

CHAPTER ONE - BLUNT AND OBNOXIOUS

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET, PARK SIDE - DAY

A large Christmas tree glows in a nearby park. Icicles hang from tree branches and fire escapes. Snow, now mostly yellow slush and dirt is bundled up on the street. Some apartments have Christmas decorations on their windows and balconies.

AARON CHRISTMAS (27), five-ten, slim build, walks at a brisk pace down the street. He's bundled up in a red bubble jacket, green scarf and black jeans. He also holds an orange envelope tight under his arm pit.

Aaron approaches the only car parked right in the middle of the block, an old rusted up, burgundy 1980's Chevrolet Caprice. The windows are so fogged up it looks like a Russian bath-house.

Hip-Hop music bumps from inside.

Aaron knocks and peeks in--

--The window rolls down and a cloud of smoke rushes out. TASHA (25), a Jamaican queen, raised in Canarsie, Brooklyn speaks with a slight Jamaican accent she took up from her parents. She doesn't take shit from anybody.

TASHA

Oh shit! Get yo ass in the back seat.

He jumps in.

INT. 80'S MODEL CHEVROLET CAPRICE - DAY

Aaron enters a different world, a gas planet that thrives on hip hop and marijuana.

Two girls, Tasha and CAPRICE (28), outweigh the front of the car, resembling Eskimos with their puffy jackets and furry hoods.

Caprice has a plain ol' obnoxious New York stink to her, you can smell her all the way from Delancey street.

The doors lock and Aaron witnesses a fat blunt being passed.

TASHA

Hey Aaron. Hope ya don't mind. I brought a friend, and we're smokin' a little bit, ya know.

The girls giggle.

CAPRICE
 (ecstatic)
 Yea. A little bit of a big ass
 blunt!

AARON
 (sarcastic)
 My kind of ladies.
 Well here are the papers, Tasha.
 You been served. I've always wanted
 to say that.

Aaron hands Tasha the envelope and they both turn to him.

CAPRICE
 (looks him up and down)
 Dis nigga' look like Christmas.

AARON
 I'm actually not an African
 American, but thanks.

Caprice and Tasha laugh their asses off.

TASHA
 Take a hit of this, mon. You need
 to chill with us. Ease your mind
 some.

AARON
 I think I'll pass.

CAPRICE
 Who the fuck you think you is? You
 think you too good for us? Yo mommy
 make you dat sweatuh tsoo?

Caprice squeezes his cheeks.

AARON
 (annoyed)
 My Mother did not knit me this
 sweater--

--Caprice blows smoke in his face purposely while Tasha looks
 over the paper she has to sign.

TASHA
 (to Caprice)
 Woman pass the weed!

CAPRICE

Who you calling a woman? There
ain't no man in my life, uh-huh.
I'm a straight up nasty bitch!

Caprice passes Tasha the blunt.

TASHA

You're so stupid, Caprice and you
always fuckin' nigga lip this shit.

Tasha takes a deep inhale.

AARON

Can we get on with this?

CAPRICE

Where you got to go boy? We ain't
done with you. We got big plans for
you mothafucka.

Tasha passes the blunt to Aaron who takes it this time.

CAPRICE (CONT'D)

Yeah you betta take it now you
disrespecting Christmas lookin'
skinny, white, chicken lickin',
mothafuckn hitch hiking bitch!

He takes a big pull and starts coughing his lungs out.

TASHA

You wanna' tell him?

CAPRICE

Naw, you tell him! Don't nobody
give a fuck about them stupid ass
papers. I swear ta god if I see dat
nigga again, it's over.

TASHA

(to Aaron)

Why he not come himself?

Aaron seems unresponsive and stoned.

AARON

Uh... He couldn't.

CAPRICE

Bull shit girl don't you sign a
damn thing!

Tasha, obviously upset, takes a two liter of coke out of her bag and chugs it.

AARON
You're kidding right?

CAPRICE
Do I look like I'm kiddin'?

Tasha lets out a demonic burp.

TASHA
Caprice did you know that Aaron's
last name is Christmas?

Caprice quickly turns to Tasha.

CAPRICE
Get the fuck outta here!

Tasha looks back at Aaron, who looks like he might just vomit.

TASHA
Yeah! Right Aaron?

CAPRICE
I'm gonna name my son Belvedere
fuckin' Christmas. After my
favorite vodka and the cutest,
dumbest, lil' white boy.

AARON
(dry wittingly)
That would make you a most wise
Mother.

TASHA
Did you just say he was cute?

CAPRICE
Hell no bitch I ain't never said
such a thing. Look at him. Sitting
there, all proper n' shit.

TASHA
(turns to him)
So how come you never call? Actin'
like you don't know us and shit.
Remember those white castle nights
we used have? Now you coming up in
here with these papers, man what
happened to you?

AARON
It's Christmas.

CAPRICE
Man, watchu' got to do? Bake some bread? Find yo mistle toe?

Tasha throws the papers back at Aaron.

TASHA
Maybe if he came here by himself I would think about it.

CAPRICE
Girl, if he came instead of sending Christmas, I woulda' stuck my fist right up his tight, white, jerk chicken ass myself.

She shows her hand as she would do it, twisting her fist in the air.

CAPRICE (CONT'D)
Like this.

Aaron needs to get out of this bad situation.

AARON
These kind of things have to be done by a third party--

CAPRICE
--Third party in my ass!

TASHA
--Bullshit man!

TASHA
Can you believe it girl? This boy tryin' to sound all political and shit. Why he not come himself? I know why. 'Cuz he scared!

Caprice turns to Aaron.

CAPRICE
(threatening)
Yea! And where's our gifts, man? Where's our mothafuckn' Christmas gifts?

Aaron sweats.

TASHA
And if you're still his friend, you know what that makes you.

The girls are about to eat him up when--

--POLICE SIRENS.

CAPRICE
(jumps up)
Oh shit!

Caprice, scattered, drops the blunt.

TASHA
Oh no, Caprice! Hide everything.
Damn these white boys always
gettin' me in trouble.

POLICE INTERCOM: "Step out of the vehicle."

CAPRICE
(to closed window)
Shit! Fuck you! You step out of
yours mothafucka.

Caprice scurries to hide all evidence and turns on the ignition.

POLICE INTERCOM: "Step out of the vehicle, now!"

TASHA
Caprice, don't do it.

CAPRICE
Do what?!

Caprice steps on the gas and the car speeds off.

Aaron looks through the back window to see COPS following them.

AARON
I am too fucking stoned.

Caprice runs a red. A passing car speeds through its green light.

TASHA
Oh my god!--

--She collides with the car hitting her dumb ass head against the steering wheel.

Aaron flies up through the middle, smashing his head on the windshield.

Tasha is also knocked out by an airbag.

Aaron can still blink, but he can't move much.

Police cruisers rush to the scene.

He watches the sky through the cracked windshield, canceling out the noisy sirens, he's able to close his eyes and sleep.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Aaron holds the cell bars and has a bandage wrapped around his head while Caprice is laid out on a bench with two oranges supporting her head and Tasha stands not too far staring at him.

CAPRICE

Damn girl these munchies are
killing me.

TASHA

(to Aaron)

I know, I can taste his tender
white meat in my mouth right now,
juicy, hot, spicy, all I gotta do
is make you crispy.

Tasha struts towards him.

AARON

(yelling to COP)
Hey! When you gonna let us out of
here?

TASHA

You tryin' to leave us my sexy
chicken wing?

AARON

It's Christmas for Christ's sake.

Aaron, afraid of what might happen next pushes her away, but--

--She grabs his shirt and brings him closer, smooching her
lips succulently.

AARON (CONT'D)

Stand clear of the closing doors.

Aaron pushes her back again.

TASHA
You know, Aaron, I've always
thought you were so cute.

She strokes his hair.

AARON
(perplexed)
I would have never thought.

Aaron is unpleasantly surprised, she brushes her fingers down
his arm.

He knocks her hand away.

TASHA
You want my signature or not, Mr.
Christmas?

She closes his mouth with her large index finger.

In the background, Caprice lets out a loud fart.

TASHA (CONT'D)
Caprice! Oh my god!

AARON
(defeated)
I hate you Tasha.
(looks over to Caprice)
And that horse you rode in on.

She snatches him and kisses him.

Aaron is paralyzed.

A random PHONE in the background goes off.

She finally lets go, Tasha is satisfied.

Aaron breathless and in panic, wipes her taste off his lips
and grabs the metal bars.

AARON (CONT'D)
Let me out!

The cops now even laugh at the situation.

Keys dangle.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Aaron, Tasha and Caprice all step out of the courthouse with no shoe laces, looking disheveled.

A BUM is sprawled out on the steps, passed out.

Aaron holds the orange envelope which is now discolored and stained with blood.

TASHA

So you happy now you got yo papers signed?

AARON

I'll be happy when I'm taking a shit and shower, remembering all of this bullshit.

CAPRICE

Man, fuck dis nigga, come on bitch let's go, I need's me a fat ass blunt.

TASHA

(to Aaron)

Call me sometime.

AARON

Yea right.

