

JINGLE BELL ROCK

Written by

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EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

A 90's style up-beat POP SONG plays --

SINGER (V.O.)
*Here's how we get the gravity
tricks: pogo kicks!*

KIDS aged 8-11 scatter through a park where they run, jump rope, and fly down flights of stairs with POGO KICKS!

SINGER (V.O.)
*Jumpin' up and down like peacocks
do! Pogo Kicks!*

The "mini-trampolines for your feet" where the specialized shoes are fitted with pogo-stick springs.

SINGER (V.O.)
*Going ahead honey I really fly, me
and my buddies jumping really high!*

KIDS play basketball, throw frisbees, and do tricks on skateboards soaring through the air.

SINGER (V.O.)
*Man these kicks defy gravity, gotta
get those kicks for all eternity!
POGO KICKS!*

KIDS watch in awe as a young BOY jumps from the free-throw line and slam dunks it like he's in the NBA!

The BOY hangs on the rim and points at the CAMERA smiling.

WE PULL OUT of the TV SCREEN to SEE this is actually a COMMERCIAL. MIKEY, 11, smiles proudly watching himself DUNK.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He's posted on the couch glued to the TV.

MIKEY
(shouts over his shoulder)
Mom and me's commercial is on
again! You guys are missing it!

THERESA, 40's, enters in a hurry. She puts on an earring --

THERESA
(approaches Mikey)
Thank you, sweetheart. Time to put
your shoes on. Shut that off.

ANGLE ON: TV

The POGO KICKS in all their glory. A variety of colors and styles laid out in front of us as WE HEAR --

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 MORE FUN! From the creators of
 Swirl Writer and Power Pogs!

TITLES appear on the bottom of the screen: Available at SEARS, TOYS R US, MACY'S.

SINGER (V.O.)
 POGO KICKS!

Behind Mikey in the foyer his siblings run up and down the stairs with winter coats, hair dryers, and ties. It's chaos. STEPHEN, 14, awkward, in an oversized CHOIR GOWN shouts --

STEPHEN
 (coming down)
 Has anybody seen my bow-tie?

MARIE
 (going up)
 What's the point of wearing it? It makes your head look like a watermelon.

DARRYL
 (coming down)
 GOTTT HIMMMM!

DARRYL, 20, fist bumps MARIE, 18, as he approaches a mirror --

DARRYL (CONT'D)
 (laughs)
 My boy straight swimming in the gown, allergic to style!

STEPHEN
 I'm growing into it!

DARRYL
 You look like Dumbledore's secret love child.

ANDY, Black, 40's, enters wearing an old Santa hat --

ANDY
 Found my Santa hat!

THERESA
 (heads upstairs)
 Honey? Have you seen my purse?

ANDY
 Check the night stand.
 (to Mikey)
 Mikey turn the TV off. We're late.

MIKEY
 Two seconds --

Marie enters from the hallway, grabs the remote from Mikey --

MARIE
 Dad said now, nerd. Get up.

MIKEY
 You're not my mom. My mom's on TV
 with me. You'll never be on TV.

MARIE
 You're giving me a headache.

MIKEY
 That's just your b.o.

DARRYL
 Mikey striking like a cobra!

Darryl fist bumps him --

DARRYL (CONT'D)
 (sniffs Marie laughing)
 There's probably some Axe in the
 car...

Darryl bursts into laughter. Marie punches him in the arm and
 shuts off the TV.

A MALE VOICE singing "*Happy Holiday*" FADES UP.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

Ansel Adams Country. Rolling valleys, pine trees as far as
 the eye can see, barns and bridges. Into this timeless beauty
 ROARS a new EXPEDITION, with the EDDIE BAUER upgrade. The
 SONG CONTINUES. The voice belongs to Andy.

ANDY (V.O.)
*And Santa Claus is comin' round,
 the Christmas snow is right on the
 ground...*

INT./EXT. CAR

Andy's driving. Theresa sings in unison next to him. Their kids are spread out in the backseats. Marie and Darryl text on their phones. Mikey sneakily eats a SNICKERS. Stephen struggles to sing-along while tying his bow-tie.

Andy and Theresa trade a glance about Stephen's voice and close out the song with a high pitch, regal duet.

ANDY	THERESA
<i>Cause just exactly at twelve o'clock, he'll be comin' down the chimney, comin' down the chimney, comin' down the chimney down!</i>	<i>Cause just exactly at twelve o'clock, he'll be comin' down the chimney, comin' down the chimney, comin' down the chimney down!</i>

MARIE
Dad, WATCH OUT!

A DEER jumps in front of the car --

ALL
Ahhhhh!

Andy swerves left to avoid hitting it. No one says a word. There's a long moment of silence, then Marie blurts out --

MARIE
(to Stephen)
You sounded flat.

STEPHEN
It's called warming up. The one
we're performing is much faster.

MIKEY
(chewing on candy)
Feels rushed, and your breath
smells like my butt.

THERESA
Hush your mouth, Mikey.
(to Stephen)
Your pacing's just a little off,
sweetheart. Ease into the verses.

ANDY
Need to get that pitch under
control. More Michael, less Tito.

MARIE
Why would they give you the solo?

STEPHEN

Mr. Moulton said I wasn't the first
or second choice for the lead --

DARRYL

Clearly --

STEPHEN

-- but Chris Ross got the flu and
Krissy Brown got mono so --

DARRYL

So, now we have to suffer for two
hours in hopes you don't forget the
lyrics and ruin another robe.

MARIE

When he gets nervous he sharts.

STEPHEN

It was like two-hundred degrees
that day!

ANDY

Your brother's right, Marie.
Shakespeare should never be
performed in a park. Remember Mr.
Gonzales, the ice cream man?

MARIE

No.

ANDY

That's cause the sun melted him.

THERESA

(to Marie)

Be nice. You know how Stephen gets
when he mixes shrimp with the heat.

STEPHEN

Pad-thai with Sriracha is both my
good luck and Achilles heal meal.

Theresa turns around to help Stephen with his bow-tie.

THERESA

Phan's is the best, baby. Their
fried rice and pot-stickers are
unmatched in the twin-cities area,
but you can't think about that now.
It's time to show them what your
voice is really made of.

She finishes tying a perfect knot.

THERESA (CONT'D)

You're gonna be great.

Stephen smiles to himself, his confidence restored, as Theresa turns back around. Andy smiles at his wife.

MARIE

Dad, are you really gonna wear that stupid Santa hat the whole time?

ANDY

I sure am, Marie. Mrs. Claus bought me this hat and until she sits on my lap, it's staying on.

THERESA

(blushing)

Oh Grizzly...

MARIE

Gross.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The EXPEDITION drives onto the freeway. As Andy heads into the city we see MICKEY'S DINER, MALL of AMERICA, LAKE MINNETONKA and other MINNEAPOLIS landmarks.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A beautiful, 1950's, three-story, brick grade school. We HEAR CHILDREN'S VOICES as snow lightly falls.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, MAIN ENTRANCE

A packed house. Theresa, Andy, Darryl, Marie, Stephen and Mikey enter. Stephen sips on a can of 7-UP, and almost chokes when he notices a TV crew setting up CAMERAS in the back.

STEPHEN

Mom, why are there cameras here?

THERESA

I didn't tell you it was going to be televised, cause I didn't want you to be nervous.

STEPHEN

Awesome plan. Really great idea to surprise me at the last minute.

MARIE

Relax, it's just public access. My news club's on public access and the only people who watch our show are you guys.

ANDY

(grins at Mikey)
Yep. Every week...

STEPHEN

So, maybe nobody'll watch this?

ANDY

No! We want people to watch this. That's how you win competitions.

DARRYL

That's why you joined the team!

MIKEY

Then Stephen should do something so wild and dumb it goes viral.

MARIE

Please don't go viral. If you start trending on Twitter -- I'll die.

STEPHEN

Got it. I'll add that to my list of things not to suck at. Don't sound flat. Don't rush the lyrics. Don't screw up my pitch, and definitely don't start trending on Twitter! Do any of you still believe in me?

ANDY

Of course we do, we're a family.

DARRYL

The ones who adopted you, not your real family.

ANDY

Shut-up, Darryl.

THERESA

Just be confident, sweetheart. This is the performance that takes you to regionals. You got this.

Everyone hustles inside. Theresa gives him a hug, heads in. He takes a deep breath and pulls out a smashed up bag of TOP RAMEN. He eats it, drinks some 7-UP. He's about to enter --

JAMIE (O.S.)
Steve, wait up!

Stephen looks left as, JAMIE, 14, confident, cute, walks up.
She looks stunning wearing a NUTCRACKER DANCE COSTUME.

STEPHEN
Hey, Jamie! How are you?

JAMIE
Excited for your solo! Feels like I
haven't seen you in forever. Where
you been hiding?

STEPHEN
My treehouse. Um, I mean nowhere.
Just practicing a lot.

JAMIE
(laughs)
I bet.

STEPHEN
I'm starting to question this whole
live performance thing. No one told
me there was going to be cameras.

JAMIE
You sounded good in rehearsals.
Just be confident.

STEPHEN
Thanks, Jamie. Your costume looks
great by the way.

JAMIE
Yeah? The hat's not too much?

STEPHEN
No way. Not how you wear it.

JAMIE
Thanks, Steve.

STEPHEN
You're welcome.

JAMIE
I better get in there. Good luck!

STEPHEN
Yeah. Thanks. Good luck to you...

He readies himself. Takes a breath. Then walks in.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Jamie's BALLETT TEAM performs. She shines as the center piece with a magnificent pirouette to finish the routine. The crowd erupts as she smiles at Stephen backstage. He smiles back.

The lights turn down and a CHILDREN'S CHOIR runs on stage. After a beat, the dimmed lights come back on as the CHOIR sings a CHRISTMAS SONG. The KIDS hold electric "candles".

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN

Singing angelically on stage.

ANGLE ON: AUDIENCE

Theresa watches with great pride. She leans over to Andy --

THERESA
(whispers)
Steve's solo is up next. Tell
Marie.

CAMERA MOVES WITH Andy as he leans over to Marie and whispers...

ANDY
Steve's solo is next up.

Marie flashes a forced smile and CAMERA MOVES WITH her, as she leans over to Darryl. He's fast asleep, head bobbing, mouth open. Marie smacks him. Darryl jolts awake.

DARRYL
I love it --

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN

He's really nervous. He looks to his right.

A thin, MUSIC TEACHER, with a bad ponytail, MR. MOULTON, 50's, acts as maestro. With his wand, he gives Stephen a reassuring smile and nod, signaling him to begin his solo.

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN

He takes a deep breath, then lifts his head and begins to sing. His voice is divine, but his stomach starts to growl.

ANGLE ON: THERESA

A joyful smile. She leans forward, entranced in the performance, but senses something is wrong.

HER POV

Stephen sings with great passion, trying to ignore the rumbles in his tummy. A few GIGGLES break out in the choir.

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN

He hears the laughter and loses focus. Then it happens:

BLOOP!

A fart slips out, perfectly on beat. Then another after that.

ANGLE ON: DARRYL, MIKEY and MARIE

They laugh hysterically as Marie tries her best not to burst.

ANGLE ON: STAGE

Stephen sings on, passing gas perfectly in sync to the song.

STEPHEN'S POV

The audience is bellowing, snorting, howling in their seats.

ANGLE ON: ANDY and THERESA

ANDY

It's like watching the Titanic...

THERESA

It's the most awful thing I've ever seen in my life.

Stephen's voice CRACKS as he hits the high note.

ANDY

Hold that thought....

ANGLE ON: BACKSTAGE

Jamie watches in horror as the DANCE TEAM joins in on the laughter. It's clear she feels bad for him, but is helpless.

ANGLE ON: STAGE

Everyone in The CHOIR laughs uncontrollably. Stephen turns to leave, but trips on his robe. He falls forward, arms flailing, hitting the two kids in front of him. They crash into the kids next to them and like dominoes, they all start to fall. A CHRISTMAS TREE comes loose and crashes into Mr. Moulton. Ornaments shoot out into the crowd. As the curtain falls, Stephen exits stage left, running past Jamie.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy chases after Stephen as he heads for the locker room.

ANDY

Hey, slow down. What happened?

STEPHEN

Dad, we're dealing with a hostile situation in my pants.

ANDY

Jesus. You sharted didn't you?

STEPHEN

I smashed up some cold top ramen and chased it with 7-Up to relax before the show. It was no bueno.

ANDY

That's a deadly combo. Change into your gym clothes and I'll pick you up behind the locker room in five.

(thinks)

We'll burn the pants.

STEPHEN

See you on the other side, brother.

They embrace, then Stephen waddles away.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR - LATER

Andy drives as all the kids look through their phones. Theresa wraps up a phone call in the front seat.

MIKEY

Before dad rescued you, where were you?

DARRYL

All over YouTube.

MARIE

And Twitter.

DARRYL

You went viral, bro.

STEPHEN

This is bad.

MARIE
Sooooo embarrassing.

MIKEY
Some asshole auto-tuned you.

THERESA
Language, Michael!

MIKEY
But that's his handle, mom.
@someasshole. Look --

INSERT: MIKEY'S CELL PHONE SCREEN

YouTube is open and the auto-tuned clip has thousands of views in minutes. It's edited like a music video with certain words being swapped for vulgar language and obscene graphics.

STEPHEN
And since we've no place to go...
(singing)
Let it snow! Let it blow! Let it blow!

The video remixes to shots of Stephen knocking kids down.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Let it blow! Blow! Blow!

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy's asleep watching TV. Theresa exits their bathroom in lingerie wearing the Santa Hat. She struts over, kisses him --

ANDY
(waking up)
What are you doing, troublemaker?

THERESA
Waiting for you to tell me to stop.

ANDY
I don't think I know how.

THERESA
You hungry, Grizzly?

He grins at her as she climbs on top of him, kissing him softly. She puts the Santa Hat on his head, straddling him. He flips her over and they get lost between the sheets...

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Andy and Theresa snuggle close, sipping wine, naked.

Candles are sprinkled throughout the room. A rain drop puts one out. Then two more hit Andy and Theresa's nightstand --

ANDY

Hey, didn't we just pay \$1,000
bucks to fix this roof?

THERESA

I swear this house is worse than
George Bailey's.

Andy crosses to the hall closet. Walks back in with a bucket.

ANDY

She's coming apart at the seams.
(grabs a bucket)
First the A.C. went, then the
garage doors break, gas leak --
(hands Theresa bucket)
We need to list. It's a seller's
market right now and it'll go above
asking. South Beach needs us.
(then)
Let's blow this joint.

