down.

Then we don't have to worry  
about it.

(ALL LAUGHING)

Yeah!

- Here we go.

- Here we go.

Hey, where's your glove?

No! Griffy!

Excuse me.

(GRUNTING)

Griffy!

(LAUGHING)

Griffy! Hey!

(GASPS) Griffy!

Griffy!

- Watch out, honey!

- (SARA GROANS)

(YELPING)

(GRIFFY BABBLING)

- (BRAD SCREAMING)

- Is that Brad?

- That's Brad!

- That's Brad.

(PANTING)

- That boy never...

- (ALL LAUGHING)

Hey, come here. Look at this.

(LAUGHING)

- Mmm. Honey.

- (GASPS)

- Oh.

- Ow!

Dusty, you like that?

Let me capture

this for posterity.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

**DON:**

in Terra Haute.

This is the Redeemer,

this is Abundant Life.

Dad.

- (STAMMERING)

- Let's go, Pop-Pop.

- It's real pretty.

- We'll take the pretty gun.

No. No, no, no, no.

We're not gonna take that today  
'cause we are a gun-free family.  
Good Lord.  
What has he turned you into?  
- Ahh!  
- Ha-ha!  
All right, throw it down!  
All right, here it comes,  
Braddie!  
Brad!

**SARA:**

Brad! Brad!  
You need a hat.  
You're gonna freeze, babe.  
Thanks, sweetie.  
- You look cute.  
- (CHUCKLES)  
Hey, I want to talk to you.  
I'm worried about your dad.  
Don't you think he seems slightly  
less chatty than normal?  
You got to be shitting me.  
I mean, he shows up here without  
your mom?  
Don't you think that's weird?  
There might be a problem?  
With my mom and dad's  
relationship?  
Yeah!  
What? They love each other  
more than we do!  
Yeah.  
I brought you your hat!  
No, honey,  
I didn't mean it that way.  
It's a huge compliment. Come on.  
You got to understand.  
Brad! The Christmas lights!  
No, no, no, no.  
(GROANS)  
All the light strands  
are connected.  
A terrible idea!

None of these switches work!

- Heads up.

- (YELPS)

Dad! What are these levers for?

Ow!

- Sara!

- Stand clear!

Brad! (WHIMPERING)

(GRUNTING)

**DUSTY:**

I don't want it to hit your car.

- **SARA:**

- (BRAD SCREAMING)

- Tell him to let it go.

- Let it go!

- (YELLING)

- (SARA SCREAMING)

**DUSTY:**

Look what you did  
to the side of my car, man.

(ALARM BLARING)

Dusty, I'm so sorry.

- (GROANS)

- **SARA:**

- (CAMERA CLICKS)

- (LAUGHING)

I'm not putting that Santa Claus  
back up there.

I don't want to put it back  
on the roof, either.

- Why didn't he let go?

- (LAUGHING)

Because he's an idiot!

(PANTING)

(SCOFFS)

Son of a...

(DON SNORING)

Don.

Don.

Don, wake up. Don!

Don, wake up! Don! Don!  
(MUMBLING)  
Kurt, are you okay?  
Did you have a bad dream?  
Do you need to talk?  
Yeah, I need to be held.  
My heart hurts. No!  
Did you touch the thermostat?  
Did you turn it up?  
Well, of course not.  
Did somebody fiddle  
with the thermostat?  
Yes! It's 85 degrees.  
85! Do you have  
any idea how much  
even a few degrees  
can impact the gas bill?  
Of course I do!  
It's unthinkable.  
Dad? Kurt?  
What's going on in here?  
Why is it so hot?  
Someone fiddled  
with the thermostat!  
What? Who would do that?  
(DOOR OPENS)  
What do you think you're doing?  
It's roasting in here!  
I like to sleep  
with my window open.  
Hey, kid.  
Are you allowed to touch the  
thermostat at your mom's house?  
(SCOFFS) Duh.  
(DOOR CLOSES)  
What is going on?  
Adrianna! She turned  
up the thermostat!  
Said she fiddles with  
the thermostat at your place  
any time she damn well pleases.  
Dusty, is that true?  
Tell me that's not true.  
Oh, criminy, Dusty!

You might as well give her your wallet  
and your 401(k) while you're at it!  
Brad, do you let the kids touch  
the thermostat at your house?  
What? No! The thermostat  
is a sacred covenant.  
I can't believe  
we're even talking about this!  
This is madness!  
Oh, God, even Brad's got  
his house in order.  
Hey, you got no right to talk,  
all right?  
It wasn't hard to keep me away  
from the thermostat  
once you shipped me off  
to military school.  
Kurt, you didn't.  
He was out of control.  
He was a bedwetter.  
I was a bedwetter.  
Were you a bedwetter?  
I was four years old!

**BRAD:**

everyone take it easy.  
It's not Dusty's fault that he  
lets Adrianna walk all over him.  
She does not walk all over me!  
I can see how being a stepdad,  
you might not feel empowered to  
discipline someone else's child.  
- (SCOFFS)  
- Hey, quit your scoffing, all right?  
And you two quit helping me.  
Look, Karen and Roger spoil her  
to no end.  
It's crazy!  
And there's nothing you can do.  
I get it!  
You're the stepdad.  
You're screwed.  
That kid's never  
gonna respect you

unless you bring  
the hammer down.

- (DOOR CLOSES)

- What the hell was that, Brad?

(CHUCKLES) I know.

He's old school.

I think you handled this  
really well, Brad.

I'm so proud of the way  
you express yourself.

Come here.

Again? Really?

Good night, Dusty!

- **BRAD:**

- **DON:**

(CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYING)

(CHILDREN LAUGHING)

- Jump! Jump!

- **DON:**

Jumpy, jumpy, jumpy!

Casey's here!

Hey, guys.

Hey.

**ADRIANNA:**

Casey's here.

You want to come French her?

Yeah, you want to go do French  
on your girlfriend, Dylan?

**SARA:**

And where did you learn

"do French"?

I'll go talk to him.

Dylan? You okay, buddy?

(SIGHS)

I just... I don't get  
the whole girls thing.

Oh.

Girls, yeah.

Yeah, that can be tricky.

But you know who'd be really good  
in explaining that department?  
Your dad. Let me go grab him.  
No, Brad! I just want to  
talk to you about this.  
Just you, Brad, please?  
Me? You sure you don't want to  
talk to your dad?  
Oh, well, girls. Okay.  
Huh. Um...  
All right, the girl talk.  
You know, boys have a...  
A dingle, right? And girls have  
a hoo-hoo or a whim-wham.  
- Brad, I already know about that stuff.  
- You do?  
- Yes. From school, and it's gross.  
- Perfect!  
I just want to know what to do  
if I, you know,  
I like somebody.  
Right, well...  
You want to become  
her friend first.  
You want to be that one  
that she confides in,  
that she tells you  
about all of her problems  
with the guys  
she's actually dating.  
Got it.  
It's called the Friend Zone.  
And it's where  
we Whitaker men thrive.  
We're the best in the biz.  
(CHUCKLES) Yeah.  
Here we are in a wild frontier,  
full of majestic pines,  
and you two numb nuts are  
sorting through  
a bunch of dried twigs  
on a Rite Aid parking lot.  
You just can't go out on public  
land and cut down a tree, Dad.

Dusty, we are the public.

We own those trees.

(SCOFFS)

Oh, I get it. You need to  
ask co-dad for permission.

Oh, shut up. I know what you're  
trying to do.

What am I doing?

Make it look like I can't make a move  
without checking in with Brad first.

Yeah, that's what I'm doing.

Am I right about that?

(CHUCKLING) Oh, God.

(SCOFFS)

**BRAD:**

in the Friend Zone.

And sure we're gonna lose some.

