

ERIC

"My Two Debt-Collecting Dads"

By E.J. Rupert

Jimmy Rupe Productions
Milwaukee, WI 53225
(414) 550-0547
ejrupert@yahoo.com
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INT. TIMMY'S PLACE - DAY

Customers eat, drink, and CHATTER at the local restaurant.

SFX: Phone RINGS.

The restaurant owner, TIMMY ROBERTS, 40's, white, answers it.

TIMMY

Timmy's Place. Home of the notorious
Timmy Burger!

IKE, the bartender, black, whispers in Timmy's ear.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

(to Ike)

Hey, Biggie used that word, so it must
mean, "good"!

(back on the phone)

Oh, hey! Want your usual order?

(pause)

Oh. All right, I'll tell him.

He hangs up.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Dimmey!

Timmy's son, DENNIS "DIMMEY" ROBERTS, 16, approaches him.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Tell 'em it's time.

DIMMEY

Oh, right! Okay.

Dimmey runs upstairs to their residence. DR. SYD the mole
lies on the couch and watches TV.

DIMMEY (CONT'D)

Hey, tell your stupid friend that it's
time!

Dr. Syd leaps up and runs to the kitchen. OLIVER DUCK
sits at the table and eats.

SFX: Dr. Syd SQUEAKS.

(NOTE: Oliver speaks telepathically throughout, written
in *italics*.)

OLIVER
Not now. Eating pizza.

SFX: Dr. Syd SQUEAKS more forcefully!

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 (gasps)
*"It's time"? Why didn't you so? Let's go!
 Tell that stupid kid we need a ride!*

They both race away.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: "EARLIER THAT WEEK"

FADE IN:

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Nelson house is adorned with Christmas decorations. The Nelsons' maid, CYNTHIA McNAIR, 30's, Puerto Rican, walks in the house with some bags. Following her are her kids, POLLY, 10, and PABLO, 7, who grunt as they carry some bags.

CYNTHIA
 Right into the kitchen, kids.

ERIC NELSON, 16, black, approaches them.

ERIC
 Hey, you went shopping, huh?

POLLY
 You're very observant.

The three walk into the kitchen.

ERIC
 (calls out)
 Love that holiday cheer, Polly!

Eric's stepfather, MATT JAMES, 40's, black, wearing a shirt and tie, enters the house.

MATT
 Hey, son! Where's your mom?
 (calls out)
 Rhonda!

Eric's mother, RHONDA NELSON-JAMES, 40's, comes down the stairs.

RHONDA
What's going on, honey?

MATT
You're both looking at an almost-employed man!

RHONDA
(hugs and kisses him)
That's great!

ERIC
Yeah! Where at?

MATT
Hamilton, Hamilton, & Simon!

ERIC
A lawyer firm?

MATT
Well, not quite.

RHONDA
Wait, isn't that place that keeps calling you AND me for that hospital bill?

ERIC
A debt collector??

MATT
Yep! But it'll only be for the holiday. If I'm good enough, though, they might keep me longer!

RHONDA
But why would you wanna join a place that keeps trying to tear you down?

MATT
I need the money! Besides, hey, if you can't beat them, join them!

ERIC
But don't you still have to pay your bill?

MATT
Eric, go to your room.

RHONDA

Hey, at least you'll have money to buy us gifts!

MATT

(smirks)

Now there's the Christmas spirit.

ERIC

Why not act that way, Matt? It ain't like we believe in Santa!

Polly and Pablo enter the room, walking behind Eric.

MATT

Uh, Eric...

ERIC

What? Santa's not real!

RHONDA

(clears her throat)

Eric...

ERIC

Guys, we ain't kids. I know Santa Claus doesn't exist. What's wrong with me repeatedly saying that Santa Claus isn't real? I can't believe you want me to stop saying that Santa Claus isn't real! So let's wait for Matt to buy us everything!

MATT

Look behind you, egghead.

Eric turns around and sees Polly and Pablo. Pablo runs back into the kitchen.

PABLO

Mom!

ERIC

(to Polly)

You guys didn't know?

POLLY

I do. Nice, Eric.

