

The  
**12** Days  
of  
**ChanaKwanzMas**

Anton A. Hill

FADE IN:

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Held by strong, capable hands, a package about the size of a basketball comes flying out the front door. Everything above the mail carrier's arms remains conveniently out-of-frame. It's as if the world were focused only on the package.

EXT. CITY

The mail carrier's hands carry the package down sidewalks, around corners, and across cross walks.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

A mid-income, modern high-rise. The mail carrier's hands bring the package up the front steps, and into the building.

INT. BEAVERCREEK RECEPTION

A simple, respectable area. A bank of mailboxes stand near the reception desk. The mail carrier's hands bring the package to the reception desk.

MAIL CARRIER  
Mrs. "Butt-o-regularo"?

A slightly impatient young voice corrects the Mail Carrier in an over-emphasized Italian accent.

SALLY  
Bruttoregalo.

A set of younger, black nail-polished hands slip out from behind the desk. A standard West Coast American accent replaces the Italian one.

SALLY  
She's away in Italy. I'm her  
niece. I can sign.

The Mail Carrier sets the package on the desk. Hands Sally a set of forms.

MAIL CARRIER  
Here and here.

Sally signs.

SALLY  
Thanks much.

MAIL CARRIER  
Happy holidays.

SALLY  
I don't celebrate them.

MAIL CARRIER  
Oh. Well, happy... day.

The Mail Carrier leaves. Sally's hands carry the package behind the desk, to a small table. She opens the package. Finds a tastefully wrapped gift box with a note attached. She reads the note.

SALLY  
"Dear Sally, wishing my favorite niece a great holiday season."

She corrects the box.

SALLY  
Favorite niece. I'm your only niece.

She goes back to the desk. Focus stays with the box.

SALLY  
And I don't celebrate the holidays.

The door opens. A high-pitched, lispy, stereotypical gay voice greets Sally.

ALEXANDER  
Hello Sssally!

Well-heeled footsteps strut over to the reception desk.

SALLY  
Hey Alex. What's up?

ALEXANDER  
Nothing but hard dicksss and helicopterzzz. What's up with you?

SALLY  
Not much. Got a present from my aunt.

ALEXANDER  
What is it?

SALLY  
Don't know. Haven't opened it yet.

Alexander's voice squeals with excitement.

ALEXANDER  
Well, what are you waiting for?!

He claps.

ALEXANDER  
Open it! Open it!

Sally's hands take the box. Set it on the reception desk. Her fingers tear into the paper. Her nails slice the taped cardboard. The box springs open.

INT. BOX

From the gift's point of view, Sally's and Alexander's faces can finally be seen. Sally has longish hair, heavy eye shadow, eye liner, and black lipstick. A stereotypical struggling artist.

Alexander is the stereotypical modern gay man with perfect skin, pouting lips, and frosted highlights.

Thus it's clear that everyone in this condo tower will be true to every stereotype attributed to them.

ALEXANDER  
Well isn't that strange? I thought those only came in teal.

SALLY  
What is it?!

ALEXANDER  
You know I'm not sure. I must've seen one in a catalog somewhere.

SALLY  
Sure is ugly. I should get rid of it.

She steps away from the box.

INT. BEAVERCREEK RECEPTION

From this point on, there is never a clear view of the gift.

Alexander heads for the mailboxes. Sally sets the gift back on the little table. Tosses the wrap.

ALEXANDER

Well, I'd better get going. If I don't have supper started by the time Andrew gets home, he'll be pissed.

SALLY

See you later.

ALEXANDER

Tootles!

Sally remembers something.

SALLY

Oh, wait, Alex! I have something for you and Andy.

Alexander goes back to the reception desk. Sally looks around.

SALLY

Where did I put them?

She quickly locates a box of invitations. Hands one to Alexander.

SALLY

For the holiday party. The 24th.

ALEXANDER

It's called "Christmas Eve", Sally.

SALLY

Not by everyone.

ALEXANDER

Well, you can count Andrew and me in.

SALLY

See you then.

Alexander leaves.

In walk MR. and MRS. MACBRODY, a middle-aged, well-to-do white couple. Both dressed in tennis clothes, Mr. Macbrody even wears his yellow, argyle sweater around his neck.

Mr. MacBrody greets Sally with a very cleanly pronounced, slightly posh accent.

MR. MACBRODY  
Good evening, Sally!

SALLY  
Evening, Mr. and Mrs. MacBrody.

MRS. MACBRODY  
How are you, darling? Excited  
about the holidays?

SALLY  
Actually, as you'll recall, I don't  
celebrate them.

Mr. and Mrs. MacBrody seem disappointed. They politely  
acknowledge Sally's lack of holiday spirit in unison.

MR. MACBRODY/MRS. MACBRODY  
Oh.

SALLY  
But I'm preparing for the big  
holiday party.

MR. MACBRODY  
When was that again?

SALLY  
The 24th.

MRS. MACBRODY  
The day before the birth of our  
Lord.

SALLY  
You know, I saw this documentary on  
public television that said Jesus  
was actually born later in the  
spring.

The MacBrodys' mouths drop at such a preposterously  
blasphemous idea.

SALLY  
The only reason people celebrate  
Christmas on December 25th is  
because that's the date of an  
ancient Roman solstice festival.

Mr. and Mrs. MacBrody stare blankly.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Public television. Such a charming  
waste of taxpayer money.

Sally frowns.

SALLY  
Certainly less expensive than  
certain wars we can't seem to get  
out of.

The MacBrodys frown. Mr. MacBrody resurrects the  
conversation by pointing out the invitations.

MR. MACBRODY  
Look, Mitzy! It's the same font as  
our wedding invitations!

MRS. MACBRODY  
How very!

Sally hands them an invitation.

SALLY  
Well, we hope to see you there.

MR. MACBRODY  
Oh, we wouldn't miss it for the  
world.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Ciao!

SALLY  
Later.

The MacBrodys leave. Sally winces. Pretends to gag and  
throw up. A whiny, Long Island, Jewish voice asks Sally:

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Are you feeling well, Sally?  
Stomach trouble? Uneasy nerves? A  
touch of fever? A farshlepteh  
krenk perhaps?

Sally finds MR. and MRS. SCHMENDRICK, an Orthodox couple with  
their two pubescent children, AARON and ELIJAH.

SALLY  
Hey, Mr. Schmendrick. I'm fine.  
Thank you.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
Are you sure, Sally? I could  
always whip up a cup of soup.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
She makes a hanoë hobn lentil!

SALLY  
I'm fine, really.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
I just bought some of those kosher  
herbal supplements. Really boosts  
the immune system.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Immune system?? She needs some  
zaftik vegetables!

SALLY  
No, really.

AARON  
Or some vitamin C booster powder.

ELIJAH  
Yeah, or maybe Ginseng extract.

SALLY  
I'm fine.

The Schmendricks talk at the same time.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Without your gelt, you've got no  
gesheft.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
Aaron's bubbe always unterkoift her  
ungerissen beheiman.

AARON  
That was aunt Eliza.

ELIJAH  
No, it was cousin Itzaak.

SALLY  
Here!

She passes them an invitation. It completely throws them off  
track. Mr. Schmendrick accepts it.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Thank you, Sally.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
Your aunt is so sweet, Sally. She really is.

They leave.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
She's such a yefayfiyeh.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
Oh, definitely. And a brocheh.

SALLY  
Later.

The Schmendricks don't hear her.

An African-American couple, the AWITIS, both in professional clothes, he also in a traditional African hat, step in.

MR. AWITI  
Sista Sally!

SALLY  
Mr. and Mrs. Awiti. Good afternoon.

She hands them an invitation. Mr. Awiti looks it over.

MR. AWITI  
Ah yes, your aunt's holiday party.

SALLY  
Well, it's everyone's party.

MR. AWITI  
Isn't it interesting?

SALLY  
What's that?

MR. AWITI  
The invitation is printed on white paper with black letters. Almost as if the letters were serving at the pleasure of the paper.

SALLY  
The paper's really more of an egg shell.

MR. AWITI

Are you trying to say that eggs aren't white?

MRS. AWITI

Leroy, some eggs are brown.

MR. AWITI

Latino eggs!

SALLY

All I'm saying is that the paper isn't exactly white.

MR. AWITI

What's wrong with black paper?

SALLY

A black holiday party invitation would be kinda depressing.

MR. AWITI

Are you trying to say that being black is depressing?

SALLY

No, I'm trying to say that being a black holiday party invitation is depressing.

MRS. AWITI

Come on, Leroy. Even funeral invitations are in white and egg shell.

MR. AWITI

That's only because the white man delights in the death of the black man.

Mrs. Awiti faces her husband with glaring eyes.

MRS. AWITI

I know you are not suggesting that anyone delighted in my grandmother's passing.

Mr. Awiti redirects the accusations back to Sally.

MR. AWITI

I'm just saying it's interesting your aunt's choices, Sally.

SALLY  
So we'll see you there?

Mr. and Mrs. Awiti answer at the same time.

MR. AWITI/MRS. AWITI  
Of course!

SALLY  
Great! Looking forward to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Awiti leave.

In walk MOONSHINE and SPARROW, a young, hippie, lesbian couple dressed in tie dye and natural wool. Moonshine wears long, braided hair. Sparrow sports a shaved head. Both ladies speak with a touch of stoned valley girl.

MOONSHINE  
Happy Solstice, Sally!

SPARROW  
I keep telling you, she doesn't celebrate the holidays.

SALLY  
But thanks anyway, Moonshine. How are you two?

SPARROW  
Blissful in the season of our Earth Mother's death and rebirth.

SALLY  
That's great, Sparrow.

She hands them their invitation.

MOONSHINE  
The 24th. Two days after the official start of Wintertide.

SALLY  
That's right.

SPARROW  
Is it printed on recycled paper?

SALLY  
I'm not sure.

MOONSHINE  
Is the paper acid-free?