Aaron heads in the opposite direction.

A LITTLE KID runs by him and knocks the envelope out of his armpit.

It lands in a big sidewalk puddle.

Aaron, disgusted, goes in to pick it up when he gets sprayed by an oncoming car.

LITTLE KID

Sorry! Merry Christmas!

Aaron stands like a wet dog, soaked in street mud.

CHAPTER TWO - FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1985

A sparkling Christmas tree illuminates a cozy small apartment.

Sitting on the floor is YOUNG DANNY (5), in his grandma's knit sweater and tighty whities. A sweet young boy with a knack for getting in trouble.

He has a pair of scissors in his hand and he's got his eyes on a wire.

His FATHER sleeps on the couch with a very serious face in his warm button down shirt. One would be afraid to wake him.

Young Danny curiously picks a wire and cuts it with his scissors.

DANNY (V.O.)
Christmas. Leaving its first mark
on me.

ZZZAP!

He gets flung to the other side of the room.

Father is rudely awoken by the shock.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Lucky for me my old man was always
there to capture the moment.

He sees smoke coming out of the socket, Young Danny's hair is up straight.

FATHER
(furious)
Danny!

DANNY (V.O.)
That's my dad.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The boy's Father readies his belt.

He SNAPS it.

YOUNG DANNY
Please dad no, maybe we don't have
to do this?

FATHER
Yes son, we have to.

Young Danny hesitantly pulls down his pants and leans on the bed.

He begins to cry.

FATHER (CONT'D)
This way you'll never forget it.

Father WHIPS him.

DANNY (V.O.)
Trust me, I didn't forget.

INT. YOUNG DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1986

Young Danny (6), wakes up in the middle of the night to some rustling in the living room.

He gets up and follows the noise in the dark.

Sounds almost like munching.

He steps in the living room where the Christmas tree is and turns on the lights.

Young Danny's Father is there, laid out on the carpet by the tree eating the chocolate chip cookies that were left for Santa Claus and drinking the milk.

YOUNG DANNY
(curiously)
Dad?

FATHER
(surprised)
Danny? Why are you up?

YOUNG DANNY
(crying)
Santa is a fake.

Young Danny rushes back into his bedroom, obviously upset and confused.

INT. PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

A mildly Christmas decorated High School office.

The PRINCIPLE (45), sits across from Young Danny and his Mother.

Principle has a very concerned look on her face as she passes a piece of paper with Danny's drawing on it to his Mother.

It's a crumbled up piece of paper with a drawing of a stick figure emphasizing the male reproductive organ. It also reads verbatim: "SUCK MY THINGY".

Young Danny's enthusiasm is soon discouraged by the stares of his Mother and the Principle.

INT. TEEN DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2000

Through the open window there are Christmas decorations and tree lights on the streets.

People in a hustle and bustle.

Teen Danny (18), sits by the window in his chair, smoking a cigarette and ashing into an espresso cup that has a golden rim.

Rock music plays in the background.

The door suddenly swings open.

It's him. He's furious.

Teen Danny turns in surprise and terror.

FATHER

(in shock)

Are you using my espresso cup as an ashtray?

Father is clearly ticked off.

TEEN DANNY

Uh--

DANNY (V.O.)

(Sarcastically)

Yea I was a rebel, alright.

FATHER

--So, you think you're a tough guy huh? Sitting here, smoking like a cowboy, ashing in my espresso cup. My Espresso cup. The one I drink out of every day! You think you're some kind of rock star?

Father swings a right over Teen Danny's head and snatches the espresso cup.

Teen Danny doesn't really know what to say.

TEEN DANNY

I--

FATHER

--Close the window, what is this, central air? Do you pay the bills around here?

Teen Danny gives his Father a cold look.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I should whip your ass! I drink out of that cup every day! Ashing in my espresso cup. Unbelievable.

Father slams the door behind him.

Teen Danny sits there, terrorized.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A brightly lit, modern, Christmas adorned, almost hotel-ish style hallway.

Teen Danny stands waiting for the elevator.

DANNY (V.O.)

Let me tell you something about my dad. He had some what of a sleeping disorder. Add that to a nasty drinking habit and you can find holiday cheers quite memorable.

Elevator door opens and Father is laid out in a tuxedo, passed out drunk.

TEEN DANNY

Dad?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Low light. Everyone is sleeping.

Teen Danny finds his Father laid out hugging the garbage can, passed out drunk.

TEEN DANNY

Dad?

He attempts to carry him to bed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Teen Danny finds his Father sleeping on the street corner as if it was his bed. He even looks comfortable.

TEEN DANNY

Dad?

Father groans.

TEEN DANNY (CONT'D)

You know how long I've been looking
for you?

He attempts to carry him home.

Father awakens.

FATHER

Where you takin me? Who are you?

He's completely out of it, even drools on Teen Danny.

TEEN DANNY

It's me, dad. I'm taking you home.

FATHER

Home? I don't want to go home.

INT. TEEN DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teen Danny attempts to fall sleep. He twists and turns.

DANNY (V.O.)

I've always had trouble falling
asleep. But that wasn't always a
bad thing, sometimes it allowed me
to still participate in all the
fun.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark until the front door opens and Teen Danny's MOTHER (42), and Father come in after a night of partying and drinking.

They're both dressed elegantly and have had their fair amount of drinks.

Mother has the sniffles, something's upset her. She turns on the light, and sees herself in the mirror.

Her make up is runny.

Father slams the door behind them.

INT. TEEN DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Teen Danny can't sleep now, definitely.

MOTHER (O.S.)
How could you? How could you do
this to me?

She hits him over and over again on the shoulder.

FATHER (O.S.)
Nothing happened. Will you relax?

MOTHER (O.S.)
You fucked her didn't you?

Teen Danny turns.

FATHER (O.S.)
Stop! Nothing happened. We're gonna
wake the kid.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Oh he's not dumb. Afraid your own
son will find out what dirt bag his
Father is?

And turns again.

FATHER (O.S.)
Shut your damn mouth right now
woman before I--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Father's voice bears a horrifying truth to it as he grabs her
by the shoulders.

She's not scared of him.

MOTHER
You just try to lay a damn hand on
me.

INT. TEEN DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Teen Danny has his ears covered, they're not helping him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She frees herself of his grip.

FATHER

Do you want your son to see you
like this? See his Mother drunk?

She would like nothing more than to kick him in the balls.

MOTHER

I hate you! You ass hole. I don't
want to see you tomorrow. Or ever
again.

FATHER

Yea, yea just go to sleep already.

She tries to kick him out of the house but he just won't go.

Instead he tries to go to Danny's room.

MOTHER

Don't go to him. I don't want to
see you anymore. Don't you
understand?

He pushes her down to the floor.

INT. TEEN DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teen Danny listens in to their fight, he wishes he wasn't.

His Mother is in tears.

FATHER (O.S.)

Go to sleep!

MOTHER (O.S.)

I fucking hate you!

Teen Danny is horrified. He never wished to be part of this.

She heads to her room.

The door opens, Father stands in a dark silhouette.

Teen Danny closes his eyes, pretending he was sleeping.

FATHER

(whispering)

Hey, Danny, you up? Danny?

TEEN DANNY

(irritated)

No. I was just watching the back of my eye lids.

FATHER

Come on get up. We have to go, smart ass.

TEEN DANNY

What? Where?

FATHER

Come on, come on, we don't have much time. Get up, get up!

TEEN DANNY

But it's Christmas night, I don't want to go anywhere dad.

FATHER

Didn't you say you wanted to go to California?

TEEN DANNY

California?

FATHER

That's your dream right?

TEEN DANNY

Yea but, not tonight!

FATHER

If not tonight, then when? Let's go.

Father grabs the sheets and pulls them off Danny.

TEEN DANNY

No way! That's crazy! You're drunk, dad. Just go to sleep.

Teen Danny tries to take the sheets back.

FATHER

Oh here's another one. Now get up and let's go already.

Father pulls the sheets off again.

TEEN DANNY

No dad, go to sleep!

FATHER

You either get up now, or you're never gonna go. Follow your dreams boy, instead of hanging these posters on the wall.

Teen Danny takes a look at his posters and gives in hesitantly.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

TIRES SCREECH!

Father swerves from one lane to another.

Teen Danny sits in the passenger seat in his PJ's and jacket, holding on to his dear life.

TEEN DANNY

Dad, come on this is seriously stupid and dangerous, let's go home.

He looks at his Father with tired eyes.

FATHER

Home, home! Let me tell you something about home. You know Alexander, the great? Alexander of Macedonia? He conquered empire after empire without ever going home.

Father swerves away from an oncoming car.

TEEN DANNY

Dad! Please! Watch the road!

FATHER

Listen! Have you been listening? Alexander of Macedonia! Once went to India and met a famous Guru. And you know what he asked this Guru? Alexander of Macedonia! The greatest warrior to grace the battlefield.

Father's breath is now something extra terrestrial.

TEEN DANNY

I don't know, what?

FATHER

He says, Guru! I came here, from many nights and days away. I saw what God has to offer me, conquered his lands, drank his wines and bathed with his wives. Tell me, now what?