Polly follows Pablo out. Eric's parents look at him.

ERIC

Yeah, I'll go to my room.

Eric walks away.

EXT. SUBS N' SUCH - DAY

MARTY O'DELL and his girlfriend, GINA RICHARDS, are a football player and a cheerleader, respectively, both 20's, black, and they wear their uniforms. Marty drives them in his car to the drive-thru window. The cashier, PAULETTA, black, hands Marty their order.

PAULETTA

Here's your sandwich. Have a nice day.

MARTY

Wait, I thought it was BOGO.

PAULETTA

Yeah, you bought one sandwich, you got one sandwich!

MARTY

But where's the other one?

PAULETTA

(looks confused)

"Other one"?

Her manager, SHARON ROSS, 20's, black, who is pregnant, waddles over to her.

SHARON

Uh, Pauletta, I'll take it from here. You go and make the sandwich.

PAULETTA

"Other one"?

Pauletta walks away.

SHARON

(in a dreamy voice)

Hi, Martin!

MARTY

Hey, Sharon!

GINA

(to Marty, slightly angrily)

"Martin"?

MARTY

Sharon, this is my girlfriend, Gina.

SHARON

Oh, just like Martin and Gina from that old show, "Martin"?

MARTY

(sternly)

No! My name is Marty O'Dell! Marty! And this is Gina Richards!

SHARON

Oh, sorry. Your girlfriend is very pretty.

GINA

Thank you. So are you.

SHARON

Are we still on for this weekend?

MARTY

I am if you are!

SHARON

Alright, well, pull over. I'll bring your order out.

(lustfully)

It'll be big, juicy, and...hot.

MARTY

But I ordered a cold sandwich.

SHARON

(normal voice)

Oh. Right.

Marty and Gina drive away and stop in a parking space.

GINA

Care to explain?

MARTY

That's her, Gina! She'll be part of our threesome!

GINA

A pregnant woman??

MARTY

So you know she won't be attached to us!

GINA

Wait, what about my idea, to have Billy join us instead?

MARTY

No way, that's nasty! I ain't gonna be swapping swords with him!

GINA

Well, I don't wanna swap...uh, purses!

MARTY

"Purses"?

GINA

Whatever! Why's it okay when two women get together but not two men?

MARTY

The best sex stories come from girl-on-girl! You never hear about a man-woman-man ménage!

GINA

Well, what if we include both a man and woman? I don't know, make it a foursome?

MARTY

Billy chickened out when it was gonna be three of us. How's it gonna be now?

GINA

(scoffs)

Billy and Sharon already got this idea in their heads. How much more could faze them?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Matt, wearing a shirt and tie again, enters an office full of employees wearing headsets, sitting at their cubicles, and CHATTING on the phones. He approaches LAURIE ADAMS, a white lady who stands outside of her personal office.

LAURIE

Oh, hi. The garbage is over there, sir.

MATT

(chuckles)

I'm not wearing a tie to pick up garbage, Ms. Adams. I'm Matthew James. You interviewed me a few days ago. I was in the area and wanted to follow up with you personally.

LAURIE

Oh, right. I'm sorry, Mr. James, but the spot has already been filled.

MATT

Oh. Well, thank you for your time.

LAURIE

If it makes you feel any better, it was a tough choice between you and the other guy. He is very energetic, flamboyant, and pretty charming!

MATT

(pause)

Oh no. It can't be.

Rhonda's ex-husband, JUNIOR, 40's, black, sways into the area. He wears a suit and tie, and sports his usual large Afro but without his trademark headband.

JUNIOR

Wassup, boss lady!! Thank you again for giving me a chance!

(to Matt)

Matt, you're working here, too?

MATT

No, thanks to you! It's always thanks to you! Every time!

JUNIOR

Hey, I need some money for Christmas! Buy gifts for my women!

MATT

Me too! For my woman! You remember her, the one you kicked to the curb?

JUNIOR

Oh, you won't let that go, will you?

They both bicker. A white COWORKER approaches Laurie.

COWORKER

You should bring them both on. It'll be great for us!

LAURIE

You're right.

