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THE BEAR

"TBD"
Episode #206

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Directed by
TBD

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THE BEAR

Episode #206

CHARACTER LIST

CARMEN "CARMY" BERZATTO	THE YOUNGER BROTHER
MICHAEL "MIKEY" BERZATTO	THE OLDER BROTHER
NATALIE "SUGAR" BERZATTO	THE SISTER
DONNA BERZATTO	THEIR MOTHER
JIMMY "CICERO" KALINOWSKI	THEIR UNCLE
RICHARD "RICHIE" JERIMOVICH	THEIR "COUSIN"
SARAH	THEIR COUSIN
PEDRO	SARAH'S FRIEND
UNCLE LEE	CICERO'S BROTHER
NEIL FAK	FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
TED FAK	FAK'S OLDER BROTHER
PETE	SUGAR'S HUSBAND
TIFFANY	RICHIE'S WIFE
CAROL	CICERO'S WIFE
	KIDS
	AUNTS
	TWO ASLEEP GRANDPARENTS

EXT. THE BERZATTO HOUSE - NIGHT

NATALIE. 5 years ago. Smokes. Breathes deep. Snow. After a moment, MIKEY steps out. Stands next to her, puts his arm around her. She breathes. He motions for the cigarette. She passes it, he takes a drag.

MIKEY

I love you, bear.

SUGAR

Love you too, bear.

She rests her head on his shoulder, already exhausted.

MIKEY

Don't do it to yourself.

SUGAR

I'm trying not to.

MIKEY

Cuz that shit is gonna do it to all of us.

SUGAR

Michael.

MIKEY

Natalie. Just don't ask her.

SUGAR

It's not like I wanna ask her.

MIKEY

I know but it's that thing that happens when you ask somebody if they're okay they're gonna think they're not acting okay and it's gonna MAKE them act. not. okay.

SUGAR

No one can *make* anyone else act any way.

MIKEY

Okay!

Another drag.

SUGAR

Remember last year?

MIKEY

Yes.

SUGAR

And the year before?

MIKEY

Yes.

SUGAR

So I'm not crazy.

MIKEY

No one said you're crazy.

SUGAR

She is.

MIKEY

She is.

SUGAR

And I'm in the middle because you're you and Carmy's Carmy.

MIKEY

Then let us handle it.

SUGAR

You won't handle it.

MIKEY

That's my point, not handling it is the BEST way to handle it. Just let her be. She's already at like a 5, I've heard you ask her three times tonight if she's alright. You don't have to ask her if she's okay every ten minutes.

SUGAR

Do you know how much I would fucking love to feel like I didn't have to?

MIKEY

I bet a lot.

SUGAR

Yes. A lot.

CARMY steps out, LOUD FAMILY heard from inside--

CARMY
Were you calling me?

SUGAR
No, I just said you're you.

CARMY
Oh, well Mike can you come inside
and be you? I can't deal with these
people.

MIKEY
Yeah, I'll be right there...

Carmy stands on the other side of Nat, reaches for her
cigarette takes a puff.

They stand quiet for a moment. It's a nice familial moment,
then--

RICHIE pokes his head out of the door, MORE LOUD FAMILY--

RICHIE
Is this some family shit I gott--

SUGAR
NOPE.

MIKEY
Give us a second, Cousin.

RICHIE
Madone.

Richie closes the door. The three stand quiet.

MIKEY
I'm glad you came home, Bear.

CARMY
It'd kill you to answer the phone?

MIKEY
Carm...
(gets his attention)
I'm happy you came home.

Carm nods, "sure". Long beat. Sugar takes one last drag.

SUGAR
(inhales)
I'm not gonna ask if she's okay.

MIKEY

Good.

SUGAR

Carm, will you handle mom?

CARMY

I'll handle her.

SUGAR

And Mikey them?

MIKEY

I'll handle them.

SUGAR

Our Mother of Victory--

MIKEY/CARMY

Pray for us.

LOUD CHRISTMAS MUSIC AS WE FOLLOW THE THREE INTO

THE FOYER OF THE BERZATTO HOUSE. KIDS, AUNTS, UNCLES pass through. Constant commotion and traffic. UNCLE LEE (50s) hustles through, holds a HOT DUTCH OVEN--

UNCLE LEE

CAROL WHAT THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS--

COUSIN SARAH (40s) AND SARAH'S FRIEND PEDRO (40s) move through, sipping wine, kids circling them-

CAROL (O.S)

SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS

UNCLE LEE (CONT'D)

IT'S BURNING ME! NEW PERSON HELP ME!