Doesn't matter.

We're gonna lose a lot,  
I'll be frank with you.

Well, what do you know?

Brad's having that  
nitty-gritty talk for you.

Must be nice to have someone  
to handle the tough stuff, huh?

(SIGHS) And eventually  
you'll keep in touch.

You might even be invited to  
their wedding!

And their dad's like,

"Brad, what are you doing here?

"Teresa never talks about you!"

And you're like, "I'm invited."

And he's, "I wonder about that."

And you show them the proof!

Always bring the wedding invite  
with you.

- Then they can't kick you out.

- Okay.

But you'll be sad ultimately  
knowing that she's not with you,  
and you want to prepare yourself  
with, like, a mixtape of sad songs.

Anything from Chicago  
is usually pretty good.  
If you leave me now  
You take away the biggest  
part of me  
I don't really know that song.  
Ooh-wee, no, baby, please  
don't go  
Wait! No, no, no! Dylan,  
that is the worst advice  
anyone could give you.  
Listen to your dad, please.  
It's okay, Dad.  
We don't have to talk about it.  
No, no, buddy, buddy, wait,  
wait, look!  
Hey, this stuff is all about  
confidence.  
You just got to believe you're  
the best she's ever gonna find.  
You believe that to your core, and  
she will, too, I promise you.  
But what if she doesn't?  
Buddy, you can't be afraid  
of rejection.  
You'll never find love  
if you're too scared to  
put yourself out there.

**KURT:**

Mistletoe is your ticket.  
You walk right up to her,  
you dangle this over her head,  
and then you slap your spaghetti  
suckers right on her.  
I don't know if that's  
appropriate.  
It's a time-honored holiday  
tradition, Mr. War-On-Christmas.  
Then you give her a nice smack  
on the caboose  
and tell her what a lucky girl  
she is.  
- Don't listen to that part, all right?

- Yeah, don't listen to that part.  
Look at me. Look at me.  
You want to be like Brad  
and be in the Friend Zone,  
or you wanna be Dad  
and get in the end zone?  
This worked for me when I was  
your age.  
You want to go for it, buddy?  
Come on, you can do this.  
A love like ours  
is love that's hard to find  
How could we let it  
slip away?  
No! I like Brad's way more.  
I just want to be her friend  
and listen to her problems!

**MEGAN:**

my tree, my tree.  
My tree, my tree.  
Can I yell "Timber"?  
- Sure can, sweetheart.  
- Yay!

**DON:**

Are any of these trees  
even gonna fit in the cabin?  
We're gonna cut off  
the top 25 feet  
and chop the rest up for  
firewood, Don.  
Oh.  
Now, this is the Duster Buster  
I remember.  
A certified badass  
that makes his own rules!  
Go find a good tree, would you?  
Boy, I don't know about this,  
Kurt.  
Isn't it illegal to harvest  
a tree from public lands?  
Oh, hell, yeah.  
It's a federal crime.

I tried to talk him out of it, but you know how stubborn that kid can be.

Okay.

Dusty, look, I know you're upset about Dylan, but I just...

I told you, Brad, I'm not upset, all right? We're co-dads!

If he prefers your terrible advice, fine, I'm cool with that.

I just want to find the perfect Together Christmas tree.

Well, I just don't know if it's the best choice, you know?

Well, maybe we're not always gonna do everything your way every time.

Trouble in paradise, fellas?

- No, we're picking a tree.

- Just having a conversation.

**MEGAN AND DYLAN:**

Lookit!

Hey, what, kids?

What, you find a dead squirrel?

We don't have to do things my way.

- Really?

- Yeah.

What about baseball snack?

I just wanted to give out Fruit Roll-Ups, and what's the big deal?

No, I just feel like organic fruit is much more nutritious than its rolled-up counterpart.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

And what about Megan's diorama? You didn't want to use any of my ideas.

Your only idea was the Bay of Pigs!

But it's an important event in our nation's history!

It was bloody.

You wanted her to do green energy so you could look Mr. Perfect Dad.

- I'm not Mr. Perfect Dad.  
- You act like Mr. Perfect Dad.  
I'm not Mr. Perfect Dad.  
And we don't have to do things  
my way.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

Okay. You don't think I can  
operate a chainsaw, do you?  
Guess who got his woodlands  
management badge in Webelos.  
I did! Brad Whitaker.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Ah!

Dusty, look at this one.

Perfectly symmetrical.

Okay.

Oh, yeah.

Keep an eye out for rangers!

I've got to pinpoint

a 60 degree angle top cut.

That's what I'm gonna do first.

Oh, yeah!

She's cutting like butter!

Hey, Brad, isn't that a...

- (TREE CRACKING)

- (CHAINSAW WHIRRING)

Hold it, hold it!

**MEGAN:**

(LAUGHS) Wow!

Brad, you cut down  
a cell phone tower.

Why'd you cut down  
a cell phone tower?

- (PHONE BEEPS)

- No bars? No bars?

(SCREAMS)

**- KURT:**

- Get up.

- You really stuck that landing, man.

- Would you get up?

I'd give you a 9.2 on my card.

- Brad, get up.  
- I think Brad's dead again.  
Man, you killed  
the poor bastard!  
Brad, don't go into the light!  
It's okay, sweetheart.  
El Padre will bring him back.  
- Stand clear.  
- I got it, all right?  
It's your fault  
we're even out here.  
You're getting in our heads and  
starting static between me and Brad.  
(SCOFFS) There's plenty of static  
between you and Brad already.  
And you know what? Deep down,  
you want him dead, don't you?  
You can say it.  
We all want him dead. I want him dead.  
Everybody does.  
- What?  
- Come on, admit it.  
Why don't you admit why you  
invited yourself to Christmas?  
Well, why don't you tell me,  
smart guy?  
'Cause you knew I was back here  
trying to be a good dad,  
be around for my kids  
the way you never were for me.  
That's why you want to crap all  
over it.  
- Get up, Brad!  
- (GASPS)  
Oh, my God, what happened?  
You cut down  
a cell phone tower, Brad.  
You know, you're right.  
I did invite myself  
to Christmas.  
But that's because you never do.  
(BRAD GROANS)  
I feel like I died again.  
Did I die again?

A little bit. Come on.  
Okay. Our report's  
all squared away.  
Yimmy, Bill,  
thank you guys so much  
for the understanding.  
We really appreciate it.

**BRAD:**

I'm truly embarrassed.

**BILL:**

It was an honest mistake.

**YIMMY:**

**BILL:**

to the site and lock it down.  
Hold on one second.  
Is there any way  
we could do better than \$20,000?  
Can't you reuse some  
of the antenna equipment?  
Sorry, no. These old 4G units  
are obsolete already.  
That's why you're getting  
this one so cheap!  
- It looks really nice, though.  
- It sure does.  
Hey, guys, keep it up, it looks  
great. Happy Holidays.  
Happy Christmas, guys. Thanks.  
Please tell me you did not just  
spend \$20,000 on a Christmas tree?  
Twenty thousand dollars.  
"Can you hear me now?"  
You want some eggnog?  
- Mmm. Yummy.  
- Hey!  
- I want some!  
- Me, too!  
Now, girls,  
that's a grown-up drink.  
Yes. Thank you, Karen.

So we're only gonna have one.

**SARA:**

There's rum in there,  
so not any.

**BOTH:**

Are you writing about me?  
All right. Somebody want  
to plug her in?  
Yeah, I got it.

**DYLAN:**

That's weird.

**DYLAN:**

What do you think?  
It's so pretty.  
Well, it ought to be  
at 1,200 bucks a foot.  
Dad, we're lighting the tree!  
Where's my dad?  
Yeah, I thought it was  
a little quiet around here.  
- Pop-Pop?  
- Don?  
Pop-Pop?  
Is he still outside?

