

SUBCULTURED 3: Subchristmas
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The morning of Christmas Eve. Keith's house. Breakfast table. KEITH and SHELTON are sitting, eating.

SHELTON takes a bite into a rock hard muffin. He grunts in pain and throw it down on the table. It goes through the table and gets lodged into the floor.

SHELTON (annoyed):
Dad, these aren't even edible! How'm I supposed to grow?!

KEITH:
You didn't even eat your wrapper!

SHELTON:
You gotta stop shoppin' at that discount grocery store! I'm losin' all my teeth!

KEITH (defensive):
Oh ey, come on, they're just baby ones, right?

SHELTON (angry):
Dad, I'm sixteen! These are my MAN teeth!

KEITH (soothing):
Alright, alright, just calm down, eat your cereal instead.

Pause

SHELTON:
There ain't no raisins in this Raisin Bran!

KEITH:
Heh. heh. So it's just Bran... Bran? Eheheh.

SHELTON:
It's not funny! It's gross!

KEITH:
Okay Shelton, take it easy man. It's Christmas eve! I took this day off so I could spend some time with you and your sister. Charlie's all by himself back at the station.

CUT to CHARLIE at the police station. He's sitting by the phone looking depressed. The

phone rings. Close-up of CHARLIE as he hears the echo of KEITH's voice: "It's the telePHONE..." He picks it up.

PHONE:
Police?

CHARLIE (tearing up):
It's CHARLIE! Doesn't anyone wanna talk to CHARLIE!?

CUT to Keith's house.

KEITH:
Where is Borbeisha anyway?

SHELTON:
Leave me alone, fatty!

KEITH:
Hey. I'm your dad. Aren't you supposed to idolize me or something?
SHELTON:
You're fat! You're fat and you're ugly!

KEITH grumbles and walks off.

CUT to BORBEISHA's room. She's sitting on her bed, music blasting.

KEITH opens the door (from the outside)

KEITH:
Borbor! Come down and have breakfast with your family!

BORBEISHA:
We're not a family. Where's mom?

KEITH:
She's gone, okay? I'm your mother now.

BORBEISHA (sarcastic):
Are you still my dad?

KEITH:
Sure why not.

BORBEISHA:
You can't be mom... you're all masculine.

KEITH (annoyed):
What you want me to do? Put on a dress?!

BORBEISHA looks at his outfit.

KEITH (defensive):
Hey! It's a poncho! Police poncho!

Pause.

KEITH (insistent):
It's bulletproof.

Pause.

KEITH:
Just come downstairs, alright?

CUT to downstairs living room. KEITH and BORBEISHA walk in.

KEITH:
Shelton! Get in here!

SHELTON enters.

KEITH:
Okay, now I know you two are sorta bummed out, so I brought a friend over to help remind you what Christmas is all about.

Long pause. KEITH looks off somewhere.

KEITH:
Come on, man!

DENNIS enters.

DENNIS: Well, hello girls and boys! (pause) Girl and boy. (pause) Do you know who I am?

SHELTON:
Aragorn?

DENNIS: Wh-

BORB:

Johnny Depp?

DENNIS (flattered):
Oh, well thank you, but-

KEITH:
Charlie?

Pause.

DENNIS:
Keith, it's me. Dennis.

KEITH (blank face):
Den-nis.

Noises are heard on the roof. Everyone looks up.

SHELTON:
What's that noise?

BORBEISHA (smiling):
It's Santa!

KEITH (dramatic):
No! It's a bugger!

KEITH busts out his gun. Dramatic music starts.

KEITH:
Dennis! Cover me!

Dennis doesn't do anything. KEITH leaves the house, leaps into the snow, then aims toward the roof.

KEITH:
I gonna bolt you like a turkey, turkey!

DENNIS walks out the door.

DENNIS:
How do I cover you?

KEITH:

Shut up! You'll blow my cover!

DENNIS:
But didn't you-

KEITH:
Quiet!

KEITH suddenly spots his prey.

KEITH:
Aim and fiyah!

KEITH shoots toward the roof. Brief pause. CHANG, wearing a toque with a pom-pom, and holding a gift, comes sliding down the roof on his butt, and falls awkwardly into the snow.

KEITH:
Chang?!

CHANG:
Hello.

KEITH:
What're you doin'!?

CHANG:
I was delivering your christmas gift.

KEITH:
On the roof?

CHANG:
I was feeling jolly.

Pause.
KEITH:

C'mon, let's go inside.

CUT to indoors.

KEITH:
Oh man, where'd my kids go?

DENNIS:
They went upstairs to cry.

KEITH:
Borbeisha too?! Oh man.

KEITH leaves the scene. Pause.

DENNIS holds out mistletoe.

DENNIS:
Look Chang, mistletoe!

CHANG:
The correct pronunciation is "missile" (miss-ahyl)

DENNIS:
Huh? What're you english or something?

CHANG:
No. I am chinese.

DENNIS:
But you could've been born in england, right?

CHANG:
Wrong.

Pause. Keith comes back.

DENNIS:
Are your kids okay?

KEITH:
I went to the bathroom.

DENNIS:
Ew.

KEITH:
Shelton and Borbor have always been difficult. It sucks.

CHANG:

Do you wish to share your issues with a buddy?

KEITH:

Uh... I dunno... do you have a lot of problems with Chang Junior?

CHANG:

Yes.

KEITH:

Oh. Where is he anyway?

CHANG:

He is at the police station with Charlie.

CUT to police station. CHARLIE and JUNIOR are sitting on the floor playing rock paper scissors.

CHARLIE & JUNIOR:

Rock, paper, scissors!

JUNIOR picks scissors. CHARLIE has no fingers. Just a stick arm.

JUNIOR (frustrated):

Oh come on, what is that?!

CHARLIE:

Alright-alright, let's try it again.

CUT back to KEITH's house.

KEITH:

(sigh) I just... can't see a possible resolution to my familial dissonance within the next few minutes. How? How could this conclude?!

Introductory "Jesus is a Black Man" beats fade in.

KEITH, CHANG, and DENNIS exchange looks. Nothing happens.

DENNIS:

Why don't you try a heart to heart talk with emotional music in the background?

KEITH:

Hmm... that just might work, Charlie.

DENNIS:
Dennis.

KEITH:
Dennis.

CHANG:
Charlie.

KEITH:
Charlie.

DENNIS:
No!

KEITH:
No!

CHANG:
No!

Pause.

CUT to KEITH with BORBEISHA and SHELTON. Emotional Full House type music is playing.

KEITH:
Borbeisha. Shelton. Listen to me.

SHELTON (angry):
Why you say her name first?!

KEITH grunts frustration, regains his composure with a grunt.

KEITH:
Look, you know I love you both very much.

BORBEISHA:
Ew dad, don't be gay.

KEITH (defensive):
I'm not being gay! I like ladies.

SHELTON:
Ew dad, don't be straight.

KEITH:

(grunts frustration again) Look I'm just tryin' to-

SHELTON and BORBEISHA leave.

KEITH (furious):

Hey! HEY! Come back here! It's Christmas Eve!! Jesus'll get you for this!

Pan over to see DENNIS next to KEITH.

DENNIS (chipper):

No I won't. I forgive everybody!

KEITH:

Shut up.

END.