PEDRO

It's Pedro--

COUSIN SARAH

LEE YOU'VE MET HIM A HUNDRED TIMES--

She grabs his hand and they move out of the way--

UNCLE LEE

CAROL WHY ARE YOU SHOUTING AT ME??? JIMMY TELL CAROL NOT TO SHOUT AT ME-

(to Sugar)

SHUG, take this...

MIKEY

Lee, shut the fuck up, you don't have to yell--

SUGAR

Don't hand me that shit, just put it down--

UNCLE LEE (CONT'D)

Have you ever been burnt with a fuckin' dutch over?

Uncle Lee finds a side table, shoves a nativity scene to the side, and puts down the dutch oven.

MIKEY

A lotta times and I don't scream
like a bitch--

UNCLE LEE

Yeah, tough, I'll lay you the fuck
out--

MIKEY

(blows him a kiss)

SUGAR

It's not even that hot--

Mikey turns into the TV ROOM --

FRIENDS/FAMILY (O.S.)

THERE HE IS--

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

THERE I AM -- ALRIGHT , WHERE
WAS I, OH YEAH, SO ME AND A
COUPLE DUDES ARE GETTING THE
SHIT BEAT OUT OF US--

We follow Carmy into the KITCHEN. Too hot. Too many dishes. A mess. Loud music. FISH EVERYWHERE. SEVEN DIFFERENT KINDS BECAUSE JESUS. Death.

CARMY

Ma--

DONNA BERZATTO pop ups from the floor--

DONNA

I'm spillin' shit everywhere. And
I'm behind on the lobster. Carm, is
Cousin Sarah's friend Pedro gay?

Donna moves fast, manic-make-you-nervous-fast. Way too much for one person and she's sweating. You can smell the onions and garlic and whitefish.

CARMY

Is who gay? Mom you don't have to
make all seven fishes, no one eats
this shit--

DONNA

Pedro. He seems gay like arty you
know. Effeminate. I love him, I'm
just saying he seems gay and it's
tradition--

CARMY

It's tradition that Pedro's gay?

DONNA

Carmen. No. The seven fishes are tradition, baby. Why do you think I've been doing this since 4am--

CARMY

Okay well what can I do--

DONNA

You can fix the forks please.

CARMY

K-- you sure you want to use these nice ones?

DONNA

Yes, baby, for the seven fishes--

CARMY

Ma, we can be casual--

DONNA

Honey just do it don't make me ask you five times--

FAK enters with older brother TED FAK (35)--

DONNA (CONT'D)

Faks out, delicate operation--

Carm starts wrapping forks with knives & napkins--

FAK

Mrs. B where are the skateboards?

TED

Hey Carm.

CARMY

Hey Ted.

DONNA

Honey, what are you saying?

FAK

Michael said our skateboards are in here--

DONNA (CONT'D)

MIKE--

TED

Michael said he hid our skateboards over here--

FAK (CONT'D)

We got these new decks from Big Neil and Mikey hid 'em--

Sugar passes, watches her mom for a minute...

MIKEY (O.S.)

WHAT MA--

DONNA

What are these two asking me--
SONUVABITCH. WHO KEEPS FUCKING WITH
THIS TIMER GUYS. Carmy listen to me--

Donna turns the TIMER (tick, tick, tick...)

CARMY

What's up mom?

Mikey enters--

MIKEY

Neil fuck off I was kidding,
I don't know where the fuck
your skateboards are.

DONNA

Carm I need you to listen to
me--

FAK

Aw come on, Mike.

CARMY

I'm listening what?

Donna starts to get lost in all the prep, it's really
starting to pile up--

MIKEY

"Aw come on, Mike". Faks, do
me a favor, go grab some more
ice from the garage.

DONNA

(to herself)
Wait wait wait what the fuck
was I just doing?

TED/FAK

(exit to attached
garage)
On it.

DONNA (CONT'D)

WHERE THE HELL IS THE CAKE?

MIKEY

Gracias, Double Dragon.
(then)
Ma, let Carmy help you with
the food, that's all he does.

CARMY

Defrosting ma it's fine--

CARMY (CONT'D)

(pissed)
Was that a shot?

MIKEY

Was what a shot? Is that not what
you do?

CARMY

Right. Okay. I do food and
definitely don't start a hundred
different businesses with zero
follow through.

MIKEY DONNA
THAT was a shot. Carmy, check the branzino--

CARMY
This shit is why I almost didn't
come back--

DONNA
Hey Carmy, Don't have a fuckin'
attitude about it, I'm trying to
talk to you--

CARMY MIKEY
-- the fuck-- Whoa, whoa, what's up?