SALLY  
I don't know.

SPARROW  
With organic, non-polluting inks?

SALLY  
My aunt has them special-ordered.  
I don't know how they make them.

Moonshine and Sparrow give the invitation a once-over.

MOONSHINE  
Sounds like fun.

SPARROW  
Lots of good chakra energy.

SALLY  
We'll see you there?

MOONSHINE  
Of course our universal Earth  
sister.

SPARROW  
We'll recycle the invitation for  
you.

SALLY  
Thanks much. That'd be great.

Moonshine and Sparrow wander away.

Next come the ABD-AL-ARWAS, a traditional Muslim couple.  
Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa is covered from head to toe in a flowing,  
black birka. Sally greets them with a slight  
mispronunciation.

SALLY  
Hey Mr. and Mrs. Abdal-Arwa.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Greetings, Ms. Bruttoregalo.

Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa nods to Sally. The conversation ends. Mr.  
and Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa stare suspiciously at Sally.

SALLY  
Here's your invitation.

She hands it to Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa. He doesn't take it immediately. Puts on gloves first. Looks around as if he'd just accepted something horribly illegal.

SALLY

So... how is your holiday season so far?

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa overreacts.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA

Why? Did someone ask about our holiday season? Yes, it doesn't officially start for another month, but we're both American citizens.

SALLY

I didn't mean --

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA

Yes, she was born in Saudi Arabia, but I've lived here my whole life!

SALLY

That's fine --

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA

I swear I never even boarded a plane before the towers. There were those two times, of course, but I was going to Disneyland!

He holds his hands above his head. Dances around like Mickey Mouse would. Laughs like Mickey would. Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa does the same.

SALLY

Of course --

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA

I hate to fly! But the train takes so long, and our family was here, and we didn't want to spend a week getting to Disneyland!!

SALLY

I understand!

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa stops. Stares at Sally.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA

You do?

SALLY  
I don't like to fly either.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Oh.

He eyes the invitation.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
We'll see you at the party.

Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa nods. They leave.

In come the AKARADARSHANAS, a young, Hindu couple.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Afternoon, Sally.

Fearful of mispronouncing their name, Sally tries slowly, goes for it, then falls flat on her proverbial face.

SALLY  
Afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Aka...  
Rada... Rrrr... Shannonaramaga.

She winces. Is about to open her mouth again, when --

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Enjoying the winter weather?!

SALLY  
Yeah, it's been great! Have you  
two finished your holiday shopping?

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Not quite. We found the perfect  
goat for my nephew Ketan, but for  
my niece Parminder, we are at a  
loss.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
We were thinking a cow, but that's  
a lot of responsibility for a ten-  
year-old girl. When would she find  
time to milk it?

Sally laughs.

SALLY  
Yeah, she probably has homework,  
cricket practice, elephant riding  
lessons.

She laughs a little more. Mr. and Mrs. Akaradarshana look at her as if she were high. Sally realizes they weren't joking. She quickly switches the subject.

SALLY  
Well, uh, here you go!

She hands them their invitation.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Ah yes! The holiday party!

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Celebrating and noshing!

Sally tries once more for a little cultural sensitivity.

SALLY  
Feel free to bring some naan and paneer if you like.

Now the Akaradarshanas are a little offended.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Of course. We just so happen have some lying around.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Yes, I believe it's next to our altar to Lord Ganesh.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Later, Sally.

SALLY  
Later.

Mr. and Mrs. Akaradarshana leave. As they go, Sally can hear them utter something.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
She's always so nice.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Not very bright, though.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
No, not at all.

Next, ANDREW, a butch queen, struts in.

ANDREW  
God damn do I hate the holidays!

Sally greets him with a touch of relief.

SALLY

Hey Andy!

ANDREW

I swear, Sally, if I hear another goddamn Christmas carol, I'm going to take a hostage. I am. Just watch me.

SALLY

I know what you mean.

ANDREW

I don't know how the Nordstrom's people stand it. And the 24 Hour Fitness kids actually seem to enjoy it!

He sings. Pretty well.

ANDREW

"Do you hear what I hear?" Only all frickin' day long!

SALLY

I hate that one from the 80s with all the pop stars. Don't they know it's Christmas?

ANDREW

Oh, I totally hate that one too! As if the starving kids in Africa give a crap about our stupid holiday!

SALLY

Or our stupid song.

ANDREW

If I weren't such an evil, freedom-hating, terrorist-loving, commie, atheist, I'd pray to the...

He counts them out on his fingers.

ANDREW

...Great, White, Male, Heterosexual, Right Wing, Conservative, Republican God to demolish Hallmark.

SALLY  
Those card whores.

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW  
You're such a bitch, Sally!

Sally laughs.

SALLY  
Only on days that end in "y."

ANDREW  
Speaking of bitches, has my better  
half dropped by?

SALLY  
A few minutes ago. He said he was  
gonna start dinner.

ANDREW  
He'd better. I made dinner the  
last two nights.

SALLY  
I gave him the invitation --

ANDREW  
Oh, the party!

SALLY  
But if you want one too...

She holds an invitation out. Andrew snatches it.

ANDREW  
Are you kidding? I adore killing  
innocent, sweet, little trees.

SALLY  
You're such a bitch.

ANDREW  
Aren't I though?

He gets on his way.

ANDREW  
See you at the party, Sally!

SALLY  
Later, Andy!

Andrew leaves.

In walk MR. and MRS. DA-BUN-DAN, a middle-aged Chinese couple.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Good evening, Sarry.

Sally mistakenly mispronounces Mr. Da-Bun-Dan's name.

SALLY  
Hey Mr. and Mrs. Day-Bun-Dan. How  
are you two?

Mr. and Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan politely ignore her pronunciation.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Vely good. Rooking fowahd to  
horiday pahty.

Sally's face goes blank. Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan tries to help.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
Chlistmas! New Yeah!

SALLY  
Oh, Christmas! Right. Isn't your  
family Buddhist?

Mr. Da-Bun-Dan shrugs.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Pahty is pahty.

SALLY  
I guess that's true.

She grabs an invitation. Hands it to Mr. Da-Bun-Dan.

SALLY  
Here's your invitation.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Thank you vely much.

SALLY  
You're welcome.

She gets an idea.

SALLY  
Oh, and I have something else for  
you.

She grabs the gift box. Hands it to Mr. Da-Bun-Dan.

SALLY  
From my family to yours. For being  
such great tenants.

Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan peers inside the box.

INT. BOX

Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan gawks at the gift.

SALLY  
I'm sorry I didn't wrap it. Things  
have been so busy lately.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
What is it?

SALLY  
...Oh, it's a... traditional  
Italian... gift.

The Da-Bun-Dans seem to be hooked. Sally spreads another  
layer.

SALLY  
Yeah, apparently the custom dates  
back to Roman times when senators  
would give them... to each other...  
for the holidays.

Mr. Da-Bun-Dan reaches in. Handles the gift.

INT. BEAVERCREEK RECEPTION

Mr. Da-Bun-Dan lifts his hand out.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Pehfect foh riving loom!

Sally points a finger at him.

SALLY  
Exactly! That's the tradition!  
Roman senators would give it to  
other senators to decorate their  
living rooms.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
So thoughtfur, Sarry.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Yes, happy holidays.

SALLY  
Thank you, but I don't celebrate  
the holidays.

Both the Da-Bun-Dans stare blankly at her for a moment. Then they chime in unison.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN/MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
Thank you!

Focus stays with the gift as the Da-Bun-Dans head to their condo.

INT. DA-BUN-DAN HOME

Besides family photos and furniture, there's an altar with a golden Buddha, a bookshelf packed with SAT prep books, a front door shoe rack, an Oriental rug, and a set of pendants from Harvard, Yale, Stanford, and Princeton.

The Da-Bun-Dans enter.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Whehe shouhd we put it?

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
The kitchen tabre?

Mr. Da-Bun-Dan places the gift box on the kitchen table. He and Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan consider it.

INT. BOX

Mr. Da-Bun-Dan opens the box. Reaches in.

INT. DA-BUN-DAN HOME

Mr. Da-Bun-Dan puts the gift on the kitchen table.

From the gift's point of view, both Mr. and Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan stare at it, displeased.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
Coffee tabre.

Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan nods. Mr. Da-Bun-Dan places the gift in the center of the coffee table.

From the gift's point of view, both Mr. and Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan are still displeased.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN

Artah?

Mr. Da-Bun-Dan shrugs. Places the gift next to the Buddha.

From the gift's point of view, both Mr. and Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan emphatically shake their heads.

In succession, Mr. Da-Bun-Dan places the gift underneath the Harvard, Yale, Stanford, and Princeton pendants. Under the Princeton one, he waits for his wife's opinion. Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan shakes her head.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN

I don't undehstand! Sarry say foh riving loom.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN

But so ugly!

Resigned, Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan points to one final suggestion.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN

How about thehe?

Finally, from the gift's point of view, it's now been placed much lower to the ground. Now, both Mr. and Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan sit on the couch, reading and ignoring it.

The gift is in the corner. Next to the shoe rack.

That moment, NORMAN, 16, and ANGEL, 15, shuffle in. Both are in would-be hip clothes and hairstyles. Angel wears it a bit better than Norman. They slip off their shoes. Drop off their backpacks. Spin back to the shoe rack.

From the gift's point of view, Norman and Angel stare at it in revolted wonder. Making what he believes to be some kind of gang sign, Norman exclaims in an affected African-American gangsta accent.

NORMAN

D-Aamn! What is that whack puh-ziece o' sh-iznit?!

Angel replies in affected Valley Girl.

ANGEL

You mean other than the totally ugliest thing I've so ever seen?

Norman makes more gang signs.

NORMAN  
It's like some pimped out, busted  
up shoe rack.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
It gift flom Sarry.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
Foh riving loom.

Norman and Angel face their parents.

From an objective point of view, Norman and Angel laugh out  
loud.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
What so funny?

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
Why you raugh?