**BRAD:**

Dad?  
Dad?

**DON:**

Dad! Where are you?  
- I found him! Where are you?

- **DON:**

- Are you hurt?

- **DON:**

No, I just can't quite get up.  
(PANTING) Oh!  
Dad, don't move.

There's a pack of wolves on you.

- **DON:**

- Yeah.

I can feel something  
tugging at my trousers.

- What color are they, Brad?

- They're gray wolves.

**DON:**

They're dangerous.

**BRAD:**

could just reach out and pet them.

I kind of want to pet them, Dad.

Now, Brad. Don't make eye  
contact with the alpha wolf.

I already did!

Right in the eyes.

**DON:**

I don't want to watch the wolves  
eat you!

**DON:**

and pull yourself together.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Hut!

Hut! Hurt!

Are you saying "hut" or "hurt"?

Dad, what happened?

You know, I saw the nicest tree  
a ways off,

and I got a little off course.

I tried to call you, but all of  
a sudden my signal dropped!

Really?

I tried to find my way back,  
but at some point I lost  
consciousness.

That's about when the wolves  
must have come across me.

It's all right, fellas.

You didn't have to go to any

trouble. It's all good.  
I'm sorry for all the hugs.  
I kind of don't want to let go.  
I almost thought I'd lost you  
out there to those nasty wolves.  
Do you have any idea  
how much I love you?  
Well, of course I do.  
You tweet about it every day.  
You know how much I love you,  
too, don't you?  
- Your answer is right in here.  
- (GASPS)  
I can see it!  
(SCOFFS)  
Okay, now that everyone is  
accounted for,  
can we please talk about who is  
paying for that monstrosity?  
Well, you know, it was Dusty's  
idea to cut down the tree.  
Yeah, and it was your idea to cut  
down the cell phone tower, Brad.  
Great, so as per usual  
we get stuck paying.  
- Wait, what does that mean?  
- I think it's a nice tree.  
I don't know. Dylan's retainer?  
Megan's flute?  
What about Tae Kwon Do  
that you signed them up for  
and didn't even ask us about?  
Yes, and who paid for the trip  
to the aquarium last week?  
It's a really nice tree.  
So now we're keeping score, huh?  
Well, who paid for the parking and  
bought each one of them a blowup orca?  
After we told them they  
couldn't have a blowup orca!  
Yeah, because you were too cheap  
to buy them a blowup orca!  
Who crushed my car with a snow  
blower? You did, Brad.

Who crushed my car  
with a motorcycle?  
Hello! You again!

**DON:**

It's a beautiful tree!  
It's beautiful, all right?

**BRAD:**

It's a beautiful tree.

**KURT:**

Don, I'm sorry, I don't think I'm  
gonna be able to save the foot.  
Yeah, that baby's coming off.  
I'll need some morphine  
and a bread knife.  
Brad, hold him down.  
(LAUGHS) Oh, no.  
That's just my feet.  
It's the mail carrier's curse.  
Back when I used to  
sleep with your mom,  
I once scratched her leg so bad  
with a piece of rogue heel skin,  
it actually drew blood.  
What do you mean,  
used to sleep with Ginny?  
What?  
Oh. We sleep  
in separate bedrooms.  
You know how badly I snore,  
Brad.  
Boy, that is inspiring!  
You know? The way you're always so  
considerate to the other person.

**KURT:**

I really want to take  
this foot off.  
(SNORING)

**DUSTY:**

You know, you might want to

close your window.

You know, since it's winter?

You're not my dad.

You know, I appreciate you reminding me of that every few hours.

But, you know,

we're not the only people here, so maybe we set the thermostat to like 75?

I mean, that's still really toasty, right?

Okay, well, what if I counter you at like 78?

And then you negotiate with me, you come back at like 83, and then maybe we settle at like 80.

- What do you say to that?

- 81.

Deal!

Look at that. The two of us are starting to see eye to eye.

Thank you, sweetie.

Thank God.

There's Brad with some makeup cocoa for being such a jerk.

Thank you.

- Brad! What are you doing?

- (GROANS) Oh, God.

(SCREAMS)

- Why would you do that?

- Look what you made me do!

- I didn't do anything.

- I didn't make you do it!

I thought you were bringing me hot makeup cocoa

and you just, like,

threw it all over yourself.

You almost burned me, Brad!

- I wasn't bringing you makeup cocoa.

- Why not?

I would've said, "Here, bud, here's some makeup cocoa."

- I've been waiting for my makeup cocoa.

- I didn't know that!  
If I knew you wanted makeup  
cocoa, I would've...  
81!  
No, no, don't touch that!  
I talked her down  
from the high 80s.  
I'm making progress with her.  
This is good.  
I thought you had  
your house in order.  
Look, don't you see?  
We're doing exactly  
what he wants.  
We're letting things  
out of the harbor!  
- So you are harboring.  
- Of course I'm harboring!  
And so are you.  
Harboring was working just fine  
before he showed up.  
Let's get everything  
back in the harbor  
and let's harbor it all back  
in and close up the harbor.  
I don't know if I can!  
Remember you said let's put the  
focus back on the kids?  
That was a great idea!  
- Fine. Harbor's closed.  
- Good.  
But we're going halvesies  
on the cell tower.  
Fine, halvesies  
on the cell tower.  
Brad, are you okay?  
Yeah.  
- Did you make tee-tee in bed?  
- No, it's cocoa.  
Did your cocoa make you tee-tee  
in bed?  
You're sleepwalking.  
Go back to sleep.  
The big boy doesn't

have to be embarrassed.

How would I pee upwards?

(ROCKABILLY MUSIC PLAYING)

7 and a half. 13.

(EXCLAIMS)

- Pretty good.

- Yeah.

Better than before.

Yeah, the skip was really cool.

Hey. Do you mind?

Bowler's etiquette.

- What do you mean?

- It means you're crowding me.

What? You can't bowl

with me here?

That sounded like a strike.

How's your hearing?

- Dylan, come on, buddy, you're up!

- All right.

Let's go. Hey, come on.

You can do this, okay?

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

What's with the kiddie stuff?

- What? The rails?

- Yeah.

It's how the kids

learn how to bowl, Dad.

You learn by fearing the gutter.

Like in life, Dusty.

Now, Kurt. The rails help a young  
bowler build a positive self-image.

Dylan, come here.

Do you want to bowl

with those sissy rails up,

or do you want to stand

and bowl like a man?

I don't need the rails,

I guess.

Attaboy! I'm proud of you, kid.

Hey, I'm proud of you too,

big guy, all right?

**BRAD:**

without the rails.

(GASPS) No rails?  
Whoo! All right, Dylan!

**BRAD:**

to release it high.  
Here we go.

**BRAD:**

When he's up there with the tears and  
"I suck at everything" business,  
that's on you, Mr. School of  
Hard Knocks.

Hey, better than him  
living in your basement  
in 20 years, Mr. Sissy Rails.  
Come on, buddy.  
Give it another shot.  
Okay. New start, new beginning.  
Here we go.

(GRUNTS)

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

Yay!

- Oh, yeah.

- (WHOOPS)

(GRUNTS)

Are we certain he understands  
the game?

He seems to almost be  
trying to put it in the gutter.

I know. He needs to get  
more height on the ball.

(GRUNTS)

I hate this frickin' game!

It's so frickin' stupid!

Hey, everybody, check it out!

This kid's about to bowl  
a perfect zero.

Hey, mind your business!

Hey, how do you think this is gonna  
make him feel about himself?

Well, this is character  
building.

Even the ridicule.

- Come on, bud.