CARMY (CONT'D)
Whatever--

Mikey moves over to Carm--

MIKEY
Knock it off. Say it.

CARMY
I'm not a fuckin' baby--

MIKEY
Then say the words--

CARMY
... I love you.

MIKEY
Thank you very much I love you too.

Mikey kisses him on the cheek, lightly slaps his cheek--

DONNA
Mikey we're fine honey.

MIKEY
I know we are, baby!
(kisses her on the head)
Ma isn't nice having the Bear
back??

DONNA
So nice. Once a year, that's all we
get him. He's too fancy for us now,
it's fine--

CARMY
Mom--

DONNA

Carmen can you set the rest of
table--

(YELLS TO HOUSE)

WE'RE EATING IN TEN!

Donna accidentally spills sauce all over, doesn't notice.
Carm quickly wipes it, TFL style.

Mikey lingers out, shrugs, "she okay?". Carm waves him off,
"fine". Donna takes a sip of her wine.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Just in case I forget, that alarm
goes off in two minutes, I put the
rockefellers in and take the salmon
out and rest the salmon which opens
up an oven slot and put the
branzinos in the top slow to get
that crispy stuff and I gotta turn
the timer back to two minutes so I
can drop the lobsters in a pot,
when that goes off, I take the
branzino off the stove and in the
oven so I can brown the braised
ribs and I just need you to
remember to stir the gravy in 5--

CARMY

-- why'd you make gravy?

DONNA

Because no one eats all this shit--

TIFFANY (30, PREGNANT) moves slow through the kitchen--

TIFFANY

Ughhhh. I'm so sorry, D.

DONNA

It's okay, baby, you done throwing
up?

TIFFANY

I hope so, hi, Carm.

CARMY

Hey, Tiff. You doing okay--

DONNA

RICHARD GET YOUR FUCKIN' ASS
IN HERE--

TIFFANY

I'm fine. How was Ireland?

CARMY
Copenhagen.

DONNA
TIFFANY
RICHARD! Copenhagen.

CARMY
I'll tell you when you're feelin'
better--

Richie enters --

RICHIE
Auntie D, what are you screaming
at?

DONNA
Act like a fuckin' gentleman and
take care of her--

RICHIE
She was nauseous, it's alright,
alright, baby you okay?

TIFFANY
I'm fine--

RICHIE
Nausea is good, it means the baby's
healthy.

Tiffany reacts to this. True, but annoying.

DONNA
Just don't need it in my kitchen.

RICHIE
DONNA (CONT'D)
You wanna Sprite or (sips wine)
something? Go lay in my bed sweetie.

TIFFANY
Thank you, D.

RICHIE
That's nice Auntie D, thank you. Go
up, babe, I'll bring you a Sprite,
you want anything else baby?

TIFFANY
No that's good, thank you.

Richie digs through the fridge. Tiffany passes Sugar--

SUGAR
Feeling better?

TIFFANY
Not even close.

RICHIE
Auntie D are we outta Sprite?

DONNA
Who said we had Sprite my love?

RICHIE
Why wouldn't we have Sprite?

CARMY
I gotcha.

RICHIE
You gonna run to the store? Thanks
Cuz.

CARMY
I can make you one.

RICHIE
You can make a Sprite?

Sugar can't help but look at her mom...

SUGAR
Mom are you sure you're--

CARMY
-- COVERING the meatballs with
enough sauce?

DONNA
OF COURSE I AM--

Sugar looks at Carm. Carmy motions to her "deep breath". Sugar takes a deep breath but can see the turn starting. She subtly starts cleaning up, wiping things, dumping out liquor.

CARMY
Yes I can make a Sprite.

SUGAR
Mom, do you want me to start
moving stuff out there?

RICHIE
Like how the fuck do you know
how to make a Sprite?

DONNA
How many times do you wanna
ask me honey? Do you wanna
just make the whole dinne--

DONNA (CONT'D) SUGAR
Because he's a big time chef, Nope just trying to help--
right baby--

CARMY DONNA (CONT'D)
(kill me) Thank you, Natty.
Yeah that's how I know, ma.

Carmy starts making a "Sprite", juicing a lime into a club
soda. Donna looks off where Tiff just disappeared.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(gesturing to Sugar)
Ya know you really do need to get
going on that--

SUGAR
Yeah, being pregnant seems awesome.

DONNA
You too good for it?