THERESA

(laughs hysterically)
Hahaha. Sure...

ANDY

I'm serious --

He grabs his iPad off the night stand.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I've been lookin for months. Check
this one out. Inspired by the
Bahamas, the interior architecture
is awash with curves and undulating
lines. Located on one of the most
breathtaking shoreline's in the
world, this home offers sea and
luxury living in abundance.

THERESA

Honey, last year you said you
wanted to sail to Canada. Now you
wanna move to Miami?

ANDY

Theresa, listen, Stephen's in school everyday till five and is ready for a change of scenery. Marie's off to college next year and Darryl's in L.A. You're at work, I'm at the bakery -- let's wash our hands with it. Forget the rain, and the snow and the cold. I want the sun! Summer everyday all day. Let's be dangerous, let's go on an adventure!

THERESA

I don't know, I mean if we leave now then our grandkids will never see where it all started.

Andy pours two glasses of wine.

ANDY

That's what pictures are for.

THERESA

Andy --

ANDY

And video. Lots and lots of home movies. Got a whole drawer full.

THERESA

All our friends are here --

ANDY

We can make new ones.

THERESA

What about our family?

ANDY

They can visit. From...time to time for a...limited stay.

THERESA

Well, what about Mikey?

ANDY

Oh, like Mikey wouldn't love Miami? He's ten going on 25.

THERESA

Eleven, but who's counting.

ANDY

Hey, you're the one who always said that you wanted to live at the beach. Ever since our honeymoon in Cancun you said you loved the sound of waves in the morning. Something about being by the ocean that always helped you design better.

THERESA

I remember.

ANDY

Sipping your coffee...me scrambling eggs...

THERESA

Clothing optional...

ANDY

You're not a grandma yet --

He kisses her. As their lips part --

THERESA

And I suppose we'll just pick up the bakery and bring it with us?

ANDY

There's tons of spaces down there. Besides, nobody makes cookies like the grizzly. One batch and we'll have lines around the block.

THERESA

Uh-huh...

ANDY

I'm telling you T, this leak is a sign. We could sell this place and the bakery in a month, tops. It's the Ferris Bueller house that everybody wants. Ya know we'd have enough money to buy a bigger place, we could get a golf cart, we could travel -- I could get that four-wheeler I always wanted --

THERESA

Four-wheeler? Baby...

(laughs)

Oh, Andy. It's been a very big day for us.

(MORE)

THERESA (CONT'D)

First the show, and then
this...date. I just, I think we
should think about it, okay?

ANDY

Okay, but will you think about it,
for real?

THERESA

(raises wine glass)
I'll make you a deal, okay?

ANDY

I'm listening...

THERESA

If we clear 10 million units of
pogo kicks, that bonus will double
my salary. If that happens, and you
can get an offer, a real offer for
the bakery, we'll put them both up
for sale. You have my word.

ANDY

I got more than that.

They clink glasses. Then fall into each other --

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CLOSEUP - CHRISTMAS CALENDAR

One that covers each day with a piece of candy behind a paper door. Every day of the month of December, one of the little doors is opened to reveal the date and a picture celebrating the season. Theresa's fingers open a door to expose DEC. 4 and a tiny illustration of Frosty the Snow Man.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

Tell 'Em Toys. Theresa's building.

A freshly renovated high-rise in the heart of downtown.

INT. TELL 'EM - CONFERENCE ROOM

A meeting has just ended. Theresa and her co-worker JENNIFER, 40's, hover over a seafood tower, eating and chatting.

JENNIFER

Girl, if anyone deserves to be promoted to Creative Director it's you, T. I heard they're nominating you for Designer of the Year!

THERESA

It's just an award, Jen.

JENNIFER

Have you seen the sales? Everybody wants those shoes! What's the secret behind those springs?

THERESA

They're made out of reinforced stainless steel guaranteed to get the longest possible air time with each jump. Pogo Kicks aren't just another moon shoe, they actually give kids a way to jump higher and faster than ever thought possible. A chance to really fly.

JENNIFER

I like that. The real question is, what're you gonna do with all that bonus cash? A cruise? Island getaway? Girls trip by yourself?

THERESA

By myself? Nah. Where's the fun in that? Check this out.

She opens up her CELL PHONE to an ocean front PROPERTY LISTING in MIAMI and shows it to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Hittin' the road for Disney World. I can't believe you're really leaving.

THERESA

Miami, actually. It's not final, but we're definitely leaning in that direction.

A growing smile comes over Theresa's face.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - CLOSEUP - FEET

A flying wedge of red bottom heels march down the hall.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HALLWAY

Theresa and Jennifer exit the conference room and approach a coffee station. As they fill up their cups --

THERESA

If we sell ten million units, we're going to put an offer in.

JENNIFER

When do you tour headquarters?

THERESA

Already did. It's amazing. I just hope the kids can get behind it.

JENNIFER

If one of them decides to stay, can you adopt me? I'll move to Miami. I love Miami. The men, the beaches, the sun...Did I say the men?

THERESA

(laughs)

You might have mentioned it, yeah.

The marching red bottom heels round a corner. The leader, LINDA HOLT, V.P. Sales, at the front and a half-dozen or so executives off her shoulders a few steps back.

Linda is an aloof, flighty woman, pushing 40 but looks older. Her execs are young, polished, MBAs. They march with purpose and precision. The women stop suddenly.

LINDA

Is that my girl, Jessica?

CLOSEUP - Jennifer

She shares a confused look with Theresa, and corrects Linda.

JENNIFER

Jennifer.

LINDA

(laughs to Theresa)

Like I can remember every intern's name?

JENNIFER

I've worked here six months. You hired me after Coachella...

LINDA

I missed a lot of paperwork during that month.

JENNIFER

Isn't Coachella just a weekend?

LINDA

Maybe for you, but we can talk about that later. As of this morning we've now sold 9 million Pogo Kicks! Projected to clear 10 million by middle of next week at the latest.

THERESA

It's very exciting.

LINDA

(to Theresa)

This is your best toy yet, Theresa! I'm giving a presentation to the board about our summer line and want to talk future variations on the Pogo Kicks. Put together a little something and have it to me by the end of the week.

THERESA

Sounds like a plan, Linda.

LINDA

Something interactive. No equations or graphs. Think pictures. Images that get the mind dreaming.

THERESA

Pictures are my specialty.

LINDA

You're a dream, T.

JENNIFER

Things keep moving this fast -- we may beat the Cabbage Patch record!

LINDA

What is that, like a special soap? Sounds like shampoo for your goodies. I don't know nothing about that -- it's before my time.

Everyone looks at Linda crazy.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Enjoy your day, Janet.

JENNIFER
Jennifer.

LINDA
(checking her phone)
Yep. Yep. Sure is.

Linda and her cronies start down the hallway.

MUSIC UP...

HOLIDAY MONTAGE

Salvation Army band playing.

Crowded Macy's filled with shoppers.

Cash registers ringing.

Crying kids on Santas' laps.

Elaborate Christmas displays on storefront windows.

Shoppers in and out of revolving doors.

Kids testing out new video games.

Elves having lunch in a food court.

Heaps of bags on store counters.

Gift wrapping.

Credit cards being swiped.

Cash being counted.

Grandmas asleep in massaging chairs.

Kids chasing after each other through toy stores.

END MONTAGE.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - EXOTIC SWIMWEAR DEPARTMENT - ANDY

Gazing at live WINDOW DISPLAY MODELS in different swimsuits wearing Santa hats and elf shoes.

He looks left. Freezes.

ANDY'S POV

Cleavage.

MOVE UP TO a beautiful OLDER WOMAN.

WOMAN

Are we enjoying ourselves?

ANDY

Very much so, yes. The Santa hats are a nice touch.

WOMAN

Aren't you a sweetheart. What brings you in today?

ANDY

(laughs stammering)

Well, I want some new hos...clothes, some new clothes for my wife...I need some...um...I need a Christmas present.

WOMAN

For your *wife*?

Andy is distracted by other MODELS roaming around the store.

ANDY

Yes. We're flying first ass...first class -- to Miami for New Year's, and we're very excited.

WOMAN

So you want a new bikini for your wife, in Miami?

ANDY

Yes, yes that would be nice.

WOMAN

Do you like Coco on the Go?

ANDY

Honestly, I have no idea, I'm not really an expert in this shopping arena...

WOMAN

(sarcastically)

You don't say...

ANDY
I mean don't get me wrong, I'm
experienced...

WOMAN
Sure --

ANDY
-- from...from certain angles --

WOMAN
Right --

ANDY
I...I just don't want to come in
here and you know...look dumb.

WOMAN
(laughing)
Uh huh --

ANDY
(sarcastically)
Too late --

WOMAN
(laughing)
Yeah -- and how about size?

ANDY
Size?

The WOMAN glances at a passing model's bottom.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(notices the same woman)
Oh my wife, sorry. She...She's um --

WOMAN
Size 4!

ANDY
Yes. Exactly. She's a four. Ten in
my heart, four in the waist.

WOMAN
Perfect. And what about cup size?

ANDY
(confused)
Um...

The WOMAN glances down at her breasts.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh...yeah just like that. Very similar. C maybe D. They're really terrific. Full of love and wonderment and happiness...

The WOMAN grins at him. She knows he's nervous.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I mean they're not fake, they look like it sometimes but they're not um...they're not in your face.

WOMAN

Well that's good. I'll be right back...

The WOMAN walks off grinning.

ANDY

(sotto)

Should've gotten her a bracelet.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MIKEY

Moving through crowds, presents in his arms. He spots Andy.

EXT./INT. EXOTIC SWIMWEAR DEPARTMENT - MIKEY'S POV

THROUGH the crowd he sees Andy at the bikini counter. Andy's laughing and enjoying himself. The Woman shows him a sexy bikini. He watches Andy with a skeptical curiosity.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - EXOTIC SWIMWEAR DEPARTMENT

Mikey approaches the counter and Andy.

WOMAN

(to Andy)

These are cut low on the chest...

She leans forward, then turns around and displays her bottom.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

...and very high, but relaxed on the hips. No tan lines with this set...

ANDY

I'm not seeing any tan lines...

Andy turns to Mikey.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What about you Mikey, you see any?

MIKEY

Nope.

CLOSEUP - ANDY

It registers that he's just addressed Mikey. His eyes bulge.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

JINGLE BELL ROCK plays on the STEREO as Andy and Theresa lay out the stockings and other decorations in the living room.

ANDY

Did I tell you I talked to my sister today?

THERESA

Oh, you did!?

ANDY

They've decided to come for Christmas, too.

(sighs)

Ya know it's not too late to change our plans...I could always --

THERESA

No, no, this is great.

ANDY

I think you're forgetting how crazy it's going to be with all these people under one roof.

THERESA

Family is what Christmas is all about.

ANDY

All they do is fight and eat.

THERESA

You'll get your cookies, grizzly bear. Christmas is about spreading happiness and celebrating another year of life with the ones you love.

ANDY

Sure it is. It's also about my sister accusing your sister of cheating on her weight-watchers diet and your mother accusing my mother of buying cheap meatballs for Christmas dinner.

THERESA

Your sister uses weight-watchers?

ANDY

For about a day. Then she has a cheat meal and loses all control.

THERESA

That's a lottttt of cheat meals.

ANGLE ON: The Christmas Card with Andy's CHUNKY sister.

ANDY

Maybe we skip the party this year.

THERESA

Skip the party? They'd kill us.

ANDY

Then who would pay for it?

THERESA

By this time next week your wife's invention will have sold 10 million pairs!

ANDY

You might actually beat the Cabbage Patch record...

THERESA

Which is why our Christmas Party has to be extra special this year. This could be the last time we're all going to be together in this house and it just wouldn't be the same without it. Come on Grizzly, one more time where everybody can be together for the holidays...

ANDY

We're always together. And it's always nice -- until it isn't.

THERESA

Baby, this is the year we can really celebrate.

ANDY

You celebrate every event bigger than anyone I've ever met. Your in a competition with yourself every other month.

THERESA

Okay... Like when?

ANDY

Halloween. Housewarmings. Weddings. Parties. Wedding parties.

THERESA

Goodnight, baby.

Theresa kisses him on the cheek and walks out.

ANDY

Reunions. Engagements. Birthdays...

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - CHRISTMAS CALENDAR

Theresa's fingers open a door to expose DEC. 11 and a cartoon illustration of Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - MORNING

A sunny, beautiful Saturday morning. Their REALTOR hammers down a "FOR SALE" sign in the front yard.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Mikey's watching *Christmas Vacation* on TV. He bounces up and down incessantly with his POGO KICKS.

INT. KITCHEN

Theresa's in the middle of a baking session. She pulls out her next batch of cookies from the oven, when a troubled look comes over her face. Some horrible feeling grips her.

INT. MARIE'S ROOM

She's watching a makeup tutorial on YouTube when she's struck by the same dreadful feeling. She looks up from her iPad.

INT. DARRYL'S ROOM

Darryl wraps presents and listens to Miles Davis on Vinyl, when he's struck by the same terrible feeling.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Stephen pulls his ROBE out of the DRYER. A faint brown stain stares back at him. He lowers his head in disappointment.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Andy's trying on a Santa costume. He's taken by the same awful feeling. He slowly removes the hat and beard. A look of terror on his face.

The DOORBELL rings.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Mikey stops bouncing, hits the MUTE button on the TV.

INT. FOYER

Theresa walks in from the kitchen. She's hesitant and nervous. Mikey slowly bounces in from the family room. Stephen creeps in from the dining room. Andy comes down the stairs. Marie and Darryl follow Andy.

DING-DONG, DING-DONG, DING-DONG

THREE consecutive DOORBELL rings.

CLOSEUP - ANDY

Petrified. Staring right at the front door.

CLOSEUP - DOORKNOB

Andy's trembling hand slowly turns the knob.

INT. FOYER - DOOR

It flies open to reveal four arguing aunts and uncles: Andy's sister, LISA, 40's, and her husband JOHN 40's, as well as Theresa's sister JOAN OLSON, 40's, and her husband JIM, 40's.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Andy greets the family with open arms.

ANDY

Merry Christmas ya filthy animals!

INT. FOYER

The relatives rush the house. They engulf Andy, Theresa, Darryl, Marie, Mikey and Stephen in kisses, hugs and rapid-fire chatter. It's a takeover.

