

X-EVE

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A rooftop bar with opposite balconies that's totally kick
ass. *

MARK and DANE walk towards the front door. Mark is a tall
skinny fucker with a smile for everyone and Dane is a bit
shorter but with a face every woman could love. You know,
if they were drunk enough to get over the whole shortness
thing. Which most don't. *

MARK

Merry Christmas Eve, Dane.

DANE

Happy x-eve, Mark. *

MARK

Are you saying x-eve because you
think it sounds cooler in an ironic
way?

DANE

Yes.

MARK

I love it.

DANE

I'm glad you love it. *

MARK

Ditto.

They move inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Music Plays Mark and Dane set up the bar for the evening. *
Lights Turn on, blink, Tree is Lit, Green Booze Gets Poured *
into a Vat. TV's ON. *

They Unnipple the bottles.

MARK

Where the hell is Cici?

DANE
Did you call her?

MARK
Twice. She said she was on her way.

DANE
Then she's on her way.

MARK
I guess...

DANE
You know what's awful about Christmas?

Mark says nothing but continues work.

DANE (CONT'D)
The lights are the wrong color. You get two choices, multi-color or white. Do you know how many houses that clashes with?

MARK
You can buy different colors.

DANE
I'm talking traditional Christmas, not this new shit. Norman Rockwell cutting a turkey surrounded by family and friends with stupid grins on their faces and stupid colors for the lights traditional Christmas.

MARK
I'm pretty sure that's a Thanksgiving painting.

DANE
Are you going to keep making stupid comments or can I finish my point?

MARK
Hmmm... Let me think about that one.

INT. LEFT PATIO - NIGHT

Mark and Dane fix the chairs on the patio and turn on multicolored Christmas lights causing Dane to sigh.

*

*

DANE

And they're not even people you like seeing. It's always your pedophilic aunt or your hobby train obsessed uncle. Or your Jewish grandmother who doesn't know what the fuck is going on.

INT. RIGHT PATIO - NIGHT

Dane and Mark move to the other patio turning on lights as the conversation continues.

DANE

The best part is supposed to be the presents, but fuck that noise! You're lucky if the sweater you hate at first sight even fits you, and forget about getting anything nice. Maybe all I wanted was a bread maker. Did I ever get that? Hell no! Fuck Christmas, man.

Dane shakes his head.

DANE (CONT'D)

Just fuck it.

MARK

One year I got a Voltron. It was kick ass.

DANE

What the fuck is Voltron?

MARK

Seriously kick ass.

Mark pushes the bottles to the back of the shelf.

DANE

Dude, don't put 'em back so far.

Mark looks at the bottles, then moves them forward a bit.

DANE (CONT'D)

Thanks man.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

*

Mark and Dane clean bathrooms. Dane opens the door for the women's bathroom and gags.

*

DANE

Oh! Dude!

Mark walks over. He opens the door and gags as well.

MARK

What the fuck died in there?!

DANE

It's like an entire pig!

INT. LEFT PATIO - NIGHT

*

Mark and Dane run to the other patio and can't stop heaving.

MARK

Who would do something like that?

DANE

Why?!

MARK

Who and why?!

DANE

You clean it.

MARK

You're closer to the ground. It'll be easier.

DANE

Bullshit, Mark! The noxious fumes will hug the ground and murder me!

MARK

No, all the oxygen will be near the floor.

DANE

That's fire, Mark!

MARK

You're right! My bad!

DANE

Damnit, Mark! You're such a fucking
asshat!

MARK

I already said I was sorry!

DANE

Fuck!

MARK

It's supposed to be Christmas! We're
supposed to be having fun!

DANE

That was the general theme I was
working under as well!

MARK

Let's attempt to continue that theme!

DANE

Wait, I know how to solve everything.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

*

Mark and Dane finish putting caution tape on the bathroom
door.

DANE

There.

MARK

Perfect. Then we'll just let Cici
do it when she gets here.

DANE

Why Cici?

MARK

Why not?

DANE

Fine.

MARK

Sounds like a plan.

DANE

It's not, but it sounds like one.

MARK

Do you feel like there's someone
behind us?

DANE

Like standing right behind us?

MARK

Yeah.

DANE

Yeah, we should turn around.

MARK

Yeah, let's-

A gravelly voice interrupts.

SANTA (O.S.)

Get me a whiskey sour!

They turn to see a man that looks vaguely like Santa Clause,
SANTA, sitting at the bar. His scowl could murder a Russian
bear.

DANE

We're not open yet... how did you
get in?

SANTA

I came down the fucking chimney.
Get me a whiskey sour.

MARK

Not open yet! Give us a minute.

DANE

I didn't even know we had a chimney.

MARK

We don't, Dane.

DANE

Oh. Right.

They continue to restock the bar.

MARK

How the hell did he get in here?

DANE
I don't know, did we lock the door?

MARK
Umm... Maybe?

DANE
Damn it, Mark.

SANTA
Can I get some goddamn service?

DANE
(to Mark)
What was your worst Christmas?

MARK
I don't have one.

DANE
Everyone has one.

SANTA
If you don't get me a goddamn drink
this will be your worst Christmas.

MARK
(to Dane)
Prove it.

DANE
Fine. I will. I will prove that
everyone has at least one totally
rotten awful Christmas.

MARK
And I'll remind everyone that they
at least had one good Christmas.

DANE
Fifty bucks says I'm right.

MARK
Fifty of my bucks sends an email
saying I'm right.

DANE
Email?

MARK

My money doesn't really have time to go to a lot of face to face meetings.

DANE

Ok, done. Deals a deal.

MARK

Done.

They do a weird fist bump thing that would never count as a legally binding hand shake anywhere.

MARK (CONT'D)

Should we get the old guy his whiskey sour?

DANE

No, if we give in to his demands now he'll be bothering us all night.

MARK

All right, fine.

SANTA

I can hear you. You know that, right?

MARK

I think he can hear us. What do we do?

DANE

Just keep working. Maybe he'll find the true meaning of Christmas and stop being a bitter old man.

He looks over his shoulder at Santa.

The older man continues his death glare.

DANE (CONT'D)

Or, you know, have a heart attack while masturbating furiously and die. Or something.

MARK

Right. Gotcha.

DANE

You're going to make his drink anyway,
aren't you?

MARK

Yes.

DANE

Goddamn it, Mark.

Mark steps away from Dane to mix the drink.

Dane pulls out his smartphone and taps a few buttons.

DANE (CONT'D)

I already have over sixty awful
Christmas stories on my anti-Christmas
app.

MARK

Wait. You already came to this
argument prepared for this planned
standoff, and even took the time to
design and create a smartphone app
to back up your main thesis statement?

DANE

You make me sound like a goddamn
idiot when you say it like that.

MARK

Ok, new rule; you have to get twelve
bad stories from real people.

DANE

Why twelve?

MARK

Because it's arbitrary enough for
you to fail while still making it
look like you have a fighting chance
at success.

DANE

Aw, man.

MARK

And you have to do it before midnight.

DANE

Aw, man! Whatever. Fine.

Mark only shakes his head as he puts Santa's drink out in front of him.

MARK

Five bucks, man.

SANTA

Start a goddamn tab.

Santa slaps a sock full of gold dollar coins on the bar.

MARK

Seriously? Why, man?

SANTA

Because fuck you, that's why.

MARK

Fucking dollar coins, man.

He moves away to the other side of the bar and begins counting quietly to himself. Dane joins him in the great coin count.

A homeless peddler, RUDY, wonders in, chains around his neck and the sound of chains jingling under his old coat. He shuffles up to Santa. *

RUDY

You looking to get some chains there?
I got chains baby, all the chains in
the world, silver chains, gold chains,
platinum chains. You goin' to get
some chains, man?

Santa glares at Rudy.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Hey, I know you man...

MARK

Rudy! What did I tell you about
coming in here!

DANE

Get your Marly looking ass out of
here!

MARK

No one wants your knock off chains!

Rudy whispers in Santa's ear, then exits shaking his chains.

RUDY

Think about what I said!

He passes RICHARD and HARRY on their way in, two young men who look cool and funny and awesome, always, all of the time, on his way out the door. *

RUDY (CONT'D) *

You boys look like you may be in need of some chains? *

RICHARD *

We're a; good my man! *

DANE *

Damn it Rudy, OUT! HARRY! RICHARD! Hey guys!!! *

RICHARD

Hey buddeh. What's up?

The two dapper young men take what can only be their usual seats at the bar. Mark hands Santa his drink in a plastic cup.