NORMAN  
Dad, it's totally whack!

ANGEL  
Yeah, like there's so no way that  
thing like goes in the living room.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
I see! You two so smaht, when  
Sarry gift go?

NORMAN  
In the recycling.

ANGEL  
They'll totally like so never take  
it.

NORMAN  
Garbage then.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
No! No lecytring! No gahbage! It  
gift, so we make gift. Nohman,  
Angera, you give to neighboh.

NORMAN  
Which neighbor?

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
No matteh. Neighboh who can use.

ANGEL  
But Dad --!

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
No but! You give to neighbor  
tomorrow after school.

NORMAN  
This blows.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
What was that?!

NORMAN  
Nothing.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

The next day.

INT. DA-BUN-DAN HOME

Back from school, Norman and Angel do their homework. After a moment, he looks at her.

NORMAN  
After SAT.

ANGEL  
Totally.

INT. DA-BUN-DAN HOME

Now, Norman and Angel study for their SATs.

NORMAN  
After practice.

ANGEL  
Totally.

INT. DA-BUN-DAN HOME

Norman and Angel skin cats, that is, play their respective violins. Finishing their respective pieces, they look at each other.

NORMAN  
After --

Their parents arrive.

MR. DA-BUN-DAN  
You go give gift now!

EXT. AWITI HOME

Norman and Angel knock on the door. Norman cradles the gift box, now wrapped in communist red, in his arm.

Opening the door are LEROY JR., 15, and LATISHIA, 16. Leroy Jr. is a preppie right down to the Malcolm X glasses and cardigan. Latishia wears an afro, an African print dress, and speaks with a slight, affected Jamaican accent.

LEROY JR.  
Good afternoon, Norman, Angel.

Norman goes for a high five.

NORMAN  
Lee-Royee! What up, my brotha?!

Leroy Jr. stares at him. Norman shifts his failed high five into a scratch of the head.

LATISHIA  
Can we help?

ANGEL  
Pardon my totally retarded sibling.  
We like brought your family a  
holiday present.

NORMAN  
Welcome to the neighborhood. Know  
what I'm sayin'?

LEROY JR.  
We've lived here five years.

Awkward silence. Angel removes the gift box from Norman's clutches. Holds it out for Latishia and Leroy Jr. Latishia and Leroy Jr. give each other an uncertain look. Finally, Leroy Jr. accepts the gift.

ANGEL  
It's ancient Chinese tradition --

NORMAN  
All the way back to the Long Dong  
Gai dynasty.

Angel winces at Norman's ad lib, but trudges on.

ANGEL  
 Right. That dynasty. It's  
 tradition that before battles with  
 invading Mongol armies, Chinese  
 warriors would pray before...

She motions to the gift box.

ANGEL  
 ...one of these.

LEROY JR.  
 What's it called?

NORMAN  
 A "Wo..."

ANGEL  
 "Shu..."

NORMAN  
 "Ma."

ANGEL  
 It means "Great Warrior Prayer --"

NORMAN  
 "Thing."

Now the Awiti kids are a little interested.

LEROY JR.  
 Interesting.

LATISHIA  
 I see.

Norman grabs hold of Leroy Jr. and Latishia's attention.

NORMAN  
 Sort of a good luck charm. Know  
 what I'm sayin'?

LEROY JR.  
 Cool.

LATISHIA  
 Very nice. Thank you so much.

ANGEL  
 Happy holidays.

NORMAN  
Lay-tuh, dawg!

He goes for another high-five. Leroy Jr. ignores this one as well. Norman pretends to scratch the other side of his head. Angel takes Norman by his scratching arm. Shakes her head.

ANGEL  
Like totally take care!

She leads Norman away.

NORMAN  
Byee!

The Awiti kids wave good bye.

INT. AWITI HOME

Family photos and furniture in about the same place as the Da-Bun-Dan home. There's also a table with a picture of Malcolm X, a bookshelf packed with African-American literature, an African rug, and a set of wooden masks.

Leroy Jr. and Latishia come in. Leroy Jr. sets the gift box on the kitchen table.

INT. BOX

Leroy Jr. opens the box. Peers inside. Latishia joins him.

LEROY JR.  
Doesn't even look Chinese.

Latishia tries to be more offended than she is.

LATISHIA  
And what does "Chinese" look like?

LEROY JR.  
I dunno. Dragons and stuff. There aren't even any pictographs. And what is that?

He points to a part of the gift.

LATISHIA  
It's a... a...

LEROY JR.  
You don't know.

LATISHIA  
I know it ain't gotta look no  
"Chinese."

Mr. Awiti steps in.

MR. AWITI  
What are you two babbling about?

INT. AWITI HOME

Leroy Jr. and Latishia face their father.

LEROY JR.  
Norman and Angel gave us a holiday  
gift.

LATISHIA  
To welcome us to the neighborhood.

MR. AWITI  
You accepted a gift from the Yellow  
Devil?

LATISHIA  
They're not devils, dad.

NORMAN  
What were we supposed to do?

Mrs. Awiti steps in.

MRS. AWITI  
What's going on?

MR. AWITI  
The Yellow Devils gave us a...

He looks into the gift box.

MR. AWITI  
What is it?

LATISHIA  
A Wo Shu Ma.

LEROY JR.  
Angel said ancient Chinese warriors  
would pray to them.

Mrs. Awiti thinks on it.

MRS. AWITI

Wo Shu Ma.

She laughs.

MR. AWITI

What's so funny?

MRS. AWITI

It means "I'm a horse."

MR. AWITI

Since when did you learn the Yellow  
Tongue?

MRS. AWITI

I took that class at City College,  
remember?

MR. AWITI

Whatever it is, and whatever it  
means, I don't want it in my house.

LEROY JR.

I don't know, dad. It's kinda  
cool.

LATISHIA

Yeah, it matches the rug.

MR. AWITI

Would Dr. King allow a Klan hood in  
his house?

Leroy Jr. and Latishia answer at the same time.

LEROY JR./LATISHIA

No.

MR. AWITI

Would the venerable Mr. Karenga  
allow a Christmas tree in his home?

Leroy Jr. and Latishia groan at the same time.

LEROY JR./LATISHIA

No.

MR. AWITI

Then why would I want a token from  
the Slaves-to-the-White-Man in  
mine?

MRS. AWITI  
They get the point, Leroy. If you  
hate it so much, get rid of it.

MR. AWITI  
I will. Tomorrow. After work.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

The next day.

EXT. ABD-AL-ARWA HOME

Holding the gift box, now wrapped in black paper with a black ribbon, Mr. Awiti rings the Abd-Al-Arwa's doorbell. Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa answers.

MR. AWITI  
As-salamu alaykum.

Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa's response is muffled through her birka.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Wa'alaykum as-salam.

Mr. Awiti shows her the gift box.

MR. AWITI  
I've come bearing a gift for your  
celebration of Holy Ramadan.

Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa mutters.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Won't you come in?

Mr. Awiti stares at her. Mrs. Abd-al-Arwa gestures for him to enter.

INT. ABD-AL-ARWA HOME

Inside, Mr. Awiti finds family photos and furniture in about the same place as his. There's also a table with a picture of King Abdul Aziz, a bookshelf packed with various editions of the Holy Q'uran, a prayer rug, and a giant Saudi flag.

Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa closes the door. Goes back to her prayers. Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa gets up from his prayer.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Leroy, come in, please.

He shakes Mr. Awiti's hand, then goes down for another prayer.

MR. AWITI  
Brother Muhammed. Is now a bad time?

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Don't be ridiculous. Guests are always welcome. Even during prayers.

He gets up.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Something to drink?

He goes for another prayer.

MR. AWITI  
No. Thank you. I just came by to give you this gift for Holy Ramadan.

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa laughs. Gets up.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Ramadan ended over a month ago.

He accepts the gift box. Sets it on the kitchen table.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
But thanks.

Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa finishes her prayers. Joins them at the kitchen table.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Mind if we open it?

MR. AWITI  
Please do.

INT. BOX

All three gaze at the gift. Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa squints, confused.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
What is it?

He and Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa turn to Mr. Awiti for an answer.

INT. ABD-AL-ARWA HOME

Mr. Awiti fumbles.

MR. AWITI  
It's a replica... of an artifact...  
once found in Mocha.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
You mean Mecca?

MR. AWITI  
Yes! Mecca! Of course! How  
disrespectful of me. Local legend  
said that The Holy Prophet himself  
once had one just like it.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
The Holy Prophet Himself?

MR. AWITI  
Yes.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Had one just like it?

MR. AWITI  
So I was told.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
I've never heard of that.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Neither have I.

Mr. Awiti stares at her.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Neither has she.

MR. AWITI  
Yes, well, you know how local  
legends can be. One grain of truth  
in a massive pile of white crap.

He checks his watch.

MR. AWITI  
Wow, is it that late already? How  
time does fly. The wife and the  
kids must be waiting on me.

He goes for the door.

MR. AWITI  
Enjoy your... gift! Merry Ramadan!

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Thank you, Leroy!

Taking no chances, Mr. Awiti closes the door before he can respond.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
What a nice gesture.

He looks at the gift again.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
And to think that the Holy Prophet  
Himself once had one just like  
this.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
The Holy Prophet never had anything  
like this!

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
What do you mean the Holy Prophet  
never had anything like this?

Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa removes her head covering.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Mohammed, the only possible way the  
Holy Prophet would have ever owned  
a pointless trinket like this...

She holds up the box.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
...would be if he were colorblind,  
stupid, and had no taste.

She sets down the gift box.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
But since the Holy Prophet was the  
Holy Prophet, we know that he had  
perfect vision, exquisite taste,  
and was certainly not stupid.

A moment of silence as Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa considers his wife's point.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
But it matches the prayer rug.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Get rid of it!

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Now?

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Yes now!

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
I can't!

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Why not?

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Because if Leroy sees me with it,  
he'll know we don't like it, and it  
will offend him and his family.