- Come on, Dylan!  
- (CROWD GASPS)  
- It's okay.  
I suck at everything!  
I quit, I quit!  
Hey. Hey, kid, listen.  
We Mayron men might not always  
show up.  
I mean, we want to show up,  
we intend to,  
but sometimes,  
we get trashed the night before,  
or we wreck a speedboat,  
or hook up with  
some Emirates flight attendants  
and somehow end up on a redeye  
to Dubai.  
You know what I mean.  
The point is, we may not always  
show up,  
but when we do, we finish what  
we start.  
Now you get up there and grab  
those balls.

**DUSTY:**

(CROWD CHEERING)  
Go, bro!  
I'll take that.  
I'll cover that.  
Come on, honey!  
- Come on, buddy.  
- You can do it, kid.  
Please. Please.  
(ALL CHEERING)  
Whoo! I did it!  
Thanks for believing in me,  
El Padre!  
You bet, buddy! I knew you had  
it in you!  
You're a winner!  
You're a winner!  
I did it!  
(CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYING)

Hey, where were you guys?  
We're almost at  
the front of the line here.  
We were at the Starbucks  
checking out the local talent.  
Cute little number at the next  
table was giving this one the eye.  
And El Padre got a phone number  
from the lady who made the coffees.  
We got free ones!  
(KURT CHUCKLES)  
- I drink coffee now.  
- What? Get in here.  
Big jump!

**SANTA:**

Welcome to the North Pole!  
(GUNFIRE ON IPAD)  
Hey, honey, are you sure you don't  
want to go see Santa with the boys?  
You were so excited.  
Mom, Santa is so lame.  
- Come on.  
- He can hear you, you know!  
You know, I'm sorry...  
My daughter thinks that  
your daughter is amazing.  
Oh, that's sweet.  
Which is cute, you're right,  
but sometimes when Adrianna  
does certain things,  
then Megan thinks that it's okay  
to do it because you said that...  
Oh, my God.  
Are you really stealing  
right now?  
Sometimes I shoplift  
a little bit.  
It's exciting!  
No! I mean... Okay, yeah,  
it's a little exciting.  
My heart's really beating  
out of my chest.  
What if we get caught?

You got to put it back!  
You're so obedient.  
You're always following  
the rules, you know.  
Come on, Sara.  
Have a little fun with me.  
Relax.  
I mean, I would love  
to have a little fun with you,  
but I just want you to know,  
I am not obedient, okay?  
- Then put this in your pants.  
- No. No, thank you.  
And don't touch my boobs.  
It's weird.  
Stop it!  
I'm not going to shoplift!  
- Why not?  
- Because...  
Because you're about to see why.  
- Pardon me, miss?  
- Yes?  
- Is this woman bothering you?  
- What?  
She's a little judgmental,  
but she's fine. Thank you.  
No worries.  
Welcome to the North Pole!  
And what do you want for  
Christmas?  
(SQUEALING)  
Oh, I didn't miss it. Hi!  
Right there.  
This is a great shot.  
- Are you getting it, honey?  
- Yeah, I got a good one.  
That's a great shot.

**BRAD:**

- **SANTA:**  
- Hi, honey.  
What about you, big brother?  
I'm sure you've been good.

What's on your list?

**DYLAN:**

a 20-gauge shotgun,  
so I can go turkey hunting  
with my El Padre!

What the heck?

Where'd he come up with that?  
Did he just ask for a firearm?  
Sure did! 20-gauge. Kid knows  
his guns.

Kurt, we've already been through  
this. Dusty and I...

Yeah, it is final. That's it.

It's not happening.

Really? Because I don't remember  
being part of that discussion.

Or am I just some little obedient wife  
who does whatever the men folk say?

Yeah, that doesn't seem quite  
fair to me.

Oh, piss off, Kurt.

Honey, he's talking about a gun.

If I may, can I just  
have a word with my grandson?

I just want you to fully  
understand what you're asking for.

To take a gun into the  
wilderness,  
find an animal living free,  
and take away its life.

So that it can never  
breathe or run  
or play ever again.

Now, is that  
what you really want?

Yes.

- No. I don't want to do that.

- Ah.

You have a good heart, Dylan.  
I'll do it! I'll kill a turkey!  
Can I shoot one? Please?  
I'll have one shotgun, please,  
Santa.

And gobs and gobs of bullets.  
No, no, no, cupcake.  
No, I'm sorry.  
No, the men do the hunting.  
You ladies cook what we kill.  
Excuse me?  
Yeah, excuse you?  
Here, turkey, turkey, turkey!  
Be patient, sweetheart.  
The decoys are right  
around the corner.

**KURT:**

You and me, the fresh air.  
Just like old times.  
What do you mean  
"just like old times"?  
You only took me once, Dad.

**DON:**

Are you sure this is a good  
idea, Sara?  
Megan is a strong  
independent woman.  
If she wants to help thin  
the wild turkey population  
so that they don't starve to  
death in the winter,  
that is her right  
by the Second Amendment.  
Boy, you bought into  
that real quick.  
I mean, I think for Megan,  
this is less about wildlife  
conservation and more about bloodlust.  
Looks like somebody picked  
the wrong day to be a turkey.

**KURT:**

and cradle the stock, okay.  
Yeah, I get it.  
Can I shoot the damn thing  
or not?  
Yeah, that's the spirit.

**DUSTY:**

and then squeeze that trigger  
as you're letting it out.

Megan, are you sure  
this is what you want to do?

- (SHUSHES)

- **DON:**

She's not gonna kill it if it  
has a name.

- Yes! Gertrude.

- Sam? Tom?

Billie Holiday! No.

- Elijah.

- Elijah!

- **DON:**

- **KURT:**

Save yourself, Elijah!

Take the shot, kid.

Take the shot.

**BRAD:**

Take the shot!

- (MEGAN SCREAMS)

- (GUN FIRES)

Oh, God!

Dad!

Oh, my God. Honey, are you okay?

- **BRAD:**

- Dad, Dad, are you all right?

I'm okay. She just winged me.

I'm sorry, El Padre! I'm sorry.

That's okay, kid. I've been shot  
worse than this plenty of times.

**DUSTY:**

into a tourniquet.

Wrap it around his shoulder.

Lift his legs!

- You'll be fine, sweetheart.

- I'm gonna bleed out.

Wow.

Two for two.

Makes getting shot worth it.

Get the birds, Brad.

God! I don't know

who this child is.

You get that one.

(SIGHS)

What? I know, okay?

It's on me.

I'm the worst mom in the world.

I put a gun in my daughter's hand,  
and then she nearly killed somebody.

She's gonna be scarred for life.

**MEGAN:**

I just shot a turkey and a man.

Guess which one's dead.

Okay, fine, maybe

she's a little too unscarred.

Jeez.

- You all right?

- Yeah, good.

All right. So, listen, the doctor said  
everything is gonna be all right.

He just wants to keep you  
for a couple of hours  
to watch your blood pressure.

I'm fine. Where's my pants?

Hey. I forgot. Nothing ever  
hurts you.

Why don't we just round up all  
the nurses?

We can bring them in here.

You could do some

pushups for them,

maybe bench press the couch

a little bit,

prove you're still a tough guy.

- Still tough enough to lick you, Junior.

- (SCOFFS)

- Was that a scoff?

- I didn't scoff.

Yeah, I heard you scoff just then.

All right, I scoffed. So what?

Why, because you think you can lick me, right?

I never said I could lick you, but I could whoop you for sure.

Now we're talking!

Come on. Best out of three falls, come on.

Hey, cut it out, okay? I'm not gonna wrestle an old man whose ass is hanging out of his hospital gown.

Greco-Roman style. Best way.

Come on.

Hey, Great Santini, I'm not gonna do this, all right?

- Cut it out. Get some rest.

- All right.