RICHIE
Auntie D why Seven Fishes--

DONNA
HEY. What's up everybody's ass? Why
do you care? I'm making a nice
fuckin' thing for you guys and
you're being little shits--

RICHIE
Whoa, chill, I just meant like, why
the fuck do people do it--

DONNA
Because it's based on people that
left Italy to find new families and
new dreams with new people and
bring the seven best things from
their sea to their new home--

Lee strolls through--

LEE
Not even close--

DONNA
How the hell do you know?
(to Carmy)
Honey will you take out some
Proscuit and Mortadel?

Carmy grabs the cold cuts from the fridge--

LEE

Sevens all over the Bible,
Sacraments, seven days, virtues,
guilt probably, all the Italian
basics--

RICHIE

You're not even Italian bro--

LEE

Polski, baby, Polski.

Lee grabs a chip, exits. Carmy unwraps cold cuts, slides the
"Sprite" over to Richie--

CARMY

Here.

RICHIE

Sprite?

CARMY

Sprite. Try it.

DONNA

WHY IS NO ONE LISTENING TO ME--

CARMY (CONT'D)

Ma we're listening--

RICHIE

(sips exits)
Holy shit cousin...

We follow Richie around the corner and up the stairs...

He moves to Donna's room...

Quietly moves to TIFF'S side, sets a Sprite down on...

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You okay baby?

TIFFANY

I'm okay, baby.

RICHIE

We're out of Sprite but Cousin made
you one.

TIFFANY

How'd he make me one?

RICHIE

I don't know, he's a weird-ass
little dude... Wanna try it?

TIFFANY

Sure...

He passes it to her...

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(sips, it's delicious)
YO.

RICHIE
Right?

He sets it back...

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Are you still mad at me about
the...

TIFFANY
I've thrown up so many times I
don't even remember.

RICHIE
(smiles)
Just puked all the anger, it's all
outta ya?

TIFFANY
(smiles)
It's all outta me.

RICHIE
I'll take it.

TIFFANY
Did you look at the...

RICHIE
(nods)
I sure did.

TIFFANY
And?

RICHIE
Pretty damn cool. It's beautiful.
Good neighborhood. Good school. Not
cheap though...

TIFFANY
Yeah, not cheap...
(then)
I don't know at what point this was
today or if it even was today, but
I had this weird dream where we
only wore green clothes.
(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Like all the time, like our own clothes but they all turned green. And the baby only wears red clothes. Only red all the time. And I brought home all these different colors from the store and when I took them out of the bag they were all red.

RICHIE

That's kinda dope.

TIFFANY

I thought so too.

RICHIE

Means she won't be like us...

TIFFANY

Yeah, right?

RICHIE

Maybe it means we gotta not be like our parents.

TIFFANY

Would love to not be like our parents.

RICHIE

How do we not be like them?

TIFFANY

We try real hard to not be like them.

(beat)

Okay. I'm gonna hopefully not throw up again.

She turns over on her side, away from him. He rubs her back.

RICHIE

The upside of barf is that at least you get a little peace and quiet.

TIFFANY

The upside of barf.

RICHIE

Okay. Downstairs if you need anything. I love you a lot.

TIFFANY

I love you a lot too.

Richie gets up...

We follow him out of the quiet room, into the loud house...

He walks down the stairs, stops, looks at a BERZATTO family photo...

In the picture-- a younger Donna stands with teenage Michael, Natalie, Carmen... and Richard. He continues down the stairs as

CICERO passes, kids running through.

RICHIE
(whisper)
Yo, yo, Uncle J...

CICERO
Why are you whispering?

RICHIE
I wanted to talk to you about the thing from earlier.

CICERO
The thing from earlier...

RICHIE
(whispers)
The job from earlier...

CICERO
YES THE JOB FROM EARLIER--

RICHIE
Don't be an asshole. I'm being real with you.

CICERO
Oh, okay, let me put on my real face.
(puts on his real face)

RICHIE
Jimmy.

CICERO
Richie, what did I tell you earlier?

RICHIE
That'd we talking about it later.

CICERO

And now it's later. Got it. Shoot.

RICHIE

(deep breath)

I'm gonna have this kid, I can't be, you know, wrapping up sandwiches forever. I know you do a lot of different things and you probably could use some help. I could be good. Mike too. I've been looking. There's not like a lot out there. You're somebody that knows some things. We both don't wanna be in The Beef everyday, you know, I mean that makes sense right? Feel like I'm wasting potential.

CICERO

What kind of potential?

RICHIE

I dunno, potential to do something. I feel like I'm really good with people but like I don't what the outlet is you know? And like I never had like... an uncle or mentor--

CICERO

I am neither of those things.

RICHIE

But you know what I'm saying.

CICERO

I do not.

RICHIE

I'm saying like you could teach me you know? I could learn from you and you could teach me stuff.