The coworker walks away.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Mr. James, a spot just opened up! Can you start today?

MATT

Uh, yeah! That's great!

JUNIOR

(puts his arm around Matt)
Hey, look at that! We'll be working together!

MATT

Yahoo.

JUNIOR

Oh, that reminds me. Something just came up. Laurie, I need to take the rest of the week off.

He walks away.

MATT

He can just do that??

LAURIE

Hey, don't look at me. I'm taking the rest of the week off, too!

She hands him a list of papers.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Here's a list of phone numbers and a script. All you have to do is read it off. Later!

Laurie runs away.

MATT

(reads)
"This is an attempt to collect a debt."
(repeats)
"This is an attempt to collect a debt."
Okay. It doesn't seem that hard.

He sits down at a cubicle and puts on a headset. He dials a number on the phone.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SFX: Cell phone RINGS.

Matt answers it.

MATT

Hello?

(pause)

Oh, great. The first person I call is me!

He hangs up the phone, then pauses.

MATT (CONT'D)

Wait, what just happened?

He looks around confused.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Polly and Pablo sit on the couch and watch TV. Eric enters the room from the kitchen. He turns back around, but Rhonda is shown pushing Eric back out into the living room.

ERIC

Hey, Pablo. I'm sorry for what I said earlier.

PABLO

Oh.

ERIC

Well, I didn't know you were here when I said that. Why are ya'll always here, anyway?

POLLY

(to Pablo)

What Eric means to say is that he misspoke.

PABLO

What do you mean?

ERIC

When I said there wasn't no Santa Claus, I meant that there wasn't one for us minorities. Me being Black, ya'll being Latino.

Polly and Pablo look at him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

But I realized that I was wrong. There is a Santa Claus for us...a separate one.

POLLY

What makes him separate?

ERIC

He isn't white, first of all. Why should we have to give our orders to the "white man", huh? No, he's...black!

PABLO

I didn't know they had different Santas for minorities.

ERIC

That's what they don't want you to know! They don't teach ya'll that at schools!

POLLY

So there's one for Latinos, too?

ERIC

(sternly)

He's Puerto Rican, so he covers both our races!

POLLY

Interesting. Tell me, Eric, where does he live?

ERIC

Well, instead of the North Pole, he lives in the South Pole.

POLLY

How come?

ERIC

He had to move his workshop to the suburbs...due to the...uh, drive-by...snowball fights and...reindeer-jackings.

PABLO

That's a little hard to believe.

POLLY

Yeah, I would have to see it to believe it, right, Pablo?

PABLO

Yeah!

ERIC

Uh, I'll have to get back to you on that.

Eric heads to his room.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(to Polly)
You're having fun with this, ain't ya?

POLLY
Wouldn't you?

ERIC
That's not the point.

Eric exits.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Matt speaks on the phone at his desk, wearing his headset.

MATT
Yes, when do you think you'll be able to
make a payment?
(pause)
Next Friday?
(pause)
That's good. I'll call you then. Thank
you.

He hangs up and takes his headset off.

MATT (CONT'D)
That's my 30 for the day.

He stands up and addresses Junior, who is in the cubicle next to him.

MATT (CONT'D)
Junior, how are you do--

Junior holds up his finger to Matt, signaling, "Wait a minute." He also speaks on the phone with his headset on.

JUNIOR
Listen here, you never should have taken
out that loan!
(pause)
No excuses, pal!
(pause)
You better call next week, 'cuz you don't
want me to call you back!
(pause)
Merry Christmas!

Junior hangs up with force and SLAMS his headset on the desk.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(to Matt)

It's all good!

Laurie approaches them.

LAURIE

Hey, fellas. Matt, you're doing a wonderful job.

MATT

Thanks, Laurie.

LAURIE

But Junior, you're doing outstanding! 300 calls a day!

JUNIOR

Hey, get in, get out. Just like my dates!

LAURIE

(chuckles)

Oh, my! Well, it's time for our luncheon. Come on, guys.

Laurie leaves.

MATT

300 calls? I don't believe it!