Hey!

That's one, candy-ass.

Now you're gonna get whipped, old man.

Come on. Bring it on.

(THUDDING)

- Tap out!

- Nah. I can keep going all night, kid.

You hear that heart rate?

You can set your watch to it.

Yeah. 'Cause ice water

only flows at one speed, huh?

That's right, pal.

Now go to sleep.

You know I came in to say something nice, but now you can forget it.

What nice thing?

No. Forget it.

You know,

when that gun went off,

I thought you were a goner.

There's something that we never say that

one of us should say before it's

too late.

(BEEPING RAPIDLY)

Yeah? Like... Like what?

No, I'm not gonna say it now, but  
maybe you want to say something.

- I don't know what you're talking about.

- Oh, yeah?

Seems like you might want to  
get something off your chest.

No. Nothing comes to mind.

But if you want to say  
something,

I'm not gonna stop you or  
anything.

No, I'm good.

But you might wanna  
unburden yourself

before you bust  
that frickin' machine.

Yeah. Well, if I was gonna say  
something, and I'm not...

What are you gonna say?

But if I was, I might want to  
tell you that I...

**- BRAD:**

- (KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Wait, it's Brad! Don't...

Don't say it! Don't say it.

**BRAD:**

Time out on three, okay?

One, two, three.

Hey, Brad.

What's going on?

Hey. Am I interrupting  
something?

- What? No, nothing.

- No, we're fine.

Why are you being so weird,  
Brad?

**BRAD:**

a little awkward in here.

(SNIFFS)

Oh, gosh.

It smells like a bullfight.

So, look, guys,

I'm not here to tell you I told  
you so,

even though I did.

I've just been thinking that  
we've had a lot of tensions  
as of late, and I thought  
maybe we could use

a Dads' Night Out. Right?

Yeah. So what are we thinking,  
Brad?

Strip club?

Even better.

Look, it's a cute tiny monkey  
on your back.

(ALL LAUGHING)

Give us all the money in the  
drawers and all the lollipops.

(LAUGHING MOCKINGLY)

Guys, I can't keep up.

I'm gonna hit the head.

- I'll get us a couple more drinks.

- **KURT:**

Hey, am I crazy or are you guys  
having a good time?

I don't know.

I think we kind of are.

- That's wonderful, Dusty!

- Thanks, Don.

I told you we'd rub off  
on you two.

In this room right now,  
there's a man who,  
despite his advancing years,  
is apparently an improv ninja.

Brad, you didn't.

I did. I so did!

Don Whitaker, ladies and  
gentlemen!

All right. All right.

(PLAYING UPBEAT MUSIC)

You are the greatest.

**ACTRESS:**

Let's hear it for Don!

We're gonna play

a little "Arms Akimbo."

Do you know that one?

- Of course I do!

- Awesome.

They're gonna love this.

- Can somebody do my Velcro?

- Yes.

He's got tiny little girl arms!

(CROWD LAUGHING)

**DON:**

and we need some suggestions.

Can you suggest an animal?

- **MAN:**

- **BRAD:**

**DON:**

And, sir, what is your  
profession?

**MAN:**

**DON:**

a human relationship.

Oh! Father and son!

A healthy father and son  
relationship.

Or how about a divorce?

Now you're getting in the  
spirit, Dusty.

Yes. Okay. We're taking  
"divorce."

That's all we need. Give it up!

That's really dark.

**KYLE:**

Just a little fun before  
he gets here.  
No. Stop it. I told you, okay?  
No canoodling until  
the divorce is finalized.  
- It's not right.  
- Come on.  
Knock, knock.  
He has no idea what  
he's walking into!  
You're home!  
Yes.  
Where were you?  
I took our raccoon to the  
dermatologist.  
He got two  
of the suggestions already.  
He's on fire!  
Aren't you even gonna address  
the strange man in your home?  
Yeah, bro, don't you even  
want to know who I am?  
I know who you are.

**KYLE:**

I think I'm gonna start  
giving it to your wife.  
Shut up!  
Just shut up with  
that kind of talk!  
When we met on that flight,  
I was really nice to you.  
I listened to you tell your  
stupid story over and over again,  
and I complimented your hat!  
(ALL LAUGHING)  
- Brad, we have to stop this.  
- He's killing!  
Don't you see what's happening?  
I do. I see a room of people  
laughing at my father.  
- It's amazing.  
- Okay.  
- Have some water.

- No, I don't want water.

Oh!

**DON:**

I want my wife back.

And I want our Sunday brunches  
at the Cracker Barrel.

Braddie, we've got to get him  
off the stage.

All you needed was  
somebody to listen to you,  
and all I do is talk.

On and on and on.

When am I ever gonna learn  
to shut my big fat mouth?

Ooh.

Ginny.

Ginny.

My sweet Ginny.

Why is he using  
my mom's real name?

Hey, Dad?

Is this true?

Are you and Mom divorced?

I wanted to tell you, Brad.

Son, you're home  
from summer camp!

I don't go to summer camp,  
I'm a grown man. Okay?

(PLAYING UPBEAT MUSIC)

Why are you laughing?

I'm not part of this! Okay?

You are a part of this family, and  
you will respect your parents.

- Yeah.

- Shut up!

- Brad.

- Just shut up.

Let me out of this bit!

What about him?

Is he still around?

Do I have a stepdad?

(CROWD LAUGHING LOUDLY)

Stop doing that to me!

I'm a paying customer!

Brad, let's go.

Come on.

Will you please just go out there and talk to him?

He won't talk to me, and I don't blame him.

You know, it's not really all your fault.

You can't blame Dusty.

He couldn't have known about Ginny and me when he made that improv suggestion.

- You did know!

- It was pretty obvious, Don.

A guy your age either joins an improv group

because his wife left him, or his wife left him because he joined an improv group.

- So you did it on purpose?

- No! Well...

Well, yeah. All right? I did.

You and Brad are all lovey-dovey and smug about your relationship.

I mean, you make out every chance you get.

Meanwhile, my dad's ditching out on me.

Maybe I got a little jealous, all right?

Look, I didn't think you were gonna freak out and spill your guts to a room full of drunken skiers!

- Hey. What is wrong with you?

- What? I didn't...

Go out there and fix this right now.

- Go!

- All right.

Are you serious?

I'm keeping this.

(GRUNTING)

Are you okay?

Uh...

My parents are divorced.

Oh. Mine, too.

Sucks.

- Yeah.

- I think it was my fault.

- Was yours your fault, too?

- I don't know. I hope not.

I just found out last night.

When did you find out?

- I was a baby.

- When you were a baby?

Maybe it was your fault.

Were you a difficult baby?

I don't know.

You know what? Your lack of specifics leads me to believe it was your fault.

No, no, no! You were not a difficult baby, sweetheart.

Brad, dude, what are you telling the kid?

Come on, man. I know you're upset about last night.

All right? I'm sorry about what happened, okay?

I didn't mean to give that improv suggestion.

It just... It just kind of slipped out.

(SIGHS)

- Know what, Dusty? It's okay.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Thanks, Brad.

Look, why don't you come in and talk to Don? He's feeling a little...

**BRAD:**

I wonder who that could be?

What a nice truck!

**ADRIANNA:**

- What are you doing here?

- Come on. What am I doing?

I want to celebrate Christmas  
with my perfect little girl.  
Don't you want to spend the holidays  
with your one true real dad?

**ADRIANNA:**

- Let's come see the cabin.  
- Hey, Roger.  
It's so cool!  
Come on, hurry.  
You're going too slow.

**ROGER:**

You invite him all the way up  
here just to get back at me?  
Yeah, I did.