SANTA

What, no highballs?

DANE

Only plastic, that's it.

SANTA

Wow...

HARRY

Hey, we're waiting on a call for a little something something, if you know what I mean?

MARK

Oh yeah? A little christmas tree action?

Mark pretends to smoke a doobie. *

EXTRAS Wonder in and out of the Bar sporadically. They are served by either tom or Dane. *

RICHARD
Yes, sir. Waiting on Tom.

DANE
Who's Tom?

HARRY
He supposedly has the best shit.

MARK
Think you could grab a little extra?

HARRY
Yeah, if my phone wasn't dead I'd call him. *

Mark pulls an old landline phone from under the bar. Harry stands and walks to it.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Thanks.

He talks on the phone in the background.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, is this Tom? Oh, well do you think he could bring more shit? We have a friend- ok cool. When will he be here? Awesome, thanks...

He hands the phone back and returns to his seat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
He should be here soon.

MARK
Aww, yeah boyz!

Mark attempts to fist bump several different Extras but is completely ignored. *

HARRY
We're headed to this sweet xmas eve party-

DANE

Call it x-eve!

HARRY

This sweet x-eve party. Supposed to be a lot of Santa's sexy little helpers. If you know what I mean?

MARK

Sexy is cool. I like sexy.

RICHARD

Don't let him fool ya, he actually means a lot of very short people who just happen to make toys.

MARK

And you're into that sort of thing, Harry?

Harry smiles sheepishly and looks down.

HARRY

Yeah. I am.

MARK

So that's why you're always staring at Dane.

Santa laughs, choking a little into his drink.

HARRY

No, Dane doesn't make toys.

RICHARD

So, it's more of a toy maker fetish than a short people fetish?

HARRY

I think it's both. It sort of has to be both, you know?

RICHARD

Would you make an exception for taller toy makers?

HARRY

Hmmm... I don't know...

RICHARD

Ok. Ok, buddy.

He chuckles.

SANTA

Can I get another over here!

Dane shoots them a look as he makes Santa another drink.

WALTER, Xmas Past, super old in a black suit and dark glasses enters and sits at the bar. *

DANE

(to Santa)

Here ya go buddy...

SANTA

You didn't need to take the time to ferment the damn thing.

DANE

I'll remember that for next time.

Dane moves to Walter. *

DANE (CONT'D)

What's up man? What can I get for ya?

WALTER

Bourbon neat.

(to Santa)

Damn if the years don't just fly by?

SANTA

You would know wouldn't ya?

Dane give's Walter his drink.

WALTER

I suppose I do...

(to Dane)

Thank you.

He slaps down an ancient five dollar bill. Dane takes it without giving it a second look. *

DANE

Can I ask you guy's a question I'm
sure you'll have an answer to?

Dane looks back at Mark who shakes his heard.

DANE (CONT'D)

What was the worst christmas you can
remember?

SANTA

All of 'em.

DANE

Seriously?

SANTA

Yep.

Dane smiles at Mark and pumps his fist in victory.

DANE

Oh, hell yeah! That's two.

MARK

How in god's unholy cousin's name is
that two?

DANE

I count as one and so does this guy.

MARK

Gah! Fine. Whatever.

WALTER

Don't listen to him. Nobody hates
all their Christmas's.

SANTA

Well, you should.

DANE

I think I'm starting to like you,
guy.

SANTA

Go fuck yourself.

DANE

Annnd, it's gone.

SANTA

Let me tell you about Christmas.
It's a celebration of lies built on
more lies. Christmas is as plastic
as this cup.

Santa down's his drink.

SANTA (CONT'D)

I gotta piss. That shitty cup had
better be full when I get back.

Santa heads for the rest-rooms. He notices yellow caution
tape over the women's door. He enters the men's. *

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Santa stands at the urinal pissing. Walter enters and stands
at the toilet next to him.

WALTER

You know what's good about plastic?

SANTA

I can't piss when you're talking,
buddy.

WALTER

Plastic takes billions upon billions
of years to dissolve into the Earth.
When we're all dust and forgotten
memories our plastic trinkets will
still be here, choking a seagull or
bothering a future hippie with it's
harmful effect on our environment.

SANTA

Seriously, I don't want to be here
all night. Shut the fuck up.

WALTER

And you know what most of those
trinkets will be? Christmas
decorations. But not just
decorations; distant memories of
things that mattered to us, once
upon a time.

SANTA

Fuck it, my bladder will just have
to explode.

He zips up his pants.

EXT. LEFT PATIO - MOMENTS NIGHT

The two old men stand outside facing the street. Santa looks
confused.

WALTER

It's one of the small thoughts that
keeps me going. When I stare at the
ceiling trying to go to sleep, and
my kids haven't called in years and
my wife died a life time ago so I'm
lonely now, I just think this;

He hands Santa a small plastic trinket; a small toy soldier.

WALTER (CONT'D)

This will outlast me. And one day,
someone will find it again, and it
will mean something to them. What's
lost, what we've forgotten matters.
It will be remembered.

He puts the toy into Santa's shirt pocket.

Walter and Santa stare at each other for a moment.

SANTA

Bullshit.

Walter smiles and walks back inside.

Santa looks in his pocket. He pulls out Walter's trinket
and looks at it for a moment.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

More customers fill the bar. ZACH, a Jewish gay man. JOSEPH,
a hot salesman. MAGGIE, a young girl who is also hot but is
not a salesman.

Mark comes out of the back room.

MARK

Dude, your phone's not there.

DANE

How are we supposed to call her now?

MARK

Her number was in my phone but it's dead.

DANE

What the hell, my phone didn't just evolve legs and disappear. It's not an Iphone Z!

*

RICHARD

Maybe it was a ghost?

Harry plays some game on a phone that is clearly labeled as Dane's.

HARRY

Have you ever seen a ghost?

RICHARD

When I was a kid we lived in a haunted house and the crystals in my parents room would dematerialize, then later they would re-materialize right where they were.

HARRY

Did you ever see them re-materialize?

RICHARD

No-

HARRY

Then someone was moving them.

CICI, a sexy woman who just happens to be a bartender, and POOH BEAR, a beefy fat guy enter in a rush.

*

*

CICI

I'm sorry, I'm sorry... he was late to pick me up...

POOH BEAR

Sorry baby.

They kiss.

CICI
See ya later baby.

POOH BEAR *
Can I get a drink before I go. *

CICI *
Yeah, I got you. *

Cici makes a drink take it to Pooh Bear. *

MARK
(to Dane)
Fuckin' pooh bear. Gets all the
ladies.

They Kiss again. *

DANE
Gross.

POOH BEAR *
Merry Christmas Boys. *

DANE *
It's not christmas yet. *

MARK *
He's calling it X eve, *

POOH BEAR *
Huh. *

Pooh Bear exits. *

DANE *
I mean, you like be crushed... it's
like your thing, or... *

CICI *
Don't be cute, Dane. No body likes
it when you're cute.

DANE
I don't have to be cute, they just
have to be drunk.

CICI
Well save your Weinsting for the
drunk girls then.

Cici throws her coat and her bag into a corner.

CICI (CONT'D)
I don't know why the hell we have to
work on christmas eve anyway!

DANE
X eve.

CICI
What?

DANE
It's called X Eve now.

MARK
Hashtag X-mas, you know?

CICI
No, I don't know. Why is there caution
tape on the women's room?

MARK
Decoration.

DANE
We ran out of poorly made x-eve lights
and had to make do.

CICI
Are you saying X-eve because you
think it sounds cooler in an ironic
way?

DANE
Maybe.

CICI
Well stop it, it's retarded.

MARK
We got everything set up but we saved
something just for you.

He motions to the women's bathroom.

CICI
Oh god, what is it?

MARK
Look for yourself.

CICI
Do I really want to?

DANE
No. No, you do not.

Cici goes and peeks in the women's rest-room. She runs back gagging.

CICI
You have to be fucking kidding me!

MARK
I know!

CICI
It's like an all you can eat sushi buffet lost power in Las Vegas, and all the Guest ate anyway, and that's the aftermath of all their combined saminilla.

*
*
*
*
*

RICHARD
You look like you just saw a ghost.

HARRY
Was it stealing crystals?

RICHARD
Fuck you.

HARRY
Later.

RICHARD
What?

HARRY
What?

CICI
Something definitely died.

*
*

MARK
(to CiCi)
Well, get on it.

CICI
Let's just go with the caution tape.