JUNIOR

Hey, it ain't easy, especially today. I got hung up on, got a, "But Scrooge, it's Christmas"...you know, sarcasm...and a few death threats. But it's no different from what I get from my exes.

MATT

Well, I better stay behind and catch up to you.

JUNIOR

Matt, you don't wanna be that black guy who don't wanna participate in office stuff. Come on.

MATT

(sighs)

All right. Hey, speaking of that, are we the only brothers here?

JUNIOR

I don't know. Who cares? More white girls for me! Heh, heh!

Matt and Junior gather with the other employees in front of Laurie.

LAURIE

Welcome to our annual luncheon! And we have another treat for you! Now, due to cut funds, we couldn't get a Santa Claus to come here this year. But we got the next best thing! All the way from the north...-west side of Milwaukee, Krismas Klauz!

SFX: SCATTERED APPLAUSE from the employees.

KRISMAS KLAUZ, a black man donning a white, dingy Santa hat, a dirty, grey beard, and a wrinkled, red, track suit, enters the room. He stumbles a little as he walks and slurs his words throughout.

KRISMAS KLAUZ

Yo ho ho! Gimme a bottle of rum! Heh, heh, heh!

LAURIE

(to Krismas Klauz)

There you go. It's our gift to you!

Krismas Klauz picks up a bottle with a red bow on it.

KRISMAS KLAUZ

Now that's what I call, "Christmas spirit"! Heh, heh! Now I come with a big sack of goodies. I also have a bag of gifts! Heh, heh, heh! Help yourselves!

He opens the bag, and employees dig in the bag. Matt and Junior stand to the side.

JUNIOR

(to Matt)

Pretty cool, huh?

MATT

I'd rather have coal in my stocking.

Krismas Klaus approaches them.

KRISMAS KLAUZ

Ain't ya'll gonna get a gift?

MATT

No rush.

KRISMAS KLAUZ

Aww, don't be like that! Oh, by the way,
it's good to finally see some color in
here!

MATT

What do you mean?

KRISMAS KLAUZ

(to Junior)

Come on, William! We need to catch up,
anyway!

Junior leaves with Krismas Klauz. A white MALE EMPLOYEE
walks past Matt.

MALE EMPLOYEE

Hey, where are the tokens?

MATT

(shocked)

"Tokens"??

The employee approaches Matt.

MALE EMPLOYEE

Yeah, we each get a token for the raffle.

Matt SIGHS in relief.

MALE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Come get one, Matt. You don't wanna be
the only black guy to not participate,
right?

The employee leaves.

MATT

Hmmph.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Polly and Pablo sit on the couch and watch TV.

SFX: KNOCK on the front door.

Cynthia walks to the door.

CYNTHIA

(bellows)

Hark! Who goes there?

The kids face Cynthia, who looks out the window.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Why, it's a special visitor for Pablo!

PABLO

Really?

Cynthia opens the door. Eric, wearing a Santa suit and fake beard, walks in.

ERIC

(in a Santa-esque voice)

Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas, Pablo!

PABLO

Santa! What a surprise!

POLLY

Hey, Santa, you look a little like Eric.

ERIC

(to Polly)

Oh, people get us mixed up all the time.
Just like they mix you up with a boy!

Polly fakes a smile.

PABLO

I'm glad you're here!

(calls out)

Hey, ya'll, Santa's here!

ERIC

Huh?

A group of BOYS and GIRLS, all around Pablo's age, run to Eric. They start to talk over each other and announce their wishes. SHANA JONES, a biracial girl, enters through the front door with her white half-sister, ELEANOR DUMBECK, 16.

SHANA

Merry Christmas, ya'll!

ERIC

And what brings you two here?

ELEANOR

Oh, we couldn't miss this!

She and Shana laugh.

ERIC

(regular voice, sotto voce)

Oh brother.

POLLY
 (to Eric)
 Well, what now, Santa?

ERIC
 (sotto voce)
 All I gotta do is listen to their demands
 and give them a "yes".

BOY
 I want my parents to get back together!

GIRL #1
 I want world peace!

GIRL #2
 I want to grow breasts so I can start
 wearing a bra!