A moment of silence as Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa considers her  
husband's point.

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Fine. Get rid of it tomorrow  
evening.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
How?

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Give it to someone whom Leroy would  
never speak to.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

The next day.

EXT. SCHMENDRICK HOME

With the gift box, now wrapped in white paper scrawled in  
Arabic and crescent moons with blue ribbon, Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa  
approaches the door nervously. Takes a deep breath. Knocks.  
Mr. Schmendrick answers.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Good day, Mohammed.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Good day, Mr. --

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 Please, call me Jerry. Or Jer, as  
 the kids say. Well, not my kids.  
 They just say dad, or tatti, but,  
 you know, the neighborhood kids --

His wife's voice cuts in from behind him.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
 Jerry, let the man in, for crying  
 out loud!

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 Ah, so rude of me. Please,  
 Mohammed. Do come in.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
 Thank you.

He tries the name on for size.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
 Jerry.

An uneasy fit. He follows Mr. Schmendrick in.

INT. SCHMENDRICK HOME

Other than the usual family photos and furniture, the  
 Schmendrick home boasts an outlandish menorah, many volumes  
 of Judaica, a couple Stars of David, and an altar with a  
 portrait of Rebbe Schneerson.

Mrs. Schmendrick works on dinner. Aaron and Elijah play  
 dreidel on the floor.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 We don't see you much on our side  
 of the complex.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
 I don't get much chance to drop by.  
 I used to live on this side, you  
 know.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 Is that so?

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
 By strange coincidence, my parents  
 lived in a unit just like yours.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
 You don't say, Mohammed. Just like  
 ours?

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa nods.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
 My wife and I were going to move  
 in, but by the time we were able to  
 afford it, the only units left were  
 on the other side.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 Interesting you say that because my  
 grandparents lived on this side  
 years ago. Then my parents left,  
 only for us to return.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
 If things had turned out  
 differently, we might have ended up  
 on the same side of the building.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
 Who knows? Maybe even the same  
 hallway.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 How strange life is.

AARON  
 Mohammed, is that a Chanukah  
 present?

He points to Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa's gift box.

ELIJAH  
 Not another dreidel!

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 Boys please, don't be rude to our  
 guest.

Aaron and Elijah apologize at the same time.

AARON/ELIJAH  
 Sorry, Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa.

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa smiles. Mr. Schmendrick leads Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa to the kitchen table.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
 Please, come sit down.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Thank you, Jerry.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Would you like some coffee, tea, a  
beer?

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
No thank you.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
The citrus mint is quite delicious.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
I'm fine. Thanks.

Mr. Schmendrick turns to his wife.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Get him some of that citrus mint.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
You'll love the citrus mint!

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Thank you.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
So what brings you?

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Actually, I do have a bit of a  
present.

Aaron and Elijah jump up. Run over to him.

AARON  
For Chanukah?

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa thinks for a moment.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Yes! Yes, it is a Chanukah  
present!

AARON  
I knew it!

ELIJAH  
Told you!

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa opens the gift box. He and the Schmendricks  
peer inside.

INT. BOX

The Schmendricks stare at the gift in confused awe. Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa tries his best to look impressed.

AARON  
What is it?

ELIJAH  
I bet it's a dreidel.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Don't be silly, Elijah. You  
couldn't possibly spin a dreidel  
shaped like that.

AARON  
A menorah then?

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
I don't see how it could hold  
enough candles.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Actually, it's a... a...

The Schmendricks face him. Eager for an answer.

INT. SCHMENDRICK HOME

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa searches his brain for a likely story.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
It's a kosher... hummus dish.  
Perfect for parties.

The Schmendricks all nod, buying it.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Yes. That's exactly what it is.  
And some people say it's almost  
identical to the kind Abraham--I  
mean Abram--would have used.

He peeks at the gift.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Of course Abram's probably would  
have been made out of some kind of  
clay.

Another nod from the Schmendricks.

AARON  
Can we use it, Tatti?

ELIJAH  
For a party?

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Of course, of course!

Aaron and Elijah thank Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa at the same time.

AARON/ELIJAH  
Thank you, Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa!

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
You're welcome.

Aaron and Elijah get back to their dreidel.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Well, I'd better be going.

Mr. Schmendrick walks him to the door.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Thank you so much. Happy Ramadan.

MR. ABD-AL-ARWA  
Happy Chanukah.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
Happy Chanukah, Mohammed!

Mr. Abd-Al-Arwa leaves. Mr. Schmendrick turns to the kids.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Who wants to check the Kosh-O-Meter?

Aaron and Elijah jump for joy. Squeal at the same time.

AARON/ELIJAH  
I do!

AARON  
No I do!

ELIJAH  
You checked last time!

AARON  
No I didn't! You did!

ELIJAH

Did not!

AARON

Did too!

MR. SCHMENDRICK

Boys, boys! You can both check the  
Kosh-O-Meter!

The boys jump for joy.

AARON/ELIJAH

Yay!

The boys carry the gift box to an antique scale standing in the corner of the living room. Place it on the scale. Calibrate the scale. Let the gift box balance. A needle twitches between "K" and "0." Lands on "0."

The Schmendricks groan.

MR. SCHMENDRICK

Sorry boys. Not kosher enough.  
But tomorrow evening, we can make a  
mitzvah by giving it to someone  
else.

Aaron and Elijah cheer.

AARON/ELIJAH

Mitzvah! Mitzvah!

MRS. SCHMENDRICK

But Jerry, who can we give it to?

MR. SCHMENDRICK

Someone who can really use it.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

The next day.

EXT. MOONSHINE AND SPARROW HOME

The Schmendrick parents wait while the boys knock politely. The boys both hold the gift box, now wrapped in white paper scrawled with Hebrew and Stars of David with a blue ribbon. Moonshine and Sparrow open the door.

MOONSHINE

Hey, Mr. and Mrs. Schmendrick!

SPARROW  
And the boys!

MOONSHINE  
How is this fine near-Solstice day  
treating you?

SPARROW  
Goddess bless!

Mr. and Mrs. Schmendrick wince at Moonshine and Sparrow's  
"spirituality."

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Good evening. Moonshine. Sparrow.

He speaks his next sentence with an intense Hebrew accent.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
Happy Chanukah to you both.

MOONSHINE  
Won't you come in?

SPARROW  
We were just about to make some  
organic, Valerian root tea.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
We'd love to, it's just that --

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
It's Shabbes!

MOONSHINE  
I thought Shabbes only lasted till  
sundown on Saturday.

SPARROW  
Yeah, it's been over for a couple  
hours.

AARON  
It's extra Shabbes.

ELIJAH  
Even more holy than regular  
Shabbes.

MOONSHINE  
Huh. I've never heard of that.

SPARROW  
Neither have I, and my sister-in-law is Jewish --

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
We stopped by to give you two...

He gestures for the boys to hand Moonshine and Sparrow the gift box.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
This!

The boys chime at the same time.

AARON/ELIJAH  
Happy Chanukah.

Moonshine and Sparrow twirl around and make odd hand gestures. They notice the Schmendricks' collective confusion.

MOONSHINE  
Ancient Hopi gratitude dance.

SPARROW  
From the indigenous tribes of New Mexico.

MRS. SCHMENDRICK  
Quite lovely.

MR. SCHMENDRICK  
We'd best be going.

He turns his family around.

MOONSHINE  
Wait! We have to open it in your presence!

SPARROW  
It's ancient Abiodun tradition!

Mr. Schmendrick drags his family back. Moonshine opens the box.

INT. BOX

All six peer in. The Schmendricks grow increasingly nervous. Moonshine and Sparrow are both fascinated, in the same way that commuters are fascinated with car wrecks.

MOONSHINE

What is it?

She looks to Mr. Schmendrick for an answer.

EXT. MOONSHINE AND SPARROW HOME

Mr. Schmendrick fumbles.

MR. SCHMENDRICK

It's a... uh...

MRS. SCHMENDRICK

A... well, one of those...

AARON

...antique...

ELIJAH

...family heirloom...

MRS. SCHMENDRICK

...traditional...

Mr. Schmendrick blurts out the rest.

MR. SCHMENDRICK

...mystical Talmud Temple oil lamp  
air-fresheners!

The other Schmendricks turn on him with unbelieving disgust.  
They each step away from him. Mr. Schmendrick flounders.

MR. SCHMENDRICK

Legend says that Moses himself  
found the inside of the Temple  
musty, so commissioned a local  
craftsman to fashion one of these.

SPARROW

Are you sure? Because my sister-in-  
law --

The Schmendricks interrupt in unison.

SCHMENDRICKS

Happy Chanukah!

With that, the Schmendricks run away.

MOONSHINE

What odd people.

SPARROW  
Even for Jews.

They go inside.

INT. MOONSHINE AND SPARROW HOME

Decked out with crystals, incense, pyramids, dream catchers, and drenched in tie-dye, it's a neo-hippie haven. Along with collections of agates, a portrait of a lady in white transforming into the night sky watches over the altar.

Moonshine sets the gift box on the kitchen table.

MOONSHINE  
Doesn't seem like much of an air-  
freshener.

Sparrow digs around in a cupboard.

SPARROW  
I know what we can use it for.

She holds out a sandwich bag full of herbs. She and Moonshine carry the gift box and the bag into the bedroom.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

The next day.

INT. MOONSHINE AND SPARROW HOME

Moonshine and Sparrow lie sprawled on their living room floor. Their place looks like the Rolling Stones had a party with all their fans. Moonshine lifts her head.

MOONSHINE  
Worst. Trip. Ever.

SPARROW  
We have to get rid of it.

MOONSHINE  
How?

They both sit up. Face each other. In unison:

MOONSHINE/SPARROW  
The Akaradarshanas!