**- WOMAN:**

- Yeah, next time I'm in.  
(LAUGHING)  
That's her dad, yeah?  
Uh-huh. (CHUCKLES)  
And you invited him,  
too, didn't you?  
I sure did, yep.  
I don't know what I missed,  
but this is getting good, boys.  
- I like your style, Brad.  
- Hey, hey, hey.  
(LAUGHING)  
You're opening up the harbor,  
Brad.  
The harbor is wide open,  
and it's Fleet Week!  
All right, good. 'Cause I got a  
few boats that want to set sail.  
Yeah, good. So do I.  
You favor little Griffy  
over my kids.  
What? I do not!  
He gets to sleep in your bed  
all the time.  
Megan and Dylan never get to.  
You want them to sleep

in my bed with me?

God, no! Don't you ever think about it!

I'm not thinking about it!

- You brought it up.

- Good! You better not.

- **BOTH:**

- Hey, you shut up.

- You shut up!

- No, you shut up!

Okay. Well, he's not gonna be part of that special thing we got planned tonight, if that's what you're thinking.

Oh, yeah?

So you're gonna tell Adrianna that everyone's invited to that "special thing" we have planned for tonight, except her dad.

(CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYING)

**BRAD:**

and I get to be Joseph.

You're not the right type to play Jesus' dad, Brad.

He wasn't Jesus' dad, he was Jesus' stepdad.

And I'm exactly the right type.

You'd better stop hitting me with that shepherd stick, Brad.

I'm warning you.

Brad's right.

Let him be Joseph.

Thank you, Roger, I appreciate that.

It's Brad's turn, Dusty.

Dad, don't break character.

And stop trying to butter me up.

- Can we show some decorum?

- I'm showing decorum.

You guys, zip it!

You're gonna wake up Baby Jesus.

That's it. Give me the beard.

Don't touch my Joseph beard,  
Brad!

- Give him the beard!  
- Dad, stay out of it!

Can we have some respect for the  
Nativity?

Cut it out!

This is stupid.

I don't even get it.

Why go on a trip when  
Mary's about to have a baby?

What's so damn important  
you got to go to Bethlehem  
in the middle of the night?

There was a census, okay? We  
covered that in Sunday School.

Megan, what is going...

Did you get into the eggnog?

Hey. Who's up for some IHOP?

Yeah, that kid's pickled all  
right.

Mom, you're pretty.

Can we go to IHOP?

I'm sorry, folks.

Having some technical  
difficulties.

Great, Dad. Now you've broken  
the fourth wall!

None of it's real, folks.

I want to go wait in the car.

Give me the keys, Brad!

No, I am not giving you  
the keys to the car,  
because you're drunk  
and you're a child.

Nobody likes your dumb,  
stupid Brad voice.

And you smell like pumpkins!

- And you're a mean drunk.

- Kid's got an arm.

Drunk nine-year-old.

Real nice parenting.

You better watch it, Roger.

(CROWD GASPING)

Adrianna! Are you okay,  
sweetheart?  
Is she okay? Is she...  
What is she...  
(CHUCKLING)

**SARA:**

know where Megan got the eggnog.  
You always assume  
she's the bad influence.  
Maybe your daughter plied  
my daughter with alcohol.  
Maybe your daughter's that way  
because her mother is a shoplifter.  
Shoplifter.  
Sara, we've been working on  
the shoplifting thing, okay?  
But that has nothing  
to do with Adrianna  
being such a little nightmare  
all the time.  
My daughter is not a nightmare!  
Come on, Adrianna.

**DUSTY:**

I didn't mean that.  
- Honey!

**- ROGER:**

- What'd you call my daughter?  
- He called her a nightmare.  
Hey. I'm a lot of things,  
but I'm not a heathen.  
Let's take this outside.  
Yeah, let's step  
outside the manger.  
He called her a nightmare.

**- ROGER:**

**- DON:**

we can't just leave!  
Joseph and the Innkeeper  
rumble outside the manger!

Make the first move, Innkeeper.  
Kick his ass, Joseph!  
We are not going to do this  
in front of the children!  
Now, what kind of fathers are  
you, anyway?  
That's rich!  
Coming from a guy who lies to  
his son for six months.  
Maybe that's why everyone thinks  
your stories are so "delightful,"  
because they're all lies!  
Sara, get the kids out of here,  
okay?  
Happily. I don't want them  
watching this anyway.  
Have fun, morons!  
- Pancakes, bitches!  
- Do not say "bitches."  
Kids are gone. Let's go.  
I'm not hitting a guy dressed  
like Joseph.  
The beard's off, Roger.  
How many excuses  
you want to pull out, man?  
Now it's on.  
- You know what, Brad?  
- Don!  
Yes, I lied!  
Because whenever there's  
anything wrong in your life,  
if it isn't roses and rainbows,  
you completely fall apart.  
I thought we had an honest  
relationship!  
Oh, yeah? Brad,  
I bet you never told him  
about that procedure  
you had last year, did you?  
Oh, my God. What procedure?  
It was nothing,  
just some benign tissue.  
How about that? You're both a  
couple of lying sacks.

And, you!

From the minute you got here,  
you've been nothing but  
mean and sarcastic.

Well, you know what, Kurt?

- F you!

- Dad!

That's right. Forget you!

Attaboy, swami.

Throwing down F words.

Not the F word, but an F word,  
and that's a good start.

Now, come on, give me the  
finger, big boy. Come on.

- Come on.

**- ROGER:**

Are we gonna still fight  
or what?

Roger brings up a good point.

Let's get the momentum back.

Come on, Roger. Get some!

Let's get in there!

- Come on!

- No, no, no, no, no!

If you lay one hand on each other,  
whether the kids are here or not,  
it will negatively impact them.

All right.

I'm not gonna lay a hand on him.

**DON:**

Oh. Oh, I see. Yeah, yeah.

Snowball fight.

I've got some Nerf guns  
in the back of my car.

Want me to get them?

I pitched triple-A for the Red  
Sox in their farm system, Roger.

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Take your best shot.

Dad!

Don, I'm sorry!

That sucks.

- I'm so sorry.  
- No, no, it was all right.  
Hey, no fair.  
That's an ice ball.  
You bet it is.  
You know, you throw that  
and we are no longer co-dads.  
I'm way ahead of you, dickhead.  
You know, from now on,  
we'll just act like  
a normal blended family  
with me hating your guts.  
The kids will never know,  
because I'm too good of a dad to ever  
throw their stepfather under the bus.  
But that's right where  
you're gonna be, Brad.  
Under my bus.  
Well, guess what, I'm gonna celebrate  
you morning, noon and night  
because it's the right thing to  
do in front of the kids.  
But just know the way  
I really feel about you  
is you can suck a fart, Dusty.  
A wet, greasy fart.  
You gonna keep pump-faking that thing  
or you gonna take a shot, Brad?  
Huh?  
What? What? Huh?  
He's never played sports ever.  
Maybe it's stuck to his hand.  
Oh! Oh!  
Huh? Huh?  
That's what I thought.  
You know what, Dusty,  
you're not worth it.  
Come on, Dad.  
(GROANS) Good.  
Psych. You're totally worth it!  
Dad!  
(LAUGHS)  
- That was an ice ball.  
- Treating your dad like that!

Dad.  
Look, it was an accident.  
Go ahead, Roger.  
Brad was right the first time.  
You're not worth it.  
(DON GROANS)  
Dang! Right down my neck!