ERIC
 (sotto voce)
 Cynthia, help me.

CYNTHIA
 Alright, kids, Santa has to go and get
 all of your gifts ready.

PABLO
 Okay.
 (to Eric)
 Do you have our addresses?

POLLY
 Yeah, do you?

ERIC
 (resumes Santa voice)
 Uh, no, why don't you get them from the
 kids, Polly?

POLLY
 But I don't understand. Why wouldn't you
 have them?

ERIC
 Because I didn't get their letters in the
 mail yet!

ELEANOR
 (to Polly)
 Ahh, touche! [pronounces "touché"
 incorrectly]

POLLY

Come on, kids, let's get your addresses ready for Santa.

Pablo, his friends, and Polly exit.

CYNTHIA

(to Eric)

Good job.

Cynthia goes into the kitchen. Eric exits the front door.

SHANA

Yeah, it was nice of him to do that for the children!

Eric enters from the kitchen without his Santa suit on.

ERIC

(regular voice)

Okay, I still got a problem now.

ELEANOR

(gasps frenetically)

Eric, if you're here, then who was that who just exited??

ERIC

(enunciates)

It was me, Eleanor.

Eleanor stands with a blank expression on her face.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(enunciates)

I went out the front. And came in from the back.

ELEANOR

(giggles)

Oh! I knew that! Carry on!

ERIC

Anyway, I still need to get gifts for the kids.

SHANA

No problem! Me and Eleanor can use our allowances to get a few things!

ELEANOR

(to Shana)

Hey, speak for yourself!

SHANA
 (to Eleanor)
 Come on, it'll look good on our college applications!
 (looks at Eleanor up and down)
 Or fry cook application.

ELEANOR
 Hmmph. It better.

Polly reenters the living room.

SHANA
 It'll be fun! We can get dressed up as elves, even!

POLLY
 A 5'10" elf with a 5'3" Santa. What could go wrong?

ERIC
 5'3" and a half. Will you just give them the list?

Polly hands Shana the list and leaves.

SHANA
 We need a red car, though, to play the part. Eleanor, where's your red car?

ELEANOR
 In the shop, remember?

SHANA
 Oh yeah. I guess we'll have to use my Wednesday car.
 (to Eric)
 We'll be back.

ERIC
 Alright.

Eric heads upstairs. Shana and Eleanor heads for the front door. Eleanor slows down and looks around.

SHANA
 (to Eleanor)
 Eric is Santa!

ELEANOR
 I know!

Shana exits. Eleanor looks around again, then follows her out.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Matt sits and watches TV. Junior barges in the house.

JUNIOR

Hey, fellow Nelson father! Ready for work?

MATT

I don't think so, Junior. It's Christmas Eve.

JUNIOR

Oh, it'll only be for a few hours. Come on.

MATT

Junior, don't you sense something strange at that job?

JUNIOR

Not really. Everything's going great! They especially give me a lot of attention!

MATT

That's what I'm getting at.

JUNIOR

But it's good attention for once! Look, they even had me pose for their online ads and stuff!

Junior gives Matt his phone. The photos illustrate Junior's following dialogue.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

There's me smiling and talking with a group of workers, and there's me standing and laughing with another person at the water cooler.

Matt passes the phone back to Junior.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Next, they're gonna have me sit and eat with the coworkers. How's this of me tossing a kernel in my mouth?

Junior pretends to do that as a pose.

MATT

Junior, don't you get it? They only hired us 'cuz we're black!

JUNIOR

What? Get outta here!

MATT

Then why are they trying so hard to include us in everything, including your stupid ads?

JUNIOR

(gasps)

Hey, same to you, jerk!

MATT

No, ads!

JUNIOR

Oh, my bad.

MATT

They don't care about us at all up there! I'm sure they're trying to reach some kind of quota.

JUNIOR

Oh, I see what it is. You're upset that I'm actually doing better than you at something!

MATT

(scoffs)

Yeah, right!

JUNIOR

And even if you're right, what's so wrong about that? All my life, I couldn't get a job because I was black! Only the music biz or a janitor!

MATT

But don't you wanna be an inspiration to Billy and Eric?