EXT. AKARADARSHANA HOME

Sharing the holding duties on the gift box, now wrapped in wrinkled, homemade toilet paper and a twine ribbon, Moonshine and Sparrow knock on the front door. Mrs. Akaradarshana answers.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
I'm sorry. Perhaps we weren't  
clear last time. Though the  
Watchtower is a fascinating read,  
we're not ready to convert --

She notices that Moonshine and Sparrow don't really look like Jehovah's Witnesses.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Oh, I thought you were someone  
else.

All three hear Mr. Akaradarshana's voice from inside.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Who is it, dear?

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
The two girls from upstairs.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
The lesbians??

Mrs. Akaradarshana yells at him in Hindi.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
They're standing right here!

Mr. Akaradarshana joins his wife at the door.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Won't you come in?

Moonshine and Sparrow join them inside.

INT. AKARADARSHANA HOME

A stone statuette of Ganesh is the centerpiece of the traditionally decorated home. Moonshine and Sparrow are wide-eyed with co-opting amazement.

MOONSHINE  
You have a beautiful place!

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Thank you. So do you!

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
You've never seen their place.

Mr. Akaradarshana ignores his wife. Offers Moonshine and Sparrow chairs.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Please. Sit down. Can I get you something to drink?

MOONSHINE  
Chai?

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
We don't have any.

SPARROW  
Lassis?

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
I'm lactose intolerant.

MOONSHINE  
Whatever you guys traditionally drink.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
How's water?

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Yes, water! We have lots of water!

He runs to the kitchen. Gets everyone some water.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
To what do we owe this quite unexpected pleasure?

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Can't two friendly, attractive women stop by?

MOONSHINE  
We wanted to wish you a happy...

SPARROW  
Happy Zatra!

Mr. Akaradarshana brings the three ladies water.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
How thoughtful of you.

He sits between Moonshine and Sparrow.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Wasn't that thoughtful of them?

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Very.

MOONSHINE  
We know it may not be traditional  
for Sikhs --

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Hindus.

Mr. Akaradarshana reassures Moonshine and Sparrow.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Same thing. Really the same thing.

MOONSHINE  
But we wanted to give you this.

She hands the gift box to Mr. Akaradarshana.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Magnificent!

He sets it on the kitchen table. Opens it. Peers inside.

INT. BOX

Mr. Akaradarshana gazes at the gift. The three women join him.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
What is it??

Unlike everyone before them, Moonshine and Sparrow have their answer all worked out.

MOONSHINE  
A combination oil lamp/statuette of  
Ishvara.

SPARROW  
The god of wealth and prosperity.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Yes, I know who Ishvara is.

INT. AKARADARSHANA HOME

Mrs. Akaradarshana faces Moonshine and Sparrow.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Thank you so much for your kind  
gift.

She leads the girls to the door.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Going already? Wouldn't want to  
stay for a drink? Or two?

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
No, they wouldn't.

She pushes Moonshine and Sparrow through the door.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Thank you so much. Happy holidays.  
Good night.

She slams the door in Moonshine and Sparrow's faces.

EXT. AKARADARSHANA HOME

Moonshine and Sparrow stare at each other.

MOONSHINE  
They were so nice.

SPARROW  
Totally.

They wander off to their apartment.

INT. AKARADARSHANA HOME

Mr. Akaradarshana admires the contents of the gift box.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
You know it is a very interesting  
depiction of Ishvara, but I don't  
see where we'd pour in the oil.

Mrs. Akaradarshana marches over to him.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
That's because it's an atrocious  
obscenity which is neither a statue  
nor an oil lamp.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
How do you know?

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
Because instead of waiting for our  
bush-biting neighbors to tongue  
wrestle, I actually paid attention  
to what was in the box.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
What's wrong with watching two  
grown, consenting women do what  
they would normally do in their own  
home?

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
It's unnatural!

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
It's genetic!

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
No, it's unnatural for you to  
watch. How would you feel if I  
made out with my sister?

Mr. Akaradarshana considers the possibilities.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Which one?

Mrs. Akaradarshana turns away in disgust.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
I can't believe I'm having this  
conversation with you!

She faces him.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
It's an obscenity and I want it out  
of my house.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
Can't we just keep it one night?

Mrs. Akaradarshana crosses her arms. Taps her foot.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
For politeness' sake.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
One night. To be polite. No more.

Mr. Akaradarshana holds the gift box up to his face.  
Breathes in its aroma.

MR. AKARADARSHANA  
I can still smell their incense.

With a roll of the eyes and a shake of the head, Mrs.  
Akaradarshana gives up.

MRS. AKARADARSHANA  
I'm going to bed. If you don't  
want to spend the rest of the year  
on the couch, you're coming with  
me.

And off she goes. Mr. Akaradarshana takes one last whiff off  
the gift, then joins his wife.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

The next day.

INT. BEAVERCREEK RECEPTION

Alexander waltzes in.

ALEXANDER  
Hello Sssally!

He goes to the reception desk.

SALLY  
Hey Alex. What's up?

ALEXANDER  
Oh, not much. You?

SALLY  
Just preparing for the holiday  
party.

ALEXANDER  
Did you get out all your  
invitations?

SALLY  
I think so.

ALEXANDER  
I hate to cut this short, but it's  
my turn to make dinner again, and  
I'm running ssso late!

SALLY

Well, get your tight, sexy ass up there!

She goes back into the office. Alexander laughs. Wanders past the mailboxes.

ALEXANDER

Oo, so naughty, Sally!

He smacks his own ass --

Wham! Carrying the gift box, now wrapped in orange paper with a gold ribbon, Mr. Akaradarshana runs straight into Alexander. The gift box hits the ground. Both men freak out.

MR. AKARADARSHANA

Holy Vishnu!

ALEXANDER

Whoopsee!

He picks up the gift box. Holds it out to Mr. Akaradarshana.

ALEXANDER

Good afternoon, Mr. Akaradarshana.  
I didn't even see you there!

Mr. Akaradarshana accepts the gift box.

MR. AKARADARSHANA

Sorry. Wasn't paying attention.

ALEXANDER

Oh that's alright. What's the hurry?

Mr. Akaradarshana stares at Alexander. Peers down at the gift box. Stares at Alexander again.

INT. ALEXANDER AND ANDREW'S HOME

An autographed paint-by-numbers portrait of Streisand watches over the immaculately modern, brightly colored space. Alexander and Andrew dine on penis-shaped pasta and argue over the choice of coffee table centerpiece.

ANDREW

It's the gayest thing I've ever seen.

ALEXANDER

Oh, it is not!

ANDREW

Alex, it's gayer than a sirloin of Liberace on a bed of Elton John with a glass of George Michael and a slice of Rachael Ray.

ALEXANDER

It is not!

He bravely forces his eyes to gaze upon the gift.

ALEXANDER

Fine. Maybe a little. But you don't understand! Mr. Akaradarshana was so sad, and I couldn't let his gift go homeless!

ANDREW

Sally did.

ALEXANDER

No she didn't. She obviously gave it to someone.

ANDREW

And they obviously gave it to someone else.

They stop. Both grin wide.

ALEXANDER

Are you thinking --?

ANDREW

They'd never.

ALEXANDER

Sure they would.

ANDREW

Alex, it's ugly.

ALEXANDER

So?

ANDREW

And cheap-looking.

ALEXANDER

And?

ANDREW  
Tasteless.

ALEXANDER  
Yeah?

ANDREW  
Clearly crafted by a blind,  
retarded...

He eyes the gift for reference.

ANDREW  
Sanitation worker.

Pause. He turns his attention back to Alexander. They both smile wide.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Holding a pink-packaged, rainbow-ribboned gift box, Alexander and Andrew fight to contain their sarcastic laughter.

ANDREW  
Shut up, bitch!

ALEXANDER  
You shut up, whore!

ANDREW  
They're gonna hear you!

ALEXANDER  
No they won't!

INT. MACBRODY HOME

A bleach-blond, blue-eyed, pasty portrait of Jesus watches over the condo. A crucifix graces every wall. A giant, framed, soft-focused, track-lighted photograph hangs above the fireplace. It's the MacBrody's on their wedding day.

A bright green, prodigious Christmas tree stands in a far corner. It's decorated with miniature Nativity scenes, crosses of all styles, and giant silver balls. A pile of brightly colored gift boxes lies nestled beneath.

A half-charming, half-cheesy, bright red and white, animatronic dancing Santa statue sits idle on the coffee table.

Mrs. MacBrody watches Alexander and Andrew through the front door peep hole. Mr. MacBrody dribbles a glaze on a roast.

MR. MACBRODY  
Who is it, dear?

MRS. MACBRODY  
It's those two homosexual boys.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Alexander and Andrew fidget excitedly.

ALEXANDER  
They'll hate it.

ANDREW  
They'll loathe it.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Mr. MacBrody stops dribbling.

MR. MACBRODY  
Are you sure?

MRS. MACBRODY  
Their clothes are quite coordinated  
and their skin is perfect.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Alexander giggles.

ALEXANDER  
They'll vomit all over it.

ANDREW  
They'll turn green, clean off the  
queer cooties, and then vomit on  
their white, Anglo-Saxon,  
Republican, tennis-playing carpet.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Mr. MacBrody puts the roast in the oven.

MR. MACBRODY  
Well then, it must be them. I  
wonder what's on their minds.

MRS. MACBRODY  
I don't know, but they have a  
present with them.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Alexander turns a little green.

ALEXANDER  
Ew, Catholic vomit.

ANDREW  
Don't remind me.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Ding dong!

MR. MACBRODY  
Looks like we'd better let them in.

MRS. MACBRODY  
It sure does look that way.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Alexander realizes something.

ALEXANDER  
Shit! We forgot to make up a --

Mrs. MacBrody opens the door.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Alexander, Andrew. Won't you come  
in?

ALEXANDER  
Love to.

ANDREW  
Would be delighted.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Mr. MacBrody meets them at the door.

MR. MACBRODY  
Boys! Come in! Sit down! Make  
yourselves comfortable. I'll get  
you a drink.