LISA

Hey, T! You're looking good, girl!

JOHN

How you making it, Andy?

ANDY

Doing good, John.

Jim and Joan descend upon Theresa and the kids. Lisa breaks from Andy and pushes past Joan to Mikey. Jim returns to Andy. John crosses to Theresa. Darryl, Stephen and Marie hold their positions as the aunts and uncles move between them.

A hundred individual overlapping statements and questions in less than a minute.

LISA

(to Andy)

House looks good little brother.

(to Marie)

That lipstick isn't doing you any favors.

(to Andy)

That shade of red makes Marie look desperate.

(to Theresa)

Do you think these jeans make my thighs, scream?

(to Stephen)

There's a knot in my butt. Go get me that massage gun.

JIM

(to Theresa)

Lady Einstein live and in color! We were technically here first so you tell tons-of-fun over there: any extra Pogo Kicks are mine --

(to Marie)

They removed that mole on my arm you hated that I thought was old bacon grease.

(to Darryl)

Always wear sunscreen on the beach.

(to Mikey)

Ready for uncle Jim to whoop you in Mario Kart?

JOHN

(to Andy)

Happy Holidays, brother-in-law. It's been too long!

ANDY

Has it?

JOHN

(to Marie)

Looks like those teeth finally straightened out!

(to Stephen)

Get your aunt a drink, she's a little kicky-stabby today.

(to Mikey)

Make sure and grab the cookies first. You know your uncle doesn't wash his hands after he pees.

MIKEY POV:

Jim exits the bathroom, fidgets with his hands. Mikey frowns.

JOAN

(to Marie)

I love your hair. It's so basic.

(to Andy)

Your sister drives like a psycho. Has she gotten rounder?

(to Theresa)

Poor girl. I didn't want to ask, but is she pregnant?

(to Darryl)

Are you skipping your workouts again? It's starting to show.

Joan squeezes his bicep, then his cheek.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(to Theresa)

I need to get bronzed, but I'm not going back to your place. Not after they made fun of me in Korean.

(to Andy)

You're so lucky you were born tan.

(to Theresa)

Andy is so lucky he was born tan. You guys are so cute, like an Oreo cookie sandwich.

As they make their way in, they head up the stairs yakking nonstop, leaving Andy, Theresa, Darryl, Marie, Stephen, and Mikey standing in shock. It's as if a tornado just passed.

CLOSEUP - ANDY

His face is frozen, his eyes locked in a stare.

CLOSEUP - MARIE

She's wearing an identical, blank expression. Her make-up worse than before from all the hugs and kisses.

CLOSEUP - MIKEY

The same expression. Lipstick prints on both cheeks.

CLOSEUP - THERESA

She snaps out of it. Smiles.

THERESA

This is what the holidays are all about. We're gonna have so much fun! It's gonna be terrific.

ANDY

It sure is, honey. I'm gonna get started on the lights. I'll be outside for a few hours. Maybe a few years...

CUT TO:

EXT. EDINA ESTATES - AFTERNOON

A beautiful gated community located just outside St. Paul. Different neighbors hang lights and decorations on adjacent houses. Kids make snow angels in front yards.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The garage door opens and Darryl comes out carrying a mangled pile of lights. Mikey follows with a huge carton of decorations and more lights. Andy's on a ladder clipping lights to the rain gutters around the driveway. Stephen spots him from below. Everybody's bundled up in winter gear.

As a giant CHOCOLATE SANTA slowly inflates in the driveway --

ANDY

We're looking good this year, baby.
Best house on the block.

DARRYL

Just like the Griswold's, pop! You
can never have too many lights.

MIKEY

Think NASA will be able to see our
house from space, dad?

ANDY

I don't think it, I know it, Mikey.

STEPHEN

I don't know, guys. Seems like a
lot of inflatables this year.

DARRYL

Shut-up, nerd! It's Christmas!

STEPHEN

Our Santa's got that lean to him.
He always looks drunk.

DARRYL

Santa's an o.g. That's how they be.

MIKEY

You try staying up all night with
no roof and eight crazy reindeer.
The man's exhausted. Let him lean.

STEPHEN

Okay, but do we really need Frosty?

ANGLE ON:

A huge inflatable Frosty the Snowman on the front lawn.

ANDY

We sure do, Stephen. He's part of
the crew.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Like Rudolph, he carved his own path and now leads from the front. He's the first thing people see when they turn down our street.

MIKEY

And he waves --

ANDY

Damn right, he does.

Andy hops off the ladder. Reaches into the carton and pulls out a bundle of lights.

ANDY (CONT'D)

We're aiming for perfection, son. We leave no bulb unscrewed and no outlet unused. We're gonna be the brightest and the best-eses. Ya know why?

STEPHEN

No.

ANDY

Cause we're the Peterson's! And we always go big.

Andy shakes the pile of tangled lights loose.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR

A couple in their mid-forties is getting out of an ESCALADE parked in the driveway of the house next to the PETERSONS.

They're good-looking, prosperous, modern suburbanites. RICH and TIFFANY TAYLOR. Their daughter KELLY, 20, grabs suitcases out of the trunk while their son, BENNY, 11, stares in awe at CHOCOLATE SANTA, who has a slight tilt to the left --

BENNY

Why's he leaning like that?

KELLY

Dasher kicked him in the face last year and he never recovered.

BENNY

You mean it's true? The reindeer know kung fu?

KELLY

Third degree black belts, dude. You see one, be ready for battle.

Benny's mind is blown. Tiffany crosses around to Rich to stand at his side. As CHOCOLATE SANTA inflates --

TIFFANY

Looks like Chocolate Claus had a little too much Hennessy.

RICH

Must be a coping mechanism from his years as a crack baby.

They snicker together -- a condescending, stiff chuckle. They clearly have no sense of humor.

THEIR POV

Andy attaches CHOCOLATE SANTA'S hands to the balcony above the driveway with strings. Darryl secures the feet next to the driveway. He sneaks in a smile at Kelly as she rolls her bag into the house. She smiles back. Andy notices.

EXT. TAYLOR DRIVEWAY

Tiffany, wearing a shit-eating grin, yells:

TIFFANY

Hey, Andrew! Where do you think you're gonna put a Santa that big?

CLOSE UP - ANDY

Clearly no love lost on the TAYLORS. He turns OFF the AIR MACHINE and yells --

ANDY

Open your mouth and I'll show you!

CLOSE UP - TIFFANY

Her grin vanishes. She looks to Rich, then back at Andy, upset at the joke --

TIFFANY

You shut your face when you're talking to me like that, Peterson!

ANDY

Who said I was talking to you?

CLOSE UP - RICH

His jaw drops. The AIR MACHINE revs up and a beautiful MRS. CLAUS inflates. As CHOCOLATE SANTA'S head fills up 100% --

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DUSK

Lisa and Joan watching *Jingle All The Way* on TV as they wrap presents. Jim and John asleep in lay-z-boys. They're snoring. Beer cans littered at their feet. Lisa turns the volume up.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy's climbing the ladder, hauling a strand of big bulb lights behind him. Darryl spots him from below.

As Andy climbs, Darryl sees Kelly in her upstairs bedroom window next door. She lets her hair down, starts undressing.

INT. KELLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly slowly unbuttons her shirt. She glances over at Darryl with a sexy smirk.

HER POV

Darryl tries to act cool, flashes her a smirk back.

ANDY

Get ready to lock it in place...

DARRYL

Uh-huh...

HIS POV

Kelly finishes undoing the last button. She flashes him.

ANDY

Okay. Lock me in.

HER POV

Darryl's eyes go wide. Distracted, he lets go of the ladder for a closer look. The ladder collapses, sending Andy flying to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marie and Theresa are making dinner. They have to yell above the snoring and the loud TV.

MARIE

Is it really the end of the world
if they slept in the garage?

THERESA

No, of course not. They'd just be
frozen come Christmas morning.

MARIE

Can we at least banish them to one
bathroom? Aunt Lisa used all the
toilet paper last year and Carol
never turns on the fan after she's
done "*doing her business*".

THERESA

Don't be so dramatic. One day
you'll have kids and when they grow
up they'll be just like you.

MARIE

They're sleepwalkers, mom.
Literally, anything can happen.

THERESA

Honey, I don't know what else to
say except that it's the most
stressful time of the year. Try not
to add to it.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Darryl comes out of the garage carrying a five-foot tall
plastic ANGEL. Mikey and Stephen carry two more behind him.

DARRYL

Where do you want 'em, pop?

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE

Andy is on the roof where he's positioning Rudolph.

ANDY

Down in front there, circling
Frosty.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Darryl, Mikey and Stephen set the Angels down on the lawn. Behind them, Rudolph falls to the sidewalk and shatters. Mikey turns and looks up to the roof.

MIKEY

I don't think Rudolph can guide the sleigh tonight, dad.

ANDY

Got an extra in the basement, son. He's an older model, but he'll do. Darryl go with Mikey and help him find it. You too, Stephen.

STEPHEN

What about your ladder, dad?

ANDY

Boy, what did I say?

Stephen reluctantly heads into the house with his brothers.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - ROOF

As Andy continues walking along the roof, he loses his balance on a patch of ice, sending him sliding down the roof.

ANDY

Oh shit! SHIT!

He grabs a partially stapled strand of lights and holds on for dear life --

WIDE ANGLE

He's dangling from the gutter -- looks to this side --

ANDY'S POV

The ladder is mere inches away, resting on a tree.

WIDE ANGLE

The gutter has pulled three feet away from the house. ANDY is clinging to the strand of lights, swinging back and forth. He heaves himself toward the ladder -- the strand of lights tear loose from the house, sending ANDY crashing into the tree.

He slams into the frozen branch and clutches the ladder. As he does this, ICE-SICKLES break loose and shoot off the roof like spears.

INT. TIFFANY AND RICH'S LIVING ROOM

The ICE-SICKLES smash through the side window and impale a brand new 70" flat-screen TV.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy holds on to the ladder as it sways back and forth until it settles. He stands for a beat feeling secure. Suddenly his feet slip out from under him, and he falls, hitting branches on the way down, vanishing in a pile of snow below.

The front door opens.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE

Theresa steps outside.

THERESA

Andy? Chili's ready in five!

ANDY (O.S.)

Sounds good, hun.

Andy's arm shoots up out of the snow. He gives a thumbs up.

INT. TIFFANY AND RICH'S HOUSE - LATER

They've just returned home. Rich looks at the busted window. Tiffany and Benny look at the trashed TV.

TIFFANY

Something had to break the window.
Something had to ruin the TV!

RICH

Why's the carpet soaked, Tiff? This has Peterson written all over it.

TIFFANY

(holds bits of ice-sickle)
I walked in the same time as you,
Rich! Looks like melted ice.

BENNY

I wish Mr. Peterson would melt.

RICH

We all do Benny, they just don't have the technology yet. I hope he slips and breaks his back.

TIFFANY

He'll slip, but we're not lucky
enough to have him break his back.

They all three look to the window in disgust.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, DARRYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Darryl's on the top bunk. Headphones in. Texting --

INSERT: CELL PHONE

The text reads: *can't wait 2 c u*

He types back: *b out in 5*

Stephen and Mikey sleep on the bottom bunk, feet to head.
Darryl carefully climbs down from the top and sneaks out.

As Darryl climbs out of the window --

WHACK!

Mikey's foot smacks Stephen in the face --

Stephen wakes up in a cold sweat, swatting the foot away --

STEPHEN

Get away from me, you snot-rag!

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, STEPHEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa and John are in Stephen's full-size bed. Their debris is
all over the room. Snacks, clothing, suitcases. John's
snoring loudly. Lisa's sneakily eating ice-cream.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, MIKEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joan and Jim are crammed in Mikey's bed. Joan is passed out
wearing a CPAP mask snoring loudly. Jim lies with his back to
her reading a Tom Clancy novel. Upon closer inspection it's
really an iPad wrapped in the cover. He's on BOOBS.COM

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darryl scales down the balcony and lands on the ground. At
the same time, Kelly sneaks out of her room next door. Darryl
helps guide her down the fence between their houses. As soon
as her feet hit the ground, they kiss and run off to her car.

ANGLE ON: Benny's Bedroom Window

Benny watches them drive off in disgust.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - MORNING

Andy tip-toes out of his bedroom. He looks up and down the hall, sneaking out with multiple shopping bags filled with gifts. He creeps down the stairs slowly, but the STAIRCASE still SQUEAKS. He listens to see if he's attracted anyone's attention. Then he slips -- taking him clear OUT OF FRAME.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy walks down into the basement, rubbing his aching booty.

It's a modern, clean, wood floor, renovated, heated basement. There's a pool table, darts and bar area with beer on tap.

He sets down the bag of gifts and begins hiding them behind a wine rack that is latched onto the wall.

As he reaches behind the wine rack, he notices something. He brings out a gift-wrapped package. He reads the tag.

INSERT: GIFT TAG -- *TO DAD, FROM MIKEY. MERRY CHRISTMAS*

He smiles.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Theresa comes out of a room. She sees the basement door open.

THERESA (O.S.)
Andy, Wet Willy is back!

ANDY
Okay, honey. Rent-a-cop's early today!

INT. BASEMENT

Andy quickly puts Mikey's gift back behind the wine rack. He looks around the room for a new hiding place. He crosses to a closet filled with hunting gear, and swiftly hides the presents behind his crossbow rack.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

WILL "WET WILLY" WELTERS, 40's, portly, disheveled, inspects the sidewalk snow height. Writes a ticket. Andy approaches.

ANDY

Get off my property, Frosty.

WET WILLY

I'm down three pounds, Peterson.
And this is the sidewalk. Learn how
to use a shovel and I'm a ghost.

ANDY

You're a science experiment gone
wrong. It's why you smell like pee.

WET WILLY

That was like 25 years ago, Andy!

ANDY

People never forget, Wet Willy.

WET WILLY

It's Will. I'm wild, now.

ANDY

(laughs hysterically)
You're an alternative ending no one
wants.

Will hands him a ticket. Andy looks it over.

WET WILLY

You've got 48 hours, Peterson.

ANDY

You know you can mail this, right?

WET WILLY

Then how else would I check on my
girl?

ANDY

(laughs)
Your girl? What are you, twelve?
Theresa's the one who gave you the
nickname, idiot.

WET WILLY

It's called flirting. Reunion's
only a few years out.

(then)

There's still time...

Before Andy can respond, the front door opens. It's Theresa.

THERESA
Good morning, Will.