Dane pulls Mark aside. They speak in hushed voices.

DANE
Question.

MARK
Go.

DANE
Why is he called Pooh Bear?

MARK
Her boyfriend, Pooh Bear?

DANE
Yeah.

MARK
He wears a shirt when he has sex.

DANE
What?!

MARK
It's a thing.

DANE
Have you ever tried that?

MARK
Worn a shirt during sex?

DANE
Yeah.

MARK
Have you seen my sexy body?

DANE
It is pretty sexy.

MARK

Yeah, I know. Have you ever worn a shirt during sex?

DANE

No, never. My body's pretty sexy too.

MARK

Well, let's not get carried away.

Maggie stands at the bar. Dane walks up to her.

DANE

What can I do for you?

MAGGIE

What specials do you have?

DANE

How about sex with the bartender? *

MAGGIE

I meant drinks.

DANE

Yeah, pink pussy, sex on the beach, beach orgasm, blow job-- *

MAGGIE

That's a shot? *

DANE

How about a Reverse cowgirl? *

MAGGIE

Could I just get a beer?

DANE

Sure, our beer of the month is 'doggy style in the back room'.

MAGGIE

Fuck it. Whiskey. Straight.

Joseph walks up next to Maggie.

JOSEPH

I'll have the same and I got hers, friend.

DANE

Do I know you?

JOSEPH

No.

DANE

Oh. You were calling me friend
facetiously.

JOSEPH

Bingo.

Dane goes for the drinks.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

JOSEPH

Anytime. My name's Joseph, what's
yours?

MAGGIE

Maggie.

They begin to shake hands but Joseph lifts hers up and kisses
it.

JOSEPH

Pleasure.

They stare deeply into each others eyes. Dane returns with
the drinks and sets them on the bar.

DANE

Here ya go.

They are lost in each other's eyes. Dane clears his throat.

DANE (CONT'D)

Ten bucks.

They don't break eye contact as Joseph pulls out a twenty
and very slowly sets it on the bar.

JOSEPH

Keep it.

DANE

Thanks man.

Joseph slowly sips his drink then sets it back on the bar. Still the stare continues.

DANE (CONT'D)

(to Maggie)

So. Anyway-

JOSEPH

Would you like to join me on the patio?

MAGGIE

I'd love to.

They exit to the patio. The phone rings, Mark answers it.

MARK

Hello... yeah, hold on...

(to Harry and Richard)

It's for you guys.

Mark hands the phone to Richard.

RICHARD

Hello, yeah we're still here.

Richard exchanges a look with Harry.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

He is coming though? Ok, good... alright then, thanks. Well, I agree, tonight would be a good night for that... hello?

Richard hangs up the phone, hands it back to Mark who puts it away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Bastard never says good bye. No idea why.

HARRY

So what's up?

RICHARD

Still waiting on Tom.

HARRY

You wanna just ga'doe?

RICHARD
I don't know should we just ga'doe? *

HARRY
We should just ga'doe *

Mark walks back over.

MARK
What's the word?

RICHARD
Could we get another round?

MARK
Yeah sure, so still waiting for Tom?

HARRY
I guess so.

Mark make's their drinks.

DANE
Zach!

ZACH
Huh?! What?

DANE
What was your worst Christmas ever?

ZACH
Umm...

DANE
C'mon Zach!

ZACH
Well... I...

DANE
C'mon Zach!!

MARK
Dane, let him speak!

ZACH
Dane, I'm Jewish! I'm Jewish, ok?!

DANE

Oh...

ZACH

I told you that like, a billion times!

DANE

Oh... so, all the Christmas's were bad then?

ZACH

No, they were wonderful.

DANE

Well, that's good.

ZACH

Psyche!

DANE

Oh.

ZACH

They were awful. But you know what made it all worth while? We got eight days of fun and games and you only got one, so suck it bitches!

He looks quickly to the other bar customers.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Not you bitches, just those bitches.

He points at Dane.

MARK

Please stop calling the customers, 'bitches'.

CICI

Dane, go serve the corner customers.

DANE

But I get lonely.

CICI

Now, Dane!

Dane sulks off to the corner.

Across the bar Santa comes in and sits with his trinket.

SANTA

A shot for everyone! Something strong
and manly!

MARK

Like Dane's mom?

DANE

Hey!

SANTA

Exactly.

DANE

Double 'hey!'

Mark and Dane work overtime fulfilling the request. CiCi notices Santa playing with his new toy and walks over.

CICI

Whatcha got there?

Santa puts it back in his pocket.

SANTA

It's nothing.

CICI

You're not looking at it like it's
nothing.

His mean demeanor flickers to sadness for a brief moment.

CICI (CONT'D)

You want to talk about it?

SANTA

Not really.

CICI

Ok.

She turns to leave.

SANTA

You know you remind me of my wife
when she was younger... you're both
the same height too.

CICI
Yeah, could you be a little creepier
right now?

SANTA
Do you have a little elf in you?

CICI
Excuse me?

SANTA
Would you like some?

CiCi gives him an offended look. Santa points at Dane who
is headed her way.

CICI
Oh, you old kook. For him there's
not a chance in-

DANE
Hell, CiCi, how about you and I head
to my place after work? I have a
present you can unwrap.

CICI
Is it your penis?

DANE
No.

CICI
Is it?

DANE
...maybe.

CICI
Damn it, Dane...

CiCi walks away in a huff. -

MARIA, a pregnant woman in a cowboy hat rushes into the bar. *

She's followed by CLYDE, her brother, IZY, underage, Xmas
future, KELLY, skinny cowgirl, and SANDY, chubby cowgirl, *
who all strut into the bar. *

MARIA
Oh my god I have to pee so bad!
(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

(to CiCi)

Where's your bathroom?

CICI

Right around the corner.

She points towards the restrooms.

CICI (CONT'D)

They're unisex tonight so be aware-

MARIA

Whatever!

Maria runs off to the bathroom.

Dane steps up to help the cowgirls and Clyde.

DANE

Hey I didn't know the rodeo was in town.

CLYDE

Don't I wish!

SANDY

Well, Kelly's always been a bit of a pig.

She laughs.

KELLY

O.M.G.! Shut up, Sandy!

DANE

What are you ladies doing looking so sexy tonight?

SANDY

What are you doing looking so sexy tonight?

Dane looks down at his shirt and back up.

DANE

...bartending.

CLYDE

Could I get a beer and a shot of
whisky over here.

CICI

I gotcha hun.

Cici gets a beer and a shot for Clyde.

Kelly looks fucking annoyed.

DANE

So, we have some fun specials today-

KELLY

Could we just get some fucking drinks
here!

DANE

Hey, just trying to be nice.

KELLY

You're right. Sorry. We've been on
the road ten hours.

DANE

It's all right. I'm a kind,
understanding man that's good at
listening, and who just happens to
like long walks on the beach.

KELLY

Two Cosmo's, please.

DANE

You sure? I do a really great reverse
cowgirl!

SANDY

Really?!

Dane looks Sandy up and down then slowly shakes his head.

DANE

Nope. I lied.

INT. LEFT PATIO - NIGHT

Looking out over the city, Joseph and Maggie stand at the
patio railing. They sip their drinks.

*

*

JOSEPH

Whisky is a very... strong, drink.

MAGGIE

I like my whiskey like I like my men.

JOSEPH

Strong and dark?

MAGGIE

Straight.

JOSEPH

I like my vodka like I like my men.

He takes a sip of whiskey.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

I fucking hate vodka.

Maggie giggles.

MAGGIE

Good looking and good sense of humor.
Where have you been hiding?

JOSEPH

On the top shelf with only the very best.

JEFF (O.S.)

I like my vodka like I like my women.

They both look over and see JEFF, big ass sunglasses without a fucking care in the world. *

JEFF (CONT'D)

Large cup. Covered in ice. With a tiny colorful straw.

Jeff sips on his giant vodka on the rocks through a tiny colorful straw. *

JEFF (CONT'D)

Yes, in case you were wondering, this is vodka. Sup? How's your night goin'?

Joseph and Maggie look away from him and try to carry on their conversation as if nothing happened.

MAGGIE

I've always enjoyed a finely aged whiskey. One that has matured properly.

JOSEPH

I could find myself agreeing with that.

JEFF

I'm pretty sure you're drinking well whiskey.

He leans in and breathes deeply into Maggie's cup.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's well. *

JOSEPH

Sorry man, do you mind?

JEFF

Not at all, man! Keep going.