ANDREW  
That's very nice, but we can't  
stay.

ALEXANDER

We have some more decorations to hang up.

MR. MACBRODY

Balderdash! One little nip of the kettle.

Mrs. MacBrody ushers Alexander and Andrew to a nearby couch.

MRS. MACBRODY

Please, make yourselves at home.

Alexander and Andrew sit. Andrew sets the gift box on the coffee table. Whispers to Alexander.

ANDREW

Nip of the kettle --??

HO! HO! HO! The terrifyingly creepy electronic voice of the Santa statue sparks up. A rendition of Jingle Bells begins an accompaniment. The combination of sounds is almost unbearable. Alexander and Andrew scream.

MRS. MACBRODY

Nothing to fear, just good ol' Saint Nick.

She joins them. Finds and flicks some unseen switch on the statue. It dies a very welcome death. She sets the statue back down. Alexander and Andrew breathe a sigh of relief. Sit back away from the statue.

MRS. MACBRODY

So how are the holidays treating you boys?

Alexander and Andrew speak at about the same time.

ALEXANDER

Fine.

ANDREW

Good.

ALEXANDER

Just great.

ANDREW

Wonderful.

They both suddenly realize they sound like babbling monkeys. Mr. MacBrody's delivery of caramel-colored liqueur saves them all from the current brand of awkwardness. Alexander and Andrew thank him.

MR. MACBRODY  
Done all your shopping?

Alexander and Andrew can't help but babble some more.

ALEXANDER  
Yep.

ANDREW  
All done.

ALEXANDER  
Couldn't be doner.

ANDREW  
The donest of the done.

Both of them wince. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. MacBrody seems to notice. Before silence can settle in, Andrew takes a sip from his drink. His face lights up.

ANDREW  
Is this...?

Mr. MacBrody smiles proudly.

MR. MACBRODY  
Bremin '68. Not exactly in vogue,  
but the best there is.

ANDREW  
My grandfather loved this stuff,  
when he could get his lips around a  
bottle.

Alexander chuckles at Andrew's unintended innuendo. Alexander covers it with an anecdote.

ALEXANDER  
It's so funny you have it because,  
every Christmas, Andy's whole  
family makes buckets of hard apple  
cider with this stuff.

Mrs. MacBrody chimes in.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Cincinnati cider!

Alexander and Andrew laugh out loud.

ANDREW  
I thought only my family called it  
that!

MR. MACBRODY  
Crazy part is everyone knows it's  
not from Cincinnati.

ANDREW  
I know!

ALEXANDER  
Insane!

They all laugh. Andrew notices the gift box.

ANDREW  
Oh!

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER  
Right!

Andrew offers the gift box to the MacBrody's. Mr. MacBrody  
accepts.

ANDREW  
We got this present --

ALEXANDER  
For you --

ANDREW  
Because we remembered --

ALEXANDER  
From when we first moved in --

ANDREW  
A few years ago. How much you  
like...

ALEXANDER  
How much you like presents!

MRS. MACBRODY  
How thoughtful of you!

MR. MACBRODY  
You boys didn't have to go and do that.

ALEXANDER  
Oh, yes we did.

ANDREW  
We wanted to return the favor of your kindness --

ALEXANDER  
When you said hello to us.

ANDREW  
The day we moved in.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Oh, it was nothing boys.

MR. MACBRODY  
We sure do appreciate it.

He stands.

MR. MACBRODY  
I'll go set it under the tree.

Andrew and Alexander stand.

ANDREW  
No!

ALEXANDER  
You can't!

They look at each other. Babbling monkeys again. Alexander nods for Andrew to continue.

ANDREW  
We mean, you can't wait. We want you to open it now.

MRS. MACBRODY  
You two are so festive!

Mr. MacBrody smiles warmly.

MR. MACBRODY  
Well, very well then.

He joins the others. Sets the gift box back down on the coffee table. Offers it to Mrs. MacBrody.

MR. MACBRODY

Mitzy?

MRS. MACBRODY

Oh, you go ahead dear. You so do love to open your presents.

Mr. MacBrody chuckles at Andrew and Alexander.

MR. MACBRODY

She's right, you know. I'm such a kid around the holidays.

He jams his thumbs under the gift box ribbon.

MR. MACBRODY

Well, here she goes!

He pulls at the ribbon. It unravels easily. He lifts the box top.

INT. BOX

The MacBrody's, Alexander, and Andrew peer inside.

MR. MACBRODY

What an interesting objet d'art.

MRS. MACBRODY

It looks just like the ornament on our wedding cake!

MR. MACBRODY

So it does!

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Alexander and Andrew give each other a confused look. Andrew pokes Alexander.

ALEXANDER

So this is a... replica --

ANDREW

Of a holy relic...

ALEXANDER

The femur of Saint August...  
ulric... opher... odict... olemew.

Andrew rolls his eyes.

MR. MACBRODY

That's odd. I won my Sacred Heart  
High Name-the-Saints-athon and I  
don't recall any Saint  
Augustulricopherodictolemew --

ANDREW

You know, Alex might be wrong.

ALEXANDER

I am wrong.

ANDREW

We don't either of us remember  
which saint's femur it was.

ALEXANDER

Or if it's a femur at all.

ANDREW

Might be a hip bone.

Mrs. MacBrody takes a closer look.

MRS. MACBRODY

A hip bone?

ANDREW

I might be wrong about that.

ALEXANDER

He failed anatomy.

ANDREW

Whatever bone of whatever saint it  
happens to be a replica of, it's  
definitely very, very Catholic.

Mr. and Mrs. MacBrody stare at him with no idea of what  
that's supposed to mean. Alexander tries to save him.

ALEXANDER

Jesus would love it.

With the MacBrodys' faces dropping from mild confusion to  
offense, Alexander and Andrew's words are clearly becoming  
more and more blasphemous. Andrew bails.

ANDREW

Well, we have to go, so Merry  
Christmas --

ALEXANDER  
Happy New Year --

ANDREW  
Good will toward men --

ALEXANDER  
And women!

They high-tail it out the door. Close it behind them.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Alexander and Andrew heave a heavy sigh of relief.

ALEXANDER  
Did they like it?

ANDREW  
I don't know.

They leave.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Still holding the open gift box, Mr. and Mrs. MacBrody give each other a confused look.

MRS. MACBRODY  
What nice homosexuals.

MR. MACBRODY  
Yes indeed.

INT. BEAVERCREEK RECEPTION

Sally's in the midst of filing when her cell phone rings. She checks the id. Sighs.

SALLY  
Not now, Auntie.

She puts it down. It rings a couple more times. Then silence. A moment later, the phone beeps with new voice mail. Sally picks it up. Listens. Rolls her eyes.

SALLY  
Yeah, yeah.

Then concern fills her voice.

SALLY  
 You're coming to the holiday  
 party??

She tears the phone from her ear. Holds it as far from her face as she can. A sweet, senile voice sqawks out of the phone.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO (V.O.)  
 And the present I sent better be in  
 the courtyard for all to enjoy, or  
 I'm throwing you out!! See you  
 soon, my dear!

Beep! The message ends. Sally paces back and forth, panicking.

SALLY  
 Oh God! Oh no! Oh God!

She tries to remember.

SALLY  
 I gave it away! Who did I give it  
 to?!

She stops. Relieved.

SALLY  
 I gave it to the Da-Bun-Dans!

She sits. Disappointed.

SALLY  
 I gave it to the Da-Bun-Dans.

She stands. Faces the music.

SALLY  
 I'll just have to explain what  
 happened. Ask them to give it  
 back.

EXT. DA-BUN-DAN HOME

Sally waits nervously outside. Norman opens the door.

NORMAN  
 Sal-lay! Wha' up?!

He holds his hand up. Sally stares at it a second. Norman nods. Sally pats his hand.

SALLY  
 Hey, Norman. Are you mom and dad  
 home?

Norman doesn't respond. Sally notices he's holding his hand  
 for a "down low." Sally rolls her eyes. Pats his hand  
 again.

NORMAN  
 Down low!

SALLY  
 It's really important. I really  
 need to talk to them.

Norman spins around. Does some weird mini-dance with his  
 hands.

NORMAN  
 Good to g-oh --!

Sally's done.

SALLY  
 Norman!

NORMAN  
 What?!

SALLY  
 Are your mom and dad home?

Norman makes a couple pseudo-gang signs.

NORMAN  
 Yeeah. They's kickin' it.

Sally hears Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan's voice.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
 Nohman! No reave dooh open! Cohd  
 aih!

Sally pushes past Norman.

INT. DA-BUN-DAN HOME

Sally greets Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan.

SALLY  
 Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan --

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
Herro, Sarry. How ah you?

SALLY  
I'm fine. I need to ask you --

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
You no get lent check? I terr  
husband send lent check. I terr  
him send now!

SALLY  
It's not about that.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
What long then?

SALLY  
Where did you put the present I  
gave you?

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
Plesent?

SALLY  
The gift?

Norman translates.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN  
Oh! The ple-sent!

SALLY  
Yes. The present I gave you...

She shifts uncomfortably.

SALLY  
...wasn't mine to give. What I  
mean is, I wasn't supposed to give  
it to you.

Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan is confused. Norman translates.

SALLY  
Mistake. My mistake.

Norman translates. Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan asks Norman a question.

NORMAN  
So we're not good Roman senators?

SALLY

What?

NORMAN

I don' know. That's what she siz-  
aid.

Sally remembers.

SALLY

No! You're great! You're all  
great! All I mean is I wasn't  
supposed to give the gift to you  
that I gave to you.

Norman translates. Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan nods.

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN

Otheh gift!

SALLY

Um... Yes?

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN

Oh. Vely nice!

SALLY

So the gift I gave you? Can I get  
it back?

MRS. DA-BUN-DAN

Gift make Nohman sick. We have to  
give away.

NORMAN

No it didn't!

Mrs. Da-Bun-Dan yells something at him. He grumbles.