All the blood rushes from Will's face. He's in awe of her.

WET WILLY
(stammering)
Hi...hi...hey it's good...your
morning too, Theresa.

THERESA
Everything alright?

WET WILLY
What? Pfft. Yeah -- you know...just
taking care of business.

THERESA
We didn't get a ticket, did we?

WET WILLY
Well, you didn't...um but you see
it's almost been two days and --

THERESA
Almost? Oh, Will. You're so funny.
See Andy, didn't I tell you he was
just being funny?

ANDY
Been laughing about it all morning.

WET WILLY
It's not funny, it's just --

THERESA
It's just it's only been a day and
a half since the snowstorm passed,
and you know just like we do that
we have a minimum forty-eight hours
to sweep it before we can be cited.
Isn't that right, Will?

WET WILLY
It um...well technically...yes.

ANDY
(crumples up ticket)
Well Wild Willy, I can't thank you
enough for coming by. What a
relaxing, wasteful morning.

THERESA

So, so nice seeing you, Willy.

WET WILLY

It was my honor, thank you.

THERESA

Remember -- all I ask of you is, you don't get Andy in trouble.

ANDY

She tells me that every morning after our bubble bath.

Will's jaw hits the floor.

THERESA

Yep. Yep. I sure do. I come downstairs wearing nothing but a smile, and I make him his favorite pancakes and I say: listen my big grizzly bear whatever you do today, you just stay out of trouble.

ANDY

She sure does. It's magical, Willy. David Blaine type tricks.

WET WILLY

You're such a kind lady.

THERESA

Oh, you're so sweet. Have been since high school. If you hadn't ruined the carpet that day in history, we never would've met.

Andy gives her a kiss on the neck. Theresa giggles.

ANDY

Bullies are a disease. I can't thank you enough for switching schedules with me after I transferred.

WET WILLY

It was the biggest mistake of my life...

ANDY

Pissing yourself?

WET WILLY
 (defeated)
 That too...

Will's WALKIE-TALKIE starts buzzing.

RADIO (V.O.)
 Officer Welters, come in...

WET WILLY
 Go for Wet --
 (corrects himself)
 Welters, go for Welters.

RADIO (V.O.)
 We found your gym bag.

WET WILLY
 Awesome.

RADIO (V.O.)
 R. Kelly dropped it off.

WET WILLY
 Oh, Come on!

RADIO
 (laughing)
 Ahahaha...but seriously, get to
 24th and Main, the mail man is
 stuck again.

ANDY
 Duty calls, Wet Willy. Giddy-up.

Will shoots Andy a dirty look.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephen watches TV, eating a bowl of CHEERIOS. On TV:

NEWS REPORTER
 Forget Play-stations and Nintendos.
 This is the real reason why
 Americans want to visit The Mall of
 America. Pogo Kicks. The latest toy
 craze to sweep the nation.

As she speaks, various images of Pogo Kicks appear on screen.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Demand for the shoes that come complete with lace locks and custom traveling bags has been fierce. All the toy shops and department stores in the city are nearly sold out. Some have waiting lists with as many as 300 names. With just over two weeks till Christmas it's almost impossible to find them!

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, MARIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marie sits on her bed looking directly at us.

MARIE

Listen Ted, I have something to say. We're seniors now. I'm a young, smart, beautiful girl. Probably the best you'll ever get. And I've got to keep it a hundred with you: Marie needs to roam free. College is a whole new world. A dazzling place I'll go without you. It's like church camp with naughty counselors except there are no counselors! A time to experiment and get weird before boo'ing up. It's time we said, goodbye.

(beat)

How was that Mikey?

Mikey's sitting at the foot of the bed scribbling notes.

MIKEY

It was classy. Very relaxed. Just don't force the tears, girl. Let the emotions come naturally.

MARIE

I like that. Has to feel authentic.

MIKEY

And kill that Aladdin reference. It's cruel. Makes it feel cheap.

MARIE

You caught that?

MIKEY

What am I, deaf? It's the slow jam
kickoff at Moulton's every Friday.

MARIE

That was our first bump and grind.

MIKEY

Say less, sis. Come on, we're gonna
be late.

MARIE

How long does the signing last?

MIKEY

As long as the people want me.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stephen struggles as he shovels snow off the walkway. Jamie
and her two friends drive past him.

In SLOW-MOTION: Jamie smiles and waves at Stephen.

JAMIE

Hi Steve...

STEPHEN

Heyyyy...

He gazes at her as they vanish down the street and --

WHACK!

A snowball drills him in the face.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Owwwww!

DARRYL

Hahahahah! Boom! Bitch!

Darryl high-fives Mikey as they hop in Marie's car.

MARIE

(to Stephen)

Get in geek. We're mall-hopping.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL OF AMERICA, FOOT LOCKER - DAY

Mikey's in the middle of an autograph signing. He stands next to a life-size CARDBOARD CUT OUT of himself by the entrance.

It's a big deal. DOZENS of people coming and going. KIDS. PARENTS. The entire CHEERLEADING SQUAD. MEDIA OUTLETS. PRESS.

As the CAMERAS FLASH --

Mikey poses with a YOUNG BOY, an anxious MOM, two voluptuous TEENAGE GIRLS. His happy face smashed between their breasts.

He signs autographs, holds babies, gives interviews --

MIKEY

I think you're great Rebecca. Pogo Kicks are the future of walking, like you're the future of news. You're the best reporter ever.

REPORTER #1

Thank you. Could you tell me a bit more about the design of the shoes?

MIKEY

Yeah. Sure. Your smile is the headline. That's my favorite thing about you. The idea came to me in a dream after skinny dipping in Lake Minnetonka. It was real hot last year and I wanted to fly. So, my mom came up with the prototype during summer vacation, and now they're everywhere.

REPORTER #1

Which shoe is the biggest competitor to Pogo kicks?

MIKEY

None. If I jump too high and get lost in the sky, it's good publicity.

A beautiful BLONDE WOMAN approaches.

BLONDE

Can I have your autograph?

MIKEY

(takes paper)

Sure gorgeous. What's your handle?

BLONDE
@Angel-Goddess-26.

MIKEY
(hands her autograph)
I'm here till 3. D.M. me.

She kisses him on the cheek. Runs off. Stephen rolls his eyes in the background when he suddenly notices --

Jamie -- working at Santa's Workshop across the mall. She notices him and waves. His heart melts. He waves back.

REPORTER #2
So, what's the story behind this pending safety suit against the shoes?

MIKEY
Oh, that's not real. It was on the internet. Twitter chatter for buttheads with weak ankles. The kids who fell are just bad dancers. Real douche-baguettes.

REPORTER #3
You're so relaxed, so cool. Feel any pressure being the face of the campaign?

MIKEY
I don't feel pressure. I give it. This is my mom's greatest creation, besides me.
(looks directly at Camera)
Pogo kicks are forever.

As more CAMERAS FLASH --

CUT TO:

INT. MALL OF AMERICA, GLAMOUR DEN - CONTINUOUS

Marie shops with her friends CHRISTY, 17, Irish, short, spunky, and ANDREA, 18, Mexican and Swedish, athletic, tall.

ANDREA
Don't believe the hype. Velcro is the ultimate rip-off!

MARIE

(holds up outfit)
Bitch, I'm the coldest at doing me!
Black Barbie can rock anything.

CHRISTY

Facts. But we all know Black Barbie
prefers Versace.

ANDREA

This shit is too easy, this shit
pity pat.

Andrea pulls at a velcro strap and half the dress opens.

CHRISTY

Plus this dress smells like sushi.

MARIE

It really does.

Marie hangs up the stinky dress. An employee approaches. This
is SASHA, 20's, Mixed, stylish, flawless skin, great smile.

FASHIONISTA SASHA

Hi, ladies. Welcome to the glamour
den. How can I help you, today?

ANDREA

(motions to Marie)
Yeah, we're gonna need a few
options for our girl, Marie, here.
Got a party Friday and her man
ain't been actin' right.

CHRISTY

Give her the red light special.
Leave nothing to the imagination.

MARIE

I need every head to turn when I
walk in the room. Like, I'm pretty
in real life, but I want ho's to
hit my pics with the zoom.

FASHIONISTA SASHA

Yassss, queen! When I was born, I
popped out lookin' like a knockout.
I plan to do the same for you, boo.

ANDREA

Talk your shit, girl!

FASHIONISTA SASHA
 You're walking into Friday giving
 bitches the business! Okurrrr?!

MARIE
 You a boss bitch, Sasha.

FASHIONISTA SASHA
 (to Marie)
 And you a bad chick. Who's mad
 thick...with high fashion.

ANDREA
 Top motherfuckin' tier.

FASHIONISTA SASHA
 THRIVING! Now y'all get
 comfortable. I'm gonna pull some
 items while you sip on champagne.

MARIE
 Thank you, Sasha.

FASHIONISTA SASHA
 Girl, you bout to look like a whole
 snack...

INT./EXT. KELLY'S CAR, PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kelly and Darryl make out intensely in the back of her car.

DARRYL
 Damn girl, I forgot how good you
 taste.

KELLY
 You can have seconds after I get
 off work.

DARRYL
 What time's your lunch end?

KELLY
 (checks phone)
 Still got twenty minutes.

She rummages through her purse. Pulls out a JOINT.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Got a light?

DARRYL
 What you think?

She smiles. Darryl pulls one from his jacket pocket.

KELLY
(lights joint)
It's nothin like you get in Cali,
but it'll take the edge off.

DARRYL
'Preciate you, Kel.

He takes a long drag and goes quiet. Deep in his thoughts...

KELLY
You look kind of lost.

DARRYL
Nah, I'm good.

KELLY
You're a shit liar, Peterson.

Darryl relents and passes the joint back.

DARRYL
I fell in love with the beach.

KELLY
Like one, or all of them?

DARRYL
(laughs)
Shit. All of 'em! There was this
summer solstice thing in Santa
Monica over summer, and a label
exec happened to check it out. My
band kind of blew up last semester
and now they want us to go on tour.

KELLY
That's amazing! Congratulations.

DARRYL
Thanks.

KELLY
You leaving right after graduation?

DARRYL
Don't think I can wait that long.
They need an answer by New Year's.

KELLY
You're gonna look good on TV. Maybe
not as cool as Mikey, but close.

DARRYL
(laughs)
What about school?

KELLY
What about it? College ain't goin
nowhere.

DARRYL
Have you met my father? He'd kill
me before he let me drop out. I'm
like the first one to ever go to
college in my family and when
everything happened I found myself
asking, why now? You know? Like why
does everything move so fast?

KELLY
That's how life comes at you.

Kelly takes a big pull and blows a perfect "o".

KELLY (CONT'D)
You gotta do what you want to do.
People don't like it: who cares?

DARRYL
You had that sticker on your locker
in junior high.

KELLY
My life's mantra.

DARRYL
Truth is, music is the only thing I
was ever good at. Only thing I ever
wanted to do. How many times you
think we listened to Purple Rain?

KELLY
About a thousand before my dad made
you go home. He never liked Prince.

DARRYL
You sure you're not adopted?

KELLY
I always assumed baby switch at the
hospital.

DARRYL
They know about us, yet?

KELLY
Thought we said no titles?

DARRYL
I remember.

KELLY
Besides, have you met those
psychos? Their heads would explode.

DARRYL
(laughing)
What are we gonna do, Kel?

KELLY
This...

Kelly smiles and pulls him in for a passionate kiss.

INT. MALL OF AMERICA, FOOD COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey and his KID ENTOURAGE walk through the food court eating free samples with Stephen in tow, glued to his cell.

STEPHEN
This Pooderson hashtag is out of
control. Somebody turned me into a
cartoon.

Stephen shows Mikey his phone.

INSERT: A poorly designed CLAYMATION of the choir fiasco.

MIKEY
That's awesome. Send me the link.

STEPHEN
Are you psychotic? This needs to be
deleted, ASAP.

MIKEY
No press is bad press Steve. Look
at Robert Downey Jr. -- still
balling! Avengers 3? Flawless!

STEPHEN
I wish the internet never happened.

MIKEY
What are you even saying, bro?

STEPHEN
My follower count is plummeting.

MIKEY

You have followers?

STEPHEN

I'm serious Mikey. High School is all about how you look online. I don't get this fixed, I'm dead.

MIKEY

So upload a new reel. All people care about is what's new. They don't care about you. You're funny right now! Use it to your benefit.

STEPHEN

(thinks)

I am still trending...

As they approach Santa's workshop, Jamie helps kids with Santa. Once they're situated, she smiles at Stephen.

MIKEY

She your girlfriend, yet?

STEPHEN

I wish.

MIKEY

Why don't you get her number?

STEPHEN

Her number?

MIKEY

You know...for a phone? To talk...

STEPHEN

Talk? Like talk-talk?

MIKEY

Yes. With real words using your mouth. No texting. And if she asks, you're free whenever she is.

Jamie approaches them.

JAMIE

Hey, you.

STEPHEN

Hi, Jamie.

JAMIE
(to Mikey)
Hey, superstar.

MIKEY
Hello, Ms. Lee. How's your sisters?

JAMIE
They're good. Commercial looks
great.

MIKEY
Just doing my part.

JAMIE
Signing looked fun. You guys just
finish?

STEPHEN
Yeah, just grabbing some lunch.
Picking up some presents. How's the
north pole treating you?

JAMIE
Honestly? It's a shit-show. Randy
aka Santa, is drunk, and the elves
are threatening to go on strike.

She motions to Santa's workshop. They see Santa wobbling back
and forth with a kid on his lap, sloppily eating candy canes.

STEPHEN
That's tragic.

MIKEY
When real Santa finds out, he's on
the naughty list for sure.

JAMIE
(laughs)
I should probably get back.

STEPHEN
Wait...Hold up a sec. I really
wanted to ask you something.

JAMIE
What's up?

STEPHEN

Well, I think you're really pretty
and I um...feel really happy when
I'm around you and um...nobody's
ever been so nice to me like you.
So...do you want to talk on phones?

JAMIE

Do I wanna talk on phones?

STEPHEN

Mmhmm. I'm free whenever you are.
(winks at Mikey)
To talk...

She smiles and looks at Mikey. He smiles back his approval.

JAMIE

Well, I don't usually give my
number out...

STEPHEN

Oh, okay. Sure. Stalkers and stuff.

JAMIE

But since I know you, how bout you
give me yours and I'll call you.

STEPHEN

Really?

JAMIE

Yeah. Let me see your phone.