Joseph turns and is about to say something when Jeff interrupts again.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I believe in you.

Joseph shoots him a dirty look, then turns back to Maria.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You've totally got this.

JOSEPH

(to Maggie)

You want to go-?

MAGGIE

Yes.

They leave the patio.

Jeff only smiles and gulps down his drink. He tosses the empty cup over the patio railing and hits a cat.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras

CiCi gives Clyde his drinks as Maria walks up next to him.

KELLY
Cosmo's please!

SANDY
He's getting them, Kelly! Gah!

DANE
I'll go get them right now.

Dane goes to make the drinks.

CICI
(to Maria)
Can I get you anything hun?

MARIA
Do you have a phone book? Our car
died and our phones are all dead.

CICI
Need a hotel?

MAGGIE
That would be great.

CICI
Does no one charge their phones
anymore?

MARIA
We were on a trip...

CICI
They have car chargers.

MARIA
Well, we would have them if someone
hadn't forgotten the blue bag on the
table.

She shoots Clyde a look that could kill. Clyde throws his
hands in the air in mock surrender.

CICI
I'll go get the phone book, honey.

MARIA
And a water?

CICI
Sure.

CiCi gets the phone book and the phone.

MARIA
I told you, you needed to have the car looked at before we left, but nooo, you never listen to me.

CLYDE
It would have been fine if we didn't need to keep stopping.

MARIA
Oh yeah, sure. Blame the pregnant woman!

CiCi returns.

CICI
Here ya go, honey.

MARIA
Thank you.
(to Clyde)
Don't think this is an excuse to drink away all your money!

CLYDE
Hey might as well be merry!

He downs his shot. Izy wonders around the bar.

MARIA
Ugh...

CICI
Is he underage?

She motions to Izy.

CICI (CONT'D)
It's twenty-one and over in here.

MARIA

No, but couldn't you make an exception
for Izy? Please?

She makes a sad face. CiCi caves.

CICI

All right, but not a word to tweedle
dee and tweedle dumb back here.

She motions to Dane and Mark who fumble with cocktail mixers
at the back of the bar, holding them near their crotches
pretending they're dicks and giggling.

MARIA

Oh, yeah. Agreed.

She high fives CiCi.

Maria proceeds to look through the phone book and dial numbers
to no avail.

CICI

So, happy holidays!

Clyde picks up his beer.

CLYDE

If you say so...

He takes his beer and exits onto the left patio.

Dane returns with the cowgirl's drinks.

KELLY

How much?

DANE

On the house if I can get a smile.

Sandy smiles awkwardly big.

DANE (CONT'D)

I meant her.

Kelly gives Dane a wry smile.

DANE (CONT'D)

Come on you can do better than that...

KELLY
How would you know?

DANE
Oh, I'm very good at faces.

KELLY
I seriously doubt that.

Kelly begins to go through her purse. Cici walks over.

CICI
Don't mind him, those are on me....

KELLY
Thank you.

DANE
Maybe I'll put a smile on your face
later.

KELLY
Ok, McDonalds, you don't have to
love to see me smile.

DANE
My enjoyment of smiles can be
described as a healthy appreciation.

KELLY
Is that so?

Dane nods with a smirk. Sandy looks from one to the other.

SANDY
Look, I spaced for all of that but I
do remember hearing the word 'healthy'
at some point. Doesn't really have
any relevance to the current
conversation, just thought I would
throw that out there.

KELLY
Just drink your damn cosmo, Sandy.

Sandy knocks back her drink in one gulp.

DANE
Whoa there, girl!

SANDY

Let's get some tequila up in this bitch!

DANE

This bitch being you?

SANDY

Ex-fucking-actly.

DANE

I can get behind that.

SANDY

I'll bet you get behind a lot of things.

Kelly rolls her eyes.

INT. RIGHT PATIO - NIGHT

*

Joseph and Maggie sit at a table.

Maggie pulls a cigarette from her purse and hunts for her lighter.

Joseph lights a match with his thumb and lifts it to the cigarette.

MAGGIE

Classy.

JOSEPH

Always.

MAGGIE

It's an awful habit, smoking.

She looks out over the patio railing at the city beyond.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Like most things I picked it up in my teens. I keep telling myself I'll quit one day but I honestly doubt it.

JOSEPH

Well, your cigarette isn't the only thing that's smokin'.

Maggie giggles.

Jeff leans against the railing with a lit joint in his hand.

JEFF

Oh, sorry, man! Want me to put it out?

MAGGIE

Seriously?

JOSEPH

Goddamn it.

JEFF

Take that as a no.

He takes the longest drag in the history of mankind that also happens to be the loudest. Anytime Joseph or Maggie try to speak they are interrupted by another drag from Jeff.

JOSEPH

Ya done?

JEFF

Probably not, I'm only at a three.

He lights a new joint. He holds it out for Maggie. She pauses before accepting the joint and takes a drag.

Joseph glares at Jeff. Jeff only winks, smiling.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Enjoy. I'll be right back. Gotta take the world's longest piss.

JOSEPH

Yeah, keep us updated, guy.

JEFF

Oh, ok! Sure, man. Will do.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy, Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Kelly, Zach, Extras

Jeff wanders out of the bathroom and up to the bar and rudely sits next to Santa.

*
*
*

MARK

That is the stupidest deal breaker
for a relationship!

DANE

I'm sorry but it's a deal breaker if
she ever dated a retard. I want to
be the first.

MARK

The first mentally challenged
individual she ever dated?

DANE

Yes. No... wait... yes.

Jeff pats Santa on the back.

JEFF

How ya doin', buddy?

SANTA

It's x-eve, how do you think I'm
doing?

JEFF

Fan-fucking-tastic.

(to Dane)

Hey there... think I could get another
vodka? Mine seems to have gone walk-
about.

DANE

Yeah, sure buddy.

Dane takes his cup and goes to make the drink. Maria hands
the phone back to CiCi.

MARIA

Thank you.

CICI

Anytime. *

Maria takes her water and wanders out to find Clyde.

INT. LEFT PATIO - NIGHT *

Clyde sits at a back table, she finally notices him and sits.

MARIA
Well, we're fucked...

Maria winces in pain a bit.

CLYDE
You ok?

MARIA
No, Clyde I'm not ok! I called all the hotels we could afford and not a single vacancy! It's christmas eve for christs sake, I'm about to burst and we're stuck in bar in god knows where and on top of everything I'm missing my baby shower! So, no, Clyde! I'm not okay!

CLYDE
Sorry, I spaced out near the start of that.

MARIA
Of course you did.

CLYDE
Well, you look nice.

MARIA
I'm dressed like a pregnant hussy!

CLYDE
Does anyone still say hussy?

MARIA
Who gives a shit, Clyde!

CLYDE
Well, that baby shower outfit was Sandy's idea.

Jeff has wandered out onto the patio to smoke and is eavesdropping on their conversation.

JEFF
If I may interject... I was married once myself, I think I may-

MARIA

Wow, slow down there buddy, this is not my husband.

CLYDE

That's my sister, man.

JEFF

My apologies, man.

CLYDE

She doesn't know who the father is.

MARIA

Clyde...

JEFF

Sounds like my ex-wife. Are you sure we've never met before?

CLYDE

What was your ex-wife's name?

JEFF

I don't know yet.

MARIA

It's none of your business, but I got drunk at a wedding reception last year.

CLYDE

She blacked out, doesn't remember a thing, but I tell you what if I ever find the bastard I'm going to...

Jeff lights up another joint.

JEFF

Life's too short to be running around burning bridges man.

CLYDE

What the hell are you-

JEFF

Well look at it this way. Sure, this lovely lady could be a single mom the rest of her life.

MARIA

My names Maria.

JEFF

Sure, this lovely Maria could be a single mom the rest of her life. But isn't it going to be hard to collect child support from this guy if you're being sued by him for assault?

CLYDE

Maybe...

JEFF

Just think what's best for Maria's beautiful unborn child.

MARIA

How do you know it's beautiful if none of us have seen the kid yet?

JEFF

You're the mother, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference anyway. What do you care?

MARIA

Touche... but how do I find out who the father is?

He takes another drag of the joint.

JEFF

Don't worry about it.

MARIA

Do you have an extra one of those?

JEFF

Sure, man.

CLYDE

Maria, no.

MARIA

I'm nine months pregnant, what does it matter at this point! Ugh... whatever, I have to piss again!

JEFF
Maybe later then.

Maria stands and heads into the bar.

CLYDE
Hi, I'm Clyde.