Father swerves away from oncoming traffic.

TEEN DANNY

I don't know what you're talking about please, watch the road!

Father takes one good look at his son.

FATHER

You sound just like your Mother.

He swerves the car around another car.

TEEN DANNY

Shit!

Teen Danny holds tight to the door.

FATHER

I'm so thirsty...

He goes into his door pocket and grabs something to drink.

TEEN DANNY

Dad, no!--

FATHER

--Ah! Yuck! Shit!--

--Father spits the stuff out after he realizes he drank windshield liquid.

Father opens his door as he's driving and vomits out of the car.

He comes back in for a breath.

He is in disgust from the liquid.

TEEN DANNY

Can we go home now?

Father looks at him sickened.

He slams on the break furiously.

INT. TEEN DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Screams and yells can be heard from the parents.

MOTHER (O.S.)
You son of a bitch! Driving drunk!
With your own son! I could kill
you!

FATHER (O.S.)
Stop yelling at me. Your son's
fine.

Father opens the door to see Teen Danny sitting there.

She rushes in after hitting him with the shoe again and again.

MOTHER
My baby, my darling!

She kisses her teenage son.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Don't you ever listen to him again
OK?

FATHER
(mocking)
Aw, poor baby.

Father stands in the back.

TEEN DANNY
I'm cool ma, don't worry.

She runs her fingers through Teen Danny's hair and kisses him on the forehead.

MOTHER
Go to sleep now my love. Get some
rest. Don't you have school
tomorrow?

TEEN DANNY
It's Christmas ma.

They leave the room and close the door behind them.

Teen Danny sits on his bed, tired from what just happened.

FATHER (O.S.)
And I wasn't even that drunk.
You've seen me drunk!

MOM (O.S.)
I've seen you drunk alright. I
still mean what I said before.

FATHER (O.S.)
Oh yeah, what did you say again?

Teen Danny grabs his headphones from his desk and plugs himself in.

He pulls out his fathers espresso cup from one of his drawers.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Father pushes Mother, she falls on the floor.

He drags her across the floor, almost having fun with it.

She kicks, screams and yells.

INT. TEEN DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teen Danny rocks his head up and down to a song.

He takes off his headphones for a second and hears her scream.

He runs out of the room.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teen Danny jumps on the back of his Father and starts punching him in the ribs.

Father swings around and knocks Danny in the face.

Danny gets back up and lets loose on his old man.

His Mother gets up and tries to get Teen Danny off his Father but she can't.

After punching him several times in the face, Teen Danny takes a bottle of whiskey off the night counter and pours it all over his father's face.

He is no longer the sweet young boy he once was.

He chucks the empty bottle to the other side of the room and his Mother finally gets manages to takes him away.

Father is beat up, bruised on the floor with whiskey filled lungs.

Mother cries and sobs, she can't believe her son did such a thing.

She comes down to Father.

MOTHER
(to Danny)
Go on to bed sonny, go.

Teen Danny breaths hard, like a fighter dog.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 2009

A typical patient room, one of those reclining beds, an I.V. machine, white blinds on the windows.

A small T.V. set hangs from the top corner.

There's also a small Christmas tree with some cheap decorations and jingle bells on a table next to the bed.

Danny (27), walks in and finds his Father laying on the floor. He's in pretty bad shape with almost a full head of grey hair.

Danny immediately comes to help him back up.

DANNY
What are you doing on the floor?

He props his heavy old man back into bed.

FATHER
Danny. You came.

DANNY
Don't die on me now old man.

FATHER
Did I ever tell you how special you were, Danny?

Danny doesn't say anything, helping his Father get back into bed and tucked in.

DANNY
What do they feed you here?

FATHER

A wise woman once told me your fortune.

DANNY

Have you been drinking again?

FATHER

You were meant for great things, Danny.

DANNY

Maybe things could get better, maybe we can be a normal family again.

FATHER

Those dreams you have. They mean something.

DANNY

You mean the stupid posters on the walls?

FATHER

I mean your destiny.

DANNY

Why can't you and mom get along anymore?

FATHER

I pray you won't have to go through the same things I did, broke my back, and what do I get?

DANNY

I'm sorry. You got us.

FATHER

I remember carrying you on my shoulders, when you were such a sweet young kid.

DANNY

Yeah?

FATHER

Whenever you would pass a lady on the street you always tried to grab her skirt.

DANNY

Some things never change.

FATHER

Danny boy, sometimes it feels like
it was yesterday.

Danny hugs his Father. Tears rush out.

DANNY

I don't want you to go dad.

FATHER

I know son. And I want you to know
that everything I did for this
family was out of love.

DANNY

Even all the tears for mom?

FATHER

It's just too late.

DANNY

Too late?! Too fucking late? That's
your excuse?

FATHER

My life is over Danny, but yours is
just beginning.

DANNY

Wanna switch places?

Danny hits the hospital bed and leaves.

His Father looks on in pain.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Christmas decorations adorn the streets.

Fifth ave is beautiful at night. All the high-end stores
illuminate the street.

Yellow cabs pass, pulling their all night shifts.

Danny (29), now with a more mature look to him, walks at a
fast pace.

He passes a grand Church and notices a man sleeping on the
steps.

He continues to walk.

Something stops him.

He walks back to take a closer look.

Danny notices the bum is in pretty bad condition, he's frozen and looks weak.

It's his Father.

DANNY

Dad?

He wakes and gives Danny a blank stare, then closes his eyes again.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(shaking him)

Dad? It's me, Danny.

Father raises his lonely eyes at Danny for the first time.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Alexander of Macedonia? Remember?

It's your son, dad. Danny!

FATHER

(dazed)

My son?

(touching his face)

My beautiful son. In another life.

DANNY

I still love you. Even if it kills me.

FATHER

My son.

Danny grabs him and hugs him.

DANNY

Come on, I can't leave you here like this.

FATHER

Never forget me.

DANNY

I never did.

FATHER

I love you and miss you so much.

Danny lets go of him and looks him in the eye.

DANNY

Just like Alexander, you got bored.
Bored! You happy now? With your new
found family?

FATHER

I was afraid!

DANNY

I used to be afraid of one day
finding you dead.

FATHER

My kingdom for a drink.

DANNY

You old fool.

Danny takes out some money and painfully hands to him.

FATHER

My son, my son, I'll always
remember you--

--He punches his Father in the face.

His weak body falls back on the steps.

Danny shakes out his fist.

DANNY

This way you'll never forget it.

CHAPTER THREE - *THE RING AND THE SHOE*

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

A dashing, bright, young girl, LAURA (26), puts the finishing
touches on the Christmas dinner she has prepared.

She is dressed very nicely underneath her Christmas apron and
has gorgeous make up.

She checks the lasagna baking in the oven.

She prepares some small cold cut appetizers on a plate and
fresh bread.

She puts a bottle of red wine on the table which is already
set with plates, forks, napkins, glasses and a small
Christmas tree with a candle.

EXT. FIFTH AVE - NIGHT

A large banner down Fifth avenue reads *Merry Christmas*.

Bustling streets of Manhattan filled with tourists and locals doing last minute shopping.

KYLE CHRISTMAS (27), approaches a store window. He's dressed in his dirty work clothes but still retains a handsomeness to him.

His eyes catch something on display and he immediately runs in.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laura pours herself a glass of wine and has a sip, while she looks over the lasagna and watches some TV.

NEWS REPORTER

Residents are still searching for a group locals who have mysteriously vanished. Eyewitness say they've seen a blinding light in what looks like--

--Kyle enters with a shopping bag.

KYLE

I thought I smelled it!

LAURA

Oh yea? What did you smell?

She runs over and kisses him.

KYLE

Mmm!

LAURA

Take off your jacket. I'll show you.

He takes off his jacket and throws it on the coat hanger.

She brings him over to the oven, lets him take a peak.

KYLE

Oh no, you didn't! Oh my god, I love you.

He grabs her and kisses her.

LAURA

I made some appetizers while the lasagna finishes up!

KYLE

Yes ma'am!

LAURA

How was your day?

KYLE

Let's just say my day was... It was, very interesting to say the least. I'll tell you all about it, right now I just want to--

--He flops himself on the couch like dead weight.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Oh man. That feels so good.

LAURA

It took longer than you expected I assume?

KYLE

That's one way of putting it.

LAURA

Wait till you see what I got you.

KYLE

I'm so happy to be home.

Kyle enjoys his apartment, watches the Christmas tree.

LAURA

I know! I am so happy! How does it get any better than this?

He gets up and joins Laura at the table.

KYLE

I am the luckiest man in the world right now. This is amazing.

Kyle grabs a prosciutto focaccina.

LAURA

I'm so excited.

She sits down as well. He chews.

KYLE
Baby, I'm speechless.

He takes another scrumptious bite.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I have fallen for you all over
again.

LAURA
Aw! Hungry huh?

He takes another bite.

KYLE
(with a big grin)
You sure know the way to a man's
heart.

LAURA
I'm so happy you like it.