Stephen pulls out his cell quickly, clumsily handing it over.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(typing in her number)
Maybe we could get together Friday
and go roller skating.

STEPHEN

Friday!? Yeah, Friday's great.

JAMIE

(hands phone back)
Cool. I'll call you. Bye, Mikey.

MIKEY

See ya, sweetheart.

Jamie walks off. Stephen is so excited he's about to burst.

STEPHEN
It actually worked.

MIKEY
Duh. You're with me.

STEPHEN
I did good, right?

MIKEY
Steve, you're a borderline pimp.

Mikey high-fives his big brother, genuinely proud.

BENNY (O.S.)
There he is...

Stephen and Mikey turn to see --

Benny and his crew of PREPPIES approaching fast. They walk with a sense of arrogance and entitlement.

BENNY (CONT'D)
(to his crew)
Black Hollywood in the flesh.

They all snicker.

MIKEY
Oh look, it's the Oompa-Loompa from next door. Does Wonka know you escaped from the factory?

BENNY
You should've stayed in Brooklyn Dark, Mikey. You losers are bringing the value of houses down.

STEPHEN
It's Brooklyn Park, Benjamin! And we haven't lived there in like five years --

BENNY
Nobody asked you, Pooderson!

MIKEY
Don't call him that!

BENNY
Why not? Everyone else is.

Stephen is embarrassed. A small crowd of kids gathers.

MIKEY

They're a bunch of bums. Remember
last year when you became a meme?

INSERT: An ugly MEME of Benny shooting bricks instead of
basketballs appears on screen. The caption: **BENNY BRICKS.**

BENNY

That game was rigged!

MIKEY

You're fake news.

BENNY

That last shot was bullshit! Time
ran out. Should've never counted.

MIKEY

Your follow-through is bullshit.
That's why they call you Benny
Bricks. No jumper or 3 pointer.

BENNY

You're nothing without Pogo Kicks.

STEPHEN

Shut your face, Benny!

MIKEY

What did you say, booger-eater?

BENNY

I said you shouldn't even be
allowed to touch a basketball.
You're a disgrace to the game.

MIKEY

Ya wanna go right now? My play date
cancelled, so my day's wide open!
Come on! Mark Park is around the
corner.

Mikey hypes up the crowd. The taunting intensifies.

BENNY

We play on a real court, Pooderson!
Parks are for pussies.

MIKEY

Watch it, stupid.

BENNY

Shut-up butt-muncher!

MIKEY

Idiot!

BENNY

Pitt-sniffer.

MIKEY

Dumb-dumb.

BENNY

Crackhead.

MIKEY

Toe-sucker.

Stephen makes a "sucking" sound. The crowd eats it up.

BENNY

You eat cat litter for dinner,
dork.

MIKEY

You make apple juice with your
mama's titty sweat.

BENNY

You eat dead skin off your
toes...and you enjoy it.

MIKEY

(rowdy)
You hoop like a retired MASCOT!

Everyone goes quiet. They can't believe Mikey just said that.
As the snickers and giggles start to creep in --

BENNY

(flabbergasted)
What was that?

MIKEY

Those ears could hear me from Mars.

BENNY

(about to blow)
Saturday. 11am. At our gym. Be
there big-bird-ball-biter.

MIKEY

Count on it crap-eating-snail-face.

The crowd goes wild! Stephen high-fives his brother.

INT. MALL OF AMERICA, GLAMOUR DEN - CONTINUOUS

Andrea and Christy adjust their outfits in front of a mirror.

ANDREA

My pears feel like carry-ons.
(turns, motions to butt)
They keep sliding out of the
suitcase, but I love the color.

CHRISTY

You're gonna need a smaller thong.

ANDREA

Bitch, please. I haven't worn
underwear since seventh grade.

FASHIONISTA SASHA

Booty-floss is no-one's friend.

CHRISTY

(adjusts chest)
My twins are sittin' pretty! No
Victoria's Secret needed...

FASHIONISTA SASHA

How we doing in there?

Marie emerges in a beautiful black dress.

MARIE

I don't know, you guys...It's
pretty revealing and it's supposed
to be really cold out tomorrow.

CHRISTY

You look like an escort.

MARIE

Like a high-end one?

FASHIONISTA SASHA

Mmhm.

CHRISTY

Serious call girl vibes.

ANDREA

It's perfect. Ted's gonna die when
he sees you.

FASHIONISTA SASHA

Um, it's on backwards.

MARIE
Ya think?

FASHIONISTA SASHA
I know.

Marie turns around. It clearly is.

MARIE
(shrugs shoulders)
I kind of like it this way.

FASHIONISTA SASHA
Do you, boo-boo. We paying cash or
credit?

They all look at Christy. She rolls her eyes. Pulls her card.

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - CHRISTMAS CALENDAR

Theresa's fingers open a door to expose DEC. 15 and a coloring book illustration of The Little Drummer Boy.

EXT. BEAUTY BUNS BAKERY - DAY

An aging beauty.

Kitty-corner to the DELI and NAIL SALON in a freshly renovated shopping center, she's overdue for a makeover. A "FOR SALE BY OWNER" sign hanging in the window.

INT. BEAUTY BUNS BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

The Lunch Hour Rush. It's standing room only. A blend of families, tourists and teenagers. Booths and bar tops filled throughout the store.

Cakes. Ham and Cheese Croissants. Tuna sandwiches. Soft Drinks. Donuts. Muffins. Crepes. Andy and his employees move like lightning serving multiple customers at once.

Darryl and his best friend -- SCOTTY, 20, baby-face, work the fastest while simultaneously flirting with different girls.

This is the best hidden gem in all of Minnesota with a custom RECORD PLAYER belting out tunes of yesteryear. A REALTOR approaches with an older SWEDISH COUPLE who are all business.

REALTOR

Andy, I'd like you to meet Mr. & Mrs. Larsson. --

ANDY

(shaking hands)

Hi, how are you? Welcome. I'll be with you in just a sec.

MR. LARSSON

We like bakery very much. When you can leave for good?

ANDY

(comes around counter)

Say, again?

REALTOR

The Larsson's would like to buy the bakery, Andy. It's exactly what they've been searching for.

MR. LARSSON

Yes, when you can leave forever and ever? We need bakery a week from Friday. And my wife wants the player of custom records. You sell, we pay top dollar, no problem.

ANDY

For the bakery, top dollar?

MR. LARSSON

(laughs)

Record player. For the record player. For the bakery, we pay what you ask and not a penny more. But we need bakery two weeks from Saturday or deal is dying before begins.

ANDY

Wow, a week from Friday, that's...Christmas Eve. That's pretty fast. I've been here fifteen years, I don't know if I can get everything together that quick --

The wife starts whispering rapid-fire Swedish to Mr. Larsson.

MR. LARSSON

(in Swedish)

Quiet Down!

(Tysta Ner!)

She stops talking at once.

MR. LARSSON (CONT'D)
 (to Andy)
 Excuse, please.

He and the real estate agent have a sidebar. Andy nudges Scotty closer to listen in --

MR. LARSSON (CONT'D)
 (whisper to Realtor)
 You explain that I will pay cash
 now if he sells. Very huge bonus...

They turn back to Andy. He yanks Scotty back next to him.

REALTOR
 Mr. Larsson is willing to pay a
 very handsome bonus for whatever
 trouble moving too quickly may
 cause you, Andy.

DARRYL
 You better talk to mom, dad.

SCOTTY
 Mrs. P's gonna shit, Mr. P.

ANDY
 Tysta-Ner!

Scotty shuts up quick. Mr. Larsson opens up his wallet.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 How handsome?

MR. LARSSON
 Would \$25,000 be handsome enough?

Andy's eyes bulge. Mr. Larsson pulls out an envelope of cash.

DARRYL
 Mom will forgive you.

SCOTTY
 Oh yeah...

REALTOR
 We are making real estate history
 here, Andy.

ANDY
 (almost a whisper)
 Word...

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are on. We can see the glow of a fire in the living room fireplace.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful fire. CHRISTMAS MUSIC is playing on the STEREO.

The entire family decorates the tree. Ornaments, lights, tinsel, the works. As Theresa puts the finishing touches on, Andy plugs in the final extension chord to a wall outlet.

ANDY

All right, let's count it down like
Dick Clark used too. Y'all Ready?
Mikey, get the lights --

Mikey shuts off the house lights.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Drumroll please...

No one responds.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Drumroll..?

Reluctantly Theresa, Darryl, Mikey, Stephen and Marie flutter their tongues in a cheap imitation of a drumroll.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Lisa? Joan?

Joan and Lisa join in. After a beat John and Jim reluctantly flutter their tongues. Andy joins the drumroll, louder and more enthusiastic.

GROUP

(in unison)

In three, two, one...

ANDY

Let there be light!

He holds up the plug and the outlet and with great drama and the sound of a CRASHING CYMBAL, joins them.

Very bright lights come on the Christmas tree.

MIKEY

Wow! Dad, it's incredible!

Theresa embraces Andy. He takes her under his arm. They look up at the tree with great pride.

A great swell of holiday MUSIC as we HOLD ON the magnificently-decorated tree with an Angel on top.

C.U. Andy

He's in tears. The emotion is too much for him.

Wide Shot

It's a great moment of family warmth and love. Andy embraces Lisa, then Jim.

LISA

Oh, Andy it's so beautiful.

ANDY

Ah, sis. You deserve a home like this to spend Christmas in.

JIM

It's a beauty, Andy. A real gem!

ANDY

(hugs him tightly smiling)
Jim, Jim, Jim -- you taught me everything I know about elaborate interior illuminations.

JIM

Could've used bigger bulbs.

ANDY

And you could've avoided that deer before you wrecked my brand new R.V. last year, but who cares? It's Christmas!

Andy takes Marie under his arm, Mikey under the other.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Marie, Mikey --

He hugs them tight. Then he embraces Joan.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Jolly, jolly Joan -- I hope this adds to your Christmas cheer.

JOAN

It's really something, Andy.

Andy embraces John.

ANDY

John, Johnny, John-boy.
(throws arm around him)
Thanks for coming.

JOHN

That Angel is crooked.

Andy doesn't mind the insult. He regards it as a charming moment of truth and honesty.

ANDY

I know, John. Thank you for noticing. She's probably drunk.

Andy moves from John to the next person. It's COUSIN CAROL.

Cousin Carol is in her 50's but you'd never guess it. She's naturally pretty with a voluptuous figure, clear skin, and piercing blue eyes. She rocks a hemp peacoat with a raggedy long sleeve shirt and a Minnesota Vikings stocking cap.

COUSIN CAROL

Tree looks real classy, Andrew.

ANDY

Thanks, Carol. It was all, T.

Theresa blushes as he hugs her. Something's suddenly not right. Andy lets go. He looks at Carol.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Carol?

COUSIN CAROL

(smells tree)
Smells like Douglas Fir and Skywalker OG. I'm impressed.

ANDY

(to Theresa)
Honey, what's happening?

She turns and yells over her shoulder.

COUSIN CAROL

You kids come over here and see what cousin Andy has done to the tree!

He's speechless.

He looks off and is hit with another surprise...

ANDY POV

He looks out the window at the biggest VW VAN you've ever seen backed into the driveway. Custom-retro paint job. Designer wheels. The works.

Two little kids, a boy and a girl, TIMMY and LAURIE-ANNE run in from the hallway. Timmy's 10 and Laurie-Anne is 7.

Andy's stunned. He looks at Theresa.

ANDY

Carol?

COUSIN CAROL

(to Mikey)

You remember your cousin Timmy,
don't ya?

MIKEY

What's up, Tim?

TIMMY

You tell me, movie star.

MIKEY

Got some M-80's I was saving.

TIMMY

That Benny kid still live next
door?

MIKEY

For now.

TIMMY

Think it's time we changed that.

Mikey smiles. They mischievously run off upstairs.

COUSIN CAROL

Nothing off the balcony, Timmy!
Can't afford to burn down another
gutter.

Theresa closes her eyes in disappointment.

COUSIN CAROL (CONT'D)

Y'all remember Laurie-Ann?

JOAN

Oh, my gosh! Her eye isn't lazy anymore!

COUSIN CAROL

That's something ain't it? She falls off a bike, one eye goes lazy. She gets hit by a volleyball it goes back to normal.

(laughs)

Miracles of science.

Cousin Carol playfully wrestles with TANK, 5, a giant baby.

COUSIN CAROL (CONT'D)

And this here is our little bowling ball. Tank.

ANDY

Cute name, Carol.

COUSIN CAROL

We named him that 'cause he's as big as a baby bull.

LAURIE-ANNE

He'll run you over for fun.

COUSIN CAROL

Heavy like a chevy. Thicker than a snicker.

Tank runs and leaps on Stephen. Wrestles him in a chokehold.

COUSIN CAROL (CONT'D)

(to Tank)

Tank, you get off Stevie and come give your Cousin Andy a hug.

(to Andy)

You never saw muscles on a baby like this one's got.

ANDY

That's not a baby.

COUSIN CAROL

You wrestle him right Andy, and he'll love you forever.

ANDY

That's okay. I like my back.

LAURIE-ANN

We were gonna face-time you, but mom said Cousin Theresa wanted to make it a surprise.

ANDY

(surprised)
Did she?

CLOSEUP - THERESA

She's busted. She blushes and flashes a pleading smile --

THERESA

Surprise...

COUSIN CAROL

You surprised, cousin?

ANDY

Surprised, Carol? If I woke up tomorrow with one arm I wouldn't be more surprised than I am right now.

Theresa gives an awkward laugh.

THERESA

We're so happy you could make it!

Theresa gives everyone hugs.

THERESA (CONT'D)

We have plenty of food. Plenty of space. Plenty of everything.

COUSIN CAROL

Well, I sure do appreciate it. I may have a friend joining next week, if that's alright?

JIM

New boyfriend, Carol?

COUSIN CAROL

Labels are for leftovers and packed lunches. He's in the probation period, but things look promising.

LISA

What happened to Trevor? The bobsled instructor?

COUSIN CAROL

Ah. Don't even get me started. He went through a whole magic phase and kept asking to paint me.

(then)

It was creepy.

ANDY

So he's not joining us?

COUSIN CAROL

Negative, red-rider. Mama bear's technically solo. Had to cut him loose before the holidays... Might get corned by a young buck under some mistletoe and teach him a thing or three.

JOHN

Nice.

Joan punches him in the arm.