JEFF
Jeff. Nice to meet you man.

CLYDE
I'm still going to kick that guy's
ass.

Jeff looks around.

JEFF
Just make sure you can get away with
it, Clyde.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Santa, Maria, Sandy, Izy,
Richard, Harry, Zach, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras

Izy wonders up to Zach who is talking to Mark, Richard and
Harry. Maria passes in the background on the way to the
bathroom.

ZACH
I'm just saying that maybe the reason
everyone's phone is dead is part of
a grander plot!

MARK
You're full of shit, Zach.

ZACH
Then why is everyone's phone dead?!

DANE
Poor planning?

HARRY
My phone's not dead.

They look at Harry, who continues to play games on Dane's
phone.

DANE

Dude, is that my phone?

HARRY

Probably not. Don't worry about it.

ZACH

Exception that proves the rule.

Joseph walks into the conversation.

JOSEPH

Can I get another round.

MARK

Sure man. Vodka was it?

JOSEPH

Whiskey. Straight.

MARK

Sorry, just thought you were a vodka man.

JOSEPH

Yeah, I get that a lot. Just one of those looks I guess.

MARK

Ok, sure, man. Sure.

Mark makes drinks.

DANE

Ok, so. Everyone. Worst Christmas ever?

HARRY

I spent nine days, including Christmas alone in my apartment with four cats that belonged to my roommates.

DANE

Jesus, sorry man. That does sound like the worst.

HARRY

Oh, wait, worst? Sorry, that was my best one.

DANE

What was the worst?

HARRY

It was with my family. Santa brought me a little sister when I wanted a little brother.

DANE

I would blame your parents, not Santa.

HARRY

Why?

MARK

Dane, will you leave them alone with that shit?!

DANE

Fuck you, Mark! A bet's a bet!

Mark scowls at Dane. He quietly moves all of the bottles back further on the shelves out of reach to the shorter man.

RICHARD

I was at a bus stop once. It was pretty bad.

DANE

Was it at Christmas?

RICHARD

I think it was. I was pretty drunk. I missed the bus for some reason. I can blame Christmas if that would help?

DANE

It would.

RICHARD

Then yes. Yes, it was because of Christmas.

DANE

Ha! Two more! How many's that?

CICI

You haven't been keeping count?

HARRY

It was four now, five if you count Zach.

DANE

I do. I do count Zach.

ZACH

Yay! I'm counted!

Mark returns with Joseph's drinks.

MARK

Here ya go.

JOSEPH

Thanks man.

MARK

Hey, we're going to have the Christmas feast in a few moments if you want to come back in a bit.

JOSEPH

What the hell is that?

CICI

It's when we give out free shots for two minutes in the spirit of the holidays.

JOSEPH

That actually sounds fantastic. Ok, be right back.

Joseph puts money on the bar and turns to walk away just as Maria comes out of the bathroom and passes his eyesight. He freezes. She passes without seeing him.

He breathes a sigh of relief and walks out to the other patio.

Santa notices that no one's watching him. He takes his chance and rushes for the bathroom.

*
*

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

*

Santa stands peeing.

JEFF (O.S.)

Sup, man?

Santa jumps in fright, almost pissing all over himself.

SANTA

Jesus Christ!

He looks down to see Jeff chopping up lines on the back of the toilet.

JEFF

No, it's just me. Jeff.

SANTA

You're so fucking quiet! Like a ghost or something!

JEFF

Sorry man, didn't mean to scare the piss out of you.

SANTA

Well, you fucking did!

JEFF

I said I was sorry, man!

SANTA

Put a fucking bell around your neck or something.

JEFF

Hey man! You want some snow?

SANTA

I've had my fair share of snow in my day thank you.

JEFF

Hey, I'm not judging... I just live in the moment, man.

SANTA

Whatever drives your sleigh, pal.

Jeff does the lines.

JEFF

Ho Ho Ho, merry mother fucking x-
eve! YEAH!

SANTA

If you don't mind...

JEFF

Oh, right sorry... If you don't mind
me asking-

SANTA

I do.

JEFF

-why such a curmudgeon on one of the
most festive days of the year?

SANTA

I *really* can't piss when you talk.

JEFF

I'm just going to keep asking
questions then.

SANTA

How about I mind my business, and
you mind yours.

JEFF

I'm just saying man... Look, come
here.

Santa finishes up and follows Jeff out into the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

*

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Maggie, Joseph, Jeff, Kelly, Extras

*

*

The bar has been redecorated as the most fucking festive
place in the entire goddamn universe. Everyone around the
bar seems happy and joyful.

MARK

Lady's and gentlemen happy holidays!
We're calling this the christmas
feast, so free shots for everyone in
the bar!

The bar erupts with cheers and applause. Shots are handed out everywhere.

ZACH

I told you guys, I'm Jewish!

MARK

I know. I made you a Hanukkah feast shot.

Zach is handed a shot glass with the star of David on it. He's moved to tears.

ZACH

Happy Holidays, Mark.

MARK

Happy Hanukkah, Zach.

Jeff walks around the bar with Santa close behind. Everything seems distant, like the volume turned down low on a TV.

No one takes notice of Jeff or Santa as they move around the bar.

JEFF

I mean right here is the spirit of Christmas all around you and you can't even see it. Look at the giving, the joy...

*

SANTA

They're drunk.

JEFF

Sometimes that helps. But what's important is that they're together, you know? That we're all together, right here, right now. There will never be another day like today, and if we don't stop to enjoy it, it'll just pass us right by before we get a chance to even notice, you know?

Jeff pick up two shots and hands one to Santa.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Here, if you can't beat 'em you might as well join 'em... am I right?

Santa takes the shot glass.

SANTA
Might as well.

They cheers and drink with the rest of the bar. Jeff and Santa walk around the bar. They stop at Maria and the cowgirls.

JEFF
This poor soul for instance.

SANTA
What about her?

JEFF
The father of her unborn child is out on the patio with another woman and she is somewhat aware of it. Does that stop her? Nope. Still trying to be happy.

SANTA
How do you know he's the father?

JEFF
Dude, seriously?

SANTA
Fair enough.

They move to Harry and Richard.

JEFF
Fucking slackers if ever there were a pair. But lovable just the same. Look at the sorry bastards; totally into the spirit.

Harry and Richard are very into the spirit of Christmas and drunkenness.

JEFF (CONT'D)
It's easy for you to see, if you're not too blinded by cynicism to see it. Then there's this sorry trio.

He motions to the people behind the bar.

JEFF (CONT'D)

A faking-it-optimistic-fucker, a horny down on her luck girl with a 'nice-guy' boyfriend, and a bitter fucker out for revenge on the entire holiday. All working together.

CiCi and Mark make drinks while Dane frowns in the corner. Jeff laughs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

And if that doesn't show that people are basically good deep down then, hell, I don't know what will.

SANTA

Will he win the bet to find the twelve worst Christmas stories?

JEFF

...I see an easily wasted fifty bucks sitting on a lonely bar.

SANTA

Is that a yes?

JEFF

That's as close as I can get to a yes while still maintaining my cool guy 'don't-give-a-shit' persona.

SANTA

That's the coke talking. *

JEFF

Probably. But does that make it any less true?

SANTA

Yes. Because you're on cocaine. *

Jeff lights a new joint and nods slowly, more to himself than anyone else.

JEFF

Maybe, man. Maybe.

He wanders off as Santa sits back at the bar. The sound comes back at full volume and the world seems less like a goddamn flashback.

SANTA
Whiskey! Extra sour!

CICI
You got it Hun.

HARRY
(to Santa)
Why so glum man?

SANTA
Because fuck you, that's why.

HARRY
Maybe later.

SANTA
What?

HARRY
What?

SANTA
You better not have just said 'maybe later'.

HARRY
I didn't.

RICHARD
He said 'what a hater'.

SANTA
Oh. Well then yeah, fuck you too.

RICHARD
Later, we're in a bar right now.

SANTA
All right, you ass hats!

Santa rolls up his sleeves and rounds the bar towards the two. They yelp and run out to the patio.

INT. RIGHT PATIO - NIGHT

*

Santa chases Richard and Harry out onto the patio. They run back inside, past Dane, who stands looking off the patio, sulking.

Mark walks up and stands next to Dane.

MARK
Hey there, Buddy.

DANE
Hey.

MARK
Whatcha doing?

DANE
Nothing.

Jeff drunkenly saunters to the other side of Dane. The three stare out over the city.