**ROGER:**

That guy's like a snowball  
magnet.  
You were right about everything.  
You happy now?  
Dusty,  
I do like being right.  
Hey, is that  
your baby in there?  
Griffy!  
(CRYING)  
I know. I know, sweetie.  
It's okay, it's okay.  
I know, I know.  
This was Dusty's idea.  
I never wanted to do this.  
Hey, Brad. That one's mine.  
- Oh, is this bag yours?  
- Yeah.  
Sara? Sara!  
(CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYING)  
- Oh, my gosh.  
- Ew.  
What is going on here?  
What's happening, Officer?  
Avalanche hit the highway  
up ahead.  
It's gonna take a few hours to  
clear it,  
so follow the traffic back  
into town, all right?  
What caused the avalanche?  
Was it all the snow?  
Yeah, I'm pretty sure  
snow had something to do  
with the avalanche.

Keep it moving!

Well, I guess we could stop  
and have lunch to kill time.

On Christmas Day?

What's gonna be open?

I don't know.

(CHOIR SINGING

CHRISTMAS CAROL)

(CHUCKLES) Oh, look at that!

Looks like everyone  
had the same idea.

Oh, no.

Everything's sold out.

Well, I guess we could see  
Missile Tow.

What's that about?

It's Liam Neeson.

He's a tow truck driver who's on  
his way home for Christmas  
with his kids and

happens along some terrorists  
who've hijacked a mobile ICBM.

So he hooks it to his rig  
and has to get it to NORAD  
before Christmas morning.

I hear it's really good!

I don't know, Brad, it's PG-13.

I don't really care  
for the salty language.

Well, it has cute  
little kids in it.

I mean, how dirty can it be?

Besides, you love Liam Neeson.

I do.

- Let's just give it a shot.

- Yes!

Looks very heroic.

- I'll say that much.

- **SARA:**

The front row? I don't know,  
Brad.

- What about the...

- Dad, please stop!

It's gonna strain your eyes.  
We don't have a choice,  
all right?

**DYLAN:**

(TIRES SCREECHING)

**LIAM NEESON:**

a present for you bastards.

- (GUNSHOT)

- (MAN GROANS)

(LAUGHING)

You're impounded, asshole.

- **BOY:**

- **GIRL:**

**LIAM NEESON:**

We did it. We killed them all.

Together.

**CHILDREN:**

**LIAM NEESON:**

The only thing that matters  
to me in this crazy world  
is you kids.

And I'm sorry that your  
holiday was ruined  
by those godless mother...

(DIALOGUE DISTORTS)

(AUDIENCE GROANING)

**ROBERTO:**

Looks like we're having  
a bit of a power outage.  
We don't know when  
the power's gonna come back on,  
so you guys are all welcome  
to stay in here or in the lobby.  
The DOT wants everybody to stay  
inside and off the roads,  
so we might be in here

for a while.

You know, I bet this is  
because of the snow, too.

Gee, Dad, you think so?

(CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYING)

**DON:**

Brad, do you need to go tee-tee?

Dad, don't say that in public!

- Just go.

- All right.

Is he still looking at me?

Yes.

Is he doing that one look that  
he does? You know, like...

- Is he doing that look?

- Yeah.

Where he doesn't blink? Yeah.

Yep.

You know,

when I said that

Brad was turning you into  
something that you're not?

Maybe, you know,

what I really meant to say  
was that

Brad's turning you

into something that I'm not,  
a good dad.

(SCOFFS)

No? No, that didn't  
do it for you?

Come on.

I thought it was pretty good.

That whole speech

was in the movie we just saw.

- Was it?

- Yeah. Word for word.

Dramatic pauses and all.

Liam Neeson just said that.

It must've been in my  
subconscious.

I'm gonna go drain the lizard.

Yeah. Yeah.

Whoa!

That is a very impressive watch. Is that a Rolex?

Mine's a Casio.

(SIGHS)

You know what, Kurt?

When we first met,

I was so excited about our being co-grandpas.

And now everybody's miserable!

And my son won't forgive me.

You know what you and Brad really need?

Oh, no.

I'm not taking any advice from the likes of you.

No, thank you.

Okay, what do we need?

- Hey! Adrianna's here!

- **ADRIANNA:**

Hi!

- I can't shake this guy.

- I can't shake this guy.

- You guys got stuck here, too?

- **ADRIANNA:**

And, Dylan, look who else got stuck. Your girlfriend!

**MEGAN:**

the mistletoe.

**ADRIANNA:**

- Come on, stay under.

- Stay.

You like that girl, don't you?

Hmm.

Well,

who knocked down a pin all by himself?

- I did?

- Damn right, you did.

Now go in there

and pick up that spare.  
Here she is, Dylan!  
It just doesn't seem right.  
Brad?  
Dad, I really don't want to...  
Jeez.  
We're gonna settle this  
physically, like men!  
And when it's all over, we're  
gonna feel a whole lot better.  
At least somebody's  
taking my advice today.  
Cut it out! This is child abuse!  
Honey, help me!  
Don't be such a snowflake.  
Fight back!  
Hey, guys, come on,  
knock it off.  
You're making a scene,  
all right?  
Yeah, Don, lean on him!  
Engage me, son,  
for the sake of our male bond.  
No, wait, wait, look. Look!  
(ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYING)  
What's he doing?  
Oh, my God. He's going in  
for his first kiss.  
Look, she's standing  
under the mistletoe.  
Oh, my God. Where's my phone?  
Where's my phone?  
Oh, my God, where's your phone?  
Brad, where's your phone!  
Okay, it's right here.  
Right here. Yeah. Yeah.  
Look how brave he is.  
She's all yours, buddy.  
Unless she's  
got a boyfriend.  
In that case,  
there's always the Friend Zone.  
No, there's nothing wrong  
with the Friend Zone.

Guys, he's not going  
in the Friend Zone, okay?  
Look at that smile.  
She likes him.

**KURT:**

My God, he kissed his sister!  
Congratulations, you lucky gal.  
I did it, El Padre!  
I kissed the girl I like!  
Yeah! Attaboy! (LAUGHS)  
Did you just kiss your sister?  
You sick kid!  
Stepsister.  
I mean, still not okay,  
I know that.  
What? No, no, wait, he's just  
a little confused, all right?  
It's no surprise  
when you look at who raised him.  
Adrianna, come on.  
We're going home.  
Wait, wait, Roger,  
you can't go out in that storm.  
I was an alternate for Season 3  
Ice Road Truckers.  
I'll be fine.  
That was their best season.  
I got this.  
Wait a minute.  
Roger, hold up, man.  
No. From now on, I don't want  
you anywhere near my daughter.  
I don't want anything to do  
with any of you people!  
Look, I never wanted to be  
family with you, either, Roger.  
Just like Brad never wanted to be  
family with me, did you, Brad?  
No. Not at all. I hated your  
guts.  
In fact, I still kind of do  
right now.  
Yeah. Me, too, Brad.

But we're all connected  
by these kids.

No one's going anywhere.

- You gonna stop me?

- If I have to, yes.

Yeah, right. You couldn't stop  
a clock, you weak tit.

The hammer.

You know what, Adrianna?

You're not gonna like this, young  
lady, but this is long overdue.

I love you.

- That got me.

- Got me, too. Right here.

What the hell did you just say?

You heard me.

I said, I love my stepdaughter!

And I meant it. I should've said  
it a long time ago,

but I was afraid to put myself out  
there and risk getting rejected.

Sweet.

You know what?

Adrianna, you're gonna spend  
Christmas with your mom, okay?

You're not leaving us, Roger.

'Cause I love you, too.

- You take that back!

- Nope. I can't.

Can't take it back now.

Everybody heard it.

It's out there.

- Everybody hear it?

- **CROWD:**

You're her dad,  
you made her who she is,  
and despite her currently harboring a  
fair amount of resentment towards me,  
I love her, so that means  
I love you, too.

And I've never been too good  
about saying it,  
but I'm gonna follow Brad's

example,  
who I also love.  
Now you're just saying things  
to choke me up.  
Brad! Cut it out.