JUNIOR

Matt, they're responsible boys! They know right from wrong!

Eric's brother, BILLY NELSON, 20's, walks downstairs, fixes his hair, and exits the house.

BILLY
 (in passing)
 I'm off to my dates! Don't wait up!

JUNIOR
 (to Matt)
 Well, there's still hope for Eric!

Eric, in his Santa suit, drags a large bag with him and exits the house.

ERIC
 (in passing)
 Christmas sucks.

He SLAMS the door.

JUNIOR
 Dang. You better talk to your boys, Matt.

Matt frowns at Junior.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marty opens the front door. Billy enters.

MARTY
 Billy, you finally made it.

BILLY
 Yeah.
 (takes a deep breath)
 Let's do this.

Gina approaches Billy.

GINA
 (to Billy)
 Hey, handsome!

She hugs Billy, who kisses her on the cheek.

MARTY
 (chuckles nervously)
 Now, now, let's save some for later.

Marty breaks them apart.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 Billy, we wanna add something else to our party.

GINA
 (hands Billy a drink)
 Another girl. You down?

BILLY
 Hey, I'll try anyone once!

All three laugh.

MARTY
 Alright then.
 (calls out)
 Come on out!

Sharon walks out and approaches them. She sees Billy and freezes in her tracks. Billy sips on the drink, sees Sharon, and nearly chokes.

BILLY
 Son of a...!

MARTY
 All right, ya'll, let's have some sex!

The other three look at Marty.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 What? I don't have any icebreakers for this!

INT. SHANA'S CAR - EVENING

Shana and Eleanor, dressed in elf costumes, drive Eric around. They pull over to a house.

ELEANOR
 Uh oh, guys, we're deep in the hood.

Eric and Shana look at her shocked.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
 Short for "neighborhood"! Hello?

SHANA
 This area does look ghetto, though.

ERIC
 Okay, all we have to do is toss the gifts to the doorsteps and keep it movin'.

SHANA
 Toss them?

ERIC

Ain't no chimneys to go down! Like I
would be doing that, anyway! Let's go!

Shana takes a package and tosses it to the porch. The
package makes a SHATTERING sound.

SHANA

Maybe we should aim for the bushes or
snow banks?

ERIC

Right.

ELEANOR

Wow, I wonder if that was a basketball
inside!

Eric and Shana look at Eleanor disgustingly.

MONTAGE - ERIC AND THE GANG DELIVER GIFTS

-- A gift flies out of the moving car and onto the snowy
lawn.

ERIC (O.S.)

Ho, ho, ho!

-- Two gifts land on a neighbor's lawn.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ho, ho, ho, and so forth.

-- A gift hits a window of an apartment.

ELEANOR (O.S.)

My bad! Merry Christmas!

-- Three gifts lands on a porch. A group of thugs quickly
grabs them and runs off.

ERIC

Well, my intentions were good!

END OF MONTAGE

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Matt sits at his desk with his headset on. He speaks with
a caller.

MATT

Yes, we're calling about the \$350 balance.

A CAMERAMAN sticks a camera in Matt's face.

MATT (CONT'D)

What the...?

CAMERAMAN

Keep going. Just pretend that I'm not here.

MATT

(on the phone)

How would you like to take care of that payment today?

CAMERAMAN

Excuse me, Matt, but would you mind smiling while you say that?

Matt wears a fake smile.

MATT

(on the phone)

Well, how much can you pay?

A DIRECTOR calls out from off-screen.

DIRECTOR

Alright, now bring in a white employee!

The cameraman pulls a white female employee behind Matt's chair.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Now bring in Junior!

Junior approaches them.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And pose like you're smiling and laughing!

Junior and the female do that. Matt SLAMS his headset down.

MATT

That's it! Where's Laurie?

DIRECTOR

Cut! That was going so good!

JUNIOR

Matt, don't blow it for us!

MATT

Whatever, man!

The female leaves. Laurie approaches them.

LAURIE

Calm down, everyone.

MATT

Yeah. Don't wanna get the "brothas" too upset, right? Crazy stuff could go down, right?