JEFF
Hey there, Buddies.

MARK
Sup.

DANE
Hey.

JEFF
Whatcha doing?

MARK
Dane is sulking.

JEFF
Who's Dane?

DANE
Dude, you come here how often?

JEFF
Do you know my name?

DANE
It's... dude.

JEFF
That's what I thought.

MARK

He's just upset that he's not going to be able to get twelve shitty Xmas stories from people before the end of the night.

DANE

This is the worst x-eve ever.

JEFF

I've had a really shitty Xmas once.

DANE

Yeah? What happened?

JEFF

It was really shitty.

MARK

Would it make you happier if I told a shitty story?

DANE

You said you didn't have one.

MARK

Well I... you know, about that...

DANE

Mark. Don't hold out on me, man. I've been sitting here in the dumps contemplating my existential place in the universe over this thing.

JEFF

Yeah, man. Don't leave your friend contemplating his existential place in the universe over this thing. It's rude.

MARK

Alright! I'll tell the fucking story.

JEFF

Do it.

MARK

It happened one-

JEFF
Tell the story.

MARK
Ok... It happened one morning-

JEFF
We're all listening.

MARK
It happened one mor-

JEFF
Hanging on every word.

MARK
I will throw you off this roof.

Jeff lights a new joint and throws on his pair of ridiculous sunglasses.

JEFF
Proceed.

MARK
Thank you.

JEFF
Not a problem.

MARK
So. It happened one Xmas morning.
My dad had just gotten this amazing
bonus. Does he go on a great vacation
after working ten years without one?
Does he get a new car? No. He buys
my mom and I everything on our wish
list. And I mean fucking everything.
Just sitting under the tree because
he's an amazing guy.

JEFF
Your dad is a bad ass.

MARK
So of course what happens? My cat
thinks it's this amazing idea to get
into the tree.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Now, having gotten this bonus we had some real money for the first time, so it was one of those expensive plastic trees with the built in lights. Mom had always wanted one.

DANE

Your mom sounds really classy.

MARK

Do you want to hear this or not?

DANE

No, I do.

MARK

Ok. So, this fucking cat is in the tree near the top. Now, my dog decides, hey, I'm going to be in the tree with my friend. Of course, the cat hates the dog. But the dog is a dumbass. So now they're both in the tree. My fat as shit cat and my two hundred pound dog are in this fucking tree, so what happens?

JEFF

No clue.

MARK

The entire fucking plastic as fuck tree pan cakes on itself. Pulls a complete twin towers without the heroic invasion of another country afterward and just falls.

He simulates the falling tree with hand motions and a wooshing sound.

MARK (CONT'D)

Bang!

DANE

That was strangely patriotic.

MARK

My dog falls on my cat killing it instantly.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

And of course the entire tree catches on fire from the power cord setting all of our presents ablaze. The dog, who now is doing his best Fawkes impression, runs around the entire house. Whoosh! Everything ablaze!

DANE

What's Fawkes?

MARK

It's the phoenix from Harry Potter.

DANE

What's a phoenix? I've never seen Harry Potter.

MARK

How the fuck have you not seen Harry Potter?

DANE

Because I've been laid before, Mark!

JEFF

It's a really good movie, man. You should see it.

MARK

He should. And there's eight movies, Jeff.

JEFF

Really?

MARK

The dog was on fire, Dane. That's what that means.

DANE

Oh. Gotcha.

MARK

He's so on fire that he runs around and sets literally the rest of the house on fire, including my mom and dad. Everything. Burned.

Mark stares at Dane and Jeff intently for a tense moment.

JEFF
Ha. Fucking cat.

MARK
I loved that cat, man.

DANE
So that makes seven.

MARK
Seven what?

DANE
Seven terrible Xmas stories.

Dane laughs doing a victory dance.

MARK
You fucking dick! That was the most
private story and you made me tell
it in front of Jeff!

JEFF
Yeah, not cool, man.

MARK
Now he's going to tell everyone!

DANE
What? No, he won't.

JEFF
Oh, I totally will, man.

MARK
He totally will.

DANE
Whatever. I'm still going to win
this. Excuse me, fuckers.

He struts back into the bar.

JEFF
What a dick.

MARK
What an asshole.

JEFF

What an asshole dick.

MARK

I need a drink. You want a drink?

JEFF

Yep.

They both move back into the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
Izy, Richard, Harry, Jeff, Zach, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras

Jeff returns to his seat at the bar while Mark steps behind
the bar counter.

He looks around and slowly moves the bottles back on the top
shelf, out of reach of Dane.

JEFF

No one give Dane anymore shitty
Christmas stories.

HARRY

I don't think any of us could care
less.

RICHARD

It's 'couldn't care less'. If you
could care less then you still have
a bit of caring left to lessen.

HARRY

Hey. Shut up.

Santa makes it back to his bar stool huffing and weezing.

SANTA

You fuckers are quick.

RICHARD

Fuck yeah we are.

He slides a drink down the counter to Santa.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas.

SANTA

Thanks.

He downs the drink.

SANTA (CONT'D)

Remind me to kill both of you later.
You're on my naughty list now.

RICHARD

Noted.

HARRY

I take pride in knowing that I've
been on the 'naughty' list for awhile.

SANTA

What?

HARRY

I know, right?

Maggie runs in from the patio, giggling the entire way to
the bathroom. Joseph follows her, leaning against the wall
humming to himself. *

Maria steps into the bar and stands beside him. *

MARIA

Sorry, but could I cut? *

Joseph's face turns white as he looks at her. *

JOSEPH

Sorry? *

MARIA

It's just that, you know. Kind of
have to go a lot. *

She points at her belly. *

JOSEPH

Oh, yeah... sure... *

MARIA

Thanks. *

JOSEPH

We've never met before. *

MARIA

...ok.

JOSEPH

Like, ever.

MARIA

Ok, keep me updated.

Maggie comes out of the bathroom and skips back to the patio, giving Joseph an alluring look.

Maria squints at Joseph.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Are you sure we've never met?

JOSEPH

Yep. See ya.

He hurries back to the patio.

Maria frowns but says nothing else as she goes into the restroom.

A song that is vaguely western if you had a lobotomy and forgot what western music sounded like plays over the speakers and is greeted with squeals of delight from Sandy and Kelly.

SANDY

(to Dane)

Are we allowed to dance on the bar?

Dane looks her up and down with the politest of skeptical faces.

DANE

I don't really think-

The girls squeal to each other and climb up on the bar.

They both start doing a poor rendition of the 'Coyote Ugly' dance.

CICI

I'll be outside if you guys need me.

She moves past the poor display of dancing prowess and walks out the front door.

DANE

Hey, I'll be outside if you guys
need me.

He follows her out. Sandy almost falls, but catches herself
at the last moment.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Leaning up against the wall just outside the front door,
CiCi smokes a cigarette - the kind only truck drivers and
other hard core bad asses smoke.

Dane doesn't stand a chance as he lights his own cheap
cigarette and strikes up his best, most flashy smile.

DANE

So-

CICI

Shhh! Don't ruin it.

DANE

(whispering)

What?

CICI

The wonderful sound.

Dane listens for a good few seconds.

DANE

(whispering)

I don't hear anything.

CICI

Exactly.

They smoke together in silence.

DANE

If I don't win this Xmas contest
with Mark I won't be able to pay
rent.

CiCi raises an eyebrow.

DANE (CONT'D)

Yeah.

(MORE)

DANE (CONT'D)

Third month I've been late on my rent. Landlord's going to kick me out.

He nods, more to himself than anyone else as he takes another drag of his cigarette.

DANE (CONT'D)

So, I have to be a little mean to win this bet. You get it, right?

CICI

Not really.

DANE

I thought you might.

CICI

No one would bet the last of their rent money on something so stupid. Are you insane?

DANE

I don't know, I've never been tested.

Cici just shakes her head. Dane inches closer.

DANE (CONT'D)

So, after this do you want to-?

CICI

No one likes you, Dane.

DANE

Really?

CICI

Yeah. Most of us think you're an asshole. Boss was talking about firing you the other day.

DANE

Well, we call your boyfriend pooh bear behind his back.

CICI

What? Why?

DANE

Part of it's because we forget his name, but mostly because he's fat as shit and he never takes his shirt off during sex.

CICI

Um, yes he does.

DANE

Ewww-

CICI

And he's not fat, he's ripped as fuck.

Dane looks down at his own muscular arms.

DANE

Oh, really?

CICI

Yeah.