CICERO

You want me to teach you stuff?

RICHIE

Like in business--

CICERO

You want a job. I get it.

RICHIE

Think about it?

CICERO
(pats his shoulder)
I will think about it.

Cicero turns toward the kitchen...

SUGAR (O.S.)
Ma. Can I help?

DONNA (O.S.)
(laughs)
I think we're good, Angel. I don't
want to have tell everybody why I
call you Sugar again. I'm joking
sweetie I love you--

Cicero enters kitchen. Sugar annoyed. Sick of this story--

SUGAR
Everybody knows why.

CICERO
I don't know why.

Donna impressively pulls bright red lobsters from a pot.

Sugar moves two WINE BOTTLES, looks to Carm--

DONNA	SUGAR
You know what's a like real	(mouths)
crazy thing, any time you're	Did she drink this?
cooking and people just pour	
into the kitchen? Like its	
fuckin' boiling in here--	

CICERO	CARMY
Donna, is this a passive-	(winces, mouths)
aggressive way of asking me	I dunno...
to leave?	

DONNA
(sips wine)
No honey, It's an aggressive-
aggressive way of asking you to go
scratch.

CICERO
Okay, thanks D, heard most of that
without a slur-- but wait, why do
we all call her Sugar?

SUGAR/DONNA
She/I added a cup of sugar instead
of a cup of salt--

DONNA
Gravy tasted like Hawaiian Punch--

TIMER GOES OFF-- SUGAR FLINCHES--

DONNA (CONT'D)
FUCK!!! -- WE'RE EATING IN TEN
MINUTES--

Donna resets the timer.

CICERO
Okay goodbye.

Cicero moves on, deep in the hallway, hidden in the pantry,
we see Mikey slam some pills--

WE MOVE TO MIKEY

As he chokes down the pills, Carm moves to the pantry,
surprises him--

CARMY
I got em, ma, I got em--

MIKEY
Oh shit, I'm in your way--

CARMY
Grab me the saltines? Ma's making a
plate for Tiff.

MIKEY
Yep yep.
(hands them to him)
Why you acting like a saltine, g?

CARMY
I'm not a saltine--

MIKEY
You're something--

CARMY
I'm nothing, you know, I just...

MIKEY
Say it, don't make me drag it outta
ya---

CARMY
I thought I'd work with you for a
bit while I was home and we could
talk about...

(MORE)

CARMY (CONT'D)

the shop and I've been learning a lot and I got some ideas--

MIKEY

Ah, I don't know it's pretty loud in here.

CARMY

No, Mikey, not now, just--

MIKEY

Homie, I'm doing you a favor. That place is a fuckin' nightmare. But I wanna hear all your ideas. I wanna hear all about you.

CARMY

Dude, I also don't need you to be nice if you don't actually give a fuck, I'm all good--

MIKEY

I give a huge fuck, brother.

CARMY

Yeah?

MIKEY

Yeah.

Beat. Carm smiles.

CARMY

Can I give you something?

MIKEY

Of course.

CARMY

Hold on.

Carmy runs off. Mikey tilts his head, closes his eyes, drugs kicking it... Carmy returns with a wrapped gift.

CARMY (CONT'D)

Let it rip.

MIKEY

Wait, before I open this, tell me three things about Copenhagen.

CARMY

It's the most beautiful place I've ever been. It changed my life. I stayed on a naked woman's couch.

MIKEY

(laughs)
So a home run.

CARMY

Outta the park.

Mikey opens it. The drawing of THE BEAR from the pilot.

CARMY (CONT'D)

It's rough. But... just an idea.

Mikey blown away. Stunned and silent. Moved.

MIKEY

It's--

DONNA

CARM WHERE THE FUCK ARE THE
SALTINES--

CARMY

Comin' ma-- anyway...

Carmy runs to the kitchen. Mikey stares at the picture. Emotional. Takes a breath.

He SLAPS his own face, after a moment, we follow him through the hall past the

LIVING ROOM

Where Cousin Sarah and Pedro sit across from CAROL (Cicero's Wife), Neil & Ted, Richie and TWO ASLEEP GRANDPARENTS.

Behind them, Donna heads up the stairs with a plate for Tiff.

COUSIN SARAH

And so she asks me again, "what's your last name" and I'm like FUCKING BERZATTO. B E R Z A T T O. And she's like, "I bet you know a lot about bears"-- mind you, I thought I was gonna fight this bitch thirty seconds earlier--

PEDRO

But wait why you were gonna fight her?

COUSIN SARAH

What do you mean?

PEDRO

You just said you were gonna fight her--

COUSIN SARAH

Um are you listening? Because she's an asshole.