LAURIE

What are you getting at, Mr. James?

JUNIOR

He thinks you hired us because we're black.

LAURIE

What? That's ridiculous!

MATT

Then why all the filming?

LAURIE

We're just trying to put our business in a more positive light!

MATT

What do you mean?

LAURIE

Hamilton, Hamilton, & Simon is more than just a third-party debt collector. We also help with loans and retirement planning.

MATT

Oh. I didn't know that.

JUNIOR

See, Matt? They're just building their brand with our help.

LAURIE

Yeah, you should hear the naysayers out there!

(MORE)

LAURIE (CONT'D)

"So I missed a few payments." "Why are you always calling the black folks?"
 "You're being racist!" And I tell them that it's not true because we even have two...

She points to Matt and Junior, then quickly puts her hand down.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Wait, that came out wrong.

MATT

No it didn't. I'm outta here.

Matt begins to walk away. Laurie stops him.

LAURIE

Wait, Matt! You gotta believe me, I don't have a racist bone in my body!

MATT

Maybe you don't, but I still gotta go. I have my pride, just like Junior here...

Junior looks at Matt shocked. Junior shakes his head.

MATT (CONT'D)

Never mind. I'm out.

Matt walks slowly out of the front door. He turns around.

MATT (CONT'D)

(calls out)
 Hey, wait! I might need to file for unemployment--

SFX: The door SLAMS in his face.

MATT (CONT'D)

(subdued voice)
 --ment.

Matt SIGHS and resumes walking away slowly.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marty, Gina, Billy, and Sharon continue their conversation.

MARTY

Alright, so how do we wanna start this?

BILLY

Uh, Marty, before we start, why don't we split up into twos? You know, a warm-up?

GINA

Oh, like foreplay.

MARTY

Fore-what?

GINA

(frowns at Marty)

Exactly.

(to Billy)

Okay, fine. Two of us go into Marty's bedroom.

BILLY

(speaks quickly)

I'll take Sharon!

SHARON

Actually, I wouldn't mind warming up with Marty.

BILLY

No, you and me go and get to know each other better.

SHARON

No kidding.

MARTY

We'll go in the bedroom. Ya'll stay out here.

Marty and Gina go to the bedroom. Billy and Sharon speak in hushed tones throughout.

BILLY

What the hell are you doing here?

SHARON

What the hell are you doing here?

BILLY

So this is the kind of stuff you're into, soon-to-be mother of my child?

SHARON

What, if I do it, it's slutty, but if you do it, it's sexy?

BILLY

Pretty much!

SHARON

I didn't even know you were into this kind of thing. You never tried any of it with me!

BILLY

(pause)

Well, we could try it now.

SHARON

I don't know. What would our son think if he found out?

The FETUS, who speaks telepathically throughout [*in italics*], does so from Sharon's stomach.

FETUS

Oh, that ship has sailed, you nasties!

Gina enters the room with some comforters, pillows and blankets.

GINA

Alright, ya'll, let's get started!

Gina lies the items out on the floor and sits on them.

BILLY

(in normal voice)

What about Marty?

GINA

He said we can start without him!

Marty storms out.

MARTY

No I didn't!

GINA

But we women need to be stimulated first. Then you can join us.

MARTY

But this was my idea! And this is my house!

GINA

We won't leave you hanging. I promise.

MARTY
(sighs)
Alright.

He retreats to the bedroom and closes the door. Billy and Sharon join Gina on the floor.

SHARON
(in normal voice)
Okay, here we go.

BILLY
Yep.

GINA
Let's do it.

Gina and Sharon slowly move closer to Billy and prepare to kiss him. Billy starts to BAWL.

BILLY
I want my mommy!

He leaps up and runs to a corner of the living room.

GINA
Wow, that's a new one.

SHARON
Excuse us.

Sharon walks over to Billy.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Billy, what's wrong?

BILLY
I can't believe I'm saying this, but I don't wanna see you doing another girl.

SHARON
But we'd both be doing you!

BILLY
But I don't wanna share you.

SHARON
Share me? You don't even have me!

BILLY
(hesitates)
Well, can I...? You know, have you back?