- I'm trying.  
- I'm a hot mess here.  
- Don, please!  
- You've got to understand,  
when it comes out of nowhere  
like that,  
what do you expect?

- Stop!  
- I'm stopping.  
- I'm currently stopping.  
- We're...

Yeah, guys. Cut it out,  
you're embarrassing me.  
I love you, Brad.  
And I love Karen, I love Sara,  
and I love my kids.

I...  
I might need a little more  
time with that one.  
Sure, understood.  
But we're making progress.  
Maybe for your birthday.  
Yeah.

You know. Unless you  
want to say anything?  
- Anything at all?

- **DON:**  
- Now's the time.  
- Just say it, Kurt.

**DUSTY:**  
You want to say anything?

**BRAD:**  
Just say it.  
- You can do it.  
- Do it.  
Nah, the birthday's a good

target. Good target.  
All right, Roger,  
what do you say?  
It's not too late to spend  
Christmas with your family.  
(CROWD GROANING)  
(MUSIC PLAYING)  
It's Christmastime  
There's no need to be  
afraid, Roger  
At Christmastime  
We let in light and we  
banish shade  
Damn, that's my favorite  
song of all time.  
And in our world of plenty  
We can spread a smile of joy  
Throw your arms around the  
world  
At Christmastime  
But say a prayer  
Pray for the other ones!  
I'll play this in August,  
I don't even care.  
At Christmastime  
It's hard, but when you're  
having fun  
There's a world outside  
your window  
It's a world of dread and  
fear  
Where the only water  
flowing is  
The bitter sting of tears  
And the Christmas bells  
that ring there  
Are the clanging chimes of  
doom  
Well, tonight thank God  
it's them  
Instead of you  
Yes! Fantastic!  
He heard it!  
Come on, Roger.

Look. Yes, we're all stuck here,  
but we're with our loved ones.  
I'm not. I came alone.  
Okay, well,  
he came to the movies alone on  
Christmas, and that's a little sad.  
That's a little sad!  
But you're not alone, sir.  
I mean, think about it. We come  
to the movies all the time.  
We sit with hundreds of people.  
And we laugh together,  
we cry together,  
but we never look at each other,  
do we?  
Brad, it's not a microphone,  
it's a mallet. See?  
- They can hear you.  
- You can still hear me, right?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
Take a look at each other.  
- That's right.  
- Hi.

**BRAD:**

Give an embrace.  
What we have here are the makings  
of a really great Christmas party.  
We have a Christmas tree.  
We have music and snacks.  
We have Christmas spirit.  
We have mirth.  
We have snow!

**DUSTY:**

have snow?  
I'll bet he knows who doesn't  
have snow, don't you?  
Yeah. Yeah, I know.  
I know where there isn't snow.  
And there won't be snow in  
Africa  
This Christmastime!

Do they know it's  
Christmastime at all?  
Merry Christmas!  
Merry Christmas, folks!  
Feed the world  
Let them know it's  
Christmastime  
Feed the world  
What?  
Let them know it's  
Christmastime  
"Sara.  
"Beautiful and smart.  
"The mom that everyone loves"?  
Oh, my God.  
She's basing a character on me!  
(GIGGLING)  
(ALL CONTINUE SINGING)  
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

**DUSTY:**

We're not gonna see them again  
till Easter,  
so everybody say good-bye  
to El Padre and Pop-Pop.  
- Bye, Dylan.  
- Good-bye, El Padre!  
Hey, next time you want  
to shoot a guy,  
don't just wing him,  
go for center mass, okay?  
Good-bye, Adrianna.  
I don't want you to go, Pop-Pop!  
- Really?  
- Yeah, really?  
Sure. Of course, he gets a hug.  
Maybe you can call me and tell  
me more Pop-Pop stories.  
I would love to!  
Oh. And I also signed you up  
for SeniorMatch.com.  
It's a dating website  
for old people like you.  
Thank you, sweetie.

Honey, it's your mom texting.  
They're just getting  
off the plane.

I'd better go  
before they get here.

I don't want to make anything  
awkward.

- Bye, Dad.

- Bye, big man.

- Love you.

- I love you, too, Brad.

Hey, well, yeah,  
you have a good flight.

Yeah, let's not get that going.

I agree. You've got to start  
that younger.

We missed that window.

I really appreciate the gesture.

You do? Then okay.

- Hey. I'll see you, kid.

- See you soon, yeah.

Yeah, bye, kid.

- Are you coming, Pop-Pop?

- Come on, Captain!

Bye, Dad.

You know, Don,

I've been thinking.

You don't need a dating app.

What you need is a wingman.

I switched our flights to Vegas.

New Year's at Caesar's,

fix you right up.

That sounds wonderful!

Where are we connecting through?

Don't start with me, Pop-Pop.

Hey, Braddie.

Don't be nervous now.

You are the kindest, most gentle  
and honest guy I know.

And whoever your mother

brings down that escalator,

he's gonna love you,

you hear me?

Grandma!

Is that Sully?  
Wait, wait, who?

**DUSTY:**

The guy who saved 155 passengers  
on the miracle on the Hudson!  
Clint Eastwood made  
a frickin' movie about it.  
Wait. We watched it at your  
house, it was awesome!  
Right. Tom Hanks  
and Aaron Eckhart.  
I really enjoyed it.  
That guy is a national hero,  
and he's gonna be your stepdad.  
Wow. Amazing.  
I bet you he gets free flight  
vouchers.  
And maybe get us some vouchers!  
Maybe.  
Well, don't make him wait.  
Go say hi. Go! Go!

**MEGAN:**

You must be Brad.  
Nope.  
- No, Brad.  
- You're not my dad!  
Brad, no, that's a mistake!  
I don't care how  
many lives you saved!  
You'll never replace him,  
do you hear me?  
Brad, he's so nice! Come back!  
You only have one good story,  
my father has a million!  
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)  
103.6  
The Panda  
You're listening to  
Jason Sinclair at the Panda,  
and I've got a little holiday  
recipe for you tonight.  
Two cups of eggnog,

one serving of silk pajamas,  
and a heaping helping of a  
loved one.  
And I'm gonna add a pinch of  
smooth jazz  
on the Panda.  
And I have one question  
for you.  
Do you know what time it is?  
It's Christmastime  
There's no need to be  
afraid, Roger  
At Christmastime We let in  
light and we banish shade  
And in our world of plenty  
We can spread a smile of joy  
Throw your arms around the  
world  
At Christmastime  
But say a prayer  
Pray for the other ones!  
At Christmastime  
It's hard, but when you're  
having fun  
There's a world outside  
your window  
It's a world of dread and  
fear  
Where the only water  
flowing is  
The bitter sting of tears  
And the Christmas bells  
That ring there  
Are the clanging chimes of  
doom  
Well, tonight thank God  
it's them  
Instead of you  
And there won't be snow in  
Africa  
This Christmastime!  
The greatest gift  
They'll get this year is life  
Life, life

Where nothing ever grows  
No rain nor rivers flow  
Do they know it's  
Christmastime at all?  
Here's to you  
Raise a glass for everyone  
Here's to them  
Underneath that burning sun  
Do they know it's  
Christmastime at all?  
Feed the world  
Let them know it's  
Christmastime  
Feed the world  
Let them know it's  
Christmastime again  
You know. Last year, the folks  
at St. Benedict's, they...  
They had a... A modern-dress  
Nativity.  
Everybody hated it at first, but you  
know the folks at St. Benedict's,  
they got back at 'em, all right.  
They won the prize for most  
original.  
Then, of course, you have  
the Maplewood Christians.  
They had a kind of friendly  
competition with the Nazarenes,  
and took all their hay  
last year.  
Yeah, you just try setting up

a Nativity without hay.  
Merry Christmas, fellas!