PEDRO

(laughing)

You just going around beating up assholes?

COUSIN SARAH

(laughing)

Of course and she's like, "well my friend who passed away is a biologist and studied bears, did you know that bears are kind, devoted and sensitive? That they're also empathetic and altruistic and are commonly known to be adept at grieving--

PEDRO

Is this true?

COUSIN SARAH

How the fuck do I know? I couldn't tell if this bitch was talking shit to me or not--

PEDRO

(laughing)

Like "why aren't you nice like a bear?"

COUSIN SARAH

YES!

RICHIE

I gotta say, this all checks out. I share a lot of those traits, it's important to note that bears are also very aggressive.

COUSIN SARAH

That's right, Cousin, we don't play.

FAK

Guys. I'm scared of bears, alright.

TED

We saw a bear once and it was
fucking terrible. It was fast.

FAK

It was so fast. No one talks about
how fast they--

PEDRO

I know, Neil! I saw a bear in
California once and it was cruising
I did not like it--

COUSIN SARAH

When were you in Northern
California?

PEDRO

Oh just like most of my life before
I met you and it's super weird you
don't remember me telling you I'M
FROM CALIFORNIA--

COUSIN SARAH

(laughing)
I'm awful.

PEDRO

AWFUL.

From the kitchen, the timer BUZZES. Lee enters with a
cocktail --

LEE

What are you biffs talking about?

RICHIE

Bears.

LEE

85? 41? 63? Where we at?

RICHIE

The animal.

LEE

Mongo? Fuck yeah. 838 career
tackles. Get some.

RICHIE

No dude an actual bear.

LEE

Yeah, Steve McMichael. The dude.

COUSIN SARAH

WE ARE TALKING ABOUT AN ACTUAL
ANIMAL NOT A BASEBALL PLAYER.

LEE

(at a loss)

I gotta tell ya, these holidays are
exhausting.

DONNA (O.S.)

FUCK!!!!!!

TED

What's going on in there??

LEE

Just a crazy person yelling fuck.

PEDRO

I'm gonna go help--

COUSIN SARAH

You definitely do no--

LEE

Let him. There's garlic bulbs and a
cross by the door. Don't make eye
contact.

We follow Pedro into the kitchen... It's NOW chaos. EVEN MORE
SHIT IS EVERYWHERE AND IT'S SMOKY from Donna's cigarettes,
timers are going, she DROPS A TRAY--

DONNA

MOTHER MOTHER FUCK--

SUGAR

I got it ma, it's fine---

DONNA (CONT'D)

It's like gottadofucking
everything,
godforbidnanybodylifts a
goddamn finger--

DONNA (CONT'D)

Justfuckingblow my head off, you
guys do this without me, no one
would realize I'm gone--

SUGAR

No, no, no, ma, it's all fine--

Sugar trails behind her, sweats, tries to clean up, she sees Pedro, shakes her head, "no"

PEDRO
(very sweet)
Donna. Hi. Can I please hel--

DONNA
Pedro you're so sweet and I love you
but get the fuck out of my kitchen.

PEDRO
(just as sweet)
Okay, bye.

Pedro exits the kitchen at the same time as Sugar holding her garbage bag. They reach the foyer and he sees the look in her eye--

PEDRO (CONT'D)
Natalie are you okay?

She stops turns to him.

SUGAR
Pedro. Will you hug me?

PEDRO
Of course.

Pedro hugs her. It's gentle and human. They separate.

SUGAR
Thank you.

Sugar heads outside with the garbage...

Pedro exhales...

PEDRO
Yeash...

He heads back to the living room where Mikey has joined the group and is standing with Lee holding court, or trying to--

MIKEY
(smiling bright)
... okay so it's late now, like way
too late and we're ROCKED, like
goodbye guys and we HAVE NO idea
where we're are -- we're in a
foreign country and we have just no
clue where we are and we gotta find
an ATM --

UNCLE LEE

We've heard this a million times--

MIKEY

(stunned)

What?

UNCLE LEE

This story, we've heard a million times--

MIKEY

You and Cousin have--

COUSIN SARAH

I haven't--

TED

I have but I like it.

FAK

Same--

COUSIN SARAH

Keep going--

MIKEY

Yeah, bro, Lee, relax--

UNCLE LEE

I could do it by heart... you sell the car and then you guys find the horse at the end.

Mikey stunned, silence. Then, rage--

MIKEY

You're a real fuckin' asshole you know that--

UNCLE LEE

Cuz I cut you off? You've finished that story a million times, why don't you finish a business plan--

MIKEY

Whoa, whoa, whoa--

UNCLE LEE

Where's the frozen pizza prospectus Mike? Where's the sauce plan--

Cicero walks by--

Carm enters--

CARMY
Fam, let's sit.