COUSIN CAROL

I ordered a few pies from Pizza Barn on the way in, and they should be here soon. I'm just gonna run and grab the kids' things along with my retainer and pet snake.

THERESA

Great.

COUSIN CAROL

Come on, I wanna show you the van!

Cousin Carol whisks Theresa off to the VW Van.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, BASEMENT - LATER

Everyone eats pizza. Scotty enters with two boxes of cookies. The kids sit by the TV. All the adults hover around the bar.

ANDY

Y'all save room for dessert.

LISA

You brought home cookies?

DARRYL

(sarcastically)

Does Santa like milk?

SCOTTY
We got chocolate chip, sugar and of
course...peanut butter.

Scotty sets the boxes down on the bar, grabs a slice.

ANDY
Remember to lock up?

SCOTTY
(tosses Andy keys)
You know it, Mr. P.

Cousin Carol smiles seductively at Scotty.

COUSIN CAROL
(sipping champagne)
Cristal is my favorite, cousin! Dom
Perignon. All this for me!? You
shouldn't have.

ANDY
We didn't, Carol. This is for your
amazing cousin who's making
history. Congratulations on another
milestone, baby.

He raises his glass. As everyone follows suit and drinks --

THERESA
Ahhh, honey...

MARIE
That's really sweet, daddy.

DARRYL
Twelve million pairs and counting!

Darryl looks at Andy funny. He shoots him a "shut-up" stare.

LISA
You guys pick out a house?

THERESA
The one in South Beach is our
favorite, but nothing's final yet.

JOHN
South Beach? As in Miami?

ANDY
Yeah. You don't like it?

LISA

Can't stand it. The sun eats me up.
Two hours and I'm made of leather.

DARRYL

Well, I love it. It's like Cali
with less smog.

JOAN

Are you planning to join them after
graduation, Darryl?

DARRYL

Not exactly. If everything works
out, I'll be on tour. Record our
first album when we get back.

JIM

Tour? Like concerts and stuff?

The group shares confused glances.

DARRYL

Yeah, we'd play instruments and
everything.

The whole family shares a laugh.

JOAN

When does it start?

DARRYL

Pretty soon. Kick off is just after
Valentine's Day.

LISA

That won't affect your class
schedule?

DARRYL

Kind of hard to be on a zoom when
I'm on stage.

ANDY

What about graduation?

COUSIN CAROL

He'll be there spiritually.

DARRYL

With all my heart, Carol.

THERESA

Spiritually? Hmm. That's new.

MIKEY
Spiritually? You lost me.

DARRYL
My plan all along, Mikey.

JIM
You're not graduating?

LISA
You're the first Peterson to go to college.

DARRYL
Thank you, Aunt Lisa. I'm aware.

JOAN
Aren't you supposed to finish?
You're almost done. Why quit now?

Andy downs his champagne. Quickly pours another glass.

DARRYL
It's not quitting. More like a break. Like, switching majors.

JOHN
Any major is good. Business, communications, marketing. Something to fall back on in case this music thing doesn't pan out.

THERESA
Hey, you know what? Darryl doesn't need any more advice. Nothing wrong with taking a little time off.

COUSIN CAROL
You're absolutely right, T. Rushing gets you nowhere. Better to take things slow...
(winks at Scotty)
Wait to finish till you want too..

ANDY
Chill out, Carol.
(to Darryl)
What are we talking about? You're not gonna go back to school after the tour? When did this happen?

DARRYL

Nothing's been decided yet, dad
it's just that -- I think music is
more important than a piece of
paper. If I have an opportunity to
live my dream, I'm gonna take it.

ANDY

And what happens when your dream
runs out of money? When you can't
eat? Can't pay your phone bill?

COUSIN CAROL

Many people will panic to find a
charger before their phone dies,
but won't panic to find a plan
before their dreams die.

DARRYL

See, Cousin Carol gets it.

THERESA

Shut up, Darryl.

Everyone starts bickering.

COUSIN CAROL

Look, I have a great idea here.
Andy, T, you already have Marie and
Stephen heading off to college.

MIKEY

Hey, I might go too.

COUSIN CAROL

With your acting career? Please.
Your spirit guides have big plans
for you. I talk to them often.

TIMMY

Told you she was a psychic.

MIKEY

This pleases me.

COUSIN CAROL

It should.

(to Andy & Theresa)

So why don't you drop this college-
band war, and just let Darryl play
in his band.

THERESA

Or drop the band.

COUSIN CAROL
Oh, now wouldn't that be crazy?

THERESA
Well, I don't think that's any crazier than dropping out.

LISA
Well, I'd like to think college provides a strong, stable foundation.

COUSIN CAROL
It's clear this is what his internal avatar is guiding him to do.

THERESA
I mean college was just as much our dream as it was his.

MARIE
(whispers to Andy)
Dad, do something. Flip the script.

ANDY
(raises glass)
Hey, guess what? I sold the bakery today!

Everyone stops yelling and looks at Andy, stunned.

THERESA
What was that, honey?

ANDY
Theresa, I forgot to tell you. While you were at the grocery store this afternoon, I sold the bakery.

JIM
Well, congratulations, Andy! You have a new shop in Miami, already?

ANDY
Well, we don't know exactly for sure where yet, but we were thinking maybe Ocean Drive.

THERESA
We don't know exactly for sure where yet...but Andy we don't even know if our offer is going to be accepted. You sold the bakery?

COUSIN CAROL
(starts crying)
Cousin...

MARIE
(tearing up)
Dad, are you serious?

MIKEY
Why are they crying?

COUSIN CAROL
(sobbing)
This new birth control I'm on has
my emotions all over the moon
cycles.

JOAN
You are wildly inappropriate.

MARIE
(sobbing to Mikey)
I never thought they were serious
about moving.
(to Andy)
I'm sorry dad, but I just thought
it was another silly idea, like you
wanting to sail to Canada.

ANDY
Hey -- it could happen.

MARIE
I never thought you were actually
gonna go through with it. I love
the bakery.

THERESA
Well, wow!
(laughs awkwardly)
I guess I just assumed we'd have a
little more warning, but what do we
have? We have at least 90 days
before you have to clear out, am I
right Andy?

Andy nods nervously. Darryl looks at him skeptically.

COUSIN CAROL
Oh, trust me cousin, you can squat
up to six months if necessary.

Andy kicks Darryl under the table.

DARRYL
Ow...

THERESA
Darryl, what's happening?

DARRYL
The pizza hates my body. Can I go
to the bathroom?

THERESA
No. No Morris Day, you may not go.

Andy quickly gets up and heads for the refrigerator.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Andy --

ANDY
(muzzled)
The guy paid me \$25,000 today to be
out in ten days...

THERESA
The guy paid you \$25,000 extra to
be out of the bakery in...10 DAYS?!

JIM
Tell me you took it, Andy...

Andy gives him a half-hearted thumbs up.

DARRYL
He did! And he threw in mom's
record player just to close the
deal.

THERESA
Ah! Andy!

ANDY
Tysta-Ner!
(Quiet down!)

He laughs awkwardly.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKEY'S ROOM - LATER

Timmy, Stephen and Mikey play an intense game of Mario Kart.

TIMMY
I thought you said you were good?

STEPHEN

I am good.

MIKEY

When?

STEPHEN

All the time.

MIKEY

You haven't made it to the podium since Halloween!

STEPHEN

You don't know that.

MIKEY

Everyone knows that. It's saved on the system.

TIMMY

Don't lie, Stephen. Santa's watching.

STEPHEN

It's not my fault, Timmy! The computer always cheats me.

MIKEY

Then how come we win, sometimes?

TIMMY

Yeah, how come we win?

STEPHEN

(to Mikey)

Cause it's *your* system.

MIKEY

So?

STEPHEN

So, it's programmed for you.

TIMMY

You sound confused.

STEPHEN

Na-uh!

MIKEY

Really, really desperate, Stevie.

TIMMY

You need to work on your aim. Can't keep a steady shot for shit.

STEPHEN

I can't control game glitches!

TIMMY

But you can control your attitude.

Mikey wins. Timmy comes in 2nd. Stephen is second to last.

MIKEY

Boom! The champ is here!

Timmy gently touches Stephen on the arm.

TIMMY

Maybe don't play online for awhile. But if you do, don't tell people we're related.

MIKEY

It's embarrassing.

Stephen tosses his controller and jumps up to leave.

STEPHEN

You guys suck.

MIKEY

(to Timmy)

Told you he'd freak out.

STEPHEN

(stammering)

I'm not freaking -- you're the out who's...shut-up!

TIMMY

Mario Kart just isn't your jam.

Stephen's phone buzzes. It's Jamie. He freaks.

STEPHEN

Shit! I can't believe she called.

MIKEY

Of course she called...you're related to me.

STEPHEN

Shut-up Mikey. That commercial is ridiculous.

MIKEY

Yeah. Ridiculously cool. It's not my fault you don't know how to fly.

TIMMY

Dude, all you have to do is believe.

STEPHEN

Quiet! Shit! What do I do?

MIKEY

Just pick up.

STEPHEN

I can't.

TIMMY

Want me to answer?

STEPHEN

No!

MIKEY

You're running out of time, man.

STEPHEN

Time is a construct designed to keep us enslaved.

MIKEY

Only nerds talk like that.

Stephen shuts his eyes. He paces back and forth.

TIMMY (O.S.)

(into phone)

Hey you...

Stephen opens his eyes. Timmy's got his phone. He give chase, but Timmy maneuvers around the room and evades him.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah...I'm his cousin. He's in the shower and told me to answer in case you called.

STEPHEN

(whispering)

Hang up!

TIMMY

Uh...yep, tomorrow works great. He said he'll meet you at Moulton's Roller Palace at 7 o'clock and you better not be late...

STEPHEN

(whisper screaming)
HANG UP! Hang the phone up!

TIMMY

Ahahah, you're funny too...uh huh...really? Sure, you can bring your sister and cousin. Okay, sounds good. Bye!

Timmy hangs up. Stephen grabs his phone back.

STEPHEN

You have exactly ten seconds to explain or I'm going to kill you.

TIMMY

Don't be a lame, Pooderson. I just saved your life.

STEPHEN

Please speak english.

TIMMY

Mikey, translate.

MIKEY

We have a date with your crush.

STEPHEN

What?

TIMMY

She was supposed to babysit her cousin and sister, but I convinced her to make it a three-way.

STEPHEN

Gross.

MIKEY

Just don't crash like last time.

TIMMY

They said you were a liability.

STEPHEN

Those laces were loose!

Stephen storms out. As soon as he's out of sight --

TIMMY
Bet you a corn dog, he falls.

MIKEY
Cherry icee to go with it?

TIMMY
Duh.

They fist bump.

INT. MOULTON'S ROLLER PALACE - NIGHT

A packed house.

Music blares as dozens of kids skate around the rink.
Stephen, Timmy and Mikey enter. They spot Jamie in the back.

MIKEY
There she is.

TIMMY
Whoa. Nice work, Steve.

STEPHEN
So, we just walk over, now?

MIKEY
We don't walk.

TIMMY
We glide.

The trio skates over and Mikey is immediately swarmed by fans. He and Timmy take off as Stephen taps Jamie on the arm.

STEPHEN
Hey, you.

JAMIE
Hey...there you are.

STEPHEN
What's going on?

JAMIE
Oh, not much.

STEPHEN
You look really great.

TED

That's hot.

MARIE

You just gonna stand there, or do something about it?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ESSEX HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted and Marie fall into bed and rip each other's clothes off.

INT. MOULTON'S ROLLER PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Stephen impresses Jamie with his skating skills. He teaches her how to do a variety of spins, dips and tricks.

ANGLE ON: Arcade Area

Mikey and Timmy hold court with a group of girls.

MIKEY

Look, I can't even front, my life is like a movie. I'm the fourth youngest of four, but I'm also the 1st favorite. I know this cause my dad kept a list on the refrigerator in the garage and it said number 1: Mikey. That's me. @MVP-25

Timmy exchanges numbers with a trio of CHEERLEADERS.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You know, as an actor you've got to be in touch with your heart --
 (touches a girl's chest)
 As well as your mind --
 (touches his head)
 Cause inspiration hits you at the oddest time -- just like your dad.

The group nods in agreement hanging on every word he says.

TIMMY

(to cheerleaders)
 ...and if a woman answers, don't worry, it's just my mom. She lost her phone at In-N-Out in a bathroom stall, so I'm helping her out.

All the girls eat it up. He and Mikey trade smiles.

DEEJAY (O.S.)
 This next song is for all my
 couples in the house. If you're not
 holding hands, get off the floor.

The Aladdin song, "*I Can Show You The World*" cues up.

ANGLE ON: Skating Area

Jamie holds her hand out. After a beat, Stephen takes it.

JAMIE
 Where'd you learn to skate like
 that?

STEPHEN
 My dad. We used to come here every
 weekend when we were younger.

JAMIE
 Well, thanks for teaching me some
 of your moves. I owe you one.

STEPHEN
 You think so?

JAMIE
 Maybe more than one...

STEPHEN
 Well, are you busy next weekend?

JAMIE
 Next weekend's Christmas.

STEPHEN
 Yeah, well my family has this party
 every year on Christmas Eve and --

JAMIE
 Yes.

STEPHEN
 Yes?

JAMIE
 I'd love to come.

Off Stephen smiling --

CUT TO:

INT. ESSEX HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marie and Ted lie naked under the covers. The bed is a mess.

MARIE
You're amazing.

TED
I know.

MARIE
You've never done those moves
before. Not sure I can walk right.

TED
I like surprises. Don't you?

MARIE
When they feel like that? Yeah. Not
sure about this whole moving thing,
though. I'm gonna miss you so much.

TED
Well, it'll be like before we met.

Ted gets up and uses the bathroom with the door open.

MARIE
Before we met my life was boring
and basic. Wasn't yours?

TED
I guess.

He flushes the toilet, comes back in, starts getting dressed.

MARIE
I'm just glad we're still together.
A lot's been happening this year
and I'm really glad I have you.

TED
Listen, Marie, I been thinking real
hard about how to say this. We're
almost out of high school, this is
our senior year. I think we owe it
to ourselves to roam free. College
is a whole new world. A dazzling
place I'll go without you. It's
time we said goodbye.

MARIE
Are you seriously using the Aladdin
song to break up with me?

TED

Don't focus on that. God...I'm gonna miss the shit out you next year. Let's stay friends, okay?
(thinks)
With benefits.