NORMAN

That's whack!

SALLY

You gave it away??! Who'd you give  
it to??

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

From an objective point of view, Sally can be heard running  
up and down stairs and hallways, tracking the gift's trail.

SALLY (V.O.)  
Mr. and Mrs. Awiti, this is going  
to sound a little strange.

MR. AWITI (V.O.)  
We don't have it. We gave it to...

SALLY (V.O.)  
Hello Mr. and Mrs. Abd-Al-Arwa.  
Sorry to bother you, but...

MRS. ABD-AL-ARWA (V.O.)  
Oh, we don't have it anymore. We  
gave it to...

Now Sally's voice sounds a little tired.

SALLY (V.O.)  
Mr. and Mrs. Schmendrick. I'm  
sorry to bother you during dinner.

MR. SCHMENDRICK (V.O.)  
Sally, I'm so sorry. We don't have  
it anymore. We gave it to...

SALLY (V.O.)  
Hey Sparrow. I'm really sorry to  
bother you guys during your... um,  
whatever. I was wondering if you  
still had that thing.

SPARROW (V.O.)  
Oh wow, Sally. We totally gave it  
to...

Running out of energy, Sally catches her breath.

SALLY (V.O.)  
Mr. and Mrs. Akara... dar... The  
present. Sparrow and Moonshine.  
You got it?

MR. AKARADARSHANA (V.O.)  
Sorry, Sally. We gave it to...

ALEXANDER (V.O.)  
Sally!! You poor baby! Come in!  
Sit down! Have a drink!

SALLY (V.O.)  
...Can't stay. ...Must find gift.  
...Where is gift?

ALEXANDER (V.O.)

I don't know if they've given it to someone else by now, but we left it with...

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Clearly pooped, Sally leans against the wall as she waits for the MacBroodys to answer. Mrs. MacBrody opens the door. Without greeting her, Sally stumbles in.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Mrs. MacBrody closes the door. Crosses her arms. Very annoyed.

MRS. MACBRODY

Won't you come in?

Sally hits the couch. Doesn't even notice the Santa. By some miracle, it doesn't go off. Mr. MacBrody joins them from the next room. His tone is formal.

MR. MACBRODY

Good evening, Sally. Go ahead and make yourself at home. What can we do for you?

SALLY

I'm sorry to bother you so late. The present that Alex and Andy gave you. I need to get it back.

MRS. MACBRODY

Why on earth would you need it?

Sally sits up.

SALLY

Look, I'm really sorry. This all got out of hand. The fact is that my aunt gave it to me to put in the courtyard as a sort of centerpiece.

The MacBroodys exchange a look. Things are becoming clear.

SALLY

I didn't know that at the time. I thought the gift was for me. I hated it, so --

MRS. MACBRODY

You gave it away!

SALLY

Yes.

MR. MACBRODY

And they hated it, so --

SALLY

Yes.

MRS. MACBRODY

So those homosexual boys --

SALLY

Yes.

MR. MACBRODY

And their story about it being a replica of --?

SALLY

Yes.

MRS. MACBRODY

They lied?!

SALLY

Nobody wanted to hurt anybody.  
Like I said. It got outta hand.

She stands.

SALLY

So if I could please get it back,  
we can put this whole silly holiday  
mess behind us.

Mrs. MacBrody's voice rings with a hint of sarcasm.

MRS. MACBRODY

We'd love to help you out, dear.  
But there's just one problem.

SALLY

Oh my God. Who'd you give it to?

MR. MACBRODY

Nobody.

SALLY

Then what's the damn problem?

MR. MACBRODY

We love it.

MRS. MACBRODY  
We put it on the mantle.

MR. MACBRODY  
Fits perfectly. Wouldn't you say?

He shows Sally where they placed the gift.

SALLY  
You've got to be...

She checks out the fireplace.

From the gift's point of view, Sally gawks, jaw hanging, at the gift's placement on the fireplace. As shocking as Sally finds the gift's acceptance, she can't help but regard the display with a certain respect. It does seem to fit.

Back to an objective point of view, Mrs. MacBrody opens the door.

MRS. MACBRODY  
We're so sorry to have to boot you like this, but we were just about to start a game of Scrabble.

Mr. MacBrody puts a friendly, if urging, arm around Sally. Moves her toward the door.

SALLY  
But the gift!

MR. MACBRODY  
Thanks for dropping by, Sally.

SALLY  
But I need to!

MRS. MACBRODY  
We'll see you at the holiday party.

SALLY  
You don't understand! Auntie will kick me out!

With a final polite, if sudden, push, Mr. MacBrody ejects Sally from the condo. Mrs. MacBrody closes the door. Sally spins around. Hammers on the MacBrody's door.

SALLY  
Wait! Let me in! She'll throw me out!

The sound of 50s Christmas standards drowns out Sally's voice. Sally skulks off in defeat.

INT. BEAVERCREEK RECEPTION

With her chin set firmly on her folded arms, Sally whines to Alexander and Andrew.

SALLY  
What am I gonna do? If I don't get  
that stupid gift back, Auntie'll  
throw me out. Then I'll have to  
get a... a...

She buries her face in her arms. Sobs uncontrollably.

SALLY  
Roommate!!!

Alexander and Andrew both pat her head.

ANDREW  
There there, Sally. It won't be  
that bad.

ALEXANDER  
We'll visit you every day --

Andrew shakes his head.

ALEXANDER  
We'll visit... when we can.

Sally calms down a touch. Lifts her head.

SALLY  
Thanks, guys. You're the best.

Alexander and Andrew melt.

ALEXANDER  
Oh, sweetie.

ANDREW  
Come here.

They awkwardly hug Sally from across the desk.

ANDREW  
You know, it's too bad you can't  
just steal the gift.

Sally stares at Andrew. Her face brightens. The corners of her mouth lift in a smile.

SALLY  
Andy! That's it!

ALEXANDER  
No, wait, Sally. You can't steal it!

SALLY  
Why not? The gift wasn't for the MacBrody's in the first place.

ANDREW  
It's immoral. It's unethical.  
It's illegal.

ALEXANDER  
It's not a bad idea.

ANDREW  
Alexander, if Sally steals the gift, the MacBrody's'll drop a steaming pile of Communal Wafers.

SALLY  
Not if the gift's already in the courtyard.

ALEXANDER  
You're right! The MacBrody's'll be too polite to say anything about it!

ANDREW  
When can you get into their condo?

SALLY  
Oh, that's easy. They play a tennis match every morning at eight. They're gone for at least two hours.

ALEXANDER  
Well then. The MacBrody's at eight!

SALLY  
You two are coming?

ANDREW  
 Are you kidding?? We can't let you  
 commit two major felonies without  
 our help!

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS - MORNING

The next day.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Dressed for tennis, Mrs. MacBrody waits as Mr. MacBrody locks  
 the door.

MR. MACBRODY  
 So then Charles says, "Nixon and  
 Reagan can stay, but Gandhi has got  
 to go!"

Mrs. MacBrody laughs out loud.

MRS. MACBRODY  
 Oh, how I adore Charles' little  
 jokes!

They leave down the hall. A second later, Sally tiptoes  
 toward the MacBrody's door. Wielding the master key, she  
 unlocks the door. Just as she creaks the door open --

Her cell rings. She frantically fishes into her pocket.  
 Pulls out the cell. Answers it.

SALLY  
 What?!

INT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

In another hallway, Andrew hides behind a corner, his eyes  
 fixed on the MacBrody's. He whispers urgently.

ANDREW  
 Mary and Joseph are returning to  
 the manger! Over!

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Sally hides behind her own nearby corner, accidentally  
 leaving the door unlocked.

SALLY  
 Roger that. Retreating into barren  
 hillsides. Over.

A second later, Mr. and Mrs. MacBrody arrive. Mr. MacBrody sticks his key in the lock. The door opens.

MR. MACBRODY  
That's awfully strange. I could  
have sworn I locked it.

MRS. MACBRODY  
I thought you did too, dear.

They go inside. Sally hears the opening, moving, and picking up of things. She fidgets impatiently.

SALLY  
Come on, people!

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

Dressed in a fedora and overcoat, Alexander waits quite conspicuously near the entrance.

ALEXANDER  
Hello? Hello?

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Sally rolls her eyes.

ALEXANDER (V.O.)  
What hhh! that? Ov-hhh!

SALLY  
Nothing, Alex. You're barely  
coming through. Over.

The instant she stops talking, the MacBrodys pass by her. When they're safely out of view, Sally updates her cohorts.

SALLY  
Mary and Joseph heading your way.  
Operation Baby Jesus is a go.  
Over.

She goes back to the MacBrodys' front door. Unlocks it. Slips inside.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Sally closes and locks the door quietly behind her. Sneaks over to the fireplace. Pulls out a large loot bag.

From the gift's point of view, Sally reaches lecherously for it. The instant her fingers wrap around it --

HO! HO! HO! The Santa statue roars to life.

From an objective point of view, Sally backs away from the gift. Locates the Evil Santa. As she draws closer, she notices that it senses motion, waving its little gloved hands in time with the music and Sally's steps.

SALLY  
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

She grabs the Evil Santa. Turns it over. Finds no "off" switch.

SALLY  
No!! Turn off!!

She shakes it. This only makes the Evil Santa dance some more. Finally, on the back, she finds a battery compartment. She pops it open. Plucks out the batteries. The Evil Santa goes limp. Its voice fades sadly away.

Sally sighs. Sets down the Evil Santa and its batteries. Goes back to retrieving the gift.

EXT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

Alexander spots the MacBrody's heading toward the building. He panics.

ALEXANDER  
That wasn't two hours! Sally!  
Mary and Joseph! Abort! Abort!

He runs inside.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Sally dumps the gift into her bag. Alexander's static is coming through, but she doesn't yet notice.

INT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

The MacBrody's walk down a hall.

MR. MACBRODY  
Such a tragedy, Charles throwing  
out his back.