PETE
Holy shit, Carm!!

Pete hugs him, casserole in one hand. Carmy not into it.

CARMY
Alright, alright. What's that?

PETE
Oh this? Nothing.

MIKEY
It's somethin' alright.

UNCLE LEE
It's a tuna casserole.

CARMY
(confused)
It's seven fishes, Pete. This would
make eight fishes and then we would
be assholes.

PETE
Swing and a miss, huh?

Sugar enters. Grabs the casserole.

SUGAR
I told you not to do that.

PETE
You can't show up empty handed to
the fam's house--

SUGAR
I can't let her see this.

Sugar storms off, throws the ENTIRE CASSEROLE out the front door.

PETE
Natalie. You just threw it out
the...

UNCLE LEE
It's for your best interest there,
Peter.

PETE
(nods, tries to regain
composure)
Well, Merry Christmas and
happiness...

MIKEY
Nope.

PETE
K.

We follow Carmy to the dining room, he straightens a place setting. The fam starts to sit. Tiff sits, Cicero sits next to her.

CICERO
Feeling better, kid?

TIFFANY
Yeah. Thanks, J.

CICERO
I'm gonna sit by you, I'm sensing
this getting dark.

TIFFANY
You got that feeling?

CICERO
I got that feeling.

Richie sits on the opposite side of Tiff--

RICHIE
Right there with you, Unc.

TIFFANY
Hey, Jimmy, I did want to say thank
you.

CICERO
What for, buddy?

TIFFANY
I just really appreciate you giving
Richie a chance--

RICHIE
-- whoa, babe, no, no--

TIFFANY
What? I can't talk about--

RICHIE
It's not public informati--

CICERO
What's not public information--

RICHIE
She's saying--

CICERO
I'm talking to Tiff. Go.

TIFFANY
I don't know what's going on, I
just wanted to say thank you Jimmy
for giving Richie a job.

RICHIE
(caught)
It's not entirely--

CICERO
Ohhhh. He told you I already gave
him a job.

TIFFANY
Is that not--

Cicero looks at Richie. Richie is caught, it's brutal. Cicero
could crush him. Instead...

CICERO
Here's the truth... I gave a him
job. I just want to keep it quiet
for a second, I really believe in
him, I just don't want everybody
else thinking I got a ton of jobs
to give out. Right, Richard?

RICHIE
(beat, nods)
That's right.

TIFFANY
I'm so sorry, I didn't know I was
supposed to say anything--

RICHIE
My fault hahah.

CICERO
How could you know.

TIFFANY

I won't say anything else until you tell me it's okay but... We REALLY appreciate it.

CICERO

And I appreciate you both.

Richie looks at Cicero, nods, "thank you". Cicero winks.

Carmy and Sugar arrange platters and casseroles and all kinds of shit everywhere. The table's STUFFED and has been extended -- it also has two mismatched tables on either side to accommodate the 12 people sitting around it. Mikey sits at the head, across from Lee.

CICERO (CONT'D)

Mikey you wanna do grace?

MIKEY

Depends. Is this motherfucker gonna cut me off?

UNCLE LEE

Depends. Is it a grace I've heard a million times?

CICERO

Okay, Pedro, how would like to say grace?

PEDRO

Probably a good idea.

Carmy heads back into the kitchen, stops--

Donna, smoking, crying--

CARMY

What's up?

DONNA

Nothing, Carmy.

She takes another sip. Carmy moves over to her, eyes rolling, he's defused this before--

CARMY

Everybody's sitting down... you did such a beautiful job--

DONNA

I can't keep doing this by myself...

CARMY

You're not by yourself, I'm here with you.

DONNA

Now. None of them out there... give a shit about me.

CARMY

That's not true, mom...

DONNA

I had to beg you to come home.

CARMY

Mom I'm happy to be here. I am. I'm so happy to see you. Really.

DONNA

I worked all day for them.

CARMY

We know. We all really appreciate it.

DONNA

This is all so fucking hard.

CARMY

What's hard mom?

Beat. She inhales, already moved on.

DONNA

I made this... beautifulforthem. No one makes it beautifulforme.

Carly is frozen...

CARMY

Do you want to... how about we go sit down with everybody.

DONNA

You go. I'll go in a minute.

CARMY

Okay and if--

DONNA

I said I'll go in a minute, Michael.

CARMY
Mom, it's Ca... okay. Fine.
(then)
So I'm gonna go sit down?