He awkwardly kisses her on the cheek. Then leaves.

INT. ESSEX HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darryl and Scotty play Beer Pong.

SCOTTY

So, is Carol like your cousin-cousin?

DARRYL

Her mom and my mom are cousins.

SCOTTY

She was eye-fucking the shit out of me at dinner the other night.

DARRYL

Catch her under some mistletoe and you might get lucky.

SCOTTY

She looks super sad in her Facebook pictures.

DARRYL

That's cause she's old. Old people get sad faster.

SCOTTY

Age is a state of mind, bro. She's a goddess.

DARRYL

She's a golden girl.

ANGLE ON: Family Room

Marie slinks in, still in shock. She's swarmed by deadbeats.

ROUGHNECK

Marie, now that Ted is nothing but a memory, I was thinking...maybe you'd like to come over later and pop that top off...

Marie rolls her eyes, keeps walking. A DRUNK LOSER runs up --

DRUNK LOSER

Hey, I just heard what happened and
I wanted to let you know...

(stares at her cleavage)

Oh, God you're sexy! Hey, can I
motorboat you?!

She walks off in horror. A hideous HAWAIIAN SHIRT walks up --

HAWAIIAN SHIRT

Hey Marie! Remember that time you
danced with me at Sadie Hawkins?
Well, I never told you but I had
the biggest boner of my life and I
always thought we could make sex --

MARIE

Jesus Christ!

She storms off headed for the basement...

INT. ESSEX HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Andrea and Christy rip shots at the bar with JOCKS.

HUNKY SIMPLE JOCK

So, for your birthday we can go
someplace nice, like Olive Garden.

ANDREA

Dude, my birthday's in a month. I'm
not sure if we're still talking by
then.

CHRISTY

(laughing)
Got him!

Andrea shoos them away as Marie approaches.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

You okay? We just heard.

ANDREA

Want me to stab him?

MARIE

Not yet. He thinks he can break up
with me a week before Christmas? I
like: invented him. You know?

CHRISTY

Forget him. He's a future P.O.W.

Marie throws back shot, looks at her confused.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

People of Walmart. Don't check the website unless you're ready for it. You can't ever unsee it.

MARIE

Thanks. Let's go again. I wanna forget this night ever happened.

ANDREA

Say less, girl.

As Andrea lines up shots, an older-looking senior looks at Marie from across the room. This is JEREMY, 18, Puerto Rican.

MARIE

You guys know that guy?

ANDREA

That's that new kid. We got gym together and he is CUTE!

He smiles at Marie. She smiles back.

INT./EXT. DARRYL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kelly smokes a joint with Darryl. Radio plays in the B.G.

DARRYL

I think I love you.

KELLY

Thank you.

DARRYL

Thank you?

KELLY

What do you want me to say?

DARRYL

We've been doing this dance for months.

KELLY

So what?

DARRYL

So I can't stop thinking about you.

KELLY

Because I'm new and different? Or maybe I'm exactly the same...

DARRYL

Whatever you are, I want it all the time.

KELLY

Thought we said no labels. Thought we were just having fun.

DARRYL

Maybe I want more than that.

KELLY

What about your tour?

DARRYL

I been thinking and I want you to join me after you graduate. Unless you got somewhere better to be...

KELLY

(beat)

You're trouble.

Darryl smiles at her and pulls her in for a long kiss.

INT. ESSEX HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marie smokes a joint with Jeremy on the couch.

JEREMY

Yo, that's some private reserve. Shit will have you sitting sideways on cloud nine, for real.

MARIE

This ain't my first fiesta.

She takes a monster rip. Downs another shot.

JEREMY

Okay, prom queen. I see you.

Marie takes another hit.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Your name's Mary, right?

MARIE

Marie.

JEREMY

Marie. I like that. It's rare.

MARIE

Thanks.

JEREMY

So, you got all your Christmas gifts ready, or you waiting till the last minute?

MARIE

Haven't even started. Was supposed to shop with my boyfriend this weekend, but he had other plans.

Ted runs upstairs with a brunette. Marie takes another shot.

JEREMY

Yeah. I heard. Dude is a menace.

MARIE

Had this custom Connect Four game on hold, too. It was our favorite game and...it's stupid. Never-mind.

JEREMY

It's not stupid. I love Connect Four. Was the first game I ever taught my kid sister.

MARIE

Really?

JEREMY

Yes, indeed. Now I know your boy is definitely on the naughty list.

MARIE

(laughing)

You sound like my brother.

JEREMY

You don't believe in Santa?

Marie shakes her head "no". Looks at him like he's crazy.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Damn Marie. You fearless.

MARIE

Thanks...?

(beat)

Do you believe in Santa?

JEREMY

Hell yeah, I believe in Santa. From where I'm sitting, Christmas came early.

MARIE

That's not true.

JEREMY

Why would I lie? You're like the dopest person here. Forget Varsity Blues, you too cool for him anyway.

That felt good. Marie looks off blushing. Jeremy smiles.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Listen, I gotta bounce soon but I'm trying to see you sometime. Can I get your number or something?

MARIE

(beat)

Yeah. Alright.

Jeremy hands her his phone. She punches in her number.

JEREMY

Hope to see you soon. Enjoy your night.

MARIE

You too.

She watches him leave. A little grin comes over her face.

INT. BEAUTY BUNS BAKERY - DAY

Theresa helps Andy finish packing up the last few boxes.

THERESA

These are from the tree we carved our initials in.

ANDY

Marie will love those...

Theresa hands him custom wooden coasters. Fights back tears.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Hey, there's no crying in moving. We're on to bigger and better places. I mean who needs this old shack? Look at it!

They both gaze at the bakery. It's truly a special place.

THERESA

There's one more thing we have to do before we go.

ANDY

I'm not gonna dig up that pigeon from the park.

THERESA

Not exactly what I was thinking.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

Theresa and Andy make one last batch of cookies together. They mix the flour, crack the eggs, sprinkle the chocolate chips in the dough, and put the cookies in the oven.

They come out perfect.

They playfully feed each other and enjoy making a mess. They kiss. Andy hugs his wife, holds her close. As they part --

MR. LARSSON

Sorry to interrupt. You got the keys, Andy?

ANDY

(searches pockets)
Yeah, I um, have it right here. Got them here somewhere...oh Mr. Larsson this is my wife, Theresa. She and I actually met here.

MR. LARSSON

Ah, how charming...the keys?

ANDY

(rummages through pockets)
Ah, right. They're here somewhere --
(finds it)
Here we go...
(drops it)
Whoops.
(picks them up)
Here you go. She's all yours.

He hesitantly hands the keys to Mr. Larsson.

MR. LARSSON

Good luck, Peterson.

ANDY

You too.

Mr. Larsson leaves. He stomps his cigarette out on the sidewalk. Andy doesn't like that. He and Theresa stand there a beat, at a loss for words.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - CHRISTMAS CALENDAR

Theresa's hand opens a door marked, DEC. 24. Behind the paper door is a drawing of a Gingerbread Man Cookie.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - MORNING

A beautiful sunrise. Except for the RV, and Laurie-Ann and Tank hurling snowballs at the Angels, the house looks great.

INT. LIFETIME FITNESS BASKETBALL GYM - MORNING

Standing room only. All eyes on the court.

Mikey battles Benny in a real grudge match. Timmy takes bets in the crowd. Stephen nervously watches, biting his nails.

BENNY

This is too easy --

Benny does a fierce crossover and breaks Mikey's ankles. In a split second, he fakes left, goes right -- drains a jumper.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Woo! You like that, huh? Better pick up those feet --

The crowd taunts Mikey bad. As they cheer Benny on --

BENNY (CONT'D)

Told you he was nothin without his magic shoes. Pogo prick!

Benny dribbles at the top of the key. Does a few moves --

MIKEY

That was your last bucket...

BENNY

Point game, Urkel.

He does a spin move, tries a lay-up, but Mikey blocks it!

MIKEY

Gimme that!

Mikey steals it and dribbles circles around Benny --

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Watch the sizzle...

He does a crossover/step-back, launches a deep three. Swish! Mikey lets his arm hang in the air after the follow through.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Ooh! It's pretty. It's sooo pretty!

Benny hurls the ball at Mikey.

BENNY

Check up!

MIKEY

Tie Game, Benny Bricks --

Mikey dribbles at the top of the key, a fan waves at him.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Hey, is that your mom over there in the stands, topless? She's topless...

BENNY

Shut-up, Pooderson!

Benny tries to steal it, but Mikey evades him.

MIKEY

Game time, baby!

Mikey dribbles behind his back, crosses between his legs --

Benny's all over him -- Mikey backs him up going right then left, spins and -- shoots a fade away -- the ball sails through the air and goes in -- Mikey wins!

The entire gym goes bezerk! As they hoist Mikey up --

INT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Andy picks up last minute items for the Christmas Party. He rounds a corner by the deli, and collides with Wet Willy.

WET WILLY

Learn how to drive, Pooderson.

ANDY

(sniffs)

Diapers are on aisle 5, smells like you need a few.

WET WILLY

(looks at groceries)

Is that for your stupid party?

ANDY

Wet Willy, we've been through this. If you wanna come, all you have to do is ask me nicely.

WET WILLY

Really?

ANDY

Sure, why not? It's Christmas.

WET WILLY

Okay. Can I come to your party?

ANDY

No. Now move.

Andy tries to go around him, but Wet Willy blocks his path.

WET WILLY

Ya know Pooderson, I'm glad you're moving. I was beginning to think you were stuck on stupid.

ANDY

Stupid is coming to my house on a weekly basis and mumbling in front of a woman you have no chance with.

WET WILLY

She's coming around.

ANDY

This month you've written us a shoveling ticket, another shoveling ticket and almost got Theresa's car towed because she was snowed in. The next family will shoot you.

WET WILLY

Hahaha. You still don't get it, do you? I am that next family.

ANDY

What? You live with your mom.

WET WILLY

I'm buying your house, Andrew.
Mommy's off to a new community in a
far away land. Will is back, baby.

ANDY

Did you slip on the ice and hit
your head again?

WET WILLY

Check with your wife if you don't
believe me. It's under my LLC,
Little Big Boy Co. We're a
burgeoning luxury slipper line
that's pushing style boundaries.

ANDY

Elves already have shoes. And I
don't believe you.

WET WILLY

You don't have too. In less than 72
hours she's all mine. All you have
to do is sign the papers.

ANDY

If you show up tonight, my kids
have permission to blow you up.

WET WILLY

Did I do this for me? No. I did
this for the chunky guy. For Joe
Love Handles, who wakes up every
day in his \$500-a-month townhouse
wondering how he's gonna pay his
cable that month? Wonders: how he's
gonna wash his car, or pay his
kid's tap-dancing bills?

ANDY

Someone had kids with you?

WET WILLY

You have a merry Christmas,
Pooderson. Look out for Fed-Ex.
Even you can't pass up an offer
this sweet. Ta-ta, grizzly man.

He tries to exit smoothly, but bumps into a display with his
cart. Andy chuckles at him as he rolls away.

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, VARIOUS ROOMS - EVENING

MUSIC UP...*"A Sleigh Ride Together With You"* by The Ronettes

CHRISTMAS PARTY MONTAGE

Gifts are placed under the tree.

Mistletoe is nailed above a doorway.

Stephen ties his Christmas tie.

Garlands are hung on the bannister.

Laurie-Ann lights candles with Marie.

Banana bread heats up in the oven.

Cousin Carol puts the finishes touches on her make-up.

Appetizers are set on the table.

Andy zips up Theresa's dress, and kisses her on the shoulder.

Tank finds a box of FIREWORKS.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

The outdoor lights are on. Chocolate Santa fully inflates.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - EVENING

The Christmas Party is in full swing.

It's a big deal. Two hundred invited guests. Family. Friends. Co-workers. Media. This is the social event of the year.

We QUICK CUT around the event.

Darryl helps an elderly man, GRANDPA ALBERT into the house. He's in his late-eighties, talks with no filter, smokes a long cigar and is clearly drunk. Cousin Carol walks up.

COUSIN COUSIN CAROL

Is that my grandpa or Leon Phelps?

GRANDPA ALBERT

Ha-ha-ha, I know that voice! Merry Christmas, sweetheart!

COUSIN CAROL

Merry Christmas, Grandpa!

They Embrace. Darryl takes his coat as they get some punch --

GRANDPA ALBERT

Whoo! You are looking good!

COUSIN CAROL

You are sweeter than a bucket of candy!

GRANDPA ALBERT

Last time I seen you we was dropping off a breast pump in county. When they let you out? What happened to your Corn Rolls? You one of them lesbians now?

COUSIN CAROL

You are too funny! I wanted to wear my hair all natural. Like my curls?

GRANDPA ALBERT

Nah. Where's the can? I gotta pee.

Lisa hovers near the dessert table trying different snacks.

LISA

This fat-free cake isn't bad.

JOAN

That's a sponge, Lisa.

She spits it into a napkin, and quickly leaves. Unbeknownst to them, Tank walks up and swipes a lighter off the table.

Like the President. Mikey holds court with various kids.

MIKEY

Presents are the greatest way to show girls how much you like them. It's this real thing that you can hold and say, *"Hey, girl, I love you this much money's worth"*.

Everyone nods in agreement. Timmy collects seminar fees.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda stumbles in with a crate of drinks wearing a Santa hat.

LINDA

Mrs. Claus was naughty this year!

THERESA

What is all that?

LINDA

This is how Christmas spirits communicate. Ain't a holiday without some Hennessy.

THERESA

I thought you were on a cleanse?

LINDA

Starting New Year's Day your girl is going sober. I'm not going to drink anymore. On the weekend.

Andy wins a game of DARTS with his friends.

ANDY

Oh! I'm gonna miss winning!
Everybody gather around.

Andy walks behind the bar, starts fixing drinks.

ANDY (CONT'D)

This is equal parts vodka, Alize, whisky, ginger beer, rum, triple sec and two shots of tequila. I call it the Epcot Center.

Everyone chugs it in one pull.

JIM

(screams)

Oh-my-Goddddd! Fill it again!

ANDY

Alright!

Stephen and Jamie exchange gifts in the bonus room. Jamie hugs him and notices they're sitting under MISTLETOE.

JAMIE

This is the best Christmas ever.

STEPHEN

It's my favorite holiday. A, you get to spend time with your favorite people. Secondly, you can eat as many cookies as you want and no one can say anything. Third, you get presents. What's better than getting presents? And fourth --

Jamie kisses him. He's in shock. As their lips part --

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

And, and...then there's that...