After a silent moment of munching Kyle notices something's on
Laura's mind.

KYLE
What's on your mind?

LAURA
Nothing.

KYLE
Come on don't give me that.

She doesn't respond.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Is it about the trip?

He proceeds to munch.

LAURA
I don't know, I just wish you could
come too.

KYLE
I'll go next time. Go spend some
time with your family, your crazy
girl friends will be happy to see
you.

LAURA

I know, It's OK I suppose. Not all couples spend Christmas and New years together.

KYLE

You're coming back in just a few days! Wow these appetizers are mm--

--He scarfs down another prosciutto focaccina.

LAURA

Two weeks, Kyle. But I'm sure you already forgot.

KYLE

Baby, come on, don't do this.

LAURA

But we didn't spend last Christmas together either, what's wrong with us?

KYLE

Nothing is wrong with us. Don't say that! I'm just working and can't make it this time either, what can I do?

He brings her close and kisses her.

She's not as happy as she was ten minutes ago.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Look how upset you made yourself, please, everything's gonna be fine.

LAURA

You promise?

KYLE

I promise.

He kisses her hand.

LAURA

Are you gonna go with me to the airport tomorrow?

She makes a cute puppy face.

KYLE

Of course I'll go with you to the airport tomorrow.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hey, wait till you see what I got
you.

LAURA
I can't wait!

KYLE
Well, I'm not good with suspense,
shall we just... open them now?

He gets up to get her present.

LAURA
Are you sure?

KYLE
Let's be naughty!

LAURA
OK! Can I give you yours first?

KYLE
Yes!

Kyle, happy as a kid, waits for Laura to get his gift from
the bedroom.

He enjoys another bite.

Laura wiggles back with a big plastic case wrapped in a bow.
She hands it to Kyle by the handle.

KYLE (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

LAURA
Do you know what it is?

KYLE
(sarcastic)
A pair of socks?

LAURA
Open it!

Kyle tears away the wrapping paper to reveal an awesome
acoustic guitar.

KYLE
Oh my god!

LAURA
I love you!

KYLE

I can't freakin' believe you got me
one of these, so cool!

He strums it a few times.

LAURA

Not just any guitar!

KYLE

Whoa!

LAURA

It's the same kind of guitar Jimmy
Page played.

KYLE

So awesome! Wow!

LAURA

Now maybe you can finally write
that album you've always wanted?

KYLE

How much was this thing?

He lays the guitar down on the coffee table. It looks elegant
and sleek.

LAURA

Don't ask.

KYLE

I love it.

He hugs her.

LAURA

Oh, I'm so happy you like it!

He kisses her smoothly.

KYLE

Now, let me have the honors.

He kneels down beside the Christmas tree and grabs her
present.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I didn't really know what to get
until I saw this, and I just
couldn't resist.

LAURA
(curious, excited and
scared at the same time)
Oh god, what did you get me?

He gives her the wrapped box.

It's the same size of a shoe box. Wrapped in a Christmas theme paper with snow men and reindeers.

She takes it off his hands, like a precious stone.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Oh Kyle, what could it possibly be?

Kyle looks on excited.

She tears away the cute wrapping to reveal a simple white box.

KYLE
Go on.

She opens it and looks in.

She carefully pulls out a holiday style house shoe as if it was something out of this world.

It has red and white snowflakes, one of those your grand Mother would wear, or knit for you.

She looks at them with disbelief and rather curiously.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Aren't they great? Put 'em on!
They're so warm for your feet!

Laura laughs nervously.

She looks at it again hoping that Kyle will in any moment say this was all just a prank.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Cool right? They're so comfy! Go ahead try 'em on! I know you always say how cold it is at your parents' house so I figured I'd get you something you could really use. You know, they'll keep your feet warm.

LAURA
They're...

KYLE
Go ahead, try 'em on!

LAURA
I think the lasagna might be done.

KYLE
Just try them on. Come on, they're
so awesome.

She looks at them in disgust and at this point doesn't know how else to hold back her emotions and begins to cry.

Kyle is pretty much confused at this point.

KYLE (CONT'D)
What happened? Is everything OK?

She cries a bit more and looks at the shoe in her lap before she chucks it back in the box.

LAURA
No, everything is not OK! You know,
I actually passed by these in the
store the other day, and I even
stopped and said: who in the world
would buy these things?!

Kyle takes the shoe out of the box. He doesn't understand.

Laura wipes away her tears, they've turned to anger.

KYLE
Whoa! Hold on a god damn minute!
What the hell did I miss? They're
just comfy shoes to keep your feet
warm! Will you just try them on!

He tries to hand it to her but she won't have it.

LAURA
I will not be caught dead in these.

She storms out of the room.

KYLE
I really hope you're kidding right
now because you sound crazy!

She storms back in.

LAURA
You're the one who is crazy! I'm
young, I'm beautiful!
(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

I don't need house warmers, I need a man who can give me what I really want! And if you think this is what I want, then you are so wrong Kyle Christmas!

KYLE

You always say your feet are cold! I'm sorry! Go ahead and hang me for it! All I ask is that you please, pretty please, just try them on! You'll see what I mean!

She goes back and scrambles through her closet and drawers.

LAURA (O.S.)

I can't believe it. What is he gonna get me next year? A polished coffin?

She furiously packs a bag.

LAURA (CONT'D)

The first four years he doesn't get me a single fucking thing, and the fifth year he decides I need granny house warmers. You think I'm your house wife? Is that it?

Kyle flops himself on the couch and gives a loud huff.

KYLE

Will you just get back in here?

She storms out of the bedroom back into the living room.

LAURA

I have a flight to catch!

KYLE

What? Don't be so dumb! Your flight is tomorrow! Are you seriously fucking acting like this over a pair of shoes?

Laura thinks for a moment then takes out a large kitchen knife from the drawer.

LAURA

They're not just a pair of shoes, Kyle Christmas! That's what you don't understand!

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

I'm not saying you should've got me anything crazy! Please! Do yourself a favor, cut me out of your shopping list!

KYLE

Can you please put down that knife? All I ask is that you please try on-

-

LAURA

--If you ask me to try it on, one more time.

KYLE

Please--

--Laura swings her knife and slices Kyle's arm.

LAURA

Oh my god.

She drops the knife into the sink.

Kyle realizes he's dripping blood.

KYLE

You just fucking stabbed me.

He picks up the guitar, threatening.

LAURA

I warned you!

KYLE

I'll break this fucking guitar! I swear I will!

LAURA

Go ahead! I hope it breaks over your head!

KYLE

All I ask, is that you just try on the fucking shoe!

LAURA

No!

She fires back with disgust as she puts her real shoes on.

He raises his voice, only seconds from perhaps exploding.

KYLE

Just try on the fucking shoe!
That's all I ask of you! If you do
anything else in your pop culture
filled little fucking life!

LAURA

You know what you can do with that
shoe?!

She puts on her coat and swings her long luscious hair while
Kyle drops down to his knees.

KYLE

I'm begging you! Try. On. The
fucking shoe!

She takes off her apron and throws it at him.

LAURA

Merry fucking Christmas.

She turns to leave.

Kyle gets back up and just stands there with the shoe in
hand.

KYLE

Laura!

She slams the door.

Kyle's sadness also turns to anger as steam shoots out of his
ears.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Fucking hell!

Kyle reaches into the shoe he bought for Laura.

He tears a bit as he pulls a small velvet box out. He opens
it, it's a beautiful engagement ring.

Kyle wipes a tear to reveal a lonely smile.

CHAPTER FOUR - *LOVER BOY*

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with smoke, the Christmas tree lights
illuminate the space, creating a cozy but dangerous
atmosphere.

LOVER BOY (29), a hipster pyromaniac who just set his own house on fire sits on the couch. He's into modern trends and has spikey hair.

He smokes passionately almost in a sort of trance while flames rise around him.

Loud KNOCKS are heard coming in from the outside.

LOUD NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Are you trying to set the whole house on fire? Hello? I know you're in there! I can smell it in my apartment, I'm gonna call the cops! I've had it up to here with you, I can even smell it all the way in my bathroom!

Her annoying high pitched voice makes an echo through the hallway.

LOVERBOY (V.O.)

Is it love? Is it lust? Or is it something completely different, a cosmic connection of some kind. Can I ever convey the nature of my true self?

His tone almost suggests he's a philosopher.

LOUD NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

I know you can hear me! I called the cops!

LOVERBOY (V.O.)

When a man is in love, he is in love. And there is nothing he can do about it. Even if it kills him to love, he still loves, 'till the day he cannot love anymore.

He takes a serious drag of his cigarette.

Loud neighbor proceeds to knock.

He disregards the noise outside, continues to ponder.

LOVERBOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A man just needs his time to set a fire and watch the stars align. Love is a power, one of the greatest powers of a kind. After fallen in love he is transformed into a man of will and desire.

(MORE)

LOVERBOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just about anything can be accomplished then, you can learn kung fu or make the world's best pizza pie.

LOUD NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

You in there? That's it. This is insane, look how much smoke is coming from under the door! Is he asleep?

LOVERBOY (V.O.)