MRS. MACBRODY  
He still could have beaten you.

MR. MACBRODY  
Oh dear, you're such a tease.

They laugh.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Sally sneaks to the door.

SALLY  
What's that noise?

ANDREW (V.O.)  
Sally!

INT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

The MacBroodys pass Andrew. Alexander follows quietly behind the MacBroodys. Meets Andrew in his hiding place.

ANDREW  
Mary and Joseph! Abort! Over!

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Now on her cell, Sally freezes right in front of the door.

SALLY  
How close??

ANDREW (V.O.)  
Almost there!

SALLY  
Why didn't Alex warn me?

ANDREW (V.O.)  
He's got a crappy phone! He's been meaning to get it replaced, but the company's been giving him the run-around and --

Click! The front door lock is turning.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Mr. MacBrody works the key in the lock.

MR. MACBRODY  
Gosh, it seems to be a bit stuck.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Give Sally a buzz.

MR. MACBRODY  
I think I shall.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Sally whispers.

SALLY  
Sh! They're here!

ANDREW (V.O.)  
What're you gonna do??

SALLY  
I dunno!

She hangs up. Scans the condo for any hiding places.  
Remembers the gift in her bag.

Thunk! The front door's unlocked.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

Mr. MacBrody smiles at his accomplishment.

MR. MACBRODY  
There we are. Nothing a little  
stick-to-it-iveness can't solve.

MRS. MACBRODY  
You should still give Sally a buzz.

INT. BEAVERCREEK CONDOMINIUMS

Alexander chases after Sally.

ALEXANDER  
We gotta save her!

Andrew yanks him back.

ANDREW  
She's on her own now.

ALEXANDER  
...I know.

He buries his head in Andrew's arms.

INT. MACBRODY HOME

Sally runs to the fireplace. Dumps the gift. Picks a hiding  
place.

Creak! The MacBrody's open the door.

EXT. MACBRODY HOME

The MacBrodys enter. Sally's nowhere to be seen.

From the gift's point of view, Mrs. MacBrody checks it out.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Does it seem a little off?

MR. MACBRODY  
Perhaps a touch.

Mrs. MacBrody adjusts the gift.

From an objective point of view, Sally sits scrunched up behind the Christmas tree. She's clearly uncomfortable, but also desperate to get through this. Mr. MacBrody parks himself right in front of the tree, opposite of Sally.

MR. MACBRODY  
I guess I'll give Sally a buzz.

MR. MACBRODY  
I'll make some breakfast.

She goes to the kitchen. Sally digs into her pocket... but not too much as she might knock over the tree. She extracts her cell like a dentist might extract a tooth. She quickly silences her cell.

MR. MACBRODY  
It's ringing!

MRS. MACBRODY  
That's a good sign!

Sally's cell buzzes over and over.

MR. MACBRODY  
What's that sound?

MRS. MACBRODY  
What sound?

MR. MACBRODY  
Sounds like a bee or moth.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Tell Sally to fumigate the house.

MR. MACBRODY  
I definitely will.

Mr. MacBrody's eyes find the Evil Santa. He picks it up --  
And miraculously doesn't feel the open battery compartment.

MR. MACBRODY  
You're awfully quiet, St. Nick.  
Can't be you.

He sets down the Evil Santa.

MR. MACBRODY  
That's strange!

MRS. MACBRODY  
What's that?

MR. MACBRODY  
Saint Nick doesn't seem to be  
working either.

MRS. MACBRODY  
You should replace the batteries.

MR. MACBRODY  
I thought I did.

He hears a beep.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Sally, Mitch MacBrody here. I hate  
to bother you during the holidays,  
but Mitzy and I noticed a little  
problem with our door.

As he talks, he paces in a tiny circle in front of the tree.

MR. MACBRODY  
If you could come by some time,  
today would be great, and take a  
look at it, that'd be swell.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Tell her about the bugs.

MR. MACBRODY  
Oh, right, and we think there might  
be a slight insect problem if you  
could take a look at that as well.  
See you at the party, Sally.

He hangs up. Joins Mrs. MacBrody in the kitchen. Sally goes  
for the Evil Santa. Her sudden movement --

SMASH! The tree falls over. Ornaments. Needles. Water. Everywhere. Sally dives under the tree just as both the MacBrody's rush into the room.

MRS. MACBRODY  
Good Lord!

MR. MACBRODY  
How did that happen?!

He bends over. Grabs hold of the tree trunk. Lifts it back up. Sally contorts herself to stay with the tree so as not to be seen. Mr. MacBrody picks up a couple of ornaments. He's about to replace them where Sally's standing, when --

MRS. MACBRODY  
Let's do that later. I'm hungry.

MR. MACBRODY  
Very well, dear.

He sets the ornaments on the coffee table. He and Mrs. MacBrody return to the kitchen.

Sally peeks around the tree. The MacBrody's don't seem to be returning. Sally grabs the Evil Santa. Shoves the batteries back in. Snaps the battery compartment lid back on --

HO! HO! HO! Sally ignores the infernal sound.

MR. MACBRODY  
St. Nick is back on!

MRS. MACBRODY  
Oh, dear, don't go check it!

Sally puts the Evil Santa on the coffee table. Runs to the fireplace.

From the gift's point of view, Sally snatches it, and drops it in her bag.

BLACK.

INT. BEAVERCREEK COURTYARD - EVENING

A sheet-draped object sits atop a stone block in the center of a large, rectangular gathering space tastefully decorated with strings of lights and snowflake ornaments.

The crowd, comprising of everyone seen so far as well as a larger group of a mixture of ethnicities, ages, and incomes, chats pleasantly around the shrouded object.

Sally, hanging out mainly with Alexander, Andrew, and the Schmendricks, keeps watchful eyes on the gathering. Not too far off, the MacBrody's talk with other tenants.

ALEXANDER

And you haven't been back to the MacBrody's place?

SALLY

They'd smell guilt all over me.

ANDREW

You can't ignore them forever.

SALLY

You wanna bet?

That moment, the MacBrody's come over. Both wear steel expressions.

MR. MACBRODY

A lovely party, Sally.

SALLY

Thanks much.

MR. MACBRODY

Might we have a word?

SALLY

Sure.

Mr. MacBrody leads them away from the crowd.

MR. MACBRODY

We know what you did.

SALLY

You do?

MRS. MACBRODY

We wanted you to know that even though it was dreadfully illegal, we've decided that it's our Christian duty to forgive you.

SALLY

Oh, thank you.

MR. MACBRODY

And press full charges.

SALLY

What?!

The MacBroodys nod.

MRS. MACBRODY

Well, Sally, dear, it took nearly half an hour to clean up that mess.

MR. MACBRODY

And little St. Nick will never be the same.

SALLY

But-but-but full charges?!

The MacBroodys suddenly laugh out loud.

MRS. MACBRODY

Mitch, she believed us!

MR. MACBRODY

I didn't think she would, Mitzy!

Sally forces a polite laugh.

SALLY

Yeah, that's pretty funny, threatening me with legal action.

The MacBroodys keep laughing as they wander off.

MR. MACBRODY

Great party, Sally!

MRS. MACBRODY

Merry Christmas!

Sally goes back to Alexander and Andrew. Before the boys have a chance to say anything:

SALLY

Don't ask.

Mr. Schmendrick butts in.

MR. SCHMENDRICK

Sally! Any idea when your aunt will be here?

SALLY

All she said was that she was coming.

Sparrow and Moonshine join them.

SPARROW  
What's with the sheet, Sally?

SALLY  
It's a surprise.

MOONSHINE  
I love surprises!

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
Hello all you lovely, lovely  
people!

The crowd turns around to face...

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO, anywhere between 50s-70s, with hip-riche clothes, dyed hair, and movie-star-of-yore flamboyance. She struts into the crowd like she owns the place. Which she does. She greets everyone exuberantly, if quickly.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
Hello! Good evening! Welcome to  
the soiree!

She gives hugs. Blows kisses.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
A wonderful Solstice to you! Love,  
love, love those shoes!

She stops at the sheet-covered thing. Sashays around it.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
As you all know, I absolutely adore  
the holidays.

Everyone nods and speaks their agreement.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
I've noticed, though, that you  
lovely people have been missing  
out.

Confused, everyone looks at each other to see if anyone else understands what she's getting at.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
We've been a residential family for  
years. But what do you really,  
truly know about each other?

Alexander and Andrew, and Moonshine and Sparrow eye each other.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
Every culture in the world has a  
winter celebration --

An as-of-yet unheard from TENANT speaks up.

TENANT  
We don't.

Auntie Bruttoregalo continues without acknowledging the Tenant.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
That's at least one thing that  
should unite us all. And yet it  
doesn't.

She takes a corner of the sheet.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
I decided to change that.

She throws back the sheet, revealing the gift... to everyone but the audience. Everyone gasps in surprise and horror.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
I found the weirdest, oddest, in  
many ways most repulsive thing I  
could find and gave it to Sally.

Everyone turns to Sally who waves politely.

SALLY  
Hi.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
I knew she'd hate it and give it  
away to someone else. I knew  
they'd probably do the same.

The ones who passed the gift off to each other look at each other, embarrassed, ashamed, amused. A few sheepish apologies can be heard.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO  
But through all this mutual  
distaste for something, I knew  
you'd all come together.

Sally smiles. Alexander catches it.

ALEXANDER

I thought you hated the holidays.

SALLY

I thought so, too. But you gotta admit, the old lady knew what she was doing.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO

And now here the gift will rest forever as a reminder of how much of a family we truly are.

The Tenant from before speaks up again.

TENANT

But Ms. Bruttoregalo, what is it?

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO

What do you mean what is it?

She searches the crowd. Blank faces.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO

Nobody knows?

Nobody knows. Auntie Bruttoregalo shrugs.

AUNTIE BRUTTOREGALO

I would have thought it obvious.  
It's a --

BLACK.

The End