JAMIE

Not bad for just one day.

STEPHEN

It's the greatest day of all time.

Off Jamie smiling --

Scotty sneaks up behind Darryl. He puts him in a headlock.

SCOTTY

Merry Christmas, brotha!

DARRYL

About time! Scotty boy!

He snaps a selfie with him. Gives him a high-five.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Yes! Scotty Morris boys and girls.

SCOTTY

What's up my dudes?!
(points to crouch)
Check it out!

He has mistletoe taped over his crouch.

DARRYL

Oh no! Oh look at you -- sprinkles
on the cupcakes!

SCOTTY

Scotty-totty need a shotty.

DARRYL

Oh, let's set you up.
(shouts to party)
Who wants to set him up?
(Kelly approaches)
Baby! Kelly's gonna hook you up.

She pulls the cork out of red wine. Pours Scotty a glass.

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer wears a revealing sweater with a plunging neck line and is fawned over by Uncle Jim and Uncle John.

JENNIFER

So by the time moon shoes got to me, they were like Ugg slippers with springs. But it didn't make me upset, mm-mm, it made me motivated.
(drinks champagne)
But it also made me upset.

JIM

So, you helped design Pogo Kicks?

JENNIFER

Not the shoe per se, but the packaging was all me. That's why I'm gonna miss, T. She helped me channel all of my energies and my funds -- into my three kids.

JOHN

That's beautiful.

JENNIFER

But those right there...
(points at Pogo Kicks under tree)
That's my passion. Shoe fashion.

They all cheers.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE, BACKYARD BALCONY - LATER

Tank and Laurie Ann set up a launch pad for ROCKET FIREWORKS.

LAURIE-ANN

Mikey got those long range missiles we like. Santa will see us first!

Tank giggles and grunts his approval.

LAURIE-ANN (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's go get the boys.

They hustle back inside as we --

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Scotty flirts with Cousin Carol by the fireplace.

SCOTTY

So, I mean what's it like being on tour? It's gotta be cool, right? You saw a ton of great artists. Tears for Fears. Bob Dylan. Mint Condition. Morris Day. I mean --

COUSIN CAROL

I once gave Prince a blow job.

SCOTTY

(impressed)

No way! Were The Revolution there?

COUSIN CAROL

(chuckles)

...Not until later...they had a charity basketball game.

(caresses his hair)

...You're so sexy. You remind me of Prince. Let's go crazy...

Scotty is nervously intrigued.

Marie opens up a present from Jeremy. It's a custom, wooden, CONNECT FOUR game board, with her initials engraved on it.

JEREMY

This what you had on hold?

MARIE

Not even close. This is like, the coolest thing anyone ever got me. No cap.

JEREMY

Well, you ain't gonna beat me, but I can teach you a few things.

She blushes. He leans in and they share their first kiss.

Kelly and Darryl rock out on GUITAR HERO as Aunt Lisa dee-jays. Joan sloppily dances drunk by the tree. Uncle Jim runs up from behind and grinds with her. Clearly feeling good.

Theresa looks on smiling. As she gazes at her closest friends and family all over the party, her eyes finally land on Andy. He's across the room. They share a smile and nod.

This is what Christmas is all about.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cousin Carol shows Scotty photos on her iPhone.

COUSIN CAROL
Here I am with Milli Vanilli.

SCOTTY
Amazing! Which one did you smash?

COUSIN CAROL
One? Had em both at the same time.

SCOTTY
You were a freaky old groupie.

COUSIN CAROL
What do you mean, were?

She puts Scotty's hand on her breast. They make out passionately. As they take their clothes off --

SCOTTY
You taste like Dunkin Donuts.

COUSIN CAROL
You're missing curfew tonight.

SCOTTY
Jingle all the way...

They fall into the bed.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The party forms a giant circle. Theresa and Timmy have an epic dance battle with John and Lisa in front of everyone.

THERESA
The robot! It's back! Watch me now!

Timmy pops and locks as everyone eventually joins in.

ANGLE ON: The Couch

Uncle Jim is down for the count, snoring loud. Kelly sprays silly string all over his bald head.

DARRYL
(laughing)
Oh no! Ahahahahaha.

DING-DONG! The doorbell rings.

INT./EXT. PETERSON HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Theresa and Andy answer the door in a hurry. It's FED-EX.

THERESA

Hi there!

FED EX MAN

I have a delivery here, for a Mr.
and Mrs. Peterson.

ANDY

That's us.

FED EX MAN

I was supposed to deliver it
yesterday but it fell between the
seats and I missed it. Sorry.

He hands over a manila envelope.

FED EX MAN (CONT'D)

(as he leaves)

Merry Christmas!

THERESA

Merry Christmas to you.

ANDY

I can't believe it.

THERESA

What is it?

They shut the door and walk back inside.

INSERT: Sticker on Envelope reads -- *LITTLE BIG BOY CO.*

ANDY

Wet Willy was telling the truth.

THERESA

Oh, no.

They open the envelope and it's an official ALL-CASH offer
from Wet Willy. The music dies down. Everyone looks at them.

JOAN

What you got there, Andy?

JOHN

A letter confirming your
reservation at the asylum?

THERESA
It's from our realtor.

LISA
Your offer!

ANDY
Our offer.

The whole crowd oohs and ahhs --

GROUP
(in unison)
Ooooh...Wow! Yay!

MIKEY
Did we get it?!

DARRYL
Yeah! What's it say, dad?

Andy and Theresa share a glance. For the first time in a long time their on the same page.

THERESA
Uh, well everybody, it says we have an offer...

The whole crowd erupts, cheering.

LISA
Way to go little brother!

JOAN
Happy for you guys.

LINDA
Proud of you, T.

TIMMY
Yeah! Miami!

Theresa looks to Andy.

ANDY
Congratulations, Mrs. Peterson.

THERESA
(beat)
You thinking what I'm thinking, Mr. Peterson?

Andy smiles. They look around the room at all the happy faces. Marie. Stephen. It's a bittersweet moment. He nods.

ANDY

Looks like we have three days to think about it and let them know if we accept their terms.

MIKEY

What's their to think about it? I say we sign, now!

The crowd erupts in laughter.

THERESA

That's what we used to want too, Mikey.

MARIE

Used too?

THERESA

This whole month, we've been thinking about all the things we wish we could change. Wondering if we had left the Twin Cities, would I have ever created Pogo Kicks?

Andy gets his coat on.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Or what if I took that internship in New York when you guys were younger? Well, I mean I did go to New York, but I knew this was where I wanted to raise a family. Do you y'all see what I'm getting at here?

Tank squints his eyes in deep thought.

THERESA (CONT'D)

I don't need to go to Miami to be a great designer. All I need are the people who believe in me. The ones who inspire me. Like my friends...

Linda and Jennifer smile at her from across the room.

THERESA (CONT'D)

And my family...

Stephen, Marie, Mikey and Darryl smile at their parents.

THERESA (CONT'D)

(turning to Andy)
And you.

Andy's heart melts.

THERESA (CONT'D)

So I think we're gonna stay. We're gonna stay in Minnesota.

MARIE

We are!?

Theresa and Andy embrace. Everyone cheers, celebrating. Their friends and family high-five. Tank tackles Stephen. Lisa cries tears of joy. As Marie and Jeremy kiss passionately --

ANDY

There's just one thing left to do.

Off Andy and Theresa's look --

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUTY BUNS BAKERY - LATER

A dozen CONSTRUCTION WORKERS and DEMOLITION EQUIPMENT in the parking lot. A WRECKING BALL sits ready.

Andy and Theresa park down the street. Sprint for the lot.

MR. LARSSON

(to Foreman)

Bye-bye bakery.

He laughs as the FOREMAN signals to the OPERATOR to begin. As the WRECKING BALL gears up -- Andy and Theresa appear --

ANDY

Hey! Hey! Hey! Stop!

THERESA

Stop that ball! Stop it!

They run in front of the entrance.

MR. LARSSON

(raises his hand)

HALT!

ANDY

Stop, stop, stop!

The OPERATOR halts the demolition.

FOREMAN

(into loudspeaker)

Hold for moment!

MR. LARSSON
You have a problem, Andy?

ANDY
Mr. Larsson, you didn't tell me you
were gonna tear down the bakery.

MR. LARSSON
(laughs)
You never ask.

ANDY
Well, I didn't ask because it just
never entered my mind, but since
you clearly don't want the bakery
we have the perfect solution.

THERESA
Sell the bakery back to us!

ANDY
I still have your check right here
in my wallet!

MR. LARSSON
No can do, Andy. See I crush
bakery, build tan and smoothie in
its place. It's great area.

ANDY
Mr. Larsson, this is not just a
great area. This is my sanctuary
and we're not moving and I don't
wanna open up another bakery in the
cities. I wanna stay here, where
I've been for the past 20 years.

Andy runs to different parts of the bakery and parking lot.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I wanna drive through that tunnel
and I wanna pull into this lot.

FOREMAN
(checks watch)
Lars, come on --

MR. LARSSON
Yes, yes I know.

Andy kicks a piece of construction equipment.

ANDY

Mr. Larsson, listen.
 (drops to knees)
 You see this walkway? I laid these
 bricks with my oldest son.
 (crawling)
 I planted these roses.
 (rises grabbing door)
 I built this door!
 (runs to front window)
 I broke that window with a hockey
 puck!

THERESA

(picks up awning)
 I designed this awning.

ANDY

Don't erase our memories, man. I'm
 begging you. Sell me back my
 bakery.

Mr. Larsson is taken aback by Andy's passion. After a beat --

MR. LARSSON

For how much?

ANDY

You wanna make a profit on
 something you owned for a week?

MR. LARSSON

(obviously)
 Of course!

Andy looks to Theresa. He pulls out his checkbook --

ANDY

Fine. Will \$10,000 do the trick?

MR. LARSSON

(laughs)
 Andrew, just two days ago I turned
 down profit of \$40,000 on lot. Now,
 you wanna double up, I'd consider
 giving back to you.

ANDY

You want me to take out a loan on
 something I owned free and clear
 just a week ago?

MR. LARSSON

Well, that is up to you, Andrew.
Your roses, your window,
your...memories.

THERESA

You don't know what you're asking.
He's the cheapest man with a pulse.

MR. LARSSON

Then move aside Andrew, cause I'm
going to destroy the place.

(to Foreman)

We work now! Move, move!

Mr. Larsson crosses to Demolition Man. Andy and Theresa stay by the front door contemplating their next move.

MR. LARSSON (CONT'D)

Countdown to start!

The WRECKING BALL pulls back. Andy stares at his checkbook.

The WRECKING BALL releases.

TICK-TOCK. TICK-TOCK.

Andy looks at Mr. Larsson then back at the house.

It's headed straight for the bakery -- about to hit --

ANDY

OKAY!

MR. LARSSON

HALT!

DEMOLITION MAN slams on the brakes. The WRECKING BALL stops.

ANDY

You win!

(nervously signs check)

Eighty...thousand...dollars...

Theresa can't believe he's signing the check.

MR. LARSSON

Ha-ha-ha, very close call, Andy.

(off check)

Yes, please make to Larsson Group.

ANDY

...Larsson Group.

MR. LARSSON
Inc.

ANDY
Inc.

MR. LARSSON
Very nice.

Andy hands him the check.

MR. LARSSON (CONT'D)
Welcome home, Andy.

ANDY
Ah, it's like I never left.

MR. LARSSON
Well, I'm happy I make Christmas wishes come true.

THERESA
Mr. Larsson, just one last thing.
Would you mind getting your
wrecking ball off my sidewalk?

MR. LARSSON
Anything you say. It's your show.
(to workers)
We leave! Move now!

Andy breathes a sigh of relief. Theresa hugs him tight.

ANDY
That's right! You heard her. She's
the boss. So all you guys, go home
to your families. Get that
bulldozer out of here. Leave!

CONSTRUCTION GUY 2
Right away --

THERESA
And quit standing on my awning.

CONSTRUCTION GUY
My bad --

ANDY
And all of you guys just pack up
your equipment and hit-the-bricks!

Andy runs up and down the lawn laughing with glee. He kisses
the walkway. Rises. Does the waltz with Theresa. Jumps up --

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Andy and Theresa play the piano together, leading everyone in sing-along songs at the party.

ANDY	THERESA
(singing)	(singing)
<i>O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree How lovely are thy branches --</i>	<i>O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree How lovely are thy branches --</i>

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE, BACKYARD BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

As everyone sings, Mikey, Timmy, Laurie-Ann and Tank prepare to launch the rocket.

INSERT: The Lighter sparks to life

Tank giggles hysterically, lighting the fuse on a MISSILE.

They watch the fuse disappear into the canister and then --

BANG!

The missile soars through the sky heading for next door --

EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE, CHIMNEY - CONTINUOUS

-- flying down the CHIMNEY

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rich, Tiffany and Benny sit around a perfectly stuffy Christmas Eve dinner with their snooty friends. Unbeknownst to them the MISSILE lands at the bottom of the fireplace.

As Rich raises his glass --

RICH

Here's to ending the year on a fresh start and saying goodbye to the worst neighbors in the history of gated communities. To the Peterson's: may they dry up and drift off to sea forever and ever. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

BANG!

The MISSILE explodes sending fireworks all over the house!

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE, BACKYARD BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

TANK
 Boom-boom! Ha!

All the kids run inside as fireworks erupt from the Taylor's chimney. It's like the 4th of July.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clothes are thrown everywhere. Scotty and Cousin Carol lie naked in the bed. They see the FIREWORKS through the window.

COUSIN CAROL
 Ahhh! Fireworks too? You really thought of everything.

SCOTTY
 Just how I planned it, m'lady.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey, Timmy, Laurie-Ann, and Tank come barreling down the stairs. Andy senses something and looks out the front window.

ANDY POV:

Rich, Tiffany, Benny and their SNOOTY FRIENDS run out on their lawn, covered in soot as FIREWORKS ring out in the sky.

Theresa picks up on it and can't help but smile.

Police Sirens and Fire Trucks roar through the night as our troublemakers run up to the piano and join in on the singing.

Andy and Theresa leading them into the chorus --

<i>ANDY</i>	<i>THERESA</i>
(singing)	(singing)
<i>Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!</i>	<i>Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!</i>

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We PULL-OUT from the window on our perfectly framed family as the MUSIC grows louder. Everyone smiling and laughing as we --

FADE TO BLACK.