DANE

Damn. All that workout I'm doing for nothing.

Cici nods.

DANE (CONT'D)

So, what's his name?

CICI

Dane.

DANE

Seriously?

CICI

Yeah, we all call you little Dane behind your back. Also, I'm the only one who stood up for you and said we shouldn't fire you. So, you're welcome, I guess.

She puts out her cigarette and trudges back into the bar. Dane takes another drag of his cigarette before throwing it down in anger.

DANE

GODDAMN-

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras

Dane's scream can be heard bleeding in from the previous
scene.

DANE (O.S.)

-IT!

Cici returns behind the bar walks up to Zach.

CICI

Wanna do some shots?

ZACH

Girl I will put you under the table
just like I did Kevin that one time
time.

CICI

Kevin who?

ZACH

Um, Spacey, duh...

The obnoxious song ends and the girls climb off the bar.
Mark gives them a disapproving sigh.

MARK

Never again, you guys.

KELLY

Can't promise anything.

SANDY

Yeah, these boots were made for
walking.

MARK

But not dancing. So stop it.

CICI
Wanna do some shots?

ZACH
Girl I will put you under the table
just like I did Kevin that one time
time.

CICI
Kevin who?

ZACH
Um, Spacey, duh...

MARK
Haha, Sure Zach.

ZACH
That's what everyone says... but i
know...

Cici begins pouring

Izy looks up from his phone for the first time tonight.

IZY
Can I get a vodka on the rocks?

Mark looks at the kid dubiously.

MARK
How old are you kid?

IZY
I'm not a kid, I'm a lesbian. You've
got something against women with
short hair?

MARK
Sorry, I got you.

Mark fills a glass and slides it to the kid. Izy takes the
smallest of sips and walks over to Santa.

IZY
Why are you such a dick, man?

SANTA

Probably because so many people keep trying to talk to me while I'm taking a piss and my bladder feels like it's 'bout to explode.

He gets up and walks to the bathroom.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

*

Locking the door behind him, Santa steps up to the urinal. He doesn't move to unzip his pants, but only sighs and looks over.

Standing next to him is a now absurdly drunk Izy.

SANTA

And what do you want? To tell me how amazing everything will be?

Izy shakes his head, then puts his hood up on his jacket and gestures with a finger for Santa to follow him.

*

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy, Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras

*

*

The lights are turned down low and everything has taken on a sinister tone. Izy leads Santa out to the middle of the room and points to the bar.

Dane reaches up for a bottle, but can't reach it.

DANE

Did you do this on purpose man?

MARK

Maybe.

DANE

That's it man! We're not friends anymore.

MARK

It's not my fault your short, but it is your fault for being a dick.

DANE

Fuck it, where's a chair?

Harry is passed out on the bar and Richard is drawing dicks on his face.

Zach and CiCi still go shot for double shot at the bar. Zach finally collapses into a drunken stupor. Cici raises her hands in victory and falls backwards with a yelp.

Kelly and Sandy cry to themselves in the corner as they down another cosmo. The slightly western song from before comes on and they start crying even louder.

Santa shakes his head and looks down at Izy.

SANTA

Why would you show me this?

Izy gestures with a finger again and Santa follows him outside.

INT. RIGHT PATIO - NIGHT

The two step outside and almost bump into Joseph and Maggie making out like horny teenagers on prom night.

Across the patio sits Clyde and Maria. Maria sits hunched over with a pained look on her face.

MARIA

No, I'm not all right! I think my water broke hours ago!

CLYDE

How would you not notice?

MARIA

Because I didn't keep the last one.

Joseph and Maggie don't even notice. They stop for only a few moments.

JOSEPH

My place or yours?

MAGGIE

I need you now!

She grabs him and pulls him into the bar.

A look of realization crosses Maria's face.

MARIA

That's the guy!

CLYDE

The slick mother-fucker with the
girl on his lips?

MARIA

He's the one that did this to me!
At that party, remember?

CLYDE

Nope. Must of been a great party.

MARIA

(to Izy)

And you were there! You knew! Why
didn't you tell me?!

Izy only shrugs, downing the rest of his drink.

With a groan of pain, Maria raises to her feet and stumbles
back into the bar. Clyde follows her inside.

Santa leans against the patio railing and smirks.

SANTA

I get it. You planned this, didn't
you? A sort of 'see how shitty
everything is when you're a cynical
asshole at Christmas' right?

Izy doesn't move, his features completely hidden under the
hood of his jacket.

SANTA (CONT'D)

So, how's this all end, kid? Huh?
What are you going to show me next?

Izy moves slowly to the railing and points down into the
street. Santa turns and looks down.

Rudy the homeless chain salesman stumbles through the street,
hand clutched on his chest. He collapses and stops moving.

*

SANTA (CONT'D)

Oh son of a bitch!

Santa runs for the door.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras

Santa rushes in.

SANTA

Someone call nine one one!

He runs out the door.

No one in the bar moves. They're too transfixed by the sounds
of Joseph and Maggie fucking in the previously taped off
bathroom.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar door flies open as Santa rushes to Rudy. He turns
the man over as he lets out one last rattled gasp.

Izy stands in the doorway, watching.

SANTA

Come on, you bastard.

Santa frantically searches through Rudy's pockets and finds
a syringe. He rips the cap off with his teeth and stabs
Rudy in the chest.

SANTA (CONT'D)

Come on!

The shot does nothing.

Santa stands back up, out of breath.

He slowly looks at Izy.

SANTA (CONT'D)

Fine. I get it. If I don't clean
up my act I'll die cold and alone
like this sad fucker. Right? Is
that it? Well then fuck it!

He kicks at Rudy. *

SANTA (CONT'D)
 Fuck it! I'll change! I'll change,
 goddamnit!

Rudy gasps and sits up right. *

RUDY
 Whew. *

He stands and brushes himself off.

RUDY (CONT'D)
 You didn't have to kick me. The
 shot takes a few seconds, man. *

He puts a hand on Santa's shoulder.

RUDY (CONT'D)
 I guess you could say you had the
 power in you all along. *

SANTA
 Really? All I had to do was believe
 in myself? That's the lesson?

RUDY
 Basically. Yeah. *

SANTA
 Well, then fuck you, Rudy. *

Santa's happy for the first time ever. He walks back into
 the bar with a spring in his step. *

INT. BAR - NIGHT *

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
 Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras *

Dane and Mark bro hug.

DANE
 Sorry I was mad at you, bro.

MARK
 It's all cool, Little Dane.

Santa kicks in the door. The sex noises have reached a climax.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joseph and Maggie bang in the weirdest position imaginable.

SANTA

Get the hell out, now!

JOSEPH

Wait.

MAGGIE

No!

JOSEPH

Fuck you!

MAGGIE

I am!

JOSEPH

Use the other one?

MAGGIE

You have another one?

She grunts, thrusting. Her weight shifts, sending them both crashing to the floor, still going at it as if it were going out of style.

SANTA

They threw up all the lies about christmas in there... so thats a no go... but boy am going!

Santa steps over them and takes a super long piss. Maggie and Joseph orgasm then slowly make their way out of the bathroom, as Santa yells out with glee...

SANTA (CONT'D)

Go, go go, go, go, its like....!
Ahh!

INT. BAR - NIGHT *

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras *

Santa steps back over them and heads towards the bar. *

SANTA
And fuck you, bartenders.

DANE
Hey!

SANTA
(to Harry)
And fuck you, waiting for who knows! *

Harry wakes up and rubs his eyes.

HARRY
Wha-?

SANTA
And fuck you other guy!

RICHARD
Man, do I have to hang myself now? *

Nah! *

SANTA
And fuck you pregnant woman!

SANDY
For the last time, I'm big boned!

SANTA
Merry fucking Christmas! Every one! *

MARK
Do you need to close your tab there,
buddy?

Mark is ignored as Santa bounds out to the patio. *

INT. LEFT PATIO - NIGHT *

Jeff stands on the patio lighting yet another joint. Santa sticks his head out.

SANTA
And Merry fucking Christmas, Jeff.

JEFF
Hey, thanks man. Fuck you too.

Santa runs to the railing. Outside on the street is Rudy. *

SANTA
Hey! Boy! What day is it? *

RUDY
Dude, it's me Rudy! *

SANTA
Yeah, what day is it, I say? *

RUDY
You know what day it is man, It's
fucking Christmas Day! *

SANTA
Great! Fuck you too, again, whatever
get up here! *

RUDY
Oh! Thank you, sir!
(under his breath)
Always acting like he don't know
me... *

Santa sprints back inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT *

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras *

Santa comes back inside and throws his hands in the air. *

SANTA
Drinks for everyone! Merry fucking
Christmas! *

Rudy stands at the door. *

RUDY
Even for me? *

IZY (CONT'D)
That was for... for ambiance!