I think a man once said "we're a generation of men raised by women, is another woman really what we need?" I would have to say yes, you should feel her open arms and warm breasts complemented by her great tasting lips. That's exactly what I need.

The door is broken through and two FIRE FIGHTERS rush in through the smoke to grab Loverboy from the arm chair, cigarette still in hand. They throw him over one of their shoulders.

LOVERBOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One more puff?

CHAPTER FIVE - A SUNDAY TO REMEMBER, A MONDAY TO FORGET

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - PRESENT DAY

It's mostly dark on this December 24th 2011, except for the light peeking in through the blinds and curtains.

ANNA (29), a workaholic, attractive young woman, who barely finds the time to read a book, snores lightly in bed with her eye shades. She's in peace.

There are car magazines all over the floor.

Alarm clock reads 8:30 a.m.

VINCE CHRISTMAS (30), Anna's husband and a high school history teacher, is already up on his computer looking at cars for sale. He scrolls down.

He stops as soon as he sees her, the beauty of his dreams: a classic 1980's Jaguar in burgundy red.

The sale tag reads: \$1,999!
He cannot believe his eyes.
Such a low price for a priceless charm.
He immediately puts the computer to print.
The printer wakes Anna.

ANNA
What time is it?

VINCE
Eight-thirty on this beautiful
Christmas morning!

She lifts up her eye covers, with her eyes barely open, she checks her phone.

ANNA
It's not Christmas yet fool.

She turns back around to sleep.

VINCE
Honey, you're never gonna believe
it! I'll tell you when you get up.

ANNA
What is it?

She turns over and covers her ears while the printer prints.

VINCE
I'll tell you when you get up.

ANNA
I'm up, I'm up.

VINCE
It's OK I'll wait till you get up.

ANNA
Just tell me god damn it!

She opens her other eye.

VINCE
Come here, I'll show you.

ANNA
Vincent. I'm gonna kill you.

VINCE

Words cannot express how awesome this is. You have to come see it for yourself.

Anna gets up out of bed, not the usual flower.

ANNA

What is it that just couldn't wait?

He shows her the beautiful red Jaguar on the computer screen.

VINCE

Isn't it great? And look at the price!

ANNA

This is why you woke me? We only went to sleep four hours ago!

Anna is obviously pissed, Vince gives her a sad puppy face.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's nice, sure. But that can't be right, there's probably something wrong with it.

She dismisses it.

VINCE

No there isn't! I am sure of it! It's just old. And it has a lot of miles, but she is the one, I am telling you!

She heads into the bathroom.

ANNA

That car screams maintenance.

VINCE

Like if maintenance ever stopped me before!

ANNA

(yawning)

It's just too good to be true, I'm telling you, you're wasting your time.

VINCE

Let's just take a look at it, that's all I ask.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

If it's as bad as you say then we won't get it, no one is forcing us, right?

ANNA

Wrong. You just forced me out of my sleep! You know what I can do to you for that?

VINCE

Look, I'll even wear my grandma's chain for good luck.

Vince puts a golden chain around his neck.

ANNA

Great.

VINCE

This deal won't last long baby. Are you kidding? We have to go now! Look, I even picked out something nice for you to wear, all you gotta do is put it on.

Vince stands, holding a green hoodie with a Super Mario mushroom on it that says: "1 UP".

Anna simply looks like she got run over by a truck.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Coffee?

EXT. USED CAR LOT STRIP - DAY

A cold wintery morning.

A stretch of low class mom and pop auto shops in Queens, New York, selling cheap and luxury cars. Not many people reside in this area, it's mostly full of chop shops and junk yards.

Vince and Anna approach a lot, shivering their butts off, both holding hot cups of coffee.

VINCE

(teeth chattering)
I think this is it.

ANNA

(teeth chattering as well)
OK. So go already.

Vince passes under the barbed wire fence, he sees a dog chained up barking his head off.

He sees her. The Jaguar. Sitting gorgeously, waiting to be driven.

VINCE

Oh my god! There she is.

Vince runs up to the car like a little school boy and takes one quick look around it.

Anna tries hard not to show a single bit of excitement, but it comes out when Vince turns into a kid.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Isn't it great? Just like in the pictures!

ANNA

Yea, it is nice. Wow.

The door from the trailer office swings open and a SALESMAN stumbles out, another man's voice is heard scolding him.

He's in his mid forties, looks like a young Bill Gates. A kind and nerdy man and probably hasn't been working as a salesman long.

He wears Levi's blue jeans, oversized vision glasses and a beige button down plaid shirt.

SALESMAN

She's beautiful isn't she?

VINCE

Amazing! Please tell me there is nothing wrong with it, does it run?

SALESMAN

You know I was thinking the same thing when I first saw her, I even took her around the block for a spin myself just to test her and boy does she purr, let me tell you.

VINCE

(to Anna)

See babe! I told you!

Anna still isn't convinced.

SALESMAN

I'm Jerry!

He gives out his hand to Vince who promptly shakes it.

VINCE

Vince, and this my lovely lady
Anna.

JERRY

It's a pleasure Anna, Vince.
Let me show you inside.

Jerry opens the front door and unlocks the rest.

ANNA

I'll wait out here.

Anna is still no flower. She sips on her hot coffee.

Vince gets in the Jag with Jerry.

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Vince runs his hands across the sleek leather in the driver's
seat.

VINCE

I can't believe this is so cheap
Jerry, you know miracles don't
really exist. So come on tell me,
what's wrong with it?

Jerry laughs.

JERRY

I'd like to think they do. An older
gentleman brought it to us a few
days ago. Said he treated her like
a queen.

VINCE

Till?

JERRY

Till he had to part ways.

VINCE

Part ways? You don't just give
something up that's this beautiful!

JERRY

What can I tell you Vince, this is
what he told me. I guess sometimes
beauty ain't enough. He needed
something practical.

VINCE

Practical! How many miles does it have?

JERRY

One hundred thousand, even. All highway miles.

Jerry gives the keys to Vince.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Go on, lets see if she still starts, otherwise you might be right.

Vince puts the keys into the ignition and lets her rip.

The Jaguar howls and lets her two hundred horse power be known, then she purrs in idle.

VINCE

Wow! This is awesome!

He revv's the engine a bit, Anna is outside, annoyed.

He opens his power window.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(to Anna)
We're taking it!

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Jerry waves happily.

Vince and Anna pull out of the lot and as soon as he steps on the gas the Jaguar loses power.

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Vince pumps the gas pedal but nothing.

VINCE

What the hell?!

ANNA

I fucking knew it.

Jerry runs up.

JERRY

Oh I'm sure it's nothing! Just give her another go!

Vince turns the key off and back on again.

The lights go back on, the engine pulls itself together and starts up.

Anna looks at Vince with tired eyes.

VINCE

(to Anna)

Knew what?

ANNA

Let's just go.

EXT/INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Horns are honked. The pair is stuck in New York rush hour traffic.

VINCE

Can you believe it babe? Isn't it great?

ANNA

It's really nice, but can we really afford that insurance? I mean how much did it come out to be, four hundred a month?

VINCE

Yea! And it wasn't a fifteen minute call either. Fifteen minutes my ass. Their slogan should be a fifteen minute call and a ninety minute wait can save you exactly nothing and make you pay triple for your car insurance if you've ever been pulled over in your life!

ANNA

You have a D.U.I. Vincent.

VINCE

Yea, but... Ah whatever, I'm just so happy! Happy! Where are we going tonight? We can go anywhere we want baby, we have lift off!

ANNA

Can we go home now?

VINCE

Of course we can. Ah, traffic. I missed traffic. Being stuck next to all these other wonderful strangers.

(to stranger in car)

Hey there! How are ya? Fine day today!?

STRANGER (O.S.)

Go fuck ya self!

ANNA

I really need to pee.

VINCE

I know baby I know. You know I was just thinking, what if miracles do exist? What if good things actually do happen to good--

--Vincent's cell phone RINGS, he promptly picks it up.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Hello?

MOM (O.S.)

Vincent, darling are you already driving?

VINCE

Yea Ma, we're already on the highway doing a hundred n' five.

Vince looks over to Anna giving her a smile.

MOM (O.S.)

Oh Vincent, please! You need to go see my mechanic friend, he will make sure that everything is fine with the car, please, I don't trust those dealers they will tell you anything, please go to the shop now and call me when you get there.

VINCE

Oh come on Ma, is this necessary? The car is fine!

MOM (O.S.)

My love please listen to me! You must go, I can't bear to think you're driving some two wheeled wagon, who knows if the brakes even work! Now go right now, I'll text you the address.

VINCE

Fine then, if it makes you feel better.

MOM (O.S.)

Yes it already does! I love you very much! Call me when you need me.

VINCE

OK, bye ma, love you too.

He hangs up his cell phone.

ANNA

What happened?

VINCE

We gotta go see this mechanic.

ANNA

What? Why? If there's nothing wrong with the car?!

VINCE

Trust me, you think I want to go?

ANNA

Listen, can you just drop me off at home?