DONNA
Yes.

CARMY
You're sure?

DONNA
Stoptalkingto me like I'm a child.
Yes. Sit.

CARMY
Okay, mom...

Carmy turns, closes then widens his eyes...

CARMY (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Jesus Christ...

Noise from the dining room as Carmy nears--

SARAH
... Okay and I know you have to
explain this to me every year but I
never fully have any idea what the
hell the point of seven fishes is.

Carmy sits. Mikey stares at Lee.

UNCLE LEE
There's seven fishes, and also by
the manger there's the dutch oven
potatoes which burned the living
shit out of me earlier--

Mikey SUDDENLY lightly throws his fork at Lee. It's weird and
all of a sudden quiet.

UNCLE LEE (CONT'D)
Did you just throw a fork at me?

MIKEY
I did. I already heard you complain
about the dutch oven.

CICERO
Michael.

MIKEY

He started it, Uncle J. Repetition
is forbidden.

CARMY

Mikey--

MIKEY

Carm.

UNCLE LEE

Don't throw forks at people.

Mikey looks at Fak next to him.

MIKEY

You using your fork, Fak?

FAK

(please don't)
I need my fork, Mike.

MIKEY

I just need it for a sec, Fak.

Mikey grabs the fork. Then, lightly throws it at Lee.

TIFFANY

MICHAEL.

RICHIE

Cousin, knock it off--

MIKEY

I can throw forks at people.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

This is my house.

RICHIE

Mike.

MIKEY

Rich.

Lee and Mikey stare at each other. It's now tense and more
horrible. Cicero shakes his head.

UNCLE LEE

Here it is sunshine, you throw one
more god damn fork at me, you're
gonna get fuckin' rocked.

Mikey, getting twitchy, reaches over to Pete's fork.

MIKEY

Petey, may I?

PEDRO (CONT'D)

It's a chance to be together, to take care of each other, and to eat. Maybe we eat too much, we definitely drink too much, and we say too much without listening. But I love this. And it always means so much you let me hang out with you all during the holidays... That there's a space for me at this table.

(then)

May God bless us all in the New Year and please give Michael the strength to not throw the fork. Amen.

MIKEY

Beautiful.

Donna wipes her eyes--

SUGAR

Mom, please, are you okay???

CARMY

(sotto)

Oh fuck.

Donna's eyes go wide. She stares at Sugar.

DONNA

Natalie--

SUGAR

Mom--

DONNA

Do you know how much I fuckin' hate when you ask me that?

SUGAR

I'm sorry I think do--

DONNA

You ask these people if they're okay? Do I not look okay, Natalie? Did I not bust my ass all day for you motherfuckers??? THIS IS FUCKING GORGEOUS! AM I OKAY? ARE YOU FUCKING ASSHOLES OKAY?! YOU DIDN'T DO SHIT. I MADE THIS GORGEOUS! FUCK YOU!

She SHOOTs UP, throws a plate off the table. SILENCE.

UNCLE LEE

We all knew that was coming, I
guess we can relax now.

THEN. MICHAEL WHIPS THE FORK AT LEE--

THEY ALL FLY UP SCREAMING. MIKEY AND LEE TRY TO GET TO EACH
OTHER. CARMY, RICHIE, CICERO, TED AND NEIL TRY TO KEEP THEM
APART---

SHIT IS SPILLING EVERYWAY AND CHAIRS ARE FALLING--

UNCLE LEE (CONT'D)
YOU LITTLE FUCK!!!

MIKEY
DON'T DISRESPECT MY MOTHER
YOU FUCKIN' PRICK--

CICERO
JESUS CHRIST--

RICHIE
GOD DAMMIT MICHAEL -- TIFFANY
GO UPSTAIRS-

CICERO (CONT'D)
MICHAEL-- MICHAEL--

PETE
IT WAS THE 8TH FISH I'M SORRY-

CARMY
MIKE!!! JESUS DUDE--

SUGAR
MICHAEL--

Sarah and Pedro leave the table and run into the living room--

Neil and Ted stare at the ground, used to this--

Carmy and Sugar sit in the chaos, look at each other. Beat.

SUGAR (CONT'D)
It'll be okay. When she comes back,
just--

SO THEN THE BACK WALL OF THE HOUSE EXPLODES--

DONNA'S CAR CRASHES INTO THE HOUSE AND INTO THE TV ROOM.

EVERYONE DUCKS AND COVERS.

SLOWLY RISES.

SHE SITS IN THE DRIVERS SEAT. LEANS HER HEAD BACK, EXHALES.

The family stands.

Silent.

Merry Christmas.

END OF EPISODE.