

(MICHAEL comes out of the den.)

GRANDMA. Would you like me to tell your little sister to stop being mean?

CARL. Yeah, would you?

GRANDMA. Okay, while I do that, why don't you go play with your Barbie dolls, ya pantywaist.

(STACY comes out of the bathroom with CARL's computer.)

STACY. Carl, is there something you'd like to tell everyone about your article?

(Hands the computer to CARL.)

CARL. No.

MICHAEL. What article?

STACY. It seems that Carl is writing an article for his newspaper about our family.

MICHAEL. What about our family?

(JILL enters from the kitchen.)

CARL. Oh, you know, Christmas with our family. It's no big deal.

STACY. With personal details about us.

MICHAEL. What kind of details?

(He grabs the computer from CARL and reads.)

CARL. No, don't read that. That's private.

MICHAEL. (Reading.) So, you're writing about me and Jill being separated and the rehab thing and making amends, and Mom's cancer, Uncle Bob who may be my dad, Grandma being certifiable.

CARL. Not my words, Grandma.

MICHAEL. And everything we need to know about Stacy.

(To CARL.)

Everyone in Minneapolis will read this.

(He hands the computer back to CARL.)

CARL. Well, not everyone. I mean, I wish.

STACY. Don't you think what you're writing is a little personal?

CARL. Would you like me to change the names?

STACY. People will still know who you're referring to.

CARL. No, they won't.

STACY. I'll know.

CARL. Well...what exactly is your concern?

STACY. My concern? I guess I just don't want the world to know about my lifestyle.

CARL. No one cares anymore. It's not a big deal. Everyone is okay with it.

STACY. Not everyone.

CARL. Well, that's their problem.

STACY. And LaKeesha wouldn't want anyone to read about her, either.

CARL. For the same reason?

STACY. She hasn't come out to her parents yet.

CARL. Well, she just needs to tell 'em.

STACY. I thought she was going to, today.

MOM. I bet they're more open-minded than you think.

STACY. The point is, I don't want Carl to write about me. I'm guessing everybody else here feels the same way.

CARL. Is that true? Does everybody else feel the same way?

(No one says anything.)

Well, that throws a wrench into things.

(CARL takes out his phone.)

STACY. I'm surprised that you thought it was okay to do that.

CARL. Okay, okay, I'm sorry, I'll fix it. I'll just...text my editor and tell him I don't have a story.

(*He types in the text on his phone.*)

GRANDMA. Well, it's official. This Christmas is circling the bowl. Flush! Right down the Mississippi.

(*Calling out.*)

Mark Twain!

(*To CARL.*)

I used to crew for him.

MOM. (*To GRANDMA.*) Are you sure we're related?

(**UNCLE BOB** enters. *He retrieves his phone from the table.*)

CARL. (*He hits "send" on the text.*) I guess I'll just go back to driving a truck for Pillsbury.

MOM. I'm sorry, honey.

CARL. Doesn't matter. What matters is, we get you treated.

MOM. We still have a couple unfinished things. Michael, is there something you wanted to say to Jill? I mean, she is the mother of your child.

(**MICHAEL** doesn't say anything.)

Or, you could help me write my obituary.

GRANDMA. "She's survived by her ungrateful son, Michael."

MICHAEL. Okay, okay.

(*To JILL.*)

In the den, honey?

(*He starts toward the den.*)

JILL. Yeah, sure.

CARL. Oh, no, out here or it doesn't count.

MICHAEL. (*Stopping.*) I'm sorry, Jill. I was just kind of emotional, hearing about the baby, and... I just thought you came back for my money.

JILL. I don't care about your money. I just wanna be with you.

CARL. WHY?!

(*Everyone glares at CARL.*)

Did I say that out loud?

UNCLE BOB. Well, I believe her. She could leave right now and take half. I know.

MICHAEL. Can you forgive me?

JILL. Of course.

MICHAEL. I love you.

JILL. I love you, too.

(*They kiss and hug.*)

STACY. (*How sweet.*) Ohh.

GRANDMA. Finally.

MICHAEL. I just hope we don't have an Uncle Bob baby.

UNCLE BOB. Sweet!

MOM. Uncle Bob is *not* your father.

MICHAEL. How do you know?

MOM. Well, aside from the fact that we never had...

(*Spells it out, whispering it.*)

S. E. X.

JILL. (*Cheerful.*) Yaay.

MICHAEL. And that's not something you thought you should mention about an hour ago when I was freaking out?

MOM. I wanted to see how you would handle it.

MICHAEL. Thanks. Did I pass?

MOM. Well...

MICHAEL. And Uncle Bob, you actually thought I was your son?

UNCLE BOB. No, I never thought that. I just said you have a lot of my characteristics.

MICHAEL. Well, why didn't you just say that? Ahh!

STACY. Best Christmas ever.