VINCE

Come on babe, we'll be quick, in and out I promise. Then we can go wherever we want.

Beat.

ANNA

I'm gonna turn you in and out.

EXT. MECHANIC SHOP - DAY

Its a small rusty dusty shop on a street filled with other auto shops somewhere in South Brooklyn.

The sign on the front reads PASHA'S LUBE & TUBE.

Vince and Anna drive up to the shop.

INT. PASHA'S LUBE & TUBE - DAY

Inside the shop are two men, one is a heavy set African American man by the name of DOODY (40's), and the other is the owner of the shop, PASHA (40's), a mixed breed, speaks with a European accent. He talks with confidence and sucks on a lollipop. He doesn't look like he gets his hands dirty, unlike Doody.

VINCE

Hi, is Pasha here?

Pasha sucks the lollipop out of his mouth.

PASHA

Can I help you?

Vince shakes Pasha's hand.

VINCE

My mom sent me here, she said you should check out the car.

PASHA

Your Mother is a smart woman.
What's the problem?

VINCE

I don't know if there is. It stalled once. My mom just worries a lot, you know how it is.

Pasha takes a look at it, sucking on his lollipop.

PASHA

Why Jaguar?

Anna gives Vince a familiar look.

VINCE

Just take a look at it Pasha, see what's needed to be done. I think she's perfectly fine.

PASHA

Don't you know British cars are like their women. So fucking needy. You will be spending more time with her than your wife.

ANNA
(seriously)
We're not married.

VINCE
(lovingly looks at her)
Yet.

PASHA
Uh-huh. Doody lift her up. Let's
see what's under the skirt.

Doody puts his halal food down and gets in the car. He slams the gas and pulls up to the lift gate.

He rocks his fat ass out of the seat and presses the lift button.

They all watch closely as the car is lifted.

INT. PASHA'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a small room with paint chipping off the walls.

There is a worn small leather couch next to a simple table with a desktop computer.

Pasha takes a seat in his spinning chair and starts to write up a receipt for Vince on a piece of white paper.

On his computer monitor there is a game, the one where you have to match the balloons and pop them all before time runs out.

PASHA
So how much you say you paid for
the car?

VINCE
Only two grand. Awesome right?

PASHA
No, not so awesome when you pay
more to fix it.

Pasha laughs.

VINCE
You're kidding right?

PASHA
Of course!

The door opens and Doody pops in.

DOODY

All de breks have to be changed,
front n back, sometin' leaking
too...

PASHA

OK maybe I was serious. So what do
you want to do? You heard Doody,
and whatever Doody says I trust
him.

VINCE

Of course, anything that has to be
done, I guess.

Anna doesn't like the sound of this.

ANNA

(to Vince)

Wait, are you sure about this?

Vince thinks for a moment.

Pasha pops another balloon in the game.

VINCE

Yeah I'm sure. It has to be done. I
have no choice.

PASHA

(to Doody)

You heard the man.

DOODY

Okay boss!

Doody goes back to work on the car.

VINCE

Damn, I guess mom was right.

PASHA

(writing receipt)

You should always listen to your
Mother, whenever you have the
chance. Because you know, one day,
it's just gonna be too late.

ANNA

(ticked off)

Excuse me, Pasha? How much is this
all gonna cost?

PASHA

I can't know for sure, we will see what else Doody comes up with, but for now, this is what we got.

ANNA

Does Doody usually come up with a lot of stuff?

PASHA

Doody can sniff out a flower in a pile of manure. Trust me.

Pasha hands Vince the receipt.

VINCE

Eight hundred bucks?!

She snatches the receipt from his hand.

ANNA

What?!

VINCE

That can't be right!

PASHA

Parts plus labor, I told you, English maintenance.

ANNA

(to Vince)

Well?

VINCE

Well what, do I have a choice?

(to Pasha)

Do you take cards?

PASHA

Across the street, in the Mc. Dee's there is ATM. You pay when car will be ready.

ANNA

Can I keep this receipt?

PASHA

Sure, but I will need it.

ANNA

Can't you make a copy?

PASHA

Do you see a copy machine anywhere?
There is a copy machine on the next
street.

VINCE

How long will this take Pasha?

PASHA

Well, I will have to order the
parts, because I don't carry these
models, they should be here in one
hour, plus install, so I think...
two hours, it all depends on Doody
and the delivery boy.

Anna leaves the room confused, Vince follows.

VINCE

Great. Let's pray for Doody and the
delivery boy then.

EXT. SOUTH BROOKLYN - DAY

Some what not so friendly part of town. Mc.Dee's, tire shops,
corner bodegas and barber shops. Grey and cold.

Anna and Vince walk down the street, towards the copy
machine.

ANNA

Why are you being so nice to this
guy? I think he's trying to rip us
off.

VINCE

What do you mean? Why wouldn't I be
nice to the guy, he's supposedly my
mom's friend.

ANNA

I don't know, he can't even make a
copy. I mean what kind of business
can't make a copy?

VINCE

What do you want me to do?

ANNA

I'm just saying, this guy just
takes his sweet ass time with
everything.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

He doesn't look too busy, Vince. He just looks like a shady mofo--

VINCE

--So what? Maybe it's just a slow day.

Anna can't believe what she hears.

INT. PRINT & COPY SHOP - DAY

A CHINESE WOMAN (50's), watches Anna and Vince from her counter. Oriental music plays on low in the background.

Anna prepares the receipt to copy while Vince loads some dimes into the machine.

VINCE

I really hope this doesn't take long, all I wanted was to go for a nice ride down the belt parkway.

ANNA

I'm hungry.

The machine prints a copy.

INT. MC. DEE'S - DAY

The fast food chain restaurant is decorated with Christmas lights and advertises a holiday sweepstakes. A cut-out of a big smiley Santa Claus sitting on a pile of cash hangs from the ceiling.

People waiting in line, people eating at the tables.

All the meals are shown in pictures above the counter staff.

Vince takes some cash out of the ATM machine and stands with Anna in line, looking at the over head menu.

VINCE

MC. Dee's for breakfast. Doesn't get healthier than that!

ANNA

I haven't had MC. Dee's breakfast in years. This is actually exciting.

CASHIER

Next!

VINCE

Hi. Could I get a sausage egg and cheese griddle with a side of french toast and french fries? And an orange juice please.

CASHIER

What size fries?

VINCE

Large.

ANNA

I'll have an egg and cheese muffin and a coffee, thanks.

The cashier puts their order in.

VINCE

(turns to Anna)

This is gonna be so good babe. We'll forget about all the bad stuff that's been happening and finally be able to--

--A Trio of THUGS blaze in through the front doors with guns aimed like a god damn tornado.

They all have ski masks on.

THUG #1

Everybody be cool this be a motherfuckin' robbery!

THUG #2 shoots off a few rounds into the ceiling.

THUG#3

Empty out all your wallets and jewelry!

VINCE

Oh shit.

ANNA

Oh shit.

THUG #1

Now I'm gonna come around with this bag and all you have to do is drop your shit inside, that's not so difficult right? Better than getting your fucking head blown off, don't you say?

The crowd hands over their wallets as he passes around with his garbage bag.

A FAT MANAGER in a light blue button down shirt comes out from the kitchen.

FAT MANAGER
Hey what's going on here!?

THUG #2 and #3 aim their shotguns at the manager.

THUG #2
It's your life! Twenty four frames
a second. Sixty seconds a minute.
You wanna bleed now!?

THUG #3
The fancy jewelry too sir, if you
don't mind.

Thug #1 comes up to Vince and Anna with his garbage bag and points the gun at Anna.

VINCE
Please don't shoot!

THUG#1
Run yo shit fool!

Vince goes through his pockets, he's scared shit-less.

Anna takes her wallet out.

It says "Bad Mother Fucker" on it. Thug #1 notices it with great esteem.

THUG #1
Check this shit out! Bad
Muthafucka! You know what, I'ma let
you keep that one darling, you's a
bad muthafucka.

Vince holds his plain black wallet.

VINCE
Don't take my wallet man, please
just take the money!

Thug #1 aims his pistol at Vince.

THUG#1
Watchu think this is? The pick and
choose muthafucka? I said drop that
shit befo I pop this shit!

VINCE
OK, OK!

Vince gives him his wallet and keys while shivering in his pants.

THUG #1

Man I don't want yo keys gimme that chain!

VINCE

My grandma gave me this chain, man.

Thug #1 whistles to his gang.

THUG #1

Yo fellas! Looks like we got ourselves a real Clint Eastwood ova here.

ANNA

Just give it to him Vincent, please!

Vince would rather kill the son of a bitch than give him the chain.

VINCE

(standing up to him)

I ain't giving you my chain.

Thug #1 and Thug #3 have their guns pointed at Vince.

THUG #1

Say that again. I dare you.

Anna is now really scared for Vince.

FAT MANAGER

Just give him what he wants!

A moment of tension.

The crowd is quiet.

Only sizzling from the kitchen is heard.

Vince gives in and takes off his chain.

Thug #1 snatches it.

The thugs take their garbage bags and MC. Dee's bags and bounce as fast as they came.