SHARON

Really?

BILLY

(pause)

Yeah.

FETUS

I think they need my help out there.

He starts to fidget and move around in the stomach.

GINA

(calls out)

Excuse me! Yeah, I have the strangest feeling that you two know each other.

Billy and Sharon return to Gina.

BILLY

Something like that. We're having a baby.

SHARON

(groans)

Actually, I think I might be having it right now.

BILLY

What?

SFX: SPLASH from water breaking and landing on the floor underneath Sharon.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Oh, man! We gotta go!

SHARON

Let's go!

GINA

(excitedly)

Yeah! Go on!

Billy pulls Sharon out of the house. He pokes his head back in the door.

BILLY

We're sorry, Gina! You're everything we would be looking for in a mistress, though!

SHARON (O.S.)

Bring yo' ass on!

BILLY
(to Sharon)
Sorry!

Billy runs after Sharon.

GINA
(halfheartedly)
Well, I got that going for me.

She gets up and picks up the blankets. Marty storms out of his room.

MARTY
(yells)
Alright, ya'll, I love Gina, and she's mine, so get out!

Gina faces him with a shocked look on her face.

GINA
They're already gone. Sharon's going into labor. Billy's the father.

MARTY
What, you didn't know all that already?

GINA
Did you?

MARTY
(pause)
No.

GINA
What did you say when you came out here?

MARTY
Uh, how much did you hear?

GINA
The part where you said you love me.

MARTY
Yeah, well, I was upset!

GINA
I love you too.

Marty sighs. They both kiss.

MARTY
Look, I'm sorry I put you through all this mess.

Marty walks and steps in Sharon's puddle.

SFX: SLOSH!

GINA

Speaking of mess, clean that up.

Gina goes to the bedroom. Marty looks at the bottom of his shoe and frowns.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Eric, still in his Santa suit, limps into the house. He begins to take off his costume.

ERIC

Oh, what a night. No more Santa for me.

Eric discovers Pablo and Polly sitting on the couch. He GASPS.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(in his Santa voice)

Kids! Shouldn't you be at home in bed?

PABLO

Give it up, Eric, we know it's you.

POLLY

(laughs)

Oh, this is rich!

Pablo laughs with her.

ERIC

(regular voice)

What is?

Eleanor and Shana enter the house.

PABLO

I already know there's no Santa!

Eleanor GASPS exaggeratedly.

ELEANOR

What??

Shana pulls Eleanor out of the house.

SHANA

Come on. I'll explain in the car.

ELEANOR

But, but, I thought we were just assisting the real Santa while he's out! He has a lot of toys to deliver!

ERIC

Polly, you said that he still believed in Santa!

POLLY

No I didn't!

Polly and Pablo continue laughing.

ERIC

I'm telling ya'll mama!

PABLO

Go ahead! It was her idea!

They continue laughing.

SFX: Text CHIMES from Eric's cell phone.

Eric pulls out his phone and reads it. He GASPS.

ERIC

It's time!

He runs to the staircase and yells.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Mom, come on! It's time!

INT. TIMMY'S PLACE - SAME

Matt sits at the bar and sips on a drink. Junior approaches him.

JUNIOR

Hey, man.

MATT

Shouldn't you be at work?

JUNIOR

No, I quit, too. Maybe you were right. I'm proud of you for standing up for yourself.

MATT

You were married to one of the managers, huh?

PAUSE.

JUNIOR
The takeaway should be, "You were right,"
and, "I'm proud of you."

SFX: Text CHIMES from Matt's cell phone.

Matt reads his phone.

MATT
Aw, man! It's time!

JUNIOR
(gasps)
Let's go!

MATT
Ike, I don't have time to pay for my
drinks!

Matt and Junior quickly exit. Ike approaches the counter.

IKE
Like, do you ever, man?

INT. BILLY'S CAR - SAME

Billy drives his car with Sharon in the passenger's seat.
Sharon MOANS.

BILLY
Don't worry, Sharon, we're almost there!

SHARON
Alright!

FETUS
Yep. It's time!
(pause)
Well, not now, but next time.

THE END