He drunkenly laughs.

MARK
Kid, that's a cup of water.

Izy looks down at the empty cup in his hand.

IZY
Oh.

MARK
Fucking kids.

Maria screams again.

CICI
Clear some room, guys.

She helps Maria sit on the stage.

CLYDE
Someone call nine one one!

HARRY
Everyone's phone is dead!

MARK
Use the bar phone!

Harry holds it up; it's in two pieces and ruined.

HARRY
There was sort of this bet thing-

More screams from the pregnant woman.

CICI
Every one without a vagina, clear
the room!

Mark grabs two expensive bottles from the bar and leads everyone out to the patio.

MARK
Come on guys, if you're not sober by
the time there's a baby you're doing
it wrong!

Everyone clears out, while Clyde gives Joseph a glare.

CICI
Is anyone here medically trained?

SANDY
I watch a lot of Grey's Anatomy.

KELLY
She does. All the time.

CICI
Not really a baby delivery show, but
it's the best we've got.

Maria screams again. CiCi grabs a bottle of whiskey and holds it out for the soon-to-be-mother.

MARIA
But... the baby. Won't it become an
alcoholic or something?

CICI
You'll be fine, you look sort of
Irish.

INT. LEFT PATIO - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy, Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras *

The patio is more than full. Jeff offers a nod in greeting. Mark passes out the two bottles and they start to make the rounds.

MARK
To the new father to be!

He laughs. As the men take a swig they toast Joseph with the same line.

Clyde marches right over and throws a punch at Joseph. He actually dodges it this time.

MARK (CONT'D)
Whoa! Hold on there!

Dane and Mark hold the two men back.

MARK (CONT'D)

If there's going to be a fight, we're going to do this right.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy, Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras *

The railing is crowded as the men cheer on a shirtless Joseph and Clyde. Mark calls down from the patio.

MARK

Remember! First five hits wins!

He hits one of the bottles with a spoon. It echoes like a bell and the two shirtless men begin to circle each other, fists at the ready.

MARK (CONT'D)

Remember to put on a good show!

CLYDE

This is for my fucking sister!

He swings!

Misses!

JOSEPH

Yeah she was fucking! That's the problem!

Clyde swings again, this time connecting jawline.

The watching crowd cringes and makes the usual assumed noises.

MARK

That's one! One for Clyde!

JOSEPH

Hey, it's not my fault what your sister does at a party!

Joseph catches Clyde with a one-two combo, sending him stumbling back. *

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

She left before I could get her number! *

MARK

Two for the handsome one!

JOSEPH

Joseph.

DANE

No one really gives a shit, man.

Clyde catches Joseph off guard and gets a good kick to the leg in for good measure.

JOSEPH

Ow! This isn't Karate kid! No sweeping the leg!

MARK

Two for two!

JOSEPH

Really man? Really?

CLYDE

Why would you ever even have called her? *

JOSEPH

Look, I just got out of a divorce, ok? It was a party, she was good to me. I would have wanted a second night. Maybe even more. *

CLYDE

You're full of it.

Joseph lowers his guard.

JOSEPH

Then hit me.

CLYDE

You're bluffing.

JOSEPH

No, take your best shot. If I'm bluffing I'll block it.

Clyde takes a step forward and Joseph raises his fist slightly.

CLYDE

I knew it!

JOSEPH

Sorry! It's reflex. Ok, go now.

CLYDE

Now?

JOSEPH

Yeah, right now.

Clyde quick-hits Joseph with a punch to the shoulder that wouldn't hurt a newly born kitten and jumps back. Joseph looks down at his shoulder and back up.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Really, man?

CLYDE

I thought you'd jump up and kick my ass!

JOSEPH

Did I?

CLYDE

No?

JOSEPH

Ok then.

MARK

Still counts!

JOSEPH

Look, Clyde, right? You can win this one if you want.

CLYDE

Yeah?

JOSEPH

Yeah. If I really am the dad, I'm willing to pay child support and be there for the kid. It's my responsibility and I'll help in any way that I can.

Joseph holds out a hand.

*

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 If you'll let me. I kind of always
 wanted a mini me running around.

Clyde looks from Joseph to his hand and back again.

Joseph slowly walks forward and shakes his hand before pulling
 the other man into a massive bear hug. *

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 I'm not marrying her though.

CLYDE
 Of course not, she's a total bitch.

MARK
 Come on! What the-

CiCi steps out onto the patio.

CICI
 Guys! Come in here!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Cici, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy,
 Izy, Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras *

On the stage, Maria cradles a NEWLY BORN BOY in her arms.

Everyone stands around watching.

MARK
 Aw. It's a little baby.

DANE
 Daw!

Joseph sits down next to Maria and puts an arm around the
 new mom.

JOSEPH
 Hey.

MARIA
 Hey. He's ours.

They smile at each other for the first time.

The bar patrons gather around and mirror a nativity scene as they all smile at the baby.

They're quiet for a moment as the no doubt awesome music we were able to get from some one swells.

DANE

I never did win that bet.

MARK

Don't worry about it, man.

DANE

You sure?

MARK

Yeah.

DANE

Thanks. I'll totally cover one of your shifts to make up for it.

(to CiCi)

Sorry I treat you like shit, CiCi.

CICI

Well, stop it, and pooh bear and I won't have a problem.

Harry sighs.

RICHARD

What?

HARRY

We never did get our Xmas trees.

SANTA

Were you guys talking about weed this whole time?

Santa opens his coat. The inside is lined with a massive amount of drugs. *

SANTA (CONT'D)

Then I'm your fucking Santa Claus!
Merry Xmas, fuckers!

HARRY

Awww yeahhh man!

DANE

Guys, come on, that's super illegal-

CiCi kisses him to shut him up. Dane's eyes go wide.

DANE (CONT'D)

But-

CICI

Shh. Big Dane and I have an arrangement. *

DANE *

Damn he really is a nice guy! *

CICI *

Yeah, I know. *

MARK

Aw, where's my kiss?

CICI

You can have New Years.

They all laugh.

Rudy gets behind the bar. *

RUDY *

God bless us! Every one!

Rudy chugs a bottle! *

MARK

Hey! What the hell are you doing behind the bar! *

RUDY *

Hey the Chains are free for everyone! *

DANE

Fucking Rudy! *

Rudy throws out chains then tries to climb off the bar but slips and falls, obviously hurting himself. *

He groans in pain as everyone looks on.

DANE (CONT'D)

Aw, GODDAMN-

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDITS

EXT. RIGHT PATIO - MORNING *

In the Bar: Dane, Mark, Clyde, Santa, Maria, Sandy, Izy,
Richard, Harry, Zach, Jeff, Maggie, Joseph, Kelly, Extras *

A small Christmas tune plays in the background as Santa and
a BEARDED MAN pass a joint around. After awhile, the Bearded
Man speaks. *

BEARDED MAN

You know my birthday is actually in
March, right?

SANTA

Yeah, and I don't freaking live at
the north pole either, but Who fucking
cares. *

HARRY

Where the hell did he come from? *

RICHARD

Right? *

JEFF

What's you're name friend? *

BEARDED MAN

You can just call me Tom. *

DANE

Hey Tom, what was the worst Christmas
you ever had? *

BEARDED MAN

What's christmas man? *

The Bearded man hits the joint! *

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)

Fucking fantastic equinox we're having
though! *

(MORE) *

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)

Dig the lights, like the northern
lights, am I right, huh, yeah!

The Bearded Man nudges Santa who chuckles!

SANTA

Ho, Ho, Ho's!

MARK

We should do this every year!

DANE

You mean get a bunch of stereotypical
characters together to embody some
crazy morphed version of classic
Christmas archetypes in a bar?

MARK

Yeah I mean, every X eve, right?

Everyone Cheers! Breaks into song!

CHORAS

EVERY X EVE! Oh Come on ye faithful,
joyful and lets get drunk. Oh come
ye, oh come ye to our Tree House X
EVE, Oh come and be with us now,
everyone is welcome! Oh come all
lets get drunk, Oh come all lets get
drunk, oh come lets all get drunk,
unless we can get high! MERRY X EVE
EVERYONE!

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END