Everyone is left furiously stunned.

INT. DINING AREA - DAY

Police question the Fat Manager and the Cashier.

Just a couple of tables are taken up. Mostly old folks enjoying their lunch.

Anna and Vince sit at a table for four.

He unwraps his sandwich and takes a sip of his drink.

Vince notices the "Peel and Win for Holiday Cheer of up to \$1,000,000" on the soda.

VINCE

Hey look! We can win something!

ANNA

I don't care.

He peels it.

VINCE

Nice! Free soda and fries!

Vince happily eats and drinks.

The day light outside turns to night.

Vince and Anna, now much more tired and full, sit at the table which is covered in wrappers, drinks and empty burger boxes.

Vince peels another sticker.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Another free egg mc muffin.

Vince burps.

ANNA

Vincent why are you doing this to me?

VINCE

Doing what?

ANNA

This!

VINCE

Well... Last Christmas wasn't so hot... I just wanted to make it up.

Anna begins to tear.

Vince slides next to her and hugs her.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I just wanted this to be a good
one.

ANNA
I had plans, everything was
planned, why did I follow you into
this shit hole?

Vince is somewhat speechless.

VINCE
How do you know?--

Anna cries.

ANNA
--Because I know!

VINCE
OK, OK, take it easy.

ANNA
How long does it take to fix that
fucking car?

Vince's phone rings.

INT. PASHA'S LUBE & TUBE - NIGHT

Vince and Anna step in the shop once again to check on their
car.

Doody is nowhere to be seen but the Jaguar sits quietly.

They walk into the office to find Pasha playing his bubble
game.

PASHA
Ready?

VINCE
(aggressively)
Yeah I'm ready.

He hands Vince the new receipt.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Now its a thousand?! What the fuck
happened Pasha?!

Anna snatches the receipt.

ANNA
What?!

PASHA
We made sure to get all original
parts, right Doody?

Doody sits on the couch.

DOODY
Doody thinks car very bad.

VINCE
This is half what I paid for the
damn car!

ANNA
(to Vince, furiously)
Just give him the money, It's not
like it's coming out of your
wallet!

Vince reluctantly counts up a grand in cash and hands it to
Pasha.

EXT. PASHA'S LUBE & TUBE - NIGHT

Vince and Anna drive out of the shop, Pasha and Doody wave
them goodbye.

Pasha counts his stash of cash, with a smile on his face.

Doody scratches his ass.

PASHA
Merry Christmas!

INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

Vince and Anna, not saying much to each other, drive home.

Vince finally decides to break the silence.

VINCE
What a day. Well at least we're
finally driving home.

ANNA

I'm so fucking tired.

VINCE

How can I help detective? I'm so sorry about all of this. I meant for us to have a really great Christmas day. Thanks Mom!

ANNA

I need Christmas like I need a hole in my head.

Vince hits his steering wheel.

VINCE

(to God)

Damn this traffic! There's just no chance of having a good freakin' time, is there?

ANNA

Let's just get home safely, please.

VINCE

Forget this, I'm going local.

ANNA

Are you sure?

VINCE

Yes, there's just no fucking way.

Vince pulls out of the coming exit, suddenly the car starts to lose power and he begins to feel something is wrong.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What the?

Vince presses the gas pedal but the car only rolls in idle.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Oh no, no, no.

Vince keeps slamming on the pedal but the car only makes a squealing sound.

LAURA

Why is it making that noise?

VINCE

There's no power! I'm pressing the gas but there's no fucking power!

ANNA

Oh no. Just try to pull it over
somewhere.

VINCE

Oh my god, I'm gonna fucking kill
myself.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Stranded in the middle of a not so friendly neighborhood,
Vince and Anna stand by their car.

Vince kicks the tire.

VINCE

What a piece of shit!

ANNA

Don't make me say it Vincent.

VINCE

Oh shut up! You! My mom! Pasha!
Fucking Doody! Why can't you all
just let me be happy for once? Why
must you all shit on everything?

ANNA

I don't know about Pasha and what
he did to this poor car, but me and
your Mother weren't shitting on
anything. And weren't trying to
stop you from being happy. Don't
you get it? We were trying to save
you the whole time from exactly
this!

VINCE

That's a load of horse shit! The
car was fine.

ANNA

Are you seriously blaming this on
me right now I mean, it even
stalled when we were driving out of
that shady dealer!

VINCE

Oh fuck it! I'm giving them this
piece of shit right back. And
demand all of my money back. I
can't believe I just wasted over
three grand!

Vince wants to cry as he kicks his car some more.

ANNA

You won't get any of your money
back if you keep kicking it.

INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

A large hispanic TOWMAN drives the truck with the Jaguar on
the flat bed in the rear.

He has a perfectly shaped beard and a New York Yankees cap.

TOWMAN

You guys wanna hear something
funny? This is the third Jaguar I
pick up today.

Vince and Anna don't find it amusing at all.

ANNA

(threatening)
Please.

TOWMAN

You should really try to look past
all this, it's Christmas after all.

VINCE

I could give a rats ass if you were
the pope himself.

Towman seems offended.

TOWMAN

Well Merry Christmas to you too.

Vince and Anna are not having a great time at all.

The Jaguar jerks back and forth on the tow bed from all the
bumps and pot holes of the city.

INT. USED CAR LOT TRAILER - NIGHT

A fat Italian American man, resembling some what of a
prehistoric dinosaur, sits at his desk smoking a cigar. He
looks over some papers, he is the BOSS (50's).

Jerry the salesman stands by.

Vince sits in a chair in front of the Boss awaiting
judgement.

BOSS

So you's want your money back, is that what it is?

VINCE

Yes please.

BOSS

I hate to tell ya, but I ain't in the business of just givin' kids their moneys back if something goes wrong with the car, this ain't some hipster dealership you might be used to.

VINCE

Listen sir, it's not our fault the car was fucked up, it had problems as soon we drove it out of here.

BOSS

First of all, I ain't got no broken cars on the lot. Second, if you knew something was wrong and you still drove it out, that's on you pop n fresh and now you just wastin' my time.

VINCE

I'm telling you the car stalled on our way out!

BOSS

Jerry, did the car have any problems?

JERRY

(timidly)

No, of course not, sir.

BOSS

And why not Jerry?

JERRY

Because you'd never have a car with problems on this lot, sir, we only deal with premium quality automobiles.

BOSS

Spoken like a true salesman. You see... Vincent. The customer is not always right.

VINCE

This is bull shit, sir! And you know it!

BOSS

Kid, the moment you pull off that lot, you can forget about it, now go on, scram!

VINCE

(standing, furious)

You know you fucking guys screwed me on this! Now give me back my money or I'm coming here with a fucking lawyer, don't fool yourself into thinking I'm some dumb kid, who just stumbled out of his mother's womb and ended up in your fucking lap sucking on a tit! You better give me my fucking money or you're better off killing me right here, right fucking now!

Boss takes a moment to puff his cigar.

BOSS

I'll give you five hundred, that's the best I could do.

VINCE

Well you might as well then just bend me over and call me Sally and don't forget to fucking put lipstick on me!

BOSS

(shouting)

Alright no one raises their voice in my office besides me!

VINCE

(calmer)

OK. I'm sorry, I usually never do that. This car was just nothing but a pain in my ass.

Boss gives Vince the five hundred bucks in cash.

BOSS

Now get lost.

VINCE
Yeah, nice doing business with you
too, ass holes. Thanks Jerry, I
thought I could count on you.

Jerry looks guilty.

JERRY
I'm sorry Vincent.

Vince steps out of the trailer.

BOSS (O.S.)
He wants his money back.

Boss proceeds to laugh.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - NIGHT

Vince leaves, furious, Anna smokes a cigarette waiting for
him.

VINCE
Let's go babe.

ANNA
Did you get your money back?

VINCE
I'm calling a lawyer, this is bull
shit.

Vince lights up a smoke.

ANNA
Can we go home before you do
anything?

VINCE
Please. That's all I want to do.

Vince grabs her hand and they walk towards the subway
station.

JERRY
Merry Christmas!

Vince and Anna don't pay any mind and keep walking.

Jerry steps up to the Jaguar, he sees some trash inside.

He opens the door and takes a paper cup from MC. Dee's out.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Oh look, they forgot to peel this
one.

Jerry peels the sticker, his eyes bulge with shock.

CHAPTER SIX - NIGHT SHIFT

GEORGE CHRISTMAS went missing the night of December 24th,
2011.

Police have closed and stamped the case: Unsolved.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

George (early 60's), strolls down the street on his way to
work, wearing his elegant black doorman uniform accompanied
by a hat. Underneath his weariness lies a gentle and dreamy
man that can spark a conversation with almost anyone.

He notices something flying in the sky, quickly passing the
moon, resembling a bunch of reindeer. He thinks it may have
been an illusion.

GEORGE
I'm getting too old for this.

He keeps on strolling.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

A grand apartment lobby with a fully loaded security desk
packed with intercoms and TV cameras.

There are Christmas decorations on the windows and walls.

There's also a nice big tree with fake presents underneath.

George enters in his slow strut.

ROGER (32), George's co-worker, sits at the front desk. He's
a large, Hispanic manly bear. Has a small pony tale and walks
with a swag.

ROGER
Hey Georgie, merry Christmas!

GEORGE
Just another day.

Roger gets up.

ROGER
And another dollar!

Roger gives George a hug.

ROGER (CONT'D)
God damn, you shower today?

Roger gives a reluctant George a pound on the hand.

GEORGE
Don't you have someone else to
sniff?

ROGER
Damn. Well I'm about to get me some
happy Christmas and Thanksgiving
all in one, you know what I'm
sayin'? Apartment sixty-nine, baby.
She finally gonna give it up!

GEORGE
Just don't bring back any
souvenirs.

ROGER
I thought it was a time of giving?

Roger tries to do a little hip twerk but it doesn't really
work.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Holiday sexo!

Roger leaves, dancing with his flash light hanging from his
baggy dress pants. George doesn't really care much for
dancing.

He looks at his desk and sees Roger left behind a mess like
always: trays full of bones from a generous amount of spare
ribs and empty soda cans scattered all around.

The garbage can is already full from all his other shit.

He takes a new garbage bag and dumps all the junk in there.

He tidies up. Wiping the desk down with a paper towel.

Everything is clean.

He finally takes a seat and relaxes.

George checks the clock, it reads 11:45 PM.

He leans back and closes his eyes.

It feels so good. It's quiet except for the occasional car passing by.

Suddenly, a loud BANG is heard from the elevator shaft.

George scurries, not knowing what the hell that was.

Another loud BANG. As if a car crashed into a large pipe.

He carefully walks towards the elevator.

He clicks the call button.

The elevator starts coming down.

GEORGE
(into his walkie)
Roger, did you hear that? Over.

Walkie BEEPS.

ROGER
(through walkie)
Negative.

HOLIDAY GIRL
(through walkie)
Oh papi...

George pretends he didn't hear that.

The elevator arrives. Doors open.

He peeks in, everything seems fine.

George heads back to his security desk.

He takes a seat at the chair.

All his monitors seem alright. Everything IS fine.

There is a calendar next to him, he marks the 24th of December out with a big cross.

At this moment he hears a noise come from the elevator shaft again, super loud.

His attention is turned to the heavy set IRISH MAN (30's), a man who likes to drink and have a good time. He wears an Irish style hat strolling in through the front doors with two promiscuous WEST ASIAN GIRLS, dressed in skimpy dresses and seductive looks on their faces.

GEORGE
Hello sir, merry Christmas.

IRISH MAN
Ah Georgie! Merry fucking Christmas
to you lad! How'd you like to come
upstairs with us, give it a proper
celebration?

He wiggles his bottle of liquor, the girls giggle.

GEORGE
Thank you sir, but you know I
really can't.

IRISH MAN
Thought I should ask anyway!

Irish Man takes some bills out his pocket and puts it in the
breast pocket of George's jacket.

IRISH MAN (CONT'D)
To you and yours! Now if you don't
mind, I'm gonna head upstairs and
sort these gals out.

George calls the elevator for them, still curious about the
earlier noises.

GEORGE
Of course, you have a lovely night.

Irish man takes the ladies by their hips and walks into the
elevator.

ASIAN GIRL #1
(smiling)
Good night!

ASIAN GIRL #2
(waving and giggling)

The elevator doors close.

BEEP. BEEP.

George glances at the small TV camera at his desk and
realizes it's been jammed.

There is no signal.

He bumps the TV but that obviously doesn't do anything.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A frustrated and curious George walks outside of the building and sees that the camera on the side of the wall is completely jammed to a different position.

He wonders how that could have happened, it's high enough for no one to be able to reach it.

He rushes back inside and heads for the janitor's closet.

As he looks for something, two men come strolling in their flamboyant suits and their eight year old kid.

TENANT #1 (47), and TENANT #2 (52), are a married couple of middle aged men, who dress fancy and buy expensive things. They are eccentric and can be lady-like.

Their kid, ELVIS (8), on the other hand is one naughty little fucker. He's got a bad mouth and energy like a bunny rabbit.

TENANT #1

Oh Georgie! Where are you? Where is that boy?

Elvis runs in looking for George.

TENANT #2

He's always up to something! That sweet heart!

ELVIS

Hey dick head, where are you?

George rushes out in response to the obnoxious kid.

TENANT #2

Elvis!

The tenants cover the boys mouth.

TENANT #1

Excuse us George, we just wanted to wish you a very merry Christmas. Keep up the good work.

ELVIS

Hey George why don't you come upstairs and play with me?

TENANT #2

George has to work, Elvis. One day hopefully you will too.

George just stands there with his flash light and a broom.

Tenant #1 holds the boy tight, but he breaks free.

ELVIS
(running)
Merry Christmas ass holes!

Elvis runs around them and laughs, for him it's a circus of delight.

Tenant #1 takes out some cash for George.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
(having a blast)
I said merry Christmas ass holes!

TENANT #2
(to George)
How is everything so far? Are you enjoying your holidays?

GEORGE
Yes, sir. I am enjoying my holidays.

TENANT #2
I think we should go now, come on Elvis..!

ELVIS
No! In my ass, dad--

TENANT#1
--Enough!

Tenant #1 grabs Elvis' mouth shut.

Tenant #2 gives George a twenty dollar bill.

GEORGE
It's OK. Sometimes I'd love to speak my mind too.

They exchange an awkward laugh.

They walk to the elevator.

ELVIS
Did you hear me Daddy? I said in my-

--Tenant #2 covers Elvis' mouth once again.

Elevator doors close.

George comes back to his desk.

He flips out his walkie.

GEORGE
(into walkie)
Roger are you there?

George curiously looks up, tries to listen in on something, but silence for the moment, then STATIC.

This time when George looks at the monitors they're ALL DOWN.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
Roger! I need your help over here,
camera systems are down. What's
your status?

STATIC.

George throws the walkie on the desk.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A luxury apartment elevator with an elegant wooden trim.

There are a few Christmas decorations hanging from the top.

Light Christmas jingles play in the background.

The elevator goes up ten floors until it jams and comes to a stop.

George tries to press some buttons but nothing happens.

GEORGE
(into walkie)
I'm stuck in the elevator, help,
over.

No response.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
Roger?!

Still no response.

The lights inside the elevator shut off due to inactivity.

He doesn't know what to do, he tries to pry the doors open with his hands.

He gives it everything he has, all of his strength.

The door finally reveals a slit of light but they are just too strong.

They shut close.

He attempts to call for help, pressing the emergency button.

The elevator makes a sudden leap down some floors and comes to a halt.

George loses his balance and falls to the floor. He knocks on the metallic doors and shouts out for anyone to help him, but no one responds.

Still complete darkness.

George whispers a prayer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

After a moment...

The elevator makes a sudden drop again.

George holds on for his dear life.

BANG. It comes to a sudden bone breaking stop.

The lights go back on. Everything seems to be working.

The doors open. He is on the lobby floor.

George shows a sign of relief, his eyes are teary and his nerves are shaken.

He wipes the sweat away and takes a breath as he stumbles out of the elevator.

The building starts to shake. Violently.

George uses the wall to guide him back to the desk.

He's terrified, the entire building seems as if it will collapse any moment.

He falls to his knees and crawls down the grand hallway towards the front door.

Suddenly, a moment of silence and car alarms.

George cautiously gets back up on his feet.

A BRIGHT LIGHT fills the entire lobby.

George is blinded, he tries hard to see.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Roger?!

A loud musical note rings through the skies and everything begins to violently shake again. Suddenly, the great light vanishes in a vacuum. George's walkie talkie falls to the floor. He, himself is nowhere to be seen.

6 MONTHS LATER

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

It's a warm summer night in this outside garden dressed for a beautiful but modest wedding reception.

There are people dancing, drinking and having a good time. A drunk Father calls for his wife, Danny, Loverboy, Vince, Anna, Kyle and his newly wed Laura comes running in her beautiful white gown and last but not least, Aaron who holds a photo of George as they all pose for a family picture.

SNAP!

Epilogue:

After all the holiday chaos, Kyle was finally able to show Laura her real gift to which she proceeded to slap him while she agreed to be his lawfully wedded wife.

Aaron has done a total of zero favors for any of his friends since the incident. He hopes next Christmas will be quite spectacular now that he's seeing Tasha full time.

Father has finally put down the bottle after his brother, George went missing. He blames the government, "George was always too smart for his own good". Good ol' Danny moved out of the house to start his own life of becoming a writer in Hollywood.

Not much has changed for Vincent except that he hates his job even more now and has planned a cross country motorcycle tour down to the tip of South America.

Anna doesn't know about this, and neither does he about her being three months pregnant.

As for Loverboy, he's been on house arrest ever since his last fiery encounter and is under a constant watchful eye. Nevertheless he's much fired up about next years Christmas.

George hasn't been seen ever since the night of the 24th. Roger has played a major part in posting flyers all across the city. Until further details arise, police have closed and stamped the case "unsolved".

THE END